

# Dragons Drive You

By EDWIN BALMER  
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## SYNOPSIS

Jeb Braddon, young and fantastically successful broker of Chicago, is infatuated with Agnes Gleneth, beautiful daughter of a retired manufacturer. Rodney, a doctor, in love with Agnes, visits his brother, Jeb. Rod plans work at Rochester. Jeb suggests that he make a try for Agnes before leaving. In Rod there is a deeper, obstinate decency and much sterner restraints than in Jeb. Agnes believes to be happy, a girl must bind herself entirely to a man and have adorable babies. Rod visits Agnes and tells her of his great desire, but realizes it can never be fulfilled. Agnes' mother is attempting to regain her husband's love. Bob Gleneth arrives from New York. Agnes has disturbing doubts as to what attracts her father there.

## CHAPTER I—Continued

There was no mark of deterioration upon him. It was plain that his impulses and his needs for closest, emotional contacts had not fled or even retreated. Plain too, it had been for some time, that he had failed him here. What was he "doing"? What had he done?

"Don't think about it," instincts warned her.

He swung about to her. "When I was in New York, I got out of something I got into awhile ago; and I made half a million. . . Tell me what you want, little Light One."

"I don't want anything, Father," she answered before she realized how much she was disappointing him; for she was thinking once more of her mother. He would offer to buy her, too, anything she liked; but it was nothing that he need buy which Mother wanted from him. And this half-million additional in his hands would not help her. No; it would not help Mother at all.

"Bob?" they both heard her voice. "Bob? Are you home?" She had come to the top of the stairs and was calling down. Agnes saw him start slightly. "Hello, Tricie," he called back. "Wait up there. Coming?"

They screamed their first meetings, these days, from their daughter. "Anybody for dinner tonight?" he inquired of Agnes, as he turned.

"Jeb, I guess, Father." And she added: "Rod was here this afternoon." "The Deep Sea!" her father said, and suspected aloud. "Why was he taking off the afternoon?"

"He was going away. He's gone." "I see," said her father, satisfied with that, and he did not inquire further. "Good fellow. But his brother—how that young man does know his way about!" And he started, at last, for the stairs.

Headlights played on the windows and swung away as a car skidded to a stop.

Jeb came in, cold and stamping and all alive.

She was his goal, this girl who braved her bare arms and shoulders to the chill from the door to meet him. She, above all others and all else in the world tonight, was the sole object he sought, and nothing could keep him from her. That was how Jeb made you feel when you faced him.

"Hello, Glen!" He held her, making her palms press his. "Hello, Glen!" "Jeb, why did you drive tonight?" He laughed, and his happiness at the triumph of this arrival thrilled down her arms from her palms held to his.

"Thought the train might not get through, Glen. I had to. Are you glad, a little?" "Oh, yes, I'm glad, Jeb!"

He ripped open his overcoat and threw it off and upon a chair for Cravat to pick up. "Rod came?" he asked, as they passed the blazing hearth before which her father had halted.

"Yes; he came. He's—wonderful, Jeb. Wonderful. We talked in there." Why did she indicate the room—and avoid it? She had no idea of taking Jeb to it. Something quite separate from Jeb had transpired in there, and she would not have him intrude upon it.

"But you couldn't do it?" said Jeb. "No, I couldn't do it."

They were in the great drawing-room, where, on this stormy night, a huge wood fire also was blazing. He turned to her in the warm light, tall as his brother, and straighter. There was no ready-made suit, no marks of carelessness, nothing could make Jeb appear pitiful.

Her mind flew to her mother's room, where there was another man whom she could not picture pitiful.

The four were alone at dinner. Her mother and father had dressed, for they were going out. There was always, in these days, something for them to go out to, if they wished; and tonight, though he was just home, they utilized this escape from their evening together. So Father sat at his end of the table in his dinner-jacket, and Mother, at her end, in décolleté.

ended it, once you had it—both of you—as he at his end of the table, and she opposite him, had had?

"We're together! Isn't it good! Good! Good to be together, together so!" That was how the old house had felt. Here it was gone. Most particularly tonight it was gone from Father and Mother. You could feel no current of closeness.

Across the table Jeb sat. He was happy to be here, and to have her here. Of course it was because he was close to her, the table temporarily separating them, that he was happy.

He was in business clothes, as he had come from his office. He and Agnes were not to go out, to seek escape from themselves tonight. Quite to the contrary! Why did conversation drag so?

Her father mentioned Insult to Jeb. "Stronger every minute," Jeb said. "I'm putting all my people into Mid-West Utilities."

