

DRAGONS DRIVE YOU

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 runs 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. 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, heading the appeal of the desperate and the despised cause, has 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 to marry Myrtle, and after two years of wedded life she had killed him. The coroner's jury holds Myrtle to the grand jury. Agnes promises O'Mara to review the case with him.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"They told about Bert in the papers this morning," Agnes suddenly said, surprising him.

"Yes," said Cathal.

"Because I told them. I told the Grand Jury yesterday."

"Did you?" said Cathal, and watched her flush up to the roots of her fine, straw-yellow hair. She had on a simple blue dress (the same, it was, which she had worn for Rod); and in it she delighted this man too, though she was not thinking of him now.

"If I hadn't, wouldn't they have indicted her?"

He laughed, reassuring her, and she sat back. "You'd nothing to do with the indictment; and they knew about Bert, but they didn't know he'd called her at the flat while you were there with her."

"Did you know that?" asked Agnes.

"Certainly," she told me.

"Oh!"

Her mother stirred herself. How familiarly her daughter had been conversing with this criminal lawyer!

"You have just referred to your client, I presume," she said to Cathal.

"Yes."

Suddenly curiosity caught her against her intention. "Does a woman like that tell her attorney all the truth about herself?"

"Some do," said Cathal.

"Did she?"

"She told me about Bert—and her relations with her husband. He knew it; and he knew about Bert—that Bert was in love with her, and she was in love with Bert. She's much like any other woman; and he was just a husband who'd made for himself too much money."

"If your daughter had happened to pass that door in the morning, instead of the afternoon, she'd have seen a husband and wife like enough to a million others. 'Tis the way with a crime like murder—especially murder, Mrs. Gleneth. It springs from nothing unusual. Just from the most usual things in the world, it comes from—the most human impulses pushed a bit further."

"What are you talking about?"

"The life all of us are living," Cathal replied, without breaking his calm. "And when one suddenly stops living it, from being shot by his wife, others can see plainer, perhaps, what they're up to. Take Charles Lorrie and his first wife—and his second who shot him: There's nothing strange in the three of them from start to finish—except the length to which two of them went with their impulses."

"Which two?" Agnes heard her mother ask.

"Lorrie and Myrtle—who, after he'd cast off her that bore his daughter to him, then married him. He started his trouble by what he did; yet he was following only the commonest impulses of men in middle life."

"What impulse do you mean?" Indelicately?

"Infidelity is the kindest form it takes," Cathal said.

"Kindest!"

"At least," said Cathal, "sometimes. The wife—the real wife—more often gets him back, if she wants him. But Lorrie, when he fell under the delusion of the middle-aged man making money, didn't become unfaithful. He divorced his old wife, instead, and bought him a younger one."

"What do you call the delusion of the middle-aged man making money?" Agnes heard her mother press him on.

"The imagination that, marrying again, they'll have again their youth—and that they can buy both body and soul of a woman. Of course, it's the money does it to them."

"How does the money do it to them?"

By EDWIN BALMER

Copyright by Edwin Balmer
WNU Service

Was her mother aware, Agnes wondered almost aghast, what she was betraying? Or didn't she care, if this man gave her a hint that would help her?

"It lets the man deny his years," Cathal answered the mother as though he noticed nothing of her intensity. "He makes only more money, though growing older. It seems a sign of strength, greater instead of less with his years. His wife, she finds nothing in her doings to deny her years for her. Spending money doesn't do it. You got to make it. It's making money that gives proof, which the wife can't match, of his greater ability and attractions."

"Attractions?" Beatrice Gleneth repeated, and Cathal caught a twitch-like wince, so he said quickly:

"Lorrie knew better—but they all do. He knew it was his money, not him, that Myrtle had to have. She married him for it."

"And she could have got away with it, and so could he, and been satisfied, if he hadn't been happy in his marriage before. It was that which proved the death of him—that once he'd been happy!"

"How?" breathed Beatrice.

Cathal confronted her. "Have you not known happiness?" he said boldly, and waited for no answer. "Then how, having bought her with money, could he have with her the full of it?"

"She sold herself body and soul to him, did Myrtle, whom your daughter walked in on, Mrs. Gleneth. She tried to deliver her soul as well as her body to him; but the soul wouldn't deliver. Something sees to that."

