

worse than that, for it soon begins to crumble, making a dirt on desks and floor.

When the children have had some practice in making the sphere, select different objects having similar form to use as models, such as marbles, apples, oranges, lemons, nuts, etc. A little marking with a sharp-pointed stick may make the clay nut look more like a nut, and, in the case of an apple, the addition of a real apple stem makes the clay fruit look more natural. One of the results of modeling is the development of a habit of looking more closely at things, and of seeing points of resemblance and difference between similar objects.

The second type-form to be used should be the cube. This is made by a regular, systematic patting of the clay on the clay-board or desk. Give two pats for the top, then two on the opposite side for the bottom; two pats for the right side, then two for the left; two for the back, and two for the front. Then repeat, giving all six sides equal attention, working by opposites until a well-formed cube is made. Other models based on this form may be given, such as a box, a square ink-stand, or a book.

The cylinder gives the third type-form, and is made by rolling on the desk or clay-board to get the curved face, while patting from time to time for the two flat faces. If, as is frequently the case, the ends become concave instead of flat, a small piece of clay may be used to fill in the space, fitting it in neatly and smoothing it over with the fingers. Objects of this shape for modeling may be easily got, such as a rolling-pin, a mug, bottles, jugs, etc.

After clay has been much handled in modeling it should be thoroughly dried before being wet up again for future use. If possible, have a large enough supply on hand to allow children to take home the products of their work, if satisfactorily done.

#### Autumn Fires.

In the other gardens  
And all up the vale,  
From the autumn bonfires  
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over,  
And all the summer flowers,  
The red fire blazes,  
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!  
Something bright in all!  
Flowers in the summer.  
Fires in the fall!

—R. L. S.

#### The Anxious Leaf.

Once upon a time, a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?" And the leaf said, "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground!" The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid, hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to." And so the little leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off. And so it grew all summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming more beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy." Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said, "O branches, why are you lead color and we golden?" "We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over." Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up, and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it fell gently down under the fence among hundreds of other leaves, and began to dream—a dream so beautiful that perhaps it will last forever.—*Henry Ward Beecher in Norwood.*

Sir Courtney Boyle, permanent secretary of the Board of Trade, London, recently delivered a lecture on "Method and Organization in Business," in which he told the following story:

"Not very long ago there came to a large poulterer's shop a gentleman who stuttered, and he said:

'I-I w-want to s-see some t-turkeys.'

He was shown some.

'Some are t-tough and some are t-tender?'

The shopman admitted the fact.

'I-I s-suppose there is a difference in the price?'

He was assured there was none.

'I-I k-keep a b-boys' school; would you, with a wink or the eye, m-mind p-picking out the t-tough ones.'

The tough ones were taken out and put on one side.

'C-can you m-make any d-difference in the price?'

This was refused.

'Then I will t-take the t-tender ones.'