

Golden Rain

by Margaret Wildmer

SYNOPSIS: Through *Margaret Black*, Iris Lanning has found her brother Owen and her Aunt Phina. Phina is the most famous couturière in America, and Owen is a charming young man of a world quite different from the simple surroundings of Iris. Now Aunt Phina has offered Iris a luxurious home in New York, and although Owen confesses he loves her, Iris is determined to accept the offer. It means leaving determined Aunt Ella, gentle Uncle Will—and Morgan.

Chapter 14 NEW WORLD

"We'll be in New York now in about three-quarters of an hour," Owen told his sister, smiling at her brightened eyes, and then he turned again to what was obviously that very encouraging letter from Sigrid.

Iris hoped the fact that she'd never been in a parlor car before didn't show. "Isn't it extravagant," she had asked Phina incredulously, "for three hours?"

"Your Aunt Ella obviously believes discomfort a proof of economy," Phina answered with that sharp glint which Iris had learned was a signal of reference to Aunt Ella. "It's not extravagance. A woman in my position can't afford to be seen in a day coach."

Aunt Phina settled herself regally. The porter was kept busy putting the bag in a paper bag, getting

"You look bored," he said politely. "Come on, have a drink, have a magazine, have a good time."

She smiled and shook her head. He pushed a little closer and continued, "Come on over and join the gang!"

In spite of his being a little drunk—he was not out of control, but his natural friendly impudence had been improved on—she was tempted for half a moment. They were having such a good time, and as she turned a couple of the others smiled at her.

She had the correct mark, she looked to be their own kind, and they were having a lot of fun. Then shyness and prudence combined decided her.

"It's sweet of you to ask me," she said, for the red-headed boy was obviously a kindly soul, "but I'd rather stay here."

He became rather more than kind—she hadn't realized how far gone he was. He swung a rough arm around her, pulled her and said, "Oh, nerst! C'mon, sister, we're a keen crowd."

She did not know quite what to do. She had to walk through the group to get back to her own Pullman; but before she could do more than detach herself, help came. Another of the party, the oldest one of the group, put a white limp-seeming

hand on the red-headed boy's shoulder with an effect of languid slow ease, and said, "Hey, Dick, old kid, Georgia wants you! Back to the mines!"

Iris glanced up, gratefully. He smiled at her, as if they two understood poor Dicky's little ways. He might have been as old as thirty-five. He was tall and lanky and very fair, with a pink flush like a girl's and a small light mustache that did not hide a full mouth.

He might have seemed effeminate but for a natural air of authority and an irregularity of feature perhaps more winning than otherwise. "You don't mind?" he said to Iris with a whimsical lifted eyebrow.

"Not Georgia's slave, Allan. Go tell her to bite herself," said Dicky before Iris could reply. But he went, "Dicky's a bit ill," said the man named Allan in the same slow genteel tired voice. "But I second his invitation and I'm in possession of my senses."

Then the one called Georgia shrieked, "Allan, Allan!" in a metallic voice that filled the car. Iris, with a little gesture of smiling farewell, made her way back to her seat. She hoped she'd carried it off modernly and easily. At least Aunt Ella's funny old-fashioned training was good for one thing: "Never show you are at a loss; never show your feelings; never lose your control" had worked in this brief interlude.

And then everything was swept away but the excitement of porters coming through importantly, getting her and everyone else up and whisking them all over and begging them to make a perplexing decision about Manhattan Transfer.

And presently the three of them were walking down the platform, mounting the stairs, crossing to a far-off place where there would be taxis.

They passed the still talkative group of girls and men. Georgia, thin, dark, bright-eyed, hard featured, gave Iris a long look. The older man spoke gravely and courteously. One of those people who would always do everything just right.

(Copyright, 1933-36, Margaret Wildmer)

Iris has her most thrilling day, tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Probably the most costly dinner in the world's history was the one enjoyed one January day in 1865 by Crown Solicitor Gurner of Australia. The dinner, or rather the delay caused by it, cost the British government more than \$6,000,000. The story is this:

