

# DRAGONS DRIVE YOU

By EDWIN BALMER

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## SYNOPSIS

Jeb Bradford, 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 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. Agnes has disturbing doubts as to what attracts her father in New York. Jeb tells Agnes he is going to marry her.

## CHAPTER I—Continued

He laughed in his honest way. "Two months that I distinctly remember. Vaguely before that—exactly how long vaguely, I don't know. D'you care?"

"Have you always done that?"

"Spotted buildings for a start with some one? Yes; I guess I have. But I've never brought a girl to her building before."

The building was a tall, new apartment structure of splendid spread and height, with an agent in the ground-floor offices only too glad to show them through.

Of course some one might enter and recognize them; some acquaintance might step into the elevator which lifted them from floor to floor. That made it more exciting; yet it was disturbing enough to step into an empty apartment, and having inspected the front rooms, follow a pattering little spectacled man into another chamber, and have him turn to Jeb and you and say: "If you like separate rooms, here are two perfect ones with a bath between. On the other hand, if you prefer the same room, this is beautifully adequate for twin beds, and of course for a double."

This was more than last night. Oh, this was much more! To think upon things definitely, to look upon life here with Jeb.

He sent the little chattering Mr. Colver pattering off on an errand, and in this room so beautifully adequate for "them," Jeb swung her up in his arms.

"Let's make it soon, Glen; not wait! Why should we wait? We'll marry with a wedding, as we ought to do. At church, and a reception at the house; but all that need be only a month away. Your ring's being made; I'll have it tomorrow. Today, I'll leave this place; we'll furnish it together."

She was trembling in his arms.

"You want to, Glen?"

"Yes; I want to!"

"All right, then!"

"No! Not all right! I can't say it, Jeb! Oh, I wish I could!"

"Then for God's sake, why can't you?"

For at that moment he did not doubt himself at all. Some day this overwhelming want, this desire, might die as he must die—some day. But he was all lover now.

"I can't."

Other sounds returned to them: the blare of radio so loud that it was audible from below, even through these solid and sound-dendened floors.

Agnes thought: "Some child downstairs is doing that."

Mr. Colver was returning, and before he re-entered the room, Jeb dropped her feet to the floor and released her.

"I might show you how this arrangement looks when furnished," Mr. Colver offered.

"That's a good idea," said Jeb. "You'll look, won't you?" He turned it upon Agnes. "I'd like to, too," he said, for the agent's benefit, "but I ought to be back at my office. But you'll look further."

"Yes," said Agnes, "I'll look." For she realized that, by agreeing, she was lessening his chagrin.

It was astonishing afterward to look back and consider that this crack in his character—this moment's pique to his pride and her response to it—could so profoundly affect the rest of her life. Except for it, she would have left the building with him. As it was, the three of them got into the elevator together; Agnes and Mr. Colver got out on the next floor; Jeb descended to the street.

The radio, which Agnes had heard when in the empty apartment above, was roaring from within the door before her. Evidently it had a large and powerful amplifier which must have been turned on full. It was impossible to ignore the noise.

"Mrs. Lorrie," said Colver, raising his voice to be heard, "must have had the radio tuned to some quiet program and forgotten it and gone out. Then this came on."

Colver tapped on the door, evoking no response. He rapped louder.

"Don't come in!" a girl's voice screamed. "Don't come in!" And its

timbre of terror shrilled through the door, while the radio uproar continued. "For God's sake, come in! Come in!" the girl now was shrieking.

Little Mr. Colver went pale as Agnes stared at him. "That's Mrs. Lorrie," he was saying. "She's very young." And he tried to turn the knob of the door.

"For God's sake, come in!"

"Mrs. Lorrie! I can't!" Mr. Colver managed to shout. Then Agnes heard the knob turned from the inside, and the door swung in, a girl holding with both hands to the knob and supporting herself upon it.

