

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 ("Thronie," by request) something—but by no means all—of her relations with Gerald Lucas, gambler friend of her father. Roddy marries Corinne. 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. 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." Roddy finds he is falling in love with Silver, and is dismayed. Silver warns Corinne against Lucas. Despite herself, her love for Roddy grows, but she determines to save Corinne from disaster. Corinne returns, with purchases little suitable for farm life, and having spent all the money Roddy has given her. His mild reproaches are bitterly resented by Corinne.

CHAPTER XI—Continued

"I can't stand this business of counting every penny like a newsboy in the street! If that's what you want me to understand, you may as well know now that I never shall. I won't try. You may be used to this hand-to-mouth existence. You probably love it—because of your precious land! I'm the one that has to suffer. I suppose I should have bought a two-dollar dress and a five-dollar coat and a pair of shoes in a bargain basement!"

She gripped the back of a chair and spoke in a voice so charged with vindictiveness that Roddy found it hard to credit his senses. "You're evidently too much of a clod-born and bred—to have any ambition beyond groveling in a corn-patch! You've got me to the place now where I'll have to do my own housework. You want to make a slattern out of me. All right—I'll do my best to be one!" Her voice rose hysterically. "But I am going to tell you one thing—it won't be for long! If I ever get the chance to get away from it, I'll go!"

Roddy came over to her. Corinne's tempers were by now nothing new to him. "You don't mean that, Corrie," he said gently.

She snatched her hands away. "Why wouldn't I mean it?" she flamed. "What have you done for me?"

Roddy did not know afterwards how it came about. He knew only that some frozen area of despair within him seemed suddenly to burst and boll up into an overpowering rage.

"What have I done for you?" he rasped. "Do you want to know? I've lost my self-respect—and I've almost lost my mind—trying to make you happy!"

Insolent and cold still, Corinne watched him with a wary fascination, her hands on her hips. Then, at her small tinkling laugh he lost complete control of himself. He stepped toward her and the soft collapse of her shoulders beneath the grip of his hands as he shook her only incited him to greater fury.

She wrenched herself free and at that moment a handkerchief dropped from her blouse and fell to the floor. There was a sharp metallic click and Corinne sprang to pick up the square of lace and linen. Something in her manner prompted Roddy to snatch it from her before she had quite recovered it. Folded in the handkerchief was a monogrammed onyx and gold cigarette case—a smaller replica of one Roddy had seen in the possession of Gerald Lucas.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"I bought it," Corinne said in sullen, defiant voice.

He looked at her for a moment before he spoke. "You're lying to me," he said at last. "Who gave it to you?"

"What right have you to ask?" Corinne screamed. "Do you ever give me anything? If I live to be a hundred—"

"Keep still!" Roddy said frigidly. "You don't have to tell me who gave you this thing." He tossed it on the table, then turned and faced

her. "Corrie," he went on, "it begins to look like a show-down between you and me. Perhaps I did you an injustice in marrying you. But I loved you. When you married me—it was just a way out for you, wasn't it? It wasn't because you were in love with me. Isn't that true, Corrie?"

She stopped suddenly. The look of panic and helplessness that darkened her eyes as she turned them upon him now created in him a feeling of utter frustration.

"I can't stand this!" she cried, and flinging herself down upon the couch, burst into tears.

Roddy dropped his hand inertly at his side and went from the room, through the house and out the back door.

He stood leaning against the pasture bars, as he had done one night almost a year ago after he had proposed to Corinne Meader. At the sound of a footfall behind him, he turned and saw Silver Grenoble coming down the palely lit hillside. There was an embarrassing difference in her manner as she came and stood beside him.

"You heard the racket, I suppose," he said abruptly.

Silver hesitated. "I couldn't help hearing it," she told him. "I was on my way up to the house to see what Corinne had bought."

"It doesn't matter," Roddy replied, resting his arms on the bars once more. "H—I—nothing matters much!"

"That isn't true, and you know it isn't," Silver answered quickly. "You've got to take care of Corinne, Roddy. There's no telling what she may do when she gets into a mood like this. I'm afraid for her. You've got to be patient with her."

"Patience!" he echoed. "I've been too d-n patient! I've let her go and hang herself."

