

THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER YEAR

MARTHA OSTENSO



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. On Silver's arrival Duke Melbank, a shiftless youth, makes himself obnoxious. Sophronia slaps him. Roderick is on the eve of marriage to Corinne Meader, daughter of a failed banker.

CHAPTER III

SOPHRONIA WILLARD had driven a half mile from the limits of Heron River before she spoke to the girl, who sat beside her straight and white as an icicle. Then Phronie said, between her long white teeth, "D—n them! The ignoramuses. Don't you mind 'em, child! You've done nothin' wrong. Don't you let 'em scare you!"

The girl laughed softly. Sophronia glanced at her in surprise, and thought suddenly that she looked in some way much more than nineteen. "I'm not a child, Aunt Sophronia," she said. Her voice was low and oddly measured, as though she herself were listening to it. "They didn't frighten me. I am only sorry they upset you on my account."

Phronie was discomfited and a bit irritated. "They get away with too much, those galoots!" she said loudly. "A stranger can't come here that they don't act up like a pack o' hoodlums!"

Silver did not reply. Her aunt ventured a glance at her as she jerked the old car around a corner. The girl's face, with its rather small features, was like marble, no life in anything but her eyes, and they stared straight ahead of her as though she saw something nameless beyond the dark of the windshield. Qualms were unusual with Phronie, but she experienced them now.

"We've got to buck up, Silver," Sophronia said violently. "I know how you feel. Jim was my only brother. If he'd been my father I couldn't of felt worse. We've got to keep a stiff upper lip, my dear."

"I know," the girl said in that same level voice. "It must have been a great shock to you, Aunt Sophronia."

"It was."

"For a little time there was no conversation between them. Sophronia almost wished that the girl had thrown a fit of hysterics—anything, rather than this frozen silence. It was unnatural in such a young thing."

"But we won't do any talking tonight, Silver," she said presently. "You must get a good rest. I am sorry Roddy—he's my oldest stepson—I'm sorry he's away in the good car. This is an awful racket-trap for you to be comin' home in!"

Silver seemed to have been thinking her own thoughts. "Your stepson—Roddy," she ventured, "will he mind very much—my coming?"

"He won't mind anything, unless you sell your land to a cash buyer," Sophronia said grimly, and then could have bitten her tongue out. She had just said that tonight they wouldn't do any talking!

"Oh!"

"I didn't exactly mean that," Sophronia shouted. "It's just that he's filled your section with his dad's until he feels that it's his own. Don't pay attention to me tonight. I'm a little scattered, I guess."

"I don't think I shall want to sell the land, Aunt Sophronia," Silver said monotonously. "If you will just let me stay with you, I'll be ever so grateful."

Sophronia's heart leaped. Well, if it was going to be as simple as that!

"Stay!" she exclaimed. "Isn't this your rightful home? And ain't I your closest kin? I'd be a fine one, I would, if I didn't insist on your living with me!"

"Thank you, Aunt Sophronia," Silver said. "I can't say any more."

"You don't need to," Sophronia remarked tersely. "And don't call me 'Sophronia!' It's too much like me. I get 'Phronie' from them that like me. You can cut out the 'aunt' too. It makes me feel old."

"Phronie," Silver repeated thoughtfully. "Dad called you that, but I wasn't sure—"

"If it was moonlight," the older woman interrupted, "you could see a stand of white birch against that rise there. The old house—your

great-grandfather's homestead—sits back a ways. It's part furnished still, just like it was when he built it—seventy-five years ago. We use the place for the crew now during thrashin'. Well, we're gettin' home."

The girl stirred slightly and glanced back down the slope. "I remember this hill," she said.

"Yes, you were born in that old house," Sophronia declared promptly. "And your mother died in it."

"Out of the sultry darkness, old Roderick came toward them from the big house, where one light was burning in the living room. Sophronia saw his arms outstretched toward Jim's daughter, and heard the booming greeting of his voice, and was suddenly afraid. But Jim's daughter did not break down. There was something uncanny about the girl, Sophronia thought in confusion."

In the house, Phronie relieved Silver Grenoble of her wraps and the men took her luggage upstairs. With the firm belief in the efficacy of food to dull the sharp edge of grief, Phronie then busied herself preparing a plate of sandwiches. Jason went to the cooler in the vegetable cellar outside, and brought in a stone jug of ginger beer, while old Roderick kept Silver company in the living room.

