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ROBERT S. MANN, Editor

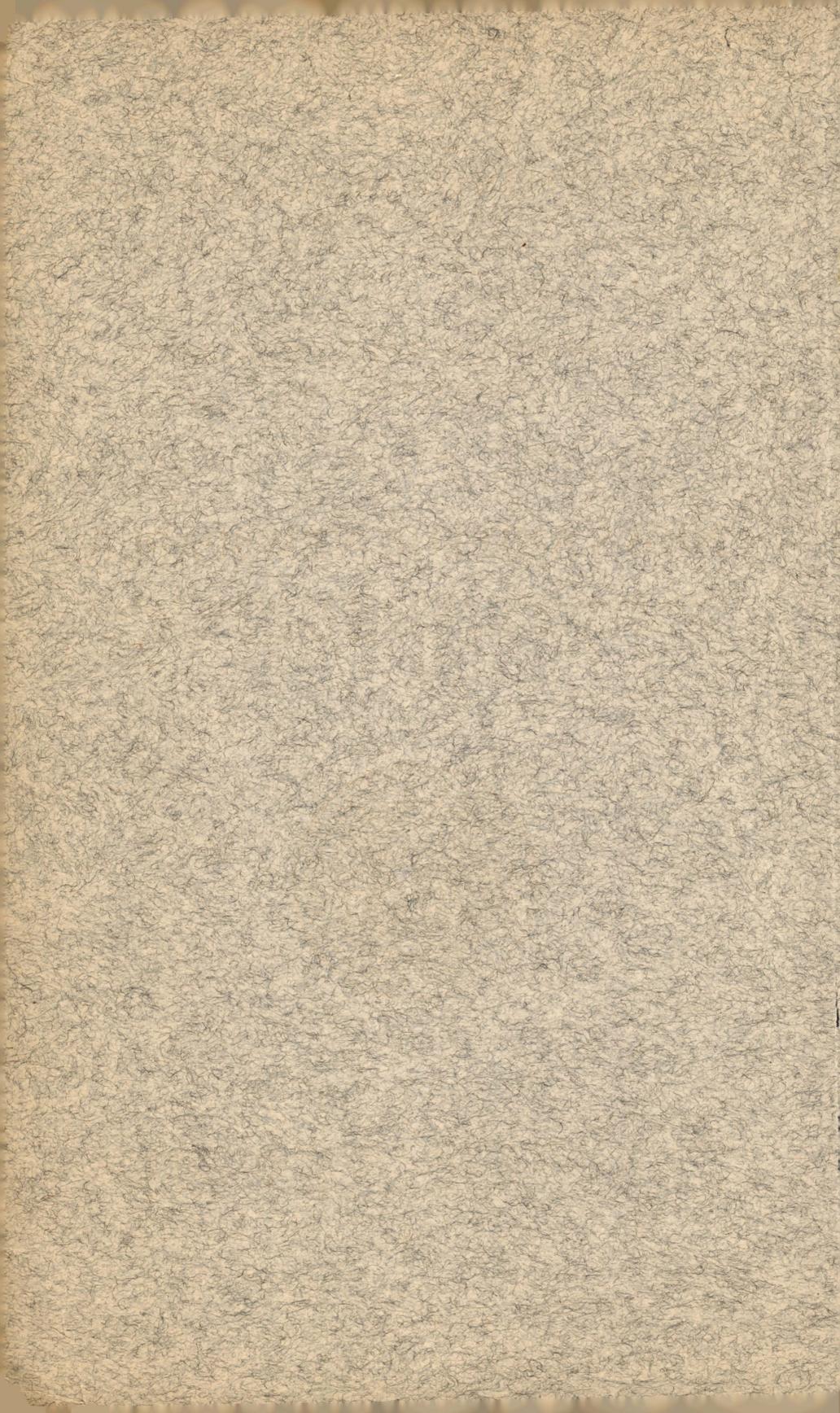
NEWS AND THE NEWSPAPER

FROM ADDRESSES BY EDITORS, WRITERS AND READERS
AT THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL JOURNALISM WEEK



ISSUED THREE TIMES MONTHLY; ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAT-
TER AT THE POSTOFFICE AT COLUMBIA, MISSOURI.—2,500

AUGUST 1, 1923.



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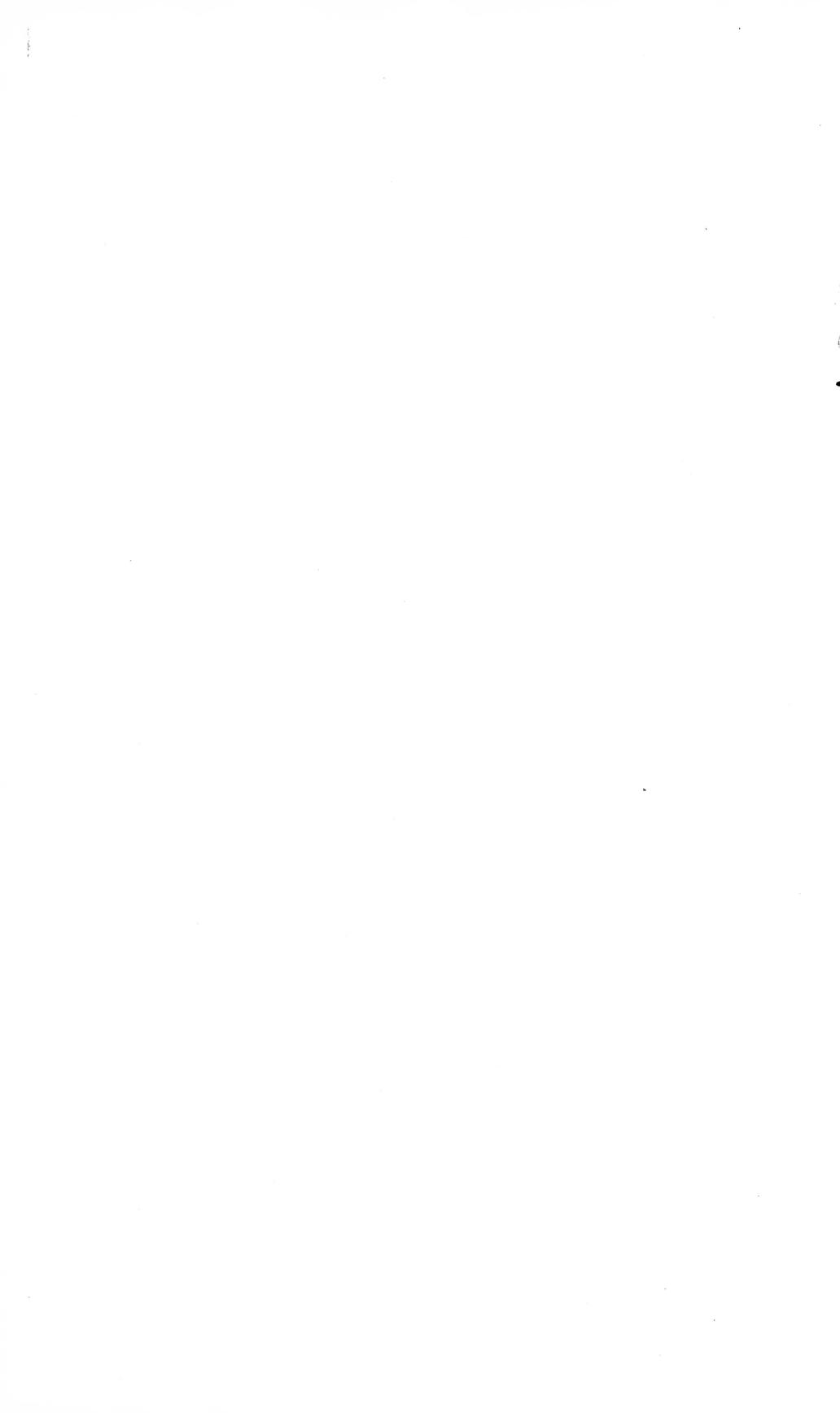
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After Fifteen Years

The 1923 Journalism Week, held May 21 to 26 at the University of Missouri, came at the close of the fifteenth year of instruction at the University's School of Journalism. It was the fourteenth annual Journalism Week, the first one having been held near the close of the school's second year.

In many respects this year's Journalism Week proved the most satisfactory of all that have been held.

The closing feature of the week was the Made-in-Manchuria Banquet, presented by the School of Journalism in co-operation with the South Manchuria Railway. Food, decorations and souvenirs for the banquet were sent from Manchuria by the railway company, which is one of the outstanding business organizations of the Orient. The company operates a railroad line through Chosen (Korea) and the south half of Manchuria, with American-built coaches, pullmans and dining cars. In addition it conducts hotels and cafes along its lines, engages in coastwise shipping, mining and other industries, maintains agricultural experiment stations, and provides schools, hospitals and summer camps for its employes and their families.

The Made-in-Manchuria Banquet was also notable as being the occasion for the first public address at the University of Missouri by Dr. Stratton D. Brooks, the new president of the University.

This bulletin includes the major portions of all the addresses delivered during the week, except a very few which unfortunately could not be made available for publication. Acknowledgment is here made of the efforts of Ben Leader, a student in the School of Journalism, who gathered the material for this bulletin, taking down many of the speeches in shorthand when no prepared copy was available.

As usual, the week included conventions of two state organizations, the Missouri Press Association and the Missouri Writers Guild. Resolutions adopted by the Missouri Press Association follow.

Resolutions Adopted by the Missouri Press Association at Columbia, Mo., May 25, 1923.

Without reservation the Missouri Press Association extends hearty congratulations and best wishes to the Missouri School of Journalism and rejoices in being able to meet at Columbia on this, the fourteenth annual Journalism Week. We take to ourselves a part of the honors and glory because our association has always supported the School of Journalism and always rejoices in its success.

We are especially pleased that the School of Journalism is able to

offer to students from Missouri and other states and countries the advantages of such a complete newspaper laboratory, a laboratory which extends its benefits and usefulness wherever the graduates of this school find their field of labor and offers a means whereby all students may obtain at first hand practical and effective newspaper training.

We extend our cordial welcome to the president-elect of the University of Missouri, Dr. Stratton D. Brooks, and pledge to him the same hearty support we have always given to his predecessors and that we will use every effort to promote the cause of higher education.

We are particularly gratified to note the steady advancement of the country weeklies and the smaller daily papers of Missouri, both as to appearance and in the more thorough covering of the news and editorial fields of the communities which they serve, and also in the fact that most of them have adopted business methods which have caused their owners to maintain that added respect given to the citizen with a paying property and a sound financial standing in any community. Reflecting this evidence of material success of its members, we are pleased that the Missouri Press Association has now been placed on a firm business basis, with a paid secretary constantly working for the lengthening of the membership list and the strengthening of the service which our association is rendering its members. We commend Secretary Hubbard for the good work which he has been doing in the way of establishing a Missouri Guaranteed List; in the gathering of valuable facts and figures; in organization activity; and in the securing of a standardized measurement and uniform rate for the payment of legal publications in Missouri.

Whereas, well-known newspaper men of Northeast Missouri have organized a Mark Twain Memorial Park Association, for the purpose of financing and establishing a large park at Florida, Mo., the birthplace of the great humorist, and

Whereas, Mark Twain has brought great honor to his native state and brightened the lives of countless millions of people, and will stand in history as the foremost journalist of Missouri, therefore be it

Resolved, that the Missouri Press Association give hearty indorsement to the proposed park and pledge to the Memorial Park Association its hearty co-operation in its effort to give to Missouri a literary shrine worthy of the world-famed genius it is intended to honor.

The association expresses appreciation for the splendid hospitality extended to the members and to Journalism Week visitors. The special courtesy of the noonday luncheon by the Columbia Commercial Club, the hearty welcome and attention given by the School of Journalism students, and the several receptions, teas and other functions of the fraternities, sororities and individuals, have all combined to make this fourteenth an-

nual Journalism Week one of the most enjoyable yet held. We are anticipating one more most unique and happy social feature in the banquet tendered by the South Manchuria Railway tonight.

(Signed)

WM. SOUTHERN, JR.
MISS ANNA E. NOLEN
E. H. SMITH
C. L. WOODS
ASA W. BUTLER

What News to Print—The Publisher's View
A New Type of Journalism

By WILLIS J. ABBOT

Editor, the Christian Science Monitor, Boston, Mass.

In addressing this audience the last thing that I wish is to appear dogmatic. Rather I desire to advance opinions tentatively, supporting them as best I may by facts drawn from my own experience, and invite you to consider them as propositions, at least worthy of discussion. Nor is it my purpose to laud the paper which I have the honor of editing, as the perfect type. I cannot refrain from citing the Christian Science Monitor as illustrative of the sort of journalism which I wish to uphold tonight, but I do not offer it without qualification as the paper which in all respects is best fitted to meet the journalistic needs of any especial city or locality. It does, however, afford an instance of clean journalism, of instructive and at the same time interesting journalism.

Newspaper competition, particularly in the large cities, is as fierce a struggle as is known to the industrial world. Yet, curiously enough, the nature of that competition has left in almost every city a journalistic field absolutely unoccupied. Every publisher sighs for such a field, yet in the race for enormous circulations the field of high-class, non-sensational journalism has been left in the main untouched. In one or two cities efforts have been made to enter this arena with new papers, but the lack of press franchises, the difficulty of building up a delivery system and securing proper representation on news-stalls, and above all the burden of meeting out of capital the heavy costs which the established and profitable newspapers meet easily out of income, make the task a colossal one. The tendency nowadays is rather toward the disappearance of old newspapers than the establishment of new ones.

We are inclined to make a good deal of ado about the enormous increase in the cost of newspapers today, but it is doubtful whether actual proportionate editorial expenses now are materially greater, if allowance be made for the increase in salaries, measured in money, which has accompanied the increase cost of living in the thirty years. Moreover the apparent cost today of some of the popular features is shifted by the syndicate system. This syndicating of news and features has enormously reduced the editorial expenditures of newspapers, making possible the presentation to readers of a prodigious quantity of reading matter of every degree of quality at a moderate cost to the publisher.

And yet, in my opinion, it is this development of the syndicate service that is largely responsible for the decadence in the fortunes of the

newspaper press as a whole—a decadence which is manifested in the steadily diminishing numbers of the papers that survive. It has resulted in standardizing the press of the Nation. It has made the papers of the interior cities of the United States so much alike that if the heading were cut off and the newspaper given for examination to a traveler, he would hardly be able to tell whether he was in Minneapolis, in Denver or in Detroit. This tendency to uniformity proceeds quite as much from the mechanical conditions existing as from the growing use of syndicated matter.

With all of the papers in the country striving to be as alike as possible, it seems to me very natural that the real competition among newspapers will proceed from the business office rather than from the editorial rooms; and that as combination rather than competition is the law of the business world, this process of combining papers is likely to progress. The Christian Science Monitor is, by the very nature of its editorial policy, estopped from taking part in this standardization, as it uses no syndicated matter nor does it syndicate any of the original matter which is prepared for its columns.

While it has not one of the largest of circulations, it has perhaps the most widely distributed of any paper. It is spread from Alaska to Cape Town; from Russia to New South Wales. Published in Boston, it sells more papers on the Pacific Coast than in New England, and is more widely read in Great Britain than any other paper published outside His Britannic Majesty's dominions.

The Christian Science Monitor is primarily a newspaper. Three or four times a year it publishes in full a lecture in the mother church, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston. Every day it publishes in a prescribed position an essay on some problem of daily life and the method of dealing with it in Christian Science. But there its religious or sectarian activities end. It does not urge Christian Science on its readers, preach it in its editorial columns, or even print the news of the widely scattered churches. It gathers and prints the important news of the world, political, financial, social, educational, sporting and the rest. It has its membership in the Associated Press and its stock in the United Press. It gives three pages to that class of news which we call Wall Street, and two pages to sports. In its critical departments and on its editorial page it treats of the affairs of every-day life.

Yet it was founded as part of a religious organization, and its character was definitely fixed at the moment of its foundation. You know we Christian Scientists believe that diseased, evil or malignant thoughts are inevitably reflected in the physical condition of the thinker. It isn't Christian Scientists alone who think this—most intelligent people admit

it, and it is reflected in innumerable "don't-worry clubs", and the advice which every physician gives to keep his patient cheerful and hopeful.

Mrs. Eddy said:

Looking over the newspapers of the day, one naturally reflects that it is dangerous to live, so loaded with disease seems the very air. These descriptions carry fears to many minds, to be depicted in some future time upon the body. A periodical of our own will counteract to some extent this public nuisance; for through our paper, at the price at which we shall issue it, we shall be able to reach many homes with healing, purifying thought.

So the religious nature of *The Monitor* is more fixed by what it excludes than by what it prints. You will naturally ask what we exclude. Well, in the first place, reports of death. We do not force upon the attention of our readers the victims of that enemy which the Psalmist says shall be the last of all to be conquered. But if some great man is fallen in Israel we tell the facts of his useful life, with the emphasis on what he did while living.

If you will keep in mind also that we do not print any stories of disease, crime, disaster or scandal, you will readily see that there is eliminated matter which fills perhaps 50 per cent of the distinctly news columns of other papers. It therefore becomes necessary to supply that lack. In the *Monitor* this is done largely by enormously increasing the volume of foreign news, both cable and mail.

I am not unaware that among many newspaper editors there is a feeling that correspondence coming by mail has lost value—that anything that isn't worth telegraphing or cabling isn't worth printing. With this view I take sharp issue, and I think that the American press has suffered greatly by this inclination to substitute the necessarily brief and often scrappy cable letter for the carefully matured article, written by a student or an authority. An old rule in journalism is that news is news until it is printed. I think a more intelligent one is that news is news until it is read.

You will perhaps be interested in the way in which the *Monitor* collects its foreign news. We have in London a four-story building. We have installed there a European editor, with a staff of workers in the advertising, circulation and editorial departments. The *Monitor* sends into England between 8,000 and 9,000 copies daily, and constant work is done on the circulation in the United Kingdom. Moreover we have a very considerable advertising clientele, the payments from which more than meet all the expenditures of the London office, although this, I think, is a larger one than is maintained by any other newspaper abroad.

To the London editor all our correspondents on the continent report. We have in Paris Mr. Sisley Huddleston, who serves also as correspondent for the *London Times*, and who is a well-known contributor to such magazines as the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Huddleston has a competent staff of assistants. We sent to Berlin a man who had formerly been for-

eign editor on the New York Herald and who had received further training in the office of the Christian Science Monitor. He, too, has helpers. In Rome we have two men. At Athens, Constantinople, Prague, Brussels and The Hague, one each. A very competent journalist, Mr. Henry Leech, covers Spain and Portugal. We are also maintaining special representatives at Cairo, Cape Town, Calcutta and through the East. The work of keeping these foreign correspondents always up to the mark is an arduous one. Their cable matter is sent direct to the Boston office, copies being sent to London for the records, but their mail matter, except in the case of those writing from the East or from Australia, is edited in the London office and sent over ready for use. The service passing through this London office will average 5,000 words of cable matter a day and 60,000 to 70,000 words of mail matter weekly.

The Monitor has achieved what most papers would call notable news beats, and it is worthy of consideration that most of these beats were matter coming by mail. For example, any American newspaper would find satisfaction in having its articles made the subject of inquiry in the House of Commons. This has happened twice within a very few months with the Monitor.

Probably more than any other American newspaper it is known to the foreign offices of all nations. I think every diplomatic office in the world receives it, and the task of its editor is not made any lighter by the fact that most of the diplomatists take very seriously what is published in it.

It is our study to use this influence for the maintenance of peace and good will at all times among the nations of the earth, and I think that this can best be attained by welding into a harmonious and indestructible whole, public sentiment in the two great English-speaking nations.

I do not imagine that it will be necessary to expatiate particularly upon what the Monitor does in the way of collecting domestic news. We have the news furnished by the associations, and maintain bureaus in New York, Washington, Chicago and San Francisco, each with a competent staff. As much of the matter carried by the press associations is unavailable for us, we take a very heavy special service in point of telegraph tolls. And yet it seems fair to say that so far as the Associated Press alone is concerned, a very great part of its matter is available for a paper holding the ethical standards maintained by the Monitor. It is going to be interesting to watch the policy of this great news gathering agency in the coming struggle between the sensational and the conservative elements in journalism. Already members of the Associated Press that have ambitions to shine with huge circulations, however obtained, and are confronted by rivals who can spend more money on a special service, are calling upon the A. P. to send more matter of the kind now eliminated from its service. For example, at the time of the recent murder of a model in New

York, which filled the columns of the sensational press, the manager of the Associated Press was confronted with telegrams from papers taking his service, complaining that they did not get as many of the horrifying details as were furnished to some of their rivals by their special correspondents in New York. Very properly this demand was not met. But it will be interesting to see whether the present restrained and conservative policy of the Associated Press can withstand the demand from papers of a certain class for a larger measure of criminal news and less restraint in the manner of its telling.

I want to touch, too, upon the argument raised by many capable and conscientious newspaper men, that the exploitation of criminal news accomplishes a positive social service in that the news of the discovery of crime is a deterrent to the commission of other crimes, even though punishment may not always follow upon this discovery. Now nobody can say positively how far this argument is well founded. But this is true and has been scientifically demonstrated that the systematic publishing of a series of criminal stories by the newspapers in a city, and their steady exploitation through a fixed period of time, invariably leads to an increase of crimes of precisely the sort that are described.

Nobody will ever know how many thousands of lives have been sacrificed to the eagerness of the press to describe plagues and pestilences. Now what return does an editor get for putting in jeopardy the good order or the good health of his community by publishing news of this character?

You may say he gets circulation. Whether the circulation is the result of its publication of news of this sort or not, we do not know. Certain it is that the papers which most debauch their columns by what I hold to be unfit news, also spend upon their circulation departments sums which seem extravagant and adopt all sorts of devices other than legitimate journalistic devices for the purpose of maintaining the circulation they have obtained by these unworthy methods. I read the other day of one newspaper in Chicago, which is justly celebrated for the vivacity and extent of its sensational news, having given away 17,000 clocks in one month to bolster up circulation. Is that journalism or is it the method of the showman?

I cannot but feel that we are going to reach out some time for a new definition of journalism. I think the time is at hand when there will be in the mind of the educated journalist, such as a school of journalism should produce, a very sharp demarcation between the varying types of journalism, and another distinction drawn between circulation obtained by the legitimate methods of printing proper news, features and opinion, and circulation obtained by the devices of the charlatan, the sensationalist, or catch-penny gift distributions.

It is not improbable that in time the editor is going to be aided by

the advertiser in the effort to maintain his profession on a more dignified plane. Ten or fifteen years ago the advertising pages even of very good papers, were filled with advertising which was disgusting and offensive in type. That has been cleared out. Quack medicines, suggestive shows, get-rich-quick schemes of all sorts are now debarred from the advertising pages of the better newspapers. Typographically, too, the appearance of the advertising pages has been enormously improved.

But can we say that in these same papers the pages devoted to news are cleaner in substance or appearance than they were twenty years ago? Do we not find matter published as a matter of course in some of the most representative newspapers of the country that the so-called old-fashioned editor would not merely not have diligently sought for, but would have rejected if brought in? And just as the black surfaces have disappeared from the advertising pages, they have appeared in deeper black—unless they happen to be in bright scarlet—on the first pages of the papers of today which possess the largest circulation.

The Christian Science Monitor lacks none of the devotion of the old type of journalism to the interests of its readers and of society as a whole as represented by those readers. It is not a partisan newspaper, but, on the other hand, it is by no means non-political. When a moral issue arises in this country—such as prohibition, the support of public education, the enactment of protective legislation for women and children—the Monitor can hit as hard as any other paper.

To me it seems that the young journalist just entering upon his professional career should not accept the example of the so-called great dailies of today as indicative of what the newspaper of the future, that he is to make, is going to be. It may be mere speculation on my part, bred of the environment in which I work, but I think that I can discern a distinct trend away from the sensationalism of the present daily press toward a more informative, dignified and restrained newspaper. Certainly this tendency will have to be developed and cultivated if newspaper editors wish to recover that public influence which it is universally admitted they now have lost, and if we are to recover the voice of authority, with which the successful editor of twenty-five years ago often spoke.

Devitalized Journalism

By RICHARD LLOYD JONES

Editor-in-Chief and Publisher, Perry-Lloyd Jones Newspapers, Tulsa, Okla.

A newspaper is not a namby-pamby publication of inconsequential facts; it is not even an almanac of the week, or of the day. It is the record of the unusual events. It may be an important address delivered by the President of the United States or one by the premier of England.

It may be the story of a harrowing holocaust in some distant town, or it may be the local story of the town druggist who slipped and fell off the roof of his house.

A woman reader recently wrote me a friendly letter which was filled with words of commendation but which closed with a common complaint against the newspapers. She said:

Your paper stands for civic decency, honest public service, law enforcement and respect for government as few newspapers do. That is why I like to read it but I would like to see your news columns as clean as your editorial policy. I would like to take at least one newspaper with the assurance that I could let my children read it without first looking it over to see if it contains some story they should not read. With so many good things to write about, so many things to do to make the city beautiful, can't you make for us the one newspaper that does not have to report all crimes, murders, suicides and tragedies?

How often we all hear this sweeping indictment of the press. This well-intentioned indictment is as thoughtless as it is sweeping. Were we to edit along the lines suggested by this good mother, we would no longer get out a NEWSpaper and we do not believe that we would publish a paper that many would want to read.

This brings us to the consideration of what is news. When you have defined news you will have determined what the newspaper is or at least what it should be.

Where do newspapers get their names? The Herald, the Courier, the Messenger, all runners from place to place before we had a press. The Tribune was the old Roman officer to whom the common people could bring their complaints against the wrongdoer. The Guardian is the same idea. The Journal and the Record are names used to denote the history of the day. The Post is the old town stump where the written news are pinned to be read by the people as they came to the market-place. comes the title Bulletin. Steam and electricity brought us such names as "Mail", "Express", "Telegram". To denote efficiency as newsgatherers newspapers take such names as Inquirer or Examiner. At all events newspapers indicate by their title that they seek to find out the news and befriend the people by taking the news to the people.

And now what is news?

If Will Smith is kind to his mother-in-law and takes her out for a ride every day that is hardly news though it may be somewhat unusual. But if Will Smith puts arsenic in his mother-in-law's coffee, that is news. That is the news that a complaining people would have brought to the old Roman Tribune. It is the news that would have been tacked on the Bulletin on the old town Post; it is the news that would have been entered in the Journal or the Record of the day. That is the news that the Press Telegram flashes over the wires or is brought in by fast Mail. The modern newspaper does more than report the fact that Will Smith put arsenic in his mother-in-law's coffee. With the spirit of the Examiner or the Inquirer it probes that story and finds the why. That why is just as essen-

tial to the scientist who seeks social solutions in the laboratory of society as the why of any chemical change to the chemist.

If a train meets with disaster at an open switch and lives are lost, what NEWSpaper would fail to report that disaster? No paper is a NEWSpaper unless it would not only report the disaster but probe into and publish the why of the disaster.

If a department store takes fire, if that store has permitted sales to be conducted high above the street level, on wooden floors resting on combustible timbers, with inadequate fire-fighting facilities, inadequate fire escapes, doors that open in direct violation of the fixed regulations of the law—if fire develops in such a store with a tragic loss of life, the story of that fire does not stop with the account of how the fire marshal played the water streams upon the crematory flames. That fire story does not stop until it fastens itself in the City Hall where loaf the bribed or indifferent public officials who permit such a firetrap to operate in violation of the law.

It is not a pleasant story, the rehearsing of the horrors of such a disaster; but it is the NEWSpaper's duty to the public to tell it and to tell it straight and to the end. That is the story the ancient Courier would have carried. The modern Messenger must do no less.

The NEWSpaper that does the best service to the community is the newspaper that will point out the firetrap that is in operation and warn the people of the danger rather than wait for the disaster.

Unpleasant reading, the thoughtless critics say. How often we have heard the comment, "If I ran a newspaper, I would publish none of this harrowing stuff. I would tell nothing of the suicides and murders, the awful loss of lives."

How many would clamor to read your culture club theses on the "Psychology of the Infant Mind" or the "Esthetic Values of City Zoning"? What Herald of old would lash a jaded horse to spread such news as this? Can you imagine a newsboy crying "extra" through the streets exhibiting a press product whose first-page headlines read "Mrs. Piper Gives a Paper on the Cubist Painters"?

The trouble is, few people understand what a newspaper is. When they do, they will demand that the newspapers do their duty, as many of them do not. When they know what a newspaper is, they will measure its worth not so much by what it reports as by how it interprets what it reports and with what degree of fidelity to the public cause it inquires into the why of the record.

It is not the horror of the loss of life itself that shocks; it is not the suicide or the murder, or the railroad wreck that to your fancy makes uninviting reading, because these are the things you always read. It is only the reader who fails to see the lesson of the horror or the disaster which warrants the story, who finds in it nothing but a hideous thing. When he

puts the lesson of the why in that story, he builds it into an object lesson of warning and greater security for the living. Why condemn the newspaper for giving the life lessons that show the ills of the hour that can be corrected, while you cherish the same sort of stories that can give you no concrete thought as to your specific citizenship duty now?

