

## MAKING A BLUFF

WELL-MEANING CITIZENS WHO WORK ALONG WRONG LINES.

### KNOCKING THE HOME TOWN

Her Commercial Clubs Fail in Work Undertaken for the Improvement of Local Conditions.

In a western town not long since a General Call was issued to citizens to hold a Meeting for the purpose of organizing a Business Men's Association, or as the papers announced, a Commercial club. According to the Newspaper Reports of the event the meeting was a Grand Success, and some 40 or 50 prominent citizens enrolled their names as members. Thus the Commercial club was started on its Career.

Among the active citizens and those who were foremost in advocating the Club as an Important Thing for the welfare of the Town, were a Minister and a Lawyer. The good clergyman was made the Secretary, a Banker of the town was elected President, and the Lawyer Treasurer. As is usual with such clubs, a Constitution and By-laws were adopted; an Executive Committee appointed, and also a Hustling Committee to add Push to the club. It was outlined that by harmony and co-operation the town could be Boomed and made much Better. One of the Things desired was a Public Library. Among the other Things were Manufacturing Enterprises, a Creamery and another Elevator for the town, to compete with the one Elevator already located there.

Six months of careful labor on the part of the Commercial Club developed the fact that the efforts towards securing any of these Things were without results. There was no Library, the Creamery Proposition was considered unfavorable, as the farmers could secure more by shipping their cream out of town than the Creamery could afford to pay, and as to the Elevator, only a part of the Stock necessary for its start was subscribed. An investigation revealed that out of this very same town each day an average of more than \$200 was being sent to Outside Cities for Goods that might as well have been purchased at the home stores. It was discovered that the Minister, who was the Secretary of the Club, all the while he was Advocating Town Improvement, was quietly Working among the Members of his Flock to secure Orders for Groceries and other goods to send to a Chicago alleged co-operative concern. He was receiving five per cent. commission on all Purchases made. The Lawyer of the town, who was made the Treasurer of the Club, was sending away for the Clothes he wore, and even the Banker could not find Carpets sufficiently good in his home town, and sent away the money to a foreign place for rugs, and also a Piano that ornamented his home.

These misled Enterprising Citizens were working all along the wrong lines. While they were Anxious to Improve the Town, to start the Creamery—that, perhaps, would keep a few thousand dollars a year in the town—an Elevator that was almost unnecessary, as the one already located in the Town was capable of handling all the grain produced in the neighborhood, and would result in no saving or the bringing in of greater income, they overlooked the importance of devising means of retaining Business to the Town that was going away from it. The very ones entrusted with the Building Up of the Industries of the Place were foremost in turning over to other communities the Dollars that should be retained to improve the Home Trade, and make Wealthy the community.

Moral—It would be well for members of Commercial Clubs to take heed that the most important action for the Club to take is to Devise Means of Protecting Enterprises already established instead of gaining new Enterprises of Doubtful Utility.

### FOR MAIL-ORDER TRADE.

Factories Where Adulterated and Mis-branded Goods are Put Up.

A visit made a short time ago by the health officers of Chicago to a factory where canned goods were prepared for the mail-order trade, disclosed the fact that it was a rank artificial food factory. Tomato cats-ups were made from pumpkin pulp; fine strawberry and raspberry jam was made from glucose, starch and the only evidence of fruits were a lot of dried apple peellings and cores, which were used as a base. The seed supposed to be the berry seeds, was grass seed; the natural coloring was coal tar dyes, and in the whole thing was a fraud factory from start to finish. Several thousand cans of fruit were found. These were old, several years perhaps, and the labels dirty showing their age. From these the labels were removed and new ones put on. These goods were dead stock on the manufacturers' hands, until bought for a mere song by the mail-order concern.

### Roof Gardens for Berlin.

It is proposed to introduce roof gardens in Berlin. A good many doctors and professors are doing all they can in favor of the scheme, and are agitating for the gardens, particularly in the narrower city thoroughfares. The idea would not be difficult to carry out, the houses being mostly all of one height, and it is already possible in many parts to walk from one street to the next along a good broad roof track.

### LOCAL PRODUCE MARKETS.

How Agricultural Towns Can Assist in Preventing "Corners" in Produce.

Now and then complaint is heard of how the large packing houses and handlers of produce manipulate prices of eggs and poultry. These concerns are enabled to do this through their facilities for extensively handling goods and preserving them in their mammoth cold storage plants. Their system is to buy in the lowest market and hold the produce until the demand is such that prices reach the top notch.

