

leaves some weeks ago. Then I should have sent her word post haste to come down in southeastern Nebraska by the River and see if our land is so poor in the beauties of autumn; or I might have gone to the red woods with my blotting paper and ponderous tomes and done some preserving for her benefit. For we do have autumn colors down our way, albeit not so brilliant as further east, and perhaps lasting not so long. Yet there was one glorious week this fall when we enjoyed as much as our eyes could take in, and more than our souls could hold. In the city on Salt Creek the amber colored cottonwood is about all that autumn gives. But in the Old Town on the River, and in the woods all along the bluffs, there is the real glory of the dying year. Is it true that oak leaves miss the brightening before death? If my friend should paint for you the branch we broke from one tree in the woods you would be incredulous, I know. But seeing is believing, and I would that there might be an annual autumn excursion from the treeless west and the autumnless middle eastern part of the state to the banks of the old River. It might relieve for a time the homesickness that never quite passes from the hearts of grayhaired Nebraskans who were once Buckeyes and Yankees. Yes, when your artists come to paint autumn leaves in this fairest corner of Nebraska, let them leave none of their colors at home. The editor of the Courier is generally right, but for this once—why, the reason I enter protest is because in ecstatic moments I have indited verses in as glowing language as I could find about the gorgeous autumn tints that I see from my high window. If the editor could see the same picture, I am afraid she, too, would take to versifying.

The beautiful aspects of nature around our Old Town have been told in a most winning and graceful way by Miss Mary French Morton in a charming book of poems "Leaves from Arbor Lodge." The depth of sweetness and light in Miss Morton's poetry has been enjoyed by the readers of the Conservative, where a number of the poems in the volume just published have appeared at different times. But it will afford much gratification to the friends of the author to read the poems again, gathered together and beautifully printed and bound into an expressive book. The exquisite artistic taste of Mr. Tyson is seen in the perfect half-tones of scenes around Arbor Lodge that lend added significance to the interpretations of the author. The whole book is one that a lover of the beautiful may take to his heart and keep. To each one some one poem may bring a special message.

A remarkable feature of Miss Morton's work, remarkable because so rare among western poets, is the sweet good cheer, the smile in the lines and between them. No note of despair, nothing about drought nor failure spoils the tone running through it all, and even sorrow is sanctified to us with a gentle touch in "Sorrows Gift." A playful humor, with the gracious quality of seriousness not far away is show most charmingly in "Garden Secrets," "The Kitchen Ball" and the verses, "To a Pumpkin."

"Here's to the pumpkin! The jolly old fellow  
Who glows in the field with his coating of yellow,  
Who stays on the vines when the meadows are browning,  
And cheerfully shines when the Heavens are frowning,  
The sensible fellow  
Goes on getting mellow  
Till sunlight of summer, stored in and reflected,  
Shines out of his face at a time unexpected."

"A Ride in the Old Street Car" is a Nebraska City classic, and the joys of a wood pile as told in "Simple Treasures" were never more fittingly expressed. There are so many beautiful messages in the book that it is difficult to select a typical one. In justice to the author, however, after quoting one stanza of "To a Pumpkin," I should show the more serious side.


TODAY  
O, beautiful today!  
How fleeting is thy sway!  
Thou art here with treasure  
No heart can measure,  
And then thou art away.  
We heed thee not, perchance,  
But backward turn our glance,  
And we sigh with grieving,  
Past joys perceiving  
That loss doth but enhance  
And yet we surely know  
Thou comest to bestow  
Precious hours for using,  
And time for choosing  
Our harvest seed to sow.  
No future days reveal  
That, hidden by God's seal,  
Which they have in keeping,  
Although with weeping  
To them we oft appeal.  
But thou, today, we see!  
O, dull our hearts must be,  
If we grasp not duty  
And miss the beauty  
Of moments brought with thee.  
Thou fragment of all time!  
Within each swift hour's chime  
Thou hast safe in holding  
The fresh unfolding  
Of Heaven's truths sublime.

After many days there are signs of musical activity in the old town that are very grateful to those who hunger and thirst. A choral club has recently been formed and some possessors of unexpectedly good voices have been discovered for its membership. The club, under the leadership of Mr. Loeb, instructor in violin, orchestra and band at the Institute for the Blind, is now studying Farmer's Mass in B flat, not with the idea of a public performance, but for the joy there is in it.

A musical treat of an unusual nature in this city was afforded last Friday evening at the opening of a new organ in the Cumberland Presbyterian church. Mrs. Howard Kennedy, of Omaha, formerly well known to Lincoln audiences as Miss Cunningham, presided at the organ, and Miss Grace Northrup, of Omaha also, charmed all with sweet songs. The organ was found to be capable of excellent effects in the skillful hands of Mrs. Kennedy, and to say that her auditors were pleased is hardly expressing their enjoyment. It is probably that other churches in the city will find it impossible to get along without good organs, and with that will come the ennobling impetus towards the study of the greatest of all musical instruments.

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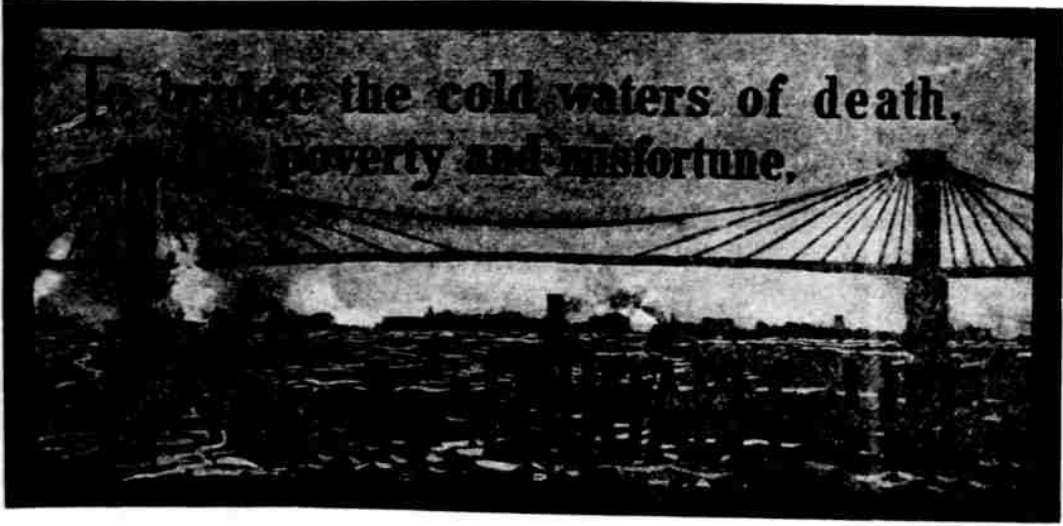
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