Go look over your library shelf. There in best bindings you have the stories of suicide and murder, of broken romances and deceptions, criminal negligence, or treachery, theft, falsehood, double dealing, revenge, betrayal, intimidation, rascality, passion, avarice and jealousy. These are the themes of enduring literature. They make up your library and mine. The greatest poet the world has ever known was an English chap by the name of Will Shakespeare. He told of Lear and the infamous treachery of trusted daughters. Brutus could not bear to live with the murderous wound in his conscience that his own hand inflicted. The avalanche of avarice struck Shylock when he demanded his pound of flesh. Every one of these stories would have been an extra cried down the street, had they been fact instead of fiction; and had they been events instead of stage sets of fancy drawn from the experience of life as heralded by the courier of old and as told by the news vender of today.

What is the good mother who writes us going to do with the Romeo and Juliet story of 1923? Hide it from her children, who will never recognize its counterpart placed in earlier Venetian settings? What good will they ever be when the service of a citizen is demanded of them if they cannot make as good use of a fact as a playwright made of a fable? Would the wise mother suppress the story of such a broken romance or would she pick the newspaper which can build a moral lesson out of the pathetic tragedy? That well-meaning mother sends her son to college today that he may read the poetic presentation of a romance that was wrecked in its hopeless battle against the flood waters of an unkindly social current. She sends him to college today that he may read the murders of Macbeth, and the soliloquy of Hamlet on the frailties of woman. She sends him to college to read both in the literature of drama and the history of nations the soul-consuming ambitions of the bloodthirsty Richard III. These stories of selfishness, ambition and greed led to murder and to suicide. What good are these stories as idle reading? Will her protected child ever find the life lessons that in duplicate come in less poetic form from the lips of the Courier or the pencil of the reporter?

Unpleasant stories to read perhaps, but the newspaper would be derelict of duty that, finding a Jean Valjean crawling through a rat-run city sewer, would not report the full truth of that miserable creature and trace to the end the cause for such a searcher for revenge.

Merchants and realtors may enter into secret agreements to keep out of a city all who do not yield to their selfish policy and plan, and thereby halt the growth of the city through their carefully plotted graft.

All of which makes unpleasant reading to some; and yet on your library shelves in gilt top and morocco binding you will find Ibsen's "Pillars of Society", the story of criminal negligence. You will find Clyde Fitch's forceful modern play, "The City," with the story of the prominent citizen and good churchman whose benevolence was made possible by the plundering practice of pilfering the public purse and endangering the life of the city by building a sewer that could not stand the test of enduring usage and brought upon the people the added curse of plague.

Unpleasant story? But there is nothing in life so precious as life itself. It is the distressing situations, the unusual incidents, that give us the lessons in life.

All individuals are not important. In fact, few are. But the unwarranted loss of life is of community importance because the community by that organization which we call Society has pledged itself to protect human life. No one is a true member of Society or a true supporter of government, who would suppress the news of the wanton loss of human life and substitute for it a dissertation upon the "City Beautiful".

The greatest story in the history of America is the story of a murder. It held first page in every newspaper in the land for over a fortnight. It was the story of the murder of Lincoln.

The greatest story in the history of the world is the story of a Crucifixion. It is the dramatic climax of the greatest Book that ever came into the hands of man. Orthodox ministers are today insisting on the literal interpretation of that text. They at least must believe that the Almighty Himself staged that Crucifixion—staged it that the sacrifice and the suffering on that Cross might drive home to you and to me the sustaining philosophy and the enduring truths which He came among us to teach.

Every loss of life, however humble, unknown or undeserving the principal of the tragedy may be, has for us its social lesson and its eloquent plea for a better life. To present that plea and that lesson is the purpose of the press. And if this be not a right purpose, then all the books you cherish, even the greatest, are without, at least to you, a purposeful place in life.

A brief survey of the newspapers in the United States made two years ago revealed the fact that in the year preceding 1920, eighty-four newspapers consolidated; that 82 per cent of the newspapers in the country were mortgaged and that over 1,300 newspapers in that year alone died. The newspaper is the business on which the mercantile business of the country is built, without which it would shrink to such proportions as to undermine the entire commercial structure of the country; and yet the newspaper business, this cornerstone, foundation and supporter of the whole commercial edifice, is at the bottom of the list on business credit.

This brings the question: Can the newspaper be the defender of the people when it must be the prostitute of the retail merchants and the bankers

that are back of them, or be driven out of business by the big business bullies.

Charles Edward Russell, one of the great writers in America today, a man who has long been a student of society and the structure of government, recently wrote an article which he captioned "Applying the Ham Idea to Journalism," in which he lamented the fact that the Horace Greeley, William Cullen Bryant, Charles A. Dana and Henry Watterson type of editor was being driven out of the newspaper business; they are being driven out by the ham-minded men who are forcing the newspapers to be ham-hooks with which to get their ham.

The builders of this Nation realized that this government could never be a "land of the free and the home of the brave" unless the people should be enlightened that they might have the wisdom to govern themselves and protect their rights. They knew that a democracy must lift itself up by its own bootstraps. They know that the school does not provide education; it merely gives the tools with which to get education. Graduation day is not the finish but the "commencement" of life. The builders of this Nation created a special class of mail for the newspapers and created a rate for that class of mail that was designed to conduct that business on a non-profit basis for the government, even if need be to conduct it at a loss. The deficit was to be supplied by the taxes from the people, just as the people are taxed for the schools. And this because the newspaper was looked upon as the legitimate continuation school.

The newspapers that are run with the ham idea, by ham-minded men, are run in violation of a moral contract with the United States government; they are run to misinform the people; to teach them half-truths or full falsehoods. And to that full extent they are untrue to the high trust which their country imposes in them. They are examples of bad patriotism, bad citizenship and a chloroformed conscience.

Look to the men at the head of some of your metropolitan papers, and measure them. Intellectually, they are pygmies. If they ever had any purposeful courage, they long since lost it to the ham-hunters who hold them by the throat.

Some of these editors put on all the appearance of pious men and some of them, with a more commendable frankness, make little pretense to respectability. I have in mind an editor in one city of substantial population who, for years, was the notorious protector of the underworld, who confessed to me that after having made his pile through the iniquitous practices of blackmail and extortion, the time had come for him to go straight. Needless to say, he didn't know how to.

Medical science has discovered that a large number of human ailments which formerly were supposed to be developed from other sources, are traceable directly to devitalized teeth. The devitalized tooth is the dead tooth; the nerve extracted, the tooth still standing. The dead tooth

has a habit of developing about its roots a poison called pyorrhea. This pyorrhea germ multiplies until it loosens the teeth and the owner of the dead tooth loses his biting power. What is more, the pyorrhea germ finds its way into the arteries of the body until its poison so saturates the whole system that the heart can no longer resist the encroachments, and the dead tooth has made a dead man.

The newspaper was designed to be the informer and the defender of the people. Ham-minded bankers and merchants, by the process of their "all-for-us and after-us-the-deluge" patriotic policy and practice, have taken the nerve out of newspapers; they have clubbed editors into line until the independent newspapers that loved the idea of a government of the people, for the people and by the people, have been put out of business—forced into devitalized consolidations. The structure stands there with all the appearance of being a strong tooth, of being a defender of the people, but its nerve is gone, and all the time it is seeping poison through its press, undermining the very structure of a free government and striking at the very citadel of the ideals that Washington and Jefferson and their lofty-minded patriots bequeathed us.

Where is the hope for release? Frankly, I know of none except the rising tide of protest that is growing in the popular repudiation of the press.

Within the rank of journalist workers the first hope of any possible rise of patriotic press leadership is with the small-town newspaper.

That because the newspaper business is prohibitively costly; the mechanical equipment and the necessary operating costs of conducting any metropolitan paper run quickly into millions. The small-town paper, with less investment, offers high opportunity and is a consecrated calling for the youth who will go into the newspaper business with ministerial sincerity.

There is no professional vocation open to the youth today which has such a tremendous field for service to country and to humanity as the newspaper vocation. If you have a county weekly that only has a thousand circulation you have by the mathematics of newspaper calculations approximately five thousand readers. There is not a preacher in New York City who, standing in his pulpit, faces such a congregation. That is why I pay tribute to the School of Journalism in the University of Missouri, which, elsewhere as here, I have declared to be the best school of journalism in the United States, excepting not even Columbia's famous journalistic laboratories, because here Dean Williams has put the emphasis of his teaching on both the dignity and the power for service, as well as adequate financial return on the editor who honestly edits for a county populace.

I find such friends of mine as Charles Edward Russell, Will Irwin, Samuel Hopkins Adams and others, all fine fellows, all keen students of

society, all earnest workers for humanity's cause, and yet not one of them has ever had the courage to invest himself in an effort to construct the kind of thing they plead for and demand of those they criticise. We need more men like Charlie Russell, Will Irwin and Sam Adams; but we need them more as owners of a newspaper press and directors of that press than we need them as uninvested, irresponsible critics of the press. We need more men like William Allen White to show us what can be done.

I come to you with this message:

Do not avoid NEWS. Tell it. Avoid private scandal always, except where its court record or vital statistics concern the social structure. Then point out its lesson in the telling as the novelist or dramatist would do.

Tell all the public scandal. The paving contractor who charges the city for rock excavation when he only digs sand, who lays concrete between curbs 32 feet apart and sends to the city a 46-foot bill should be exposed, and the paper is an enemy of society that will not search out these facts and boldly publish them. The newspaper that will ignore that story to give space to some pleasing sunshine thesis that is good reading any old time and in any old place, may serve the needs of a cult but it will never serve the needs of our country.

The New Journalism

By FRANK P. GLASS
Editorial Director, St. Louis Star

This matter of the new journalism is a very important question for me at this time. I have come out of the lower South, beyond the middle age of life, into a new territory under totally new conditions, and I am trying to find myself in the journalism of a great city and in this daring, progressive West. You can readily understand that this question of the new journalism is uppermost in my mind in some form or another every hour of the day.

Down in St. Louis I have been trying to find out just what the new journalism in that great city demanded in order that I might get into the procession and help make a greater success of the newspaper with which I am connected. But the more I have studied this situation, the more I have come to the conclusion that the proper thing to undertake is to make a newspaper just as different from the other newspapers as I possibly can. And I am hunting in all directions for all the brains and all the originality, all the energy and progressive young spirit that I can find in different parts of the country to help solve that question.

I think that the journalism of today is altogether too commercial. I think we have gotten too far away from the old regime, in which there were dominant spirits whose personality incorporated itself into the spirited

undertakings of their newspapers and who made themselves powers in their communities, in their states and in their sections.

The new journalism, to my mind, is too much of a tendency to making a newspaper merely a factory for the production of advertising space. The whole tendency of daily newspapers, and especially, I think, of the evening newspapers, which are getting to be much more successful and profitable all over the country than the morning papers, is to get larger circulation by catering to all classes of people with all sorts of things that may not have the best influence, much frivolous and unwholesome matter. The result is that there is no such thing as a general newspaper. You will not find much general Missouri news in any Missouri newspaper—certainly not as much as ten years ago.

There is no longer one complete newspaper in Chicago in the broadest sense. The New York Times perhaps is the most complete newspaper at the present time in the United States. It always has something about anything of great importance that may have occurred during the day before in every state in the Union. You cannot find in the bulk of New York, Chicago, Cincinnati or St. Louis newspapers, very much of what is going on outside of what may be called the A B C territory—the local circulation bounds.

The whole process of making the modern newspaper is to treat it the same as a department store; to publish in it everything that will attract the women particularly, the children, and incidentally maybe, the men. This was emphasized to me several years ago by one of the most successful newspapermen in the country, a Boston pioneer. This gentleman said to me, to use the vernacular:

“In making the newspaper, forget the men. Blankety-blank the men! Make the newspaper for the women. They buy the dry goods, groceries, children’s clothing, etc. They are the ones among whom circulation must be had. Then you will get advertising and make the newspaper profitable.”

He did not carry that principle to the nth degree, but there are neighbors and successors of his in Boston today who are carrying out to the nth degree such principles. And so it is that in all the great cities the day of the great editor is passed. The day of the great editorial influence for the uplift of political parties, commonwealths, national undertaking, for the direction of affairs, has largely passed away, and the new journalism bows to the supreme in power, the autocrat of the business office. The business office wants circulation. The business office says to the circulation manager, go out and get all the circulation you can in the limits of the city. Print local news, comic strips, women’s stuff, diverse stories—all those things that will attract local circulation. Get out red, green, yellow sporting sheets, and everything that will attract people who love

sport. The more local circulation we can get, the more advertising we will command, the faster we can advance our advertising rate.

The new journalism has been very much of a descent downward. Perhaps there are some evidences of a reaction today. I hope there may be more. I think there is an increasing tendency to improve the first page, at any rate, in news values—to get the most notable news from the United States and other parts of the world and play it up in an attractive and readable way. So far as the other parts of the newspaper are concerned, we find comparatively little news except local matter, murders, divorces, crimes, pages and pages of women's pictures, sports—and so it goes.

I think there are many of us that have the old-fashioned idea about a newspaper: that it has a moral responsibility and function to perform in playing up the right sort of thing in the right sort of way. I thoroughly agree with Mr. Richard Lloyd Jones' view, that in printing stories of crimes, fraud, divorces, etc., it can be done in such a way as to cause a reversion in public opinion against wrong ways of living and the wrong way of life. But the average newspaper in the larger cities is going too much after sensational stuff and handling it in a sensational way, so that people have cultivated in them an abnormal taste for things that are of no service to them. They do not read papers to learn lessons, but simply to be entertained and thrilled.

But the worst result of this journalism is to develop a large class of criminal boys. One of the principal social workers of St. Louis said to me lately that the great problem of that city today is to take care of the idle boys who are out of school in the summer time and to prevent them from being systematically educated in a real school of crime. That may be a revelation to you excellent people who live in smaller cities. It was certainly a revelation to me, that there are men systematically conducting schools of crime for the boys idle during the summer. And it is true of all the largest cities.

There is a great field for journalism with a conscience, journalism with a high purpose, journalism that has a forward look into good citizenship—and this is the sort of journalism that every rising newspaper man and woman should have held up before him as a goal. There never was a period in the history of this country when there was more need of the right sort of newspapers to lead in the right sort of methods in taking care of the younger generation.

All these cities of ours, all these manufacturing centers, all these great populations have tremendously increased the power of the press for the relief of all sorts of social ills, and it is going to take newspapers with conscience, newspapers with vision, and newspapers whose nerves have not been devitalized, to go out and organize the good people of the city, who are always in the majority, to protect themselves, their families,

their generation, from the degenerating and deteriorating influences about them.

There are numerous ways and means in which this can be done. The main thing today, it seems to me, is to soft-pedal, not to eliminate, accounts of human errors and failures. I think a newspaper should be a picture of the every-day life of the community, printing the good things and the constructive things people are doing, as well as the evil things some of them are doing. Therefore, comes this great practical problem for every newspaper man and woman—to see how the newspaper can be better used for sociological work, for sociological uplift, for stamping out all of those currents of evil in our rapidly growing centers of the population, and in assembling the moral strength of every community into a practical, tangible, effective way of combating these evil currents.

It is a very serious problem from the standpoint of a newspaper. Here is this competition going on among the successful newspapers everywhere to get circulation, get circulation, get circulation, in every way, shape or form. And how on earth are these newspapers that aspire to circulations of millions and profits of millions to be diverted from this process of commercialism into wholesome organizations for the study of the serious criminal and sociological problems and for work of service to the community and state. It is a problem that every school of journalism should be taking up most seriously. I frankly confess that it is the most puzzling problem to me.

Every one of you reporters, advertising men, and what not, as you get out into the active field of newspaperdom, will find about every office the first question—how will it affect circulation? What is to be done about circulation? But the newspaper that goes about getting circulation first, foremost and all the time, is bound to find itself in trouble. That sort of newspaper will produce bad results to the newspaper as well as the community. It may not survive, but in the meantime it is successful, and has a demoralizing effect. Everybody wants to be successful, and the temptation is to join this great current of sensationalism that produces circulation and advertising.

I trust that you will not study too closely all of the newspapers in the largest cities of this country as models of newspaperdom. I think there are more models of good newspaper conduct in places of 10,000 and 20,000 than in great cities. The redemption of the larger newspapers in this country is going to depend upon the ideals and methods that the men whom I see before me here today are going to set up in the smaller cities, in the smaller communities, where there is more conscience and higher ideals than there is in many of the greater centers of population in the country.

What News to Print—The Reader's View

What the Lawyer Wants in the Newspaper

By JESSE W. BARRETT

Attorney-General of Missouri, Jefferson City

I look on you as public officers. Newspaper editors are nothing else. You have public powers and you have also corresponding obligations and responsibilities.

You are the chief medium of communication between the people and their official representatives. The people themselves do not come to the seat of government, and do not witness the work of their agents in public office. They must know whether they are being served or despoiled, but they cannot know except through your reports. Accurate, fair-minded journalism is therefore indispensable to intelligent and effective self-government. You hold in sacred trust for the body politic its functions of sight and speech, and a breach of that trust is treason.

Once we regarded railroads as private corporations. Then public opinion awoke to the fact that railroads are altogether of a public nature; that they are the arteries through which flows the Nation's commerce, and that they must be conducted for the benefit of all citizens alike.

So too we used to believe that newspapers were private possessions and that the editor could use his news columns just as he desired. A few years ago in fact, every newspaper was devoted to battling for some particular cause and its readers who were supporters of that cause seemed to want the news distorted to suit their prejudices. Now public opinion is realizing that an editor holds a public trust, and that the newspapers are the arteries through which flow public information and public intelligence—the very life blood of the Nation itself. Newspapers, like railroads, are common carriers. There must be no rebates, no discriminations, no partiality. Coloring the news articles to keep them from contradicting the editorials is a criminal act, whether the statutes say so or not.

A landmark of progress was made the other day by the editorial writers when they adopted a canon of ethics. I think it would be fair to comment, by the way, that all who are familiar with his refreshing and wholesome writings, rejoiced in the selection of Casper S. Yost of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat as the head of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. It seems to me that there should also be a definite expression of ethics for the conduct of the news columns and that the canon could be stated in the words, "See clearly and report accurately."

Editors are like sentinels upon the mountain top, searching the horizon in all directions, ready at all hours to set up a cry of warning at the approach of public enemies. You are working for right against might, for

intelligence in place of force, for light in lieu of darkness, for order instead of chaos. Public officials are helped by your comments and your criticisms, but you yourselves do not have that benefit of criticism of your work by others. You would profit more if you encouraged criticism.

There is a type of editorial page which believes that the people are interested only in destructive comment and never in construction. Its editorials always condemn. The editorial writer in charge of the page believes that the public are altogether cynics and dyspeptics. Its nearest approach to commendation for some really good act is to say how wrong its omission would have been. The editorial writer who really helps is the one who knows that credit properly bestowed pays to the public a thousandfold return. If words of encouragement and commendation are not the only reason for public service, they are at least the only reward. It is better to be praised with faint damns than to be damned with faint praise.

The worst editorial writer of all (and thank goodness examples are rare) is the one who, finding that the curtain has risen on a group of persons busily sawing wood and accomplishing something worth while, comes striding onto the stage cracking a cattle-whip, trying to create the illusion that he is directing the work and is responsible for its being done.

I do not believe, as is oftentimes said, that editorials are losing their power. I feel that some editorial columns only have lost their influence, and that the people are becoming more able to distinguish between sincerity and sham. Character means power, in journalism just as everywhere else and so it will always be as long as civilization endures.

What the Preacher Wants in the Newspaper

By DR. CLAUDIUS B. SPENCER

Editor, Central Christian Advocate, Kansas City

The minister and the newspaper have this in common: each is a purveyor of news. The word Gospel means news—good news. Moreover, the minister is a man of the time. He is a prophet; because a prophet, as distinguished from a priest, was called upon to proclaim the news, to interpret and drive home the events of the day, their significance and implications. We see this vividly in the great speeches of the prophets, speaking in the open air, in the gates of their cities, vividly portraying the current facts, vividly proclaiming their consequences. In a sense, as the great newspaper is first of all foretelling the news, and incidentally foretelling the consequences, the prophet dealt with the vast, Homeric, retributive moral laws of cause and effect, which make still and forever the fires of Sinai blaze across the centuries.

The minister, I say, builds his house by the side of the road, to be a friend to man. He has that in common with the newspaper; albeit, he

has more. Steeples are made to point to heaven, but they are not made to live in.

The preacher is the symbol of the normal, cosmopolitan, independent, human being, with no gaff in his cheek, craving his newspaper to help him advance the common good, pushing bravely, not into the counting room, but forward where he thinks he sees God's torch.

I.

Someone said the world is governed by three boxes, the cartridge box, the band box, and the ballot box. In this country at least, he must add a fourth box, the mail box, the little schoolmaster of the people. It is the mail box that fires the cartridge box, because ideas are the great explosives; they bring on wars. Secretary of State Hughes says that what we need is mental disarmament—first and foremost the disarmament of the mind. Precisely so. It is that schoolmaster, whose desk is wherever a newspaper is set up and sent into the mails, that schoolmaster that straps on or unbuckles the cartridge box, that I speak to in setting down "what the preacher wants in the newspaper".

Let us start with that—the newspaper as the maker of public opinion, that omnipotent thing that makes or unmakes the kingdom of God on earth. And let me lay it down in the language of that great citizen, who was a great journalist as well as a great minister, Washington Gladden, that "to generate and diffuse a sound, sweet, vigorous, generous, public opinion is to build the Republic of God in the earth"; and in that I define the alpha and the omega of what the preacher wants in the newspaper, little or big, the country paper, on which most of us were brought up, and the great metropolitan paper with its thundering power to kill and to make alive.

Pursuing this thought, let me say that what the minister wants in the newspaper is the truth. Does he get it? The people are entitled to it. In a democracy they must have the truth, for there is no salvation in falsehood, in caricature, in misinterpretation. The head of a great daily observed to me on the Pacific Coast some time ago that when he wanted to crush opposition he attacked it through his reporters not his editors. The reporters got what they were told to find. By distortion he inflamed public opinion; he gave it maddening drugs, as it were, tore down, and on the ruins built his ambition which combined the demagogue and the dictator.

I might say that there was, and is, a well-defined belief through this country, eminently so among the ministers, that the publicity given the great steel strike was propaganda; it was not square to both sides. Is there not right now in the turbulence against us in Mexico the sinister Frankenstein of misinformation? Do we get the truth? But international misinformation is an old story. It has caused more bloodshed since the in-

vention of movable type than all other causes combined. I wish that someone would tell us about that Russian Soviet, now passing into its second phase of evolution as well as revolution. And, gentlemen, who will say that the papers are quite fair and square as to the Eighteenth Amendment?

Let us have the truth, a free press to speak it, because misleading begets suspicion; and what will not suspicion in time of upheaval do? Paris in '93, Paris in the Commune, and Russia in 1918 are vivid answers.

Gentlemen of the press, you have an example of what I mean in that wonderful creation of the modern world, what a visitor from Mars might think our greatest wonder, the Associated Press. Its news is read every day by 75 per cent of our 110,000,000 population. And Melville E. Stone, speaking at the Kansas Newspaper Week at the University of Kansas in 1914, declared—I presume with considerable pride—that the organization had never paid a dollar of damages in an action for libel nor had it ever compromised a single case.

II.

I wish I might ask for co-operation from our Missouri papers in the matter of church news. I do not say this in criticism. Often the preacher himself has no news sense, and all the papers get is the pink teas.

I wish that the country editors would drop in at every church conference, convention, assembly, in their town and be introduced and tell the preachers a few things. There would be less fumbles of the ball. One of our greatest bishops, Bishop Oldham of Singapore, was reported in a Kansas City paper as "the Bish of Snigapore", and the rest was about as accurate. Of course, that is no worse than the Chicago daily which in reporting a great and enthusiastic Democratic meeting on the lake front, said that the Democrats rent the air with their snouts. Come, yourselves, gentlemen of the press, to the church gatherings, or send your maturest reporters.

III.

Gentlemen, the preacher wants the newspaper to be clean. In this I am no stickler, no sentimentalist. Whether I read it or not, there were several millions in this country who wanted to know about that mixup of Jess Willard of Kansas and someone, I believe, from Iowa, in New York City a week or so ago, when \$600,000 was paid at the gate.

But the preacher wants the newspaper that invades the homes of his community to be clean. I was last September in a far-off mining and railroad town in New Mexico. I found in the hotel and stores a daily paper which had come in on the same train. I learned it was the paper generally taken through the little city—it was the little school-master of the community. After counting out the want ads and the full-page

ads, nine of the sixteen pages left featured crime and sensuality, the entire country combed for salacious stories behind divorces, murders due to the eternal triangle, not fit for the Police Gazette in the old low barber shop with the sheet-iron stove. This daily invaded that community every day, pouring its sewers across the threshold, its degeneration and leprosy over the young folks of the place. This you will say is not germane to this particular occasion. On the contrary, it makes the School of Journalism a public necessity, to standardize from its great prestige the Ten Commandments of Journalism—one of which certainly must be decency.

I know that in the large, what the minister wants in the newspaper in this particular, he is getting. And I wish to say to the newspaper men here present that the ministry as a class appreciates it. We know you, the custodians of the home life, its sanctity, its defence. There are skeletons in your pigeon holes. There you are strong enough in character and ideals to keep them buried. We appreciate how often and how much you put your foot on the snake of sensational temptation.

The editor has the power of the boycott. He has the poisoned sting of innuendo, the deadly stroke of sensational misinterpretation, for while the sensation is read by millions the correction is read by nobody. I know of more than one case where long and useful and inspirational careers have been wrecked by a cub reporter's smartness in his opening sentence. I read two years ago a disquieting statement concerning an eminent preacher and only within two months have learned that it had no foundation in the world, except a cub reporter's failure to grasp the fact. I wish the older men wrote the copy on matters of religion.

IV.

Gentlemen, what the preacher, or at any rate this preacher, wants in your papers is the encouragement of the young folks in your town. Howells learned to write in the dingy old printing office. William Allen White began there. One of the greatest of the bygone journalists, apprenticed at \$35 a year, sneaked in some paragraphs. The editor told him to keep on. He did. He rose to the top. Beyond numbering is the legion that have kept on because of editorial encouragement.

What the Farmer Wants in the Newspaper

By CHESTER H. GRAY

Former President of the Missouri Farm Bureau Federation, Nevada.

To my mind, newspapers divide themselves into what is ordinarily called the country newspaper, and the metropolitan press. You will pardon me if I devote my consideration almost exclusively to the first class,

the newspaper published in the small country town and in the county seat. That is the newspaper to which the farmer gets closest and which needs to get closest to the farmer.

There is great competition between these two classes of newspapers, and the metropolitan paper is winning out. The country newspaper is subscribed for by the farmer too often as a matter of local pride and not because there is anything in the paper. Local pride is a rather intangible thing for a business venture to be based upon. I suggest putting the competition for subscribers more nearly on a parity by bringing up the standard of the average country sheet.

I know what I am going to suggest has been suggested repeatedly. I know there are mechanical difficulties in putting into effect some of the things I am going to suggest. I know that maybe regulations and statutes might be in the way and would require change. But even that latter difficulty is not insurmountable.

The first thing that seems to me to be necessary in country town newspapers is that we have more morning editions. I know it means a lot of night work, but in doing that you will only be duplicating what the farmer does in farrowing and lambing time. If the farmer stands it so can you. It means that you will be getting to the farmer on time instead of giving him a lot of stuff that happened two days prior to his receipt of your paper, which paper gets to him about one day later than the city daily carrying exactly the same news.

The farmer is metropolitan nowadays. He gets his mail mostly between 9 and 12 o'clock each morning by rural carrier. He is not the hard-worked fool that he was supposed to be in past times. He is a man who wants to know the latest developments of science, sports, markets, politics. Why should he wait until noon today for a local daily published soon after noon of yesterday when he can get a city daily from Kansas City or St. Louis published late last night or early this morning?

A morning paper, I confess, means all-night work for your force. It also means that the postmaster in your town will need to get a hustle on to get that mail out each morning. That is what I referred to previously in regard to change of rules and regulations at Washington. The postmaster may need to have some new orders and some new regulations to be prepared to handle this morning business.

The second thing the country publisher will have to do will be to cooperate more closely with his fellow-publishers for the purpose of bringing to his farmer constituents the latest reports from the big conventions, association meetings, and other innumerable occurrences that are constantly happening all over the country. I am not suggesting something conflicting with the great press associations. But it is significantly true that most of the copy supplied by such press associations relates to incidents of a non-agricultural nature. What is needed is to give a portion of

your space to reports secured by Missouri small-town editors acting together in a co-operative spirit and maintaining a man of mature age and agricultural training who will go where the farmer's interests are being set forth and who will send to the co-operative publishers stories free from political influence and impersonal reports relative to matters that are of the keenest interest to farmers.

Only by combining your resources with those of your brother publishers can you hope to do for your farmer readers what each large city daily does alone. Some publisher here objects that such an adventure in country press work would cost a lot of money. Yes, it would; but the cost would be divided into as many parts as there are co-operators, thereby making the portion assessed against each publisher a mere pittance. And I am bold to say that this pittance would be returned more than tenfold in your subscription lists and the consequent advertising rates. Of course if you should go into such a relationship with your neighbor publishers and let no one know about it, the results might not be remunerative. But this thing of employing your special correspondent is capable of being played up boldly in the getting of new subscribers as well as in holding the old ones.

Take the session of the Missouri General Assembly which recently adjourned. There was enough stuff there of a non-political nature to have furnished your readers with a grasp of developments which was not furnished from any other source. What special effort did your paper make to get the real dope from Jefferson City? I'll answer for you. None.