When Sophronia returned with the sandwiches, she saw a bit of color on Silver's cheeks, and although her eyes were darting about the room like dark flames, they were no longer the eyes of some stricken animal.

Sophronia placed the sandwiches and glasses on the table with its crocheted dolly, and Jason poured ginger beer into the glasses.

"Now, Silver," she said stoutly, "you must have a bite. That darned old car must have played you out—it sure did me."

The men helped themselves, reaching out to the decked table in painful fastidiousness with their large brown hands.

Sophronia took in Silver's appearance in detail. The girl was slender, but not as frail as Phronie had at first supposed. Her eyes were dark blue, although by the light of the acetylene lamp they seemed almost black. Her hair was what would be called ash-blond, she decided, and it waved slightly and was dressed in a plain fashion low upon her neck.

Then Sophronia looked about the room and saw it, in a twinkling, as she had not seen it in years. She saw it now because she was wondering what Jim's daughter was thinking about it.

She saw the unobtrusive, faded tan of the wall paper, with the silver stripe in it. That was not in bad taste, she thought stoutly. The curtains were of ecru net, with side strips and valance of plain blue rep; that had been Roddy's idea. She saw the upright piano of black walnut, the keys yellowing, and recalled that until Roddy had removed it there had been a handsome green velvet scarf on its top, hand-painted in pink roses. Sophronia looked at the walls and thought how much costlier they had been with the pictures and mottoes on them, and the burnt leather panel with the head of Pocahontas and the little calendar below. Now, on the wall opposite her, were three small fish etchings, placed step-ladder fashion. Black and white—no color or life to them! One was only land and sky, the second the same with a windmill stuck in it, and the third was an old horse plodding across a frozen pond dragging a two-wheeled cart.

"And is this lawyer—this Benjamin Hubbard you speak of—" old Roderick was saying—"is he looking after all the—the arrangements?"

"Yes," Silver replied softly but very clearly. "Ben is looking after everything. It was Dad's wish that his body should be cremated and his ashes sent here—to be near Mother's grave."

"And did he live long enough to tell you that?" Phronie asked, clearing her throat.

"Oh—he spoke of that some months ago," Silver said, "right after he had his first heart attack. But he mentioned it again—before he died."

"I see," Phronie winked rapidly several times.

The men shifted their feet in awkward silence.

Sophronia kept her eyes on Silver as the girl continued speaking in the same subdued tone. Almost as though she had been there, Sophronia experienced in Silver's telling, the events of the summer.

She saw the scorching day in June when Jim Grenoble had crumpled forward on the street and the doctor had warned him. She saw Jim's eyes as he had looked then—levelly into the face of doom. She heard the doctor's voice telling Jim that one of these days his heart would snap like a rubber band that had been stretched too far. She heard Jim asking his daughter Silver to see to it—if anything happened—that his ashes should rest in the country cemetery at Heron River. Sophronia could hear Silver promising—and pleading desperately with him then to go away with her to some quiet place, away from her tension and fever of the life they were living. And she could see him patting his daughter's hand gently and telling her that they would go soon—just as soon as they had enough money put by.

Phronie said, "Did Jim never mention wantin' to come back—I mean—before he knew he was dyin'?"

Silver raised her eyes, and for a moment Sophronia thought she saw in them something secret and fearful in their expression, something startling. The girl parted her lips and then looked fixedly at the wall opposite her. Phronie had the feeling that Silver had been about to impart some difficult information, and then had changed her mind.

"Yes—he was coming back," she said slowly. "He and I were all ready to come. We had planned to take this morning's train—the one I took alone."

Sophronia started. Her handkerchief dropped limply into her lap. Then, without warning, two large tears rolled from her lids and down her long brown cheeks.

"Please don't," Silver breathed. "I'm sorry—I shouldn't have—"

"Never mind me!" Sophronia exclaimed in a tremendous voice. "I'm an old fool, I thought we wouldn't"

Then he turned to speak to Duke. "Time you were in bed, Duke," he remarked pleasantly. "This tall, soft sulk of a fellow was beneath contempt, beneath anger, even for Sophronia's sake, although he had been spreading gossip about Phronie's niece ever since his famous visit to Chicago earlier in the summer."

"You been away," Duke said as he slumped down upon a stool. "Duke checks up on us, Lena," Roddy smiled. "We've got to watch our step."

"No," Duke objected. "I was just thinkin' you ain't heard, maybe, about old Jim Grenoble."

"Gentleman Jim?"

"Sure. Him I seen when I was to Chl last month. I could 'a' told them he wouldn't come to no good end."