There Mother sat, alone, no longer the closest, most necessary person to any one. Her figure, once as slender, was by no means heavy. Women complimented her upon it, but men had



"Tell Me What You Want, Little Light One."

ceased to turn when she passed. She had lovely hands, beautifully-shaped fingers with almond-like nails, which Agnes had inherited. Her skin, though not dark, was less fair than her husband's, and it needed color now.

There was not too much tonight, Agnes thought. There was too little.

They had gone out together, Simmons driving them. The leaping blaze in the drawing-room had burnt down to red-glowing charred logs that lay lazily on the andirons.

Jeb gathered Agnes against him. "Don't fight it," he said. "It's no use. It's over for them. That's all."

"Why's it over, Jeb?" His arm about her also claimed her right hand with his. He fitted her slender fingers in between his, as he liked to do, and clasped palm to palm.

"Because it's over; that's all any one can ever say. . . There's just so much in the cup, sometimes, I think, Glen. You can sip it all your life, afraid ever really to taste it; or you can dare to drink it down. That's what they did, I figure from what I've heard from you. They had it all; they took it all, tipped it empty together. If he'd died, or she, ten years ago, it'd been a break for the poets; true love for a lifetime. But why bother about such a thing, Glen? Do you want it?"

"What?" Agnes said. "Love for a lifetime. Tepid, tasteless stuff you can bear to sip and never need to gulp down. Do you want it? By God, you'll never get it from me. I've had girls, Glen, but never one like you. What we'll give each other will be beyond telling. I don't know how long it will last; and neither do you. And I don't care; nor do you. We'll have it—we'll have it all while we're young. We'll tip up the cup—won't we?—and drink the whole damn thing down while we're living."

"Do you dream your mother today would trade what she'd had for anything else she ever heard of? . . . He thrust his free arm under her knees and claimed her close. He arose with her in his arms and took a step or two, carrying her; then he lifted her higher, bringing her face so near to his that he could, by bending an inch more, kiss her. But he did not. Instead, with his lips over hers, he whispered.

"It taunted and tantalized her. "What is it, Jeb, what are you saying to me?" "The line—don't you know it?—that Francois Villon wrote, dear, for himself and his friends the night before he was sure they were all to be hanged. Men, brother men, that after us live, let not your hearts too hard on us be."

"But why do you say it?" "Why, Glen? Because we—God help us, Glen—we are going to be married." And then, at last, he kissed her.

Beatrice Ayreforth had had a sun-bath built in her home. The enclosure under the quartz glass roof was

like a little Japanese room, with softly padded straw mats fitted together to form the floor, and with a slightly raised section, laid with thicker and softer mats, for lounging upon and sunning.

Here, in the soothing sun, you could play with your boys' round, strong little bodies, and imagine them men—great men, splendid men, inspiring, important and thrilling. When you did this, you omitted imagining them like their father. They must be more than Davis ever would be. Davis, your husband, who was only thirty but for whom you no longer held illusions of greatness or of real importance, though you loved him. Of course you loved him.

He lacked something that, for one, Jeb Braddon had. Jeb, who had been at "the house" last night, as Beatrice had learned when she phoned her father after dinner, to say hello. How much further had Agnes and Jeb "gone" last evening?

Bee wished that Agnes would hurry over. There she was! They faced each other in the sun, but Agnes immediately bent to the babies, rubbing her hands briskly to be sure of their warmth before she touched the brown little bodies. Bobbie kissed back on her cool cheek after she kissed him; she swept with her lips the soles of Davy's chubby little feet, one after the other.

"How's Jeb?" asked her sister, seating herself before her. Agnes held to one of Davy's feet. "All right, Bee," she answered. "Did you go anywhere last night?"

"Not us. Father and Mother went to the Stinsons; but we stayed home," said Agnes a bit breathlessly. "What'd you do?" demanded Bee. "Bee, I guess Jeb and I got sort of engaged."

Beatrice's gaze jerked up. "Don't you know?" "I know he said we were, Bee." Agnes leaned over and resorted to clasping both of Davy's feet, and pulling him gently along the mat.

Beatrice quickly touched a bell behind her. "They've been long enough in the sun," she decided suddenly, and bundled her babies into robes. When the nurse knocked, she handed the children out and secured the door again.

"All right now," said Bee, dropping to the mat. "I liked him a lot last night, Bee. I let him know it."

"How about this morning?" Beatrice demanded. "I'm going downtown to have lunch with him today."

"But are you engaged? Did you say you'd marry him?" "I didn't; for I didn't know I would. I don't know now."

