



THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER YEAR

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W.N.U. SERVICE

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SYNOPSIS

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, comes to Heron River to live with Sophronia Willard, Jim Grenoble's sister. Sophronia's household consists of her husband, and stepsons, Roderick and Jason. The Willards own only half of the farm, the other half being Anna's. On Silver's arrival Duke Melbank, shiftless youth, makes himself obnoxious. Roderick is on the eve of marriage to Corinne Meader. Silver says she wants to live on the farm, and has no intention of selling her half, which the Willards had feared. Silver tells Sophronia ("Phronie," by request) something—but by no means all—of her relations with Gerald Lucas, gambler friend of her father. Roddy marries Corinne. She has a maid, Paula, who seems to attract Jason. Silver again meets Lucas, who has established a gambling resort near town. She introduces him to Corinne, though against her will. Friendship between the two develops, to Silver's dismay. At a dance Duke Melbank insults Silver. Roddy's solicitude brings Silver to the realization that she loves him. Roddy is offered a position at the University farm, but, to Corinne's dismay, he declines it, declaring he is a farmer, not a "white collar man." Determined to break up the growing intimacy between Lucas and Corinne, Silver tells Roddy she has decided to sell her portion of the farm. Not understanding, he reproaches her for her "treachery."

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Jason went self-consciously to a shelf and drew down a portfolio of drawings. "Nobody but Paula has ever seen these," he said. The drawings were pastel scenes with a simplicity of line and tone that surprised Silver. "Why, Jason, they are lovely!" she exclaimed. She turned to him impulsively. "Would you rather do this than farm?" He laughed and shook his head, then looked at Paula. "I guess not," he said quietly. "I'm a farmer. But it's because I like farming that I get a kick out of doing this once in a while. Which one do you want, Silver?" After a moment's thought Silver selected a light autumn sketch in grays and browns. "Has Roddy ever seen this?" she asked. "No—he hasn't seen any of them. I used to show him some of my things—and he liked them. But after he met Corinne—well, it's none of my business. I never could quite figure it out, myself. D—n it—I feel sorry for Roddy!" Silver tucked the drawing under her arm. "I'll hang this in my room," she said, then started toward the door. "And don't worry about Roddy. When a man falls in love, it does funny things to him sometimes." Jason laughed. "Gosh, doesn't it?" he exclaimed, and looked at Paula. "Shall I tell Silver?" he asked suddenly. "Sure!" she said at once. Jason looked at Silver and smiled. "Paula and I are going to be married in the summer," Jason confessed, "—maybe in the spring. We're thinking of a little dairy farm up north—maybe—we're not sure yet." Silver exclaimed with delight. "Am I the first to hear about it?" "We didn't know ourselves—not until this afternoon," Jason grinned. Tears came into Silver's eyes as she looked at them. Jason and Paula—beginning life together on a dairy farm. "Don't say anything," Jason said. "Don't tell the others just yet." "Well, I suppose I ought to wish you luck," Silver said, "but when two people are in love, there's nothing much anyone can say. Isn't that so, Paula?" "It sure is so," Paula agreed, lapsing into an accent she had almost conquered since her advent from the Rhineland ten years ago. The days passed, and Silver Grenoble came presently to know what it meant to live on a farm in winter. But the weekly round of hard work fell into a rhythm which somehow eased the discomfort, and in the old stone house there was always an overtone of contentment. In Roddy alone, it seemed, was there any discontent. He had explained that Mrs. Meader had not been well and that Corinne was staying with her for a few days. But when the middle of December approached and Corinne was still with her mother, Sophronia became rather voluble on the subject of Roddy's living alone in the big house. For Roddy had withdrawn more and more to himself. His days he spent in work about the place. And at night he would shut himself in his "shop" sorting and grading

would have to economize at every turn during the coming year. It was two o'clock in the morning when Roddy returned to the farm with Corinne. She had broached the subject of Neal Anthony. When he told her of the letter he had written that day, Corinne had lapsed into a silence more deadly than any virulent denunciation he might have anticipated. In the house she sank down on the couch in the living room and gazed blankly before her. Roddy came over to her. He drew a chair, seated himself, and took her hands into his own. "Look at me, Corrie!" he begged softly. "Let's not begin like this. You don't know what it means to have you home again. And you can't guess how lonely it has been here without you." She sighed and leaned back against the couch. Then she looked at him. "I wonder," she said slowly. "It's so easy to sentimentalize." "Listen, Corrie. I'm sorry about that job Neal Anthony threw my way. I wish I could have taken it—for your sake, Corrie. But—I couldn't. And some day you're going to be glad I didn't." Corinne sighed again. "I'd rather not discuss it any more," she said coldly. "You've made your decision." She drew her hands away from him and Roddy sat back in his chair. For a moment he regarded her thoughtfully. During the past few days a hope had formed in his mind that he must express to her—a profound and solemn hope on which, he believed, depended the serenity of their lives together. "All right, Corrie," he said at last. "We'll drop it—and start in again. But let us start in right this time. Let us face the problems together and work them out together. I want a home—a home with you, Corrie, where we can bring up our children and be happy



She Sank Down on the Couch in the Living Room and Gazed Blankly Before Her.

together. I've been thinking about that very thing while you've been away. If we had a baby, you'd find something to live for here. We'd be closer to each other, Corrie—" She sprang up suddenly. "Have you gone crazy?" she cried huskily. "Do you want me to bring a child into a place like this—where we may be starving next year? Or wasn't it enough for you to throw Anthony's offer into my face? You had to think up something more brutal—" "Corinne—for God's sake!" Roddy stammered in despair. "We are not going to starve," he went on lamely, obstinately. "Lots of people are bringing up children on less than we have." It dawned on him painfully that Corinne was not listening. He felt completely lost, floundering about in a gray and chilling chaos. "All right, Corinne," he concluded dully, "I did not know that I was insulting you. I'll not do it again." He got to his feet and turned to find her eyes upon him, widening for a moment with reflective indolence, then closing as though she were shutting him out of her consciousness, shutting herself in with her own resignation and defeat.

On an evening in February, Paula had come down from the big house and sat beside the table munching an apple. Sophronia pushed her glasses back into place on the bridge of her nose and shook her head. "There's no use in gettin' yourself worked up into a state over Corinne," she said to Paula. "If you ask me—all that woman needs is exercise. If she'd do a bit of her own housework, it'd be better for her." "I don't know," Paula ventured. "She doesn't seem right. She took one of them headaches again today. Sometimes she scares me. She stares at the walls and says the wind is drivin' her crazy." "I think I'll go up and stay with Corinne for a while," Silver said. "That's better," old Roderick said. "It's the first time anybody here has been in Roddy's house in almost a week." "I think I'll go along with you," Paula said hesitatingly. "Let's go, then," Silver said.

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Without Fault?
The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

DEATH PENALTY

Forty states as well as the District of Columbia and the United States federal government have a death penalty for murder. In North Dakota, Rhode Island and some other states where life imprisonment is the penalty for murder, death by hanging is inflicted if a person kills somebody else while serving a life term. In some of the capital punishment states the jury has the right to fix the penalty at life imprisonment, by recommending mercy.

Smart, Eh?
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I GAVE UP COFFEE AND DRANK POSTUM INSTEAD... AND SOON WAS MY OLD SELF AGAIN! WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

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LATER

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I'M SO GLAD SHE CHANGED TO POSTUM! SHE'S BEEN A DIFFERENT WOMAN EVER SINCE!

(TO BE CONTINUED)