

TIDES of YOUTH

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

Synopsis

The principal character in the story is Kelly Pencarrow. Kelly is the son of Sir Miles Pencarrow, a lawyer whose father and mother emigrated to New Zealand and brought up a family who are now the parents of the young people with whom the story is concerned.

Michael Pencarrow wished Kelly to be a lawyer and to enter his father's practice. Kelly insists on becoming a farmer. He joins an uncle, Michael Pencarrow, who owns a big farm called Duffield, which the Pencarrows made from waste land into a thriving farm.

His uncle has a daughter, Ella, who falls in love with an Englishman named Gentry. Ella's father (whose wife left him when Ella was a child) is anxious to keep his only daughter at home, and, therefore, he offers Gentry a half-share in the Duffield Farm. This infuriates Kelly Pencarrow. His pride in Duffield and the fact that the Pencarrows established it, will not allow him to work under this stranger. He quarrels with Gentry, assaults him and leaves Duffield to seek elsewhere. When the story opens, Kelly received a summons to the bedside of his dying grandmother, the mother of Sir Miles Pencarrow.

Arrived at the bedside, he is asked by his grandmother if he will apologise to Gentry and this give her, before she dies, the assurance that the family, which has been in a state of turmoil since his rebellion a hope of reconciliation.

Now read on.

CHAPTER III

Much as he loved Duffield and longed to go back, life could never be the same with Gentry there. Michael had given him a comparatively free hand, and had loved the boy for his passionate enthusiasm. Michael had longed for a son to carry on after him. When his wife left him, he knew it to be a vain hope. Then Kelly had come, and they had worked and planned together.

As Michael watched Kelly—Kelly, whom he had not seen for three years—his heart felt warm with the rush of affection for the boy and the old longing for companionship. Gentry was Ella's husband, an easy-going young man but lacking in vital qualities; the warmth and depth, the fiery temperament of Kelly.

Motionless, Kelly leant against the tree, numb with misery, and heedless of the cold. He knew he must face them all. He had seen his mother and Genevieve, but not his father; nor Michael. His father would resent this evasion, but he couldn't help it. Tomorrow, perhaps.

Michael guessed something of the conflict. He knew Kelly so well and understood this uncompromising attitude. Pity stirred him, and a great yearning to win back for Kelly and himself something of that old happy comradeship.

Impelled by this impulse, Michael crossed the garden, treading softly on the turned earth. Gently he laid a hand on Kelly's shoulder, but did not speak. The boy started as though suddenly awakened.

"Come in, Kelly, you're cold," he said. Kelly was frozen; his hands were numb. A sudden shiver shook the sturdy frame. In the intensity of his absorption he had not noticed the cold. It was not the chill of the frost, but some icy dread of the future that had gripped him.

For the moment their eyes met. Kelly did not disguise his gratitude to Michael for the little vibrating note that throbbed in his voice; that had colored the simple phrase.

"Come in, Kelly," it was as though he were asking him back into his heart, into his life. He couldn't go back because of Gentry, but he was glad that Michael still wanted him.

Michael's hand slid down his arm, and their two hands met and gripped in silence.

"They're all gone to bed. I was just getting a couple of logs for the fire."

Michael made it easy. They piled on the logs, and Michael mixed Kelly a hot whisky. He was white and chilled. For a while they sat beside the fire and smoked. No word was said. The bold-faced clock on the mantelpiece ticked loudly.

At a crisis, as when death throws into truer perspective the changing values of life, memory becomes acute and past events appear in sharper outline than the happenings of today.

Michael was haunted by memories of Vi; of the first time he had brought her out to meet his mother, in this room. He retraced all the sad events of his life, and always, now, he could see his mother hovering over him with wise counsel and tactful intervention, trying to avert the final catastrophe of his marriage. Experience, he knew, brought wisdom. He, in his turn, would gladly have told Kelly of the bitterness he had endured, brought about by his own headstrong action. But Kelly must go his own way, and learn the lesson that experience alone can teach.

To neither Michael nor Kelly could the balm of words bring healing. It was because he too had suffered that Michael respected Kelly's silence.

About midnight, when he was thoroughly warmed, Michael persuaded him to go to bed. He was exhausted by the long journey and the emotional strain.

