

THE JOHN GRIER HOME,

March 1.

*Dear Judy:*

Do stop sending me telegrams!

Of course I know that you want to know everything that is happening, and I would send a daily bulletin but I truly don't find a minute. I am so tired when night comes, that if it were n't for Jane's strict discipline, I should go to bed with my clothes on.

Later, when we slip a little more into routine, and I can be sure that my assistants are all running off their respective jobs, I shall be the regularst correspondent you ever had.

It was five days ago, wasn't it, that I wrote? Things have been happening in those five days. The MacRae and I have mapped out a plan of campaign, and are stirring up this place to its sluggish depths. I like him less and less, but we have declared a sort of working truce. And the man is a worker. I always thought I had sufficient energy myself, but when an improvement is to be introduced, I toil along panting in his wake. He is as stubborn and tenacious and bulldoggish as a Scotchman can be, but he does understand