"Who're you?" She glared at Agnes. Suddenly the terror in her eyes turned to awful, imploring relief, and she thrust the door away from her and seized Agnes, clamoring to her: "Oh, God, I'm glad to see you—glad to see you!"

"Mrs. Lorrie!" the little agent was mouthing. "Why, Mrs.—Mrs. Lorrie!"

It was Colver who must have closed the door; at any rate, it was closed behind them, and the three were within the apartment. All the time, the radio sustained its roar. At last, Colver went to the cabinet and shut it off and the silence re-echoed.

The girl called Mrs. Lorrie never for an instant relaxed her hold on Agnes. She dragged Agnes down beside her in a big overstuffed chair which had a litter of cigarettes about it.

"What's happened?" Agnes implored. "Oh, what has happened?"

"Nothing's happened!" the girl declared. "Oh, I'm in a hell of a mess!" She was soft and moist and warm where her body pressed against Agnes. But her hands were cold and moist in her clamoring terror. There was gin on her breath, but she was not drunk. That was not the trouble with her.

A heavy, sensuous perfume overpowered the gin; it seemed to be all over her, especially in her short mane of hennaed hair. She had arched, plucked eyebrows, and mascaraed lashes, and skin splashed with rouge which perspiration had streaked; her wet lips had distorted the crimson smears of lipstick. She was slim but plump-bosomed, and she was in neglige — lacy, fussy underwear and sheer stockings under her lace and pink-silk peignoir.

Her neck and shoulders and arms and her legs curled under her were slender and dainty. She would be pretty, Agnes realized, if she were not in such a state; and she was no older than Agnes herself.

"Mrs. Lorrie, what's the matter?" the little agent Colver begged of her. "Can't you tell me what's the matter, Mrs. Lorrie?"

"Don't go down there!" Mrs. Lorrie cried.

"I'll look for something — salts," Mr. Colver said, and he started toward the bedrooms — whereat the girl screamed, and Colver stopped.

"Go on!" called Agnes. "See what happened!"

The girl pushed back from her and leaped to her feet, but then she did

upstairs in the empty room, the duplicate of this, which she had examined with Jeb—how long ago? Ten minutes ago?

Here, in this apartment, had husband and wife lived together? This wife in her arms, and the husband on the floor in there with holes shot in him.

The wife—she was a widow now; and was she also a murderer—lay limp across Agnes and the soft overstuffed arms of the chair; she lay on her breast, her head hanging down. Agnes roused to an effort and turned her over.

"What you want?" the girl complained as if from sleep.

Agnes shook her. "Did you do it?"

"Maybe I did."

But again Agnes shook her.

"What you want?"

"When was it? What time did you do it?"

"Two o'clock. The damn clock was striking when I come out here."

Two! Now, by the ticking, gold-faced clock on the mantel, it was a quarter past three.

"You sat here all the time?"

"Sure I sat here." And this recollection now roused her to pity for herself. "All alone. All alone!"

Suddenly, startlingly, a phone bell rang.

The arms about Agnes clenched tighter and then let go. The girl pushed back and leaped up and scurried to the instrument on the stand in the corner. "Hello! Hello!" Then she heard a voice, and she dropped to one knee as she made response, whispering; but in the stillness of the room her voice came clear. "Oh, God, Bert!" she said; and she listened again.

She wanted to speak, but she stared at them and did not.

"Bert," she repeated the name, "something's happened. . . . Yes; to Charley! He died today." And she slammed down the phone on its rest.

Now Colver seized the phone.

"Operator?" he clamored. "Operator? Give me the police!"

Halfway from the phone, the girl, Mrs. Lorrie, had stopped and turned, but she made no interference at all; she merely listened to him call the police.

Agnes had risen from the great soft chair, and the girl seized her hand. "Now you help me," Mrs. Lorrie demanded. "Get me a lawyer. I've a right to a lawyer, the best damn lawyer in this town. You don't know what happened here — or anything! Get me that lawyer!"

