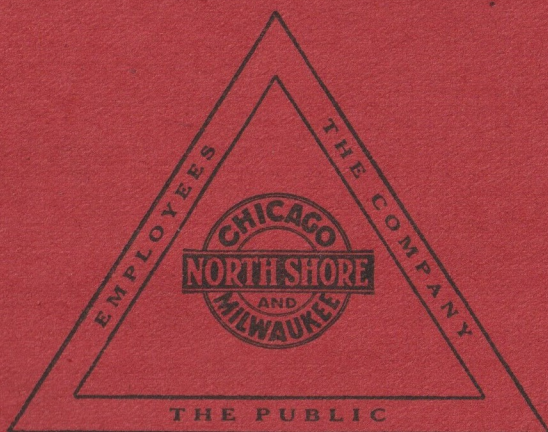


THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

OCTOBER, 1922



"The Road of Service"

COMMENDATIONS

RIDE, EATS, AND EVERYTHIN' FINE

WE don't know whether the young couple who sent the following letter were on their honeymoon or not, but evidently they enjoyed the trip as thought they were.

This is what they write about it:

Our week's vacation spent in delightful Chicago would not have been complete had we not taken the day's trip to Milwaukee over the splendid North Shore Electric Railway. Starting early one cool morning and seated in the comfortable observation car, extended to us by the courteous and efficient attendant, we were soon passing through the most beautiful suburbs, homes and grounds of splendor, and always a glimpse of the fascinating Lake Michigan. Devoid of dust, smoke or cinders; all cars clean, immaculately kept, and service faultless. Passing through interesting cities of Zion, Kenosha, the Great Lakes Camp; all stations clean and inviting with beautiful flowers and shrubbery, brought us all too soon to Milwaukee, where at the fine new station the chef and attendants served a tempting dinner for fifty cents a person. The menu consisted of a delicious cream tomato soup, a large thick slice of browned white-fish, with Lartaine sauce, vegetable and salad, a most excellent cup of coffee, and New England blueberry pie—"a la resistance." After a few hours' auto drive through Milwaukee's fine residential section, along the lake, we again took the North Shore back to Chicago, and in the cool of the evening, one could never enjoy a more smooth, quiet, deliciously scented ride than that by the finely equipped "North Shore Electric Railroad."

Thanking you most kindly,

Mr. & Mrs. Otto Handzell.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

We fully agree with every word of the above, even to the excellence of the meal which one gets in the restaurant in the Milwaukee Terminal, at a price which makes one wonder how they do it.

PRAISES NORTH SHORE SERVICE

THE following letter addressed to Britton I. Budd, president of the North Shore Line, tells what one patron thinks of the service:

Dear Mr. Budd:

I used the North Shore Road between Milwaukee and Chicago four times this week in going back and forth, and I want to congratulate you on the completeness with which the idea of service seems to have permeated the entire organization. In addition to your courtesy in offering to hold the train for me on Wednesday, which I very much appreciated and thank you for, there are many other evidences of service.

One of the Eastern engineers who came down with me asked the conductor for some information regarding the Northwestern Elevated which the conductor could not immediately give him, but he answered, "I'll find out and let you know"; and ten minutes later he came with the complete information.

When I left Milwaukee last evening I remembered after entering the car that I wanted to mail a letter in Milwaukee and stepped out to do this. On asking the gate man where I would find the nearest box, he said, "Let me have the letter and I will be glad to mail it for you," which he did.

I am sure that to the patrons of your road "N. S." stands for "Noteworthy Service."

Yours very truly,

R. F. SCHUCHARDT.

That's the way they all feel after a trial of North Shore service.

"SCOTLAND FOREVER"

Lord Leverhulme tells of introducing an American friend visiting him in Great Britain to an old Scotchman.

"From what land do ye coom?" asked the Scot.

"The greatest in the world," replied the Yankee.

"Puir bairn, ye've lost your accent," said the canny one.

The North Shore Bulletin

*Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad*

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

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28 No. 12

Editorial Comment

HAVING settled everything in the United States satisfactorily, with the exception, perhaps, of a few minor details, we are fairly aching to jump in and clean up that Anglo-Turkish imbroglio.

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WE realize that it is rather an ambitious task we are setting ourselves, but we have been so successful in the last two months in settling the coal and railroad strikes and starting prosperity on its return trip, that we are almost tempted to try anything. Our typewriter is in good working order, too, and our pipe is drawing freely.

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THERE are two things which make us hesitate about jumping into the fray and hurling a few ultimatums at the Turks. The first is that we don't know much about the subject. Of course, that really isn't so very important, for as nearly as we can judge from what we read daily in the newspapers, no one seems to know any more than we do. One morning we read that the French and the British are kicking each other's shins, and the next morning that they are falling on each other's necks.

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THE other thing which makes us hesitate is that we are not entirely free from prejudice in the matter. Ordinarily when we sit down to solve a world problem, we approach the subject with an open mind. We try to see both sides of a question. But we can't see the Turk at all. We never did like him very much. Trousers too wide and forehead too narrow to meet with our approval. As to Mustapha Kemal, if he must have one we'd give it to him—they're only 15 cents a package, anyway. That's a bad pun, but then it's a bad subject.

OUR feeling toward the Turk isn't entirely due to his treatment of the Armenians. They're not such an amiable lot themselves from all accounts we have read of them. They profess Christianity, but they don't work at their profession to an extent worth mentioning. They're Christians principally because the Turks are Mohammedans. Nor can we feel so terribly provoked at the Turk because he licked the Greeks. It was coming to them. They chased their ablest statesman and patriot out of the country and brought back their king. They might have known what to expect from that bird. Their troubles are their own making, so we are not going to shed any tears over them. Neither are we going to dig for their relief, which no doubt we'll be asked to do in the regular order of things.

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IN one way we regret that the Greeks were chased out of Asia Minor. The refugees are apt to keep on running until they land in this country and we'll have more restaurants and fruit stores and shoe-shining parlors than we really need. In fact, we have altogether too many of that kind now, so we do not feel any too friendly to the Turk for wishing more on us. We might be able to forgive him for sending us his cigarettes and Turkish blends of tobacco and even his rugs. We cannot forgive him for the harems which we see in the movies and the novels on which they are based. They are unpardonable crimes. As between Turks and Greeks, we prefer the latter, even if they do run dirty restaurants and soda fountains. But if they stayed at home and built up another civilization such as histories tell us they had a few thousand years ago, we'd like them still better. We've always been a little suspicious of the histories, at that.