It is evident that were the business men of small towns to follow out to some extent the plans of these large houses, the home market would be materially improved. In the agricultural towns merchants are the most extensive handlers of farmers' produce. This business is incidental to the mercantile business, and few merchants have proper facilities for the storing and proper care of perishable goods, therefore, immediately upon receiving supplies from the farmer, consignments are made to the commission houses in the large cities, and thus are the large commission men enabled to obtain control of the markets and to manipulate prices.

Each agricultural community produces enough poultry and eggs and miscellaneous dairy products to support a prosperous exclusive produce house. But when the articles that the farmers have for sale are distributed among a dozen or more stores, each acting independently, it is evident that highest market prices cannot be paid. The plan proposed for the organization of co-operative produce companies in each town has many desirable points in its favor. At small expense a coldstorage plant of adequate capacity to handle all perishable products of the community can be put in order. A plant of this kind, if rightly managed, would greatly improve the conditions of the local markets and higher prices could be paid for produce than the merchants could afford to pay for the same.

A number of towns in the middle west have adopted this system, and with success. Not alone have the home markets been greatly improved, but a greater volume of trade has been brought to the merchants. Should this plan be universally followed, in agricultural districts, it would lessen the opportunity for the manipulation of prices of produce, and the "cornering of the market" by the large commission and packing houses.

### THERE MUST BE MERIT.

Drawing the Line in the Matter of Patronage of Home Institutions.

While it is the duty of every home loving and patriotic citizen to encourage and support home enterprise, it should be part of the principle that the home enterprises should be such as to merit support. The matter of service and of competition are important. It must be a public spirited citizen, indeed, who will willingly pay home merchants exorbitant prices for what is needed, when the same goods can be purchased in some nearby town at lower prices. The local bank should be patronized, if well conducted, and those in charge of it men of integrity and enterprise. But oftentimes there are illustrations of local industries being conducted in such unbusinesslike ways as to not win the confidence of the people in the community. Under such circumstances little censure can be given those who will seek foreign institutions when they have money to deposit.

While it may be true that the smaller towns and cities do not afford unprincipled schemers the chance to conduct business, illustrations sufficient now and then, present themselves to the people to make them cautious and perhaps prejudice them against patronizing some home institutions.

Too often it is found that insurance companies, investment concerns, bank and mercantile establishments put forth the plea of being home institutions and thus should be patronized, while in fact their methods of conduct are such as to not win the confidence of the people. Merit is an important factor in the home trade matter, and no argument can be made that will justify the people of a community giving support to institutions that are unsound, or which are managed in a way as to impose upon the residents of the community.

### HELPING ALONG THE TRUSTS.

Sending Money Away from Rural Districts Assist in Making Them.

It appears as if the trusts are in the country to stay. The legislative action of the government seems to merely mean a little more regulation. Trusts generally have their starting point in Wall street. It is to Wall street that the money earned by them goes. Each trust industry means so much more for the coffers of the multi-millionaires. It is a sorry fact that the people of the country have been for years bamboozled by trust managers, and unknowingly have been compelled to donate toward their support. That the great mail-order concern in Chicago have been backed up by Wall street capital has just become evident. Within the past few months Wall street financiers have decided to build up even greater in the mail-order business, and one concern has had its capital increased to \$10,000,000. It has been toward such a monster enterprise the people of the west have been turning their trade the past several years, and by so doing have kept western communities from advancing.

## DAVID CAPTURES ZION

STORY BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

Scripture Authority:—2 Samuel 5:6-10.

### SERMONETTE.

There come periods in the lives of men when further progress in the moral as well as the material realm is entirely dependent upon the conquering of the difficulty which lies athwart the pathway. To turn aside and seek to find a way around the difficulty would be a sign of weakness. To stand still or to turn back would mean absolute failure. There is but one way ahead, and that is by way of victory over the difficulty, by a determined, courageous grappling with the foe that bars the pathway, and destroying him.

So it was with King David. He was now king over a united kingdom. It would seem that now he might rest content and take his ease. But just at that moment when the temptation was upon him to enjoy the luxury which was at his command, there rose up a foe to trouble him. The Jebusites who inhabited a stronghold of Zion, and controlled all the rich country about, had become specially aggressive and sought by every means in their power to annoy him. If the confidence of the people and the men in his army was to be retained he must conquer the Jebusites and capture their stronghold. Conscious of all this, he entered resolutely upon the campaign, and in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles and dangers he won a victory which crowned him with glory and gave to his nation the mountain height on which Jerusalem was built, that famous city of sacred and profane history.

