Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by JEAN NEWTON

"WE DON'T WANT THEM TO BE LIKE US"

"WHAT do we want our children to be? We know we don't want them like ourselves—"

What rare, enlightened parent said that? No, Optimist, it was not a parent. It was a well-known educator, Miss Helen Parkhurst, founder of the Dalton School in New York, who has carried her unique system of progressive education all over the world.

"We don't want them like ourselves—" Many a parent has reason enough, if he or she stopped seriously to take inventory, to say that. And, yet, if there is one who has even questioned the desirability of having his children like himself, a modern Diogenes with a lantern might be of service in finding him.

Far more familiar is the parent who would regard as an injustice and a misfortune that a child of his should not be like him. Indeed, people who are modest about anything else are grotesquely oblivious to the conceit that is implied in that viewpoint. And parents who in other matters are thoughtful of their children's good are blind to the truth when it comes to the desirability of making those children second editions of themselves. I heard a woman complain bitterly that her daughter did not have "my nature," although for forty years that nature had struck a note of discord with the rest of the world. Another chapter of the same story is written in mournful accents by the legion of square pegs forced into round holes by parents who believed that their children's medium for self-expression must be the same as their own.

Parents make tremendous sacrifices for the welfare of their children. They must wish for them a harmony within themselves that is as near as is humanly possible to perfection. How paradoxical, then, for them to want the children to be like themselves. For by the time we are old enough to become parents we have—all of us—forfeited our own hopes for perfection. In the child—still near to God—we have a second chance.

A woman of charm and high attainments said, "We do not want them like ourselves—" and many listeners smiled. But that is the humility before the child and his vast possibilities that is characteristic of those worthy of the trust. When parents are big enough to feel that humility in their great responsibility, there will be more promise for the child, in whom lies our hope for the future.

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MADONNA

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This famous picture of the Madonna and Child commemorating the first Christmas was painted by Antonello da Messina, one of the great Italian artists of the early Renaissance.

Bedtime Story

by Thornton W. Burgess

BILLY MINK HUNTS IN VAIN

IN VAIN Billy Mink searched for rats in the big barn. The smell of them was everywhere, but the rats themselves had disappeared completely. Time after time, following a trail, Billy was led to the opening out of doors under the barn. It was clear that all the rats had left the big barn and that all had gone out the same way.

"They've moved off somewhere," thought Billy. "I frightened them so that they didn't dare stay here any longer. All have gone, young, old, big, little, and middle-sized. There is no fun left for me here in the big barn. I think I'll follow them. Where they can go, I can go. They are a gang of robbers. They are ugly, dirty, and of no account whatever. In fact, they're worse than that. They have so many babies at a time and have them so often that there is danger that they will drive their honest neighbors off the earth. Yes, I think I'll follow them."

Billy cautiously poked his head through the opening that led out of doors. Then he blinked with surprise. Outside everything was spotlessly white. It was snowing. It had been snowing for some time. Not a footprint of a single rat was to be seen. Moreover, there was no scent for Billy to follow by means of his wonderful nose. The snow had covered their trail. Billy could only lick his lips and wonder in which direction those rats had gone.

"If I knew more about this part of the country I would know better where to look for those rats," muttered Billy. "As it is, I haven't been here long enough to know about anything but this barn, the henhouse, and the big woodpile between the two. I wonder if they can have moved over to that woodpile or to the henhouse. The woodpile would give them hiding places, but they wouldn't find anything to eat there.

"If they have gone to the henhouse they can hide underneath it, and for food they can steal eggs and kill a hen. I've known rats to do just those things. I've known them to kill chickens and then have the owner of the chickens blame me or Jimmy Skunk for it. I hate rats. Everybody else does. I know most everybody and I don't know a single person who has a good word to say for Robber the Rat and his gang. I think I'll run over to the henhouse to see if they are there."

So Billy Mink went first to the big woodpile and from there to the henhouse, but not so much as the smell of a rat did he find in either place.

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Meaning of P. A. C. S.

The letters P. A. C. S. when used after the names of persons who served in the Civil war stand for Provisional Army, Confederate States.

Keeping Up With Science

By Science Service

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"Fingerprints" of Metals Used to Forecast Failure

X-Ray Test Will Show the "Laue Pattern"

Cleveland, Ohio.—How science is studying the X-ray "fingerprints" of metals in the hope of being able to forecast the failure of airplane propellers and other metal structures was described at a meeting of the American Society of Metals here by Dr. Charles S. Barrett of the department of metallurgy of Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Within some limits, explained Dr. Barrett, it is now possible to examine by X-rays a piece of metal suspected of fatigue and possible impending failure, and obtain some idea of the internal damage which has already occurred in it.

How the Test Works.

A specimen piece of metal from an airplane propeller (for example) is placed in front of an X-ray tube and the piercing X-radiation passed through it. The little metal crystals bend the X-rays into a design named the Laue pattern after their famous European discoverer. The pattern, characteristic for each metal, looks like rings of tiny spots arranged in circles with somewhat the appearance of tree rings.

