

Golden Rain

By Margaret Wildemer

SYNOPSIS: Iris Lansing just has found her brother Owen, and her Aunt Josephine, both of whom had been kept out of her life by the Aunt Ella with whom she lives. Aunt Josephine turns out to be a famous couturiere which excites Iris because she never has had proper clothes in her life. The money that should have been spent on her had always gone to her father, supposedly a genius. But Owen tells Iris that their father's paintings really are medicines; that the sacrifice has been a vain one.

Chapter 13 CLOTHES!

IRIS seemed to herself the only one who knew the difference. Aunt Ella sat in her usual dream; Uncle William of course, had a tray, ate with relish and praised the food; Morgan was a little quieter than usual.

So was Iris; she was inclined to think he had interfered. Anyway, he saw things so queerly; he acted as if Owen were trying to steal her Uncle William, with an invalid's interest in everything, had to hear all about the visit, so they had to seem, at least, to have made up.

"He's a splendid boy," he said to Morgan proudly.

Morgan praised Owen politely and switched the conversation to the day's routine at the courthouse, and Iris was wickedly amused.



For three hours, Aunt Phina bought things.

"Ask Jostle if she won't come see me tomorrow," said Uncle Will when they rose to leave him. "Tell her how it is that I can't call on her. Don't you think she's a remarkable woman, your Aunt Josephine?"

"Yes, I do," Iris answered, lifting a mischievous shoulder at Morgan. Uncle William was wonderful. From somewhere, in that life of his which had so little outward semblance of happiness and success, he had become possessed of a fund of inner happiness and serenity which made living a pleasure to him.

But Iris shrank away from such a serenity while its aura pleased her. When she was fifty, perhaps, but not now, with the whole exciting world holding out unexpected handfuls of presents!

They went out together. She wondered if Morgan would scold. After all, he had done it all. She felt ungrateful. But he only gripped her hand so tight it hurt, and said, "Iris, Iris, promise me—"

"What?"

"Nothing, you wouldn't understand."

And he flung away.

She didn't understand. Morgan had been so odd since Owen and Phina had come, in spite of having found them for her.

EARLY next day Owen rushed in quite in another mood, gay and excited.

"Phina's outside, championing the bit to take you in to Philadelphia shopping—hurry up!"

"I can't—there are things to do—"

Iris began, but he would hear nothing of all that.

"One doesn't keep Phina waiting," he said with a grin. "She's like time and tide and taxes—she waits for no man. I'm staying here a little while to read my mail"—he waved a letter—"and visit with Uncle William and the ancestral mansion. Run along before young Mr. Blue beard scolds you and locks you up in a cell."

Owen was younger this morning, gayer. It must have been a very nice letter—probably from Sigrid. He took her out, just as she was except for heret and coat, to where Phina Ross stood waiting.

"Heavens, child," she greeted her. "you have charm, as well as a good figure and face, I can make anything out of you."

"Tomorrow, Uncle Will has a tax-ing caller."

From Phina Weatherley this was praise indeed!

"Oh, will you?" said Iris, glowing. "I will indeed. The moment we get off the train. Let me see. Hair first," said the great couturiere who miraculously was her aunt, eyeing her as if she were a bolt of unmade goods; "then the right shoes and stockings. Then we can handle the rest."

For three delicious hours, dating from the moment they left the Broad Street Station, Iris was led from hairdresser to corsetiere, from lingerie shop to gown shop, under the hands of a mistress of her trade. She became frightened presently at the amount of things Aunt Phina was buying and said so.

"No. But this will carry you for the moment. I'll finish from my own stock and connections," said her aunt. "In New York."

Owen was meeting them at the Bellevue-Stratford for luncheon. Iris saw herself in one of the long mirrors entering by her aunt's side; she would not have known herself except for the reflection of Phina beside her. From her smart odd hat with its curving brim and small feather, to the simple exquisite shoes, she was correct.

A heavenly feeling of self-respect and courage swept over her. The

OREGON DISEASE RECORD SHRINKS

PORTLAND, Ore., April 8. — (P) — The number of communicable diseases in Oregon dropped off sharply the past week, Dr. Frederick Stricker, state health officer, said today.

