THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH.

Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Evening without Sunday	25c	4.00
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Send notice of change of address or complaints of irregularity in delivery to Omaha Bee, Circulation Department.

REMITTANCE.

Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only two-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts. Personal checks, except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted.

OFFICES.

Omaha—The Bee Building.
South Omaha—2318 N street.
Council Bluffs—14 North Main street.
Lincoln—26 Little Building.
Chicago—801 Hearst Building.
New York—Room 1106, 286 Fifth avenue.
St. Louis—502 New Bank of Commerce.
Washington—725 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

JUNE CIRCULATION.

53,646

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss:
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of June, 1915, was 53,646.
DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 2d day of July, 1915.
ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

July 8

Thought for the Day

Selected by Rodney W. Bliss, M. D.

"Heroism is simple and yet it is rare. Everyone who does the best he can is a hero."

For a School board elected on an issue of reform and retrenchment, they are doing tolerably well.

Of course, high school girls who take the course in laundering should have clean records in their studies all the time.

Note that those ancient and honorable wrestlers thought it best to "look him over" before arranging for a challenge match.

"If I could have helped President Wilson one iota, I would have stayed gladly," exclaims Mr. Bryan. 'Well, that's the most severe indictment of all.

Though mentally unbalanced, Dynamiter Holt must have had one lucid streak when he relieved the community of the expense and tedium of a court trial.

Substitute for "How Old is Ann?": If the head of the Chicago street railway system gets $60,000 a year, how much does each strap-hanger pay for his service?

Nebraska contributes nearly a quarter million of dollars to the individual income tax. At the same rate per capita the proceeds for the whole country should be $20,000,000—but it isn't.

A protest from the laundries against using the money they pay in taxes to teach school girls the use of washboards and clothes wringers, and the difference between warm suds and soft soap, is now in order.

Secretary Daniels is shifting his course to fill his sails for the brisk winds blowing for an adequate navy. The famous battleship "Piffle," deserted by its commander, evidently is booked for the marine graveyard.

Omaha salutes Des Moines for its energy in resenting the imposition of $3.50 water meters. Cheap meters spell a cheap city. Des Moines is not in that class, and rightly demands a meter rivaling Omaha's $11 style.

None of the warring European governments have yet reached the stage of forced loans by the issue of legal-tender paper currency. Until the printing press is requisitioned as a munition of war, it cannot be so desperate.

The water works labor bill has been materially reduced by shutting down one pumping plant and installing expensive labor-saving devices. With unlimited money, the labor end ought eventually to be almost extinguished—except in the general manager's office.

The famous Macedonian cry which thrilled civilization in years past, no longer wakes the echoes of its native hills. It is not dead, however; merely transferred. With redoubled force it is heard around the munition factories of the world and wherever "cannon fodder" blooms.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

GLEANED FROM BEE FILES

General Joseph E. Johnston of Virginia, noted confederate general, now United States commissioner of railroads, is in Omaha on a tour of inspection, which includes the Union Pacific. He says he was in Omaha twenty-seven years ago, and, of course, expressed much surprise at the wonderful changes.

Mrs. George Medlock entertained her friends last evening at her home, 2016 Cass street, with the sight of a night-blooming cereus.

Mr. Atmscow, who bought the old court house, was offered $15 for the cornerstone, but it seems that the building had no cornerstone, as none can be found.

The Seward Methodist Episcopal church held a sociable in honor of their pastor, Rev. R. E. Marsh, and presented him with a handsome Oxford Bible, Dr. Newman making the speech.

Mr. Charles H. Dewey and family left for Spirit Lake for the heated term.

Charles Ogden went to New York to bid goodbye to his sister, who is to sail for Europe Saturday. Miss Ogden is a resident of New Orleans, but has many acquaintances in Omaha, where she visited about two years ago.

C. B. Schmidt, for the last twelve years immigration commissioner for the Santa Fe, is now a resident of Omaha, and has taken charge as vice president of the Equitable Trust company. Mr. Schmidt's family of Topeka will join him soon.

No Excuse for Secret Sessions.

In a representative government there is rarely any valid excuse for secret sessions of a public body. Public servants are supposed to represent their constituents, and their constituents have a right to know what they are doing as their agents.

