

THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER YEAR

MARTHA OSTENSO



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 Haron 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, Jase, 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 never 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 some-times."

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.

and completing his records, so as to be ready for another season of experimenting with his beloved corn. Roddy's mood was rarely discussed by the others, but Silver knew that beneath their silence lay an intensity of feeling that one day must break the bonds of reticence that held it. She knew, too, that while Corinne's absence had something to do with the way Roddy felt, behind it all was the growing resentment toward herself that had begun that night when she had told him of her intention to sell her land as soon as his lease had expired. That had rankled until he could think of nothing else. She knew, too, that the family was aware of it. That, undoubtedly, accounted for much of their restraint.

It was a black, blustery night, and Silver put on her old leather jacket and her close-fitting tweed hat. She went out into the inky darkness and started toward the summit of the hill, when a sudden flare of light, like the striking of a match, arrested her attention through the small window of Roddy's workshop in the shelter of the slope.

Roddy must be in there, she thought, getting ready for another night's work. The thought of his self-imposed loneliness smote drearily across Silver's heart. Why should she not go to him now and talk to him—beg him not to remain away from his father's house because of her?

She stepped to the threshold and paused. "Roddy!" she called softly. He scooped up handfuls of corn. "Well?"

"I came over to beg you not to—not to stay away from our house because of me," Silver said. "If that's the reason—"

He stood up and looked at her. At the painful flush that sprang into her cheeks, he stepped toward her with contrite haste. His feelings were in such confusion now that he could scarcely speak.

"I'm sorry, Silver," he said heavily. "It's certainly no time for me to hold out against you—after this. We don't seem to understand each other, that's all."

Silver turned her eyes from him. "I can't go on like this," she said. "It has been utter misery."

"I can't say I've been enjoying it myself," he looked down at her and saw that she was shivering. "But listen—you'd better get back into the house," he remarked gruffly. He reached down and drew her to her feet, then took her hand in the most acute embarrassment he had ever known. "Let's forget it, Silver."

For a moment she permitted her hand to rest in his, then withdrew it hurriedly. Without a word she ran to the door and vanished in the darkness toward the stone house.

Later, when Roddy thoughtfully returned home, the strong wind beating up the slope against him seemed fantastically like that sudden impact of Silver's cold, slender body.

"Good Lord!" he muttered, and ran his hand across his eyes. "I must be crazy."

But as he lay in bed thinking over the events of the night, it was the memory of Silver Grenoble's clinging to him that gnawed and worried at the core of his being until at last as he stared up toward the invisible ceiling, his whole life seemed to be tangled in a hopeless maze.

He vowed savagely that tomorrow he would do two things—he would write a letter to Neal Anthony definitely rejecting his offer, and in the evening he would drive to Ballantyne and fetch Corinne home.

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 together."

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"Rose" Knitting Bag for Crochet

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



Any woman who does knitting would be proud to carry her work and materials in this extremely pretty knitting bag. The pocket when finished measures 10 by 13 inches and a crocheted with extra heavy dark Mountain Craft crocheted cotton. The design, as illustrated, is the popular Rose design.

Package No. 749 with brown crocheted cotton includes illustration, complete instructions, also black and white diagram for easy counting of meshes. These instructions and diagram will be sent postpaid for 10 cents. Complete package with instructions, thread and proper size crochet hook will be sent postpaid for 40 cents. Handles are not included.

Address Home Craft Co., Dept. B, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

Canaries at School The finest canaries are now given a university musical training. First-class musicians are engaged to play to cages of promising young pupils, revealing to them the full range of instruments like the violin, harp, water organ, and chimes. Listening intently, the birds learn to recapture the notes with their wonderful voices. According to one professor a trained canary should be master of the glucke, glucke roll, water glucke, deep bubbling water tour, hollow roll, hollow bell, bell roll, bell tour, bell glucke, water roll, schockel, and flutes. These singing lessons are conducted in specially built soundproof laboratories. A discordant note, coming from outside, might easily ruin months of patient tuition.—Tit-Bits Magazine.

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? A couple of Pittsburgh policemen parked a police department car in a restricted zone. Their superintendent made them pay towing charges to get it out of the zone and suspended them for five days.

A NEW Coleman Kerosene MANTLE LAMP

300 Candle-power "Live" Pressure Light THIS two-mantle Coleman Kerosene Lamp burns 95% air and 4% kerosene (coal oil). It's a pressure lamp that produces 300 candle-power of "live," eye-saving brilliance... gives more and better light at less cost. A worthy companion to the famous Coleman Gasoline Pressure Lamps. Safe... the fuel is in a made-of brass and steel... no glass to break. Clean... no greasy wicks to trim, no smoky chimneys to wash. Finished in two-tone Indian Bronzes with attractive Parchment Shade. SEE YOUR LOCAL DEALER—or write us for Free Descriptive Literature. THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE CO., Dept. W.U.G., Wichita, Kans.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa. (C.O.)

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It is all so simple, too! That tired, run-down, exhausted feeling quite often is due to lack of a sufficiency of those precious red-blood-cells. Just build up these oxygen-carrying cells and the whole body takes on new life... food is really turned into energy and strength... you can't feel but feel and look better. S.S.S. Tonic restores deficient red-blood-cells... it also improves the appetite and digestion. It has been the nation's standby for over 100 years... and unless your case is exceptional it should help you, too.

SSS Tonic Makes you feel like yourself again

No Second Thought Legislators are so used to pouring out money in millions that they never think how hard the money comes.

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Comic strip panels featuring characters discussing Postum coffee. Includes dialogue like "WE SHOULD ASK FOR MISS STONE'S RESIGNATION!" and "I ALWAYS knew coffee was harmful to children... but how could it hurt me?".

(TO BE CONTINUED)