The advent of spring weather was accompanied by a decline in new in-

fluenza cases from 159 the week before to 93 last week.

Only 269 cases of measles were reported, compared with 418 the week before. Pneumonia cases dropped from 82 to 55.

Dr. Stricker said a few cases of smallpox occurred, and warned that "in unvaccinated communities an epidemic of severe cases may follow at any time."

NEWPORT, Ore., April 9. — (P) — Gordon A. Carmichael, 36, city recorder, died unexpectedly today of heart attack. He had just arisen and started a fire at his home.

Portland Sewage Plans Redrafted

PORTLAND, April 9. — (P) — The city engineer started new plans today for an \$8,000,000 sewage disposal project for Portland, to help take the odor out of the Willamette river.

The state supreme court upheld the validity of the \$6,000,000 bond issue voted for the project.

City officials and individuals interested in stream purification agreed construction should begin as soon as possible.

TRAFFIC LIGHT



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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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The first team of the Marquette university basketball team includes as many nationalities as it does players, and in the ranks of the substitutes are several others. The first team includes Captain William Rubado, guard, French; James Rasmussen, guard, Norwegian; Alfred Ehrig, center, German; Paul Sokody, forward, Hungarian; William Vytiska, forward, Bohemian.

Other players who appear in the lineup include Roy McMahon, forward, and Robert O'Keefe, guard, both large as ever. She has never won an important war, but nevertheless she has been able to maintain her territorial integrity. Turks in the 11th century, Genghis Khan in the 12th, Tamerlane in the 14th, the Afghans in the 18th—all these overran Persia disastrously. During the past century Persia lost two major wars with Russia—in 1913 and 1928.

The boundaries of the country today are almost identical with those of Persia during the ninth century. Tomorrow: The Lost Explorer.

S'MATTER POP-



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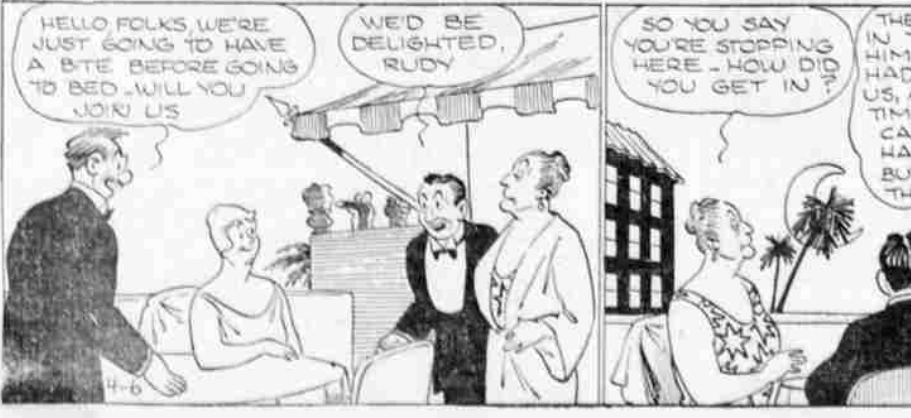
TAILSPIN TOMMY—An Intercepted Warning!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Friend?



THE NEBES—Rubbing It In



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COBBLER FRIEND OF COOLIDGE SUCCUMBS

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., April 9. — (P) — James Lucey, 51, shoemaker and philosopher-friend of Calvin Coolidge, died today.

Once a White House guest, Lucey came into national attention when President Coolidge wrote him from the capital.

"If it were not for you I would not be here."

Lucey always maintained he didn't know why Coolidge so praised him, unless it was because of their philosophic discussions which dated back to the former president's days at Amherst.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

JACKIE COOGAN WINS TWO DAMAGE SUITS

LOS ANGELES, April 9. — (P) — Jackie Coogan, young screen actor, won two damage suits against him for \$300,000 today.

Superior Judge Frank Swain directed a jury to bring in a verdict for Coogan. The suits were based on an automobile accident last year in which Coogan's father, John H. Coogan, and three of the actor's friends were killed.

Judge Swain ruled there was no evidence that the elder Coogan was driving at the time, had been drinking.

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

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