We regret to observe that the secret session evil instead of diminishing is growing here in Omaha, and that the School board, next to the Water board, seems to be the chief offender. The legislature put its stamp of disapproval upon the secret session in the water district law when it included a provision that "all meetings of the board, or any of its committees, or committees of its employes, shall be public." Notwithstanding the persistent and flagrant disregard of this requirement by the Water board, the same, or a similar provision, should be inserted in the law governing city council, School board, county board and other local governmental bodies acting in a representative capacity, and strictly enforced upon all of them.

As a starter, we suggest that it is high time for some member of the School board with the courage of his convictions, to propose and force a vote upon a rule making meetings of the board, and of its committees, open at all times to the public.

Shorter Auto Races and More of Them.

If auto races around a motor speedway are to hold their popularity, the promoters will, in our judgment, have to do something to make them more interesting to the spectators. A 300-mile race requiring three hours and a half of continuous driving, although with occasional spurts to gain a lap every now and then, may be a fine endurance test for the fabricators of the machines and for the makers of tires, and doubtless exhibits the daring and skill of the operator, but it does not save the monotony of the game to those who are looking on.

Who ever heard of a hundred-mile, or even a ten-mile horse race? The six-day bicycle races had their day, but quickly went by the board. On the other hand, shortening the auto races, and multiplying the number of them, would add zest and excitement. It is not the continuous circling of the track, but the straining finish that commands aroused attention. Give the people a series of real racing contests and they will not insist on having the program last through three hours and a half.

How to Run a Newspaper.

Mr. Bryan has given the world his somewhat interesting ideas on how to run a newspaper. As the owner of one of the finest little self-supporting monthlies in the country, and having occupied for a few months a place as a writer on a daily paper, Mr. Bryan ought to be able to speak by the card. His plea for the signed article has been very largely met by the daily newspapers, whose columns every day present matter more or less informative with the announcement that it is "By So-and-So." In some other ways Mr. Bryan's requirements have been anticipated, and in some they have been passed.

The late secretary of state is not a pioneer in formulating rules for achieving success in the newspaper business. Others have tackled the problem, both theoretically and practically, and some of these had ideas as strong and clear as Mr. Bryan. Experience has proven that a newspaper is an institution not amenable to fixed natural laws. It is the product of many minds, generally co-ordinated to a common purpose, but each independent to a degree that is sometimes the despair as well as the delight of the head who is held responsible. This condition seems unavoidable, unless it be on the one-man weekly Mr. Bryan has selected as his ideal.

The politician has always accused the newspaper not agreeing with him of being venal, and with the uninformed the newspaper will always have to bear with this. The impersonal quality of modern American journalism is its most impressive attribute. Its message comes as from a great, responsible and continuing institution, rather than from an individual. Mr. Bryan's insinuation that sinister interests control all the great newspapers is unworthy of its author. The influence of a newspaper, finally, depends on its message and the force with which it is presented, and a self-respecting newspaper may always be sure of respect from others.

Novelty in Diplomatic Procedure.

The State department of the United States has just been presented with what appears to be a genuine novelty in diplomatic procedure. Germany is said to be seeking suggestions from the United States as to what concessions in connection with the stand this country has taken in support of neutral rights may be regarded as sufficient. It is easy to understand that the kaiser has a natural desire to yield no more than is absolutely and definitely necessary to maintain friendly relations with this nation. That is part of the business of bargain-making. But "shirt sleeve" diplomacy is a little bit disconcerting because of the directness with which it approaches the point at issue. It affords no precedent for the present feeling out process. Wilhelmstrasse will doubtless find that the American notes contain no trading points, but simply define with exactness the treatment this government looks for and demands of Germany in its dealings with American citizens.

The railroad orator who recently thrilled Omaha Rotarians with the statement that one-half the income of railroads went to wage earners, in turn may be surprised to learn how fortunate the transportation companies are compared with industrial enterprises. The report of the National Civic federation on the apportionment of income of working people, involving 10,000,000 workers, shows that labor got two-thirds of the income and capital only one-third, against which depreciation and other losses had to be charged. If it is true, as stated, that railroads operate on a labor charge of 50 per cent the higher industrial labor charge buttresses labor's demand for an upward revision of railroad wages.

