On Picket Duty.

Paris is to have a "Twentieth Century." An organ of revolutionary Socialism entitled "Vingtième Siècle" and edited by M. Chasneauing, a Socialist deputy, is announced as shortly to appear. Like the "Twentieth Century" of the United States, it will have, so it claims in its prospectus, both Socialists and Anarchists among its contributors. The Anarchists, however, are pretty sure to be Communists.

It seems that a "Tribune" editorial chair is enough to queer any presidential ticket. It is just twenty years ago that poor Greeley was whipped into his grave, and now an avalanche almost as heavy has descended upon the head of his successor. Whitelaw Reid has nothing to show for his "boule." Perhaps now he will take his revenge upon the printers whom he bought in vain. If I were employed in the "Tribune" composing-room, I should begin to look for a new job.

Whitelaw Reid declares that his nomination for the vice-presidency came to him unsought and as an utter surprise. Perhaps Mr. Keel will explain how it happened that one of his employees made the round of the New York newspaper offices a day or two before the nomination, hawking huge electrotypes of his employer, freshly made for the occasion, for use in the papers the morning after the nomination, and reassuring those who hesitated to buy by telling them that it was a sure thing; that they ran no risk in purchasing, as the nomination was settled in advance.

The subscription to the book-fund is now close to four hundred and fifty copies. But the rate of increase has become so slow that, as Comrade Scott points out in another column, it will take a long time yet to reach the necessary five hundred. He therefore, to hasten matters, adds another copy to his subscription, and urges those who, like himself, have already subscribed for one copy to follow his example. I hesitate to second his motion, the response of those already on the list having been so generous; but in view of his letter and of the offer of James Rigby, who puts his name down for two copies and writes that, if more help is wanted to fill the list, he will do his part, I will simply point out that, if each of the one hundred and thirty persons now on the list were to add one copy immediately, the total subscription would rise at once to nearly six hundred,—a very satisfactory result. If any feel disposed and able to swell the list in this way, of course I shall be pleased. If the subscription should reach five hundred by December 15, I think the book would be out not later than February 15.

Zola and Dynamite.

Shortly after the recent dynamite explosion in Paris, by which several policemen were killed, there appeared in a Paris paper a pretentious interview with Zola, in which he was represented as demurring to dynamite in very severe terms. This at once reminded all who have read "Germinal" of the finely drawn character, Souvarine, the revolutionist, who destroyed the mines upon the failure of the strike, and with whom the author seemed certainly not less sympathetic than with the agitators of other types who figure in the story,—rather the contrary. Among those thus reminded was one of Zola's most appreciative admirers, a Parisian woman, Madame Sévérine, a very brilliant journalist, of musical instincts and broad sympathies, even ready to aid the suffering and champion the oppressed, and full of tolerance for all who join in such championship even by methods not her own. Indignant at the expressions said to have been used by Zola, and prompted perhaps by the similarity of her own name to that of Zola's hero, she assumed for the moment the character of Souvarine and in that capacity addressed to the novelist through the press an eloquent letter of protest. This was followed by a spiritual correspondence between Zola and Madame Sévérine as well as by newspaper interviews with both personages. The whole controversy appeared in "L'Echo de Paris" from which I translate it for Liberty. I believe that there are many among Liberty's readers who are sufficiently familiar with "Germinal" to share the interest I feel in this episode; it can be thoroughly appreciated, however, only by those who have read "Germinal" in the original instead of the mutilated English version. It should be remembred in reading the controversy, that the words Anarchist and Anarchist refer solely to the doctrine of forcible revolution and its advocates, the success of the latter's attempt to capture this same having been as signs in France as has been its failure in this country. I first give Souvarine's letter.

To M. Émile Zola.

I should not like, my dear sir and biographer, to fall, in the inverse sense, into the ridiculous error of those who, on the day after the murder of the engineer Watrin at Decauville, accused you of being in some way the instigator thereof,—of having hypothesized a population by the story of the massacre of Maigrin, the grocer, in "Germinal." Events so justly justified you, fate in such a fabulous fashion traced the facts over your hypotheses and realized your vision that the vivacious, the vulgar, much preferred not to recognize the triumph of your genius, and even to make you expiate it by an appearance of moral complicity. This had not realized that, even in this work, or rather in that which I have just completed, I am no longer the same man I was; that I am now the being I was not. Few were those who cried rats, who proclaimed in the admiral art the marvellous prophet, and in your writer's armchair the tripod of the Pythians.