Fresh new metal, which has never been stressed in actual use, shows one kind of Laue X-ray pattern and a similar piece of the metal, except that it has been in use, will show a slightly different pattern.

This change in the X-ray "fingerprints" of metals with age is quite different from what happens to human fingerprints. From infancy to old age the pattern of fingerprints remains unchanged and this is the basis of their use in identification and police work.

Comparison Is Necessary.

Where it is possible to have test samples of metal in the laboratory and have on record an X-ray pattern for varying lengths of metal life and fatigue, the state of another piece of metal can roughly be compared, said Dr. Barrett.

In theory at least, if a piece of metal broke after 2,000,000 flexings with a load of 29,000 pounds to the square inch, and showed a characteristic pattern, it would be possible to tell roughly how near another piece of similar metal—used in an airplane propeller—might be to fracture and failure.

Porous Tiles Made With Gas-Forming Substance

Zurich, Switzerland.—A new type of porous construction block or tile is going into production here. It is made by a method like that used for cement, except that gas-forming substances are added to the water.

An important feature of the process is that the specific gravity of the resulting material and the size of the cells can be regulated at will through the quantity of the gas-forming material. Thus it is possible to make extremely light building tiles having a specific gravity only half that of dry wood.

The New Year's Dance

by Martha B. Thomas

"WINTER," said Dora gayly, "is very becoming to your good looks." The man beside her looked down with pleased amusement. They were skiing, these two, over snowy surfaces, and the man with his bright wide woolen sash and knitted cap to match, made a striking figure on the snow.

"This was a grand idea skiing to the New Year's party," cried Paul. "Otherwise we would not have made it."

"Andy thinks we're crazy. Says we're sure to get stuck, and maybe freeze to death on the way. He's so optimistic." Dora laughed.

"He would! Never saw such a darned cautious guy as Andy. He'll never get anywhere or do anything or have any fun.

"He is pretty solemn at times," admitted Dora a little soberly.

They went on, easily, lightly; curved slopes slid under them; dark leafless trees slipped by. "A New Year's dance does not grow on every bush," remarked Paul. "Better take them in our stride."

"I Thought You Might Have Trouble So I Trailed You."

The girl's cheeks glowed. Her fair hair tucked under her cap flew out behind in small ringlets.

"It takes a little imagination, sometimes," said Paul, "to think out ways of doing things. Andy is good, solid dependable stuff, but slightly," he smiled, "dull."

"I like him, though," said Dora stoutly, "and it usually happens he's right . . . worse luck!"

"Not sorry you came with me?"

"Heavens, no!"

They went on and on and on. Roads were blocked. No cars could get through. A horse team would take one day and part of another. Skiing across country was the only solution of reaching Dorset and the dance.

"You'll have trouble," Andy predicted, "mark my words." And it looked as if his prophecy were about to come true as they attempted the next hill. The wind grew colder. Dora was not as rested as she hoped she might be; not as quick or sure of balance. She struck a snag, tripped and fell . . . not merely in the snow, but down and down into a surprise gully. A sharp pain shot up from one ankle to knee, and a cold and dreadful faintness crept over her. "Andy" she whispered involuntarily, as one speaks of a safe harbor in time of storm.

Paul came after her. Somehow his picturesque good looks did not count for much now, though he tried valiantly to help her. "I've twisted my ankle, I'm afraid," gasped Dora. "What shall we do? Can you put your imagination to work?" she added.

Just then, cold, truly fearful for what lay ahead, they heard a dim halloo in the distance. They waited and soon Andy's bulky and solid figure stood above the gully. He plunged down quickly and gave not a word of rebuke save "thought you might have trouble, so I trailed you."

It was Andy who took Dora back to her home. He carried her all the way, first over one shoulder, then another. Paul feeling uncomfortable said he guessed he'd go on to the dance. "Happy New Year" was all Andy said.

An arduous, silent and painful experience. Dora could hear the breathing of the man who so bravely bore her over the weary miles.

"Why don't you scold me?" she demanded.

She could not see his face, but she felt him smiling.

At last Andrew deposited her on her own couch in her own home and telephoned for the doctor. The last bandage was patted into place on her plaster cast as midnight struck. "You know, Andy," remarked Dora slowly, "I'd honestly rather be here with you and a broken ankle, than at the New Year's dance at Dorset."

Big, solid, unpicturesque Andy stooped over and kissed her.

"Happy New Year, dear! I'm afraid it will be a long time till you dance again."

"And Paul's colorful ideas aren't so much . . . after all. He looks well on a winter landscape. And you look well in a rescue act. I think I prefer the latter."

"Which," grinned Andy, "is just as it should be."

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A Christmas Crime Wave

© Yale University Press

The early Puritans had plenty of trouble with Christmas roisterers who persisted in celebrating the holiday. The picture is of Elder Bradford checking the Christmas crime wave with some iron-clad words. It was not until 1858 that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts got around to making Christmas a legal holiday.

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