



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 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 and much sterner restraints 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.

CHAPTER I—Continued

"You can send me, if you will, with Simmons; but you—let me kiss you now."

Never with such tenderness, never with so much strength restrained, had a man's hands clasped her. His hands upon her shoulders, he drew her to him; she lifted her lips and kissed him. Once; that was all; he did not try to repeat it.

"Again, Rodney," she whispered, reaching up.

"You don't repeat—death," he denied her. . . .

Agnes moved about the empty house, gazing out at the snow.

She could do no differently about Rodney; she did not love him. She felt for him with a keen pity which had no equal in her meetings with men; but she did not desire him. Was love—desire? Was that the decisive sensation in your life?

Was admiration for a man, sympathy for him, caring for him, nothing in comparison? Did no qualities in you or in him count, unless you desired him?

Flames were leaping and snapping from maple logs freshly laid on the huge stone hearth of the hall; and the green glass eyes in the pair of Jaguar heads on the wall opposite gleamed their reflection of the dancing fire.

Five years ago her father had shot the jaguars in Brazil, having suddenly found need to cease to be a manufacturer of electrical equipment and to become, instead, a hunter set upon traversing tropical jungles to kill something dangerous and savage. Among other trophies, he had brought these back, installed them here, and dubbed them "Hansel and Gretel."

This house, which had never been as happy as the home on Easter Lane, had descended undeniably after that.

What had happened in this house? Rognia, the little Swedish maid, appeared. She was a lady's maid shared by Agnes and her mother; a slender, golden-haired, bright-cheeked, impulsive type of Swede.

"Mother's returned?" Agnes asked her.

"Oh, yes! Mr. Judson Braddon just phoned. He said to tell you he was coming out. He will drive."

Twenty miles through this snow! thought Agnes. Jeb would.

"Also Mr. Gleneth has returned to the city. He will be home on his train."

Mother! thought Agnes.

"Do you require me, Miss Agnes?"

"No. Look after Mother, Rognia."

"Oh, I will!"

The two girls gazed at each other, both knowing.

Agnes shut her eyes and saw, not Rod on his train traveling away from her, but Jeb forcing his car toward her through the snow. She could see him strain and laugh and swear when he skidded, but come on, on, on to her, whatever tried to hold him. Even in her imaginings, he stirred her. Come on, Jeb! Oh, come on!

"Rod—dear, dreaming Rod. I'd like to love you! I would; but I don't."

It wasn't the fact that Jeb was making money, and Rod nearly none, that widened the difference between them. For Rod was right about it; money did not rule desire.

Money might be one of the factors that destroyed it. Money—or at least the epoch of their marriage in which the most money had come—was separating her mother and father.

Before a mirror on the other side of that wall between their rooms, her mother frantically was trying to make herself more attractive to Father, and to look younger. . . . But Rognia would watch the rouge, Rognia would not let Mother look ridiculous to Father when he came home.

At last Father came. Baskerville, the huge boar hound, had affectionately knocked his hat off, and he carried it crumpled. Cravath, the butler, had opened the door.

"D evening, Cravath. . . . Hello, Light One!"

barely three years of marriage and two babies (as Mother had had) was not now as happy as Mamma had been for the twelve years in the "little" house where she had been a bride.

Was happiness shortening? What ended it?

"We're together! Isn't it good to be together, together so!" That was how the old house had felt. Here it was gone. Most particularly tonight it was gone from Father and Mother. You could feel no current of closeness.

Across the table Jeb sat. He was happy to be here, and to have her here.

He was in business clothes, as he had come from his office. He and Agnes were not to go out, to seek escape from themselves tonight. Quite to the contrary! Why did conversation drag so?

Her father mentioned Insult to Jeb.

"Stronger every minute," Jeb said. "I'm putting all my people into Mid-West Utilities."

There Mother sat, alone, no longer the closest, most necessary person to any one. Her figure, once so slender, was by no means heavy.

She had lovely hands, beautifully shaped fingers with almond-like nails, which Agnes had inherited. Her skin, though not dark, was less fair than her husband's, and it needed color now.

They had gone out together, Simmons driving them. The leaping blaze in the drawing-room had burnt down to red-glowing charred logs that lay lazily on the andirons.

Jeb gathered Agnes against him. "Don't fight it," he said. "It's no use. It's over for them. That's all."

"Why's it over, Jeb?"

His arm about her also claimed her right hand with his. He fitted her slender fingers in between his, as he liked to do, and clasped palm to palm.

"Because it's over; that'll all any one can ever say. . . . There's just so much in the cup, sometimes, I think, Glen. You can sip it all your life, afraid ever really to taste it; or you can dare to drink it down."

That's what they did, I figure from what I've heard from you. They had it all; they took it all, tipped it empty together. If he'd died, or she, ten years ago, it'd been a break for the poets; true love for a lifetime. But why bother about such a thing, Glen? Do you want it?"

