OME twenty years ago two boys were lying side by side in a straw-stack, dreaming and talking of the future, as boys do. It was one of those clear, crisp November nights, when the broad expanse of the heavens seems to breathe that rare and deep inspiration known to youth and youth's dream of hope and ambition.

The two boys had had implanted within them an ambition to be someone, and to see the world, thanks to the village school teacher. She nurtured the young minds on biography, and almost the entire curriculum was a recital of great human achievement. The ideals held up to them were always lofty, and unimpeachable to their minds because "teacher said so."

This straw-stack was a glittering, golden shrine of hero-worship, and how clearly events of the past few months have brought to mind those autumn evenings of youth, and how appropriate it was that a great movement, such as the raising of funds by school children for a Lafayette monument, should have been the original and spontaneous idea of a schoolboy. The purpose mellowed by a score of years of earnest thought has ripened into results. Lafayette Day, Oct. 19, the anniversary of the surrender of Yorktown, was observed in nearly every school in the United States, and thousands of dollars were raised by the children for the Lafayette monument, which is to be unveiled July 4, 1900, at the Paris Exposition.

Every school child who has contributed pennies or participated in the Lafayette exercises has a personal interest, necessarily, in the movement, and would like to know something of the individual who originated and carried out the idea.

The promoter, and one to whom the credit of the success belongs, is Robert John Thompson, the present secretary of the Lafayette Memorial Commission, who was one of the boys in the straw-stack—and his companion takes pleasure in recalling the picturesque origin of an international movement. "The National Magazine," too, has added personal interest in the great success because the publisher was the other one of the two boys in the straw-stack. One of these two lads was passionately fond of English authors and English warriors. Robert Thompson, on the other hand, was intense in his admiration for the
M. EMILE ZOLA, WHO HAS CALLED THE FRENCH NATION TO ACCOUNT IN BEHALF OF JUSTICE.

EMILE ZOLA AND THE DREYFUS CASE
BY THOMAS TRACY BOUVÉ

"I AM going to say what I feel!" With these words Emile Zola opened his famous defence of the Semitic race. He was undoubtedly the most able defender they could have secured had they actually been brought to the bar of all Christendom, notwithstanding the fact that he himself was a Christian by birth and breeding. For Emile Zola was more than a Christian in name, he was a Christian at heart, and beyond that and everything else, he was a Man, just, pure hearted, and honestly intentioned, with as powerful and unerring a mind as ever came out of France.

The situation at the present moment in France is one astounding to the casually observing and non-reminiscent spectator. A month ago its dominant factor could have been explained by the one word, Terror. Perhaps it is fear that to-day is at the bottom of the national feeling against the revision of the Dreyfus case. On the part of the army, and of the general staff in particular, there is more—or less—than
this. "We will hold out," say they. "We will not be put in the wrong. The Army is never wrong! It is a question of justice and the Jew against our infallibility. Let them try it! We have won once, and if we win again—who knows? Perhaps we may rule in all things in France!" An idea of this sort is discoverable behind every opinion and every piece of evidence vouchsafed by the members of the general staff and those of the army who have openly gone into the discussion. But the terror still clings to the people. "Why on earth did you kill each other like that, and for no real reason?" asked an Englishman of a Conventionnaire who had survived the Terror. "Parceque nous étions des lâches," was the answer. "Because we were in a state of terror." And the Frenchman in "a state of terror" wants to kill.

The Dreyfus case has excited such worldwide interest that the readers of "The National Magazine" are all more or less familiar with its principal points of interest; but perhaps it would be well to recapitulate some of them, in order to give a clearer idea of the connection of Emile Zola with the case. The first manifestation of any treachery, or assumed treachery, to France was made in 1894, when Col. du Paty de Clam, then a commandant in the army, and with the general staff, wrote an anonymous letter to the Libre Parole, revealing (?) the fact that a Jewish officer had committed treason. Who was this Jewish officer? All Paris was agog, for it was at this time that the feeling against the Jews was increasing in vigor and extent day by day. The famous bordereau, the letter which was, if genuine, proof positive that treachery existed among the officers of the general staff, was in the possession of General Gonse, the chief of staff, and although he was the authority who should have had charge of it all along, it is a remarkable fact that while on the witness stand he never could be induced to explain how it came into his possession. Certain expressions in the bordereau pointed to the fact (?) of its author being an artillerist. Why? Because artillery was spoken of three times, and other branches of the service but twice. A careful examination of the handwriting of the artillerists connected with the general staff showed that of Dreyfus to be most like the writing of the bordereau. The question was submitted to seventeen experts. Fourteen of them stated that the writing was not that of Captain Dreyfus. Two of them stated that it was. Bertillon, the greatest expert, and the author of the system of identifying criminals that has made his name famous, was very cautious. He was known to have a leaning toward the army, but he did not want to deny his talent. So he said: "If one eliminates the hypothesis of this document being forged with great care, it is manifest that the same person wrote this who wrote the letters sent to me," referring to some specimens of Dreyfus' handwriting that had been sent him for comparison with the bordereau. The result of this was that Dreyfus was arrested by the Commandant, the Marquis du Paty de Clam, on the 14th of October, 1894. The charges preferred against him were based on personal accusations, all anonymous.

