

DRAGONS DRIVE YOU

By EDWIN BALMER

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SYNOPSIS

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 deeper, obstinate decency than in Job. 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, fatally shot. He calls the police. Myrtle Lorrie tells 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. 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. When Cathal calls Mrs. Gleneth asks questions regarding marital problems, in the hope that she might get a solution to her own problem.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"Than much that is done in a city," he replied to her.

"Where do you live?" Agnes asked him, with sudden directness.

"What am I, you mean—besides a criminal lawyer? I live now near Milwaukee avenue in the city; but I was born on Archer, as was my father."

"Your father, too?"

Cathal smiled. "I know why you ask. You wonder why I speak so, when it was my grandfather that came over, and he a lad. His father brought him in the steerage; and on another ship at sea at the time, was the girl the lad was to meet on Archer road and marry."

"Your grandmother?"

"The same. You'll see her at the trial. She comes to all I'm defending."

"Does your father too?"

"He's gone," said Cathal. "He was a city fireman, and his father before him. He—my grandfather—was one of the twenty that went to the top of the tower of the Cold Storage building, at the World's Fair, when it burned."

"He was one of them that died that day, as each of them did in line of duty, Miss Gleneth," said Cathal proudly. "And his son, my father, died like him, in line of duty for Chicago. That's my stake in the city, I mentioned. Who can have more? Would I sell it out by fixing taxes for clients for my living? I'll take the defense of Myrtle Lorrie, as I've taken others. . . . But it's my speech that still surprises you. It wouldn't if you knew Winnie."

"Winnie?" asked Agnes.

"The grandmother I mentioned. She might have come over sixty hours instead of sixty years ago. . . . Do you know Padraic Colum, the Irish poet and writer, who was over here on tour a few years ago?"

"I went to hear him speak," said Agnes, wondering what now was coming.

"So did I," said Cathal. "For they told me he'd been going through Ireland having repeated to him the tale of the old Celtic tales that had never been printed. He was collecting them to write them all down. I told him he'd been wasting his time traveling. He should have come straight to Chicago, and he'd have heard them all—from Winnie. And I found, in fact, she had one he'd never heard from any other. The strange thing, it was always my favorite."

"You knew it?"

"Knew it? Wasn't I rocked and reared on them? And this I could never hear enough—the Green Bear of Babbletree."

He was holding Agnes' memorandum of what Myrtle Lorrie had said and done, after having shot her husband; and suddenly aware of it he contrasted it to the matter in his mind, and smiled.

"The women, Miss Gleneth, used to be much more enduring," he said. "They certainly put up with more in those days."

"What days?"

"Of the old tales. Take her that loved the Green Bear of Babbletree. The Green Bear, was, of course, rightly a prince, her true love," Cathal continued, "but hideously bewitched. But

though he was in his horrible guise, she must recognize the soul of him, and seven long years must she follow him over the fiery mountain, though he might never so much as turn to look at her once. If she perseveres through the seven years, she breaks the spell; he's her prince; and she has him."

"Does she?" said Agnes.

"She does, through everything," He repeated.

"Green Bear of Babbletree. Turn, thou, and look to me! Seven long years I've followed thee, Over the fiery mountain."

He had gone. Agnes was lying with eyes closed on the chaise-longue in her bedroom, when she heard her sister's voice. Bee went in first to see her mother, so Agnes had a few minutes more of dreamy reverie before her sister pushed her feet more to the side and sat down facing her. It was six o'clock.

"Your friend Myrtle's lawyer," said Bee, "seems to have queerly affected Mother."

"What did she say to you?"

"That perhaps we'd misunderstood your murderous little friend Myrtle. He certainly has done something else to Mother, too."

"Yes."

"What is it, Agnes?"

"I think she came to see somewhat differently why Father's doing—what he's probably doing, Bee."

The dark head, covered by its smart little toque, looked away. "All right, if he helped her. . . ."

The Dark One wandered to the window.

"Who's that? Job?"

"Might be," said Agnes, sitting up.