"What?" Agnes said.

"Love for a lifetime. Tepid tasteless stuff you can bear to sip and never need to gulp down. Do you want it? By God, you'll never get it from me. I've had girls, Glen, but

Agnes started when she met Jeb. How much more hers, since last night, was this man at whom women gazed; and for whom they turned, after they had passed.

He took her away in a taxi, and still saved the tension of their restraints. He named a restaurant where a few of their set were sure to be. So they sat side by side at a little table, looking out upon the wide, gay room.

So many people gazed at them; and Agnes knew that they whispered to each other: "There's Jeb Braddon."

Agnes' hand on the seat beside her touched his, and his closed on hers briefly only.

"Nothing today," he told her, "or more!"

More than last night? What could he mean? Marriage today? Had he a license in his pocket?

They left the restaurant, and Agnes watched the women looking up at him; he watched the men's eyes on her, and was very satisfied.

He took her into a taxi and gave an address on the North Side.

"I'm going to show you a building, Glen," he told her then, "where I figured you and I would start."

"Oh!"

"I spotted it for us—you with me—long ago."

The building was a tall, new apartment structure of splendid spread and height, with an agent in the ground-floor offices only too glad to show them through.

Of course some one might enter and recognize them. That made it more exciting; yet it was disturbing enough to step into an empty apartment, and having inspected the front rooms, follow a pattering little spectacled man into another chamber, and have him turn to Jeb and you and say: "If you like separate rooms, here are two perfect ones with a bath between. On the other hand, if you prefer the same room, this is beautifully adequate for twin beds, and of course for a double."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Obtaining Salt

There are several principal means of obtaining salt. The simplest of these is by the evaporation of sea water. A more important method is to sink wells to the salt deposits, force water into them to dissolve the salt, then pump it out again. On reaching the surface the mixture is discharged into settling tanks where clay and other matter is allowed to settle, after which the brine is pumped into evaporating tanks from which the water is boiled off.

He thrust his free arm under her knees and claimed her close. With his lips over hers, he whispered.

It taunted and tantalized her.

"What is it, Jeb, what are you saying to me?"

"The line—don't you know it?—that Francois Villon wrote, dear, for himself and his friends the night before he was sure they were all to be hanged. 'Men, brother men, that after us live, let not your hearts too hard on us be!'"

"But why do you say it?"

"Why, Glen? Because we—Glen—we are going to be married." And then, at last, he kissed her.

Beatrice Agnesforth had had a sun-bath built in her home. The enclosure under the quartz glass roof was like a little Japanese room, with softly padded straw mats fitted together to form the floor, and with a slightly raised section, laid with thicker and softer mats, for lounging upon and sunning.

Here, in the soothing sun, you could play with your boys' round, strong little bodies, and imagine them men—great men, splendid men.

inspiring, important and thrilling. When you did this, you omitted imagining them like their father. They must be more than Davis ever would be. Davis, your husband, who was only thirty but for whom you no longer held illusions of greatness, though you loved him. Of course you loved him.

He lacked something that, for one, Jeb Braddon had. Jeb, who had been at "the house" last night, as Beatrice had learned when she phoned her father after dinner, to say hello. How much further had Agnes and Jeb "gone" last evening?

Bee wished that Agnes would hurry over.

There she was! They faced each other in the sun, but Agnes immediately bent to the babies. Bobbie kissed back on her cool cheek after she kissed him; she swept with her lips the soles of Davy's chubby little feet, one after the other.

"How's Jeb?" asked her sister, seating herself before her.

Agnes held to one of Davy's feet. "All right, Bee," she answered.

"Did you go anywhere last night?"

"Not us. Father and Mother went to the Stinsons'; but we stayed home," said Agnes a bit breathlessly.

"What'd you do?" demanded Bee.

"Bee, I guess Jeb and I got sort of engaged."

Beatrice's gaze jerked up. "Don't you know?"

"I know he said we were, Bee."

Beatrice quickly touched a bell behind her. "They've been long enough in the sun," she decided suddenly, and bundled her babies into robes. When the nurse knocked, she handed the children out.

"All right now," said Bee, dropping to the mat.

"I'm going downtown to have lunch with him today."

"But are you engaged? Did you say you'd marry him?"

"I didn't; for I didn't know I would. I don't know now."

"You mean you don't know whether you want to?"

"I guess I want to marry him, Bee."

"Then what in heaven is it you don't know?"

"What it will be like to be married to Jeb," said Agnes. "I didn't want to talk to Mother about it, at all. She's too unhappy. You aren't?"

"No," said Bee quickly. "How was Father when he got home?"

"No different."

"But you and Jeb?"

"He thinks we ought to get married as quick as we can arrange it. Oh, Bee, I never, never had such a day. Rod came in the afternoon."

