



## THE FLAG THAT IS GOOD ENOUGH

(Admiral Lord Charles Beresford of the British navy, speaking of the close friendship and common aims of Great Britain and the United States suggests that the time has come to adopt a flag that will in future be common to both countries.—Associated Press Dispatch.)

One flag for both? All right, my boy—and here's our hand to you,  
By the crimson dawn, and the white of stars, and sheen of the clear sky's blue;  
By the blood-stained snows of Valley Forge, by the sufferings of our sires;  
By the works they wrought in the days gone by to kindle our altar fires—  
We pledge our friendship strong and true, hands clasped across the sea;  
The past forgot in the work ahead, true brothers for aye we'll be.  
No matter what flag floats high in air, we'll cheer till we burst our pipes,  
For any old flag is good enough—just so it's the Stars and Stripes.

Blood of our blood and flesh of our flesh, why longer remain apart?  
We scrapped, 'tis true, in the days gone by, but Time has healed each smart.  
Let's head the march of the world's progress, keep step on the world's highway,  
"God save the King," and "America," two tunes our bands can play.  
And when the banner we both shall bear is kissed by the rising sun  
Let us all clasp hands with a right good will and boast of the good deeds done.  
One flag for both? That strikes us

right! Let's cheer till we burst our pipes,  
For any old flag is good enough—just so it's the Stars and Stripes.

By the green-grassed lanes of Lexington, by the banks of the Brandywine;  
By the plains of Monmouth bleak and drear where the ghostly campfires shine;

By the reeking swamps of the sunny south where the "Swamp Fox" rode and fought;  
By the brave old sires of Seventy-six, and all of the works they wrought,

We are ready now to join with you in all that is right and fair  
And march 'neath a single banner, too, as free as our mountain air.

One flag for both! That suits our taste—we'll cheer till we burst our pipes,  
For any old flag is good enough—just so it's the Stars and Stripes.

We boast of our Anglo-Saxon blood—the blood of a brave old strain—  
From Hampton Heath and from Runnymede the pride of our strength we gain.

But we, too, have blood from another source—German and Norse and Celt;

And their earnest worth in the land we love in the years gone by we've felt.

They've helped to make this broad free land the grandest old place on earth.

And here in the west a proud new race—American—had its birth.  
Americans all we stand today, the best of the nation's types.

And any old flag will do for us—just so it's the Stars and Stripes.

cut of nineteen per cent. A-1 when the men complained he said: "Go each of you and soak your head. You have no union—no recourse—so yawp away until you're hoarse."

Alas, too late the men discerned their fingers had been badly burned. The man who claimed to love them so was really out for all the "dough." He didn't care a snap for men, but only used them up and then stopped up his ears and quick did flee to his fine cottage by the sea.

"In union there is strength," they say. 'Twas never truer than today. And men who listen to the pleas of Parryites may starve and freeze for all they think or feel or care—their open shop's not on the square. They merely want the unions dead so they can pay men less per head.

### MORAL:

When men profess great love for you 'Twere well all sides of them to view.

### The Price of Blood

A man who robbed folk right and left and did it in a manner deft through purchased laws and venal courts and subsidizing press reports, hit on a plan to silence blame and glorify his name and fame—likewise to make his graft secure as long as time should e'er endure.

He formed a trust in coal and oil and heaped up high his wealth of spoil; then when the people kicked he spent a little bit with wise intent. He, with deep thought and wisest care, endowed a college here and there. And foolish victims with acclaim paid graceful tribute to his name.

With schools dependent on his whim they dared not lay the blame on him. Indeed, to get more of his gold, big stories of his good were told; and students taught to emulate the ways of him who paid the freight. 'Twas thus he choked our largest schools and played the faculties for fools.

He thrived by starving women, men and children by the thousands; then gave thousands into mission hands to spread God's word in other lands. He robbed and wrought his wicked ways, and with the spoil bought churchly praise by sending missionaries out to spread the gospel's truths about.

The tears of widows stained his gold. The sobs of orphans, hungry, cold; and men with hopeless, broken hearts who begged a crust in labor's marts, black marked the coin he gave so free and bought a name for charity. And all the blood-bought coin he tendered the church snapped up and deep thanks rendered.

When Judas, filled with grief, returned the bloody coin his treach'ry earned, the priests and elders turned aside, and in their very shame they cried: "It is the price of blood! Don't touch! God has no use for any such." They bought a potters' field straightway—"The Field of Blood" 'tis called today.

### MORAL:

No matter from whom the money came  
The blood stains show up just the same.

### Two Goals

A man who cornered wheat and corn and people's rights looked on with scorn; who lived in state with princely pose while thousands 'round him starved and froze; who thrived on wants of fellow men and gave no heed to how or when they ate—this man one day went prancing down the broad highway.

Men hailed him as he passed along—"Behold, he's rich!" exclaimed the throng. And women vied to catch his eye as in his auto he sped by. He bought a legislature's laws; he bribed a judge to gain his cause; he

robbed beneath a legal guise while justice only winked her eyes.

