

DRAGONS DRIVE YOU

By EDWIN BALMER

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SYNOPSIS

Jeb Braddon, young and fantastically successful broker of Chicago, is infatuated with Agnes Gleneth, beautiful daughter of a retired manufacturer, Rodney, who lives in love with Agnes, visits his brother, Jeb, Rod plans work in Rochester. Jeb suggests that he make a try for Agnes before leaving. In Rod there is a deeper, obstinate decency than in Jeb. 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. 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. Cathal wins them over to Myrtle's cause. Jeb tells Agnes that O'Mara is seeking to profit on the insurance money Myrtle will collect if acquitted. Mrs. Gleneth finds cancelled checks made out to "Cash" by Bob, and realizes "Cash" is her rival in New York. Bob admits "Cash" exists. They decide to leave things as they are.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"I had a letter this morning from Mrs. Lorrie."
"Oh!" So it was the case, of course; no more than that. "What did Mrs. Lorrie say to you?"
"She asked if I would come visit her."
"In the jail, she meant."
"Yes. Should I, Mr. O'Mara?"
He was slow to reply. Say yes, and he would see her. She would come to town by appointment with him, and he would escort her to the jail; and then, Braddon not interfering, he'd see her to her train again. Fool—oh, fool! How his pulses were pressing him!
"You should not," Mrs. Lorrie had said, controlling himself. "Mrs. Lorrie had neither right nor need to ask it of you."
"You do not ask it, then?"
"I? No." And now, having downed one temptation, another which he had refused before, got the better of him.
"Miss Gleneth?"
"Yes."
He proceeded, recklessly. "That is, of course, your brother-in-law, Mr. Davis Ayreforth, that makes the new firm with Collett and Remble?"
"Yes," said Agnes. "Why?"
"Has he been long a friend of this Collett?"
"What do you mean by that, Mr. O'Mara?"
"Has he? That's just what I mean, Miss Gleneth."
"I don't know."
"I will," said Agnes; and she thanked him and hung up.
Very slowly he returned his receiver to its hook. Perplexation stood on him. Now why had he let himself do that? He knew very well.
Agnes arose, a bit breathless, and decided to go at once to her sister's. She got out her roadster, and as she backed from the garage, Baskerville half blocked the driveway as he offered himself for company. To the great hound's lumbering delight, she leaped down, opened the rumble, and Baskerville clambered in, seating himself sedately upright. He was absurdly solemn and supercilious-looking when he was riding, holding his huge muzzle high in the air, and sniffing the rushing wind.
It was lunch-time for the children at Bee's, and Agnes knew that on such a fine, sunny day; Bee would have had a table set in the orangerie which edged the circle of the driveway before the house. From far off Agnes spied the table and the little heads in the sun, and a somebody serving; so she sounded her horn, and sped dashingly thrice about the loop of the drive to display Baskerville to the children before she halted, and the big hound, with the economy of motion by which he accomplished all things, slid to the gravel.
The Black Watch, meanwhile, had been doing its deafening best to tear the house down. The Black Watch was the closest and most complete

cooperative of canine companions—two Scotties, Biff and Bing, who tumultuously defied Baskerville when behind the pane of glass. Once they were let out, as now they were, they ran to the hound in utmost friendship. Baskerville never paid them the slightest attention.
The children were banging their spoons on the table with eyes only for Baskerville; they scarcely noticed Agnes when she kissed them. She kissed her sister, and took the chair placed at the table for her, and they both watched Baskerville and the boys.
The dog carefully established himself between them.
He was so huge that, when he sat on the floor, his tawny head was above the board and almost as high as Davy's dark little head on his right. Davy was in his high-chair with a tray before him and fastening him in; Bobby also was in the high-chair, but he sat promptly at the table. Neither boy feared in the least the great hound. They were delighted when he came to lunch; and they—and also Baskerville—knew the rules about him. When a boy finished a dish, he could give the last lick of his spoon to Baskerville.
Each boy got an extra arrowroot cracker for Baskerville to crunch; then Bobby and Davy gave him the last of their dessert.
The Black Watch, noses in the sun, lay side by side assuming slumberous indifference to this rank favoritism.
Agnes, oblivious of her errand, sat beside her sister and watched them all. She felt relaxed and grateful and very content; she had no desire to end this interlude. Bee had none. Here with her children, she was happy. Why did time have to run on? But after dessert, for little boys there must be naps.
Selma, their nurse, had taken them away. Side by side, with ears cocking at the slightest alarm, the Black Watch slept in the sun; and the great hound lay asleep, head on his forepaws. The luncheon table had been cleared away.
"Sometimes," said Bee from her wicker chaise-longue, "sometimes I think I—well—Davy and I—have done something." And she passed her hands down over her slim figure as though



She Thanked Him and Hung Up.

