

# Golden Rain

by Margaret Wildmer

**SYNOPSIS:** Iris Lanning burdens herself to a strange young man who asks her where Grandpa Lane is. She thinks she will never see him again—but when she gets home she finds that her Aunt Ella has taken him for a boarder, to bolster up the exhausted Lanning exchequer. Iris resents her indignation, resents having a stranger in the house—even resents the fact that she and all others within her aunt's reach were sacrificed to her painter father's so-called genius, as long as he lived. She is showing Morgan her father's studio.

## Chapter Five "GENIUS"

"THESE are my father's pictures," Iris said. She stood aside with pride. "He was a genius. Aunt Ella plans to endow a room in the town museum, a permanent exhibit of them."

"Then will you have the room to give parties in?"

"He wanted to hear what she would say."

"Oh, no!" She looked up at him, surprised. "It will be kept just this way, always."

"It's very handsome." There wasn't much else he could say.

The boughs he had carried stood about the fireplace. A couple of freshly-upholstered deep-padded armchairs flanked it. Modern inlaid end-tables beside them were littered

carded one of her late father's, and sat down with a battered black tin watercolor box and a pile of place cards.

"You mustn't think you have to sit down here if you don't want to," said William with a kindness so fatherly that Morgan warmed to him more than ever. "Rooms enough in this old house if you want a separate sitting room. I suppose you're looking up genealogy; that's what people usually come here for. It has the best library in the state. Glad to help you if you like; I do it myself in my spare time."

He pushed a paper over.

Morgan accepted the loophole. "Some of my mother's people came from around here," he said—truthfully, as it happened. He glanced at the paper, and added a word or so which made Uncle William say, "Lawyer, aren't you?"

"Not practicing," Morgan answered, amused at the old man's unexpected acuteness. "The curse of enough to live on."

Miss Ella gave him one of her darting, all-seeing looks. Iris painted steadily on. A little silence fell, which Morgan broke by leaning across and looking at Iris's work, saying, "Why, those are too good for place-cards. You could do miniatures."



"You mustn't think you have to sit here," said Uncle Will.

with pipes, and held an ashtray and a tobacco jar of bronze.

A decanter stood on one end of the mantel, balanced by an unusually perfect, bright-colored Tanagra girl at the other. The walls had been tacked over with brown burlap to make a background for the pictures.

Morgan knew something about pictures. He moved from painting to painting, Iris standing still by the clean, empty hearth. Some of them were, like the painting in the dining room, family portraits; a powdered Stuart gentleman and lady; a turbaned young person in green satin and a curly bob of Jefferson's day; finally a parent-and-child group of the nineties, with Sargent's signature unmistakable in the corner.

"You could sell these for a lot," he said.

"But they're family portraits," said Iris with an air of complete explanation. It had never occurred to her, it was plain. If her eyes lighted, he did not know it. He went on looking at the others—the paintings of her father, the "genius."

WOOLLY literal landscapes with knee-deep customary cows. Large flat-looking somber ladies conveying an air of painstaking plainness which unquestionably supposed itself realism. All the worst faults of a long-past fashion: as bad, now, as triviality and unfashionableness could make them.

And the poor kid, all alive and wild, was sacrificed to this! Before Morgan knew it, he heard himself saying—himself, who had never expected to feel pity for a girl again. "It's a damn shame!"

Iris misanderstood him. "Aunt Ella says sometimes people never are appreciated till they've been dead fifty years!" she said. "Now shall we go back to the dining room?"

The dining table had been hidden under an old brown and rose chenille cover. William Lanning's deep-lined long sandy face lifted its steel spectacles from a pile of books and papers. Miss Ella was sitting at the other end, darting with nervous efficient jerks. Morgan dropped into a chair between them. Iris invented herself matter-of-factly with a long smock, by its paint splashes a dis-

"These sell," she said, smiling. "It's after eleven," said Miss Ella, and the other two rose obediently.

"Books if you want 'em," said Mr. Lanning. "The library's on the second floor."

BUT Morgan was tired, too. Miss Ella took charge again, showing him to a high-ceiled bedroom, furnished like the rest of the house in a combination of magnificent old and had new furniture, but possessing a large double bed of un-doubted softness, also a reading light and an ashtray by the bed. The late Lawrence had trained his women folk well.

He slept soon, thinking not about himself, as had been miserably the case too long, but of those people. Kind friendly old Lanning; little nervous efficient Miss Ella; Iris, with her beauty and old-fashioned obedience, and her wakening rebellion, imagining any girl having to rebel in those days! He went off to sleep with more of a sense of home about him than he had had since his mother's death long ago.

He came down at what seemed to him an early hour next day, feeling freed and rested. No ties, no responsibilities or anything of the sort.

"Where's Mr. William?" he asked, looking round instinctively for the fine careworn old figure he had taken such a fancy to.

"Gone to the courthouse," Miss Ella said. "We three breakfast at seven-thirty, one gets through so much more that way; but my brother Lawrence used to have a tray when he rang. Iris thought you might like that better."

He wouldn't humor Iris! "I get up at seven-thirty—no, I mean seven—after this," he heard himself announcing, with more zest than he had given anything for some time. "See here, Miss Ella, I'm going to be one of the family, not a nuisance. Going to be on the footing of a nephew or second cousin or something."

