

DRAGONS DRIVE YOU

By EDWIN BALMER

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SYNOPSIS

Job Braddon, young and fantastically successful broker of Chicago, is infatuated with Agnes Gleneith, beautiful daughter of a retired manufacturer.

CHAPTER I—Continued

To be happy, a man required a girl; indeed, men declared this and sought a mate more openly, more frankly.

"The Deep Sea," her father had dubbed him in contrast to his brother. The Devil (with women) and the Deep Sea!

Agnes never thought of making special preparation for him; and he wouldn't have liked it. She kept on the cornflower blue knitted dress which became her slenderness and which deepened, by its lighter shade, the blue of her eyes, and which "went" with her straw-colored hair.

He, if he could, would have turned back. He sat by himself in the train, going over and over what he had done and what he had set out further to do, and his purpose appeared to him not only hopeless but fantastic.

He didn't honestly believe that he had a chance? Or had Jud goaded him to this in the belief that, by speaking to Agnes, however hopelessly, he would be the better for it—the better for putting an end to his impossible dreams?

Standing on the car steps as the train slowed, he passed her. He swung down—easily, slipping in the snow. When he straightened, she was beside him.

"Little Agnes!" he said, the syllables escaping him. If she caught his exclamation, what difference? He had come to say to her much more.

She asked him after he was settled beside her and she was driving him home: "You haven't had lunch, Rod?" "I never thought of it," he admitted.

The snow had begun to blow so blindingly that it became almost an adventure to follow the familiar road to the house. It shut in Rodney Braddon and Agnes Gleneith together, away from contact or sight from all others, increasing the tension of their intimacy, though during the drive, Rodney said scarcely a word, and he did not touch her.

In the house he made no attempt to touch her. They went into the pleasant, easy "east room," which on ordinary days overlooked the lake. Now the snow swirling at the wide windows shut them in, as it had when they were in the car.

Rodney appreciated this, and he turned to her, gratefully. "You'll let me tell you what I shouldn't?" "If you want to, Rod."

"You know the trouble with me. I love you. . . . You sit there, will you? And I'll stand here. I'll not annoy you more than I must. . . . I've said I love you. I've had medical training. I know what love is, or is supposed to be. But it's not that with me when I think of you. . . . I suppose every hopeless fool feels it. He tries to make himself out better than he is."

"You couldn't, Rod," she said gently. She was seated where he asked her to be, and watching him, looking up at him, so tall and troubled before her; and a little ungainly, as always, in his brown ready-made clothes.

that I've none; that's not my trouble. It's me and my life—isn't it?" "Your life?" "The fact that you never could live it."

"She said, without thinking, 'Why not?' for she did not willfully intend to lead him on; but never, with any man who had made love to her, had she found herself so confused by feeling."

"There'd be nothing in it for you but being my wife." "What would that be like, Rodney?" Now, why had she said that? Did she want him to break the restraint he held upon himself?

"Being my wife? Do you want me to tell you?" "Can you, Rod?" "Can I?" He was gazing at her so that her eyes fell before his, fell to his hands, which he was keeping controlled beside him.

"I thought for a time, Agnes," he went on, "not taking up another line, for you, I mean, with the idea that it might just possibly increase my chance with you. Not to make more money, but to make myself different, for you. But I couldn't be different."

"Not you, Rod." "No; it'd be no use. There's only one job I can care to do. You know what it is. It's to find out what makes one person live and another die. What brings one child health and strength and happiness, and what condemns another to be a cripple or to pain or wretchedness for life. What does it? Not God, not Divine Judgment and punishment. We don't believe in travesties like that any longer. And it's not the sins of the fathers, in most cases, either. It's some condition we can discover and correct. It's some secret of biological balance that we can uncover. It's simply a problem of biology that I've got to work at as long as I'm any good. I couldn't turn to anything else if I tried to. It's the one thing that matters to me—except you."

"I've been trying to put you two together. I mean to imagine you together—my life, as I live it, and you. I can do it in my dreams. Oh, I love you so much; and I can see I'll never have you. . . . Don't mistake me in how I imagined you in my dreams, dear; oh, my dear. You were there waiting for me; that was all. You always were there for me at end of day. Wherever I was, whatever I was doing, I was going back to you. No; I'll tell it all to you. Some day, I dreamed, we'd have a little girl like you. A very little girl with blue eyes and hair like flax as yours used to be. . . ."

"It wasn't strange, Rod. Don't think I misunderstand. Kiss me, Rod." "When I go, I will, if you'll let me. I couldn't bear it now. I see how you feel—sorry for me. It's plain I can never have you. I won't make you say it. I know. I always knew. That's why the dreams began; but they'll be gone now, too. That's best, I suppose. . . ."

Ten minutes later, Rodney left; and she knew better than to try to detain him. "I'm driving you back to the station," she said.

"No. Let me leave you here. . . . 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 arm did not encircle 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, stretching on tiptoes to offer herself once more.

