Paris in 1899; the Days of the Dreyfus Case

[From the Manchester Guardian.]

IN PARIS the event of the hour is the publication by the Matin of the "private papers" of the late M. Waldeck Rousseau. Through the medium of these documents even the non-student of foreign affairs may obtain a vivid idea of the tumultuous summer of 1899 when France was shaken to her very foundations by the Dreyfus affair, and M. Waldeck Rousseau, after throwing up a splendid practice at the Paris bar, came patriotically to the rescue of the Republican regime. For at that period the Third Republic as these "papers" amply testify, was in danger. Royalists, Bonapartists, Clericals, Nationalists, Plebiscites, Anti Semites, all were conspiring passionately against the chief of the state in clubs, newspaper offices, drawing rooms, even in boudoirs and in peculiar apartments with secret doors, double staircases, and mysterious back exits. As Anatole France has shown us in "Monsieur Bergeret a Paris," the brain of the Duke of Orleans in the French capital was particularly active. Graver still, there was anarchy in the army and in the magistracy and in every high or low department of the state. The heroes of the hour were the military officers responsible for the conviction of the shattered prisoner on the Devil's Island. The manifestants hurled insults and eggs at heroic Colonel Picquart and lighted bonfires in the streets in which to burn grotesque effigies of Zola, Clemenceau and President Loubet. When, in the afternoon of June 3, the court of cassation ordered the revision of the Dreyfus affair and the immediate return to France of the prisoner, the storm burst. All that night Paris echoed with fierce seditious cries and was the scene of violent scuffles and brawls; and next day, during the race meeting at Auteuil, President Loubet's hat was smashed over his head by the stick of Baron Christiani, a Royalist Anti Dreyfusard.

A week later saw the fall of the Dupuy ministry, and M. Loubet in a dilemma. M. Poincare, astute of statesmen, was summoned to the Elysee, cut with characteristic shrewdness, declined the honor of forming a cabinet in such unfavorable circumstances. M. Leon Bourgeois, recent on a peace mission at the Hague, was telegraphed for, but could not be persuaded to exercise a pacific influence in his own country. M. Waldeck Rousseau was next requisitioned, and left the Elysee with the assurance, "Monsieur le president, I will do my best to succeed." Nothing could have been more admirable than his exertions; for, in making them, M. Waldeck Rousseau, the most distinguished and most prosperous lawyer at the Paris bar, had nothing to gain and everything to lose, and he must have been dismayed at the refusal or the reluctance of highly esteemed politicians to serve their country by fighting a just if an unpopular cause. For ten days the most painstaking, the most level-headed, the most capable prime minister who has yet worked for the Third Republic visited prominent politicians with the earnest desire to form a ministry of Republican defence, founded on the principles of truth, disinterestedness, and justice. Day after day he was hooted in the streets, ridiculed, and insulted by MM. Rochefort, Millevoye, Drumont, and Jules Guerin, who triumphantly predicted that "Panama" Loubet like "Pere Grevy" before him would be compelled to resign the presidency for want of a ministry.

It was at this time that the French premier began to keep the diary and to preserve the political letters which the Matin now publishes. The selfish and cowardly motives that stayed leading men from entering the Waldeck Rousseau cabinet at a moment when their experience and influence would have been invaluable are thus alluded to by M. Jonnart, ex-governor of Algiers, and a prominent deputy:

"I have been greatly pained that the attitude of many of our political friends has prevented you from grouping around you the representatives of the different sections of the Republican party. However, you have not allowed yourself to be discouraged by the ill-humor, the blindness, or the inordinate ambition of those who, by their want of foresight or their perfidy, are responsible for the actual state of affairs."

