

THE DREYFUS CASE UPHEAVES ALL FRANCE.

Life of the Famous Exile in His Prison on Devil's Island.

The suicide, in his prison, of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry is the latest act performed in the drama of the Dreyfus case, and everything seems to indicate that the fifth and last act will end, as in classical tragedies, by virtue being rewarded and crime punished. That is to say, a revision of the secret and illegal trial of Captain Dreyfus will be granted. This is all that is wanted by universal conscience, for the question of the guilt or innocence of the prisoner of Devil's Island is a secondary one when contrasted with that of the supreme right of any man in a civilized nation to be judged not within closed doors, and not without being shown the documents which have led to his indictment, sentence and degradation. It is this aspect of the Dreyfus question which has made it a subject of interest throughout the world.

For the last two years a tremendous fight has been kept on in France in favor of a revision of the Dreyfus case, by the lovers of justice and fair dealings in the courts. Emile Zola, Clemenceau, Jaures, Pressense and a host of other celebrated men have fought

who is reported in the latest despatches from Paris to have disappeared as soon as it was stated that the Government had decided to grant a revision of the trial of 1894.

The trial resulted, as is well known, in a sentence condemning Dreyfus to imprisonment for life and degradation from all military rank and honors. Alfred Dreyfus is a Hebrew from the city of Mulhausen, in Alsace, who had elected French nationality after his native place had been annexed to the German Empire. He was an artillery officer, a married man, father of two children, and possessor of a fortune sufficient to exclude the idea that he would resort to treason in order to make money. After his sentence he was taken from the military prison of the Cherche Midi to the square of the Ecole Militaire in Paris, where troops were assembled to witness the painful ceremony of the degradation. The insignia of his rank as captain, the badges of his profession, were torn from his coat and cap; even the stripes were torn from his trousers by the adjutant, and his sword was broken. He was then led

forger himself. The first illegality was admitted by a Paris paper, L'Eclair, the recognized organ of the General Staff, in its number of September 15, 1896. Anyhow, it was the publication in L'Eclair which began to open the eyes of the unprejudiced Frenchmen to the matter, and which caused the opening of the campaign in favor of the revision.

At that time Captain Dreyfus had already been confined for nearly two years in his awful prison of Devil's



ISLE DU DIABLE, SHOWING THE HUT IN WHICH DREYFUS IS CONFINED.

Island—the worst spot on the coast of French Guiana, nearly opposite the city of Cayenne—which was denominated, together with its neighbor St. Mandria, the "dry guillotine," when it was chosen as a place of deportation for the Terrorists and anti-Imperialists sentenced by the Directory and by Napoleon I. But it appears, according to the latest despatches, that Dreyfus, whose death was often reported, is thoroughly acclimated, and physically in good health. He will be able, therefore, to answer any charges which may be brought against him, and to discuss the value of the real or the forged documents which were not communicated to him or his advocate at the time of his trial, which took place in December, 1894. Two months before, a "bordereau," or memorandum, revealing, as said above, the programme of the mobilization of the French corps d'armee, was brought to Colonel Sandherr, chief of the Intelligence Bureau of the General Staff, who died soon after, and whose place was filled by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, the too famous suicide and forger. The "bordereau" had been found in the waste-basket of the German Ambassador at Paris by a servant, who acted as a spy in the interest of the French Intelligence Bureau. At least such was the explanation given at Dreyfus's trial, though it is more than strange that documents of such importance should be carelessly thrown by a diplomat in his waste-basket. As to this document, it was asserted by the accused captain that it was not in the handwriting of Dreyfus. On the other hand, some papers circulated a story according to which the captain, having been summoned to the General

along the front of the troops; and during this awful funeral march he did not cease to cry that he was innocent. The captain was embarked at the Ile de Re, in February, 1895, for the Devil's Island, where he remains under the guard of twelve men, in a cabin or hut, enclosed recently by a high board fence which cuts off a view of the sea.

