

Golden Rain

by Margaret Wildmer

SYNOPSIS: Iris Lanning is a young girl who is a little tired of being a poverty-stricken aristocrat, and also a little tired of the memory of her father—who got all the good things the impoverished Lannings could provide, until he died. For when Iris reached home she found that her Aunt Ella had taken Morgan Block as a boarder, and Morgan Block is the strange young man!

Chapter Four FIRST MEAL

IRIS hung herself across the honey-comb counterpane, sick with ashamedness. All her gaiety and bravery were gone. To tell things to a man who would be living in the house!

"The one thing I have!" she half sobbed. "Privacy!"

There wasn't much of that even at the moment. Aunt Ella creaked the door open. "Supper's ready, darling," she said.

Iris sat up and brushed her hair. "Aunt Ella, what made you take a boarder?"

Miss Lanning looked surprised. "Why, darling! It will more than pay for the table."

"I'd rather not have a thing to eat than somebody round the house all day!"

"You're wrong, my dear," said Miss Ella mildly—her invariable reply to Iris's protests.

Miss Ella was small and thin, with untidily-combed iron-gray hair and intensely-bright restless dark eyes. She was dressed in a neat unfashionable dark wool dress with a white apron to keep it clean.

As she stood, her eyes and hands moved, restless; but spiritually she was immovable. The god on her altar, to whom she sacrificed herself, and everybody within reach, daily and hourly, had been her brother Lawrence, Iris's handsome gentle oblivious father. When you have lived under such a regime all your life you accept it. But Iris was beyond herself tonight.

"Supposing I am young," she cried, still with fire, "what has that to do with a boarder's being a nuisance?"

"When you're older," said Aunt Ella, still with kindness, "you'll find that one does what one must, not what one wishes."

"You're taking away the last thing that made life worth living!" Iris sat erect in the middle of the mended counterpane.

"IRIS, what possesses you? Would you take the money from your father's memorial for your selfish pleasures? Don't you know that endowing one room in the town museum for his permanent exhibit will take all we can save for two years? I'm hurt and astonished at your selfishness," said Aunt Ella.

Then she patted Iris's shoulder. "If there's anything in my pocket you can use to make over for Katherine's tea, dear, you must take it."

Then she heard some domestic noise and scurried away.

Iris lay still. Aunt Ella's attitude did not seem strange to her; she had always lived with it. Presently the rose and dressed. There wasn't much she could do; she put on an old red frock, nearly as short and shabby as the other, but getting off her vividness of ivory and dusk and rose more sharply than she knew.

She went reluctantly down to the dining room. Her uncle and Morgan were there before her.

The dining room had been a stately place; the moth-eaten deer heads, the enormous engravings, the thick faded carpet, an Empire museum piece of a sideboard, all said that. So did the fish and game pictures of a departed day, brightly dead in their oval frames, and the portrait of an unmistakable arrogant Lanning in the robes of a Supreme Court Judge of Madison's day.

The price of that picture, Morgan mused (for he came of sound commercial stock on one side), would certainly run to new carpets and wallpaper for the whole house, not to speak of new clothes for the poor kid. Well, everybody to their taste. He hoped the food would be good.

It was Iris waited on the table, altering provocatively from a flushed silence to flashes of gaiety. Morgan was a little annoyed—girls even here! And her occasional looks made him think she wasn't much more pleased than he.

But the table-talk was delightful. Miss Ella and her brother and niece had apparently bought all possible books that a small income allowed, and got everything else from the library. Miss Ella was genuinely musical and artistic; Mr. Lanning

had a slow discursive way that broke from time to time into ironic wit, and a historical hobby or two. Iris flashed in and out of the talk "like a highly educated dandy," Morgan told himself. Talk of De Quincey, of Peacock, of the hidden history of Mary Queen of Scots, of back-country folklore, of statesmen's plans and literary movements, went lightly round the table. It was not pedantic, it was salted with small jests, light allusions. It was Morgan's first discovery that such scholarly talk could be gay.

Uncle William swept him off en joyably for further talk at the meal's end. Iris piled plates on a tray and carried them to the pile on the wooden drainboard of the old iron sink.



