

CUTTING CORN.

Forks may hanker all they keer to
Fer th' country in th' fall,
They may rave about th' beauty
Of the autumn leaves an' all!

Spanish needles in yer jumper
An' yer threadbare overalls;
Cockle-burrs as thick as what's
Growin' on the garden walls!

THE END OF THE TASK.

The sewing-machines whirled like a
thousand devils. You have no idea what
a noise thirty sewing-machines will make
when they are running at full speed.

She checked herself and hoped that
Braun had not heard. But he had heard
and his face had clouded. He, too, had
wished and wished and wished through
many a sleepless night, and now he could
easily frame the unfinished thought in
Lizsichen's mind.

With many misgivings Lizsichen followed
him into the building, and found herself
in a large hall, brilliantly illuminated,
walled in with paintings whose gilt frames
shone like fiery gold in the bright light
of numerous electric lamps.

Linder had told him of a wonderful place
where beautiful pictures could be looked
at for nothing. It was probably untrue.
Linder was not above lying. Braun had
been in this country six long years, and
in all that time he had never found anything
that could be had for nothing.

Now there's the kind I like, Lizsichen,"
he said. "That storm on the ocean
with the big ship going to pieces. And
that big picture over there with all the
soldiers rushing to battle."

But still Lizsichen did not hear. All
that big room with its lights and its
brilliant colorings, and all those people who
had come, and even her lover at her side
had faded from Lizsichen's consciousness.
The picture that absorbed all her being had
ceased to be a mere beautiful painting.
Lizsichen was walking down the road herself;
the soft breeze was fanning her fevered
cheeks, the rustling of the leaves had
become a reality; she was walking over
the hill to meet the flock of sheep, for she
could hear the shepherd's dog barking and
the melodious tinkling of the leader's bell.

beyond endurance, had cried out against
the horror, the injustice, the wanton
cruelty, of his brown-eyed, pale-checked
Lizsichen waving away to death before his
eyes. But there was no hope, and he had
gradually become reconciled. The physician
at the public dispensary had told him
she might live a month or she might live a
year longer, he could not foretell more ac-
curately, but of ultimate recovery there
was no hope on earth. And Braun's re-
sponses to the physician's words had
become rarer and rarer. Do not imagine
that these emotions had ever shaped them-
selves in so many words, or that he had at-
tempted by any process of reasoning to
argue the matter with himself or to see
vividly what it all meant, what horrible
ordeals he was passing through, or what the
future held in store for him. From his
tenth year until his twentieth Braun had
worked in factories in Russia, often under
the lash. He was twenty-six, and his six
years in this country had been spent in
sweat-shops. Such men do not formulate
thoughts in words: they feel dumbly, like
dogs and horses.

The day's work was done. Braun and
Lizsichen were walking slowly up-town,
hand in hand, attracting many an inquir-
ing, half-pitying glance. She was so white,
he so haggard and wild-eyed. It was a de-
lightful spring night, the air was balmy
and soothing, and Lizsichen oughed less
than she had for several days. Braun had
spoken of a picture he had once seen in a
shop-window in Russia. Lizsichen's eyes
had become animated.

"They are so wonderful, those painters,"
she said. "With nothing but brushes they
put colors together until you can see the
trees moving in the breeze, and almost
imagine you hear the birds in them."

"I don't care much for trees," said
Braun. "I like ships and
battle pictures where people are doing
something great."

"Maybe that is because you have always
lived in cities," said Lizsichen. "When I
was a girl I lived in the country, near
Odessa, and oh, how beautiful the trees
were and how sweet the flowers! And I
used to sit under a tree and look at the
woods across the valley all day long. Ah,
if I could only—"

Lizsichen drew back timidly. "They
will not let people like us go in. It is for
nobility." But Braun drew her forward.

When the day dawned he went to her
again. She was awake and happy. "I
dreamt about it all night, Liebchen," she
said joyfully. "Do you think they would
let me see it again?"

"Ah, Lizsichen," he said, "if I were rich
I would take that picture right off the wall
and give them a hundred dollars for it, and
we would take it home with us so that
Lizsichen could look at it all day long."

ill-clad couple could be. When Lizsichen
became absorbed in the woodland scenes
and stood staring at it as if it were the
most wonderful thing on earth, those who
observed her exchanged glances, and sev-
eral onlookers smiled. Their entrance,
Lizsichen's bewilderment, and then her
ecstasy over the painting had all happened
in the duration of three or four minutes.
The liveried attendants noticed them
and had looked at one another with glances
that expressed doubt as to what their duty
was under the circumstances. Clearly these
were not the kind of people for whom this
exhibition had been arranged. They were
neither lovers of art nor prospective pur-
chasers. And they looked so shabby and
so distressingly poor and ill-nourished.

