

TIDES of YOUTH

By the Author of "Pencarrow"
By NELLE M. SCANLAN

SYNOPSIS.

Kelly Pencarrow is heartbroken when his Uncle Michael offers Gentry, his daughter's husband, a share in the Duffield farm. Kelly feels Gentry will not appreciate the gesture.

It was something almost sacred and apart. He loved every ridge of the hills, every curve of the valleys, every sweep of the pasture, and the beauty he had brought about with his own hands; the trees he had planted, the gardens he had made; the experiments he was trying, and the improvements he was accomplishing. Gentry didn't care. Often he had laughed at the passionate enthusiasm with which Kelly had worked. But Gentry was an English cadet then, and didn't understand. Now he was part owner . . . and didn't care.

For these reasons Kelly could not return to Duffield, nor could he work on the Home Farm. He had tried to make them see, but they would not.

"It's not the money, Grannie. I'm not jealous of Gentry, as Father said."

"I know, my dear. You have a lot of your grandfather, John Kelly, in you, but you have enough of me to make me understand."

"It was my fault, upsetting you last night. I'm terribly sorry, Grannie."

"The old heart is a little tired, my boy. But it is not the first shock it has had, and it won't be the last, so don't blame yourself for that."

"But I do."

"Tell me, what will you do now? You have quarrelled with your father again."

"Yes, I'm sorry, Grannie, but I couldn't help it. He will never see my point of view. He talks to me as if I were a criminal he was prosecuting!"

"Don't say that, Kelly."

"He does, really, Grannie. I don't think he likes me much. He's ambitious for me, I know, for the Pencarrow firm, but not for me as I am. He resents me because I want to go my own way."

"Some day, Kelly, you may marry and have sons of your own. Remember it then. Don't try to force them too hard. But you will; you will. If you owned Duffield, and your son wanted to be a doctor, shall we say?—and sell the farm, what would you say then? What would come of all your planning and contriving?"

Kelly was silent. He knew she was right, and yet he could not surrender.

"Tell me, what are you going to do now?"

"I'll get on some up-country place, and later I may be able to pick up a bit of new country cheap, and clear it. Father says he'll never give me a penny. But I don't care."

Bessie Pencarrow saw the stinging tears held back. He was stubborn. Of all this turbulent brood of grandchildren, Kelly was dearest to her. He was laying the foundations of a stormy life, but no words or entreaties could save him.

Kelly thought of it all now as he rode through the short afternoon, dreading to see her once again before she died.

He was obliged to spend the night at the railway hotel in order to catch the train next morning. Tomorrow would be the first of October, the heart of spring in New Zealand's calendar, where June brings rain, not roses, and Christmas treads on the heels of the longest day.

CHAPTER TWO

Kelly the Stubborn.
Gentry met Kelly at Wellington station.
There was a frank fearlessness

about Genevieve that was almost boyish. She was tall, like her father, moving with an athletic grace, but her interest, to the despair of her mother, were not domestic. She drove and rode well, but she sewed with a "homeward bound" stitch, as sailors say; there was neither neatness nor permanence about it. She had a quick wit and a sharp tongue, and was hard to beat in an argument. Sir Miles Pencarrow had learnt that his daughter Genevieve was the only member of the family who dared to contradict him.

Defiance he called it. The amusing, kindly, devoted father of their early childhood had become, after Jack was drowned, a brooding, disappointed temperamental man, with a grudge against fate. True he was wealthy, and retained his place at the head of the Bar; was knighted for his services to the Government, and had a devoted wife and six healthy children. What more could a man ask? Yet he had a sense of failure.

Kelly had stubbornly refused to take his elder brother's place and carry on the old firm of Kelly and Pencarrow. Then Mary, his eldest daughter, took her pretty face into convent instead of making the brilliant marriage he had hoped for her. That accounted for the eldest three. Then young Pat flashed into the limelight.

As one of the younger he had been merely a cipher. He fed and fought and took the bluffs and bangs of his elders in the rough and tumble of that infantile democracy, the nursery.

