

# INTERVIEW WITH CAPTAIN DREYFUS

## World-Famous Frenchman Recounts the Horrors of His Imprisonment.

### HIS OPINION OF HIS FOES

#### Considers Mercier an Immoral Man Who is Mentally Unconscious of the Evil He Has Done.

On the journey of Captain Alfred Dreyfus, after he was released from prison upon his pardon, from Rennes to Avignon to join his family he was accompanied by a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times. The correspondent was a personal friend of Mathieu Dreyfus, the martyred captain's brother, and it was through Mathieu that the meeting was arranged. Mathieu guarded his brother closely, and at first would not consent to an interview. After some persuasion, however, he agreed and the Times correspondent entered the private car in which the exile was to travel and was presented.

He was cordially greeted, though somewhat sadly, and was surprised to find the captain very different from the man he pictured him. He had expected to find an extremely unsympathetic person with furtive eyes and a proud and disagreeable air from all that he had heard, to find a harsh, mistrustful, proud and scornful man. But instead of this he found a man with regular, delicate features, and a calm, gentle expression; the pink complexion would have given him a young appearance if not for his extreme baldness and the gray hair at both sides of the head. Anemia had visibly weakened him; all the blood in his body went to the head, the last refuge of his prodigious vitality; the neck was lean, the hands long and bony; the knees showing like great nails; the chest was hollow, the whole body seemed that of a beaten man; but the firm mouth, the square, strong chin, the determined eye, showed that he was not vanquished; it was an eye of a charming shade of blue.

Captain Dreyfus looked straight at his interlocutor from behind his glasses. Was that the monster of hypocrisy—the wretch who elaborated treason that he had been represented to be? Never!

The train pulled out of Rennes and the publicity that was feared was successfully avoided as it sped towards Bordeaux. M. Mathieu Dreyfus kept looking at his brother, and asking him: "Are you all right? Are you cold?" "No, I am warmly clad, a blanket, two knitted vests, a waistcoat, jacket and topcoat. I feel very well, very well; and then you forget that I am free. I tell you what, it is splendid to find oneself free, not to feel that spying fellows are continually about you, who watch every movement of your body; that perpetual watch upon one is hateful, unendurable. One can stand being shut up; that is wearisome and becomes very painful; but the sense that an eye is always and unceasingly fixed on one is the most horrible feeling I can think of; and when one has to bear it for five years!"

"Don't tire yourself," said Mathieu, in a fatherly way; "you must be very tired." "Let me be tired," cried the captain; "I must talk; just think that I have not talked for five years. I feel so well, from being free, that I like to talk. I am tired, and I feel no pain. Perhaps the excitement has set me up, though tomorrow I may be the worse for it; but today I just want to do as I like." A feebly smile played over the face. It was not the smile of gaiety—far from it—but the smile of relaxed nerves after long tension, and of a mouth that had remained so long firmly set. Laughter there was none. How can Captain Dreyfus ever laugh? His life, suddenly swamped in a torrent of adversity and a chaos of catastrophes and misfortunes, must ever be shrouded with the black veil of melancholy.

The mention of General Mercier's name overclouded Captain Dreyfus' face with sadness. The Times correspondent had asked him General Mercier's deposition had impressed him. "He is a wicked, dishonest man," was the reply, given in a short manner. "But I think him unconscious of the depth of the evil he has done; he is too intelligent to be unconscious, but his consciousness is purely mental; he is morally unconscious. Mercier is 'un-moral'."

Dreyfus spoke of the infinite sadness that event threw on his release. It was so painful to think he could never tell him of his gratitude, for it was to him that he owed his liberty. After a fit of silence he added: "What fine characters this affair has brought out." Asked whether he had written many letters since his return to France, the captain said: "Not one. I had not the time. But I shall now have leisure to pay my debts. Just fancy: I received more than 5,000 at Rennes, without reckoning all that my wife received. Some were from the humblest, some from the grandest people. They did me a great deal of good. Officers in active service wrote to me and even signed their letters. A former comrade wrote: 'Hap-

py you are back. Happy is the thought of your future rehabilitation.' His few words consoled me for so many deceptions and for the unexpected hostility of so many comrades."

"How I suffered when they came of their own free will to say things that had no relation to the case, but which they thought would injure me. Mark that I do not think that they were actuated by ill-will towards me. No, they only wanted to please their chiefs. There are some people who have curious notions of duty; instead of understanding by discipline, obedience on the field of battle, or in the barracks, they extend it to the abatement of reason and moral liberty. I was never able to submit to discipline thus understood, and had I not been in the army, I could not have believed it existed."

This brought the conversation to the animosity of which the captain was the object in the bureau of the general staff. He was asked what reason there was for it. The causes, he said, were complex: first of all, they thought him guilty. Who can imagine that the chief acted with such levity in pushing on the case to a trial. Next, there was anti-Semitism; and lastly, the captain's own deposition.

