ALL DUE TO MALNUTRITION

Various Diseases of Infancy and Childhood That Can Be Traced to Undernourishment.

Practically all varieties of malnutrition occurring during infancy and early childhood tend to terminate in rickets, a disease characterized by softening of the bones and consequent deformity. The essential feature of rickets, says Dr. E. Pritchard in the British Medical Journal, is the want of calcification or mineralization of developing bone, and this, in its turn, is due to the existence of requirements for calcium, which for the time being are more urgent than those of developing bone. These urgent requirements are the necessity for neutralizing acid bodies in the blood; in other words, to neutralize or compensate an existing acidosis. Doctor Pritchard argues that all chronic conditions of malnutrition, of whatever kind or from whatsoever cause arising, finally terminate in an acidosis—all of which means that children who do not get proper nourishment are in a fair way to become deformed.

What Hath He Done?

A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and idle is all fear of remaining unknown. . . . "What hath he done?" is the divine question which searches men and transpierces every false reputation. A fop may sit in any chair in the world nor be distinguished for his hour from Homer and Washington; but there can never be any doubt concerning the respective ability of human beings when we seek the truth. Pretension may sit still, but cannot act. Pretension never wrote an Iliad, nor drove back Xerxes, nor christened the world, nor abolished slavery. . . . Never a sincere word was utterly lost. Never a magnanimity fell to the ground. Always the hearts of men greet and accept it unexpectedly. A man passes for what he is worth.—Emerson.

ANCIENT MARVEL OF EGYPT

Labyrinth Constructed Some 3,500 Years Ago Was a Structure of Colossal Size.

King Minos, with his labyrinth on the island of Crete, is generally supposed to have been the originator of the maze idea; but Egypt has a labyrinth, too, and Egypt manages to hold the record for antiquity in almost everything, labyrinths included.

This Egyptian labyrinth is 3,500 years old. It is merely a chaotic mass of rocks piled up in the desert a few miles out of Medinet. The outlines of the walls merge dimly here and there from the ruins, and from these outlines, and the carvings on the stones, Egyptologists deduce that the labyrinth was built by a certain King Labarys, who was more popularly known as Amenemhat III.

The structure was 500 by 600 feet. It contained 3,000 rooms, half above ground, half below. Remember that the largest hotel in our present day world boasts about that number of rooms on a dozen floors and covers a city square, and some idea of the size of the two-story labyrinth can be gained.

Nobody has figured out yet why King Amenemhat built this enormous palace or tomb. In the lower story, history says, the sacred crocodiles and kings were buried, while the upper floor was, a few centuries after King Amenemhat's time, used as a seat of government.

The labyrinth was a wonderful place, one of the most wonderful in Egypt, if our ideas of it are correct, and its greatness was its downfall. The citizens of a near-by town, who worshiped the ichneumon, resented the sacred crocodiles of the labyrinth. And so they made an attack upon one of King Amenemhat's successors and reduced the largest structure in Egypt to a ruin.

THE WINDOW LADY

By JOSEPHINE S. BROOKS.

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It was a room on the side of the house, close up to the next building. It was always quite dark, even in daylight.

Laura Cocroft leaned her head upon her hand.

She had little time to make new friends. She had little money with which to enjoy herself. When she walked in the park she actually looked longingly at the kiddies riding in the swan boats; a thing she had never done, small as it seemed, and childish the pastime. It was always save, save.

It was growing very dusky in the little room. After a meager supper the girl pulled down the shade at the window and began sorting her work by a feeble flickering gas light. It was eleven o'clock before she finished—tired and discouraged; with eyes heavy and head weary.

It might have comforted her a little had she known of the many furtive glances her window neighbor, Al Murdock, had cast across the opening at her lowered curtain. He had caught a view of her at work, silhouetted on the curtain.

"Poor girl! She doesn't seem to have many good times. Then that old jail of a room must be fearfully dingy," he reflected, turning away from his watch tower.

The girl, all unconscious of a sympathy that would have warmed her heart, worked on.

"It's a holiday tomorrow," she mused, relief lighting up a little the pretty eyes. "There'll be no alarm to waken me, that's one comfort. Guess, after breakfast and my work, I'll take my book and lunch and spend the day in the park. I'll watch the kiddies and envy them."

