

DRAGONS DRIVE YOU

by EDWIN BALMER

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CHAPTER VII

RODNEY BRADDON returned to Chicago from Rochester early on Sunday morning just eight days before the date set, on the calendar of the criminal courts, for the trial of Myrtle Lorrie for murder of her husband. Rod was ignorant of that date, and his arrival was without reference to the trial. He had come back to see his brother—and Agnes—before leaving for Germany. He had remained at Rochester much longer than he had planned.

He had been almost happy there. That is, he had found more to absorb him, to interest and excite him in the work, than ever he had before. Happiness for Rod did not depend upon sensual satisfactions; he consciously sought none of them, except music, sometimes. His whole excitement was in his work and study, which occupied him hour after hour; then he would go off on long, swinging walks alone. He kept his spare, splendid body in vigorous condition with swimming, when near water, or with tennis.

Rod played, in fact, to tire himself out, when he needed it to beat down the longings within him—and his loneliness.

Sometimes he would ward off the spells of exhaustion; at other times, they surprised him unprepared. Rod would come "home" to his dreary hotel room bringing with him new medical reports upon which he expected to pass the evening, and he would never turn on the light, but sit miserably and uselessly idle in the dark.

He missed his brother. To be sure, when they had been in the same city, days passed without Rodney's seeing Jud; but he was there, and on such occasions Rod could go to him instead of seeking his own lonely room. And recently, he had been able to go, with Jud or alone, to the Gleneths. But now that was lost.

Rod had made friends among the doctors at Rochester. Not many friends, to be sure, for Rod was no mixer; but he had found a few congenial men whom he liked and respected, and whose lives served the same purposes as his—understanding of disease. But he could not feel like seeking them when his spirit dropped low. They were too like himself. His brother—and Agnes—were utterly different.

He had expected—and half feared, half hoped it—that he would have destroyed his power to retain Agnes in his day-dreams. Losing her, he had supposed he must lose the delight of his dream of her; but this had proved not so. When his loneliness assailed him, and he sat in the dark, he longed for her—her. Separate as he had kept himself from her, he had never been so close to another girl. Now she was his brother's, he believed. So he must imagine her his own no longer! But it had been futile to forbid this to himself. And here he was again in Chicago. . . .

Rod had not wired his brother; and so, while dressing as the train entered the city, he weighed probabilities of Jud's whereabouts. It was a warm, steamy June morning—so it was probable that Jud would be up early for a long day on the water.

Having no rooms in Chicago, Rod checked his bag at the station and phoned his brother's apartment. Nobody answered, so Rod took a taxi and told the driver to hurry to the harbor.

His brother's familiar boat was not in sight, but when Rod inquired, a boy in a launch said yes, Mr. Braddon's yacht was at anchor. That was it there.

Rod stared at a new motor-cruiser three or four times as large as the boat he had known. It looked ninety feet long, with graceful clipper bow and a line of brass-bound portholes to cabins, and with gleaming salons above-deck.

The boy ran Rod out to it; and on the quarterdeck stood Jud. He was bareheaded and wearing flannels without a coat.

No guests were in sight, and Rod was glad of that, though he was sure that guests must be on the way or were to be picked up at some port or pier. Jud never planned a Sunday on the water without a party.

Rodney hailed: "Jud! Hello!" And his brother saw who was in the launch. He stood stock-still with surprise; and then Rod saw him laugh and run to the boat step, and he caught Rod's hand and hauled his brother aboard.

"Rod!" said Jud—and Rod felt his brother's arm tighten about his shoulders. "Like the skiff, old skate?"

Rodney obediently glanced about.

He had never had to explain himself to Agnes; and she, without speaking of it, had stood between him and the world of others. How much more than did Jud! How he could work, what enormous research he could accomplish, if she were his wife to hold in his arms, when he dropped his task; if she would share with him the evening and hours of night, and meet, for him, the world by day.

Now he had talked to her of his work at Rochester, and of himself, as he had no one else, not even Jud.

"Rod," she said at last, after one of their long silences, "I've something to decide. Help me. . . . about the trial. They say that it will happen to Myrtle Lorrie. . . . depend on me. I can free her—or convict her. Do you believe that?"

"I don't know," said Rod. "But Jud thinks so."

He saw her color quickly deepen under her sunburn. "So Jud's told you."

"Yes; he told me, Agnes."

"What, especially?"

"That you took, from the first, the side of the defense. He—"

"What, Rod?"

"Can't understand it."

"Yes, he can, Rod. That's the trouble."

"That he understands it?"

"He knows I'm going to do what I am bound to do, because I believe—"

"She stopped and caught her breath before she said it—"

"Martin O'Mara."

"O'Mara," said Rod. "The lawyer you called."

"Yes," said Agnes. "I'll tell you about him. He—"

Rodney, attending, tried to keep his mind on what she said; but his feelings made it utterly impossible. Fled far from him was his

hour of false content. A new despair seized him.