Job had had an exceptionally profitable day; and on no day, within recent memory, had business been bad. The market for stocks—rails, industrial, utilities, oils, amusements—was soaring. Today it had been almost a runaway.

Bankers, merchants, clerks, barbers, bootblacks, shopgirls, dentists' assistants, hair-dressers, manicurists, elevator boys, street-sweepers—everybody young or old, enlightened or illiterate, capable or stupid, with millions or with a scraped-up dollar or two, was playing the market. And whatever their state of mind, or of body or soul, they were all making money.

Job was exultant. He had never been so right. He had made money not only for himself but every client for whom he traded and whom he advised. He had lived in a chorus of acclaim and gain all day.

He ran halfway upstairs to meet Agnes coming down.

"Glen, what a day! We can do anything we like—anything, when you say the word!" He caught her up on the landing. "Now you'll say it! Why not? Oh, you little fool, why not? . . . That damned trial! We'll marry and come back for it. Or I'll get you out of it!"

"You can't, Job."

"Was that Irish slyster here?"

"Job!"

"Did you see the papers this afternoon? I've left them in the car. . . . They were downstairs together."

"Sweet-scented situation O'Mara's trying to profit on. Lorrie, it seems, was insured for two hundred thousand dollars—fifty of which he had left in the name of his first wife as beneficiary; but dear little Myrtle had seen that he had her written in as beneficiary for one hundred and fifty thousand."

"The companies paid today the fifty thousand to the first wife whom he divorced; but they're holding up payment of the hundred and fifty to sweet little Myrtle. If she's cleared by O'Mara, Myrtle gets the hundred and fifty thousand insurance as an additional reward for the shooting."

CHAPTER VI

Davis Ayreforth lay awake in the dark, with his wife asleep in the bed beside him. He was not happy; and he was trying to figure out what he could do differently in order to make Bee admire him.

She still loved him, he believed; for her lot it be a proof of love that his wife physically did nothing, in respect to another man, to which he could take exception, and that Bee continued without complaint—indeed, only too complacently—to be his wife.

So Davis said to himself: "She loves me; she loves me. . . . But she admires Job more. . . . She doesn't admire me at all."

"It's because Job is making so much money," Davis argued with himself. "Money is all Job has that I haven't got."

"It's not more money she wants for herself, or for me or for the boys. But she wants me to make more money. . . . I've got to make more money—a lot of money, as much as Job Braddon. I can do it! He has nothing on me!"

Job, as every one knew, had made millions for himself. To such a star, Davis hitched the weak wagon of his abilities as he wrestled in the dark with his disappointments.

Davis' business was canning—a good business in Chicago, safe and steady, though never spectacular, and well suited to Davis, who was by nature a safe, steady person, though he tried not to appear so.

He was thirty-two, a cheerful, healthy, stocky man of medium height, thoughtful of others and tireless when he set out to do anything.

Yet it all seemed only to amuse his wife. Even his excellence in golf, which once she had admired, seemed almost to amuse her now. He did not understand why.

Millions now became the measure of a man. The old slow, conservative scale of progress was gone. Salary, dogged, dependable work, was nothing. A man went out, in these days, and made—millions!

Davis did not want to do it at all; he was, for himself, exactly suited. But Bee—his wife, the mother of his boys—believed Job the better man. Job thrilled her; her husband, though she "loved" him, bored her.

There was that fellow Collitt, who had come around to the office the other day with Ken Remble. They were forming a company for underwriting new investments, real-estate developments. There was millions in it, they said; millions!

They wanted him to become a partner, but put about a hundred thousand into it. He'd thanked them and hardly thought of it.

Davis turned again with more hopefulness toward the dark head on the pillow of the other bed.

It was a month later that the resignation of Davis Ayreforth, as treasurer of a canning company, took effect, and he sold back to the officers of the company all his stock. Davis also sold sixty-five of his best bonds; and it happened that Collitt had somewhat under-estimated the new capital required, and so Davis put up, not one hundred, but a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

But the firm of Collitt, Ayreforth and Remble was formed, and promptly promoted and marketed their first investment line.

