

# 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, who 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 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.

### CHAPTER III—Continued

Who'd be next? On that tower there was no man that shamed himself, not one! "Ye go! I'll wait!... Ye go!" ye could see them saying. Fitzpatrick, he had to order them; and all could see him do it, as they came down, one by one, each snuffing the flame from the rope as he hung and swung; and dropped—and then the line caught fire again. When a man swung far and fell feet forward so there seemed to be some chance for him, cheers screamed from the crowd; when he fell, tumbling over and over, a great groan went up from the throat of thirty thousand. Winnie O'Mara did not faint. Her man was still on the tower, among the last of them. Now Fitzpatrick was speaking to him. No bit of a doubt which was him when, before he went down the shroud of the rope, he hung far the hat of him. It was like him, that. There he was on the line, bareheaded. A gray-haired priest stood in the swarm at the fire-lines, lifting his arms as each man came down, and repeating the prayer for them in extremis. Loud and clear in the stillness, as each man swung, and before the shout or the groan roared from the thousands of throats as the man let go, arose the voice of the priest at his praying. Winnie O'Mara had worked her way close to him so that at last she was almost beside him; and so she did all that was left her to do for her man. "Cathal Martin O'Mara, he is, Father," she whispered to the priest. "Pray for him!" "Yours?" said the priest, agape at her. "Mine, Father." So the priest faced again to the fire; and once more he raised his arms in his petition. "Cathal Martin O'Mara," he called him by name, the tea's streaming down his face as he prayed. Then the great cheer from the crowd cut him short, for Martin O'Mara had swung well, and well he let go. But no good it did him. A minute or so more, and the tower fell, and was down on top of him. Such was the heritage of Cathal Martin O'Mara, his grandson. Of the twenty trapped on the tower, seventeen were gone and three were terribly injured. "On such events, by such men, prepared to face death and torment—men, generation after generation, soon forgotten and obliterated—government was built up," wrote a historian of soldiers who perished long ago on a field for Rome. "The fact has a meaning; and perhaps many generations hence, wiser men than we or they will explain it with a clearness that still eludes us." Cathal's father and his father's brother John became freemen. Headstrong, heedless men, the both of them. Martin, the son, died of pneumonia after fighting a lumber-yard fire through one long below-zero night. John died of another cause; but the O'Maras had done their duty through the Fire Department. Winnie, a fireman's widow and proud forever of him, would have no more of it. Besides, this boy was from birth "beyond" his father; and yes, beyond his grandfather. He was strong, as had been all the men of his family, but he

was of slighter build and was smaller-boned. Heedless of himself he was, like them all; but his was a sensitiveness strange to them. And beyond them all, he took to schooling. He went through high school, running errands and delivering goods for local stores after hours, since his home depended then on a fireman's widow's award.

He worked his way through the University of Illinois at Urbana, and he ended his long schooling in Chicago at Northwestern University Law school, which he attended for three years, clerking at odd hours and in the evenings. From all this, he emerged an attorney committed, by the undeniable forces dominant in his nature, to the defense of criminal cases. It was the appeal of the desperate, the despised cause that was irresistible to the grandson of the Martin O'Mara who had followed James Fitzpatrick to the tower with the building ablaze below them. So he started taking criminal cases.

He cared little for money, but he adored a fight; and money enough came to him—enough, that is, for his purpose to buy a bit of ground with a bit of a house on it, and without a speck of mortgage. Winnie's it was, in her own name and in her own right; for he gave it to her. "And that," as Winnie herself proudly complained, "is the wasteful way of him; sure, I'm nearest the end of me life; and well he knows the trouble of real estate in an inheritance. Himself, he shud have kept it; or give it to his mother."

But she treasured it for her own, "beholden to no one but to him."

Ah! There he was, at last. What thoughts were in him—Winnie wondered—when he came home like this? Him, home from the murders and the judges and courts and the jails—and the gentry in the headlines with him.

Winnie caught her shawl about her slight shoulders and hurried to the door, when he turned to it. "Have ye supped, Cathal?" she questioned him, with eager anxiety. "Where would I? At the jail? Have you kept nothing for me?" he retorted, delighting her.

She drew him, as soon as he threw off his overcoat, into the warm, fragrant kitchen where she had the heating-oven burning low, and on top of the stove, her old iron kettle simmering.

Nothing left to her in life compared with an occasion after he had been called into a big murder case, or when the trial was on and he had worked half the night, yet he had come home to her, at last, having "saved" his hunger so that she could sup with him.