He stopped, and Beatrice Gleneth remained standing, waiting for him.

"But Charles Lorrie would have soul as well as body, having paid for it. Poor as her soul was, he would have it. Once he had a wife, body and soul, you see; so he was spoiled for less. And then there was Bert. So he began to beat up his young wife Myrtle. A trifle before two o'clock on that day, when later your daughter had the ill luck to be looking about the building with Mr. Braddon, Charles Lorrie went too far. . . .

There were certain bruises and contusions on Myrtle which your daughter, placed as she was with Myrtle, could not have failed to see. So I must make sure of the manner of her memory of them, and some other items of evidence."

Agnes told him: "The morning after the—after we were in that apartment, and I read the newspapers here, I wrote down everything that I knew I'd done. The papers printed some things I didn't see and didn't do. And they didn't agree with each other."

"No," said Cathal. "Have you what you wrote?"

"In my room." And she arose. "I'll be right back."

In her room she bent before her desk, and pulled out the drawer containing her own intimate, sentimental miscellany.

She remembered now, when she had started to tuck in with this medley of the record of her meeting with Myrtle Lorrie, she had stopped, restrained by the feeling that this memorandum was utterly alien and contaminating to the other contents of the drawer. But she had no safer repository; and so she had thrust it under the other things.

She withdrew it with no such exaggerated offense at its utter strangeness. Myrtle, into whose life Agnes Gleneth had stumbled, was no woman apart. This evening, in New York, might her father be seeking some counterpart of Myrtle?

And what of Jeb twenty years from now, or sixteen years or much less, if he exhausted his happiness with her sooner?

How, actually, had Jeb offered himself?

He'd give her all; and she'd give him all. Together, while their cup contented them, they'd tip it up and drain it to the last drop of mutual emotion. And then he would turn to some other woman? And what would she do?

"I don't know Glen; and neither do you. And I don't care—nor do you—if we first have everything from each other."

But she did care.

She shifted in the drawer one of Jeb's impetuous, exciting letters; and she touched for an instant, and almost with a caress, the envelope which Rod had addressed to her; and her mind clung to its quieter yet strangely stirring contents.

She closed the drawer and took downstairs the paper which preserved her impressions of that apartment wherein Myrtle had seized upon her.

Cathal arose to receive from Agnes the paper she had brought him; and he remained standing in the center of the room as he read.

Agnes had dated the paper, and at the top had written why she was recording, at that time, exactly what she had seen and heard and done; and why she had done what she had.

Cathal could catch its importance to his client and at the same time look through this writing deep into the revelation of the nature of the girl who was watching him read. How impossible to dissemble when one writes upon a page!

Cathal had not seen Agnes' writing before; and he looked up from this page she had written, and realized as he had not, her naivete.

It multiplied in him the most powerful a man's instincts—most powerful in some men—to protect a woman in her innocence. To protect? To possess her, that was.

"God help you, Cathal!" Winnie would have cried with dread and fear for him, could she have seen him look up, from Agnes' memorandum, to Agnes.

Agnes' mother did see him; but in her mind there lay between her daughter and this lawyer an unbridgeable chasm which she could not imagine him, even in fancy, attempting to cross. Indeed, she left them alone a few minutes after Cathal began to review, in his clear, competent way, the items of evidence. The fellow—Beatrice Gleneth decided—was not offensive; on the contrary, he had a knack of dealing with most delicate subjects impersonally.

"You will make a good witness," Cathal said.

"For her?" said Agnes.

"For whom else?" asked Cathal.

"You'll get her off!" Agnes realized aloud, as she looked at him.

"She liked him; she had liked him from the instant she saw him enter Myrtle's apartment, where the police already were. The people in the courtroom would like him; the jury would like him."

The tall clock in the hall surprised Agnes with its deep, booming stroke of five; the sun, unregarded, had cut its dimming radiance half across the room. It caught Cathal's head, and Agnes observed that his hair was not, as she had thought, black, but auburn of so deep a hue that only the direct sun brought out the red in it.

He had very nice hair; and he had better hands, in strength and shape, than any other man she knew—except Rod. His eyes were as blue as Agnes knew her own to be. This lawyer had eyes that could be cool, competent, practical; and then you could catch him looking away like a dreamer, a poet.