The attempt of the state to collect from railroads a lump sum for overcharges and distribute it among shippers has been balked by the supreme court of Missouri. The state suffers a knockout as a collection agent and the railroads score a partial victory. Recovery of overcharges may be had by establishing claims in separate suits.

Extraordinary Value of Illustrated Advertising

By Miss L. Z. Guck.

TO ME, un-illustrated advertising is like bread withoutbutter—like a dress without trimming—like a stage without a setting.

It lacks the appealing quality of making friends quickly—of introducing itself without formality. While to me an attractive ad is like a pleasant smile or a hearty handshake—it expresses the spontaneous intimacy that begets a receptive frame of mind.

In explaining the psychology of the illustrated advertisement, I would draw my first example from childhood instinct, which, after all, is the natural instinct. Just as the child learns to look at pictures, before it learns to read words, so the wandering eye of the passive, uninterested, unreceptive adult stamps the impression of a picture upon the brain, involuntarily, before one can realize what has happened, or can prepare the defense of unwillingness against us.

Illustrated advertising may first be divided into two great groups—namely, decorative and descriptive.

The first may be likened unto a tactful approach of a salesman to his customer. It creates interest, gains admission to the attention, and puts the reader in a receptive state of mind.

The second is an informer, exact and concise; a true registrar of detail; a time saver that conveys in the flash of an eye what printed or verbal words cannot portray without time or application.

Under the topic of decorative illustration it would be most unfair to ignore the phase of illustrations known as the impressionistic type, often termed "French." This, the newest and one of the most popular kinds of illustration, turns to exaggeration for its claim to interest, and the vast use of this class of illustration vouches for its pulling powers, as measured by the estimation of hard-headed business men who are constantly pouring out their hard-earned money for its distribution among "prospects," whom they hope to land as customers.

This sort of illustration in its mockery of true portrayal of facts, createst interest, arrests attention and influences the reading of the type matter, which is invariably the meat within the shell. Its forcefulness has been proven and is being constantly attested to, by the growth of the businesses that have pinned their faith to its power for results.

The trade mark is but another form of illustration, which, while not always decorative in the strictest sense of the word, surely cannot be classed under descriptive illustration.

It does not need the running of my pen to call attention to the value of the trade mark, for it is well known that men have poured millions of dollars into the popularization of the characters suggested by the following sketch in words, which registers in the mind's eye illustrations that have become famous, and are priceless to the various kinds of business they represent:

"Phoebe Snow, who was quite fatigued from travel on the Road of Anthbracite, fell asleep and dreamed that Scott's Emulsion had improved the health of Lydia Pinkham, until she was as strong as the Old Dutch Cleanser Woman who 'chases dirt'—and quite equal to taking care of Mennen's Toothless Baby, and looking after the pranks of the Gold Dust Twins, while the girl with the Wrigley eyes watched the Campbell kids play tag with the Corticelli kitten.

"At this same time Big Ben, who is as strong as Bull Durham, took Velvet Joe by Force and not only turned his Olus Shirt Tails into trousers, but compelled him to use a Gillette Safety Razor or tie Pabst Blue Ribbon to his Arrow Collar.

"Just then the Zu Zu clown, who had been drinking Welch's Grape Juice, started to fix his Boston Garter, when his O'Sullivan Heel slipped on a cake of Ivory Soap and he fell Pall Mall on the Victor Talking Machine, so that the little dog who heard 'His Master's Voice' barked so loudly that he awakened our fair dreamer and she went on eating Hershey's Chocolate."

And still, with all of this evidence of illustration told I have thus far only touched upon my first classification of illustrated advertising.

Turning to descriptive illustration, I am perfectly willing to strike out with the bold broad statement that I believe descriptive illustration to be one of the greatest salesmen the world have ever known.

Think of the vast proportions of the mail order business. Do you suppose that the National Cloak and Suit company—Montgomery Ward & Co.—Sears Roebuck company—and a dozen other successful mail order houses could attribute so great a proportion of their success to any one element of their business, as to illustration?

