

Golden Rain

By Margaret Wildmer

SYNOPSIS: Morgan Black is a boarder in the house of Miss Ella Lanning, whose family is impressive, but whose pocketbook is rather lean. Morgan and Iris Lanning, Miss Ella's beautiful and gifted niece, have come to like each other enough to engage in a kind of courtship. Now Iris has asked Morgan to open an old trunk in the attic, thinking that she may find something in it that she can make over for herself. And Morgan tells her that perhaps the trunk contains a dark mystery.

Chapter Seven
SURPRISE

"NO," SAID Iris, "It's labeled, as neatly as Aunt Ella always does, 'Jean's other things.' Of course I may be just mine and Owen's baby clothes."

"Owen?"

"I had a brother who died when he was five and I was a year and two months old, about the time Mother died. I wish I remembered her."

Morgan rose and pulled down his thick dark blue sweater. "Come on, Iris, I'll do your Boy Scout deed."

They gained the enormous attic, smelling delightfully like apples and clothes and dry wood. Morgan followed Iris across the sounding boards, far back under the eaves till they both had to kneel. Under a

half dozen boxes and a broken rocker was the trunk.

One movement of Morgan's strong brown hands wrenched the hinges off and Iris dipped avidly in, lifting out a large tissue-paper wrapped bundle that lay by a large flat green pasteboard box. She opened it.

"A doll!" she said. "A big beautiful French doll, perfectly new! Why, I never had her, I swear I never did!"

"That's queer. Try the box," Morgan said. She opened it.

"This is queerer still. It must be my dress. But it's never been worn, either—none of these things have."

She tossed them over. Exquisitely made, of exquisite material, the trunk held the summer and winter wardrobes of a girl from two to five years old. "I know I never had them," she said again, bewildered, and dug deeper.

Morgan, also exploring, dragged up a couple of photographs. "Who are these?" he asked. "Cousins?"

She took them from him, and they both stared down at them.

"They're my mother," she said, "but it doesn't make sense."

The first was a girl, not unlike Iris in build and carriage. A five-year-old boy stood by her, the baby Iris was in her arms. The names underneath were Jean, Owen, Iris.

The second was of Jean Lanning taken three years later. A taller, darker, harder-looking young woman stood behind her. The boy was still there. He looked about eight, or Iris, no sign.

"They died when he was five. But they're alive in that picture, and he's eight. Morgan, what does it mean?" she demanded.

Before he could answer they heard quick footsteps on the stairs. Miss Ella ran over to them, her face white and angry.

"What are you doing in that trunk?" she demanded harshly.

"Aunt Ella, where are my mother and little brother? Where did all these things come from?"

"Your mother, dead. I told you. Iris stood over her aunt reluctantly.

"Is my brother dead too? If my mother's dead, how did all these

"As for William, it was all his fault. He got tangled up with Josie Ross. Of course they couldn't marry, because your father needed your uncle's help. I always suspected Josie of throwing your mother into your father's way out of revenge because she blamed us for delaying the marriage. And after your father and mother married, she was always setting your mother up, saying your father ought to earn money. Finally your mother went in to Philadelphia with Josephine and you children, to get your father to follow her and take a position there as an art instructor. I saw to it that he stayed here and went on with his art!"

Miss Ella spoke as if all she had done was entirely right, even noble. Morgan, remembering the bad wolly pictures, patient overworked William Lanning, shabby vivid dutiful Iris, could only stare.

She finished quietly, "I came to tell you that it's time for you to set the table," and went down the stairs again.

Iris stood in the middle of the attic floor, flushed, tragic, beautiful.

"And I'm helpless!" she said. "Poor old Uncle William's helpless. We all are, because we haven't any money. I have a brother somewhere in the world, and I'm chasing here, making place-cards and teaching little girls singing, instead of finding him! Even if I save and save, it will be months and months before I have enough to hire detectives and do all the things people have to do. And you say that money's nothing but trouble."

Suddenly Morgan felt happy, alive, as he had not since his world had crashed around him. Here was something he could do; here was a real brother, a real need. Here was a girl, honest, helpless; here was something, in a tangled, tricky world, that he could put straight.

"Leave it to me, Iris," he said. "If your brother is anywhere in the civilized world I'll find him for you."

Her lovely, moody face lighted to a dazzling happiness. She threw her arms round him; Morgan felt her grateful impulsive kiss on his lips.

Morgan decides, tomorrow, to keep his feeling for Iris a secret from her.



"Why, I never had her," declared Iris.

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PT. ORFORD JETTY HOPES RENEWED

PORTLAND, April 2.—(AP)—It was learned today that the Interstate commerce commission's approval of construction of the Gold Coast railroad from Leland, Ore., to Port Orford might result in approval for a federal breakwater jetty in the Port Orford harbor.

It was learned that Gilbert E. Gable, mayor of Port Orford and president of the railway corporation, made inquiries about the previously rejected harbor improvement project.

Appeals from the adverse report which army engineers made several months ago, following a preliminary examination of the project, can be made to the river and harbors board at Washington, D. C.

"The report now is in the hands of the river and harbors board at Washington," said Col. Milo P. Fox, district U. S. army engineer.

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PILOT DE RENZO HURT IN MILLS FIELD SMASH

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2.—(AP)—Amelio "Sandy" DeRenzo, 32, pilot for Mrs. Warrington Dorst, wealthy Atherton social leader, was injured Wednesday in an accident which wrecked Mrs. Dorst's speedy new four-passenger plane.

