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DEAL JUSTICE IN PUBLIC.

Lawlessness is lawlessness, no matter where it occurs. Society suffers just as much when the leader of the Ku Klux Klan is shot from the darkness in an Ohio town as when a man is taken by a mob in Oklahoma and severely whipped. In neither case is there justification. Officers of the law in Oklahoma are like those in every other civilized community, under the control of the citizens. When a police force fails in its duty, an easy remedy is provided by the law, and the removal of part or all of the offenders may readily be brought about. No help comes from the act of any group of men, seeking to substitute its own will for the due process of law. Indignation may run high, but judgment reached and executed under such circumstances is likely to be mistaken.

In the Ohio case, the shooting of the Klan leader might be interpreted to mean that some reason for the existence of such an order may be found in conditions that prevail. Yet a reasonable view of the case is that the act was that of some one just as mistaken in his view although as sincere in his purpose as the member of the Klan who was singled out as a victim.

In a land where the government is that of the people, where all law, all officers of the law, and all processes for carrying out the law, come from the people, there is no place for "invisible government" of any sort by any group of individuals. Work of reform can only be accomplished through arousing the minds of the people to the need of the reform, and this can only be done publicly and openly. If the anti-slavery agitation had been secretly carried on, we might have chattel slavery yet; if the women had worked behind closed doors, we would have neither woman suffrage nor prohibition, and if the opponents of child labor were to meet in darkened rooms, with plugged up keyholes, their case would be hopeless.

The cause that can not stand forth in full view of the public, with its every aspect open to examination under the searchlight of publicity, does not deserve to succeed. Sporadic outbursts of lawlessness are not new in our national history, but they have never accomplished any real good. At times an exasperated community has wreaked summary vengeance on flagrant offenders, but these cases are the exception rather than the rule, and even then do not serve to justify mob action.

If the men who are meeting in secret will openly advocate what they privately profess, standing firmly on their platform, they may be able to accomplish good. So long as they pretend to uphold the law and then act without the law, they are doing far more harm than good.

KEEPING TRACK OF EACH OTHER.

One of the English novels of the last century dealt with the case of a man, victim of amnesia as it is now called, who disappeared from his home, and turned up years later about twenty-five miles away, where he had married and reared a second family of children. Such an event was possible in a society where the tides of life move sluggishly, and it was an adventure to go over into the next county. Barry makes use of something similar in his "Tillyloss Scandal," in which the hero journeyed all the way to Edinburgh and London, and then returned home, spending the remainder of his years recounting his adventures, the most wonderful of which was the night he "spent a shilling at a sitting."

Americans, who are accustomed to wander, hopping from town to town, from one end of the land to the other in the most casual fashion, do not appreciate this immobility. But the identification experts do, and so it is proposed to fingerprint the entire nation, that fewer unidentified bodies be laid away in obscure graves. Al Dunia of Chicago, who is responsible for the proposal, told the International Association for Identification at Des Moines that 40,000 unidentified dead are buried in the United States each year. Of these he estimated at least 7,000 have life insurance to the amount of \$2,000 each, or a total of \$14,000,000 lost through this cause each year.

Novel as the proposal seems, it deserves serious consideration. We have progressed very slowly in the general science of vital statistics, not because we do not realize the value of the data thus afforded, but because of a reluctance to yield on a point that is generally considered purely private. Slowly, however, individual prejudice is giving way for the public good, and it may yet come to pass that each of us will be registered and ticketed according to our finger prints. If there is an insurmountable objection it is that it would result in giving jobs to a new horde of public officials, to add to the tax bill.

ALL WHO ARE WORTHY ARE WELCOME.

Sir Auckland Geddes, British ambassador at Washington, makes to his home government a report that criticizes conditions at Ellis island. He offers suggestions as to sleeping quarters and other physical surroundings of immigrants who are detained at the gateway to the United States, but only tells what might have been learned from studying the reports of the government at Washington from its own representatives.

The most interesting part of the Geddes report is in its conclusion, wherein he proposes that the examination be made in Europe, so that when the alien leaves home it will be with the reasonable assurance that detention at Ellis island will be but a matter of formality. This is what we have contended for at all times. Nothing can be more unfair than the existing practice of steamships being allowed to fill their steerage quarters with passengers, and engage in a mad race to reach the dock ahead of all others at one minute past midnight on the morning of the first day of each calendar month.

