

Dragons Drive You

By EDWIN BALMER

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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 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 Cathal O'Mara, 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. Agnes is to be a witness at the coming trial.

CHAPTER III—Continued

When a man swung far and fell feet forward so there seemed to be some chance for him, cheers screamed from the crowd; when he fell, tumbling over and over, a great groan went up from the throat of thirty thousand.

Winnie O'Mara did not faint. Her man was still on the tower, among the last of them. Now Fitzpatrick was speaking to him.

No bit of a doubt which was him when, before he went down the shred of the rope, he flung far the hat of him. It was like him, that. There he was on the line, bareheaded.

A gray-haired priest stood in the swarm at the fire-lines, lifting his arms as each man came down, and repeating the prayer for them in extremes. Loud and clear in the stillness, as each man swung, and before the shout or the groan roared from the thousands of throats as the man let go, arose the voice of the priest at his praying.

Winnie O'Mara had worked her way close to him so that at last she was almost beside him; and so she did all that was left her to do for her man.

"Cathal Martin O'Mara, he is, Father," she whispered to the priest. "Pray for him!"

"Yours?" said the priest, agape at her.

"Mine, Father."

So the priest faced again to the fire; and once more he raised his arms in his petition. "Cathal Martin O'Mara," he called him by name, the tears streaming down his face as he prayed. Then the great cheer from the crowd cut him short, for Martin O'Mara had swung well, and well he let go. But no good it did him. A minute or so more, and the tower fell, and was down on top of him.

Such was the heritage of Cathal Martin O'Mara, his grandson. Of the twenty trapped on the tower, seventeen were gone and three were terribly injured.

"On such events, by such men, prepared to face death and torment—men, generation after generation, soon forgotten and obliterated—government was built up," wrote a historian of soldiers who perished long ago on a field for Rome. "The fact has a meaning; and perhaps, many generations hence, wiser men than we or they will explain it with a clearness that still eludes us."

Cathal's father and his father's brother John became firemen. Headstrong, heedless men, the both of them. Martin, the son, died of pneumonia after fighting a lumber yard fire through one long below-zero night. John died of another cause; but the O'Maras had done their duty through the Fire Department.

Winnie, a fireman's widow and proud forever of him, would have no more of it. Besides, this boy was from birth "beyond" his father; and yes, beyond his grandfather. He was strong, as had been all the men of his family, but he was of slighter build and was smaller-boned. Heedless of himself he was, like them all; but his was a sensitiveness strange to them. And beyond them all, he took to schooling. He went through high school, running errands and delivering goods for local stores after hours, since his home depended then on a fireman's widow's award.

He worked his way through the University of Illinois at Urbana, and he ended his long schooling in Chicago at Northwestern University Law school, which he attended for three years, clerking at odd hours and in the evenings.

From all this, he emerged an attorney committed by the undownable forces dominant in his nature, to the defense of criminal cases. It was the appeal of the desperate, the despised cause that was irresistible to the grandson of the Martin O'Mara who had followed James Fitzpatrick to the tower with the building ablaze below

them. So he started taking criminal cases. He cared little for money, but he adored a fight; and money enough came to him—enough, that is, for his purpose to buy a bit of ground with a bit of a house on it, and without a speck of mortgage.

Winnie's it was, in her own name and in her own right; for he gave it to her. "And that," as Winnie herself proudly complained, "is the wasteful way of him; sure, I'm nearest the end of me life; and well he knows the trouble of real-estate in an inheritance. Himself, he shud have kept it; or give it to his mother."

But she treasured it for her own, "beholden to no one but to him."

Ah! There he was, at last. What thoughts were in him—Winnie wondered—when he came home like this? Him, home from the murders and the judges and courts and the jails—and the gentry in the headlines with him.

Winnie caught her shawl about her slight shoulders and hurried to the door, when he turned to it.

"Have ye supped, Cathal?" she questioned him, with eager anxiety.

"Where would I? At the jail? Have ye kept nothing for me?" he retorted, delighting her.

She drew him, as soon as he threw off his overcoat, into the warm, fragrant kitchen where she had the heating-oven burning low, and on top of the stove, her old iron kettle simmering.

Nothing left to her in life compared with an occasion after he had been called into a big murder case, or when the trial was on and he had worked half the night, yet he had come home to her, at last, having "saved" his hunger so that she could sup with him.

She laid a loaf and the bread-knife and butter and bowls of the good hot soup upon the kitchen table; and they sat down and supped, across from each other, she watching him—sel-



And Beyond Them All, He Took to Schooling.

dom taking her eyes off him—he speaking to her, smiling at her, often looking at her, but with his thoughts far away.

