

DRAGONS DRIVE YOU

By EDWIN BALMER
Copyright by Edwin Balmer
WNU Service

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 than in Jeb. Agnes believes to be happy, a girl must blind 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 believes in 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, and together they view an apartment in Chicago. Jeb asks Agnes to set an early date, but she tells him she cannot marry him. When the agent, Mr. Colver, offers to show them a furnished apartment, Jeb asks Agnes to see it alone, saying he must return to his office. Agnes consents and a radio is blaring terrifically from one of the apartments. Colver raps upon the door, which is opened by a scantily clad girl, who draws Agnes into the room. Colver finds her husband, Charles Lorrie, fatally shot. He calls the police. Myrtle Lorrie asks Agnes to phone Cathal O'Mara, a lawyer, to come at once. Agnes does.

CHAPTER II

"O'Mara's got to get me out of this! He can get me out," Mrs. Lorrie assured herself, "if he wants to. . . You stand by me! I'm Myrtle—Myrtle Stiver Lorrie. You call me Myrtle! You're Agnes."

Agnes did not answer; she continued to step back away from the hands seeking her. She stared at the hands, white and soft and sensuous, and with scarlet stain on the nails; and she thought of one of those hands—the right one—holding a pistol, and that weak forefinger, with its scarlet stain, pulling the trigger once, twice—three times?

Some one rapped a demand for admittance upon the door; and Colver opened it.

Three men had come, none of them in uniform; but they were the police. They stepped in, instantly the door was opened.

The nearest man was the shortest of the three, but he was tall enough; he was straight and alert-looking and wiry. He was gray-eyed, and there was gray in his hair. Agnes had no need to be told that he was in command of the other two men, both bigger than he, and younger.

The last man in had quickly closed the door behind him, and he posted himself with his back against it; the other man advanced with his leader.

Agnes found that she had retreated, as they came in, or she had let Myrtle Lorrie pull her back to the center of the room; for she was standing there with Myrtle Lorrie's arms clasped tight about her.

These police in ordinary clothes were looking at her—at her and Myrtle Lorrie.

"You live here?" the gray man said to Myrtle. "You're the wife?"

But the wife did not answer; so Agnes did. "Yes, she lives here; she's the wife."

"Who are you?"

"I don't live here," said Agnes. "I just happened to come in."

"You mean you're a friend of hers?"

"No."

"How did you happen to come in?"

"I'll tell you," Colver now hurried to help her. "I'll tell you, Lieutenant Dolega. I was showing her, and the gentleman with her, some apartments! I had them upstairs; then the gentleman had to go; but she stayed. We heard the radio going in here; we knocked—"

Colver's quick, incoherent words ran over each other, and Lieutenant Dolega let him go on. At the end, he asked one question:

"Where is it?"

"Down there," said Colver; and Lieutenant Dolega and the other man moved away.

The man at the door had a notebook in his hand, and his pencil kept writing.

Lieutenant Dolega and his man, who had accompanied him, were walking very slowly. Would they never get there? Agnes pulsed with impatience. The calmness, the deliberation of these police in ordinary clothes, tantalized her. She watched them slowly proceed, studying the walls and the floor of the passage; when they were out of sight, she listened for some outcry such as Mr. Colver had made. But there was none.

They must have reached "it"—this girl's husband, shot and dead upon the floor. They had stopped and were stooping, probably, to see exactly what Myrtle Lorrie's soft, sensuous hand had done. How many times had she shot her husband?

That petty, particular curiosity strangely plagued Agnes. How long they had been married. How long had it been?

Agnes had to ask it, though she spoke in that awful silence. "How long were you married?" It came out in a whisper.

"Two years," Myrtle Lorrie whispered back. "My God, two years!"

From the bedroom there came no word nor voice of any sort—merely a succession of slight, rasping, mechanical sounds.

Myrtle Lorrie could stand this no longer. She dragged herself up until she supported herself on her own feet; and she screamed. She convulsed her arms tighter, but her scream gave Agnes strength to throw her off. Agnes was free, and she staggered off from her, shivering.

"O. K., Ulrich?" calmly inquired a voice from the bedroom.

"Go right ahead," replied Ulrich; but footsteps, which proved to be Dolega's, approached. At sight of him, Myrtle Lorrie stumbled backward and dropped into her big soft chair.

Some change glowed in Lieutenant Dolega's eyes; and his lips, when he spoke, moved less than before. His eyes noticed none of the others; from the moment he reappeared, he centered on Myrtle.

"Well," he said, "I saw what's done. Who did it?"

"I don't know! I don't know!"

"Were you here?"

"No; I came in! I tell you I came in!" she was shrieking now. "I came in; and there he was! Oh, my God, there he was!"