"Yes," said Dreyfus, "I was short and crusty (cassant) with my superiors. I kept company with no one. On entering the general staff I paid no visits to any one, but merely sent visiting cards by my orderly. He took cards to the chief and the deputy chief of the general staff and the chief and deputy chief of my section.

"I took the liberty of saying what I thought, and was of independent behavior each time I was in relation with my superiors. If a plan or paper they had adopted did not seem to me what they thought, I gave my opinion outright. I know they do not like such free speech."

"Colonel Bertin said a deep-meaning thing at the Rennes trial in speaking of that hero, Picquart: They felt he was an officer who did not march behind his chiefs. This would be all right in war or at manoeuvring, but when honor and duty are in play, should one march behind any one? Has one not a conscience?"

"And Esterhazy, what do you think of him?" asked the correspondent. Dreyfus slowly and deliberately said: "He is just a swindler, and adventurer, who has swindled his country as he swindled his cousin and his tradesmen, but without thinking himself a rascal. He wanted money, that was all."

"No crime is committed without a motive. What motive could I have had? I never touched a card. They said I was debauched, but debauch does not go with hard work, and I had the ninth place on leaving the higher military school. To pass good examinations one must work like a slave; this is incompatible with debauchery. General Mercier said the motive should be sought for in the sphere of psychology, and that at Rennes they were in the judicial sphere. What did that mean? The motive should have been shown. Were I a judge I should, in the name of good sense insist on that."

"It is like that theory of the court-martial; extenuating circumstances. Treason against one's country is the greatest crime that a human being can commit. One can in a degree excuse a robber or a murderer, they only injure one's person, but treason is a crime against a multitude of persons. There are no extenuating circumstances. To say there are is monstrous."

"How did the verdict affect you?" The voice suddenly fell, and he said: "At first I felt the deepest pain, then I was stupefied, then there was a soft, sweet consoling feeling on learning that two officers had had the courage to declare me innocent."

"Did you ever hear at Devil's Island what was being done for you in France?" "Not a single word. From time to time severity grew rigorous, but that now I know coincided with the declaration of war ministers. Each time a war minister declared in his Tribune that I was legally and justly judged the gaolers grew more harsh. They first cut off my private supply of food, took away my books, or stopped my work or my walk, or shut out the view of the sea, and lastly clipped on the irons."

logally recover the right to do so?" "No, the day of my rehabilitation I shall resign."

"In which do you believe—in an error or a plot?" "Up to the time of the first court-martial most of the officers really believed me guilty, but the court-prosecution was on the wrong track, or, at any rate, had shown great levity. They then accumulated machinations against me."

"The proof of this was given by Captain Freytagster. They furnished behind my back documents they knew to be false to insure my conviction. When I heard Captain Freytagster at Rennes speak in his calm voice of the Panizza telegram my whole body quivered. It puzzles me how they could have acted as they did."

As Captain Dreyfus said this last sentence he opened his eyes wide, staring, as if affrighted, and little by little advanced as if to communicate the horror that had seized him.

"You spoke in different letters of your fear of going out of your mind. How did you manage not to do so in 1896 and 1897?" "I resolved to live," answered the captain. "I put away the portraits of my wife and children that stood on my table. The sight of them pained and weakened me. I determined to look no more at them, as I wanted them to appear to my mind only as symbols, without their human figure, which unnerved me too much."

"It was the same at Rennes, where I stood in need of all my strength. Whilst there I did not read over my journal at Devil's Island, so as not to let myself be unmanned; and then what tried me most was passive resistance. To fight against difficulties as my brother was fighting was certainly fatiguing, but at any rate he was able to bustle about and act; but passive resistance is wearing and depressing; it needs an effort every moment; one must never for an instant give in. It was that and the want of fresh air that used me up."

"What will you do now, captain? Go and live alone with wife and children?" "The children must henceforth be my greatest joy in life; the eldest, I believe, remembers me, the youngest cannot. I refused to see them at Rennes so as not to leave in their minds the sad image of the prison, for one should never sadden a child's imagination. I shall joyfully see them and form their minds. These past events would not let me go on, but I now hope to make up for lost time."

The fact that Dreyfus had left Rennes and gone by rail to Nantes was telegraphed to a Bordeaux paper. The people there guessed that he was coming on to Bordeaux, and a crowd gathered at the station to watch for him. The journey from Bordeaux to Avignon was without incident; a carriage and pair awaited him there, and drove him



The man who breaks the most vicious bronchitis on the western plains must have superb physical endurance, nerves of steel, unconquerable will, determination and persistency. The city or town bred man who has all his life humped his back over a desk, living an unhealthy, sedentary life and failed to take any care of his health, could not stray on the back of one of these vicious brutes for more than three jumps.

It takes a whole man to conquer a vicious animal. People may talk about intellectual superiority and refinement and good breeding, but every man takes off his hat to physical strength and endurance. While these things, sedentary life and failed to take any care of his health, could not stray on the back of one of these vicious brutes for more than three jumps.



by road to Carpentras, a drive of 17 miles.

