

Children's Columns

In October

October morning! How the sun
Glitters on glowing shock and sheaf.
On apple crisp with mellow gold,
On wonder-painted leaf!
October morning! Look, the moon,
Like one in fairy lands benighted!
Frost out-of-doors bites sharp; within,
Good, our first fire is lighted.

—Piatt.

EDITOR'S CHAT

Dear Boys and Girls:—

"Nut-brown October," with its hazy days and crisp moonlit nights, has come again. How fortunate we are that in every month there is some special beauty to give us pleasure. We are not among those fortunate people who can gather apples, grapes, pears and peaches this month. Neither can we find any nuts dropping from their rough coats (except the humble hazel nut, sweet, but wormy), but we can revel in fresh, beautiful air; in the gorgeous colorings of the leaves; in the early-morning nip of Jack Frost, in the rush and hurry of the Fall, and in the keenness of appetites whetted by the bracing air. This is the month of fulfilment. The month of barns and granaries filled to overflowing; of cellars crammed with barrels of apples and potatoes, with boxes of celery, beets, turnips and all the tribe of winter vegetables; of shelves groaning under their weight of juicy preserved fruits; of safely stowed crocks of yellow butter, glistening with grains of salt and water; of baskets and boxes of eggs safely tucked away in paper coats, or snuggled into sawdust, or buried in water-glass. The month of evening fires, and sweet purple grapes, and snow apples, and pumpkin pies, and mellow sweet potatoes. The month of months for jokes and tricks.

Also it is the month when we give thought to next spring and plant our bulbs that will brighten our rooms and gardens in the far-off days of March and April. What wonderful things those little brown bulbs are! Pick one up and examine it. It is round and brown and insignificant, looking like an onion. If you cut it you will find it composed of layers of juicy flesh. "Very dull and uninteresting," say you. But plant this little brown bulb in the cold October earth, leave it to be nursed by rough old Father Winter. Let the coldest winds blow, the deepest snow fall, let Spring come, the rain fall, the sun come out, and presently above the soil will appear a green sprout, and it will grow and grow until in spite of cold and wind it opens out, and there, cuddled down between the two slender, juicy leaves, is a gorgeous scarlet tulip, or perhaps a white one! Or a beautiful hyacinth shedding perfume from every fairy bell! If you wish to share in this spring beauty inside and outside your school, persuade your teacher to let you make up a little fund and send to the Department of Education and get some bulbs. Particulars as to where and how they may be bought, and for what price, will be found in the September Bulletin, which your teacher has received from the De-