Imagine, if you can, a mail order catalogue without an illustration. Illustrations have sold everything from shoe nails to baby grand pianos or automobiles—from flower seeds to harvesting machines. Illustration has sold goods in every civilized country of the world—in every walk of life. Then who can doubt the value of illustration?

The writer, Miss L. Z. Guck, is the advertising manager for J. M. Gidding & Co. of New York.

Twice Told Tales

Hard-Headed.

A cart containing a number of field hands was being drawn by a mule. The driver, a young darkey, was endeavoring to induce the mule to increase his speed, when suddenly the animal let fly with its heels and dealt him such a kick that he was stretched on the ground in a twinkling. He lay rubbing his woolly head where the mule had kicked him.

"Is he hurt?" asked a stranger, anxiously of an old negro who had jumped from the conveyance and was standing over the prostrate driver.

"No, boss," was the reassuring reply, "dat mule will probably walk kind o' tender for a day or two, but the boy ain't hurt."—Chicago Herald.

Knocked Out.

A youthful physician had been summoned as a witness in a case which depended on technical evidence, and opposing counsel in cross-examination asked several sarcastic questions about the knowledge and skill of so young a doctor.

"Are you," he asked, "entirely familiar with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"Yes."

"Then, I should like to ask your opinion of a hypothetical case. Were my learned friend, Mr. Banks, and myself to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Mr. Banks might," was the disconcerting reply.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

People and Events

Al Jennings, reformed outlaw of Oklahoma, is going the limit of reform. He has joined a church.

Lovely is what Lovely does. So thinks a street car patron of Portland, Ore., who gave a purse of $50 to Fred Lovely, a conductor, in recognition of unfailing courtesy to passengers.

Shelby county, Tennessee, brags about seven Jones brothers whose combined ages total 491 years. The oldest is 84 and the youngest 56. Four of them served through the civil war in the confederate army.

Sag Harbor, L. I., knows Absalom Oldershaw no more. He has joined the patriarchs on the other side. Absalom in his later life added much to the scenery and social gaiety of the town. He married his second wife at the age of 90 and wore whiskers rivaling the yard-long adornment of Moses.

Here is high class sport at big odds. Charles H. Geist of Philadelphia has wagered $100,000 against $1,000 that he can defeat Dr. Edward Martin of the University of Pennsylvania in a round of golf. The game will be played about the middle of October at the Sea View links, near Atlantic City.

Coney Island is nearing the heights of summer glory. Two hundred thousand is a common Sunday crowd and half as many more packed the streets on the Fourth. Show spielers range about one to every twenty feet of street frontage and produce a bedlam of vocal music spaced by the megaphonic barking at the hot dog joints, where the frankfurter steweth. There is but one Coney, and it is a peach for sound and throngs.

The Bee's Letter Box

The Self-Satisfied Egotist.

OMAHA, July 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: Mr. A. B. Mickle is a peach, a pippin, a pup. Nothing goes with him but the strictly utilitarian. No doubt he prefers the smell of boiled cabbage to the perfume of a rose, the sight of a pair of patched overalls to Cinderella as played by Mary Pickford, the sound of a thrashing machine to the music of an orchestra.

"Everyone to his taste," like the old woman kissing the cow, and though Mr. Mickle cannot see it, there are many who believe that there is a place and time for beauty and pleasure.

In very slightly analyzing Mr. Mickle's article the following points are particularly noticeable:

1. He does not say whether or not he owns his home or is a rent payer.

2. He says, "I have a piece of meat every day because I," etc.

3. "Our" only luxury is tobacco.

Notice the "our." I suppose his wife and baby chew and smoke all the time.

I have seen this kind of human makeshift before. This thing would drop dead if his wife wanted a dish of ice cream or a yard of ribbon, yet uses 40 cents worth of tobacco himself every week—probably to sustain his manly strength and vigor. It's the same old story—big I and little u. This creature, possessing the intellectual capacity of a catfish and the traits of a hog, dares to judge men according to his own narrow, barren standard. He makes me tired.

C. A. P.

Some Volunteered Testimony.