Other charges were brought against him, all aimed toward the same end, but they were so weak and so ill substantiated that they fell through immediately. At the termination of the preliminary investigation
M. le Commandant Brisset, government commissioner, admitted that “the moral proofs have disappeared; nothing remains but the bordereau, but that will suffice!” The italics are not his. Here is the report securing them the means of committing hostilities, or of making war against France, by delivering up to them secret documents, which case is the subject of the order issued by the military governor-general of Paris, Nov. 3rd, 1894.” The man who machinated the whole disgusting drama, who manoeuvred the anonymous letters and accusations, the Commandant du Paty de Clam, took upon himself the charge of Captain Dreyfus. After arrest-

CAPT. ALFRED DREYFUS, AT PRESENT THE MOST FAMOUS PRISONER IN THE WORLD.
EMILE ZOLA AND THE DREYFUS CASE

M. CAVAIGNAC, LATE FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR.
He still maintains Dreyfus' guilt.

GENERAL ZURLINDEN, GOVERNOR OF PARIS.
A man who is using his influence against Dreyfus.

Ining him, he kept him for seventeen days in a pitch black dungeon, entirely alone. This was to break his nerve. Then the noble jailer instituted the habit of breaking in upon Dreyfus' nights and days of darkness with a lantern, as suddenly as possible, in order to surprise some emotion. Next, the unfortunate captive was placed in a cell lined with mirrors, and was constantly watched. Why did du Paty de Clam take so much trouble about the wretch whom he knew to be a very different man from the author of the bordereau? This was explained only a few weeks ago, and the light cast upon this hitherto unanswerable query shed its penetrating radiance across and over the moral character of the average French army officer. It may as well be explained here. A number of officers suspected that treachery was being enacted in the general staff. Suspicion grew, unwarrantably, to certainty because they had selected Dreyfus as the object of their suspicion. He was a Jew; that was enough for them, infected as they were with the venomous hostility against the Jews that was then spreading throughout France. Count Esterhazy explained the rest while a closely guarded prisoner in London. He said: "A French officer of honor holds his conscience, as well as his sword, at the disposal of his superiors." So these three arch-fiends, Colonel Henry, Count Esterhazy, and Commandant du Paty de Clam, concocted the scheme for forcing an admission of guilt for the benefit of their suspected brother-in-arms. Perhaps they believed him guilty. In any case, he was tortured on the strength of the doubt. As soon as the proceedings against Dreyfus, and the manner in which they were conducted, became matters of public knowledge, Emile Zola began to try and influence his people to see that justice was practised honestly, if it was not to be tempered with any mercy. He had one coadjutor as noble as himself. This was Colonel Ricquart, also a member of the general staff. These two, but Zola the more particularly and effectively,
because of his peculiar ability and prominence, struck blow after blow through the as yet uninfected columns of the public press in behalf of Justice, not in behalf of Dreyfus personally.

The next act of this tremendous drama—the public shaming, degradation, and fearful banishment of the unhappy prisoner—is still fresh in the mind of the public. He was sent to live the rest of his life a
EMILE ZOLA AND THE DREYFUS CASE

solitary recluse on Devil’s Island, off the coast of French Guiana, thousands of leagues from home, wife, children, and all that made life worth the living. Even the public statement of the Emperor William the Second of Germany that Dreyfus had had no connection, direct or indirect, with the German army, had no effect on the military oligarchy that held France in its grip of steel.

