

Golden Rain

By Margaret Wilder

SYNOPSIS: Iris Lanning just has found, with the help of Morgan Black, her brother Owen. Iris Aunt Ella had hidden the existence of Owen from Iris since childhood. Now Iris, Morgan, Owen and Aunt Josephine are together at a hotel trying to learn how each other. Iris is a strange girl for the modern world—a kind of living sacrifice to the memory of her dead pointer father. And Morgan is a young man of some means who finds boarding with the Lannings very amusing.

Chapter 11 MALE DRESSMAKER

AUNT JOSEPHINE had watchful black eyes and a face whose hard bright outlines displayed just enough make-up for the occasion. Her dress was perfection, black with a touch of red, and a string of odd ugly beads. The style of her clothes was so new Iris had never seen anything like them.

Everything about her was as perfect as the modeling of her hair and gown. She came to Iris, putting a firm possessive arm around her. "My own dear little niece!" she said. Her voice was certain and controlled, like everything else about her. Her manner had a dominating enthusiasm, Morgan, watching her, and not liking her too much, admitted to himself that she did seem honestly glad to find Iris. "Sit down here, darling, and talk to me. Think of finding a sister like this, Owen—why she's lovely!"

"I always thought you hated us and didn't want to have anything to do with us," Owen said with a bluntness Iris liked. "I—I was awfully bucked about finding you did." "Didn't Morgan explain?" Iris said a little embarrassedly; she hated to seem to blame her aunt and uncle.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Ross, bitterly, lightening her arm around Iris. "Ella would. She always had the romantic methods of the old-fashioned melodrama, from the time she snatched you out of the baby carriage and walked back to Parsia with you. You poor child, never to know you had a brother!"

"Well, I do now," said Iris quietly, smiling up at this kindly new Owen, who yet seemed so well known. "And now you must let us make you forget all the worry you've been through," said Miss Ross caressingly. "Darling child, you're lovely. All you need to be a complete success is a little expert attention from your old auntie. Stand up, darling, Owen, look at her and tell me what you think."

Iris knew the small signs of annoyance Owen didn't know he showed. Uncle Will's own tiny knotting of the brows before he smiled to acquiescence and did as he was told, being a gentleman who must yield to his women-folk. He studied matter-of-factly enough. "She should keep to a certain amount of the period note."

MORGAN, in the background like a sentinel, moved a little as if the dialogue told him something. Miss Ross saw it. She nodded and smiled. "I thought you were of the great world!" she said to him graciously. "You're right—I'm Phina Weatherley."

Iris gasped. Phina Weatherley—she might as well have said, in the eighties, "I'm Jean Worth." Phina Weatherley, the famous courtière, one of the few American dressmakers who really had a great name! No wonder she was dressed so perfectly.

"The change of name was what made finding you so difficult," Morgan said gravely. "You were hidden in plain sight, like the children's game."

A little silence fell. Owen moved restlessly. Miss Ross and Morgan were quiet. Then Iris said, "Won't you come to our house for supper? We'd be glad to put you up. I know Owen will like Uncle William a lot. Aunt Ella is in a sort of daze since Daddy died, but she would be glad. I know."

"That woman's house? Not yet!" Josephine Ross burst out, her smooth dominant manner breaking for the moment. Then she had her self in hand. "Why not, of course?" she said. "But I'm afraid, darling, I'd only be a bother. Take Owen over, he says he insists on going. You might let Mr. Black dine with me in exchange."

So it was settled. The old resentments had faded out for a moment, too blackly for Iris to insist. Besides, though she admired her new aunt, she did want to be alone with her brother.

He called a taxi, as casually as if he lived in them. That small gesture of taxi-taking showed Iris what a different world he lived in. To afford taxis any time! Together in-

side, another shy silence fell. Iris broke it.

"Please tell me things," she said gently after a minute, leaning back in the old wreck which served Parsia as one of its two official taxis. "Remember, you may have known about me, but I never knew anything about you, at all."

"There isn't much. I'm just an ordinary sort of person. Phina says 'a regular Lanning' when my slow ways bother her." He smiled. "But you know, it was strange that they did not tell you. Is Aunt Ella a little queer?"

"No—oh, no! She's like somebody out of a romance or a tragedy grown old, that's all; one idea, and that Daddy."

"I never saw anybody like that," Owen said, his face lighting. "Most of the people I know want such little, shallow, day-by-day things. Even if she was wrong, it was a sort of epic wrongness."

Iris looked at him in astonishment. Then she sighed. He was like the Lannings. Uncle William phoned often like that over things and did nothing about them.