He knew now that madly he had imagined that perhaps—perhaps—it had been some relic of memory of what he had done and said to her before he had gone away, which had interposed itself between her and Jud's completer possession of her.

But it was not that; it was something which had to do with that lawyer whom Jud had damned aloud—O'Mara.

CHAPTER VIII

THE Monday of the trial dawned hot. The sun rose yellow and dazzling out of a lake that lay like a pool to the horizon; the faintest of breezes moved from off this endless mirror. At Agnes' wide-open windows the frill net of curtains barely quivered.

Ordinarily the sun, striking into her room, did not awaken her; but this morning she had seen the last stars fade and the first fingers of day grope over the edge of the waters.

The robins and the wrens chirped at the light; a wood thrush awoke, and gay little song sparrows.

After a while Agnes' mother came in, and for a short time they discussed Agnes' coming ordeal. Then Mrs. Gleneth left.

Today, Myrtle Lorrie must go on trial for her life, for the murder of her husband; and soon Agnes Gleneth must go on the witness-stand for her. No, not for Myrtle. There was no point in being dishonest with herself. She was taking the side of the defense because of Cathal Martin O'Mara, who had come to the house again on Saturday morning—the day before yesterday—to go over her testimony once more.

Mr. Nordell and another attorney for the state had conferred with her twice; and she was subpoenaed as a witness for the state as well as for the defense.

But Jeb had said to her: "Nordell told me, Glen, you seemed to belong to the defense, body and soul. That's the impression he got. Are you crazy?"

"I'm going to tell only what I saw and heard," she had replied to him.

"But how are you going to tell it? Nordell knows; and he's not fool enough to call you for his witness. You'd never be his. If he put you on the stand, you'd go over to your shyter friend, O'Mara. So

he'll let O'Mara put you on the stand—and then the state can get after you. Be O'Mara's witness, and see where you land! Good Lord, Glen, what's got into you?"

What was this which was in her, and which, by its recurrent excitements made sleep impossible and unthinkable after the dawn of this day?

There was no use in disguising this to herself; when she should go on the witness stand, she would declare by her implications, if she were forbidden to state it in words, that Myrtle Lorrie had killed justifiably.

Had she?

What made justification for the taking of the life of another—of a man you had married?

Martin O'Mara had said to her, when last he was here—on Saturday:

"When a wife kills a husband, no one else ever finds out why. To save her life, she'll never tell even her attorney more than a part. She shot him; and the fact speaks for itself the fullness of her reason. You were the first to see her afterward."

"Yes," said Agnes.

"Then you can best judge for yourself—no one, who was not there, can tell you as well—what you should do."

Agnes arose and dressed long before breakfast time, though she knew she would not be summoned to court today.

Both Mr. Nordell and Martin O'Mara had told her that they would move for the exclusion of witnesses, except when testifying; and in a trial for murder, the judge would so order.

The morning paper came; and there again was Agnes Gleneth on the page beside Myrtle Lorrie and Martin O'Mara.

She gazed once more at the placid, confident countenance of Charles Lorrie, who had cast off the wife who had married him when they both were young, and who had borne him his daughter.

Here was that wife—Stella Lorrie—as now she was; and here was their daughter Janet. She was seventeen, and she had been graduated from a high school in Wisconsin last week, and had accompanied her mother yesterday to Chicago to be beside her mother today when Stella, the first wife, sat at the trial of Myrtle, the second wife.

Wife! Did any other word in all the language describe—or fail to describe—as many different relations? Both of these had been wives, and of the same man; and one had borne him a baby, and the other had killed him.

Here was Bert—Myrtle's Bert. ("Oh, God, Bert!") What part had he played in the killing? Some said—and Jeb was one of them—that the existence of Bert and the insurance on the life of Charles Lorrie completely explained the whole occurrence. Myrtle had shot her husband to go off with Bert—and the insurance.

Agnes shut her eyes; and she saw herself again in that room; and she knew, as she was returned to the feeling of the moment when Myrtle Lorrie first clung to her, that she had not come in upon a wife who had just killed her husband because of another man, and to collect his insurance.

It was very warm at the jail, and sultry and sticky. Myrtle perspired even when she sat still, after she had dressed for the courtroom.

She wore her platinum wedding ring and her engagement ring—sapphires and diamond set in platinum; and she turned them nervously on her damp finger. She had figured, when she held up her finger for him to slip them on it, that she could get away with marriage with him.

Why not? Wasn't marriage just living with a man? Wasn't that really all there was to it?

He'd give her a lot of money—more than she'd ever seriously dreamed of having; and she'd give him loving. But hers didn't do. . . . They were coming for her to take her to court—to be tried for the murder of Charley. Damn it, she never meant to kill him—just to make him leave her alone, sometimes.