OMAHA, July 7.—To the Editor of The Bee: I have been until a few days ago a citizen of Dundee, but live in Omaha now, and I am glad of it. As long as I was a citizen of Dundee I was more interested in the affairs of that city than of Omaha;, but since it is now Greater Omaha I want to say that the police department of Omaha is conducted right and that Omaha can surely be proud of their police force.

On July 4, the writer and three other citizens started out in Dundee in a car, went all over town and also through South Omaha. We found no violations of the law, noticed no accidents and experienced the safest and sanest Fourth of July ever.

In answer to those who complain about Mr. Kugel's way of handling the police department, let me say that I wish we had more such men as Mr. Kugel, and I certainly do congratulate the gentleman for the most efficient way in which he conducts his end of the city's public affairs.

MILTON J. GREENE.
911 North Fifty-first Street.

Which is Better Authority?

OMAHA, July 7.—To the Editor of The Bee: In your Sunday Bee editorial, "The News of the War," you compliment a Chester S. Lord, whom you consider most competent, upon his article regarding the fairness and honesty of the United States newspapers (which I presume he means when he says American newspapers) in reference to the present war news.

Permit me to say that the gentleman is laboring under delusions. The proofs I can offer are too numerous to mention, but can be found in the authentic editorials by Dr. Gerhard of the Omaha Daily Tribune. Should the gentleman, like most of his colleagues in the United States, understand the English language only, he can find similar articles and proofs in the Fatherland and the Vital Issue, both of New York.

MRS. B. GETZSCHMAN.

Would Retain the Names.

OMAHA, July 7.—To the Editor of The Bee: Why all this demand to cease calling South Omaha by its name now that it has become part of Greater Omaha? I note that the papers have started referring to it as the "South-side," which seems to me ridiculous and confusing. Suppose you want to refer to happenings in that part of the original city lying south of Farnam street, how will you do it? That is also the south side.

When Greater New York was created they didn't drop the names Brooklyn and Jersey City. Those parts of the greater city are still known by their original name. So it is in all large cities. Take Philadelphia, for example. A large section of the residence district lying west of the Schuylkill river in the city of brotherly love is known as West Philadelphia. Many other parts that were engulfed in the growth of the city still retain their original names. Frankford, Manayunk, Tacony, Bridesburg, North Philadelphia are some of these.

Don't drop the names of South Omaha and Dundee just because they happen to be included in the greater city. Let them continue as convenient aids to designating parts and section of the big city.

COMMON SENSE.

The Palmist and Bryan's Hand.

SHERIDAN, Wyo., July 7.—To the Editor of The Bee: I read in your Sunday Bee the palmist's reading of "The Bryan Hand." First let me say that one of the greatest influences received in all my studies was Prof. Olney's first lesson in his algebra, where he said: "Never accept a proposition until you have demonstrated it." That is what I did with palmistry.

In July, 1899, I had my palm read in Omaha by the wife of a Seward (Neb.) lawyer. She said my palm was one of the most interesting she had ever read. While visiting my only sister, in Oregon, Ill., the wife of Judge James H. Cartwright, for some twenty-eight years judge of the supreme court of Illinois, in January, 1913, she read my palm. She had become quite a noted palmist, having read palms from Europe to Japan. I was so much impressed by her reading that I resolved to become a master of the art, if possible. Going to Chicago that month I purchased a copy of "Cheiro's Language of the Hand," which I have before me. I was particularly impressed by what he said of "The Line of Life." If it was of full length, it promised a long life; if it were broken, it meant death, according to the position of the break. The line of life starts from the middle of the base of the palm, and ends midway between the base of the thumb and forefinger.

I determined to prove the truth or falsity of this "life line" idea. In Chicago, Omaha and Sheridan, Wyo., I examined the hands of a score of dead people—men and women, cases of death from shooting, railroad accidents and sickness. In but two of these did I find the line of life broken. All the others were perfect and complete, promising a long life, according to Cheiro and the rest of the palmists. Having proved to my own satisfaction, and I believe to that of all other intelligent people, that there was no truth or reason in the story of the line of life, I believed I had a right to say there was no truth in the reading of any other lines. I believe I am the only person who has ever made this investigation and given it to the public in the columns of The Bee. I ask the readers of The Bee to make the same tests I have and see if they will have any faith in the readings of the palmists after that investigation.