As a second instance where a special correspondent for the country papers could serve well, let me cite the forthcoming Alaskan trip of President Harding. Not one of us in a hundred thousand knows Alaska, particularly its agricultural possibilities. We need to know it industrially and from a metallurgical point of view, also. Our people are constantly going into other regions as pioneers, and your special correspondent could give direction to this wanderlust as well as furnish country editors interesting incidents of the proposed trip.

Your special correspondent has an almost unlimited field in Europe, which is now in the throes of reconstruction or destruction as the case may be. Farmers do not know adequately enough, I am sure, how their fortunes are indirectly tied up with the prosperity of Europe. Even the members of Congress are seeking to know by taking personal trips just what is going on over the sea, but it may be feared that their conclusions will be tainted with political bias. We know in a somewhat roundabout way that Europe is a determining factor in our agricultural well-being. But how long we must prepare ourselves to wait for its rehabilitation is a matter of the keenest interest to every farmer on your list of subscribers.

And finally, in Washington City when the farm bloc was being created, how interesting it would have been to the farmers if someone had

been there sending back daily and weekly accounts of the creation of that organization inside the Congress of the United States, which has been so popular from certain points of view and equally unpopular from other angles.

These few items are specified only to illustrate how the activities of your special correspondent could fit into the interests of your subscribers. This service would, with proper publicity on your part, almost compel the farmers to take your paper. Perhaps delinquencies would not occur quite so often if it were known that next week, or tomorrow, this correspondent would send in another report pertaining to legislative activities, to the farm bloc, or to any other circumstance at that time in the public eye.

The third point that I want to emphasize and to recommend for your consideration is that co-operative marketing is here to stay. Play it up. It is legitimate; it is ethical; it is economically sound; and it is morally right. Missouri and practically all other states have passed, are passing, or will pass laws legalizing various phases of co-operative marketing. Already Congress has done so. Why hesitate longer in giving your support?

It is not your job as an editor to sit on a pedestal and say the farmers are all wrong about co-operative marketing. The fact is, they are very nearly all right. You will be wise in taking their lead and supporting them in their marketing efforts. If the farmers cannot make their profit from their products you have a mighty slim chance of getting their names on your subscription list. And it has been demonstrated that no one thing does more to make a profit for the farmer than commodity marketing.

If the farmers want to organize around strawberries to secure for themselves as nearly as may be the ultimate market price, the editors should help them to do so. The same should be true in respect to livestock, cotton, beans, apples or what not. It is the duty of the local editor to give these efforts the most unstinted support and thereby bring the farmer to a greater prosperity—which will react favorably upon the publisher, of course—as well as drawing his farmer subscribers closer to him. It is almost impossible to create these commodity organizations without the aid of publicity, which the editor is in position to give.

Let me now mention a few thoughts of much less importance.

It is customary for the Saturday country daily to carry a list of church services in the county seat. I wonder when reading these announcements if there are no services out in the open country. What good does it do to send the farmer this Saturday paper the next Monday after all the services in the town are over? Every county is full of little country Sunday services that mean just as much to their communities as do the more elegant places of worship to the county seat. Better run a list of these places of worship in your midweek edition, or not later than Friday.

Your country people will appreciate this attention even though they all know just what is going to happen in Bethel, Mount Zion, Fairview, or whatever the name might be. I know it means work; but that is what the subscribers pay you for. Boost the country church; it is in a deplorable condition.

Another thing; do not forget that the society event at Mrs. Wealthy's is not a whit more important than the hog sale at Jim Jones' farm the same day. I know it is easier to cover the society event than it is the hog sale, but that is not sufficient excuse for the large space devoted to society affairs and the complete neglect of constructive agricultural developments.

Get that local farm stuff in. How? I don't know. That is not my job, but it can be done because some editors get it and theirs are the best papers and will continue to be. Timidity makes me hesitate to say that there perhaps are some half-dozen country editors in this state who are lazy and sit in their offices waiting for the news to drift in instead of going out after it.

The final item which I wish to call to your attention is that of editorial comment. If you should read some of the country papers in this state for a whole year you would not know they had editors. You never see an editorial or an expression of opinion except of the boilerplate variety. Some editors never seem to have a thought of an original nature. Farmers appreciate editorial comment, whether they agree with it or not. To my mind editorial comment is valuable, in many cases invaluable. It requires a man who knows how to push a pen to write editorials that will stand the gaff of public examination. Editorial comment makes some country newspapers, but others falter along wholly without it.

The Newspaper and the Man in Office

By CHARLES U. BECKER

Secretary of State of Missouri, Jefferson City

Before I came up here to talk to you I asked one of these hard-boiled eggs that represent the big city newspapers what I should tell you. And he told me to tell you people how well the newspapers report the news from Jefferson City. But I can't do that, of course. I'd have to lie. They do print the routine news nowadays. But as to following things through the Legislature—they don't do it. I have known some tragic things that happened in the committee room that newspapers never got.

I think that the newspapers of the big cities devote more time and space to flappers, suicides, bank robberies, women who run away from their husbands, than they do to the real things that go on. The trouble with our city newspapers is that they are destructive and not constructive.

They will get behind a man who is running for office and help elect him. But as soon as he gets into office they will take a big rock and throw it at him. We need more constructive work.

There are two classes of newspapers and two of the public. First there is a country newspaper. I had an idea that the country newspaper men had a good time and fine opinions of each other. Well, I have just found out how hateful some of these country newspaper men are—from listening to them talk of each other when I was making arrangements for printing the constitutional amendments.

Then there is the city newspaper. It prints a lot of anything that you don't want printed, and nothing that you do want printed.

The first classification of the public consists of those who want to get into print and can't. These are the biggest pests on earth. They will do all kinds of foolish stunts to get attention.

The second classification consist of the people who get into print and don't want to. This includes a good many politicians and other public officials.

When I went into the newspaper business every man went out and wrote his own story. I had heard from time to time of a new idea—the rewrite desk. The idea finally percolated westward, and I went into it in St. Louis—my first experience.

In the old days the newspaper had individuality. Nowadays they telephone stuff into the main office, where there are two or three men who do nothing but rewrite. The result is, you have a wooden newspaper—one story is no different from another.

One thing that I notice of the big city newspapers is that the editors do not visit the capital. One of the editors whom I worked for on the Kansas City Star, comes to the capital two or three times every year; also the editor of the Globe-Democrat. The rest of the editors do not get into touch with the public men. They sit at their desks from morning until night. They take their views at second hand, and the result is that they are warped in many ways.

Editors should go out and mingle with people just the same as the newspaper reporters do.

Some Neglected News Fields

High School News

By A. L. PRESTON

President, Democrat-News Printing Co., Marshall

Realizing that in every community the schools are, perhaps, the largest and most worthy institutions, I asked our superintendent of schools, Mr. W. M. Westbrook, if there were not some way in which the press and schools could co-operate. He suggested the plan which I shall put before you. He suggested to me that I turn over each Saturday to the class in journalism in the high school one half-page of my daily, for which they should be wholly responsible. I thought the matter over and accepted the plan proposed.

Miss Mary W. Fisher, who is supervisor of the high school paper, took charge of the school section of the Saturday issue of my paper. The class in journalism acted as a staff for the collection of news. The material for the school paper was printed on both sides of one half-page of the daily. The proper form of a newspaper was carried out in every detail, and when the half-page was cut out and folded it formed a paper which could be preserved as any other school paper.

Miss Fisher, with a section of the class, came to the printing office on the day of going to press. Here they read proof, and, by pasting copy on an old issue of Mar-Saline, the school paper, a dummy was formed as a guide to the make-up man. Each Saturday we printed a six- or eight-page daily, the Mar-Saline forming one section.

The Parent-Teacher Association became interested, and used the Mar-Saline as their publicity organ, and so were enabled to put before the school patrons constructive school news. This, however, was only one feature of the paper. The school paper was fundamentally the publicity medium of the school activities, and as such held a vital place in all homes. I do not think the country newspaper can better serve its community than by giving publicity to church and school news.

The section of the paper was furnished to the school free of charge, and, although we may have lost a few dollars on the project, yet the returns through advertising and appreciation shown by the community over-balanced the loss.

In order to test our plan I prepared a questionnaire which I distributed to the three hundred pupils in the high school.

To the question, "Do you approve of a school publication?" 284 of the 300 answered "Yes".

"Do you enjoy reading the Mar-Saline as published in the Democrat-News?" 268 answered, "Yes."

"Do you think publishing the Mar-Saline as a news feature in Saturday's Democrat-News worth while?" 265 of the 300 answered, "Yes".

"Do your parents read it?" 239 answered, "Yes".

Many parents had spoken to me favorably, but I was really surprised to find how popular the plan was.

A newspaper should serve its community, and I believe in printing the school paper in this way I have been able through our school interests to draw our community closer together.

Some Local Features

By T. G. THOMPSON

Publisher, the Shelby County Herald, Shelbyville

As editor of a weekly newspaper in a small town, what I shall say will apply particularly to the weekly field. In this day of rural free delivery and rapid mail service and other means of communication, the daily paper finds its way into every community, big or little, near or far, carrying to the farmer as well as to his city neighbor the big news of the day.

Therefore, I do not feel that it comes within the province of the community weekly newspaper to attempt to chronicle the big news and world events in a large way. The patron of the country weekly takes his home paper to get the news of his community and county.

It is not so much the story itself, in most instances, but the way the story is told that makes it interesting, and while there are not exciting events or out-of-the-ordinary happenings in a small town every day, yet there are always subjects for interesting treatment. The courts, the schools, interviews with county officials, talks with those who have traveled, curious incidents preachers and doctors have run across, quaint rural storekeepers, the experiences of rural route men, incidents in the lives of old people and prominent citizens; all these furnish material for interesting treatment.

Stories of children are particularly susceptible of interesting treatment. Only two weeks ago the biggest spelling match in the history of Shelby County was held at Shelbyville, in which thirty school children, three from each of the ten townships, participated. The idea of reviving the old-fashioned spelling bee was advanced and promoted by the county superintendent of schools. Spellers were divided into classes, according to their ability, and contests were held in each township to determine the best spellers in each of the three classes, A, B and C. These winners took part in the county event. Newspaper stories of the township matches and other preliminaries were responsible for the largest crowd that ever assembled in the county seat for an event of this nature. Liberal space was devoted to the big contest and pictures of the winners were published.

On the same day rural graduation exercises were held and diplomas were presented to more than three hundred graduates.

The boys' and girls' pig and calf clubs come in for their share of publicity, and also their poultry clubs. A majority of the subscribers to the country weekly are farmers and the successful paper features their activities. Last year the Shelbyville Pig Club was one of the largest in the state.

The raising of purebred livestock and poultry are two of the most important industries in Northeast Missouri and the successful breeders can always be depended upon to furnish interesting material for a story. There is one poultryman in the county in which I live, who realizes more than \$2,500 annually from his flock of a few hundred purebred chickens. Interviews with him concerning the various phases of the industry always prove popular.

Perhaps my most interesting human interest story about children was that of little twin girls living near Shelbyville, who one Christmas morning found themselves the possessors of thirty-eight dolls. The thought occurred to them that perhaps Santa Claus had overlooked some little girls on his trip, there being so many to visit, and there might be some little girls right in their own county who didn't have a single doll. So they wrote a letter to the editor offering to share their dollies with less fortunate little girls.

The plan far exceeded their expectations, for they never dreamed that so many little girls were without dolls. They received scores of replies and were kept busy for several days getting the dolls ready and sending them. All but one of the writers wanted big dolls. One said she would be satisfied with a small doll as she had never had one. Another wanted a sleeping doll and as the twins had only one sleeping doll each it was necessary for their father to purchase one to fill the order. One little miss inclosed a special delivery stamp. The saddest letter was from an unfortunate little girl, an orphan, who had lost both of her limbs in a railway accident and was a patient in a hospital. She was sent two dolls, with a change of dresses and bonnets for each.

Last summer a farmer's chicken roost was entered and more than 100 of his valuable chickens stolen. He discovered buggy tracks leading from the scene, which he declared led to the home of one of his neighbors a few miles away. He said the tracks made by his neighbor's buggy and the tracks in the vicinity of his poultry house were identical.

The accused man declared his innocence and his neighbors, believing there was no basis for the accusations made against him, offered to share the expense of securing bloodhounds in an effort to run down the real thief. The bloodhounds were sent for and picked up a trail. Scores of farmers and residents of Shelbyville, including the sheriff and the prosecuting attorney, joined in the chase. The dogs followed the trail for sev-

eral miles, passed by the home of the accused man without a pause, and eventually lost the scent. Thus the young farmer was cleared.

Shelbyville has a Checker Club, where men while away their leisure hours, neglect their business and are late for their meals. The town also boasts of one of the biggest merchants in the state—a young man 23 years old, almost 7 feet tall and weighing 266 pounds, formerly a resident of Hollywood and a star in the movies. There is in the county a man 102 years old who has for years held a cinch on the prize awarded each year at the Old Settlers Reunion to the oldest man on the grounds. The probate judge of Shelby County is the second oldest in point of service in the state of Missouri; he is now serving his twenty-fifth year. Two of our business men have taught classes in one of the Sunday schools for more than a quarter of a century. There is always material for local features and all the editor has to do is to put his “nose for news” into action and look about him.

A great many country editors feel they haven't time to develop their local features, but I think it would pay them to take time. Every story has a human interest side if you dig deep enough and features of this character are in my opinion just as valuable to the country weekly as they are to the metropolitan daily.

News in Other Lands

Foreign News Services

By J. H. FURAY

Foreign Editor, United Press Association, New York City

To most of us, perhaps, the phrase "foreign news service" suggests the American correspondent abroad covering the news of the world for American papers. The correspondent abroad sending news to only American newspapers plays a very important role but the sending of news to American newspapers is not necessarily a correspondent's most important function. He may be occupying a post wherein he is expected to cover the world's news for newspapers and newspaper readers of many countries. When he does that he is speaking not merely to an American audience but to a world audience.

Twenty-five years ago when the young man thought of the foreign correspondent abroad he visualized a rather vivid hero—a sort of composite of the Richard Harding Davis-William J. Locke-Phillips Oppenheim hero. He knew everybody in Europe and everybody knew him. He had the boldness of Robin Hood, the manners of Chesterfield, the dash and courage of D'Artagnan and the pen of Disraeli. He was forever dining at the Savage or Carlton club in London or some similar exclusive club. He had a nice taste in wines and what the Irish call a way with him that was irresistible in the drawing room. A very attractive, romantic figure. But as we look back we cannot recall much about the news he wrote, unless it be stories glorifying war and the soldier's life.

The foreign correspondent of today is not quite like that. The foreign correspondent of today is a man of serious bent, intent on his job, extremely loyal to his paper or his agency, anxious not to get scooped by his opposition but more anxious to get the news accurately. Of course there is still the color and there are the interesting contacts. But along with that there is just as much hard, tiring labor as any newspaper man does on any first-class paper in this country. Take any first-class reporter of your acquaintance who does his work intelligently and well, and you have the material for a foreign correspondent. Add the necessary special training and knowledge that is acquired by experience and you have the foreign correspondent.

It is necessary for the foreign correspondent to be familiar with all possible transmission routes from the country to which he is assigned and to know their condition at all times. Having such knowledge or not having it, often is the difference between scoring a scoop and being crushingly beaten. Lines of transmission in this country are so well prepared and maintained that we rarely encounter serious delays. Not so in Europe.

It does not do your paper any good to have the best story in the world and not be able to get rid of it quickly. You can be all dressed up, but if you have no place to go you are out of luck, if you will pardon the slang phrase.

But sometimes a correspondent has the most amazing luck. Some years ago when King Alfonso of Spain was married newspapers all over the world sent special men. An anarchist threw a bomb at the king's carriage. Several soldiers were killed, though the king was unhurt.

All the correspondents hurried to the cable office. One American correspondent unfortunately was caught in the crowd and was absolutely the last to file his dispatch. Just as soon as the tragedy occurred the government clapped down a censorship and the censor, a rather careless, unintelligent fellow, receiving the cablegrams filed by the correspondents, put them on a hook, one on top of the other. When it was found the king was unhurt the censorship was raised, and the careless censor picked the dispatches off the hook and sent them in exactly reverse order. So the American was astonished to get a cable from his home office congratulating him on the fine beat he had scored.

The war made many changes. Among other things it rang down the curtain on the old romantic, rather swashbuckling war correspondent and ushered in the war reporter. Newspaper men who covered that conflict came out of it enormously sobered and without any lingering illusions about war as a glorious business. They saw it with all the trappings and pomp stripped off. They saw it as a terrible, bloody, ghastly thing, a chamber of horrors from which they were glad to escape.

And they found, too, that what their readers wanted to read was what they could most readily understand—the things which came nearest to touching their daily lives. The technical stories of high and wonderful strategy were over the heads of many readers, but the simple story of what the front-line trenches looked like to John Smith of Sedalia or the story of the love of home of the French peasant who refused to leave his patch of ground when the war approached him were understandable and real things. Sir Philip Gibbs of the London Chronicle achieved notable success as a war reporter because he wrote in simple, direct English the thing he saw. And the thing he saw was not the war of glorious romance, a stirring, wonderful adventure, but a deadly, grim, soulless, devastating business that seared and killed everything with which it came into contact.

Among the difficulties which face any correspondent abroad are censorship and its twin evil, propaganda. These are two rocks on which many a fine news ship has split. The idea of censorship is repugnant to our American ideals of free speech. We know little about it because even in time of war we had it only in the form of voluntary repression.

Voltaire well summarized our American viewpoint with regard to

free speech and censorship when he wrote to a political opponent: "I do not agree in the least with anything you say, but I will defend with my life your right to say it". But in many countries abroad censorship is a real daily question to be considered.

Censorship often hides the truth. At this moment, for example, nobody knows with certainty whether Lenin, the head of the Soviets, is alive or dead. The Soviet government has been announcing his temperature and pulse daily, but there is no certainty that he is actually alive.

Propaganda put out by some governments for foreign consumption, in which the truth is distorted or entirely suppressed, is a danger which the correspondent must be prepared to meet. There is something peculiarly evil about such propaganda. The insidious mixing of fact and opinion in such a manner as to make the opinion appear to be the fact seems like poisoning the wells of news at their sources or like putting sleeping drops in a man's drink. Nations which stoop to such practices are those which fear the effect of truth.

There are two distinct phases of American foreign news service: One is bringing to the United States the news of the rest of the world, and the other is supplying other countries of the world with the news not only of America but of other countries outside of the particular country served. In serving countries outside of America with a world news service, it is vital to understand the differences between American news tastes and the news tastes of other countries. At a recent newspaper dinner in New York, eminent speakers dwelt earnestly on the duty of the American press to bring to its readers the news of the serious and weighty things of the world, and to eliminate the frothy and frivolous things. Will Rogers, the comedian, listened to these addresses and when his turn to speak arrived remarked that although he isn't a newspaper man he would venture to say that what American newspaper readers like to read is the things they most readily understand. They are interested, he said, in the lady who won the latest dancing marathon, how many shoes, stocking and partners she wore out, and in such soul-stirring questions as: Can Babe Ruth hit a fast one low on the inside of the plate, and how far?

But whether Rogers is right or wrong, what Americans like to read about in their newspapers is not necessarily what the readers of other countries are interested in.

During the war a filing editor in New York received a wonderful human interest story from France describing a cross-section of the front, the shelling of an old French peasant's house which was directly on the British line. It described how hardened British Tommies, under shellfire, had milked the peasant's cow. It was a vivid, graphic picture of the war. The New York filing editor, thrilled by the story, cabled it in full to South America, feeling pleased with himself. The next day he received

from his associate in Buenos Aires a cable referring to the story and adding: "Hereafter eliminate similar bunk. We don't desire cowmilkings".

Last year there was held in Washington a conference between Peruvian and Chilean delegates to settle the dispute over the provinces of Tacna and Arica—the Alsace-Lorraine of South America. North American newspapers paid little attention to that story, which lasted two months, yet the newspapers of South America required on that single story from 1,500 to 3,000 words of closely condensed cable news daily. And there was one day when the official Spanish text of the minutes of the sessions was given out, which totaled 6,500 words. It had to be sent in full.

A year ago nobody in the boxing world in this country had ever heard of Luis Firpo, the giant Argentine boxer. He was champion of South America, which meant nothing to us. He was so obscure that when he came to the United States we had to hunt for a week in Jersey City boarding houses before we found him. He boxed with some unknown in Jersey City last year and the bout was witnessed by perhaps 500 persons. No New York newspaper even mentioned it. Yet it was necessary for us to cover that fight as carefully and almost as voluminously by cable as the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. And ten days ago when Firpo fought in New York, the entire fight by rounds had to be covered at the urgent cable rate of \$1.50 a word.

Another instance. Two years ago Lasker and Capablanca played a match in Havana to decide the world's chess championship. Now chess is an ancient and noble game, but not many of us know enough about it to become agitated over a match. Yet the newspapers of Buenos Aires instructed us to cover each match—more than twenty were scheduled—not merely at the press rate but at the urgent rate, move by move. And even that wasn't fast enough, so one Buenos Aires newspaper built a private wire from the Havana casino to the Havana cable office to save a few minutes on each move.

The money expenditure involved on behalf of those papers was enormous.

When the combined French and American divisions began their drive against the Marne salient in 1918, three or four American divisions were operating with the French. A filing editor in New York received a graphic story of the attack by the American troops. He cabled to South America so much of it that he did not have much room left for the activities on other fronts. It happened that the story was a three-hour beat in this country, so the jubilant filing editor cabled his associate in Buenos Aires and called attention to the beat. The response he got read: "We had a beat here, too, but remember the French and British are also in the war".

There is no doubt that the work of a foreign correspondent makes

a strong appeal to young men everywhere. It is only natural that this should be so, especially in our own country. The descendents of the pioneers who wrested from the wilderness our Middle West and made it the fairest land in the world would not be true sons of those pioneers if the spirit of adventure were not in their blood.

And perhaps that is the reason why so many young men of the Middle West have succeeded well in the foreign field. They have imagination and vision, and these are essential to success in the foreign field. Without them, the correspondent abroad can scarcely appreciate fully his responsibilities not alone to the organization which employs him but to the world at large, the great body of newspaper readers everywhere who depend upon him to give them the world's news fairly and accurately.

For the operation of a world-wide news service means the bringing of the peoples of the world closer together. By this is not meant the governments of the world, but the peoples—the man in the street in the United States and the man in the street in England and in Japan and in France and in Argentina and in South Africa. Enlarge and increase the channels of communication between peoples, and something has been done to make the world better. Freer interchange of information between countries will make for a better understanding by each. From such increased understanding better relations should flow and the chances of national and international misunderstandings and their evil consequences should be lessened.

The vision of a future when international communications will have been made easy and exchanges of information will have brought the world's peoples into much closer contact and sympathy with each other, is the great dominating ideal of those who today are striving in the field of foreign news service.

The realization of that ideal will not come in our day and generation, but it does not seem too visionary to hope that one day it will come. To hasten that day, even a little, is to contribute something to the world's moral progress. And surely no newspaper man could ask a monument more enduring than that.

An American Reporter in China

By FRANK H. HEDGES

Peking Correspondent, the Japan Advertiser and the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

When a Britisher or American or English-speaking Japanese or Chinese meets an American newspaper man in the Orient, the first question is: "Are you from Missouri, too?" I think there must be about fifteen or twenty of us Missourians in newspaper work in the Far East now. An-

other fifteen or twenty who have been there are back in this country or in Europe.

In Tokio, also, I know from personal experience that practically all Japanese who have not been in this country—and also the bulk of the British there—believe that the two greatest American Universities in every way are Harvard and the University of Missouri. There is no question about it. The former managing editor of the Advertiser, now its London correspondent, Mr. Hugh Byas, a Scotchman, who has one of the finest brains I have ever come into contact with, was convinced that Harvard and Missouri were the two great schools in the United States.

And when it comes to journalism it is necessary to leave Harvard out.

It is difficult in this talk not to take both China and Japan into consideration, though they are more different than they are alike. There are greater differences between China and Japan than there are between us and any European nation. It is true, of course, that the bulk of Japanese civilization finds its roots in ancient Chinese culture. But development has been along individual lines and there are as great differences between the two cultures today as there are between ours and the German—although the roots of both lie in Greece and Palestine.

In Peking the newspaper man is a personage. The Chinese government realizes the importance and value of the news that goes out from China. All of the younger element in the government and in the universities and in business life are modern, and are much concerned as to the impressions that go out with regard to China. Because of that, they do all they can to enable American correspondents to obtain accurate information. When there is a president's reception, invitations often go out only to diplomats and newspaper men.

Peking has not been developed as a news field. The runs have not been built up. The legation run has. You can go to the American legation, where the American correspondents go every day except Sunday. All reports are placed at our disposal, and any information that the American legation may have that is not of a secret nature, is given to the newspaper men. The source of information is not quoted.

The same is true of the Japanese legation. Of course, there is more at the Japanese legation that they feel they cannot tell us. That is all right; we do our best to find it out somewhere else. The British legation is less helpful. They tell us the reason is that they do not have enough secretaries to take care of us. German, French, and other legations cooperate fully with us.

At the foreign office in Peking there was formerly an undersecretary assigned to see newspaper men once a week. He was very courteous, very agreeable. He received us, served tea and was a perfect host—but we learned nothing. He was willing to talk, but he knew nothing that we wanted.

Last fall there was just as big a bandit story as is now appearing on the front pages of the papers but it was not quite so spectacular. This secretary knew absolutely nothing about it when we interviewed him. He did not know what steps the government was taking to release the captives. We asked to see the foreign minister, who that month was Dr. Wellington Koo. The secretary threw up his hands. . . . The minister might be able to see us next Friday, he said. We persisted, saying we would hold up our cablegrams for four hours. Doctor Koo saw us at 4 p. m. And from that time on the foreign minister has seen us regularly. He knows the situation and he is not afraid of trespassing on authority in what he says. He has also changed his press secretary, giving us a man who really knows things, is not afraid to talk about them and who is available at any hour of the day. It has made a vast difference.

But after all, the chief source of news is individual friends you make among those who are in a position to know what is going on, just as it is in this country. It is necessary to make real friends of men of that type.

I happen to remember such an incident a year ago last Christmas, during the Washington Conference, when news from China was more important than ordinarily. The premier had resigned, and the appointment of a new premier was expected almost hourly. America was much interested. On Christmas eve, while I was at a picture show, I got a telephone call during the intermission. I did not know more than enough Chinese to get my food—but I had a pretty good idea it was about the appointment of a new premier. I got the story and cabled it, thus getting a twelve-hour scoop. This was only because my friend, the premier's secretary, had taken the trouble to telephone me at the picture show instead of waiting for business hours next morning.

It is easy to get news in Peking, but it is difficult to know when it is true. Most of it is not.

Peking is a city of rumor. Political changes occur almost weekly. Everyone follows the political situation and everyone has his own favorite slate in predicting what is to happen next.

I think probably the most important thing for the foreign correspondent in the Far East is to get a cultural background of the country—a difficult task, by the way. If you know something of the culture of China, of the material that enters into Chinese thought, you are in a position to follow the trend of Chinese thought, and that is the only way, I think, to sort the false from the true.

There is a lure and glamour to life in the Far East that has vanished from many parts of the world. I think no one, not even the idler, feels this more keenly than does the journalist. To give that lure and glamour to America is a part of the work of the correspondent, but it is only a part. To record the political changes in the republic is also only a part.

To tell of the changes that are coming in Chinese life, not only through China's contact with the West but through the natural evolution of her own culture, is also one part of his work.

The real task of the American correspondent in the Far East is to mirror life as it is lived in the Far East so that it may be understandable to the West. I believe that most of the American newspaper men in the Far East realize their task; not one of them is fulfilling it. I do not lay the blame primarily on the correspondent but on his home office, on the news agency or newspaper which he represents.

Most spot news is not properly understandable in this country unless it has a background with it. But the agencies and newspapers want only spot news.

If tomorrow a story came from China of a renewal of war near Peking between Marshal Chang Tso-lin and General Wu Pei-fu, the picture coming to American readers would be a comparison of Lee marching on Washington or Grant on Richmond. There is no such analogy. There are perhaps 200,000 or 300,000 men involved. The only men who suffer are those farmers whose crops are trampled and the merchants whose shops are looted. To the bulk of Chinese it makes no difference. Office holders in Peking change—that is all. A different set of officials does not mean any change in foreign or domestic policy.

There is less change, as a rule, than there is in this country when we switch from a Republican to a Democratic administration. The correspondent who merely gives the spot news is not giving a fair picture. Most of the correspondents want to give the fair picture—but the papers will not pay the cable tolls (21 cents a word).

The American paper, to my mind, has lost something valuable through its emphasis on the time element.

The misinformation of American newspapers on the Far East is tragic. We know Europe. No editorial writer would attempt to write an editorial on Bonar Law's resignation, for instance, without knowledge of the situation; but in reading the editorials on this recent Chinese bandit outrage, I found just two which showed that the writer was intelligently informed on the subject.

If I have any sort of message to give, it is this: That you demand from the news agency supplying your Far Eastern service more of this background material by mail, and that you then call up your courage—and it will take courage—to give space in your papers to this slower, heavier copy.

Some Observations on Journalism in the Orient

By OSCAR E. RILEY
New York City

The winning of a daily circulation of 50,000 in its first year is the achievement of the English Osaka Mainichi. This little four-page paper circulates throughout the Empire, although its chief field is Osaka, the St. Louis of Japan.