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Agnes, on the morning that Myrtle's missive arrived, had risen for breakfast with her father.

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"I'm Not Marrying Job This Spring—Or Summer, Father."

like things that inflated into bunnies and miraculous buds that needed only to float in a finger-bowl to flower. It was fun to have breakfast with Father.

Her mother so invariably had risen with him that Agnes never had pictured breakfast without them together until, last fall, her mother ceased to come down before her father left the house.

This signaled some decline in the relations of her parents which Agnes felt but did not let herself define.

"Talked with your mother about summer plans, Light One?" he suddenly demanded, one sunny morning.

"No. What are they, Father?"

"You're to make them."

"I? How?"

"Largely by what you do. There's the trial first, of course; but with're moving that along. Then what're you, Light One?"

"You mean about Job?"

"That's it."

"I'm not marrying Job this spring—or this summer, Father."

"Because of us?"

"I don't know why not, Father; oh, I don't know why not!"

He had to turn away.

Agnes saw the lawn and "their" shore of the lake that she loved, through the mist of tears.

What and who was she that counted with him more than her mother and her and all his memories here? What could she be to him, to mean so much?

Her father was thinking of that person, unknown to his daughter and scarcely more defined to his wife, but whom his wife had called "Cash."

"Cash!" What a name for her! It had been fastened upon her by his wife; and in this manner:

On Friday of last week, which was the first of the month, Beatrice Gleneth had gone to Chicago in the forenoon for shopping, and she was to remain in the city for the afternoon concert of the Chicago orchestra. For twenty-five years she had two seats, which she had shared on special days throughout the years with her husband.



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Fans Last Ovation to Humphreys Best Memory to Retain

HE HAD been leaning forward from one of the padded leather chairs in a corner of the Garden boxing office. Felt hat carefully balanced on one knee, he had been listening eagerly to the brisk gossip, watching Marge dispose of too presumptuous free-ticket seekers, breathing again the breath of what had been life to him for almost fifty years.

Then the crowd had drifted away. I looked at him again.

After all, times change, old friends drop off quickly. When a man who has been out of close touch so long is shoved again into the spotlight he must wonder if it will be the same. He—I thought that I noted one gnarled hand trembling slightly. We fell to talking, not about the illness that came three years ago, but about other brighter days.

There were stories about boyhood moments on Oliver street when he used to play marbles with the "Governor," a gentleman who is known more familiarly to most others as Al Smith.

About how Murphy, who seldom went to fights, once sat beside him at a pulse-strumming bout and punched his ribs black and blue in the midst of the excitement. About how Sullivan named him "Joe the Beaut," a title which he much preferred to the "Bowery Demosthenes" which some newspaper guy tagged him at a later date.

There was the proud boast that, for years, he had been able to smoke a cigarette, chew gum and announce a fight at the same time.

How did he come to get into this racket? Well, he was a newsboy when he was ten years old and the folks who used to listen to him on the old Produce Exchange corner used to admire the power of his voice even then. After that there was a lot of distinction to be achieved as master of ceremonies at balls and parties in the neighborhood.

Pie Traynor Convinced Diz Would Make Pirates

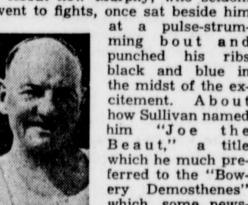
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Another hot Boston blast is directed at the National League. The fans, who esteem Wally Berger so highly that the Bees were afraid to make several very promising deals for him this spring, cannot understand why he was kept on the bench during the dream game in his home park. . . . Larry Benton, a great pitcher when he served the Braves and Giants, soon will be released by the Baltimore club. . . . Rudd Howie, 155-pound triple-threat star at Hun school in Princeton, is an unreasonable lad. In spite of tempting offers from two major colleges nearer home the youngster, who is tabbed as "surefire varsity," plans to enter Harvard this fall.

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The very happiest? No, those were swell times when he and Sam Harris and Terry McGovern were in the fight business. Best fighter that ever lived, that Terry.