Then came the turn of those who had accused the government and the military tribunal of injustice. Emile Zola had written and published in the Aurore a tremendous denunciation of both. He and his publisher were brought to trial for “defaming and insulting the honor of the army.” Day after day did Zola require the escort of gendarmes to and from the Palais de Justice on the beautiful banks of the Seine, where the court was held. Great as was the fury of the populace against the Jews, it was infinitely greater against one who had dared to lift up his voice for one of them. Inside the court room the excitement was still more intense, and the officers of the court, reinforced by the military, had hard work to keep order. The witnesses for the defense could not be heard. Those for the prosecution were cheered to the echo—but they said little of any importance. Generals de Boisdeffre and de Pellieux made up for their constant refusal to answer questions concerning Dreyfus by an extraordinary desire to deliver little appeals to patriotism. “The honor of the army” continued to be the almost unvarying formula put forth by the witnesses for the prosecution. In vain did Colonel Picquart assert that he did not mean to asperse the honor of the army or of the court-martial, but only its competence. “If experts as well as other authorities have been imposed upon by forgeries, why not a few French officers?” he asked. But a roar drowned the reply, if there was any, and he was compelled to take his seat. It was proved at this trial that Dreyfus had been illegally condemned, and, after all, this was Zola’s point, though perhaps somewhat brusquely expressed in his famous “I accuse” letter. But it was useless to protest. His gifted and eloquent advocate threw up his hands in despair on the second day. He was not allowed to question the witnesses. He was not allowed to speak for his client. Half what he said was drowned out by the voice of the people, which was far from being the voice of God in this case; the other half was not allowed by the judges. The result was only too evident. The culminating pitch of interest in the proceedings was reached when M. Zola delivered, or, rather, read, his address in defense. “I affirm,” he cried, “that the army is dishonored by those who mingle cries of ‘Vive l’Armée’ with ‘A bas les Juifs’ and ‘Vive Esterhazy!’” When the last day came, such a dense mass of muttering people was blocked around the Palais de Justice and along the Seine that the carriage containing the great prisoner and his counsel could scarcely struggle through. The populace of Paris, against Zola from the beginning, grew more impatient as the day of judgment drew near. All sympathizers, witnesses, counsel, etc., for the defense were hustled and hooted. Zola was in danger of his life. Every uniform, even that enclosing the odorous body of a drunken private, was cheered again and again, as if the valor of the army, not the administration of justice, was in question. The final speech of M. Labori was interrupted time after time with cries of “A bas les Juifs!” The jury retired for a short while only after the conclusion of the
speech. M. Labori was immediately fol-
lowed by M. Clemenceau, who addressed
the court in behalf of the unhappy pub-
lisher of L'Aurore, who had brought out
M. Zola's accusation. M. Clemenceau
said that the conduct of the generals at the
bar was a menace to the jury; that their
threat to resign was an intimidation to the
country at large. Here he was broken up
by the shouts and cat calls, and in the
midst of the hubbub the jury returned.
Instantly there was profound silence.
The foreman arose, and, in clear tones, with
his hand on his heart, he pronounced the
verdict of the jury against Emile Zola and
his publisher. It was, Guilty on all counts!
In a second arose tremendous shouts of
triumph, which communicated to the
awaiting multitude outside the result.
"A bas Zola" was the cry that then prevailed.
That last cry provoked a last retort from
the condemned man. Turning towards the
crowd, he lost his temper completely for
the first time, and cried out: "You are can-
nibals! Beasts!" Which was true
enough. Judgment was almost immedi-
ately rendered. Zola was ordered to
undergo one year's imprisonment and to pay
a fine of 3,000 francs. To be sure, the
imprisonment was far from being extremely
severe, as it admitted of daily visits from
his wife and a contract with a neighboring
restaurateur. The disgraceful dismissal of
Colonel Picquart, and the shame and deg-
radation visited on all the official witnesses
for the defence immediately afterwards,
was quite in accordance with the popular
feeling at Paris.

After a short term of prison life Emile
Zola was pardoned out to await a new trial,
and after other attempts toward setting jus-
tice on its proper pedestal again, he finally
fled to Switzerland, where he remained un-
til recently. One of the last things he said
about the trial of Dreyfus was this: "As I
have said from the first day of it all, the
Truth is on the way now; nothing can hin-
der it! Notwithstanding all its ill-wishers,
each step forward will be made with mathe-
atical precision at its destined hour." And see already how it is coming to pass.
Esterhazy a fugitive, if not from justice,
from the eyes of decency; a self-confessed
liar, perjurer and fraud. Henry, now a vic-
tim of his own hand, at the gentle hint of
those for whom he threw away his self-
respect and forged the bordereau which
condemned an innocent man to a horrible
life-in-death. Du Paty de Clam vainly try-
ing to keep away from the edge of danger,
and affirming and denying all in the same
breath, utterly ignorant of how he stands
and will stand with those who have it in
their power, the vantage ground of
truth, to crush him. The overthrow
of the military rulers in Paris, and the es-
tablishment of what may be a terrible dic-
tatorship—this is what stares the Parisians
in the face to-day; this is what they might
have avoided by the upholding of justice.
The day will come when the fickle French-
men, as usual, will turn and make idols of
Zola and the Aurore. Possibly Picquart
will share in it. Will they appreciate the
compliment at its full value?

In the meantime, Emile Zola is watch-
ing the verification of his predictions from
"over the border." Verily, "he who seeks
truth shall find it," and who shall say that
a genius is not a soothsayer if he seek sooth?

Edmund Gosse, the great English critic,
has lately said that the great majority of
thoughtful and upright Frenchmen regard
Zola's action as wholly indefensible. How
does he know it?

Through the Zola trial three things were
clearly established:
First—That Capt. Dreyfus was illegally
convicted.
Second—That having made this blunder,
possibly in good faith, the military au-
thorities have deliberately burked inquiry.
Third—that the government has deliber-
ately persecuted witnesses for the defence
in order to suppress the popular agitation
that has existed through it all.

But the popular agitation is growing at
tremendous pace. The Court of Cassa-
tion has ordered a revision of the trial of
Capt. Dreyfus, influenced by the tide of
opinion which prevails in the rest of Eu-
rope and among a minority of Frenchmen.
It is said already that a French warship is
now lying off Devil's Island to bring
Dreyfus back for a new trial. What the
result of such action would be it is impos-
sible to predict.