

DRAGONS DRIVE YOU

By EDWIN BALMER

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Job 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, Job. Rod plans work at Rochester. Job suggests that he make a try for Agnes before leaving. In Rod there is a certain obstinate decency than in Job. 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. Job tells Agnes he is going to marry her, and together they view an apartment in Chicago. Job 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, Job asks Agnes to see it alone, saying he must return to his office. Agnes consents and Job 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, faintly 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. Cathal's grandfather and father had lost their lives in the line of duty as city firemen, and his grandmother, Winnie, has built her all around Cathal, who, being ambitious, had worked his way through law school and, heeding the appeal of the desperate and the despised cause, he committed himself to the defense of criminal cases. Thoughts of Agnes disturb Cathal. Mr. Lorrie had cast off the wife who had borne him his daughter, Myrtle, and after two years of wedded life she had killed him.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Agnes' mother tried to keep her in bed all day. "If we had gone to Florida, as we should have," her mother repeated, "this wouldn't have happened." "Not to me," said Agnes, and wondered who, instead, would first have stepped into that room, and been seized by Myrtle, and who would have summoned, for Myrtle, Martin O'Mara. She could not wish that it was not she.

Florida had been the winter playground for her father and mother in their years of happiness; and while Mother held the romantic illusion that, by returning together, they could recapture what they had had, Father lately had become more of a realist. He knew it would be dancing on the grave of their ecstasy.

Agnes lay looking at her mother but thinking of her father, who, though turned realist toward his wife, remained romantic—with whom? Some one younger, much younger, and perhaps like Myrtle? She couldn't imagine it; but—

She pulled the newspaper to her again, and looked at Charles Lorrie. You wouldn't think a man like that would marry Myrtle; he looked as if he'd have more sense. But sense didn't enter in. One day he'd wanted Myrtle; his dragons of desire had driven him, and he'd married her. Who was in New York for Father?

Agnes arose to be a witness at the inquest, and the coroner's jury decreed that there was cause to "hold" Myrtle Silver Lorrie to the Grand Jury, which took up the case early next week.

Job was to be a witness too, so Agnes and he went together; and they called her in, before him. So in went alone, and stood before the 23 men, and swore to tell the truth and all of it.

Mr. Colver had just come out of the room, white and very nervous; and Agnes, trembling as she faced the 23 solemn men, wondered what Mr. Colver just had told them. Especially, had he told them of Bert?

Agnes repeated what she had related before.

"Now you have told us all that you saw or heard happen in your presence?" the foreman challenged her.

"Yes."

"You are sure there is nothing more?"

"Nothing." But her face was burning.

"You have remembered something else?"

"Yes; I have."

And then there was no retreat; she had to tell them. And it was plain that word of Bert was new to all of them, that it was what they had needed—and that it was of great damage to Myrtle.

She waited outside the grand-jury room, while Job was giving his testimony, corroborating her account as to how she happened to come to the Lorrie apartment. Agnes sat on a bench, avoiding others, and unable to control her trembling at what she had done.

Job came out, straight and strong and at ease; for he had made a good appearance and had nothing to tell that disturbed him.

He helped Agnes up from her seat and brought her down to the street, with news-cameras clicking at them as they left the Criminal Courts building.

He had left his car on Dearborn street on the side across from the jail, and as they approached it, Agnes saw a man standing beside it whom she recognized suddenly as Martin O'Mara. She started a little; and when, the next instant, she felt Job's fingers tighten on her arm, she knew that he suspected who this was.

"That's the lawyer you called?" he said.

Agnes nodded; and before the men spoke to each other, she felt—almost as when O'Mara had come into the apartment confronted by the police—the flash of opposition to him.

Job could not like him, Agnes realized; Job could not possibly like him, even if she had not had her name coupled to his in the papers from the fact that she had summoned him for Myrtle. Under O'Mara's picture, one paper had so described him—"Martin O'Mara, the criminal lawyer, called to the Lorrie apartment by Miss Agnes Gleneth." That infuriated Job; and Agnes could feel it rising in him as they approached O'Mara.

