CÆSAR'S COLUMN.

A STORY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

CHAPTER IV

THE OUTER WORLD

MY DEAR HEINRICH:

Since I wrote you last night I have been through a dreadful series of events. I have narrowly escaped death in life. I have looked death my very cheeks in the face. I have looked on Hell. I am sick at heart. My soul is sore with inhumanity.

Max Pierce, I have come to call my new found friend, woke me very early, and we breakfasted by lamp-light.

Yesterday he had himself dyed my fair locks of a dark brown, almost black hue, and had cut off some of my hair, a super fluous length. Then he sent for a tailor, who soon arrayed me in garments of the latest pattern and most perfect fit. Instead of the singular looking mountaineer of the day before, for whom the police were diligently searching, and on whose head a reward of one thousand dollars had been placed, there was nothing in my appearance to distinguish me from the thousands of other gallant young gentlemen of this great city.

A carriage waited for us at the door. We chatted together as we drove along through the quiet streets.

I asked him:

"Are the degraded, and even the vicious, members of your Brotherhood?"

"No, not the criminal class," he replied, "for there is nothing in their wretched existence on which we can build confidence or trust. Only those who have fibre enough to persist in labor, under conditions which so strongly tend to drive them into crime can be members of our Brotherhood."

"May I ask the number of your membership?"

"In the whole world they amount to more than one hundred millions."

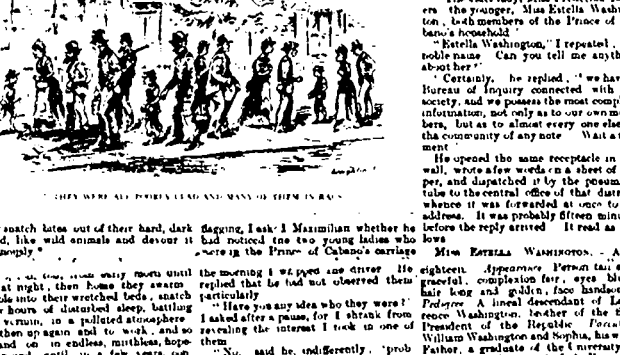
I started with astonishment.

"But, and such numbers, I said, "there must certainly be some traitors!"

"True, but the great multitude have nothing to tell. They are the limbs and members, as it were, of the organization, the directing intelligence dwells elsewhere."

A half hour's ride brought us into the domain of the poor.

The endless procession of men and women with pails and baskets—small sized pails and smaller baskets—streamed along the streets on their way to work. It was not yet an o'clock. I observed that both men and [illegible] were underrated, and that they were much smaller than the average. Many were quite young children, and others were very old. Many were deformed, and others were idiotic. Many were blind, and others were crippled. Many were hideously ugly, and others were afflicted with loathsome diseases. Many were in rags, and others were half naked. Many were evidently drunken, and others were insane. Many were quarrelling with each other, and others were fighting. Many were dragging others along by the hair, and others were dragging themselves along on their hands and knees. Many were carrying others on their backs, and others were being carried in the arms of others. Many were dragging others along in little carts, and others were being dragged in little carts by dogs. Many were being driven with whips, and others were being driven with clubs. Many were being driven with goads, and others were being driven with bits and bridles. Many were being driven with curses, and others were being driven with blows. Many were being driven with kicks, and others were being driven with cuffs. Many were being driven with jeers, and others were being driven with laughter. Many were being driven with shouts, and others were being driven with screams. Many were being driven with yells, and others were being driven with howls. Many were being driven with groans, and others were being driven with sighs. Many were being driven with tears, and others were being driven with blood. Many were being driven with curses, and others were being driven with blows. Many were being driven with kicks, and others were being driven with cuffs. Many were being driven with jeers, and others were being driven with laughter. Many were being driven with shouts, and others were being driven with screams. Many were being driven with yells, and others were being driven with howls. Many were being driven with groans, and others were being driven with sighs. Many were being driven with tears, and others were being driven with blood.



THEY WERE ALL DRIVEN TO AND MANY OF THEM IN RAGS.

They snatch bites out of their hard, dark bread, like wild animals and devour it ravenously."

[illegible] from early hours until late at night, then home they swarm, tumble into their wretched beds, snatch a few hours of disturbed sleep, bathing with vermin, in the polluted atmosphere, and then go again and to work, and so on and on in endless, ruthless, hopeless round, until, in a few years, consumed with disease, mere rotten masses of painful wretchedness, they die, and are wheeled off to the great furnaces, and their bodies are eaten up by the flames, even as their lives have been eaten up by society.