The United States is in no way to blame if the reasonable enforcement of its immigration law works hardship on those who take the chance of getting by its provisions. European governments should cooperate in such degree as will spare their subjects the inconvenience and disappointment that waits the unfit at the portals to the United States. On this point Ambassador Geddes is sound, and his word should have some weight in England as tending to allay a feeling arising over there. All the world no longer can enter the United States, and that should be understood everywhere.

"OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT."

Every ladder has two ends, and every story at least two sides. So it is not easy to decide between the city of Columbus on the one hand and the Union Pacific railroad on the other in regard to the matter of blowing engine whistles in the city limits. Rules of the company require that whistles be blown as warning signals at road crossings. These disturb the citizens, who are concerned in the suppression of unnecessary noises.

If the whistle be omitted, some unwary autoist will be caught half way across the track by a moving train, and his last gasp will be one of malediction for the engineer for not giving warning of his approach. Likewise, the company does not relish the prospect of going into court to face a damage suit, in which the plaintiff will be ready to prove that the cautionary toots were not given in advance by the oncoming locomotive. Against this, the citizens reasonably set up that too much blowing of whistles is not only a nuisance but unnecessary, and can be subdued without loss of efficiency to the operation of trains or increase of danger to those who need to cross the tracks.

We have in mind a Missouri Pacific engineer who blows two long and two short whistles of the road crossing signal in his own peculiar manner. He swings on the whistle lever, producing a prolonged wail that is almost agony; it starts low, gradually swells to a crescendo, then diminishes until it dies away; waiting about ten seconds, he repeats it; then he adds the two shorter blasts, differing from the others only in length. By the time he has repeated this once each block from Druid hill until he gets across Ames avenue and under the viaduct on his way to the yards, he has rent the stillly night into shreds a block long and all sadly tattered.

A little training of engineers in the gentle art of tooting for road crossings might help some, but the real remedy is to do away with grade crossings. This is, of course, a serious problem, but it will be solved in time. And the citizens of Columbus will admit, as others do, that the only really quiet community is a graveyard.

BROTHERLY LOVE AND THE LAW.

Again we find in real life support for the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction. This time a man's devotion to law and order sends his brother to the penitentiary for a long term of years. John Finch took at San Diego the obligation administered to all policemen, that they will uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States, the laws of the country and obey lawful orders given by superiors in authority. Soon after John had been clothed with his uniform and sent out to work as a guardian of law and order, he got a letter from his brother George in Chicago. George Finch was a thief. He asked his policeman brother to go to a pawn shop and recover a watch.

John felt reasonably certain the watch had been stolen. His love for George was as strong as any brother usually has for another, but he had sworn to uphold the law. So he turned the matter over to the Chicago police, and George has just been sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary for burglary. His brother sorrows for his fate, but walks his beat conscious of the fact that he has been true to his trust.

A considerable moral can be drawn from this. It is a little more than the fidelity of a policeman to his oath, although that is worthy of note. The devotion of a real man to the principles and ethics of good society shines clearly through the action. John might have saved his brother, but only at the expense of the public good and by sacrificing his own self-respect. The price asked was a little too high for him to pay. George will feel hard against John for many a day, but in the end, if he have in him any of the same quality of manhood, he will respect his brother the more because he could do his duty under such trying circumstances. And it will be a good day for the world when we have more men like John Finch.

"Uncle Andy" Mellon's report on the French war debt settlement will be awaited with great interest here. Poincare and his group will not be permitted to put over any shenanigan on this side.

The democrats disapprove of the choice made by President Coolidge in selecting his private secretary. However, he will do a lot of things that will surprise them before he finishes his short term.

Guardsmen in camp at Ashland are showing up good work at target practice. Some of the scores recall "Gunsling" Davidson of the good old Second infantry days.

Senator Smoot is sure the bonus will pass, but is uncertain as to where the money to pay it is to come from. Harding put that up to congress many weeks ago.

Maybe if the governor threatens hard enough and long enough, the price of gas will stay down or go lower.

When it comes to seizing rum ships, one is reminded of the old recipe for making rabbit pie.

A reduction in winter wheat acreage shows the farmer has learned one lesson.

One thing that may easily be dispensed with is a strike in the coal mines.

Mary Miles Minter at least is old enough to know better.

"Pittsburgh plus" ought to follow the 12-hour day.