Cathal O'Mara stood bareheaded, having taken off his hat, and holding it after Agnes spoke to him.

Cathal was excited, seeing her; but he did not show it. "How do you do, Mr. Braddon?" he said.

"What do you want?"

"Of you," said Cathal, suddenly hot inside, and because of that, only cooler without, "little. I was in the jail," he explained to Agnes, as though he had not retorted to her companion at all and nothing had passed between them; "and coming out, I saw Mr. Braddon's car. And I knew you were both before the Grand Jury."

"They'll indict your client by night," said Job.

"Yes," said Cathal. "I told her so."

And he glanced toward the grim, black-barred walls connected to the Courts building by the covered passage known, most aptly, as "the Bridge of Sighs." Over it, to and fro, trudged the accused to their trials and acquittals or condemnations.

O'Mara's thought was returned, for the moment, within the jail; and Agnes wondered at what, within those gray walls, his mind caught; with what miseries and repentances he dealt with; with what hopes and despairs. She wished she could follow his thought in its flight.

She looked up at Job. Often his mind, momentarily, fled away; but she never had wished to follow its abstraction.

O'Mara recollected her. "After the indictment is found, as it will be, Miss Gleneth," he said, looking down at her, "shall I see you?"

"Why?" objected Job.

"I'll be preparing the case. In doing it, I must go over the evidence of my witnesses."

"Yours," said Job. "You imply she's yours. You've the hold of a nerve. Miss Gleneth is a witness for the state."

Cathal felt the pleasant furies dancing within him. Oh, he liked a fight; and this man would give him one. He met Job's contempt straight, without



"I Was in the Jail," He Explained to Agnes.

anger. "The state may call Miss Gleneth; but so shall the defense; and whether or not the state calls her," Cathal said. "So it is my right and duty to review with my witnesses the testimony they will give. For that, Miss Gleneth, I'll go wherever you say. Some witnesses come to my office; I neither ask nor suggest that of you. With other witnesses, I go to them, to their offices. You having none, it would be at your father's office, perhaps, we best may meet."

"My office," said Job, "if you must confer with her. Her father's away."

"My mother's not," said Agnes, "so come to the house. Tomorrow—in the afternoon," said Agnes, breathless at this defiance of Job.

"Thank you. Tomorrow it will be."

CHAPTER V

Cathal O'Mara set out from the city at three on the following day. He had been in court on another case; and when the hearing was adjourned, he took his car and drove north alone.

It was a sunny, warm, indolent March afternoon, with gutters running off the melt of the thawing snow, and the still air iridescent from the rising moisture. People appeared everywhere, and they seemed unusually pleasant and patient.

Far north along the lake shore were great Georgian homesteads, Elizabeth-

an manors, French chateaux and Florentine palazzos which men, who made money in Chicago, gave to their wives to enhance and occupy them while they, separately, followed their own occupations and interests and their own transgressions, each after his own way.

The separateness of the women struck Cathal with particular force as he compared the fact that whereas he knew no few of the men who lived along these shores, he had never so much as spoken to one of the women until Agnes Gleneth had called him, over the phone, to come to the aid of Myrtle Lorrie.

In him, beside the eminently practical and realistic attitudes which went into the preparation of his cases (and won them for him) ran an incurable romanticism—which probably also had its value in court. He could uncover the most sordid details about one person, and turn about and idealize the next. In this best damn lawyer in town abode a little boy who had been reared by Winnie on ancient fairy and folk-tales never trusted to aught by tongue, never learned or taught from a page, but recited with all the mystic phrase and credence of oral tradition. So Cathal became steeped in the lore of heroes (and had not his grandfather proved himself one?) and of dragons, and of fair and utterly loyal ladies who would wait for their true love, in whatever guise he came and through whatever ordeal, until life's end.

