

Golden Rain

By Margaret Wilder

SYNOPSIS: Iris Lanning is at the theater after a gorgeous dinner in her Aunt Phina's apartment. Aunt Phina is America's most famous couturiere, Iris' brother Owen designs for her. And Iris is the girl from Paris, Pa., brought up in aristocratic luxury, who only three days ago did not know whether her brother was alive or dead. Phina and Owen have separated Iris from her home, kindly Uncle Will, and her Aunt Ella. Iris has met, by chance, some young things she had avoided with difficulty that afternoon on the train.

Chapter 19 SPEEDY LIFE

HAVING a crowd in tomorrow p.m." said the girl. "Cocktails, Georgia Blair, in the book. You've got to come. Promise? Goodby."

Iris supposed she had asked only Owen, but Dicky said swiftly: "Leave it to me, lady. I'll pick 'em up and bring 'em in. Gimme the house address, Sigrid."

Sigrid wrote swiftly on a card she gave him. Not so used to crowds as the others, Iris found herself caught far behind the other two in the hurry back to the seats. As before, it was Allan who saw, who left his group, caught her arm, said pleasantly, "I see your seats; I'll get you there."

"You always help me out of trouble!" she said gratefully. "I suppose you could see—I wasn't a New Yorker—"

He smiled down at her. "I could see that you had something most girls haven't; the delightful gift of making a man feel you need taking care of. I'll see you at Georgia's tomorrow, then. Here's your seat."

She did not know whether he had heard her hurried, "Oh, I don't know, I don't think so!" before he turned back to the others.

She nearly forgot the whole episode as, eyes wide, hands tightly clasped, she saw the second half of the revue. But when they came out Allan and Dick were waiting in the lobby; and it was to Phina that Allan spoke easily and graciously, not to Iris.

"My name's Allan Beckley. I think you know my mother, Mrs. Willson Beckley. This is Madame Phina Weatherly, I know."

Aunt Phina's even teeth gleamed. "Otherwise Phina, yes, indeed, your mother's figure is my pride! And thank you for protecting my little girl here. It's actually her first revue."

Iris wished that hadn't had to come out—he would think she was unsophisticated! But he said with no lessening of interest: "Dick Hamilton here wants to pick up your young people for Georgia Blair's cocktail party tomorrow. I wanted to make sure they were coming."

"Better come," said Dicky cheerily. "When Allan gets his eye on you you're Davy Crockett's coon. He may even keep Georgia from eating you. I don't know how he handles you gals!"

Phina more or less ignored Dicky. "My girls say they're coming," she said sweetly to Allan.

"Thanks a lot," he said; also ignoring Dicky.

As sniffling and easily as he had come, he was gone. Dicky remained a moment.

"Don't fall for him. Not safe! Fall for me!" he stage-whispered, and shouldered his way after Allan.

"But, Phina, honestly, she didn't ask Sigrid and me!" Iris gasped as they settled themselves in the taxi. Even Owen laughed.

"Gooie, this isn't the Assembly Set in the seventies," he said.

"Allan Beckley took pains to make it all right," Phina explained. "Anybody can drift in on a party like that. They're charming young people, as I thought on the train."

Iris supposed they knew best. She sat still and stared at the colored advertisements that flapped over and over in a holder. There were nine before you got back to the first one, two kissing people who advertised chewing-gum. They looked very magnificent to be addicted to gum. . . . It was all very different, but Phina must know.

She saw herself as she passed the long frameless mirror in the downstairs foyer. She would not have known Uncle Will's Iris in all this black velvet, with rose chiffon tossing around her satin slippers feet, except for the live excited gray eyes shining below the polished waves of dusky hair.

As she stared Owen's kind gray eyes, black-lashed like her own, met hers a little wistfully in the glass. She nestled closer to him on the other side, with a thrill of kinship

and comfort for very own brother! She knew, at that moment, that she was on his side in the warfare over Sigrid. She'd help him as much as she possibly could.

WHEN she woke next morning she was lost at first. Where was the big engraving of Delaroché's "Christian Martyr" which had always faced her big brass bed against its back ground of stained faded blue-and-brown wallpaper?

Instead she was staring at a group of gay rat-faced French gentlemen in woolly colors having an eighteenth century fête galante inside a gilt frame. Her arms lay on a deep fold of monogrammed linen, over a soft rose blanket.

She had scarcely oriented herself



She would not have known Uncle Will's Iris.

when Honora came in carrying a gay painted tray with legs, which she set above her, saying: "Good morning, Miss Iris. I hope you slept well. Miss Ross is coming in to chat while you breakfast—it's the early bird she is. Will you have sugar on your grapefruit?"

"Heaps, please."

"My child," said Phina, taut and erect in tailored black, from the ivory doorway, "do you mean that you have never had to diet?"

"Oh, good morning, Aunt Phina! Life tightened and speeded itself when Miss Ross appeared, and Honora had been lazing comfortably, sat higher on her pillows, and Honora put a rose silk jacket about her."

"No never, I suppose running up and down stairs kept me thin."

"I've come in to discuss plans with you before I go over to the salon."

Phina sat down in the rose and ivory chair, unsoftened by its easiness, but she spoke easily.

"I want my little girl to have the happiest possible time. So I want you to tell me frankly what lessons you have—what accomplishments you have—sometimes a lack of equipment makes all the difference to one's happiness. To begin with, I'm sending you to a riding school directly; and you'd better learn to drive a car unless you know how."

"Aunt Phina, you're doing such a lot! I'd love to learn to ride. I can drive, now."

"Oh, yes, all you young things pick it up. What about dancing?"

"Well, what you'd learn from the others."

(Copyright, 1935-36, Margaret Wilder)

Iris sees an amazing ship, tomorrow.

