

THE JOHN GRIER HOME,

Friday.

*My deares Judy:*

You should see what your hundred dollars and Betsy Kindred did to that dining-room!

It's a dazzling dream of yellow paint. Being a north room, she thought to brighten it; and she has. The walls are kalsomined buff, with a frieze of little molly cottontails 'skurrying around the top. All of the woodwork — tables and benches included — is a cheerful chrome yellow. Instead of table-cloths, which we can't afford, we have linen runners, with stenciled rabbits hopping along their length. Also yellow bowls, filled at present with pussy-willows, but looking forward to dandelions and cowslips and buttercups. And new dishes, my dear — white, with yellow jonquils (we think), though they may be roses; there is no botany expert in the house. Most wonderful touch of all, we have *napkins*, the first we have seen in our whole lives. The children thought they were handkerchiefs, and ecstasically wiped their noses.

To honor the opening of the new room, we had ice-cream and cake for dessert. It is such a pleasure to see these children anything but cowed and apathetic,