"What lawyer?" said Agnes.

"O'Mara. Martin O'Mara; that's his name. Oh, do that for me, won't you? Just get him on the wire; and I'll talk to him."

She was back at the telephone and fumbling at the pages of the directory so pitifully that Agnes took the book from her hand and found the name Martin O'Mara; and then she made the call.

First a woman's voice answered; then a man's said: "O'Mara."

"Here he is," said Agnes, but the girl had slumped to the floor.

"I am calling," said Agnes into the phone, "I am calling from an apartment where a man has been killed."

"All right," said the voice O'Mara.

"Go on. What apartment? Where is it?"

Agnes told him. "I do not know the people," she proceeded. "Only their name. It's Lorrie. I just happened in. I am here with Mrs. Lorrie now."

"All right. Go on. Who's killed?"

"Her husband."

"How was he killed?"

"She shot him."

"All right. Go on. Who are you?"

"I'm Agnes Gleneth."

"Related to Robert C. Gleneth?"

"He's my father."

"Did you say you didn't know the Lorrises?"

"I didn't."

"All right. Go on. Then how did you happen in?"

"I was with the agent. I was looking at another apartment in the building."

"All right. Have the police been called?"

"Just now, they were."

"All right. Now try to remember this: Tell Mrs. Lorrie I am coming at once. Tell her to talk to no one, not to any one—not even to you, until I get there. Especially and absolutely she is not to talk to the police. Tell her they cannot make her talk. No one can; no one has a right to. Tell her to stay there and not to try to go away, and not to let any one take her away."

"And you must stay there too; and you had better not talk till I get there. You are going to be a witness in this case; you cannot possibly escape it. I am very sorry for you, but there is now nothing that I or any one can do about it. I will be there as soon as I can."

Agnes put down the phone. No man had ever sought, by his voice, to rule her so. She felt, as she faced about that she ought to resent it; but she did not. She felt herself, instead, depending upon it—upon the assurance and domination of that man (a voice and a name O'Mara) who was on his way to her.

The girl on the floor had sat up. "You got him for me?"

"Yes," said Agnes, "I got him. He's coming now."

Little Mr. Colver was at a window. "Here's the police," he said. "A homicide squad, I suppose."

"You're not to talk to them," Agnes said to Mrs. Lorrie. "You're not to say a word to any one. They have no right to make you. You're not to say a word about anything till Mr. O'Mara gets here."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

She stood swaying slightly as she stared toward the bedrooms.



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not move; she stood swaying slightly as she stared toward the bedrooms, where the little agent had disappeared.

"Oh!" she heard, and Agnes heard Colver's cry. "Mr. Lorrie! Mr. Lorrie!"

Then there was nothing they could hear clearly till Colver came back.

He was so scared that he looked silly.

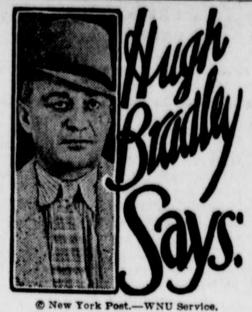
"You know what we walked in on? A killing—a killing," he rambled at Agnes almost as if Mrs. Lorrie was not there. "He's dead back there—the blood on the floor!"

"Who?" Agnes managed.

"Her husband—Mr. Lorrie—he rented this apartment from me! He's on the floor in there—with holes shot in him. She shot him! That's what we come in on!"

The girl continued to sway. She had shut her eyes and opened them and shut them. "You don't know a damn thing what I did! What he did, what I did! You don't know a damn thing!" she cast back, with her eyes shut. Then she fell forward, and Agnes caught her.

Pressed down in the huge soft chair by the weight of the girl, Agnes did not move; and the warm, limp form she held was motionless. She held her in her arms and stared over her at the sun slanting in through the south windows; and Agnes recollected that thus the sun was slanting in



## Uhlen's Chances Dim but Serious Effort Deserves Attention

NAPANOCH, N. Y.—Once the reporter put the proposition up to a fellow named Baer.