Iris went reluctantly down to the dining room.

"I hate strangers round at meals," she said crossly, getting her apron from behind the door.

"Are you chilly, dear?" said her aunt, solicitously, from where she knelt putting away food in the high yellow wooden icebox. "Or are you still upset about Katherine Oliver's tea? Why, when her people were blacksmiths the Lannings were entertaining Washington's staff. She ought to be glad to have you come in a waterproof!"

"Raincoat. And nobody remembers those things now. I wish I had some of the money they spent on General Washington!"

"Darling, you aren't yourself. Now wash your hands and put glycerine on them, and go in and help Uncle William entertain Mr. Black. Show him your father's studio."

She went obediently. And she found to her dismay that Morgan Black was for some reason just passing the kitchen door. Uncle William must have been showing him the back garden, brave with tulips and hyacinths. Oh, by what evil chance was he always to overhear her private affairs?

Nevertheless, she came out, and said, stiffly but politely, "My aunt says she would like me to show you my father's studio."

Morgan assented with more than conventional politeness. He was eager to see the possessions of the dead man whose shadow brooded over this house. He followed the alert young figure in the worn red cashmere into a room which had been obviously, the long salon parlor.

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Morgan experiences a considerable disillusionment, tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG—EVER RAISED IN VICTORY, WAS MADE OF RED FLANNELS, A WHITE SHIRT, AND A BLUE COAT... —O'Mahony Falls, N.Y., AUG., 1777—

A WATCH KEEPING PERFECT TIME AND A SUN-DIAL KEEPING PERFECT TIME AGREE ONLY 4 TIMES A YEAR...

THE "COMFORTS OF HUMAN LIFE" WAS WRITTEN BY ROBERT HERON IN A MISERABLE ENGLISH DEBTORS' PRISON... THE "MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE" WAS WRITTEN BY JAMES BERESFORD WHO ENJOYED A LIFE OF EASE AND COMFORT... BOTH MEN WERE BORN THE SAME YEAR—1704!



LATE ONIONS CAUSE MORE TEARS THAN EARLY ONIONS

Strange as it seems, the best and most accurate of time-keeping devices agree with the sun on only four days of the year—generally on April 15, June 15, August 31 and December 24, although these days may vary by a day from year to year because of the extra day in leap year.

At all other times your watch is running ahead of or behind the sun. This difference is accounted for by the sun's uneven motion in relation to the earth, hence the unevenness of sundial time. Generally speaking, from December 24 to April 15 and from June 15 to August 31, sundial time lags "after the clock." At other times it runs "before the clock." The greatest difference occurs in the early part of November when sundial time is off by 16 minutes, 21 seconds.

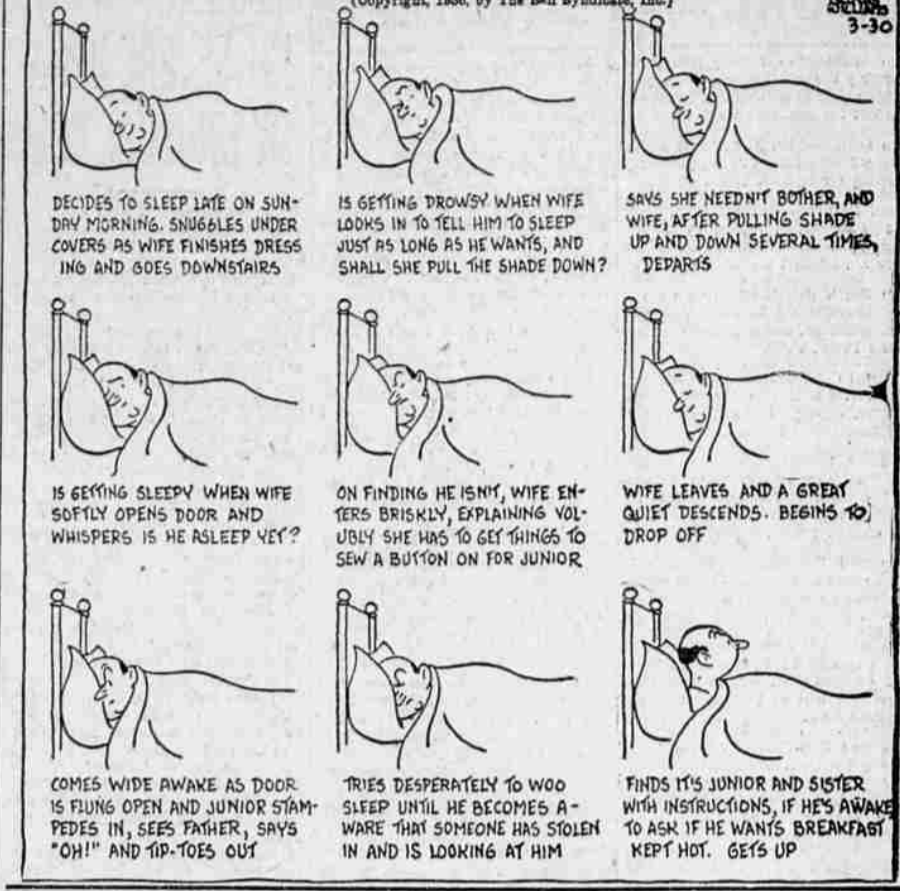
Robert Heron, 1764 to 1807, was imprisoned for his debts in about 1791. During his stay in jail he wrote his "Comforts of Human Life," and published it shortly after his release. Another English author, James Beresford, who was born the same year and who lived amidst ease and plenty, made his

