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AUGUST 18, 1919.

THE WHITES AND BLACKS AND THE HOUSING PROBLEM.

Race riots in Chicago and other northern cities, seem to have in them a suggestion for South Bend, incident to our housing problem. It is really a "housing problem," say some of those who have studied it, and with a deal of logic.

Says an eastern paper: "The influx of colored laborers and their families from the south during the war necessarily gave rise to the question of how to house them; and there being not enough room in the districts inhabited by their own race, they naturally took up residence in the sections where the white people were living. The latter, of course, resented this, and so for months there have been hostile feelings between the two races."

It is well known that white people and black people do not get along well as neighbors. Quite aside from any theoretical question of "equality," it is always better as a practical arrangement to have them living in separate districts. Where the whites and blacks of any community are thus separated, and where neither intrudes on the other except for necessary purposes of work and business, they generally get along amicably.

Where the two races touch, there is nearly always what might be called racial abrasion. They quarrel along the edges. And if for any reason the edges shift and break, and one section crowds into the other, the quarrelling is likely to spread through the whole mass. That means race riots.

The north invited those negroes during the war. The communities into which they moved expected to profit by their labor, and did. Those communities ought, as a simple matter of common sense, to have provided the necessary living facilities for the additional negroes alongside of their own race, and thus kept them from encroaching on the white sections. If they had done that, there would probably have been little trouble.

A sensible building policy might yet solve the problem.

SKILL AND SERVICE FIRST.

Some one has been prophesying to the public a "flier" airplane which would sell for not much more than \$500 and so would be available to nearly everybody within the next few years. Archibald Black, aeronautical mechanical engineer in the U. S. navy department, warns against any such development of the airplane.

He urges manufacturers not to build flying fliers until the commercial lines are in successful operation. He believes that the small, cheap car, in the hands of the public, "is liable to prove the fool killer par excellence and create a grossly exaggerated idea of the dangers of flying." This would, of course, have a deterrent effect upon the whole development of commercial and pleasure aviation.

It is more important first, says Mr. Black, to organize chains of flying and emergency landing fields throughout the country. Next, specially designed passenger and express carrying aircraft should be put into operation as speedily as possible. This should be done with careful choice of routes in accordance with service needs. Last of all the attractive, inexpensive sporting aircraft may come, with reasonable safety to aviation and aviators alike.

SIX CENTS DAMAGE ALL "WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER" COULD DO.

The Chicago Tribune is the "world's greatest newspaper." It says so itself. To disagree with it, in "its general line of policy," in its judgment, justifies it in calling men whatever it pleases, and particularly, if it is a public question, those to whom its judgment does not dictate, are anarchists. Evidently, if we may judge by the jury's verdict in the Henry Ford-Tribune libel suit, the Tribune is somewhat mistaken as to its legal rights in the matter, and Mr. Ford took it altogether too seriously in assuming that the public might also have taken it seriously—to his very considerable damage.

It doesn't speak very well for the influence, or damage-creative power of the Tribune, and in the face of the rebuff it ought to drop that "world's greatest newspaper" slogan—for remember, this was not a criminal libel suit, designed to punish the Tribune publisher, but to collect damages; compensation for the injuries done Mr. Ford by their publication of a falsehood, holding him up to the hatred, contempt and ridicule of his fellows. The jury found the Tribune guilty of publishing a falsehood, in calling Mr. Ford an anarchist—notwithstanding its "general line of policy," seemingly, that all who disagree with it on public questions are anarchists—but when it came to assessing the damages done Mr. Ford, and awarding compensation therefor, it held that the worst that the Tribune was capable of doing was six cents worth.

Get the trend of the suit as it unquestionably went to the jury. In his charge to the 12 men, the

court informed them that under the law, they must decide:

First: Did the newspaper publish an untruth, of a character which, holding the plaintiff up to the hatred, contempt and ridicule of his fellows, could do him damage.

Second: If you find that the newspaper did not publish such an untruth, the verdict should be right there, one of "no cause of action."

Third: If you find that the newspaper did publish such an untruth, then you must proceed to assess the damages done the plaintiff, taking into account his character, his reputation, and his business, and likewise the wide circulation, the character, influence, reputation, and consequent damage-creative power of the newspaper—the extent to which its accusation was believed and acted upon by those whom it reached.

Fourth: The damage done to the plaintiff must be to his reputation, to his feelings, to his business; the extent to which the published article caused him to fall in the estimation, as a local citizen, and a public man, of his neighbors, business associates, possible customers, and his countrymen.

Follow that line of reasoning, and you get quite distinctly what the verdict of the Mt. Clemens jury means:

First: The Chicago Tribune did publish an untruth about Mr. Ford; he is not an anarchist, notwithstanding that he has expressed views on public questions not in keeping with its "general line of policy."

