

Golden Rain

by Margaret Wildmer

CHAPTER TWO
SMALL QUARREL

THE tragic gesture with which Iris had displayed her graceful strangely dressed self, indicated suddenly to Morgan what it would be to bring a girl dressed like this to a party, made him see that there might be something, after all, to her funny small troubles, silly as they seemed to him alongside his own. He spoke impetuously in the half light.

"Poor kid! See here - I'm not hard up. Here, take this and go into Philadelphia and get yourself something, won't you, on me? ... Say it's dropped down the chimney!"

But the moment the words were out he knew he had said the wrong thing.

"I don't suppose you mean to be insulting," Iris said in a voice like ice. "There's your road."

He caught her arm. "Oh, say, I didn't mean any harm. Just thought you'd never see me again. Conventions are idiotic things anyhow. And you're just a kid."

"Nineteen's not a kid."

"Oh, gosh, I thought you were fifteen at most. Awfully sorry."

under the rainbow. There isn't any Santa Claus."

"I wouldn't care," she answered him, going away from him. Her voice echoed behind her. "Maybe I could spend some of it before it went back to leaves. Maybe there is rainbow gold for some people."

She did not bear his answer. Suddenly she did not want to go home. She was passing the public square, and, conscious again of her load, she sat down on a bench, the better to daydream. "I was bad-tempered, too," she reflected. "After all, I wouldn't trade dear old overworked Uncle William, or even Aunt Ella and her homilies, for the best car and biggest radio and most magnificent night-club that were ever built."

Nevertheless, the ideas were delightful. A radio-how Uncle William would like it, with its chances at good music, its contact with world opinions! How Aunt Ella would adore a long gray satin dress to entertain in!

THE town clock struck, and she realized she had been sitting there a full half hour. They would wonder where she was.

As she went on slowly in the dark to the big shabby house that had been a showplace seventy-five years ago, she was planning what she would do if these boughe were hung with actual limitless gold: A new house, as beautiful as this had been when the Colonial Lannings kept open house for Washington's staff, but with today's luxuries.

A house with a tiny elevator, a bathroom for every room. The Lanning house today possessed an immense bathroom in carved walnut compartments, with a copper tub. It had been of fantastic elegance when it was put in; only its fantasy remained today. Besides bathrooms in serried ranks there would be delightful, sophisticated smart friends: people out of the infrequent movies she managed as a great excitement once in a long while.



"Daddy was a genius."

"Oh, never mind." Her voice was soft again. "It wasn't your fault. If a girl wears a dress to her knees and complains of poverty to a stranger, she has only herself to blame if she's offered alms!"

They both laughed. After all, they were young, and this was an exciting moment's encounter. But Morgan had a good deal of persistence. He had to know that she wouldn't spend her life after he left her entirely without anything she wanted.

"Isn't there anything you can do - since you won't take alms? Good word-alms; haven't heard it for ages. You know, you are Victorian!"

SHE accepted this sadly.

"I can do lots of things, all as Victorian as possible. Place-cards, fine embroidery, teaching a little girl the rudiments of French and singing."

"Well, what do you do with all that money?"

"The Daddy was killed in the motor accident, it took all Uncle Will made, and what little I did, to give him the little things he wanted. He was a genius, and he had to have the inspirational how freed," she recited like a lesson. "And since, there are a lot of expenses, Uncle Will isn't strong yet, and he was laid up so long he lost some of his work."

"Why, you poor kid! I say, you have had a rough time."

"You must have too," she said with a swift generous courtesy that was new to him. "She was probably just like the rest, only with a line he didn't know. 'Good-by, Grand Lane is that way. And thank you for offering. I know now you meant to be kind.'"

"Well, I did. Here are your boughe." He gave her the great armful of flowering branches.

She laughed suddenly above them. "If they were only gold-fairy gold, rainbow gold! I'd take them home and get everything I wanted with them."

He spoke, turning back. His voice came to her dimly in the dusk.

