### Dragons Drive You

flict, until now.

do with this?" Jeb inquired.

way. "Agnes is not in it, Jeb."

The two tall brothers gazed at each

"Agnes?" repeated Rod in his quiet

"But you don't want to go alone.

"No, Jud, I don't," answered Rod

"Then why don't you make a try

"Yes," said Rodney. "I do. And

ness and devotion as Rodney. For

love, more or less excitingly, with

some girl of the sort you might mar-

In Rod's life there had been noth-

Agnes Was Nearly Twenty-Three.

"Do you think she might, Jud?"

you won't know it; you'll be the last

Deginning an unusual story by

Edwin Balmer

DRAGONS DRIVE

"There is just so much in the cup," he told her.

"You can sip it all your life, afraid really to

taste it-or you can dare to drink the whole

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thing down while you are living!"

Such was the challenge of

Jeb Braddon, young, am-

bitious, fantastically suc-

cessful broker, wooing

Agnes Gleneith from his

rivals by the impetuous

force of his love. Such, too,

was the spirit of the mad,

seething city of Chicago,

just before the Crash-a

very maelstrom of madness

### By EDWIN BALMER

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#### CHAPTER I

Jeb wrote his name, Judson E. Braddon, with a finishing flourish, on the last of the sheaf of checks before him; and he flung his fountain-pen accurately into its bell-lipped holder. He liked to hit it like that, after signing checks for four hundred thousand. And it was his money, or funds under for her? For the first time in your his control. His name, written by life you want something for yourself himself, converted these green slips -you do want her, like the very hell, Agnes. . . . of paper into cash. Sometimes, sit- don't you?" ting here, he had signed for more than half a million; once for a mil- you do, too. Don't you?" lion. And he could sit back and spear "No," denied Jeb. "Not the way that holder with his pen so that it you do." stuck in, two out of three tries. That | He did want Agnes; as a matter of was showing your nerves were in fact, he was becoming sure he wanted shape; that was staying twenty-eight her for his wife; but he was aware and beating business at the same that he was capable of no such single-

Miss Gilbert came in to gather up Jeb to live-really live-was to be in the checks.

"Who's waiting?" Jeb asked. "Mr. Saunders about Insull Utili- ry; and until you married, to have ties; Mr. Hazen . . . And have you | "affairs" with women whom you could forgotten your brother, Mr. Braddon?" | not "harm," and whom you kept dis-Jeb laughed. "Good Lord, I did! Is | creetly screened.

he still out there? Shoot him in first." ly in the winter sunlight and gazed deeper, obstinate decency in Rod, and brought me here to that little house out his windows over the city. All Chicago, except a rival pinnacle or two, lay below him; for the offices of J. E. Braddon and Company claimed two floors high in one of the tallest towers. Roofs white with last night's new snow reached away, square after square.

Hidden under those roofs, and in the deep ruts of the streets between, were three millions of people. The conflict of their lives, in its innumerable forms, set beating this tense, eager impulse that you felt here in Chicago.

Crude and cultured; pagan and Pur-Itanic; savage and overcivilized; incredibly cruel and extravagantly, absurdly maudlin in many of its mercies. A city, like all the nation, superspeeded for making money, it put millions into many hands that never before had fingered either wealth or privilege.

Judson Elliot Braddon's were far from the least familiar with these. He had much more behind him than most of these young men of destiny of 1929; and the place he won for himself in this city had surpassed theirs.

How important it was, his splendid impressive offices declared; and at the sound of the door, Jeb swung back, giving a glance around his big room. It had not ceased pleasantly to impress him. It never impressed much sterner restraints. He offered she was at home, which meant, when his brother. No display of Jeb's swift to Agnes Gleneith an almost totally she was in the house, that she was hot night at Grand Central station. success ever aroused Rodney. He did different outlook; and Jeb was real- with her mother, mostly; and when not envy or disdain it; he simply izing this with something like a pang she was out, she was with Bee, who en in alcohol, forced his way to the seemed not to be affected by it. Rod of shame when he said: always had been that sort, utterly different. Jeb could not remember that Rod ever had expressed a desire to make money; neither as boy nor man. Some day, both boys had known, each of them would "come into" forty thousand dollars left in trust by their grandfather.