"As for Aunt Josephine," he continued, "you know who she is. We live in New York. She made a big fortune in stocks, with the help of one of her clients; she took it out in time and still has it, which is queerer yet. She is trying to buy a Long Island estate of extreme grandeur at a great bargain."

"Don't you like grandeur?" His voice had been dry. "Well, it's not primary with me. Phina has a private fury driving her, I think sometimes—being a Lanning!"

"BUT you! Tell me about you!" She shook his arm affectionately, and he looked down at her with that grateful surprise at affection in his face which she knew so well in her uncle, but which from young, prosperous Owen seemed strange.

"You really care?" "Of course. I—I think I'm very fond of you, Owen. It's been being saved up, you know, all these years. D'you mind?"

"Mind?" He put his arm around her and kissed her, still shyly. "There, now we're relations. Now tell me what you do for a living and everything. Is there a girl?"

"Yes." He paused after that; then went on again. "I hate telling you what I do; darn it, I hate doing it. I've always wanted to be an architect. I am, theoretically—put myself through school at night—"

"Why wasn't there money for day time?" "Leavings and lashings. Money. But not time. I'm—" he flushed a shamed red, "I design for Phina! All day long. Darn well!"

"I should think you did! But why if you don't want to?" "Nobody'd want to be a male man-tua-maker, but it's simply a question of decency. Do you know what Phina did for me? Supported me sewing after Mother died, just one woman alone. Borrowed money heavens knows how, and bought into an establishment in New York—drove to the top, like an Algea book. Put me through an expensive prep; she'd have put me through college, only I wouldn't take it."

"I found when I was a round seventeen that I could help her out with designing." He flushed again at the idea. "Heaven knows why I can do it, when most of me hates it. Sigrid wants me out of it as much as I want to get out; but, as Phina says, it would be dishonorable—ungrateful—not playing the game."

"Oh, you sound more like Uncle Will than I can or possible." Then she pricked her ears at the possibility of a love-story. "Who is Sigrid?" He turned to her, warm, excited. His slow voice quickened. "She's the most beautiful person you ever saw. She's a sort of pocket Brunhild; when she came to us first, at sixteen, she had hair like a yellow cloak—and her eyes are the most beautiful things, like blue stars, like sky." He showed himself, up, and talked more coolly. "She's only my age, and she has a share in the firm. She began by modeling. Her parents were very plain people, Swedish immigrants. She's wonderful. Wait till you see her."

"Are you engaged?" "I am. She won't. Phina isn't keen on it either, of course—women don't like to see their only nephews marry, I suppose. The worst of it is, Sigrid would if I'd take her money, and go over to France for a course in the Beaux Arts and then come back here and set up for my self."

SALE OF BIBLES AT NEW RECORD

LONDON.—(UP)—Record sales of the Bible in 1935 are announced by the British and Foreign Bible Society. "The most striking advance," said a member of the staff, "appears to be in countries where there is the greatest unrest. In Germany, for instance, the sales of our society alone for 1934-1935 rose to 153,683, an increase of 20,000 on the previous year. In Spain sales have risen since the revolution, the increase in 1934-1935 being about 20,000. In Italy the last report showed a decrease.

"We have been supplying Ethiopian and Italian soldiers with Bibles. Five thousand Bibles in different languages were distributed in Ethiopia. Bibles for Italians were given out at Fort Said, but the Italian authorities objected, and we had to stop the supply.

"The biggest advance has been in China, where sales have risen by 400,000 to 4,296,495. The growth of literature is largely responsible."

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

THE U.S. CAPTURED HER FIRST GERMAN PRISONERS OF THE WORLD WAR AT GUAM—7,000 MILES FROM GERMANY AND ALMOST 6,000 MILES FROM THE U.S.

MRS. JAMES SMITH AND HER FAMILY OF 5 HAVE ONLY 3 BIRTHDAYS AMONG THEM

MRS. SMITH AND DAUGHTER EMILY—DEC. 23... MR. SMITH AND DAUGHTER ELIZABETH—JUNE 22... DAUGHTERS MARY AND JENNIE—JAN. 14!—North Toronto, Can.

SOME RACQUETS BALLS ARE RUINED WITH THE FIRST BLOW—OTHERS LAST UP TO 100 YEARS AND IMPROVE WITH AGE AND USE...

