

DRAGONS DRIVE YOU

by EDWIN BALMER



Copyright by Edwin Balmer
WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

Jeb Braddon, young and fantastically successful broker of Chicago, is infatuated with 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 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 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 life around Cathal, who, being ambitious, had worked his way through law school and, heeding 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. 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

"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 naïveté. It multiplied in him the most

powerful of 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 court-room 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 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 this lake shore, making their money—the men—in the city. Your



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

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 to make properties more profitable 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.

"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 steamer; 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. . . . 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 Padric 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 last of the old Celtic tales that had never seen print. 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. Then Bee came into her room. She had thrown a lounging robe loosely over her. Agnes arose as she entered. 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 something differently why Father's doing what he's probably doing, Bee."

The dark head looked away. "All right, if he helped her. . . ."

The Dark One wandered to the window.

"Who's that? Jeb?"

"Might be," said Agnes.

Jeb 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.

Jeb 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, Jeb."

"Was that Irish shyster here?"

"Jeb!"

"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,



"All Right, if He Helped Her."

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 let 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 complaisantly—to be his wife.

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

"It's because Jeb is making so much money," Davis argued with himself. "Money is all Jeb 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 Jeb Braddon. I can do it! He has nothing on me!"

Jeb, 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.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lawyers in White House

Nearly all of the 31 men who have held the office of President have been lawyers: John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, Hayes, Garfield, Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, Taft, Wilson, Coolidge and Franklin Roosevelt.

Improved Uniform International LESSON

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
© Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for August 9

SAUL CONVERTED AND COMMISSIONED

LESSON TEXT—Acts 9:1-9, 17-19; 1 Timothy 1:12-14.
GOLDEN TEXT—I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.—Acts 26:19.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Saul Becomes Jesus' Friend.
JUNIOR TOPIC—On the Road to Damascus.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Appointed for Service.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—After Conversion What?

The conversion of Saul of Tarsus is one of the outstanding events of Bible history. It presents one of the strongest evidences of the truth of the Christian faith, for only on the ground of regeneration can we account for the change in Saul's life, and only on the assurance that he met the Living and Risen Christ can we account for his conversion.

As our lesson opens we find the brilliant, zealous, young Jew, Saul, as:

I. A Bold Persecuter (9: 1, 2).

He was "yet breathing out threatening and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord." The death of the godly Stephen had only increased his determination to wipe out those who were "of this way"—the followers of the One who is "the way." But as he carries letters from the high priest to Damascus which would authorize him to imprison them, he meets the Christ whom he persecutes and he becomes

II. A Convicted Sinner (vv. 3-9).

Stricken down by a brilliant heavenly light, he finds himself talking to the Lord Jesus. He hears from his holy lips the solemn indictment of those who persecute God's people—"Why persecutest thou me?" He who lays unkind hands, or untrue accusation upon God's children had best beware, for so closely is our Lord identified with his people that when they suffer, it is he who bears the hurt.

In a single sentence the Lord disposes of the persecuting zeal and the sinful skepticism of this proud young Pharisee, and Saul enters into Damascus not as the haughty persecuter, but as a man trembling and astonished at his own sin. He spends three days shut in with his own soul and God, not seeing, not caring to eat, losing all consciousness of earth, but entering into communion with God. By God's grace the old life is pulled up by the roots as it is displaced by the new life in Christ Jesus. And now God is ready to send his servant Ananias to address Paul as

III. A Converted Brother (vv. 17-19).

The fears of Ananias that Saul might still be a worker of evil (v. 13) are soon overcome by God's assurance that in the praying Saul he had prepared for himself "a chosen vessel" (v. 15) to bear the gospel to the Gentiles and to kings, as well as to the children of Israel. Let us not fail to note carefully that the greatest of all Christian leaders, the apostle Paul, was led out into his life of loyalty and service to Christ by a humble layman. Repeatedly God's Word by precept and example stresses the vital importance of personal work on the part of lay men and women. The leaders of Christian work during the coming generation are now in the Sunday School classes of our churches, perhaps in a little wayside chapel in the country, in the village church, in the mission or settlement house, or in the great city church. Reader, he or she may be in your Sunday school class. Have you really tried to win him for Christ?

Saul knew nothing of that subtle hypocrisy known as being "a secret believer," for at once he made open confession of his faith in baptism, and "Straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues that he is the Son of God" (v. 20). He became indeed