"That's easy," said the fellow named Baer. "I'll smash him to pieces." Again the reporter sought information from a man called Pauline. "I take. Okay. He no hurt me," said the man called Pauline.

Since subsequent events had proved that both gentlemen were more than a trifle mistaken the reporter had no confidence in the question now. Nevertheless, he decided to give it another workout.

"Max," he asked Schmeling, "how do you expect to beat Joe Louis?"

The tanned giant blinked those narrow eyes which peep out from under bushy eyebrows at the edge of a slanting forehead. Ordinarily he is quick on the pickup and fences with interviewers in English as easily as in German. Now those blinking eyes seemed to indicate, as they usually do when he is in the ring, that he was concentrating upon the solution of some serious problem.

"We'll stay away from him. We won't let him hit us. We'll—," Max Machon, the former heavyweight champion's trainer, had rushed to the rescue.

"Sure, I know that," interrupted the reporter, "but you'll be on the other side of the ropes and a well-behaved, beautifully tutored boy like Louis is not going to forget his manners to reach over and take a sock at you. Let's get down to cases. Max's going to be the lamb being led to—I mean he's going to be the guy in there on June 18. How's he going to be that—"

## Terry Likes Fans' Boos but Only on the Road

Bill Terry likes to hear the fans boo when the Giants are on the road. Says it means that everybody is taking the club seriously. . . . Eddie Meade, the fight manager, will desert California for New York soon. . . . Nat Fleischer, the Boxing Magazine editor, and Eddie Borden, his assistant, race to get to the office first each day. The two citizens are philatelists (who'd have ever thought that about them?) and the agent who gets there first gets the best stamps of the morning's mail.

Even the most eminent master thinkers occasionally miff one. Last winter J. E. Widener decided that Brevit was his ace three-year-old. So he took the 10 G's the Texas horseman, A. G. Tarn, offered him for Rushaway. Since then Rushaway has won the Louisiana, Illinois and Latonia Derbies. Brevit has—but why revive sad memories?

When Johnny Farrell was pro at Quaker Ridge he was a member of the National Democratic club. Now that he has moved to Baltusrol, he has given up such evil associations. The reason? The boys at Baltusrol are ardent Republicans. . . . Although Ethan Allen is one of the most mannerly athletes of the field, ballplayers say that he is the most competent of all jockeys (goat getters) when the game is under way and an opponent needs to be riled. . . . Robert Hutchinson, who won so many medals when he raced for the celebrated Loughlin Lyceum A. C., now is one of the best known soccer referees. Incidentally, he is the son of John Hutchinson, who manages the Greenpoint F. C. Sheriff Pete McGuinness' favorite team.

One of the better jobs of spring cleaning (up) is being done by a firm in the Wall street neighborhood. The gents bet you 5 to 1 that you cannot name three major league players who will achieve a total of six hits on any given baseball day. . . . Joe Jacobs, Max Schmeling's manager, started piloting prize fighters when he was in high school. . . . Frank Abrahams, Eddie Tegel and Eddie Singer, who now star for the New York (soccer) Hakoahs, were members of the celebrated Hakoah team of Vienna.

## Thinks Movies Show Louis Can Be Hit

The narrow eyes no longer were blinking. The tanned giant was leaning forward eagerly. Ordinarily he is one of the coldest of men but he has a warming smile and now he turned it on. "That's right," he said. "I've seen the movies and I've seen him close up." He did not refer to Louis by name, indeed the Brown Bomber seldom is spoken of up here in Max Schmeling's training camp. "Certainly he can hit but he has to have something to hit, doesn't he? Well."

There was a moment overflowing with embarrassing silence.

"Well," admitted the reporter then, "it's a good gag if you can get away with it."

