

There's Always Another Year

By MARTHA OSTENSO

Sophronia had since eight o'clock this morning to prepare for her meeting with her brother's daughter, Anna—"Silver" her mother had frivolously called her because of the pallor of her hair and skin. Sophronia was washing the separator in the milk house when Jason had shouted to her that she was wanted on the telephone.

Albert Symes, the telegraph operator, had read the telegram to her. He had said first, clearing his throat: "I have bad news for you, Mrs. Willard." Phronie had said, "Go on, go on, man! Read it." Then Albert had proceeded with the message: "As attorney to your brother James Grenoble I assume the painful duty of informing you that your brother was shot fatally early this morning by one Lewis Rawson. Rawson was killed by police as he was trying to make his escape. Your niece Silver Grenoble will arrive Heron River tonight's train. Take care of her. Benjamin Hobbard."

Sophronia had made no outcry. She given Albert Symes a curt "Thank you." Then she had seated herself on the chair beside the telephone and had looked up at it, there on the wall, for a long time. Jason had stood near by, fumbling with a piece of harness, or something—she forgot just what. Her eyes had moved to him slowly, and it seemed to her suddenly that this stepson of hers was more hunchbacked than usual. She could see that pitiful excrescence of bone and flesh mounting from behind the line of his shoulder. She saw his mournful, deep eyes—like the eyes of a dog that had been run over and begged to be removed from its pain.

"Jim's dead," she told him, as she might tell him that the clock needed winding.

Jason turned the bit of leather about in his powerful hands—hands that could bend a horseshoe inside out without trouble.

"How?" he asked. His voice was husky and soft as wind moving over

resentment on to his son, young Roddy.

Two years after her marriage to Roderick Willard when her stepsons were in high school at Heron River, Sophronia had had her first news of Jim. He and Silver were in Alaska. Jim did not say what he was doing, but Silver was being looked after in a convent school. Jim sent two thousand dollars, that time, for Phronie to carry on the work of the farm—and no questions asked. The farm was paying its way then and more. Phronie thought Jim had probably gone crazy.

Next year Jim was in Nevada. And later in Mexico. Mining, he said. His daughter was also in Mexico, in the care of nuns, and was learning Spanish and German and French. Sophronia, remembering the fair child of seven, who was so much like that dreamy, foreign mother of hers, wondered. Sophronia wrote Jim then that her husband Roderick Willard, wanted to buy him out. But Jim had some sentimental attachment for the place, because of his wife Anna, who had called it Ygdrasil. That word, in Norse mythology, Anna had said, meant the Tree of Life. There was a huge oak in front of the old Grenoble farm house.

They couldn't budge Jim. He refused to sell. Why did he want to hang on to a farm that he never meant to visit again? He was gambling for a living. Sophronia would have guessed that, even though Newt Fisher, who had run into him in Nevada, hadn't brought the news back. But his wife Anna had curiously loved her Ygdrasil—silly name, woman! Sophronia always grew uncomfortable when she thought of Anna. Well, who hadn't loved her? She was gentle as spring rain.

And what would this daughter of hers be like? Sophronia wondered with misgiving. Product of convents (of all things—and Jim raised a Pres-

come Roddy's ideal at college. She was a vavacious 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. Sophronia would never forget her own effort to serve the girl iced tea in the sitting room. She would never forget how Corinne's eyes had roamed over the place, scanning the floors, the walls, the furniture. And Roddy had sat there holding a glass and struggling to make his hands look small.

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.

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

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HEADS A NEW BOARD



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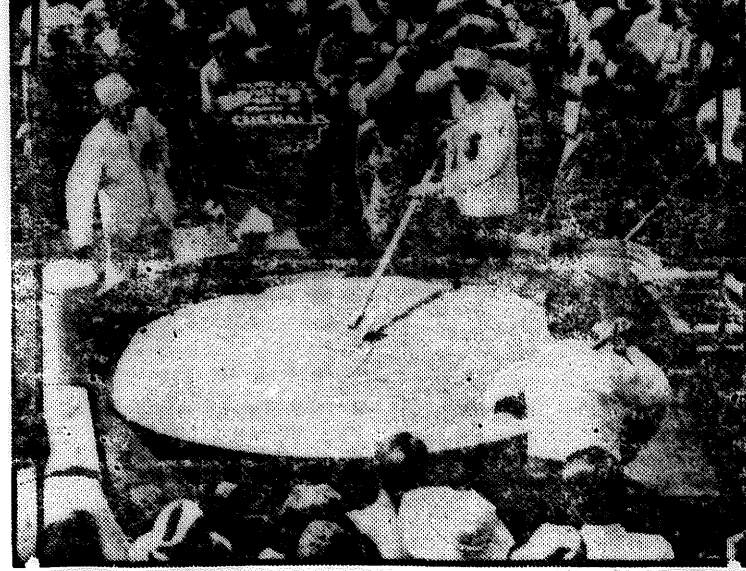
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Theodore Krebs, professor of business economics at Stanford university, California, has been made chairman of a new federal central relief board that will function as a board of review to co-ordinate surveys proposed by federal, state and local governments as part of the works-relief program. Professor Krebs, who is a well-known statistician, went to Washington last



