

RELATED THINGS CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

THE DECIDING VOTE.

For The Public.

IN THE CHICAGO CHARTER CONVENTION.

On Taylor's motion to make the question of Woman's Suffrage the subject of a special bill to be introduced in the legislature by the convention a tie vote of 27 to 27 resulted.

"I vote nay," said Chairman Foreman. "Motion's lost."

—Chicago Tribune, Feb. 17, 1907.

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What part am I of social thought or need,
To force their fallure on a struggling State?
How dares my arrogance their fate to read
Undreamed by slaves whose freedom must not wait?

The sacred hope of ages torn with strife
Am I to save by clutching at its throat
To murder it, just as its grasp of life
Needs but the courage of a single vote?

What part am I, and of whose rights a part,
To shout defiance to a helpless half;
To thrust my power o'er its truer heart
And at its tears with scorn and sneering laugh?

Voice of the State, its autocrat am I,
To check, to censor and to crush with hate
The soul whose service must my pride deny,
While greater ruin shall my force create.

Ho, fools! What mother's son has grace to yield
Some near approval of her gentle sway,
That by my potency is well repeated
Unto the glory of my master's day.

Then be it so,—the vote, the vice, the void
That press apart with long distress the need,
The human need,—the confidence destroyed
By vicious votes whose selfish schemes I plead.

More than a vote I vote my coward fear
'Gainst equity of sex, that still supreme
My lord shall hold his sure dominion dear
Above the sighings of a childish dream.

Put ballots in the box! Yea, stuff it full.
Their destiny is mine alone to read.
For mine shall bellow as a frenzied bull,
The bluff and bluster of his brutal creed.

GEORGE E. BOWEN.

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THE END OF A WAR.

From The Advocate of Peace (Boston) for January.

A class of lads in Aoyama College, Tokyo, Japan, was asked by the president, Rev. Benjamin Chappell, to bring in, on a certain morning, essays on "The End of the War," the theme having been suggested by the Imperial review of the returned soldiers. One of the boys wrote, in part, as follows:

From My Diary.

The end of the war has come. Soldiers and officers have returned to their homes. But, alas! they who were killed have not returned. When on my way to the parade ground to see the military review, I met a young, but tall, noble-looking captain who very much resembled my brother. I stopped. I stood. I stared at him. I gazed into his face. I

fixed my eyes on his eyes. But I was disappointed. Of course he was not my brother. The end of the war has come, and the survivors have returned. But my elder brother, who used to play with me, will never come home again!

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OUR FINANCIAL LETTER.

For The Public.

Wall Street, Feb., 00.—The principal feature of today's market was U. S. Printing Co., common, which gained three full points and was steady at the close. The reason generally assigned for this was the announcement that the Union Specific Ry. Co. would increase its capital by printing \$350,000,000,000 more stock.

Most of the watered stocks showed a decided tendency to seek a lower level, although Rubber evinced great elasticity and was strong on reactions.

Considerable uneasiness was expressed over the popular disapproval of the recent efforts of the Secretary of the Treasury to bolster the market.

U. S. bonds of all kinds were easy money at the City National Bank and were readily discounted. American Consuls for foreign shipment were plentiful.

During the early trading a disquieting rumor was current that a certain prominent financial desperado was suffering from a severe attack of toothache. A decided slump was the result, followed by a complete recovery when the ticker announced reassuringly that the offending molar had been extracted and that the patient was convalescent.

Foreign Titles, common and preferred, were unsettled by rumors of another big divorce scandal. President Roosevelt will be asked to come to the relief of the market by interceding as peacemaker.

ELLIS O. JONES.

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OUR AMERICAN OLIGARCHY.

How the Remedy for the Ever-Increasing Danger to Our Republican Institutions Through the Trust-Controlled Senate Lies in the Hands of the People.

Ernest Crosby in the March Cosmopolitan.*

Our republican institutions are in danger. That is a moderate statement of fact, and to make light of it is to offer certain proof of a lack of insight into things as they are. We are rapidly drifting into the hands of that most odious of all forms of government, the oligarchy. The self-interest of a real de-

*Note by Editor of the Cosmopolitan.—It is with much sorrow that we publish this article, since at the moment of preparing it for the press the news of Mr. Crosby's sudden death has reached us. It is therefore his last contribution to the Cosmopolitan. Thousands of our readers have come forward to express their admiration of the short, terse essays which have appeared regularly in these pages during the past year, and no doubt everyone of them has been set to thinking by Mr. Crosby's forceful logic. He was one of the clearest thinkers on economic subjects that this country has ever produced. His life was devoted to obtaining a "square deal" for our industrial millions from the rapacious capitalist class. His influence will grow, and a decade hence he will be known as one of the great prophets of political and social reform.

mocracy tends to make it just. The centralization of power in a king is apt to produce a sense of responsibility, free from petty ambitions and rivalries, and this makes for impartiality and fairness. But there is nothing which can keep an oligarchy straight. It has all the faults of all other forms of government, and none of their virtues. It has the absolute power of a monarchy without any sense of responsibility. It has all the rivalries and envies of democracy in aggravated form, and its self-interest, instead of neutralizing this defect by a broad appeal to equality, is on the contrary, the sure creator of special privilege, inequality, and monopoly.