That day, when he was twenty-one, had come for Rodney eight years ago; and in the bank at Andover reposed the identical forty thousand dollars, in bonds of the city of Andover and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. which eight years ago had been formally delivered to Rodney Braddon.

The day, for Judson, had arrived seven years ago; and the forty thousand in bonds had become four millions in stocks and equities; in fact, nearly five-if Jeb sold out at today's prices.

The door opened.

"Hello, Jud." "Jud" was the old familiar nickname when they were boys; but after he went to Yale, Jud had cast it off for the name made from his initials-J. E. B., like "Jeb" Rodney had not gone Yale: he was then at Johns Hopkins. going in for medicine and biology. "Come in!" invited Jeb; and Rod

closed the door behind him. "Busy?" asked Rod, absolutely with-

out offense. "Didn't mean to be, old fellow." said Jeb as the lifetime of affection for this unpractical, unseeking brother, so different from himself, flowed over him. "Tell the truth, Rod,

just forgot." "I just thought I'd look in to see you, since I'm leaving town," said

"Leaving Chicago? For how long?"

"A full month, anyhow." "Where you going?"

"Rochester-Minnesota, Jud, where the Mayos are. They're doing some work in immunity up there that I've

got to see." Actually Rod had been invited to take part in the work, but that was something he would never volunteer, not even to his brother.

"Then you're coming back here, Rod?"

"Probably not. Germany-Leipsic, I think, on the same trail."

"That'll take more than another month."

"Six-or a year, I guess, Jud, once

I get in Europe." "When you leaving?"

"I'm taking the train tonight." "That means you're practically

clearing out tonight-for a year." "I guess so, Jud."

to know it, and you've had 'em all the

pearance of Miss Gilbert forestalled any reply from Rodney. "Get Miss Gleneith on the phone,"

other in silence. In all their lives, In the house twenty miles north they had never held a hope or a dealong the lake shore, Agnes Gleneith sire which brought them into conhad been informed that Mr. Braddon wished to speak to her. "How much has Agnes Gleneith to

Jeb extended the instrument. "Tell her what?"

"That you're coming out to her on the first train. Quick! I can hear her near the phone. You're going to tell her-or I will!"

Rod, with a sudden violence that amazed Jud, snatched the telephone, and in a moment he was speaking to

Agnes was nearly twenty-three, and she would have said upon that winter afternoon, when snowflakes were beginning to blow from the north even before the clouds floated under the sun, that nothing in the least extraordinary had ever happened to her. She had been born in an attractive, pleasant house only half a mile away from this huge handsome country mansion, on the lake shore, which for the last eleven years—almost half of Agnes' life-had been home.

Beatrice, her sister who was two years older, also had been born in forget that favorite that same smaller house: for there her father had brought her mother ardent sweetheart, an as a bride. Such was the phrase by impetuous bride, but a which her mother always described Left alone, Jeb swung about slow- ing of that sort, never. There was a that house: "When I was a bride, Bob spouse. on Easter Lane-"

had a great garden, gay in summer wisimplified" revenue bill, hav- showed up with a steam-driven drill with phlox, sweet William, larkspur ing simplified it down to a mere sixty- and challenged John Henry to a drilland Canterbury bells. It had inti- odd thousand words-about the length ing contest. "Boss man, how many mate, cheery fireplaces, and next the of a fair-size summer novel. But the days' staht you-all want so's I won't sunny rooms which had been Agnes' plot is different—and having made its ketch up with yu' too soon?" asked and Bee's, had been Papa's and Mam- provisions so clear and lucid that you John Henry. The steam drill man ma's room wherein had been their may read it backward or forward, you said they'd start at the same time, so big bed.

ing been always happy; and she could than that? remember when she was a child, and It may yet be necessary to call in Rock was high, po' John was low. would run into Papa's and Mamma's Professor Einstein to elucidate it. If Well, he laid down his hammah an' he room in the morning in her white he can explain his theory of relativity flannel "teddy" with "feet," and Papa -and the professor still asserts he can Laid down his hammah an' he died. would pick her up and kiss her and -he might be willing to tackle the job. then bounce her down between Mamma and him in the big bed.