At last accounts Tom Majors still was on deck.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis
WHEN KINDNESS PAYS.

Ought to have a kindly greeting for a fellow when he's down;
Ought to help to lift him upward from the tight'n'g chains of gloom.
For a smile is quite as easy to be given as a frown.
And it never needs to sorrow for the want of standing room.



On September 20, 1875, Omaha had its first visit from a president of the United States, General Grant, and his personal party, coming from Des Moines, where they had attended a reunion of the army of the Cumberland. Several days ago we reproduced the sketch of the party of the general, H. Hayes, in 1875. It is of interest to contrast this account with the Evening Bee of October 1, 1875.

"THE PRESIDENT."

"His Arrival in Omaha."

"He is Accompanied by His Wife, and by His Son, Colonel Fred Grant and His Wife and Others."

"He is Given an Enthusiastic Reception."

"The Grand Shake at the U. S. Court-house, Etc., Etc."

"General Grant, president of the United States, arrived in Omaha yesterday morning. The train upon which he came from Des Moines was delayed about an hour, and the committee of reception, consisting of Mayor Samuel W. Taylor, Jr., Miller, Senator Hitchcock, Superintendent S. H. Clark, Hon. J. E. Boyd, Hon. John C. Cowin, E. A. Allen, Esq., and Ezra Millard, went to the river at about 9 o'clock, and there met the president, who was accompanied by his wife, and son, Col. Fred Grant and wife; General Borie, ex-secretary of the navy, and several other prominent ex-army officers. It was, indeed, a notable party. The transfer train that brought them over the river was drawn by a gaily decorated engine, run by Engineer Duncan, and when the train drew up at the depot cheer after cheer arose from the assembled thousands who had gathered there to do honor to the president. A salute was fired by an artillery company from the barracks, and the Twenty-third infantry band sent forth strains of welcome to the president.

"The party disembarked from the cars. Mrs. Grant leaning on the arm of Mayor Chase; President Grant, accompanied by Senator Hitchcock and General Borie, who arose and bowed amid enthusiastic cheers. The line of march was then resumed to Dodge street, thence to the high school building, where the school children of the city were assembled in front of the building. The band, taking a position at the music stand, played a tune as the president, General Borie, and the other members of the party, introduced the president to the school children in a very neat little speech, saying that he knew the man whom they would rather see than any other living man was General Grant, the hero soldier, the friend of free men, of free speech, and free press, and last but not least the friend of free schools.

"General Grant arose and said: 'I am pleased to stand beneath the shadow of this building, which is so well calculated to present to the youth of our country the noblest of occupations and honorable stations in life. His honor, the mayor, has said that I am in favor of free speech, and therefore I want other people to do the talking.'

"Cheer upon cheer arose from the multitude of happy school children, many of whom will remember the visit of General Grant to this city of a lifetime, and in future years will relate the incident to others.

"The next point was the United States postoffice and courthouse, where a reception was held in the judge's chambers, which had been gracefully and beautifully arranged and decorated with flowers and flags by Mr. James Allen and his staff. The committee of reception took pains to personally introduce everybody with whom they were acquainted.

"After a short time the party returned to the depot, where they took a special train for the west."

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for July, 1923, of
THE OMAHA BEE
Daily 72,472
Sunday 75,703
Does not include returns, left-overs, samples or papers spoiled in printing and includes no special sales.
B. BREWER, Gen. Mgr.
V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of August, 1923.
W. H. QUINN,
(Seal) City and County Clerks, City of Omaha, Nebraska.

"THE PEOPLE'S VOICE"

Editorial from readers of The Morning Bee. Readers of The Morning Bee are invited to send columns freely for expression on matters of public interest.

Official Grumblers.
Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: In each neighborhood over the land should be elected official grumblers whose sole qualification should be measured by his ability to stir up the people against recreant, lazy, dishonest, money-wasting public officials on whom we are forced to lean for our personal safety and property rights, and to elegantly broadcast the praises of men in public life who are true to their trust.

When Endres took the sheriff's job, to him we all stood in salute. No more would bandits slay and rob. No more would the bootleggers, boot.
Where is our chieflain of the law, Whose praises we so proudly sang? Does he no more guard Omaha? Has he been kidnaped by the gang? Gang, bring him back. We're sick, so sick.
Of reading headlines, pink and blue. "Call Samardick. Call Samardick." When your nose scents the vile home brew.
GEORGE B. CHILD.

