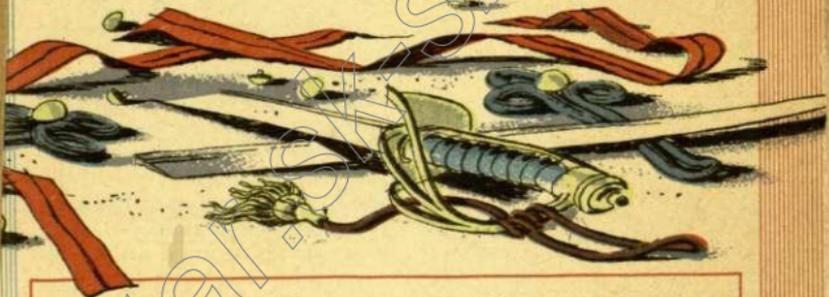


CAPTAIN DREYFUS:

The Story of a Mass Hysteria

Dreyfus



Condensed from the book

NICHOLAS HALASZ

THE DREYFUS AFFAIR, in which an innocent man stood branded before the world as a traitor, is perhaps the most celebrated miscarriage of justice in modern times. For 12 tortured years the question of Captain Dreyfus' guilt or innocence kept all France in a turmoil and caused the world to doubt the sanity of that obsessed nation.

Dramatic, terrible, relentlessly absorbing, the case disclosed forgers and liars in the highest places; it set family against family and poisoned a whole people with hysteria and unreason. But before the end it also brought forth heroes and patriots who risked everything to restore the ideal of rule by law and absolve the conscience of France.

In *Captain Dreyfus*, Nicholas Halasz has recaptured the gripping fascination of a time when a man, a nation and the very concept of justice itself were on trial.

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CAPTAIN DREYFUS:

The Story of a
Mass Hysteria

ON JULY 20, 1894, a visitor was announced to Colonel Max von Schwarzkoppen, military attaché of the German Embassy in Paris. The caller was a slightly built gentleman with drawn features, deep-seated black eyes and a large mustache. He was in his early 40's and wore the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. He was unmistakably a French officer in mufti.

The visitor explained that he had come to volunteer his services as a spy. Financial difficulties aggravated by his wife's illness forced him to this expedient. He had excellent connections, he said, in the French Ministry of War. To prove it he reached into his pocket and offered to hand over a secret document.

At this point the astonished Prussian terminated the interview. He refused to look at the document, and the pale, deeply disturbed Frenchman left the Embassy.

Colonel Schwarzkoppen rejected the services of the Frenchman for practical rather than moral reasons. Who can trust a man, however desperate, who comes unknown

from the streets to peddle such goods? Who is to say he is not an *agent provocateur* sent by the French?

However, the colonel was a soldier and did not have to make decisions on his own. He reported the unusual visit to Berlin. The reply came back swiftly: Negotiate.

The colonel had no way of locating the French officer, but he did not have long to wait. Two days later the desperate figure in mufti called again. This time he gave his name and showed credentials: Major Count Ferdinand Walsin-Esterhazy, commander of a battalion of the French Army stationed at Reuen. He asked to be put on the payroll at a salary of 2000 francs (\$400) a month.

Schwarzkoppen refused this request, but agreed to pay cash on delivery for documents according to their worth.

Three weeks later Esterhazy delivered general orders for the French artillery in the event of mobilization. Its value appeared unquestionable. Schwarzkoppen handed over 1000 francs.

On September 1 Esterhazy delivered several fresh documents. He had also meant to deliver with them, written out in his own hand, a *bordereau*, or itemized list of the kind careful clerks prepare to make sure that all items of a shipment may be checked by the recipient. That *bordereau* was to become world-famous, for when Esterhazy later sent it on through the mail it was intercepted and fell into the hands of French counterespionage. Its discovery set off a scandal that rocked France to its foundations and for 12 long years divided the country into factions of unparalleled bitterness.

It was the beginning of the historic Dreyfus Case.

LONG BEFORE Esterhazy began his traffic with Schwarzkoppen, France had been plagued by espionage leaks. As far as three years back the Second Bureau, as the General Staff's department of intelligence was called, had been aware that the German Embassy had access to secret information. New military maps of regions along the German and Italian frontiers had been mysteriously disappearing, and no one could discover how. Intelligence officers worked mightily to unearth any possible avenue into the General Staff. It was a period of grave tensions between France and Germany and mail to the German Embassy was regularly intercepted. The military attaché's mail in particular was carefully scrutinized.

This surveillance had disclosed that Schwarzkoppen was working very closely with his counterpart, the Italian military attaché, both signing their communications to each other with the same alias, "Alexandrine." One note signed in this way had especially alerted the Bureau:

Enclosed are 12 detail maps of Nice that the scoundrel D—— left with me for you. I told him you had no intention of taking up relations with him again. He said there was a misunderstanding, and that he will do his best to satisfy you.

An examination of the handwriting proved that the "Alexandrine" who wrote this note was Schwarzkoppen. But who was "the scoundrel D——" who had supplied him the maps? The Second Bureau sought in vain to learn his identity. The problem was still agitating them when Count Esterhazy's *bordereau* was intercepted from Schwarzkoppen's mail.

The *bordereau* was written on both sides of a sheet of cream-colored graph paper. It read:

- I am sending you some interesting information.
1. A note on the hydraulic brake of the 120 mm. gun.
2. A note on the new plan for the supporting troops.
3. A note on the modification of artillery formations.
4. A note concerning Madagascar.
5. The provisional Firing Manual for Field Artillery.



This last document is extraordinarily difficult to procure and I have it at my disposal only for a few days. If, therefore, you will take notes of whatever is of interest to you and hold it at my disposal, I shall take it back. I am off to the maneuvers.

When this document was delivered to Colonel Jean Sandherr, chief of the Second Bureau's counter-espionage, he was appalled. For it was apparent that the author of the *bordereau* must be on, or closely connected with someone on, the General Staff. How else could he get secret information about such different activities of the Army? Here, Sandherr decided, was the ghost that had been haunting them, "the scoundrel D——" of Schwarzkoppen's note.

No suspicion of Major Esterhazy crossed his mind, although Esterhazy's squalid financial practices were by no means unknown to his fellow officers. Although he was born in Paris, Count Esterhazy came from the high aristocracy of Hungary. He had served with distinction in both the Austrian and Papal armies before joining that of France. As a French officer, he fought the Prussians in 1870 and was decorated for valor. But he was a nearly unmitigated scoundrel. He married into the French aristocracy, soon squandered his wife's substantial dowry, and for the rest of his life was never to be out of financial difficulties. He turned up now as director of a dubious finance corpora-

tion, now as shareholder in a fashionable house of prostitution.

But Colonel Sandherr was to look elsewhere for the culprit. Since the author of the *bordereau* had written "I am off to the maneuvers," he decided to consult the chief of military transportation, Colonel Pierre-Elie Fabre.

Fabre scrutinized the *bordereau* and concluded that its author must be an artilleryman with contacts in other branches of the service. "A probationer!" It seemed a dazzlingly brilliant solution.

Breathlessly, they got out the file of probationers—the young officers who were not yet attached to any one bureau of the General Staff but were shifted on temporary assignment from one office to another. They went down the D's and came to a halt at the name Dreyfus.

In their immense relief, they found no words. Each read the other's thought: "It was the Jew!"

MANY ACQUAINTANCES of Alfred Dreyfus, the only Jew on the General Staff, regarded him as a very caricature of the Army caste. He was cold, unbending, brilliant, utterly devoted to his profession to the exclusion of all else. His reserve was impenetrable, his zeal for study boundless, his appetite for work insatiable.

Alfred was born in Alsace in 1859, the son of a prosperous textile manufacturer. He early decided to become an Army officer, and at the age of 19 entered the Ecole Polytechnique,

that famous institution which had launched so many young men on military careers. He earned a reputation there as a daring horseman and a good fencer, but he was not popular with his classmates. They were for the most part sons of the old nobility or civil servants, had gone to the same Jesuit preparatory school, and formed a closely knit group—obvious candidates for preferment in the Army and promotion to the General Staff. They thought Dreyfus a bore, and the fact that he had an independent income of \$5000 a year did not make him better liked.