"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. Of course the jaguar heads had nothing to do with the descent; they were simply a symbol of what had happened. 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, small-boned, golden-haired, bright-cheeked, impulsive type of Swede. She was overemotional, indeed, but discreet. Rognia, if any one knew what had happened in this great important house; for Agnes suspected that her mother, in her despairing helplessness to regain what was slipping away,

sometimes "talked to" Rognia. Never to a soul would Rognia repeat a word of it.

"Mother's returned?" Agnes asked her. "Oh, yes! Mr. Braddon just phoned." Agnes started. Rod? Was he returning?

"Mr. Judson Braddon," Rognia said. "What did he say?" "He is coming out. He did not inquire whether or not you would be in, Miss Agnes; he said to tell you he was coming out. He will drive."

Twenty miles through this snow! thought Agnes. Jeb would. "Also Mr. Gleneith 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. There was no sense whatever in Agnes' pretending before Rognia. "She mustn't use rouge, Rognia. Don't let her. It—it doesn't become her; and it won't do her any good!"

Lying in the deep, warm water in her bath of palely tinted porcelain, 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." And he hadn't so much as let her say it.

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—ridiculous to Father, who used to kiss her when they hugged Agnes between them in the big bed of the house where Mother had been a bride.

Oh, what was love? 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!" That meant her and no one else. Always, as long as she could remember, it had been Father's greeting. Light One! Dark One! His two daughters—his two babies, once. Beatrice always had been dark, like Mamma; Agnes light, like himself.

"Dark One! Light One! Dark One! Light One!" he used to accent in rhythm as he tossed and caught his children in turn before he kissed them—Dark One! Light One!—and shooed them away.

He bent and kissed Agnes now, carefully to keep his snowiness from her dress. "Hello, Light One!" he repeated. "How's the buster?" "Father, they're wonderful!" "Good. Where's your mother? In?" "Yes, Father; she's in."

"Good." Cravath had taken his things and disappeared, leaving father and daughter alone before the fire. Agnes liked to have him linger with her, but the thought of her mother, waiting for him, tortured her. There had been a time when, if she had not met him at the door, he would have leaped up the stairs, two steps at a time, to find what was the matter.

Now he stood, back to the fire, without impatience. He had been away for a week in New York City; and his daughter, sweet as she was with affection for him, and with pride in him, and with gladness in all her memories, could not down disturbing doubts. What had he "done" in New York during seven days—and evenings and nights?

He was full of feeling; and how good-looking he was! You could not possibly think of him as a grandfater.

He was now within two years of fifty, and he didn't appear forty. He honestly didn't. His hair was as youthful as Agnes' own. He differed from hers, however, in having a crinkle in it which made it take tousling well. (Always, in those mornings when she had run into his and Mother's room, he had been tousled. Now she had not seen him so. But had some woman in New York? The idea would not down. It wouldn't!) Father and daughter shared the same blueness of eye and straightness of nose. Indeed, in the fullness of her lips and the turn of her good little chin, Agnes was a delicate refinement of him; but even allowing for women's proportions, she was smaller. He was six feet straight, distinctly more than average height; Agnes, for that comfortable countryside north of Chicago where women are tall, was rather under the average, and also, for her height, slither than her father, though no ounce of "weight" appeared on him. He saw to that, with squash and riding.

Satin Slippers

By KARIN ASHBRAND © McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

CLAIRE CARTER was applying lipstick to good advantage on a perfect cupid's bow, and looking over her shoulder into the mirror behind her at her alluring little self.

The new waiter had been most attentive all week. Already he had asked her to a college dance. He was a rambrah boy, working for his tuition. Nothing so classical as this young Adonis had ever come into Claire's life before. His being there in the same restaurant with her made it easier to be on her feet all day. To carry heavy trays to impatient consumers. To receive puny tips, which, however small, served to ease out the pittance allotted to the Yellow Canary's help.

Rand was at the bar ordering drinks for the jolly fat quartet at the window. On his way over to their table he slid over to her and whispered out of the corner of his mouth so that the boss wouldn't notice, "Can you go?" "I told you I couldn't," she whispered back. "I can't get those satin slippers. I can't go barefoot."

"Let me buy them for you." "No; thanks." "You can pay me back next pay day." "No. I gotta give all my money to Ma this week 'count of her operation. She's paying off the doctor. Ask one of the college dames."

"I wouldn't enjoy it. None of them can dance the way you do." Claire approached her table with the appropriate smile on her lips. The smile passed unnoticed by the man sitting there waiting, alternately studying the menu and scribbling on scraps of paper.

"Just a club sandwich and coffee," he ordered abruptly, and kept on scribbling. Gertie, on the next table, intercepted her on the way to the kitchen. "D'ya know who that is?" she asked in an excited stage whisper, indicating the scribbling patron with her thumb.

"That's Merland Ross, the novelist. You lucky bum! You'd draw that table. He ain't married, either. He's as easy to look at as Rand."

Claire brought back Mr. Ross' lunch, and took a good look at him. He was easy to look at, she admitted to herself, but he looked as if he needed sleep, and plenty of it. He paid scant attention either to her or to his lunch, except to bolt it hastily. Then he handed her a dollar bill and left without waiting for his change.

