

Golden Rain

by Margaret C. Wildmer

SYNOPSIS: Miss Ella Lanning is a rather sensitive woman, especially in defense of her family, which is impoverished but aristocratic and in defense of her dead brother whom she thought was a genius. Miss Ella has sacrificed her brother William and her niece Iris to her gods, now Iris finds she has been deceived. Her brother Owen did not die in childhood, she learns, but is probably alive and well. Morgan Black, Miss Ella's one suitor, tells Iris he will find her brother.

Chapter Eight NEW PLANS

"O. H. MORGAN, thank you! And forgive me for being so horrid to you."

Morgan tightened his arms about Iris before he released her. "There's nothing to thank me for. You've never been horrid," he said inadequately.

"Let's go downstairs. Let's begin right away!" she said. As he followed her slim erect figure, flying lightly down the crazy attic stairs, he realized that he was—in spite of everything—in spite of his cynicism and bitterness and everything in his past—in love again. In love with Iris Lanning.

"But I won't tell her so. How do I know she's any honest than the rest of them? I'll wait. I'll see her through this queer affair; it wouldn't be decent not to help her. But I'll wait," he told himself.

Nevertheless, he quickened his steps, following her.

They shut themselves in that sacred and only private place, the salon parlor that had been her father's studio, and eagerly leafed Ella Lanning's scrapbook over together.

"It's here all right," Morgan said. "She didn't lie to you. She never has, actually." He read the yellowed scrapbook.

"Jean Ross Lanning. Suddenly, June 12, 1917. Aged 25. There was no more than that."

"And then Josie Ross—" "She's your aunt, you know. As much your aunt as Miss Ella."

"Why, so she is. If she's alive. She must have gone away and taken little Owen."

"It's milled. Little Owen must be twenty-four now."

"Oh, he must be somewhere!" Suddenly she was crying. "Morgan, Morgan, I can understand Aunt Ella—she's never cared for anything but Daddy. But Uncle Will—not to tell me."

Morgan laid a gentle hand on her quivering shoulder. She was crouched in her father's sacred armchair; her tossed, unfashionable lovely hair down over her hands that hid her face. He hoped his love did not show in the tone in which he answered her.

"It's because they all loved you, they were afraid if you knew you had people somewhere else they'd lose you."

"But that wasn't honest!" she cried out. "You wouldn't do a thing like that to anybody, would you?"

The innocently implied faith in him thrilled him. He answered honestly.

"I would try not to." As he spoke he remembered that he had no choice about trying. He gave her his word that he would find her brother for her.

She sat up, found a handkerchief, and began setting herself in order. "The girls you know don't cry, do they?" she demanded, trying to smile.

"Only when they're angry. You're natural, Iris. I want you to be just the way you are."

SOMETHING in his look made her drop her eyes.

"Everybody does. The way people want foreigners to go on wearing national costumes in America. And I hate it the way they must hate it. Don't think I'm foolish, Morgan. But I've been picturesque and Victorian all my life. You wouldn't like going round in sidewalkers and a stock, even if it was awfully becoming!"

He laughed at her; she was so pretty and so gallant and so alive, sitting up in the big chair, tousled and ardent.

"Of course I wouldn't." "What do you think Owen is like?" she demanded. "Do you suppose he'll like me? Don't you think it's wonderful, having a long-lost brother like a fairy tale ahead of you?"

Morgan's less hopeful mind foresaw possibilities he would not offer her; a day-laborer, an asylum reared child, perhaps one of the ragged hopeless young men hanging about employment agencies.

"Perhaps he'll be like you. Perhaps he'll be like your mother's people," he answered.

"ple," he answered. "He ought to be fond of you—people are. But, Iris, don't put your hopes too high. It's so long ago; perhaps I mayn't be able to find any trace."

She shook her head. "The aunt that went away with him was younger than Aunt Ella. She might be alive, too. Oh, find out everything you can from Uncle Will. I don't want to talk to him about it; he's always so gentle, and I'm afraid I'd be angry and scold him for not telling me. Please find out why he never told me."

Her trust in her people, he saw, was shaken.

"After all, your father didn't tell you. Perhaps he wouldn't let your uncle."

Her face lighted. "Oh, that was it, that must have been it. After all, it is a father's place to say about things, isn't it?"

She was so eager to believe in them.

"Of course," he said, furtive meanwhile at the unfairness for her. "I'll find out for you the first minute I can."

It was a good deal to do; to demand of that proud, gentle old man so intimate a thing. But the next night, when they were together after dinner, he did it. He was, as his habit had become, helping Uncle Will with some briefing, Iris was still in the kitchen, helping her aunt with the dishes.

He laid down the fountain pen with which he had been making notes from the law book, and looked across.

"Mr. Lanning, there's something Iris wants to know, and she's so fond of you she can't bear to ask you herself. I know I'm barging in un-forgivably—if it were for anyone but Iris. She found out yesterday that the brother she thought dead is still alive. I've promised to help her find him. I have to tell you—and ask you for any data you have about him."