"I think you've made a mistake,"
Braun looked at him and shook his head
and turned to Lizsichen to see if she un-
derstood. But Lizsichen neither saw nor
heard. Then the man, seeing that he was dealing
with foreigners, became more abrupt in his
demeanor, and with a grunt, pointed to
the door. Braun understood. To be sum-
marily ordered from the place seemed more
natural to him than to be permitted to re-
main unmolested amid all that splendor.
It was more in keeping with the experi-
ences of his life. "Come, Lizsichen," he
said, "let us go." Lizsichen turned to him
with a smiling face, but the smile died
quickly when she beheld the attendant,
and she clutched Braun's arm. "Yes, let
us go," she whispered to him, and they
went out.

On the homeward journey not a word
was spoken. Braun's thoughts were bit-
ter, rebellious; the injustice of life's ar-
rangements rankled deeply at that mo-
ment, his whole soul felt outraged, fate
was cruel, life was wrong, all wrong.
Lizsichen, on the other hand, walked lightly,
in a state of mild excitement, all her spirit
elated over the picture she had seen. It
had been but a brief communion with na-
ture, but it had thrilled the hidden chords
of her nature, and the hidden existence
she had never dreamed before. Alas! the
laws of this same beautiful nature are in-
excusable. For that brief moment of hap-
piness Lizsichen was to submit to swift,
terrible punishment. Within a few steps
of the dark tenement which Lizsichen called
home a sudden weakness came upon
her, she fell, and in her fall she thought
of the picture she had seen. She would
read it asunder. When she took her hands
from her mouth Braun saw that they were
red. A faintness seized him, but he must
not yield to it. Without a word he gathered
Lizsichen in his arms and carried her
through the hallway into the rear building
and then up four flights of stairs to the
apartment where she lived.

"The doctor came, and he was a young
man with his own struggle for existence
weighing upon him and yet ever ready for
such cases as this where the only reward
lay in the approbation of his own con-
science—and Braun hung upon his face for
the verdict."

"It is just another attack like the last,"
he was saying to himself. "She will live
to live for a day, and then she will
be just as well as before. Perhaps it may
even help her! But it is nothing more
serious. She has had many of them. I
saw them myself. It is not so terribly
serious. Not yet. Oh, it cannot be yet—
Maybe, after a long time—but not yet—it
is too soon." Over and over again he
said the words, and in his heart did he
believe it. Then the doctor shook his head
and said: "It's near the end, my friend.
A few days—perhaps a week. But she
cannot leave her bed again."

Braun stood alone in the room, upright,
motionless, with his fists clenched until
the nails dug deep into the skin, seeing
nothing, hearing nothing, feeling nothing.
His eyes were fixed on the picture. The
old woman with whom Lizsichen lived
came out and motioned to him to enter the
bed room. Lizsichen was whiter than the
sheets, but her eyes were bright, and she
was smiling and holding out her arms to
him. "You must go now, Liebchen," she
said faintly. "I will be all right tomorrow.
His eyes were fixed on the picture. The
old woman with whom Lizsichen lived
came out and motioned to him to enter the
bed room. Lizsichen was whiter than the
sheets, but her eyes were bright, and she
was smiling and holding out her arms to
him. "You must go now, Liebchen," she
said faintly. "I will be all right tomorrow."

"What is it, dear?" he asked.
"Those green fields and that tree! And
the road! It stretches over the hill! The
sun will set, too, very soon. Then the sheep
will come over the top of the hill. Oh, I
can almost hear the leader's bell! And
there is a light breeze. See the leaves of
the tree; they are moving! Can't you feel
the breeze? Oh, darling, isn't it wonder-
ful? I never saw anything like that before."

Braun looked curiously at the canvas.
To his eyes it presented a woodland scene,
very natural, to be sure, but not more nat-
ural than nature, and equally uninterest-
ing to him. He looked around him to
select a painting upon which he could ex-
pend more enthusiasm.

