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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 "diver" 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 divers 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 publishers, 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.

Not 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, it could not injure him more than six cents worth. The sale of "divers" 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, excoriate 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 off 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 disbeliever 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 newspaper 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 newspaper, that the paper makers would have been prepared by this time to greatly increase their output. It appears, however, that production will not be to a much larger scale than last year—at which time war 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 unsoundness. 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 newspaper, 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 newspaper 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 insisted. Lately 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 newspaper must be a cornerstone of administrative policy with every newspaper if a serious shortage in supply is to be averted.

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 Roovers' Blues by request of Joseph F. Donahue, entitled: "Rain, Rain, Rain!"

George M. Platner was up in Michigan the other day and stopped in an orchard long enough to gather a hat full of very fine apples. A flock of sheep was grazing close by and George paid little or no attention. A ram in the outfit didn't care particularly for George's appearance—showing good judgment by the way—and hit the genial cigarist suddenly between the orchard and the wind pump. George picked himself up in the next township about two hours later and after wringing the collar out of his hair and shirt, slipped quietly back to town without saying a word about his mishap to a living soul. The greatest of all living scandal mongers happened to run onto the thing and now releases the story for the first time to the trade.

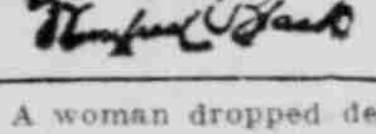
OUR LITTLE DAILY NOVELETTE.
"Is the mayor of the city in?" queried a colored man who gave the name of George Henry Johnson, as he paused in the door way of the DeLeury-Reeder Advertising Co. on the seventh floor of the J. M. S. building the other evening. George waited expectantly in the doorway, his hat in his hand, watching Mr. DeLeury, seated at one desk, and Mr. Reeder, at another desk.
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:
"Why, yes, yes, young man the mayor is in, but he is terribly busy. Will it 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 has to see the mayor in person, and ah has to see him immediately," the colored man replied with emphasis.
"Oh, all right then," Mr. Reeder broke in, "if that's the way you feel about it. Certainly you can see the mayor. Just have a good look at him, he's facing you."
As he said this, he waved his hand in the direction of Mr. DeLeury.
This gent looked up, took a chew of tobacco, and said:
"Well, 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 ah has followed him all over the county without catchin' him."
Mr. DeLeury said:
"All right my friend I will give you

a note to the prosecuting attorney, which will cause the arrest of the thief in a jiffy. Just a moment, please, while I take up a few matters with my city controller."
Turning to Mr. Reeder, the "mayor" said:
"Mr. Swygart 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 some way of promoting Chief Kline. He is a wise old head for sure."
The "controller" said simply, "Yes, yes, yes, I'll take care of all these things."
George Henry Johnson, colored, rolled his eyes and began to prepare himself 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 rolled his eyes some more.
"Now 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, shambled hastily to the prosecutor's office. It was evening and Deputy Pros. George Schock was in charge. It was a busy evening also and Mr. Schock didn't get to George Henry's case until an hour and a half after he first entered the office.

"It's a fine way, you all make me wait here for hours when ah have a note from the 'mayor' of the city," burst out George Henry indignantly as he was ushered into Mr. Schock's office.

Mr. Schock read the note and understood, which is about all there is to it, except the moral.
The moral is: "You can never tell how far apart the mayor's office and the prosecutor's office is in South Bend, Ind., U. S. A."



Thompson Brand

Yesterday's Savings

By Winifred Black

A woman dropped dead in one of the big stores out west the other day. She was a strong woman of good constitution and perfectly well when she left home to go down town "shopping."
Poor woman, I wonder if the things she went after were so very important after all?
I couldn't help trying to imagine what it was she was buying or trying to buy when she dropped dead.

GEORGE WYMAN & CO.
—Come and See Us—

Until 5:30 next Thursday Bargain after Bargain will be found in this Anniversary Sale.

59th Anniversary Sale

Each year during August we celebrate our Birthday. We have grown since our last birthday by 6,000 square feet of a coking Daylight Basement. And in spite of the fact that the Basement isn't a year old they are celebrating with specials, too.

Note some of the Specials of this sale. There are many more not in this Ad.

—First Floor Specials—

- Underwear—Hose**
Ladies' Pink Vests, all sizes, 50c value.....39c
Ladies' Richelieu Union Suits, regular \$1.00 and \$1.25 values. Sale price.....80c
Children's Ribbed Hose, black only. Second. Sizes 6 to 14 years.....29c
- Notions—Toilet Articles**
Sanitary Napkins, 12 in box.....50c
10c Pearl Buttons, assorted sizes.....7c
10c Armour's Hard Water Soap, 8 bars.....25c
25c Melba Rice Powder.....10c
50c box Stationery, 4 colors to box, box.....53c
\$1.25 Red Coral Black and Blue Beads, strand. Sizes 6 to 14 years.....98c
- Dress Trimmings—Handkerchiefs**
18-inch Allover Embroidery, \$2.50 values at.....\$1.75
- Ribbons**
Special lot of 4 to 6 inch Ribbons, yard.....39c
- Dress Goods—White Goods**
2,000 yards Plain and Fancy Gingham, 32 inches wide, worth 50c, yard.....38c
India Linon, 27 inches wide, worth 20c.....15c
All Printed Voiles, in new georgette designs, on dark grounds, worth 75c to \$1.00.....60c
Scotch Plaid Suiting for Children's School wear, 36 inches wide.....60c
Unbleached Crash Toweling, 16 inches wide, worth 20c.....15c

