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TIDES of YOUTH

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

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

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.

Sir Miles Pencarrow wished Kelly to become 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 work 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 thus 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.

general good night and went to his room, realizing as he did so the damned-up flood of happy approval behind him. But that he could not face.

This was only the first step, they thought. How much further had Grannie gone in her demands? Michael and Miles exchanged looks—wondering looks. They both wanted the boy, but from different motives. Would he come back?

Kelly stood at the window for a while looking out at the dark shoulder of hill that blotted out the dim night sky.

He felt desperately tired. Did she know, and was she happier for knowing?

"I did it for you."

The sombre group in their deep mourning sat round the big table after the tea things had been removed. Bessie Pencarrow had been laid to rest in the valley she loved, and her children were feeling for the first time, the desolation of the old farmhouse. At every turn some reminder of her clamored at memory and woke a fresh gush of tears.

From their early days the proceeds of her personal labors, the profits from her garden and orchard, her calves and chickens, had been Bessie's own money; Matthew had insisted on this. And as the pence grew to pounds, and the pounds to hundreds, Miles invested it for her. It was from this personal source that so many charities were helped, and those five-pound notes, folded and knotted, that found a way into the birthday letters to her children. Each one of them had cause to remember these timely benefactions.

Miles read the will, and also the letter in her shaky hand, written a short time before she died.

"I have no great wealth to leave you, but my gratitude for all the love and happiness my children have brought me. I have said this before, but I say it again: Do not put too much value on material success. I would rather see you happy than merely prosperous. Not that I despise success, but it is often bought at too high a price. You are as different from each other as the flowers in my garden, and each has its beauty and its season, but I have loved you all. Be tolerant; be kind to each other, and do not condemn what you cannot

"Hullo, Gentry!" Kelly's voice was toneless; a sound empty of emotion. He had come in so quietly they had not heard him. Most of the family were gathered in the big living-room talking, but a queer hushed murmur, like the beat of wings, trailed off into silence.

"Hullo, Kelly!"

Gentry was taken by surprise, and felt at a disadvantage. He had no time to prepare either words or expression. He had not expected this from Kelly, despite the fact that there had been much speculation as to what Grannie had said to him.

They were all sure that Kelly was fulfilling his promise, perhaps reluctantly. No one gave him credit for the voluntary action. He could feel it all around, as though they were saying: "He promised Grannie; that's why." It angered him and checked his impulse. They would not understand that he could not bring himself to make this submission if his heart had not sanctioned it. Grannie was right. To close a wound on the outside first was dangerous.

Kelly did not wait, but, feeling a new tenseness in the air, he said a

understand. The little I have to leave I have disposed of as I deemed wisest, and if some get more than others it is because their need was greater, and must not be taken entirely as the gauge of my affection."

So Kelly got two thousand pounds. That was the outstanding feature of the will. To the others she left little gifts and smaller sums, but everyone got something.

Hester's children, the Macdonalds, would be comfortably off. Ella was quite wealthy. Miles was a prosperous man and could provide amply for his whole brood. Robin, as Kelly's only child, would not be short, and with his place in Kelly and Pencarrow he had an excellent opportunity.

But Kelly! Miles had said that Kelly would not get a penny of his money so long as he disobeyed him and wasted his time on backblock farms. Grannie was afraid that Miles might keep his word and Kelly would be left without land or profession or inheritance.

Miles had not drawn her will: so the terms of it were unknown to him when he read it. Twice he broke down as he read her last letter of admonition, so much of it, he felt, was meant for him. Miles had an uncomfortable feeling of failure. Money, social position, profession, reputation, knighthood, yet he had failed with his family, and in her firm yet gentle way his mother had made that clear. She had sounded a warning.

He ceased reading, but no one stirred. They all looked at Kelly, but he did not see them. His mind had travelled far beyond the room, and a rich gush of happiness welled up. The darling, she had understood and was standing by.

Robin was the first to speak, and the starry eyes, so like his Grannie's, smiled as he gripped Kelly's arm.

Then Genevieve. "I'm so glad, Kelly, so glad."

