sick yesterday and he opened the mail when it came.

“Mother, here’s the family photograph.” Daddy tore the brown envelope open and he and Mommy looked at the picture.

“Look how my tweed jacket shows up. Best picture I’ve taken in years.”

“But look, Howard. Jenny’s not in it; she must have gotten up just before it was snapped.”

“Well, for goodness’ sake! What did she think we had a family picture taken for? Funny . . . I don’t remember her getting up.”

“Oh Howard, look at Toby!”

“That’s funny; for a minute I thought he was SITTING IN MID AIR! THAT KID ISN’T SITTING ON ANYTHING!”

While Daddy was dialin’ Aunt Jenny’s number, he kept sayin’, “No, no . . . it’s not possible. There’s no such thing . . . not possible.” Daddy said all Aunt Jenny would do was cackle at him.

This mornin’ I asked Daddy if he still minded if I was a witch when I grew up. He just said, “Why wait?”

---

**NEO-PANTHEISM**

Somewhere underneath the sod
A worm is digging dirt to God,
And all the fishes which now swim
Are spraying water to praise Him.

The flying birds and buzzing bees
Add contrast to the standing trees.
Thus God is in the world so calm,
. . . But where goes God when drops a bomb!

*Priscilla Thomas*