"Rod?"

"I can't tell you about that. I can never tell anyone about that! . . . Then Father came home; and Mother was making ready for him. . . . Bee, they'll separate when I get married, I know."

"Then I should think you'd hardly rush off and marry."

Agnes started when she met Jeb. How much more hers, since last night, was this man at whom women gazed; and for whom they turned, after they had passed.

He took her away in a taxi, and still saved the tension of their restraints. He named a restaurant where a few of their set were sure to be. So they sat side by side at a little table, looking out upon the wide, gay room.

So many people gazed at them; and Agnes knew that they whispered to each other: "There's Jeb Braddon."

Agnes' hand on the seat beside her touched his, and his closed on hers briefly only.

"Nothing today," he told her, "or more!"

More than last night? What could he mean? Marriage today? Had he a license in his pocket?

They left the restaurant, and Agnes watched the women looking up at him; he watched the men's eyes on her, and was very satisfied.

He took her into a taxi and gave an address on the North Side.

"I'm going to show you a building, Glen," he told her then, "where I figured you and I would start."

"Oh!"

"I spotted it for us—you with me—long ago."

The building was a tall, new apartment structure of splendid spread and height, with an agent in the ground-floor offices only too glad to show them through.

Of course some one might enter and recognize them. That made it more exciting; yet it was disturbing enough to step into an empty apartment, and having inspected the front rooms, follow a pattering little spectacled man into another chamber, and have him turn to Jeb and you and say: "If you like separate rooms, here are two perfect ones with a bath between. On the other hand, if you prefer the same room, this is beautifully adequate for twin beds, and of course for a double."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Obtaining Salt

There are several principal means of obtaining salt. The simplest of these is by the evaporation of sea water. A more important method is to sink wells to the salt deposits, force water into them to dissolve the salt, then pump it out again. On reaching the surface the mixture is discharged into settling tanks where clay and other matter is allowed to settle, after which the brine is pumped into evaporating tanks from which the water is boiled off.

He thrust his free arm under her knees and claimed her close. With his lips over hers, he whispered.

It taunted and tantalized her.

"What is it, Jeb, what are you saying to me?"

"The line—don't you know it?—that Francois Villon wrote, dear, for himself and his friends the night before he was sure they were all to be hanged. 'Men, brother men, that after us live, let not your hearts too hard on us be!'"

"But why do you say it?"

"Why, Glen? Because we—Glen—we are going to be married." And then, at last, he kissed her.

Beatrice Agnesforth had had a sun-bath built in her home. The enclosure under the quartz glass roof was like a little Japanese room, with softly padded straw mats fitted together to form the floor, and with a slightly raised section, laid with thicker and softer mats, for lounging upon and sunning.

Here, in the soothing sun, you could play with your boys' round, strong little bodies, and imagine them men—great men, splendid men.

Improved Uniform International SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D.,
Member of Faculty, Moody Bible
Institute of Chicago,
© Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for July 5

THE COMING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT IN POWER

LESSON TEXT—Acts 1:6-9; 2:1-11, 32-38.

GOLDEN TEXT—But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.—Acts 1:8.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Keeps His Promise.

JUNIOR TOPIC—A Promise Made and Kept.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—New Power Through the Holy Spirit.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Empowered for the World Task.

I. The Missionary Program (1:6-8).

The work incumbent upon the Church is witnessing to Christ's gracious salvation to all the nations. After this is done, there will follow the preaching of the gospel of the kingdom by converted Israelites (Acts 15:14-17; cf. Matt. 24:14). This was not clear to the disciples, therefore they put the question, "Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom of Israel?" The Divine kingdom shall be established, but not until after the gospel of the grace of God is preached and the body of Christ is completed.

1. In Jerusalem (v. 8). This was done by the twelve immediately following Pentecost.

2. In Judea and Samaria (v. 8). This was done by the disciples after the hands of the prosecutors were laid on them. Not only the twelve but many others took part in this.

3. Unto the uttermost part of the earth (v. 8). Beginning with the first foreign missionary enterprise, this work has been carried on with varying degrees of success till the present time.

II. The Coming of the Spirit (Acts 2:1-11).

The power of the early Church was the Holy Spirit. The watchword of God's mightiest men throughout the centuries has been "not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts" (Zech. 4:6).

1. The time (v. 1). It was on the day of Pentecost. By "day of Pentecost" is meant the feast which was held fifty days after the wave sheaf was offered (Lev. 23:15, 16). It was observed by presenting two loaves made of the new meal (Lev. 23:17). These loaves were baked with leaven, while leaven was rigidly excluded from the passover feast (Lev. 23:6).

2. Upon whom the Spirit came (v. 1). Cf. 1:13-15. The twelve and others to the number of 120. The coming of the spirit was not merely for the twelve but for all believers, all the members of the body of Christ. They were in one place with one accord waiting for the fulfillment of the Father's promise (Luke 24:49). If the church would be with one accord in one place, wonderful blessings might still be expected.