Silver tightened her lips. "There isn't any use of my trying to talk to you, I see."

He turned on her suddenly. "What do you know about it? I suppose everybody is aware of what has been going on under my nose—everybody but me."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Silver replied in a remote tone.

"I'm talking about this rotter, Lucas—who followed you here from Chicago. He and Corinne have been together in the city."

"Are you sure?"

Roddy hesitated. "I'm not sure of anything," he evaded finally. "And I'm not asking any questions, either. From now on I'm going to take a little less for granted. If



"You Heard the Racket, I Suppose," He Said Abruptly.

Corinne wants to go around with Lucas and his gang, she can do so—but she can't stay here."

Silver put her hand on Roddy's arm. "Don't talk like that," she begged. "Corinne will realize that she wants you more—more than she wants anything else. Go on back to the house and be nice to her."

Roddy patted the hand that lay on his arm. "That's all right, kid," he said abstractedly. "I know what you're trying to do. But the fact is, it may be impossible. Just now I don't feel like being particularly nice to anyone. I'm not going to force myself on Corinne."

"You're just being proud and stubborn," Silver argued.

"All right. Let it go at that. There's a place for pride—and stubbornness, too."

She withdrew her hand and for

a moment there was silence between them.

"You'd better run along to the house," he said finally, "and leave me to work this out in my own way."

Without a word Silver slipped away into the darkness. A sensation of being suddenly bereft suffused Roddy as he watched her go. Cool and remote as Silver Grenoble always seemed, she had a warm and generous heart. He knew that now. She had a warmth of soul which Corinne, with all her physical lusciousness, could not approach.

CHAPTER XII

FOR days Silver went about with a feeling of a physical weight pulling downward on her body, as though she had got herself entangled in an ugly gray mesh from which there was no escape.

The month drew to a close in parching and unseemly heat. Except for an ineffectual shower or two there had been no rain. Sophronia weeded and watered the vegetable garden with an almost religious zeal. She and Silver carried water sprinklers where the hose would not reach, and moved on hands and knees down the long gray furrows of earth, pulling weeds and watching against the ravages of insects.

At nine o'clock, old Steve had gone to bed in Roddy's house. There was no one else on the Willard farm except Silver. She had finished basting the seams of a figured linen dress and was taking it to the sewing machine in the corner of the dining room when she noticed that the sky had darkened curiously, and that the dry, hot wind that had been coming in through the dining room window had suddenly died.

Hopefully she went to the doorway and looked out. But no. The rain was passing to the southwest, and a baleful, green-white rim on the distant mass of cloud meant that somewhere farther away the tender new fields would be leveled by hail.

Silver thought apprehensively of Sophronia, who had gone to the Ericksons' with only a light sweater over her shoulders.

It was a little after ten when she had the last stitch of her dress cut and tried, and was about to put it over her head when the outer door opened.

Silver looked around and saw Duke Melbank close the door behind him and lean against it, smiling.

"I've been peeking through the window," he chuckled. "I wouldn't 'a' had the nerve to come in if anybody was round."

Silver backed away from him, one hand feeling the way cautiously behind her.

"How dare you come in here!" she said quietly.

"I told you I was coming to see you some night, didn't I? Well, this is the night."

"Get out of this house!" Silver ordered him.

He came weaving toward her and Silver realized that he had been drinking.

"There's no use in you pretending to me, Silver," he said. "I see you come out o' Lucas' place in the morning, didn't I? I'm a better man than him—and I've been thinking about you ever since that night I saw you in Chicago."

Silver was aware of only two things: Duke Melbank's inflamed, greedy eyes were the eyes of all the men who had tried to stroke her hair or touch her bare arms during those years when she had been in desperate fear of them all, during those years of undercurrents of violence before her father had died; and somewhere, behind her, on Sophronia's sewing table, there lay a heavy crystal paper-weight, a half-sphere that held magnified within it a scene of Niagara falls.

"You don't have to be afraid of me, Silver," Duke persisted. "I want to marry you."

"You're drunk!" Silver temporized, and moved back cautiously toward the sewing machine.

"Sure I am—drunk with thinking about you," Duke laughed. He lunged toward her. "You've got awful pretty shoulders, Silver."

