

**THE FLAG.**

Address Delivered on Flag Day to Employes of the Department of the Interior by Secretary Franklin K. Lane.

This morning as I passed into the Land Office, the flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "you are mistaken. I am not the President of the United States, nor the Vice President, nor a Member of Congress, nor even a general in the Army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho."

"No, I am not," I was forced to confess.

"Well, perhaps you are the one who discovered the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma."

"No, wrong again," I said.

"Well, you helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, feeling that I was being mocked, when the flag stopped me with these words:

"You know, the world knows, that yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of 10,000,000 peons in Mexico, but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the corn-club prize this summer."

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska, but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag. Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics; yesterday, no doubt, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working."

Then came a great shout about the flag.

"Let me tell you who I am. The work that we do is the making of the real flag. I am not the flag, not at all. I am but its shadow. I am whatever you make me, nothing more. I am your belief in yourself. Your dream of what a people may become. I live a changing life. A life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired

muscles. Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly. Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and, cynically, I play the coward. Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment. But always I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for. I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope. I am the day's work of the weakest man and the largest dream of the most daring. I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk. I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of tomorrow. I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why. I am the clutch of an idea and the reasoned purpose of resolution. I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be. I am what you make me, nothing more. I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this Nation. My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts, for you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making."



**LOBSTERS I HAVE MET**

The "Trusts" Had Him Buffaloeed.

I was out for my Sunday morning stroll when I ran across Dick Burns, who asked me if I would like to go with him to his office where he had an appointment to discuss political economy with a friend.

"Sure," said I, "you picked out a peach of a morning for it."

"This fellow works for me, his name is Wadsworth—Will Wadsworth," explained Burns. "Fine fellow, good mechanic, has had a little schooling, and wants to get wise. When I hired him two years ago I knew he had ideas but I didn't let on. I never mixed with him until a few days ago when we talked a little and arranged this meeting."

We were nearing Dick's factory. Wadsworth was already there.

"Good morning," he greeted; "you're right on time."

"I'm always on hand, like a wart," responded Burns, introducing me as he unlocked the office door.

Inside we took chairs. Burns passed cigars and got down to business. He got out a pad of paper and a pencil. "Excuse me a minute, Will," he said, "I want to set down a few things to remind me of what I want to say."

"Will, have you ever studied algebra?" Dick asked, after he had finished writing.

"I started to once," replied Wadsworth, "but didn't get far."

"Too bad, it is a fine thing to develop the mind," said Burns. "You probably got far enough to learn that every term used is a symbol to represent but one idea. If another idea is to be represented another symbol is used."

"I got that far, but that's about all," said Wadsworth.

"Well, we can't make a scientific investigation of anything unless we apply that process," said Burns. "I want to give you an illustration, the essence of which I believe you are familiar with—electricity. Dr. George Simon Ohm, a German, in 1827, discovered the primary factors of Electricity—electrical pressure, current and resistance. To each factor he gave a symbol—a name. He discovered that when a current of electricity flows through a wire under pressure from a battery, or other source of electricity, it is equal to the pressure divided by the resistance of the current. This relation between electrical current, pressure, and resistance is called Ohm's law. The relation rep-

resenting this law is often written:  $C = \frac{E}{R}$ ,

where C, E, and R stand for current, pressure and resistance. Now we can't build a dynamo or a motor unless we keep these factors and their relations to each other firmly in mind. And in thinking of either factor everything else involved in electricity must be eliminated.

"You know enough about electricity to know you can't run these factors together, nor put the kibosh on them by calling it all electricity, and build a dynamo or a motor?" asked Burns.

"I know that much about it," agreed Wadsworth.

"Political economy had to be systematized the same as electricity," continued Burns. "The factors had to be discovered, and separated. About forty years ago Henry George did this. He discovered that the factors of production are land, labor and capital. And if it wasn't that nearly everybody thinks he knows all about political economy without studying it, we should have made as much progress in government as we have in electricity.

"Now, Will, I've told you all this in order to get a basis for our discussion. You will admit that all wealth is produced by the application of labor to land?"

"Assisted by machinery," chimed Wadsworth.

"That is capital, and comes afterwards. We have to get the material to make capital from the earth, isn't that right?"

"Y-e-s."

"Therefore if the earth is free, and labor is free to use it, wealth and capital will be freely produced in proportion as labor gets busy. Ain't that right?"

"I should say that is about right."

"With that condition, if I wanted to hire a man I would have to pay him at least as much as he could earn working for himself, wouldn't I?"

"I suppose so, but I don't see what you are driving at," said Wadsworth.

"Never mind what I am driving at, only don't admit anything unless you are sure of it," returned Burns.

We laughed at Wadsworth's suspicions. He acted as if he thought Burns was trying to slip something over on him.

"To give you an illustration along the lines of my last question," continued Burns, "There is a big strike on now in the copper regions. I suppose you know there is much more land idle in that region than there is in use?"