In the Army, where he was assigned to the artillery, he devoted himself to his work with single-minded ambition. At the age of 30 he was a captain in the Central School of Explosives at Bourges. He then applied for admission to the Ecole de Guerre, open only to officers who were considered suitable material for the General Staff.

Meanwhile he had become engaged to Lucie Hadamard, a serious-minded girl from a wealthy and distinguished family of French Jews. On the day of his marriage he was notified he had been accepted at the Ecole de Guerre. After the honeymoon Alfred and Lucie settled down to a life of military scholarship, taking up residence in a fashionable district of Paris. During the next three years two children were born to them, a boy and a girl. The family was a happy one.

In the Ecole de Guerre, Dreyfus

was not of the inner clique. He had to compete on unequal terms with the pick of his Army, the brightest officers of his generation, most of them buttressed by the good will from on high which goes with family connections and the old school tie. Dreyfus had nothing to buttress him but his mind and his formidable capacity for grueling work. He finished the course ninth in a class of 81.

In 1893 he was appointed to the General Staff as a probationer. It was a time of rising anti-Semitism in France, and to some staff officers the presence of a Jew in this inner sanctum came as a shock. A last-minute effort was made to fend off Dreyfus. Colonel Sandherr entered a formal protest, describing the appointment as a security risk. But such a description would have struck too many people as outrageous, for the fitness reports on Captain Dreyfus throughout his military career testified to his abilities and his high standards of professional conduct. There was nothing the anti-Semites could do to block his appointment. He had been on the General Staff a year when Esterhazy wrote the meticulous and treasonous *bordereau*.

DREYFUS' FILE was now brought out and samples of his handwriting placed side by side with the *bordereau*. Sandherr and Fabre pored over the exhibit, comparing the two handwritings. Not being men who needed much convincing, they

noted a similarity. Sandherr informed his immediate superior and, after a further and equally inconclusive check of the handwriting, the news of Dreyfus' suspected guilt was passed on, through channels, to General Auguste Mercier, the Minister of War.

Mercier at once closeted himself for a long talk with the Premier, Charles Dupuy. Both these men were aware they were handling dynamite. The fate of the government was involved. To announce that a spy had been caught inevitably would reveal that the General Staff had been lax in allowing spying to be done. They must make sure of the criminal before letting the political opposition learn of the crime. Premier Dupuy and General Mercier agreed that all must be kept secret until the case was airtight.

The handwriting expert of the Banque de France, who had been called in, said the *bordereau* could have been written by a person other than the writer of the samples submitted to him for comparison. But Alphonse Bertillon, famed criminologist of the Paris police, considered it "manifest that the identical person wrote both the samples and the incriminating *bordereau*." This opinion was accepted as proof of Dreyfus' guilt, and War Minister Mercier moved swiftly into action.

The awkward fact that the writer of the *bordereau* had said he was "off to the maneuvers," whereas no probationers had attended the maneuvers that year, was somehow ex-

plained away. And the fact that the *bordereau* was full of obvious Germanisms, whereas Dreyfus wrote a flawless French, was ignored. Assuming that investigation would almost certainly disclose further evidence, Mercier ordered Dreyfus' arrest.

The arrest, which for political expedience was to be made in secret, was arranged by the Marquis du Paty de Clam, a major on the General Staff. Dreyfus was directed to appear at an inspection of General Staff probationers at the office of the Chief of Staff. The time: October 15, 9 p.m. Civilian attire.

Dreyfus arrived punctually. He was astonished to discover only Major du Paty present and three men in civilian attire who obviously were not staff officers. The three stood about feigning indifference, and the benighted marquis did not introduce them. They were police officers. The marquis asked Dreyfus if he would write a letter for him while awaiting the arrival of the inspecting officer. He had injured his finger, he explained, and could not hold a pen.

Dreyfus sat down at a desk and Du Paty began to dictate. He dictated an ordinary letter, but loaded it with phrases from the *bordereau*, meanwhile watching Dreyfus' reaction intently. Dreyfus remained unmoved and Du Paty became annoyed. "Watch out," he warned, scowling. "This is very serious."

It seemed to Du Paty that the blackguard had no nerves. Phrase



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after phrase from the *bordereau* peppered him, yet his writing remained calm and businesslike. Du Paty gave up in midstream.

"I arrest you in the name of the law!" he shouted. "You are accused of high treason."

As the plain-clothes men moved to stand over Dreyfus, he jumped to his feet and cried out in terrible anger, "Show me proof of the infamy you pretend I committed."

"The proofs are overwhelming," Du Paty replied curtly.

He took out a pistol and put it on the table before Dreyfus. Then he stared silently. But Dreyfus had no intention of killing himself; when this became apparent, he was removed to an isolated cell in the Cherche-Midi prison.

Du Paty and an aide then hastened to Dreyfus' home to take Lucie Dreyfus by surprise. Mme. Dreyfus sensed disaster instantly. Du Paty was courteous but grave. "I am afraid I bring bad news," he said.

Lucie paled. "Is he dead?"

Du Paty shook his head.

"Has he fallen from his horse?"

Again Du Paty shook his head. "It is much worse," he said at last. "He is in jail."

The small, slender woman straightened. "Where is he?" she demanded. "I want to be taken to him immediately."

But Du Paty warned her that if she wanted to help her husband she must not try to find him; she must keep everything secret and tell no

one. He appealed to her on patriotic grounds. A slip of the tongue, he said, and war might break out. Lucie apparently believed him. She did not inform even Dreyfus' brothers of the arrest. This was a mistake, as it turned out. For, at this juncture, when the Army had not yet staked its honor on conviction, energetic intervention might have rallied public opinion and freed her husband.

Du Paty produced a search warrant and he and his aide ransacked every drawer, closet, bookshelf, and examined every slip of paper. They took away the household ledger and the love letters Alfred and Lucie had written during their engagement. But they turned up no incriminating documents, nor did they find any cream-colored graph paper such as the *bordereau* had been written on—which was what they were looking for.

While Captain Dreyfus raged in his cell, General Mercier pushed the investigation to develop further evidence. For a moment hope flared. Paris' network of stool pigeons produced a report that Dreyfus frequented suspicious cafés and was a gambler. But it turned out to be another Dreyfus, the owner of a police record. Police Chief Louis Lepine himself checked inch by inch over Dreyfus' entire life and found not a suspicion of perjury.

The Marquis du Paty, who was considered the General Staff's handwriting "expert," spent hours in



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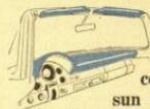
In the '56 Ford you find the first major contribution to added driver and passenger safety in automobile accidents. It is Lifeguard Design—the result of over two years of intensive research. Let's take a look.



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Visit your Ford Dealer soon and see how you and yours are given extra safeguards in the '56 Ford.

Dreyfus' cell, making Dreyfus write the text of the *bordereau* in various postures. Dreyfus wrote sitting, standing, leaning against a wall, crouched over the floor—in every possible posture. Du Paty was convinced he must in the end discover the position which would make Dreyfus' handwriting identical with that on the *bordereau*. But this game proved futile.

A week went by, and Du Paty succeeded in getting nothing out of Dreyfus except the truth, which he refused to believe. The police investigation was equally fruitless. There remained only the highly assailable evidence of the similar-dissimilar handwriting on the *bordereau*. It seemed Dreyfus must be released with the verdict of "not proven."

Then the dreaded leak to the public occurred, which made this course impossible. It was Major Henry who pulled the plug.

Major Hubert Henry, who did the Second Bureau's dirty work, was the only officer on the General Staff to have risen from the ranks. Of peasant stock, uneducated, and unversed in any foreign language, he was snubbed socially even by the Bureau's junior officers. Thus Major Henry was ready-made to be taken in when the aristocratic Count Esterhazy, for his own purposes, had set out to cultivate him as a friend. The count spoke seven languages. He knew German affairs thoroughly, and had considerable background on Austrian and Italian affairs as well. For an international

illiterate like Henry, the count's help in translations and in background information was invaluable. The two had become close.