Norah kissed him and wept. Michael said nothing, but put a hand on his shoulder in the gesture he knew so well. He could feel the pressure of his fingers saying so much more than foolish words. Yet the bequest had come between them.

To Hester and Kitty there was a tinge of regret that their sons had not been equally chosen. But then, it was because poor Kelly was such a failure, and pride in their own offspring supplied ample compensation. So, they, too, offered congratulations.

They had all drifted away, leaving father and son together.

"Well, my boy," Miles tried to combine paternal pride with a warm solicitude. "Your grandmother has been generous to you—most generous. What will you do with the money?"

"They are cutting up the Tapuwai. I think I'll take up land there, and start on my own."

"The devil you will!" An angry frown knotted Miles' face. He had hoped Kelly would ask his advice. Here he was stating his plans without consultation with anyone.

"What do you know of the Tapuwai? You've never been up there, have you? You can't start off like that, up there, alone. You're mad, boy, I absolutely forbid you to do anything of the kind. You might as well throw the money into the sea."

"I'm sorry, Father, but I'm over 21, and Grannie has left me the money."

Kelly felt her moral support. She would not have left it to him unless she meant him to use it.

"You and your damned defiance have upset the whole house."

"Who's being murdered now?" and Genevieve came in at a bound.

"Hold your tongue, will you?"

"I'm sorry, Father, we can't agree, but I must make my own life." With a desperate effort Kelly was restraining his anger.

"You've caused more trouble than enough; more than all the rest put together."

"I won't cause you any more. I shan't be here."

The strange, repressed quiet of Kelly's tone frightened Genevieve.

"Yes, go skulking into the country now you've caused dissension all round."

Miles was losing his temper properly now. He was wrong, and he knew it.

"What's all this! What's all this!" Norah came hurrying in. "Haven't we trouble and sorrow enough without father and son quarrelling?"

"Don't worry, mother, it's all right."

Kelly noticed that she was trembling. "I'm going. Father doesn't understand why I want to take up land of my own. I'm putting in for a piece of the Tapuwai."

"Tapuwai! Oh, Kelly!"

His mother's voice echoed the dismay in her face.

"It's a bit far in, but remember what it was like when Grannie came out to the Hutt. And she survived and was happy. Why can't I?"

"Tapuwai!" Norah repeated the name despairingly.

"Don't worry, Mother; I'll be all right. Well, good-bye; I'd better be off."

"But you are coming home for a few days, dear, aren't you?"

Kelly paused. He had intended to, but his father's violent outburst had changed his mind. He looked at Miles.

"Oh do, Kelly; you must, mustn't be, Father?" and Genevieve thrust an arm through each of theirs, and challenged them to draw away.

"Yes, my boy, your mother and I hope you will."

"Very well—thanks. Till Monday."

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"Very well—thanks. Till Monday."

SUMMER COMPLAINT

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TEA

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Multiple Births

Dionne Quintuplets Fix 1934 In Medical History

ROUSE INTEREST

The birth, and even more extraordinary, the survival of the Dionne quintuplets of Corbeil, Ont., is sufficient to fix 1934 as a year of marvels in medical history, but humanity, never satisfied, seems bent on discovering even greater near-miracles, says a writer in the New York Sun.

TWO, NOT SIX

Multiple births have seized on the public imagination all over the world since the widely publicized arrival of the five Dionne sisters, and almost daily news, sometimes all too inaccurate, comes of more birth wonders.

For instance, twins were born to a woman in an obscure Rumanian village the other day, and, through some error, word got around that she had borne sextuplets. It caused a one-day furor in medical circles, for while science has authentic records of the birth of thirty-three sets of quintuplets since the year 1694, only twice have there been unquestionable births of sextuplets.

Then there is the tragic and true story of a man, who while reading about the Dionnes, was informed that his wife had given birth to quadruplets. He dropped dead.

Leaving aside a number of quaint medieval legends about multiple births, there is no record of more than six children being born at one time, and science therefore is inclined to set that figure as the limit.



Will perhaps be either of blue kid with large side cut-outs (left), or of brown kid (right) with flaring scalloped cuff.