she could not always believe, herself, that she had borne two sons.
"I think you've done a lot!" Agnes cried. "Oh, Bee, they're what count!"
"I guess they do—a little," admitted Bee, and shook out a cigarette. "So I'm not sure I won't have another."
"You want a girl?" asked Agnes.
"I guess so," said Bee, after she had her light. "But I really don't care. I'll love the result; and I'm one of those women, I guess, that get a kick out of the bearing, too."
"You do it beautifully, certainly."
"You don't get me, Agnes. It's occupation, and—" She stopped. Then: "And the wife's anesthetic against—"
"Against what, Bee?"
"See here," said Bee sternly, and sitting up, "don't you ever find out!"
"Bee," said Agnes suddenly, "tell me about Mr. Collett?"
"What about him?"
"How much does Davis know concerning him?"
"Oh," comprehended Bee, relaxing, "probably nothing at all. He's gone into partnership with him; but as you know, Davis is a trusting soul as to people. I believe he trusts practically everybody—but God."
"Agnes had to laugh. "How do you mean?"
"I mean it," assured Bee. "Regarding the record, he's insured everybody and everything, everywhere, against fire, flood, storm, pestilence and disaster—all acts of God, but he'll take any mere mortal on faith. After he embraced the burning idea of giving up a salaried position to go in with Collett and Remble, he couldn't wait for Father to return from New York before he signed the preliminary agreement with them. They're going to make Davis several millions—which is certainly very nice of them, since up to now they've refrained from showing themselves with money. Of course, they've got Davis' capital now."
"Then you doubt them, Bee?"
"Not in the slightest. They'll take Davis for what he's put up; but we can stand it. I mean the family can. Father's rolling it up—isn't he? He'll give it to me, if I need it—as he would to you, Agnes. So what's the

harm in letting Davis learn he's not a financier? All that can happen is—he'll lose."
"Yes," said Agnes; and she thought that was all that could happen.
"Davis is out, you see," added Bee, "to make a few millions for me—as though I hadn't any trouble that another baby or a million dollars couldn't cure."
With this, Bee dismissed the matter; so Agnes was not obliged to disclose the source of her concern over Collett. But when she made inquiry of Jeb that evening, he extracted it from her.
"Collett?" said Jeb. "He's been in jams, I hear; but nothing that he did has ever come to court. He's a trader—one of the cleverest traders in town; and straight enough now."
"But what is against him?"
"Nothing I know, except that he hasn't always been—well—solid. But Davis is solid; he's that sort."
"Yes," said Agnes.
"So together, they ought to be all right. Then they'll be helped by the natural assumption that your father'd see Dave through—if he needed more capital." "It doesn't exactly hurt Collett, Ayreforth and Remble that everybody knows we're marrying, and so I'd see him through, if it came to a pinch."
"Jeb, we're not marrying."
"You just think so! . . . Glen! Oh, God, Glen, you drive me crazy! . . . Kiss me! . . . No! As if you meant it! And mean it! . . . Oh, damn you, Glen, what's the matter? What got you bothered about Collett today?"
Agnes told him it was O'Mara, and Jeb held her tighter.
"Was he here again?"
"No. It was over the phone."
"What was he calling you about?"
"He didn't call me, Jeb; I called him." And she told him about Myrtle's letter. "So I called Mr. O'Mara to find out if I should go to the jail to see her."
"What did he tell you?"
"That I shouldn't."
"That's right, but why didn't you call me? I'd have told you. . . . What else did that slyster say to you?"
"He mentioned Mr. Collett, and asked how well Davis had known him."
"Tell that Irishman to mind his own business. I'll watch Davis' partners for you. They've backed now; they'll be all right. . . . Glen, why do you let O'Mara play you?"
"Play me?"
"For a mark. Do you mean to be her—and his—witness at the trial? You've got to realize what you're doing. Her trial isn't going to turn on her; it's going to turn on you. He knows it. You're just God's gift to the defense attorney, if you let him make a mark of you. They're playing you for quite a stake, between them. They're not only after you to get her off, but also they're after a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in life-insurance alone which the companies will have to pay her, if she's acquitted. Half of that goes to him, you may be sure. Remember that, when he talks to you. For God's sake, Glen, come to!"

