

Smith of the Third Oregon.

Autumn in Oregon is wet as Spring,  
And green with little singings in the grass.  
And pheasants flying,  
Gold, green and red,  
Great, narrow, lovely things,  
As if an orchid had snatched wings.  
There are strange birds like blots against a sky  
Where a sun is dying.  
Beyond the river where the hills are blurred  
A cloud, like the one word  
Of the too-silent sky, stirs, and there stand  
Black trees on either hand.

Autumn in Oregon is wet and new as Spring.  
And puts a fever like Spring's in the cheek  
That once has touched her dew--  
And it puts longing too,  
In eyes that once have seen  
Her season-flouting green,  
And ears that listened to her strange birds sing.

Autumn in Oregon. I'll never see  
Those hills again, a blur of blue and rain  
Across the old Willamette. I'll not stir  
A pheasant as I walk, and hear it whir  
Above my head, an indolent trusting thing.  
When all this silly dream is finished here  
The fellows will go home, to where there fall  
Rose-petals over every street, and all  
The year is like a friendly festival.  
But I shall never watch those hedges drip  
Color, nor see the tall spar of a ship  
In our old harbor -- They say that I am dying.  
Perhaps that's why it all comes back again;  
Autumn in Oregon, and pheasants flying -----.

Mayy Carolyn Davis.

Isn't this an exquisite appreciation of Oregon? an  
immensely pathetic. I can well believe that before  
the eyes of dying Oregon had world pass a picture  
such as this.