In the thick of his difficulties M. Waldeck-Rousseau thought of General Galliffet. The brave but merciless old soldier who slaughtered the Communists was the one and only man to subdue the spirit of insubordination prevailing in the army and to punish severely the high military personages who had been guilty of acts of conspiracy and intrigue. When appealed to by M. Waldeck-Rousseau to keep the army in order, General de Galliffet left a comfortable retreat and took possession of the ministry of war. Not however, until certain pourparlers had taken place. "It must be thoroughly understood that we have the army," Galliffet wrote. "But we must restore discipline and keep our soldiers in their right places." So fearful was he of having his correspondence tampered with, where were spies, civil and military, here, there, and everywhere that he had it addressed to a private house under the presidency of Anatole France. Also he feared that his reasons for accepting the portfolio for war would be misconstrued. He was no popular favorite; his savage repression of the Communists was remembered with indignation and horror; and his appearance behind scenes at the opera and in gilded cabinets particulars had been loudly recorded by the Socialist press. "In order," wrote the General to M. Waldeck-Rousseau, "that the public may not think that I have an eye to retirement for interested motives or out of friendship for yourself, I consider it indispensable that I should be requested to assume office not only by the Prime Minister but by the President of the Republic and that this should be known." On M. Loubet's acceptance of this condition General de Galliffet sent the Prime Minister the following telegram: "My friend, very modestly, in the general interest, I place myself at your disposal."

With General de Galliffet as minister of war, and with M. Waldeck-Rousseau at the ministry of the interior, the new Government promptly justified its title of the ministry of Republican defence. The Cabinet met frequently in the Elysee or at the President's country seat at Rambouillet; and there—fiercer than ever—Galliffet submitted decrees to his colleagues which dismissed General Zurlinden (who had ordered Colonel Picquart's arrest and imprisonment) from the military governorship of Paris and which placed a number of brilliantly-uniformed officers on the retired list and punished minor and less responsible offenders; while M. Waldeck-Rousseau, in his turn, unfolded his plans for the repression of the Royalist, Bonapartist, and many other Anti-Republican conspirators. Amongst the Prime Minister's "papers" was an intercepted telegram from the Duke of Orleans to M. de Buffet, chief of the Royalist "staff" in Paris, which ran "Begin operations. The sooner the better. Philippe"; and after the entry, "We must act immediately," the diary records the arrest of the leading conspirators in their bedrooms at 4 o'clock in the morning and the closure of their offices and the dispersal of their leagues. Only one rebel escaped—massive, ferocious Jules Guerin, the leader of the Anti-Semites, who had shut himself up in Fort Chabrol, together with a number of young butchers he had recruited from the slaughter-house of Villette. M. Lepine, chief of police, was for an immediate attack on the fort; but General de Galliffet recommended patience. "Wait till they are exhausted," he said; and, less elegantly, "Let them stew in their own juice." Amazing Jules Guerin! He was to be seen pacing the roof of the fort in the moonlight. Now and again he discharged his revolver harmlessly at the heavens. "Brigands, bandits, assassins," he shouted at the soldiers below, "you will never take me alive; I shall fight to the death." But on the thirty-seventh night of the siege, when the chief of police received orders from M. Waldeck-Rousseau and General de Galliffet to make the attack, Jules Guerin meekly surrendered. On the previous day Captain Dreyfus had been found guilty of high treason for the second time at Rennes, but it was known that he would be pardoned, and Paris, exhausted from the long, delirious struggle, now clamored for peace. The cry of the hour was "N'en parlons plus." Scarcely was there a protest when the Premier's haul of conspirators was sentenced by the Senate, assembled as a high court, to long terms of exile or imprisonment, cheers now for gallant President Loubet and a chorus of praise for the ministry of Republican defence.

In the autumn of 1904, M. Waldeck-Rousseau died. One of the last to bid him farewell was General de Galliffet, who, stricken with paralysis, had to be carried into the sick-room of his friend on a chair. Until death suddenly claimed him, Galliffet never tired of paying tributes to the memory of the statesman who had saved the Republic.

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

Conquests of English Tongue Will It Be Universal?

North America Has Given It a Long Start in the Race—But History is Not Reassuring—The Difficulties.