WRIGLEY'S FITS EVERY POCKETBOOK!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

SUNDAY SNOOZE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS (Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



DECIDES TO SLEEP LATE ON SUNDAY MORNING. SNUGGLES UNDER COVERS AS WIFE FINISHES DRESSING AND GOES DOWNSTAIRS

IS GETTING DROWSY WHEN WIFE LOOKS IN TO TELL HIM TO SLEEP JUST AS LONG AS HE WANTS, AND SHALL SHE PULL THE SHADE DOWN?

SAVS SHE NEEDN'T BOTHER, AND WIFE, AFTER PULLING SHADE UP AND DOWN SEVERAL TIMES, DEPARTS

IS GETTING SLEEPY WHEN WIFE SOFTLY OPENS DOOR AND WHISPERS IS HE ASLEEP YET?

ON FINDING HE ISN'T, WIFE ENTERS BRISKLY, EXPLAINING VOLUBLY SHE HAS TO GET THINGS TO SEW A BUTTON ON FOR JUNIOR

WIFE LEAVES AND A GREAT QUIET DESCENDS. BEGINS TO DROP OFF

COMES WIDE AWAKE AS DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN AND JUNIOR STAMPEDES IN, SEES FATHER, SAYS "OH!" AND TIP-TOES OUT

TRIES DESPERATELY TO WOO SLEEP UNTIL HE BECOMES AWARE THAT SOMEONE HAS STOLEN IN AND IS LOOKING AT HIM

FINDS IT'S JUNIOR AND SISTER WITH INSTRUCTIONS, IF HE'S AWAKE TO ASK IF HE WANTS BREAKFAST KEPT HOT. GETS UP

SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



YOU TACK WITH THAT HORSESHOE? I TOLD YOU ALL ABOUT IT!

I TOLD YOU THE HOLES ARE FOR NAILING IT TO THE HORSE'S FOOT, AND THE HORSE GOES TO BED WITH HIS SHOES ON!

GOT SOMETHING ELSE ON YOUR MIND?

WELL, COULD YA-COULD YA-GETTA HORSE NAILED ON IT FER ME?

TAILSPIN TOMMY

2458

COMPELLED TO LAND IN A DESOLATE MOUNTAIN AREA WHEN SOME MYSTERIOUS FORCE SEEMED TO DRAG THEIR PLANE DOWN, TOMMY AND SKEETER WERE COMMANDED BY A VOICE TO "STICK UP THEIR HANDS"



COME THIS WAY AND KEEP YOUR HANDS UP

IF THIS IS AN AIR-MAIL STICK-UP..... YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK..... WE'RE JUST RETURNING... FROM A VACATION



IT IS NOT A HOLD-UP, MY YOUNG FRIENDS... BUT... RATHER... AN EXPERIMENT

LISTEN... DON'T EXPERIMENT TOO CLOSE WITH THAT GUN! IT MIGHT BE LOADED!