Father must have been making plenty of money then. Of course he had gress will find a method further to much more now, very much more, lighten the pocketbooks of one and Millions, Agnes realized; yet the mon- all. In other words, "we've got what ey had not greatly altered the pat- It takes." terns of her dreams, which had been shaped to satisfaction in the little house; nor had it greatly changed the actual course she pursued. She had left Country Day school for a lorn-hoper among the British diplovery expensive girls' school in Con- mats insists the League of Nations, to necticut when she was fifteen; and quote his own words, is "a going con that might not have happened from the cern." little house; but soon she went on to Smith college, as always she had planned, and had been graduated last June. The summer abroad; and now had married four years ago and had head of the line, using his head to butt "How do you know she'd not rather two babies; or she was hurrying with and his elbows to paddle with, have you than me-or anybody else?" about, being busy with Junior league and emptied his pockets of some small errands; and she was waiting for the change, and slapped it down on the Jeb jerked about. "They're funny man she was to marry.

fools, women, Rod," he said. "Some-Agnes did not pretend anything else times they'd rather throw themselves with herself. To be happy, a girl away than-" He caught himself as | must bind herself in utter intimacy he saw his brother's flush. "I don't with a man; she must be a wife; Agmean that Agnes marrying you would nes wanted to be a wife and have babe throwing herself away, except bies, like Bee's dear adorable little from your point of view. I'm trying boys. But she did not want a husto tell you, Rod, what they do. They band like Bee's, though Bee argued won't care a damn about you when she was happy. Agnes knew that you're sure they should; and when when you were, you showed it-you they shouldn't, you've got 'em. And didn't debate it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

in which cravings for

money and power were like

dragons, driving men to

incalculable ambitions and

follies. Against this stir-

ring background is un-

folded a gripping story of

a young woman reaching

for happiness, losing it in

the confusing world about

her, and at last finding it

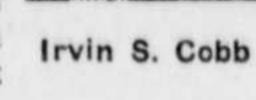
## what

Yesterday's Literary Lights.

JOLLYWOOD, CALIF.— ■ I The other day Finley Peter "You tell her, Rod; or shall I?" Dunne passed away. Thirty years ago his articles meant each week a roar of joy as wide as the continent. His books sold enormously; his country properly acclaimed him its greatest satiric humorist. Yet I'll venture not one in five of the on-com ing generation ever heard his name, and we thought the fame of "Mr. Dooley" was eternal.

Mary Johnston, who wrote some the most distinguished novels of her time, also died recently. In the papers I saw she rated only a brief paragraph. Slower than Americans to give their

love to man or woman, the English remain in sentiment wedded to the idol from then on. The marriage between popularity and merit lasts till death doth them part. But, we, who elevate a favorite to a pedestal overnight. overnight. We made an most inconstant . . .



# "Simplified" Revenue Bills.

Agnes thought of that house as hav- either way. So could anything be fairer the South knows. John Henry

Anyhow, the ultimate outcome-and in this connection I certainly like that word "outcome"-must be that con-

Where the League's Headed. IN SPITE of what's happened lately one persistent last-ditcher and for-

Yes, but where? Makes me think of a little yarn a

"Fifteen of us." he said. "were waiting our turns to buy tickets one All at once a gentleman, far over-takshelf and yelled: 'Gimme a ticket to

"'This all the money you got?' demanded the man behind the wicket.

"'Why, you can't go to Buffalo for

a dollar and forty cents.'

"'Well, where can I go, then?' said

"And with one voice all fifteen of us

G-Man Hoover's Efficiency.

TOU can't help liking the fellow's

style of repartee. "And what's a person named Hoover doing to justify his hanging on with this administration?" or words to that general effect, says Senator McKeller, of old Tennessee, brightly. "'Scuse stripped the ship. Captain Heinie me, massa," murmurs J. Edgar, reaching for his hat and handcuffs. "Ah won't be gone long, boss." And inside of a week or two he drifts in, strumming a plantation tune on his G-string and, by gum, if he isn't towing a whole mess of public enemies.

