

2. What is, then, the length of day at the equator?
3. December 30, will the day on the Antarctic Circle be increased or diminished in length?
4. Is the length of day changed by changing locality on the same date?
5. Is it changed by changing date at the same locality?
6. Have many persons experienced these changes within the Antarctic Circle? Why not?
7. What is the length of day on our parallel?

June 21 the sun is directly over the tropic of Cancer. Persons living on that tropic will see the sun at mid-day directly on the zenith. The tropic of Cancer will be more than half lighted, and the day will be longer than the night on that circle.

On that day the fortieth north parallel will be more than half illumined, and consequently the day will be much longer than the night. The sun will rise at 4.34 and set at 7.40, making a day of fifteen hours and seventeen minutes, being the longest in the year.

At this time of the year the Arctic Circle will have twenty-four hours of sunlight, as the sun will not set at all. The northern parts of Sweden, Norway and Russia have the "midnight sun" from the latter part of May till August.

In Hammerfest the sun shines without interruption from May 16 till July 27. It does not shine so brightly at twelve midnight as at twelve noon. (Read Du Chaillu's "Land of the Midnight Sun," pp. 48, 57, 61, 63, 70 and 107).
—*King's Methods and Aids in Geography.*

Real Fun for Hallowe'en.

Every boy feels that he has a special right on Hallowe'en night to go out and have some fun. Somehow or other the fun is very apt to be at the expense of other people. It may seem very amusing to take gates off their hinges and hide them; but this is cruel fun, for it makes work for the older people who have to put them back again.

Ringling doorbells is another standing joke that may turn out badly. Some boys once stood a board up against a front door, rang the bell and ran across the street to see what would happen. A woman came to the door with a lighted lamp in her hand, and the board fell against her, smashing the lamp, and setting her on fire, so that she was terribly burned.

There are plenty of ways of having fun without injuring anybody, and a good plan is to get up a Hallowe'en masquerade party. Let every boy hunt up the queerest old clothes he can find and dress in them, so that the others will not know him. If he has not a mask, he can rub his face with burnt cork, or paint himself to look like an Indian, doing anything that will make it hard for the other boys to recognize him.—*The Delineator for October.*

October Verses.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

—*Old Rhyme.*

Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves.

—*Tennyson.*

Lo! sweetened with the summer light
The full-juiced apple waxing over mellow
Drops in a single autumn night.

—*Tennyson.*

One morn of autumn lords it o'er the rest,
When in the lane I watched the ash leaves fall,
Balancing softly earthward without wind,
Or twirling with directer impulse down
On those fallen yesterday now barbed with frost,
While I grew pensive with the pensive year.

—*Lowell.*

The apples redden in the sun,
In autumn gold the beeches stand;
Rest, faithful plow! thy work is done
Upon the teeming land.

Bordered with trees whose gay leaves fly
On every breath that sweeps the sky,
The fresh dark acres furrowed lie
And ask the sower's hand.

—*W. C. Bryant.*

The pride and prime of summer time is gone,
But beauty lingers in these autumn shadows.

—*Anon.*

Longfellow's "Hiawatha" makes a good story in verse for this season of the year for children over six years of age.

Queer Babies.

Little cricket in the grass,
As I pass,
Loud you chirp your cheerful cry;
Tell me why?
Have you babies hiding there,
Shivering in the Autumn air?
Do you sing to them at night?
Tell me, cricket, am I right?

Little katydid so green,
Do you mean
Winter time will soon be here?
That frost is near?
Are your babies cradled high,
On a leaf beneath the sky,
Listening to your endless song,
"Katy-katy," all night long?

Little frog down in the brook,
May I look
At your babies fat and round?
Will they drown?
Yours are water babies true;
They can swim as well as you.
Do you sing them all to sleep,
With your croakings loud and deep,

—*Clara M. Goodchild, in Child-Garden.*