* If Major Henry recognized his friend Esterhazy's handwriting on the *bordereau*, he gave no indication of it. Instead, perhaps on his own, perhaps prodded by Esterhazy (who had everything to gain if the issue against Dreyfus were forced), Henry now communicated the fact of Dreyfus' arrest to the press.

On October 29 the following item appeared in the popular anti-Semitic newspaper *La Libre Parole*:

Is it a fact that on orders from the military a very important arrest has been made? The prisoner is accused of high treason. If this news is true, why the silence? An answer is urgently requested.

General Mercier felt impelled to issue a guarded communiqué, admitting that an Army officer had been arrested on suspicion of "giving to foreigners some documents which, though of slight importance, were nevertheless confidential."

But all the newspapers were now on to a big story, and within 48 hours Alfred Dreyfus was headlined as the traitor. Soon most of the Paris press echoed *La Libre Parole's* accusation that Minister of War's office was "a cesspool, worse than the Augean stables." The furor was so great that the Cabinet held an emergency meeting. It was decided that the government could not survive a quashing of the case. Dreyfus must be tried.

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WITH HER husband's name made public, Lucie Dreyfus sent a telegram to Alsace to her brother-in-law Mathieu, who had been closest to Alfred. He hastened to Paris and implored Major du Paty to let him visit his brother's cell. He gave his word of honor that, should his brother confess that he had committed treason, then he, Mathieu, would hand his own brother a revolver and demand that he kill himself then and there. Du Paty rejected his plea.

On December 4 the Investigator for the Court, Bexon D'Ormeschville, drew up his case. It rested mainly on the *bordereau*. No handwriting expert today would have the least difficulty in deciding that Dreyfus could not have written this. And even then, when their science was far more rudimentary, the five handwriting experts who were to testify held contradictory opinions. So this aspect of the case was a bucket of eels.

Hence D'Ormeschville would have to rely on argument, painting Dreyfus as a supercriminal who was so crafty that he had left no evidence, and who had even taken the precaution to disguise his hand when indulging in criminal penmanship. The chances are he was not very happy about his case.

He was even unhappier about another document that had just come into his hands. When the Italian military attaché, Lieutenant Colonel Panizzarda, learned of Dreyfus' arrest he was understandably con-

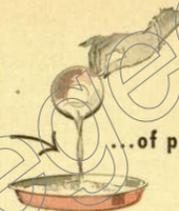
cerned lest he somehow become involved in the case. On November 2 he sent a cable in code to Rome: "If Captain D. had no relations with you, a denial would be welcome to avoid press comment." The Italian code had been broken and the message was decoded. Major du Paty made a "free translation" of it for the Second Bureau's files: "D. arrested. Precautions taken. Emissary warned."

The prosecutor knew his French penal code. Article 101 reads: "All documents that might serve to convict the defendant must be shown to him." How long could Du Paty's "free translation" stand up under the scrutiny of a defense lawyer who could lawfully demand to see the original? The prosecutor felt that such evidence, if presented in court, would inevitably blow up in his face.

But the pressure was on. The press was already inflating the case to monstrous proportions. "Dreyfus is an agent of international Jewry," wrote *Le Croix*, "which has decided to ruin the French people and acquire the territory of France." All unsolved treasons of the recent past were charged to the Jewish captain, and *Le Temps* and *Le Matin* joined in unearthing a love interest. Dreyfus had a sweetheart in Nice, they announced, an Italian beauty of noble birth who had seduced him into committing treason. *La Libre Parole*, *La Cocarde* and *La Patrie* all demanded that he be put to death.

It was obvious what would follow a failure to convict Dreyfus: Mercier

How the accident



...of pouring a cup of water on a fine cake batter

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Late one day—not long ago—a new kind of cake batter had just been mixed—and poured into a pan.

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The result after baking? The water had been transformed into a smooth, tasty sauce under a fine-textured cake. All in one pan. And all in one baking!

Everybody got excited—the way people always do—about something

good and completely different! Everybody started asking questions. How did it happen? Could it possibly be this easy to make? What flavors should be offered? (Chocolate, caramel pecan, and vanilla proved most popular in later tests.)

What should it be called? It wasn't just a cake. Not just a

pudding. So the Py-O-My people called it "Puddin' Cake Mix".

Today, you're likely to be asked by the best cooks you know: "Have you tried that new Py-O-My Puddin' Cake Mix—you pour water over the batter!"

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The **Caramel Pecan**, with real, choice pecans is a great favorite. And so is the **Chocolate**. The **Vanilla**—either alone, with fruit juice or fruit added—offers unlimited variety.

Your grocer has all 3 flavors—or can now get them for you easily. We believe you'll enjoy new Py-O-My Puddin' Cake Mix—in your home—this week!



Caramel Pecan • Vanilla • Chocolate

would be out, probably the government too. Possibly the entire Government Staff would be replaced.

In this crisis a proposition was put forward by Colonel Sandherr. This was simply to confront the court with the Second Bureau's file on the case and classify it "secret," thus preventing the defense from examining it and tearing it to pieces.

General Mercier hesitated for a long time. That Dreyfus was actually guilty he never doubted, nor did any other officer on the staff except possibly Major Henry. But a War Minister cannot ignore the law without incurring grave risks. To set aside Article 101 in the present temper of affairs would be regarded as an act of patriotism. How would it be regarded at some later date when the present temper changed? If some political opponent then brought it to light, it would be irreparably damaging.

He told Sandherr that he must have time to think about it. Three days passed without word from him.

Then on December 15 *La Libre Parole* announced triumphantly: "Dreyfus is committed for trial by court-martial. Mercier with the brutal bluntness of his patriotism has prevailed over his enemies who conspired in the dark."

The die was cast. The ideal of government by law and not by men was committed to its ordeal.

IN SEARCHING for a lawyer to defend Alfred, the Dreyfus family settled on Edgar Demange. Demange,

of high repute in criminal law, was a man of advanced age and a devout Catholic. He would not be attracted either by the withering publicity or by a fee, however large. Nor was there any nonsense in Demange about giving the benefit of the doubt to the defendant. "Should I find the least reason to doubt his innocence," he told the Dreyfus family, "I will refuse to defend him. In effect, I shall be his first judge."

Demange studied the family's evidence on Dreyfus' career and then called for the government's evidence under Article 101. He was thunderstruck. Was this all: the *bordereau*, a dispute among handwriting experts, a prosecutor's petit point of suppositions and theories? It was all. The decision to use the Second Bureau's secret file had not yet been taken.

The old man went to see Dreyfus in his cell. "I am convinced of your innocence," he said. "I will defend you."

The decision to go to trial taken. Dreyfus was permitted to write his wife. "My judges are loyal and honest soldiers like myself," he wrote. "They will recognize the error that has been committed. I have nothing to fear."

Trial began December 19, 1894, in an 18th-century palace on the Rue Cherche-Midi. The courtroom was large and gloomy, illuminated by yellow gaslight. Its tiny windows were cut into thick stone walls. The press had intimated that the court-martial would be held behind closed

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doors. As a result, few of the public attended.

Colonel Maurel, the presiding judge, ordered the accused escorted in. Captain Dreyfus entered rigidly. The thin-haired, bespectacled man, a small mustache under his sharp nose, his skin drawn and shining, had attired himself in the full-dress uniform of an officer of the General Staff. He glanced around stiffly and felt reassured. Seven Army officers were to serve as judges; he was among his own. But he answered the first formal questions about his name, address and rank in a voice that, while firm and carefully emotionless, yet had an artificial intonation. This had always happened when he was fighting for self-control. He had long known it made a bad impression. But that only made it more difficult to eliminate.

Proceedings began with an argument over whether the trial should be public. The prosecution wanted the trial held *in camera*. Demange, for the defense, naturally wanted the public present. A stormy debate ensued, in which the old man could hardly get a word finished, in the end the trial was declared secret.