Such, however, was the truth; the comprehensive power of your intellect, the amplitude of your vision, looking down on men and things, dominating time and space, had made, of that strike at Auzigny which you spent a week in watching, the Strike; without indication of its limits, wherever and in whatever go in search of that black bread on which machinery feeds! Little or much, you divined everything, foresee everything; you encountered my dreamlike profile, and the wageworkers' revolt shall last, your book will remain the Bible of insurrection, whose verses apply successively, through the ages, to each stage of humanity.

You predicted, for Decauville, this supposition of a master by a crowd; so that a journal, really imbued by you, imagined that the suggestion had been certain, in all its atrocious details, and reproached you therefor. Now, nothing similar had occurred. I had been indirectly without phrases, but also without outrage.

It became necessary to recognize this: and, besides, that three-fourths of these primitive beings, not knowing how to read or write, could not have copied "Germinal." No more than those of Chartres. And yet it is "Germinal" again which we have to traverse, namely, the once more Rasseneur and Poilu, the meetings and the speeches, and the resolutions, the vote of censure or of enthusiasm, the eternal exploitation of the wretched by their employer, or their defender.

Watrin's end certified Maigrin's end.

But, at this time, the principle which I incantate, the terrible omen, remained in the shadow; at Decauville, one encountered my dreamlike profile, wandering, solitary and gloomy, by the lanes and footpaths, in the pale moonlight or the darkness of the night.

This time, M. Humbold, surrounded, threatened, seemingly lost, has miraculously escaped death. The leaders, by a common accord (and from one red to the other of the scale), have persuaded the ignorant multitude that it has won a great victory,—as they had encouraged it to sacrifice itself for the benefit of a personality, and of a political principle by which they alone will profit.

With songs, with oases, flags, and banners of triumph, the laborers have resumed work, which they ought never to have left except for themselves, their bread, or their freedom.

And some, as long as the capitalist peasantry and the wageworkers' revolt shall last, I shall remain the Bible of insurrection, whose verses apply successively, through the ages, to each stage of humanity.
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In declining poet and poetical, the last vestiges of oldfashioned demagoguery. The democratic party is the offspring of the conscience of the American people. The result of the election, the result of the policy and the results of the administration, show that the party of Lincoln is the party of the people. The party of Lincoln is the party of the democracy. The party of Lincoln is the party of the nation. The party of Lincoln is the party of the future. The party of Lincoln is the party of the nation's future.

And I fancy that, if his petition be granted, and the Board of Aldermen undertakes to decide what is to be done, as to whether to include the clean-minded man and woman, and deeply corrupting to the unformed standards of youth, there will be one of the most satisfactory displays of disinterestedness and dissatisfaction that any government has ever produced. The difficulties of the New York City government will be all the greater by the fact that the fact that a clean-minded man can be offended at what the aforesaid clubs complain of. Let the attempt at suppression be made. It can but be a boomerang.

C. L. SWARTZ.

Straws, Fancied and Actual.

To the Editor of Liberty:
The chances are nearly all in favor of you being right regarding the improbability of the Democrats doing anything for free banking during the coming four years. The fact that the people are simply talking, is as I view it, one of the most hopeful signs. But the bill of fare of the parties is a most important one, and the chances of the Democratic party getting at least some of it through are good.

Much educational work has been done. These Americanists who voted with the Democracy felt that every step forward of any party should have such encouragement as is necessary to encourage it to do its utmost. Much of what has been accomplished might have been expected to produce such results. The victory of Michael D. Harte in Ohio is in a much larger measure attributable to his radical utterances and his active work for the repeal of the ten per cent tax and in behalf of non-legal tender money.