Now it happened that just at this time Al Murdock was at peace with all the world, and at the same time filled with sudden philanthropy from the fact of a raise in his salary.

"I'll stroll over to the park tomorrow and take some of the poor kiddies for a sail in the swan boats," he declared.

Later his energetic tread sounded sharply on the broad stone pathway across the Common.

"I'll be a kid just for today. Wonder what the fellows would say to see me? Whew! if there isn't my Lady of the Window. She's telling stories to those little children. They can't be her scholars. I'll speak to her."

Al slyly kicked a stone from the path. The girl looked up with recognition in her glance.

"They aren't your pupils, Lady of the Window?" questioned the young man.

"No, oh, no; I pitied them—their longing looks toward the boats. A congenial feeling prompted me," she smiled.

"I say, that's too bad," pitied Al.

"Lady, there is a swan boat returning. Will you and your retinue favor me by accompanying me on a sail?"

Al bowed low, his face one broad smile.

"My, yes!" they all chimed.

The little girl piped up:

"The lady will be our princess and you'll be the prince. Us four 'll be fairies; then we'll play it's a truly fairy boat."

He stowed the children on the rear seat retaining Laura for himself.

With many "ohs" from the little ones they circled the pond and little islands of sand and shrubs.

Al felt repaid by the warm glow at his heart. He escorted Laura to her very door.

"We'll repeat the good time some day. Shall we?" he questioned.

"You are most kind to a lone girl. Yes, I shall dearly love to go," she replied candidly.

It proved but the beginning of better times for the girl. Even the drudgery of night work was lightened by a vision of merry eyes gleaming across her papers.

Instead of glances across the opening there were talks and smiles on the inside of Laura's room. Al even helped her with her papers.

One night Laura's house of cards fell—her pleasant dream was over for as she raised her curtain she saw shadowed on the opposite window two forms embracing each other and actually kissing! A stylish girl at that.

She lowered the curtain and dropped into a chair.

She sat there a while then went sadly to bed.

"I've had my salary raised again, dear Lady of the Window," confided Al, one evening long after. They were such close friends now.

"I saw the dearest bungalow today. It was inviting a young couple's presence. Can you imagine for whom it is waiting?"

"There isn't a dark room in it. I asked them to hold it until tomorrow. Shall I engage it?"

"For—for you and the other Lady of Your Window?" she trembled. "I—I think it would be best—rooms are so scarce, you know, especially sunny ones."

"There's no other Lady of the Window but you—there never will be, dear," assured the young man.

"But—once I saw the shadow of—of you and another girl, and you—you—" she faltered and stopped.

The young man burst into a laugh of relief. "Why, that's my sister—I hadn't seen her since she was married and left us.

"Shall I hold the bungalow for us?"

Laura, with shining eyes, nodded assent.

PEANUT

By RUTH WOLF.

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She was a little bit of a thing, not more than four feet ten in height, and she had been adopted as the office mascot from the day of her arrival. She was a capable worker, however, and very soon made herself respected for her "gray matter" among the large staff of clerks in the big office of Wheeler & Co., architects.

A too-familiar office boy had smilingly saluted her as "Babe" on her second morning in the office, but her freezingly disdainful reply had put an end to that immediately. However, after she had been there some time, it was discovered that she had a great fondness for peanuts—"Peanut," she therefore became to the entire office, and Peanut she remained to the end of the chapter.

It was a rainy, slushy morning and Peanut, almost late, made a vain effort to put her umbrella on top of her locker to dry.

"Guess you need some help, child," said a cheery masculine voice behind her, and Peanut startled by unexpected sound, wheeled around sharply. The old locker, at best none too steady, lurched forward and crashed to the floor.

With a warning cry, the man leaped forward, and with one arm shooting out, sent Peanut sprawling and safely out of harm's way. Not so fortunate, her rescuer, however, for the heavy locker, as it fell, caught him before he could get out of the way, and sent him to the floor, his leg pinned fast.

"Oh, please, please lie still," she begged, "and I'll try to get you out," and in spite of his pain the young man's eyes twinkled—for the locker was like a mountain beside the girl.

"Guess you'll never move that thing," he said; "but I'll be quiet, and you run downstairs and get some one up here to help." And Peanut rushed away.

It proved to be nothing worse than a wrenched ankle that resulted from the accident. It was a very subdued Peanut who clicked at her typewriter keys all that morning, and although the news of the accident had spread like wildfire all over the office, no one as yet had been able to learn the name of the hero.