There he met Madame Dreyfus and his children. The correspondent left him alone there to the joyous reunion.

## NEW BUSINESS LOCALS

Do you want a good meal when you visit Portland? If so, go to the Portland restaurant, 305 Washington street.

E. House's Cafe at 153 Third street, Portland, is regarded by many people as the leading restaurant in the Pacific Northwest.

A good meal with meats rich in flavor and one you will enjoy with a relish, is just what you get at the Creamerie restaurant, 271 Washington street, near Third. Try it when you go to Portland.

If you are going up to Portland and miss going to the Creamerie Restaurant, 271 Washington St., you may consider that your trip will not be a success, as others will tell you, who do not miss it.

Holmes' English and Business College at No. 414 Yamhill street, Portland, is prepared to accommodate a large number of pupils this year. Already the classes are well crowded, a fact that indicates the excellent character of the institution.

Why is Watson's restaurant in Portland patronized by thousands of people daily? Simply because it is the largest, finest and best equipped eating resort on the Pacific coast. Watson's restaurant has sixty-eight white employes on its pay roll. Remember the location, 109-11 Fourth street.

The Fernin method of shorthand is being taught by Mr. H. W. Behnke in the Oregonian building at Portland. The Fernin system is not only extremely legible after being written, but is exceptionally rapid. It is said that students under Mr. Behnke's direction attain success in one-half the time essential with either Graham, Munson or Pitman methods. This school is open day and night.

A tailoring establishment of some pretensions, located on Washington street, Portland, claims to have made 47 suits for dressy Astorians during the past six months. This statement is denied by the firm of Povey & Birchall, at 271 Washington street, near the Imperial hotel, who are patronized by the great majority of outside customers. Povey & Birchall make the swell suits for most of the stylish Portlanders, and feel that they are not excelled by any Portland firm for out of town patronage.

Joseph Stockford, Hodgdon, Me., healed a sore running for seventeen years and cured his piles of long standing by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures all skin diseases. For sale by Charles Rogers.

Whoever is contented, he is rich. Millions of dollars is the value placed by Mrs. Mary Bird, Harrisburg, Pa., on the life of her child, which she saved from croup by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. It cures all coughs, colds and throat and lung troubles. For sale by Charles Rogers.

Not failure but low aim is crime. Eat plenty, Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will digest what you eat. It cures all forms of dyspepsia and stomach troubles. E. R. Gamble, Vernon, Tex., says: "It relieved me from the start and cured me. It is now my ever lasting friend." Sold by Chas. Rogers.

A drop of ink may make a million think. "When our boys were almost dead from whooping cough, our doctor gave One Minute Cough Cure. They recovered rapidly," writes P. B. Belles, Arklye, Pa. "It cures coughs, colds, croup and all throat troubles. Sold by Chas. Rogers, druggist."

Be not simply good but be good for something. "It did me more good than anything I ever used. My dyspepsia was of months' standing; after eating it was terrible. Now I am well," writes E. B. Keener, Hottington, Kan., of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat. Sold by Chas. Rogers, druggist.

Temperance was a virtue. "I wish to express my thanks to the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, for having put on the market such a wonderful medicine," says W. W. Massingill, of Beaumont, Texas. There are thousands of mothers whose children have been saved from attacks of dysentery and cholera infantum who must also feel thankful. It is for sale by Chas. Rogers.

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Labor is the girl of manliness. "If you scour the world you will never find a remedy equal to One Minute Cough Cure," says Editor Fackler, of the Micropop, Fla. "Hustler." It cured his family of LaGrippe and saves thousands from pneumonia, bronchitis, croup and all throat and lung troubles. Sold by Chas. Rogers, druggist.

We obey no wand but pleasure's. The "Plover Preacher," Rev. J. Kirkman, Belle River, Ill., says, "After suffering from Bronchial or lung trouble for ten years, I was cured by One Minute Cough Cure. It is all that is claimed and more." It cures coughs, colds, croup and all throat and lung troubles. Sold by Chas. Rogers, druggist.

Te err is human, to forgive divine. On the 16th of December, 1897, Rev. S. A. Donahoe, pastor of M. E. Church, South, Pt. Pleasant, W. Va., contracted a severe cold, which was attended from the beginning by violent coughing. He says: "After resorting to a number of so-called 'specifics,' usually kept in the house, to no purpose, I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which acted like a charm. I must cheerfully recommend it to the public." For sale by Chas. Rogers.

During the winter of 1897 Mr. James Reed, one of the leading citizens and merchants of Clay, Clay Co., W. V., struck his leg against a cake of ice in such a manner as to bruise it severely. It became very much swollen and pained him so badly that he could not walk without the aid of crutches. He was treated by physicians, also used several kinds of liniment and two and a half gallons of whisky in bathing it, but nothing gave any relief until he began using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This brought almost a complete cure in a week's time and he believes that he did not use this reme-

edy his leg would have had to be amputated. Pain Balm is unequalled for sprains, bruises and rheumatism. For sale by Chas. Rogers.

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