"So what did you do?"

"What?"

"What did you do! You took off your clothes and turned on the radio and sat here," Dolega supplied. He spoke, almost casually, to Colver.

"The pistol back there; did you pick it up?"

"Yes, sir; I saw there were four chambers discharged; then I put it back right where it was."

Dolega turned to Agnes. "Now I need your name."

Agnes gave it. If it meant anything to him, he did not betray the fact.

"Where do you live?"

She told him.

"Who was you with when you came?"

Agnes shook her head; she would not tell. She was in this, but she would keep Jeb out. She was in no condition to appreciate that this was impossible.

There was a noise in the outer hall. Some one knocked in a sharp, commanding manner.

"Hello, Ulrich," Agnes heard in the silence which ensued when the door was opened.

Ulrich repeated a name which Agnes did not catch; and he admitted, with some deference, a man of me-



"Shut Up About Bert! She Gasped, Barely Audibly."

dium height, self-confident and half bald. He was altogether different from the first three. He was whiter and softer of flesh and wore the marks of education along with his authority.

"Mr. Nordell," Dolega called him, and said to her: "Mr. Nordell is an assistant state's attorney."

"Miss Gleneth—this is Miss Agnes Gleneth. Mr. Nordell—is a daughter of Robert C. Gleneth. She says, and he says—Dolega jerked toward Colver—that he was showing her a fat; and they just happened to come in here. It looks as if it might be so."

"It is so," said Agnes; but fear for herself had reached her at last.

"Ready to look at it?" Dolega asked the attorney.

Agnes's eyes followed Dolega's gray head and Mr. Nordell's round, bald spot at the crown of his head as they went to the bedroom. It was at this moment that she realized that they were not going to that room merely to see what was there, but that their purpose was to collect proof that Myrtle Lorrie had killed her husband, so that they could have her killed—have her life, in her turn, taken from her.

Her warm, soft, sensuous life that she loved so! Agnes gazed at her, huddled in her big chair, her sensations sweeping over her; she was frightened as she had not been before.

"When's he goin' to come?" she gasped at Agnes. "Oh, God, when's he goin' to come?"

"Who?" said Agnes. "Bert?" For suddenly she remembered Myrtle's cry into the phone: "Oh, God, Bert! Who was Bert, and what was he to her?"

Myrtle plinked from one of the hot flushes that swept her, and then went pale. "Shut up about Bert!" she gasped, barely audibly. "Where's that damn lawyer of mine?"

So it was not horror that swept her—horror at what she had done. That must have been in it, but chiefly it was fear, and her longing for life,

for her own sensations to continue in her soft, warm body, no matter what she had done.

There was a new knock at the door. It was not loud; the man was not striking with his knuckles. He tapped with a finger-tip which said: "Take your choice; admit me or take the consequences."

Ulrich opened the door.

"I'm coming in, Ulrich."

Ulrich let him in; and his presence was like an alarm, calling Nordell and Dolega from the bedroom; and the fourth man (some one called him Jensen) followed them. So the three police in plain-clothes and the assistant state's attorney confronted the young man who had come in.

He was tall but not quite so tall as Jeb—and Rod. Why did Agnes' mind suddenly flee to them? Her thought caught them only in a flash of comparison; for this man was of their age, with some quality like Rod—or like Jeb; which was it? She was confused, responding to the new emotional tension.

The feeling of conflict filled the room. These men were antagonists—one against the four.

The one by himself stood easily, but on watch. He was not on guard; for to feel one on guard, you feel him thrown back into an attitude of defense. It was the four who confronted him who, you felt, were on guard; he was alone, but it was he who would, at the opportunity, strike.

Agnes did not begin to comprehend how her presence influenced everything that followed. It was her intrusion and the consequent involvement of Agnes Gleneth in the murder of Charles Lorrie that the case would turn upon. O'Mara had had nearly twenty minutes in which to appreciate that fact; and he had required not one—he had felt it immediately.

"You're quick on a case, O'Mara," incautiously Nordell cut at him. "If you were a surgeon, they couldn't call you an ambulance chaser. You leave it behind. Did you start from your office after or before the shooting?"

The tension in Agnes' feeling tightened. So these men not only were antagonists, but they had fought before, bitterly and without forgiveness on one side, at least.

She took sides; she could not help it. The man whom she had asked to come stood before the four and a little away from the wall. Whatever else he was, he was incomparable to any of them; his was the mold of another order of man. It had shaped his head so that your eyes lingered looking at him—lingered on the line of his good lips that he kept shut lest he speak too soon, on the crest of his clean-cut chin, on his fine broad brow and his bold black hair. He held his head with a little lift that you liked.