"You mean you don't know whether you want to?" "I guess I want to marry him, Bee."

"Then what in heaven is it you don't know?" "What it will be like to be married to Jeb," said Agnes. I didn't want to talk to Mother about it, at all. She's too unhappy. You aren't?"

"No," said Bee quickly. "How was Father when he got home?" "No different. He made a lot more money in New York."

"I gathered that. . . But you and Jeb?" "He thinks we ought to get married as quick as we can arrange it. Oh, Bee, I never, never had such a day. Rod came in the afternoon."

"Rod?" "I can't tell you about that. I can never tell anyone about that! . . . Then Father came home; and Mother was making ready for him. . . Bee, they'll separate when I get married, I know."

"Then I should think you'd hardly rush off and marry." "But that makes me want to, don't you see? Oh, if you were in the house, you would."

"I wouldn't," said Bee. Agnes proceeded to Chicago on the noon train. As she neared the city, she wondered, more practically, what plan he had made for her and himself? For she felt that today, of all days, he would have a special surprise for her.

Agnes started when she saw him. How much more hers, since last night, was this man at whom women gazed; and for whom they turned, after they had passed. Now he saw her!

Oh, this was something! She was shaking from excitement as hardly she had last night. He took her away in a taxi, and still saved the tension of their restraints. He named a restaurant where a few of their set were sure to be. So they sat side by side at a little table, looking out upon the wide, gay room just as if nothing at all had happened since they had been seen together.

So many people gazed at them; and Agnes knew that they whispered to each other: "There's Jeb Braddon." Agnes' hand on the seat beside her touched his, and his closed on hers briefly only.

"Nothing today," he told her, "or more?" "More than last night? What could he mean? Marriage today? Had he a license in his pocket?" They left the restaurant, and Agnes watched the women looking up at him; he watched the men's eyes on her, and was very satisfied.

He took her into a taxi and gave an address on the North Side. "I'm going to show you a building, Glen," he told her then, "where I figured you and I would start." "Oh!" "I spotted it for us—you with me—long ago."

"How long, Jeb?" (TO BE CONTINUED)



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## Flag Race Future Shows Few Shifts in Second Guesses

SECOND guessing the season. DETROIT—The Tigers have been socked hard by injuries. They have lost at least four games which probably could have been won with Hank Greenberg in the lineup. There has been some acrimony between Mickey Cochrane and the baseball writers. But most opponents continue to believe the team will win its third straight pennant.

CHICAGO—Opponents do not esteem the Cubs as highly now as before the start of the season. Although they admit the Philly deal improved the National league titleholders, they whisper that the arms of Lon Warneke and Curt Davis have not been improved by use. The team to date has not shown championship class. But, at least, they should continue better than the White Sox no matter what happens.

YANKEES—One of the most interesting teams of the year. In rival dugouts players say this is the club the Tigers must beat. Also that Joe Di Maggio is by far the best rookie of the year.

BOSTON—Maybe Grove and Ferrell can carry the Red Sox pitching burden all the way to the wire. American league athletes do not think so, and neither do they believe that the club has enough consistent power to make up for occasional sloppy defensive days. Luck and Tony Cuccinello have kept the Bees up so far. Still they seem destined for last place, though.

GIANTS—Another team which might do well to prepare for dire visitations from fate. Players believe that Terry is overworking his pitchers and that only a new starting hurler or a top-notch relief man will save him in August.

ST. LOUIS—The probable National league winners even though they could use another pitcher and better reserves. The American league entry is by no means as bad as the standings indicate. Hornsby believes that one good pitcher might even now lift the Browns to fifth place.

## Dodgers Are Hard Luck Club of Major Leagues

DODGERS—Definitely lacking in punching power but still the hardest luck club in the majors. With an average amount of breaks might at least be even with the .500 mark instead of far below it. Since the breaks even up fairly well throughout the course of a season, the fans are advised to stick with Casey Stengel a while longer. He has more than enough pitching talent and should be able to make at least one decent deal before June 15.

PITTSBURGH—Needed pitchers before Walte Hoyt went to the hospital and now needs them worse than ever. The Pirates have power and a more aggressive spirit than usual.

CLEVELAND—The Indians seem to have too much moxie for their own good. Because of their careless use of words and spikes, rivals always are aiming at them. Home folks also have weakened on them, but the team continues to haunt the dreams of Joe McCarthy and M. Cochrane.

WASHINGTON—Well managed by Bucky Harris and always dangerous. One pitcher might put them in the first division but there is little chance of getting him.