"NOT MANY years ago Japan made to itself what must have seemed to the patriotic mind an astonishing proposition. In view of the terrible difficulties of the Japanese alphabet, it was suggested that the national language should be abandoned in favor of English. To a writer in the Economist (London) this is one of the signs that English is making headway rapidly as a world language. The same writer tells a story, whether true or not, which contains a "philosophical truth" about a candidate for parliamentary honors in Hungary. This gentleman, it is said, being a Magyar, and not able to speak Slovak, began to address a meeting of Slovak villagers in his native tongue, which not one of them could understand. At last someone suggested to the speaker that he should try English, and the candidate adopted the hint with satisfactory results, for quite a number of his audience had been to the United States and had there acquired some rudiments of our dialect. In Italy, Greece, Spain, Scandinavia and many other parts of the old world, continues the writer, this extraordinary process of emigration to North America and re-emigration home has carried a smattering of broken English into the most remote villages, and the English tourist who has left the beaten track is often startled to find himself addressed in his native tongue. English is undoubtedly "the first commercial language of the world," we read, and "whether Spanish or German come next may be disputed. Further:

"French is still the language of diplomacy, but English is rapidly ousting it as the language of fashion, probably because a craze for English sports has spread itself in the last twenty years among all civilized nations. Thus our familiar "Tattersalls" became in German "ein Tatter-saal," an auction room for horses. Perhaps it is the flexibility of English that gives it a lead over its competitors. French is crystallized in its elegance; German is congealed in lumps; and both are too regular and official to offer ready hospitality to new words and turns of thought. English, with its loose constructions, seems as well able now to assimilate changes as when in the past it enriched itself with additions from Scandinavian, Norman-French, Latin, or Greek. Above all, its directness appeals to the man of business, to whom a terse language means time-saving and money-making."

If the world is ever to have a universal language, the conquest of North America has given English a long start in the race. But there are many serious obstacles:

"At one time Greek, at another Latin, at another Arabic seemed in a fair way to be cosmopolitan. What likelihood is there that Babel will ever be atoned for, and the confusion of tongues remedied? Perhaps it is not even desirable that it should be; the loss of all variety in speech would be a heavy price to pay for the simplification of commercial correspondence. But even if it were good that there should be an end to diversity of tongues (and an end also to diversity of character in literature), the past gives little promise that uniformity can ever be attained. Artificial languages have had no success. Volapuk has vanished, and commerce still closes its ears against the voice of Esperanto. The stumbling block of these hybrids is the absence of any sufficient supply of common word-roots. Lacking them, a speaker inevitably makes use of much of the pronunciation and many of the roots of his own language; in a short time a Spanish Esperantist becomes unintelligible to an English one, and vice versa; and the last state of that speech is worse than the first, when its speakers are understood neither by foreigners nor by their own countrymen. As to natural languages also the lesson of history is plain. At times some single speech has seemed started on a course that would lead it ultimately to the tyranny. It has spread far and wide; but its very distribution has always led to its undoing. Out of the wide separation of its speakers dialects have grown and displaced the mother tongue. Latin came nearer to being a world speech than has any other, but it was overwhelmed by the multitude of its own offspring. Perhaps English may meet a like end; the languages of Australia and America already show vigorous signs of independent growth, strange to our ears, but necessary, no doubt, for the full expression of the Australian and American characters."

COLD UPSETS THE KIDNEYS

AND URIC ACID POISONS BRING PAINS AND ACHES TO BACK AND LIMBS.

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

You feel pains in the back, find the urine heavy and unduly colored, have indigestion and irregularity of the bowels and there may be rheumatic twinges.

You wonder what has gone wrong until you recollect that you have been exposed to sudden changes of temperature, perhaps sitting in a draft or passing from a very warm room to be chilled by the outdoor air.

The kidneys are most susceptible to cold, and a sudden lowering of temperature throws an extra burden on them by closing the pores of the skin, which are ordinarily a great aid to the kidneys in removing poisons from the blood.

The danger lies in not understanding the meaning of the symptoms given in the first paragraph. Once you know that the kidneys need assistance you can help them promptly by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Every day you put off treatment you are taking the risk of developing Bright's disease, dropsy or rheumatism. Because of the inactivity of the failing kidneys your system is being loaded with poisonous impurities, and that means pain and suffering.

Get Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills today. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

No Anti-British Aims in Germany's Naval Policy

At Least, So Say Members of the Reichstag—Naval Secretary Says There Has Been No Acceleration of Germany's Programme.