—Second Floor Specials—

- Children's Wear**
New Winter Coats, all wool melton, all lined. Anniversary special.....\$8.75
\$2.50 and \$3.00 Gingham Dresses, sizes 4 to 14 years.....\$2.05
\$5.75 Tan Bombazine Rain Coat and Hat to match. Sizes 6 to 14 years.....\$4.65
- Suits, Capes, Dolmans**
12 Light Colored Suits, choice.....\$15.00
Former values \$25.00 to \$35.00.
27 Navy and Black Serge Suits, choice \$15.00
32 Coats, Capes and Dolmans, values to \$39.75. Navy, black and tans. Choice \$16.00
18 Light Colored Fall Coats, regular \$45.00 to \$75.00. Half Price
Fall and Summer Coats and Suits, choice at.....\$16.00
- Hats**
All Untrimmed Summer Hats.....50c
Clearance of all Trimmed Summer Hats at.....\$1.50, \$2.50 and \$3.50
- Waists and Skirts**
\$2.50 French Voile Waists at.....\$2.00
High and low necks. Sizes 36 to 48.....\$19.50
\$10.75 to \$15.00 Skirts in fine wool plaids, wool serges and poplins (Silk Skirts included).....\$8.75
- Dresses and Sweaters**
\$25.00 to \$35.00 Georgettes, Silks, Serges and Wool Jersey.....\$19.50
\$19.75 Georgettes, Silks, Serges and Wool Jersey.....\$13.75
\$5.00 to \$6.50 Wool Slip-on Sweaters, all colors.....\$3.95
\$1.75 and \$1.95 Bungalow House Aprons \$1.39
\$3.60 and \$4.50 Cotton Bathing Suits, choice at.....\$2.95
- Corsets**
\$2.50 and \$3.00 Corsets, white or pink batiste or coutil. Sizes 24 to 30.....\$1.50
\$1.75 and \$2.00 Pink or White Under Muslins.....\$1.39
Gowns, Skirt and Blouse Combinations, Camisoles and Skirts.

—Third Floor Specials—

- Rugs**
Hit and Miss Rag Rug, 26x50 inches.....98c
- Domestic and Beddings**
One lot Dress Percales, light and dark.....15c
One lot Gingham, 36c value.....25c
One lot Outing Flannel, 35c quality, shirt lengths; stripes in pink and blue.....\$1.00
- Flying Horse Swings**
Self operating, with or without frame.
Straddle Horse, \$3.00 value.....\$1.59
Double Horse (for small children), \$3.25 value.....\$1.59
Self Propelling Horse and Shoo-fly Swings for small tots; can be attached to door jamba, porch swings, or to special frames.
6 ft. frame, \$1.75 value.....\$1.59
8 ft. frame, \$3.00 value.....\$2.59
- Draperies**
100 pair White Flannel Curtains, 2 1/2 yards long, 36 inches wide; conventional design border and lace edge; \$2.50 value \$1.59
75c and 85c Crotonnes, Anniversary price, yard.....95c
- Bags**
While they last.
18 inch and 18 inch Black Imitation Leather Bags at.....\$2.59
18 inch Black Walrus Grained Keratol Bags; very special at.....\$3.99
14 inch Matting Cases, special.....95c
- \$1.59 Special Sewing Table**
Sewing Tables made of selected hard maple; high grade natural wood finish. Yard measure embossed on top. Size of top 19x36 inches. Well made folding table; \$2.50 value. Special.....\$1.59

mother paid for them in her day.
And what do we do about it—dress plainly, go without, manage to get on some way without buying many of these things?
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 blue hose 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 milliner's and she shows us something very simple and amazingly cheap—only \$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 \$5 for a pair of high bronze boots for graduation day. We never spoke her name in anything but tones of scandalized awe for months after we heard 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 \$12 a pair for her shoes and never blinks an eyelash.
Rich? Not she—and not her husband either.
He's merely well-to-do—makes something like eight or ten thousand a year and calls himself a poor man.
His wife's father was a banker and lived in a house with a cupola—they called it a mansion—and there was an iron door on one side of the steps and an iron deer on the other and two little children under an iron umbrella in the middle of the front lawn. So you can see they were real swells in their day and generation.
The daughter of the bank clerk dresses better today than the daughter of the bank president dressed a generation ago.
And things cost two or three times as much now as they did then. I went into a shop the other day to get a little round cake of violet soap, the very same kind I've always paid 15 cents a cake for and they asked me 50 cents for it.
I gasped, stammered—and paid the price.
What's the Answer.
Oh, of course, I live in the world as it is today, and I'm just the same kind of a goose as every other woman who spends more for things she doesn't really need than she has any business to spend.
Where's all the money come from, anyhow?
How do we earn it, we who spend

SAILORS
When you think of Sashettes think of "Sailors"

S. B. SHOE PARLORS,
216 S. Michigan St.
Up Stairs.
Climb a Flight and Save 50c

JACOB HOFFMANN
COAL

it so easily, and what do we get out of it when all is said and done?
Are we any happier than our grandmothers, with their little \$15 frocks, and their \$4 shoes, and their \$4 or \$7 hats?
Do we live any longer, laugh any more lightly, love more deeply? Where's it all going to end—this mad, jingling and chinking and counting of money?
Dropped dead—out shopping about that.
That any woman in this country has the heart and the nerve to stay alive after she's been shopping a few hours—these days.