He was perhaps ten feet away from her when she stretched her hand out behind her and took a firm hold of the heavy crystal sphere that stood on Sophronia's sewing table.

It was then that the kitchen screen door opened with a sharp rattle from its creaking hinges. A footfall sounded at the rear of the house.

Duke drew back immediately, looked once toward the kitchen, then vanished cat-like through the front door.

Silver sank down upon the chair beside the sewing machine and buried her head in her arms.

A moment later, Roddy stood in the doorway of the kitchen. He looked at her for a moment, perplexed, then came and leaned over her.

"What's wrong, Silver?" he asked. She strove to speak. "Duke Melbank—he was here—just now."

"Duke Melbank! Where is he?" Silver made a gesture toward the open doorway. "He went—when he heard you coming."

Roddy hurried to the door and stepped out into the darkness. Presently he came back and stood silently beside her.

"Something will have to be done about that fellow," he said tersely.

"I'll have to talk to him when I go to town tomorrow. I came down to see if the folks were back." His voice was uneven with the effort he was making to speak at all. "Jase and Paula are already expecting an addition to the family."

Silver raised her eyes and saw his face. For seconds they stared at each other, tense and motionless. Then, involuntarily, Silver lifted her trembling hands toward him. Roddy caught them and knelt swiftly beside her. With a soft cry she slipped into his arms.

"Silver—dear, dear Silver," Roddy breathed and held her fiercely close to him.

Silver sobbed against his throat. "Oh, Roddy—Roddy! I can't help it. I love you. I've known it from the very beginning."

He strained her slender body to him, then taking her tear-stained



"I'll Be the Death of You, if I Don't Get On My Own Feet Soon."

face into his hands, he kissed her mouth with hard and solemn vehemence.

"We've both known," he muttered at last, "—deep down, from the beginning."

Her hands moved helplessly along his shoulders.

"That's why I wanted to go away, Roddy."

"I should have known that, too," he said unsteadily. "Lord—what a fool I've been!"

They clung together for a moment in a desperate kind of joy. It was Silver who drew away.

"I'll leave," she said tonelessly. "I must, Roddy. There is no other way out for us."

He swung about and looked at her, his eyes darkening in a savage, trapped way. With a desolate feeling she watched him run his fingers agitatedly through his rough hair. But then suddenly a bleak and frosty sort of calm seemed to descend upon him. He came and stood before her, his arms folded, and stared down at her with a twisted smile of bitter resignation.

"You are right, of course," he said in a harsh voice. "You and I—we have to do the decent thing—by her. I don't know just why—but we have to."

Silver stood up very straight.

"And you will keep on working this land, Roddy," she said swiftly, "until you buy it from me. You know now that I never really wanted you to leave it."

She stretched out her hand. He held it tightly in his own for a moment, then turned it, palm upwards, to his lips. In the next moment he was gone.

When Sophronia came home that night, she was suffering from a chill, and on the following evening, Doctor Woodward told old Roderick that she was threatened with pneumonia.

Weeks of illness had bitten deeply into the physical being of Sophronia Willard, but had not dimmed the fire of her spirit. As Silver arranged the cushions in the long chair in which Phronie reclined beneath the great oak, she glanced at the girl's face and said sharply, "By the looks of you, my girl, you need this babying more than I do. I'll be the death of you, if I don't get on my own feet soon."

"Don't get impatient, now," Silver rebuked her gently. "There's no hurry. You've done enough work in your life to deserve a little rest."

She patted a pillow into place behind Sophronia's head. "There, now—lie back. You can read the paper for about fifteen minutes, then you must take a nap. No cheating, now—just fifteen minutes! Doctor Woodward's orders."

Sophonra looked up at Silver with narrowed eyes. "I don't like the way you're lookin' lately," she declared with emphasis. "You're peaked—white. And your eyes are entirely too big and dark around. What's worrying you?"

"Nothing, except you—and I haven't been worrying much about you since you started getting better," Silver assured her, but the faint flush that lay suddenly upon her smooth cheeks was not lost on Sophronia.

"That fool of a Duke Melbank hasn't been botherin' you again, has he?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Hefty Chap Omitted Few Items in Simple Modesty

A hefty countryman on one of his rare visits to the big city entered a small restaurant which advertised a special lunch—as much as the customer cared to eat for two shillings.