UNCLE WILL took it quietly, excepting for a whitened face, and a trembling of the long wrinkled ivory hands moving among the papers.

"Is she angry?" he asked. "I couldn't bear to have her angry."

"No." He felt as if he were sitting in judgment, and he hated it. "She's hurt, but she thinks there must be a good reason."

"My poor little girl! There's a reason, but I don't know how good she'll think it is. My brother was so afraid that if she knew about any of it she would go away from him. He made us promise. He—he was a person of great charm, my brother, and of immense talent."

Morgan wanted to cry out. "But he's dead!" He did not. He only asked quietly, "Can you tell me, then, anything that will help me to find your nephew?"

"The last time I saw him was in Philadelphia, after Jean's death. The next time I went Josephine had moved, leaving no address. I had still hoped, I cared for Josephine."

"And yet you gave her up!" He could not help it.

"My brother's talents made my financial help necessary." Uncle William stiffened. "I never gave her up. I hoped on till she terminated the engagement."

Morgan did not pursue this further. The story was plain: Miss Ella had insisted; Uncle Will, like many otherwise good and wise men, had been a coward and slave before his womenfolk.

Morgan asked the last address of Josephine Ross, and everything else about her that might lead to her discovery, which Uncle Will gave with lawyerlike precision.

"But if Josephine is living, and doing well—and she was the type that succeeds—she may want to take Iris away from us," he said. He looked across the faded tablecloth with terror. And Morgan, with a like fear in his heart, could only say, "But it's her right, sir."

Uncle Will nodded. "Yes, it's her right." He put out the hand that had been leafing over the briefs and took Morgan's.

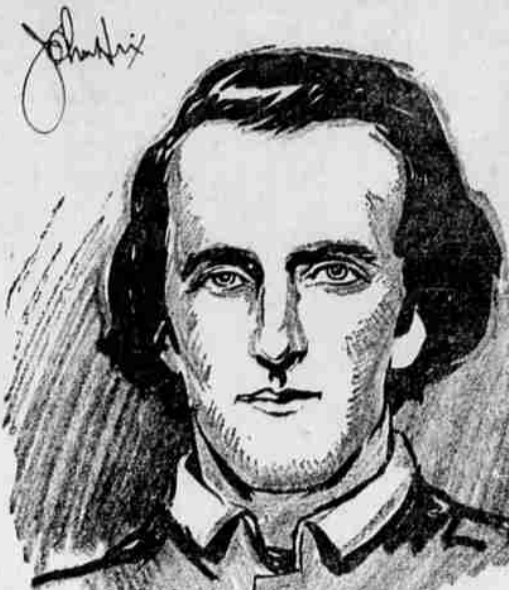
Iris, in the kitchen, was saying nothing about any of it to her aunt. Miss Ella was just as usual. The scene had passed. When you have lived with anyone all your life routine holds you. Iris was used to her aunt; she loved her. She was used to having everything sacrificed for her father's "genius." And so, instead of demanding or reproaching, she took for granted the fact that Miss Ella always had put her father first and always would, and talked about the dishes and the next day's dinner.

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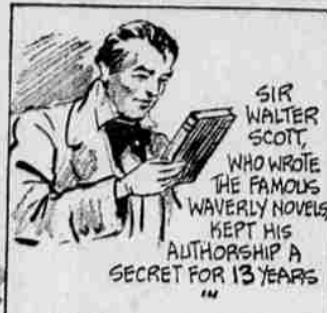
Morgan gets a highly important letter, Monday.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



SOLDIER FOR A DAY!
JOHN STARKEY JOINED THE UNION ARMY IN OHIO, ENTERED THE FIELD AGAINST THE ENEMY, WAS CAPTURED, PAROLED, AND RETURNED HOME ALL IN A SINGLE DAY!
—Civil War—



SIR WALTER SCOTT, WHO WROTE THE FAMOUS WAVERLY NOVELS, KEPT HIS AUTHORSHIP A SECRET FOR 13 YEARS



THE PACIFIC OCEAN COVERS AS MUCH OF THE WORLD AS ALL THE OTHER BODIES OF WATER PUT TOGETHER

GOLFING DYNASTY—TOM MORRIS SR., AND HIS SON TOM JR., WON THE BRITISH OPEN 8 TIMES BETWEEN THEM—4 TIMES EACH!
1861-1872

John Starkey's Civil War experiences lasted just a little less than one whole day—yet in that day more happened to him than does to many men in a lifetime of soldiering. Starkey joined the Union army, entrained for duty, entered hostile ground and met the enemy—he was captured, paroled and returned home.

Starkey was one of a group of men in and about the little town of Morrow, Ohio, who organized a home guard unit to protect their homes from raids by Morgan's Southern troops. He had previously been rejected for regular duty because of his health.

He and this fellow soldiers drilled with brooms, axe, hoe and rake handles—then decided to go to a nearby military supply station for regular arms. They enrolled and got on a special train one morning and pulled out of Morrow amid touching ceremonies and inspiring cheers—sworn to turn back the menace of Morgan's men.

