

# Golden Rain

SYNOPSIS: Through Morgan Black, boarder in her Aunt Ella's decrepit old mansion, Iris Lansing has found her brother Owen and her Aunt Phina. Iris believed her brother dead. But in her happiness at seeing that Owen is a fine chap, and that her Aunt Phina is the best known couturiere in America, Iris resents a little Morgan's attitude. It seems to her that Iris will be removed from her simple and appropriate setting, and placed in artificial surroundings less suitable. Aunt Phina is offering Iris a luxurious home in New York.

## Chapter 14. STRONG WORDS

"YOU would spend your winters with us in our Park Avenue apartment, and the summers either on Long Island or traveling." Phina went on. "I can give you everything you should have, and I will. With me, you should make the sort of marriage that is right for you."

Owen's words had almost made her say an eager yes; but Phina's were so detached and cool that something in her shivered away for a moment. The orchestra was playing a tripping dance of Delibes'; the chatter of groups around them, the hurry of waiters, went on. After all, to go away from people who were fond of her... Phina didn't say anything about love.

"Do you want me—because you like me?" Iris said, stumbling a little.

Phina smiled. "You foolish child, who wouldn't?" "It's wonderful—it's like a fairy-tale," she said. "But I can't say yes this minute. May I tell you tomorrow?"

"Of course you may," Phina said. But her air said that it was settled. "I have to telephone New York now," she added. "Wait for me in the lobby, when you finish."

"She keeps the shop tied to a telephone wire," said Owen. "Never a detail gets out from under Phina's hand."

"She's wonderful—and isn't she generous!"

Owen did not answer for a moment. Then with a visible effort, he began to talk.

"She is wonderful. And she is generous. But she never gives without some prospect of return. I'm being disloyal to her, but you're my own sister. I want you because you're young and kind and human and belong to me. Phina has some reason, I'm afraid, beyond all that—it may be merely to pay off Aunt Ella, whom she has never forgiven and never will. Come, anyhow, Iris, I need you like the devil! But don't take Phina for a romantic or you'll be disappointed."

"Why," said Iris, wide-eyed. "If there's something I could do for her to pay her back, I'd feel better about going! It's such a lot to take!"

Owen said no more.

WHEN she returned home she ran upstairs, happy, excited, to show herself.

"Isn't my hair nice this way? The rings are kept in shape with brilliantine so they can't come out! I don't look like a white-broom! And see my shoes—and my nails!" She showed the pointed pink-tipped fingers, the smart suede shoes and gloves, the dusky hair thinned and shaped and polished, outlining her living, lovely young head.

"Nothing anybody could do to it would make you anything but pretty," said Uncle William. "I suppose that's the way girls should look now."

"She's been taking you up into an exceedingly high mountain," Morgan said bitterly from the little table by the window where he had been at work.

It was too much, on top of this radiant, wonderful day! "It's not your affair as far as I can see," Iris told him with more of anger than she had shown since their first days together.

Before he could answer there was a rap on the half-open bedroom door. "May we come in?" said Aunt Phina's cool loud voice.

Uncle Will sat up, a light on his face that transformed him for the moment into a young man. "Jostie, my dear!" He held his hands out.

There was no answering light on the face of the tall woman who came toward him. She smiled brightly, mechanically, as something told Iris she had been doing for years.

"I'm sorry to see you so ill," she said conventionally.

He stared up eagerly at the artificially smooth face, the set smile. "Do you know, my dear, you look no older now than you did then? I suppose"—his thin sensitive face flushed as she took his hand—"I look an old man to you."

"You look as if you'd had a hard life. Not greatly changed otherwise."

"... I came to talk to you about Iris."

"Is Iris all you have to talk to me about, after all these years, Colleen?"

It had been a love-name. Iris, standing at the door with her brother and Morgan, knew that, and felt as if she were eavesdropping. But Uncle Will had forgotten everything but the fact that after twenty years he was seeing a woman he had—Iris knew it now—never, in his gentle, romantic way stopped loving.

Josephine Rosa's face broke up suddenly into convulsed lines. The smooth massaged youthfulness went; in its place came a haggard youth—she was like a ravaged girl. Her blunt-fingered capable hands wrenched themselves. Then she stiffened, steeled. She too had forgotten her young people at the door.

Iris turned, self-conscious for those who were not self-conscious for themselves, and found that Owen and Morgan had gone. There was a small room at the stairhead, glassed in; a conservatory, hall sewing room. She leaned her head back. Yes, they were there, with the doors closed; talking pleasantly enough, it seemed. That was all the good anyway...