DEMOCRATS GAIN IN MULTNOMAH

PORTLAND, Ore., April 15.—(AP)—Multnomah county's final registration for the May election was 151,859, more than 16,000 higher than for the presidential primaries of 1932. Democratic registration was 66,138, a gain of 29,370 over four years ago.

while the Republican registration dropped 13,160 below the mark of 1932. Republicans still remained ahead, however, with a total of 85,418.

A last hour rush on registration offices resulted in a line 1000 feet long at the county court house. Officials worked more than two hours past the official closing time of 8 p. m. to care for those in line.

ELLSWORTH REPORTS TO F. R. — DECORATED
WASHINGTON, April 15.—(AP)—Lincoln Ellsworth, explorer, reported personally to President Roosevelt today his raising of the stars and stripes over 350,000 square miles of Antarctic territory.

Mr. Roosevelt presented to Ellsworth the gold medal of the National Geographic society and congratulated the explorer on his achievements.

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

Buckingham's Ice Cream, Candy & Party Specials. The Crest, 230 S. Cent.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

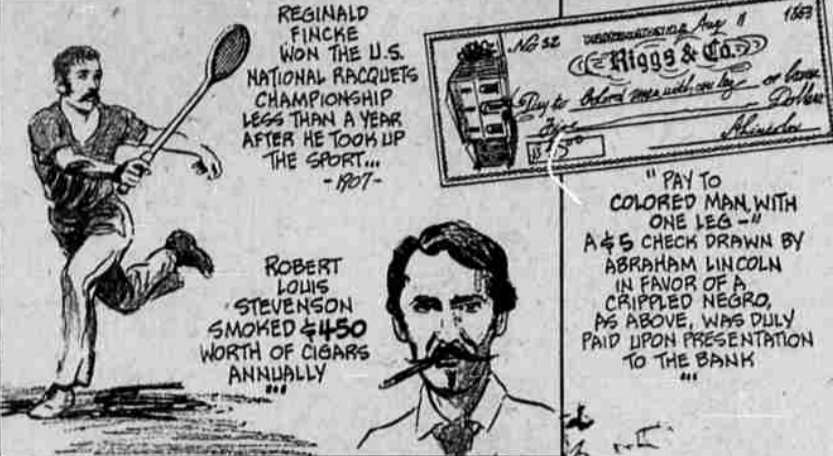


FRED PERLEY FACED HIS WIFE'S RETURN FROM A VISIT WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE THAT HE HAD OBEYED HER INSTRUCTIONS ABOUT WATERING HER PLANTS, UNTIL JUST AS HE SET OUT TO MEET HER HE NOTICED FOR THE FIRST TIME HER FAVORITE BEGONIA SITTING ON TABLE IN THE HALL

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



REGINALD FINCKE WON THE U.S. NATIONAL RACQUETS CHAMPIONSHIP LESS THAN A YEAR AFTER HE TOOK UP THE SPORT...
-ROT-

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON SMOKED \$450 WORTH OF CIGARS ANNUALLY

"PAY TO COLORED MAN WITH ONE LEG — A \$5 CHECK DRAWN BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN FAVOR OF A CRIPPLED NEGRO, AS ABOVE, WAS DULY PAID UPON PRESENTATION TO THE BANK"

JUNCTION CITY, U.S.A., IS GOVERNED BY - ONE NATION TWO STATES TWO TOWNS ONE COUNTY TWO PARISHES



Strange as it seems, a personal check made payable simply to "Colored Man with One Leg" was written by President Lincoln and presented to the crippled man described on the check.

The president encountered the man as he walked through a park on his way to the White House on a late summer day in 1863. He listened to the man's story then drew the strange check for \$5 in his favor.

Junction City, in Arkansas and Louisiana, is a small town but it operates under more laws and officials than many of the larger cities. The little town is divided by the Arkansas-Louisiana state line. The part of it in Arkansas is in Union county of that state. The part of it in Louisiana is divided by the parish line between Union parish and Claiborne parish and is subject in part to the laws of those parishes. Of course Junction City has its own city government, but here again it is divided because of the state line. The part that is in Arkansas has a different government than the part in Louisiana.

There are two mayors, two city councils, two complete sets of peace officers in the city government. Two sets of state laws, two sets of parish laws and a set of county officers also govern parts of Junction City. The only set of laws that really governs the whole place uniformly are the federal laws. The postoffice is located on the Arkansas side of the town, hence according to the federal government, the city is officially Junction City, Ark. but the government is broad-minded about it and will deliver mail addressed to Junction City, La., or Junction City, Ark., La.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Hooded Flyer Eludes Speed!



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS

FISHERMAN'S WEALTH HIDDEN BENEATH NETS

ST. HELENS, Ore., April 15.—(AP)—Neighbors believed Zacharias Rhonstrom, 75, had considerable money hidden in his hut, so after he drowned and they searched and found \$6,000 to \$7 bills scashed in a box under some fish nets.

They also found deposit slips for \$500 in the bank at Clatskanie, Ore. Efforts were made to locate his daughters.

He drowned when a boat in which he and John Hildula were rowing capsized. Hildula swam ashore.

"Seventeen" A perfume for spring with a light, spicy fragrance, 90c dram. Young's Drug Co.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

JOB INSURANCE LAW UPHELD IN NEW YORK

ALBANY, N. Y., April 15.—(AP)—The New York unemployment insurance law, carrying out some of the principles of the new deal social security, was upheld today by the highest court in New York state.

The state court of appeals sustained the law by a five-to-two opinion. The court's prevailing opinion said: "We can find nothing in the act itself which is so arbitrary or unreasonable as to show that it deprives any employee of his property without due process of law or denies him the equal protection of the laws."

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