A few miles out of town the train stopped and the new soldiers found themselves surrounded by grey clad soldiers—Morgan's men themselves. Surrounded and without arms, they were taken prisoners, paroled immediately, put back on the train and sent back home. They got back that evening—their war experiences over.

The golfing dynasty of the Morris, father and son, began in 1861 when Tom Morris, Sr. won the British Open. He won it again the following year, again in 1864 and again in 1867. The next year his son, Tom Morris, Jr., won it. The son won the British Open four times in a row—in 1868, 1869, 1870 and 1872. There was no tournament in 1871. Tom, Jr., died when he was 24 years old, in 1875—four times the winner of the British Open.

Tomorrow: The Burning Highway.

TRY WRIGLEY'S IF YOUR THROAT IS DRY AND SMOKEY

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS

STEADIES THE NERVES

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Hooded Flyer Springs His Trap!

BE-LIEVING THAT TOMMY AND SKEETER HAD BEEN DRUGGED BY DOPED FOOD WHICH HE HAD PREPARED FOR THEM THE TERROR PROCEEDED TO PUT IN A RADIO CALL USING THE THREE-POINT CODE AND IMITATING TOMMY'S VOICE, UNSUSPECTING THAT TOMMY WAS FULLY AWAKE AND LISTENING TO HIM

TOMKINS... TOMMY TOMKINS... CALLING THREE-POINT... SHIP IS CRIPPLED DOWN AT BIG BOULDER CREEK

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Explosion!

DO YOU MEAN TO INTIMATE THAT A THIEF IS IN OUR MIGHT?

I'M NOT INTIMATING ANYTHING, DR. KILOVITCH, BUT THE LETTER IS GONE—

BEN! GEE AM I GLAD I FOUND YOU DOWN HERE— I, ER, ER, ER—

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY ENTERING THIS ROOM THAT WAY? I SHALL—

AN UNEARTHLY WHISTLE, THE ROAR OF A THOUSAND MOTORS AND A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT HALTED DR. KILOVITCH!

THE NEBBES—Yes—Yes—Go On

HELLO, JOE, IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU

HELLO! WHEN DID YOU GET IN?

WHERE ARE YOU STOPPING?

WE'RE LID HERE AT A PLACE CALLED THE GABLES— SORT OF A BOARDING HOUSE— IT'S THE ONLY PLACE WE COULD GET— WE WON'T STAY UNLESS WE CAN GET BETTER ACCOMMODATIONS

YOU CANNOT EXPECT TO WALK IN AND GET ACCOMMODATIONS— THEY MUST LOOK AFTER THEIR REGULAR CUSTOMERS— PEOPLE WHO HAVE PATRONIZED THEM FOR YEARS. PEOPLE WHO CAN AFFORD TO GO AWAY EVERY YEAR

APRIL WEATHER

JUNIOR HAS HIS MOMENT OF TRIUMPH WHEN, AFTER CONSIDERABLE ARGUMENT HE HAS BEEN SENT UPSTAIRS TO CHANGE HIS SHOES, AND DISCOVERS THAT ALL HIS OTHER SHOES ARE WET, TOO

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S'MATTER POP—

HIC!

HIC!

SCARE HIM!

COME HERE, YOU!

BAD CASE!

By C. M. PAYNE

DEAN'S HOBBY IS LISTING FEARS

AUSTIN, Texas. (UPI)—Fear-collecting is the strange hobby of Dr. W. F. Gidley, dean of the University of Texas college of pharmacy. He has 230 fears, ranging from the simple to the unpronounceable variety, classified and defined.

Gidley found nearly every person has a particular fear—phobias in technical terms. So he began collecting them. A phobia is defined as any insane dread or fear.

Persons are afraid of drafts of air, stairs, cats, microbes, walking, cancer, nitrobenzene, snakes, demons, red worms, snakes, pain, fish, drugs, stinging, fire, cold, strangers, number "13" and—work.

To be a "phobic" the fear must be abnormal. Dean Gidley's list in-

cludes claustrophobia, insans fear of sharp-pointed objects; anglo-phobia, dislike for the English; anthropophobia, dread of human society; bathophobia, fear of depths, and batrachophobia, dread of frogs.

Others are billiophobia, fear of books; bosiphobia, fear of spectators and spoons; brontophobia, fear of thunder; ceraunophobia, fear of lightning; celnatophobia, fear of being shut up in a closed place; and colorophobia, aversion to color.

Portland Customs Receipts Climbing

PORTLAND April 3.—Customs receipts here climbed to \$212,400 in March, exceeding by \$36,815 any month in more than 20 years.

R. F. Barnes, deputy collector, said receipts came principally from Canadian and Scotch whiskeys, flaxseed, corn, corned beef, iron, steel, cement and European and Japanese goods.

Exports slumped, declined to \$1,135,911 from \$1,410,078 for February.