

THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER YEAR

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W.N.U. SERVICE



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SYNOPSIS

The little town of Heron River is eagerly awaiting the arrival of Anna ("Silver") Grenoble, daughter of "Gentleman Jim," formerly of the community, but known as a gambler, news of whose recent murder in Chicago has reached the town. Sophronia Willard, Jim Grenoble's sister, with whom the girl is to live, is at the railroad depot to meet her. Sophronia's household consists of her husband, and stepsons, Roderick and Jason. The Willards own only half of the farm on which they live, the other half being Anna Grenoble's.

CHAPTER I—Continued

Phronie had gone on washing the separator. She struggled to thrust back her memories of Jim, to recall only his unfairness, his selfishness. But it was no good. D—n him! D—n him! Why couldn't he have come back, just once? She had wheeled him through the potato patch in his go-cart when he was a year old, and had been spanked for it afterwards. She, five years his senior, had taught him to play mumble-peg and to skin slippery elm. And he hadn't come back.

Now this young Anna Grenoble—Silver, Phronie amended with a sniff—would probably sell her share of the land immediately to one of those concerns in the city that was buying up sections around here for a pittance, against the time when the land would be worth something again. Silver Grenoble would have no use for a dreary existence on a northern farm, where taxes were a nightmare that continued through the day, through every hour of merciless toll. No doubt Jim had left her provided for, and it would mean only the turn of a wrist, pen in hand, for her to dispose of a negligible property.

To young Roddy, twenty-seven now, with agricultural college behind him, it would be a staggering blow. He had never given up hope of one day owning the entire farm.

It was like Roddy that yesterday he should have gone off to Ballantyne in his car, saying only that he had to go. Sophronia had her own ideas as to why he had gone, but she did not press his confidence. She thought uneasily of the letters that had come to him from Ballantyne in the past week or so, and of his niggardly disclosure of their contents. It was no secret to anyone that the Ballantyne bank had failed that summer, but that Corinne Meader, the president's daughter, should be writing so persistently to Roddy Willard was a curious thing.

A few summers ago, when the girl was a house guest at a cottage on Twin Deer lake, to the north, she had driven over and spent the afternoon at the farm, and Sophronia had learned then who it was that had become Roddy's ideal at college. She was a vivacious creature, Phronie recalled, very smartly dressed, with curly brown hair and brown eyes that had a way of widening innocently up at Roddy—a way that had made Phronie grimly sick while she stalked through the barnyard showing the young thing from the city how old "Stumpy," the hen with one foot, was rearing a brood of turkey chicks. Corinne had pouted prettily over her own ignorance concerning all farm lore, and Roddy, tickled, indulgent, had laughed.

The neighbors did not know where Roddy had gone. It was just as well. They talked too much, anyhow.

But had he been here now he might have prepared himself for Silver's arrival. It would go hard with Roddy if she meant to sell her land for cash. But if she could be persuaded to accept a fair rental. . . . Sophronia resolved to take the bull by the horns and suggest it to her before Roddy got home.

The train came to a stop in Heron River. People crowded forward looking eagerly along the line of coaches. Perhaps for the most part they did not know just what they expected to see when Silver Grenoble stepped down upon the platform.

What they did see was a tallish, thin girl in a tailored suit of dove-gray silk and a felt hat of the same color—a hat that showed beneath it a white, immobile face and enormous dark eyes, and plainly dressed hair that seemed colorless. For a moment she stood looking uncertainly about, and then Sophronia Willard advanced upon her with her black-gloved hand outstretched.

Shad Finney, craning a little, saw an unmistakable tear glide down the older woman's weathered cheek.

A porter had deposited on the platform two traveling bags of fine black leather, a name stamped on each in silver. Two little boys scampered up to the cases and read the name loudly enough for all to hear. A murmur moved about the platform. "She goes by the name of Silver, eh? Kind o' funny."

Shad Finney and Nils Ulevik stood at a decent distance, their watery old eyes taking in the scene. They saw the girl seize one of the traveling bags, Sophronia the other. A baggageman spoke to them about a trunk that had been taken off the train, and after a word of instruction, Sophronia moved away with Silver to the steps at the head of the platform.

But just as the two women reached the platform steps Duke Melbank cleared his throat with a long, profound rumble, and then coughed lightly behind his hand. A fitter arose. Sophronia, setting down the suitcase she carried, swung about.

"That was you, wasn't it, Duke?" she said in her explosive voice.

"Me what?" Duke asked innocently.

"It was him," a small boy piped, and darted behind his mother's skirts.