HORACE P. HOLMES, M. D.

Editorial Siftings

Brooklyn Eagle: We owe Europe only $3,500,000,000, or $35 per capita, for all it has invested here. This leaves us $15 each more than Lloyd-George led us to believe we had, and now is a good time to put it in an inside pocket.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: Both Great Britain and Germany are very anxious to maintain friendly relations with the United States—but on their own terms. Which accounts for their delays in prompt correspondence with their Uncle Sam.

Boston Transcript: The only thing positively certain is that Mr. Bryan's conversation with Ambassador Dumba did not deal with the subject that once engaged the rapt attention of the governor of North Carolina and the governor South Carolina.

Springfield Republican: All kinds of things are possible, but one may still refuse to credit the report that Admiral von Tirpitz has selected an island on the Maine coast, under American sovereignty, to be used as a secret base for German submarines operating on this side of the Atlantic against British shipping.

St. Louis Republic: We trust Secretary Lansing made himself clear to folks abroad on the difference between a claim arising under the terms of a treaty and a claim arising from a breach thereof. In this country it is well understood that there is a difference between a contractual right and damages for assault and battery.

New York World: During May, Berlin announced, the Teutonic allies captured over 200,000 Russians. During June, Vienna estimates, over 194,000 Russian prisoners were taken. It looks as though Russia was committed to the British conspiracy to starve out Germany. The British cut off fresh supplies and the Russians help to consume what is left on hand.

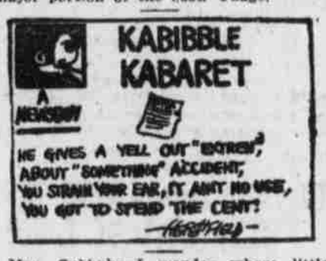
Pittsburgh Dispatch: Melon cuttings in the Astor family are events of note. A few years ago William Waldorf Astor, the self-expatriate, gave to his eldest son, William, certain New York properties valued at $6,000,000. Now he has just given to his youngest son, John Jacob Astor, New York City property worth $7,500,000. The old man is an expatriate from America, but not from the American dollar.

SUNNY GEMS.

"Do you think a man ought to appoint his relatives to office?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "There's no sense in complicating the destinies of a nation with the possibilities of a family quarrel."—Washington Star.

Flim—Taking a wife is a good deal like buying an automobile.
Flam—How so?
Flim—Well the accessories make the major portion of the cost.—Judge.



Mrs. Subbubs—I wonder where little Willie and Davis are. Did you see anything of my jewels as you came along, Mr. Nexdore?

Nexdore—Yes. I did, ma'am. Your jewels are in soak; I saw them swimming in the river.—Baltimore American.

Willis—Here's an account of the bombardment of the Dardanelles. It says the fleet's guns roared continuously and the Turkish fort made only a feeble effort in response. Can you imagine it?

Gillis—Yet, it must be something like a conversation between my wife and me.—Life.

Czar—Why did you lose the battle?

General—The Germans attacked us in our rear.

Czar—I was informed that they had attacked you in front.

General—Yes; but it was our rear when they got there.—Boston Transcript.

"My wife thinks these are strenuous times."

"What's the trouble?"

"She can't be in two places at once. If she listens at the airshaft she'll miss what is going on over the party wire."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Fore!" shouted the golfer, ready to play.

But the woman on the course paid no attention.

"Fore!" he repeated, with not a bit more effect than the first time.

"Try her with 'Three ninety-eight,'" suggested his partner. "She may be one of those bargain-counter fiends."—Boston Transcript.

TANSFOMATION SCENES.

What makes my sky so grey, so grey?
What makes my day so drear?
What makes the robin's 'customed notes
Sound plaintive in my ear?
What makes each flower its beauty hide
And stare forth in dismay?
Just this, the postman has gone by—
No word from you today.

What makes my sky so blue, so blue?
What makes my sun so bright?
What makes each bird song thrill me through
With such supreme delight?
What makes each blade of grass, each flower
Thrill me with rapture through?
Just this, the postman came just now
And brought me word from you.

Omaha. —DOLORES.