

Golden Rain

By Margaret Wilder

SYNOPSIS: Miss Ella Lansing is usually a very masculine woman, except in her dead brother's memory. He was a genius as well as a painter and she has sacrificed her other brother, William, and her niece, Iris, to his memory. Morgan Black, who boards at the one-dining, quieted Lansing house, not only in love with Iris—he has promised to and Iris' brother, Owen, whom she believed dead until recently, Miss Ella is not sympathetic; Uncle Will is.

Chapter Nine PARTY

AS Iris wiped off the big wooden kitchen table with the wrung-out dishcloth, and rinsed it under the faucet, she asked Miss Ella, hanging up the rinsed dish towels at the other end of the long room, one sudden question.

"Didn't any of you try to get my brother Owen back?"

And Miss Ella answered as matter-of-factly, standing on tiptoes to stretch the damp towels along the rack.

"After I took you out of the baby carriage in front of the boarding house where the Ross girl were, your mother came down to try to get you again. But your father had the law on his side, and they had no money to fight. They were just two ordinary little dressmakers who had settled here, and entrapped my brothers!"

Iris crossed the room, her eyes blazing.

"You're talking about my mother. I don't care what she did, she was a good, kind, lovely woman. I remember enough of her for that."

"All right, child. Perhaps I shouldn't have said it," said Miss Ella.

Iris stared at her. This was so unlike her aunt!

When she followed it up with her old suggestion that Iris might be able to make something to wear to Katherine Oliver's out of her own only best dress, Iris breathed again. That was more normal.

She refused the offer, mechanically. Katherine Oliver and her teas, which had loomed so important, seemed to matter little now.

She met Morgan in the hall. "I've found out all about it that he knows," he said. "B. kind to him. It was—oh, well, your Aunt Ella had a brother-complex, and smashed four lives on the strength of it, that's all. That's how I figure it out."

"And now what?" Iris said eagerly. She knew little about complexes.

"Now I'm going to put things in motion. But don't hope too much, child!"

"Oh, you're so good to me!"

But she spoke as she might have to an uncle, or to a brother.

He was stung into answering with some of his old bitterness.

"Don't blame me if you're sorry. You're in a place where there's peace and beauty and honesty and love, and if you had any sense you'd want to stay here and not invest."

"You aren't fair."

"I suppose not. It's hard to be fair."

THE months went on; the summer drifted by. Uncle Will still was not very well.

"He's never been the same since the accident," Miss Ella said, trying to spare him. Morgan noticed, in everything that meant waiting on, but not at all as regards suggesting that he do less work. Saving for the dead brother's memorial came first with her.

Morgan stood by. He had never known what it was to be needed before. He was an unofficial partner in the old man's law practice, and the genealogical work that meant extras. More and more he became a part of the household, petted fiercely by Miss Ella, leaned on by Uncle Will. Iris's comrade and friend.

He had not told Iris that he loved her. He would win her, first, and he would be sure that she was as disinterested, as crystalline, as she seemed. A little of his old bitterness remained.

Iris was restless at first. She would come to him every day or so and say, "No news about Owen?" But by degrees they both lost hope. The detectives he had hired worked faithfully, but they had no results to report.

Presently, he thought, Iris stopped thinking about it. She went on, busy like the rest. She did her exquisite place-cards and her perfect embroidery for sale. She went on giving her French and slinging lessons to the little sisters of her acquaintances.

And to Morgan's suppressed

anger—what she made went as it always had into Miss Ella's hands for the memorial fund; she wore her shabby dresses, made over from old things in the attic, or years old; she had nothing for pleasures and she was gayer, happier than Morgan had thought anyone could be.

He took her to movies occasionally—not too often, she would not let him. They went for long walks. He would have been caught up in the tide of small-town life himself, the parties that went on steadily, including Iris on their edge. If he had permitted it. But he would not more than once in a long while.

"You know, you put your worst foot foremost. When I met you I thought you spent your whole time grousing," he said to her one day, when he had managed to lure her from her sewing for one of the long walks in the leafless woods that they both liked taking. It was November weather, but she laughed, swinging along beside him, in her old brown fall coat.

"Well, to begin with, I do it only on my Saturday afternoons off; and besides, since you've been here life's so much better. It's a little lonely, being the only young person in the house all your life. They were all middle-aged when I was born. It was a grand day for the Lansing family when you and I met on the courthouse steps with our mutual bad tempers. You're not so lowering yourself, you know, Morgan. In fact, I think you're a grand person." She laughed up at him with her sudden brilliance that was sometimes almost blinding.

He was on the verge of telling her he loved her. He put an arm around her, and she leaned against "m as if he had been her uncle. No. He'd wait, just a little longer.

SUDDENLY she stopped and looked at her watch, a lady's gold watch of the eighties, swung around her neck on a black ribbon, and tucked into her belt as unlike a modern girl's possessions as everything else she owned.

"You'll just have time to get to Kay Oliver's. She'll never forgive you or me or anybody if you don't turn up at her party."

"I'll go if you will."

"It's the same old story, Morgan. I can't go like this. And I can't go any other way. But you can, and you must. One of our best-dressed young men, you are!"

