

BLUE LAKES TO GOLDEN GATES

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Blue Lakes to Golden Gates by Saxe Churchill Stimson

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SAXE CHURCHILL STIMSON

**BLUE LAKES TO
GOLDEN GATES**

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

BLUE LAKES
TO
GOLDEN GATES

BY
SAXE CHURCHILL STIMSON

AUTHOR OF
"THE TRENCH LAD", "THE LINCOLN CABIN"
and "THE FARM"

Published by the Author
MILWAUKEE
U. S. A.

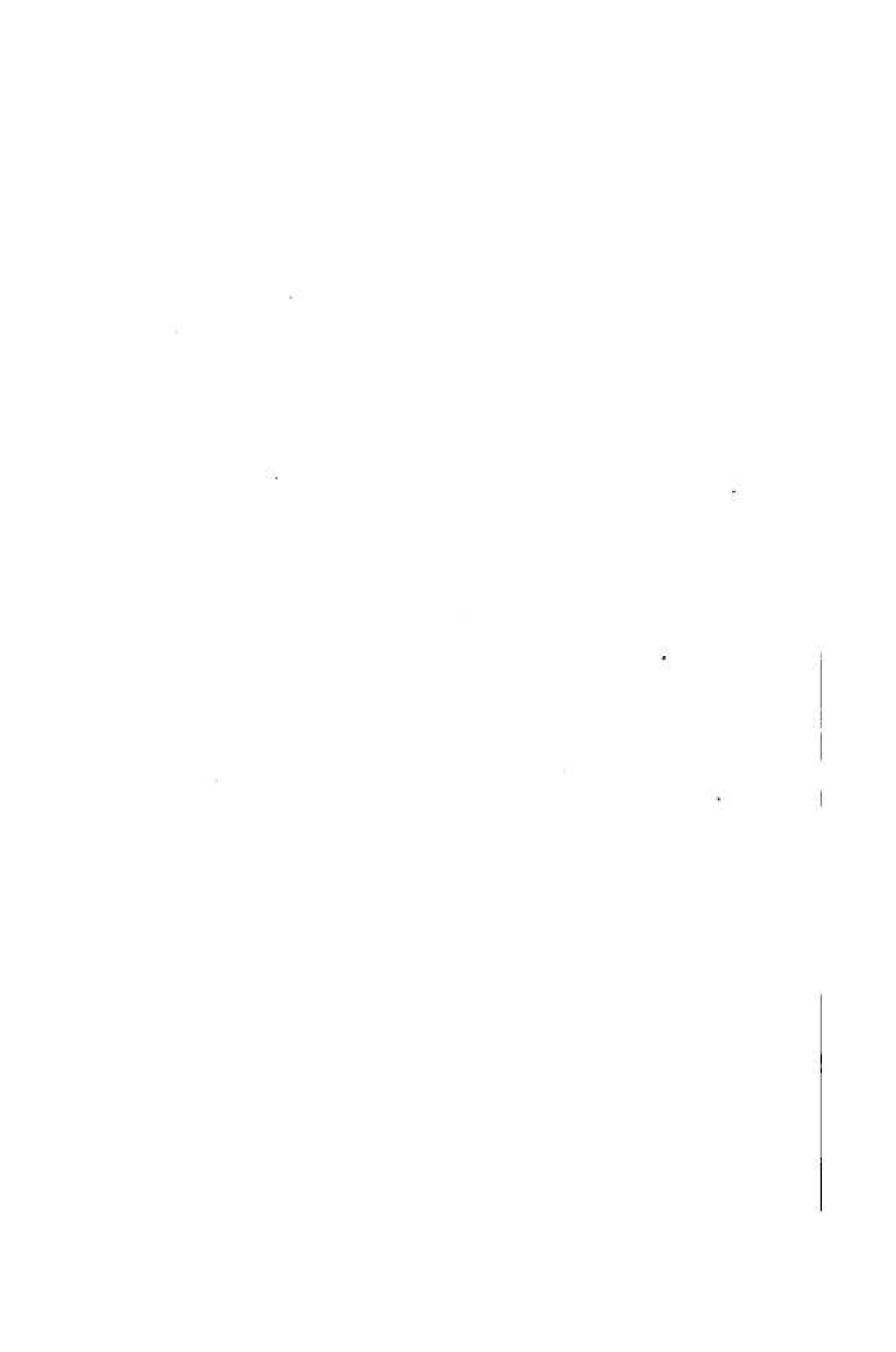
TO WHOM
IT MAY COME

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TO MY MOTHER

468653



BLUE LAKES TO GOLDEN GATES

Blue—blue, and still the blue marine,
All the world seems turned to liquid blue,
With a thousand whitecaps tossing on the scene
Where nature spreads her royal shades in richest hue.
And each changing hour brings features new
To him who looks upon the lakes,
The Great Lakes of panoramic view,
And a full draft of beauty one partakes,
And ecstasy of mind and soul awakes!

They are a necklace of six jewels
Suspended o'er the ever-growing middle west,
Ontario is a turquoise, St. Clair an opal, and Superior
rules

A lordly garnishment o'er a nation's mighty breast.
Winter gales have blown and summer winds carest,
The four-deck steamer bears its load the sights to see,
Gay vacationists set forth upon a golden quest,
Before the freshening breeze the yacht is running free,
And sailor folk are laughing in their glee!

TO ARCADE
MILWAUKEE

BLUE LAKES TO GOLDEN GATES

Here is the City, where pleasure-seekers view the folly,
And tour the merchants' rich and glittering show,
Ride up and down, in motor car and clanging trolley,
Chicago's teeming millions rushing to and fro,
Her thronging shoppers, ever on the go
In quest of commerce, and dress parade;
Rich and poor, and high and low,
A world metropolis here have laid,
And a grand and mighty city, have they made.

Avenues and thoroughfares, all that gold
Could do for men here has been done,
From this tower one doth behold
The gorgeous city sparkle in the sun.
Temples of Art! Temples of Music! Temples of
Religion!
Palace homes the pork-trade won,
Mistress of the lakes, proud in her position,
And still those minarets that sparkle in the sun,
And still shall glisten, till time's race is run.

BLUE LAKES TO GOLDEN GATES

Illinois is the corn-belt of the world, on ranch and farm
Is reared the tassled stalks to fatten hog and steer,
Rich black soil, and never failing charm,
If one would seek a paradise they have it here!
And this is the growing season of the year,
Hay cocked up, and fields of waving grain,
Orchards of red apples, to every boy so dear,
And lazy cows, fly-fighting in the lane,
And still those waving fields, like ocean's watery main.

Flow on, thou mighty River, ever flowing!
We stand on Mississippi's rock crowned bluff,
And view a hundred miles of fruited acres growing,
The silver river southward, ever winding towards the
gulf.

In these rich vales is food enough
To feed a nation, and to spare;
Here thrifty men grow their fundamental stuff
Beyond the cities' blare,
They do their job, and for our plaudits little care.