

# 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 tenacity 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, 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 Jeb leaves. 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 her father, a lawyer, to come at once. Agnes does. The police take charge. O'Mara arrives. The officers are antagonistic to him. Agnes sides with O'Mara.

## CHAPTER III

Agnes was out; she had passed that door; but the room and the apartment inside it refused to be obliterated. It went with her; they all seemed to travel with her, though she only had been released, she alone had been helped away.

She sat for a few minutes in the women's waiting-room of the Northwestern railroad station, where no one could know that she, this afternoon, had walked in on a murder. After a while, she went to a phone-booth and called her father's office. He was not there, but his secretary grew almost hysterical when she recognized Agnes' voice.

"Where are you, Miss Agnes?"

"At the station; I'm taking a train home in seven minutes." The police had communicated with her father, and he had gone to find her.

Finally she called Jeb; but he also was out seeking her. For news of the murder of Charles Lorrie was on the air; the announcer had said that Miss Agnes Gleneth had discovered the murder.

The wife of a man in Jeb's office had picked this up at home not ten minutes ago, and had phoned her husband in the office; and Jeb had set out.

Agnes sat in the train where nobody knew. Nobody—yet. But by night they would know; by morning all her world would learn that she had "walked in" on a murder while she had been looking for an apartment with Jeb Braddon.

That meant, of course, that she was to marry Jeb. Marry, marry, marry, the rails ran again under the car wheels.

She had selected a seat amid strangers; she leaned her head against the window and shut her eyes.

See, you opened your eyes, but that room was there; Myrtle was there, reaching for her, clinging to her, forever clinging. "It" was down the hall, half in the bedroom; the husband whom Myrtle had shot, four times, after being his wife for two years.

Agnes closed her eyes again.

Who was Bert, and where was he? Myrtle's Bert.

"Shut up about Bert!" Myrtle had begged. And Agnes had omitted mention of him. Why?

For the sake of Myrtle? Or of Martin O'Mara?

What did Martin O'Mara mean by saying "you" never do a thing, like that, but your dragons drove you to it? What were the dragons, which Myrtle's soft sensuousness might have known, but which Agnes knew naught of, because God had been good to her?

The train was stopped again, and it was at her station. There were her mother and Bee, and Simmons behind them. Her father, it proved, had phoned to them from the city to meet this train. They hurried her home, where her mother, after learning all that Agnes could tell, offered to start her off the next morning for the East and for Europe.

"Your Aunt Esther will take you. I'll telephone her this evening." Aunt Esther was her mother's older sister, a widow living in Hartford. "I'd go with you myself, Agnes; but it is no time to leave your father."

"No," said Agnes. "But I can't possibly leave Mother."

"Why not?"

"I'm a witness. I must appear before the coroner's jury tomorrow, and then; then before the Grand Jury; and then at the trial."

"I can't imagine it!" her mother said.

"But I have to." Jeb arrived before her father; he had driven again from the city. Agnes had him come to her room, where she remained.

Jeb crossed the room in long, strong strides and seized her in his arms.

She said no word but she pushed away from him.

"What's the matter, Glen?" he overpowered her again. "I love you so; and I left you to walk into that—when I love you so!"

"Love?" Agnes repeated as much to herself as to him, looking up at him. "Do we love, Jeb? . . . Or what is it we feel for each other?"

He held her only tighter. "I know," he said. "You're mixing us up with them. Don't! . . . Oh, I wish to God I'd stayed there with you."

"You didn't, Jeb . . . I'm glad."

It was nearly midnight, and after Jeb was gone, when she had a talk with her mother and father.

"You're not to blame, Agnes, little Light One," he repeated, petting her hair. "It was bad luck; that's all. But why in the world did you phone for that lawyer?"

"O'Mara?" said Agnes.

"I wish you hadn't done it."

"Why?"

"It brings you with her—and him."

"Does it?"

"She won't go away," her mother returned to her own remedy in the emergency. "She insists that she can't leave at all."

"That's true," said her father.

"At least," said her mother, "you'll not go back to New York tomorrow, Bob?"

"Were you going tomorrow, Father?"

He looked at his daughter, who had walked in on a murder that afternoon. "Yes," he said.

"Why?" she asked him, as never she would have before.

"Business, of course, Light One."

What was Father doing in New York? How could he do it? He, who had been so happy with Mother—so completely happy—during all those eleven years in the house on Easter Lane. But they were passed—as two years had passed in that apartment which she had visited, where Myrtle had shot her husband. How could she have done it?