"You know what I mean," Sophronia said loudly. "It was you that coughed."

"Can't a guy cough?" Duke demanded with an injured air.

Sophronia Willard was not one to mince matters. Her long arm shot forward, and her large, bony fist came accurately home just beneath the soft cleft of Duke Melbank's chin. A gasp rose from the crowd. Duke reeled backward, struck his shoulder blade against the depot wall and uttered a sound half way between a grunt and a whine.

Phronie stood back from him, her face alight with satisfaction. She was about to turn away when Jess Melbank, with amazing alacrity for one of her weight, suddenly stepped between Phronie and Duke.

Jess screamed maledictions. She shook her fist in Sophronia's face. Her language was of the cellar of cellars. She knew—everybody else in Heron River knew—what the daughter of Jim Grenoble was! Small boys stood rooted, little girls sped back in terror. Women turned pale and men's mouths twisted. But Jess Melbank did not strike Phronie Willard. And Phronie remained motionless as granite. While Jess was drawing breath to begin anew, Phronie turned haughtily away, swept up the suitcase and led Silver down the steps. The two old men saw the women get into the old Willard car and vanish down the street.

CHAPTER II

ON THAT night in July, a night that was moonless but whitely lambent with stars, a southwest wind moved in sultry indolence up across the stupendous void of Dakota, and thence across the state line and over farm lands suddenly lush with yield. It lightly touched Roddy Willard's cheek and stirred his dark, uncovered hair as he drove his car toward Heron River. His thoughts were so intense that every now and then the motor came almost to a halt on the narrow, winding road. At such times he would impatiently apply his foot to the accelerator and continue for a while at a reckless speed.

He did not see the road before him. He saw rather the monotonous panorama of his own life, unrolling backward to the years of his adolescence, when his father had sold the farm in the adjoining county, married Sophronia Grenoble, and moved to the Grenoble place, half of which had become his property. "Gentleman Jim" Grenoble, when he had begun his life of vagabondage, had refused to relinquish his section. But now in the foreground of that panorama, bright and excitingly strange, was the face of Corinne Meader.

In one week Corinne would be his wife.

He saw her face as he had seen it that first day, in an ice cream parlor, an hour after he had registered at the State Agricultural college, seven years ago. He had been twenty, older than most of the entrants, and Corinne was seventeen, a freshman in arts at the university. Harry Richter had introduced them, and even now, after everything that had happened, Roddy's heart beat oppressively again as he recalled the widening of Corinne's brown eyes and her slow, thorough survey of him. She had hesitated for a moment and then, glancing with a curious smile at

his hand, she had extended her own and in his huge, hard grasp it had been swallowed completely. He had kept his eyes fastened dumbly upon her face and had seen her lids droop in a way that could have been nothing but deliberate coquetry. Roddy had blushed furiously as he heard Harry Richter's amused laugh.

She was the daughter of the banker in Ballantyne. It was something of a wonder that he, Roddy Willard, should have taken her to the movies and to dances a number of times during their college career, a little bewildered, a little uncertain, and very much flattered by the occasional, capricious preference she showed him over all the other admirers who flocked about her.

One summer vacation she had driven over from a house party on Twin Deer lake and had found Roddy on the Willard farm, anxiously ministering to a sick horse in the pasture. Later, Corinne had sat in Sophronia's parlor and had glanced about at the walls. A few days later he had substituted some etchings and water-colors for his stepmother's horrible objects d'art. But Corinne had never come again, and afterwards Roddy had been a little ashamed of his snobbery in removing Phronie's treasures, even though, truth to tell, the walls were more pleasing without the burnt leather image of Pocahontas with the calendar beneath.

Roddy wondered now why it was that he had never kissed Corinne during those years while he was seeing her frequently. Perhaps it was his own humility. Perhaps it was because he suspected that it was his physical self alone that appealed to her, and that beyond the satisfaction of an established conquest she would have no use for him. He was in earnest where Corinne was concerned, and he had been afraid of discovering that she was not in earnest about him.

But he knew now that she had been in earnest. A month ago, the local papers had made much of the failure of the bank in Ballantyne, though all had absolved from blame old Edwin Meader, Corinne's father. Roddy had had a number of letters from Corinne after that, and their tone had become increasingly despondent. What was she to do?



A Little Bewildered, a Little Uncertain, and Very Much Flattered.

Her father was completely broken. Her mother had fifty dollars a month of her own to live on. Corinne, who had been one of the Ballantyne smart set, had made efforts to get a position at teaching, even in a country school, but the school boards were flooded with applications. Her last letter had been one of complete despair.

