

Golden Rain

By Margaret Wildmer

CHAPTER 10
LETTER FROM OWEN

KAY was warm and cheerful and friendly. She was honestly enchanted with the idea that she was giving a cocktail party; that she had on a brand-new maroon sheer with puffed sleeves and a lace tie, all tucked to look like waffles; that she had lost five pounds this last week (she was the stocky kind that has to watch pounds); that her brown hair was curled in three rows of tight little smart ringlets, and that Morgan Black had come to the party which could be heard yelling happily within the lace-draped windows of the Olivers' handsome semi-detached stone house.

"I tried to drag her, but she had some work to do," Morgan said. "She said she could have come if it had been next week."

"I'll ask her to the very next one, then," said Kay, her eyes crinkling up with the pleasure of doing something nice.

You could do worse, if you were a simple honest small-town lad, than go after Kay Oliver, Morgan thought disinterestedly. You would always be sure of bounding physical good-nature, of kindness and efficiency, cheerful obvious jokes told with a burst of laughter, of everything.

And perhaps that blunt friendliness, and that nice friendly obviousness weren't the worst things in the world for that lucky small-town lad to have ahead of him. He slipped his arm through the one Kay held out to him and went inside and helped with the yelling.

There was a friendly rough-house going on inside. As one of the other men grabbed him—it was leapfrog, something to do with forfeits or some other parlor game, he gathered—a letter dropped from his pocket. He had stopped for mail at the post office, and then forgotten all about it. As he stooped to pick it up the name across the back caught his eye.

"Here, let me out of this," he said. "Got to read a letter."

Iris went briskly home, her singing lesson once given. She was a little tired. But the men would be coming in soon. She would hear Morgan's quick light step, and Uncle Will's heavier one, on the creaking porch.

She sprang up, smiling a little at being so clever as to hear from her seat in the dining-room window; she ran out to the kitchen, where the kettle was boiling, and everything set ready for tea; sliced lemon, teapot, sugar, cream, and thin bread and butter.

She had been doing this for a month or two now. Morgan liked it, and Uncle William, tired from the day's work, was picked up by it; it made easy their two hours' wait for seven-thirty dinner, which Aunt Ella still kept to because Iris's father had preferred it.

She had the big defaced beautiful black japanned tray on a corner of the table by the time the men were with her. Before Uncle William could bend to kiss her, Morgan had her by the hands.

"Iris, I've found him!" She did not need to ask whom. What she asked was "When? Where?"

Uncle William looked dispirited. He did not speak.

"Your brother wrote me; I picked up the letter at the post office as I came by!"

Morgan dropped it in her lap. She stood nearer to the window to get the fading light, and bent her teared dusky head above it. Her hands shook so she could scarcely hold the paper.

The writing and stationery were correct. He was no tramp, at least. Owen Lanning and his aunt, Miss Ross, would meet Mr. Black and, they hoped, Iris, at the Pearly Hotel, at five-thirty on the day they received this. That was all.

"Am I to go?" was all she could find to say, now it had happened. It did not seem real.

"Yes, dear, you must go," her uncle answered, and Morgan was putting her into her heavy rough coat and pulling her belt down

over her flare of dusky hair, even putting her gloves on. Both men were oddly quiet. She was frightened, and yet more excited than she had ever been in her life.

HER first impression was of the velvets and tapestries, of the "private suite" of the hotel. She had never been inside it before. Her second was of a tall impressive slim woman rising with manner from a chair in the background; and then before her dazing eyes a young man was coming to meet her, taking her hands in his—hands as cold as excited as her own.

For a moment she did not dare look at him. And then, lifting her eyes, it was all right, for what she saw might have been the kind, wise



There was a friend, rough-house face of Uncle Will a generation younger.

The same rather long aquiline olive face, the same large black-pupilled gray eyes with thick lashes that all the Lannings had; a narrowly-built, middle-aged man like Uncle Will, but with a quick youthful suppleness and noticeable grace of movement under the perfectly tailored blue serge. There was something, she thought at first, a little hard in his young tired face. But he was kind when he smiled. Here was a brother with whom she would be safe.

"Oh," she said, "you are Owen."