It was a defeat, and Demange knew it. Dreyfus, too, sensed the significance of the ruling. The public prosecutor's ominous argument still rang in the suddenly hushed room: "There are other interests involved in this case than those of the defense or of the prosecution." Dreyfus' two brothers, Mathieu and Jacques, left grudgingly and anxiously. Only wit-

nesses and experts, the chief of police and the official Ministry of War observer, Major Georges Picquart, were permitted to remain.

The early nervousness left Dreyfus when he began his testimony. He went over the various items listed in the *bordereau* in a matter-of-fact, almost discursive tone. He explained why it was impossible for him to have been in possession of information about the 120 mm. gun and its supporting troops, or on the Madagascar expedition, and why he could not have written, "I'm off to the maneuvers." His memory never failed him, and he did not hesitate over his answers.

His testimony occupied the court's first session. When it was over it was obvious that Captain Dreyfus had made a very good impression. Official observer Picquart reported to War Minister Mercier that it seemed quite likely that the court would acquit.

This report made for a busy night in the War Ministry. The lights in high places burned late.

Together General Mercier and Colonel Sandherr sifted through the Second Bureau's records and put together a long memorandum. It consisted of the files of previously unsolved espionage cases, with commentary by General Mercier deftly linking Dreyfus to each. It included Du Paty's "free translation" of the Italian telegram, and mentioned that Dreyfus had served at Bourges where an explosives formula had been stolen (although the theft oc-

This is the
Weight ...



that turns the
Wheel ...



that winds the
Spring ...



that runs the
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curréd before his tour of duty there). It was in effect a kind of criminal biography which interpreted Dreyfus' studious and unrelenting zeal as a German-inspired desire to learn all about the French Army. They sealed it in a large envelope, placed this in a still-larger envelope, then sealed that too, and gave it to Du Paty to deliver to the court. It was to be given to the judges as they retired to deliberate their verdict.

On the second day of the trial Major Henry asked to appear as a witness. Had he had any advance warning that Dreyfus was a spy? "Yes," he answered in a thunderous voice. An "unimpeachable source" had warned Major Henry as early as the previous March that there was a traitor in the Ministry of War. Then suddenly the witness pointed straight at the accused. "And there is the traitor!" he roared.

Dreyfus jumped indignantly to his feet. So did his counsel. They demanded under Article 101 that Henry name the person who gave the warning. Henry refused. And the presiding judge intervened. "You do not have to name the person," he told Henry. "It will suffice if you affirm on your honor that this person told you the traitor was Dreyfus." Major Henry lifted his hands to the crucifix and in a voice that shook the courtroom cried: "I swear."

On the fourth day of the trial, December 22, the presentation of evidence concluded. The verdict would now be deliberated. As the judges rose and prepared to retire, Major du

Paty sauntered over and unobtrusively slipped the presiding judge the envelope from General Mercier. Colonel Maurel opened it and found a note from the War Minister requesting him to read the contents of the enclosed envelope to the judges during their deliberation.

It was an impressively bulky espionage file, and whatever the commentary which accompanied it lacked in logic it made up for in authority. It was signed by General Mercier. It would not have taken a very clever lawyer to make hash of it, but no lawyer was present—only General Mercier's subordinates.

After an hour they called court into session again to hear the final pleas. Demange spoke for three hours. He concentrated on the *bordereau*. After all, it was the only evidence the Republic had produced. The prosecutor's speech was brief. He suggested that the judges take a magnifying glass and examine the *bordereau* themselves. Then Dreyfus rose. "I am innocent," he said simply.

Dreyfus was now led from the courtroom. After another brief period of retirement the judges returned and Colonel Maurel read the verdict. It was unanimous. Captain Alfred Dreyfus was found guilty of treason and condemned to dishonorable discharge from the Army, to deportation and exile for life in a fortified place.

In the courtroom the only broken heart was Demange's. The old man wept aloud.

ON JANUARY 5, 1895, Alfred Dreyfus was publicly drummed out of the French Army. The proceedings, formal as an execution, were held on the parade ground of the Ecole Militaire. The great crowds that came to watch had to be held at bay by a heavy military cordon. They were in a lynching mood, and "Death to the Jew!" was heard from all sides.

Each regiment of the Paris garrison had sent a unit. A trumpet sounded, commands were barked, and a giant sergeant of the Republican Guard led out four soldiers with drawn swords. In their midst walked Captain Dreyfus.

The vast crowd was silent as the little group ground to a halt before General Darras, who sat awaiting them on horseback. The general drew his sword. In a voice that sounded tiny in that huge, silent space he cried: "Alfred Dreyfus, you are unworthy of carrying arms. We herewith degrade you in the name of the people of France."

Dreyfus stirred. He had been standing at attention. Now he lifted up his head. "Soldiers!" he shouted. "An innocent is dishonored. Long live France!" His voice, too, sounded tiny, but it carried to the crowd outside. The crowd roared back angrily, "Death to the Jew!"

The giant sergeant rushed at Dreyfus. He tore the epaulets from the captain's shoulders and then tore the red stripes, marking him as a General Staff officer, from his trousers. Finally he took the captain's sword and broke it in two. He threw

the pieces on the ground. With the epaulets and the red stripes it made a little pile of refuse, all that remained of Dreyfus' once high place in the world.

Dreyfus was then marched past the soldiers ranked column after column in lines of parade dress. He walked with the unbending precision of a staff officer on inspection. The effect was ghastly. His uniform seemed suddenly naked. At regular intervals he threw up his arms and with a face that was nearly maniacal in its effort to conceal its suffering cried: "I am innocent. Long live France!"

Six weeks after this devastating ceremony, Dreyfus was en route to Devil's Island, the notorious French penal colony off the coast of South America. He need not have gone there. For General Mercier, who still yearned for proof that the court-martial verdict was just, sent Du Paty to his cell with a proposition: There were many ways in which his life in exile could be made supportable. The place chosen need not be a blistering rock in a desolate sea. It could be a garden spot. His family might be permitted to join him. There could be other privileges. Dreyfus had only to confess. He need not admit deliberate treason. It would suffice if he pleaded a moment of mental aberration, perhaps only criminal carelessness.

Dreyfus replied to this offer instantly, in a letter to General Mercier. The only privilege he wanted was that the search for the traitor be

continued and pressed to a successful conclusion.

As he was being transported to the ship, the crowd at La Rochelle station angrily rushed the convict train and tried to mob him. Dreyfus thoroughly sympathized with their feeling. He was a soldier to the core, and the people's trust in their Army was a sacred charge to him. "I was transported as the vile scoundrel whom I represent deserves to be," he wrote Lucie at the time. "As long as I represent such a miserable creature, I cannot but approve."

DREYFUS MADE the long voyage to Devil's Island in chains, and his incarceration there was arranged with fantastic caution. He was placed in a stone hut which was surrounded by a high stone wall. The windows and door were barred and from a small anteroom of the hut a guard, who was relieved every two hours, kept a constant watch on his movements. Five men were detailed to this duty.

He was never allowed to sit facing the sea. It was feared he might signal to someone in that blinding glitter. His request that work be assigned him was turned down, and Lucie's request to join him in exile—a favor the law accorded to wives of deportees—was likewise rejected. No letter containing any allusion to his case was allowed to reach him. When he was taken for a walk on the shadeless strip of rock adjoining his hut, no one was allowed to talk to him. His guards were not

permitted to answer his questions.

Dreyfus maintained his rigid bearing and his military composure. But violent neuralgias began to rack his head. When storms stirred up the sea and the waves thundered against the rock, he took advantage of the sound to give vent to shrieks of despair. He waited for storms because he did not want anyone to hear him.

No one heard. He and his case were entombed in silence.

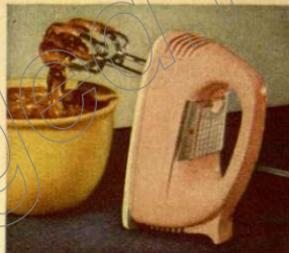
This existence continued for 18 months. Then the precautions concerning Dreyfus were suddenly doubled. All letters and packages from the outside world were stopped. Where there had been one man watching him day and night, there were now two, with orders to report Dreyfus' every gesture and change of expression. A second stone wall was erected around the first one, and for the two months until it was completed he was confined to his cot each night in double irons.

