

"I shall expire with grief if you do not remain, my dear Marcus. You owe it to yourself and your country to help the Roosevelt campaign."

"I shall be racked with rheumatism if I do, my dear Theodore. I have already managed two campaigns."

"Ah! but those campaigns were not mine, but another's, my dear Marcus. It will be impossible for me to exist another instant if you do not do as I desire."

"The honor would be too great, my dear Theodore. Ask —"

"— is an ass, my dear Marcus."

"He is an unmitigated bore, my dear Theodore."

Let the catastrophe come on. The pleasant little scene has been enacted for lo! these many months, but it never becomes tiresome. It is beautifully, classically humorous. We shall be sorry when it stops at last.—San Francisco Star.

#### A MAN AFTER MR. MULLIGAN'S OWN HEART.

For The Public.

"Good maarn'n this maarn'n, Mистер Donovan."

"Good maarn'n, Mистер Mulligan."

"It's a foine day this maarn'n."

"'Tis indade, sorr."

"Phwat's th' news?"

"Noth n atahl atahl—only iverybody do be bladgin' about this Bill-phwat's 'is name? Oi don' know; Pannyma Bill, Oi think it is they call 'im."

"Ach! Donovan! Ye're crayzee. Hould yer toong till Oi iexplain it till ye. Sure, Rosyfell's the lad afther me own heart!— It's a wurr'd'an' a blow—an' the blow comes furrst. Coloomby wudn't lave us dig the ditch across the isthmus. So, wan day some fellys wrote to 'm, an' sez they: 'Mr. Rosyfell, we hov the boolge an Coloomby. We hov the anner t' announce t' ye that the bran new Raypooblic av Pannyma wuz baarn yesterday. Thure'll be a schlaughther sale av canal routes tomorry. Are yez an? Don't delay, but coom airly an' get yer pick.'"

"D'ye think wud he go, Mulligan?"

"D'ye think wud a dook schwim, Donovan? An' he wint. An' begorra, there'll be ditch digg'n t' bate the band!"

"Ye're talkun'!"

"Dade Oi am, Donovan. Faith, Rosyfell is a jainyus. All the greaat shtatesmin av th' coontry hov been want'n' t' get hould av Cuby fer many a year pasht, an' it tuk Rosyfell to tatch thim how to do ut. There'll be a captain av indushtry in New Yaark. An' he'll say to his proivate secretary, sez 'e: 'Put an a clane collar an' nicktoy, an' go down t'

Cuby. Go into the roorial districts whare the paypl' are poor an' discontinued. An' be sure ye pay yer legitimate expinsis. Pay liberally—the paypl' are poor an' Oi wudn't rist aisy in me conscience if anny thing Oi doone shud add to their grievious burrdens. Take about three millyun 500 dollars wid ye; an' if that won't pay yer legitimate expinsis, sind fer more. Don't be a burrden to those poor paypl'. Buy ivery acre av land in that geographycalculable section av the oiland. Get nixt to the young pathriots av infloonce among the paypl'. Point thim to the glorious achievemints of the silf-sacrifoising pathriots av Pannamother. Tell thim in glowing turums av the univarsal dimmycratic tindincy av the age. Let thim rear a raypooblic upon the solid foundation av their blashted hopes, whose fame and glory will go rolling down the carridors av toime, loike a twinty-five thousand dollar autymobillier phwin the chaffer has got rattled. Call a convintion, elect a prisident, an inside guard, an outside guard and a polisman; and thare is yer goovermint de factory. Wire Rosyfell, an' he'll sind the govermint de Jewry by return cable; to be followed by a fleet av warships, to protict the U. S. coaling station, besoides kaping the mother country from shpanking her raycalcitrant childher."

"It's a promoter ye augh' to be, Mulligan."

"Inc'de it is, Donovan. Wid Rosyfell to back me, Oi'd hov a whole lither av young raypooblics insoide av three months—wid commercial adwantages correspond'n."

HORACE CLIFTON.

#### WHAT THE GIANTS BUILD

An extract from "Symbol Psychology: A New Interpretation of Race Traditions," by Adolph Roeder, just published by Harper & Bros. See review on page 590 of Public of December 19.