She didn't do it; not the bride who had married him two years ago and once had been happy with him. Father—Father, who had brought Mother as a bride to the house on Easter Lane—that father was not doing what Father was doing against Mother today.

"When such a thing is done, you don't do it," Martin O'Mara had told her. "It's your dragons you have in you that drive you."

Were the dragons of desire that fed on Myrtle's soft sensuousness, also afflicting Father?

Agnes lay long awake. If she could, by willing it, obliterate her hours in the apartment so that never they could touch her again, would she do it?

No, she knew. No. Who, having passed from innocence, would return to it again? Who, having encountered him, would obliterate from all her life ahead, Martin O'Mara?

Who was he? Who—what wife or what other woman—might now be awaiting him?

Twenty miles away in the city a woman was awaiting him at that hour, though it was long after midnight. She was at a window beside the door of a little frame house, and she watched out with the shade up from the window.

She watched for him and listened hour after hour, eagerly but not impatiently or critically. She lived for his coming, whenever it might be.

She was slight but straight and strong. Five foot two, she stood, a little mother of big men; for both her sons had been a full foot taller. "And here is the likes of me," she'd say, "outliving the both of them. And their father. But please, God, let me never bury him."

Him—none like him, to her; not even her own sons, or her own man, whose memory never failed her. Him was her grandson, Cathal Martin O'Mara. And little as she was, and old as she was,—nearing two and seventy,—you could see resemblances between them. He had his good hands from her, and much of the strong, sensitive modeling of his head. His hair was like hers, fine and straight and abundant.

He had his blue eyes from her, even to the sparkle in them; and much, much more than can ever be told. And it was through her that he had the event which, of all elements that entered into his making, most affected him. She had seen it with her own eyes; and as soon as he had become old enough to understand, she had herself related it to him:

The tenth of July, it was, in eighteen ninety-three; and the lake shore along Jackson park was white with the great fine World's Fair buildings. And this day was fine, and the Fair was full crowded to the turnstiles.

She was seeing the Fair on that fine day, was Winnie O'Connor O'Mara, wife—and proud of him—of Cathal Martin O'Mara, of Engine Company Number Two.

Few had been the fires at the Fair, and none that did either hurt or damage. But this day was to pay up for it.

There were the white, tall towers reaching up to the blue skies, and none of them nearer to heaven than the tower of the Cold Storage building. And it was the bulk below that caught fire on this fine afternoon: it wasn't the tower at all, at the beginning. The alarms went out; and the fire companies came by, their fine strong horses running, and their big gongs beating.

"Play away, Two! Play away, One! Play away, Company Eight! Up with ye, Chemical Fourteen!" And up the men went to the roof, from roof and from ground playing their streams on the building. But the fire was full blazing and leaping; and it licked up the water that reached it; and more of the water fell short.

"To the tower!" shouts Fitzpatrick—him that was captain of Engine Company Two, and assistant chief of battalion. "To the tower with the water, and play on from above! Who's up to the tower with me?" And he set foot for the climb.

And twenty good men—the good of the best—the fair score of them went up from the roof to the tower after him, dragging their hoses with them, and there they played it down from the tower on the side of the roof that was blazing.

Sure it was a sight. From the Court of Honor, from the Manufactures exhibits, from the Art Galleries, from the Midway and all the shows between, the people came crowding to see. Thousands and tens of thousands of them. Faith, pushing at the fire-lines that day was a city of people.

For the fire kept on gaining. The water from the tower, like the water from the ground, was nothing to it. The blaze, it ran on top of the roof; and that was not so bad, for that the men on the tower could see. But the flame, it ran along under the roof; and that they couldn't see till it broke up from below sudden on all sides at once, and cut off the tower entirely.

One man,—John Davis, of the Midway company,—he saw it the second before it burst up; and he hugged the hose-line and came down; and he reached the roof and ran over it before it all was blazing. But scarce was he down before the hose he rode was burned away; all other hose to the tower was burned away; and the life-line like them. Twenty men—the even score of them—stood at the top of the tower, the blaze all about below them.

One hundred and ninety-one feet from the ground, they stood; seventy above the roof blazing all about below them. And God alone could help them.

Winnie O'Connor O'Mara—she was thirty-five years old that month, and her sons were twelve and fifteen, but neither were there to witness the deed of this day—Winnie O'Mara, wife of a fireman, got through the throng to the fire-lines.

"Who's them on the tower, can ye tell me?"

"Fitzpatrick, assistant chief of battalion."

"That I know; can ye name some that stand up there with him?"