Reminiscences of Omaha.
Franklin, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: A visitor to Omaha from the far southwestern edge of the state has within the last few days been attempting to fit a reminiscence map of 1870 over a bit of the present city.

The writer's home was on the corner of sixteenth and Farnam streets and if tales of street grading told by Omahans be correct) 30 feet straight up from the pavement.
Being a victim to the propensity for running away, father built a late fence about a tiny yard at the front door and mother planted the most beautiful verbenas and red petunias that ever blossomed in Omaha.

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"From State and Nation"

Editorials from other newspapers.

Wyoming's Invitation.
From the Spokane Spokesman-Review.
Wyoming is submitting a bold and interesting invitation to the 29 states constituting the western half of the United States. Since Wyoming is the watershed of the country, it is proposing that all the states on streams the headwaters of which originate in Wyoming shall negotiate a compact between themselves and with the federal government for the definition and confirmation of their respective rights.

The list of states thus affected includes Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, in addition to North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Nevada and California.
The Wyoming proposal has unanimously passed both houses of the legislature and a dispatch from Cheyenne says it will have the approval of Governor Ross.
The idea is an enlargement of the Colorado basin compact, comprising only Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada and Utah. The Colorado river compact was authorized by an act of congress which constituted a commission of which Secretary Hoover is chairman, and including commissioners from the seven affected states. The commissioners agreed upon a division of the waters of the Colorado river and the agreement has been ratified by the legislatures of all the states in the compact with the exception of Arizona.

It was a task of magnitude to bring the federal government and seven states into this compact, and Wyoming's proposal to start negotiations for this vastly greater region of 29 states, a number of which lie beyond the Mississippi, is herculean, if not insuperable.
The Wyoming offer has more than academic interest in the Pacific northwest. The officers and directors of the Columbia Basin Irrigation league have been considering a counter compact to the Colorado river basin agreement, to comprise Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. But the subject goes beyond mere irrigation and includes the use of these western waters for power, irrigation and domestic purposes.
The problem is of increasing complexity and should receive the thoughtful consideration of the governors of the four northwestern states, the legislature and the public.

Hurray for the Diplodocus.
From the Wichita Beacon.
Just when it looked as though there might be a relapse to the usual dull hot weather season there comes the story from Omaha that a whangdoodle of vast proportions has been discovered in Allkali lake, near Hay Springs, Neb.

The Hay Springs chamber of commerce, in conjunction with the Alliance Anglers' club, has sent a mail order to Boston for a large whale harpoon, which is to be used in capturing the pterodactyl.
This monstrous amphibian has been seen by tourists, cavorting in frenzied fashion among the bulrushes and smartweeds of Allkali lake, and Hay Springs is all agog. In fact, it once emerged from the sullen depths of the lake and chased the tourists "several yards," according to the correspondent.

It is reported that a party of paleontologists is on its way to Hay Springs to study the phenomenon. They believe that the pterodactyl belongs to the Silurian age, and managed to survive to the present period of

When we consider what it costs 'I' keep dolled up an' lit up it's nothin' short o' wonderful how some folks manage it. If they ever days when we should keep open minded an' alert, these are them.
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Center Shots
"Do you know anything about Russia?" "No, I've merely heard about it, read about it, and been there."—Life.
The new cruiser Milwaukee made 36 knots an hour. It takes Milwaukee to make the foam fly.—Washington Post.
"A new automobile has been designed to be driven from the back seat." And lots of husbands will rise to inquire: "What's new about this?"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.
Professor: "What do you find the hardest part of the Bible?" Student: "The book always with Professor." What is the name of it? Student: "It's called Job.—Virginia Reel.
M. Lionel Golub has written an open letter to Secretary Hughes asking him why the United States don't join the League of Nations immediately. We'll bite. What's the answer, Mr. Golub?—Wichita Beacon.

bobbed hair and apple pie is a mode because of its ability to live without water for 10 years, if necessary, or to live in water all the time, as occasion might demand.
The Hay Springs Study club has taken up the subjects of geology and archeology in order to throw some light, if possible, upon the habits of the strange animal.
When the whale harpoon arrives, we hope then an expedition will be organized, and if necessary a posse. A posse is always the proper thing.
We hope that the pterodactyls will live up to all of its advance notices and that there will be plenty of excitement. The story comes just at the right time.

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