



AUTUMN'S GIFTS

By Alice Crowell Hoffman
Autumn comes with lovely gifts—

Pretty painted leaves in drifts,
Chestnuts dropping from the trees

With each passing autumn breeze,

Apples rosy as can be
On the ground and on the tree,

Golden crop in heaps and shocks,

Some belated hollyhocks,
Purple asters, goldenrod,
Telling us of fall and God,
Pumpkins, too, with golden sheen—

Just the thing for Hallowe'en,
Then, to all these gifts so gay,
She adds the best—Thanks-giving Day.

The beautiful woodland scene above is from a photograph made by our staff photographer just back of the Elkin mill. It is an autumn scene, in which the trees, shorn of many of their leaves by the antics of the first frosts, stand mutely in the slanting rays of a

descending November sun. To gaze upon the scene brings an impression of quiet and solitude and abiding peace as nature prepares for the onslaught of winter. Yet in truth, were you to be transported to the very scene, would come the busy hum of our Elkin mill,