The waiter showed him to a table. "Will you take the special?" he asked.

"What's it consist of?" asked the countryman.

"There's tomato soup, oxtail soup, grilled sole, boiled halibut, roast

beef, Yorkshire pudding, new potatoes, apple tart and coffee," replied the waiter, reading out the menu.

"That's champion," said the countryman. "Bring me tomato soup, oxtail soup, sole, halibut, beef, pudding, spuds, jam roll, and some cheese and coffee."

"Will that be all?" asked the astonished waiter.

"That's all," said the other.

"Then may I ask," put in the waiter quietly. "what's wrong with the apple tart and cream?"—London Answers.

LONGEST FIRE-BREAK

The Ponderosa Way, said to be the longest fire-break in the world, is nearing completion. J. H. Price, writing in American Forests, reported recently. It extends lengthwise through a major part of California, from the Pitt river in the north to the Kern river in the south, a distance of 650 miles. It varies in width from 50 to 200 feet, and follows the lower edge of the Ponderosa pine-belt, protecting the pines from fires starting in the foothills below.

"Calumet sure gives you your money's worth, with that

Big New 10¢ Can!"

SAYS MRS. W. W. HICKEY, OF CHICAGO, ILL.

"THERE'S a lot of good baking in that 10c can of Calumet," observes Mrs. Hickey. "It's worth more than a dime any day!"

"Of course, with my big family I get the full-pound can—and it's only 25c now. As long as I bake, Calumet will be in my pantry!"

Grandfather Rommel, who was a baker for 40 years, says: "Calumet takes the guesswork out of the job nowadays."



LOOK AT THE NEW CALUMET CAN! A simple twist... and the Easy-Opening Top lifts off. No delay, no spilling, no broken fingernails!

WHAT makes Calumet so dependable? Why is it different from other baking powders? Calumet combines two distinct leavening actions. A quick action for the mixing bowl—set free by liquid. A slower action for the oven—set free by heat. This Double-Action produces perfect leavening.



All Calumet prices are lower! Calumet is now selling at the lowest prices in its history... The regular price of the Full-Pound Can is now only 25c! And ask to see the new 10c can—a lot of good baking for a dime—with Calumet, the Double-Acting Baking Powder. A product of General Foods.

A BULL'S EYE FOR DAD

GEE, DAD... COME ON OUT AND SHOOT! IT'S SWELL FUN!

SAY... WHAT RIGHT HAS HE TO ENJOY LIFE WHEN YOU FEEL SO MISERABLE?

JIM, YOU'RE MAKING LIFE MISERABLE FOR ALL OF US WITH YOUR CROSS, IRRITABLE WAYS!

I JUST WISH YOU HAD MY HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION! YOU'D BE IRRITABLE, TOO!

TELL HER SHE'S LUCKY YOU DON'T START ACTING AS MEAN AS YOU FEEL!

GEE, DAD... IT'S SWELL TO GO HUNTING WITH YOU!

IT IS FUN, ISN'T IT? YOUR OLD DAD HAS BEEN A NEW MAN SINCE HE CHANGED TO POSTUM!

LATER

LISTEN, YOU! LOOK AT YOUR COAT! LOOK AT YOUR SHOES! GET INTO THE HOUSE... AND STAY THERE!

THAT'S THE TICKET... SPOIL HIS FUN! WHY NOT GIVE HIM A GOOD LACING?

I'LL BET ANYTHING YOU'VE GOT COFFEE-NERVES!—PERHAPS YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE WHO SHOULDN'T DRINK COFFEE! WHY DON'T YOU CHANGE TO POSTUM?

I'LL JUST TAKE YOU UP ON THAT—TO SHOW YOU HOW WRONG YOU ARE!

CURSES! SHE'S NOT WRONG! SHE KNOWS POSTUM ALWAYS DRIVES ME OUT!

WHY was coffee bad for you, Dad? ... I thought it was bad just for us kids!

"Oh, no! Many grown-ups, too, find that the caffeine in coffee upsets their nerves, causes indigestion or keeps them awake nights!"

If you are bothered by headaches, or indigestion, or can't sleep soundly... try Postum for 30 days. It contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It's easy to make... costs less than half a cent a cup. It's delicious, too... and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

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