

and watched my fire throw nice high lights on my old fender, and purred with contentment. And I assure you it's the first purr that has come from this since she entered the gates of the John Grier Home.

But the refurnishing of the superintendent's par is the slightest of our needs. The children's private apartments demand so much basic attention that I can't decide where to begin. That dark north parlor room is a shocking scandal, but no more shocking than our hideous dining-room or our unventilated dormitories or our tubless lavatories.

If the institution is very saving, do you think I can ever afford to burn down this smelly old original building, and put up instead some nice, ventilated modern cottages? I cannot contemplate that wonderful institution at Hastings without being filled with envy. It would be some fun to run an asylum if you had a plant like that to work with. But, anyway, when you get back to New York and are ready to consult the architect about remodeling, please apply to me for suggestions. Among other little details I want two hundred feet of sleeping-porch running along the outside of our dormitories.

You see, it's this way: our physical examination reveals the fact that about half of our children are ænemic — anemic — anæmic (Mercy! what a word!), and a lot of them have tubercular ancestors, and more have alcoholic. Their first need is oxygen rather than education. And if the sickly ones need it, why