"I'll copy this; then that's all I'll need of you, now," he said.

"How did you get into your business?" Agnes suddenly asked him.

"The law?"

"I mean, defending women like Myrtle Lorrie."

"Finally he said:

"I was offered what you would call a good start in a law-firm, after I was



"You Will Make a Good Witness," Said Cathal.

admitted to the bar, Miss Gleneth," he said. "It was with a firm you'd highly approve—knowing nothing but the name of the partners and the clients they serve. You know some of them—the clients' daughters and sons. Some live along the lake shore, making their money—the men—in the city. Your father'd know many of them. I'd done well enough in law-school, and made an acquaintance that got me the offer of the job; but it wasn't entirely me they wanted. It was more my connections."

"Connections?" said Agnes.

"Mine, such as they were, which made me friends with some who had influence in fixing what others must pay to the support of the State and the city—in taxes. I could be useful, I found, in seeing real-estate assessments adjusted and taxes reduced for those owning them. I was to be used in the tax-cheating that was cutting the heart out of Chicago."

"I don't understand," said Agnes, watching him.

"How would you? Don't think me putting myself above them that were asked to do what I wouldn't. You see, I was stopped by a stake of my own which I have in the city."

"You mean property?" asked Agnes, wondering at his feeling.

He shook his head. "No, not property. Nothing I own; merely a—memory. At least, it made me thank them that offered me that job, and turned me to criminal law—taking the case of the Myrtle Lorries. Shooting's cleaner."

"Than what?"

"He was striking back, Agnes felt; but not at her. It was at others whom he felt in some way associated with her—and how closely, she wondered.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

War Debt Hangovers

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—

In summarizing governmental finance for the fiscal year, Secretary Morgenthau doesn't even list the thirteen thousand millions of dollars owed to us by defaulting foreign nations.

But Americans at large won't forget. If you doubt this, wait till one of these debtor countries gets in a fresh jam and turns to Uncle Sam for succor—and, brother, you can spell that last word the other way and still be right.



Irvin S. Cobb

We didn't know what we were getting into when we stuck around too long after the fighting ended in 1918. Makes me think of a colored labor battalion who went on the loose at Brest on Armistice day.

A hardboiled top sergeant rounded them up:

"Get to work on dem freight piles," he commanded.

"But de mess al done over," declared a spokesman. "And us boys only enlisted fur de duration of de war."

"Lissen," barked the sergeant, "de war may be over, lak you specifics, but fur sich ez you de duration ain't hardly started."

Woes of French Hotels

IF, OVER the woes of the French resort hotels, anybody catches me shedding a tear, it'll come out of an eyepdropper and not from the heart. I'm thinking particularly of the romantic and soulful Riviera, which, under the surface, is just as romantic as an adding machine and soulful as a cash register.

There, where E. Phillips Oppenheim once delighted to "lop" and the Yankee suckers rushed in, ready for their skinning—and never disappointed—is the original home of the deft short-change and the mastodon overcharge. There I've seen many a mistake made in the bill and never yet one in favor of the customer.

Influenza Complications

SINCE the last bedside bulletin, so many souls have inquired, that I am offering a supplemental report on the work of the wrecking crew.

First I cracked an ear drum. (Cries of "Whose?") Then this clinging California influenza moved slightly south by west within your correspondent's area. So now I've fallen into the hands of a throat specialist.

A fine fellow—but easily satisfied in the matter of entertainment. His idea of a sprightly conversation is to hold down my tongue with a spoon and have me say "ah." What I claim is, when you've heard one "ah," you've heard 'em all. But he fairly hangs on my words. There's a gleam in his eye I don't like. He's beginning to crave my tonsils.

Taking Political Sides

TODAY some entirely fair-minded patriot who is snuggled up close to the throne or hopes soon to be, proclaims: "Landon is as synthetic as a rubber duck. Roosevelt is the only hope of an imperiled people. What price a constitution when we can have frankfurters?"

Tomorrow another gentleman, who likewise is as unbiased as a spitfire, bursts forth with something like this:

"Re-elect Roosevelt and your country forever is wrecked. Landon alone can save our threatened institutions. A real statesman. He eats in the kitchen and hates to wear neckties."