Of course long ago these had thinned to symbols, but they had endured within him; and their delightful relics led him to constant emotional contradictions to the revelations of his own experiences.

So now Cathal drove, denying himself illusions as to the greater nature of the men who dwell in these splendid places; he knew that, save for their possessions, they were as all men; yet as to the ladies, held so aloof from him, he was letting his fancies run. One he had met; and she was as none other out of all his encounters with women.

When he reached the house, Cathal discerned that instructions had been left concerning him. He asked for Miss Gleneth; but the man—it was Cravath—replied that he would tell Mrs. Gleneth that he was here.

Two girls (as Cathal first supposed) appeared on the stairs; the light-haired one was Agnes Gleneth, and the dark one he took for her sister until they were almost downstairs, and he saw that she was older.

He was familiar, in his profession, with women who kept into middle age, and through it, slender and youthful-looking figures and faces which denied, more or less successfully, the last decade of their years—women once greatly desired, who now desperately were "holding" their men, or striving to hold them against younger women.

Cathal Martin O'Mara, attorney-at-law, knew such women well; and he had learned to read the signs of success, or of failure, in their struggle. Here, he knew at least, one was going on.

"You are the lawyer?" the mother asked him coldly.

"Yes," said Cathal.

She did not immediately proceed; and he was aware how she regarded him. His visit, and himself, composed for her an unavoidable, disagreeable incident. Her daughter for a moment had stepped out of the affairs of her own life, and intruded upon a tragic event in another's which had nothing whatever to do with her. Since they were unable to escape some further participation in the consequences of the intrusion, she must make it as formal and impersonal as possible. That was the mother's feeling.

It was not, even here, the daughter, Cathal warmed, gratefully, as he glanced at her and she gave him her hand, which firmly pressed his for the instant; but her mother did not relax her feeling of offense at him.

"You approve of what your client did?" she demanded.

"Approve?" Cathal repeated; and this charge he had met before. "To represent an accused person is not to approve of her," he replied.

"Then what is it?"

"Mother!" said Agnes.

"I asked him, what is it?" She turned again to Cathal. "You are trying to prevent that woman from being punished, are you not? And you are here because you imagine my daughter will help you!"

"Yes," said Cathal; he knew there was no arguing with her now.

"I understand," Beatrice Gleneth said, less hostilely at his lack of opposition, "you have certain rights to question her."

Agnes stepped forward from beside her mother, and she took his hat. "Cravath," she called, before her mother could interfere, "take Mr. O'Mara's coat." A minute later she led him, and her mother, into the drawing-room.

Cathal looked about. He had never been received in such a house before, and he made no attempt to conceal his interest in, nor his unfamiliarity with, such a big room.

His eyes went back to Mrs. Gleneth, and he better understood her. With no more effort of her own than was involved in marriage to a man who made money, she had come to this; but though she had it, she must starve herself slender—and she had done so—and she must keep herself over-young. And that she was endeavoring to do.

"Sit down now, won't you please?" said Agnes, the warmth within her spreading to her skin.

He waited until they both were seated separately and a little opposite each other, as they had come to be in their feelings. He dropped into a soft stuffed chair, facing them.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Haile's Private Treasury

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Had it not been a foreign dispatch, a fellow might have thought it referred to one of our own investment councillors, specializing in looking after widows' and orphans' funds, and having a neat line of European securities to dispose of, and prominent in welfare work and uplift movements in his home community—in short, a typical specimen of a sub-variety that seemed to sort of peter out in the years immediately following 1929, some quitting by request, some by indictment and some just vanishing into space, taking with them the clients' remaining cash assets, if any.



Irvin S. Cobb

But this happened to be a cablegram from Geneva stating that, when Emperor Haile and Farewell Selassie hurriedly departed from his capital, he so thoroughly cleaned out the bank of Ethiopia that all the invading Italians found in the vaults was a large frothing vacuum.