R. C. WALKER.

4 ADAMSTOWN PLACE, BOSTON.

No one has disputed for a moment the educational value of the agitation resulting from the embodiment in the Democratic platform of the plank calling for the repeal of the ten per cent tax. If only that had to be considered, we should be in a mood of rejoicing. But "a little learning is a dangerous thing"; and if such a result should be the ultimate one, we may at least hope that something good may have emerged from this campaign in a half-educated condition should now be influenced by their own fears, by the wills of less sincere party associates, and by the "wild-cat cry" of their Republican opponents, to institute a banking reform having some semblance of freedom but lacking its essence, we should be in im- dependent of a disaster that would more than offset all the education that can fairly be attributed to the campaign just ended. If such a result would be bad, very bad; if, on the other hand, no such action should follow, the net result would be good, very good; but in the latter case I wish the voting Republicans to understand that, as facts within my knowledge warrant me in saying, the avoidance of the danger will be due, not at all to their disposition to let the Democrats proceed unmolested and even to aid them a little in a quiet way, but in a very considerable degree, to the voice of warning lifted by Liberty and the intellectual and moral force which was heard in Democratic councils and fed its offshoot. If such action on my part can be considered passive support of Republicanism, so be it! But is my long record of opposition to Republican measures, methods, and men, to count for nothing, then, as passive support of Democracy? I hate both these parties impartially, but I strike my hardest blows at that one with which for the moment it seems most imperative to deal. Such must be the qualities only did his policy, Mr. Walker's policy, on the other hand, of devoting nearly all his opposition to one party and voting with the other to encourage it to take hold, more certain, and longer steps, betray an excess of results from politics that seems to me severely consonant with the Anarchistic position, but more than any other man of his party, has identified his name with the repeal demand. And not only has he advocated the repeal of the ten per cent tax; he has clearly, distinctly, and repeatedly attacked the principles of legal tender. He did that in his speeches before the National Association, he did it in San Francisco, and he did it elsewhere. He said that no form of money should depend for its acceptance upon the legal tender flat of government. Well, to repeat, if the success or failure of the National Democratic Congressional Committee for a repeal could be taken as an indication of Democratic sentiment on the state bond question, then the reflection of Michael D. Harte may be regarded as a most hopeful sign. If you consider Mr. Harte's district to have been gerry-mandered by the Republicans, and as a result he had an adverse majoriety of about fifteen hundred to overcome. He succeeded in dissipating this feeling, and securing the support of the Republican Republicans, he himself. This would indicate that many Republicans in the State of Massachusetts are in favor of the Democratic party as well as the fact that the Democrats have the Democratic party at their back. Understand, I am not claiming that Mr. Harte's triumph is even slightly due to the cause indicated; but I do aver that, if the defeat of George Fred Williams in Massachusetts was in any degree caused by his mild views upon the repeal demand, then the victory of Michael D. Harte in Ohio is in a much larger measure attributable to his radical utterances and his active work for the repeal of the ten per cent tax and in behalf of non-legal tender money.
—betrays, indeed, a forgetfulness of the fact peculiar to the economic revolution, that before there can exist a majority intelligent enough to achieve it by law or repeal of law, there must exist a minority intelligent and strong enough to achieve it by non-compliance.

Mr. Walker has entirely misunderstood my reference to the defeat of George Fred Williams. He failed to notice that the reference in question concluded a paragraph dealing not at all with the causes that produced the electoral results, but exclusively with the electoral results as causes of future Congressional action. I did not mean at all to say, nor did I think, that Williams's defeat was due in the least to his free banking principles, but rather that the free party in Congress had been weakened and rendered less capable of successful action by the defeat of Williams and other Massachusetts Democrats. Mr. Walker will see at once that he is in a vigorous contest with a man of straw which he himself has set up, and that this is the only straw that there is in the case.

Since he repudiates his own argument regarding the election of Harter, it is hardly worth while for me to comment on it; but perhaps it will do no harm to point out that Harter's participation in a lawbreak by so general that it carried, not merely his district, but the entire State of Ohio into the Democratic column (or nearly so)—I forget what the latest figures showed—is not a phenomenon sufficiently exceptional in character to establish or even indicate the causes of Harter's success.

Zola and Dynamite.

(Continued from page 1.)

a permanent scaffold; their indignation comes from their fright.

These men have a brain stunned, shuddering, before the splashes with purple claws, devourer of those who do not know the meaning of Tomorrow.

Then all thoughts turn to you, the forlorn, who simply by a faithful picture of the territoire, the views, the crimes, and even the ridiculous features, of the bourgeoisie, has so deeply underlined its powers and shortened its reign, tearing from its body and its crown,披着角和长皮, the kissing crowd, pot-bellied like Vitellus, bald like Caesar, rotten like Tiberius, cowardly like Nero, —all turn to you, poet and seer, powerful mind whose eye pierced through the darkness, whose hand reaches out, pointed in the direction to the gleam of the dawn to you, so far above common sentiments that it seems as if you would surely preserve your sincerity, though all others lose their hearts,— then turn to you and question you.

Without evading, you declare: "It is abominable, it is monstrous, it is a crime, it is stupidity!" You!

What reply have you left for M. Othon? It is not a political quarrel that I seek with you, but a literary quarrel. You have a right to your opinion; I have a right to mine, and whether they be right or wrong, it is true that the public is interested.