3. The marks of the Spirit (vv. 2-4). These marks were external and internal.

a. External. (1) The sign of a mighty wind. There was no wind, only the sound thereof, suggesting the all-pervasive, life-giving influence of the Holy Spirit. (2) Tongues of flame. Each of the 120 was crowned with such a tongue. The tongues show the practical purpose of the Spirit's gifts and the fire indicates his purifying energy, purging away the dress and making fit his witnesses. (3) Speaking in foreign tongues. For these humble Galileans thus to speak caused great amazement.

b. Internal. This is seen in the transformation wrought in the disciples. They now have great courage and self-possession. Peter, who a little while before was cowering before a Jewish maid, now with boldness stood before the thousands of Jerusalem, and a little later before the chief rulers of the city, and declared unto them that they had murdered their King.

III. The Converting Power of the Holy Spirit (Acts 2:37-42).

Many people were convicted of their sins—about 3,000 repented and were baptized. This revival was real because

1. They continued steadfast in the apostles' teaching (v. 42). They did not grow cold or run after every new teacher that came along.

2. They continued in fellowship with the apostles (v. 42). The surest way to grow is to keep fellowship with Christians. Spiritual indifference is sure to follow the neglect of the fellowship of the brethren in Christ.

3. They continued in the use of the means of grace (v. 42). They broke bread together. God has instituted certain ordinances in his house, and those who are genuinely converted will avail themselves of their use.

4. In prayer. The apostolic church was a praying church. The Christian life cannot be lived without prayer.

New Version of Shirtwaist Frock That's Attractive and Serviceable



No. 1801-B

Every wardrobe demands at least one frock always on call ready for instant duty. Here is such a frock—a most attractive and serviceable one—a new and flattering version of the ever-popular shirtwaist type with a clever matched collar, short and simple set-in sleeves, two or four pockets as you wish, and a plain skirt with two kick pleats in the

SMILES

Yeth, Myth

Teacher—Now, can anyone tell me what a myth is?
Susie—I can, teacher—it's a female moth!

Love That Failed

"If you love work, why don't you find it?"
"Alas, teacher, love is blind."

What Can I Do For You?

Bride—Dear, what is the true definition of a groom?
Hubby—Why, a groom is a man who takes care of dumb animals.

Guide Post

Heavy Stranger (returning to his seat after the interval)—Did I tread on your toes as I went out?
Seated Man (grimly)—You did, sir.
Heavy Stranger (to wife)—That's right, Matilda, this is our place.

He Who Dances

"How is Jack?"
"Pretty bad."
"Why, I saw him dancing with a blond last night."
"Yes—so did his wife."

front and a center seam ending another kick pleat at the back. Simplicity is its keynote and charm. You'll find it very easy cut and sew. Make it in seersucker, cotton plaids or the silk.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1801-B is available in sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20 and 42. Corresponding bust measurements 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 (34) requires 4 yards of each material. Send 15 cents in coin for the pattern.

The Summer Pattern Book containing 100 Barbara Bell well-planned easy-to-make patterns is ready. Send 15 cents in coin for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 307 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

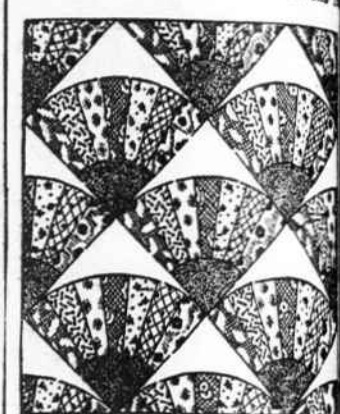
© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

Friendship Fan Quilt

That's Easily Pieced

"Come to a quilting bee"—the quilt, Friendship Fan, seems to be for it's one so easily pieced you can make it in a gathering of friends, can make it in a quantity of blocks. Use your own scraps—have your friends contribute some, too, but be sure to make it colorful. Only three pieces are needed to form the block—It's just the quilt for a beginner.

Pattern 460 comes to you complete, simple instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of quilt to help arrange the blocks.



PATTERN NO. 460

single and double bed size, and diagram of block which serves as guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials. Send 15 cents in coin or stamps (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 E. Ave., New York, N. Y. Write plain pattern number, your name and address.

Truly Excellent

THE very best painting is not a question of so like the more truth, that all the world admits its excellence. Entirely free rate work is so quiet and natural that there can be no dispute over it; you may not particularly admire it, but you will find no fault with it. Second-rate painting pleases one person much, and the pleases another, but first-rate painting pleases all a little. Intensely pleases those who recognize its unostentatious skill.—Ruskin.

Time is a cobweb; men are the spiders and the flies.