"Do you know what fairy gold is? It turns into withered leaves next day; and there's no pot of gold

Her selfish, talented father and her brother-worshipping aunt had always ruled her life with a completeness which even girls in old-fashioned Persia thought "a perfect shame," and modern girls would have supposed impossible. It is hard to free oneself from tyranny which is loving than from the other kind.

Aunt Ella might draw the line at nearly all the infrequent invitations Iris had because the inviters were "not just the ones I want you to associate with, dearest," but she was honestly distressed about it. The givers of parties whose forbears had been on an equality with Lanning forebears forgot. The Lannings had been financially ruined a generation before.

Katherine Oliver, well-to-do, kind, obdurate, whose grandmother had gone to finishing school with Miss Ella before the Lanning money went, honestly admired Iris for her vivacious, her dark sparkling good looks, her slim alive charm; and old Mrs. Oliver encouraged her granddaughter. Aunt Ella took it as a matter of course, but Iris precipitated it.

"They're awfully nice to me," Iris thought contentedly. "All I can do is to make the party go with parlor tricks."

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Iris gets a considerable shock, Monday.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"A Message to Garcia," a little essay telling the heroism of Lieutenant Andrew S. Rowan in delivering U. S. army orders to General Garcia, leader of the Cuban rebels during the war with Spain, was written by Elbert Hubbard in a single hour one night after dinner, and was published by him without a heading in March, 1898, issue of his monthly magazine, "The Philistine."

The simple tale of a young army officer who took the message, asked no questions, and delivered it after a thrilling trip into the Cuban interior, caught the imagination of readers everywhere. Orders poured in for reprints of it, several thousand were ordered printed by a railroad president so that every one of his employees could read it.

In the Russo-Japanese war it was translated into both Russian and Japanese and given to all soldiers on both sides. During the World War soldiers of the Allies as well as the Central Powers carried copies of "A Message to Garcia." The publishers estimate that more than 40,000,000 copies of it have been circulated in 30 different languages.

Before the celebrated tea tax that led to the Boston Tea Party, all tea consumed in the colonies was shipped via England and taxed en route. With the establishment of the hated colonial tea tax the other tax was removed, and shipping was allowed to be made direct to the colonies from the India company. These savings enabled colonists to buy tea at a lower price after the tax was levied than before. But the colonists were more interested in the principle than the price, and the tea tax became one of the chief reasons for the Revolutionary War.

Tomorrow: Brothers of the Sea.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse, City Sanitary Service.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

WAS A DIRECT RESULT OF THE BRITISH TAX ON TEA - YET TEA WAS CHEAPER IN THE COLONIES AFTER THE TAX WAS LEVIED THAN BEFORE!

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I'VE GOT A DRY AND SMOKEY THROAT. WHAT'S GOOD FOR IT?

PS-S-ST- THERE'S YOUR ANSWER

WRIGLEY'S HELPS A DRY AND SMOKEY THROAT!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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SMATTER POP-

By C. M. PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY

By HAL FORREST



HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Olga's Message

By EDWIN ALGER



1935 BY JIM ARONSON

1536 AUTOMOBILES OPERATED BY STATE

SALEM, March 27.—(AP)—The state of Oregon, on March 20 this year, owned a total of 1536 passenger automobiles, trucks and other pieces of motor equipment. Dan Fry, state purchasing agent, reported to Governor Martin today.

Approximately 840 of these vehicles are operated by the state highway commission. This department has 142 passenger cars, 440 trucks and 104 tractors.

The State Agricultural college operates 115 state-owned vehicles and the University of Oregon 15 motor vehicles.

Buckingham's Cream Candy & Party Specials The Great 230 S. Cent.

NAME COMMITTEE TO STUDY NRA RESULTS

WASHINGTON, March 27.—(AP)—President Roosevelt today appointed a new committee on industrial analysis to study results and accomplishments of the outlawed national recovery administration.

A White House announcement said the committee would be headed by Secretary Roper and that other members would include Secretaries Perkins and Wallace. It was said to be the president's intention to add later a number of outsiders.

The committee was created by an executive order dated March 21.

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THE NEBBS—Let's Go

By SOL HESS



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