

Golden Rain

SYNOPSIS: After only one night as a boarder in the home of Miss Ella Lansing, gentleman who has seen better days, Morgan Black feels more relaxed and happier than for months before. Partly it is Miss Ella's good food, partly it is Miss Ella's nice and pure and airy and overworked Uncle William. Morgan says that Iris is being made to sort of being married to her dead father, who was a painter and, unfortunately, a "miserable old gent."

Chapter Six STRAIGHT TALK

"AUNT ELLA! Where's the key to the bottom trunk—oh!" Iris's vivid-eyed page-head popped in at the living-room door and withdrew itself. Iris's voice, stiff as a young duchess's, said through the crack. "Good morning, Mr. Busck. Sorry I interrupted," and was gone.

He ran her to earth sweeping out the studio in her clean faded paint-marked linen smock. It made her look more than ever like a pretty page.

"Is there something I can get you?" she asked. Her meek-voiced voice all but made the sentence end "my lord!"

"Yes," said Morgan with more



"Do you want me to get out?" asked Morgan.

spirit than originally, "a few kind words! If I'm going to stay here we have to come to an understanding. Do you want me to get out? If you do, all right, say so, instead of hitting me this way."

"Have I failed in proper civilities and attentions?"

He all but shook her, meek hands folded on her broom, lashes dropped, feet together—the perfect slave.

"Yes, you have. Stop taking it out on me because you talked out a bad-tempered mood. I know what they are, I have them myself."

"It wasn't temper—I meant it. I'm sorry—I haven't been polite. But I can't like you the way they do. Poor old Uncle William, that should have had ten sons, saying if he'd had one he'd have liked him like you—Aunt Ella with her petit soles—"

He found himself noting that she had an excellent French accent. Was there anything this young creature in the sticks didn't have? He answered none the less sternly. "You're jealous."

"I'm not. But they're too good for common sense, I'm always afraid"—she was confiding in him again, unconsciously—"I'll get like that."

"Don't worry," said Morgan sarcastically.

"I don't know—I'm awfully full of feelings!" she said naively. "And Uncle Will's had me all my life, with his splendid aggravating useless code hammered at me! Give all for an ideal. Be proud of what you are, not what you have. Remember neither ancestors, breeding nor possessions count beside what you yourself are." And look at him! A poor old drudging lawyer!

"It's fine, though. I haven't seen too much of it!"

"No, you've evidently lived with the successful," said Iris, beginning to idly at the mantel.

"Well, why don't you try them yourself?"

"Perhaps," she said dreamily, "some day I'll have the chance."

"Oh, you'll get it if you want it badly enough," he said scornfully. And then Miss Ella called Iris, but not before she had time to say impulsively, "I'm sorry, I'll be n—"

leaving him agast at a girl who

"It wouldn't be honorable."

"And you think you're a modern girl! Take a! you can get it their motto."

"I don't believe a word of it. You're being cheaply cynical."

"Well, what modern girl would go on going her duty the way you do, and take it out in waiting for a fairy prince to ride up in a Rolls with a fairy godmother?"

"I don't wait! I'd like it, but I know things like that don't happen. And you have to do your duty. Everybody does."

MORGAN laughed.

"No, they don't. As a matter of fact you could marry what you want. You have one of the prettiest figures I ever saw," he said on a brotherly note, "and a pretty face and lots of verve. Or pep."

"It would have to be by correspondence," said Iris, idly, quite unmoved by his casual compliment. She had been told how pretty and graceful she was all her life, and she hadn't much vanity, though a terrific pride.

She dropped her brush, yawning and stretching like a kitten in the warmth of the spring day. "Morgan, give me that vest, there's a button loose."

"Nonsense, you do enough sewing."

"I like doing manual things, it's all I inherited from Daddy."

"All? You have more talents than any girl I ever met." His voice was warmer than he knew. "Singing, playing, languages, painting—"

"But I can't pick locks. Morgan, he a Boy Scout for me as well as Uncle William, your heart's delight. Come up garret and get into a trunk for me. You know you love attics. It's part of your childish innocent tastes."

"Burglary? What's inside—something Miss Ella considers holy?"

"No, merely—or I hope—some dresses that belonged to my mother. I've always been allowed to make my clothes out of them. I found this trunk down under a lot of boxes full of tin-rags."

"Might be a dark mystery," said Morgan indolently.

(Copyright, 1935, Margaret Wildmer)

And tomorrow the trunk does turn up a mystery.

STOMACH ILLNESS SHOWS DECREASE

TOWNSEND MOVEMENT WANES IN MICHIGAN

MILWAUKEE, April 1. — (AP) — Health officials expressed belief today the epidemic of stomach disorders which caused two deaths and attacked an estimated 120,000 persons had reached a turning point.

"I think the peak has been reached and the case load will diminish rapidly," asserted Dr. John P. Kowher, health commissioner.

He said Chicago authorities professed fear the malady might spread to that city through Lake Michigan drinking water source for both cities.

But Dr. Kowher contended it was apparently transmitted by air as direct contact. He figured one fifth of Milwaukee's population was afflicted.

PORTLAND, Ore., April 1. — (AP) — The Townsend movement in Michigan, Ethan W. Thompson of Detroit told interviewers, no longer can be considered an important political factor.

Thompson, supreme commander of the Mackinac, said even ardent Townsendites there realize the scheme is "antitax and impossible of fulfillment."

However, the movement served an "important purpose" in making the country old-age pension conscious, he said.

He left for Seattle last night to continue business for his lodge.