These measures were taken because Mathieu Dreyfus had made a move. The silence that had fallen over his brother's case was its worst enemy, he knew. He had resorted to a hoax to break it.

Through a friend he succeeded in getting published in England a fabricated report that Dreyfus had escaped from Devil's Island. As Mathieu had expected, the item was widely reprinted and the entire Paris press took it up. It caused the Minister of Colonies an immensely agitating hour while he awaited the official report from Devil's Island; and his



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frenzied fears were communicated to Alfred's jailers.

Mathieu's hoax accomplished nothing except publicity. But other developments, already under way in the War Ministry, were to keep the Dreyfus case very much alive.

IN MARCH of 1896, some 15 months after the case had been closed, an interesting *petit bleu* or special-delivery postcard came into the possession of the Second Bureau. It had been written by a woman friend of von Schwarzkoppen and given to him to mail. Schwarzkoppen had never succeeded in mailing it, for it was somehow stolen from him or possibly even removed from the letter box. The message on the *petit bleu* was innocuous, but it was intimate in tone—and it was addressed to Major Count Ferdinand Walsin-Esterhazy!

It was brought to the desk of Georges Picquart, now a Lieutenant Colonel and head of the Second Bureau. When Picquart first glanced at the *petit bleu* his reaction was immediate. "What, another spy?" he asked. "What is Esterhazy doing getting *petits bleus* via the German Embassy?" In view of the Count's unsavory record, Picquart decided to keep an eye on him.

Three months later Count Esterhazy made a mistake. Perhaps Major Henry had failed to warn him that he was being watched, perhaps it was simple brazenness. At any rate he chose this moment to make a written application for General

Staff duty. The application came to Picquart's desk and it struck him that there was something familiar about the handwriting.

In his new post, Picquart had recently had occasion to examine the highly secret Dreyfus file. He now went directly to the safe, got out the *bordereau* from the Dreyfus envelope and compared its writing to Esterhazy's. Immediately, he summoned the criminologist Bertillon. To Bertillon's credit he did not quibble. He studied the *bordereau* again and then examined Esterhazy's application. "This is the man who wrote the *bordereau*," he said.

Picquart had once taught Dreyfus at the Ecole de Guerre. He did not like him and, unlike the other instructors, was not even impressed by his intelligence. But he was now to jeopardize his career to see justice done. His lonely crusade was to win him bitter enemies on the General Staff, cause his eventual imprisonment and all but ruin his life.

His conversation with General Charles Gonse was testified to subsequently in court.

"You should have kept the two cases separated," General Gonse said, when Picquart approached him. "The Dreyfus case is closed."

When Picquart insisted that it should be reopened, General Gonse lost patience. "What do you care for this Jew anyhow?" he asked.

"He is innocent," Picquart replied quietly. He could not understand why that should not be reason enough.



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Sudden inspiration! The baby's aunt lived in Erie, Pa., where the train was due to stop in about two hours. Grandmother called her from a telephone booth, relayed the formula and full instructions—and the aunt reached the station in time to meet the train—

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But the general understood. "For me," he said, "truth is what the Minister of War and the Chief of the General Staff tell me is true." Then he added, "If you keep silent, no one need find out anything."

Picquart forgot the difference in rank. He forgot the power of a general of the Army. "General," he cried, "what you say is abominable. I do not know yet what I am going to do. But I will not carry this secret to my grave."

The general did not freeze. He did not bark. But not long afterward he ordered Picquart to investigate the Intelligence Service on the eastern border. When that task was done, he ordered him directly to the Italian frontier to inspect the Intelligence Service there. From the Italian frontier Picquart was sent urgently to Algiers, and from Algiers to Tunisia—each time with letters of praise for work well done. At first Picquart suspected nothing. But after nearly three months a friend wrote to complain that, whenever he inquired, the Second Bureau replied that Picquart was expected back momentarily. How long was a moment? the friend asked. And Picquart realized that he had been practically exiled.

In his absence, Major Henry took over his place and ran things with his huge fist. Picquart's mail, addressed to the bureau, came to Henry's desk for forwarding. Henry began steaming it open. A file on Picquart was started. Into it went whatever compromising material

could be found, and if nothing could be found it was invented.

But there was a simpler way of disposing of the troublesome Picquart. Henry suggested that Gonse dispatch him to the Tripoli border where skirmishes were taking place. A bullet in the right place would, he felt, successfully stop any reopening of the Dreyfus case. General Gonse sent the order.

But Picquart had already insured that the truth should survive. On a brief leave in Paris he had left with his lawyer, Louis Leblois, a letter to the President of the Republic. The letter, to be delivered in the event of Picquart's death, described how Picquart had discovered the real author of the *bordereau*. It concluded:

1. Walsin-Esterhazy is a German agent.
2. Acts charged to Dreyfus were committed by Esterhazy.
3. The Dreyfus case was treated with unheard-of lightness, with a preconceived conviction of Dreyfus' guilt, and in disregard of the law.

When Picquart told him the story in confidence, Leblois was profoundly disturbed. He finally obtained permission to impart the secret to reliable friends if he could do so without divulging Picquart's name.

The lawyer felt this could be managed. He contacted Auguste Scheurer-Kestner, Vice-President of the Senate, an old and trusted friend of the Dreyfus family. Senator Scheurer could do nothing until the mysterious officer Leblois represented was



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willing to come forward with proof. He hinted privately, however, that there was evidence of Dreyfus' innocence. When his views became known he was savagely reviled by the press and ostracized in the Senate. His interest in the case was to bring him only abuse. But it was the beginning of a Dreyfusard or "revisionist" movement in high places.

COUNT ESTERHAZY was becoming increasingly uneasy. He knew that several people now suspected him of having written the *bordereau*. And when France's largest newspaper, *Le Matin*, published a facsimile of that famous document, having somehow obtained a photograph of it, he was thoroughly alarmed.

In his panic, he rushed to the German Embassy and told Schwarzkoppen that their connection had been discovered and would soon be made public by a leading senator. He suggested that Schwarzkoppen go to Mme. Dreyfus and assure her that her husband had actually committed treason. Schwarzkoppen refused, and Esterhazy then said he had reached the end. He would kill himself then and there in Schwarzkoppen's office. The prospect failed to alarm the military attaché, and Esterhazy became enraged. He threatened to make public Schwarzkoppen's relations with a lady whom he named. Schwarzkoppen rang for an attendant and ordered Esterhazy shown out forcibly.

When he reported Esterhazy's melodramatics and growing reck-

lessness to Berlin, it was decided Schwarzkoppen had better get out before the brewing scandal boiled over. He was promptly recalled to Germany. On leaving Paris, he did the most that a spy can do for his own self-respect. He could not name one of his own agents. But in bidding the President a formal farewell, Schwarzkoppen assured him on his honor as an officer that he had had no dealings with Dreyfus.

Meanwhile Henry, aware of the mounting suspicion of Esterhazy, consulted Du Paty, who assured Esterhazy on behalf of the General Staff that there was nothing to fear, that matters were well in hand. He was not exaggerating. In order to protect the Count (who was quite capable of blackmailing him if he did not), Major Henry was busily forging fresh evidence to reinforce the case against Dreyfus. Capitalizing on Colonel Sandherr's recent death, Henry let the news leak out that he had discovered yet another secret file in Sandherr's office safe. It contained documents, he declared—shreds of them—certifying Dreyfus' guilt. There were no less than seven letters in Dreyfus' own hand to the German Emperor. On one of them the Kaiser had scribbled a marginal comment to the German Ambassador, saying in effect that "the scoundrel" was getting more and more demanding but was to be kept satisfied.

SOME THREE YEARS after his brother had been convicted, Mathieu Drey-

fus learned the identity of the real traitor. It came about by chance. Mathieu had brought out a pamphlet on the Dreyfus case, to be sold in the streets of Paris. On its cover was a reproduction of the *bordereau* as it had appeared in the newspaper, *Le Matin*.