Patrick Aloysius Pencarrow was the youngest of the main brood, a gap of several years dividing him from the last child, Peter, Margaret, who was his immediate senior, was a soft, pliant child, and the one who would conform to her father's demands. But for her he had no special ambition.

"No brains, but a nice disposition," was Kelly's verdict on her in later years.

She lacked the vital qualities which Pat demanded. Genevieve, who was eighteen months older than Margaret had allied herself with Kelly, whom she adored.

Pat was driven to seek adventure in books. He feasted on books of adventure, and revelled in thrills of the sea, which woke a wild longing to share in these dare devil doings before the mast. He would sit deep in a tale of storm and wreck, of coral islands and strange, fascinating ports, without thought of time or place. He was transported hither and thither by the wild rush of words, which built new and enthralling worlds for him. He could almost smell the very spice of Eastern cargoes, and his flesh would creep with the curl of the lash.

Into this little world apart came crashing one day his father's chance statement, which he overheard in the curtained corner where he read. It sank deep into his childish mind.

"Kelly will do what I tell him, or I shall know the reason why. I'll not be thwarted by my children. I have worked and planned for them, and I know what is for their good."

"But Miles, dear, Kelly has set his heart on being a farmer with Michael at Duffield." It was his mother's voice pleading.

"I say he is to come into the office and take his place in the firm. And don't you encourage him in his foolish ideas."

"He can be very stubborn, Miles. And he loves Duffield; and, remember, Michael has no son."

"I know, I know all that," his father's voice had been impatient. "Pat will go to Duffield with Michael. I planned that long ago."

"I don't think Pat wants to be a farmer," Norah, his mother, had ventured timidly.

"Must I consult every whim of these children, and be dictated to by them? I say Pat is to go to Duffield, and that settles the matter."

The small boy, reading his "Treasure Island," was stunned by this unexpected blow. They were going to send him to Duffield and make a farmer of him, and he didn't want to go. He wouldn't go.

It was after Kelly had defied his father, and taken the consequences, that Pat, in the secrecy of his heart, made his decision.

Kelly's revolt had caused open conflict in the house, but he had succeeded. Pat knew he had not Kelly's resistance to persuasion and entreaty. He took no one into his confidence. But after a specially unpleasant scene at home, when his father was more vehement than ever in his determination to bend his children to his will, Pat, with the glamor of romance lurking in him, packed his little bag and stole out one evening. He had made his plans cautiously. One of the Colonial clippers, belonging to the Circular Saw Line, which took timber from New Zealand to Sydney, was in Wellington. Her usual ports were Auckland and the Bay of Islands. When she sailed at dawn Pat Pencarrow was on board. He had run away to sea.

(To Be Continued.)

Now that she has learned how easy it is to drop cigarette ashes, many a wife has decided her husband may be was right in saying they are good for the rug and keep the moths out. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

"SALADA"

Distinctive Quality TEA Fresh from the Gardens

Gems From Life's Scrap Book

"The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough."—Carlyle.

"The very circumstance, which your suffering sense deems wrathful and afflictive, Love can make an angel entertained unawares."—Mary Baker Eddy.

"With every anguish of our earthly part the spirit's sight grows clearer."—Lowell.

"Fairer and more fruitful in spring the vine becomes from the skillful pruning of the husbandman."—Mestastasio.

"Let me be pruned, that I may grow."—Bishop Hall.

"Whatever purifies, sanctifies, and consecrates human life, is not an enemy, however much we suffer in the processes."—Mary Baker Eddy.

Who Rules U.S.?

The regular daily and nightly homicides, the regular stick-ups and hold-ups, the regular gang shootings and other crimes of violence continue at their regular rate. They are too familiar to be considered news. So, we ask, in all good faith, who runs this country? We don't see how the decent people can claim to run it. We don't ever see how the city and state and national governments can claim to run it. If the people or the government did run it, do you think for a minute that a few thousand criminals could terrorize with impunity "the richest and most powerful nation on earth?" —New York Journal.