"Now there's the kind I like, Lizsichen,"
he said. "That storm on the ocean
with the big ship going to pieces. And
that big picture over there with all the
soldiers rushing to battle."

was too weak to move, too worn out to ex-
press any emotion, but her eyes looked
unutterable gratitude when she saw the
painting.
"Did they let you have it?" she whis-
pered.
"They were very kind," said Braun. "I
told them you wanted to see it and they
said I could have it as long as I liked.
When you are better I will take it back."

Lizsichen looked at him wistfully. "I
will never be better, Liebchen," she whis-
pered.
Braun hung the picture at the foot of the
bed where Lizsichen could see it without
raising her head, and then went to the win-
dow and sat there looking out into the
night. Lizsichen was happy beyond all
bounds. Her eyes drank in every detail of
the wonderful scene until her whole being
became filled with the delightful spirit that
permeated and animated the painting.
A master's hand had imbued that depend-
ing blue sky with the sadness of twilight,
the soft, sweet pathos of departing day, and
Lizsichen's heart beat responsive to every
shade and shadow. In the waning light
every outline was softened; here tranquility
reigned supreme, and Lizsichen felt soothed.
Yet in the distance, across the valley,
the gloom of night had begun to gather.
Once or twice Lizsichen tried to penetrate
this gloom, but the effort to see what the
darkness was hiding tired her eyes.

The newspapers the next day were full
of the amazing story of the stolen painting.
They told how the attendants of the gal-
lery had discovered the break in the line
of paintings and had immediately notified
the manager of the place, who at once asked
the number of the picture.

"It's number thirty-eight," they told
him. He seized a catalogue, turned to No.
38, and turned pale. "It's Corot's 'Spring
Twilight!'" he cried. "It cost the owner
three thousand dollars, and we're responsi-
ble for it!"

The newspapers went on to tell how the
police had been notified and how the best
detectives had been set to work to trace the
stolen painting, how all the thieves and
all the thieves questioned and cross-questioned,
all the pawnshops searched—and it had
all resulted in nothing. But such excitement
rarely leaks into the Ghetto, and Braun,
at his machine, heard nothing of it, knew
nothing of it, knew nothing of anything
in the world save that the machines were
roaring away in his brain, and his work
was done he went to her. She smiled at
him, but was too weak to speak. He seated
himself beside the bed and took her
hand in his. All day long she had been
looking at the picture; all day long she
had been wandering along the road that
ran over the hill, and now night had come
and she was weary. But her eyes were
glad, and when she turned them upon
Braun he saw in them love unutterable
and happiness beyond all description. His
eyes were dry; he held her hand and stroked
it mechanically; he knew not what to
say. Then she fell asleep and he sat there
hour after hour, heedless of the flight of
time. Suddenly Lizsichen sat upright, her
eyes lid, open and staring.

"I heard them," she cried. "I heard them
plainly. Don't you, Liebchen? The sheep
are coming! They're coming over the hill!
Watch, Liebchen; watch, precious!"

With all the force that remained in her
she clutched his hand and pointed to the
painting at the foot of the bed. Then she
swayed from side to side, and he caught
her in his arms.

"Lizsichen!" he cried. "Lizsichen!"
But her head fell upon his arm and lay
motionless.

The doctor came and saw at a glance
that the patient was beyond his ministring.

beside it stood the rabbi, clad in somber
garments, reading in a listless, mechanical
fashion from the Hebrew text of the Book
of Job, interpolating here and there some
time-worn, commonplace phrase of praise,
of exhortation, of consolation. He had not
known her; this was merely part of his
daily work.

The sweat-shop had been closed for an
hour; for one hour the machines stood still
and deserted; the toilers were gathered
around the coffin, listening to the rabbi.
They were pale and gaunt, but not from
grief. The machines had done that. They
had rent their garments at the neck, to the
extent of a hand's breadth, but not from
grief. It was the law. A figure that they
had become accustomed to see bending over
one of the machines had finished her last
garden. Dry-eyed, in a sort of mild
wonder, they had come to the funeral ser-
vices. And some were still breathing heav-
ily from the morning's work. After all, it
was pleasant to sit quiet for one hour.

Some one whispered the name of Braun,
and they looked around. Braun was not
there.

"He will not come," whispered one of
the men. "It is in the newspaper. He
was sent to prison for three years. He
stole something. A picture, I think. I
am not sure."