In a moment of idle curiosity, a stockbroker named Castro bought one of the pamphlets. He had had business dealings with Count Esterhazy, which had netted him only acrimonious correspondence. Castro now recognized the handwriting, and went to Mathieu with the letters Esterhazy had written him. Mathieu embraced him in gratitude; and on November 15, 1897, he formally charged Esterhazy with having written the *bordereau*.

Since, under French law, anyone with knowledge of a crime can bring a charge, an investigation could not be avoided. The General Staff wanted the charge dismissed at once on the technicality that the only evidence was the *bordereau* and this was inadmissible because the Dreyfus case was closed. But they were at the mercy of an adventurer's whims. Esterhazy insisted that he could not allow his reputation to remain under a cloud. He demanded a complete vindication. So the "investigation" dragged on.

Now that he was under fire, the newspapers lauded Count Esterhazy to the sky. Only the revisionist papers, a tiny segment of the press, attacked him. *Le Figaro*, a small high-brow publication, brought up

from the *bordereau* that telling bit, "I am off to the maneuvers," and was now able to prove that Dreyfus had not attended the maneuvers that year and that Esterhazy had.

Le Figaro also published, side by side, reproductions of the *bordereau* and of Esterhazy's handwriting so that its readers might judge for themselves. The mass-circulation papers retorted with two voices: one group said that the handwritings were not identical; the remainder said they had been "reliably" informed that Dreyfus had imitated Esterhazy's handwriting.

Esterhazy spent most of his time in newspaper offices, handing out juicy bits about "the international Jewish syndicate" and its plots to destroy the Army and thus France. He painted his own portrait in glowing colors. He was, it seemed, a superbly courageous man of indomitable will, fanatically jealous of his honor. His every word was enshrined in print for posterity and debated avidly. Paris was at his feet.

When he was finally brought into court on Mathieu's charges, the official announcement emphasized that Esterhazy was not being tried. His innocence had already been established. The trial, it was declared, was being held only in justice to Esterhazy. The accusation rather than the accused would be tried.

On the stand, Esterhazy made a calm and reserved witness. His one outburst occurred when he once cried out fervently, "All I have said is as true as that I am innocent." It

is perhaps the one truthful statement he made.

When Mathieu's turn came, Esterhazy's attorney criticized him sharply for circulating a reproduction of the *bordereau*. "You may defend your brother before the court but nowhere else," the lawyer told him.

"I shall defend my brother everywhere," replied Mathieu. And the throng in the courtroom hissed its hate so loudly that it had to be called to order.

The bulk of the testimony was taken behind closed doors. At the end the public prosecutor formally dropped the charge against Esterhazy. Nevertheless, Esterhazy's attorney spoke for five hours. The court deliberated for three minutes, and then it voted unanimously for acquittal.

A pandemonium of joy broke out. It was as if France had won a great victory on the battlefield. Officers, newspapermen, women and men, old and young, rushed up to Esterhazy to embrace him with tears in their eyes. Long into the night triumphant processions marched through the streets of Paris chanting, "Long live Esterhazy! Long live the Army!"

One victim of the trial was Colonel Picquart, who had been summoned from Africa to testify. At the court he stood alone, isolated by the enmity of his fellow officers—a proud figure, handsome and poised. Only Senator Scheurer-Kestner talked to him, and Mathieu and Lucie Dreyfus, and Demange, who

had been retained to represent Mathieu. Despite heavy pressure, he resolutely gave his testimony about the *petit bleu* which linked Esterhazy with the German Embassy. But it was heard secretly behind closed doors; the opposition described the *petit bleu* as a forgery, and his sacrifice availed nothing. After the trial Picquart was arrested, charged with having divulged secret information, and held in the fortress of Mont Valerien for weeks.

And on Devil's Island, 5000 miles away, Dreyfus' guard was increased to 13 men and a warden. A tower was built to watch over the sea. A large gun was mounted on its top. Dreyfus had no idea why. All mail privileges had been denied him for months, and the guards never spoke to him.

THE ACQUITTAL of Esterhazy and the arrest of Picquart made black headlines around the world. France is no more, Europe mourned from Lisbon to Moscow. The country that had led Western civilization in her ideas of justice and freedom had fled from her senses. In her madness she had created a morally upside-down world in which, as one writer put it, "the fraudulent glorified fraud, and the impostors erected a monument to imposture."

"Courageous men defying tyrants are never wanting in history," wrote Georges Clemenceau, the Tiger, "but it requires true heroism to defy the tyranny of public opinion." The monster in France was now public

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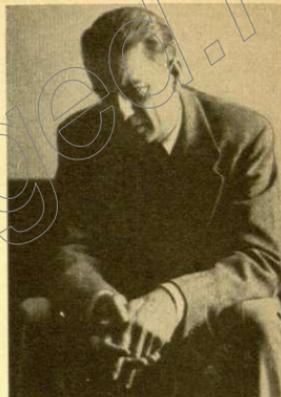
Often, the "knock" you develop—sleeplessness, irritability—may be corrected as simply as turning a screw.

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opinion, inflamed and fed on lies by the ultranationalist press. Few within or outside the government dared defy it.

True, there had always been Dreyfus adherents—about one percent of the population by contemporary estimate—and they were found in all walks of life. Early Dreyfusards included the writer Anatole France, the scholarly director of the Pasteur Institute, Emile Duclaux, the Senator and former Minister of Justice, Ludovic Tratieux. Led by the aged Senator Scheurer-Kestner, this little band of stalwarts gave voice to the dissent. And slowly, one by one, other honest and courageous men began to line up with them. But Picquart's arrest came as a terrible blow, for the battle to see justice done now appeared lost.

Then came January 13, 1898—and the leaden atmosphere of despondency was dispelled as if by the elemental force of a hurricane. On that date Clemenceau's newspaper, *L'Aurore*, published Emile Zola's *J'Accuse!*, a title which was to become a byword, forever associated with Zola by the whole world. It was a challenge to France and to every Frenchman to hold by cherished ideals and stand up and be counted.

Zola was then at the peak of his world fame. His novels were best-sellers in almost all civilized languages. He had been writing about the Dreyfus case in the columns of *Le Figaro*. But he came to realize that only a stark witness to faith—

an invitation to martyrdom—could break the spell that had descended on the nation. He did not consult anyone but wrote for a night, a day and another night until he had finished his appeal to sanity. In publishing it, he threw into the scales all he had attained in a lifetime of creative achievement.

J'Accuse! was a document of formidable power. With magic insight it pierced the smoke screen of fraud, confusion and contradictions, and showed with precision and clarity how the General Staff, having committed a fateful blunder, had attempted to cover it up and had sunk into a morass of fraud and forgery.

At the close of his long plea, Zola made several specific accusations, the last being:

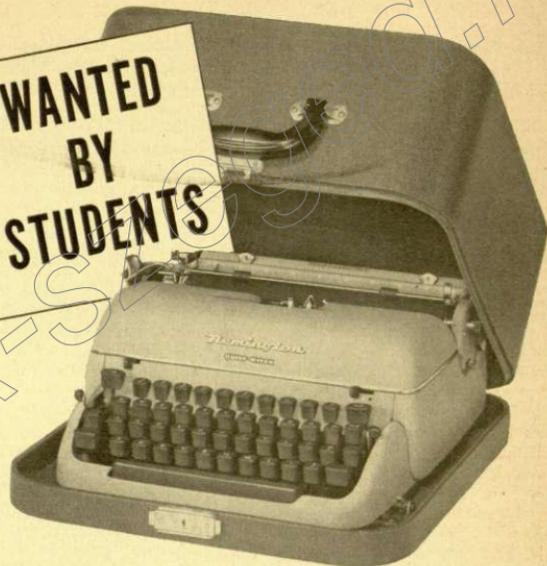
I accuse the first court-martial (of Dreyfus) of having violated all human rights in condemning a prisoner (on testimony kept secret from him, and I accuse the second court-martial (of Esterhazy) of having covered up this illegality by order, committing in turn the judicial crime of acquitting a guilty man with full knowledge of his guilt.