CINCINNATI—Young and ambitious and may eventually stick in fifth place. In spite of their showing so far few players take the Reds seriously, though.

PHILADELPHIA—The Phillies did well by themselves in the Cubs deal. Although somewhat damaged, Klein possibly is as good an outfielder as Ethan Allen. Kowalk can take his starting turn as well as Davis and may become a valuable sales item within a season or two. Besides—but why speak of gold? Or, indeed, why mention that other baseball auction house which probably still is doing business in the Quaker City for all anybody knows?

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE: Alex Kampouris is beset by the same trouble that afflicts Frenchy Bordagaray. The Reds' second sacker is a good little ballplayer but he doesn't remember well and runs against orders on the bases. . . Charley Dressen is so skilled at catching signs that most of the rival managers have taken to hiding in dark corners of their dugouts while wigwagging orders to their Athletes. . . Steve Owen of the pro football Giants keeps busy working for his boss, Bookie Tim Mara, at local tracks during the off season.

INES from an overcrowded notebook. (Which merely is another way of saying that the Not in the Box Score Dept. is working overtime this week.)

Gents who should know say that the U. S. will be knocked off in the Olympics this year. Not enough money to pay for those who do want to go. . . Joe Medwick uses the largest glove of any major league outfielder. It's almost a mate for the first baseman's mitt Hank Greenberg had to discard. . . After losing \$1,600 betting on Jimmy McLarnin, Jimmy Kelly spent two more C's on a dinner celebrating Tony Canzoneri's victory. . . Three of Princeton's best backs may be ineligible for football next fall. Study trouble.

Some of the nation's leading amateur tennis players are reported to have been "sold at a slave market" during the Houston (Texas) invitation event this spring. The story is that they were put on the block and auctioned off to spectators in a gambling pool. . . The late Laverne Fator was the best judge of pace among modern riders. He is ranked with Tod Sloan and Isaac Murphy among the all-time great jockeys in the art of rating a horse along. . . Gene Moore of the Bees is a guess hitter. He stands up there and takes the same cut no matter what is thrown. That means smart pitchers soon will fill his life with sorrow. . . Keep an eye on Peter (no kin) Bradley, the Princeton soph half-miler. There's more than a chance that he'll become another Bill Bonthron.

## Stribling Was Toughest Foe for Max Schmeling

Max Schmeling says that Young Stribling gave him his toughest fight.

Which means that he has something to look forward to on June 18. Archie Latham, who won fame as a St. Louis Browns third baseman and as a Giant coach under McGraw, played his first game of ball at his home in Lynn, Mass. It was a game of bean bag with the daughter of Lydia Pinkham. . . Fred De Groof, who still rates as one of the best after 25 years of soccer refereeing, was a Belgium schoolboy internationalist.

The best infield (playing field) in the majors is in Cleveland, ballplayers say. They rate the improved Cincinnati park as the best in the National league. . . Although he is president of one of the country's largest construction companies, Johnny Millar still finds time to be first V. P. of the Metropolitan Soccer league and to render valuable assistance to the Welfare Island loop. . . His friends say that Johnny Gorman, Princeton frosh football coach, turned down a \$12,000-a-year offer to be head gridiron man at North Carolina. . . Other Tigers gossip that Bill Lynch, 200-pound sophomore fullback, is a cinch to be a star at Nassau next fall.

In spite of Irish opinion to the contrary, Mickey Cochrane is Scotch. . . Eddie Mayo, newest of the Giants, bought \$5 worth of ice cream sodas with the first money he ever received for playing baseball. . . The looks speaks louder than words department may be interested in knowing that Umpire Bill Stewart declares that Bill Terry never has hurled a cus word at him since he has been calling them in the National league. . . Joanna Vischer, daughter of the polo magazine editor, was a winner at the Cedarhurst Hunts meet the other day, betting only on horses that caught her five-year-old eye in the paddock.

Dizz Smiles at Davis but Has Other Catcher

Dizzy Dean may smile at Virgil Davis but Brusie Odrodowski still catches him. . . Mrs. Fred Frankhouse wears "lucky" dresses to ball games but the luck doesn't always hold out—the Dodgers being what they are. . . Unless Pirate Pitcher Swift gets into the habit of throwing over to first base occasionally runners will steal him right out of the majors. . . According to Morty Mahoney, the parliamentary expert, 25 per cent of the horseplayers in Florida each winter come from New England. . . The one point on which Barney Ross and those Australian promoters have not agreed is the referee. If George Blake is picked, Ross will meet Jack Carroll.

