

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!