If there is any hope for Captain Alfred Dreyfus that hope will be realized through and by the splendid efforts of Lucie Eugenie, the captain's beautiful wife. Soon after his arrival at his place of exile he wrote to Mme. Dreyfus: "I rely upon you to solve this horrible mystery." Then this faithful



MME. LUCIE EUGENIE DREYFUS.

wife, who had offered to share her husband's awful fate and was prevented doing so by the French Government, set to work to free the captain, or at least to secure for him a new trial. She went to Berlin and flung herself at the feet of the Emperor. One word from him, she pleaded, would release her husband. "Say," she prayed, "that the German Embassy received no information from Captain Dreyfus." The Emperor said the word she asked for, but it was of no avail. Next she visited the Emperor of Russia, who took a keen interest in the case and did what he could to help the pleading wife. Next the Pope was drawn into the affair, and also the Queen Regent of Spain. All of these eminent persons used their influence to secure a reopening of the case, but with no success. Still the work which Mme. Dreyfus did was bearing good fruit. The newspapers continued to fight about Dreyfus. Zola and Max Nordau took up their pens and wrote with gall about some of the big people in Paris. Count Esterhazy was tried on a charge similar to that on which Dreyfus was convicted, and although not found guilty, the fact was all in favor of Mme. Dreyfus's campaign. Then Colonel Picquart, a friend of the Dreyfuses, fought a duel with Colonel Henry, and then came the last chapter of Henry's confession and suicide. Captain Dreyfus did well to rely on his wife to solve the truly horrible mystery, and that she will certainly succeed in liberating her husband or vindicating his memory if he should die there can be no doubt whatever. Mme. Dreyfus made this declaration: "I am convinced of my husband's absolute innocence and mean to prove it. Jehovah, God or Providence will ere long crush his enemies and restore him to me." This prediction certainly seems about to be fulfilled. Mme. Dreyfus is still a beautiful woman notwithstanding the trying time she has passed through and the great grief she has felt. The sympathy of the world is hers. Newspapers

and people who formerly proclaimed that Dreyfus was guilty, and that his partisans, called the Dreyfusists, wanted to surrender France to the practical domination of Germany and the German Jew financiers, have given up that criminal and stupid theory. They are clamoring now for a prompt revision of the trial of 1894, understanding at last that this is the only means to restore to the country the interior peace which has been so violently disturbed, especially during the last two years.

SHE'S AN ARMY LIEUTENANT.

Dr. Anita McGee is the First Woman to Hold an Officer's Commission.

Mrs. Anita Newcomb McGee, who has been commissioned an acting Assistant Surgeon in the United States Army, with the rank and pay of a Second Lieutenant, and who is the first woman who has ever received a commission in our army, has begun her official duties at the Army Building, in Whitehall street, New York City. Her first duty was to select thirty women nurses for the army in Porto Rico.

Speaking of her commission, Mrs. McGee said: "It carries the rank, pay and quarters of a Second Lieutenant, but I must wear a Second Lieutenant's uniform. It will be the same as a regular officer's uniform, except that I shall wear a skirt instead of trousers. The skirt will be of army cloth, and the jacket like a man's, shoulder-straps and all. My commission is for a limited period, to be renewed as my services are required. It will not alter the work I have been doing as a member of the Red Cross."



ASSISTANT SURGEON MCGEE.

Dr. McGee is a bright-faced young woman of unruffled good temper, a quick and tactful business woman. She is only thirty, yet has won distinction in the fields of science and medicine.

Dr. McGee is the wife of Professor W. J. McGee, head of the Bureau of Ethnology, in Washington, and daughter of Professor Simon Newcomb. She is the mother of several children. Born in Washington, she was early sent abroad to be educated at Geneva and one of the universities for women in England. She served two years on the staff of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, and is well known in her profession in Washington.

A Woman's Matrimonial Ventures.

Mrs. Augustus Thistlewood, of Providence, R. I., has been married six times. At her last wedding four of her former husbands were present and acted as ushers. The fifth sent his regrets and a present, and an invitation to the bride and groom to spend the honeymoon in his house. The average term of servitude for these husbands was ten months; all the divorces were granted upon the application of the lady without opposition. The dissolution of matrimonial ties has been due to the tact and diplomacy of the lady, who convinced her several spouses that they were mis-mated.

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"If Oi wuz workin' fer that mooch a week Oi wouldn't let people know it."—Chicago Record.

BEST.

There's no use disputing. The dear old refrain Comes echoing sweetest again and again. And it's tenderest when, with the hardships gone by, Its cadence brings smiling instead of a sigh: When it breathes of a welcome of roses and cheer. Instead of the parting which wakens a tear: When it greets the glad pilgrims from o'er the foam. The simple, and threadbare old tune "Home, Sweet Home."

The toll of the masters no man may disdain Yet they gave us no gentler or seemlier strain— It has quickened men's hopes as the slow hours went by, It has gladdened their souls when reunion was nigh. Let "The Conquering Hero" reverberate clear. Let "Hail to the Chief" bodily sound far and near; But for laddies returning and laddies who roam, The standby forever is just "Home, Sweet Home."