Those who heard slowly shook their
heads. There was no feeling of surprise,
no shock. And what was there to say?
He had been one of them. He had drunk
out of the same cup with them. They
knew the taste. What mattered the one
particular dreg that he found? They had
no curiosity. In the case of Nitzka, it was
her baby who was dying because she could
not buy it the proper food. Nitzka had told
them. And so when Nitzka put her throat
there all knew who she had found in the
cup. Braun hadn't told—but what mat-
tered it? Probably something more bitter
than gall. And three years in prison?
Yes. To be sure. He had stolen some-
thing.

"Wherefore is light given to him that is
in misery," droned the rabbi, "and life
unto the bitter in soul?"

"Which long for death, but it cometh not;
and day for day more than for his treasures;
and which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad,
when they can find the grave?"

And the rabbi, faithful in the perform-
ance of his duty, went on to expound and
explain. But his hearers could not hear
much longer. The hour was nearing its
end and the machines would soon have to
start again.

It was an old story in the Ghetto, one that
lovers tell to their sweethearts who always
cry when they hear it. The machines still
roar and whir as if a legion of wild spirits
were shrieking within them, and many a
tear is stitched into the garments, but you
never see them, madame—no, gaze not too
tensely upon your jacket as you will, the
tear has left no stain. There is an old man
at the corner machine, gray-haired and
worn, but he works briskly. He is the
first to arrive each morning and the last
to leave each night, and all his soul is in
his work. His machine is an old one and
roars louder than the rest, but he does not
hear it. Day and night, sleeping and waking,
there are a hundred thousand machines
roaring away in his brain. What cares
he for one more or one less?—By Bruno
Lessing, in McClure's Magazine.

Juvenile Offenders.

Information came recently to Secretary
Kalbfus of the state game commission, to
the effect that a 15-year-old boy, who had
wantonly killed a deer out of season, had
been discharged by a Centre county justice
on the ground that no punishment could
be imposed on so young a boy, the age be-
ing under the limit fixed by the act of
April 23rd, 1903, generally known as the
juvenile court act. The secretary wrote
Attorney General Carson, calling his atten-
tion to this case and adding that he was in
constant receipt of letters complaining of
violations of the game laws by boys under
the age of 16, especially in the matter of
killing game and insectivorous birds. And
he asked whether the magistrate acted cor-
rectly in the first instance and whether
boys offending against the game laws are
subject to arrest and punishment. The
attorney general says:

"I answer emphatically that the magis-
trate did not understand his duty. He
was strangely imposed upon by the argu-
ment of counsel. It should be distinctly
understood by all magistrates, as well as
by all children, whether boys or girls, and
by parents and guardians, that children
under the age of 16 are not privileged to
violate the game laws or any other laws
of the state. If such notions should pre-
vail generally, there would soon be a large
and constantly increasing class of juvenile
law-breakers. The laws must be respect-
ed and observed by children as well as
adults."

The juvenile court act was intended to
cover just such cases. Children are classi-
fied as "dependent," "neglected," "in-
corrigible" and "delinquent." The statute
expressly says "The words delinquent
child shall mean any child, including such
as have heretofore been designated 'in-
corrigible children,' who may be charged with
the violation of any law of this common-
wealth or the ordinance of any city, bor-
ough or township." The powers of the
court of quarter sessions of the peace, as
provided in the act, may be exercised.

Nowhere in the act is any authority given
to a justice of the peace to discharge a
delinquent because of his age. On the
contrary, it is expressly declared by Sec-
tion 2, of the act. The burden would
there be in derogation of the powers of
the courts of quarter sessions and over and
termines to try, upon an indictment, any
delinquent child who in due course, may be
brought to trial." It was the plain duty
of the magistrate to commit the child, and
set the machinery of the court in motion
by a proper certificate under Section 2,
Class 2, of the act. The burden would
there be in derogation of the powers of
the courts of quarter sessions and over and
termines to try, upon an indictment, any
delinquent child who in due course, may be
brought to trial." It was the plain duty
of the magistrate to commit the child, and
set the machinery of the court in motion
by a proper certificate under Section 2,
Class 2, of the act. The burden would
there be in derogation of the powers of
the courts of quarter sessions and over and
termines to try, upon an indictment, any
delinquent child who in due course, may be
brought to trial." It was the plain duty
of the magistrate to commit the child, and
set the machinery of the court in motion
by a proper certificate under Section 2,
Class 2, of the act.