Cahill of Company Eight, I hear; Bill Denning of One; Lieutenant Freeman, One; Garvey; and Breen of Chemical Fourteen; O'Mara of Two; Nat Howard—"

"O'Mara, did ye say, of Engine Company Two?"

"O'Mara? Yis; I hear he went up—"

"He would?"

"Lord save ye, is he yours? Do ye know him?"

"Yes; I know him."

Then she saw him on the tower; she knew which, of the score of men beyond all human help, was he that was hers.

They crouched, for shelter from the heat of the flames below, on a bit of a balcony near the top. There, if the tower burned fast, they had ten minutes left them; at best, maybe twenty—bare minutes of life to those fine strong men that stood in the sight of all and must die. And they, best of all, knew it, as they looked down, the twenty of them.

And it struck all to silence.

Higher the blaze burnt, and hotter. Faith, you could feel it hot on the ground where you was thrust back by the fire-lines. What was it to them on the tower!

But no shame showed there; there was not a coward among them. All could see on the tower a man shaking hands with his fellow beside him. Farewell between them, it was; and another gave his hand to him.

Then the form of him hung in the air over the flames. For a flash of second, he seemed to stand in the air; for your heart had stopped for him. Then he came down. He'd taken his choice and jumped; and into the blaze he went, to the end of him.

Now a second shook his fellow's hands; and he jumped. Then they stopped that.

Some one on the tower had found a length of life-line. Like enough, they'd spliced some poor pieces together. They let it down but only to see it burn off. Yet twenty feet of line hung down from the shelf; it may have been twenty-five, but the end of it burning. One came down the rope to the end—the hands of him snuffing the fire where the hemp was burning.

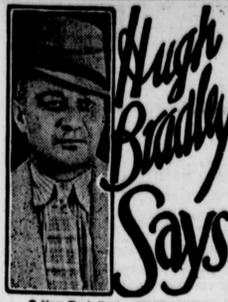
He swung a bit on the rope, and those above tried to swing him out; so now you could see the dream of them. There was a spot on the roof below, which was not yet in flame, and the plan was to swing him at it.

He let go and dropped. And the rope, where his hands had been, caught fire again.

A fourth came down; and his fellows above swung to help him. He dropped, and there was the rope afire again, and each time shorter.

Who'd be next? On that tower there was no man that named himself, not one! "Ye go! I'll wait! . . . Ye go!" ye could see them saying.

Fitzpatrick, he had to order them; and all could see him do it, as they came down, one by one, each snuffing the flame from the rope as he hung and swung; and dropped—and then the line caught fire again.



## Manero's Not Quite as 'Dark' a 'Horse' as He First Appears

OUTSIDE the sun which had been so bright all day had faded to a dull purple. Still little groups of tired, half-clad men sat about the Baltusrol locker room. In one corner Tommy Armour was holding forth like the rare story teller that he is.

This was early on the evening before the finals. Most of the top-ranking stars of golf who had just completed the second round of the national open tournament were clustered in this group.

Occasionally there would be talk of the morrow. Then heads would nod meaningfully toward Johnny Revolta, Paul Runyan, Ky Lafoon and those others listening eagerly in the Hagen-Armour amen corner. A reporter, trying to take in all this, and yet more interested in Granville's Belmont chances, brushed past a locker where a little dark-haired man was changing his shoes.

"Going to be some swell golf out there tomorrow," he remarked.

## Fellow's Tone Is Polite; He's Major Tourney Type

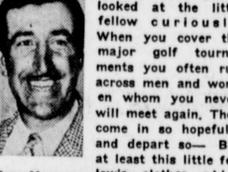
"Yes, maybe," said the dark-haired little fellow. The tone was polite, perhaps even a little wistful. The reporter looked at the little fellow curiously. When you cover the major golf tournaments you often run across men and women whom you never will meet again. They come in so hopefully and depart so—

But at least this little fellow's clothes still hung in his locker and so he was not out of the tournament entirely.

The reporter decided that a chance kind word might not hurt. Most people like to talk when they have been going through events such as these. He glanced at the group of stars. "Do any good yourself?" he asked.

"Yes. The dark little man had finished dressing now and was turning away. "Pretty good," he added.

The reporter followed him out. "Who's that guy?" he asked a neighbor. The writer did not know. "Oh," said a fourth. "Him. He's—Oh hell, I remember his name now. It's Tony Manero."



Now that the former Westchester caddy, whom few people knew, is national open golf champion, I have been wondering about this game in which he performs. Even in a year when Italians have been achieving sports distinction far out of the ordinary, his smashing of both the British and American records is rated a real dark-horse triumph. Yet—

Somewhat I doubt whether it is entirely that. True enough, Sam Parks, who stunned the experts by winning a year ago, was eliminated recently. Yet golf is bound by far more rigid standards of probability than most other games.