—Washington Star.

HUMOROUS.

"Wouldn't you like to live your life over again?" "And owe twice as much as I do now? Well, I guess not."

"Has Miss Dobbins given you any encouragement?" "Well, she declines my offers of love, but she accepts my boxes of candy."

"How did Eleanor announce her engagement to the family?" "She just wiggled the finger that had on the diamond ring."

Little Sister—What's the difference 'tween electricity and lightning? Little Brother—You don't have to pay nothin' fur lightning."

Old Gentleman—What! Let you have Ethel? Why, she is my only daughter. Ardent Lover—Yes, I know; and I am her only beau.

"He says his soldier life reminded him constantly of home and mother." "How was that?" "They wouldn't let him sleep late mornings."

"What seems to be the trouble with Wilson, doctor?" "None at all. None at all. I wish every patient I have paid as promptly as Wilson."

"Why is it that geniuses are always eccentric?" "I guess it must be because that's about the only way in which genius can obtain recognition."

Nephew (to rich uncle, who has fallen down stairs)—I hope you are not hurt. Uncle—Oh, you do, do you? You know very well that I must be either hurt or dead.

"Why," asked the youngest boarder, "do they measure the speed of a ship in knots?" "I think," said the Cheerful Idiot, "that it has something to do with the tied."

"You had better not go boating with Ada," said Tommy to his sister's fiancé. "Why not, Tommy?" "Cause I heard her say she intended to throw you overboard soon."

"There's no choice for me," said the blacksmith. "I always have to begin at the foot." "Yes," assented the customer. "With you it does seem to be boss and boss."

"I love you. Won't you give me your hand?" he pleaded. The maiden hesitated. "Come," he said. "Surely you will not refuse me such a little thing." She could resist no longer.

Mrs. Short—Here's an invitation to Mr. Long's wedding. What on earth can we send them? Mr. Short—He lost a ten dollar umbrella of mine a year ago. I'll make him a present of it.

"Madame has gone out, sir, but she left a message for you." "What was the message?" "She wished that you—Oh, dear, I've forgotten! Just wait a minute, please, and I'll go and ask her!"

Indignant Bicyclist—Madam, your dog snaps at me every time I pass. Here he comes now. (Starts off.) Old Lady—Sport! Sport! You foolish dog! Come here. Them ain't bones. Them's legs!

Mrs. Myrtle—Jane, where is the pudding? I told you we would have pudding for dinner. Cook—You said, "I think we will have pudding for dinner." But I wouldn't mind it mem. I sometimes thinks things myself that never come off.

A Large California Lake Disappears.

Tulare lake is reported to be as dry as a chip. For the first time in recent history the pelican, geese, ducks, snipe, mud hens and other birds, as well as the finny fish, have found that there is no longer a home for them in the biggest pond of fresh water this side of the Rocky mountains.

For several years the area of the lake has been growing less. Year after year the inroads made by man has encroached upon its wide expanse and where the angular crane, the wild geese, ducks and the majestic swan dwell in peace and plenty, the horny-handed wheat grower is sacking twelve to fifteen sacks of Sonora wheat to the acre. This season has witnessed the most extensive spread of the interests of the husbandman. At the mouths of Cross creek and Tule river the reclamation ditches and levees have been thrown up so that the water that may come with a wet season will be taken care of and an immense area of rich soil irrigated. —Hanford (Cal.) Sentinel.



COMMANDANT ESTERHAZY.

in vain for the revision. The French people refused to listen to any accusation against the General Military Staff, the only accusers of Captain Dreyfus, who practically hypnotized the nation, to which they represented themselves as the immaculate chiefs of the army, upon which the French confidently relied for obtaining the recovery of the two lost provinces, Alsace and Lorraine. But the suicide of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, the factotum of the General Staff, and his avowal that he had forged one of the secret docu-



EX-CAPTAIN DREYFUS AT HIS HUT UNDER GUARD ON DEVIL'S ISLAND.

ments used against Dreyfus, have opened the eyes of the French people.

Thus it has suddenly been shown that not only had the captain been condemned without being allowed to see and discuss the documents which influenced the opinion of his judges, but that one of those documents, at least, was a forgery, confessed by the

Staff and required to write a few lines dictated from the "bordereau," threw himself at the feet of Colonel Du Paty de Clam, and admitted that it was he who wrote the treacherous document. Since then it has been discovered that the real author was probably Commandant Esterhazy, who was twice acquitted by two courts-martial, but