I asked one of the foremen what wages these men and women received. He told me. It seemed impossible that human life could be maintained upon such a pittance. I then asked whether they ever ate meat. "No," he said, "except when they had a rat or mouse, or cat or dog," he exclaimed. "Oh yes," he replied, "the rats and mice were important articles of diet, just as they had been for centuries in China. The little children, not yet able to work in the factories, were set with hook and line precise by as they had done a century ago in Paris, during the great German siege. A dog," he added, "was a great treat. When the authorities killed the vagrant hounds there was a big scramble among the poor for the bodies."

"Do these people ever marry?" I enquired.

"Marry," he exclaimed, with a laugh "why, they could not afford to pay the fee required by law. And why should they marry? There is no virtue among them. No," he said, "they has almost gotten down to the caution of the Australian savages who, if not prevented by the police, would exterminate their animal like appeals to the public streets.

Maximilian told me that this man was one of the Brotherhood. I did not wonder at it.

From the shops and mills of honest industry, Maximilian led me. It was still broad daylight into the criminal quarters. We saw the wild beasts in their lairs, in the iron cages of correctional institutions. Imagination has built around these institutions a halo of romance. From childhood I have fondly looked out to dwellers in these fellow creatures. But here, these were the fruits of misgovernment.

The few prey on the many and in turn a few of the many prey upon all. These are the fruits of wrong and injustice. Those who go to prison go to the scaffold, for breaking the rigorous code has rendered such peaceful but unnecessary existence impossible. If there were enough of these outlaws they might establish an organization of protection for their world under which it would be lawful to rob and murder by the rule of the strong right hand. But criminal to reduce millions to wretchedness by subtle and conniving arts and, finally, tempt the persons would charge their tenants, and the brutal plunderers of the few

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The testimony taken before the Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry into the workers in the sweating dens of London worked in that way, even as children, for from sixteen to twenty hours a day, and existed upon the meagre pittance described in the text.

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with place to the cultured spoilers of the many.

And when you come to look at it more further, how shall we compare the cruelty to the child of the poor man, who is merely robbed of its food, and even of the care of a father's hand, with that which will feed in a few days with the awful agonies of the poor multitude who from the cradle to the grave work without pay or rest, but without hope. Worse is the crime that would take back the watch and purse at the point of the pistol than that which, by the use of changed places with one of these wretches?

And who is there that, if the choice were presented to him would not prefer instant death, which is but a change of existence, a flight from this world to worlds of eternal annihilation rather than to be hurled into the living tomb which I have depicted, there to grope and writhe, pressed down by the sound mass around him, until death comes to his relief?

And so it seems to me that, in the final analysis of reason, the great criminals of the world are not those wild beasts, who seek through all time, whose relations to take the form of the bloody knife, the murderer, the bludgeon, but those who, equally selfish, corrupt the fountains of government and create laws and conditions by which millions suffer, and out of which these murderers and robbers naturally and unavoidably arise.

But I must bring this long letter to a conclusion, and subscribe myself, with love to all,

Your affectionate brother,

GABRIEL

CHAPTER V

ESTELLA WASHINGTON

MY DEAR HEINRICH:

One morning after breakfast, Max and I were seated in the library, enjoying our mutual cigars, when, the conversation

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turned upon the Brotherhood, and I asked Max whether he had ever been a member.

"No," he replied, "I am not fitted for such a life. I am too much of a dreamer. I am too much of a poet. I am too much of a lover of the beautiful. I am too much of a lover of nature. I am too much of a lover of art. I am too much of a lover of music. I am too much of a lover of poetry. I am too much of a lover of literature. I am too much of a lover of science. I am too much of a lover of philosophy. I am too much of a lover of religion. I am too much of a lover of humanity. I am too much of a lover of God. I am too much of a lover of myself. I am too much of a lover of my fellow men. I am too much of a lover of my country. I am too much of a lover of my race. I am too much of a lover of my kind. I am too much of a lover of my species. I am too much of a lover of my world. I am too much of a lover of my universe. I am too much of a lover of my God. I am too much of a lover of myself. I am too much of a lover of my fellow men. I am too much of a lover of my country. I am too much of a lover of my race. I am too much of a lover of my kind. I am too much of a lover of my species. I am too much of a lover of my world. I am too much of a lover of my universe. I am too much of a lover of my God.

"I will help you, my friend."

"But what can we do?" I asked.