As the day was dawning, and the thrushes and blackbirds were singing in the garden, Bessie Pencarrow sighed a long-drawn, quivering sigh, and slipped into eternity. So softly had she passed that Kitty and Norah, who kept watch beside her bed, scarcely realized that she had gone.

CHAPTER FOUR

Kelly had gone to the farthest end of the Valley. He wanted to be alone. As he walked back across the paddocks in the evening, his cousin, Robin, came to meet him. There had been no quarrel between these two, and Robin had not taken sides. All his loyalty, however, was with Kelly.

They talked about the lambs, and the creek that was flooding part of the land and needed clearing. They never mentioned Gentry.

Robin, who was the taller, put a hand on Kelly's shoulder, they fell into step, and turned out into the Hutt road. It was as though Robin's hand had piloted them.

They walked at a swinging pace, the spring evening cool and inviting. Kelly felt he must keep moving.

"Gentry has come," Robin said at last. "I see," Kelly understood. For a while they walked in silence.

"What are they all saying? What are they expecting me to do? Whenever I go in they stop talking suddenly. I know it's about me, and I hate being discussed. Why can't they leave me alone?"

He spoke without bitterness, but a note of anguish, of pleading, struck Robin.

"I think they were hoping that you—that Gentry—that..."

Even Robin did not like to put it into words.

"Well, she didn't. But if they're afraid I won't meet Gentry, they're wrong."

"Would you go back if Michael asked you?"

"Not!" His answer was final and definite.

"I wish you had taken law, Kelly. It would have been lots more fun if you were there."

It was the first time Robin had ventured on such dangerous ground. "I'd hate it, and be a failure. And that would make Father angrier than ever. I'm not such an ass that I don't know my own limitations."

"But messing about on farms, where's it getting you?"

"I'm learning my... Robin was conscious of being a usurper. His Uncle Miles had welcomed him partly because he liked the boy and found him companionable, but also he hoped that by showing favor to Robin he might awaken Kelly's jealousy. He thought the boy would resent his cousin's position both at home and in the office. The point had not escaped Kelly, but after his first flash of resentment, he accepted it. After all, it was his own choice, and he could not complain.

Kelly and his father were not together ten minutes without some violent dispute arising. They clashed on every subject, and such a thing as a quiet discussion between them was impossible.

Robin, too, had fixed ideas of his own, but he could voice them without dispute. Miles would listen patiently, with admiration for the incisive quality of the boy's mind. He was not combative. And when he disagreed with Miles he did so courteously.

"Well perhaps you're right." But Kelly could never wring such an admission from his father. Miles's indulgence towards Robin did not wake jealousy in any of his children. Robin never took advantage of the position, and he was always loyal to Kelly.

These two cousins, one half-English—tall, handsome, inheriting the courteous manner of his father—and the other, dark, sturdy, with vivid blue eye, rebellious black hair, and his Irish grandfather's heavy eyebrows, were linked by that something which Bessie Pencarrow had recognized as her own special gift to them.

"I wish..." Robin began as they turned home.

"Oh, cut it out!"

"But it's not fair, Kelly. I hate to see you the only one not getting a chance."

"I'm not complaining, am I? It's my own fault, I suppose, but I'm not blaming anyone. Only I wish to God they would leave me alone."

It was in this mood of conflict that he had set out across the valley. As they walked home, still keeping step, the serenity of the night in the valley and the talk with Robin had somewhat laid the stress and tumult.

(To Be Continued.)

Morality

"Morality is the vestibule of religion."—Chapin.

"Moral conditions will be found always harmonious and health-giving."—Mary Baker Eddy.

"Good manners are a part of good morals."—Whittier.

"There is nothing that strengthens faith more than the observance of morality."—Addison.

"Moral supremacy is the only one that leaves monuments, and not ruins, behind it."—Lowell.

"Morality must always precede and accompany religion, and yet religion is much more than morality."—Henry Ward Beecher.

Russian Movie Problem

Soviet Russia, too, has its moving picture troubles. The chief problem there is not dirt but dullness. A survey in a recent number of *Izvestia* is quoted in the Russian Economic Notes published by the Department of Commerce at Washington. Russian films are described by *Izvestia* as being low in artistic merit, uninspired in theme and overladen with propaganda. The last condition is one that obtained in Soviet literature until Stalin issued orders for a little less proletarianism and a little more artistic truth and entertainment. The human mind is capable of absorbing just so much propaganda. After that it goes to sleep; and as it has done in Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany.