When, early this morning, Roddy had set out for Ballantyne in his car, he had had the curious feeling that the sun was a little too bright, that he could not see as clearly as he had been used to do, over undulating prairies that he knew as well as he knew his own face. But there had been a tense excitement about that journey, and when he had come to its end he had seen Corinne, small and beautifully made, and Corinne's brown eyes with their look of helpless appeal—and within an hour, beneath the grape arbor of the Meader place, he had asked her to marry him.

Corinne had seemed frightened and abashed and timid and thrilled. Then she had thrown her arms about his neck and sobbed that she had always loved him and that she would marry him as soon as he wished.

Her mother, a plump, pink little woman, with soft hands and a disposition to ignore the catastrophe that had befallen the Meaders, gave them her blessing with a bright gaiety that admitted not the least suspicion of any incongruity in the match. Corinne, of course, must have a proper wedding, even if things were bad. "A quiet little wedding here at home," Mrs. Meader said briskly. "The Congregational church is too big and cold."

Roddy had seen through Mrs. Meader's little pretext. But Corinne had looked across at him with widening amusement in her eyes, and he had gravely suppressed a grin.

Thus it had happened. Roddy pulled himself erect in his car as he

came to the turn in the road that led westward past Twin Deer lake. Over there, a mile or so across brush and prairie, blinked the dozen street lights of Heron River. By this time, he reflected, the usual crowd would have left the village and gone their ways. He turned his car away from the highway and headed for the village.

People seated on their screened verandas in the town of Ballantyne observed that a faint breeze had sprung up from the southwest, and although it was pleasant after the heat of the day, it might mean rain for the morrow. With harvest so near at hand. . . .

But Corinne Meader, undressing in her mauve and white bedroom, was grateful for the breeze that caressed her hot throat and temples from the open window. She brushed her hair with hurried strokes. But her own beauty—which had availed her nothing!—stared back at her from her mirror, and presently she leaned forward on her palms and gazed long and intently at her own image.

"And so—you are going to marry a farmer, my dear!" her lips said softly.

Mrs. Meader opened the door, closed it behind her, and stole into a chair beside Corinne's dressing table as though some conspiracy were afoot.

"Darling," the mother breathed, "you won't mind my sitting for a minute while you get ready for bed? I'm—I'm just as excited as though it were I who was getting married! It's all so unexpected—I had no idea! But Roddy is a dear, Corinne—a perfect dear!"

"He's awfully good-looking," Corinne said with forbearance, and continued to wing out her hair with her brush.

"And he has quite a large farm, too, hasn't he?" Mrs. Meader was saying. "And quite near Maynard. It isn't as though you were going to be marooned on some backwoods homestead for the rest of your days. You can drive over to see us often, too, after you're married."

"I suppose so," Corinne conceded.

"Oh, dear—it's going to be terrible giving up this house, darling—if it comes to that. After all these years! But I mustn't talk about such things now—and you so happy."

"You won't have to give up the house, now that I'm provided for," Corinne reminded her cynically.

Mrs. Meader chose to let that pass. "Of course," she observed, "if you had married Sylvester Edgett when he asked you—"

"Mother!" Corinne squealed. "His pimples!"

Mrs. Meader gave a deprecating little laugh. "I didn't mean that seriously, darling, you know that. And anyhow, he's only a bookkeeper."

Corinne, although she was still addressing herself, spoke aloud. "Yes, I could have married Sylvester. Or I could go now and clerk at eleven dollars a week in Ellingboe's dry goods store. And all the girls in town could come in and ask for samples of white satin, and giggle, and tell me it's for their wedding dresses! No, thanks, I'd rather die than do that."

Mrs. Meader put a plump arm about Corinne's shoulders, and a round, bright tear trembled on her pink cheek.

"My baby!" she quavered. "To think I am going to lose you—and so soon! And to think that the bank had to—to fail before you got settled in your own home. It's just too—cruel!"

"Now, mother," Corinne said with supreme patience, "don't do that!" "All right, I'm sorry, darling," her mother whimpered, and dabbed her nose with a bit of lace and chiffon. "But I can't help thinking of all the chances you've had to marry well—of course they weren't good enough! But if Harry Richter's father hadn't been so against Harry's marrying just now—"

Corinne stood up, sighed. "Please, mother! You're talking as though I were being sold in a slave market. Harry knows what he wants. It's his father's business he wants—and his father's money—not me. Anyhow, I'm not in love with Harry. It's just that you've been expecting great things of me—and the miracle didn't come off! Now, be a good girl and go to bed. I'm tired."