"Anything happened?" Roddy asked. There was a certain leer—knowingness about Duke that filled him, as always, with distaste.

"Plenty! He got himself shot last night."

"My G—d!" Roddy exclaimed. "Who shot him?"

"Fella named Rawson, it was. The police got him. Killed him when he was tryin' to make his getaway. Some o' them guys can shoot, no foolin'!"

"Poor old Jim!" Roddy said to himself. "Sophronia will take that pretty hard, I'm afraid."

Duke laughed mirthlessly. "Not so's you'd notice it."

"You've seen her?"

"I seen her, all right, all right. And how! She was down to meet the train tonight."

"You mean—they sent the body—?"

Duke's hands played together. "Not exactly. The one that came in tonight wasn't what you'd call a dead one, eh, Lena? I'll tell the world! It was Jim's daughter. Her I shot that night in Chl with a big shot by the name o' Lucas."

"Is she here?"

"She's out to the farm, if that's what you mean. But that oughtn't to worry you none. She won't be stayin' long in these parts, if I know anything. Her kind don't be long round here." He chuckled. "I've got her number, all right, all right!"

But Roddy did not hear the innuendo. Duke's disclosure had flashed like lightning across his mind. He tossed a coin on the counter, seized his hat and made for the door.

Driving home, he realized that he was as near to panic as he had ever been in his life. What would this girl's coming mean? She would undoubtedly sell her land for cash. It was not likely that a couple of hundred a year rental would interest her. Five years ago the land might have come into the possession of the Willards, had it not been for Jim Grenoble's obstinacy. Instead, the money that might have bought it had gone into bad investments. How, if they lost the Grenoble section, were all the Willards going to live on the meager income from their own land, which was, by some trick of nature, not half so rich? And in a week he, Roddy, would have a wife to support as well.

relentless rightness in his going the way he had gone. At a hacienda near Mexico City, a peon in the employ of Carlos Salamanca had darted out from behind a pomegranate tree one moonlight night after Jim had taken four thousand dollars from his master, but Jim had broken the wrist of the hand that held the knife and had kept the knife as a souvenir of a close call.

She sat up and clasped her arms about her knees and gazed with burning, dry eyes down at the dark flow of the creek. What would that strange aunt of hers, Dad Jim's sister, have thought if she had told her that there had been another reason, besides his falling heart, for Jim Grenoble's sudden decision to return? Perhaps some day she would tell Sophronia about Gerald Lucas. Some day, when his cool power over her and her capitulation to him was only an evil dream, she might tell Sophronia that it was really from Gerald Lucas that she had fled; that Jim, knowing Gerald for what he was, had been overcome by the knowledge that Silver was in love with him, and had blamed himself for exposing her to the corruption of his own life.

Silver Grenoble, as she lay under the willow tree, was conscious of a great weariness, she knew deeply that a change was coming, pervasive and calm, into her being.

Roddy Willard brought his car to the curb in front of Torson's place, turned off the lights and stepped down.

At the end of the lunch counter, Duke Melbank lounged, rolling a cigarette in his pale, freckled hands. His red hair flamed.

"A cup of coffee, Lena," Roddy said to the elder Torson girl as she greeted him with a smile.

Then he turned to speak to Duke. "Time you were in bed, Duke," he remarked pleasantly. "This tall, soft sulk of a fellow was beneath contempt, beneath anger, even for Sophronia's sake, although he had been spreading gossip about Phronie's niece ever since his famous visit to Chicago earlier in the summer."

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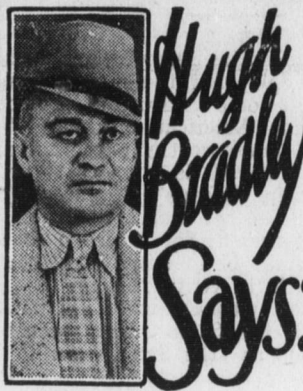
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(TO BE CONTINUED)

Hawaii's Cup of Gold
Solandra guttata, or the cup of gold, the glorious flower of the Hawaiian islands, is a naturalized southern California plant. It not only grows easily, but actually thrives on a certain amount of inattention. The cup of gold is a solanaceae, botanically, giving it a number of surprising relations such as the petunia, the salpiglossis, the datura and cestrum parqui, the nightblooming jasmine.



New York Post—WNU Service.

Life Is What You Make It, Even in Sport

IT IS a rule of mine that letters must be answered promptly and yet the one postmarked from a small West Virginia town has been here for almost a week. That is because . . . But enough of such stalling.