Therefore, the Tribune was found guilty of libel, civil libel, and reprehensible, but as only civil damages were asked, then:

Second: The worst that newspaper could do, despite its egotism, its wide circulation, etc., was damage to the extent of six cents.

Now a very good reputation for "the world's greatest newspaper," either for truth, or for its ability to make the public believe that it has spoken the truth. Mr. Ford, the "auto king," is so much bigger, and of so much better standing in the community, and throughout the country, than is the Chicago Tribune, that he about him hard as it might, if it could not injure him more than six cents worth. The sale of "fliers" appears to have gone on quite unmolested by the libel; likewise Mr. Ford's good name and fame—which seem to have stood quite unshaken with the jury, notwithstanding the seven weeks of Tribune efforts through clever lawyers, to malign him, discredit him, stigmatize him, exhort him, and arouse in the jury the belief that it was justified in what it had said.

Due to the Tribune's "snake-like" pro-Germanism, previous to, and in spots during the war—and since; its chronic and unscrupulous service of special interests, and relation to certain of them; its special interest in Mexico, in regard to which Mr. Ford had spoken adversely, and for which it called him the bad names that caused the trouble; its utter disregard of truth, or the rights of others, when they conflict with "its general line of policy;" all these things seem to have combined to destroy public confidence in the sheet, and so much so, that a jury set up to decide its strength—found that it was worth exactly the price of a coco cola, plus the war tax.

The trial has served every purpose for which it was brought. The Michigan man has been vindicated. He is not a bomb-thrower, nor a disrever in government—his own government, even though he may doubt the propriety of our interference in some other country's lack of government, as in the case of Mexico, because of which the term "anarchist" was applied to him. It is also proved that the Tribune's slogan, "the world's greatest newspaper"—is a fake and a fraud. The people haven't much confidence left in it. It can apply to a man the most opprobrious of epithets, and its damaging power is only—six cents. Nothing so very "great" about that!

What concerns the world today is not who is to blame for starting the war, but who is to blame for not ending it?

Germans leaving Germany have to pay \$5,000 for a passport. It's certainly worth that much to get out of Germany.

Maybe the reason why people haven't ordered next winter's coal is that they've been too busy paying for this summer's food.

When this cruel peace-making is over, we can all do business and be friends again as usual.

Other Editors Than Ours

CONSERVATION STILL NECESSARY.

(Editor and Publisher.)

Conditions in the newsprint market are not reassuring. The unprecedented volume of advertising carried by the newspapers this year—a happy circumstance in itself—has called for heavy drafts upon the inadequate reserve stocks of the mills. The anticipated summer slump in advertising volume has not materialized on any large scale, so that the manufacturers are not accumulating the usual surplus stocks with which to meet the fall needs of the publishers.

Indeed, during the supposed dull summer months, publishers have been forced to look about in the open market for additional tonnage, and frequently the quest has been fruitless.

It was to have been expected, on account of the high prices to be obtained and the increasing demand for newsprint, that the paper makers would have been prepared by this time to greatly increase their output. It appears, however, that production will not be on a much larger scale than last year—at which time "it conditions were assigned as the obstacle."

The policy of limiting production in order to maintain high prices, or to force still higher ones, is no longer considered as good business in American industries—to say nothing of its ethical un-soundness. The paper manufacturers of the United States and Canada are, for the most part, big business men, and publishers will not hastily accuse them of such practices.

The fact remains that the manufacturers are not ready to meet the normal demand for newsprint, and that the publishers will find themselves in an awkward situation when the flood of new advertising comes to them in the fall months.

The policies of paper economy so successfully adopted during the war should be continued in force. The unnecessary consumption of newsprint in "circulation wars" should be wholly eliminated. Waste of every kind should be avoided. The closest possible conservation of space for text matter should be made. Late we have had greatly enlarged daily issues of newspapers, due to the fact that most publishers try to conform to an established ratio between advertising and reading matter. Up to a certain number of pages a proper balance between text and advertising is essential. But this balance need not be maintained strictly in issues carrying unusually heavy advertising.

Conservation of newsprint must be a cornerstone of administrative policy with every newspaper if a serious shortage in supply is to be averted.

Get the trend of the suit as it unquestionably went to the jury. In his charge to the 12 men, the

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

THE PROPHECY.

There was a goody-goody boy
Who learned his lessons well,
And took a vast amount of joy
In knowing how to spell.
Whenever other boys were slow
With their arithmetic,
He'd raise his hand and say, "I know!"
And tell the answer, quick.
So good a child, in short, was he,
His teacher used to say,
"Our little George will surely be
The governor some day!"