Progress means effort, and effort involves varying degrees of hardships, privations, dangers, conflicts. The man who would reach the heights must climb, and to climb means hard work, hard knocks, and untold dangers, but how glorious is the reward as the heights are gained and the grandeur of the vision breaks in upon the eye. It is worth all it cost.

How true it is that he who strives not, attains not; that he who lets the difficulties conquer him is never able to make progress onward and upward. How important then that one should set himself to the task which lies just ahead, and should resolutely grapple with the foe which is offering him battle. Yea, the enemy from the stronghold may cast ridicule and contempt upon him, he may defy him, he may declare that the stronghold is impregnable, but let courage and patience mark the conflict, victory shall come and blessing flow not only to the victor himself, but to those about.

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

### THE STORY.

IT WAS with a feeling of contentment and satisfaction which David viewed the affairs of his kingdom following his anointing as king over Israel. The desire and ambition of his heart had been gratified. He had obtained the promise of God and was now indeed king over all the tribes of Israel, even as Samuel had declared so many years before he should be. How pleasant it was after the long years of conflict and vicissitudes to be able to feel that now he could take his ease and enjoy the honors and riches which had come to crown his efforts. There was no foe within or without to dispute his authority. It had been many years since the Philistines had troubled him, and surely if there were any in Israel who were his enemies, they did not show their hands. Everything seemed peaceful and prosperous.

To be sure the people who lived in the country adjoining the stronghold of the Jebusites, Zion, or Jerusalem, as it was called, complained of the occasional depredations of this small tribe. But what did that amount to? David had them hemmed in on all sides, and they dared not come out and meet him in the open. It was conceded by all who knew about it that Jerusalem was impregnable. Had not the nations about, before Israel had possessed the land, tried time and time again to conquer the place only to fail, and this not because of the strength of the tribe which dwelt within, but because the rocky heights which surrounded the place seemed to be absolutely impregnable.

But of what consequence is it? David had asked himself many times. Why should he concern himself about the matter? Was he not established as king at Hebron? What were these

few Jebusites that he should trouble himself concerning them? and what was the city which they held that he should desire it? So he reasoned, and sought for satisfaction in the things which he had obtained.

But within the inner chambers of his heart there were voices whispering words of condemnation. While there remained a spot within his realm which he had not conquered was he really king? While there was a people who dared to cast defiance in his face and repeatedly annoy and distress the people whom he as king had sworn to protect and cherish was he performing his duty? Could he retain the respect and confidence of his people and his army if he failed to master the Jebusites and gain possession of their stronghold? Such were the questionings which troubled him from within; and from without there came the fresh protests of the people of Judah whose possessions were near to Jerusalem.

"What use for us to plant our vineyards and to sow our fields if these Jebusites are to descend upon us in the night and take away the fruits of our toil? And when we pursue them they find refuge within their stronghold and cast ridicule upon us from the walls."

Such was the last bitter complaint, and David found himself asking the question whether he could turn a deaf ear to their pleadings? Could he refuse to put forth effort to help? To be sure it seemed like a difficult task, but ought he not try? But the failures of the nations about to conquer the place gave him little confidence that he would prove more successful in any attempt he might put forth.

"But you can try," came the clear voice of conscience from within. "Victory belongs to the Lord, and he will not fail the one who putteth his trust in him," he added half aloud to himself.

"Yes," continued David to himself, as the roused confidence within made him see more clearly his duty in the matter. "Yes, it is a reproach upon David that such stronghold should remain unconquered. What an ideal place that would be for the placing of the tabernacle of the Lord, that God might have his dwelling place there. If God has given us the land did he not wish and expect that we would take this place, as well?"

One noble thing about David was that as soon as he saw his duty clearly he did not delay action. For him to come face to face with an issue and realize that it must be met if he remained true to God and to his nation, was all that was necessary to bring him into action. For this reason that very night orders went out to the army to be prepared for an early start upon the morrow, when they would go up against Jerusalem.

The order created some little dissatisfaction, but this was quickly dispelled when David himself appeared clad in his armor and declared his purpose to lead the army in the difficult and dangerous task which lay before it. But as they came beneath the steep, lofty precipices with which nature had surrounded the place they sought by every device to scale some point and gain admittance to the place, they realized more forcibly than ever what a task lay before them. And to add to their discomfort, the lame and the blind of the Jebusites were gathered upon the walls and nalled upon them, saying:

"Except ye take the lame and the blind ye cannot come in hither."  
"Then we will take the lame and the blind," David muttered under his breath. "The seeming impossible shall become possible with God's help. The enemy itself has told us the way we shall enter the city."