Zola knew that he could be prosecuted for making these accusations.

The action I take here is designed to hasten the explosion of truth and justice. Let them dare to carry me to court, and let there be an inquest in the full light of day! I am waiting.

The repercussions were immediate. *L'Aurore*, a paper of insignifi-

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cant circulation, sold 300,000 copies of the *J'Accuse!* number. Thirty thousand letters and telegrams poured in from all parts of the world, testifying to the relief felt everywhere at Zola's stand and to mounting revulsion over the French dim-out of reason. In France itself, the internal tensions broke into violence. In Paris huge protest meetings were held, ending in bloody clashes. In other French cities angry crowds plundered Jewish stores, publicly burned copies of *J'Accuse!* and hanged Zola in effigy. The uproar, which sometimes had to be quelled by the military, was to continue for weeks.

The Cabinet was at a loss. It could not let Zola's accusations go unchallenged, for both public and press were demanding harsh punishment for him. Yet prosecuting him for libel would mean reopening the Dreyfus case, for the defendant had the legal right to attempt to prove the truth of his statements. A face-saving formula was finally devised. Zola would be charged with criminal libel only for that passage of *J'Accuse!* in which he stated that a court-martial "acting on orders" dared acquit Esterhazy. This would give him the right to produce evidence against Esterhazy but not in favor of Dreyfus.

On February 7, 1898, the trial of Zola opened. It lasted for 15 days and was followed with anxious interest throughout the world. It intensified feelings that were already high, and Army troops were held in

constant readiness to control the mobs that surrounded the building.

The judge made every effort to prevent the witnesses from wandering out of the narrow area embraced by the indictment. "The question is out of order" became the signature of the trial. For, on Zola's instructions, his attorney ignored Zola's defense and simply tried to reopen the Dreyfus case before the civilian court.

In his own plea Zola assured the jury that not he, and not Dreyfus, were on trial, but France. The question was whether France was still true to her character as the guardian of justice and humanity. He ended his speech with these words:

"Dreyfus is innocent. I vouch for it with my life and honor. By all I have gained, by the name I have made, and my contribution to French literature, I swear to it. May all of this perish if he is not. Dreyfus is innocent."

The room was breathless. For an instant it seemed as if the Dreyfus case must be heard in public at last. But Zola was no match for the prestige of the General Staff. It was impossible to believe that these men, the cream of the Army, the backbone of national defense, could be forgers, liars and crooks. And the General Staff drew the issue clearly. It would resign *en bloc* if the jury acquitted Zola.

It took the jury only 35 minutes to bring in the verdict. By an eight-to-four vote, Zola was pronounced guilty. He was given the maximum

penalty, one year in prison and a fine of 3000 francs.

The news caused riotous joy throughout France, and political parties vied with one another claiming the lion's share in the triumph. Abroad, the dismay was almost universal. English and Continental newspapers called the sentence savage and barbaric, and felt that France's moral decay augured ill for the Western world. The unanimous hostility abroad only strengthened the prevailing opinion in France, however, for the French public resented it and were quick to dismiss any appeal, advice or opinion coming from outside.

But the Dreyfus case would not die. The excitement Zola had touched off in France continued to rage at fever pitch. The battle over Dreyfus' innocence or guilt was carried on in hundreds of pamphlets. It seemed that almost everybody wished to make a public declaration of his stand. The scientists lined up almost to a man on the revisionist side, professors of the humanities and writers were divided. The revisionist youth set up headquarters in a bookshop in the Latin Quarter and took their work with great seriousness. Jules Renard's diary tells of a young man whose family desired him to marry a certain girl. He requested her parents to let him have her photograph and also to inform him of her views on the Dreyfus Affair. A French expedition to the Arctic wintered on an iceberg and was feared lost. When they were

found in the spring their first question to their rescuers was, "What about Dreyfus. Is he free?"

Godefroy Cavaignac, the new War Minister who now came into office, felt the government had mishandled the Dreyfus case and was convinced he knew what to do about it. Cavaignac firmly believed in Dreyfus' guilt, in the existence of the Jewish syndicate and, innocent that he was, in the integrity of the General Staff and its documents. He wanted to end the debate once and for all by simply bringing all the secret documents into the open, and thus prove Dreyfus' guilt beyond question.

From the now vastly swollen Dreyfus file (Henry had added sheaves of irrelevant documents to make examination difficult) Cavaignac selected the best evidence he could find. It included a letter from the Italian military attaché, Panizzardi, which mentioned Dreyfus by name. Shortly afterward, when he spoke in the Chamber, he announced he would read from "three documents chosen out of a thousand pieces of correspondence exchanged for six years between people active in espionage." He felt this evidence answered the question about Dreyfus' guilt "definitively, conclusively and forever." The deputies agreed, hailed Cavaignac as a soldier-statesman and voted to display his speech publicly throughout the country.

That honestly indignant speech became the turning point in the Dreyfus case. For when Picquet

read it he at once recognized the documents cited. As a result of his forthright testimony in the Zola trial, Picquart had been retired from the Army for "grave shortcomings in service." He knew the step he was taking might lead him to prison again, or worse. Yet he now wrote the Prime Minister:

Up to the present I did not feel free to give an account of the secret documents on the strength of which Dreyfus' guilt was allegedly established. The Minister of War quoted three of these documents in the Chamber. I consider it my duty to let you know that two of the documents quoted do not refer to Dreyfus, and the third has all the characteristics of a forgery.

A careful examination of the documents, which Prime Minister Henri Brisson now ordered, revealed that the Panizzardi letter was indeed a forgery. It consisted of two letters, glued expertly together. When Minister of War Cavaignac was informed, he summoned Colonel Henry and confronted him with the forged document. How did he explain it? After an hour of denials Henry conceded that he had rearranged a few sentences but denied that he had fabricated the text.

He stubbornly stuck to his denial, then conceded one step. "My superiors were disturbed. I wanted to calm them. I said to myself: 'Let us add a sentence that can pass as proof in the situation in which we are.' I acted alone and in the interest of my country."

But after further savage prodding, Henry finally admitted he had manufactured the whole letter except for the signature. Cavaignac at once informed the press and ordered Henry's arrest.

The next morning—it was August 30, 1898—Colonel Henry was found dead in his cell. He had used a razor to cut his throat.

THE EFFECT of these events on the Army was shattering. General Raoul de Boisdeffre, Chief of the General Staff, resigned at once, as did General Georges de Pellieux, who was indignant at having been deceived into misleading the jury in the Zola trial.

Esterhazy, when the news of Henry's suicide reached him, fled without luggage to London. The time had come to confess for a good price, and take revenge on his accomplices for deserting him. His side of the story, vividly written, was soon appearing serially in both London and Paris.

The late Colonel Sandherr, he insisted, had briefed him to become an agent of the Germans, to sell them inconsequential data and garbled versions of secret documents. His mission had been to gain access to German secrets, he said.

A retrial of Dreyfus now became inevitable. Overnight everybody seemed to have turned revisionist. The government deliberated night and day. The anti-revision bloc was still powerful, but Premier Brisson was determined on a new trial. He

dispatched a friend to Mathieu Dreyfus advising him to petition for one. Demange, whose large practice had crumbled away because of his defense of Dreyfus, at once complied.

The Army tried every possible maneuver to block the move, including the re-arrest of Picquart; but the revisionist fold was growing constantly now, even within the government. Some six months after the petition for retrial was presented the Senate enacted a special law enabling the High Court of Appeal to review the case. The court studied it for three months, then voided Dreyfus' original sentence and ordered him to stand a new trial before a court-martial at Rennes.

RENNES was a sleepy town in devoutly Catholic Brittany. The trial was held in the high-school hall, the only place large enough to hold the crowds. When Captain Dreyfus was brought in, avid eyes were turned on him to see at last the man behind the legend. For years now every person present had known Dreyfus' name as well as his own, yet hardly anybody had ever seen him.

