

GAYNOR TELLS HOW TO RUN NEWSPAPERS

New York, Dec. 1.—Mayor William J. Gaynor, who has bitterly attacked various New York newspapers since he entered politics, today told how he would run a newspaper.

According to the mayor himself once a reporter, a newspapers:

Should show that a gentleman control it.

Should be true; it's motives fair.

Should not write an editorial until sure of its facts.

Should have headlines noted for accuracy and stripped of verbiage.

Should have all articles signed, to make the writer careful to libel no one.

Should give all the political news without regard of party.

Should not permit its proprietor to hide behind a corporation of his own making.

Should not give testimony in divorce trials nor in sensational criminal cases.

Should not accept misleading, fraudulent advertising.

Should not permit advertisers to control its news or editorial policy.

Should write every article as short as is consistent with the facts.

Should not cartoon a decent, well-bred official as a ruffian or a loafer.

Should have a policy based on the good of the majority of the community.

"I would rather," the mayor said, "have the good will and aid of a newspaper with a circulation of 30,000 that is taken home and read in the family, than to have that of one with a circulation of 1,000,000 that is only looked at and thrown into the gutter."

WHY JACK JOHNSON AND DIAZ FAILED TO MEET

Palmer Day of Pasadena, Cal., who recently returned from Paris, France, tells a good story on Jack Johnson.

Day was seated in a cafe in Paris, when former President Porfirio Diaz of Mexico entered in company with two other gentlemen. Within a few minutes Jack Johnson and his white (?) wife entered the cafe. Johnson asked the waiter who the distinguished old gentleman was, and nodded toward President Diaz.

He was told and immediately taking one of his cards gave it to the waiter and asked him to present it to the former head of the Mexican government and say that he would like to meet the distinguished ex-president.

Upon reading the card the ex-president arose slowly from his seat and straightening himself to his full height, glanced witheringly at the big dinge and left the cafe.

"Huh," said Johnson. "He hasn't got anything on me; 'I can go back and he can't.'"

Talking about words, there is indeed a mysterious soothing in the word "Sassafras."