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WHEN the Turk entered the World War on the side of Germany, the rest of the world said he must be kicked out of Europe. After the signing of the treaty of Versailles and the near-signing of the treaty of Sevres, it was heralded that the Turk was out of Europe for ever. Evidently he is coming back. And France, the country which suffered most in the war, is accused of helping him back by supplying him with arms. It's a queer mixup, isn't it? As this is being written General Harington and Kemal are engaged in sending each other ultimatums. We hope they don't resort to bombs later, but if they do we wouldn't bet a plugged nickel on Mustapha's chances. Our guess is that when the smoke of ultimatums clears away, John Bull will be standing astride the Dardanelles, keeping them open not only for himself, but for the rest of the world. In our opinion he shouldn't be left to do it alone, either. But if Kemal starts something, we hope that this time he goes out of Europe to stay.

NOW if the Turks and the Greeks had as much sense as the Germans, they wouldn't have fought over a bit of territory. They would have enriched themselves in a much simpler and safer way. The plan of the German government to recoup its war losses and pay reparations for the damage it did other countries, is simply wonderful. The allies after defeating Germany took away most of her fighting equipment. But they left her all her printing presses, and the Germans, being a resourceful people, turned them to advantage. By working the printing presses diligently night and day turning out paper money, the thrifty Germans have done fairly well. They have got other countries to buy their worthless paper money and pay real money for it. According to reports, which seem to have been carefully checked, Americans have paid \$960,000,000 for German paper marks, which have little or no security behind them. The Americans who bought German marks, paid for them in gold at an average price of \$12 a thousand. They are worth less than 70 cents a thousand today, so somebody got stung and it wasn't the German government.

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SO far the Germans have paid \$365,000,000 in reparations, and as they have received three times that amount from investors of other countries, who were ready to gamble on the depreciated marks, they have done fairly well in the transaction. We notice in the list of American cities which invested heavily in German marks is Milwaukee, although the big American market was New York. The United States wasn't the only country to play the role of sucker. Great Britain and France both hold millions of German marks and Germany holds their gold. The American investors in German marks are mostly Germans, or Americans of German descent, so that presumably their sympathies were stronger than their business judgment, but it takes a lot of gold out of this country that otherwise might have found its way into legitimate business and commercial channels at home. It may be that the German government did not lend itself to the scheme, but there is suspicion that it did. There can be no doubt that it has profited greatly by the gambling in its depreciated currency.

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AS we didn't invest in German marks we are not going to waste our sympathy on those who did, so we'll just step across the Atlantic and give our attention to some little matters at home. That is one of the advantages of disposing of world problems by our method. We can jump from one part of the world to another, faster than we could on the North Shore Line, which is going some. All that is necessary is to fill our pipe afresh, shift our position in our swivel chair and begin in a new place. With the experience we have had in regulating the affairs of the world, it comes easy to us—sometimes. We

get a good deal of enjoyment out of it, too. Aside from the supreme satisfaction of telling everyone what they ought to do, our chief pleasure is derived from the appreciation of our readers. Would you believe that in the last month we have had letters from two or three readers, asking to place their names on our mailing list and send them a bill? It's a fact. Lots of them willing to pay real money for the privilege of reading our world-saving stunts. We don't charge them anything, of course. This is just one of the little extras that you get by being a patron of the North Shore Line. There are other little attentions that customers get, which money couldn't buy. That's why the North Shore Line is so popular.

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WE got off the track there for a minute, but the digression is pardonable. We get so enthusiastic when we speak of the North Shore Line that for a few seconds we can't think of anything else. But really it arouses enthusiasm in every one familiar with its service? However, our job is to improve the rest of the world. The North Shore Line doesn't need any improvement, so for a few minutes we'll forget about it and settle down to the real business on hand. Being a cold day, naturally our thoughts turn to the subject of coal, and as everything in that industry is not exactly as we think it should be, it seems a good subject to tackle. The miners are producing coal faster than has been done in years, about 13,000,000 tons of bituminous a week we are told, and the railroads are doing their part to move it from the mines. As the normal consumption is something less than 9,000,000 tons a month, the surplus ordinarily in storage should soon be made up and we may not have to shiver this winter after all. All well and good so far, but the important question is, are we going to have another strike next spring and go through it all again?

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CONGRESS created a fact-finding commission to make a full investigation of the coal-mining industry, and President Harding has just named the men who are to serve on the commission. They are all men known nationally and well qualified to get at the bottom of the trouble. But when they have done that and made their report and recommendations, will either operators or miners pay any attention to it? We have a habit in this country of ours of making investigations and forgetting all about them in a week. In fact the whole country is investigated almost to death, but the net result usually is disturbance of business in the particular industry under investigation, and that is all. More action and fewer investigations is what really is needed. Of course, we believe in investigating first and legislating afterward, although the usual custom is to legislate first. If the legislation puts an industry out of business, as it sometimes does, it saves

the trouble of investigating it. That has been the rule followed too many times in the past. It's fine for the politicians but tough on business.

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THAT there is need for a thorough investigation of the coal industry, is well known to everyone at all familiar with conditions. Mining of coal is, perhaps, the most wasteful industry in the country, unless it is our method of using it after it has been mined. The dear public pays for the waste in both directions. But instead of seeking to correct the cause of the trouble, the dear public, which pays the bills, clamors wildly for the prosecution of the "profiteers." That is a perfectly good example of the way NOT to do it. There are inherent weaknesses in the entire coal mining industry which must be removed before there can be any permanent relief. Some years ago the writer was fairly familiar with conditions in the coal mining industry. We attended, as a newspaper man, many conventions of both miners and operators and learned a lot about their troubles, through conversations with leaders on both sides. Both sides agreed on one thing, which is that there are 40 per cent more miners in the industry than needed to supply the country's needs for coal.

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NOW at first glance you might suppose that is a good thing and should operate to keep the price down. It has an exactly opposite effect. We haven't looked at any recent coal reports, but we know that they used to show the coal miners working from 180 to 200 days a year. The rest of the time the mines were closed down, because there was no market for the coal. What effect does that have on prices? Coal miners and their families have to live 365 days a year. If the bread winner has an opportunity to work only 200 days a year, one-third of his time is spent in idleness. That waste has to be absorbed in the price the consumer pays for coal. There is no escape from it. It is the same with the coal operator. When the mine closes down, that doesn't mean that expenses stop, except the wages of the coal diggers. The other labor around the mine, engineers, pump men and others have to be paid, although no coal is being hoisted. The overhead is there the same as if the mine was shipping coal. All that waste must be added to the selling price of coal and the consumer foots the bill. It is perfectly fair that he should, too, for that matter, as otherwise there could be no coal produced. Why should that waste of about one-third have to be paid for? The answer is that the system is wrong and the dear public instead of insisting that coal-mining be placed upon an efficient and economical basis, calls loudly that operators, retailers or miners be prosecuted for profiteering.