"We should see how it all works," replied Max, and if it is not too disagreeable far away from that abominable place, the house of hell, and its devilish inmates, preys on innocence and youth. We'll see the thing in our favor, the Master of Servants, who bought Estella of the pirates, who answered to my first message. He has things, as I believe you do not, Heinrich. He is no lover. He wants access to the purse, and will do whatever is necessary to get it. Come, let us go."

Those three days were more than a century. He handed me over to the [illegible] with a fierce light. He hurried for an instant, and his sweet face was [illegible]. "Take this, my dear friend," he said, "and use it." Handing me a handsome knife covered with a handsome gold embossed sheath. We are going into a den of infamy where everything is possible. Never unsheathe that knife except in self-defense. Use it then, and quickly, for it is certain and instant death. It is charged with the most deadly poison the art of the chemist has been able to produce. The secret is known only to myself and Brotherhood; the discoverer, an Italian professor, a member of our society."

TO BE CONTINUED.

MONOPOLIZING THE LAND

The land question in its various phases promises to become the leading issue in politics in other countries, as well as in Ireland, in the distant future. The consequences of land distribution and property is strikingly shown in the case of England and France. In the former, the laws of primogeniture and entail combine to continue a landed class who monopolize the soil. In the latter, estates are divided equally among the children, thus leading to small holdings and peasant proprietorship. As a result, chiefly, of those systems we find in England vast estates on which their owners live in princely manner supported by everything conducive to pleasure and dignified ease, while thousands and hundreds of thousands of acres are devoted to parks and hunting grounds, from which the tillers of the soil have gradually been driven to swell the increasing number of the landless with the result according to John Morley's estimate, that forty five per cent of the inhabitants of England who reach the age of sixty years become paupers. In France, on the contrary, where a different system prevails, the savings of the peasantry exceed the wealth of the nation, as strikingly shown in the unparalleled rapidity of France's recovery from the Franco-Prussian war.

In Scotland the same process of monopolizing the land is going on as in England, and the gift of princely domains to railroads and the purchases of syndicates in the United States tend in the same direction. One syndicate of northern capitalists owns a tract of land in south western Louisiana, 100 miles long by twenty broad, or two million in breadth, or 1,000 000 acres of land, while nearly 10,000,000 acres of the public domain were disposed of last year to settlers, corporations and syndicates.

At this rate land is likely to be land enough for all for many years to come. The thing to be guarded against is the monopolizing of the land by syndicates and corporations, and the formation of vast private estates of land, such as this Louisiana tract. The American people cannot exercise too great control on

That a limit should be set to individual proprietorship in land has been clearly enough demonstrated in England, France, Scotland and especially in Ireland. In the latter country when landlordism conspires with the land monopolizing English tendency to produce a state of affairs that can eventually have but one result—the well-known Irish land question. Under the auspices of the soil by Irishmen as their natural birthright. In no other country of the world is the abuse of the principle of land ownership so fully exhibited as in Ireland. The county of Mayo for example, in the north western part of the province of Connaught, has an area of 1,77,933 acres, with a soil well adapted to pasturage and farming, while its landlord harbors and lays waste every fatally fruitful acre, except a few hundred under which Ireland has almost literally starved for centuries the people are to-day in a state of abject poverty. In Connemara Lord Sligo has an estate of 40,000 acres, purchased so much less than a century ago by Mr. Malachi Henry, of Kylemore, has another vast estate of 17,000 acres purchased at £1 per acre on which he has erected a baronial granite on the and rents the reclaimed land at twenty shillings an acre.

These are but single instances, and hundreds of others might be given in Ireland, Scotland and England and even in America, of the way in which the people are being robbed of their inheritance. But the end of the land problem is drawing to a close. The axe of these mortgages on future generations will before long be reduced in sum out and determined by law. Land monopoly is the worst of all monopolies, and will be settled in countries where so should prevail in time suitable legislation on the subject. Ireland, unfortunately, has no remedy for her wrongs but constitutional redress or revolution. Let us hope that Ireland will force to the one the latter reasons to be seen. *Chicago Herald*

On a industrial exchanges note a movement now on foot to have the fee for the grant of a patent in the States reduced from the present rate. It is a well known fact that inventors are generally poor. A workman who has conceived a good idea in his way often sees some one else finds himself unable to take out a patent at the present rates, because the cost is too high. Believing that he has a good article, he takes in a moneyed partner, and too often the latter captures everything leaving the inventor out in the cold. The charges for patents should therefore be materially reduced. It would be enough to have the patent office, self supporting