Stella would be in the courtroom; Stella, whom he'd given the gate, but who yet had showed up Myrtle as a wife and lover. Well, Stella'd had an advantage; she'd loved the fathead; she'd not had to try to love him, thinking of somebody else.

Myrtle was not in the old jail, but in the new one on the west side of the city; for, together with all other prisoners awaiting trial, she had been moved into the fine, modern structure of stone and steel directly in the rear of the new, imposing Criminal Courts building of Cook county.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Smartly Simple Frock



1933-B

Swingin' down the lane with a bit of a zip and a full quota of what it takes, this smartly simple frock goes places without effort—an engagingly youthful and chic affair which can be made in a trice (first cousin to a jiffy) and make you the belle of the campus.

Its simplicity is totally disarming, yet it has all the aplomb of a professor in English—just one of those frocks which can't miss. Delightfully cool and as chipper as a breeze, it requires just seven simple pieces in the making, in any fabric from the A's to the Z's. The yoke and sleeves cut in

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OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Minced ham and chopped green pepper makes a tasty filling for deviled eggs.

A large piece of blotting paper placed on the closet floor will absorb moisture from wet rubbers that may be placed in closet.

A mixture of one part vinegar and two parts linseed oil, applied with a soft cloth to suitcases and bags will clean and polish them.

If you wish to boil a cracked egg place a little vinegar in the water in which it is boiled. This will keep the egg from seeping through the crack in the shell.

Scorch on cotton or linen may be removed with soap and water. Wet the spot with water and expose to the sun for a day or longer if necessary. The scorch disappears more rapidly if the material is moistened first.

If your garden peas get too hard for serving in the regular way, cook them until tender, press through a sieve and use the pulp in soup.

To make white curtains ecru dip in a solution made by boiling one tablespoon of black tea in one quart of water. Strain solution before using.

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Foreign Words and Phrases

A posteriori. (L.) From which follows, (L.) From cause.
Au jour le jour. (F.) Hand to mouth.
Battre la campagne. (F.) Scour the country; to go fool's errand.
Ca m'est egal. (F.) The same to me.
De profundis. (L.) Of depths.
En grande tenue. (F.) Dress.
Faire la noce. (F.) To gay time; to make a night.
Gluckliche Reise. (G.) Pleasant voyage; bon.
J'y suis, j'y reste. (F.) I am, here I stay.—Attri.
Marshall McMahon's Crimean Redan.
Hic jacet. (L.) Here lies of a deceased person.
Ipse dixit. (L.) He said it; a dogmatic asser-



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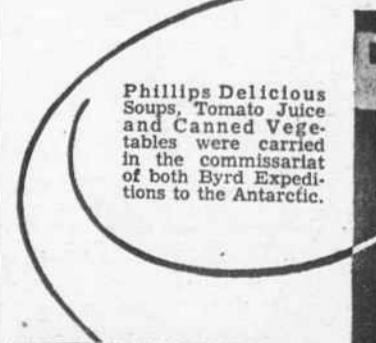
Gallant Gentleman

• IN UNITED TRIBUTE TO REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD EVELYN BYRD, U. S. N. (Ret.), six hundred members of American industrial and scientific groups met at a dinner on June 5th. They presented to Admiral Byrd a gold medal inscribed "American Industry's Tribute."

On the reverse side, this medal commemorates the silent courage of an heroic leader who kept alone "a six months vigil for meteorological observation at the world's southernmost outpost. Before the middle of the long Antarctic night he was stricken desperately ill from the poisonous fumes of a faulty oil stove. Survival seemed impossible. He deliberately chose to die rather than tap out an S. O. S. on his radio. In fact, he squandered his strength and lessened his chance for survival by painfully hand-cranking his radio

to keep his schedule and "All's Well"—to Little else but his silence cause grades to risk their lives to his rescue in the ice. For months of the bitter age cold ever endured, precariously on the edge abyss. Untold suffering compel him to alter his By a miracle he was spe-

In 22 branches of knowledge the world is the cause Byrd and his com- ventured into the Antarc- far beyond this the world- rished by the character- courageous men. . . . man who silently ch- death in one of the great of all time. . . . It is in recognition of such rare- ship that the medal pres- him is inscribed "Dick Gallant Gentleman."



HOUSEKEEPING AT THE WORLD'S SOUTHERNMOST OUTPOST. In this tiny hut, buried under ice-fields, Admiral Byrd lived alone through months of darkness, with the temperature 80 below zero. We are frankly proud to point out Phillips Delicious Foods among the vital supplies in this hut. When every ounce of food carried has to justify its weight. . . . when morale and life depend upon the quality of the supplies are selected only the most rigorous tests. By such the Phillips Delicious Foods were proved and carried on both the 1933 Byrd Antarctic Expedition and 1933 Byrd Antarctic Expedition. They have never had end- that pleased us more.

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