ALTHOUGH we are not very strong for government regulation of industry, here is one place where proper regulation would seem to be needed. In some countries the government regulates the opening of new mines and keeps an even balance between the production and consumption. The needs of the country for coal can be estimated pretty accurately. Why couldn't the production be regulated to meet those needs? Why have 100 coal miners, working two-thirds of the time, if 60 miners working full time could produce all the coal needed for the country's requirements? Is there any justification for such a wasteful system? Perhaps the newly appointed commission will point out a system through which the present waste can be eliminated. That is the problem which it has to solve and if it does not succeed, there is likely to be another strike next spring. The problem isn't a simple one, either. Anthracite coal can be stored without depreciation, but bituminous coal depreciates rapidly in storage. Consumption is much greater at certain seasons of the year than at others. That makes the problem of continuous operation a difficult one. But other difficult problems have been solved. With steady employment the miners would be better off, the operators would profit and the price of coal to the consumer would be greatly reduced. There is work ahead for the commission and we believe it will point the way out, provided the politicians keep their hands off.

* * * * *

BEFORE winding up the coal business, let us say a few words about the waste in the use of coal. We have just pointed out where there is a waste of at least a third in its production, but that is nothing compared with the waste in its consumption. One writer recently pointed out in a magazine article that out of every ton of coal mined in this country no more than 100 pounds of the fuel value is converted into mechanical energy. In other words we waste 1,900 pounds to get the energy which 100 pounds would produce if properly used. Our steam railroads are the greatest users of coal and also the greatest wasters. It takes approximately 7 pounds of coal in the fire box of a steam locomotive to generate the equivalent of one kilowatt hour of electric current. The same amount of power can be produced in a modern power house with 2.4 pounds of coal. More than one-fourth of all the coal mined in the United States is consumed by our railroads. Were they electrified it would reduce the fuel bill about 64 per cent. It is estimated that the annual coal bill, including anthracite and bituminous, is \$27 for every man, woman and child in the United States. For a family of four, the fuel bill, therefore, is nearly \$100. That cost includes not only the fuel used in the household, but

also what the family expends in transportation, light and in other ways, which although not a direct charge, must be met by the consumer.

* * * * *

THE waste in fuel, great though it is, is not the only argument that may be used against the use of raw coal for heat and power purposes. The smoke nuisance in our great cities adds millions each year to the economic waste, besides polluting the atmosphere and impairing the health of those who are compelled to breathe it. It is estimated that the smoke nuisance costs the people of London about \$26,000,000 a year. The laundry bill per capita in Chicago is \$3.25 a year, compared with \$2.01 in Philadelphia where smokeless coal is used. The writer who gives these statistics, Floyd W. Parsons, says that in about twenty years from now, some one will write a history of the waste of fuel in the first quarter of this century and that those of the present generation who live to read it will bow their heads in shame before the righteous indignation of a new generation of Americans. He says that in a few years there will be only two agents of energy, electricity for power and gas for heat. In other words if it is done with heat, "You can do it better with gas."

* * * * *

IN concluding our little discussion, we would like to give you a word of warning. If you wish to join the crowd of world-savers, don't begin by howling about the "profiteer." Stephen Leacock, the Canadian humorist, says we need the profiteer, and we are inclined to agree with him. He says the trouble with the world today is that the profiteer has been hounded and denounced until he has retired from active life and we need to get him back. "Let's get him back," he says. "We need him not only in business, but in the whole setting of life. The eager, selfish, but reliant spirit of the man who looks after himself and doesn't want to have a spoon-fed education and a government job, alternating with a government dole, and a set of morals framed for him by a board of censors. Bring back the profiteer—fetch him from the Riviera, from his country place on the Hudson, or from whatever spot to which he has withdrawn. If need be, go and pick him out of the penitentiary, take the stripes off him and tell him to get busy again. Show him the map of the world and ask him to pick out a few likely spots. The trained greed of the rascal will find them in a moment. Then write him out a concession. The ink will hardly be dry on it before the capital will begin to flow in; it will come from all kinds of places whence the government could never coax it. Incidentally, when the profiteer has finished his work, we can always put him back in the penitentiary if we like. But we need him just now." That doesn't vary a great deal from our own ideas on the subject. That will be all for this month.

Among Milwaukee's Famous Industries

THE PABST CORPORATION

THIS is a changing world. There are still some, although their number is gradually growing less, who fail to recognize the change and who fret and fume for a return of the "good old days." Others with more vision and better business foresight, accept the changes as they come and turn them to advantage.

Something like the foregoing kept running through our mind the other day as we visited the plant of the Pabst Corporation in Milwaukee. Although not one of the twenty thousand who visited the plant yearly and inscribed their names on the register, when the company was engaged in manufacturing the stuff that helped make Milwaukee famous, still we could visualize what the imposing buildings looked like a few years ago, and contrast the scene with that which meets the eye of the visitor today.

What once was one of the greatest breweries in the country, is now a great industrial city within a city, for the former brewery buildings now house 46 separate industries, a number of them nationally and even internationally known for their products. Where once was stored thousands of kegs of beer, which were tossed around by burly giants with leather aprons, are now installed knitting looms tended by pretty girls, shoe machinery, art works and dozens of other industries, giving employment to thousands where the brewery itself employed hundreds.

There is, of course, a remnant of the old organization left, for the company still makes "near beer," but it is not "near" enough, presumably, to meet the tastes of the former customers, as the ship-

ments in the summer months now amount to ten carloads a day, while in the old days the average shipments amounted to 100 carloads daily. The company manufactures also "Fermentone," a malt extract used extensively by bakers in the manufacture of bread. In fact, that is the main product of the company today, which proves how readily a great industry may be transformed, provided the management has foresight enough to look ahead, instead of sitting with folded arms sighing over the days that have gone forever.

Perhaps the old days are not gone forever. That merely is guesswork and one guess is as good as another. Officials of the Pabst Corporation may think the days of real beer will return, but as far as we could observe, they are not banking too strongly on that proposition. They are not sitting with folded arms, sighing and waiting. They have adapted themselves to conditions as they exist, and the hum of whirling machinery comes from the windows where formerly came the stench of beer.

There is nothing to remind the visitor today of the old industry, unless it be the statue of old Gambrinus, the mythical king of beer, which still towers over the buildings. That is on the outside. Inside the offices of the company there are still some reminders of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

As the visitor enters the main offices, his gaze first rests on a bronze statue of Captain Frederick Pabst, founder of the institution, which bears his name. He was the first man to ship beer out of

Milwaukee. That was away back in the '70s, but later his products were shipped to many lands. In fact, Pabst Blue Ribbon beer followed Dewey into Manila and was a favorite beverage in Kobe, Japan.



Founder of Pabst

Above the statue the visitor notes a large oil painting of peasants picking hops, the central figure being easily recognized from the statue. It represents a scene in Bohemia.

Inside the main offices the walls are covered with oil paintings, for Mr. Pabst was known as an art connoisseur. Some are paintings of horses and hunting scenes, for Mr. Pabst in his lifetime was prouder of the pure-blooded horses he raised on his stock farm near Milwaukee, than of any other possession.