IRON HIGHWAYS ARE COMMON IN TEXAS WHERE DISINTEGRATED IRON ORE IS EXTENSIVELY USED FOR ROADBEDS

TO their ship as virtual prisoners even before the war. As soon as the actual declaration of war was passed by congress, the governor of Guam demanded surrender of the ship and its crew. The commanding German officer refused. Before his ship could be taken by force, it was blown up in the harbor. Three hundred and fifty-three officers and men were rescued from the water and made prisoners. Prisoners said the ship was blown up by high explosives hidden in the bottom of a coal bunker.

TAILSPI NTOMMY—Speed Falls Into the Trap!

AFTER THE TERROR FLEW TOMMY'S PLANE OUT OF THE NARROW CANYON INTENDING TO SET A TRAP FOR SPEED WALTON, TOMMY QUICKLY AROSE FROM THE TABLE WHERE HE HAD BEEN SIMULATING A DRUGGED SLEEP AND IS NOW TRYING TO FIND THE PORTABLE RADIO WITH WHICH THE TERROR HAD SENT OUT HIS DECOY MESSAGE

THREE-POINT... TOMPKINS CALLING THREE-POINT...

I MUST STOP HIM QUICKLY, OR...

CHIEF!... DON'T LET SPEED LAND AT BOULDER CREEK... IT'S A TRAP...

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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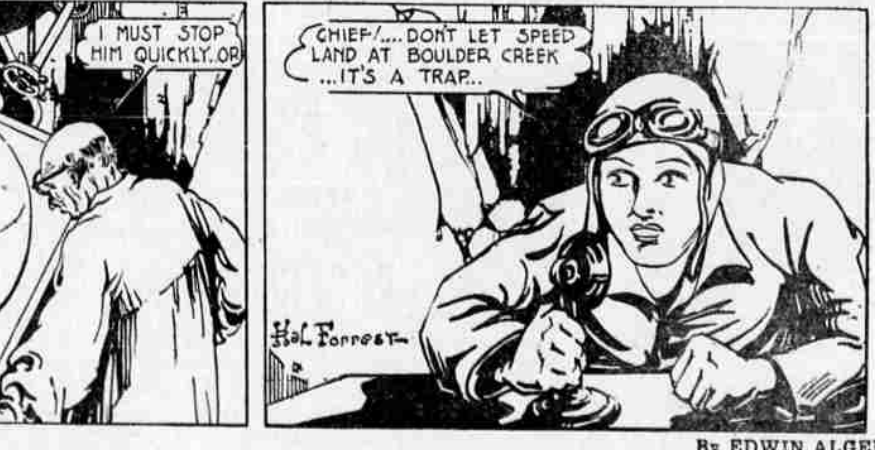
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MYSTERY NEEDS PALEONTOLOGIST

The Jackson County Chamber of Commerce was faced today with a mystery dumped into its lap by Fred W. Scheffel, city superintendent. The mystery is a big hunk of something that remains to be identified positively. It now resides on display in one of the chamber's rooms. It came from Roky Ann where Mr. Scheffel's department has been excavating shale.

Mr. Scheffel said he thought it was petrified redwood. E. R. Santo, mineral collector, declared it was petrified ash. H. B. Cady, also a mineral collector, asserted he didn't know what it was but it wasn't ash. Some, lacking the interest of sci-

PENDLETON PROMISED PEA CANNING PLANT

PENDLETON, Ore., April 7.—(AP)—The Smith Canning Co. of Clearfield, Utah, will build a pea cannery here for operation during the 1937 season. A. T. Smith and O. L. Ramsey, told the board of directors of the Pendleton chamber of commerce Saturday, establishment of a cannery here is contingent upon the chamber of commerce's promise to provide a site and make a loan for a warehouse building.

THE NEBBS—All Even Now

YES, HERE'S SOME MAIL—I HAVE A BEAUTIFUL ROOM AVAILABLE NOW, MR. NEBB

THE NEBB—All Even Now

NO, WE HAVE A DELUXE SUITE AT THE RITZ-MORE—WE MADE UP OUR MINDS TO GET THE BEST—NO I KNOW WHEN YOU'RE OUT FOR A GOOD REST, WHAT'S THE USE OF GOING SLUMMING?

THE NEBB—All Even Now

WELL, I'M EVEN WITH THAT GUY—HE THINKS BECAUSE HE HAS A CUT-AWAY COAT, TRIMMED WITH BRAID, HE IS SOMEBODY—HE'S SOMEBODY BY LOCATION NOT MENTALITY—WHAT'S EVER THE TRIP COSTS FROM NOW ON, IT'S CHEAP!

THE NEBB—All Even Now

RUDY WOULD YOU STOP AT THE REGAL PALMS HOTEL AND SEE IF THERE'S ANY MAIL FOR US? I LEFT WORD TO WRITE US THERE

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