

## No Military Autumn

MARY CORY

A military autumn would be a thing most truly rare,  
A military autumn would be hard for me to bear,  
For if a military autumn came with the frost some morn;  
Each leaf would be so stately and the tassels on the corn,  
And if the leaves kept up their flurry, and the tassels went on waving,  
Or if the creek went right on gurgling, and the old fence rails kept swaying,  
They'd be commanded to attention, made to face the guard house bars,  
They might have to peel potatoes or march a million yards;  
'Though the country has gone martial, and shirking is a sin,  
I truly 'd rather have the autumn just like it has always been.

## Winter Fairyland

PATTY MOORES

It was a cold day in December, and the tiny white flakes of snow had fallen consistently all morning. The ruthless wind had whirled the helpless snow into great white waves. These drifted about shrubbery beds and piled so high that they met the heavy laden shrubs.

Here and there were spots nearly barren, and the delicate snowflakes in their myriad design formed a cobwebby pattern of breath-taking beauty. The trees appeared to be wrapped in a cloak of ermine, against which the black trunk and branches made a startling contrast.

The glittering rays of the sun poured down and reflected a million gleaming diamonds. So brilliant was the light thus created that it seemed almost ethereal.

Hanging from the trees and eaves of the houses were literally hundreds of

daintily formed icicles. Each house was a mass of snowy whiteness and seemed isolated and apart by the drifts that had piled against it. Black smoke was belched forth from numerous chimneys, marring the extreme virgin perfection of the scene.

Soon, too, the piercing stillness was broken by laughing children. The utter solemnity and beauty of the rolling white waves became a churning mass of dancing feet and sleds.

The whole aspect of the scene was so totally changed that it was almost unbelievable. No longer did I experience a deep feeling of reverence and awe.

As most pure and beautiful thoughts or things, when cast upon the fast-moving cynical world of today, become soiled or destroyed, thus it was with my winter fairyland.