Winnie was used to this; and she did not resent it, though she wondered what went through his mind that he couldn't tell her. Here he was with her; and beside her a picture of him in the paper with his name huge in the headlines—as huge, almost, as the name of him that was murdered, and almost as big as the name of the girl, Agnes Gleneth, who had called him. "The wife kill him, Cathal?" Winnie asked presently.

He nodded.

Winnie could not comprehend the people, men and women, whom he defended. However roughly they lived, or heroically or rashly they died, her own—men and women—had sinned simply, repented, confessed and were shriven; and sinning or sinless, they were bound together by loyalties and sentiments which death only (and not always death) could dissolve. But from her, her grandson went out into the violent, faithless world of wealth, of extravagant excesses and bodily indulgences, divorce—and murder of man by his woman. How did a wife, calling herself one, do it?

Winnie flattened on the table the newspaper to display its picture of Agnes Gleneth.

He bent forward and suddenly he saw her as he had not known her. It was a reproduction of a photograph of Agnes at the time of her debut three and a half years ago, when she was nineteen; and not even the newspaper press had obliterated the loveliness and delightfulness of her.

A glance told that it was when she was younger. It gave her to him, too, in her quiet, thoughtful mood, her eyes seeming to consider him, as they looked out from the page—her eyes which he had not seen without horror and without fright in them.

It surprised a pang in him which he betrayed.

"Oh," said Winnie, "that's how she called ye so quick. She knew ye." "No," said Cathal, defending her from this imputation. "She's as the paper says—doesn't this say it? She

just happened in, looking for an apartment."

"But she was quick to call ye." "Because the wife asked her to. She—she never had need of me, Winnie." "And that 'shame her,' Winnie caught him up, 'having need of ye?' 'I tell you she'd nothing to do with it; and she had never heard of me,' he repeated so positively that Winnie abandoned the subject of Agnes Gleneth, but only to watch him more keenly.

He helped her clean up, as he always did. He bent and kissed her on her cheek; and he went to bed, but he could neither sleep nor lie quiet. Frequently enough, when he had just taken a case, he lay half the night planning, yet with no disquiet such as this.

Agnes Gleneth had no need of him; he was a part of what was to continue, at best, an ordeal for her, which she would escape but could not. No; she had no need of him.

But her, and his client Myrtle, had need of her. More than that, they had the right to demand and enforce her attendance to their needs. By the accident of her stepping into that room, and by the fact that he was called to the case, Cathal Martin O'Mara had acquired peculiar and undeniable rights over Agnes Gleneth which he could exercise as he pleased. And this was a circumstance of subtle and exciting effects.

CHAPTER IV

Jeb, on his part, was feeling the fillip of a new sensation which came from the not altogether disagreeable notoriety he suddenly shared with Agnes.

By this morning, when he was looking over the newspapers brought to his bedroom, all the world—as much of it as meant anything to him—knew that Agnes had discovered the Lorrie murder because she had been looking at an apartment with Jeb Braddon.

Strangely and excitingly, it intensified his feelings about her to read of her,—and a little about himself with her,—and to know that millions of people this morning were poring over the same descriptions of her, and the account of what she had done and said.

His eagerness to possess this girl in the paper—his love for her, his desire, whatever it was—never had matched this morning's.

He lived in an apartment by himself, with two Filipinos—Ojal his valet, and Imlo the cook.

The measure of Judson E. Braddon's importance had been augmented, rather than otherwise, by what he had done with Agnes, and by the manner in which the newspapers referred to her and to him.

Jeb went late to his office, not yet having phoned Agnes. He hoped that she slept in order that, when she awoke, she would be the better rested and the more completely restored to the impulses which had made her respond to his. If not, he would give her more time to recover from this shock; but meanwhile, he knew she was his. And all the world knew it. His impulses for complete possession of her gave him no peace.

Agnes did not move from her room during the forenoon. She read in bed the papers which were brought to her, which gave surprisingly variant reports of what she had "discovered" and done, and even more individual explanations of murder itself. And she saw, for the first time, the likeness of Myrtle's husband.

How queer to see your own name in great black type on the page of the paper, and underneath, reports of what you had said and done which you could not yourself remember, so precisely! How queer to find yourself a leading witness, but only now to learn, from a newspaper picture, what he, who had been killed, looked like.

The account of him said that he was forty-six a month ago. He had been married, first, 20 years ago, and been divorced to marry Myrtle Stiver two years ago. His wife and a daughter, and his father and mother, survived him in Stapleton, Wis.