He owned a senator or two who did just what he bade them do; And officers winked at his crimes because he paid them well betimes. He starved ten thousand that he might build hospitals upon a site where men might see and point and say. "Such kindly men are scarce to day."

He forced the children in the shop to toil ten hours without a stop. His sweat shop was to him a thing of profit unto which to cling. And widows' tears and childish moan affected not his heart of stone. His gods were Money and Applause, and these he chased without a pause.

An humble man there was, and he worked hard and long and faithfully. He'd no desire for lots of pelf, and loved his neighbor as himself. The world of him heard not a word—but hearts about him all were stirred to love him as a man who tried to do the right whate'er betide.

These men died on the self-same day; their souls together sped away to where St. Peter stands and waits beside the Great White Pearly Gates. "Halt!" Peter cried. "Show cause or go to nether regions down below. We're rather choice in company here—you've got to have a record clear."

The rich man had to tell his tale, and Peter's look made him quick quail. "Go down below!" St. Peter cried. "Your victims all are now inside." The poor man took one forward pace and children laughed to see his face. "Come in," said Peter, "here's your crown; whom children love we'll not turn down."

### MORAL:

What boots the richest early goal  
To saving your immortal soul?

### Brain Leaks

Some men deceive themselves only in their efforts to deceive others.

We get no particular credit for bearing crosses of our own deliberate manufacture.

Falling short of success is not always failure to win.

A man is poor when he has to take care of more than he needs.

Real genius looks for the right way, not the easiest way.

### BOOKS RECEIVED

Progress and Poverty. An inquiry into the cause of industrial depressions and of increase of want with increase of wealth. The remedy. By Henry George, Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

The Life of Henry George. By his son, Henry George, Jr. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Price \$1.00.

The Recording Angel. A novel. By Edwin Arnold Brenholtz, Chicago. Charles H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago. Cloth, \$1.00.

Speculative Ventures. (Pamphlet) Pointers on Get-Rich-Quick Enterprises, Genuine and Fraudulent. By Paul De Ruyter, permanent address, P. O. Box 927, Chicago. Price 10 cents.

Poverty. By Robert Hunter. The Macmillan company, New York.

Mass and Class. A Survey of Social Divisions. By W. J. Ghent. The Macmillan Co., New York.

The Walking Delegate. By Leroy Scott. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Dark Side of the Beef Trust. A treatise concerning the "Canner" cow, the cold-storage fowl, the diseased meats, the dopes and preservatives. Herman Hirschauer, Jamestown, N. Y. Orders and communications should be addressed to Theodore Z. Root, Jamestown, N. Y. Paper cover 50 cents, cloth 75 cents.

## SUNDRY LITTLE FABLES IN RHYME

### When Justice Limps

It happens every now and then we see a contract twixt two men, and then it is that we observe how justice from the right will swerve, and let her scales get out of plumb by freeing one and cinching some. So common has this come to be that we no longer blush to see.

A well known "master of finance" ne'er let go by a single chance to talk of national honesty, clean honor and sound currency; and all who differed from his plan he dubbed a "bad, dishonest man." In fact, he posed as one so pure that wrong near him could not endure.

He ran a bank, this honest man, until into the ground it ran. While posing bravely night and morn he "fliers" took in wheat and corn with money left within his care until there was no money there. He stole the bank's deposits clean until no more were to be seen.

While spouting out his "honest" rot he stole what trusting patrons brought. While prating of integrity he stole upon the strict "q. t." Exposed, he pulled a tearful face and mourned about his deep disgrace. And, heeding his heartbroken tears, the judge gave him two little years.

He stole two millions held in trust, and though his victims raved and cursed, he salted down a goodly pile and lived in princely state the while. But those whom he had robbed and spoiled got nothing for the years they toiled. And then, by buying venal men, this banker never reached the pen.

A man who stole a loaf of bread found vengeance quick brought on his head. He had a starving babe and wife and stole to save each precious life. But what of that? A thief was he, and dangerous to be left free. Into the pen twelve years he's thrown, and loved ones left to starve alone.

### MORAL

If there's a moral herein spread  
'Tis this—Don't steal a loaf of bread.

### The Ulterior Motive

A man there was who claimed to be a friend of all humanity, and everywhere and all the while he wore a broad engaging smile. "I love the man who toils," said he, "but he should be forever free from union rules in every form, for unions do men nought but harm."

"The independent workingman," said he, "I think much better can get well along than he who tries with fellow men to organize. The union teaches strife and hate, supports the walking delegate, and makes a slave who should be free and working independently."

Much more he said of same effect till many people did expect this man would pay the best of wage to workmen he might engage. And some there were who lost their head and into fighting unions led, until he had an "open shop"—and then his love had sudden stop.

With men he had disorganized one day he sprung a sad surprise by posting high a sign which meant a wage

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