Not so long ago, though it was before the days of prohibition and also before the full development of the auto truck, the Pabst Blue Ribbon team of six full-blooded Percherons was an attraction in many cities. As we looked at some pictures of the horses, we felt a tinge of regret that they had to go to make way for the more efficient auto truck. But that is progress.

Although the Pabst Brewery in the old days was one of the largest in the country, it never was directly connected with a railroad. All its product had to be carted to the railroad freighthouse. The buildings cover five city squares in a section of the city where land values are too high to make the building of a railroad connection a profitable venture. The horses furnished the motive power for many years, but the auto truck put them out of business before Mr. Volstead took a hand in the situation.

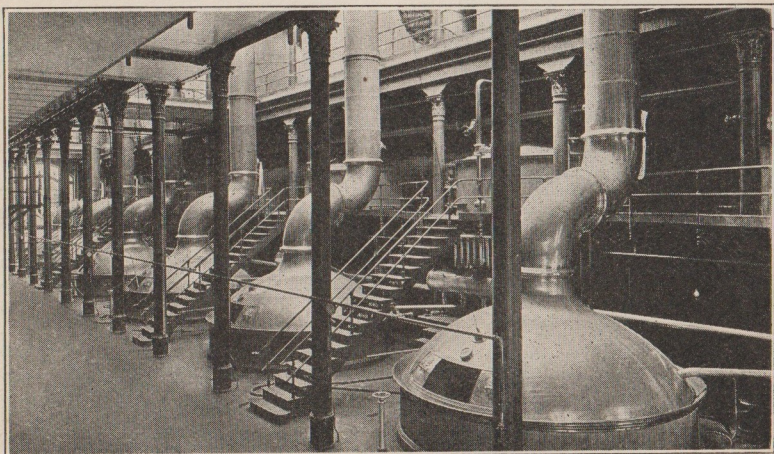
As it took as many as 280 horses to cart the product to the railroad in the old days, and as Mr. Pabst took so much pride in his horses, he saw to it that they were properly housed. The stables were in a large two-story building which later was transformed into a garage with the coming of the motor. It is rather interesting to note that the building now houses the Columbian Art Works, which

specializes in artistic window displays. Face creams and powders are now displayed in artistic form within the walls which formerly sheltered truck horses.

In that connection it might be said that the transformation of the former brewery is as interesting as it is complete. The smoke-stack still belches forth its smoke twenty-four hours a day, for the company furnishes the heat, light and power to its 46 tenants. Some of the better known concerns are the Great Western Knitting Works, which employs hundreds of girls and is housed in a build-

As the sales manager talked with us of the old days, we could not help noticing a tinge of regret in his tone, with which we somehow could not sympathize, although we understood. It is much easier to transform buildings than it is to transform men. Most of us after working years in a certain line of industry, cannot easily adapt ourselves to something new and different. We enjoy looking backward and reminiscing on other days. Foolish, of course, but very human.

When prohibition first became a fact, there were heard many



Mashing Kettles Used in Manufacture of Malt Syrup

ing formerly filled with huge vats in which beer was cooled and aged; the Everwear Hosiery Company, also employing hundreds of girls, in a building formerly used to store beer kegs; the Harley-Davidson Company has a part of its plant located in a building formerly used to wash beer kegs, while the Blue Valley Creamery Company, the Ogden Shoe Company, the Peerless Knitting Company and many other concerns occupy former storehouses for beer.

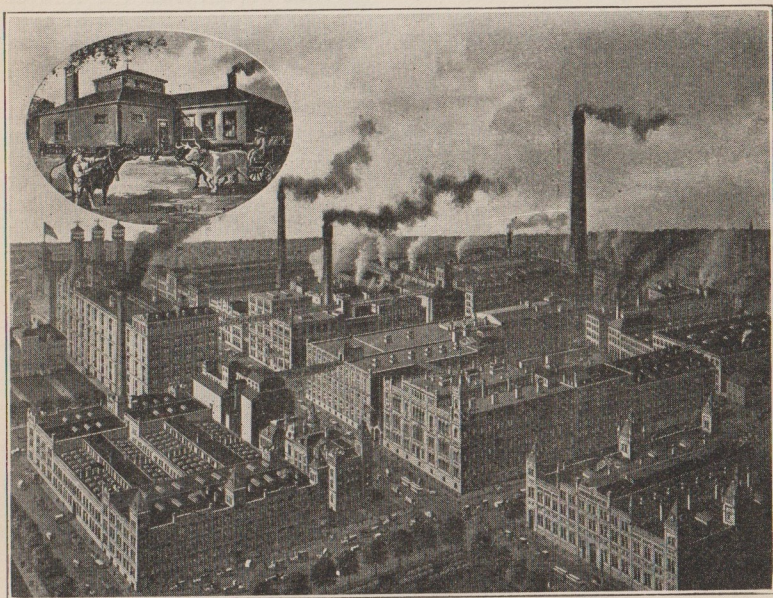
lamentations of what it would do to great industries. We were told that it would ruin the grape growers in California. It hasn't worked out that way. The grape growers have made more money since prohibition than they dreamed of before. So with other industries. We could not help feeling that the Pabst Corporation has not suffered by the change. Buildings used as storehouses for a non-essential product are now filled with whirring machines and busy, contented workers engaged in

manufacturing essential products, and as we looked around them, we could not help feeling that the change has been good for society.

That, at least, was the way our visit to the Pabst plant impressed us. It may be that the officials of the Pabst Corporation view it differently, although we didn't question them on that point. We kept our impressions to ourself, but whether the Pabst Company would rather see a return to the

ing to its utmost capacity, it furnished employment to 3,400 men. The manufacturing concerns now occupying the same buildings give employment to five times that number. We do not know whether the corporation derives more revenue from rentals than it formerly did when it used the entire plant, but it ought to.

Walking down Chestnut street after leaving the offices of the company, we noticed something that interested us. A man was



View of Plant of Pabst Corporation, Milwaukee

old days or not, the directing heads certainly are to be congratulated on their foresight and good business judgment. They accepted the provisions of the eighteenth amendment, whether they approved it or not, and they immediately transformed their great plant into an industrial city.

When the brewery was operat-

bearing some wording to the effect that capital was trying to crush the brewery workers' union. We looked at the sign on the man's shoulder, at the man himself and then at old Gambrinus. Something in common between them, we thought. We felt like carrying a sign over his shoulder saying: "Wake up, this is 1922."

CHICAGO BANKERS PLAY GOLF AT PIKE CREEK COUNTRY CLUB

AS guests of E. L. Lobdell, a party of twenty Chicago bankers and brokers made an inspection of the North Shore Line and incidentally of the Pike Creek Country Club at Kenosha, on September 27.

Both the North Shore Line and the new country club measured up to the expectations of the party, the members of which were loud in their praise.