She laid a loaf and the bread-knife and butter and bowls of the good hot soup upon the kitchen table; and they sat down and supped, across from each other, she watching him—seldom taking her eyes off him—she speaking to her, smiling at her, often looking at her, but with his thoughts far away.

Winnie was used to this; and she did not resent it, though she wondered what went through his mind that he couldn't tell her. Here he was with her; and beside her a picture of him in the paper with his name huge in the headlines—as huge, almost, as the name of him that was murdered, and almost as big as the name of the girl, Agnes Gleneth, who had called him.

"The wife kilt him, Cathal?" Winnie asked presently. He nodded.

Winnie could not comprehend the people, men and women, whom he defended. However, roughly they lived, or heroically or rashly they died, her own—men and women—had sinned simply, repented, confessed and were shriven; and sinning or sinless, they were bound together by loyalties and sentiments which death only (and not always death) could dissolve. But from her, her grandson went out into the violent, faithless world of wealth, of extravagant excesses and bodily indulgences, divorce—and murder of man by his woman. How did a wife, calling herself one, do it?

Winnie flattened on the table the newspaper to display its picture of Agnes Gleneth. He bent forward and suddenly he saw her as he had not known her. It was a reproduction of a photograph of Agnes at the time of her debut three and a half years ago, when she was nineteen; and not even the newspaper press had obliterated the loveliness and delightfulness of her.

A glance told that it was when she was younger. It gave her to him, too, in her quiet, thoughtful mood, her eyes seeming to consider him, as they looked out from the

page—her eyes which he had not seen without horror and without fright in them.

It surprised a pang in him which he betrayed. "Oh," said Winnie, "that's how she called ye so quick. She knew ye."

"No," said Cathal, defending her from this imputation. "She's as the paper says—doesn't this say it? She just happened in, looking for an apartment."

"But she was quick to call ye." "Because the wife asked her to. She—she never had need of me, Winnie."

"Wud that shame her," Winnie caught him up, "having need of ye?" "I tell you she'd nothing to do with it; and she had never heard of me," he repeated so positively that Winnie abandoned the subject of Agnes Gleneth, but only to watch him more keenly.

He helped her clean up, as he always did. He bent and kissed her on her cheek; and he went to bed, but he could neither sleep nor lie quiet.

Frequently enough, when he had just taken a case, he lay half the night planning, yet with no disquiet such as this.

Agnes Gleneth had no need of him; he was a part of what was to continue, at best, an ordeal for her, which she would escape but could not. No; she had no need of him.

But he, and his client Myrtle, had need of her. More than that, they had the right to demand and enforce her attendance to their needs. By the accident of her stepping into that room, and by the fact that she was called to the case, Cathal Martin O'Mara had acquired peculiar and undeniable rights over Agnes Gleneth which he could exercise as he pleased.

And this was a circumstance of subtle and exciting effects.

### CHAPTER IV

JEB, on his part, was feeling the flip of a new sensation which came from the not altogether disagreeable notoriety he suddenly shared with Agnes.

By this morning, when he was looking over the newspapers brought to his bedroom, all the world—as much of it as meant anything to him—knew that Agnes had discovered the Lorrie murder because she had been looking at an apartment with Jeb Braddon.

Strangely and excitedly, it intensified his feelings about her to read of her—and a little about himself with her—and to know that millions of people this morning were poring over the same descriptions of her, and the account of what she had done and said.

His eagerness to possess this girl in the paper—his love for her, his desire whatever it was—never had matched this morning's.

He lived in an apartment by himself, with two Filipinos—Ojai his valet, and Imio the cook.

The measure of Judson E. Braddon's importance had been augmented, rather than otherwise, by what he had done with Agnes, and by the manner in which the newspapers referred to her and to him.

Jeb went late to his office, not yet having phoned Agnes. He hoped that she slept in order that, when she awoke, she would be better rested and the more completely restored to the impulses which had made her respond to his. If not, he would give her more time to recover from this shock; but meanwhile, he knew she was his. And all the world knew it. His impulses for complete possession of her gave him no peace.

Agnes did not move from her room during the forenoon. She read in bed the papers which were brought to her, which gave surprisingly variant reports of what she had "discovered" and done, and even more individual explanations of murder itself. And she saw, for the first time, the likeness of Myrtle's husband.

paper picture, what he, who had been killed, looked like.