GREAT interest has been excited by the debate in the German Reichstag, at which Herr Schrader and Admiral Von Tirpitz, secretary of the navy, took occasion to deny that hostility to Great Britain lurked in the German naval programme.

Dr. Schrader's opening remarks dealt with the working of the navy law and the enormous unforeseen growth of the financial burden caused by the introduction of the Dreadnought type. He continued:

In this connection I wish to speak especially of our relations with England. In England there has lately been an increase of armaments. In 1908 the British Parliament was asked to vote two Dreadnoughts. It was then alleged from another quarter that Germany would press forward with extraordinary rapidity the construction of her Dreadnoughts. This idea continued to prevail in the following years. The conviction was held in Great Britain, unfortunately also by the Government, that by the end of 1914 we should have, I believe, nineteen or twenty capital ships completed. That was a remarkable mistake, for what we intended to build could be seen in full in our navy law and our estimates, and these are public, and must have been known to the British naval attaches and the ministry. It seems that they were not able to read these its themselves not particularly obscure documents. In short, the Government let itself be driven into making two ships into four, and the effect of the increase reacted on the future programme. In this year the British Government is again making large demands for construction.

The Overtures for an Understanding.

The increase in the year 1909 might have been avoided if our diplomacy were not so extraordinarily diplomatic. It was stated in the British newspapers at the time, and even announced by the British Government, that confidential overtures and so on had been made on the part of Great Britain. It was admitted here that that might be correct. But no progress was made beyond confidential discussion on occasional declarations, and so a certain suspicion remained in England that we really might have the terrible plans which the British public attributed to us.

Gentlemen, you all know what happened in the following years. The blackest reports were current as to the wicked designs of Germany. An invasion was believed to be imminent in England. It was described in all its details. I believe sixty thousand men were to cross over to England with our fleet—daughter from the Left)—who could conquer the whole country, and similar nonsense. Unfortunately we in Germany could not keep ourselves quite immune. Sensation mongering of the same kind went on here, and a mass of "scare" reports was set going which exactly suited the wishes of one party in England. The whole naval hullabaloo, as we now call it, was a weapon in the hands of the Opposition—a weapon of which it made powerful use, but which has, however, entirely failed, and that is the reason why I discuss the matter today.

No Invasion of England Dreamt Of.

British opinion has become convinced that there is not a word of truth in all these stories. It has become convinced that we are neither in a position nor do we desire to make any such foolish attack on them—("Very true" from the Left). Such an invasion is an impossibility, and the answer came again, I believe from every parish in Germany: "We do not dream of any hostile attack on England." Just as little do reasonable people in Germany dream that England might think of destroying our fleet or undertaking other foolish enterprises. ("Hear, hear" from the Left). All these plans of the Opposition in England have now been broken against the sound sense of the English people—("Very true")—and at the same time the Government has convinced itself that we are building not one ship more and not one ship faster than is provided by our estimates and by the navy law, and that by 1914 we shall have completed exactly the number of ships which we have set ourselves to build. On this point opinion in England has been entirely misled.

I believe the time has come when we might enter into closer negotiations with England. I will not now go into that. That is reserved for a later discussion. The imperial chancellor, Dr. Von Bethmann Hollweg, has already intimated that the question of the limitation of armaments will be raised on the estimates of the imperial chancellery, but one thing at least I believe I may declare to be a positive fact, we have no idea of exceeding the limit of our navy law, and the navy law, as the British people will have convinced themselves, is certainly not framed for the purpose of an attack on England. ("Cries of "Quite right").

It has been declared here by the secretary of state for the navy, as well as by different members of this House, that our fleet is to serve only defensive purposes, not aggressive. Obviously if war comes we shall not simply lie in harbor. We shall steam out to defend ourselves. But the object of our fleet is this, and no other—to insure the defence of our country, and, above all, the defence of our home shores.

The Navy and Trade.