The bankers chartered a special train, consisting of a parlor and dining car and a day coach. After inspecting the automatic substation at Ravinia, the next stop was at Kenosha, where the new station and the Lake Geneva busses were looked over.

From Kenosha the special ran to Milwaukee without stop, making the thirty-three mile run in 35 minutes, including the time lost in operating through the streets of Milwaukee from the city limits to the terminal.

Luncheon was served on the return from Milwaukee and the special stopped at the platform in front of the new clubhouse of the Pike Creek Country Club, about six miles north of Kenosha, to give the golfers in the party an opportunity to test the new course. At the end of the game the special picked the party up and dinner was served on the way back to Chicago.

Members of the party expressed themselves as greatly pleased with their outing and wish to thank the officials of the golf club for the enjoyable afternoon they spent on the links. As the editor of the BULLETIN went along with the party as a sort of guide, he too can say that the new golf course is a delight.

The course was opened last July, so it is to be expected that the fairways would be a little rough. The putting greens, how-

ever, are excellent, and the fairways are very good, considering they are new. The course is one of the prettiest in this part of the country and by next summer it will be hard to find its equal along the North Shore. The links are a masterpiece in golf architecture, every hole providing a good test of golf.

The golfer who likes a sporty course will find Pike Creek interesting enough. The creek winds all through the course, most of the time hidden from the view of the player. He discovers it, however, as the editor did on the tenth hole, when after making a perfect tee shot, he found his ball reposing snugly under four feet of water. There should be a danger signal on the bank of the creek on that particular hole, or a wig-wag, or something as we have on the North Shore Line, because when a player drives from the tee to the creek, he shouldn't be penalized. The distance must be 225 yards or more and it is enough to make a minister swear after driving a ball that distance to find it in a creek that he never even suspected of being there. We respectfully suggest a dangerous crossing signal at that point, for the benefit of players who are not acquainted with the course.

We have a suspicion that none of the party broke any records on the course. We know the editor played pretty rotten and as he was in the money, others must have done worse. Our performance on one hole, however, was eminently satisfactory, and when we get one good hole in a round, we don't feel so badly. It was the ninth hole, a par 5, although a rather easy one. We placed our drive in a beautiful sand trap, made a pretty clean-out and hit the next with a brassie to the edge of the green. Then we sank a 30-foot putt for a birdie 4, after being in a bad trap on the drive.

We'll cherish the memory of that hole and brag about it for a long time.

Here's congratulations to Kenosha on its new golf course, with which we hope to become better acquainted in the future.

IN THE LINE OF DUTY

Mrs. Paul Hudson, R. N., faithful nurse of the North Shore Line, is perhaps the most popular employe of the road. During her several years of service with the company she has made it her business to become acquainted with her charges and now she knows nearly all the employes by their first names.

to keep house and aids towards cleanliness were given the men by Mrs. Hudson and it was surprising to note the change in some of the camps shortly after her visit.

All this, of course, is in addition to her regular duties of visiting sick employes and their families at home and in hospitals. She can perhaps understand the plight of the foreigner in a strange country because of the fact that she entered the employ of the company soon after arriving here from France, the land of her birth.

HAS A KICK COMING

It isn't often we get a letter like this, but they are as welcome



Trained Nurse of North Shore Line on Duty

One point which endears Mrs. Hudson to the hearts of the men is the fact that she is as attentive to the needs of the foreign-born track laborers as she is to an official. Recently she made a trip over the road in the safety car visiting the camps of the track workers. They became apt pupils in first aid work under her tutelage.

Sisterly advice as to how best

as the other kind. If something doesn't seem just right we'd far rather have you tell us about it than tell your neighbors. This man writes:

Luke, I'm sorry to say I'm coming with a good kick on your railroad accommodation. Service is excellent—couldn't be improved upon. But, as the stations in either Racine or Kenosha are not opened until 6:30 a. m., are the patrons obliged to wait in the cold until the car comes? True, it was all

right in the summer, but winter is coming.

Yours truly,
JAKE.

Your kick, Mr. Jake, was at once registered and we believe by this time the cause of it has been removed. Of course, you or any passenger will not be required to wait outside in the cold for your train.

HONESTY IS BEST POLICY.

WE might find a text for a little sermonette in the following letter from a resident of Zion, were we in a mood to sermonize this morning. It speaks for itself, however:

"Some time ago I was riding on the North Shore Line and one of your (now) ex-conductors handed me a ticket to Evanston that was not punched. I had no use for it then, so handed it to a friend of mine. Therefore, I feel as though I owe you for the ticket. Please find enclosed amount which covers fare to Evanston.

Yours truly,

Zion, Ill."

We have not used the name of the conscience-stricken writer for reasons that are apparent. Reading between the lines of his letter, however, one may easily find the moral which forms the caption at the top of this little story. Had the conductor been honest he would not now be an "ex" and would be able to look his children in the face, if he has any, and not be afraid of embarrassing questions. Had the man who accepted the ticket been honest, his conscience would not have troubled him to such an extent that he felt he had to make restitution to still its promptings. One gets there sooner by following the straight and narrow path, and even should he never get there, he still has the satisfaction of knowing that he did his best.

EXAMPLE OF EFFICIENCY

THE promptness with which the organization on the Chicago Elevated Railroads and the North Shore Line functions in an

emergency, was illustrated a few days ago. Dr. Thomas A. Carter of Chicago, an expert on bichloride of mercury poisoning, received a hurry order to attend a case in Racine. It was a case of life or death and Dr. Carter called the despatcher at Wilson avenue. The call was received at 6:10 p. m., ten minutes after the Limited had left Adams and Wabash.

Quick as a flash orders were transmitted along the line and the Limited was stopped at Belmont avenue to take Dr. Carter aboard. It was a case where seconds counted and the men on both the Elevated and the North Shore showed themselves equal to the occasion.

NORTH SHORE LINE

AMERICAN LEGION POST

THE American Legion Post, recently organized by ex-service men among the employes of the North Shore Line, was honored by the presence of Sergeant Woodfil, at a meeting held at Highwood, October 12.

It was the fourth anniversary of the date on which Sergeant Woodfil performed what has been termed by General Pershing the greatest individual act of valor in the war and for which the Congressional medal was awarded. Sergeant Woodfil single-handed killed nineteen German soldiers and captured three machine guns. He is an extremely modest chap and does not like to speak of his extraordinary feat. He is an enthusiastic advocate of the American Legion and made a strong plea to all ex-service men to affiliate with the new Post.

Montague Rasmussen, Legion Committeeman for the north shore district, also attended the meeting and congratulated F. F. Owen on his good work in organizing the Post.

A number of company officials attended and encouraged the men who are eligible and not now members to join.