She kissed her mother, and with her arms about her propelled her gently toward the door. Mrs. Meader murmured a reluctant and tender good night and Corinne was alone.

She went back to the oval glass of her ivory dressing-table. When she glanced at her reflection, it was with a small, curled smile of satisfaction, in contemplating the fine tapering of her eyebrows, the back-sweep of glossy waves, patrician-wise, from her forehead, and the natural, provocative pout of her red lips.

Finally, she lit a cigarette, got into bed, and switched off the light. She stretched out, sinuously, enjoying the smoke and the smooth cooling of the fine linen sheets, and thinking luxuriously, with frank, rather delicious excitement, of Roddy Willard.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Growth of Cacao Pods
Cacao pods, from which cocoa is obtained, do not grow in the ordinary way from tips of branches, but from the main trunk of the tree,

TOO LATE—ALMOST

By B. A. BENEDICT

Associated Newspapers, WNU Service.

WHEN a girl reaches nineteen she has every right to feel that she is grown up. But Mariel Priest's mother and father (especially the latter) didn't share this feeling. For example, Mr. Priest still clung to the idea that he should meet and approve of every young man who wished to take his daughter out. It made Mariel feel silly, but after all a bed of roses is a bed of roses, especially when times are hard, and as yet she hadn't met any young man who was worth risking a rebellion over.

That is, she hadn't met any one before Gill Sheldon came along. And then she didn't know it until it was too late—almost.

She met Gill at a dance at the country club. He was down from Boston visiting the Nevilles at their summer place. Mariel was attracted to him because she liked the sound of his voice. (He had a Harvard accent.) And when after cutting in on her seven times, he asked if he might take her dancing next Thursday night, she laughingly assented. Already she had begun to discover that young Mr. Sheldon had something besides a Harvard accent.

But she didn't decide definitely that it was young Mr. Sheldon himself, and not the sound of his voice at all, that she liked until he called for her Thursday night. When she came downstairs Gill and her father were sitting in the library. And that's all they were doing: sitting. Mr. Priest had settled his horn-rimmed glasses on his nose (which he always did when one of Mariel's new young men were under scrutiny), and was glaring. Young Mr. Sheldon was glaring back, but there was a smile on his face. It occurred to Mariel that there was something about that smile that wasn't just right.

She entered the library, unseen, and was on the point of announcing herself when her father said in a not too gentle voice: "Well, young man, why don't you say something?"

"The Reason I Haven't Said Anything, Old Man," He Replied, "Is Because It Isn't My Place to Make Conversation."



"The Reason I Haven't Said Anything, Old Man," He Replied, "Is Because It Isn't My Place to Make Conversation."

You've sat there like a bump on a log ever since I came into this room."

Gill's smile grew more unattractive. "The reason I haven't said anything, old man," he replied, "is because it isn't my place to make conversation. I'm the guest here and you're the host. Yet apparently you expect me to do the entertaining. It's quite obvious, sir, you have neither manners nor breeding, nothing but a lot of shriveled up ideas like meeting and approving of your daughter's suitors. I've heard about you, but I wouldn't believe it—until now."

It was in that moment that Mariel decided Mr. Gill Sheldon had something much more likeable than a Harvard accent. She almost swooned with shock, but she knew she liked him.

Mr. Priest was slowly strangling in his chair. In fact, Gill had risen and almost reached the door before the old man got himself under control. And then the words he uttered didn't make sense; he sounded like one in whose throat an olive had become stuck.

Mariel turned and made a quick exit the way she had come, and when Gill reached the street he found her waiting there for him.

"Hello," he said. "You'd better go back. Your pop doesn't approve of me."

"So what?" said Mariel. Gill frowned. "I insulted him," he explained patiently.

"And you did a nice job of it," Mariel complimented.

Young Mr. Sheldon scowled at her. Presently he said: "Hop in and let's go to the dance." Before the dance was over she succeeded in completely overcoming the faint misgivings that thoughts of her father aroused, and instead was conscious only of a sweet new sensation of happiness. Hours later she interpreted the sensation, or rather confessed it. She was in love. Completely and permanently. Following the confession came the usual reaction: Did Gill Sheldon love her? What if he despised her because of her father? What if he went away and left her alone? What if she never saw him again?

Mariel didn't sleep much that night. The next day she drove over to the Bardons'. The Bardons lived next door to the Nevilles, where Gill was staying. Her artifice was rewarded when Gill himself came

along the path through the trees and smiled at her pleasantly. He sat down beside her on the screened-in porch and stayed till dinner time. Mariel was afraid he was going back without asking for a date. But he didn't. He wanted to know if she would go driving with him Saturday. He said he'd meet her at the post office, and grinned meaningfully.