Venice was a conspicuous example of the baneful effects of a commercial oligarchy, such as we are building up at present. With all the advantages of her position on the highway between East and West, with all her wealth and enterprise, with her mastery of the seas, she yet fell the victim of that internal corruption which inheres in every oligarchy by the very nature of its constitution—the prey of insatiable, unscrupulous, unrestrained, self-conflicting greed. And it is an ominous fact that in Venice the seat of this disease was the Senate!

There is a difference between the Venetian and the American Senate. The grand seigniors who ruled and ruined Venice sat in the Senate hall themselves and passed daily from the counting-room to the legislative chamber. We have specialized things to a higher point than they ever did, and we are more economical of our time. Our lords of finance for the most part send their stool-pigeons to the Senate. It would be an unexpected act of condescension for any one of the half-dozen biggest men of Wall street to accept a senatorial chair. They are not in that class. If by chance one or two of them have bought a legislature and a seat, it is recognized as a foible, or as a concession to the ladies of the family, affording a good excuse for passing the winter at a pleasant watering-place like Washington. Nobody takes such a legislative career seriously, and the great man of dollars is rarely found in his place. It is the clerks and employes of the first rank that must attend to such vulgar business.

And what is the chief business of our official Senate at Washington, controlled by the unofficial oligarchy of Wall street? It is to prevent any change in the present status of the business world, which, as experience has fully proved, is peculiarly adapted to the needs of financial graft—a system which produced the oligarchy, and which the oligarchy naturally intends to perpetuate. The fountain of wealth which gushes out from the natural resources of our country in response to the labor of man ought to irrigate fairly the whole surface of the land, and its waters should circulate in abundance wherever men contribute their volume. Instead of this, we find it dammed up in certain places far beyond all reasonable requirements, and at other points there are stretches of undeserved desert from which every drop has been drawn.

Some months ago I walked up Fifth avenue with a man who is prominent in finance and innocent of any subversive ideas. "Do you know who lives in that house?" he asked, indicating a handsome residence. "No," was my answer. "His name is Blank. Did you ever hear it before?" "Never." "Well, he's worth forty millions." A few rods further on he re-

peated the same question with reference to another house, whose owner I had never heard of, and who was the possessor of twenty-five millions. And still a third time he put a similar question and obtained the same answer. "I don't know what we're coming to!" he added. "Every week I'm hearing the names of these men, utterly unknown to me, who are worth twenty, thirty, forty, and fifty millions!" And in corroboration of this I may say that I saw the death of a millionaire in one of our cities mentioned incidentally in the papers, some time ago—a man whose name was altogether new to me—who was said to have left an estate of one hundred and eighty millions! Doesn't this look just a little bit like unhealthy congestion, in a country, too, where the number of paupers and tramps is continually increasing? We call in the surgeon when the circulation of a human being swells up in places like this. Is it a more wholesome symptom in the body politic?

The immense accumulations of "watered stock" in our telegraph, telephone, and express companies show how much more we have to pay for their services than they are worth, and if it were possible to ascertain the original cost of our railroads the same thing would appear with reference to them. The railroads obtain one-tenth of their gross earnings from extortionate mail-contracts with the government. Why? Because the Senate is there to prevent any interference with the railway, express, telegraph, and telephone monopolies.

Our senators could at a single session break up the steel trust by reducing the tariff, the express trust by establishing a parcel-post, the telegraph and telephone trusts by adding these analogous services to the postoffice. They could thus go a great way toward diverting the flow of wealth from the pockets of the people into those of the monopolists. Why don't they do it? Because they are the servants, not of the people, but of the monopolies. Away with the oligarchy! Let the people elect their senators!

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THE MAN-SUFFRAGE BANNER.

From a Poem Read at the Woman's National Suffrage Convention in Session in Chicago, by Miss Jane Campbell.

The Charter day was coming fast
When through Chicago town there passed
A man who bore, mild snow and ice,
A banner and this strange device,
"Man Suffrage!"

"Please wait," called out a dainty maid;
"To clean our streets you need my aid."
"Oh, no, I don't." He shook his head.
"I like our dirty streets," he said.
"Man Suffrage!"

"Try not the cars," a woman cried:
"You'd better walk than in them ride.
I'll help improve." "You can't," said he,
"Improve our traction company."
Man Suffrage!

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Teacher (sternly): "What were you laughing at, Robert?"

Bobby: "I wasn't laughin', ma'am; my complexion puckered, that's all."—Woman's Home Companion.