CASE IN ITALY

The first authentic case of sextuplets occurred in Italy in 1888. These were born prematurely and died within a few minutes. The second took place on April 19, 1903, at Acora, on the Gold Coast of Africa, the mother being a native woman who already had given birth to quadruplets and two sets of triplets. The tiny sextuplets all died within four days.

The chances of sextuplets surviving, therefore, seem practically nil. But medical history shows that the chances of the Dionne quintuplets were almost equally slim. Nevertheless, these youngsters have gone right on establishing a world record every hour of their lives.

The longest any member of a set of quintuplets ever lived before was fifteen days. Yet not one, but all of the little Dionnes are still growing and thriving as the second month following their birth near its end.

Examination of medical literature on multiple births reveals some fascinating facts. In not one of the thirty-three authenticated cases of quintuplets have they been born to a woman previously without children. All of the mothers had borne at least one child, and the average was 5.3. Statistics show that quintuplets are most likely to be born to women between the ages of 30 and 35. Approximately 50 per cent of quintuplets and a number of them brought twins, triplets and even quadruplets into the world after producing the quintuplets.

BOYS PREDOMINATE

Although all five of the Dionnes are girls, boys are greatly predominant in quintuplet births. The ratio is about 155 males for each 100 females.

The last previous birth of quintuplets in America was that of the famous "Lyons boys" of Kentucky, born April 29, 1896. Their parents had seven children previously, one at a birth. The quintuplets were born

What Do You Think?

within the short space of twelve minutes, and seemed perfectly normal and healthy. They weighed together, 21½ pounds, as compared with the 13 pounds 6 ounces total weight of the Dionnes. Yet one of the boys died four days after birth, and all had succumbed by the fourteenth day.

The worldwide attention focused on the Dionnes brought a claim to the honors of an even greater miracle from members of the Bushnell family, but lacking incontrovertible scientific data, medical science was unable to grant the claim. It was, in brief, that sextuplets were born to a Mrs. Bushnell in Chicago in 1869, and that four of them still live. The other two were carried off by typhoid after living several months.

WAS 100 PER CENT.

Until the little Dionnes began hanging up their records, the mortality of quintuplets and sextuplets was 100 per cent. within a fortnight of birth. Quintuplets, however, lived longer than sextuplets as a rule. Quadruplets are far less rare, and several sets of them have lived to maturity. One such set recently appeared in a Broadway musical comedy. But the chances of survival for quadruplets are less than for triplets, and triplets have a slimmer chance, comparatively, than twins.

But all the cold, scientific facts about multiple births fade when compared with medieval legends. One of the most famous deals with the haughty Margaret, Countess of Holland, who flourished in the early part of the fourteenth century. The tale, like so many of its kind, carries a fine moral. As related in Mauriceau's "The Diseases of Woman With Child and in Child-Bed," is follows:

365 CHILDREN!

"But I esteem it either a Miracle, or a Fable, what is related in the History of the Lady Margaret, Countess of Holland, who in the year 1313 was brought to bed of 365 children at one and the same time; which happened to her, as they say, by a poor Woman's Imprecation, who asking an alms, related to her the great misery she was in by reason of those children she had with her; to which the Lady answered, she might be content with the inconvenience, since she had the pleasure of getting them."

315,000 Deaths

Unless one is a fatalist, statistics on the destruction of human life are of immediate personal importance. Like a railroad time table or a bank statement figures may mean nothing or everything, depending on one's situation, but it will be hard to find anyone who will not sit up in surprise when the statement is made that 125,000 persons have been killed by auto accidents since 1930 and that between now and 1940, 190,000 persons will be added to this total. For the decade beginning in 1930 fatalities will mount to the staggering sum of 315,000—a total equal to half the population of San Francisco! Deaths will number more than the casualties of all the soldiers who have ever gone to heroes' graves in defence of the American flag!

It would be possible to produce other figures, and to enumerate causes for automobile accidents; but the latter are as well known as their synonym "carelessness." For the former it is only necessary to state that the figures given above are based on the harvest of automobile deaths during the past four and a half years.

The moral is as plain as a traffic stoplight. No man can be sure that he will not be one of the 315,000.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Nothing has tended more to retard the advancement of science than the disposition in vulgar minds to vilify what they cannot comprehend.—Johnson.