The account of him said that he was forty-six a month ago. He had been married, first 20 years ago, and then divorced to marry Myrtle Stiver two years ago. His wife and a daughter, his father and mother, survived him in Stapleton, Wis.

He was described as "rich," having been a partner in a very prosperous group of chain-stores spreading through Illinois and Wisconsin. He had made his start in Stapleton, whence his father and his divorced wife and his daughter were coming to Chicago.

Agnes thought: "He was two years younger than Father, and had been married 18 years before he got a divorce."

There were large likenesses of Myrtle, who had come from Macon, Ind., to encounter, at a night-club in Chicago, Charles Lorrie of Stapleton, Wis., and marry him; and live as his wife for two years; and then kill him.

Below all this in the paper was Bert, her instincts told her. She ought to have spoken of Bert to the police and to the state's attorney. . . . Or, should she have?

Jeb was on the phone—Jeb, whom (as all the world had reason to suppose) she soon would marry. Jeb's voice was happier this morning; Jeb exulted that everyone who read the papers believed that he and she were to be married. And Agnes realized, as she replied to him, that she had given him much of the right to feel as he did. You could not revoke a thing like looking at an apartment with a man, especially after all the world caught you at it.

Agnes mother tried to keep her in bed all day. "If we had gone to Florida, as we should have," her mother repeated, "this wouldn't have happened."

"Not to me," said Agnes, and wondered who, indeed, would first have stepped into that room and been seized by Myrtle, and who would have summoned, for Myrtle, Martin O'Mara. She could not wish that it was not she.

Florida had been the winter playground for her father and mother in their years of happiness; and while Mother held the romantic illusion that, by returning together, they could recapture what they had had, Father lately had become more of a realist. He knew it would be dancing on the grave of their ecstasy.

Agnes lay looking at her mother but thinking of her father, who, though turning realist toward his wife, remained romantic—with whom? Some one younger, much younger, and perhaps like Myrtle? She couldn't imagine it; but—

She pulled the newspaper to her again, and looked at Charles Lorrie. You wouldn't think a man like that would marry Myrtle; he looked as if he'd have more sense. But sense didn't enter in. One day he'd wanted Myrtle; his dragons of desire had driven him, and he'd married her. Who was in New York for Father?

Agnes rose to be a witness at the inquest, and the coroner's jury decreed that there was cause to hold Myrtle Stiver Lorrie to the Grand Jury, which took up the case early next week.

Jeb was to be witness too, so Agnes and he went together; and they called her in before him. So in she went alone, and stood before the 23 men, and swore to tell the truth and all of it.

Mr. Colver had just come out of the room, white and very nervous; and Agnes, trembling as she faced the 23 solemn men, wondered what Mr. Colver just had told them. Especially, had he told them of Bert?

Agnes repeated what she had related before. "Now you have told us all that you saw or heard happen in your presence?" the foreman challenged her.

"Yes." "You are sure there is nothing more?" "Nothing." But her face was burning.

"You have remembered something else?" "Yes; I have." And then there was no retreat; she had to tell them. And it was plain that word of Bert was new to all of them, that it was what they had needed—and that it was of great damage to Myrtle.

She waited outside the Grand-Jury room, while Jeb was giving his testimony, corroborating her account as to how she happened to come to the Lorrie apartment. Agnes sat on a bench, avoiding others and unable to control her trembling at what she had done.

Jeb came out, straight and strong and at ease; for he had made a good appearance and had nothing to tell that disturbed him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Daylight Movies Possible**  
That he has invented a system by which motion picture films may be projected in broad daylight through an arrangement of mirrors and lenses, is the claim of M. Casimir Marczewski, a young Pole living in Warsaw. It is reported that the images, as thrown on the screen, are in very much higher relief than is the result with ordinary films.

## Pinafore for Little Girl



The clever cutting of this useful pinafore is shown in the small diagram beside the little girl. You will see at once that this frock requires no sewing and of course the feature which so greatly intrigues children is the butterfly which forms the pocket.

Notice how simple it is to put on, merely slipped over the head and tied at each side. Mothers find it a great help because it can be used as an apron over a frock, which must be kept clean, or worn instead of a frock. The panties to match are an asset—they have the comfortable French yoke top and stay snug but never bind. This attractive design made in cotton, percale, gingham, calico, or lawn would be effective with contrasting binding and colorful embroidery on the butterfly pocket.

Barbara Bell Pattern No.

