

A BOY'S CALENDAR.

Down on their knees in the schoolyard, marking a ring in the ground.
Poising the prizes of battle each on its little earth mound.
Breathing, for lack, on the shooter, playing by time-honored laws.

THE WICKEDNESS OF PHOEBE.

In the first place it should be understood that I am old enough to be Phoebe's father. I dandled her upon my knee when she wore bits of blue bows, one on each temple, to keep the elf-locks out of her eyes.

her minding at table, there is not in her demeanor the slightest suggestion of self-dissatisfaction or regret. It is better so. I am perfectly willing that she should be aware of the pink in her cheeks and the rich, brown hair in her tresses, for I have observed that a woman is never so pretty as when she knows it. On Easter, in her new spring suit, we all remarked that she ate six caramels.

broke that rule of mine. You remember: never, upon a charming occasion—
"See what?" I demanded.
"Sh!" whispered Phoebe. "Come on, Uncle Jimmy, let's be real gay! Come on!"

"Astonished!" I repeated. "Astonished! at what? Astonished at whom?"
"Of course you don't see. Of course you don't see. When does a man ever understand a woman?"
"Of course you're right there," I replied gloomily.

Chinese Wax-Farming.
One of the less-known industries of China is wax-farming. A certain tiny insect is cultivated with great skill by the Chinese of a certain district, because of the fine white wax which it produces.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.
DAILY THOUGHT.
Twilight and evening bell.
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.