And with that determination taken, David ceased the efforts at scaling the walls and directed his men to search the secret underground aqueduct which supplied the city with water, saying unto them:

"Whoever getteth up to the gutter and smiteth the Jebusites and the lame and the blind, that are hated of David's soul, shall be chief and captain."

And thus encouraged, the ascent of the precipice was made and the gate of the city quickly opened, so that David entered in triumph the place which had defied him.

And David dwelt in the fort and called it the city of David, and as he sat contemplating the victory from the heights of the city, he exclaimed:

"I never knew before that Judah and the land of Israel were so fair. What would the kingdom have been without this splendid place?"

### Strangely Marked Squirrels.

Among the interesting things shown at a recent meeting of the Zoological society were two young specimens of the English squirrel, which had almost entirely changed in color from the usual chestnut-brown to a light drab, only the ears and feet showing traces of the original color. It was stated that the animals had been taken from a nest when very young, and put in charge of a cat, which acted as foster-mother, and successfully reared them. It was suggested that this fact might have caused the color change.—St. James' Gazette.

### City Remembers Founder.

In Melbourne a movement has been started to erect a statue of John Batman, the founder of that city. Seventy-two years have passed since Batman, after tying his boat to a tree close to where the Melbourne custom house now stands, wrote in his diary: "This will be the place for a village." The village is now a city with a population of more than 500,000. Batman did not live to see more than the small beginnings of the city he founded.

## Ueber die Sterne Ist Ruh

By Elizabeth A. Vore

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"Ueber die Sterne ist ruh, Ueber die Sterne ist ruh."

It was the Herr Professor singing in the organ loft. Higher and higher swelled the music, louder and sweeter the rich full tones of the great organ, and the mellow, wonderful voice of the quaint old church was filled with the exquisite harmony.

Slowly and cautiously one of the heavy outer doors was partly opened and a dark, lovely face looked timidly in, as the music swelled upward in all its sublime sweetness, the door was pushed farther open by a little brown hand and a slight, childish figure entered and crept softly, hesitatingly up the aisle.

Presently the music stopped, but the child remained kneeling as if in a trance. The door leading from the organ loft opened and the musician came slowly down, humming softly to himself. As he came forward his eyes fell on the kneeling child with her rap, exquisite face and her wondrous, lifted eyes, and he stopped short in astonishment.

"Lebe Himmel!" he muttered. "It is the face of an angel!"

A tide of crimson flooded the lovely olive face as the child sprang up and shrank back timidly.

"Pardon, sir—a thousand pardons!" she stammered, in a soft, musical voice, tremulous with fright.

The look of wonder and astonishment on the good professor's face changed to one of gentleness and pity at the little one's evident fear.

"Pff, little one, thou hast naught to fear; am I then so great a monster that thou shouldst run from me? Come, maichien, let us see thee closer."

The child came shyly forward and stood before the great master, who took her small hands in his own and gazed with kindly curiosity into her face.

"Thou art a puzzle, little one," he said, smiling. "Who art thou? I find thee in this quiet English town, and the tongue is English, too, but the face and voice, they do not belong to an English maid. How is it, leibchen?"

"I am Gabrielle," said the child, simply. "My father keeps the music shop near by. He is English, but I—I am like my mother who is with the angels. She was born over the sea, in Italy."

"Ah! that accounts for thy soft voice and dark face, my lovely one. I thought there was southern blood in thy veins. And thou wert listening to the music? Perhaps thou wouldst like to learn, thyself?"

The child drew in her breath quickly and clasped her hands spasmodically in the emotion that suddenly swept over her.

"Ah! if I might!" she cried, "if I only might! But there is none to teach, and I can do nothing but sing, and that not at home, for it makes my father sad. My mother sang, and he is always remembering."

"So you sing, then, little one; let us hear you. Come, do not be afraid; sing something you know well."

He had, somehow, expected to hear an unusual voice, but nothing like what he did hear; as the child threw back her head proudly and her sweet, clear voice swelled upward, the purity and richness of its exquisite tones thrilled the great master, and filled him with wondering astonishment.

"It is wonderful!" he exclaimed, as the sweet voice died away, and Gabrielle stood flushed and trembling before him. "My child, you are blest of the saints; your voice is perfect. You will have the world at your feet."

