

## OCTOBER

The flowers like those which made the summer sweet,  
Put forth some richer tint of red or gold –  
And on the tawny slope and level field  
The fuller glory of the year behold.

The far low-lying hills are dim with haze  
Soft as the bridal-veil of misty white;  
And tangling grasses of the marshes bend  
To every breeze and whisper day and night.

By Beth Slater Whitson

**From:** Metropolitan Magazine  
Vol. \_\_, No. \_\_, Pg. 252  
November, 1910

AND

**From:** The Allentown Democrat – Allentown, PA  
Vol. \_\_, No. \_\_, Pg. 3  
November 3, 1910