Gov. Clarence D. Martin of the state of Washington stirring the world's largest omelet, prepared and served as a feature of the annual celebration at Chehalls, center of the nation's outstanding egg producing areas. The omelet which required 7,000 eggs, was mixed in a huge concrete mixer before being poured into the giant skillet.

442 Families Taken from Relief Lists from this District

North Wilkesboro, Aug. 28.—Sixty-six Wilkes county families, who a year ago faced the problem of earning a living with despairing hope, have been placed on their feet this year by the North Carolina Rural Rehabilitation Corporation, working in conjunction with the emergency relief administration.

In relief district 8, composed of Wilkes, Yadkin, Surry, Alleghany, Oshe and Watauga counties, a total of 442 families were lifted from the relief load and given a chance through means provided in the rural rehabilitation setup, it was learned here from C. A. Miles, district supervisor.

Families taken over by the corporation in Wilkes county show every indication of making good, according to information gained from Mr. Miles, and it is estimated that 95 per cent of them will be able to repay this year's installment on their loan this fall.

In the spring the families to be rehabilitated were selected on advice of relief officials after thorough investigation had been made by case workers and upon their recommendation. The corporation leased, with option

to buy, large tracts of lands suitable to farming and an inventory was made of the possession of the families to be placed. Such supplies and equipment that they did not have and which were necessary were loaned by the corporation on easy terms and without interest charge. The first payment is due this fall.

110 Men to Begin Work on Parkway Road at Once

Work on the 12 miles of road in the Shenandoah-Great Smoky mountains park for which Nello Teer, of Durham has been awarded the contract will get under way immediately, Hubert Teer, of the firm, announced in Durham last week. The contract price was \$363,837.

Approximately 110 men will be provided with work on the project, Teer said. The road will be on macadam construction. The section awarded the contractor extends from the Virginia-North Carolina state line to North Carolina state highway No. 26.

Mr. Teer said the contract did not provide for traffic lanes. He is not in a position to say how wide the right-of-way will be, he said.

Basswood comes from the American linden tree.

What became of the August 18, 1587, for wh North Carolina cou named, has remained enigma. The baby, wh christened as a member of England disappeared ents and a small group tlers not long after her fate of the "lost colony" subject of much specul The only key, when r for Sir Walter Raleigh' from England, was the "tan" carved on a tree, failed to lead to solutio A few pieces of broke found scattered about t colony, but there were

NOTICE

Having qualified as of the estate of J. G. I ed, late of Ashe County, lina, this is to notify al ing claims against the said deceased to exhib undersigned at Nathan on or before the 15th o 1936, or this notice will bar of their recovery. d debted to said estate w immediate settlement.

This the 13th day of ALONZO REEVES of J. G. Reeves, deceas

EXECUTOR'S

Having qualified a the estate of Filmore of Ashe County, N. C. fy all persons having the estate of said decee them to the undersigne the 20th day of August notice will be pleade recovery. All persons i estate will please ma settlement.

This the 19th day of H. J. Pri J. M. Prevette, Atty.

NOTICE

State of North Caroli County of Ashe.

In the A. L. Barker, Plaintiff vs.

Clyde Barker, Defend The defendant abo take notice that an ac above has been comme prior Court of Ashe is an action to obtai the grounds of adultery The defendant will notice that she is requ at the office of the un in thirty days from th the publication of this relief demanded will b This Aug. 26th, 1935 J. D. STANSB Clerk of the Su Sidney Gambill, Atty.

Letterheads

Are able little messengers. They spread news, collect bills, make sales and build