Meanwhile, Mr. Roosevelt remains calm and seemingly confident. Governor Landon remains calm and seemingly hopeful.

The Two Opposing Camps

ON THE Republican side there temporarily is a lull. Incredible though it sounds, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., is not getting ready to run for anything. Later reports may change this.

Organizing the speaking bureau for the Democrats, Chairman Rayburn does not list among the chosen orators the name of his most distinguished fellow Texan. In vaudeville it breeds a laugh when the second half of the sketch makes the wrong answers, but politics is something else again. Can it be that Uncle Jack Garner has become the Gracie Allen of his sex? Only they do let Gracie talk!

A writer who isn't taking sides wonders at length whether the homespun suspender-wearing qualities of Gov. Landon can overbalance the melodious and limpid lines of President Roosevelt. For this problem the appropriate musical accompaniment would seem to be, "Poet and Peasant."

IRVIN S. COBB.
Copyright—WNU Service.

Easy to Knit and Easy to Wear

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



to crochet you can make it in a jiffy. It is cool because it is lacy. Choose yellow for the color of the mercerized crocheted cotton so that it will match the sunshine of a perfect summer day. This cunning model has practically no sleeves and is held together by a drawstring about the neckline in peasant fashion.

To the left below a sheer blouse is shown knitted of mercerized crocheted cotton. It is the sort that will add the feminine touch to your mannishly tailored suit or will carry through smartly with your summer linen skirts. The rows and rows of tiny ruffles at each side above the waistline is something new. You will like this styling immensely and so will your friends for it is out of the ordinary. The sleeves puffed just above the elbow are also a smart and very new feature. The neck is high, giving that close-to-the-throat line which fashion decrees this season. This high neck effect fills the opening of a classic laped suit jacket to perfect satisfaction.

Cool and lovely in its dainty coloring is the dress pictured to the right. The majority of dresses are knitted but this one is crocheted of soft washable knit-cro-sheen. The work goes rapidly as the stitch is a very open lacy one. A dress of this type should go into every trunk that is vacation bound, for it packs, washes and wears beautifully. The soft rolled collar and the cord and tassel fastenings are style details that give "class" that is recognized at a glance.

Of course you have taken note of the crownless garden hats which the girls in the sweaters are wearing. You can make one yourself and at trifling cost—just one of those big farmer straw hats with the crown cut out and the brim slashed up the back, rounding the corners. Finish all edges with a wide bias-cut binding of gay ging-ham and add ties of the same.

STAR-PRINT CREPE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Attractively studded with the symbol of the Lone Star state, this star print crepe cocktail dress is a special design in honor of the Centennial now being held there. The closely positioned buttons, the tunic silhouette, the fanciful slit hemline, the widened puffed shoulders and the turnover collar effect are all contributing style details. Free-flowing, allowing ease of movement, this smart-looking dress is ideal for semi-formal wear.

WOMEN ADD COLOR; DON GAY GALLUSES

Not satisfied with copying men's suits, both as to material and styling, the women are now wearing suspenders. They have discovered that galluses not only furnish an added chance to introduce color and swank to the accessory theme, but these dashing skirt "holder-uppers" are exceedingly practical. In the narrow width sizes, chosen to form a daring contrast with the suit and blouse, suspenders present a smart appearance as they flash out from behind an unbuttoned jacket.

The whole idea, designers claim, is not just another fashion whim but springs directly out of style requirements set by the present trends in women's apparel; mannish suits, hence suspenders! Clipping onto the skirt, suspenders hold this garment in line properly, preventing it from acquiring that ungainly "sat-in" look.

Swim Suits Are Dark and Snug-Fitting This Season

Wine-and-white is the prize color combination for swim suits this season.

Navy-and-white comes next, and then black, in lustrous suits of elastic satin.

Most of the newest suits have a dressmaker look. They are closely fitted, complete with uplift brassiere top, halter necks and sun-backs.

The great-open-spaces fad, which left the tummy bare to the sun's rays, is doing a graceful fadeout.

Negligee Ensemble

In making a silk nightgown, buy enough silk to include a little bed jacket to match it. This can be a bow or waist length and slip on over the nightgown for breakfast in bed.