There was another little boy
Who sat up nights to find
Ingenious methods to destroy
The teacher's peace of mind.
He'd scatter powder on the floor,
To make the children sneeze,
His teacher, whom he should adore,
He called a piece of cheese.
And she would frown and look severe,
And shake her head, and say,
"If Thomas won't be good, I fear
He'll go to jail some day."

Now teachers do not always know—
For there is no sure rule
Of telling where a boy will go
When he departs from school.
Good boys have perpetrated crimes
And fallen to disgrace,
While naughty boys have oftentimes
Been foremost in the race.
But that is not the ending for
This truthful little tale.
For George became a governor
And Thomas went to jail!
(Copyright, 1919).

The Tower of Babel

By Bill Armstrong

At the Kiwanis club meeting last week, the Culver 40 piece band played the "Roofers Blues" by request of Joseph F. Donahue, entitled: "Rain Rain, Rain!"

A note to the prosecuting attorney, which will cause the arrest of the boy in a jiffy. Just a moment, please, while I take up a few minutes with my city controller."

Turning to Mr. Reeder, the "mayor" said:

"Mr. Swigart I believe you are right in the plan to open Leeper park to Buchanan, Mich. The improvement can be made at very small expense and will be mighty valuable to the residents of Navarre pl. I would call for that investigation you spoke of by the board of public safety, and we must make some further arrangements to protect the liquor in the bull pen. I wish there was somehow of promoting Chief Kline. He is a wise old head for sure."

The "controller" said simply, "Yes as mayor, I'll take care of all these things."

George Henry Johnson, colored, rolled his eyes and began to pre-sire almost audibly. He was listening to affairs of state!

The "mayor" was speaking again to his "controller."

"I don't think we need to pay any attention to Zuver. He will lay off of us some of these days, or die, or something. I would see that that big paving job goes through immediately, and we must insist on property owners keeping their walks free of mud and see that the trees are trimmed higher all over town. Speeding must be stopped and beer making will not be tolerated."

George Henry Johnson, colored, rolled his eyes some more.

Mr. Reeder whirled about on their unexpected guest and said:

"Why, yes, young man, the mayor is in, but he is terribly busy. Will he be necessary for you to see him personally? You see I'm his controller and might be able to look after the matter for you."

"Ah had to see the mayor in person, and ah had to see him immediately," the colored man replied with emphasis.

There was a rattle of important papers on the desk, causing George to roll his eyes in wonderment. Then—

Mr. Reeder whirled about on their unexpected guest and said:

"Well, young man, I'll take care of you," the "mayor" stated giving his attention to the colored visitor again, and he wrote out a terse note demanding that George Henry Johnson be granted immediate admission to the office of the prosecuting attorney, and that no stone be left unturned to capture his man.

George Henry Johnson, colored, armed with the note, shammed hastily to the prosecutor's office. It was evening and Deputy Pros. George Shock was in charge. It was a busy evening also and Mr. Shock didn't get to George Henry's case until an hour and a half after he first entered the office.

This gent looked up, took a chew of tobacco, and said:

"Well, young man I am glad to see you. What can I do for you this evening?"

"Ah wants to have a friend of mine arrested. You all can find him with no trouble at Clarence Elliott's. He stole a pair of good work shoes from me and an have followed him all over the country without catchin' him."

Mr. DeLury said:

"All right my friend I will give you

mother paid for them in her day. And what do we do about what those shoes cost.

Today that same girl weighs almost twice what she did then; she has a daughter of her own in high school and she pays \$1.50 a pair for those shoes and never blinks an eye.

Not we!

When fairly good silk stockings could be bought for 75 cents a pair, nobody dreamed of wearing them for everyday except of course girls, actresses and the wives and daughters of millionaires.

A woman I know was cut dead at a seaside resort for a whole week this very summer till the crocheters and knitters in the rocking-chairs on the sun porch happened to discover that she had lots of money and could afford to wear three different pairs of perfectly good silk stockings three different times a day, if she happened to feel like it, and only wore lace thread because she liked them best.

We All Want More?

It takes more moral courage to wear cotton stockings today than it does to check your parasol at the entrance to the hotel dining room and "forget" to give the hat girl a tip.

Hats? I can remember the time when any woman who paid over \$20 for a hat was considered a wild spendthrift.

And now we run into a little mil-

liner's and she shows us something very simple and amazingly cheap—\$45! And we never think of asking her whether she's crazy or if she thinks we are crazy ourselves or not.

Shoes? When I was a girl one of

the girls in the class paid \$8 for a pair of high brouse boots for graduation day. We never spoke her name

in anything but tones of scandalized

myself.

And now we are

so easily, and what do we get out

of it when all is said and done?

And we are any happier than