He was described as "rich," having been a partner in a very prosperous group of chain-stores spreading through Illinois and Wisconsin. He had made his start in Stapleton, whence his father and his divorced wife and his daughter were coming to Chicago.

Agnes thought: "He was two years younger than Father, and had been married 18 years before he got a divorce."

There were large likenesses of Myrtle, who had come from Macon, Ind., to encounter, at a night-club in Chicago, Charles Lorrie of Stapleton, Wis., and marry him; and live as his wife for two years; and then kill him.

Below all this in the paper was Bert, her instincts told her. She ought to have spoken of Bert to the police and to the state's attorney. . . . Or, should she have?

Jeb was on the phone—Jeb, whom (as all the world had reason to suppose) she soon would marry.

Jeb's voice was happier this morning; Jeb exulted that everyone who read the papers believed that he and she were to be married. And Agnes realized, as she replied to him, that he had given him much of the right to feel as he did. You could not revoke a thing like looking at an apartment with a man, especially after all the world caught ye at it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Largest Searchlight

The world's most powerful searchlight throws a beam of 800,000,000 candle power, which enables it to pick out technical details of aircraft flying at a height of three miles.

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—So soon as this, with both tickets just put up, folks already are saying this is starting out to be a bitter campaign—the bitterest, perhaps, since away back in 1896.

My guess is these prophets don't realize the twentieth part of it. I'm reminded of what happened when my old friend, Col. Bill Hayward, sailed with his negro regiment for France during the war.

The outfit embarked at night. Next morning, when the transport was well out at sea a pop-eyed trooper from the interior South stood staring at the endless watery expanse.

"Boy!" he exclaimed to a companion, "dis sho' is one big ocean!" "Mos' doubtless," stated the second soldier, "but, son, what you's lookin' at now is only jes de top layer."

The Union Party
AT CLEVELAND there was harmony and a quiet interment for the old Guard. At Philadelphia the proceedings moved along on greased rollers. But for real excitement, wait until that new Union party holds its convention.

Then will be the signal to remove the women and children to a place of safety. Just consider who'll be there:

The inflationists who think that, as long as we have government engraving plants and printing presses, money should be plentiful. The group committed to the idea that, if the farmer won't do something for himself, something should be done for the farmer. Doctor Townsend, with his project to provide old age pensions for everybody over sixty except Congressman McGahey. Father Coughlin, calling for social justice and better radio hook-ups. Huey Long's successor, who'd share the wealth and make every man a king.

Al Smith's Strategy
AS AN old-time headliner of political vaudeville, Al Smith should have known better than to pull that ancient wheeze—shooting at Philadelphia letter carriers on a Sunday afternoon.

And besides, think of the desperate chance he and his supporting quartet of sharpshooters took: come between a mother panther and her cubs; come between a Frenchman and his fracas; come between a radio announcer and his elocution, but never, right on the eve of their national convention, try to come between a flock of office-holding Democrats and the prospect of four more uninterrupted years of the same.

Trouble of Travelers
OUTSIDE the larger cities, when a hotel manager wishes to show a special guest special attention, he assigns him to the bed-chamber of state which usually is on the second floor, invariably is at the front of the house and nearly always on the corner where electric signs twinkle merrily till daylight in the poor sleepless wretch's eyes.

And along toward 2 a. m. a party named Dewey, standing in the street below, will start telling a party named Pink, about sumpin' mighty comical that's come up Sad'day night whereupon Pink will be moved to recall a few social reminiscences of his own.

Convention Invocations
ALTHOUGH a southerner—however, not working at the trade as steadily as some—I have to snicker when a Democratic senator walks out on his own convention because a colored preacher asks the divine blessing on its deliberations. Which reminds me:

The first time that great Texan, Jim Hogg, ran for the governorship his party split. The bolters joined with the Republican outfit—mostly black—to put up a fusion ticket.

At this pinto convention, the Rev. "Sin Killer" Griffin, a famous black evangelist, delivered the invocation. In concluding, he threw an unexpected bombshell into the plebeian ranks by earnestly urging the Lord to Put Hogg in the governor's chair.

Terrific uproar ensued. Finally a dusky stalwart got the floor.

"I moves," he bellowed, "dat dis yere traitorsome and on-Republic-in prayer be expunged from de record."

Majestically, "Sin Killer" erected himself. "I rises," he stated, "to a pint of order. It's too late to expunge frum de record a prayer which already done got to heaven more'n five minutes ago."

IRVIN S. COBB.

WNU Service.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

A King's Farewell
Good Soldier Obeys
An If or Two
40,000,000 Degrees

Paris.—To "last words of dying men" will be added those of the late King George of England—"I am sorry to keep you waiting like this." Typical of a good, modest king, always obedient to duty.