Gentlemen, it has often been said that our trade needs a great fleet. It certainly does not need a great fleet of battleships. Trade grows and spreads, not through warships, but through its own activity. The ships may serve now and then to protect it, may serve to show our countrymen in foreign lands that Germany has power, but trade is not made by warships. If our commerce stopped its activity, all the fleets in the world could not help us. (Very true!) Therefore, gentlemen, we may hope that the ill-feeling which has existed between England and Germany in consequence of our naval programme will come to an end. We may also assume from this that no occasion can in the future be given us from that quarter to extend our building programme beyond the limits of what has up to now been our intention, and I believe that the whole range of our relations does not afford the slightest occasion for such a course. Therefore, in conclusion, I can only wish that our fleet may now enter upon a period of quiet, and above all that it may not be forced to become an aggressive instead of a defensive navy, and that we may be so spared from war.

The Dreadnought Policy.

The secretary of state for the navy, in reply, said:

Herr Schrader referred to the increase in the rate of construction which has set in during the last four years. That is quite true, but this increase is the result of the Dreadnought policy which was forced upon us. For this Dreadnought policy reduced the value of the ships built before that time out of all proportion. These ships became inferior, and, therefore, we were obliged to set ourselves as quickly as possible at the point where we had stood before.

The assumption in England that we wished to accelerate the building of our fleet beyond the provisions of the navy law is really an astonishing mistake. That was publicly declared by Prince Bulow, as well as by myself, at the time. How could such an acceleration be possible if the Reichstag did not give its consent? Without it we could not have got a penny. There is no need to point that out to the members of this House, but you will understand, gentlemen, that it seemed to us very strange that such assertions should be made in England. I should like to say that, as far as we were concerned, from first to last information was never withheld.

A SEVERE CASE OF NEURALGIA

CURED AFTER LONG YEARS OF SUFFERING BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

There is an excellent reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured the most severe cases of neuralgia, sciatica, and other complaints in the group that are known as disorders of the nerves. This group also includes St. Vitus dance and paralysis, and the common state of extreme nervousness and excitability. Each of these complaints exist because there is something the matter with the nervous system. If the nerves have tone—are strong and healthy, you will not have any of these complaints. The reason Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure nervous disorders is that they restore weak, run-down nerves to their proper state of tone. They act both directly upon the nerves and on the blood supply. The highest medical authorities have noted that nervous troubles generally attack people who are bloodless and that the nerves are toned when the blood supply is renewed. It is thus seen that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure nervous disorders by curing the cause of the trouble.

Mrs. J. C. Adams, Norris Lake, Man., says: "I am writing you at my husband's request to let you know the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been to him. He is a river driver and therefore much exposed to all kinds of weather and wetting. As a result he had an attack of rheumatism, and then to add to his misery a severe type of neuralgia set in, locating on the left side of the face, and causing him such terrible pain that it would drive him almost wild. He was treated by several doctors, and finally went to Winnipeg, where they blistered his head and applied hot plasters, which really only added more to his misery, and he returned home still uncured. In this way he suffered for nearly six years, trying all sorts of medicine, but never finding a cure. One day while he was suffering I went to a store to get a liniment, but they did not have the kind I wanted, and the storekeeper asked me what I wanted it for. I told him about my husband and how he suffered, and he placed a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on the counter saying, "Take my advice, this is what your husband should take." I took the Pills home with me and my husband started taking them. I am not sure how many boxes he took, but one thing is certain, they completely cured him, and he has never since had a touch of those torturing pains. You can tell how much he suffered when I say that the hair on the side of his head in which the pain was located turned quite grey. It looks odd, but he says it does not matter since the pain is gone. I believe he would not have been living now had Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not cured those terrible pains, and you may be sure we gratefully recommend them to all our friends and all suffering ones."

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HE STOOD FOR COTTON

[Harold Begbie, in the London Chronicle.]

HE WAS a man fashioned by nature to escape notice. In any crowd he would have been a smudged and merging unit, in any street, an unobserved and uninteresting pedestrian. But destiny had placed him among first-class passengers of a P. and O. steamer, and he stood out there, prominent and provoking, because he was so very undistinguished-looking, so very provincial, so very commonplace, and so very un-first-class.

All Sorts of Men.