So it seems that even though a Runyan or a Lafoon might well be ahead of a hundred others on total scores for a year's play it becomes close to impossible now to do any expert picking on a lone event.

## Believes Granville Has Too Much of Amateur Idea

Whether the turf can produce many more Granvilles is something not easily guessed at even if a full heart and a slender pocketbook could stand the strain. Even though this handsome colt finally has managed to win one there is something fantastic about the year's best contribution from the Woodward stable.

While triumphing by a scant nose in what should be the best of American stakes, the Belmont, Granville definitely did not seem to have his whole heart in the proceedings. Or rather—unlike the defeated Mr. Bones, who is a money horse—the son of Galant Fox seemed to be possessed too much of the amateur idea.

## Mexico Was First Country to Have Columbus Statue

No man, probably has as many monuments erected to his memory in the western hemisphere as has Christopher Columbus. But the distinction of being the first country to honor the discoverer of America by a statue goes to Mexico, states a writer in the Philadelphia Record. In the middle of the beautiful Paseo de la Reforma, the one-lined boulevard in Mexico City which extends two miles to the Hill of Chapultepec, stands the first statue to Columbus. The statue represents Columbus drawing aside the veil that hid the New World. Around its base are figures of famous Mexicans and Spaniards, one of whom is the distinguished Spanish Dominican friar, Bartolome de las Casas, who defended the Mexican Indians against their cruel conquerors.

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Laws Must Be Just. Laws must not only be just, but be recognized as just, if the good life is to be lived under them.

A MILLIONAIRE sportman, who necessarily does a considerable portion of his business with mobsters, predicts that all the present racket masters will be in the breadline within five years. Says that they achieved fame merely because prohibition was such a soft touch and that none of them is smart enough to make a living the hard way. . . . Scenes on the National Open green: A caddy has just parted from a golfer who has completed his second, and final round. "How much?" other caddies call to their mate. They, of course, are asking about the score, but the other boy is a materialist more interested in the payoff. "Ten bucks," he replies, fingering a bill that has just been transferred to his pocket.

Pete Renuilli and Doc Doherty, coaches at Flushing High, are two soccer gentlemen who have real reason for feeling proud. Three members of their 1933 team are college captains, Danny Von Bremen at Navy, Phillip Kramer at Colgate and Edward Graham at Yale.

## Nasty mens are calling the New York racing judges, who have been having so much trouble lately, the "Three Blind Mice."

Customers doved 1,600 pounds of hot dogs during the Memorial day double-header at Wrigley field. . . . Two years ago Izzy Bierber, the celebrated horseman, placed the picture of three jockeys side by side on a corner wall. He had no particular reason for grouping Duke Bellizzi, Buddy Hanford and Laverne Fator. Just happened to grab the three from out of a stack of other jockey pictures with which he was decorating his place. All three of them are dead now. Sisher calls the corner the "Morgue."

## Recalling Cuyler's First Day in the Big Leagues

In his first major league game as a regular Kiki Cuyler smashed a triple, double and single off Vic Aldridge. The veteran, now finishing his big time career with his third National league team, the Cincinnati Reds, still shows brilliant flashes by belting out extra base hits. . . . The governors of a celebrated golf club will meet soon to consider how much sugar they can offer Tony

Manero, new National Open champion, to come back home. . . . Pedro Martinez has a belt to prove that he is lightweight champion of Puerto Rico, but has no such evidence from Venezuela, where he also won the title. The very modern boxing commission of that delightful country wanted a deposit of 3,000 something or another before letting him have the belt. Very sensibly Pedro decided that he would rather invest the coconuts in food and pretty clothes.

John Cavanagh, boss of the bookmaking ring at New York tracks, has been prominent on the turf for fifty years. He has seen less than 500 races in all that time. Too busy with his work. . . . Watty Clark attributes his .250 batting average to a bat he recently swiped from Joe Coscarart of the Bees. . . . Oscar Mellilo and George Davis, both of them capable of going more than a round or two in fast company, are the two most enthusiastic fight fans among big time ball players.

Although he refused right then to consider offers of advertising men who besieged him immediately after he won the National Open, Tony Manero was interested in sugar. His first words after reaching the clubhouse were, "Give me a cup of coffee with three or four lumps—lots of—sugar in it." . . . The wise boys say that Al Batters will repeat his triumphs and definitely prove that Roy Haynes cannot take a punch when they meet again in Philadelphia this month. . . . A voter suggests that instead of spending so much taxpayers' money in press releases ballyhooing races the New York commission might make a stab at remedying a few of the worst conditions around the tracks. For instance, they might persuade Belmont to try a public address system which occasionally could be heard distinctly.