Secret of success? Well, what you had to have to handle a crowd was a voice, personality and color. It ought to be a deep, bass voice with lots of vibrations. You shouldn't ought to antagonize the crowd either. What you should do was use good judgment and try to keep them friendly.

What? Well, yeah, maybe he was sometimes misquoted. But what of it. Suppose he did stand up in the old Garden that last night there and demand silence so he could pronounce a "apostrophe" to the famed statue of Diana. The point about that was that he'd announced fights in this state under three boxing laws since 1899.

Besides, what if some people did laugh at that crack. It made them happy and so kept them satisfied, didn't it? Well, that was the real job of an announcer and if some of those birds who—

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"So long," he said. "I'll be—hey, I tell you what. You're always using old-time pictures on those sports pages of yours. Why don't you come out some day? I've got a lot of them and we could sit around some more and—"

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NATIONAL Leaguers aver that Charley Gehring was the best American circuit performer in the All-Star affair, with Lou Gehrig ranking a very close second. Eddie Stuart, best of all lacrosse goalies when he operated in front of the Mount Washington and Crescent A. C. nets, has moved from Westchester to a better business proposition in Boston. . . . Watch Southern California next fall. The behind-the-scenes dope is that Howard Jones again has assembled one of the nation's best football teams. . . . It's tough preparing for an Olympic invasion. A recent letter from Berlin confides that officials have been working overtime stocking up sixteen different brands of chewing gum for the athletes.

Unless he takes a salary cut Jimmy Wilson may be looking for a new job next year. Now that the once great catcher no longer is very active on the playing field his boss seems to feel that a \$17,000 annual salary is too much for a mere Phillie manager. . . . Van Mungo is not surprised at the unjustified rumors that he misbehaved before the All-Star game. When he checked in at his hotel on Monday morning he was assigned to Room 313 and when he paid for his breakfast he received a \$2 bill in change. After that he was prepared for anything in the way of hard luck.

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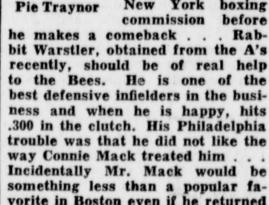
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Pie Traynor will tell you that if the Pirates had Dizzy Dean they would win the pennant easily. . . . Although they do not deny that the big boy may do it, the smarter and more homesick boxing people feel that Joe Louis will need more than the extra foot of bandage permitted him by the ever-obliging New York boxing commission before he makes a comeback. . . . Rabbit Warstler, obtained from the A's recently, should be of real help to the Bees. He is one of the best defensive infielders in the business and when he is happy, hits .300 in the clutch. His Philadelphia trouble was that he did not like the way Connie Mack treated him. . . . Incidentally Mr. Mack would be something less than a popular favorite in Boston even if he returned all that dough he has been taking out of the town since he located the Yawkey bakery. The fans are sore because he was in town on a Sunday for a regularly scheduled contest but would not wait over for the all-star affair two days later.

Another hot Boston blast is directed at the National League. The fans, who esteem Wally Berger so highly that the Bees were afraid to make several very promising deals for him this spring, cannot understand why he was kept on the bench during the dream game in his home park. . . . Larry Benton, a great pitcher when he served the Braves and Giants, soon will be released by the Baltimore club. . . . Rudd Howie, 155-pound triple-threat star at Hun school in Princeton, is an unreasonable lad. In spite of tempting offers from two major colleges nearer home the youngster, who is tabbed as "surefire varsity," plans to enter Harvard this fall.

The best minor league buy right now is Cliff Melton, who once had a tryout with the Yankees. He is a big, young, limber and not too smart Southerner possessed of a very good fast ball and a sharp breaking curve. Baltimore is asking \$50,000 for him and will take 20 G's less—Don Lash, who possibly is the best Olympic distance star ever developed in the U. S., did his first running as a barefooted boy of thirteen. That was in the cow pasture back of the little red school in his home hamlet of Auburn, Ind. Could it be that Penn, the team which he beat at Princeton's football winning streak early in October, already has started practice?