"The majority of our passengers stood for the British Raj in all its hundred-and-one activities. We had men who looked like collectors, judges, lieutenant - governors, and secretaries; men who looked like majors, colonels, generals and commanders-in-chief, men who looked like ballad - singing, fan - carrying, and society-rossiping A. D. C's."

"He stood for cotton. As a child he had labored in the mills of Oldham, by hard work, an iron perseverance, and absolute integrity of character, he had risen to be manager of a great Manchester firm with headquarters in London; a temporary interruption to his usual good health had led to the suggestion made by his employer that he should take 'a turn round India'; he proposed to visit some of the big commercial firms, fill a pocketbook with notes and ideas, and then return to his desk in London.

"He talked cotton, making a most rapid use of technical terms, until my head was in a daze and my patience dangerously restive. He appeared to take for granted that every man in the world knew all about the business of cotton, down to the smallest detail of its manufacture. If I stopped him to inquire the precise meaning of a particular word, he merely repeated it, as if I had failed to hear, not failed to understand. India—that mighty, majestic, and romantic empire of beauty and problem—stood in his imagination ony as one thing—a customer for his cotton. We came to see, many of us came to see, that all our delightful and intellectual and powerful and elegant fellow-passengers were but the parasites of the plain young man from Manchester. They were his servants, the decorative and clerkly classes of his industry. It was his enthusiasm for cotton, which paid our first-class fares to India; it was his assiduity in business which clothed us in fine raiment; it was his progressing enterprise and undagging devotion to trade which filled our pockets, fed our children, and gave us all our several opportunities for improving our minds. In all that fine company he stood for commerce. We were decorations and orders; he, pounds, shillings and pence—chiefly pounds. He was England the producer and paymaster of the world.

The Cotton Point of View.

"For him Dreadnoughts watched the seas, soldiers practiced at the butts, statesmen wove the cocoon of diplomacy, and chancellors of the exchequer planned their budgets. He paid for policemen and judges, for journalists and schoolmasters, for hospitals and orphanages, for authors, and clergymen, for steamships and railways, for cables and consuls, for everything in modern existence which is supported by the wealth of the producer. He bestrode that P. and O. steamer like a Colossus; and we, petty men, crawled under his short legs to find ourselves honorable pensions or insurance premiums for our children."

AN ARMY BREAD EXPERIMENT.

The subsistence officers of the United States army are much interested in the results of some important and unusual experiments in bread-making undertaken at the Washington barracks. It is desired to ascertain the means of producing a bread which shall be of the fresh or soft variety, and which, at the same time, shall have better keeping qualities than the ordinary product. It is not intended to find a substitute for hard bread, although, if the new article proves to answer all the purposes required of it, the subsistence officers will be able to adopt a still harder bread than the present, and which will last that much longer, and can be stored for greater periods without deterioration. So far the test has developed a bread which meets the requirements of the service, and it is estimated that the army bakers at the Washington post have produced an article which will last ten or twelve days, and still be an edible which should be classed as fresh bread. If this can be accomplished according to a recipe and methods capable of being used at the military baking places generally, it will be appreciated that the force in the field will have its fresh bread pretty much all the time, regardless of the distance of the troops from the bakery or the time taken intransportation.

Madam, you do look languid and listless. Why not take a "Little Digester" after each meal and get all the happiness you can out of life? "Little Digesters" do cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. 50 cents the box, at your druggist's or by mail. The Coleman Medicine Co., Toronto.

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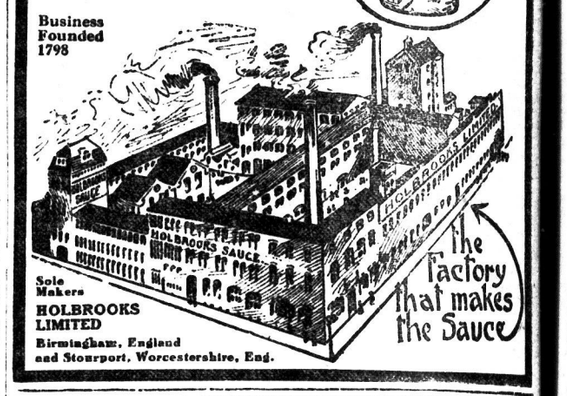

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