The impression that boys who wantonly
violate law cannot be punished because
of their tender years has gained considerable
currency and has done much to increase
the number of youthful offenders. The
letter of Attorney General Carson is a very
timely treatment of an important subject
and is earnestly commended to the atten-
tion of parents and guardians. In other
matters than the game laws boys are dis-
regarding the statutes. Consideration for
their future welfare should lead officers
everywhere to arrest the most notorious
offenders and bring them in contact with
the law which they violate.

The last legislature passed an act which
eventually became a law forbidding the
use of Flobert rifles, air guns and all simi-
lar weapons within the limits of a town or
city. The act was needed. Yet it is not
being obeyed. In this city it is not diffi-
cult to observe its violation almost every
day. This is merely a sample case. Oth-
ers would not be difficult to find. The at-
torney general points the way; let the
officers of the state follow his advice.—At-
toona Tribune.

Teachers for the Philippines.
Good Remuneration Paid to Competent Young In-
structors.

The civil service commission has just re-
ceived a call from the Philippine govern-
ment for 150 male teachers, with salaries as
follows: 35 at \$1,200; 70 at \$1,000, and 55
at \$900 per annum. A list is desired of
these teachers without unnecessary delay
and an examination will be held on Octo-
ber 19-20 in various cities.

Peace has been established in the Philip-
pines and the conditions of living are im-
proving every month. This examination,
therefore affords an excellent opportunity
for young men to enter an attractive sec-
tion which affords an excellent opportunity
for promotion. Teachers appointed are
eligible for promotion to the higher grades
in the service, the salaries ranging from
\$900 to \$2,000 for teachers and from \$1,500
to \$2,500 for division superintendents. The
commission suggests that those who apply
for their profession and conscientious, ener-
getic and successful workers.

For application blanks and further infor-
mation concerning the scope of the exami-
nation, transportation, conditions of em-
ployment, etc., applicants should apply
to the United States Civil Service commis-
sion, Washington, D. C., or to the secretary
of the civil service board at any postoffice,
where letter carrier service has been estab-
lished.

Persons, who are unable to file their for-
mal applications in order to receive exami-
nation cards to the examination will be au-
thorized to take the examination, if they
notify the commission by letter or telegram
in time to ship examination papers and ar-
range for their examination.

Why Should We Work?

Work is activity in some phrase of our
life. Life is manifested in activity, and
inactivity would be stagnation, which
would be fatal to life.
In the universe wherever there is life
there is activity. This is true in the veg-
etable, the animal and human worlds. This
activity is a necessity that runs through all
organic life. The life that is not crowned
with ennobling work of some kind, either
for one's own livelihood or for the good of
others, is an empty life—an abnormal life.
Work is natural; idleness unnatural.
Work builds up, and inactivity tears down.
Idleness is a violation of our being. Hence
it is unnatural.

Woman Spotted a Burglar.

Light in One Hand, She Followed and Recog-
nized the Intruder.

Vinmont, a small village on the out-
skirts of Reading, is boasting of a woman
who is not afraid of a burglar.

This was demonstrated on last Thursday
night, when Mrs. H. E. Bricker was
aroused from her sleep by strange noises
in the house. She started up, and in the dim
light of the lamp she had left burning she
discerned the figure of a man. It was not
her husband, nor was it her son; but it
was a strange man. Mrs. Bricker jumped
up and ordered the man to "git!" and he
"git."

Pluckily she followed him down stairs
with light lamp in hand and cornered him
in one of the rooms long enough to have a
good look at him, but he escaped before she
could help him.

The woman said she recognized her visit-
or as a brakeman on the Reading & Col-
umbia road, and a warrant has been issued
for his arrest.

Capita's Victim at 101.

Contention Makes His Sixth Matrimonial Venture,
Choosing a Bride of Ninety Nine.

The Rev. Samuel Tucker, of Gamp-
port, Ohio, has filed a marriage certificate
in which it is stated that the bridegroom
is 101 years and one month old and the bride
ninety nine years old. For the bridegroom
Jerre Bosarth, of Keener's Brook, it was
the sixth matrimonial venture, and the
fourth for the bride, Mrs. Julia Ann Jen-
kins.

The ceremony was performed on Friday
in Parkersburg.

"There the wicked cease from troubling;
and there the weary be at rest.
There the prisoners rest together; they
hear not the voice of the oppressor.
The small and the great are there; and
the servant is free from his master."

It is written in Israel that the rabbi
must give his services at the death-bed of
even the lowliest. The coffin rested on two
stools in the same room in which she died.