Dear Mr. —: It was nice of you to pick me out from the midst of all those other sports writers whose stories you read while trying to find some one from whom to obtain support. Yet, at the start, I may as well tell you that I am going to fall you.

Perhaps you are right in saying that your son has had too good an education to waste himself upon professional baseball. That would depend largely upon whether he has the ability to reach the major leagues quickly and to stay there for at least five years.

If he can make that grade then I think that you are wrong in believing that he will spend the rest of his life regretting lost business opportunities. Let us see.

The oldest living former National league player resides in Boston. He is past eighty and it has been more than 40 years since he ended his active days as one of the greatest of all stars. Has George Wright spent all those seasons thinking of the past and regretting opportunities that were lost by playing baseball?

Not a bit of it. Like A. G. Spalding, another great player of another day, his real fortune was achieved away from the diamond and yet because of it. What he might have become without baseball I do not know, but I do know that lessons learned in front of wildly excited crowds in those old wooden stands were invaluable to both men later while they built up businesses that yielded them fortunes.

You say that you would not care for him to travel around with a sporting crowd. Honestly, Mr. —, I should not worry about that. There are all kinds of definitions of sporting and so let us look at another side of it.

Ball Players and the Church

There was a day, which happily no longer exists, when baseball and the church were supposed to have very little in common, when there was much feeling that young men who participated in the sport for money were doomed to no good end. That was a day which produced a great outfielder who became a greater evangelist.

Sunday.

His name is Billy Sunday.

You think that if he became a star his later days would be unhappy because he would always be pining for that thrill which comes and goes with the limelight? Perhaps.

Most of the old Orioles are gone now but memory lingers on so persistently that they still must be recalled as one of the greatest of all teams. So the man who had been their manager might well look back wistfully upon those glories that have gone. Let us see again.

Years after the team had been scattered the citizens of Baltimore were planning some new parks.

They called upon an elderly gentleman who was busily engaged in building up a worthwhile business. Now far more residents of Baltimore think more often and more gratefully of the Edward Hanlon who did so ably as president of the park board than of the same younger Ned Hanlon who led the Orioles.

Let us try once more. To succeed upon the diamond you must recognize opportunity when it comes along. Disregard those bits of fiction which dot the magazines. The real truth is that few players have become stars through some combination of sheer strength and awkwardness. The game is one in which you must strive to think faster and more clearly than your opponent or combination of opponents.

When you develop such qualities before an audience that is quick to applaud or to condemn haven't you built up something in you that is going to serve well whatever you may tackle later?

Think it over, Mr. —. Or better still, let your son think it over. The opportunity is there and, after all, it is up to him what he makes of it.

SO MANY things are being blamed upon the weather nowadays that it is a relief to consider Brooklyn's Dodgers. Since those athletes probably would continue to drop decisions even if they were performing within the shadow of the south pole, today's collection of logic is dedicated to those persistent customers who annually must be beset by chills while the heat is being turned on elsewhere.

Plainly what is wrong with the Dodgers as well as with such better favored clubs as the Red Sox and the Indians is that even worse teamwork is displayed by the bosses than by the hired help. Until the front offices can be made to understand the necessity of co-operation as well as of sustained and intelligent planning, World Series must continue to be played at the Polo grounds, at Yankee stadium, in St. Louis and Detroit.

By this I mean that there are too many straw bosses floating around in the Cleveland, Boston and Brooklyn offices. There is such an overabundance of managers, both of the business and the field variety, that there is no real central authority. Instead of being Bill Terry, Branch Ricketts or Connie Mack, too many of the gentlemen have become Jack Horners.



Too many of them are too eager to poke in their thumbs, pull out the plums, echo the what a great boy I am refrain and then duck out the back door when some one discovers that a mess has been made of the pie.

"Too Many Bosses" Is Baseball Nemesis

Such confusion of purpose is nothing new in this combination of sport and business that is baseball. For instance, there are the White Sox. When Charles Comiskey was in his prime the team made money and won pennants. As he became older he slipped into a mingling of uncertainty and stubbornness that caused him to lean too heavily upon poorly equipped volunteer advisers. For years then, and after his death, the White Sox neither made money nor won pennants. Now a happy understanding between field and office is bringing success again.

There also are the Giants. For years McGraw was the supreme authority and the club was one of baseball's grandest successes. Then some of the players discovered that it was perhaps not impossible to go over the "Old Man's" head. The next pennant was won when Bill Terry, who would not accept the job until granted full and undivided control, had become manager.