"I didn't know it, but I'll take your word for it," laughed Wadsworth.

"Well, it's a fact," argued Burns. "Now if the strikers were free to use the unused land how long do you suppose the strike would last?"

"I don't see what good that would do them," smiled Wadsworth; "they haven't any money to buy mining machinery with and they couldn't mine enough without it to make a living."

"Will, you surprise me," came back Burns, as he reached for a copy of the morning paper. "I supposed everybody knew the Western Federation of Miners has an ample sum in its treasury. That is more than was originally used to begin operations in that country. Here is a quotation which bears me out."

Burns handed the paper to Wadsworth who read the article aloud.

"Well," he said, after he had finished, "suppose the miners wanted to buy machinery do you think they could do it? Wouldn't the Trust refuse to sell it to them?"

"Not on your tin-type, Will, you're wrong—way wrong. I'll show you something." Burns went into the purchasing department and brought out a copy of a directory of manufacturers of the United States. Turning to Mining Machinery he counted over two hundred manufacturers. "They are thicker than hair on a dog, Will; and if they knew someone with a wad of money was wanting to buy machinery they would send so many salesmen around he'd have to call on the police to prevent a riot."

Wadsworth laughed. "Gee, I didn't know there was so many firms making mining machinery." He examined the list casually.

"Of course you didn't. You've been hearing so much bunk about Trusts that you're nutty about them," said Burns.

"Well, suppose the miners did get the machinery wouldn't the mine owners out-bid them for the land?"

Will winked at me. He thought he had put a poser. But Dick was there with the answer.

"You'll remember, Will, that I postulated to start with that the land was free."

"Oh, I forgot that, but it isn't free, is it?" came back Wadsworth, as we laughed at his confusion.

"It would be equally free to all if it were taxed up to its full value, and that is what I propose should be done," returned Dick.

"Well, I don't see how the miners would be in any better position to pay the tax than the mine owners." Wadsworth thought he was settling that part of it.

"They wouldn't," answered Dick. "They couldn't afford to pay such a tax on land they were not using any more than the mine owners could. But they could pay on what they were using."

"Well, anyway, admitting you are right up to this point, what would the miners do with their ore after they mined it?"

"They'd sell it to the rolling mill companies, of course."

"They're all in a Trust, ain't they?"

"Not on your life," said Dick. "We chew up about a carload of steel here every day, and we don't buy a pound from any Trust or Combination. What is true of iron ore is true of copper. There are copper mills all over the United States, just as there are steel mills, and they get their raw material from the mines."

"Well, even if that fixed the miners, how would it help the rest of the people?" asked Wadsworth.

Burns got up, put his hands in his pockets and walked across the room, talking as he walked.

"Bear in mind, Will, I haven't proposed that this system of taxation be confined to mining properties. It would affect farm lands and city lands in the same way. It would make it unprofitable to hold land out of use. The proposition is to tax land up to its full value. You never heard of a man or a corporation taking a 99-year lease on a piece of property and holding it idle, did you?"

"No, I don't think I ever did."

"Well, no one would hold land idle with the single tax in operation, any more than he holds leased land idle now. Every advantage civilization gives is reflected in the value of land. The people can profit by their progress only through using that value to defray the public expense. When that is done no land that has value will remain idle, and as land has no value unless two or more people wish to use it, much land that has value now would be available for use without taxation. It is conservative to say there are not enough people in the United States to use one-third of it under such a system. That would leave two-thirds as a harbor for the job-hunter."

"Well, now, let's take a situation like what you have to face here every day," said Wadsworth. "You come down in the morning and find all the

way from ten to fifty men waiting for a job. What good would it do to tell them you have not work for them, but that two-thirds of the United States is free?"

Wadsworth was asking for information and I thought he was crowding Dick for it in good shape. I was surprised though to find he didn't know any more about the land question, or about political economy, than any one of many business men I talked with who had never read a line on the subject.

Dick got up and walked across the room with his hands in his pockets and his cigar gripped in his teeth; he seemed to be thinking just how he would answer Wadsworth's last question. Facing him he said, "Will, if we had the Singletax there wouldn't be from ten to fifty men out in front here asking for a job every morning. If I wanted more help I'd have to send men like you around town and into the country to induce them to leave the jobs they had for the ones I had to offer."

"Gee, that would be great," smiled Wadsworth. "How would that be brought about?"

"Why, Will, if we're going to use land to the limit we've got to employ labor. If there was a vacant empire available for use without price a lot of men would go to work for themselves that can't now. If only enough did go to relieve the competition to work for others that you see out in front of the factory every morning, there wouldn't be anybody asking for a job that wanted to work, would there?"

"That sounds easy, but I don't see how very many could go to farming with the Harvester Trust in control of the farming machinery. They'd raise prices so high there wouldn't be a chance for the average man who wanted to use the land."