So they went driving Saturday and canoeing Sunday and to the movies Monday and dancing on Wednesday. Each time they met at the post office, and neither of them mentioned her father. On the following Saturday, Gill told her he was going back to Boston. Mariel caught her breath and waited.

"I wish you'd come up some time and spend a week-end with us," he said. "You'd like my folks."

"Oh, I know I would. And I'd love to come."

Gill cleared his throat. "I hate underhanded business. Your father would never approve of your coming—if he knew."

"He'd probably disown me," Mariel agreed.

"And still you want to come?" She nodded. Gill sucked in his breath. "If he disowned you, what would you do?"

"I don't know," said Mariel. "But still you'd come?"

"Still," said Mariel.

Gill frowned, thinking deeply. "Mariel," he said after a moment, "this is all my fault. I—I— He turned to her suddenly. "There's one way out. If we got married, your father—eventually he'd probably get used to me."

"Probably," said Mariel, "he would. Now there remains only the matter of you and I falling in love."

"In love!" Gill stared at her in astonishment. "Why, good heavens, I've been in love with you since that first night we met. Do you think for a single minute I'd consider taking on a father-in-law like your dad if I weren't in love?"

"And do you think I'd tolerate a man who insulted my father if I didn't love him?" said Mariel.

And that night, for the first time, Mariel insisted that Gill drive her home and come inside for a minute. Gill complied with a dubious expression on his face, an expression that turned to misgivings when he found Mr. Priest waiting for them. Misgivings gave way to astonishment when the old man beamed at him and extended his hand.

"My boy, congratulations! You're the first young man to call on my daughter who's displayed more backbone than a jelly fish!"

Mariel beamed, and Gill felt as though he'd been struck. He didn't get it at all, not even when she explained that she wanted to make sure he loved her in spite of her father, and wanted him to know that she loved him in spite of his insults. Artifice she called it. But Gill only nodded and smiled in a blank sort of way. It seemed to him that every one had gone to a lot of trouble to bring about a happy ending. For, in spite of everything, he was happy and quite content.

Tobacco Industry Recalls Canada's Early Struggle

The history of tobacco growing in Canada reaches back to the early French Colonial days. The French settlers on the banks of the St. Lawrence found the custom of tobacco smoking was general among the natives, but, partly owing to governmental opposition, the white population did not acquire the habit quickly. Indeed, several years passed before farmers began to grow the plant.

It was not until about 1735 that the government gave any encouragement to tobacco growing. With the settlement of what is now Ontario, the tobacco area was extended, and it is probable that the Loyalists who came to Canada after the American Revolution of 1775 brought seed from the tobacco districts in the South. There are records of shipments of tobacco from Essex county, Ontario, shortly after the war of 1812-14, the leaf being sent down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Four years after Confederation, the first decennial census showed that 399,870 pounds of tobacco were grown in Ontario, and 1,195,345 pounds in Quebec. From then onward, production expanded and reached its peak in 1932 with a total crop of 54,000,000 pounds.

Tobacco growing in Canada plays an important part in agricultural production. There are five general types of tobacco grown, namely, flue-cured, burley, dark, Quebec and cigar. For each of these types are grown 10 to 50 varieties and strains. The division of the Dominion experiment farms renders assistance in the development of Canadian tobacco along economic lines, carrying on active research on problems of fertilizers and soils, breeding, selection and standardization of varieties, cultural methods, curing and fermentation, diseases and insects, marketing, exhibitions and educational work.

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"Koreshan cosmogony" teaches that the world is a shell or hollow sphere; that the surface upon which we dwell is concave, not convex. They assert they have proved this point by a geodetic instrument known as rectilinearator, which shows that the surface of the earth curves upward at the rate of about eight inches to the mile.

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Smiles

ABOUT COMPLETE

"So you are building a new house, eh? How are you getting along with it?"

"Fine. I've got the roof and the mortgage on it, and I expect to have the furnace and the sheriff in before fall."—Wall Street Journal.

Just Slipped

"You broke your umbrella over your neighbor's head?"

"It was an accident, sir."

"Come, come! How could it have been an accident?"

"I didn't mean to break it, sir."—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Too Officious

Speed Cop—Just a minute, madam. Didn't you see me wave at you back there?"

Lady Speeder—Certainly! And I waved back. What did you want me to do, throw you a kiss?