Swift feet clattered down the front stairs; a clear charming voice was singing with the abandon and verve of a night-club hostess:

(Copyright, 1935-36, Margaret Wildmer)

Morgan and Iris begin a friendly warfare, tomorrow.

# GIRL SCOUTS SAVE AILING GOLD FISH

While Oregon anglers were proudly exhibiting results of their prowess in taking the lives of innocent Chinook salmon last week, two local Girl Scouts worked for three days to save

the lives of 150 poisoned gold fish belonging to Mrs. Walter Dunlap of the Old Stage road.

Early this week, an orchardist whose land neighbors the Dunlap place, was spraying his fruit trees. A leaky hose sprayed the spray, which contained sulphur, to drip into the nearby fish pools, poisoning the fish. Lorraine Groves, 13, and Leona McGraw, 10, members of Girl Scout troop 9, appeared on the scene and heroically went to work.

Transferring the fish from the polluted water to other receptacles was

no slight job in itself, states Mrs. Dunlap, but the young life-savers didn't stop there. Hours were spent attending the fish, and although the majority died, 50 were saved and put back to sport in the completely cleaned Dunlap pools. Altogether, the girls worked three days on their fishy patients.

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Every watch repaired here is given the chronometer test. Jno. W. Johnson

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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A SNAKE CANNOT CRAWL ON A SMOOTH GLASS SURFACE...



FRANZ SCHUBERT—IN A SINGLE YEAR, WROTE 150 SONGS, 2 SYMPHONIES, 6 DRAMATIC WORKS, 2 MASSES, AND MANY OTHER COMPOSITIONS... -1815-

30-YEAR GOLF WIZARD... CHANDLER EGAN WON THE U.S. AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1904 AT 20 YEARS... AND 30 YEARS LATER, AT 50, PLAYED ON THE AMERICAN WALKER CUP TEAM...

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON OF SOUTH AMERICA... SIMON BOLIVAR LED REVOLUTIONS FREEING VENEZUELA, COLOMBIA, ECUADOR, PANAMA, PERU, AND BOLIVIA... HE SERVED AS PRESIDENT OF 5 DIFFERENT SOUTH AMERICAN STATES!

Simon Bolivar, known throughout most of South America as the "Liberator," was born in Venezuela in 1783 while that nation was subject to the throne of Spain. He studied law in Madrid, traveled extensively through Europe, and returned to his own country just before the uprising of 1810 in which he took an active part. For years he led the revolutionary movement until, in 1819, Venezuela successfully established her freedom from Spain by consolidating with another South American state to become the Republic of Colombia.

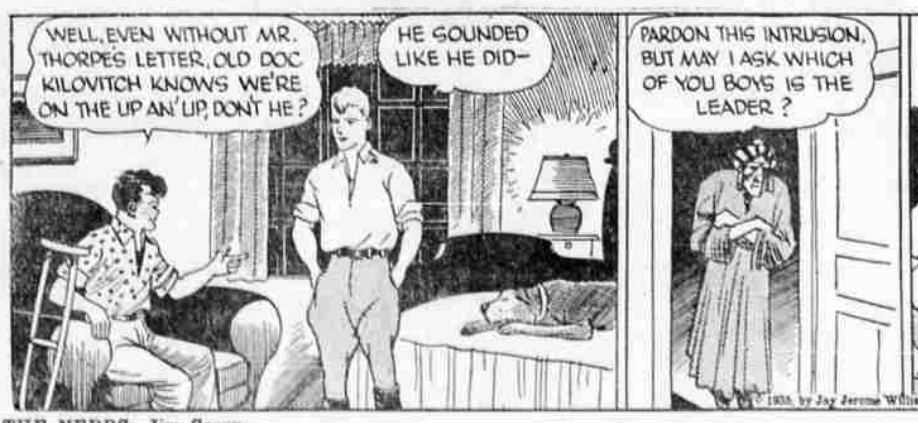
Three years later he went to Peru to aid a revolution there, and two years after that became dictator of Peru, an office he held until independence was complete. In 1825, states in the southern part of Peru joined together to form a new nation which was called Bolivia in honor of Bolivar, and he was elected to frame a constitution for this new country.

Bolivar had hoped to join much of South America together into a powerful union, but even Colombia

# TAILSPIN TOMMY



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Cause for Worry



THE NEBBS—I'm Sorry



# SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GLUYAS WILLIAMS 3-31

# SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



3-25



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# ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL SUCCEUMBS

SALEM, March 31.—(AP)—Miles H. McKay, 40, assistant attorney-general assigned to the industrial accident commission, died Monday, after suffering several weeks with pneumonia.

McKay was born in Gervais, Marion county, and attended the Albany college, graduating later from the University of Oregon law school. He has been with the attorney-general's office here for more than 10 years.

McKay was a lieutenant-colonel in the reserve officers corps and a former member of the Oregon national guard. He served during the World war, and was discharged a captain.

Burial arrangements pending.

PHOTOS BY Peaseley's Studio.

# RELEASE SUSPECT IN MURDER OF OFFICER

PORTLAND, March 31.—(AP)—Instruction from the district attorney's office of Alameda, Cal., resulted in the release today of Edward C. Widmer, Portland police said.

Widmer was taken into custody last Friday for questioning in connection with the death of George Alberts, chief engineer of the Point Lobos. Alberts' body was found in his cabin on the Point Lobos at Alameda March 22. He had been slashed to death.

Widmer formerly was employed on the Point Lobos.

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# By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS

