Dreyfus as He is To-Day.

On the roads in the vicinity of Geneva, Switzerland, there is often to be seen a quiet, rather studious-looking bearded man in a white automobile, generally travelling at a pretty high rate of speed. As he passes, the wayfarers bow or touch their hats to him; even the peasants at work in the fields turn and salute him, to all of which greetings he responds with a grave and kindly courtesy.

It is obvious that he is a personage in the community, and more than that, a man who possesses the respect and liking of the whole countryside. Yet there he is only a private person; not even a citizen of the country which he has chosen for his domicile. In his own country, Frace, he is the subject of the bitterest political warfare that has divided that warring nation for a generation, the most notable victim of conspiracy and persecution that the last half of the nineteenth century knew, Alfred Dreyfus, ex Captain of Artillery in the French Army, lately of Devil's Island, French Guiana.

It is now a year and a half since the courtmartial at Rennes reconvicted Dreyfus, a process followed almost immediately by his pardon. For a time thereafter he lived in the south of France, then removed to the little Swiss village of Cologny where he lives a life of quiet happiness with his wife and two children. Occasionally he visits the house of his father-in-law, M. Hadamard in Paris, but as a rule he stays only a few days at a time and appears little in public.

It was on the occasion of one of these visits that the only interview which M. Dreyfus has given since his pardon took place. Perhaps the term interview is too formal to express the very informal talk in which the famous prisoner of Devil's Island took part, the more so as he resolutely declined to express himself upon the matter of the processes which brought about his persecution and imprisonment. In the conversation, however, the man himself was shown forth as he is, calm of temperment, equable of mind, kindly of spirit, sane and balanced of judgement, and this after such sufferings as few men have survived.

On entering M. Hadamard's apartments I was conducted to the little room at the rear of which is the diamond merchant's business office. There, seated at a little square table, writing, was Dreyfus. The last time I had seen him was at Rennes in the court room where he faced his accusers at the second court-martial, and I had thought then that his face would be indelibly impressed on my memory. Yet it was not until he raised his eyes that I recognized him. They were indeed unforgetable in their calm, steadfast, penetrating glance. But his beard changed the whole appearance of his face.

'How you have altered!' were my first words after the greetings.

'And fortunately,' said M. Dreyfus, gravely, 'it spares me much notoriety.'

'But all France has been flooded with your pictures.'

'Such poor likenesses that even without a beard I could hardly be recognized by them. Now no one knows me. I come and go unmolested and unoticed in the streets of this city, where I should hardly care to come were it not luckily so.'

As this is written it may seem to imply a sort of cowardice, but the way in which it was said relieved it of any such suspicion. It was not persecution or abuse that M. Dreyfus dreaded, but mere public notice, and anyone who knows Paris can imagine how, even at this late date, the man who convulsed the nation would be overwhelmed by the attentions of his partisans rather than of his antagonists.

As the talk went on it seemed strange to me, after all, that I could ever have been in doubt of Dreyfus's personality; that any one who had once had a good opportunity of studying him, as thousands had during his trials and public degradation, could pass him now without knowing him. For on a closer look, there was apparent the same soldierly carriage, peculiar for an effort as if the man was bracing himself to self control, that had attracted my notice at Rennes; the same figure, attenuated and bony, over which his coat hung as as over a skeleton, the same manner of absolute simplicity and straightforwardness.

Asked about his health he said he was better and gaining in strength constantly. 'It is so good to be home again,' he said with a deep breath.

'I have just completed the first serious and continued work that I have undertaken since my release,' he went on 'That is my book, which is just about appearing. I is that which now brings me to Paris. Ever since I have had my freedom I have longed to say to the world what I had to say and my book does that. But it was long before I had the strength to begin it.

'After the pardon I went to the south of France, where my family owns property, and remained there in perfect quiet. While there I received a great mass of letters and telegrams from all over the world; so many that I soon began to despair of ever answering them, nor have I yet had the time to read them. There are six trunks full of them all carefully preserved, for I hope some day to go through them all and do what I can to acknowledge them.

'That I have not done so before does not indicate any lack of appreciation. To express the gratitude that I feel for those who have given me their sympathy seems so utterly beyond human power that I despair of ever doing it adequately. What I would wish to say in answer to each of those kindly messages would in the aggregate take up more than the span of life.' And M. Dreyfus smiled his rare smile, the more appreciated for being so seldom seen, which illumines with such sweetness that face, so grave and worn in repose.

'All my ambition,' he continued, 'is summed up in one phrase: to clear my name of the stain that rests on it. It was for this that I wrote my book. It is for this that I am constantly working along many lines. Dear as sympathy and the moral support of my friends, known and unknown, has been to me it is not to these that I must look now. Unless I can adduce new facts bearing on my case, I remain in the eyes of the law a pardoned criminal.

'Facts are what I must have; not kindly sentiments. Mathematics has been always my favorite study. This is a matter of mathematics; a problem to which I must furnish the solution. Links in the chain are still missing. New facts are coming forth one by one, and with them we are filling the gaps. In the meantime I do not wish to appeal for sympathy to the sentimental side of my country. What I want is the full list of facts in the case, which alone can and inevitably will prove beyond the shadow of doubt to the most prejudiced mind my absolute innocence.'

While M. Dreyfus did not speak of his endeavors in detail, it is known that he keeps the closest watch of current events that could in any way bear upon his case, picking up his bits of evidence from many and scattered sources; here a letter to the press from some person in a position to know whereof he speaks, there a speech before the chamber, again a side issue of some minor court-martial or trial.

In the altered mind of the public it may now be said to be a matter of common belief that at the centre of the opaque web sits Esterhazy, whose handwriting was found in the pocket of the German, Schwarzkopf; who admitted having been in communication with the German embassy in Paris; who fled to England, neither answering the open accusation of treachery nor daring to return and face the courts of his own country; that Dreyfus being a Jew and writing a hand somewhat similar to that which Esterhazy displayed in the famous bordereau was picked upon as the scapegoat, and that 'for the honor of the army' the mass of persecution and intrigue upon which the army then entered was followed until the entanglements of falsehood and perjury became plain to the eyes of the world. Dreyfus himself, I have no doubt, knows all this; knows, too, that if he could have access to the records he could clear himself. As it is, he must fight in the dark, but he has faith

'I shall succeed,' he said to me proudly. 'It is that faith which kept me alive and sane through my imprisonment; it would be strange if I felt less hope now, free and at home.'

With regard to his enemies he had little to say; nothing in the nature of recrimination. Hatred is not in the man; revenge he does not seek, only justice for himself and his dear ones. I asked him about Esterhazy. He would say nothing. Henry? No comment. De Boisdeffre? The same. But of Bertillon, he of the expert handwriting opinions and criminal measurements, he said calmly and without rancor:

'Ah, he is a crank, crazy on one point, that of his handwriting diagrams.'

As to Gen Mercier, he is a little more outspoken.

'I have expressed my opinion regarding him in my book,' he said. 'People who can estimate the value of facts will know how to appreciate my statement that the secret dossier upon which I was convicted without either my counsel or myself knowing that such documents were even in existence was given to the court on the order of Gen Mercier. That is all that is necessary to say about that subject.'

It will be remembered that it was on this point of the dossier's being withheld from the prisoner's counsel that revision of the case was ordered.

But if M. Dreyfus will not talk about his enemies, he makes up for this by the heartfelt affection with which he speaks of his friends; those who stood by him when his enemies were dominant in France. Of Zola, of Clemenceau, in whose newspaper Zola's famous 'J' accuse' letter appeared, of Picquart, and of many others he talks with the greatest warmth

'Never was there greater moral heroism than was shown by these men,' he said. 'When to take the part of the condemned criminal, Dreyfus, was to become practically an outcast. Lieut. Col. Picquart, who knew me only officially and had no personal feeling in the matter, dared to stand for truth and justice and suffered dis-

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THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.