A bright future lies ahead of the newspaper, as it serves a wealthy city of factories and wholesale houses with a population of 1,252,000, almost all interested in learning more English. This is especially true of students, as English is compulsory in the high schools of Japan. The entire staff of this daily is Japanese except for two copy readers, one American and one Scotch. The subscription cost is 40 cents a month, a price which students can afford to pay.

Last month the Tokio Mainichi was launched in the capital of Japan, a city of 2,173,000. Its initial issue bore greetings from President Harding, Frederick Roy Martin of the Associated Press, President Karl Bickel of the United Press and Secretary Herbert Hoover.

New competition thus enters the field of the Japan Advertiser, which for the last ten years has been staffed almost exclusively with graduates of this School of Journalism. However, the Japan Advertiser thrives on competition.

The respect of American newspapermen for the press of Japan must be enhanced by stories such as that of the success achieved by the Mainichi, which by the way means simply "daily".

This respect also must be deepened when it is recalled that Japanese newspapers have to surmount many of the obstacles which used to confront the American press.

Distances are great in Tokio, as in all cities of several million people; yet there are no subways and the trams make rather slow time. Rickshas are expensive and taxicabs are prohibitive, of course, except for the exceptional story. Large staffs of reporters thus are required to follow through news tips and much time is consumed on one complicated story.

The telephone is not found so universally there, and it takes longer to get put through.

There are three to four thousand characters in use in a Japanese newspaper. This means a veritable army of typesetters. The printers, however, have a lower wage scale. The printing machines, as they are called in Japan, are the great American presses with which we are all familiar. Ink costs more in Japan, being imported from New England. Paper costs less, as it is made in great mills in Japan.

Cable tolls are outrageous. A column of foreign news in a Japanese

newspaper costs as much in wireless or cable tolls as does an entire page in a New York newspaper.

The foreign news coming from Japanese stations in America or Europe reaches Tokio in English in skeletonized form. English is necessarily used to avert mistakes in transmission.

In the Tokio Asahi office, for instance, these cables are expanded and translated into Japanese. The story translated, an editor in Tokio gets the Osaka Asahi on the leased telephone wire. An editor in Osaka repeats each word he hears over the telephone and a Japanese girl seated near by takes it down in shorthand. Still another Japanese girl takes these stenographic notes and writes them in longhand, ready to go to the foreign editor. The foreign news editors, by the way, have invariably served as correspondents abroad.

Summing up, it is seen that the Japanese publisher must have many more reporters and typesetters than an American publisher having an even larger daily, and also has heavier cable tolls.

The Japanese publisher, however, is still able to make a handsome profit. He does this by keeping the daily down to eight pages, or rarely ten, and by charging a subscription rate of 55 to 60 cents a month, which is ample to pay all expenses and leave a comfortable margin for dividends. The receipts from advertising are thus virtually all profit.

There is a Japanese adage which tells much in two words, "Shikai Dobo." The meaning is: "All the people within the four seas are brothers." Certainly this is true of newspaper people. When an American newspaper man considers the handicaps to accuracy in slow telephone service and slow transit, then he must say that the Japanese newspaper fraternity is handling the news end very well. In fact, in no country is the reporter or news editor more in love with his craftsmanship and his profession.

The Japanese editorial writers come from the ranks of selected reporters who have served as correspondents in a foreign post. These Japanese editorial writers are young and enthusiastic and attack right and left whenever reforms come too slowly to suit them. In this respect they differ from some of the more patient, elderly American editors, who waste no ammunition, but make each shot tell.

The attitude of Japanese editorial writers toward us may be best shown by quoting President Raita Fujiyama of the National Federation of Chambers of Commerce of Japan. In addressing the Chamber of Commerce of the United States week before last, he said: "I may call your attention to the fact that during the late war, our Japanese press made a distinction between America and the other countries with whom we were associated by referring to our European comrades-in-arms as 'Allies' but to the Americans as 'Our Best Friends!'"

News in Our Capitals

Reporting a Legislature

By ASA HUTSON

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Legislative reporting does not differ essentially from other reportorial work except that the reporting of the General Assembly requires a somewhat more intimate knowledge of the workings of the state government.

Legislative reporting, like any other kind of news gathering, requires initiative, head work, and much leg work. Let me say here that leg work—being where things are happening at the time they are happening—is just as essential and important as either head work or initiative.

The poorest reporter, I think, is the one who sits in his comfortable chair, and waits for the news to come in. The best newspaper accounts of any happening spring from actual contact with it.

Legislative correspondents, if they do their duty by their newspapers and the public, if they try to present anything like a fair picture of the General Assembly, must be tireless. Reporters who insist upon getting their meals at exact hours and enjoying long stretches of beauty sleep are likely to receive few letters of commendation from their managing editors.

It is the duty of the legislative correspondent to study and analyze legislation under consideration and to inform the public of its purposes. It is his duty to point out the bad features of a pending bill as well as the good features. The correspondent must be free to write fearlessly after he gathers his facts and verifies them. Some of the things which the people are entitled to know about an important measure radically changing existing laws, are: its sponsors? its opponents? its purposes? and its probable effects?

Incidentally let me add that the legislative reporter, and I think this may be said with equal propriety of other reporters, must steer clear of improper influences. The reporter who permits himself to get under obligations to any person or organization seeking or opposing legislation cannot render his paper fair and impartial service.

To the credit, however, of Missouri newspaper reporters, and I have made the acquaintance of many during an employment of seventeen years on the Globe-Democrat, their influence is not for sale. During all of my experience I have known only two or three reporters whom I even suspected of having accepted money, promises of political jobs, or other valuable things, to write or not write a given set of facts. I can conceive

of no more pathetic object than a newspaper reporter who is unable when a big news story breaks to handle it fearlessly.

The legislative reporter—and for that matter any other reporter—must be fair to be effective. It never pays to distort a fact to bolster up a wobbly story. We reporters make enough harmful and ridiculous errors in our stories through inadvertence without making them deliberately. Right here, let me add that it is my judgment that the great bulk of reporters try earnestly to write the facts. No reputable newspaper ever instructed its reporters to be unfair—to distort a fact—or to injure unwarrantedly a reputation, although I have heard this charged by candidates and political demagogues and others who should have better judgment.

Publishers of newspapers want to print all the facts about things that are fit to print. They are not courting libel suits and expense; neither do they desire their paper to get a reputation for inaccuracy and unfairness.

No reporter should jump at conclusions. Grave injustice, libel suits, and other things which newspapers want to avoid, arise from jumping at conclusions without making necessary inquiries. It has been my experience that many legislative situations, which on their face appeared wrong and even criminal, were found upon investigation to be harmless. But, let me say, when a reporter, after investigation, discovers something illegal, something wrong, or something criminal, it is his duty to expose it. If the facts as gathered are not conclusive and complete it is his duty to lay the results of his inquiries before the proper law officer and to print the developments, if any occur. That I think is the course pursued by the average reporter.

Instances of dishonesty, petty graft and that sort of thing may be found in every Legislature, but they are incidents and will be with us as long as weak or selfish men are put into positions of responsibility. I hasten to say that the great bulk of lawmakers and other public officials whom I have known, are average men, honest, and anxious to serve the people as efficiently and as faithfully as they can.

I think it may be fairly stated that Missouri newspapers are an important factor in the molding of legislation. I think it can also be said that newspapers exercise a constructive and helpful force in every Legislature. Newspapers are a greater factor in shaping and molding legislation than the public generally appreciates. Newspapers must rely very largely for information about important legislation upon their correspondents. From the correspondent they get the background of the bill, what it is about, its probable effect, and its purposes.

It has been my observation based upon an experience with legislatures dating back as far as 1909 that no measure consistently fought by the Missouri newspapers has ever become a law, and no bill of consequence which they actively supported has failed ultimately to become a law.

Whatever the public may think about newspapers, I think it can be said that the newspapers do not advocate legislation which does not seem to them right and in the public interest.

I do not mean that newspapers and newspaper reporters and editors are infallible. They are just average men and women. But they touch life at many angles and they have a better opportunity of getting facts than the average man or woman.

The legislative committee is the crucible of legislation. There the opponents and proponents of a measure are privileged to express their opposition or advocacy. The legislative correspondent must pay close attention to committee hearings, for in the committees the bills are threshed into shape with amendments, rewritten, or smothered. Many a bill dies by the last route. The chairman of the committee, with the connivance of its members, or a majority of them, simply locks the bill in his desk and forgets about it.

The discussion upon bills in committee lays bare their purposes and probable effects. It is in committee that the legislative reporter gets the background of legislation, without which what he writes will be colorless.

Bills which attract greatest attention in the Legislature are those dealing with public morals. A bill to censor motion pictures, which was considered by the last Legislature, attracted throngs so great that it required the Hall of Representatives to hold them. Public health measures, measures affecting the relations of employer and employe, and those affecting radically the conduct of business also draw crowds.

But the number of people who come to Jefferson City during a legislative session, or who petition the lawmakers to do or not do a thing proposed, are negligible when compared with the great bulk of Missouri people who go about their business depending upon the Legislature to do what is best and depending upon the newspapers to give information as to what is being done.

Nestling among the hundreds of other bills in the legislative hopper are the so-called sandbag bills, which have for their purpose the extortion of money, if possible, from the interests whose business would be affected injuriously. A few sandbaggers appear at every session. They are a veritable subpoena to the interest affected. The sandbaggers are permitted to die when their purpose is served. Members sometimes introduce them unwittingly at the request of some designing person who thus sets up machinery for a shakedown. It is said that men have had sand bag bills introduced in order to come to Jefferson City on a fee to lobby against them. The sandbag bill is bad but the member who deliberately stoops to the introduction of one is worse.

The Legislature and lobbyists are inseparable. The term "lobbyist" is applied to men and women who haunt the legislative halls and commit-

tee rooms and hotel lobbies to oppose or urge the passage of particular bills.

There are various kinds of lobbyists. There are the groups of good women urging the passage of bills to strengthen the child labor laws, to remove the civil disabilities of women, to give them equal political representation on party committees, to shorten the hours of labor for members of their sex, to regulate their wages and working conditions, to protect the public morals and public health and to give little children their chance to grow up in healthful environments. Women's clubs and groups usually are represented by an active lobby skilled in the arts of lobbying, and for patience, diligence and efficiency one cannot help but admire them. Their work is wholly unselfish. Their measures frequently are impracticable but their intent is always good.

Then there are the insurance lobbyists, railroad lobbyists, salary-increase lobbyists, job-creating lobbyists and the relief-bill lobbyists. The legislature corridors are abuzz with lobbyists all the time.

The paid lobbyist living in affluence in an expensive suite at the best hotel—the wily, oily lobbyist, who covers his tracks, who deceives as to his purpose, who never appears before committees, but does his work secretly, furtively—he also is there. His are the footsteps which the legislative reporter should trail.

The names of such lobbyists never appear upon the lobby register in the secretary of state's office. Only the harmless lobbyists register in that book. The law requiring lobbyists to register and state their purposes in Jefferson City was enacted upon the recommendation of former Governor Folk to break up a powerful railroad lobby which then infested the capital. The law did not break up the railroad lobby, but the force of public opinion did dissolve it during the succeeding administration, that of former Governor Hadley.

Do not despise the lobbyist. He performs a useful work, even though it be selfish. Many a bad bill has received its quietus through his efforts. And the skilled lobbyist of today does not come to Jefferson City with his pockets bulging with \$1,000 bills. The lobbyist is most successful whose cause is right, and next is the one who can pull the greatest number of political wires. But the lobbyist with the \$1,000 bills, I think, is about extinct. There are more effective methods of approach. The railroad-pass lobbyist also has gone.

Make the acquaintance of lobbyists—all that you can. They are useful sources of information. Lobbyists are accustomed to tell each other their troubles and thus a lobbyist becomes a veritable repository of useful legislative information. Many a legislative reporter got his first tip on a good story from a disinterested, or for that matter interested, lobbyist.

One of the unfortunate things in connection with the legislative lobby is that state educational institutions are compelled to lobby for their ap-

propriations. It is my judgment that this situation should be changed through the amendment of the constitution providing a direct tax for the support of public education in Missouri.

In legislative and political reporting the elements of acquaintance figure largely. Another important factor that must be considered is the question of keeping faith with persons from whom information is obtained in confidence. Acquaintance brings to the reporter a knowledge of political alignments without which in some political situations his news will be colorless.

Political reporters know vastly more about candidates and public officials than they write. However distinguished the candidate or official, the smoking car and the hotel lobby bring out traits of character which are frequently as surprising as they are disillusioning.

But the reporter is concerned only with the public life of the candidate. He does not bother about personal habits unless these become the target for public comment, and such comments must be made with formality before the political reporter will write anything about them.

The Washington Assignment

By J. FRED ESSARY

Washington Correspondent, the Baltimore Sun

I wonder if you realize the extent of the news field of Washington as it has developed with the growth of governmental activities, or have stopped to consider the enormous volume of news printed in American newspapers under Washington datelines. This is accounted for by the fact that Washington is no longer a political center merely. The federal government has reached far afield in recent years and has drawn practically all national interests toward the capital. This centralization extends to the railroads, which are largely controlled through the Interstate Commerce Commission; to banking and credit, which are controlled through the Federal Reserve Board and the Treasury; to foreign and domestic commerce, which maintain constant contact with the Department of Commerce; to ordinary businesses, which are regulated through the Federal Trade Commission; to labor, which is represented in the Cabinet itself by the Department of Labor; to American shipping, which is dominated by the Shipping Board; and so on down the line.

Practically every great national interest has its nerve center in Washington, either in Congress or in the administrative departments of the government, thereby broadening enormously that field of news-gathering.

Moreover, Washington has become the great center of propaganda, political, religious, social and industrial. This propaganda is carried on by literally scores of national organizations. The mail of Washington

correspondents is filled daily with propaganda from these sources and much of it is so skillfully prepared that it has genuine news value.

The federal government itself is engaged in propaganda. Every executive department is seeking publicity. In virtually every department there is a chief of the bureau of information, which is merely a polite title for a departmental press agent. The boards and commissions of the government have press representatives, and even the members of the House and Senate who can afford such a luxury, engage the services of former newspaper men or professional press agents to keep them favorably before the public.

The development of Washington correspondence has been coeval with the development of American newspapers themselves. In the earlier days there were no Washington correspondents as we now know them. Editors of newspapers journeyed periodically to the nondescript, hand-made little town on the Potomac to write occasional letters to their papers, all of them in vigorous editorial style and few of them intended to reveal any actual news. Such were James Gordon Bennett, the elder; John Howard Payne, who is best remembered as the author of "Home, Sweet Home"; Horace Greeley; Ben Perley Poore, whose published reminiscences cover a sixty-year period from the administration of John Quincy Adams to the first administration of Grover Cleveland; Henry J. Raymond, George D. Prentiss, and Henry Watterson. All of them were of the old school of Washington editorial correspondents.

So varied are the interests with which we deal in Washington and so broad the field that the specialist has come upon our small stage, as in our home offices. There are men who make a special study of foreign affairs, a phase of work that has assumed far greater importance in recent years, notwithstanding our pretended isolation. I have in mind Edwin M. Hood, the international expert of the Associated Press Bureau, who has been the unofficial adviser and confidant of half a score of Secretaries of State. I have in mind another specialist, A. E. Heiss, correspondent of the Daily Traffic World, who knows more about Interstate Commerce matters than does any member of the commission perhaps. I have in mind the late Charles S. Albert, of the New York World Bureau, who was a wizard on legislative procedure. I have in mind Roy A. Roberts, correspondent of the Kansas City Star, who writes more understandingly on agricultural matters than any other man I know. Specialization of this character is the logical evolution of talent at play in a field so wide and deep as our own.

Journalism in Washington long ago achieved official recognition, first at the hands of Congress, and thereafter at the hands of the executive departments. Rules governing the press galleries of the House and Senate were originally laid down by committees of those bodies, but as the corps of correspondents expanded, and as necessity arose for a careful examina-

tion of the credentials of the writers claiming the privileges of the galleries, the newspaper men were authorized by congressional enactment to elect a standing committee of their own number whose first duty it would be to pass upon all credentials presented; whose next duty it would be to regulate the conduct of their colleagues occupying the galleries; and, finally, who would provide a means of official contact between the legislative bodies and the men assigned to report the proceedings of those bodies.

This recognition, let it be stated, does not involve any censorship, direct or indirect, over the correspondents. There is no such censorship in Washington, and there has been none except that voluntarily submitted to by the men during the period of the war. And I might add right here that the censorship of that period is a tribute to the professional integrity of the five hundred or more men who fought the war on their typewriters in Washington. There was scarcely a day during that time when we did not receive in confidence, military and naval secrets which would have been invaluable to the enemy. We knew week by week how many men were being landed in France and the identity of the troops. We knew in detail the system of convoy of the transports. We knew how many naval vessels were engaged in the anti-submarine campaign off the Irish coast and how many naval units were in the North Sea. We knew of the great project to blockade the German submarine base by a mine barrage from its very inception. And we knew of these things and countless others, not by snooping around the War and Navy departments, not by burrowing in, but direct from the men in command. This vital information came straight from the Secretary of War or the chief of staff of the army, and from the Secretary of the Navy and his chief of operations.

Not one time from first to last, so far as I know, was one breach of faith committed. Although we were in possession of highly important facts which would have made big first-page news, we guarded those facts as jealously as if they had been family skeletons and even debated the propriety of confiding so much as a line of what we knew to our own editors.

This censorship, be it remembered, was self-imposed. There was no law to enforce it. The Creel committee was there, it is true, but its mission was to release publishable news, now to suppress that which was not publishable. The government guarded all cable and wireless communication to prevent information of value to the enemy from getting out of the country, but no such guard stood over the wires radiating out of Washington. None was necessary. American newspaper writers were patriots and needed no over-lord to dictate or to delete their stories. All they needed was a measure of guidance as to material which should or should not be used and the government set up an efficient organization to provide that guidance.

Nor was the wartime conduct of Washington correspondents more

to their credit than was the conduct of American newspapers in general. Practically all of them suppressed their enthusiasm for big vital news when it involved anything which the enemy might seize upon. Thousands of stories of one sort or another filtered into the newspaper offices of the country but where the slightest doubt existed as to the propriety of carrying these stories, they were referred to Washington for verification and release. If a release was refused on a given story, it was killed, notwithstanding the fact that no legal obligation rested upon the editor either to submit his story to the government or to hold it out of the paper.

There is a wide difference, however, between wartime and peace-time practice. Although Washington correspondents in a large sense enjoy the hospitality of Congress, that body exercises no control over what may be written about it or any of its members. In a general way the gallery rules prohibit a correspondent from lobbying in behalf of pending legislation, or from having any direct connection in such legislation. He must not represent any business interest. And if he is engaged in press-agenting of any character he is required to post the fact in the two galleries and to identify his client. Beyond these simple limitations, there is no restraint upon reporters of congressional proceedings.

Once in a while some irate member of the House or Senate, resenting something that may have been written about him, clamors loudly for discipline of the writer. This generally takes the form of a demand that the correspondent be expelled from the gallery. Such expulsion, however, rarely takes place.

Recently Senator Heflin of Alabama, smarting under criticisms leveled at him by a number of the correspondents, announced that he would have the men in question "thrown out of the gallery". Just what his particular grievance was, I do not now recall, but apparently it was too trivial for the Senate to bother about. The Senate correspondents as a body spared him, however, the trouble of exiling the men who had offended him. By agreement every man of them would quietly retire from the gallery when the senator arose to speak, leaving him to thunder at long rows of empty seats and to fret over the columns of the papers the next day in which there was no mention of him or his fulminations.

There is a curious Senate tradition that the executive sessions of that body are sacred and that nothing which takes place behind the closed doors must be reported. Although senators sitting in secret session are honor bound not to reveal anything that is said in executive debates, the proceedings of such sessions are almost invariably accurately reported in the newspapers. These leaks have resulted in many indignation meetings and many futile investigations.

A decade or so ago there came to town George G. Hill, a new member of the New York Tribune staff. Not knowing the rule regarding the supposed inviolability of executive sessions, Hill approached the late Sena-

tor Hoar of Massachusetts, one of the most austere of men, and politely asked the Senate leader what had taken place at an executive session. At first Hoar merely glared furiously at the correspondent, then, suddenly relenting, asked if Hill were not a new arrival. Finding that Hill was a newcomer, the senator led the young man to a dark corner and gave him full and complete account of all that had happened.

The next day Senator Hoar arose in the Senate and in a voice that quivered with simulated wrath, he read aloud Hill's report of the executive session, reminding the Senate that it was accurate in every detail. Then turning upon his colleagues he declared with mock solemnity that such a report could only have come from some senator, some man who had so far forgotten his duty to his country, the sacredness of his oath and his own sense of personal honor as to reveal the secret proceedings of the Senate. Mr. Hoar then added that if the senator responsible for that outrageous and disgraceful breach of faith were present, it was fervently hoped that he would take to heart the lecture then being delivered.

This was the same George Hill, I might say, parenthetically, who afterward became chief of the Tribune Bureau in Washington, and who administered a rebuke to one of his new men some years ago, worthy of the best traditions of the corps of Washington correspondents. It was at the time of Jessie Wilson's marriage at the White House to Mr. Sayre. Only representatives of the press associations were admitted to the East Room on that occasion. But a new man had come down to join the Tribune staff, a typical New Yorker, with all the cheap New York devices for getting news. He approached Hill on the night of the wedding with an air of triumph. He said he had sent his wife to bribe a White House cook to allow her inside as a helper; that she would witness the wedding in that fashion and would give the Tribune a big special story. Hill allowed his man to finish, then turned upon him savagely, saying:

"When you have been here a little longer you will learn that Washington correspondents get their news from the front door, not the back door, of the White House."

I would not have you assume, however, that Washington correspondents do not treasure a scoop. One of the historic scoops which is still talked about in Washington was executed back in 1898, by Matthew Tighe of the Hearst newspapers and illustrates the fact that most beats are not matters of careful planning, but are the result of eternal vigilance.

The war with Spain was being fought. Cervera's fleet had been bottled up in the harbor of Santiago. The thrilling voyage of the old Oregon around the Horn had just been accomplished. Hobson had made himself a hero by daringly sinking a collier in the harbor's mouth. It was deemed probable that the Spanish men-of-war would not venture forth and give battle, but would remain blockaded during an indefinite siege.

On Saturday, the third of July, however, the Spanish admiral, leading

his coluran, made a mad dash for the open sea and, as you know, his fleet was destroyed in the most thrilling naval engagement which had ever taken place in the Western Hemisphere. There was no wireless in those days. Even cable communication was slow and difficult. Dispatch boats were used both by the navy and by the newspapers in making their reports and these were often delayed.

About noon on Sunday following the battle, the country still unconscious of what had taken place off Santiago, Tighe was at his post at the White House, and alone. The Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long, unexpectedly emerged from the Executive Mansion, and as he walked away, Tighe approached him and inquired casually if there were any news.

The secretary believed not, but as he proceeded down the driveway, Tighe still accompanying him, he drew from his pocket a cablegram, saying:

"By the way, I have just received this message from Admiral Sampson, saying that the fleet under his command had engaged and destroyed the Spanish squadron. I have just shown it to the President. Perhaps it may be of some interest."

Of some interest! Tighe, scarcely able to control himself as he made a copy of it, opined mildly that it might interest a few people. At the gate he said goodby to the secretary, after learning that Mr. Long was on his way to the home of a friend for luncheon and would therefore scarcely be accessible to other newspaper men for several hours.

Tighe ran like mad for the Hearst bureau and, arousing a sleepy telegraph operator, flashed his great story. The Hearst newspapers were abroad with extras in half an hour and not until these papers appeared were their rivals aware of what had happened. And it was more than two hours later before Mr. Long was found and official confirmation of the Tighe story was obtained.

There is a story in Washington that Tighe's great scoop so commended him to Mr. Hearst that that great publisher issued an order that come what may, no man but himself should ever discharge Tighe from the Hearst service. Whether that is true or not, Matthew Tighe has remained on the Hearst Bureau all these years and is still there, although scores of men have come and gone meanwhile.

But appreciation of this sort is not always the reward of the reporter. Perhaps the story of another and a more recent beat, emphasizing what I mean, would interest you. During the course of the Disarmament Conference in Washington, the Four-Power Pacific Treaty was secretly negotiated. Many of us who were covering the conference had received faint intimations of what was going on, but it remained for A. Maurice Low, Washington correspondent of the London Morning Post, to spring

the real story, including the fact of the treaty itself and all essential details of its terms.

If this story had been printed only in London those of us who had been trimmed, so to speak, would not have felt particularly mortified about it, but the New York Herald had an arrangement to reprint all of Low's dispatches and carried the story in full.

Almost as soon as the Herald reached Washington an avalanche of denials from official quarters seemed to bury it as well as to discredit it. For reasons satisfactory to themselves, those who participated in the negotiations repudiated the story. The Herald, instead of standing loyally by its reporter until the facts were known, accepted the denials at face value and, apologizing for the alleged "fake", fired Low out of its columns.

In less than a week however, the conference formally announced the conclusion of the treaty along the exact lines laid down in Low's exclusive article.

May I tell you another story involving Maurice Low and illustrating the feuds that sometimes endure between Washington correspondents and the public men with whom they have news relations. Low is an Englishman, but for many years he was the Washington correspondent of the Boston Globe. During that period of service he became involved in a bitter dispute with Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, resulting in deep-seated enmity on both sides.

Three times during the period of this feud, Low was recommended by British ambassadors in Washington to their sovereign for knighthood. And three times Senator Lodge, becoming aware of such recommendations, intervened, using his great influence as a senator and a powerful member of the foreign relations committee, and defeated Low's ambition. I would hesitate to believe this story or to impute such smallness to a man of Mr. Lodge's position in public life, if the senator himself had not related it in my presence and with manifest pride in his achievement.

I might add that a fourth recommendation to the Crown went forward a few months ago from Ambassador Geddes, and Senator Lodge standing aside, the newspaper man became Sir Maurice Low.

The White House is the most productive news source in Washington, first because the presidency in recent years has become more and more powerful and more and more the fountainhead of governmental policies; next, because Presidents since the days of McKinley have realized the high value of inspired publicity; and finally, because the public is profoundly interested in the intimate views, the patronage and even the family activities of the Chief Executive.

It remained for President Roosevelt to inaugurate a new relationship between the presidency and the press. He learned early in his executive career what an ally a newspaper might be on occasion and he took full

advantage of the opportunity his office gave him to propagandize the country in behalf of his policies. Even so, Colonel Roosevelt seldom saw the Washington correspondents in a body. There was always a small group of news writers whom we called the "fair-haired" who had his confidence and, profiting by that confidence, were ready to lend themselves in a large sense to any cause which he might champion. Upon occasion he would summon forty or fifty correspondents at a time, as he did when he launched his first conservation congress, but usually he sent for only a half-dozen of his special friends with the result that there were many more scoops of White House origin during the Roosevelt period than since.

There is one Roosevelt story which might interest you. He was an ardent ornithologist and spent much time talking birds to his friends. He once put in a hurry call for Edward E. Clark, then Washington correspondent of the Chicago Evening Post, who also had the bird hobby. Clark imagined that he had a big story coming and flashed his paper a bulletin to hold space for an important White House announcement. When he arrived, the President dismissed all other business, took Clark by the arm and, leading him mysteriously out on the lawn, pointed with great enthusiasm to a nest of young owls that had just been discovered.

President Taft, as you may recall, was an incorrigible traveler. He could not endure Washington life for more than two or three weeks at a stretch and when he would become bored by routine, patronage grabbers and legislative wrangling, he would accept a series of invitations, order his private car and take to the road. I was stationed at the White House during the greater part of the Taft regime, representing the Munsey newspapers and the International News Service. It fell to my lot to travel with Mr. Taft more than 300,000 miles.

The Making of the Cartoon

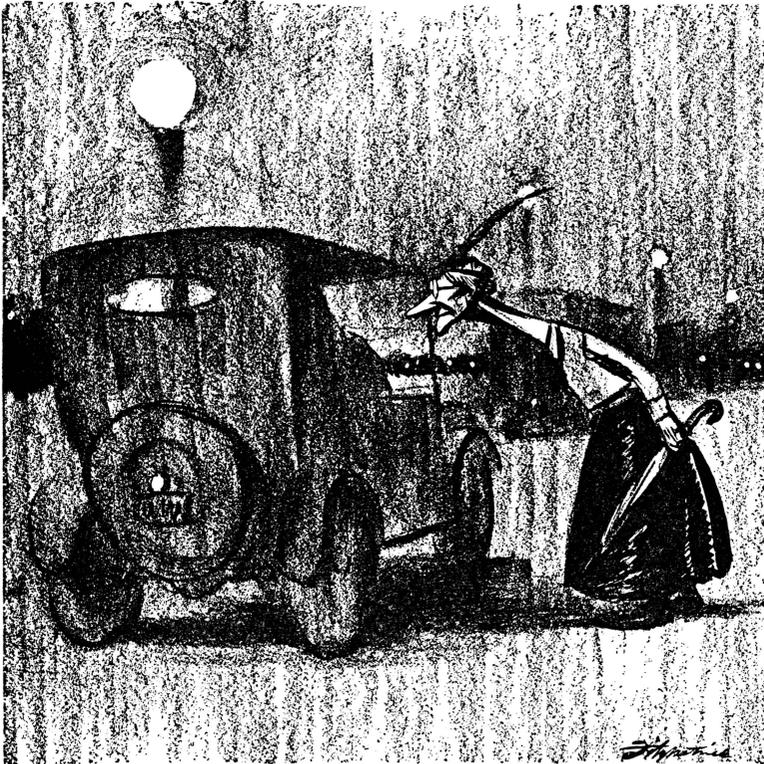
By D. R. FITZPATRICK

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

In making this address, Mr. Fitzpatrick showed and discussed a large number of his cartoons that had been published in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Only a few can be reproduced here, and the comments on the others are necessarily eliminated.

