

**THE FLAG.**

Address Delivered on Flag Day to Employees 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.