How Mencken Can Write

THIS campaign will live right up if Henry Mencken, the official human gumbol of the writing craft, takes pen in hand to discuss the men and the issues. You don't have to agree with Hen. You may quarrel with his premises and dispute his conclusions.

But can he make the language pop like a bull-whip! When he gets excited he throbs like a mashed thumb, and cuts loose like an avenging angel. Expressing himself, he always picks words of the right shape and the right color.

Literary Garbage

LET'S admit that southerners of the Col. Carter of Cartersville type were mainly the far-fetched creations of overly-sentimental fictionists. Let's admit the business of painting a largely imaginary aah-de-wah south was for many years crowded.

But why, in the revolt to debunk this sugary romance, should the land so generously spawn a crop of alleged realists who'd have the rest of the world believe the only part of the south worthy of being written about is almost exclusively peopled by loathsome degenerates of the "Tobacco Road" variety?

If one of these literary garbage collectors will but look about him, he'll find southerners who might make interesting copy and yet, excusing that they leave the sugar out of the corn bread and the low-er case "r" out of the language, are pretty much like the run of their fellow Americans elsewhere.

Gas Station Service

AN OPEN letter to the gasoline companies; Dear gasses—Why must the customer have the windshield wiped if he doesn't want the windshield wiped?

Maybe he's in a hurry. Maybe he fears the youth with the squirt gun will only mess up the windshield worse than ever. Maybe he's nervous and prefers a blurry outlook so he can't see how many close calls he's going to have from being knocked cold by lady motorists.

Even so, unless he fights like a tiger, he must endure the windshield wiping. I commend the politeness of your attendants, though deploring their frequent habit of apparently going somewhere about a quarter of a mile back of the station to make change. I admire your enterprise and your pumps are indeed works of art. Your high-way signs so fill the grateful eye that we don't have to look at comparatively dull things, such as scenery. But my dear gasses, there comes a time when too much service becomes a nuisance.

Heroic First Aid Measures

WHEN those three gallant men were imprisoned in that Moose river mine cave-in up in Canada, facing death in the darkness—one of them you'll remember, did die—and the rescuers finally bored a slender shaft through their living tomb, almost the first thing sent down from above was some hot coffee with a slug of brandy in it.

Now the Rev. A. A. McLeod has formally protested to the government of Nova Scotia about putting in the brandy.

So I've been sitting here all day trying to make up my mind, if I'd been buried in that freezing, slimy pit, which I'd prefer—to have 'em send along some spiked coffee right away or keep the mixture up on the surface and lower the Rev. A. A. McLeod with a pitcher of ice water.

It's one of those things a fellow really can't decide offhand.

IRVIN S. COBB.

—WNU Service.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

In Ancient Nile Mud England Keeps Ready Let the Dead Sleep Murder Starts Early

Paris.—Reclining on her side, her body covered with gold, gold necklaces on her neck and on the ground nearby, a r c haeologists discover the well-preserved body of an Egyptian princess whose father, the Pharaoh Chephren, built the second biggest pyramid in the world.



Arthur Brisbane

Those pyramids were tombs for pharaohs, and searchers found the princess in one of them. The Nile mud seeping into the tomb had helped to preserve her.

That princess, living 5,000 years ago, could tell an interesting story for the movies. She "built herself a small pyramid with stones given to her by her many lovers." Where do you suppose she is now? In some strange Egyptian heaven, perhaps, with all those admirers around her.

England, alarmed by European war threats, issues an official "white paper" explaining why—"The relation of our own armed forces to those of other great powers should be maintained at a figure high enough to enable us to exercise our influence and authority in international affairs."

Unfortunately for all plans, the airplane in the hands of a desperate nation might upset all national "authority," just as a pistol in the hands of a desperate man upsets individual and police authority.

One bullet will stretch individual authority in the dust; 1,000 airplanes, attacking the heart of a great city, might cause national "authority" to end in demoralization.