Dreyfus had been brought back to France on the cruiser *Sfax*. The news that he was to be retried, that the outside world had remembered his existence, had come as such a shock that he had feared he would not survive it. Only 39 years of age, he was now an old man, gray-haired, frail. The eyes behind the glasses were so pale they seemed a ghostly blue. His skin, like faultily tanned hide,

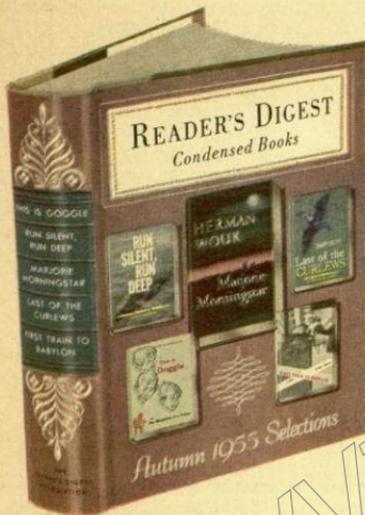
yellowed and browned, appeared glued to the protruding bones of his face. Even in his brand-new uniform he looked like a bag of bones. A writer reported that the audience gaped at him and felt almost spent by the force of the experience.

Through an accident of time and place this man had been for years a symbol in a clash of ideas so violent that its fury nearly drove France to fratricide. But to have responded with emotion to the role foisted upon him would have struck him as indecorous and unmilitary. Clemenceau complained that "Dreyfus never understood the Dreyfus case." And a younger Dreyfusard, Leon Blum, wrote: "If he had not been Dreyfus, he would not even have been a Dreyfusard."

Dreyfus defined his point of view later: "I was only an artillery officer prevented by a tragic error from following my career. Dreyfus, the figurehead of justice, was not I. He was created by you." Certainly a courtroom appeal to the feelings of others would have violated his own deepest feeling. He would not even reveal his physical misery. His weakened condition and loss of self-control became apparent only when his eyes would suddenly stream tears. Otherwise his bearing remained militarily stiff, reserved, colorless.

The defense was not well conducted, and a grave error was made in permitting the exclusion of the public after Dreyfus' testimony was taken. Demange was now very old

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and had lost much of his force. His co-attorney, Fernand Labori, who had defended Zola, was shot in the streets of Rennes by a rabid anti-Dreyfusard. The wound was not serious, but until it healed the infectious Demange was left to conduct the case alone.

General Mercier dominated the trial. He was a poised and impressive figure, and his testimony abounded with hints that what he told was but part of the truth, that the whole truth was still too dangerous to tell. Mercier described the days when Dreyfus had been put under arrest. The German Emperor, through his ambassador, had threatened war, he said. Those had been days and nights of anxiety. He, Mercier, had kept the Chief of the General Staff on the alert to issue the order for mobilization at a moment's notice. In such a situation legal scruples were not so compelling as in less critical times, and of course you couldn't aggravate things by divulging proofs.

In summing up, Mercier thrust home the final dagger. "My convictions have not changed since 1894. They have only been strengthened by a more thorough study of the files and by the attempts I have seen to prove that guilt is innocence."

The judges, a cross section of officers from the provincial garrison, were perhaps fair. But in a military court, if it comes to the question whether it is a captain or a general who is lying, the general gets the better of it. After 33 sessions and a

parade of 115 witnesses, the court, by a vote of five to two, again found Dreyfus guilty of high treason and sentenced him to ten years in prison.

IT COULD not stand. The world responded to the verdict with a tempest of indignation. From Russia to America people were shaken by the event. It was incomprehensible to them. French embassies and consulates around the globe were besieged by protest demonstrations. Mass meetings were held to urge the boycott of everything French, including the World Exhibition in Paris, scheduled for the coming year. Everywhere was echoed the comment, "Not Dreyfus but France stands condemned."

The Premier of France, anticipating just such a reaction at home as well as abroad, had made no secret of the fact that he would not allow a conviction to remain in effect. Now he promptly issued Dreyfus a full pardon. On September 19, 1899, after he had spent almost five years in prison, Dreyfus was released. In order to recuperate safe from mob annoyances, he moved with his family to Switzerland.

Clemenceau opposed the whole idea of pardon since it was an acknowledgment of inability to get justice from a French court. The Dreyfusards had been fighting not only for Dreyfus but for law in French courts. Picquart, who had spent nearly a year in prison because of his efforts to free Dreyfus, bitterly resented the fact that a pardon was

accepted without consulting him. He felt that in accepting it Dreyfus had acknowledged guilt. Thus Picquart was left alone to face the hatred and contempt of that Army which he still loved. The pardon freed Dreyfus, but it did not vindicate Picquart for championing him.

Mathieu Dreyfus had not objected when his brother accepted a pardon. But he would not rest content until the Dreyfus name had been completely exonerated. He kept digging away at every aspect of the case until, finally, he found an approach which was rewarding. One of the judges who voted for acquittal in the Rennes trial had since retired. Mathieu cultivated his acquaintance and eventually learned the details of how the Rennes trial was conducted. Above all, he secured the vital intelligence that General Mercier had used the same trick on the second court-martial that he had used on the first: secret forged documents which the defendant was given no opportunity to inspect.

Armed with this new evidence, Mathieu presented a request for revision, and in March 1904 this was sent to the High Court of Appeal. That court, determined to leave no doubt or ambiguity unresolved, ordered a new hearing.

The hearing was long and exhaustive—a parade of witnesses and documents from the past: from the Rennes court-martial of five years before, from the Zola trial before that, from the Esterhazy trial and from the first trial of Dreyfus in

1894. When it was over the High Court, on July 12, 1906, set aside the sentence of the Rennes court-martial and declared its verdict of "Guilty" erroneous. The court announced that there existed no incriminating evidence of any kind against Dreyfus and that a retrial was unnecessary since there had never been any facts to try. At last, after 12 long years, the case was closed.

THE GOVERNMENT without delay undertook the rehabilitation not only of Dreyfus but of Picquart as well. "To liberate the conscience of France," both chambers voted to re-integrate the two officers into the Army. Dreyfus was promoted to *chef d'escadron* and awarded the Legion of Honor as "an appropriate reparation for a soldier who had endured a martyrdom without parallel." Picquart was recommended for the rank he would normally have achieved by now—brigadier general.

General Picquart went on to become Minister of War in 1908, in Clemenceau's Cabinet. Dreyfus retired from the Army after a year, but was summoned back in 1914, and fought in two of the bloodiest battles of World War I—Chemin des Dames and Verdun. The other principal of the case, Major Esterhazy, survived to an obscure old age in the slums of London under the name of Count Jean de Voilemont.

Perhaps the high point in the drama of restitution—in righting the terrible wrong done Captain Dreyfus—came in 1906, immediately

after his vindication. It was a ceremony at the Ecole Militaire grounds, the same spot where, 12 years earlier, Dreyfus had endured such frightful degradation. It was not public; only a few friends were invited.

Dreyfus arrived at half past one and quietly chatted with a group of officers. A trumpet sounded a call. Two *escadrons de cuirassiers* formed a rectangle. A captain went to escort Dreyfus, who was in full dress. They stepped briskly along the line of *cuirassiers* and drew up before Brigadier General Gillain.

The general drew his sword. Four calls sounded from the trumpet.

"In the name of the President of the Republic and on the basis of the power conferred on me, Commander Dreyfus, I make you a Knight of the Legion of Honor," the general an-

nounced, and touched his sword three times to Dreyfus' shoulders. He pinned the cross on Dreyfus' black dolman and kissed him on both cheeks.

The last trumpet calls rang out. Dreyfus stood to attention as the troops marched off to the sound of fanfares. Suddenly a boy ran up to embrace him. It was his son Pierre. Only then did Dreyfus burst into tears.

Seated in an open carriage flanked by Mathieu and his son, Dreyfus rode out of the yard. There was a surprise. A crowd estimated at 200,000 had gathered spontaneously in the streets. Hats were raised to Dreyfus. "Long live Dreyfus! Long live justice!"

He waved greetings and thanks, a smile on his pale face.

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