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But for a certain nativity on April 5, seventy-nine years ago, mankind might still have been suffering under the horrible dispensation by which one surgical patient in three paid for the experiment with his life. Modern surgery may be said to depend for its success on the two discoveries made by Joseph Lister—first of the antiseptic and then of the aseptic methods of treatment, which have saved thousands of lives and are likely to save thousands more. One of his most unexpected tributes came to him a few years ago in Paris, when Pasteur, after a glowing eulogy of his life work, turned suddenly on the platform and kissed the kindly and handsome old English gentleman on both cheeks. Pasteur probably felt what a later scientist has written—Listerism began about thirty years ago in Edinburgh; it has 5,000,000 years to run.—Fall 1906.

Careless With His Money.
Anecdotes of Professor Lombroso, Italian scientist, are given by his daughter in the "Nuova Antologia." The professor is now seventy years old, but extremely willful, and although he asks for advice of his family in everything, always acts contrary to it. When asked to put on evening clothes he often instead dons a lounge suit. His indifference to money is proverbial. When he goes out he puts bank notes in the same pocket with his handkerchief, so that when he draws out the latter the bank notes are lost. Now, however, after frequently finding himself without money while traveling, the professor fills all his pockets with bank notes, thus hoping never to be entirely without funds, even if the contents of one pocket should be lost.

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Cozy Cornering Mother-in-law

By BELLE MANIATES

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"There is no use talking, love is awfully blind," soliloquized Mrs. Peters as she kneaded the bread dough into shape. "Since Dan began to keep company with Myra he's always telling me how they have this and that over at Martin's. The idea! Our house is just a mansion compared to their rookery, and our carpets and parlor set alone cost more than everything in their house. Myra's a good girl, but she's too fancy about her work to be thorough. If she thinks she's going to come here to live and put all her jim-cracks and brickerbacks into my elegant parlor, she's mistaken."

Thus concluding, Mrs. Peters made another onslaught upon the dough with a vigor that would have put to shame any football team in the country.

Meantime her son Dan was sitting before the fireplace of the Martins' living room (they had no parlor) placing his hand and heart at Myra's disposal. Myra loved Dan deeply, but she was a wise young woman, and she felt that when the glamour of the honeymoon was over, the starting white walls and bareness of the Peters' house would not be home to her. She could live with Dan in any home, no matter how humble, alone, but his mother! Well, Mrs. Peters always seemed to Myra to be a good match for her whitewashed walls. So Myra said Dan nay, and he was white and hurt. He divined the reason for her refusal, and he frankly told her so.

"I know you don't like mother and her ways, but you've never seen the best side of her. The farm is mine, but father knew I'd always let mother live there. She wouldn't be happy anywhere else, and I couldn't leave her there alone."

Myra could not but admire such dutifulness. "You are just right in the matter, Dan, but—well, I simply can't! We will be friends just the same, though, Dan."

"No! We can't—I can't!" he said curtly, and then he went away, grieved and resentful, leaving Myra remorseful and wistful.

His mother needed only one glance at his face.

"Have you and Myra quarreled?"

"No," he replied slowly. "I asked her to be my wife, and she refused."



"WILL YOU FIX UP OUR SITTING ROOM?"

There's that matter down at Fenton to be looked after. I am going there now. It will take a few days to settle it."

His mother knew him too well to ask questions or to make comment on the first subject, so she began talking in a matter of fact way about the business at Fenton while she packed his valise. When he had gone she fell to speculating on the reason of Myra's refusal. Dan was strong and handsome and generally acknowledged to be the best catch for miles around. Myra cared for him too. She had seen it in the girl's eye when they were in church together.

"Myra me," she thought conclusively. "Myra don't want me for a mother-in-law. I'm too plain, I suppose. But Dan loves me too much to let a wife part us."

Exultation at this knowledge made her pulse beat triumphantly, but she soon lost the sensation in her sympathy for Dan. The boy had always taken his troubles hard and in silence. This one had cut very deep. She could tell by the look in his face. She had always expected to be jealous of the girl he asked to marry him, but now she felt that she could go on her knees to beg Myra to marry him. Anything but to see that ache in his eyes.

The telephone interrupted her thoughts, and she received a summons to a sick neighbor who lived a mile away. It was dusk when she finished her ministrations, and cloudbursts of snow were swirling in the air. She had quite a fight to get home and was so exhausted that even Hannah's cup of tea failed to set her right. She passed a restless night. Her bones ached from exposure to the blizzard, and thoughts of Dan and Myra made her feverish and wakeful.