"I want only to be able to play the great organ and sing as you do. Shall I ever be able to sing the song you sang just now?"

"Certainly, and many much more difficult than that."  
"But who would teach me, sir?" faltered Gabrielle. "My father has no money."

"We shall see to that, little one; we shall see to all that—such a voice must not be lost to the world. Tell me where you live and I will see the father about it."

Gabrielle directed him, and then with the impulsiveness born of her hot, southern blood, she raised his hand to her lips and covered it with kisses.

The great German master had come to this little out-of-the-way English town some weeks before, for the purpose of resting. He had steered clear of hotels and boarding houses, though they were of a very quiet, primitive order in this country place, and had secured lodgings with one of his own countrymen, Karl Hansel, a music teacher, who, soon ascertained who his guest was, and was not a little proud of the distinction of having the famous "Herr Professor," to use his own words, under his roof. He became a great favorite with the simple town folk, who always spoke of him after Karl Hansel's example, as the "Herr Professor." But now the time for his departure was at hand, and he made haste to see Gabrielle's father before he went away.

He did not long hesitate in giving his consent that his little daughter receive a musical education.

She was to study during the winter and summer with Karl Hansel, "and

then when autumn comes again," said the master, smiling, "I shall come for her and take her to the Fatherland. We will make a great singer of thee, leibchen."

Through the late winter and spring Gabrielle advanced rapidly and her tutor was full of pride at her progress. But when the hot days of summer came she began to droop; the slender form grew thin, and the rosy color faded from her cheek. By-and-by she became too weak to continue her lessons. Poor little Gabrielle! it soon became apparent to all who saw her that she would never sing for the world. Yet—let me change it—rich Gabrielle, she would sing, not for the world, but for the angels. She lingered on until winter, growing weaker every day, but making no complaint save weariness.

"I am so tired!" she would say, "so tired." She never complained of aught else. She had but one wish. "To hear the song of the Herr Professor," and see the master before she died. But Karl Hansel did not know exactly his whereabouts, although he wrote him occasionally to learn of the progress of his protegee, and for three months he had heard nothing of him, although he wrote of the child's falling strength.

"I am so tired!" she would cry, "and I cannot rest. Sing me the song of the Herr Professor. I cannot rest till I have heard it."

"Child, child!" her heartbroken, white-haired father would cry, "you break my heart! alas! there is no one



"Child, Child! You Break My Heart!"

who knows it—if you could but remember the name."

There came a day in the early autumn when with tearful eyes the friends of little Gabrielle gathered around her couch. The little life was fast ebbing out.

"Tell the Herr Professor," she whispered. Just then a step was heard without—the door opened and the master stood on the threshold. Gabrielle's eyes grew radiant and she stretched out her little thin hands. "It is the Herr Professor!" she cried, joyfully.

The next instant he had crossed over and knelt by her couch and taking the little feeble hands, pressed them to his breast.

"Leibchen! lamkin! beloved child!" he cried. "Ach! mein Gott! but it is cruel!"

"Sing me the song you sang in the church, dear Herr Professor," she begged; "I have waited so long to hear it again, and I am so tired—ah, so very tired, and I cannot rest."

Then the master raised his powerful voice, its richness mingled now with a solemn tenderness.

"Ueber die Sterne ist ruh," he sang again—sang as he never sang it before, as he would never sing it again, and the dying Gabrielle listened with parted lips, while into her weary dark eyes there stole a sweet, restful peace.

"Ueber die Sterne ist ruh!" she repeated feebly. "What does it mean, Herr Professor?"

"Over the stars is thy rest," said the master, solemnly. "Rest for thee, little Gabrielle."

"Ah! it is for me! for me the song is made!" cried Gabrielle, smiling weakly. "I am so tired, but—over—the stars—"

The sentence was finished in heaven, where she had found rest at last. They laid her gently back and led the sorrowing father away; then the great musician bowed his head and wept over the little lifeless form.

"Ach! meine leibe kind!" he murmured, "thou art lost to the world, but perhaps it is best; thou wert not intended for earth—thy voice it was lent thee by the angels!"

In one corner of the country churchyard is a little grass-grown mound marked by an unusually handsome headstone. When it attracts notice, the villagers say:

"Yes, it came from over the seas; the great master sent it from Leipzig," and the stranger stopping to read, sees the simple inscription: "Gabrielle. Ueber die Sterne ist ruh."