"Yes," said the voice, which except for its younger intonations might have been her uncle's, slow and reflective and steady. "I'm Owen."

They regarded each other a moment longer, trusting and liking what they saw. Then Iris impulsively kissed him. He was her brother!

"This is Aunt Josephine," he said, turning her to the rigid handsome smiling lady making conversation with Morgan.

Iris saw, as they came close, someone who did not feel quite at ease with, but instinctively wanted to live up to. A rather handsome woman whose figure would have been gristly perfect but for a stiffness which bespoke dieting rather than natural slenderness. Her hair, dark red by nature or art, was waved and cut as perfectly as a wax head in a window.

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Iris learns, tomorrow, how Owen makes a living.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

THERE ARE 7083 PHILIPPINE ISLANDS... MORE THAN HALF OF THEM ARE NAMELESS AND ONLY 462 HAVE AN AREA OF 1 SQUARE MILE OR MORE.



PANAMA HAD 53 REVOLUTIONS IN 52 YEARS... 1850-1902...

CHESTER O'BRIEN - ST. LOUIS, PLAYED 26 CONSECUTIVE HOLES IN PAR IN THE 1928 MISSOURI STATE TOURNAMENT, AND DID NOT WIN THE TITLE...



OLIVER GOLDSMITH WAS PAID \$4,000 FOR HIS BEST WORK—"THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD," AND \$4,000 FOR HIS WORST WORK—"NATURAL HISTORY"...

Oliver Goldsmith's novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield," is considered a classic in its field. Upon it, his comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," and his poem, "The Deserted Village," the writer's fame solidly rests. Goldsmith's "Natural History" was a very unscientific work undertaken without research on his part, and consisting of rewritten parts of other similar works. Goldsmith in his "Natural History" showed an amazing disregard for accuracy and in it may be found some startling contradictions.

Yet, in spite of the vast difference in literary value between the two works, the "Natural History" paid Goldsmith ten times more in money than did his classic, "The Vicar of Wakefield." Publishers gave him \$4,000 for the former and only about \$400.00 for the latter.

Revolution in Panama goes back far beyond the middle nineteenth century, but in the half century beginning with 1850, the little country averaged more than one revolution a year. Colombia, which controlled Panama, put down one after another of the rebellions after Panama first declared herself independent until from 1898 to 1903 there



was almost continual revolution in one part or another of Panama. In the year following that, Panama overthrew Colombian control, and the United States hastily recognized her independence—a fact which probably guaranteed Panama's freedom.

Tomorrow: Iron Highways
Lane Case Closed

EUGENE, Ore., April 6.—(AP)—A said today that Otto H. Maurer, secretary-treasurer of the Penn Lumber company at McEllynn, apparently committed suicide, although his death could have been caused by an accident.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Speed Receives an Urgent Message!

AFTER THE TERROR TRANSMITTED A DECOY RADIO MESSAGE TO THREE-POINT, IMITATING TOMMY'S VOICE, HE LEFT THE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER BELIEVING THAT TOMMY AND SKEETER WERE STILL ASLEEP FROM THE DRUGGED FOOD WHICH HE HAD SERVED THEM, AND HURRIED TO THEIR SHIP.



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Passenger



THE NEBBS—This Is the Life



FLOATING FLYING FIELD LAUNCHED

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., April 6.—(AP)—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt broke a bottle of champagne on the prow of the 17,000-ton aircraft carrier Yorktown Saturday and sent the broad-decked vessel down the ways to become the first ship launched in the Roosevelt naval construction program.

As the first lady christened the \$19,000,000 craft, big boat whistles screamed, the band of the second coast artillery blared and cheers went up from the crowd that packed the mammoth yards of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock company, for the colorful ceremony.

SWEET SINGER OF ERIN TO RETIRE

LONDON, April 6.—(UP)—John McCormack, Irish tenor, announced today that he will retire next year after a farewell concert in London. McCormack is 51. He indicated he may renounce his American citizenship to become minister of arts of the Irish Free State.

McCormack, who made a great part of his fortune in the United States, was naturalized in New York in 1919. He said he would dislike giving up the citizenship but would make the sacrifice if he thought he could be of service to Ireland.

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SOAP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP-

By C. M. PAYNE