Dick laughed. "You'll have to get that soft stuff about the Trusts out of your system, Will, before you can make any progress on this question. You are afraid of Trusts about as a kid is of ghosts. I suppose you think there is only one firm making farm machinery, and that is the Trust?"

Again Dick reached for the United States Directory, and to my astonishment in a few minutes he calculated over 500 manufacturers in that line of business. Wadsworth was flabbergasted. He wilted, and we all had a laugh.

But Wadsworth didn't give up; he came back.

"Do you think they're all competitors?" he asked. "Don't they have gentlemen's agreements to keep prices up?"

"Look through the list yourself, Will," said Dick, handing him the book. "You will notice the factories are located in almost 500 towns. Some are corporations, some partnerships, and some individuals. As for gentlemen's agreements—forget it. You couldn't get twenty-five men, let alone 500 to agree on anything in the way of

prices and play square. I never knew ten to do it. The ones that keep the agreement lose out."

"Well, most of the men who wanted to farm wouldn't have the money anyway to buy the machinery. How would they get it?"

"They'd get it on tick," said Burns. "That is the way most business is done."

"Well, they'd have to pay interest, wouldn't they?" asked Wadsworth.

"Sure they would, but they could stand it if they were getting the full product of their labor, couldn't they?"

"Maybe they could, but that wouldn't be right, would it?"

"I guess you'd think it was right if you were on the other end of the deal," laughed Burns.

"That's another one of your ghosts, Will. I'll give you an illustration on that subject. Let us suppose a community of fishermen, who fish with hook and line. One morning one of them shows up with a seine he has made. He can catch as many fish with it in an hour as any one of the others can catch in ten with a hook and line. Suppose he makes a deal with one of them by which he lends him the seine on condition that he be paid half the catch for the use of it. He tells the fellow he makes the deal with, that when the seine wears out he'll make him another one. The other fellow is free to accept or reject the offer. Is there any oppression, anything wrong with the proposition?"

"Oh, I don't think that would be right," Wadsworth squirmed in his seat. "That seine really ought to belong to all of them."

"G-o-o-d night!" said Burns, getting up from his seat. "You think that over, Will, and you'll come to a different conclusion."

We all went home for dinner.

M. J. FOYER.



### THE TYRANT'S SONG.

Ernest Crosby, in "Swords and Plowshares."

'Tis not the man with match alight  
Behind the barricade,  
Nor he who stoops to dynamite,  
That makes us feel afraid.  
For halter-end and prison-cell  
Soon quench these brief alarms:  
But where are found the means to quell  
The man with folded arms?

We dread the man who folds his arms  
And tells the simple truth,  
Whose strong, impetuous protest charms  
The virgin ear of youth;  
Who scorns the vengeance that we wreak  
And smiles to meet his doom,  
Who on the scaffold still can speak,  
And preaches from the tomb.

We kill the man with dagger drawn—  
The man with loaded gun;

They never see the morning dawn  
Nor hail the rising sun;  
But who shall slay the immortal man  
Whom nothing mortal harms,  
Who never fought and never ran—  
The man with folded arms?

## BOOKS

### FLETCHERISM.

*Fletcherism; What it is.* By Horace Fletcher. Published by Ewart, Seymour & Co., London.

It is not given to many, whether by good or evil ways, to add a word to the English language. Horace Fletcher has made us turn his name into a verb, and the world, even if individuals have been slow in practice, has recognized the good of the doctrine by its adoption and application of the new word. We now "fletcherize" plans and policies and legislative bills as well as bread and potatoes.

Mr. Fletcher has published a number of books dealing more or less directly with the subject of Fletcherism. The present small volume of 150 pages has been issued as a sort of compendium. "The intention of the present volume," say the publishers in their introduction, "is that it shall stand as a compact statement of the Gospel of Fletcherism." Whether the book has been published in this country I do not know, but I presume any bookseller could easily procure it.

My first reading of this volume, after I had read three other of Mr. Fletcher's books, brought some disappointment. It seemed that the treatment should have been fuller, or else even more compact. On second reading, however, I am convinced that the work will serve very satisfactorily the purpose which the publishers proposed, and that we owe them thanks for giving us an opportunity to read in this handy volume the quintessence of this important subject. What the quintessence is, if one had to choose a single sentence, would seem to me to be contained in these words, namely, "that there is really Head Digestion, and that it is in the field of personal responsibility, in the mouth and in the brain, that good or bad digestion—right or mal-nutrition—are inaugurated." The book is worth reading if only for the purpose of enabling one to understand fully the meaning of this sentence. After all the reader will find nothing mysterious. "Any person," says the author, "who eats in a polite manner, is a Fletcherite."

J. H. DILLARD.



It is not necessary to lose faith in the Republic because one sees so many instances of government by the unfit. The drawbacks of democracy are gross and glaring, but there is always a remedy.—Michael Monahan in *The Phoenix*.