Young Al Vanderbilt, who started out in the turf business by betting ten coconuts at a time on his Sagamore farms gee gees, now shoves in C notes. . . Coley Madden, who is back in the Belmont clubhouse after a four-year absence, is noted as one of the best figures of percentages among the horse players and layers. He learned his mathematics at Harvard. . . Manuel Rodriguez, famous insider right in the days when the Gibraltar A. C. was knocking off all comers, now is secretary of the Brooklyn (soccer) Hispanos. . . In those far-off days when Dan Brouters was the Babe Ruth of baseball they used to put up small flags to mark the spot where each home run left the park.

Jack Onslow, Bees' coach, says that Berres and Lopez are the best catchers in the National league. . . Promoter Mike Jacobs proved that them as has gets when he visited Schmeling's fight camp the other day. A minimum investment enabled him to hit all the slot machines for all they had.

## what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

A Political Bystander.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—If I were a Republican orator, I'd say the Democrats wouldn't need a keynoter at their convention when a hog-caller would be more suitable. If, on the other hand, I were a Democratic silver-tongue, I'd say the Republicans need no campaign committee, whereas a set of pallbearers would be highly appropriate.

As a Republican spellbinder, I'd proclaim we were giving Puerto Rico four years in which gradually to cut loose from us, because, should the Democratic outfit win in November, by the end of those four years the Puerto Ricans will be used to having some independence and we'll be used to having none at all. As a Democratic champion, I'd come right back by pointing out that, since Puerto Rico would starve to death anyhow under a Republican administration, congress mercifully was taking steps to let the people down there get accustomed, by degrees, to the starvation process.

As an innocent bystander, though, about all I can say is that, once the nominations have been made, it's a safe prediction that this summer will be fair and warmer.

Meandering Revenue Program.

THE members of the senate finance committee—poor things!—seem to be going forward with the new revenue program the same way a land crab makes headway—by traveling backward. At last accounts they were so snarled up in figures and language that any minute the rescue party was expected to rush in with bush-hooks and chop them loose.

However, out of the epileptic seizure into which these unfortunate patriots have been enmeshed, one concrete fact has emerged. There will be a slight exemption of dues on the profits of corporations making less than \$15,000 a year. This will be a great boon for trunk stores down by the depot, brokerage firms handling second-hand railroad tunnels and dealers in Brazilian butterflies.

New Socialist Argument

THE trouble with being a socialist is that, no matter what you start to debate, you always wind up on the Tom Mooney case. Or, at least, such was the situation until recently. Now, for any socialistic argument on any subject from German measles to the Great Wall of China, there is a new climax.

The tenants of a Bronx apartment house, mostly radicals, held a meeting, and, in accordance with the best radical traditions, drew up resolutions demanding that the management do this and that. Having read the fiery protest, the superintendent addressed the gathering:

"Now about not letting nobody hang out washing in the hallways—that's reasonable, but start beginning that reform right away."

"Und as to keeping garbages off the front fire escape—well, y' nod?" "But, say, yot do you suckers expect me do about the Scottsboro boys?"

Sauce for the Geese.

WHEN a bricklayer feels upset and licks his wife that's temper and he gets \$30 or 30 days. But when a flicker star goes on a similar tantrum and wrecks an expensive set, that's artistic temperament and the studio gives her some silver fox furs to calm her nerves.

Thus it goes. If a couple in, say, Peoria, break up, why, then, a couple in Peoria have broken up. But if the same thing occurs in Hollywood, it invariably is featured as a "nuptial rift."

A lad in Kansas takes his girl to Ye Olde New Era eatery for dinner, and what with the blue plate specials and the tip, the transaction amounts to \$1.80, but otherwise creates no special excitement either locally or throughout the nation. Let the same thing happen to a couple of the movie colony, and 20 columnists fight their way to the wire to scatter the thrilling tidings.

Choosing a New "Buddha."

FROM the forbidden kingdom of Tibet—although goodness knows they never had any trouble keeping me out—comes word that after a two years' search a new "living Buddha" has been discovered. However, we already have our own grand lammer, the name being Joe Louis.

The news from Lhasa should give encouragement to the poor unhappy congressional committeemen who are prominently connected with the Townsend plan who'll condescend to talk to them.

You may quarrel with the Townsends' bookkeeping, with their way of handling the contributed dimes of thousands of trusting oldsters, with their failure to explain where they're going to get the billions to pay those gaudy pensions or how the provisions of the distribution are to be enforced, but at least the leaders are too proud to endanger their social positions by being caught chit-chatting with a lot of congressmen.

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