1910-B is available for sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8. Size 6 requires 1 1/2 yards of 35 inch material plus 7-8 yard for the panties. Send fifteen cents in coins.

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

## Tall Fellow

The tallest man in history, according to the record of all authenticated cases, lives today in Bushire, Iran. Although only 17 years of age and still growing, this Persian giant is ten feet, six inches in height and weighs 300 pounds. Incidentally, he is so weak that he cannot walk or hold up his head for more than a few minutes at a time. — Collier

# FREE! AUTOGRAPHED MOVIE STAR Photos Statuettes

WITH TWO BOX TOPS



Hollywood's latest ragel Big, deluxe photographs fashioned into unique statuettes that stand up by themselves on your table or dresser. Every one over 7 inches high—every one autographed!

### GET YOUR CHOICE OF THESE GREAT MOVIE STARS

- JOAN BENNETT
- JOAN BLONDELL
- CLAUDETTE COLEBERT
- GARY COOPER
- JOAN CRAWFORD
- BING CROSBY
- BETTE DAVIS
- NELSON EDDY
- ERROL FLYNN
- CLARK GABLE
- JEAN HARLOW
- RUBY KEELER
- MYRNA LOY
- JEANETTE MAC DONALD
- FRED MACMURRAY
- ROBERT MONTGOMERY
- PAT O'BRIEN
- DICK POWELL
- WILLIAM POWELL
- NORMA SHEARER

Send only two box tops from Quaker Puffed Wheat or Rice for each photo statuette wanted. Mail to

The Quaker Oats Co., P.O. Box 1083, Chicago, Ill.

### TRIPLE SEALED TO GUARD FRESHNESS



# CHARLIE MAKES HIS BID!

**HURRY UP! THE BOSS WON'T LIKE IT IF WE KEEP HIM WAITING! YOU KNOW HE WANTS TO TALK ABOUT THAT RAISE I ASKED FOR!**

**AW—TELL HER TO QUIT PAINTING HER FACE! YOU'RE GOING TO A BRIDGE GAME—NOT A WALTZ DANCE!**

**HELEN, I WISH YOU'D STOP THAT EVERLASTING HUMMING! LET'S QUIT THIS SILLY GAME, ANYHOW!**

**THAT'S THE STUFF! THROW DOWN YOUR CARDS—THAT ALWAYS BREAKS UP THE GAME!**

**ALL RIGHT—WE'LL GO IN THE STUDY WHILE YOU GIRLS FIX SOMETHING TO EAT!**

**ABOUT THAT RAISE, CHARLIE—I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT READY FOR IT YET—I DON'T BELIEVE YOU REALIZE HOW CROSS AND IRRITABLE YOU'VE BECOME!**

**SAY—YOU'D BE IRRITABLE, TOO, IF YOU HAD MY HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION!**

**STARTING TO CRITICIZE, IS HE? DON'T STAND FOR IT—TELL THIS TIGHT-FISTED SLAVE DRIVER WHERE TO GET OFF!**

**—SOUNDS LIKE COFFEE-NERVES! I HAD 'EM, UNTIL MY DOCTOR MADE ME SWITCH TO POSTUM—WHY DON'T YOU TRY POSTUM, AND SEE ME LATER ABOUT THAT RAISE?**

**WELL, MAYBE I WILL—I CAN'T FEEL ANY WORSE!**

**CURSES! I'LL HAVE TO SCREAM! POSTUM ALWAYS DRIVES ME OUT!**

**30 DAYS LATER**

**I GOT MY RAISE TODAY! THE BOSS SAID HE'D NEVER SEEN SUCH A CHANGE IN A MAN!**

**OH, CHARLIE, THAT'S WONDERFUL! I KNEW IT WOULD COME SOON! YOU'VE BEEN SUCH A DEAR SINCE YOU SWITCHED TO POSTUM!**

**OF COURSE, children should never drink coffee. And many grown-ups, too, find that the caffeine in coffee disagrees with them. If you are bothered by headaches or indigestion or can't sleep soundly...try Postum for 30 days. Postum contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. Try Postum. You may miss coffee at first, but after 30 days you'll love Postum for its own rich, satisfying flavor. It is easy to make, delicious, economical, and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.**

**FREE—Let us send you your first week's supply of Postum free! Simply mail coupon.**

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. W. N. U.—7-27-36  
Send me, without obligation, a week's supply of Postum.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Fill in completely, print name and address.  
If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont. (Offer expires July 1, 1937.)