

The Manners of School Children.

The following is a list of maxims issued by the Children's Guild of Courtesy in connection with the London School Board:

Courtesy to Yourself.—Be honest, truthful, and pure. Do not use bad language. Keep your face and hands clean, and your clothes and boots brushed neat. Keep out of bad company.

Courtesy at Home.—Help your parents as much as you can. Be kind to your brothers and sisters. Do not be selfish, but share all your good things. Do your best to please your parents.

Courtesy at School.—Be respectful to your teachers, and help them as much as you can. Observe the school rules. Do not copy. Do not cut the desks or write in the reading books, etc. Never let another be punished in mistake for yourself; this is cowardly.

Courtesy at Play.—Do not cheat at games. Do not bully. Be pleasant and not quarrelsome. Do not jeer at or call your schoolmates by names which they do not like.

Courtesy in the Street.—Salute your ministers, and teachers, and acquaintances when you meet them, who will salute you in return. Do not push or run against people. Do not chalk on walls, doors or gates. Do not annoy shopkeepers by loitering at their shop doors or gates. Do not throw stones or destroy property. Do not throw orange peel or make slides on the pavement; this often results in dangerous accidents. Do not make fun of old or crippled people. Be particularly courteous to foreigners or strangers.

Courtesy at Table.—Do not put your knife in your mouth. Look after other people; do not help yourself only. Do not speak or drink with food in your mouth. Do not sit with elbows on the table.

Courtesy Everywhere.—Remember to say "p'ease" and "thank you." Always mind your own business. Before entering a room, it is often courteous to knock at the door; do not forget to close it after you. Always show care, pity, and consideration for animals and birds, and do not stand quietly by when others ill-use them. Never be rude to anybody, whether older or younger, richer or poorer than yourself. Always show attention to older people and strangers by opening the door for them, bringing them what they require (hat, chair, etc.), giving up your seat for them if necessary, and in every possible way saving them trouble. Never interrupt when a person is speaking. Be tidy, be punctual.

Indian Summer.

Along the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the blue-jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans
With all his glory spread;
And all the sumacs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

Now, by great marshes, wrapt in mist,
Or past some river's mouth,
Throughout the long still autumn day
Wild birds are flying south.

W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

Salt on Birds' Tails.

Sir Ray Lankester tells the story of his first attempt to deal experimentally with a popular superstition. I was, he says, a trustful little boy, and I had been assured by various grown-up friends that if you place salt on a bird's tail the bird becomes, as it were, transfixed and dazed, and that you can pick it up and carry it off. On several occasions I carried a packet of salt into the London Park, where my sister and I were daily taken by our nurse. In vain I threw the salt at the sparrows. They always flew away, and I came to the conclusion that I had not succeeded in getting any salt, or, at any rate, not enough on the tail of any one of them. Then I devised a great experiment. There was a sort of creek eight feet long and three feet broad at the west end of the ornamental water in St. James Park. My sister attracted several ducks with offerings of bread into this creek, and I, standing near its entrance, with a huge paper bag of salt, trembled with excitement at the approaching success of my scheme. I poured quantities—whole ounces of salt—on the tails of the doomed birds as they passed me on their way back from the creek to open water. Their tails were covered with salt, but to my surprise and horror they did not stop! They gaily swam forward, shaking their feathers, and uttering derisive 'quacks.' I was profoundly troubled and distressed. I had clearly proved one thing, namely, that my nursemaid, uncle and several other trusted friends—but not, I am still glad to remember, my father—were either deliberate deceivers or themselves the victims of illusion. I was confirmed in my youthful wish to try whether things are as people say they are or not.—*Selected.*