He stepped unhindered past the police and to the center of the room, where Myrtle Lorrie clung to her refuge in her soft chair.

"I'm O'Mara," he said to her. "Did you ask for me?"

She caught his hand, but he disengaged it.

"Did you ask Miss Gleneth to send for me?"

"Yes. For God's sake, save me, save me!"

"I must find how things are. Meanwhile, you—" He spoke in a lower tone, swiftly, his voice continuing in definite, curt admonitions. But now Nordell and Dolega were beside him; there was a clash of words from which emerged a sudden truce.

"I'm taking you out of this," Martin O'Mara said to Agnes Gleneth, looking down at her. "Not all the way out, I'm sorry to say; we'll be long before being through with you. But we've no need to keep you here, distressing you, when so many more must soon be coming."

"Many more?" repeated Agnes, looking up at him.

"Faith," he said, "faith, they've barely begun to come."

How gentle he could be, this best damn lawyer in town who could face off four men and lay down his own conditions of truce with them!

The very way of his words was altered, when he spoke to her. No accent crept in; he spoke as before, but he let you feel, through the phrases that came to him unbidden, his closeness and custom to plain people of ready emotion and sentiment, and simple speaking.

"One thing we'll be needing," he added. "It's him who came with you. You've not named him, I hear; but it's got to be. Who was he?"

"Mr. Braddon," said Agnes. "Jeb—Judson E. Braddon."

"You and he came here, I took it, not knowing these people."

"No."

"You came to look over these apartments, because you were marrying."

"Yes," said Agnes, "because we were marrying."

And this brought her back to that; she had come here considering the idea of marrying Jeb; that meant becoming his wife in rooms like these upstairs. . . . She could never, never move into such rooms now.

She looked at the girl in the big soft chair. "How could she do it?" she whispered her horror to O'Mara.

He shook his head. "When such a thing is done, you don't do it. No; you never do it," he said. "It's your dragons you have in you that drive you to it."

"Your dragons? What do you mean?"

"You know naught of them? . . . God has been good to you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Self-Annointed Leaders.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—

Only eight years ago Bishop Cannon sat in high state at Houston, wringing the last drop of moisture out of a bone-dry plank in the Democratic doctrine so Al Smith, the wettest of the wets, would have something congenial and appropriate to run on.

In the opposition camp the politico-financial high god, to whose lightest word all present responded with hails and hallelujahs, was Banker Charles Mitchell. Today, if either of these gentlemen inserted himself into a national convention of his party, he'd be arrested for trespass.

Four years ago Mr. Hearst was moving heaven and earth and Jack Garner to nominate F. D. Roosevelt, in whom he reposed everlasting faith. And the Republican Old Guard was explaining that when its candidate had promised two cars in every garage he didn't figure that for either car there'd be a deputy sheriff with a writ.

All of which proves our anointed leaders are not only courageous but consistent. Well, let's see what the boys will promise us this year in those fictional whimsicalities called platforms.

First American Families.

WE'VE been skirting the sun-baked domains of one sizable group of early American families who don't care who's been nominated at Cleveland or who'll be nominated at Philadelphia. No matter which side wins, these folks still will furnish the raw material upon which blithe amateurs of the Indian bureau work weird experiments in the name of civilization.

Nothing worse can happen to them than already has been wrought by well-meaning meddlers and earnest muddlers under this administration or that. For instance, trying to make farmers out of Apaches, a task akin to training caged henhawks to imitate cuckoo clocks.

Of course, should their reservations by some miracle prove productive, the white man will crowd them over into a remoter thirst-blasted area, where a horned toad would have to go on relief or else starve to death.

The vanishing American can't complain that we've ever failed to expedite his vanishing act for him.

Beating the Welkin.

THE poor old welkin certainly took an awful beating at Cleveland, didn't it? And just about the time the new skin forms, they'll rip it all over again at Philadelphia. Language is to a national convention what yelping is to a con dog trailing. It's a fine personal advertisement for the dog and doesn't mean anything either way to the con.

The old superstition that the Republicans always pick their candidate at 2 a. m. "in a smoke-filled room" didn't come true. You'd think the bosses would emerge from the session looking like so many hickory-cured hams when you hear people tell of the old times. I'll bet the G. O. P. boys kept a window open to clear the air. It might also have come in handy for chucking Senator Borah out.

But when the credentials committee sat to hear the contesting delegations from the deep, dark South—that's when you'd see what properly might be called a smoke-filled room.

Defying the Congress.

THREE years ago Bishop Cannon, the famous Virginia smooth-bore, invited a senatorial investigation committee to go jump off the Washington monument. Perhaps they didn't jump off the monument, which caused regret to some, but it was the best offer they had all season.