The New York state athletic commission has dug up an old rule which decrees that all prize fight contracts must be signed at the commission's offices. This, naturally, will not improve the very messy boxing situation but should give the matchmaking state officials some well extra chances to get their pictures in the papers. . . . A Boston restaurant features a Terry hot plate on its "Celebrity" menu. The dish is "Freshly made corned beef hash with dropped egg." . . . Jimmy Butwell, who came back from the World war to continue his career as one of the all-time great jockeys, now is a patrol judge.

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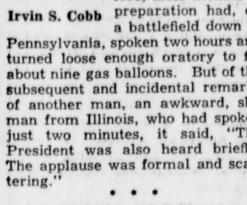
What Irwin S. Cobb Thinks about

An Immortal Oration

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—The future has a rotten trick of musing up the judgments of the present. What a pity it is that we can't wear our hind-sights in front.

When I read where some ponderous performing pachyderm of the literary elephant quadrille says: "This story will live forever," I get to thinking about a time-yellowed copy of a metropolitan newspaper I saw once, a paper that was printed on November 20, 1863.

It devoted great gobs of praise and nine solid columns very solid to the eloquence of the Hon. Edward Everett of Massachusetts, who, on the day before, after months of preparation had, on a battlefield down in Pennsylvania, spoken two hours and turned loose enough oratory to fill about nine gas balloons. But of the subsequent and incidental remarks of another man, an awkward, shy man from Illinois, who had spoken just two minutes, it said, "The President was also heard briefly. The applause was formal and scattering."



Irwin S. Cobb

Prejudices of Critics. OFTEN, 'twould seem, the professional reviewer makes up his mind beforehand that he doesn't like you and behaves accordingly.

A friend sent me a clipping from a small city—it dealt with the opening of the picture, "Everybody's Old Man." The writer was quite severe in his analysis. He didn't like the film. Passionately, he didn't care for me.

The joke was that the theater where the picture was to have been shown burned down just about the time the paper went to press, and the picture wasn't ever shown in that town.

The next best illustration of the point I'm making dates back years ago. I was discussing various novelists with that gentle wit, the late Oliver Herford.

"Ollie," I said, "what do you think of So-and-So's books?" "My dear Cobb," he softly murmured, "something I once wrote about him—in a critical way—so prejudiced me against the man I could never bear to read any of his books."

Self-Anointed Dukes. OUT here we're waiting for that Spanish baron and that French count back in New York to form the mother branch of their Noblemen's club for the protection of holders of genuine titles in America and, presumably, as a guarantee to our own home-grown heirs-esses that, when they marry foreign princelings or what not, the goods will be as described. There's been a lot of title-legging, you know.

As soon as the organization gets started we're going to open the Hollywood division. Since only the authentic nobility may qualify, it's figured that the active roster will be confined to a very limited group.

The State of the Nation. FAR be it from me to turn alarmist right on the heels of the hot wave, but I feel it my duty to warn my fellow-Americans that this fragile and crumbling republic is doomed. That is, it's doomed if you can believe what comes out of our sainted political leaders in the way of predictions.

Hark to the quavering chorus which already has started up: A crisis exists. Every professional crisis-breeder in the land openly admits it. I can't remember when a crisis wasn't existing. But they come larger in campaign years. We are facing a dread emergency which has had no parallel since the last occasion when we faced a dread emergency. This very hour the nation totters on the brink of an abyss.

Miracles and Misdemeanors. ONCE upon an early time there was a man so holy that even the wild creatures would not harm him. He drew a thorn from the paw of a tame lion and the grateful beast followed after him. So he became a saint.

Only the other day in a court in Tanganyika, which is in Africa, a black man—a savage by our definitions—was on trial. It seemed the lions were raiding the stock, so the native authorities set traps for them. The accused found a lion in one of these traps and made a ladder and went down and helped the great brute to escape.

Being arrested, he explained simply that the lion was his friend. So they fined him \$12.50. In the olden times it was a miracle. Nowadays it's a misdemeanor.

IRVIN S. COBB
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(TO BE CONTINUED)