Market for Rayon

While production of rayon in Czechoslovakia has notably increased, it is still insufficient to supply domestic demand, according to a report from Mr. Sam E. Woode, commercial attaché at Prague, made to the United States Department of Commerce. Because of fashion changes, an enormous increase in rayon consumption occurred in 1933, amounting to 5,500,000 kilograms, as compared with only 4,000,000 kilograms in the preceding year.

Three rayon factories were operating during 1933, although one of these was forced to suspend operations toward the close of the year. The total output of these plants amounted to 3,200,000 kilograms of viscose rayon.

And He Won!

Consider the recent campaign in the incomparable state of Kansas. One candidate for the state legislature boasted of his honorable discharge from a local madhouse. In every stump speech, he waved the documents triumphantly. "I have papers here to prove I'm not crazy," he would cry. "Can my opponent say the same?" P.S.—He got the job.—The New Yorker.

Thief Carries Off 200-Pound Safe

JOHNSTOWN, Pa. — Chas. Perando, 37, is serving two to four years for Johnstown's most ambitious robbery. A 200 pound safe, containing \$1,000, was carried from a store, pried open and then submerged in a creek.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS
Relieved!
In hot weather, stomach disorders and indigestion occur more frequently. Also children may play too hard. Mrs. Mary Mason, 53 Atlantic St., Halifax, N.S., says: "When the children are overtired and restless in warm weather I give them Baby's Own Tablets before retiring and in the morning they are happy, contented children." Safe even for the tiniest baby, these sweet little tablets effectively relieve colic, summer complaint, simple fever and all minor disorders. Price 25c package. 21c Dr. Williams' **BABY'S OWN TABLETS**

EXPERT DENIES FEMALE IS MORE DEADLY THAN MALE

Director of New York Zoological Park Says Male of the Species is More Powerful Than It's Mate

New York.—Kipling was all wrong in the opinion of Dr. W. Reid Blair, when he observed that the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Dr. Blair is in a position to know a lot about animals, both sexes. He is director of the New York Zoological Park—Bronx Zoo to the nature-loving, bear-feeding and lawn-littering public.

The male of the species, Dr. Blair declared today, is more dangerous, more powerful and more courageous than its mate.

"Among the higher forms of animal life," he said, "the males are larger, fiercer and better equipped with defensive and offensive weapons."

"It has been my experience, handling all sorts of animals here at the zoo, that the males are much harder to handle, much more dangerous than the females."

The reason, he said, is that upon the males falls the burden of protecting and providing for the home.

He gave credit to the females for greater docility, gentleness and adaptability. He also thinks females exhibit more intelligence in captivity—if intelligence is regarded as the ability of a creature to meet new situations.

The females are less obstinate and

headstrong than their mates, he asserted.

In some high orders of the animal world, notably among the birds of prey, the female is larger than the male. Even then, Dr. Blair said, the male makes up for his deficiency in size by possessing more dash and courage.

So, in Dr. Blair's opinion, Kipling was merely taking advantage of his nice-sounding, but unscientific adage.

Its only basis in fact, he said, is that sometimes the females show a little more subtlety in its method of attack.

Dr. Blair mentioned that down in the basement of the animal world, among the lower and more primitive creatures such as insects and crustaceans, the female is usually larger and stronger than the male.

Frequently, she kills and devours him after all biological responsibilities have been met.

But going up the scale of life into the more advanced forms, the mammals for instance, including man, woman's place is in the home and hers is the subordinate domestic role.

Since this pattern of nature's seems contrary to the ideals of staunch feminists such as public office-holding, trans-Atlantic flying women,—Dr. Blair discreetly declined to do any theorizing or interpreting.

Models Flies

Woman is Responsible for Insect Replicas at London Museum

Down a long, narrow passage, made narrower by the procession of mammoth skulls stretching along it in dim perspective, past bays heaped night-marchily with antlered heads; and so, at last, up a ladder-like staircase to the west tower.