That's what I call an apt retort or, as the purists would put it, a snappy

Yellow Public Enemies. TXTHAT is it has turned them from VV cop-killing bravos into quivering wretches who cower in hiding like mice behind a wainscot, who flinch like trapped rabbits when they're smoked out, who whine like whipped cur-dogs

for a chance to plead guilty? Can it be because, instead of courageous but inexperienced local officers. they now face trained man-hunters who'd rather destroy such human vermin than eat pie? Or is it because, instead of going to trial in state courts where unscrupulous shysters may trick dazed jurors into showing mistaken mercy and where, even though convicted, there's nothing ahead worse than temporary detention in some criminalcoddling retreat with sentimental meddlers to pamper them and mush-minded parole boards waiting to free them, now they get a full measure of stern justice from federal judges and go to real prisons, to stay there-hurrah -till they're good and dead?

> IRVIN S. COBB. Copyright .- WNU Service.

Mexico's Beautiful Mountain Mount Orizaba, the most beautiful mountain in Mexico, is not mentioned in the records of the Conquest. If the Spaniards saw it, they failed to mention it.

As Told to:

FRANK E. HAGAN and ELMO SCOTT WATSON

Steel Drivin' Man

LIOEL S. BISHOP, who knows the history of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad backward as well as forward, and vice versa, has often heard the old-timers tell about the difficulties they had in driving a tunnel through Cruzee mountain. Among the negro laborers they hired was a young fellow named John Henry, a likely lad

only seven or eight feet tall. Right away they discovered that John Henry was a mighty good hammer man, even though he hadn't got his growth yet. He was so fast with his 12-pound hammer that he wore out its handle every nine minutes. He always had to have a boy standing by with a pail of ice water so he could keep the hammer from melting.

The result of this was that the C. and O. had to hire a gang of Tony Beaver's lumberjacks to log off the whole state of West Virginia in order to provide John Henry with enough hammer handles to keep him busy. Also they had to make the Potomac river run backwards so there'd be enough water on hand to keep his hammer cool.

gan to wear out a handle every six ply of health giving Postum free to It was little only in comparison; it CONGRESS is wrestling with the and three-quarter minutes, a fellow anyone who writes for it.—Adv. seem to get practically the same result at it they went. And, as everybody in Beat dat steam drill down.

It was too bad that the contest resulted fatally for the victor. If John Henry had ever grown up to be a fullsize man, he might have hung up some real records as a steel drivin' man,

The Good Ship "Wobble"

THE first stories about the good ship "Wobble" were written by Frank Ward O'Malley and printed in the New York Sun, but other newspaper men have added details to its history. It was "O'Malley of the Sun," however, who first interviewed its master, Capt. Heinie Hassenpfeffer, and discovered that he wasn't quite sane. Captain Heinie had been a second story man in New York. When he sought new fields for his talents in Africa and found that the houses there were only one story high, the disappointment unbalanced his mind.

For that matter, his ship was a bit unbalanced also. It had only one paddle-wheel and that was mounted on the starboard side. So when the "Wobble" started out on a voyage with its cargo of subways and artesian wells, it just steamed around and around in a circle and never got anywhere.

To correct this defect Captain Heinle junked the engine and paddle-wheel, installed masts and sails and set out across the Atlantic. Four and a half days out, the ship ran into what seemed to be a dense black cloud. But the captain soon found that it was a flock of mosquitoes. By the time the "Wobble" had passed through them. the insects had eaten off every scrap

of sail and tarred rope from the ship. For a month the ship drifted with the tides. Off the coast of South America it again ran into a cloud of mosquitoes. By a queer coincidence it was the very same flock that had knew they were the same because ev ery mosquito wore a pair of canvas overalls, made from his sails, held up by tarred rope sw enders!

### A Shout for Bellow

A ROUND Horse Cave, Kentucky, the natives will tell you some what pridefully that you'll never be able to get the best of Herman Bellow. Herman's knowledge came from a study of nature in the numerous cav-

erns of his neighborhood. Once an Englishman visited Horse Cave, so the story goes, and engaged in argument with Herman. The result was a bet, the loser to be the man who couldn't answer his own question.

Said Herman: "Why is it a woodchuck leaves no dirt when he digs a

"That's your question," retorted the Englishman.