Soviet planning as applied to the screen industry does not show up better than American cutthroat individualism. *Izvestia* mentions four pictures which have been two years or more in the making. An extreme case is the film "It Happened One Summer," which was five per cent completed at the end of a year at a cost of 500,000 rubles. The Russian market can hardly carry such costs. Attendance in 1933 was one visit a year per head of the population. In the United States it was 30 visits a year.—New York Times.

ZEST TO MEAT SALADS

Cucumber dressing adds zest to cold fish or meat salads. Simply whip cold cream (don't get it too stiff), put in a little vinegar, salt, pepper and paprika. Leave it in the ice box until ready to serve and then add a cupful of thinly sliced cucumber.

"SALADA"

Unvarying Quality

TEA

Fresh from the Gardens

Russian Hoboes Given Setback

MOSCOW—Hoboes are most unwelcome on the railways of Soviet Russia. The Communist government is seeking to abolish railroad hooliganism.

Damage to tracks and railway cars by hoboes, reported from many portions of the country, has moved the council of the People's Commissar and the central committee of the Communist party to issue an order to imprison for six months all persons caught stealing rides on trains.

Vagrants who deliberately damage railway property may be imprisoned for three years.

All persons not employed by railways are forbidden to live on railway property, and Communist railway workers have been enjoined to inaugurate wide propaganda campaign among transport employees to protect passengers and guard state transportation against sabotage and disruption.

Both official Russian newspapers, "Pravda" and "Izvestia," published leading articles emphasizing the necessity for a general rally of law-abiding citizens against elements which have contributed to railway accidents and are said to be impairing transportation so vital to the public interest.

"Pravda" enumerated many cases where discharged and drunken employees have caused damages to tracks and rolling stock, and pointed out that a new order providing stricter penalties against hooligans and inaugurating a general campaign of education should result in great benefit to national economy.

Mother and Son

One of the saddest things we have read for some time, says Ed. Duncan, in the *Wiarion Echo*, was the case of an aged widow of Wardville, who won her second fight for possession of her home which was claimed by her son. The son had appealed the case, but the appellate court dismissed his appeal with costs. We know nothing of the circumstances, but it does not look well for a son to be fighting his mother through the courts for possession of a home. It is often the case when children grow up and get the little possessions that their parents have managed to get together, that they turn the parents out. It must be the fault of early training, often indulgent parents think nothing is too good for their children and the children get the same idea and wash their hands of any responsibility towards their parents. We need to take pattern from the Chinese where age is revered and where the old grandmother rules the household as a Matriarch.

ITCH TAKEN OUT OF WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR

Mam's inhumanity to man will cease soon. Itchy woollen underwear is out.

A new process has been perfected which relieves the discomfort to the tender epidermis of the old-style woolsens worn next the skin.

A new treatment of fabrics, which it is claimed renders them unshrinkable, also adds lustre to the material, and can be applied with equal facility to loose, scoured wool, tops, or to knitted fabric.

The method is being kept secret for its discoverers and fellow members of the British Wool Industries Research Association, who hold patent right, according to a recent report of the association.

It is stated that the new discovery is the outcome of advances in technique in an entirely different industry.

MAKES FALSE TEETH FEEL LIKE NATURAL

There must be a reason Dr. Wernet's Powder is the world's largest seller and prescribed by leading dentists: it holds teeth so firmly—they fit so comfortably—that all day long you forget you ever had false plates. Leaves no colored, gummy paste—keeps mouth sanitary, breath pleasant—the best powder you can buy yet cost is small—any druggist.

MOTHER HAS HER TROUBLES IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

When Children Have Accidents She Must Keep Cool and Have First Aid Kit Handy

The good old summer time brings its own troubles for the mother. Her children need roughage, that is, a bit of venture, and it will be a most remarkable and lucky child who will escape entirely without a bruise or cut or blister.

The best way is to take things as they come and not worry from dawn until dark for fear something may happen. Warnings are in order, but obsessions about accidents can put the strongest mother to bed herself.

As to warnings, there are, of course some things that should be absolutely "verboten," such as swimming in a dangerous spot, riding wheels, small wagons or playing ball in the street, climbing brittle trees, or going barefoot in snake country.