Agnes lay awake long that night, with one wonder, one bother, one doubt and perplexity following another through her thoughts and feelings. She had never felt so confused.
What did love—or desire, if you call it that—do to you in these days?
For a while, it might make you happy, as it had made Mother and Father happy together for many years, and as it had made Bee happy for a while, at least, before she found out that she was—what? Bored? Was it mere boredom that Bee would escape, for a while longer, by having another baby? Was it that which neither the baby nor a million dollars could cure?
After you married, and no matter whom you married, you went on living; you and your husband, both of you. You did not cease to be human beings; you became more human, having babies. Love, whatever that might be, could not possibly be a panacea against all ills and troubles.
Yet you wanted to believe it to be. Jeb did not even pretend that he thought it was. Jeb was utterly honest and practical, for all his impetuous and violent feelings. He offered you in marriage all the excitement and sensation that a man and a girl could give each other. With him, you'd tip up the cup and empty it to the last drop. You'd have a lot of love with him. He'd hold you against all the world, his strong arms about you. You liked his strength; you liked more. . . . But it would not endure. He did not even try to tell you it surely would endure. For he didn't believe in love everlasting—"tepid, tasteless stuff you can bear to sip and never need to gulp."
Agnes began to be sleepy. . . .
"Turn, thou, and look to me: Seven long years I've followed thee, Over the fiery mountain."
Who followed whom? And why? What was that? It was the Princess who followed over the fiery mountain; and for love of him, she followed, though he had been bewitched and never once looked back at her.
Agnes didn't believe that O'Mara was playing her just for a "mark" to make for himself money. She did not want to believe it.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Burned Temple to Gains Fame
Erostratus was the Ephesian who set fire to the temple of Diana on the day that Alexander the Great was born (B.C. 356). This he did to make his name immortal. In order to defeat his object, the Ephesians forbade his name ever to be mentioned.

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

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I am writing this on a hot day—a very hot day. The thermometer on my porch Thermometer informs me that it is a hundred degrees Fahrenheit. I could believe that it is very much hotter than that.
The people that pass my door have taken off their coats—if they are men.
The women, who refuse to be beaten even if they can't really keep cool, are wearing filmy rayment, but they don't pant the way men do.
But while I admit that I am inconvenienced, and wish I could be in Alaska and lean against an ice floe like a polar bear, I know that if I stop thinking about the weather and go to work I will soon lose myself in my job.

A little way down the street is a fire-engine house. The firemen have rigged a pipe up in front of the building and from its mouth spouts a continuous man-made geyser. All the children in the neighborhood, and they make as much noise as all the children in town, are stripped to their little buffs and are shouting joyfully as they bend down their backs and let the spray from the pipe run over them.
Every time there is a lull in the proceedings to change children—for there are too many of them to soak all at once—a flock of sparrows alight to have their turn at the cooling process.

But in the suburban town where I live, and in the great city which is not far away, men and women are doing their regular work.
If a fire should break out in another part of the town, the fire-

men who are now watching the children enjoy their shower baths would mount their ladder trucks and man their engines, and be off with a blare of sirens to do their appointed job.

If they decided they didn't want to get any hotter and stayed where they were perhaps the town might be consumed.

Men and women can do in a pinch what they have to do, whether the temperature is up or down.

When the need arises, especially the need to help others out of danger, their courage crops out and they all become heroes for the time being.

And I, who have nothing to do for the present but pound a typewriting machine would do well to forget the fact that it is uncomfortable, and stop breathing hard and making continuous trips to the refrigerator for ice cubes to fill my glass.

Rain or snow, cold or hot, one is easier in his mind if he forgets the discomforts that are bound to come, and to continue with his work.

And the more indispensable work he has to do, the more easily he will withstand the steaming streets and the torrid skies.
As long as it is not humanly possible to change the weather, the only intelligent thing to do is to forget about it.

Heavy Stuff

The neutron, the infinitesimal particle of matter being used to bombard the nucleus of the atom in the hope of releasing its energy, is so heavy that a thimbleful of them would weigh about a million tons.—Collier's Weekly.

SUCCESS PROCESS TOO COMPLICATED TO BE GIVEN OUT

Few processes are so delicate or complicated as those of success. Who would venture to say that he has mastered them so thoroughly that he can venture to tell another human being how to make a success of this individual life. Some people who succeeded never seek counsel. They have instincts which guide them aright in the most difficult moves of the game. They make mistakes, of course. It is often necessary to make mistakes once, so that one need not make them a second time.

William Watson, in one of his poems, has spoken of "that stillness on a base of power." There is fine counsel, as well as truth, in the phrase; for true power goes as quietly about its work as gravitation.

Failure is usually a nervous, fidgety creature, perpetually agitating itself as to whether or not it is succeeding; whether or not it is winning acceptance. Success, on the other hand, does its work, does it with all its might, knows for certain that it has done it well, and, come, praise or blame, passes quickly on to its next job; or if it be not always so scientifically sure of itself as this, it practices what I have called an "optimistic fatalism."
—Richard Le Gallienne.

Village of Tongues

More different noises and voices are heard in a villa in Uccle, Belgium, than in any other spot on earth. There, day and night, a staff of the Union Internationale de Radiophonie "police" the radio stations of Europe to see that they are adhering to their wavelengths. The place is a bedlam of squeals, whistles and roars and programs that come through in about 12 languages and dialects.—Collier's Weekly.

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