The thing I try to do in cartoons is to make them as simple as possible. I try to keep the drawing as free from details as possible.

The advantage I find in crayon as a medium is that it lends itself to simple handling. The crayon is large, and I am not so apt to be



Spring in Forest Park.

led into details with it, as is the tendency with a small instrument like a pen.

The cartoon, "Spring In Forest Park", is a local slant on the national mania for regulating other people's affairs.

"Held For Ransom." The capture of Americans by Chinese bandits suggested this idea. The American tariff bandit is holding the consumer for ransom.



Spartan

Held for Ransom.

Sometimes you can take a combination of situations that come up. For instance, in this case, the tariff was a standing issue that we were attacking and the Chinese bandit situation came up on the front pages of the newspapers; so I made a combination of the two.

The thing I hope to do in coming here and showing you these drawings is to try and arouse your interest in art. You ought to have some basic idea of art as a part of your journalistic equipment because many of you will some day have to pass judgment on pictures for publication.

The very fact that you are here is a confession that you do not feel capable of editing written matter without special preparation, but I have met few people who did not feel their native taste and judgment equal to the task of judging pictures. They know what they like but they can't say why they like it. I can't outline an art course but I'd suggest you at least look at all the good work you can get hold of. Among the Europeans I'd suggest Forain and Steinlen of France for special study.



The Pursuit of Happiness.

Sigheink

DISCUSSION

Question: What is the relation between the cartoonist, the editor and the policy of the paper?

Answer: That depends on the publication. Of course, cartoons would

be subject to the editorial policy of the paper. In my case, I am in sympathy with the editorial policy.

Question: Why is the "constructive cartoon" harder than what might be termed the "destructive cartoon"?



The Watch on the Rhine.

Answer: I don't know exactly why that is—unless it is something on the same principle as war—the man who is on the defensive is always in a weaker position.

Cartooning is essentially caricature and caricature in itself is satire. Satire by its very nature is critical, and therefore, it can only be constructive by exposing sham.

The Newspaper in the Small City

The Editorial Content

By EDWARD FELGATE

Editor, the Higginsville Jeffersonian

I will speak from the standpoint of the small-town newspaper; the big city newspaper men who are here at Journalism Week can speak for themselves.

The editorial content, I take it, is the content of the people's minds. If I could examine the three thousand brains of the people of Higginsville I'd have a pretty good idea of what my editorials were to be. According to some of the newspapers of the county—judging from their editorial content—there is nothing in the people's minds. There are no editorials in some of the papers; even the old "Jeff" falls down at times. The reason for no editorials is in the editor.

There is plenty going on. As I have turned the matter over in my mind it seems to me that the editorial is the result of a keen eye that is able to translate things into type. I could send two men up the street. One would come back with three pages of copy; the other would see and write nothing. The former is the man to find an editorial topic.

Editorials do not take much time to write, I write mine at any time, keeping a little book in which I jot down the thoughts that come to me. Half my editorials come to me when I am sitting at the table with the wife and children or hoeing the garden. One word or a sentence is enough to fix the idea; the rest comes easy. Not to capture the idea is to come to the typewriter empty-handed. Three or four words will grow to a quarter of a column.

There is no limit to the editorial content. One can write about King Tut three thousand years ago or the airplane jitney service in years to come. If the editor cannot see anything of local importance he can go far off.

The small-town editorial should be about the things that interest the people of that town. The thesis of an Harvard Master of Arts would fall flat as an editorial in my paper, but I can get the warm support of many of my readers by editorials on our shoe factory which is being built, the location of the hard-surfaced roads in the county, or the coming election.

I used to think all editorials were unread, that writing them was brain gymnastics for the editor. That's wrong. I've had people clip articles I have written and come back with a reply. I have a regular editorial column, right under the masthead on page two and whether there are few or many they are always there.

I am strong for the short editorials. I have been running the same

editorial squib for a year and expect to run it for about seven years more, "Let's get water from the river". Higginsville is only ten miles from the Missouri and this ought to be our water supply. People are talking about a bond issue for this project.

Another local prospect—the white way—was started, then dropped. For a year Jeffersonian readers saw "Let's finish the white way". It's done now.

But I don't always write about mudholes, white ways and water mains. I get quite a little satisfaction in picking up philosophical squibs on life. Life after all, is the most interesting thing in the world. Keep your eyes open and you will see events that are really life, which when put in your paper will make people say, "Now, isn't that the truth."

Here's one that came to me: "Don't put things off; put them over". I wrote this in a second or two, published it in the Jeffersonian and let it go. Months afterward I got a letter from a Florida banker saying he had seen this squib in a New York paper, credited to the Jeffersonian (one honest man in New York; I'd like to meet him). It had impressed the banker, he had some motto cards printed and was helped by the daily reminder. The whole day was brightened to think I had done some good and I swelled with importance to think of the great places to which my little paper went.

Another one: "Business is looking up to see if taxes are coming down". The Literary Digest took it to help make their readers smile.

I got a circular from a paper house stressing their brand of paper and giving the origin of the word. "This is too good to miss," thought I; so stole their thunder and made this: "By neglecting the brand we often get burned". Do I hear any "amens"?

Here are some of the same:

"A man is paid for what he knows and has to pay for what he does not."

"Persons who are not up on a thing are usually down on it."

"Transportation is high. It is sometimes expensive to express your thoughts."

"Ed Howe says that every time you look at a 12-year-old boy he needs a pair of shoes. Ed Felgate says every time you look at a grade-school kid he needs a new tablet and pencil."

"Rain in Missouri changes it from the lure to the leer of the road."

"Some of the tourists that pass our house must have forgotten their piano and bathtub."

And so it goes. Not heavy editorial topics to be sure, but like a choice piece of country ham nestling between the upper and lower layers of the heavy stuff.

The Make-Up of a Newspaper

By EDGAR C. NELSON

Publisher, Boonville Advertiser

When my paper goes into the mail it at once becomes my spokesman and my representative. What conceptions my readers get of me as an editor and a publisher, of my ability, my ideas and my ideals, come from the impression the child of my desk and my workshop makes upon them.

If my paper presents a pleasing appearance I have gone a long way toward "selling" my reader, even though he has not gotten beyond the front page and does not know the contents of a single column. If the paper is inviting he is ready to read it.

Good news deserves good headlines. The value of the story should dictate the size of the headline. Readers do not relish being misled. If the reader finds beneath a big headline a paragraph or two of practically no news value he unconsciously resents it and feels that he has been tricked.

Particular attention should be given to the make-up of the front page. Here's the editor's show window for his best news. It is always easy to have a nicely balanced front page provided it is planned before press day. Waiting until the make-up hour is dangerous to its appearance and trying on the make-up man's religion.

Then come the inside pages. Ours is a 12-page paper and we endeavor to make each page excel the others. Good stories headed up well and placed on the inside pages make pleasant surprises for your reader.

It's difficult for a tailor to produce a good-looking suit from shoddy cloth; likewise it's hard for a good-looking newspaper to be printed on poor stock. Look well to your news print. Often we have found it a good investment to add a half-cent or even a cent per pound to the price of our print paper in order to get a better grade. Rags may have been all right for Cinderella but it was the glass slipper that made a hit with the prince.

Good paper calls for good ink. For years we have bought nothing but extra quality news ink and, used sparingly, it has always paid in results obtained.

Your cylinder press must be capable of doing good work, else your printer's efforts along typographical lines count for little. Many a drum cylinder press has been made to print like new by careful attention to the tympan. Close to our press is a roll of heavy oiled tympan paper and a new tympan is put on the press every week. This, with good rollers, should insure a good clear print.

Many an issue of a well-printed paper is spoiled in appearance by a poorly adjusted folder. If I fail to pass the pearly gates it will be because I know little about printing machinery but persist in attempting

to help adjust my folder occasionally. However I have found through long and ofttimes bitter experience that tight tapes plus the careful use of an ordinary carpenter's square do much toward making a nicely folded paper possible.

Just a word about our single wrappers. Often one is tempted to use paper that has been printed on one side, or even copy paper that has been scribbled on. This is a mistake. Thus garbed, your weekly message does not stand much show to make a hit with the reader. Appearances are against it. We try to send out all single papers in printed wrappers. The cost is small and is more than paid for in the advertising value of the wrapper.

Now a word as to the advertisements in your paper. Few advertisers know anything about type but practically everyone recognizes a good set-up. Regardless of your advertising rate, when you accept a customer's ad copy you assume the obligation of giving him the best set-up your printer and your type equipment is capable of producing. Wellbalanced ads not only please the man who pays for them and have a greater selling value, but they also add to the good looks of your paper. Never forget that ads have a news value to the reader as well as a cash value to you. While the reader demands a liberal portion of pure reading matter, he would be disappointed in a paper that carried no ads at all.

For the modern small-town weekly or daily a good advertising cut or mat service, including a good casting box, is necessary. Advertising is a commodity that newspapers have for sale, and we have found that in the sale of it there is nothing that will prove a greater aid than a good service. A nicely outlined ad carrying one or two illustrations, placed before the average business man's eye, nine times out of ten as good as sold.

Today in Missouri there are thousands of potential advertisers who are not advertising because they feel they cannot write their own ads. The newspaper man who is alert enough to see that they are supplied with attractive and suggestive ad copy will be well repaid for his efforts. As an illustration, we recently outlined a "builders" page ad. We selected a list of non-advertisers among our builders and contractors and sent our 17-year-old stenographer out to interview them. She sold the entire page in three hours.

Now for a moment, let us turn from the mechanical and advertising members of our trinity to the third—the contents of the paper. We feature the Boonville Advertiser as "a home paper for home people" and strive to live up to the slogan. The home field carefully cultivated will yield a bountiful harvest for the man with faith enough to sow, energy enough to plow and patience enough to wait.

The average reader takes your paper for the home news. If he finds

it therein correctly and concisely told he will swear by the paper; otherwise he may be tempted to swear at it.

Get the news of your county week in and week out and you need not worry about your circulation. Departmentalized news is always good. As an editor in a great agricultural and livestock county I have always featured a farm department, and as the former owner and editor of a weekly newspaper published in a small town I was able to build a big circulation largely on that feature. Since acquiring the Boonville Advertiser, although in a much larger town, I find the same department a valuable one.

Don't overlook the feature story. It's a winner for the country weekly just as it is for the big daily. Your reader will treasure the feature stories long after he has forgotten the best news story you ever printed. The advertiser never goes to press without at least one feature story. About what? you ask. They are on every hand waiting to be put into type. The writing of one will suggest others. Study the magazines and big dailies for your style, if need be, but search your own field for subjects.

For instance: Telling our readers that Sombart's dairy on the outskirts of Boonville was milking twenty cows did not create much interest, but a feature story of Fred Sombart, Boonville capitalist, with an ambition to build a great herd of register-of-merit Jerseys made many of our readers appreciate the adaptability of our rich river hills to the dairy industry—and incidentally resulted in \$50 worth of advertising from Mr. Sombart. A story of Samuel Cole, who as a boy lived in the old fort at Boonville and hunted deer with Indians, pleased every descendant of the seventeen children of whom he was the noble sire and brought us some new subscribers.

And lastly, as the preacher says, forget not that ours is a noble calling. Above and beyond the mere fact that it can be made to pay handsome dividends in cash is the greater reward of the knowledge that one thus engaged can do his part in making his own town and community a better place in which to live, to love and to work.

Greater reward hath no man.

Shall the Newspaper Do Commercial Printing?

By WILLIAM SOUTHERN, JR.
Editor, Independence Examiner

Several times at meetings of press associations I have suggested that even in small offices the businesses of publishing a newspaper and running a printing office should be entirely separate. Immediately objections arose in which the positive statement was always made that in a small

town a newspaper could not exist without the job printing business in connection.

There is only one excuse for the job printing office in connection with the newspaper office, and that is that some of the investment necessary for the publication of a newspaper may also be used for the commercial printing. The two businesses are not any more closely related than the hardware business and the dry-goods business, which may be housed in the same rooms and use the same cash register.

Commercial printing is a business of itself, requiring a peculiar turn of business ability. The job printer spends 80 cents to produce an article which he sells for \$1.

The newspaper business is not of the same class. There is always a certain fixed expense in the production of a newspaper which must be met whether that paper is doing a good business or not. In the ordinary country newspaper office this cost of production is practically the same each week regardless of the amount of business carried. That being the case, every additional advertisement produces revenue which goes on the profit side.

Many country newspaper offices are obliged to run a job printing office in connection with the newspaper because the owners are job printers and not newspaper men. My observation is that a great many of the country newspapers are existing on the profits made by the job printing office. If this is the case the publisher should go into the job printing business exclusively and the newspaper man into the newspaper business exclusively.

I have had men ask how it would be possible to run a newspaper in a town of a thousand people, or even twenty-five hundred people, without a job printing office in connection. I would answer this question by calling your attention to a few things which happen in almost every newspaper office, and which make the country newspaper field very fruitful for men who come through the country making their living off of the country newspaper without having any investment in the business.

All of you have had some experience with the man who comes in and offers to put on a subscription campaign. He knows his business and is a good solicitor, and the ordinary plan is that you pay one-half of the amount of money he brings in by his campaign and secure the additional number of subscribers which he puts on your list, hoping that at least 50 per cent of them will remain as permanent subscribers. Any man present, or woman either, who is publishing a weekly newspaper can go into his or her own territory, say for two or three days each week, and canvass very possible prospect on every rural route, doing the work systematically, and make more money for those two or three days than by staying in the office and running the job end of it. Not only can you by this method make the actual cash, but you add to the value of your

newspaper property at least \$500 for every one hundred new subscribers you get and hold. Any one of you could devote at least this much time to this work if you had no job printing office to bother with. This one item alone would justify the stopping of the job printing business.

But this is by no means all. A few weeks ago in my town a traveling salesman spent two days—and I want to say to you that my town is solicited closely, systematically and carefully every week. This man took a piece of cardboard 8 by 10 inches and pasted down the center a piece of sandpaper, adding the words, “for convenience hang me between the telephone and the match-box”. Across the top he printed, “Community Directory”. He marked the balance of the card out into spaces about two inches wide by one inch deep. He solicited advertisements for that card only among a little group of stores in one part of town, stores which are not usually liberal newspaper advertisers. He sold nineteen of these spaces for \$2 each. Probably one hundred of those cards were printed and delivered, possibly one hundred to those who had taken advertisements. His day’s work netted him about \$12 and the advertisement wasn’t worth a thin dime to anyone.

I am using this actual illustration, which is only one of the many schemes being pulled off in your town at different times. Any of you by putting in the necessary preparation of dummy pages, quarter pages or half pages can go out and in half a day sell a group of advertisements for your paper.

The trouble is that you are not willing to do the work. When some man comes into town and offers to put on a special edition you agree to pay him 50 per cent of all he puts into that special page. After you deduct the cost of printing you are giving away legitimate profit on your own business.

You can at any time put on a special edition yourself. The reason that you don’t do it is because you are too busy trying to get a piece of job work which you will sell for \$4.50, on which your net profit ought to be \$1.50 and probably is about 30 cents.

As long as you are hung up doing job work in your office you can never canvass the rural routes which your paper should cover, nor can you go out and sell an extra page every week or get up a special edition of your own paper. If your paper is paying expenses and a small profit with the work you are giving it now and you can go out each week and sell an additional page for 25 cents an inch, which is \$5 a column, \$30 a page for a six-column paper and \$35 for a seven-column paper, you are making more money than your office would otherwise make on \$150 worth of job work.

I have no doubt that most of you have at least one extra man in your office who would not be necessary if you did no job printing. That man costs you anywhere from \$20 to \$40 a week. If you are paying this

man \$30 a week you will have to do at current prices \$100 worth of job work each week to pay his salary, without leaving yourself any profit on his work. If instead you used this extra man to set up extra advertising for your paper to the amount of \$100 you would have practically a net profit of \$70 on his work. In most cases you would be able to do away with this man's expense until your business increased to such an extent that another printer would be necessary to get out the paper.

Not long ago a Missouri newspaper man sold his office and quit. He said that for a year in order to cut expenses he had been working in the back room setting type and doing job work, and even then he could not make it pay. That explained the reason for his failure. The man who cannot make more money on the street than by working as a printer in the back room ought to quit and get a job at the case. I do not care how small a newspaper is, the executive should never set a stick of type, fool with a linotype or a press. Personally, I think a man or woman better equipped to run a paper successfully without any knowledge of the mechanical part of production.

The number of subscribers which may be had for a real country weekly by close application and intelligent work is limited only by the number of families in your territory.

The amount of advertising that you can carry in your weekly paper is limited entirely by the amount of hard work and intelligent application which you put upon the sales department of your paper.

Advertising in the Small City

The Personal Touch in Advertising

By R. E. SHANNON

Business Manager, the Evening Journal, Washington, Ia.

Most of the advertising in a town such as ours is done spasmodically. The solicitor starts out at 9 o'clock in the morning. He finds the merchant reading his mail or sweeping out, and invariably he looks startled at your appearance. He has that startled look down to perfection. You watch him then, while he rushes to the counter, tears off a piece of wrapping paper and begins preparing his advertising copy for the day. If you could analyze his mind during that process you would find about three ideas that are uppermost:

1. He wants to get the blamed thing off his hands.
2. He wants to show his competitor across the street that he can sell merchandise just as cheaply as anybody else.
3. He wants to show the public that he can write some real stuff, that he is something of a literary genius.

Why in the world is it that the average small-town merchant, when he sits down to write his advertising, instead of using plain common-sense talk such as he uses across the counter every day, immediately tries to think of something pretty to write, some handsome phraseology? He thereby defeats the purpose of his advertising.

About three years ago we made a trade survey to discover what the people thought of our paper and our merchants. I think the most interesting thing we learned was that the people of our community were showing a distinct preference for advertising that had news value—advertising with the personal touch.

Some years ago I attended a convention of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association in New York City. I sat back in the corner and listened to Jason Rogers tell us how he created his paper, the New York Globe. I noticed he was using methods we were not using; but that was his fault, not ours. Among other things, he said that the New York Globe was compelled to turn down advertising every day for lack of space. That was the chief difference, I think, between the New York Globe and the Washington Journal. He said they always gave preference to advertising with news value.

Now I am going to be personal—I'm going to name names and quote figures.

We had a furniture dealer at that time in Washington, named McElhinney. He wanted some kind of advertising, but wasn't sure what kind. I told him about advertising with news value, and he liked the

idea. We sat down one evening and prepared six advertisements. That was six years ago—and Joe McElhinney has not missed a single issue of the Journal since then. In the six years he has trebled his business, and he attributes a large amount of his success to the advertisements. He comes down to the Journal office every day and prepares his copy. (See page 74 for example.)

Joe has a half-interest in a drug store. His partner is George McDaniels. George runs a daily under the caption "10 Years Ago Today", and he gets splendid results. (See example, page 74.)

We also have a bank that has gotten away from the old capital-stock-and-surplus way of advertising. It tells stories of depositors, thrift, etc. (See advertisement on page 74.)

Rothschild, Ready-to-wear store, incorporates in his advertising a column he calls "Aditorials"—little paragraphs, purely personal. He says he gets more results from that line of "aditorials" than from the balance of his advertising. (See page 75.)

A produce man runs a piece of "poetry" every day—and more people read this "poetry" than the works of more well-known poets. (See example on page 75.)

A year ago two young men came to Washington and established themselves in the oil business—service stations. They went into a business that was completely covered in our town. I wondered why they selected Washington. But they laid out an advertising campaign to run three times a week. And today they are considered the biggest dealers in the city. They localized their advertising. And they have just opened a new filling station. (See page 76.)

Gust Bramer, the tailor, makes every ad sound like Gust. He began his advertising last September and in the last four months of 1922 he sold more suits than in the eight months preceding. He has now moved to larger quarters on the main street. (See page 78.)

Barclay, the grocer, gets away from the old shop quotations. He tells stories and gives us something to think about. Of course, he carries the usual quotations alongside, but it is the stories and paragraphs that secure most attention and sell his goods. (See page 77.)

Frank L. Wilson & Co., shoe store, since the spring of 1922 have been concentrating their advertising efforts almost exclusively on Arch Rest shoes. Previously they had scattered their fire. They were advertising all kinds of shoes at all kinds of prices. They changed their policy abruptly, began telling the public in a purely personal way about how Arch Rest shoes were pleasing their patrons, and in one year they have become the largest buyers of Arch Rest shoes in any town the size of Washington. In their ads they embody such stories as the following example. (See page 77.)

We overheard Lauder Kennedy say yesterday, "We'll get rain; we always have."

We're convinced today that he knew what he was talking about.

We received a nice shipment of beds this morning. They are all metal beds, finished in walnut and oak and Vernis Martin.

Wouldn't you like to own a bed spring that is guaranteed to be satisfactory for a life time?

McElhinney's

\$7.95 top price on hogs.
Rain tonight. Fair tomorrow.

10 Years Ago Today—

"Tink" Shenefelt sold his restaurant on the East Side to "Bill" Cox.

First Sarg. Eldridge tells us **PARKO** is great to use as a shaving cream. He says it makes the skin the kind you love to touch.

McElhinney Drug Co.

PHONE 89

"I Have Found

that I live better since I started to save 10 per cent of my money," remarked one of our progressive young men.

It was his experience that before he started to save it took all of his money to live. But he heard that people were successful at saving 10 per cent so he decided to try it. Now he thinks that he lives even better than before because he has his bank account to fall back on.

Are you spending everything or are you saving part of your income so that you will be able to live better. If you will just try saving 10 per cent of your money you will find that it will not be a burden and the results will be very pleasing to you.

Open your account today at the

Washington National Bank

The Only National Bank
in Washington County

ADITORIALS

It May Interest You to Know THAT

Mrs. Rothschild was in Chicago last week and as usual bought some good looking silk dresses and we have marked them as cheap as \$13.89 up to \$19.89.

THAT

if you see some spooky lights floating around in your yard after dark do not be alarmed, it is only someone hunting fish worms with a spot light. We used to dig them.

THAT

you do not need a spot light to find the fine Linen, Voile, Ratine and Eponge dresses we have just received. \$8.89 to \$15.00.

THAT

I am going to visit my daughter and her hubby next week. May try the fishing there. Hope you keep the girls at the store busy while I am gone.

THAT

these cool days may not be just right for corn and oats but it reminds women they need a new Spring coat, or suit. Prices greatly reduced.

THAT

IT PAYS TO SHOP AT

ROTHSCHILD'S

|| REISTERS ||

Yesterday was a wonderful day,
The services were all very fine,
The parade was sure pretty,
With all of those children in line.

Talk about something pretty,
The color of the richest gold,
Is our brand Washington butter,
As good as the best that is sold.

W. S. REISTER & SONS
Cash Buyers of
CREAM, EGGS and POULTRY
Mfgs. of Washington Butter

Read our market ad on page two for prices

|| REISTERS ||

More Acres to the Gallon

One of our farmer customers asked us this: "Why is it that your Climax Kerosene will plow more acres per gallon?" He had tried Climax and another brand in his tractor. We simply told him that Climax was GOOD kerosene.

This same man told us his tractor seemed to work better with Climax. And he also said that his wife tried the two grades in the lamps and that Climax burned much brighter and didn't smoke. He ordered another barrel of Climax.

Washington Oil Co.

Opposite Graham Theater

Free Crank Case Service

My message to you is this: Make your advertising interesting—as interesting as the news. It is a part of the news of the newspaper.

You can pick up any newspaper. You will find that few of the advertisements appeal to you. Just start at one end of the paper and go right through and read every advertisement there—some of you will shy at the very thought of it. And yet that is exactly what we are asking the public to do.

On the basis of the returns from our survey we give our advertisers the following advice:

Write your copy to the readers—not to your competitor.

Avoid generalities—tell them something definite about your store or your service.

Keep away from the superlative—exaggerations are usually recognized. Be brief—it's better to say too little than too much.

Even in the grocery business, there's pleasure. Every once in a while—sometimes more often than that—a customer commends us.

* *

A little praising now and then is relished by the best of men.

* *

I heard today about a man in a restaurant who gargled his soup so loud that a deaf man out in front yelled, "Run for your lives, the dam has broken."

* *

I like the new parking marks around the square. How do you like them??"

* *

"We roast our coffee—others praise it," remarks a live-wire groceryman. Dinner Party Coffee is roasted only once. That's just before it is sealed up in packages. What a wonderful coffee it is!

* *

If you are a stranger to this store, maybe you're waiting for an invitation. All right—this is your invitation. Come in.

* *

I think you will like to trade here. Others do—at least they say they do. And they keep coming back.

* *

**GLENN N.
BARCLAY**

One Day Last Week

a lady came into our store and said, "Mr. Wilson I want Mr. Corwin to fit my feet with a pair of Arch Rest Oxfords; he fitted me last year and it was the first time I was ever fitted."

We hear such statements every day, people who have worn these famous Arch Rest Oxfords are loud in their praise of them. They are so comfortable, they are light in weight, they are good looking, hold their shape, wear well and are delightful to wear.

We have never sold any kind of shoes that have pleased our patrons so universally as these Arch Rest Oxfords.

VESTS OFF!!

I bet all you men took off your vests today.
I did. Too hot weather now for vests, I think.

Two-piece summer suits is the thing. I got some beautiful light summer cloths—make you dandy suits—mohair, palm beach and tropical cloth.

\$23.50 to \$28.50

made to your measure

A perfect fit or no money

Gust Bramer

THE TAILOR

East Side Square

Systematize your advertising—appropriate a percentage of your gross volume of business for publicity; then spend it intelligently.

And above all, be TRUTHFUL. If you want results from your ads the public must have confidence in your statements.

Farmers' Advertising

By D. C. SIMONS

Editor, the Tribune, Grant City

The future of the country weekly lies in the development of three fields—farmers' advertising, foreign advertising and local retail advertising. I place the development of farmers' advertising first, because I believe it to be not only the easiest and least expensive field to develop,

but also the most profitable. And that is true because the farmer reads and responds to advertising.

The development will come more rapidly and with less expense to those local newspapers that are in sympathy with the farmer and his helpers, and are willing, in accord with newspaper tradition, to smile with him, fight with him and sympathize with him in times of stress.

It seems to be an opinion held quite generally that we are a "sob sister" to the farmer, but I say to you that the average farmer is made of different metal from that. In my county, where 70 per cent of our 7,646 people live in the country, they are entirely within their rights when they ask for representation in my paper in proportion to their number. Their local comings and goings are just as much entitled to the columns of the country newspaper as the tea party of the banker's wife or of the leading doctor, attorney or politician.

Last year we carried approximately 7,000 inches of farm sale advertising, more than 1,000 inches of farmers' want ads and around another 1,000 inches of stock for sale, service, etc., or a total of about 9,000 inches from farmers direct. Because we carried this 9,000 inches of farmers' advertising we are permitted to carry 16,000 inches of local display—retail, professional, clearance sales and legals—and 6,000 inches of foreign. The farmers' advertising came first and was the cause of the rest following to us, a total of 31,000 inches, 258 pages or almost exactly 50 per cent of the 532 pages printed in 1922.

The basis on which this advertising was obtained, was the running of our newspaper for our subscribers entirely, and not for our advertisers. By that I mean the personal news of the various communities of the county. Nor is the paper opposed to the retail merchant or town interests, but the interests of 70 per cent of rural population come ahead of all else.

Ten years ago the Tribune was started at Worth and eight years ago was moved to the county seat at Grant City where two papers already were published. The circulation at that time, 1914, was about 350 and the advertising rate 10 cents an inch, or \$36 per page per thousand of circulation. The subscription price has been raised twice, first to \$1.25 and then to \$1.50, and the advertising rate to 15 cents and then to 20 cents. Because of the increase in circulation to an average of 1,762 for the six months ending December 31, 1922 (today it is 1,810, entirely paid in advance), the cost per page per thousand circulation has been reduced to \$13.12.

I'd like to add here that our farmers like their paper stopped at the expiration of the time paid for. Don't worry, for if you are giving them the kind of paper a rural community deserves your experience will be like mine, that 50 per cent renew before it stops, 75 per cent before it has been stopped one month and between 90 and 95 per cent inside of three

months. The balance—well, some die, some move in with the folks and some get mad at the paper and would not have it in the house.

After you have the farmer on your subscription list your own advertising columns can win him through the same method we preach so regularly to others, but use so little ourselves.

As a rule farm sales in Worth County use sixty inches of space. The farmer sells himself on this amount. For example, show him a paper with a bill printed full size therein. Ask him to start with page one and turn through, making note of those advertisements that he reads first, and he is sold. Naturally he or anyone else sees the large ones, and farm sales are advertised such a short time that large space is used to get instant attention, which it does.

In 1910, as publisher of the Sheridan Advance, I believe I sold the first full page sale bill ad in northwest Missouri. The sale totaled at invoice \$900 and the clerk's list \$1,125 so that farmer was well pleased with the \$6 spent in advertising.

