

One of our most pressing *intelligent* needs just now is to get our records into coherent form. The books have been most outrageously unkept. Mrs. Lippett had a big black account-book into which she jumbled any facts that happened to drift her way as to the children's family, their conduct, and their health; but for weeks at a time she did n't trouble to make an entry. If any adopting family wants to know a child's parentage, half the time we can't even tell where we got the child!

"Where did you come from, baby dear?"

"The blue sky opened, and I am here,"

is an exact description of their arrival.

We need a field worker to travel about the country and pick up all the hereditary statistics she can about our chicks. It will be an easy matter, as most of them have relatives. What do you think of Janet Ware for the job? You remember what a shark she was in economics; she simply battened on tables and charts and surveys.

I have also to inform you that the John Grier Home is undergoing a very searching physical examination, and it is the shocking truth that out of the twenty-eight poor little rats so far examined only five are up to specification. And the five have not been here long.

Do you remember the ugly green reception-room on the first floor? I have removed as much of its green-