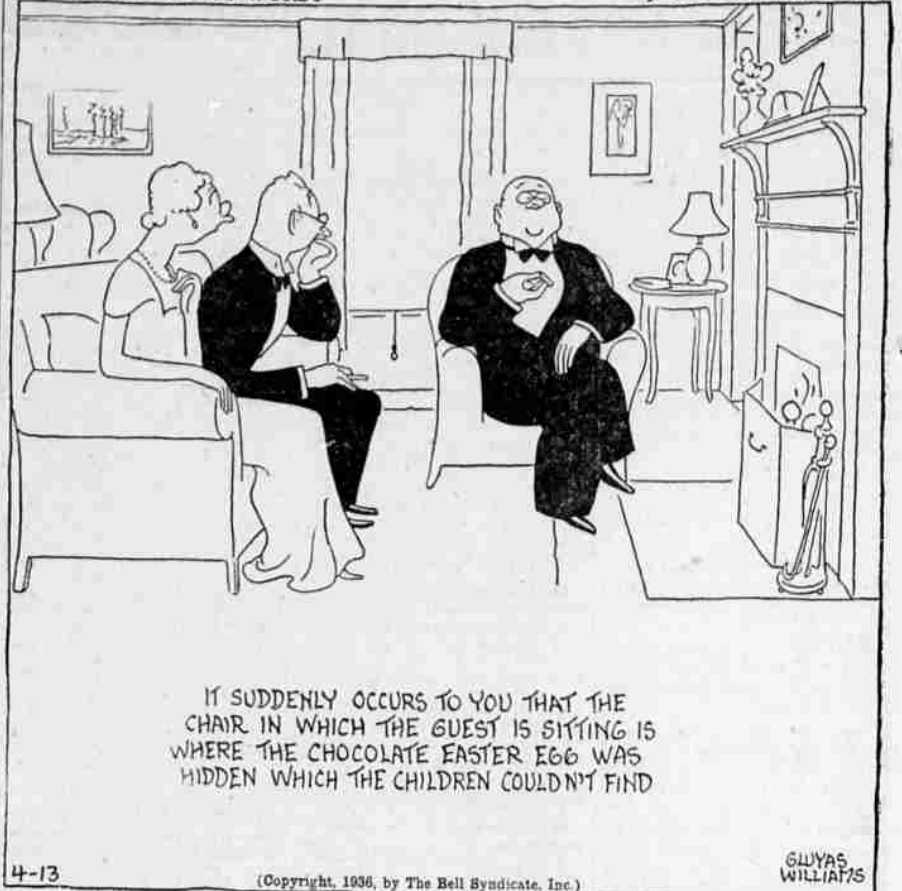
In January, 1865, the Confederate warship SHENANDOAH put into Melbourne for supplies and additional crew members. According to international custom, the ship should have been interned there by British authorities, but local Australians gave it a hearty welcome, supplied it with coal and several new members were signed on the crew. American Consul William Blanchard appealed first to the governor general, and then to Crown Solicitor Gurner. Mr. Gurner seemed agreeable to taking immediate action, but first he wanted to finish his dinner. While Mr. Gurner ate, the confederate ship slipped out of the harbor to conduct a highly successful campaign against northern shipping. After the war, Great Britain paid \$6,250,000 for the Shenandoah's damages.

Strange as it seems, Charles Lajotte and Harry Huking, both crack pilots, safely landed an old time DH4 plane on an ash heap beside the Patapasco river after narrowly missing a plunge into the water—but neither one of them had anything to do with it because each thought the other was at the controls. Lajotte, flying in the front cockpit, was at the controls at the take-off. When the motor went dead he called to Huking in the rear cockpit to take over the controls while he attempted to restart the motor. Huking did not hear him. The ship, flying by itself, circled over the river, narrowly missing the mast of a schooner and finally landed. The ship nosed over in the rough landing and broke the propeller, but neither Lajotte nor Huking was hurt.



THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

by GLUYAS WILLIAMS



4-13 (Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

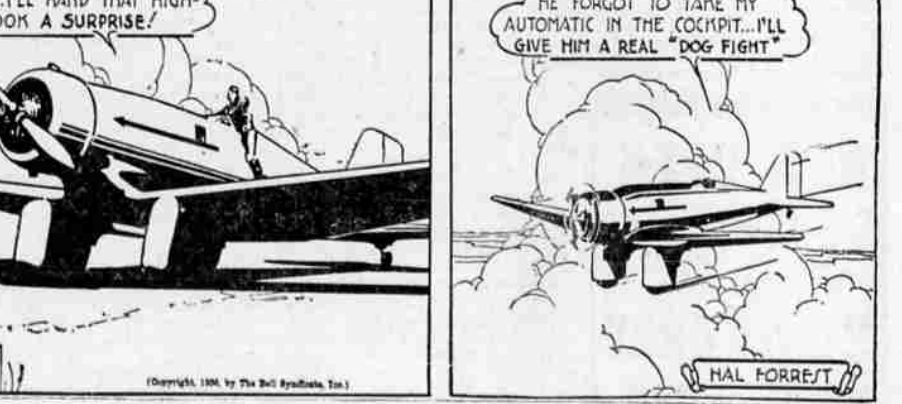
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Speed Follows the Hooded Flyer!



Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Crip's Alarm!

By HAL FORREST



Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

THE NEBBS—Just a Big Guy



Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

G-MEN PRESS SEARCH FOR BOMB MAILERS

By SOL HESS



Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

2 BAND CONCERTS AIM NEXT SPRING

CORVALLIS, Ore., April 13.—(AP)—State band contests in 1936 probably will be held both in Corvallis and Eugene, as a result of action taken here by the bandmasters' club.

The bandmasters expressed the opinion the contests had grown to such proportions that competition should be divided, two classes in each city.

The group decided to petition the state board of higher education for the change.

The action was taken during final events of the 1935 state music meet Saturday.

Thirty bands competed in the four divisions. Solo honors were awarded the first day of the meet.

G-MEN PRESS SEARCH FOR BOMB MAILERS

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., April 13.—(AP)—Federal investigators widened the scope of their inquiry today as they pressed for a "break" in the search for the "Easter Gift" bomb terrorists whose deadly packages claimed two lives.

John W. Johnstone, chief postal inspector, left Wilkes-Barre late last night and was said to have taken with him wrappings from the explosives, presumably for examination by laboratory experts.