PROGRESS IN MODES OF TRAVEL SHOWN IN PARADE

D ID you see the classy parade, epitomizing the rapid strides made in methods of transportation during the past century, held in conjunction with the opening of the annual convention of the American Electric Railway convention at the Municipal Pier?

An Indian and his squaw, the exhibit of the North Shore Line, led the parade up Michigan boulevard. Great interest was shown

The only thing untrue to form in the procession were the high-heeled shoes worn by the squaw. She said she had some moccasins in her pack but the shoes looked so much better that she wore them instead.

NORTH SHORE LINE CLUB TO GIVE A BIG SHOW

EMPLOYEES of the North Shore Line are planning to stage a big theatrical performance at the Majestic Theater in Waukegan on the evenings of Nov. 16-17.



North Shore Line Shown in Unique Parade

by the crowds along the sidewalks as the procession passed. Included were an old prairie schooner drawn by a pair of oxen, an ancient stage coach used to carry express in the days before railroads and a high-wheeled bicycle which was ridden to Chicago from Indianapolis.

The old-fashioned methods of transportation presented a striking contrast to present-day methods. The Indian's horse, which drew a litter behind carrying a wigwam and blankets, bore the legend "It took us four days to make the trip from Milwaukee. The North Shore Line does it in two hours."

From what we have heard about the rehearsals, the show will be worth going a long distance to see.

Everyone knows that the North Shore Line is famous for the character of its service. It has other claims on public attention, namely the number of its comedians and pretty girls. The comedians and the girls will all be in the show, so if you want a good time, remember the date. Attend the first night and you will surely go back the second time. Tickets for the show are on sale in the North Shore station at Waukegan, on Washington near Genesee street.

With the Bulletin Family

Dear Family:

We thank you for your able assistance in keeping this column up to its usual standard. The number of contributors to this department increases each month and really it is wonderful to note how much interest the letters arouse.

This column is really the most interesting in the BULLETIN. At least we know some readers who turn to it first and when they have read all the letters, they begin reading the other pages. That doesn't make us jealous, though. In fact, we feel a good deal the way Tom Sawyer did when he got the fence whitewashed without much exertion on his part. The more you write the less we have to do. It's a fine system.

Our best known contributor, Loophound, was in the office a few days ago and informed us that his wife had forbidden him to make further contributions unless he improved the quality. She said his recent contributions were "rotten." We can't agree with Mrs. Loophound and don't believe that our readers do. His popularity is not waning so far as we can see. Seldom is a man considered a prophet in his own country and that applies double to a married man in his own home.

His latest contribution from Pittsburgh is as follows:

The World's Greatest Bulletin has arrived and was read before I deigned to look over the special articles in the morning's paper or the World's Series. That is as high a compliment as a ball fan can pay to your worth as an editorial writer, particularly at this season when we are all het up over the annual classic. If you don't understand ask Michigander—he appears to be as rabid supporter of the National Game as the old Judge himself.

But as good as we all proclaim your comments I'm doggoned if I think much of your remarks on Pittsburgh. If you Cook county scribes harbor further wrong ideas concerning the Steel City's brand of culture, you are hereby invited to come down and look us over. We, of course, have nothing in the electric railway line to compare with the North Shore, but once a person learns what a good town Pittsburgh really is, he has no wild desire to leave at 60 miles an hour as they do in Chicago. Pittsburghers live normal lives, acquire a moderate share of the country's wealth and die naturally at a ripe old age. In one of the large middle western cities where I formerly lived things have come to such a pass that unless you get bumped off with a six-shooter it isn't considered a natural death any more.

And that insinuation regarding my fishing—hits me right where I live, Luke. Guess you didn't know they appointed my roommate Fish Warden upon the Miramichi where I was raised. They had to keep someone with me when I went fishing or the country would have been fished out in a couple of years. There was only one fellow less popular with the fish than myself—he invented tin cans. Why I used to lug home such big strings of trout that the rest of the boys were all wearing long pants before they knew that meat was good to eat.

At that I didn't get a chance to get out with a rod and line while in Wisconsin recently. Didn't even have a chance to drive to Plymouth to call on Brother Peebles. Next year we are going up there earlier—it looks like a good state in which to spend a vacation.

Yours,

LOOPHOUND.

Well, Loophound, we're not finding any fault with Pittsburgh, only we've been there. As for your ability as a fisherman, if you spring much more of that sort of stuff it may tempt us to tell what a fisherman we were in our youth. We had a reputation that extended for miles.

Here is our old friend Michigander becoming a regular. He used to be only a casual, but evidently he has decided to improve. From Detroit he writes:

I know I must be taking a chance on having you fall out of your chair backwards at hearing from me so soon, but the truth of the matter is, I find that if I make up my mind to write as soon as I receive the BULLETIN, I am more sure of doing so than if I lay the BULLETIN aside. In the latter case it takes from four to six months before I "take my pen in hand," etc.

First of all, permit me to say, that I certainly enjoyed your editorial in the September issue, which I received today. It certainly is chuck-full of common, every-day sense, and expresses my sentiments to a "T."

I would certainly be glad to see some of our newspapers devote a few more columns to subjects such as this, and discussed in the same manner as you have done. Instead they print glaring headlines of the latest murder, divorce or scandal, or whatever the chief topic happens to be at the time. More power to you, Ed.

Tell me who is this other correspondent from Detroit, who, I also understand, is a member of the "fair" sex. Seems to me you should have no complaint to make about Detroit, for between the two of us you should be kept fairly busy deciding whether or not to give both space in your "pet magazine."

By this you may take it, that I hope to be a better correspondent in the future than I have been in the past.

I suppose you have heard the latest about our M. O. lines. Still, like "Mrs. Grundy," I will tell you for fear you have not heard.

Our worthy mayor, Hon. James Couzens, has ordered the interurban cars off the city tracks, which will necessitate that they stop and turn at the city limits. What a fine move that was, I don't think. Think of the thousands of out-of-town people who have been coming in by interurban to spend their money in Detroit. Now that they will be inconvenienced they will think twice before boarding a car for our fair city, and many, undoubtedly, will remain at home and trade on "Main street" instead.

The mayor has also asked that he be permitted to float additional bonds to the extent of 15 million

dollars for our M. O. System, and only a month or so back, the word was given out that the city owned lines were paying for themselves. There must be a "nigger in the woodpile." Only time will tell.

Now that "Old Man Baseball" has almost been laid away for another year, "Kid Football" is out again trying out his stiff muscles in preparation for what looks to be another strenuous season with the pig-skin.

The University of Detroit is out to beat them all this fall, having been beaten but once last year and that the last game of the season, and by no other than the famous Washington and Jefferson team. Here's luck.

By the way, where is our old friend Sol N. Lasky, the "Ever-Ready" boy? Haven't heard from him in quite some time. His annual contribution to retain his membership is almost due now, don't you think.