That Coppée, who is a tender heart, that Vaquerius, who is a romanticist, that the sentimentalists should express their sorrow or their severe dislike is not surprising. But that a sentimentalist should express this with such profuse, such development, and that when it appears in your works, Ouster, there is always the germ of revolt beneath the sedateness, is like an eagle's egg under a hen's wings.

The day after the appearance of the foregoing, "L'Echo de Paris" published the following correspondence:

Madame Sévrine:—

DEAR MADAME,— Why have you troubled two lines given to you by a young family? It is not very honest, that!

I have written: "These bombs that kill poor devils are abominable."

So, whatever my thinking regarding the social drama of which we are witnesses, I am forbidden to utter a cry of pity. You astonish me.

You are a woman, so I am also a woman.

Condolingly yours, all the same.

ÉMILE ZOLA.

PARIS, November 11, 1892.

To Madame Émile Zola.

DEAR MAMAN,— Why do you get angry and so beside the mark, too? It is not very Parisian, that!

I based my article, not on your autograph, but on your interviews,— the interview in the call, from which this is an extract:

Oh, yes! it is abominable, it is monstrous! The Archenemies fail of their purpose. It is really the poor devil who is the victim of these attacks. The powerful, the bourgeois, are sheltered from them; the bombs never reach them; yet it is to punishment that those who have resolved to submit to them. Coppée is right in saying, 'It is not a crime and a stupidity, it is crime.' We are strong enough to resist it; yet we can cause their sole result be to plunge into mourning a few families of poor people who have always lived by their labor.

Have I said anything else?

So, whatever your opinion regarding the social drama of which we are witnesses, is forbidden to emphasize, its phases! You astonish me.

Are you, then, no longer an Anarchist?

After all, perhaps it is written that there will be more than one Anarchist, who renounce the bomb, and thicker than thirty-nine reactionaries who have never changed.

Gently yours, all the same.

P.S. — Angélique will bless you; it is La Monique who will not be pleased.

PARIS, November 11, 1892.

On the following day the same journal printed an interview with Zola, which the reporter opened thus:

"Well, dear master, here you are, accused of teaching Anarchy in your books, and then of having your words with your writs?"

"Are you come to interview me about it?"

"Exactly."

"After all, what's the difference! I have a settled opinion regarding this fashion of reporting. I receive all the journalists who knock at my door, because I have no reason to be disagreeable to them. I declare all responsibility for the remarks which they attribute to me; generally they tell the truth; sometimes they torture it, and occasionally it happens that they have me dead set on the article that never occurs. I never protest, what is the use? I attach importance only to that which I sign. Now, my little quarelling with Madame Sévrine arises from an interview that I had with her. I have read all her articles; I have written about them, and whom I invited to my carriage the other day for a short drive, asked me questions about everything, except Anarchy; he told me of his literary and political outbursts of the time.

Yes, but I happened to me his words and his notes, and it was not unimportant, which I had not a mind to present in my writing on the subject, though I should be reported with absolute fidelity; and, more, that in any case you are ready, for whom I have a friendly feeling, has not made me say anything stupid. But how Madame Sévrine has taken the thing seriously, I have the keenest sympathy with Madame Sévrine; she has much talent, a generous nature, and a loyal heart; but she sometimes gives way to the child's excitement. It is of making me out a revolutionary writer and of taking my books for the Bible of Anarchy! One only can open my novels from the first to the last, to see that I am an Anarchist, but an evolutionist.

"Evolving and not revolution: how do you use these terms?"

"I am for the slow transformation of society; I wish reforms without violence, and I believe that we cannot hasten progress or solve social problems with shells or kettles of dynamite. All the characters that I have put into my works signify nothing else: and none of my protagonists, bourgeois, workmen, or representatives of official classes who have appeared, are beings that obey the instincts of the wild beasts, inspired by subversive instincts.

The Souvenir that Madame Sévrine has seen in "Germinal" does not exist there, and the arrangement quoted of her writing in "L'Echo de Paris" has created one in conformity with her own dream. You see, my friend, on the question of Anarchy I have been blessed by the whole. All that I can propose is that the state is wholesome, petty, and ugly. But the bourgeoisie now crazy with fright, of a great city in a stadium, I have an opinion far from flattering. I cannot understand why Proudhon should be afraid; I am angry. In the first place, anger always makes me laugh: when I see a man abandon himself to epileptic furies, I am convulsed: he is so ugly, so grotesque. As for the newspapers which we have read, there are so many false sentiments during the last few days, I find no excuse for them. One would really think that the Parisians had lost their heads; what so much fright over a bomb that bursts and makes a victim! Come, let us be logical, the other day, in the Rue de Trévise, a sabre fell and
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