"It was no one I had ever seen around here before," confided Peanut to the other girls in her section, "but I'm going into Mr. Wheeler's room at noon to inquire about him. I feel that it's my duty."

So she rapped timidly at her employer's office door, and in response to a low-voiced "Come in," Peanut entered.

She stopped short in amazement at the sight which met her eyes. There sat her rescuer of the morning, comfortably leaning back in a big office chair, smoking a cigar—his bandaged foot resting on a low stool. Opposite him sat Mr. Wheeler (regarded as a most stern and unapproachable man by all the office force) just as comfortably seated, and smoking just as contentedly. Peanut gazed from one to the other, her confusion growing greater every moment, and sending a most becoming flush into her cheeks.

"I—er—I came," she stammered.

"And I am very glad you did—" finished the younger of the two men, smiling. "Now, dad, you can properly introduce me to this young lady, whom I handled somewhat roughly this morning."

"Ahem, this is Miss Marjorie Pierce, Ted, one of our most capable clerks. Miss Pierce, this young man is my son, who thought to surprise me with a visit today—and succeeded admirably."

"Oh, Mr. Wheeler, I am so sorry!" exclaimed the girl earnestly; "it really was all my fault, and it's too bad that your son should have to suffer for my stupidity."

"Why, dad," said Ted, "I gave poor Miss Pierce such a push it nearly landed her in the middle of next week."

"Yes, true enough," answered his father, with a twinkle in his usually keen, gray eyes. "I believe I've heard the name 'Peanut' in connection with Miss Pierce." And Ted Wheeler's eyes began to dance.

"Oh, Mr. Wheeler—that's just a nickname the girls gave me—I never dreamed that you knew about it."

"Well, Junior, I'm going downstairs to get the machine and take you home," said Wheeler, senior. "I'll leave Miss Pierce here to help you get ready—and I'll be back shortly." And he left them.

"If you'll tell me where your hat and coat are, I'll get them for you, Mr. Wheeler," and the young man pointed to a closet in the corner of the office. Marjorie brought them and silently helped the junior Wheeler into his ulster. He moved obediently as she directed, so that she could button it as he sat in the chair.

"You'd make a capital nurse, Miss Pierce," he commented.

"Oh, but Mr. Wheeler, please let me do something for you while you are at home. Can't I get you something to help you pass the time, so you won't feel lonely?"

"Why, yes—come to think of it, I guess you can. I'll speak to dad when he comes up, and ask him to lend you to me for the next couple of days."

"Me! Why, what can I do for you at home—I didn't mean—why, what can you possibly want of me?"

"Well," said the young man, "I have always been very fond of peanuts—and I foresee that I'm going to like them better than ever."

And before the meaning in his eyes, Marjorie fled to the outer office.

CENTER OF MUCH HISTORY

Palace of Versailles Has Figured in Events Which Affected Whole Civilized World.

The palace at Versailles ranks among the world's historic centers where nations made history. There Great Britain first recognized the independence of the United States. The French Revolution was given birth when the Third Estate formed a national assembly there. William I was crowned German emperor at Versailles while Paris was being besieged, and representatives of the civilized world made peace at this eminent palace with the "Madman of Europe."

Versailles became historically great by mere chance. Having first served as a hunting chateau for Louis XIII, it attracted the next Louis, who planned his residence on so large a scale that the construction of an aqueduct engaged 30,000 men for many years. It later vibrated with the echoes of human dramas, involving the disaster of Louis XIV and Marie Antoinette. The unhappy Valliere, the vainglorious Montespan, and the austere Maintenon successively loved, infatuated and exploited Louis at Versailles. The brilliant Pompadour and the seductive du Barry shone among the mistresses at the palace, while some 10,000 drunken women from Paris broke through the gates and sent Louis fleeing to the Tuileries.

The "Gallery of Mirrors" reflects a great many interesting scenes connected with the story of Versailles among them being one which shows Louis making pancakes for his mistress' breakfast, the most arduous exercise of the man who proclaimed himself "the state."

Important in Daily Use.

Affability, mildness, tenderness and a word which I would fain bring back to its original significance of virtue—I mean good nature—are of daily use; they are the bread of mankind and staff of life.—Dryden.