Think for a moment of the story of the building of Valhal. The giants bullded it. The tremendous forces of earth and mind build the dwelling place of the gods. It was impossible to understand this story until we attained our present day culture and development. But now we see; now we comprehend. Look abroad upon the vast reaches of man's utilization of the gigantic nature forces! See what man has done with them! They do every conceivable thing for him. He makes the giant fact called "wind" drive his boats and his windmills; the giant "gravitation" runs his water wheels and his gravity cars and a thousand and one other things; and the giant "electricity" lights his houses and his

towns, drives his dynamos and his trolleys, lifts his elevators and cooks his food, and talks over miles of space, clicks his messages across the sea—with wires and without—and does all kinds of intelligent, but unintelligible things for him. These are giants, for they are as big as the globe—aye, and bigger—mirabile dictu—the sentence "There were giants in those days" is no more true than the equally remarkable sentence "There are giants in these days."

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The giant forces of nature build the machine, and—~~it~~ displaces man. There is the most serious plaint which the laborer raises against the machine. It does the work of a dozen, of a hundred, of two hundred, and, of course, these are thrown out of work, but—a machine can only displace a machine. No two bodies of entirely different nature can displace each other. A chair cannot displace a thought and a stone cannot displace a filial obligation or a parental duty. So a machine can displace only a machine—and if man were only a human machine, then, of course, he can be displaced by a machine, and rightly so, for God did not design him ultimately to be a machine. He was a machine, collectively, after he had outgrown the animal stage. He admitted it; he called his political mechanism a machine; the church, he felt, was an ecclesiastical mechanism; he spoke of the machinery of business—if he was collectively a machine, he must needs be individually a machine, and can it be doubted that he assumed that attitude? Look at the man in the trench—the man of mechanical employment—and tell me, is that fulfilling the design of God? When God created man, did he design him to be an eating and sleeping animal, a digging and trenching machine? Not at all. As soon as possible God would certainly introduce the machine to do the machine work and set man free to do the human work. The man displaced grumbles at first; but the machine shortens hours, it limits labor, it reduces wear and tear, and it gives men time to cultivate their mental side. They may not do it as yet, but ultimately, when the mechanical side of things can be attended to by a handful of men, man will be free to grow into that manhood which can come only when the giants have built the palace of the gods, for manhood in its aggregate is "the gods." And the giants build the palace of the gods because they set men free from mechanical lines by putting machines in the

places designed by God for machines, and not for men, from the beginning.

This is the story of the Scandinavian buildings, and this the age in which it is being accomplished, whence springs the deep and otherwise almost inexplicable interest in Wagner's "Niebelungen Ring."

#### NEW YORK NEWS FACTORIES.

A letter published in the December number of Liberty.

The arrest of John Turner and his threatened deportation under the new Anti-Anarchist law have brought the general subject of Anarchism prominently before the public; and at this time, while a great deal of stuff is being printed in the daily papers on the subject, the following account of a personal interview with the editor of the New York "Times" may be of interest, as indicating, to some extent, at least, the attitude of the press toward Anarchy.

As the readers of Liberty know, the newspaper accounts of the meeting which Mr. Turner was addressing at the time of his arrest were absolutely false. Therefore, having been present at the meeting and knowing the actual facts of the case, I called on the editor of the "Times," the principal offender, with a request that he print a letter of correction in his paper.

When I approached the editor in his sanctum, and stated my errand, he looked up and said:

"Well, we don't care to do anything much for these Anarchists, unless it is to see them safely to the electric chair."

When I remonstrated that, regardless of his personal opinion of the Anarchists, if his paper was going to print anything at all about them, common decency and fairness dictated that it should tell the truth, he remarked:

"We don't consider that these people are entitled to fairness any more than a pack of mad dogs."

And in the course of his further remarks he volunteered the information that Anarchists were "people banded together for purposes of assassination," who were "everybody's enemies."

In spite of these strong statements, the editor printed my letter, but without comment.

