

across the fence and reasoned with me. The arguments he used were very *striking*. I *knew* what he was *driving* at, but I couldn't *see* it. As an argue artist I tell you Pa is hot stuff. What *strikes* me so *forcibly*, in Pa's method of argumentation, is his *stick-to-it-iveness* as Father—used to say. One *feels* the *force* of every argument, and he *touches* one's *feelings* so; why, he actually brought tears to my eyes.

I can't write much this time; it is a little sore yet to sit down long so good-bye until next time.

Yours in trouble

“FOXY.”