Did you ever run across anyone, whose birthday was the same as your own? I have one still better. I recently met a young lady who not only has the same birthday as I have, but was born in the same year. What does that make us, friend Grant? Upon further questioning I discovered I was her senior by five hours, which gives me the cut-glass tooth brush.

Wow! Don't—I'll quit now.

MICHIGANDER.

To answer your questions categorically we might say that we haven't heard from "Ever-Ready" Sol Lasky for months. Very likely he does not see a BULLETIN because we haven't his address and his name was taken off the list after several issues were returned. Our other good Detroit correspondent is Mrs. Esther B. Clark, 14818 Holmur avenue. She is worth knowing. If you are a married man you need not worry about the young lady you met whose birthday was the same as your own. If you are not married, that is a horse of another color and you should be very careful.

It is quite a while since we heard from our able Kenilworth correspondent, Harry L. Lyons. We feared he might have gone hunting with the lamented "Ken-

tuckian" and got lost, but he is here with us again. He has been so busy selling North Shore real estate that he has had little time to attend to his duty as a member of the BULLETIN Family. When he does write, however, he says something.

Here is the latest from Mr. Lyons:

The leaves are beginning to turn color, and within a week or two the frost will paint the foliage of the North Shore delicate brown, gleaming red, and countless shades of tinted colors. Meanwhile the lawns and most shrubbery will remain green, and the ever-changing blue and purple of Lake Michigan will add the final touch to a riot of color. The fall is the prettiest season of the year up the North Shore, if you except spring and mid-summer. True, there are people who consider the winter season, immediately after a deep fall of snow, when the bare tree branches are festooned with silvery icicles, as the most beautiful of all periods.

No wonder the people of Chicago, who in thousands drive out along the North Shore on perfectly-paved Sheridan Road, or who admire the trees, flowers and homes from the windows of your comfortable cars on "The Road of Service," hope and intend eventually to own a home in one or another of the chain of suburbs that extend from Evanston to Lake Bluff.

If all the Chicago people who are determined to live on the North Shore were to try and buy in any one month, property values would double over night, because of the overwhelming demand. Fortunately, only a reasonable number are ready to actually purchase each passing week, and property values are not stampeded to undreamed of heights. Still there is a steady, noticeable advance of from \$10 to \$20 a front foot every year in Wilmette, Kenilworth, Winnetka, Glencoe and Highland Park. In many instances, there has been a 100 per cent increase during the last three years. We have made sale after sale recently in Kenilworth for double the price paid two years ago.

I'm busy now selling homesites in the noted Mahoney farm in Kenilworth, which a year ago was a corn field, but which is now highly restricted residential property of the most desirable kind. Buyers agree to build homes to

cost not less than \$15,000 each. Four are under way now.

Every family will have the convenience of using your excellent interurban service to and from the Chicago theatres, fur stores, department stores, etc., and I notice Mr. Grant, that the North Shore women all prefer your dustless, smokeless electric trains over the steam railroads. It is a decided advantage from their viewpoint, to reach Field's or any other downtown store without changing to bus or taxi at a westside railroad depot.

Sincerely,

HARRY LYONS.

Can't that boy lay it on? You can tell from the first paragraph that he is a poet at heart and a real estate man from necessity. Who could resist a talk of that kind when contemplating the purchase of a homesite? We agree with him, at that, for there is no more beautiful spot on the North Shore Line than Kenilworth. Mr. Lyons is the local manager in Kenilworth for McGuire & Orr, so if you are in the market for a home give him a call. We can assure you fair treatment.

We get our usual line of monthly chatter from the irrepressible Jim Ham who writes as follows:

Clum aboard the Badger last week and, per usual, arrived in Mrs. Milwaukee's lap on time. Just couldn't help overhearing following conversation enroute twixt a couple of our friends from Jerusalem—('tis generally pretty hard to refrain overhearing these gentlemen):

Abe: "Vell, 'tloks kinda like thins iz getting more normal."

Cohen: "Umph!! Yes, folks is getting more confidential."

Cohen was right, 'cept he should have said "too confidential" if I properly interpret our sensational newspaper headlines dealing with paternity, divorce, alimony and murder cases.

Understand people are getting Fords for nothing these days by simply shooting a little bull at one of our prominent newspapers. I have a coupla good ones to tell if said newspaper would make the effort worth while by offering Elevated Passes. When will the public learn to ride in comfort, Chief? Used to be folks were satisfied with corns and callouses on their

feet, but these days——. Think of it, a guy and his family can ride for almost less than nothing should he annex one of said passes. Am frank to say I'm looking to steal one of them so keep your office locked.

A guy just blew in looking for a bootlegger hence, to save a life, must hasten to find a copper.

Continually yours,

JIM HAM.

You have sized up the situation correctly, Jim, on that Elevated Weekly Pass. It really is a shame to hand out as much transportation as one can use, even if he rides day and night for the measly sum of \$1.25. And the service he gets is excellent, too.

Our correspondent in Cut Knife, Sask., has joined the regulars and we are glad to welcome him into the fold. We said his first letter was very promising and our judgment in the matter has been fully sustained. He writes as follows:

Many thanks for the August number, and believe me after reading that editorial I have reason to change my views in regard to the various strikes, as before reading it I felt inclined to side with the strikers. Since reading your explanation of the situation I believe the railways have their side of the question also, and if it is the way you put it I transfer my sympathy to them.

I see that you are improving Kenosha with your new busses, and I hope to have a chance to test them out this fall.

We are now in the midst of our annual threshing season and all one can hear from 6:00 a. m. until 7:00 p. m. is the roar of the threshing outfit. Yesterday as I looked around I saw, within a radius of five miles, seven different outfits, so you can use your own judgment as to what kind of a farming district this is.

I agree with Mr. Tracy when he says it would be great to have the splendid Electric Railway (provided it was managed as well as the North Shore) extend as far as St. Paul, but I say, why stop at St. Paul? Why not go on to Winnipeg, then "I'll tell the world" it would be a joy to take a thousand mile trip, and one would not be wishing and longing for the end of the journey, as is the case with the steam railway.

Here's hoping the new Kenosha Station will surpass my wildest

imagination and expectation when I see it.

Wishing success to the Ed. and members of the family.

As ever,

CANUCK.

Glad to hear that you have had a good harvest. The new station at Kenosha, the bus line and all are ready to welcome you when you come here next winter. The editor is also ready to welcome you, so do not forget to give us a call.

Look who's here. We haven't heard from Betty the Nurse for several months, but she has been a constant reader if not a writer. She has graduated from the Training School for Nurses and gone back to live in Highwood.

She writes:

Just must write to thank you and all your friends for being so kind to me. You needn't send next month's BULLETIN, as I am home for good now and am a graduate nurse, so it is my turn to do a favor. You know, "a fair exchange is no robbery." Now, if any of your polite conductors or motormen should become ill just call me and I'll be there in a "jiffy."