The want ads are read first in the farm house because no one willingly overlooks a bargain. They run from one-half column to two columns a week, depending on the season. One farmer, at a cost of \$2.25 for a five weeks' want ad on seed potatoes, sold more than 100 bushels at \$1.75, which was 85 cents more per bushel than the Farmers' Exchange sold a carload for. A lady, at a cost of \$2.40, sold more than 5,000 Rhode Island Red eggs at \$3 and \$5 per hundred.

This advertising is placed almost exclusively in the Tribune because the farmers subscribe and pay for the Tribune, which reaches more than 90 per cent of the homes of the county. Their advertising money goes where their subscription money goes—at least in this instance, and without solicitation.

The Obligation of the Small-Town Publisher to His Advertisers

BY ALFONSO JOHNSON

Manager, the Columbia Missourian

One Missouri editor, when asked what he owed his advertisers, said, "I don't owe them anything. They pay me for white space and I give them what they pay for."

Another Missouri editor, in reply to the same question, said, "I owe them everything I can give them. I couldn't run my paper without my advertisers."

Both of these editors are right if they had said what they meant, and both would have been wrong if they had meant what they said.

The first editor sells more than white space; he charges for space plus.

the cost of the service that makes the space valuable, and he does give full value for money received. He meant by his forceful statement that he did not give free publicity to advertisers and did not allow his news and editorial columns to be influenced by those who bought advertising space.

The second editor did not mean that he allowed his advertisers to dictate his policies, neither did he mean that he carried out their wishes, built their fires, and waited on their customers. It has been proved that advertising in a successful newspaper is more valuable to the advertisers than the business of any advertiser is to the newspaper.

A newspaper, if properly named, must give the news; it must interpret the news; it must entertain, in a degree; and must lead the community in the best things. Advertisers in local papers are also readers, and we owe our readers several things. What we owe advertisers in addition to what we owe other readers is in *SERVICE* for which we are paid, or for which we should be paid.

What do we owe our readers?

A real newspaper is a community institution for public service and its great duty is to print all the community news without distortion or color. The metropolitan papers may overshadow the news of their own city with national or international news but the paper of a small town must first of all be a local paper. We owe our readers a paper with news of all the home folks.

We owe our readers the best newspaper that can be published in our community; best in news, best in editorials, best in advertising, best in typography.

We must keep our news columns clean and we must keep our advertising columns clean. We must throw the unclean, unhealthy news story in the basket and must refuse objectionable and questionable advertising.

No editor would invite a leading merchant and his wife to dine with him and then ask an unscrupulous get-rich-quick promoter to sit at the same table. No editor would invite the pastor of his church to take an auto ride and place beside him a foul-mouthed teller of vile stories.

The story is told of a western editor who published a sensational paper filled with stories of crime and some very questionable advertising. After the regular edition was run off he "lifted" all objectionable matter both in news and advertising and filled in with human interest stories of kindness, extracts of sermons, advertisements of good books and made it all that a good newspaper should be. The second edition consisted of one copy and that copy went to the editor's aged mother.

The home paper goes into the home and someone's mother sees every copy.

The results of advertising depend greatly on the influence the newspaper has on its readers; we must first pay our debt to those who subscribe for and read our paper.

Having produced the best possible newspaper from the reader standpoint, what do we still owe the advertiser?

The city newspaper may say, "our rate is so much an agate line; bring in your copy and get it in early"; and slam the door. The small-town editor cannot and should not do that. We sell more than agate lines; we sell inch space that is worthless until it is filled with advertising that:

1. Will be seen.
2. Will be read.
3. Will be understood.
4. Will be believed.
5. Will bring the reader to the advertiser's store.

And generally it is up to the small-town editor to make the advertising copy do those things.

It is up to us to see that the space paid for by local merchants brings result. We cannot afford to give the necessary service to our advertisers if we are charging for white space only. But which is cheaper to the merchant: white space at 20 cents an inch that brings no returns, or white space covered with an ad that brings results at 30 cents an inch?

Merchants in small towns cannot afford to have advertising managers; in most cases they know but little about advertisement copy. When they sit down to write copy they become unnatural and stilted; pencil and paper give them stage fright. The average merchant could write wonderful copy if he could be natural on paper. It takes time to write advertisements if they are worth printing, and the small town merchant has so many duties he never thinks of his ad until the newspaper man comes in. Then he hurriedly scribbles something on a piece of wrapping paper or he says he has nothing.

That is, he does if the newspaper man allows him to. I hope the day has gone when advertising men open the merchant's door and shout "Nothing today?"

The man who takes care of advertising on the small local paper must be advertising manager for every merchant in his town. He must know the merchandise and he must write ads that pull. Then he will carry carefully prepared copy for the merchant's ok instead of trying to sell white space which makes the merchant nervous. It is much easier and more logical to sell copy than to sell white space to merchants in small towns. Copy is a service which the merchants recognize as an investment; white space stares them in the face and looks like expense.

Illustrations in advertising copy work wonders and attract attention. If the merchants do not have their own cut service, a newspaper can easily have a mat service and a small casting box and thus be able to illustrate much of the copy.

Service to our advertisers means more than preparation of good copy. It should help the merchants sell the goods after our papers have brought

customers to the store. The best ad in the world is useless if the retailer does not give service that satisfies. It is to our interest to urge our merchant-advertisers to give real service to their customers.

A grocery store changed hands in Columbia. One of our ad solicitors, a journalism student whose father runs a weekly paper in Missouri, had a big idea which he convinced the new grocer would bring business. This solicitor suggested an open house, a sort of get-acquainted day, when every woman would be invited to the store, given some refreshments and incidentally be given a chance to see the stock and meet the new force. Together the solicitor and the grocer went to work; notice the "together." They wrote letters to companies whose goods were on sale asking for samples and souvenirs. Two food demonstrators were obtained. A good advertising campaign was prepared inviting folks to the store. Half a dozen young ladies assisted the merchant in serving the visitors. The store was crowded all day. It was a grand success and the big idea was accomplished—the people came to the store and met the new proprietor.

That opening day made a regular advertiser of that grocer. Sure, it took time, but it was worth it both for the grocer and for our paper.

We owe something to national advertisers, too. Country publishers, as a rule, still pay too little attention to foreign advertising. Every newspaper should have its rate card in the hands of the most important agencies. If an agency asks for information about your paper, give it to him; if you don't answer his inquiry you need not expect a contract. An agency man told me he was disgusted with weekly papers because they wouldn't send in their rates or other information. Don't make it hard for those who want to give you business. For most nationally-advertised goods the small town paper is the ideal medium. We have a quality circulation; our paper goes into the homes, not into the street car aisles; and everyone in the home reads it. Nearly all the readers live in the trade territory of the town where our small paper is published.

We do not owe our advertisers everything they ask for if they ask for more than service. Advertisers buy space in our advertising columns but they are not entitled, thereby, to space in our news columns. When we buy a loaf of bread at our grocers, does our merchant give us butter? Do we expect him to do so?

Space in news columns should not be sold at any price, and news that goes into them should not be biased to suit advertisers or our banker. Nor should news be suppressed because it concerns an advertiser. One of our merchants had an automobile accident; unavoidably, as is generally the case. He told us to not say a word about it. We tried to explain that it was news and could not be suppressed. He wouldn't listen. He said if we printed it, he would never advertise with us again. Have you ever heard that threat? We published the story and so far have had no adver-

tising. In the meantime his competitors continue to advertise and to get results. Space in our paper means more to his business than his business could possibly mean to us. Our advertising columns are worth more to all advertisers because we cannot be influenced by any one advertiser.

Women in Journalism

Some Opportunities in Journalism for Women

By MISS BEATRIX WINN

Secretary, Northwest Missouri Press Association, Maryville

Since I have been editing the Northwest Missouri State Teachers' College paper, the Northwest Missouri Press Association has adopted it and has given me an office in their organization. That is undoubtedly the reason I was placed on this program. Being only a college professor and not a real journalist, I went to four sources of information: Books, papers, schools of journalism, and graduates of these schools.

After comparing these reports, I find it difficult to say anything that will be true of all newspaper women, as there seem to be as many kinds of newspaper women as there are kinds of women. What is true of the general reporter may not be true at all of the:

Specialist who writes of her own field, as the fashion designer, the politician, the educator, etc.

Society or club reporter.

Dramatic, musical or art critic.

Editor of women's or children's pages.

Special writer or magazine writer.

Women in publishing houses or in advertising.

The correspondent.

All, however, have in common the problem of how to get into the newspaper business, how to stay in, and how to keep happy while in.

Reports from representative papers, from the Springfield (Mass.) Republican and the New York Times on the east to the Portland Oregonian and Los Angeles Times on the west, show that women are employed in many departments of most of the metropolitan papers, some in responsible positions. Year by year they are taking more prominent parts. Consensus of opinion among these papers seems to be that women fit in better for departmental writing, such as society, clubs, dramatic and musical criticism, and as feature writers. Opportunities for women as reporters are considerably more limited than for men. Reasons assigned for this are:

1. Long hours, frequently at night, and the strenuous character of the work are too much for woman's physical endurance.

2. Difficulty of women mingling on an equal footing with men of affairs and consequent difficulty of getting the news.

The schools of journalism at Northwestern University and the University of Washington report that their women graduates do their best

work in advertising, specialized types of reporting, editing women's pages, publicity work and magazine writing. Few of their graduates do editorial writing or hold executive positions. One woman graduate of the University of Washington is receiving \$5,000 a year as an executive in an advertising company. Both report that editors complain that the turnover is too great, as women marry and leave the profession.

Statistics on this from Columbia University and the University of Missouri:

Columbia, 1913-1922: 86 women graduates, 17 married, or nearly 20 per cent.

Missouri, 1910-1923: 151 women graduates, 47 married, or over 30 per cent.

Those graduates of schools of journalism who are working in special fields, particularly advertising and magazine work report no difficulties; they say any girl can succeed if she wishes to. Those holding regular newspaper jobs give a gloomier picture. They dwell upon the difficulty in getting jobs, hard work and the small pay. The prospect is not bright for the common garden variety of reporter but the girl who is in earnest, sincere, and determined and who loves the work for its own sake regardless of handicaps is sure to succeed.

Women are passing through an important transition; they are changing and growing, a new order of woman is being evolved and a new order of journalism must be provided for them. As they grow, they demand better papers. Women writers can furnish the new and better journalism for women, a journalist requiring more ability, more character, higher ideals, greater faith in women, greater expectations for women. Journalism must want something women can give; then opportunities for women in journalism will become enlarged. The woman in the newspaper world will probably not get rich, but there is something splendid about engaging in a business in which the glint of gold is only incidental.

Advertising As a Career for Women

By MISS ELIZABETH BICKFORD
Of N. W. Ayer & Son, Chicago

In the old days of Quaker meetings, men sat on one side of the room and women on the other. An actual partition could not have separated them more thoroughly. Such a situation is typical of the working of the minds of men and women in days gone by. There was separation and the world needs no more of it. It fosters misunderstanding if nothing worse. We need correlation today, not separation, in order that the best from the experience of each one can be welded into solace for the world's woes.

There are instances of correlation in the work of men and women that we are all familiar with. Home-making needs primarily the intelligence of the woman, we are accustomed to think; but actually a real home is a commingling of ideas, a co-operation, a partnership.

The profession of school-teaching, so long open to women, is so established in society that we scarcely pause to realize how creditably women and men are correlating their work there.

Business too, has long had its doors open to earnest women. However, they were side doors. I refer to secretarial work. The secretarial side door has swung wide to let in steady, reliable, dependable, responsible women. They are accomplishing magnificently but mostly without recognition. Many a big business would almost halt if those quiet, efficient private secretaries were suddenly subtracted.

Advertising is for women the front door of business. Such an open entrance, however, brings greater attention from without and within and adds responsibility and requirements.

To enter the door most effectively we must put aside all sense of personal vanity. For centuries it has been a blockade around us. It renders us ineffectual and leaves us behind in the business race.

We do not of necessity learn to lose a sense of vanity but we do all learn that there are no exemptions from hard knocks because we are women. This lesson well learned is a time saver.

Personality is a word we hear much of today, but in business it is discounted in the matter of employment or discharge. We gain and keep work, rather, on ability.

Depreciation and appreciation swing women like a pendulum. When we cease to pout over one or become too elated over the other we will be far ahead and much happier.

Do you like the word career? I feel an unpleasant connotation! Has there not been a fear that careers for women mean loss of womanliness! Let us rather think of work—going about one's business day by day. The world is correct enough in valuing womanliness. It needs a womanly woman as much as a manly man. The gentleman has long been in the business world—incidentally he is able to remain a gentleman there. Let us also send out the gentlewoman with blessing and encouragement. She can take with her refinement and gentleness, formerly looked for only in the home. Eventually she will feel as at ease, natural and lovable in the business world as at home. But she need not go forth as a reformer. She has only to join forces in the world's work with men of high ideals who have gone before.

Now that there are women at work in the world, what of advertising as a business for them? Advertising is mostly a turning-to. But there must be more in a definition: a turning-to-good, is better. In other words, the telling of good news. The news *must* be good. Bad soap, for

instance, can be sold once by *calling* it good, but it cannot be sold twice to the same buyer. No advertiser can successfully sell unless he has good goods. The same law applies to the one who sells advertising; for although he sells ideas only, and works with mental tools, he must prove their worth in works.

Methods of advertising have become so perfected that only good goods, good advertisers and good advertising can stand the competition. The result is a higher standard of business principles. It involves a big housecleaning. Order is the very foundation; system is the successful operation; honor is the bond by which business stands; justice is the good will that accompanies growth and prosperity. The housecleaning must be gone through with before one even dares seek and expect public confidence.

Advertising is a *good* business. Then is it *good* for *women*, to be active in a business which is constructive, progressive and inspirational? I find it so.

The Writers of Fiction
A Forward Glance at Fiction

By MISS DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH
Columbia University

This is the day of fiction.

There have been certain ones who thought they foresaw the passing of the novel when the movie began to flicker across the screen. But as a matter of fact, more stories and novels have been published since movies began than ever before. The screen has helped to sell many a novel.

Now there are pessimists who think they see the decay of the printed word in the far-flung word of the radio. But it is a matter of record among publishers that radio readings help to boost the sales of books. And so we may be sure that no other art or invention is likely to crowd out the published story.

There are some who deplore what they call the breakdown of the novel, in the matter of plot and method, but they are, I think, needlessly alarmed. Most novels have enough plot to serve as a skeleton to hold the flesh together, and it is not probable that many writers, however much they tried, could achieve the rambling obscurity of Joyce. The probabilities are that the novel or story isn't going to perish from the earth, nor go to pieces, but is here to stay and will go on increasing in popularity and power. But what will that popularity express, and how will that power be used?

Many people, readers, critics, ministers, persons interested in the general welfare and morals of the land as well as in literary values, are asking "What is the matter with our fiction?" Undoubtedly there have been changes in the tone of it in the last few years—in material and spirit. Some of these changes are definitely for good, and we should rejoice in them. There has been an extension of the range of subjects for fiction, in the new science, material and mental, psychology, sociology and so forth. The airplane added new thrills to our fiction, and the radio will surely become a complication and element of solution in our plots. There has, I think, been a deepening of feeling in our fiction, a sense of realities of life. There isn't so much purely sentimental mush, not so much of the irrational optimism that shuts its eyes tight against the truth, less of what has been called the Pollyanesthetics of fiction.

There are various causes which, as I see it, have helped to bring about undesirable aspects of our fiction, even though these same influences have been partly helpful as well. Few things are unmixed evil or good.

One thing is too much imitation of foreign literature. One who lives in New York City and sees the preponderance of the foreign element there and notes its effects on our American ideals and institutions and morals,

as well as on literature, must be thoughtful regarding this point. It is good for America and Americans to be hospitable to other ideas, to be open-minded, to receive the good from other lands, the broadening influence of other cultures, other traditions. But, as I see it, it is not good for us to be swamped by them. The melting pot theory is as fallacious with respect to books as with respect to citizenship.

At the O. Henry memorial dinner given by the Society of Arts and Sciences this spring, Robert Bridges, editor of Scribner's Magazine, made a speech on this point. He said that we were having too much Slavic pessimism in our fiction for it to be true to American conditions. The despair of the Russian soul is comprehensible and real, the result of centuries of serfdom and oppression. But conditions in America, even at their worst, are not so hopeless as in Russia; so the hopelessness seems a pose, an insincerity, when written of America. The same criticism might be made of the German expressionism in the drama and fiction.

There has been too much attempt to introduce into American fiction the standards of the Latin races with respect to social morality. The result is displeasing, not only on the ground of morals, but of art, for the effect here is likely to be that of awkwardness, clumsiness, in place of the deftness of the foreign artist—as Anatole France, for example. Dr. Dorothy Brewster of Columbia University recently gave a talk on that topic, showing how clumsy Sherwood Anderson, Hergesheimer and others were in comparison with continental authors, when dealing with sex. Sex freedom has not been a part of our literary tradition in America, and it seems imitative, the authors ill at ease.

Our fiction has been overmuch influenced, not only by foreign fiction, but also by critics in America who are scornful of American ideals and traditions and accomplishments, urging the superiority of foreign standards. Critics of the Mencken-Nathan type, for example, have by the vehemence of their ridicule and the constant reiteration of their credos had an effect. They make fun of whatever seems to them to have the faintest trace of what they call Puritanism. That quality which seems to native Americans—at least a number of us—something to be proud of in its dignity, its austerity, its moral strength, its restraint, is anathema to these critics, and they seek to laugh it out of court. I for one, would choose Puritanism in preference to Menckanism. Yet Mencken is clever and in various ways has had invigorating effect in criticism.

The critics who deride prohibition as un-American, who sneer at the Christian religion, who think America a nation of slaves and hypocrites and morons—yet who, strangely, prefer to live here instead of settling in Europe—have had a decided effect on the tone of our fiction. They have some good things to say, and they have stimulated criticism, but they have had a disproportionate influence on our literature, as I see it.

There has been too much of the element of the risqué, the indecent,

in our fiction of late, I feel. People explain all sorts of things on the basis of a general lowering of standards as a result of the war. But there may be many reasons why certain writers have got away from the ideal of fiction as an art which should refine and enrich life. Some of them apparently think that if a novel enriches the author and publishers, that is all that is important.

Can anyone doubt the influence of such fiction on the reading public? John Jay Chapman says, "An act is but the residuum of a thought," and what thoughts are put into the minds of impressionable youth by such tales? Marriage has no sanctity, divorce is as lightly entered into as a week-end visit, and all the basic moralities are abolished as narrowing conventions.

There is a certain new type of fiction which seems capable of a particularly harmful influence. This is the fiction that describes the "younger generation"—how sick we have got of the repetition of the term—as kicking over all the traces, breaking through all restraints, and engaging in orgies of liberty that brook no control from old foggy parents; the fiction that describes high-school girls and sub-debutantes as sporting their pocket flasks, and staying out till dawn unchaperoned, scornful of parental pleas or social conventions, thinking it amusing to be slightly intoxicated, and engaging in promiscuous "petting". Some of this is cleverly written and many a young girl has yearned to be a Scott Fitzgerald heroine.

Another type of unwholesomeness is the emphasis on the abnormal in psychology. Abnormalities do exist, of course, but to give them undue emphasis makes it appear that they are both more natural and more important than the sane and ordinary. For instance, such a thing as maternal love may be twisted and distorted into something hideous and harmful.

Then there is the revolting case of exhibitionism in Sherwood Anderson's "Many Marriages", where John Webster (how the shades of Noah and Daniel must resent his choice of name!) strips the coverings of decency from his soul and body alike before his wife and young daughter. Yet some of the cleverest critics in New York have acclaimed that as a great piece of work.

Revolt against unwholesome aspects of fiction and drama is beginning to show itself both in Europe and America. In quarters where we should least expect it, there is condemnation of indecency, not by the authority of the law, not by official censors, but by spontaneous public opinion. In Paris Victor Marguerite, the author of a novel thought to be indecent, called "La Garconne," was expelled from the Legion of Honor. I don't know or recall a case where an American author was dismissed from a literary body because of an improper book, though I have heard of a novelist who recently lost his newspaper job because of an indecent book he published and circulated privately. If literary bodies expressed repug-

nance for improper fiction, that would have more influence than the efforts of John Sumner and his vice committee.

Ministers and editors and officials have spoken out on the subject. A few books have been suppressed, but some of them have been restored, winning their case on appeal. All know the hot discussion that has recently arisen in New York, having its start in a protest by Justice Ford, whose daughter showed him a passage from a book from a circulating library, and who called a meeting of citizens. A bill proposed at Albany was considered too drastic and dangerous by most cool-headed persons, with too great possibilities of irrational prejudice. Had it been less drastic, it would probably have passed.

How should the desire for greater decency and higher ideals in fiction be most effectively expressed? Too radical laws would probably do harm. Strict censorship alone would not be enough, for that might condemn books possessing enough literary art and sincerity of purpose to rise above vulgarity, and might leave untouched cheap sensational narratives, such as "The Sheik," for example.

Perhaps the best, the only efficient way, is by awakening public opinion. If publishers who bring out questionable books realized that they alienated a large part of their readers, they would soon react to public opinion. Book dealers who found their valued customers objected to their exploiting salacious fiction would no doubt respond to this sentiment. Yet this scheme has its dangers, too. The best way is to seek to elevate public taste to the extent that it will recognize good books and discard the objectionable. Recently several publishers' lists have started off with the significant statement that the books listed below were clean books.

What of fiction in America of the near future? No doubt we'll still have a flood of the usual stereotyped, conventional stuff. There will probably still be a certain amount of the salacious, unless public opinion stops it. The millennium is not yet at hand.

But I think I discern influences that will make for a higher type of short story and novel. We have felt a deepening and broadening influence of European drama and fiction in the last few years, because translations have been more accessible and better than before. We have had a period of imitation, and now perhaps we'll learn to rely more on ourselves. I think we'll use our own themes more, our own national materials and ideas. And where are to be found bigger, more inspiring themes?—more dramatic, than our American struggles and problems furnish? Our fiction needs to be more essentially American. We are too close to our pioneer ancestors to be imitators for long. We need to let the cleansing winds of our prairies sweep over our fiction, the strong sunlight beat upon it. And we in the south especially have a wealth of amazing literary possibilities as yet practically untouched.

I think our fiction presently will have more realism of the better sort, a realism that will not falsify life by over-emphasis on sordid or petty or ugly details.

I think that our fiction will have more idealism. I feel that the chief lack in our books today is the lack of ideals. Books are perishing for want of vision. Books will come I think to be written more in a spirit of sincerity and less in commercialism, and will bear out more the saying of Keats in a letter, "More and more I come to feel that good writing, next to good living, is the top thing in the world." At heart we Americans are a nation of idealists, and no fiction will satisfy us permanently that leaves out ideals.

I believe that the fiction in the near future will have in it more of the religious. Signs are not wanting to show that there is really an awakening to man's need for something higher than himself to reach up toward, something stronger than himself to cling to. Even in New York City in the past year church membership and attendance have shown a greater increase than for a long time. Magazines and papers are calling attention to the revival of interest in personal religion.

Of late we haven't been giving expression to the best that is in us. The authors haven't, nor have we, the readers, who are the authors' final critics and controllers. As parents have neglected their children, have let them get away from discipline and restraint too long, so we, the readers, that really are omnipotent ones, have relaxed our wholesome restraint over our fiction writers. Isn't it time we recognized more our responsibility and used our authority wisely? We, the readers, are the ones who have the final power, and ours is the ultimate responsibility.

DISCUSSION

Question: What is the personnel of your classroom like?

Answer: The people in my extension course in Columbia are a different group from any other set of students that I know anything about. They vary in ages from the undergraduate to the grandmother and the grandfather; people of various professions who have time, perhaps, to take one course and are busy the rest of the time. I have had social settlement workers, teachers, lawyers, advertising men, stenographers. I have various newspaper men. One writer is a colonel, who is writing delightful stories of army life. Another is an assistant professor in history, and still another, the head of a clinic of abnormal psychology who wishes to put into fiction some of the cases she has had. Another is the widow of a general on the personal staff of the czar, who had to flee from Russia to save her life. She writes admirable stories of Russia. Scribner's took the second story she wrote.

I do not dictate to my students what they should write—I have nothing

to say until they come to me with their stories. Then I have a good deal to say.

Question: Is it advisable to follow a skeleton or plan in writing a novel or story, or is it better to let the story "write itself"?

Answer: I do not believe in formulas. If you have too much of rules, they kill the story. But a working plan is necessary. An architect has a plan for a house, a dressmaker for a dress, and so forth. They do not rely on the inspiration of the moment.

It is true, the plot sometimes runs away from the working plan. Sometimes, the story is livelier than the author—but the author simply must chase and catch up.

Question: How did you write your book? Did you follow a working plan?

Answer: The idea had been in my mind for years. The idea of cotton and the power it had over human life fascinated me. I wanted to show the complexity of its relation to human life. Therefore, I had to deal with different groups of characters in different stages of the social scale.

I had to deal with the wealthy plantation owner and his family, who had leisure, ease, culture and wealth, because that was one aspect of the situation. Then there were the problems of the tenant farmer and his family—which required another group of characters. Also, the farmer in between.

In this way I worked in some of the different problems and complications that cotton brings into human life. To me, it seemed that cotton was the principal character, and the protagonist was rather complex—weather conditions, insect pests, economic conditions, wars, floods, etc. These were the enemies that cotton had to fight. No one character in the book was as important to me as cotton.

Question: Is a plot necessary to a story? What is the position of the sketch, the anecdote, the incident?

Answer: A story without plot must be written a great deal more carefully and skillfully than one with plot. Katherine Mansfield can write up her ideas without much plot. But even in her work the stories that stay longer in our minds are those that have plot, as well as character revelation.

It is safer to have plot—for that makes a double claim on the reader's attention. Description is not enough. Character can best be shown in action.

An excellently written episode has much opportunity for recognition. I think we should have more latitude in the matters of sketch and episode. They have great literary charm, but as market conditions are now, there is less chance for them than for the story. The magazines are rather rigid in their demands.

The New Dialect Story

By ROBERT L. RAMSAY

Professor of English, University of Missouri

Our earlier dialect writers relied overwhelmingly, if not exclusively, on distorted spelling for their effects. The flood of dialect fiction and poetry which set in in England in the earlier half of the last century, and in America with Bret Harte in 1870—though its beginnings may be traced back to the days of Shakespeare and Chaucer, or even earlier—placed its chief reliance on the misplaced letter and the apostrophe.

But there are other and better ways to indicate dialect besides spelling—or rather mis-spelling—as some writers have always known, and as our younger poets, dramatists, and story-tellers are coming more and more to realize. It is the discovery of these better, truer, and more effective ways in recent years that is bringing into our literature what I have ventured to call the “New Dialect Story”.

I have here a series of extracts arranged in chronological order from writers of negro and Irish dialect. Let me read the negro passages:

1889. From Maurice Thompson’s “Ben and Judas” :—

“Lor’, hab mercy on two ole villyans an’ w’at dey done steal f’om one ’nudder. Spacyially, Lor’, forgib Mars’ Ben, kase he rich an’ free an’ he orter hab mo’ honah ’bout ’im ’an ter steal f’om po’ nigger. I used to fink, Lor’, dat Mars’ Ben’s er mighty good man, but seem lak yer lately he gittin’ so on’ry at yo’ll be erbleged ter hannel ’im pooty sabage ef he keep on. Dey may be ’nough good lef’ in ’im ter pay fer de trouble ob foolin’ ’long wid ’im, but hit’s pow’ful doubtful, an’ dat’s er fac’. Lor’, I don’t edvise you’ ter go much outer yo’ way ter ’commodate sich er outdacious old sneak-t’ief an’ sich er—.”

“Judas!” roared Ben, “yer jest stop right now!”

“An’ bress dese watermillions w’at we’s erbout ter receib, amen!” concluded Judas. “Try er piece er dis here solid core, Mars’ Ben; hit look mighty jawleecious.”

1880. From Joel Chandler Harris’ “Uncle Remus” :—

“In dem days creecturs had lots mo’ sense dan dey got now; let ’lone dat, dey had sense same like men wid a baynit. ‘Fo’ God, niggah, I nevuh felt so square in all muh bo’n days as when I was a-jobbin’ de livuhs uh dem white men lak de sergeant tol’ me to. . . Yes, suh, I nevuh wuz mo’ supprised in all muh life dan when I got dis medal fuh stobbin’ fo’ white men.”

“She pokes along an’ walls huh eyes roun’ dis house lak a calf wid de splivins. . . Good Gawd! Mas’ Renfrew, whut diff’unce do it make whut Petuh say? Ain’t yuh foun’ out yit when a he-niggah an’ a she-niggah gits tuh peepin’ at each odder, whut dey says don’t lib in de same neighbo’hood wid whut dey does?”

1922. From T. S. Stribling’s “Birthright” :—

“Yes, suh, dat medal uz guv to me fuh bravery. . . Day gim me dis heah fuh stobbin’ fo’ white men wid a baynit. ‘Fo’ God, niggah, I nevuh felt so square in all muh bo’n days as when I was a-jobbin’ de livuhs uh dem white men lak de sergeant tol’ me to. . . Yes, suh, I nevuh wuz mo’ supprised in all muh life dan when I got dis medal fuh stobbin’ fo’ white men.”

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1922. From Octavus Roy Cohen’s “Focus Pokus” (S. E. P., Oct. 21) :—

“What you uses yo’ haid fo’, Brother Slappey, is to keep yo’ brains from slippin’ out.” “You tell ’em, Brother Shoots. Brains is the one thing I ain’t got nuthin’ else but.”