In mentioning this I have no desire to be unkind to the various gentlemen who have devoted their years (albeit at salaries considerably more handsome than the results) to the executive end of the game. I merely am stating facts that are very well known to any one who ever has poked an inquisitive nose into a major league dugout.

Probably no club has been in such a pitiful plight this season as the Braves. The principal ownership of this club is invested in two men and a bank. The season was started with a manager and with the game's most glamorous figure in the lineup as vice president and manager apparent. The result was inevitable.

There is a manager who has been bitterly assailed by newspaper men. The business manager, who talks an excellent game and who talks bows whenever there is the slightest excuse for them, is a pal of the press. This does not necessarily mean that Walter Johnson and Billy Evans do not function in perfect accord. The Yankees ruled by Ed Barrow and the Tigers directed by Mickey Cochrane are, though, somewhat out in front of the pre-season favorites.

Bucky Harris, who was the manager of two pennant-winning teams while under the overlordship of Clarke Griffith in Washington, was not a success in Boston. Marty McManus, for many reasons exceedingly popular with the fans, was separated from the Red Sox managerial duties ahead of Harris. I do not suggest that Eddie Collins, the business manager, sat in the stands and signaled to the outfielders where to shift for certain batters. I merely mention that, in the midst of such rumors of clashing authority, the \$250,000 expended by Tom Yawkey for Joe Cronin may have been a bargain.

I know of a major league ball club where a manager is not permitted to fine or otherwise discipline any of the players and, indeed, is not even given information as to how much money the athletes receive. The club, because of poor deals or the lack of any deals, is going nowhere this season or next.

Still this piece started out with the Brooklyn club, it may as well end with it. After all, the weather is bad enough without getting into a sweat about so many other things. And it is true that somebody has to lose the pennants.

Housewife's Idea Box



Disinfect Your Drains

You can easily disinfect your drains and prevent odors in your bathroom. At regular intervals, as often as you think necessary, use the following solution: Dissolve two ounces of chloride of lime in one gallon of water. Pour this down the drains, allow it to remain for a couple of minutes, and then flush.

THE HOUSEWIFE.
Public Ledger, Inc.—WNU Service.

Plant Improvement Held Tenuous Task Years Ago

Until the start of hybridizing by Knight in England, somewhat more than a century ago, all plant improvement was by "selection," says Little's Industrial Bulletin. This meant that the seeds of the choicest grains and fruit were carefully preserved for the planting of the next crop and when grafting was used for increase of woody plants the buds or branches were from the finest trees and bushes. This system unquestionably kept up quality and ably advanced it. In the hands of certain "wizards," with keen appreciation of what is of value in plants and how to attain this, there have resulted notable discoveries, such as the Baldwin apple and the Bartlett pear.

Selection was effective, but it was exceedingly slow. For centuries most attention was focused on standard types and the taming and development of wild forms was almost out of the question.

Real progress began when the pollen of the plant was placed on the stigma of another to produce hybrids consciously instead of waiting for the same thing to occur by the chance efforts of bees, flies or the wind.

BOYS! GIRLS!

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.—Adv.

No Place to Go

A man wants to live on and on whether he has any other object in view or not.

Quick, Safe Relief For Eyes Irritated By Exposure To Sun, Wind and Dust

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

The Simple Life

"All is not lost" on the farm when you can sit down to a table heaped with agreeable food.

FLY-TOX Kills MOSQUITOES FLIES-SPIDERS and OTHER INSECTS

BEST BY 10,000 TESTS REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

ITCHING... anywhere on the body—also burning irritated skin—soothed and helped by Resinol

Quick, Pleasant Successful Elimination

Let's be frank—there's only one way for your body to rid itself of the waste material that causes acidity, gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts. Your intestines must function and the way to make them move quickly, pleasantly, successfully, without gripping or harsh irritants is to chew a Milnesia Wafer thoroughly, in accordance with directions on the bottle or tin, then swallow.

Milnesia Wafers, pure milk of magnesia in tablet form, each equivalent to a tablespoon of liquid milk of magnesia, correct acidity, bad breath, flatulence, at their source, and enable you to have the quick, pleasant, successful elimination so necessary to abundant health.

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles at 25c and 60c or in convenient tins at 20c. Recommended by thousands of physicians. All good druggists carry them. Start using these pleasant tasting effective wafers today.