I am a steady customer and hope some day to marry one of your conductors or motormen—see if I don't.

All right men, Wake Up!

Sincerely,

BETTY THE NURSE.

Well, Betty, you have given the boys fair warning and it is up to them.

We have with us a new Chicago correspondent who has made a very good beginning. We hope he will continue to ride on the North Shore Line and to read the BULLETIN and to write occasionally and tell us about it. He writes as follows:

I like your road; I like your monthly BULLETIN, and I like your name. It reminds me of the dear departed Luke McLuke.

During the last two weeks I had occasion to travel over your road between Milwaukee and Chicago a number of times, and on each of these trips I was greatly impressed, not only with the comfort, cleanliness and speed of your

service, but with the courtesy of your trainmen. They are the personification of courtesy and thoughtfulness.

Yours sincerely,

E. STEEN.

We didn't know that our half namesake had departed to write paragraphs in heaven, but as we didn't see his stuff often he might easily have shuffled off without our knowing it. Write again when you are in the mood.

We have had two letters from our Plymouth correspondent, Mr. Peebles, who seems to be happy as usual. He says he is working in a phonograph factory close to the testing room and was so affected by the music that he grew thin keeping both hands and feet busy all day. After wearing a hole in the floor with his feet, the testing room was moved to another part of the building. One night the smokestack fell down and he is being blamed for that, as he is supposed to have shaken the foundation doing fancy jigs.

Knowing that Mr. Peebles is always truthful, especially when he writes fish stories, we cannot understand the predicament he was in on account of that music. Now had it been the bagpipes that were being played in an adjoining room, we would understand why his feet misbehaved and also the cause of the smokestack falling down, but a phonograph playing unspeakable jazz, it is beyond our comprehension. However, Mr. Peebles tells it and he is an honorable man.

We didn't know we had readers in Waukesha, at least we can't recall having had any correspondents there, but here we are and a lady at that:

Traveling considerably via the North Shore Lines between Milwaukee and Chicago, I have become very interested in the North Shore BULLETIN. For some unknown reason I have failed to be able to peruse your June number and I feel that perhaps I may have missed reading some good and interesting news that may have ap-

peared therein. I am especially interested in any editorial that treats on Mud Baths, since I am the advertising manager of the Moor Mud Bath Institution in Waukesha, Wis., where many of your representatives banqueted in the month of June.

One of your editorials in the July number refers to an item on Mud Baths appearing in the June number.

I personally had the pleasure of meeting many of the prominent officials representing your wonderful railroad at the banquet above mentioned.

It was my ambition to initiate the good looking gentlemen into our order of Moor Mud but time did not permit due to the fact that they were all very eager to depart, after having satisfied their appetites, to meet their sweet wives and sweethearts from whom they had been separated for such a long interval.

Kindly place my name on your regular mailing list for a copy of your worthy BULLETIN and oblige.

Yours truly yours,

ADELINE MITCHELL.

Well, Miss Mitchell, we write editorials on almost any subject, but so far have not written any about mud baths. Some day we may run up and pay your baths a visit, then we might be in a position to write something about them. Not that it is necessary to know about a subject to write about it. You can see that any day by reading our Chicago newspapers. We didn't know about that visit paid your institution by our officers. We suppose it must have been the traffic Manager because he usually remembers to tell us about such trips a few months after they take place. We feel we missed something.

From the mud baths in Waukesha to Black Mountain in North Carolina is quite a trip, but a short time ago we received a request from the latter place for a few back numbers of the BULLETIN. Somehow we felt the writer was down there to regain his health and very promptly we mailed him a number of

copies. A second letter came in which he said:

Read the BULLETINS and thank you very much for sending them. You see we have five Chicago boys here, two from Cleveland one from Oshkosh one one from Racine and we all enjoyed reading your BULLETINS. We are at a sanatorium for tuberculosis here, which is conducted by the Royal League and have plenty of time to read.

Sincerely,

E. A. KRUEGER.

We are very glad to place your name on the mailing list. Mr. Krueger and hope you may find something in the BULLETIN to help wile away the time. Best wishes for your speedy recovery.

NO SENSE OF HUMOR

Professor Stephen Leacock, the Canadian humorist in his book "My Discovery of England," explains the origin of the legend that the Scots have no sense of humor in the following way:

"So you're going to try to take humor up to Scotland," the most eminent author in England said to me. "Well, the Lord help you. You'd better take an ax with you to open their skulls; there is no other way."

How this legend started I don't know, but I think it is because the English are jealous of the Scotch. They got into the Union with them in 1707 and they can't get out. The Scotch don't want Home Rule, or Swa Raj, or Dominion status, or anything; they just want the English. When they want money they go to London and make it; if they want literary fame they sell their books to the English; and to prevent any kind of political trouble they take care to keep the cabinet well filled with Scotchmen. The English for shame's sake can't get out of the Union, so they retaliate by saying that the Scotch have no sense of humor.

But there's nothing in it. One has only to ask any of the thea-

trical people and they will tell you that the audiences in Glasgow and Edinburgh are the best in the British Isles—possess the best taste and the best ability to recognize what is really good.

HIS TURN

Two golfing enthusiasts—a Londoner and a Scotsman—were playing a round together. After the first hole, the former asked: "How many did you take?"

"Eight," replied the Scotsman.

"I only took seven, so it's my hole," exclaimed the Londoner, triumphantly.

After the second hole, the Londoner put the same question again. But the Scotsman smiled knowingly.

"Na, na," said he, "it's ma turn tae ask first."

A DUSTY STORY

Our friend, John F. Weedon, of Wilmette, editor of the Peoples Gas Club News, vouches for the truth of this one. An admirer of Shakespeare, who lives in Wilmette, has the epitaph which appears on the poet's gravestone framed and hung over the piano. The epitaph as many know reads:

"Good Friend, for Jesus' sake forbear,

To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest be the man who spares
these stones

And curst be he who moves my
bones."

The man who owns the framed epitaph has a small son, and one day a neighbor's little boy who had been playing with him went home and said to his mother, "Those people have the funniest thing over their piano. It says, 'For God's sake don't disturb the dust.'"

IN THE HIGHLANDS

IN the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces
And the young fair maidens

Quiet eyes;

Where essential silence cheers and blesses
And forever in the hill recesses
Her more lovely music
Broods and dies.

OH, to mount again where erst I haunted,
Where the old red hills are bird enchanted
And the low green meadows
Bright with sward,
And when even dies, the million tinted,
And the night has come and planets glinted,
Lo, the valley hollow,
Lamp bestarred !

OH, to dream! Oh, to awake and wander
There and with delight to take and render
Through the trance of silence
Quiet breath!
Lo, for there among the flowers and grasses
Only the mightier movement sounds and
passes,
Only the winds and rivers
Life and Death!

—Robert Louis Stevenson