Having watched the German giant in several workouts since then, though, the reporter is not yet ready to agree that Schmeling can get away with it. Plainly he needs far more work before he will be ready for such an ambitious undertaking.

Judged solely on his training exhibitions the Uhlan would by no means be a good bet to gain a decision over his Yankee stadium opponent. Working against Hans Kohlhaas, Andy Wallace and such heavyweights of very minor importance, he seemed slow and easily hit. More over the punches that were conveyed by his own 14-ounce gloves lacked that authority they displayed several years ago when he had far more than a facial resemblance to Dempsey.

## Carnera's Latest Flop Was on the Up and Up

Probably it is just as well that Le Roy Haynes' latest triumph over Primo Carnera was recorded in Brooklyn rather than in the Desert of Sahara. No matter how hard they tried to appreciate the thing, their arid environment would have licked the simple Arabs. Only a citizen who has taken his own share of bellywhoppers among the ships and microbes of a waterfront town could really understand that the whole business was not the old gageroo.

Primo must have been sorely distressed by this sudden seizure, in spite of some youthful practice as a thespian, he is more ham than Hamlet, and this display was worthy of Shirley Temple at her best. Furthermore, if it had been the phonus bolonus, as they whisper in the Sahara Desert, there would have been far more surprise, pain, indignation and agonized lamentations from other bored and uninterested corners.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

A Philadelphia fan has forwarded a newspaper clipping which reads: "Give us the breaks and we'll finish in the first division," says Connie Mack. Across this the fan has written "Yeah, and then you'd peddle them to Tom Yawkey in October." . . . Now that the National league has boycotted Dolly Stark, players say that Babe Pinell is the best arbler in the circuit.

Tattletales say that the Belmont Park Racing association made a private settlement with the Southland Stable after that much disputed photo finish recently. They whisper that the stable got the \$900 purse even though those who had bet on Above Par failed to get back even a kind word.

## Sparring Mates Are Guinea Pigs for Max

Nevertheless, it would be unfair to judge him solely from such a showing against partners. Such men usually are selected in the same manner that a surgeon picks out the best specimens in the guinea pig market. They are in camp for experimental, if not entirely scientific purposes.

All that actually would be accomplished would be the ruminating of three more guinea pigs. Similarly, it would get him nothing, save perhaps a few extra cheers from his loyal landmen, who flock up here, if he devoted his time to the soft snap of his boxing laboratory specimens. So he seems to be concentrating upon special assignments.

There is, for instance, the experiment being conducted in uppersuts. This blow is a new one for him, but in view of his short, thick-muscled forearms and the fact that Louis fights in a half crouch with his arms extended in front of him, might become a very effective one. Even in the midst of his slower moments here he has been letting that one go frequently.

FOUR members of Fordham's all-conquering baseball team are said to be pledged to big-time clubs. It is whispered that First Sacker Babe Young loves the Yankees, that Catcher Andy Palau has a case on the Giants, that Catcher Tony DePhillips goes for the A's and that Outfielder Gene Coyle sees eye to eye with the Dodgers. All of them save Palou, who is a junior, will be graduated in June. . . . Incidentally, the Tigers are reported to be making sheeps' eyes at Jimmy Sheehan, the Rams' sensational frosh receiver. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 195 pounds and belted the ball all over a New Haven high school lot before becoming Fordham's best prospect since the days of Frankie Frisch.

Francel Albertant, the fight publicist who has taken to the Napanoch hills while building up the Louis-Schmeling affair, is a diplomat even when dealing with the weather. Although he retains his long underwear he gives spring a break by wearing white shoes. . . . Modest horse fanciers may never see another steepchase dead heat such as occurred recently between Rock Lad and Rlioter. They are so rare that even Louie Strube, the eminent Long Island horseman, had to go back to 1894 before recollecting another timber-topping deadlock. That one came off at the old Memphis (Tenn.) track and Strube was one of the riders.

## Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.— This month, being engaged in the somewhat responsible task of filling the most important office in the world, the accredited representatives of two great parties will discharge these duties by acting as though, shortly before they were born, their respective mothers had been horribly frightened by an intoxicated toedancer.

At Cleveland, if the delegates for Zookus fall to behave like howling derelicts for at least forty minutes following the mention of his name, they're traitors to a sacred trust. And if the delegates for Gookus don't carry on longer and louder and crazier than the Zookus bunch did, they'll never again dare lift their shamed heads.

The setup will be different at Philadelphia, the cradle of liberty, although occupied at times by some funny foundlings. There, when the chosen mouthpiece offers a candidate whose second nomination has been certain ever since his first nomination, every patriot on the floor must be thrown by the astounding shock into a happy delirium, lasting until his legs give out, his larynx splits and he can't think of any more hysteria symptoms.

## The Seattle Lochinvar

LATEST news from the hospital is that America's boy-sweetheart—the young Lochinvar out of Seattle—is suffering from overwork. A large number of traffic cops around Washington are reported to be in the same fix. The barkeepers haven't sent in their casualty list yet.

One of the big cruises is certainly overlooking a gorgeous chance. Think of the sensation—alone in a steel-barred arena—Clyde Beatty with Zioncheck.

## Black Masked Bigots

INTO a sour soup-stock of religious and racial hatred, stir a mess of high-sounding titles, blood-curdling oaths and foolish regalas, and you've got a mixture with an irresistible appeal to parties whose average hat size is six and an eighth and whose souls are as ash in the bilge-water of bigotry. Presently they're adding miscellaneous murder to their miscellany, in Michigan, where sundry gallant heroes seem about due to suffer prolonged attacks of short-haired pale ness, which is a disease brought on by wearing a close hair-cut behind some high stone walls.

They say such organized intolerance-epidemics come in waves, but did you ever notice that we never have any of these waves when America is at war? Then nobody objects to putting Catholics or Jews or negroes in the firing line. Nobody questions their patriotism or their fitness to defend the nation's flag, and, after awhile, peace comes, and all of a sudden a lot of folks discover that those of certain creeds and a certain color are unworthy to be classed as citizens or even as human beings.

## RECENTLY in outlining the political high spots scheduled for the next four weeks, the writer failed to mention the Liberty League.

The Liberty League will not hold a convention, but will have tea on the Du Pont lawn. There may be speeches and perhaps a snappy prayer by the rector of the Church of SS. Midas and Croesus, but Al Smith will positively not speak, having already learned the bitter lesson that a fellow can pick an awfully bad spot to make an awfully good speech in.

And as for trying to keep a brown derby and a silk topper alternately bouncing off a single dome—well, in the future, I predict, he'll leave that sort of thing to professional jugglers. Even so, Al Smith is better qualified than some for wearing two hats at once, having at least twice as many brains as you'd find under the average politician's headpiece.

## Sacrifices to Science

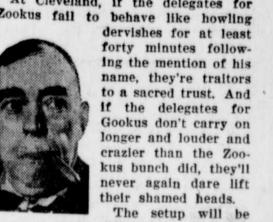
I LOVE dogs and admire them for traits which so many human beings lack. So, because some of us joined a movement to save impounded dogs from possible mutilation and torture at the hands of unauthorized agencies and guarantee for them a swift merciful death a large number of folks seem to think we're vivisectionists.

For one, I'm against weird experimentation upon dumb brutes in the often abused name of science. When I read that some gifted exhibitionist swapped the vital organs of a pelican and a hound pup, so that the pelican went out in the back yard and barked himself to death at the moon and the pup choked trying to carry half a bushel of fish in his lower jaw, I fail to see where the cause of medicine has been advanced. But since the war on disease demands the sacrifice of certain creatures that mankind may be benefited, I'd rather that every white rat in America should have the bubonic plague twice than that my grandbabies should have it once.

IRVIN S. COBB  
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