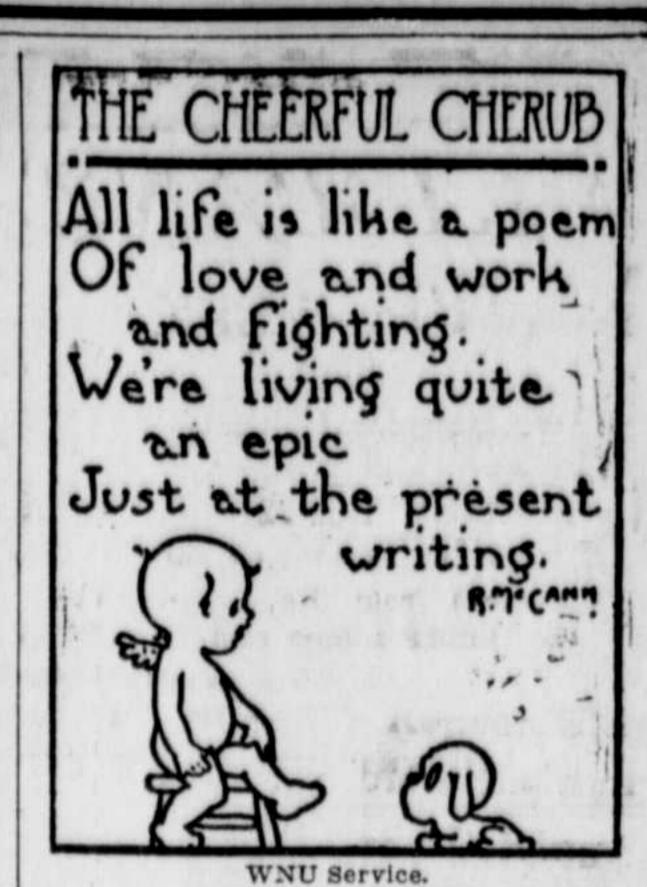
"Because he starts to dig the hole at the bottom instead of at the top,' replied Herman proudly. "But how does he get to the bot-

tom?" the Briton warted to know. "That's your question!" cracked Herman Bellow.

@ Western Newspaper Union.

The "Bad Lands" "Bad Lands" is the name given in

the western part of the United States to certain sterile regions. They are characterized by an almost entire absence of vegetation, and by the labyrinth of fantastic forms into which the soft strata of clays, sands and gravels have been carved through the action of wind and water. The best examples are found east of the Black hills in South Dakota, though similar formations occur in Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas.



Move to Name Unchristened 14,000-Foot Peak Constitution

Standing near Mount Whitney, highest peak in the continental United States, is an unnamed peak only about 500 feet less in height than Whitney itself which towers 14,496 feet in the air. A formal proposal has been submitted to Washington by the Sierra club of California that the mountain be christened Mount Constitution in 1937, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of that document. - Pathfinder Maga-

Week's Supply of Postum Free Read the offer made by the Posti m Company in another part of this pa-Just about the time John Henry be- per. They will send a full week's sup-

Man Measures All Things Man is the meter of all things, the hand is the instrument of instruments and the mind is the form of

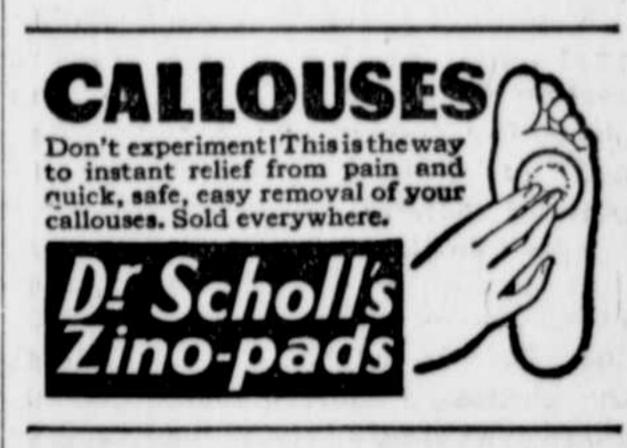
forms.-Aristotle.



Best Part of Life Best spent part of life is the time devoted to finding out what it is for.



Hit-or Miss Better three hours too soon than a minute too late.



### No Need to Suffer "Morning Sickness"

"Morning sickness" - is caused by an acid condition. To avoid it, acid must be offset by alkalis - such as magnesia. Why Physicians Recommend Milnesia Wafers

These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid formthe most pleasant way to take it. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system and insure quick, complete elimination of the waste matters that cause gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts.

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48, at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them.

Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letterhead. Select Products, Inc., 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.



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