Her pluck, her smiling bravery and generosity, suddenly came over him.

"If I go this time will you come with me next?"

"I will. But I will not be lured into taking even a bungalow apron from the ten cent store at your fall hands."

She laughed. "Uncle Will actually held out ten dollars from the maw of the memorial fund if he'd given it to me yesterday I could have blossomed out in an elegant garment and even new shoes but he forgot till this morning, bless his absent-minded old heart, and the layette for Mrs. Warden had been promised. You go on, and she'll invite me some more for your sweet sake. You don't know what a hoop a young man from the city is!" She began to recite cheerfully:

"There was a young man from the city
Who saw what he thought was a kitty.
He gave it a pat
And said 'Nice little cat!'

"Only you didn't! You said 'horrid little cat.'"

"You're not a cat! You're a grand little sport."

"Morgan, this from you! Why, it will keep me proud and puffed up till I see you again!"

She gave him a little shove. "Come with me."

"No, I have something to do."

"Place-cards again?"

"A singing lesson to a small child. I'll have tea for you and Uncle Will when you get home."

She shook her head, turning and going. "Well, he'd go on to Kay Oliver's party, a good imitation of New York's whoopee-before-last. Iris wanted him to. And he would make sure of an invitation for next time for Iris."

Kay, friendly, exuberant, brown-eyed, met him on the stone porch of the Oliver house.

"It's simply swell to see you," she said, putting a couple of tanned, efficient hands on his shoulders and giving him a friendly shake. "Come on in. I've got some of the grandest new records you ever saw, and they say you know how to make Dalgairis just like old man Dalgairis's eldest son. You should have dragged Iris along."

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Tomorrow a letter changes a good many plans.

LUMBER OUTPUT SLIGHTLY LOWER

SEATTLE, April 4.—(AP)—A small decrease in the production of 201 down and operating mills in Washington and Oregon for the week ending March 28 is shown in the weekly report of the West Coast Lumbermen's association. The mills produced 63.7 per cent of the average weekly cut during 1926-1929.

The association said shifts in orders and production for the week, one up, the other down, do not appear to have much significance. The industry during February and March should have orders week by week in excess of production, the report said, but in three of the last five weeks orders have lagged behind.

New business totaled 117,572,848 board feet against 95,256,801 the previous week. Shipments were 110,785,187 last week and 104,634,236 the previous week.

Bones of a mastodon found near Saultillo, Pa., will be hardened by a chemical process before being removed.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

- WORDS WITHOUT VOWELS—
- KRK - THROAT
 - PRST - FINGER
 - TRN - THORN
 - VLK - WOLF
 - KRT - MOLE (ANIMAL)
 - SRST - HIDE (OF ANIMAL)
 - HRST - A HANDFUL
 - KRB - THROUGH
 - KRB - FIREPLACE
- CZECH-BOHEMIAN WORDS IN COMMON USE—



STRANGE AS IT SEEMS— On September 6, last year, Mrs. Bourne's ring finger was injured and swelling set in, requiring that the ring be cut off the finger. The ring was saved in two. When they inspected the ring afterwards they found that the cut had been made exactly at the division point between the initials—so that Dr. Bourne's initials were on one part and Mrs. Bourne's were on the other.

The mole's amazing ability to dig through the earth is used almost exclusively in a never-ending search for food. The mole lives almost entirely on earthworms and, strange as it seems, never eats plant food. Their damage to growing crops and lawns is limited to whatever damage their digging entails—they do not eat roots. Moles must have food at frequent intervals, and if kept without it for 10 to 12 hours they will die of starvation. Although most of their long tunnels are dug in search of food, moles also dig an intricate pattern of tunnels for their homes. This consists of a central chamber about which circles two horizontal galleries, one above the other, joined to each other and to the central chamber by a series of shafts.

Tomorrow: Reward of Genius

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Tries to Warn Three-Point!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Returning Rocket!



THE NEBBS—And That's That



MOTHER'S EARS



SMATTER POP—



By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Returning Rocket!



THE NEBBS—And That's That



WESTERN FARMER INCOME GOING UP

SAN FRANCISCO, April 4.—(AP)—The far west's farm income went up in January last year, final figures gathered by the department of agriculture show.

The department reported sales totaled \$86,721,000 compared with \$36,772,000 in January last year and \$44,207,000 in January, 1934.

These figures covered the 11 westernmost states of the union, all of them joining in the rising returns.

California's farm income topped 25 millions, up from around 24 millions a year ago.

Other states: Oregon, 4.1 millions against 3.7; Washington, 7.8 against 7.7; Idaho, 3.2 against 4.2; and Montana, 4.6 against 3.2.

OREGON BUTTER GRADING MODEL

PORTLAND, Ore., April 4.—(AP)—President H. C. Haven of the butter makers' association of the United States predicted today that most United States butter would be graded A, B, and C according to quality.

Home from a meeting of the organization, the Portland dairymen said easterners were amazed at the progress made by Oregon butter the last few years.

The Oregon grading regulations defining A, B and C butter were the most talked of development in the industry, he said. There are many grade names and terms in the east, and many are meaningless, Haven said.

By SOL HESS