This year Doctor Townsend, who hasn't lost a cent by being the head of the Townsend plan, tells an investigating committee of the house to kiss his foot.

They never punished the bishop for contempt, although they sputtered like a bunch of damp fire-crackers. Here's laying a little eight-to-five they'll never punish the Doc, either. He'll go merrily on with the ever-popular idea that, if there isn't a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, the government should supply same without any more of this shilly-shallying.

Next to the League of Nations, nothing seems to make so much noise and accomplish so little as a dedicated congress—unless it is some fellow playing a slide trombone into an empty barrel.

IRVIN S. COBB.
©—WNU Service.

Dogs in America Million Years

Dogs, or at least animals of the dog family, have been numerous in America since the Oligocene period, which ended some 1,225,000 years ago.

Bitterroot Forest Large

The Bitterroot national forest in Idaho and Montana has the greatest net area of the nation's timber reserves.

Who Wouldn't Be Slim and Trim in This Stunning Summer Frock?



No. 1888-B

Who isn't excited about the new wider shoulder width that tends to slenderize the waistline?

Note the unusual bodice lines, the panel extending to the hem, and kick

OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Wash out chamomile skins on a windy day. Hang up to dry on the clothesline and the wind will blow the skins so they will be very soft when dry.

Try this method of watering hybrid tea roses all during the summer. With a can opener remove both ends from a tin can, then sink can, one open end down, into the ground. Turn hose into cans and occasionally liquid manure.

When mulching perennials avoid using too heavy a mulch. The purpose of the mulch is to keep the plants cool, not warm.

Dry the outside of ice trays after filling with water and before putting back into a mechanical refrigerator. If this is done trays will not stick and may be easily removed.

A strong solution of borax and water boiled in the coffee pot occasionally will keep it sweet.

The color of spinach will be preserved if a pinch of soda is added to the water in which it is boiled.

Goldenrod when cultivated makes a beautiful garden flower. It blooms from late July to October.

Those little tile tables which are such a help in summer entertaining are now so reasonably priced that you can easily indulge in two or more. Those made of tiles are especially nice.

Mushrooms added to brown gravy served with a roast give it a delicious flavor.

Coral beads may be cleaned by dissolving a teaspoonful of borax in a pint of warm water. Dip the coral, and when clean, put through tepid water.

When packing jam, if fruit is boiled for about ten minutes before sugar is added, less sugar will be used.

© Associated Newspapers.—WNU Service.

pleats that contribute dash and ease. The natty collar is just right to take a pin, clip or posy. The frock is quickly fashioned and costs so little to make.

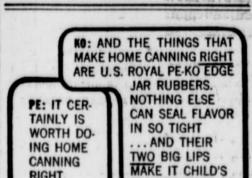
Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1888-B is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42. Corresponding bust measurements 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 18 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material. Send fifteen cents in coin for the pattern.

The Summer Pattern Book containing 100 Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns is ready. Send 15 cents in coin for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third St., New York, N. Y.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

18: AND THE THINGS THAT MAKE HOME CANNING RIGHT ARE U.S. ROYAL PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS. NOTHING ELSE CAN SEAL FLAVOR IN SO TIGHT . . . AND THEIR TWO BIG LIPS MAKE IT CHILD'S PLAY TO MAKE OR BREAK THE SEAL.



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
United States Rubber Products, Inc.
1790 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Room 620

PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS

NEW YORK Bound?

The WOODSTOCK nationally famous as a "good hotel" is just a step from the amusement center of New York. . . . TIMES SQUARE . . . just minutes from all places of interest.

Write for booklet "W." ROOM AND PRIVATE BATH \$2.50 SINGLE \$3.50 DOUBLE

HOTEL WOODSTOCK
43rd ST. EAST OF TIMES SQUARE, N. Y.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

TEACHERS

Teachers, H. school, grade openings January, February. Good salaries. Info. from Southern Teachers Agency, Richmond, Va.

WELCOME to NEW YORK

2 PLINY OF ROOMS WITH BATH AT SINGLE DOUBLE
1000 ROOMS WITH BATH
Three blocks from largest department stores, Empire State Building. Two auto entrances. Cool roof garden. Conservative clientele. Special weekly rates. No charge for cribs or cots for little tots.

PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL

14 EAST 20TH STREET
NEW YORK

June Invites You
Come to The Claridge in June and enjoy Atlantic City at its best. Balmey days with cool nights. Surf bathing direct from hotel without charge. Sundecks. Solarium. Health Baths. 400 rooms with fresh and sea water baths. . . . European and American Plan.

HOTEL Claridge
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
JOSEPH F. BENNS, Manager

Unobstructed view of ocean, boardwalk and park from "The Skyscraper by the Sea"