"Will you jine me in a ice-cream soda, Miss Zinnia?" "Yas-suh, Brother Slappey, I won't do nothin' else." "Which flavor?" "Pink. That's the fondest kind I is of."

1922. From Hugh Wiley's "The Red Tape Cutter" (S. E. P., Sept. 2):—

"Nevah seed so much work. Cap'n Jack got me draggin' f'm sunup till de curse-you bell rings. On top all dat, heah's dis work f'm de cap'n's wife—'nuff extry work to bear me down lower dan snake's stummick. . . Nevah do seem to run out of work roun' dis place. Come Sat'day night Ise sho glad. . . Neveh seed such a slow-draggin' Sat'day. Seems like dey los' count. Whut day dis?"

"Day Wens'day. Reckon us kin las' till Sat'day, but how come don't jus' see. Not at de present minnit."

1921. From Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones":—

"Oh Lawd, Lawd! Lawd Jesus, heah my prayer! I'se a po' sinner, a po' sinner! I knows I done wrong, I knows it! When I cotesches Jeff cheatin' wid loaded dice my anger overcomes me and I kills him dead! Lawd, I done wrong! When dat guard hits me wid de whip, my anger overcomes me, and I kill him dead. Lawd, I done wrong! And down heah whar dese fool bush niggers raises me up to the seat o'de mighty, I steals all I could grab. Lawd, I done wrong! I knows it! I'se sorry! Forgive me, Lawd!"

Joel Chandler Harris' dialect has been extravagantly praised by some critics, but I am heretic enough to believe that it has been overrated. Harris knew the negro thoroughly, of course, and his dialect is free from many of the positive misrepresentations found in other and earlier writers; but its presentation is lacking in artistic economy and delicacy. Harris knew that the artist must tell the truth and nothing but the truth; but apparently he thought that he must also tell the whole truth, which is a mistake. And the main dependence of Harris and all his contemporaries was upon distorted spelling. It was apparently their chief aim to depart from standard spelling as often and as far as possible. They leave few words undistorted, and they overwork the apostrophe to an extent that must have driven typesetters to despair.

Taking their distorted spellings as a whole, we may classify them into four groups: those that are meaningless, those that are ambiguous, those that are misleading, and finally, those that are really effective and defensible. The worst are the positively misleading spellings, that indicate a pronunciation that does not exist. These gross errors, as I have said, are very rare in Harris, but not so in the pages of other earlier writers of negro dialect like Miss Stowe. A good example is the impossible word "Massa", which is almost a hall mark of the whole school of Northern writers who drew their negro characters out of their own imaginations at long range. The negro said "Mahster", and sometimes "Mahs", but he never said "Massa".

Much more common is the second offense, the use of meaningless spellings. We might call dialect of this sort "eye-dialect", for like "eye rimes" like tough and cough, love and move, they are intended solely for the reader. Glaring examples are Harris' *sesshun*, *menshun'd*, *cammils*, and *cum*. This type of spelling perpetrates a kind of slander on Uncle Remus; for certainly that venerable darky pronounced the words *session*,

mention, camel and come in no way different from the most cultured of his white masters. Harris is also accustomed to distort the spelling of almost all the little unaccented words, such as *a, and, to, for, you,* etc., in the mouths of his negro characters, as if white speakers were any more addicted than negroes to such pedantic and unnatural pronunciations as touch *and* go, try *a* piece, what had *to* be done, instead of the normal and universal reduced and unstressed forms that such spellings imply. To spell the word *is* as *is* when a white man says it, but as *iz* in the mouth of a negro is not so much dialect writing as race prejudice.

In the third place, there are those distorted spellings which must be termed ambiguous—cases where there is a genuine peculiarity of the dialect pronunciation to be indicated, but the means chosen to indicate it is likely to convey the wrong impression. An example may be taken from the negro equivalent of the word *Master*, mentioned before. Instead of the misleading *Massa*, Harris writes, quite correctly, *Marse*, indicating the characteristic negro broad *a* sound by an inserted *r*. Of course, he means the *r* to be silent. This is satisfactory enough to white readers of the South or of New England, where it always is silent in such positions; but in the Middle West the letter *r* is still very much alive, its insertion suggests a pronunciation that is entirely untrue.

After eliminating the distorted spellings that are misleading, meaningless, or ambiguous, there remain those distortions that are really effective—a mere fraction of the mass. Such spellings as *hab* and *dey, fac'* and *tech, villyans, spaycially, outdacious, and watermillions*, are not open to any of the criticisms that I have just been making. They are perfectly truthful and clear and add to the humor of the dialect picture. But even these effective distortions would gain by being used more sparingly.

Besides the distorted spelling, which is a matter of the letter, there is also dialect vocabulary, which is a matter of the word; there is a dialect idiom, which is a matter of the phrase or clause; and most subtle and delicate of all, there is dialect rhythm and cadence, which is a matter of the sentence as a whole.

All these elements would be found, if there were time, in Harris' negro dialect, but buried beneath the more obvious and superfluous changes in spelling. To find them detached and unadulterated, let us turn to the Irish field. In such an early writer of Irish dialect as Samuel Lover we find, as in Harris, the old dependence mainly on distorted spelling, with merely incidental use of other elements, such as vocabulary, idiom and rhythm. But in recent writers, William Butler Yeats and John Willington Synge, there appears a conspicuous emancipation. Let me illustrate:

1832. From Samuel Lover's "Barney O'Reirdon":—

"Why thin," said one, "that field o'whate o' Michael Coghlan, is the finest field o' whate mortal eyes was ever set upon—divil the likes iv it myself ever seen far or near."

"Throth thin sure enough," said another, "it promises to be a fine crap anyhow,

and myself can't help thinkin' it quare that Micke Coghlan, that's a plain spoken, quite (quiet) man, and simple like, should have finer craps than Pether Kelly o' the big farm byant, that knows all about the great saycrets o' the airth, and is knowledgeable to a degree, and has all the hard words that iver was coined at his fingers' ends," "Faith, he has a power o' *blasthogue* (persuasive speech) about him sure enough," said the former speaker, "if that could do him any good."

1902. From W. B. Yeats' "Cathleen Ni Houlihan":—

"There's an old woman coming down the road. I don't know, is it here she's coming?"

"I hope Patrick has brought Delia's fortune (dowry) with him safe, for fear her people might go back on the bargain and I after making it. . . Yes, I made the bargain weil for you, Michael. Old John Cahel would sooner have kept a share of this awhile longer. . . Indeed, I wish I had the luck to get a hundred pounds, or twenty pounds itself, with the wife I married."

1907. From J. M. Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World":—

"And when the airs is warming, in four months or five, it's then yourself and me should be pacing Neifin in the dews of night, the times sweet smells do be rising, and you'll see a little, shiny new moon, maybe, sinking on the hills. . . It's little you'll think if my love's a poacher's, or an earl's itself, when you'll feel my two hands stretched around you, and I squeezing kisses on your puckered lips, till I'd feel a kind of pity for the Lord God is all ages sitting lonesome in His golden chair. . . If the mitred bishops seen you that time, they'd be the like of holy prophets, I'm thinking, do be straining the bars of Paradise to lay eyes on the Lady Helen of Troy and she abroad, pacing back and forward, with a nosegay in her golden shawl."

The reader who first comes across dialect of this sort is apt to feel that he is not reading dialect at all. It certainly is not the old kind of dialect. The difference leaps to the eyes, and amounts almost to a revolution. The newer method is less obvious and less noisy than the old, but surely far more effective. It is dialect no longer blazoned forth by external dress, but dialect that has become an inner thing, almost spiritualized.

What the writers of the Irish Renaissance have substituted for the old methods is mainly a skillful use of Irish syntax, based, we are told, on the constructions of the native Gaelic language. When Yeats writes, "I don't know *is it here* she's coming?" or "for fear her people might go back on the bargain *and I after making it*" or "the luck to get a hundred pounds, or twenty pounds *itself*", he is merely giving us literal translations of the idioms in the Gaelic original.

A still further step in the advance of dialect technique was made by the Irish dramatist Synge. In his work we have the triumph of a fourth element of dialect—the one variously known as cadence, rhythm, or speech melody. The terminology is new and unsettled, but the thing is old and familiar. As a matter of fact, the very first element of speech by which we all detect the stranger and recognize his dialect is, probably, not his peculiar pronunciation of some of our words, nor his strange new words, nor yet his unfamiliar idioms; it is his new speech-tune that strikes our ear. We are apt to characterize it vaguely as a "drawl" or a "lilt" or an "accent". This apparently intangible element, which inheres not in the particular sound, word, or phrase, but in the peculiar turn or swing of the whole sentence, Synge was the first to employ consciously as his chief means of indicating dialect. It is his special glory to have recaptured, as no other man had done before him, the authentic rhythm of Irish speech.

This technical advance has by no means been so completely achieved on this side of the Atlantic. Perhaps enough time has not yet elapsed for the new ideas of Yeats and Hardy and Synge to percolate into the practice of our dialect writers. Perhaps we are too much in love with the grotesque to feel any such repugnance to the earlier technique as the English and Irish writers do; for certainly one of the strongest notes of our whole American literature is our passion for the grotesque.

In conclusion, perhaps we may deduce a few practical rules for present-day would-be dialect writers. The first is: spare that apostrophe; use as little distorted spelling as possible. Misleading and meaningless spelling should be entirely excluded; ambiguous spellings should at least be minimized; and even effective distortions should be used economically. Secondly, limit the use of peculiar dialect words to cases where the context makes them readily intelligible. Thirdly, prefer the dialect idiom as a method of presentation, provided it is really characteristic and not merely a vulgarism common to illiterate speakers everywhere. Finally, remember that cadence or rhythm offers a promising new field for exploration by dialect writers with delicate ears; it is a subtle and effective method, and by no means so difficult of indication as it might seem to be.

Why Do Authors Write?

By MISS TEMPLE BAILEY

Author of "The Dim Lantern," etc.

My subject is not original. It was suggested recently to an authors' group as a good topic for discussion. The result was interesting, but not illuminating. Few of those who analyzed their motives spoke the whole truth or even the half of it. Yet they did not willingly perjure themselves. They simply did not know. The apple had, as it were, hung on the tree, and they had eaten.

The reasons they gave resolved themselves rather monotonously into two divisions—they had written because of the lure of royalties or because of the urge of authorship.

As for myself, I refused to talk about it. I felt that on my feet I should say things that I didn't mean. The tongue is, as all of us know, more indiscreet than the pen. There is no time to rewrite. One says it, and the ear of the audience has it. One cannot, as it were, correct proof.

But refusing to talk had, perhaps, a Freudian effect on me. I found myself asking constantly of my subconscious self, "Why do I write?" And I still want to know.

In the first place, then, I had no thought in early youth of a career, and even now I have to pinch myself to see if I am really awake when I see my portrait on the jacket of best-selling books.

The things that led me at last into the paths of literature were not unique. I liked to know that I could do the trick, and I liked the checks which followed. But what has kept me at it? That's the question I ask myself. Why do I, in these days when I might be free as air, still stay at my desk and put black marks on sheets of paper?

Well, I think that, boiled down to the last analysis, it is because I like to travel. And what I love is not the end of the journey, but the things that happen by the way.

I remember a gathering years ago when I, a breathless novice, sat among a group of seasoned writers and heard one of them say casually, "We who have arrived."

I didn't like the sound of it. It seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, that authorship is a pilgrimage, in which one climbs the mountain but never reaches the peak.

And if we don't love to climb, that's the end of it. We might as well drop our pens and find some other occupation.

Of course, at first, we don't believe it. Success shines ahead of us as something very definite. If we are young and feminine, we think of it in terms of lovely frocks, to be worn when the world is at our feet. If we are young and masculine, we may think of it in terms less sartorial, perhaps, but no less triumphant. Success is, to us, indeed, in those early and aspiring days, something as definite as a good dinner, a good play, or a good horse. We are going to enjoy it in that way. Gloriously. But when it really comes—when our checks are in five figures, when the critics are weighing us in the balance, and when our readers are crying for more, we find happiness isn't, after all, in the limelight with the lovely frock, but in a certain quiet circle made by our shaded lamp on a blue blotter. And we'd rather follow the fortunes of little Jane Barnes, our latest heroine, than our own fortunes in lion-hunting circles.

Of course, artistic success doesn't always run parallel with commercial success; some of us have one kind, and some the other. A few, beloved by the gods, have both. But whatever our mode of arrival, whether by the road of popularity or by the road of fine and true workmanship, the thing is not to arrive, but to follow the road.

And so I have followed it—with the characters I create; from *Contrary Mary*, who refused to be anything but a prig and a puppet until I wrestled with her and made her live to Jane of "The Dim Lantern", who took things absolutely in her own hands and galloped away from me.

In all there have been seven journeys—seven novels and a book of short stories. Seven milestones along the trail. Some of the miles have been hard going. I should hate to follow them again. But it has been good always to rest at the end.

Well, that is why I write. It's a great game, and the best thing I know. Life has always seemed to me a sort of seafaring adventure, with

the ship at full sail, and the horizon ever ahead. There have been fair winds and foul but the ship has never foundered. And I hope I shall not make harbor until that last voyage which shall sweep me toward the broad waters of eternity.

Novel Writing—Its Cause and Cure

By JAY WILLIAM HUDSON

Professor of Philosophy, University of Missouri; Author of "Abbe Pierre"

I have been listening to the euphonious diction of President Dodge as he introduced the various speakers on this afternoon's program. I thought, however, that when he came to me, he was a little extravagant in his praise.

I never wrote a novel, and I doubt that I am able to write a novel.

Three years ago, I went to France and spent a delightful summer in Gascony. When I came back, I wrote down my impressions of the little village in which I stayed, more for my own pleasure than for any ulterior motive. I called the product, "Abbe Pierre." Incidentally, I sent the manuscript to a publisher. I had great doubts of its being accepted. Indeed, I made a wager with a friend that it would not be accepted. To my surprise, I lost.

The publisher further surprised me by calling it a novel. It confirmed my opinion that almost anything can be called a novel these days!

I am not here to make a speech; only to extend to you a brief greeting. Your president wrote me that he would put me down on the program for some subject as, "Novels of Yesterday and Today." But I told him that I did not know anything about novels—that all I read in that line were detective stories, and other fiction that is manufactured to please the tired business man, something with plenty of plot to it. If I have happened to write anything good, it may have been a reaction from the sorts of things I usually read and enjoy.

The subject, "Novel Writing; Its Cause and Cure," suggests that novel writing is a sort of disease. It is, with some writers, whose slogan is "A book a year," or even "A book every six months!" After all, most writers have it in them to write about one really good book. But after doing that—if they do it at all—they think that they must set up as professional "authors". Now, in my opinion, to be merely a writer by profession—nothing else—is one of the most damnable careers a man can choose. Imagine a red-blooded man or woman sitting down to a desk and saying, "Here goes! I shall now write for the rest of my life!" The business of a man is to live and take part in the civilization about him; incidentally, if out of the life he lives, he has something to write, let him write it. The trouble with art in all generations has been that it has been superimposed

upon life, instead of being the flower and bloom of life itself. A building is built, and then ornamentation is added in the name of beauty; yet, in true architecture, the beauty of a building is an integral part of its being, not an afterthought.

So it is with the art of writing. It is nothing in itself; it is everything as the intimate expression of a civilization.

Reaching the Reading Public

By E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

President, Haldeman-Julius Company, Publishers, Girard, Kan.

A short time ago a prominent newspaper referred to Girard, Kan., where the Haldeman-Julius Company is located, as "the literary capital of the United States." Without a full knowledge of what is being done in Girard, one is astonished that a little county seat town "out where the West begins," a faint dot at the edge of the great Kansas prairie, should be designated by a metropolitan journal as the American center of culture.

The title of literary capital has been gained for Girard by an entirely new publishing enterprise that is just four years old. There was, in the beginning, merely a newspaper plant, not mechanically adapted for book publishing, and the vision of certain literary needs that had never been supplied in this country. I felt that the country wanted a cheap series of good books—something that everybody could buy. I believed there were millions of people in America who were filled with a desire to read the best in literature, but who were prevented from realizing this desire by the prohibitive charges. In my private library were beautiful volumes, bound in sumptuous style, with large fancy type, many charming decorations and margins almost as wide as the space devoted to the reading matter. The prices of these books ran into dollars; yet the length of their contents would not exceed that of an ordinary magazine article.

I knew that the essential aim of a book is to be read. Why should not these classics be read by millions instead of by a few thousand? I felt sure the book publishing trade had grossly underrated the literary appreciation of the masses. The greatest literature is the closest to life.

I think it is directly due to the immense success of the 10-cent pocket series of the Haldeman-Julius Company that the conception of the public taste in literature has been transformed within the past four years. If I had declared four years ago that "The Trial and Death of Socrates" could be made a best seller, what a laugh I should have got for my pains. Who would have believed several years ago that millions of copies of Shakespeare's plays could be sold to the American people? Yet it has been done.

Obviously, these classics have not been sold to what is generally re-

garded as the reading public—that cultivated minority that has a sophisticated taste in art and literature. I have reached a new reading public—and a much larger one: the plain, busy, unpretentious masses; to be more precise, the world's workers, in field, factory and office, the mechanical and professional classes who have not the leisure nor the mood for dilettantism but have a direct urgent hunger for realistic contacts with life. I have, in short, the same public that buys Ford cars and goes to the movies. This public used to see the hero jump skyscrapers several nights in the week and picnic in the woods on Sundays. Now it reads Shakespeare, Moliere, Balzac, Goethe, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Oscar Wilde whenever it has five minutes to spare; and when it goes picnicking, it fills its pockets with the little blue booklets.

The first two titles printed in the pocket series—the beginning of this “University in Print”—were “The Ballad of Reading Gaol” and “The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.” When these two titles sold from the start, I knew that the pocket series was definitely headed for success.

The first two titles in the pocket series were printed on a couple of small job presses. The binding was performed in a similarly slow way. There was neither equipment nor organization to set, print, bind and distribute these paper-covered volumes. It became quickly necessary to supply these facilities. And as I brought out additional lists of titles—first a half-dozen, then a dozen, then fifty at a time—I was constantly hampered by the problem of production. Today the building occupied by the Halde-man-Julius Company is so crowded with new machinery—massive book presses, cutting, folding and stitching machines, linotypes, and huge vaults in which careful files are kept of the plates from which the books are printed—we are so crowded that immediate large additions to the building are imperative. One complete new structure is to be erected.

The addition of mere machines has not been the only problem. The working methods of the plant have been carefully evolved to the point where there is no lost motion. We produce 6,000,000 books a month in our plant—and our selling record is never stationary; it grows always. This is a vast and intricate job; it requires the perfect co-ordination of all working factors. Everything is standardized. Our booklets are of uniform size, all are sixty-four pages in length, all set in the same type, printed on the same grade of paper, made up into forms, run through the presses, cut, folded and stitched to the same closely figured specifications. Distribution is as carefully planned as production. From the minute an order enters the plant it goes with efficient speed through an orderly process until the package of books is on its way to the customer. There remains one other factor: Reaching the public.

How have I been able to reach such a large public? How have I created such an enormous demand for the pocket series? These questions are frequently asked me. The obvious first thing to point out is

that I began by accurately judging what the public desired and giving it to them. I have proceeded from the beginning on the theory that the best is none too good for the average reader. At first, I simply selected titles of whose merit I was fully assured. But eventually I wished to obtain a more intimate and authentic view of the desires of the public. So I prepared a questionnaire, sent it to fifteen thousand names on my mailing list and received close to ten thousand replies. You can imagine how gratified I was at the unanimity with which these ten thousand representative readers indicated their choice of sound things in literature, science, philosophy, history.

Their order of choice was significant. My readers preferred history first, fiction second, then science, philosophy, religion, poetry, travel, essays, economics, drama, etc. They wanted the best in all of these fields.

For a time I depended on my weekly paper, the Haldeman-Julius Weekly, to carry the news of the pocket series to the people. This medium produced results, well enough; an audience of half a million is a good one to begin with. But expansion was inevitable. To test the daily newspapers, I inserted an advertisement in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch—in the Sunday issue. The result was instantaneous and overwhelming. Similar success came from a test ad in the New Republic. This advertising was increased until now it covers the whole country, and not spasmodically but steadily. The pocket series is the most widely advertised thing published today.

I have another method of reaching the people, which is the well-known method of circulars. I have in Girard one of the largest mailing lists in the country; and great stacks of circulars, announcing new books added to the series and containing lists of clothbound books that we sell in addition to the pocket series, go out to this list. We add 4,000 names to our mailing list each day. We shall certainly sell more than 50,000,000 books this year.

Every writer wants an audience—and the largest possible audience. The greater number of people he can reach, the more effectively will he attain his object in writing; and the wider will be the appreciation of his efforts.

Here is the great significance of the pocket series to writers. Potentially it offers to the writers of today the largest audience in all the history of literature. The actual audience is larger even than the staggering sales figures indicate. Nobody buys the pocket series for idle decorative purposes; they are utterly utilitarian, these books are bought to be read; and the writers who write for the pocket series write to be read.

They write directly, too, and in a sense intimately to this wonderful host of readers. The writer for the pocket series does not shoot in the dark. He aims carefully at a perfectly visible target. When I give a writer an assignment, he knows that the millions of readers of the pocket

series are definitely interested in the subject about which he will write. Four years of publishing the pocket series have given me a pretty accurate knowledge of what the reading public wants. I study closely the correspondence from the readers of the pocket series; and I have described how I sent out questionnaires to sound the preferences of these millions of eager book buyers. I have one rule with my writers, from which I never vary. I always let them write about the subjects that they like. I know that a writer cannot produce a good piece of work unless he comes to the job with enthusiasm.

Building an Editors' Clubhouse

By E. S. BRONSON

The American, El Reno, Okla.; Vice-President for Oklahoma, National Editorial Association.

Convinced that editors as well as laborers in other professions are entitled to occasional respites from their heavy grind, the newspaper fraternity in Oklahoma has erected a palatial clubhouse for the benefit of its members in the heart of the Wichita Mountains, and thus have achieved a record held by no other state, and, as far as can be determined, by no other press organization in the world.

This clubhouse, dedicated in 1915 during the annual press association convention, has been a monument to the enterprise of the Oklahoma Press Association. Every year it is crowded during the heated season by the fourth estaters from the entire state. Each year we have added to the equipment and beautified the surroundings until at present it is by far the most beautiful property to be found in Oklahoma's greatest summer resort, Medicine Park.

A movement had been launched during the year of 1914 for the erection of a modest home for editors and when it was determined that the press of the entire state should be included in the plans, it was voted to furnish advertising space in order to finance the building.

The railroads of Oklahoma, hard-pressed by the State Corporation Commission, desired to gain the favor of the public. They had made T. H. Beacom, general manager of the second district of the Rock Island Railway, with offices at El Reno, chairman of a committee to handle advertising material beneficial to the railways. When I approached him with the proposition of buying \$16,000 of advertising, he consented readily, and from these funds the new edifice was constructed. The newspaper men were very generous in their donations of space, and I believe that the railroads found the venture profitable.

In designing the building, we planned it in such a way that the entire membership of the association could be accommodated under the roof at one time. Eight inside rooms were provided, while on a wide sleeping porch on three sides of the building, were placed 250 cots. The first floor has a large auditorium, which is also used for a ballroom, additional sleeping room, or dining room.

A community kitchen was incorporated in the structure, in which several stoves and sets of cooking utensils and tableware are provided. Thus an editor is enabled to have all the comforts of home without bringing his equipment with him. A wide veranda facing beautiful Medi-

cine Creek, adds much to the restfulness of the home. A roof garden crowns the building.

When visitors had tried the conveniences of the clubhouse, they began to take more interest in it, and several donations of equipment were received. A beautiful table, valued at \$1,000, and made of thousands of pieces of wood, was placed in the club by R. A. Long, prominent lumber man of Kansas City. The Western Newspaper Union installed a valuable phonograph, while the Daily Oklahoman gave a handsome set of leather furniture.

Having successfully financed the erection of the building Oklahoma editors settled down to enjoy their home, but soon additional troubles began to arise. The upkeep of the building proved to be expensive, the services of a matron being required throughout the year. Painting, plumbing repairs and other items were constantly arising. The revenue from guests was entirely inadequate to take care of these items.

Members of the association were charged 75 cents per day, while non-members paid double. Since the visits of the editors were rather spasmodic, it was found necessary to admit outsiders, and even these failed to put the home on a paying basis.

At the association convention two years ago, an endowment scheme, whereby the editors gave notes for sums ranging from \$50 to \$1,000, paying interest thereon at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, was inaugurated.

This plan has proved partly successful, but there is a tendency on the part of many to ignore their obligation. As a result the association is gradually drifting into a position where the clubhouse is a white elephant. However, a scheme is now on foot to put across another advertising campaign similar to the one used in raising the original building funds. From such a plan an endowment fund may be secured which can be invested and only the interest devoted to the upkeep of the home. The editors don't want to use the home as a hotel, admitting the public indiscriminately. So their offers of advertising space will probably be generous.

Editors of the Missouri Press Association, with no end of beautiful sites for the location of a similar clubhouse, would doubtless find it to the interest of their association to follow the plan of the Oklahoma press. The possession of such a home popularizes the association and creates a closer fellowship among the editors. We hope some day in our visits to Missouri to have the pleasure of being entertained in such a home.

The Journalism of the Future
Tendencies in American Journalism

By WILLIAM B. COLVER

General Editorial Manager, the Scripps-Howard Newspapers, Washington, D. C.

It seems to me that the incidents of the very birth of journalism itself have been repeated over and over in the life and death of journals since Nathaniel Butter on May 23, 1622, brought from his press in London the first copy of his Weekly News.

In the beginning those in authority did not want newspapers to be printed and for a hundred years they did their level best to make the printing of newspapers difficult—at first by straight-out prohibition, next by oppressive taxation and lastly by strict and narrow limitations.

Infant mortality among newspapers in the early days was extremely high. This is still a characteristic of the race. Newspapers, like men, appear to be of few days and full of trouble.

When the powers-that-be finally understood that the newspaper was an inevitable thing, they converted what appeared to be an ordinary and natural right into a privilege, and permitted newspapers to be published only "by authority".

So when we look back to the beginnings of our profession, we get about the same shock that the prim New England spinster gets when she goes to the Boston Library and looks up the family tree. She not infrequently finds that her revered ancestors bred a particularly sturdy line because only those survived who were hardy and agile enough to keep out of range of His Majesty's sloops-of-war, out of the clutches of the Coast Guard, or two jumps ahead of the sheriff.

We find that our profession had no different beginning than the other learned professions—law, medicine, science (especially chemistry and astronomy). Yes, and the primitive priesthood. All these, and we ourselves, in the beginning, were panderers to the king and helped him to rule and tax the people by either filling them with fables, fright and awe, or playing upon their ignorance. We taffied the king, too.

But the permission of the publication of journals even "by authority", in the current phrase, spilled the beans, because very early there appeared in all professions, but especially in journalism, those adventurous souls who dared to think and speak and write and print not "by authority". In journalism it was found that printing "by authority" bred an appetite in the public for reading—an appetite which has continually grown more and more insatiable until public appetite or public opinion has ever encouraged rebel journalists to venture an independent or personal press. That is

where the infant mortality runs high. But always a few survived for a time. The tendency of the survivors seems to have been to drift insensibly into the same class and condition as the orthodox journals, printed "by authority" and subsisting upon the crumbs from the tables of the rulers and of the rich. And this condition seems always to operate against longevity and to result in decay and death.

So history repeats. New journals born; many dying early; a few surviving for a longer period and during the span of their life creating an appetite for reading which makes for the birth of still newer journals to pass, in turn, through the same cycle.

In America the first newspaper was *Publick Occurrences*, published by Benjamin Harris in Boston in 1690. Its span of life began and ended with its first issue on September 25. The colonial authorities suppressed it and Harris went back to the operation of his restaurant.

Harris, by the way, was but recently out of an English jail because he had been trying to print journals not "by authority" in London. His first American paper was printed on three pages of a folded sheet, leaving the last page blank. There were two columns to a page and each page was 11x7 inches. The blank page apparently was the only one that was not objectionable to the authorities.

Five years later Harris was back in London reviving his newspaper that had been suppressed fourteen years before.

The second American newspaper was published in 1704 "by authority" and carried nothing that would offend the powers that be. John Campbell was its proprietor and editor and enjoyed a sort of monopoly because he was made postmaster.

For the next sixty years or so the newspapers in the Colonies traveled pretty close to the heel of authority and in a great many instances the job of postmaster ran along with the job of editor and publisher. Even our beloved Benjamin Franklin found the lack of the postmastership such a handicap that he astutely and successfully set out to accumulate the job for himself and things went much better for him thereafter.

The chap who started the paper that Franklin bought, not having the postmastership nor very many advertisers, combined publishing his paper with the operation of a department store (in those days called a general store) in Philadelphia. He used his paper to advertise his store and his advertisements show that he sold everything from beaver hats to pickled sturgeon. But even so, starting in 1728, he attained only thirty-nine issues counting one out for the week that he was in jail for debt. Then Franklin bought him out.

Ben substituted a print shop for the department store and ran a strong editorial campaign for paper money. It was so successful that the Pennsylvania legislature authorized the issue of paper money and then Ben transferred his campaign to New Jersey and the Jersey legislature fell in

line. Whereupon Ben got the contract for printing the paper money in both colonies, and we have his word for it that it was a great blessing to colonists.

