

progress in that empire, of which the most extraordinary is the fact that the Referendum has been adopted in the provinces of Kwang-tung, Hunan and Hupeh, to ratify the purchase of the Hankow-Canton railroad concession from the Morgan American-Belgian syndicate. The business men and property holders of these provinces were invited to express their opinions by vote in local public meetings on that railroad question, after the manner of the New England town meeting.

This is the first time in history that in China a matter of public policy has been submitted to a popular vote; and although the suffrage was limited to the classes above mentioned, this opening wedge for the people's sovereignty will surely lead to a democratic government in the future, as fast as the people are educated to enjoy it.

GEORGE H. SHIBLEY.

CHICAGO NEWSPAPERS, AND LABOR SPEECHES.

The following letter, addressed to the editor of the Chicago Chronicle and the editor of the Chicago Tribune, with reference to a speech delivered at a printers' meeting at Brand's hall, Chicago, November 5, 1905, is self explanatory. It appeared promptly in the Chronicle of the 9th on the editorial page. The meeting alluded to had been called to protest against government by injunction.

Nov. 6, 1905.—Dear Sir: It is my rule never to correct erroneous newspaper reports of my public utterances; but when I am reported as advocating violence in a speech in which I have distinctly condemned it, both the innocent editor of the newspaper so misrepresenting me, and its misinformed readers, are probably entitled to the benefit of my denial. For this reason I break my rule in order to notify you that in its report on the 6th of my speech at the printers' meeting of the 5th, the Tribune [in the other letter, the Chronicle] has made such a misrepresentation.

It informs its readers that I advised workmen to resort to bullets to redress their grievances. In fact I distinctly condemned bullets. I pointed out that in this country of ballots there is no excuse for bullets. What I said was correctly reported in substance in the Record-Herald as follows:

You will have to fight this out either by trade union methods, or by bullets, or by ballots. Trade union methods will not do the work alone, and bullets are not be thought of. The ballot was given to you that you might not be forced to rise like the people of Russia, but that by peaceful exercise of your rights you might gain that which you need and deserve.

Though they varied in phrasing, the

reports of the Examiner and the Inter Ocean were to the same effect.

My speech on this occasion was in harmony with what I have urged upon workmen for 25 years. I consider it infamous for public speakers to advise resort to violence for redress of grievances in this country. Is it any less infamous for newspapers to report speeches counseling peace, in such manner as to make them appear to counsel violence? It seems to me that dangerous popular passions are no more likely to be excited by vicious speeches counseling labor violence than by vicious newspaper reports giving a false color of violence to labor speeches that counsel peace. Yours truly,

LOUIS F. POST.

HONESTY!

"I tell you what it is, Potter," said Trotter, "all your talk about taxation is all nonsense. No alteration of tax laws will make men honest. If all men were honest, there would be no trouble, and so long as they are dishonest, there will be trouble, and that's all there is to it. Make men honest, that's all you have to do."

"Trotter," said Potter, "you are talking through your hat, with, I'm afraid, a thick head in the hat. 'Honesty' is a word used in different senses. The 'honesty' of the same man varies with his surroundings. In his business office 'tis one thing, at his home another; with his customers he has a different standard from that which he measures his employes with.

"Most men think honesty is simply a rigid adherence to the laws of the game; but what we want is an alteration of those rules.

"Let me tell you a story.

"A neighbor volunteered to teach us croquet. She was a bright, sharp, ambitious girl. Her game was to win the game, and she played that game for all 'twas worth.

"She would not be the first player, if she could help it—there were no balls to play on. If she had to play first, why she simply missed the first wicket, while we as simply played through it. When she missed her wicket, the rules, as she laid them down, entitled her to pick up her ball and start again from the scratch. Then she had three balls to play on, and we had little chance of winning.

"To remedy this, it was proposed that for that party and on that ground the rule should be 'No lifting your ball and returning to scratch. Play from where your ball is.' This stopped the

sharp practice, and Miss Rivers never afterwards missed her first wicket.

"See, Trotter, 'twas a question of laws, not of honesty. No one accused Miss Rivers of dishonesty.

"Now, we argue that the laws are unfair. The shrewd, bright, sharp, ambitious ones that play the game to win anyhow, so long as they are inside the law, are exploiting the simple. No use to urge 'honesty.' They would merely say: 'What law are we breaking?'

"Alter the laws?

"No, Trotter, don't speak any more on the subject for three days. Think it over. If you speak rashly, you will imagine that consistency compels you to stick to just what you now say. Ta-ta night-night. See you in the morning, Trotter, about that real estate. Respects to Mrs. Trotter!"

T. H. POTTER.

ONLY A FACTORY GIRL.

DEDICATED TO THE MILLIONS OF SELF-SUPPORTING YOUNG WOMEN OF AMERICA.

For The Public.

Only a factory girl,
And she works in the noisy mill,
But her hands are deft and her arms are strong,
And she sings at her work the whole day long.

And she works with a right good will;
For mother at home is growing old,
And mother's house is poor and cold,
And the wintry winds are chill;
And she longs for the day to quickly come
When mother may have a better home,
And so she toils in the mill.

Only a factory girl,
And the hours of her toll are long,
But her mind is clear and her soul is free,
And her heart is glad as glad can be,
As she sings her cheerful song;
For ev'ry day in plainer view,
Comes mother's home so bright and new,
As time speeds quick along;
So again her heart leaps forth in glee,
And her good pure soul is again more free,
As she sings a sweeter song.

Only a factory girl,
Her mother's hope and stay,
But her love is strong for every one,
Like the glowing beams of the morning sun
As he ushers in the day.
Her flowers she gives to the sick and poor,
And she always keeps an open door
For all who come that way,
And for all who live by constant toil,
In mill or mine or on the soil,
She hopes for a better day.

Minneapolis, Minn.

C. J. BUELL.

The railroads of Austria-Hungary, managed by the government, kill one per 1,100 of employes; those of Germany, one to 750; those of Switzer-