"And you can reproach me now!" Josephine was saying furiously, standing over the bed where Uncle Will lay, propped with pillows, his thin cheeks flushed, his hands playing nervously with the edges of his gray dressing-gown. "You, that treated me as you did! You, that let your sister treat Jean and me the way she did!"

"I wanted to marry you, Jostie," he said. "I loved you. I've never loved anybody else."

"And what good did that do? What did you do to prove it?" she demanded. "You asked me to marry you—you that were twice my age with twice my knowledge of life. But we had to wait because your brother Lawrence was a genius save the mark."

"And so my fine genius comes with you to the little house where Jean and I were working; young girls who asked nothing but to earn a living and to let alone, and the first I know he, that you had to help support because he was a genius—a genius when he'd done nothing to show it at forty, walks off with my little sister to Philadelphia and marries her."

"He didn't stop for thoughts of duty. No, with all his good looks and his selfish charm and his clever talk and his grand ways, he sweeps off little Jean who would always believe anything she was told, and love anybody for a kind word, the poor little pretty thing. And still you persuaded me to wait, and still I waited."

"You were too well-bred and proper to marry me and let me go on working, and there wasn't the money to support Lawrence and Jean and for your marrying too. You loved me, but your duty to everybody on God's earth came before me—or your sister Ella and your brother Lawrence had you so cowed and hypnotized that you thought so."

Her voice had risen; it swept on like a flood. She came closer, and stood above the bed with clenched hands. "I've even went to Philadelphia to work, so that your poverty-stricken fine family wouldn't be shamed by a well-brought-up girl earning an honest living—young affectionate fool I was!"

"Jostie, Jostie, if you had only explained some of this to me, long ago!"

"Explained it to you! Didn't I say it and scream it for five years? But what could two girls do against three middle-aged people who were all set one way, and two of them selfish? For I'll say for you, Billy, you were never selfish for yourself, only for Lawrence."

He held out a thin hand. She pushed it away.

"Never mind. She had gone back to her hard, smooth, English-accented voice. "We're through with all that, you and I, and I suppose I should thank you. It was the base of you and your sister Ella that drove me along. To where I've got. To where I'll be..."

She caught her breath.

He sat up in bed and caught her hands. "Jostie, Jostie, I'm sorry. We were selfish—we were cruel. But—" She laughed suddenly, harshly, jerking her hands away.

She seemed about to come closer to him, when Aunt Ella, carrying the five o'clock tray of tea brushed past the capt Iris, and then stood and dully still.

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Morgan breaks down, 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.

**FRANK HOWE -**  
veteran newspaper man,  
HAS USED THE SAME PORTABLE TYPEWRITER 21 YEARS...  
ON IT HE HAS WRITTEN MORE THAN 14,000,000 WORDS...  
-Los Angeles-

**MARY ANN MERTZ -**  
Kalamazoo, Mich.,  
8TH CHILD IN THE FAMILY,  
BORN ON APRIL 8, 1928,  
WEIGHED 8 LB., 8 OZ.,  
TODAY IS HER 8TH BIRTHDAY...

**LOST EXPLORER -**  
FRANK MCGOWAN, scientific explorer,  
SURVIVED 15 MONTHS OF HARDSHIP AND DANGER IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN INTERIOR, RETURNED SAFELY TO NEW YORK, THEN VANISHED FROM THE CITY'S STREETS NEVER TO BE SEEN OR HEARD OF AGAIN...

**WRIGLEY'S MAKES THE TRIP MORE PLEASANT**

Frank Howe, old time newspaper man, has been using the same portable typewriter for just a few weeks less than 21 years—he bought it in July, 1915. Except for ribbons, the only replacements ever made on the typewriter are one roller and one E key. Howe has used it in airplanes, automobiles, trains, and on board ships—he has carried it through his foreign correspondent career in Cuba, Colombia, Canal Zone, Panama, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Guatemala, Mexico and the Hawaiian Islands.

Edison sent McGowan into South America in search of something that would prove better than the fibres at his command. For months McGowan fought his way through the wilds, living in constant danger of wild animals, hostile tribes and venomous snakes. He lived more than three months, on one occasion, without removing his clothes. After many close brushes with death he returned to New York. There he greeted his friends and told them of his experiences. One night, after an evening with acquaintances, McGowan bade them good-night, turned and walked away—never to be seen again.

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM**

**STEADIES THE NERVES**

**TAILSPIN TOMMY—Speed—Doomed to a Horrible Fate!**

AS SPEED SAT DOWN HEAR TOMMY'S PLANE AT BIG BOULDER CREEK THINKING THAT HE COULD ASSIST HIS PA AND SHEETS, HE LANDED INSTEAD IN THE TRAP SET FOR HIM BY THE TERROR OF THE JAY, WHO COVERED THE MAIL PILOT WITH HIS DEADLY LETHAL RAY GUM AND...