THE GUN IS LOADED... WITH SOMETHING THAT CAUSES A MORE PAINFUL DEATH... THAN BULLETS... IF YOU DOUBT IT

MISTER, I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT... I AIN'T A BIT CURIOUS...

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Two Shocks!

2458



HEY! GET READY FER A SHOCK, AN' I DON'T MEAN MAYBE!

CRIP, IN GREAT EXCITEMENT, TOLD BEN OF THE WARNING THAT OLGA KILOVITCH HAD JUST WHISPERED TO HIM—



AN' THAT'S ALL I COULD GET OUT O' HER 'CAUSE THE BIG GUY IN THE NIGHTGOWN CAME ALONG!



ALL RIGHT, NOW, YOU GET READY FOR A SHOCK, TOO!

WHEN WE WENT DOWN TO DINNER, MR. THORPE'S LETTER TO DR. KILOVITCH WAS RIGHT THERE—IT'S GONE!



WOW! NO KIDDIN'!

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Pals

3-26



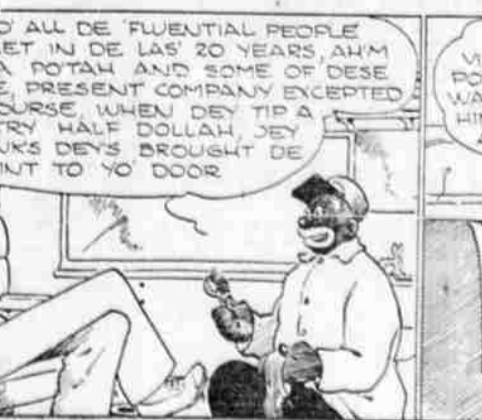
THIS ISN'T A BAD JOB YOU HAVE... I'LL BET YOU MAKE GOOD MONEY AND MEET A LOT OF INFLUENTIAL PEOPLE THAT YOU WOULDN'T HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO MEET ANY OTHER WAY



YAS, SUH



YAS, FO' ALL DE 'FUENTIAL PEOPLE AH MEET IN DE LAS' 20 YEARS, AHM STILL A POTAH AND SOME OF DESE PEOPLE, PRESENT COMPANY EXCEPTED, OF COURSE, WHEN DEY TIP A PALTRY HALF DOLLAR, JEY THINKS DEYS BROUGHT DE MINT TO YO DOOR



WELL, DID YOU HAVE A NICE VISIT? I HEARD YOU TELLING THE PORTER WHO YOU WERE... FROM THE WAY YOU WERE TRYING TO IMPRESS HIM, I THOUGHT HE MIGHT HAVE ASKED YOU FOR REFERENCES

By SOL HESS

LOVE FOR FELON GETS WIFE CELL

SACRAMENTO, March 30—(AP)—Twenty-four hours after George Hall was banged at Folsom prison, his wife, Ann, pleaded guilty Saturday to a charge of smuggling two guns into the prison and was sentenced to a term of one to five years.

Mrs. Hall was sentenced by Superior Judge Del M. Lennimon after the district attorney, Otis D. Babcock, had moved for dismissal of a second charge of attempting to liberate a felon from a penitentiary. This charge carries a penalty of one to 14 years.

The entire court action lasted less than five minutes during which Babcock pictured Mrs. Hall as a woman

who risked her life and freedom only because of her desperate love for her mate.

Sense of Humor Is Boon to Gov. Martin

SALEM, March 30—(AP)—Medical men discovered why Governor Martin does not let the care of office "get him down," despite his 73 years of age.

At the long conference of medical men before the board of control Saturday, they made their discovery—his sense of humor.

After several hours' discussion over custody and treatment of mental cases, the governor called a "recess," dismissed the stenographer and said: "Your discussion here reminded me of a story." He then related a humorous incident. He frequently does this in board of control meetings.

Buckingham's Ice Cream, Candy, & Party Specials, The Crest, 230 & Crest