Use MAIL TRIBUNE want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Selma Lagerlof won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1909, and five years later was elected to the Swedish academy—the only woman ever so honored. Residents of the Varmland district where she lived sent her a deluge of birthday mail. So much that after it was delivered in a special railway mail car, secretaries were busy six months answering congratulatory messages from German and Swedish admirers.

Louis Riel, 1844 to 1885, was leader of two rebellions against the Dominion government in Canada. He and his followers wanted the west preserved as frontier country for the Indians and half-breeds. Riel himself was the son of a white man and a half-breed woman. In 1873 and again in 1874 he was elected to the House of Commons and after his election he actually attempted to take his seat. He was expelled by the commons, however. An earlier reward of \$5000 for his capture was still standing at the time. His second unsuccessful rebellion ended more disastrously. In 1885 his provisional rebel government collapsed and Riel was taken prisoner, convicted of treason, and hanged.

On North Thirteenth street, in Reading, Pa., in the space of eight city blocks, there is a complete sequence of educational institutions from kindergarten through college. Kindergarten and grades one to six are located at Thirteenth and Madison; senior high school, grades ten, eleven and twelve, is at Thirteenth and Douglas; white Albright college is located at Thirteenth and Exeter. Tomorrow: Mystery of the Wooden Leg.

An 11-year-old London boy was awarded \$6,000 damages recently for injuries received when the clapper of a church bell he was ringing fell on his head.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM STEADIES THE NERVES



WHEN THEIR CAPTOR, THE HOODED MAN, INVITED TOMMY AND SKEETER TO PARTAKE OF FOOD WHICH HE HAD ORDERED, AND THEN CONSULTED HIS WATCH..... TOMMY HAD A HUNCH... HE PRETENDED TO EAT, BUT...



THE NEBBS—Room and "Bored"

WHY AND FANNY DIDNT FIND SUCH AN AGREEABLE RECEPTION WHEN THEY REACHED BALM SPRINGS - THEY FOUND ALL THE BEST CLASS HOTELS CROWDED TO THE ROOF

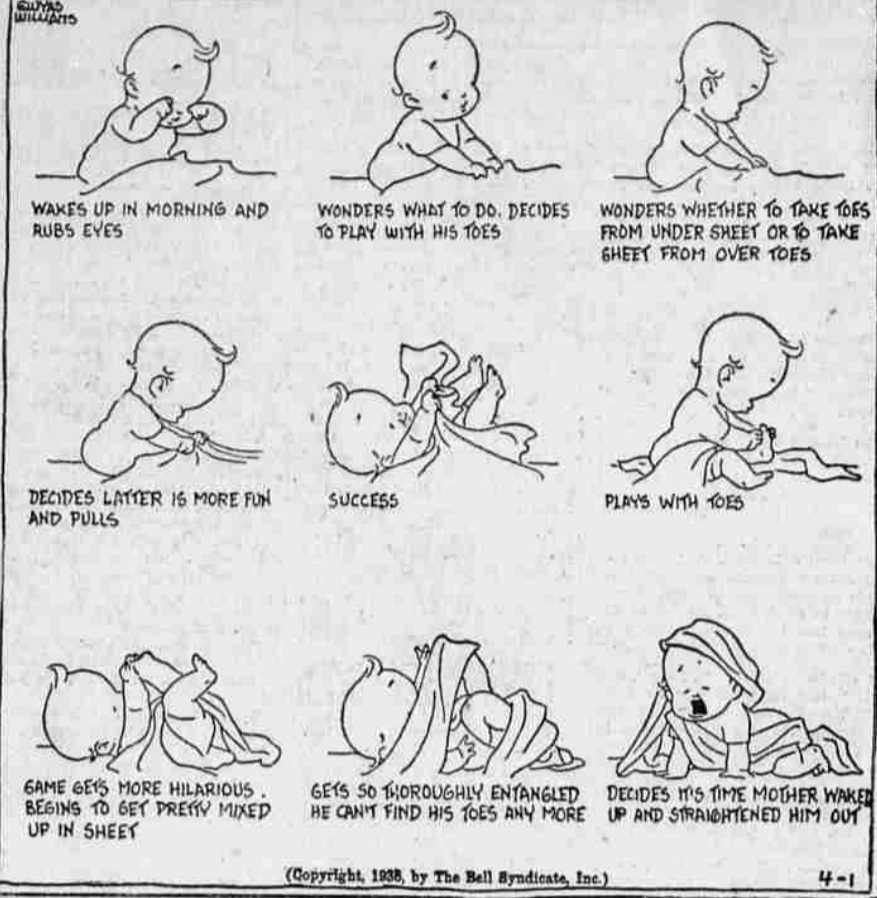
IF IT HAS A BED AND A COUPLE OF HOOKS TO HANG THINGS ON, WE'LL TAKE IT

THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL ROOM!! WE DIDNT HAVE TO LEAVE HOME FOR THIS, AND LOOK AT THE CLOSET SPACE... WHEN YOU HANG UP YOUR NIGHT GOWN YOU HAVE A HARD TIME GETTING THE DOOR SHUT!

WHM!! A BIG HOTEL MAN FROM NORTHVILLE COMES TO A SWELL RESORT IN MID-SEASON WITHOUT A RESERVATION

WELL, THIS ISNT ALL OF THE WORLD IS IT? TRAINS ARE RUNNING BOTH WAYS - NOBODY HAS TO ACT LIKE THEY'RE DOING ME A FAVOR TO TAKE MY DOUGH - I'LL CALL UP BEN FRANK TOMORROW - WE'LL THROW SOMEBODY OUT OF THE WINDOW TO MAKE A PLACE FOR ME!

MORNING MIX-UP By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP- By C. M. PAYNE



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Olga's Alarm! By HAL FORREST



THE NEBBS—Room and "Bored" By SOL HESS