DeRenzo banked sharply, apparently planning to land on Mills field from the bay side. One wing dragged on a mudflat, ground looping the ship. The pilot, conscious when taken from the wreckage, was rushed to Mills Memorial hospital.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Just north of the equator, in the neighborhood of five degrees north latitude, the Pacific ocean extends east to the coast of Columbia in the northern part of South America—a point about as far east as Washington, D. C. To the west from that point there is an uninterrupted expanse of water more than 10,000 miles to the East Indies.

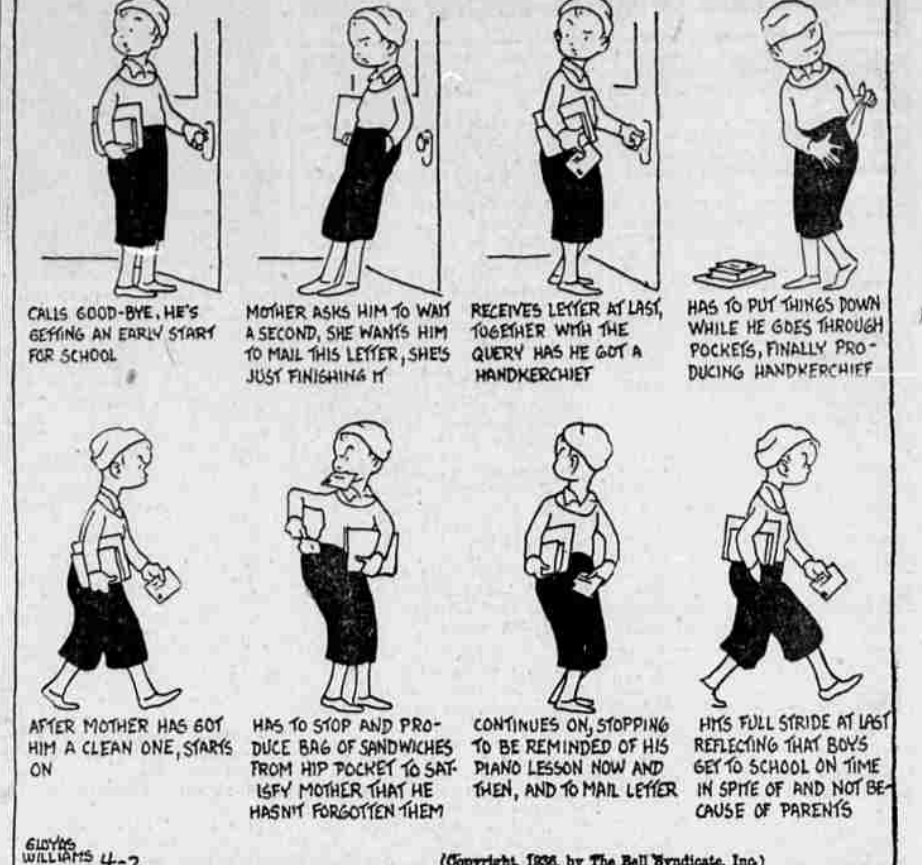
Barbados Island, in the British West Indies, is covered with a very shallow, yet very fertile, layer of soil—and, strange as it seems, this soil is not the island's own earth. It was blown there by the wind. Barbados is a rock formation, but the island of St. Vincent, about 100 miles distant, supplied it with the necessary soil by volcanic eruption. That island's eruptions blew countless tons of fine, fertile, volcanic ash into the upper layers of the air where they were carried by air currents over Barbados and there deposited. Millions of tons of this ash fell on the island in 1602 alone.

The fame of Peter Stuyvesant, Dutch colonial governor of New York, persists largely because of his famous wooden leg. Strange as it seems, however, the historians of the day failed to record for posterity which leg it was that the governor lost. Some records say the left, others the right; some pictures portray his left leg gone, others the right as in the above drawing.

Tomorrow: Soldier for a Day.

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HANDICAP



GLUYAS WILLIAMS 4-2 (Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

SMATTER POP—



By C. M. PAYNE

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Is Mystified!



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BEN WEBSTER'S SCAREER—The Doctor's Amazement!



By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—"Having Grand Time—Wish You Were Here"



3-30

GRAYSON PUTS NAME ON COACH CONTRACT

FALO ALTO Cal. April 2.—(AP)—Bobby Grayson, Stanford's outstanding fullback of the last three years, put his name on the dotted line today and officially became a member of C. E. "Tiny" Thornhill's football coaching staff.

Some doubt Grayson would sign a contract with the university had been raised in the last few days when it became known he had been approached with lucrative offers to play professional football next season.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—(AP)—The National Geographic society announced today Lincoln Ellsworth, Arctic and Antarctic explorer, will be awarded the Hubbard gold medal of the society by President Roosevelt, April 15.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Truwing Co. Cabinet Works.

LABOR LEAGUE FORMED AS AID TO ROOSEVELT

WASHINGTON, April 2.—(AP)—Formation of a "Labor" Non-Partisan League to work for President Roosevelt's re-election was announced today by George L. Berry, president of the Presmen's union and federal industrial coordinator.

The league will have headquarters here. There will be no initiation fee or dues. Berry has asked every unit of the American Federation of Labor and the railroad brotherhoods to join.

Indian Chief Dies. PENDLETON, Ore., April 2.—(AP)—For the second time within a month death has taken a prominent member of the Umatilla Indian tribe. Tom Pond, 65-year-old chief, died today from pneumonia. Pater Jim headman, died March 6 also from pneumonia. Pond, like Pater Jim was a familiar round-up figure. He is survived by his widow and two children.

GRAND TIME—Wish You Were Here



By SOL HESS