In 1770 Isaiah Thomas, in Boston, launched the Massachusetts Spy which, he said in his prospectus, was "calculated to obtain subscriptions from mechanics and other classes of people who had not much time to spare from business." Isaiah lasted three months. He started out on a free distribution basis, three issues a week. And the sheriff got him.

The next year he tried it again, using the same name and the same general idea, except that he eliminated the free distribution idea this time.

The publishing of a paper calculated to "obtain subscriptions from mechanics" and such, shocked the authorities, horrified the respectable and conservative "by authority" journalists of the day. But within two years, Thomas had the largest circulation in New England and was getting on fine when the British army moved into Boston. Isaiah moved his press and his type to Worcester but could not take his subscribers with him.

In the troublous years just preceding and during the Revolutionary War, the Whig papers all became independent in tone but were still to a degree controlled by the powers who organized and kept up the fight for independence. The Tory papers flourished in territories occupied by the British and after the war either changed their spots or died.

The period of the Confederation and the struggle over the writing and adopting of the Constitution, saw the small beginnings of political parties and the struggle of giants for political power and leadership. The press, no longer united by peril and patriotism, championed political leaders and groups. The statesmen of these days secretly contributed to the purses of faithful editors and more secretly to the columns of his paper. It was not until Jackson's time that the newspaper was openly avowed as a political aide and stainless statesmen—even presidents—might write for the press without soiling white fingers.

The golden text in politics in those days was "To the Victor Belongs the Spoils." The editors got theirs! And then the Senate announced that Jackson need send the names of no more "scribblers" to them for confirmation. Among others they turned down Editor Isaac Hill. Jackson and the editors got busy, and after the next election Hill marched into the Senate and was sworn in as the new Democratic senator from New Hampshire. He was the first of our tribe to be a senator and I don't know which, if either, of us should feel badly.

Meantime the 7-by-11 page of Benjamin Harris had grown to 24-by-35 in 1727 and 30-by-35 a century later. Here was, indeed, a blanket sheet. Dry, dull, heavy news, and ponderous, partisan political editorials with a great preponderance of equally dull advertisements, these papers, selling at six cents each, had fallen into a state of fat indolence. With small circulations they fed on public printing and private gratuities.

Then came the penny press. The New York Sun came first. When Benjamin H. Day brought it out, September 3, 1833, it had three ten-inch columns to the page and only four pages, as compared with the 30-by-35-inch pages of the "respectable sixpennies." It was independent, popular and daring. Circulation boomed and other little penny papers—the Herald, Tribune, World and Times—made their appearance. The conservative six-penny ancients shriveled.

The penny idea—independence and all—swept north to New England and south to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

With the penny press came the Greeleys, the Danas, the Bennetts, and the rest. Journalism became intensely personal and tremendously independent. Great newspapers were built around the genius of a great—or at least a bold, ingenious and forceful—man, who as editor and owner, dominated the whole show. Only occasionally did a newspaper outlive its creator and seldom was it possible, by sale, to transfer much of a newspaper property from one editor-publisher to another. It remained for Greeley in 1846 to apply the principles of the corporation to newspaper ownership. He took his associates into "association" as owners of shares or undivided parts of the property. Corporations created by law were not then known.

Hudson, the journalistic historian of the day, denounced this "radical" tendency as rank socialism borrowed from France as a part of the dangerous (and doubtless bolshevik) doctrines of the French, which looked toward a "system of division of labor and to bring into active use the savings of men of small means." This seems to me to be about the only really new thing in journalistic anatomy. Developed into the corporation, this ownership later substituted the impersonal shareholder and the salaried editor and business manager for the owner-editor. Newspapers could be built around a property instead of around a man. That was a new tendency which still exists.

Then came the Civil War. Newsprint went to nine cents a pound and the penny papers raised their subscription rates. Many papers died but those that lived rolled in money. The excitement of the war kept circulations up but after the war subscription prices stayed up and circulations went down.

Again there was a great, unsatisfied popular demand. Again the newspapers—almost without exception—had become fiercely partisan in aid of political or financial interests. So by 1870 a new penny press appeared, this time in the West—in Chicago and Detroit first. Followed many deaths among the ancients and an amazing growth of one-cent, independent, popular newspapers. The ancients only escaped by meeting the young giants in the matter of price and more or less liberalism in policy.

Now came another era of advertising and then came the World War.

Newsprint went up; circulation rates went up; advertising rates went up; papers were multiplied—and there we are today.

Tendencies in American journalism?

Isn't the tendency in all living, growing things to be born, to grow, to decay and to die—always leaving a new generation to take up the endless procession from cradle to grave?

Tendencies in American journalism?

Well, the other day I picked up a paper—formerly a one-cent paper and carrying a declaration that it was “independent” and a “people’s” paper. A big box on page one said “The Daily Blank’s Policies Protect You.” Later I learned that the protective policies referred to were not editorial policies but insurance policies intended to stimulate circulation.

In reading what newspapers say of themselves, especially in advertisements in trade papers, I notice a tendency more and more to emphasize the number of lines of advertisements carried rather than the number of readers served. And it may be that there is a tendency to publish newspapers in the interests of advertisers who want to sell something rather than in the interests of readers who want to know something. If that is actually a tendency of today it is a symptom of disease. It is pathological.

Being assigned, by himself, to write a piece on “The Tendencies of the Human Race,” Shakespeare wrote his *Seven Ages of Man*.

Let us see if the life of a newspaper does not fit fairly into the poet’s seven periods:

At first the infant
Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms.

Those of you who have stood by at the first day’s publication of a baby newspaper will agree that that is a pretty good description of the first age of a newspaper.

And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And his shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school.

So the baby newspaper, if it did survive the second summer, having gotten its little stomach settled and having eased off on the mewling stuff, enters upon the boyhood stage. It is going to the School of Experience. It is too big by now to command the pity and sympathy to which it was entitled as an infant, but, like a boy, it takes advantage of the fact that it is not big enough and old enough to be held accountable for its whining. I suppose the line, “creeping like a snail,” means the ingrained reluctance of a newspaper in its earlier age to go to press on time.

These are the childhood years when the newspaper is likely to be noisy and rude and unmannerly. To be, generally, a little rowdy. The exception, of course, is the flaxen-haired, blue-eyed little angel, who never, never tells a lie or gets its hands dirty. As between the mollicoddle and the rowdy, give me the rowdy. For he, however unwillingly, is learning in the School of Experience where, if he has red blood enough to be a

rowdy, he will be able to survive the polishing process which will prepare him for his next and quite interesting age, when, according to Shakespeare:

And then the lover,
Sighing like a furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

Here is the newspaper with the down beginning to show on its upper lip and its voice beginning to seek the lower registers—cracking occasionally—turned lover and “sighing like a furnace” as it woos its necessary mate.

There are always two of these gals. One is a coy miss, shy and bashful, but very, very canny. The lover “sighing like a furnace” will make small progress with this girl unless she knows all the time that his intentions are honorable and that he is a he-man. This girl's name is Circulation.

The other girl is a vamp. She is all for the jazz. She will have no dealings with our young lover unless she is perfectly certain that she will get the big end of the bargain. She won't stand by him in adversity. She won't nurse him when he is sick. I am not saying anything against this girl, except that she is not exactly of a generous disposition. Her name is Advertising Copy—call her Addie for short.

It is at this point in life that many newspapers wreck promising careers by electing to lead Miss Circulation to the altar (thereby thinking they have her tied for life), while their real affections are given to the other girl—Addie. And the more the newspaper galivants around with his mistress the more certain it is that his jealous wife, Circulation, will effect a separation. And when she does separate—the alimony is something awful.

Well, if the newspaper gets through this perilous point in its career, it finds itself happily married to Circulation, who, on her part, fulfills her duty and provides him with a plenteous progeny, while the vamp girl is what we used to call the “hired girl” and now call the “maid”. She is out in the kitchen preparing nourishing food for Mamma Circulation and all the little Circulations. Then everything is fine, and our hero, thinking pretty well of himself, passes to Shakespeare's fourth estate, which is described

Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.

And here you have the newspaper in the prime of young manhood, inclined perhaps to be sudden and quick in quarrel, though in most cases not his own quarrel but rather the quarrel of his community and of his own fellow citizens, and jealous of the honor and integrity of his town. This is the period and these are the years that decent living, courage,

honesty, temperance, charity and loyalty will prolong, almost indefinitely. And these are the years when the newspaper pays back, or should pay back, to its suffering fellow citizens, for the inconvenience and the bother that it has inflicted upon the community during those years it has been "mewling and puking" and "whining" and "sighing like a furnace" and being guided, generally, by the selfishness and egotism of extreme youth.

Four of the seven periods are passed. These are the periods of growth and of achievement. So the fifth one:

And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances.

There is your newspaper, no longer militant, no longer fighting on foot, the comrade and equal of his fellow citizens, but with "fair round belly" lined with dividends. Plant all paid for, money in the bank. Member of the best clubs; director in the bank; from the height of his own self-esteem, judging his humbler fellow citizens with "eyes severe."

"Beard of formal cut"—some of the jazz gone out of the make-up. Getting sobered down now. A bit conservative, eh? And "full of wise saws and modern instances." The wise saws being its own particular inspired-from-on-high judgments, with considerably less emphasis laid on "modern instances," which back in the second, third and fourth periods of the newspaper's life, were the much-prized but now vulgar news items.

Well, that can't last. Growth is ended. The decline begins. The wife, Circulation, is either dead or growing extremely feeble and all the little Circulations have married and left home. Addie, no longer a vamp, thin and feeble, only works a few days at a time and the meals she cooks are not nourishing. Which, of course, brings us to Shakespeare's sixth age, described thus:

The lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.

Lean, hungry, spindle-shanked and too small for his socks—that means the fine big building and the great plant are too big for the dwindling product. The lusty voice of former days turned to "a childish treble" which commands neither attention nor respect but which, in the nature of a querulous whine, annoys the neighbors and becomes a public nuisance. And the burden of the old man's plaint is that "things are not as they used to be."

These years are few. For the descent once started is rapid, and, none too soon for the comfort of the poor old man and for the pleasure of the

community, the newspaper slips swiftly and unnoticed into the seventh stage, which is the

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

One more job for the undertaker. Eyes too dim to see injustice or oppression; no teeth to bite into the problem of the day; no taste wherewith to savor the lust of battle and the joy of victory. "Sans everything."

And now come the lawyers with their green bags to advise the executors or the trustees how best to lay away the ancient ashes.

That is enough. The tendency of American journalism is to live and to die, to love, to hate, to serve and to betray, to seek glory, wealth and fame, to be heroic and to be cowardly; to be good and to be bad and to prepare the way for another generation not much better; not much worse but just like human beings—just folks.

And just as we love folks in the mass and like or hate them as individuals, we like or dislike individual newspapers but love them in the mass and devote our lives to their service. And if we choose our masters well there is no more honorable service under the sun. If our paper's purpose is the public service, we become the servants of our fellow man. We prosper and our papers live. Truly that is a place of honor.

The Making of a Newspaper

By LOUIS WILEY

Business Manager, the New York Times

In an address before the American Newspaper Publishers' Association in New York last month, Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania called the newspaper "the tongue of the world." "Listen to this tongue," he said, "and you will know the world's sayings and doings. If you are taking life seriously, this knowledge is an essential part of your equipment for the day's work." The Senator likened newspaper publishers to nerve centres which control the tongue's action, giving them unbounded opportunity and unlimited influence. He said the newspapers' interpretation of the world is accepted as final by millions of people, and therefore the most serious task of the tongue controller—that is, the publisher—is so to talk as to preserve a right relation between people and events, to speak things accordant with America's devotion to peace and justice as well as to liberty and independence.

The character of American newspapers, their standards of honor and their conception of responsibility to the public are notably high.

The publications which lead, those which exert the greatest influence, those most widely read, the most prosperous, are, as a rule, the newspapers

which live up to the highest standards of ethics. Their ambition is to comment upon the news with fairness and honesty, not to subordinate principle to expediency; to render public service and place before their readers that which will not debase, corrupt, deceive, offend or exercise a malign influence on the community.

As semipublic institutions, newspapers perform an important function. While it is charged by some critics that they are controlled by capitalists, by this or that party or interest, the impartial investigator will find the desire to serve the public is a fundamental part of the newspaper calling.

In our civilization newspapers are indispensable. Every phase of world activity has multiplied so rapidly in recent years that only readers of newspapers can keep pace with the march of events. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to maintain present-day international relations, business, transportation and social life without newspapers. They are the great channels of information of all human activities.

In the making of a newspaper man, quite as important as the making of a newspaper, I would lay special emphasis on the cultivation of the judicial temper. Whether you find yourselves in editorial chairs or in reportorial work, be actuated by the spirit of truth. Sift the facts, separate the wheat from the chaff. Sacrifice everything to actuality. Do not be tempted from the narrow way to dally with the temptations that appeal to the imagination. Be eloquent, stirring, dramatic, witty, if you can, but by all means be truthful.

Your readers, while they may admire your gifts, look for the news, which must be printed in terse, vigorous language, without exaggeration. Accuracy is more to the point than unfounded sensationalism or rhetorical flights.

A real newspaper man must study human nature. Pope has told us that the proper study of mankind is man. The harmonies of our common nature, the discords, the variable and various qualities that combine to make statesmen and politicians, the underlying currents which place some men in the forefront and force others to the rear, may well occupy some of your thoughts.

A glance at the books on journalism published by the University of Missouri brings to mind the great range of knowledge required by the modern journalist—not necessarily a full, exact, and scholarly knowledge, but a familiarity with knowledge in general, and an intimate acquaintance with some sections of learning.

For example, the editor must be a lawyer, not in the technical sense, but in a practical and useful manner, with particular insight into libel, slander, the rights of speech, municipal law and similar subjects. There could be no better brief introduction to this subject than Rome G. Brown's "Some Points on the Law of the Press" and Mr. Lehmann's "The Law and

the Newspaper," issued by your university. The editor's law must be positive as well as negative; he must know not only what to avoid, but be able to guide the public mind in reference to needed laws and those already on the statute book.

Solomon Bulkley, of the Springfield Republican, in his book "People and Politics," tells of close acquaintance with a long line of eminent men, intimate knowledge of stirring events and a share in the shaping of important issues. Journalism offers a contact with contemporary life in many spheres of endeavor not possible through any other channel.

The opportunities which newspaper men frequently enjoy of close relations with men in public life, and the confidences which are theirs, are revealed in a new volume of reminiscences by H. H. Kohlsaet, former publisher of the Chicago Inter-Ocean and the Chicago Herald, with the title "From McKinley to Harding."

Other books recommended to the student are Melville E. Stone's reminiscences, J. T. Buckingham's account of early Boston journalism, and the autobiographies of Horace Greeley, Thurlow Weed and Henry Watterson.

In more than two hundred colleges and universities of the United States courses are given in journalism. There is an ever-increasing demand for training in the fundamentals of newspaper making. For the most part, these courses are in charge of practical newspaper workers, their experience on the staffs of newspapers ranging from five to thirty years or more.

Many a daily newspaper is issued by the department. Newspapers in the cities and towns where some of these colleges are located have agreed to send members of classes in journalism on regular reportorial assignments. Occasionally a newspaper is issued for a day entirely by a class of students. As these experiments, so far as known, have not placed any newspaper in the hands of a receiver, we are safe in assuming that they have been successful.

Students of journalism are encouraged to obtain regular work in newspaper offices outside their study hours. Fifty-six per cent of the senior class of the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University, New York, have part-time employment. Some are with daily newspapers in and about New York; others with magazines and a few with news associations and syndicates.

The School of Journalism of the University of Missouri has taken high rank. Its courses of study are wholesome and practical. They include the fundamentals of the newspaper calling—ideals and ethics, principles and standards, conduct and guidance, with instruction in the practical work of reporting, writing and mechanical production. No other school of journalism has issued so many useful pamphlets of value to those preparing for newspaper work and those who are engaged in the profession.

Newspaper making is no light and easy road where one may walk without bearing burdens. It is a serious and responsible mission, and, even though a highly developed intelligence may soften some of the severe work entailed, there will be no period when concentrated effort can safely be withdrawn.

At Washington last month the American Society of Newspaper Editors adopted Seven Canons of Journalism, setting forth what might be called a summary of ethics for the press. The tone of editorial comment on the canons is varied. Arthur Brisbane, instead of accepting the society's "truth, decency and fairness" as the cardinal principles of journalism, declares that "fearlessness, energy, originality" are the real cardinals. Another writer suggests that it is too obvious to put on record a declaration of preference for virtue rather than vice.

It cannot be disputed, however, that when editors in conference acclaim their adherence to high principles, they strengthen themselves in right thinking, help the cause of journalism and point the way to a better world in which to live.

The canons announced mean that a newspaper's responsibility is determined by the use it makes of the public attention it receives; that a newspaper must have freedom to discuss everything not forbidden by the law; that to promote a private interest against the general welfare is wrong; and that news communications from private sources should be verified elsewhere and their origin published.

Unfairness in editorial political writing, or in the news sections must be avoided; only truth must prevail, even in headlines; and news reports should be free from any bias or opinion.

A newspaper must have a conscience when articles threaten reputation or moral character; the accused has rights and must be allowed to defend himself.

The invasion of private rights on behalf of alleged public rights; the publishing of private statements only with permission, and the prompt correction of errors are items in newspaper ethics which cannot be disregarded.

Lastly, the standard of decency, which prevents a newspaper from publishing details of vice and other objectionable matters to the public detriment, is one to be upheld, so that an avowedly high moral purpose is not besmirched by the presence of morbid stories and incentives to evil.

Take any city in which several daily newspapers are published. With some notable exceptions, the same news is sent to each by cable and telegraph, yet how differently it is presented. Some newspapers are careful in presenting dignified and decorous captions, while others are sensational or flippant. The difference may be due to personal equation or it may be a matter of business. It is the variety in methods that attracts the variety of reader, and it is certain that the conservative newspaper, if it

is honest, impartial and enterprising, with a due respect for its readers, will more often find success than the newspaper which caters to the frivolous and thoughtless.

The responsibility of a newspaper for the presentation to its readers of advertisements which tell the truth without exaggeration is as great as the obligation which governs the publication of news. There was a time when a newspaper would print almost any advertisement offered for publication. There are some newspapers that do so now, but not many. No newspaper has a right to print an advertisement which makes statements intended to deceive those who are inexperienced, lacking in education or discernment, or from which persons may draw an erroneous inference.

Newspapers which exercise the greatest care in the scrutiny and censorship of advertising have found that the purchasing power of their columns increases in ratio to the censorship exercised. Readers of a newspaper which recognizes its responsibility for the presentation of advertising, without misrepresentation and extravagant claims, place a confidence in the newspaper they read which is extended to the advertiser and reflected in profitable business both to newspaper and advertiser.

Radio broadcasting will never take the place of newspapers. The newspaper can be read any time. We absorb such information as we desire from its columns when we are so inclined. If we miss a point we can go back to it. But if you desire entertainment or news by radio, you must take what is provided at the hour scheduled, not at the time and place you prefer and there can be no relistening to or reselection of radio transmitted news. You must seek the radio, but the newspaper comes to you.

Dissemination of knowledge by radio will be in a new field. It will satisfy a demand that newspapers can not fill and there will be room for the development of both. Radio transmission of news should tend to stimulate interest in newspapers and increase their sales.

Radio will be a most effective agent in stemming the drift of people from the country to the cities. Country life has always had a certain amount of dullness in it, owing to the lack of entertainment. The radio set gives the news, the music, the drama and the talk to the whole countryside; so that in a few years it will make no difference where a man lives. He will be able to work anywhere, and yet know and hear what is going on in the chief centres of activity. Thus, the day may not be far distant when, instead of crowding into an ill-ventilated opera house as the one place where some Caruso may be heard, a million people will not only listen in their homes, but advances in science enable them to see the stage as well as hear the voice of the operatic star.

Radio has come to stay. It is not a passing phase, and must be treated seriously, for its possibilities are numerous and important. Already I can

visualize the time when all nations will listen to announcements of international consequence from the chief capitals: Tokio, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Moscow, London. A quarter of a century from now Washington may announce arrangements for broadcasting university courses in journalism open to all the world. I predict that within two or three hundred years the use of radio will have brought about a universal language; and whatever newspapers exist in those days will be printed in that tongue.

Newspapers should take a favorable attitude toward radio, for many reasons. Broadcasting is now largely a neighborhood undertaking, frequently a very large neighborhood. People are able to get together and think of the same thing, in such groups as their preferences dictate. We are gregarious creatures, and radio as well as motion picture entertainments meet the fundamental human desire to get into touch with others.

Radio represents a people's movement. Broadcasting has the nature of great university extension courses and it is already an educational force of tremendous power.

Thousands of youths who have made their own receiving sets will grow up in a scientific atmosphere, and no development of the apparatus or extension of service will be foreign to them. The editor, taking a wider and deeper interest, cannot afford to ignore a factor which tends to unite the people of this country, and which brings all of them into touch with the wide world across the seas.

What makes a newspaper great and, in the highest sense, successful? The foundation is plainly the confidence of its readers, the respect of the community to which it appeals. It comes of principles clearly formulated and unswervingly adhered to; of ideals religiously cherished and never abandoned. It calls for many renunciations. When guided by such a creed, when conviction goes every day into its making, and when to all these qualities, illuminating and vitalizing them, brains are added, the newspaper that is the product of this blending will inevitably enjoy the confidence, the respect and the support of the community to which it appeals.

The Press and Our Oriental Relations

By POULTNEY BIGELOW, M. A., F. R. G. S.

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I am here as a journalist who has made a specialty of travel and historical research. This may sound personal; but yours must be the responsibility, for it is you who have made the world think me important, it is you who have called me to this banquet, it is your fault if my words are other than you had reason to expect.

Journalism is referred to as the bulwark of our liberty—the keystone in our temple of democracy. Our newspaper proprietors persistently advertise themselves as public benefactors who are all arch patriots and earnest seekers after the truth. Those who question such soothing statements are many and are always in the wrong, because no one would care to print such heterodox views in any American paper. Journalism can be good. It can be hard. It may be a virtue and it may be a vice.

Just now the majesty of our federal Congress is being viciously undermined by a section of the American press which seeks war between Japan and this country. This press enjoys immunity whilst daily uttering falsehoods and libels aimed at our nearest neighbor in the Pacific; and the people have no power to compel such papers to publish the truth, even after it has been officially proclaimed on the highest authority. A half-dozen rich men control the most important organs of public opinion west of the Rocky Mountains and by that one fact are able to exert political pressure so strong that already California is treating our treaty with Japan as merely another scrap of paper.

In the past we denounced monarchs because we believed that wars were made for purely personal or dynastic reasons. Now that monarchy has been constitutionally moderated—and momentarily suppressed in Russia, Austria and Germany—we should pause whilst noting that the crowns which yesterday graced the heads of anointed sovereigns are today worn by the despots of our latter-day democracy whose will is enforced by a syndicate of press plutocrats.

We made war on Spain in 1898. No king and no President wished that war. But the proprietor of an American journalistic syndicate inflamed public sentiment so persistently and so poisonously that we finally invaded Cuba, saddled ourselves with far-away colonies and with an increase of religious and racial problems.

The war with Spain grew out of two charges, both of them unfounded: first, that Spain blew up the Maine; second, that Senora Cisnero had been improperly handled by a Spanish officer. We know now that no one

knows how the Maine exploded; and we of the newspaper craft know equally that the Cisneros story was an artfully engineered fake which fired the public sentiment much as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had operated in the northern states prior to the Civil War.

If there's glory in getting people to go out and murder one another, then should we enlarge our Hall of Fame in order to include those newspaper nabobs who keep themselves at a safe distance from the firing line whilst their tame editors urge on the young and the brave and the credulously ideal youngsters to go forth to a glorious death.

Japan is dear to me, because I know the country from having been a shipwrecked sailor on her coast. Her people are dear to me because I have Japanese friendships half a century old. Five times have I cruised in Far Eastern seas, solely for study and never in order to make more money. Japanese gentlemen and their wives have been guests in my American home and also in the homes of my friends, whilst my wife and myself have been received in Japanese homes as guests. This does not mean that I have not much to learn about Japan, but so have I much to learn about every other country, including my own.

There are few surprises for him who has carefully studied history; but the superficial traveler is ever stumbling upon adventures and retailing sensational tales.

Manchuria, Korea, Formosa—these were synonymous with barbarism, cruelty and political chaos when first I sailed those waters in 1875 and 1876. They remained a social savagery until the flag of Japan waved over Dairen, Seoul, Port Arthur and Taihoku. Today the only portion of Eastern Asia safe for commerce and pleasure travel is that very small one where a Japanese policeman is the symbol of law, of order, of good roads, of public hygiene and of education.

China has proved hopelessly unequal to the task of holding together her vast empire, and Russia has failed even more lamentably. When first I visited Peking, forty-seven years ago, not only was there not one mile of railway in the empire, but not even that much of macadam between the coast and the Manchu capital. Two English commissioners had just been murdered whilst bearing official passes, and my own permit was given on condition that I hold no communication with rebel forces who had already laid waste hundreds of towns and diminished the population by more than ten millions. I refer to the Tai Pings.

In 1921 I wanted to visit Mongolia and Eastern Siberia—but even Harbin was then dominated by plundering guerilla bands and nowhere was there civilized progress outside of zones patrolled by Japanese police.

We as a nation have been for now some time acting toward Japan much as France and England acted officially toward the United States during our Civil War. England today is our friend and ally, but we have not forgotten that from 1860 to 1865 her chief newspapers, her leading

politicians did little to disguise their hope that we would soon cease to be one united people.

Japan also is our friend and ally. She fought for us during the Great War, she cleared the Pacific of German ships, she silenced the great forts of Tsing Tao; and she enabled the navies of England and the United States to concentrate all their power in Atlantic waters. Japanese residents of the United States served under the Stars and Stripes and gave noblest expression to their loyalty; for what expression can be stronger than offering one's life in the cause of one's adopted country.

The Japanese is brave and he is moral and he is honest and above all he is courteous—of a courtesy that has its roots in kindness of heart.

No nation has ever sprung to arms so swiftly and enthusiastically as Japan during her last three wars, and I need not recall to this generation that a great war is a supreme test of honesty and industrial efficiency in a people. Japan has stood this test more perfectly than any other nation with the possible exception of Prussia in 1870.

Morality in the highest sense of Roman *virtus* finds its finest expression in Japan. A pure-minded woman may walk the streets of Tokio day or night without being offended as she assuredly would be in those of New York or Chicago where painted prostitutes prowl with impunity. There are doubtless women in Japan as elsewhere who ply a shameful commerce but at least they do not flaunt their unhallowed wares in avenues where modest women are compelled to pay visits or go shopping.

We would brand with infamy a foreigner who should come to the United States and write a book made up of his life in a New York brothel. Yet an American writer has made much money by publishing a novel in which he advertises the interesting fact that he knows of Japanese family life mainly what he has gleaned through residence in a house of ill fame.

I've never known Japanese in America seeking the acquaintance of improper women nor have I ever, in Japan, been entertained by indecencies in books, pictures or theatrical shows. This whole matter is puerile from the standpoint of one who travels and reads; yet it is important from the number of Americans who persistently repeat the stale and empty accusation. Immoral people do not have large and happy families.

Japanese honesty compares well with our own or that of any European country. I've never been cheated in any shop or hotel of Japan, nor have I ever locked my bedroom door nor any of my baggage whilst under the Japanese flag. California papers repeat over and over again that Japan is dishonest to such a deplorable extent that the banks of Dai Nippon employ Chinese tellers to the exclusion of their own countrymen.

This is not the truth!

There is not a Chinese teller in any Japanese bank. I have made a diligent search for Chinese tellers not only in Japan but in Formosa, Shantung and Korea. The tale is absurd—just as absurd as though a foreigner

should insist that American banks had women clerks because men could not be trusted.

Yet such is the power of our syndicate of nabobs in the newspaper business that should I visit California twenty years hence I'm sure that the first man who met me at the hotel would inform me that all Japanese are immoral—all dishonest—and that America was being ruined by their presence in our virtuous midst.

People who are clean and courteous; industrious, intelligent and law abiding; such people are welcome where immigration laws are wise. Moreover, such people become dangerous when treated unfairly.

We place no effective barriers against Africans and Mexicans who drift in over the Rio Grande or in fishing craft from the West Indies. We have more than a million of Asiatics in the city of New York whose home address was once Jerusalem and whose twin brothers are from Armenia and adjacent centers of Semitic interests. We have Sinn Feiners and Bolsheviks throughout our Atlantic seaboard. And not a politician is disturbed. But let a Japanese buy a ranch in Mexico, or an orchard in California, and the American Senate reverberates with vocal invective against the yellow peril.

And now one final word. War must be, because war has ever been, the one distinguishing feature of Christian peoples. Being a good Christian, I am bound to believe in war—especially in wars which we Christians provoke. But although a Christian, I pray for peace now and then. Too much peace would be unchristian—would be a blasphemous imitation of oriental pacifism. But I plead for a short peace—a truce to war for a few years—until 1954, the centennial of Perry's famous treaty with Japan.

Let us forbid all armed vessels in the Pacific until that memorable date. Let us then all unite in a world festival in Tokio to commemorate our centennial of Japanese friendship and there lay the foundations of another treaty equally beneficent. Japan stands ready to grasp our hand. May the Press of America help us in such a cause; for it is the cause of world peace.

THE
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JOURNALISM SERIES

Edited by

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