This is not the opening of a thriller; merely a summary of the devious ways behind the scenes at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, London, Eng., by which one woman comes into the presence of the woman who is responsible for those enormous wax models of flies and caterpillars and mosquitoes which, placed in the glass cases of the entrance hall, have served as an interest-quickening introduction to the Museum.

Titivating the Monster
See Miss Grace Edwards, in her tower-room, titivating a monstrous waxen malaria mosquito. At present it is not quite itself; its evil, greyish body hovers on its stand with only one wing; its head glares but fully, waving outraged antennae from a neighboring stand. But it is better met in this undressed state than in its finished glory, because now the intricacies of its construction are laid bare.

The stages of its evolution are many. First of all there it is life-size—and so small that you involuntarily crinkle up your eyes at it—in a little glass-covered box. Magnifying glasses and book-illustrations assist at the various enlarged drawings which must be rigidly accurate and to scale.

When these have been done the actual modelling can begin.

A plaster cast of the body having been made from a preliminary model, the wax is heated, correctly tinted, and then poured into this mould to cool and harden over central wires.

Authentic Sheen
When the body comes out of the mould the exact markings of the mosquito are painted on it, and since the mosquito is a hairy fellow, it is stuck with dozens of real hair bristles, or stiffened silk "hairs."

The wing-frames are then made of fine wire, bent and soldered into a beautiful tracery; on to this a gummed fine silk muslin, which is varnished and tinted with the authentic rose and green sheen of an insect's wing. A fine feathery edging has to be gummed all round the wings. There is then the wicked head to be moulded, proboscis and all, and the delicate antennae carefully poised.

Then the Monster is assembled and mounted, poised high on a stand, with wax models of its larvae and pupa beside it, and, behold, it is ready to make its bow to the public.

How long does all this take? At any rate several weeks; such works of art cannot be turned out to a factory time-schedule.

And that they are works of art, experts of all nations will testify, even the layman can judge how expert a modeller Miss Edwards is from a case in the Museum entrance-hall, showing a meal of ham and a roll with house-flies or it. The ham looks succulently real, the roll rather dry. A mouthful of wax would be your reward if you bit into either of them.

The aspiring art-student should weigh well the list of necessary qualifications before choosing this interesting, but exacting career. First, a painstaking accuracy of draughtsmanship in the preliminary sketches; next, an uncanny skill in modelling and, thirdly, a color-sense keen enough to cope with the indeterminate mingling shades of nature. That there are candidates who can pass this searching test is evident by the fact that, of late years, some of the provincial museums—notably Liverpool and Cardiff—have enlisted a woman modeller to make such wax models as they may require.

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The TRAYMORE
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A PAGE FROM MY DIARY by P.C.2

It's a mystery to me why some men can't take their foot off the accelerator once in a while. I suppose it's some kind of disease—"speeditis" I'd call it—and it takes a real shock of some sort to cure it. Like hiccoughs only it's a sight more serious. For instance—

Two days ago, about tea-time, a big car sailed past me this side of Jonesville. Had a clear road all right, but they were hopping to it—so I thought I'd check up, and maybe tell 'em to slow down a bit. That's how I came to be right there when the crash came, two minutes later.

Did that foolish driver slow down through the village? Not by a jugful. Just went right on as though the place

wasn't there. And right by the cross-roads in the middle of the village it happened.

Old man Higgins' big police dog ran out right in front. I heard the brakes go on then—the car almost lifted itself off the road—I heard a woman scream and the dog's last shriek—the car wobbled for a second as it went over the poor tyke, and then it struck the post in front of the store.

I was there almost on the second—and what a mess! Radiator and bumper smashed, fenders crushed—driver stunned and bleeding, his wife in hysterics. And a poor old dog dead in the road.

Why can't people slow down going through towns and villages? You tell me.

Well—I'll be seeing you.