Of course I know there is nothing new in all this. Misrepresentation and calumny, I suppose, are the lot of every radical movement. But, when the editor of so important and influential a newspaper as the "Times," in

an amazing burst of frankness, comes out with statements the only inference from which is that he would stoop to any means to injure a cause he assumes to be "everybody's enemy," the occasion seems to furnish a good opportunity (which I hope the editor of Liberty will not miss) for someone to follow Dr. Dowie's example and "get after" him.

The following facts may also be of interest to those who are not well acquainted with newspaper methods of getting news. In the course of my investigations of this matter, I traced the responsibility for the original story of the so-called "raid" on the Turner meeting to the New York City News Association, a branch of the Associated Press. From the manager of that association I learned that the story as it appeared in the "Times," "Press," and "Journal," and from them was copied broadcast over the country, was written by a young "space grabber," who was "anxious to get on the regular staff," and therefore, "in his youthful enthusiasm to please, wrote the story in the manner he thought most likely to please."

According to the direct admissions of the manager, the reporter was "most likely not in the hall at all, but got his facts from some policemen who took part in the affair, and who wanted to get a little glory for himself by making out there had been a riot." (The quotations mark literal statements.)

Thus are newspapers "made."

WM. G. LIGHTBOURN.  
New York, November 10, 1903.

#### UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

Printed from the Original MS.

Dear John: I'm surprised, John, that you like my boy William Jennings Bryan. Of course Billy is a fine fellow, and I had half a notion once or twice to have him for President, but—he's an anti-imperialist, John, bad!

Of course he is good to look at—handsome fellow, prime of life, always appears well, talks well, acts well, good judgment, good humor, belongs to church, and has a good reputation at home; but, John, did you notice that under jaw of his? He means all those blamed Christian things he says, and I'm afraid of him. He's a dangerous man; and as to Christian principles, with Bryan at the helm to carry 'em out, John, I'm agin 'em! Heaven hereafter, says I; not now. But we had to work; and it was a close call for the devil last election, I tell you!

You see, this Bryan is an awful strong

man. He's a power. The more bad words you throw at him the better he looks. He don't have any mean streaks, and the boys drop in behind him like sheep after the bell wether. He don't understand it, nor they don't; but it's so. He's a natural leader of men, and so big the boys ain't ashamed to foller him after they get into line. And then he is so plausible, makes you think he's right, confound him! Makes you think he's right!

Well, he was a-leadin' the crowd, last election, on ways already greased by Washington, Jefferson and Abe Lincoln, not to say anything about Christ an' the Declaration of Independence; and something had to be done. You see it was so fixed that you had to stand up and be counted for Christ and Bryan, or stand up for the devil and shoot Filipinos. Then I called out my Christian ministers. It was a fine card. It was pretty tough sometimes; some of 'em wouldn't stand fer it, but they was largely wild ones, already teeterin' on the verges of respectability. Most of the cloth stood manfully with the Old Boy; and when the smoke cleared away, the Filipino where was he! Ask of the winds which all around with fragments strew the ministree. I thought at first Bryan was gone, too, and was kind o' sorry, for gone, he's a fine feller; but he ain't. Looks to me as if every time I beat him he gets bigger.

Then when he went abroad I thought again he was done for. Choate introduced him and apologized for him. Threw him on the bargain counter and said at least he could say he was an honest man. Choate's mistake was in ever letting him get that mouth of his open to show what he was. Bryan makes one little speech at the Thanksgiving dinner in London, stampedes the dinner and captures Europe. It was the '96 convention over again; and you, John, were just as big an old fool as any wild Democrat of the lot. Suppose he did set a high and ideal mark for men and nations. Suppose he did himself mark high, and head and shoulders above my present administration. That's the trouble with him—I admit it—strenuous in principle, brilliant and able, courteous and affable, fearless and daring, he is to-day the Chevalier Bayard of the western world and the knightliest man in it. I admit it, and I have a sneaking liking for him myself and pride in him; but how the dickens can I keep on a-representin' him as a scrub politician if you, John, set the seal of respectability and approval on him? Answer me that!