AND NOW... I SHALL RELIEVE YOU OF THAT GOLD SHIPMENT YOU WERE CARRYING...

IF YOU THINK YOU'LL GET AWAY WITH IT... YOU'RE GUESSING WRONG... MESSING WITH THE GOVERNMENT MAIL... IS BAD...

I HAVE CAREFULLY THOUGHT OUT ALL THESE THINGS... AND HAVE TAKEN EVERY PRECAUTION... THIS IS ONE OF THEM....

IN A VERY SHORT TIME YOUR PLANE WILL BE DESTROYED... AND YOU, TOO, MY FRIEND... WHEN THAT BOMB EXPLODES...

**BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Specific Instructions**

YOU HAD BEEN ORDERED TO GO TO YOUR ROOM—GO, WHY WERE YOU DOWN HERE AND WHAT WERE YOU DOING?

FEARFUL OF INVOLVING OLGA WHO HAD ENABLED BEN AND CRIP TO WITNESS THE DESCENT OF THE ROCKET AND THE APPEARANCE OF ITS LONE AND TERRIFIED PASSENGER, BEN CHOSE HIS WORDS WITH CARE—

I WAS JUST CURIOUS, I GUESS—

JUST CURIOUS, EH? YOU KNOW, OF COURSE, THAT CURIOSITY KILLED A CAT AND SOMETIMES CAN KILL OTHER LIVING THINGS?

HASSIM, SEE THE YOUNG MAN TO HIS ROOM—OLGA YOU REMAIN HERE WITH ME, YOUR FATHER!

**THE NEBBS—Getting Even**

SAY, LISTEN, HOW COULD YOU PULL ALL THAT STUFF ON THOSE PEOPLE? YOU KNOW IT ISN'T TRUE!

I KNOW IT AND YOU KNOW IT, BUT SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO KNOW IT

FROM THE TIME WE MET THEM HERE, SHE'S TRIED TO SPREAD THE RITZ OVER ME AND I'M ONLY PAYING THE BILL WITH INTEREST!

I HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED ON HER— I'M REHEARSING A LOT OF STUFF THAT'LL TAKE ALL THE PLEASURE OUT OF HER TRIP. SHE'S ENVILOUS OF ANYONE'S GOOD FORTUNE AND REJICES AT THEIR MISFORTUNE— I'M GOING TO MAKE HER BELIEVE YOU'RE THE BIGGEST SUCCESS OF THE DAY. IT'S NOT EASY TO DO IT, WHEN YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT YOURSELF!

## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

**By GLUYAS WILLIAMS**

IN THE SPRING, GOING OUT IN THE EVENING HAS ITS HAZARDS, BECAUSE THE YOUNGSTERS OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD HAVE A WAY OF ABANDONING THEIR ROLLING-STOCK WHERE-EVER THEY HAPPEN TO BE WHEN CALLED IN TO SUPPER AND BED

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## SMATTER POP—

**By C. M. PAYNE**

OH, AINCHA GOIN OUT, POP?

NO! I JUST CHANGED MY MIND!

NOPE! SAME ONE!

NOW, HAVE YA GOT A DIFFERENT MIND?

BUT, POP! HOW KIN YA DO THAT?

YA CHANGE ONE THING FOR ANOTHER THING BUT YA DIDNT CHANGE NUTHIN

SAY!

LUVVA PETE! DONT GIMME A ARGUMENT!

YESSIR!

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## By HAL FORREST

By HAL FORREST

## By EDWIN ALGER

By EDWIN ALGER

## By SOL HESS

By SOL HESS

### STATE OFFICIAL'S WIFE CONFESSES BURGLARIES

SEATTLE, April 10.—(UP)—Police announced last night Mrs. Dorothy P. Quine, 27, wife of John J. Quine, attorney for the state tax commission, had been arrested on charge of three University district burglaries, and had confessed.

The young woman gave no explanation for her behavior, according to Detective Captain Wesley N. Miller. Her husband, shocked by her arrest, said "she had everything she wanted."

Mrs. Quine, police said, took clothing and other articles from three apartments to which she had obtained keys. The loot was returned.

PHONE 342 We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

### FAILING HEADLIGHTS COST WORKER'S LIFE

PORTLAND, April 10.—(UP)—Falling headlights delayed an ambulance in a losing race with death.

A. H. Kingsbury, a worker at Bon-neville dam, fell from a crib about 7 o'clock last night.

While an ambulance was rushing him over the 35-mile distance here the lights failed. The driver shined ahead for a police escort to lead the vehicle through traffic, but the delay was costly.

Two minutes after the patient arrived at a hospital here he died.

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