England's new defense increase will be largely in her air force; that wise nation knows that the real "ocean" in future wars will be the ocean of the air.

In a desert of southeastern Utah, men and women, belonging to the cult of "truth seekers," were gathered around the body of Mrs. Edith Dakhal, who died more than a year ago. You read about it, perhaps.

Mrs. Ogden, leader of the "truth seekers," prayed over the body, which appeared marvelously preserved. The "truth seekers" believe they will bring the woman back to life, but the pathetic fact is that it would not in the least matter if they did.

The important thing is to improve the condition of 1,800,000,000 actually living on the earth. For one safely out of it to be brought back would be unimportant, in these days, and perhaps cruel.

America holds the world's "murder championship" for all kinds of murder, at all ages—quantity, quality, variety, volume.

A New Jersey boy, 16 years old, was sentenced to death.

In Wisconsin, a coroner reports that little David Holl, two months old, was killed by two boys four and three years of age.

They each held one hand of the younger one, and dropped it on the floor. It cried and would not stop. Then, one of the small boys explained. "We pounded him."

"These youngest 'killers' puzzle the law. You can't 'try' a four-year-old child.

Railroads tell the interstate commerce commission they would like fares reduced to two and a half cents a mile, instead of two cents. The railroads should have all possible consideration, for they have built up this country, but at two and a half cents a mile they will not compete successfully with automobiles carrying passengers for one-quarter of a cent a mile.

New York proposes to fingerprint everybody, new babies included. The baby of the future will be busy, with finger-printing, tonsil and appendix removal, vaccination for smallpox and a half dozen other diseases.

The new treaty with France, reducing the duty on French wines and liquors by 50 per cent, interests California and other wine growing states. It should persuade them to stabilize the production of wines, establish official guarantees of purity, freedom from adulterations, mixtures, and especially "fortifying" with alcohol.

In Europe, notably in France, adulteration of wines is an offense against the law. With us, it is a business.

For advertising reasons, a group of men made a long distance hike on a diet of broken grain to prove the superiority of that diet. They were surprised when 53 hikers showed a total loss of 211 pounds in weight, while one, 68 years old, showed a gain of three pounds.

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Smiles

Turning Point

Squire to Villager—So you're married, Tom? Tom—Well, zur, I tuk a fancy to she 'cause of 'er looks; 'er's purty like. When I heard she was doin' steady washin' for seven families, then and there I surrendered, zur.

CONDESCENDING COOK



Mrs. Hatch: Did the cook leave? Mrs. Smith: No; she didn't take the trouble to leave. She simply notified us by telephone that she was going to stay away.

Worth a Battle

Magistrate—For two years you two men fished together peacefully, and yet you had to fight over this fish. Prisoner—You see, sir, it was the first one we ever caught!

PE: WHAT'S THE BEST RECIPE FOR SUCCESSFUL HOME CANNING? HERE IT IS...

NO USE NOTHING BUT U. S. ROYAL PEKO EDGE JAR RUBBERS. THEY SEAL FLAVOR IN TIGHT, AND THEIR TWO BIG LIPS MAKE THEM EASY TO APPLY, EASY TO REMOVE.



PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

We waste not time in waiting, nor in sleeping, nor certainly in praying, nor in being merry, but only in indecision.

FILTHY FLY...

...menace to Health!

414 flies examined under a powerful microscope carried an average of 1,250,000 disease germs for each fly. Some carried as high as 6,600,000 bacteria. Protect your home against this health menace. Use clean, convenient, effective and inexpensive Tanglefoot. Your nearest merchant has it... in both sheet and ribbon form.



Soothes AND Relieves

SKIN IRRITATIONS

Try Cuticura—for all skin blemishes due to external causes. Ointment 25c. Soap 25c. FREE trial sizes if you write "Cuticura," Dept. 3, Malden, Mass.

Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

Do you suffer from, scanty or too frequent urination; backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, swellings and puffiness around the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug store.