Be Prepared. Outside of such things or whatever hazard she lives near the mother would be better to say, "Johnny is bound to have a few accidents. Am I prepared to do the right thing at the right time? Can I get used to seeing blood without losing my head? Have I the proper materials on hand for quick help? Do I know how to use them? Will I scream or cry and make Johnny think he is hurt worse than he is. Or will I let things go, trusting that time cures most things very well?"

Keep a Handy-Kit. Contents for a handy-kit cost little. Some sterilized absorbent cotton, a narrow and wide roll of gauze bandage, some clean (boiled) old linen, iodine, peroxide of hydrogen, baking soda, salt, a tube of pure vaseline, or whatever else the doctor may suggest. Keep a basin that isn't used for anything else in the house. There won't always be time to stop and scrub one out. A household bucket or a bathroom basin may look clean but won't be sanitary enough to use in the medical department.

Although a mother can give first aid, she must remember that except in minor cases it is only temporary. When there is a deep cut or a puncture caused by something rusty or dirty, a bad sprain, a blow on the head that causes vomiting or unconsciousness, a dog or snake bite, she should get a doctor to come at once. And in sun-ickness or in cases of near-drowning.

Watch Swelling Wounds. Also, if there has been what she thought was an innocent wound that has begun to swell and redden and cause pain in such a case the doctor is absolutely necessary.

Every mother should have directions of some sort to refer to in case of minor accident.

A short talk with the doctor (she can take notes) will be of help. And most "mother's books" today contain the information needed.

Running rusty nails and splinters into bare feet is a common summer occurrence with children. To run a nail into the hand or foot isn't good. We always speak of "rusty" nails, but it doesn't matter whether they are rusty to the eye or not. A dirty nail, and most are, is just as bad as a rusty one when it comes to chances of infection and that dread word "tetanus."

No use going off the deep end and imagining that every youngster who builds a shanty or runs about in his bare feet will get hurt. But in case he does, there is that handy kit in the bathroom you have laid by for just such emergencies. While you're

getting it, however, have someone call the doctor. Tell him what for, too, and he won't lose much time getting that foot or hand treated. Wash Wound Thoroughly.

If Johnny has a shoe on, get it off at once. "Tea" wash his foot with soap and water, directs a famed pediatrist, "and keep it wet by a dressing of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) or peroxide of hydrogen, or immerse the wound in an Epsom Salt solution (1 lb. to the pint)."

This will keep it open until the doctor arrives.

Another authority suggests pouring the peroxide in after the soap-and-water wash, as it will foam up and loosen dirt particles, and recommends a salt solution (1 teaspoonful for every 2 cups water) in the basin for soaking the foot until the doctor arrives.

Deep splinters should be attended to in the same way. No—splinters don't get rusty, but anything dirty that sinks deeply into the tissues can't be played with. All accidents of the sort need a professional eye and hand.

Dirt and "Tetanus." "Tetanus" is a word we fear and it may be caused by rust or dirt. Don't jump to fearful conclusions and picture your child with lockjaw or something equally terrible if he gets hurt. There will be little need for worry if the doctor is called and the wound is cared for in one of the ways suggested above. These measures are only "first" aids. Albeit to keep one's head and set about treatment in a business-like way may be the very things that will discourage danger until more help arrives.

CANNIBALS DON'T LIKE TO EAT WHITE MEN

Cannibals are easy to get along with if one knows how to handle them, according to Capt. Edward A. Salisbury.

The captain, who for 40 years has explored the remote corners of the world and often has been where man-eating tribes are a reality, visited Rochester, N.Y., before embarking on another voyage.

"The average cannibal has the mind of a 4-year-old child," the captain explained. "My attitude toward them has to be like that of a nurse toward a group of children. Should they begin to squabble, it is forgotten as soon as their attention is turned to something else. My only problem, if they began to view me as a potential meal, is to distract their attention."

The captain also exploded the popular belief about the cannibals' pot with the assertion that victims are not boiled in a large pot but are "cooked over hot rocks."

If that is no consolation, the captain offered a bit of comfort with the statement that cannibals do not like white men as their "main dish" but prefer members of any enemy tribe as a choice diet.

In order to discover truth we must be truthful ourselves, and must welcome those who approve and confirm our discoveries.—Max Muller.

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