In the morning she sent for a doctor, and he told her she had the grip. "Hannah," she said to the help, "go over to Martin's and ask Myra to come and stay with me till I get well. Tell

her there'll be nothing for her to do, but that Dan's away, and I want some one to sit by me."

"My sakes!" thought Hannah, as she went down the road to Martin's. "She must be pretty sick to want company."

Myra came gladly, tumultuously eager to do something to atone. "I've not been sick in bed for years," said Mrs. Peters apologetically, "and I thought I'd go crazy lying here idle unless I had some one to talk to."

So Myra drew up her chair beside the bed and took out her work, a bright red shawl she was crocheting. She was a pretty, petite, dainty looking girl.

"Just the kind a big fellow like Dan would want to take up in his arms," thought his mother.

"My, how fast your fingers fly!" she said aloud. "Who's that shawl for?"

"I started it for mother, but I'm going to give it to you. You'll need something about your shoulders when you sit up. It's most done."

When the shawl was finished Myra put it about the sick woman and surveyed her approvingly.

"Red becomes you, Mrs. Peters."

Mrs. Peters looked pleased. "I used to wear it when I was young."

When the doctor came next day he pronounced his patient progressing and said she could go out in the sitting room in a couple of days and lie on a sofa.

"There isn't a sofa in the house any one could lie on," declared Mrs. Peters after he had gone. "I never take naps."

"Why, what does Dan do?" asked Myra wonderingly, recalling his fondness for divans.

It was the first time Dan's name had been mentioned. Mrs. Peters looked at her keenly, and the warm color waved to Myra's face.

"Dan won't be coming to your house any more," ventured his mother.

"Oh, did he tell you?"

"Not until I guessed. I tell you what I wish you'd do for him, Myra. He'll miss the cozy corners and things you have at your house. He has told me about them, and I'd like to have one room for him here in his house as he likes it only I don't know how. Will you fix up your sitting room just as you would if it were your own room? You can buy anything you want and charge it to me. Do it for Dan."

"Will it do for you, Mrs. Peters, said Myra warmly. "Hannah and Peter and I will go to work this minute, and I'll be all ready when you are moved out there."

When Mrs. Peters, with the red shawl relieving her black wrapper, walked with Myra's and Hannah's help into the sitting room, she gave a little exclamation of surprise and admiration. The staring walls had been covered with a dark red paper and hung with a few good pictures. A big, comfortable divan covered with dark red and piled up with pillows filled one stiff corner. A red spread covered the marble top table, and the lamp was adorned with a red shade. Two easy chairs and a couple of rockers were drawn up in companionable proximity. A little magazine table held a few of the recent publications.

"It may brighten Dan up and comfort him!" said Mrs. Peters as she lay down on the comfortable couch.

"Myra, come here," she said resolutely.

The girl came and sat down on the edge of the divan.

"You and Dan can fix the whole house and place anyway you like—except the parlor and my bedroom. I'd like them the old way."

Myra blushed and looked embarrassed.

"I know, Myra, our ways are very different, but—we both love him, so we ought to get along together."

Myra's impulsive arms went about the woman's neck.

"Oh, I love you too, now!" she cried. Then they both intuitively looked up. Dan was crossing the room. Myra fled to the kitchen, where he followed her after he had kissed his mother and had been assured of her recovery.

"Your mother was sick, and I came to stay with her while you were away," said Myra without looking at Dan as he came up to her.

Her eyes remained downcast when he put his arm about her.

"And now, will you stay—always, Myra?"

Then her eyes met his bravely. "Yes, Dan."

A Violin Town.

There is a little town named Markneukirchen, in Saxony, where nearly every inhabitant is engaged in the manufacture of violins. The industry gives employment to nearly 15,000 people, who live in Markneukirchen and the surrounding villages. The fiddle is usually made of maple wood and consists of about sixty pieces, each one of which is cut, smoothed and measured, so that everything is exact with the model. The old men make the ebony fingerboards, screws and string holders and the younger ones, with strong, steady hands and clear eyes, put the pieces together, which is the most difficult performance of any. The women attain marvelous skill in polishing the violin after it is fitted up, and almost every family has its own peculiar method of polishing, which is handed down from mother to daughter, some excelling in a deep wine color, others in citron or orange color. The more expensive violins are polished from twenty to thirty times before they are considered perfect and ready for use.

Homer's Seven Cities.

It has been said that "seven cities claimed Homer dead, who while living had no place to lay his head," or words to that effect—that is to say, Homer's fame became such after his death that seven cities contended for the honor of having been the place of his birth. Do you know the name of those seven cities? They are Chios, Athens, Rhodes, Colophon, Argos, Smyrna and Salamis.

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