Artie Nehf, the once great Giant pitcher, who has recovered from a long illness, now prefers golf to all other sports. . . . Johnny Harvey, the old Harlem lightweight who kayoed Mexican Joe Rivers and Matty Baldwin, now is a process server. . . . Although he handled several hundred C's worth of checks in exchange for Louis Schmeling fight ducats, Mike Jacobs proudly reports that not one of the pretty little pieces of paper has bounced yet.

The Giants believe that Babe Young, who has joined them direct from Fordham, is the hard-hitting infielder they need. . . . A clubhouse bookmaker seldom does less than \$25,000 worth of business on a big race, such as the Belmont. . . . The more important stands in the main ring handle \$5,000 each at such times while the little fellows get \$2,000 on a slate.

# What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Heroes of the Southwest. GALLUP, N. M. — Through the dust of vanished yesterdays we've just traveled the high ranges of the earlier pistoleros—Pat Garrett of the itchy trigger finger; and John Wesley Hardin, the Texas preacher's boy turned scorpion; and Doc Holliday, the coughing dentist with his nervous mannerism of shooting people; and that babyish king of all the killers, little sawed-off Billy the Kid, who smiled his diffident buck-toothed smile even as he blasted out a life for every one of the twenty-one years of his life, "not counting," as he himself would say, "Mexicans and Injuns."

We viewed the historic bullet pocks and their personal burying grounds, and we discovered just one survivor of those ancient two-gun clans—a ramrod octogenarian, wearing the look about him of a venerable, shamed-faced sheep whose he sat with a glumgham apron draping the withered flanks which once had supported his artillery, and he shelling peas by the kitchen door of his present wife's boarding house.

As somebody prematurely remarked, before I thought it up myself, the old Southwest is gone. But you never saw nobbler service stations than we passed, nor shinier beauty parlors, and the curb service was excellent.

As though it weren't bad enough already with a Presidential campaign on this year, grasshoppers have threatened growing things in the Midwest.

True to their advance notices, the 17-year locusts are popping out along the eastern seaboard. In Ontario a plague of caterpillars covered the railroad tracks so thickly trains could not run on schedule.

There's no word yet from our little southern friend, the boll weevil, but news is expected. Maybe he's waiting for the return of the cotton crops that we used to plant for the export trade—when we had an export cotton trade.

The pine borer is reported on the job in the north woods. To date, out here, we have only the regular resident pests, including the white termite, the red ant and the mother who can prove her child is another Shirley Temple. If somebody would only listen. Of the last-named, we already have upwards of 30,000 and more arriving every day.

Still, we cannot hope to escape. Presently the party who goes around taking straw votes on the election will start multiplying rapidly. And then professional California spellbinders will be binding; and at any moment Upton Sinclair is liable to start running for something.

SOME gentleman who must work at the postoffice because, seemingly, stamps don't mean a thing in the world to him, keeps taking issue with me for saying the reason why successful newspapers feature so-called science articles above news of art and science and literature is not through any desire to pander to morbid or vulgar tastes, but because the average publisher, being a smart merchandiser, puts such wares in his shop window, which is his front page, as are calculated to catch the eye and win the trade of the general public.

My correspondent demands an answer. All right, let's make it a parable: Suppose, mister, that tomorrow, through the town where you live, passes a train bearing a distinguished savant who has made some great discovery—say, the cause and cure of hoots—and on another train there is a tatty-haired lady who, after a spectacular murder trial, has just been triumphantly acquitted on the ground of self-defense for shooting a gentleman friend eight or nine times in the back. Which one of these two travelers will draw the biggest crowd down to the station? And, brother, which train will you meet?

Favorite Son Keynote. BACK home the folks are all puffed up with pride. Our own Albin W. Barkley keynoteed the Democratic convention until the rafters warped.

Besides being a grand person and a hard-working senator, he's one of the last of the real southern silver-tongued—the kind that can make a song of a syllable and turn any reasonably long word into an anthem.

And does he come from the place where the true faith prevails? The majority stabilized just as soon as we got a lot of old-timers to quit voting for Jeff Davis. We wended them on W. J. Bryan. Ours is probably the only congressional district in the Union that never has gone Republican, although, when Al Smith ran, it had a comparatively close call from going Baptist.

Let the creatures of entrenched greed beware. As goes Paducah, so goes Paducah.

IRVIN S. COBB. WNU Service