At the request of his ministers, including Sir John Simon, who waited upon him at the last moment, the king struggled pathetically to sign his name to a state paper, succeeded, then, turning to his advisers, spoke those last words, followed by a smile and nod with which he was accustomed to end an audience.

This was published in the Star of Johannesburg, South Africa, in a Reuter dispatch. Mr. Gunia sends the clipping from Gibsonia, Pa. Much obliged.

The Italian soldier Badoglio, in the striking uniform of an Italian marshal, returned to Rome and embraced Mussolini, who wore the uniform of a corporal of fascist militia. Napoleon also liked to be called the "little corporal."

Marshal Badoglio is an Italian soldier who obeys orders. When Mussolini's forces were marching on Rome, Badoglio, according to the story, said to the king: "What shall I do—wipe them out?" The king ordered: "No; no violence." Now, Mussolini rules, and on his orders Badoglio wipes out Haile Selassie and the government of Ethiopia.

Anything could happen in Europe, and one of the things considered quite possible, extremely disturbing to respectable old England and others, is an agreement between Mussolini and Hitler to make "a deal on Austria" profitable for both; not for Austria.

There is always, however, the memory of 1914, when Austria, Italy and the Kaiser had the triple alliance that did not "stand up." Such alliances usually go along racial lines, if they are to last. France and Italy are natural allies, both Latin; England and the United States would probably be found not far apart if a really big World war should ever come, with one or two other IFS.

Science proudly demonstrates for the Westinghouse company a new lamp that "rivals the beams of the sun." The demonstrator explained that the temperature at the sun's surface is about 11,732 degrees Fahrenheit, while the new lamp reaches 25,232 degrees Fahrenheit. That, however, as scientists know, is a long way from the sun's best temperature.

According to Sir James Jeans, there prevails in the depths of the sun temperature of "forty million degrees centigrade," which is considerably higher than any man-made temperature.

If you came within 1,000 miles of a 5 cent piece with a temperature of 40,000,000 degrees centigrade, you would be burned to a cinder; hard to believe, but true.

England protested against raising the elevation of guns on American warships because that would make our guns shoot too far. In case of war we might hit a British ship lined up against us.

Are animals capable of any thought? A dog on Prince Edward island, whining and howling with its muzzle against a pile of clothing on the edge of a pool, attracted men who took from the water the bodies of two brothers, fifteen and seventeen years old. Could the dog have "thought out" a connection between the clothing and the disappearance of its young owners?

At Ur, ancient city of the Chaldeans, they show a gigantic brick temple, recently uncovered, where it has lain in the ground covered through the ages. It was constructed originally, like the tower of Babel, to enable the builders to get up into heaven and reach the gods. First they invented those pagan gods, and then they actually believed in them.

The United States navy has ordered 191 "bomber" airplanes; cheerful small news.

It is to be hoped that the government is trying to build bomber planes able to fly any ocean.

If war came, our bombing operations could be carried on in countries across the Atlantic or the Pacific. We should not want to do any bombing in America. After the first experiment, no country would send any ships within easy bombing or submarine range of these shores.

The King Features Syndicate, Inc. WNU Service.

Uncle Phil Says:

See the Bright Side

The world may be pretty so-did, but one does not have to contemplate that phase of it too much. It has others that are brighter.

The best angle from which to approach any problem is the try angle.

One needs to learn how to enjoy two or three hours of quiet reflection. You can't be entertained every waking moment.

Calling a man "man" and calling him "guy" marks the difference between the intelligentsia and other people.

Don't Stay with Evil
If you have been tempted into evil, fly from it; it is not falling into the water, but lying in it that drowns.

Sometimes a man has no confidence in other men because he has none in himself.

The people of Europe stay mad at each other all the time. They are as bad as our mountain feudists.

All you need in order to revel in Nature is a tent, a cot, a pan of bacon and eggs, and immeasurable love of the woods.

There Should Be a Law
The law can compel a man to pay taxes. Why can't it compel him to take an interest in the affairs of his government?

A backward boy who can't store away much knowledge can sometimes perform wonders with his hands. Every son of Adam should have some talent, only discover it.

Generally speaking, give your candid opinion, but mind who's present.

Displays of temper are sheer waste of vitality. They help nobody and hinder everybody.

That's a Peptimist
A Pessimist closes an eye, wrinkles his face, draws up the corners of his mouth, and says, "It can't be done."

An Optimist has a face full of sunshine. He beams on you and says, "It can be done"—and then lets Joe "do it."

But a Pepti-mist takes off his coat, rolls up his sleeves, and goes to it, and does it.

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