IV. A Mighty Preacher (1 Tim. 1:12-14).

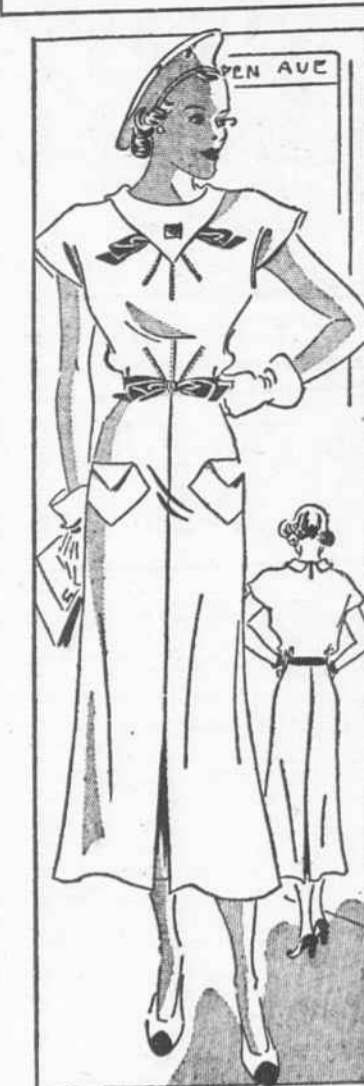
In this passage Paul is writing to his son in the faith, Timothy, about thirty-four years after his conversion. As he looks back over the years he forgets the trials and sorrows, the beating with rods, the shipwrecks, the bitter disappointment over false brethren (Read II Cor. 11:23-28). He remembers only the matchless grace of God that showed mercy toward a blasphemer and persecutor, and counted him faithful, appointing him with "his service."

Paul summarizes that which we know to have been the great life of the world's mightiest preacher by attributing it all in true humility to "the grace of our Lord" which "abounded exceedingly with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus." For to him "to live was Christ" (Phil. 1:21). Life was cherished by him as giving opportunity to preach Christ.

Magnet of Thankfulness

The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so will it find in every hour some heavenly blessing, only the iron in God's sand is gold.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Captivating Daytime Frocks



Pattern No. 1916-B

This clever dress features a flattering yoke which dips to a point in front and is equipped with twin slashes a few inches below the neckline to accommodate a ribbon bow of any color you wish to use. Most women like several different ones to which they match their accessories. Radiating tucks at the yoke and waist contribute a smooth fit and flattering effect, while center seams in front and back terminate in two kick pleats for reserved fullness where it will do the most good. The pointed pockets with shaped turned over flaps are novel. You'll want to make more than one dress, because the pattern is so easy to follow and the fabrics so numerous to choose from. How about seersucker, novelty cotton, linen, crash or silk.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1916-B is available for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. Send 15 cents in coins.

Send for the Summer Pattern Book containing 100 Barbara Bell

Praise

LET'S praise each other now and then, Give credit when it's due, Let's help the downcast heart again To tackle life anew, Let's pay the debts of love we owe, Forget the debts of hate, Let's say the kindest words we know Before it is too late.

EVERYTHING changeth, Man canst thou remain alone Careless of betterment and changeless as a Stone?—Sibelius.

well-planned, easy-to-make terms. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and teens. Send 15 cents for copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 367 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service

Uncle Phil Says:

Perhaps It's Plated

A man may be born with a silver spoon in his mouth and make no stir in the world.

If you don't like the picture of Mona Lisa or a Wagner opera or Milton's poetry you are necessarily uncultured. Culture is a matter of knowing more than of liking.

To rule one's anger is well; prevent it is better.

Some people tell the truth, shame the devil, others just make trouble.

Democratic Aristocrat

We congratulate ourselves being a democratic people, any man is pleased by being he is aristocratic. Why not an aristocrat can be democratic.

A life without affection and sympathy could give only a negative kind of happiness.

It's easier to love an enemy after you get the better of him.

Perhaps money talks, but it is dom comes when it is called.

CLEANS TIES, DRESSES, HATS, PERFECT HOME DRY CLEANERS, 30¢, 40¢, 65¢ BOTTLES, ALL DRUGGISTS, MUFTI SHOE WHITE, will not rub off, Contains Ingredients of Mufti Home Dry Cleaners to CLEAN AS IT WHITENS. Large bottles 50¢.

Fortify Yourself! Best way to resist a temptation is to get yourself disgusted with it.

KILL COCKROACHES, 35¢, STEARNS' PASTE, 50¢, 100¢, 250¢, 500¢, 1000¢, 2500¢, 5000¢, 10000¢, 25000¢, 50000¢, 100000¢, 250000¢, 500000¢, 1000000¢, 2500000¢, 5000000¢, 10000000¢, 25000000¢, 50000000¢, 100000000¢, 250000000¢, 500000000¢, 1000000000¢, 2500000000¢, 5000000000¢, 10000000000¢, 25000000000¢, 50000000000¢, 100000000000¢, 250000000000¢, 500000000000¢, 1000000000000¢, 2500000000000¢, 5000000000000¢, 10000000000000¢, 25000000000000¢, 50000000000000¢, 100000000000000¢, 250000000000000¢, 500000000000000¢, 1000000000000000¢, 2500000000000000¢, 5000000000000000¢, 10000000000000000¢, 25000000000000000¢, 50000000000000000¢, 100000000000000000¢, 250000000000000000¢, 500000000000000000¢, 1000000000000000000¢, 2500000000000000000¢, 5000000000000000000¢, 10000000000000000000¢, 25000000000000000000¢, 50000000000000000000¢, 100000000000000000000¢, 250000000000000000000¢, 500000000000000000000¢, 1000000000000000000000¢, 2500000000000000000000¢, 5000000000000000000000¢, 10000000000000000000000¢, 25000000000000000000000¢, 50000000000000000000000¢, 100000000000000000000000¢, 250000000000000000000000¢, 500000000000000000000000¢, 1000000000000000000000000¢, 2500000000000000000000000¢, 5000000000000000000000000¢, 10000000000000000000000000¢, 25000000000000000000000000¢, 50000000000000000000000000¢, 100000000