It was Gertie who picked up the scraps of paper from the floor where he had dropped them. She crumpled them in her hand and started to throw them in the rubbish container.

"Say, gimme those," demanded Claire. "You aren't going to throw those away?" "Lands! There are no good!" exploded Gertie. "Lookit! Some of 'em are scribbled on wrapping paper. Little bits of craps!" She handed them to Claire who smoothed them out with tender fingers.

"They belong to my customer," Claire said. "I bet they're precious to him. Writer folks scribble on tissue paper if they can't find anything else. I'm going to send them to him."

She thrust them into her pocket, and the minute she was off duty she slipped into a telephone booth to look up his address. Merland Ross. Her lips caressed the name even as her pen wrote it on a restaurant envelope. Rand stamped it and mailed it for her.

The next day Merland Ross appeared at the restaurant and asked to see the manager. "I want to talk with the person who mailed me back my notes," he requested.

Rand was standing beside the boss. "It was Claire Carter, sir," he hastened to tell him. Claire was sent for.

Merland Ross held out his hand and Claire laid hers into it. "You don't know what those notes meant to me," he told her. "I was nearly crazy when I found out I had lost them. They were the finishing chapters for my new novel, 'Rising Tide.' I sent it off today. You're a smart little girl. I felt that I had to reward you somehow. Thanks."

He smiled down upon her from his famous height, withdrew his hand, and left. Claire gulped and shut her eyes. In her hand was a crisp crinkling slip of paper. She dared not look at it. She had never received a reward before. Perhaps it would be the price of a pair of satin slippers. Rand was looking at her proudly. She could feel his eyes on her, and she opened her own eyes suddenly to stare at the bit of paper in her hand.



Grimm Full o' Hope Though 1936 Pennant Chase Is Plenty Tough

CHARLEY GRIMM—"What's that? No, I'm not thinking about becoming a pitcher just because I've got this big yellow-finger mitt on and because you've seen me warming up for ten minutes. I'm merely breaking it in for Larry French, who's got a lot of other things on his mind now besides new gloves, and asked me to do it for him. It's all in the day's work for a manager. Even when you're with the league champions, you've got to help out wherever you can, and— What's that?"

"You think from what you've seen that I'd be a lot more help if I did go in there and pitch?" "Well, that's where you're wrong. We've got a pretty fair staff just the same and getting Curt Davis will help us plenty. Maybe he'll start slow, but you can bet he'll win plenty of games for us. And don't let anybody kid you about Lon Warneke. He's got all his stuff and you can take my word, there's never been a thing wrong with his arm. Also you can believe some more of the same about Bill Lee. I'm telling you that we'll be going along smoothly before long, and—"

"Sure, I know Galan and Hack are not hitting as good as they did this time last year. But they're both fellows who're really good hitters and you can't keep them down. They're likely to snap out of it any day now and keep on going. Besides, we're getting some pretty fair power in there anyhow, aren't we? Sure, we are. Look at Billy Herman. He's slapped seventeen doubles so far and you now know that's the kind of smart betting that wins ball games, and—"

That Kid Cavaretta Is Okay at First Base "How about first base? Well, what about it yourself? That young Cavaretta is coming along okay. He's fielding pretty and he's picked up plenty up there at the plate. So—"

"Yeah, maybe I could go out there because I honestly am feeling swell. But I tried it twice this spring and each time that ligament slipped in my back. So, isn't it better for me to be ready if necessary, and meanwhile give a kid who's going so well his due and— Don't believe a word of it. The fellow who started that swelled head yarn was dreaming."

"The rest of the race? It's going to be closer than it's been for years with those second-division boys giving the rest of us plenty to worry about. Pittsburgh's got all the power in the world and if those Pirates just had another good pitcher it might be that nobody could stop them."

"Brooklyn's no soft touch either. If they had one fence buster they'd be blamed hard to beat. Almost all of the guys in the race think they've got such a good chance that they just hate to give strength to get strength in some other spot and—Okay, go on over and interview Terry. I've got to get some hitting practice anyhow."

Terry Needs a Pitcher but Where's the Trade? Bill Terry—"How do I know how long my leg's going to let me stay in there? It swells up big and is so sore at night that it's pretty tough sleeping, and what's worse there doesn't seem to be anything anybody can do for it. But I'll stick in there just as long as I can."

"Bartell? Don't believe everything you read. He's had a charleyhorse in his leg and that's naturally slowed him some, but he's coming along all right."

"Trade? Certainly I'd make one. I'm not saying we haven't looked bad a few times in the last couple of weeks, but we've got a pretty fair ball club. Give us another pitcher to go along with what we have and—"

"Why don't I get one then? Say, why don't you go on over there and interview Grimm. What? Okay, you can stay then, but don't ask any more questions like that. Haven't you ever met any other managers in this league? Don't you know that if you were to give up your right eye and a few other knickknacks such as that they'd probably still be asking how you expected that to—"

"Having an Ax to Grind?" "Having an ax to grind" means to be moved by personal motives or influenced by a desire for revenge, or to have a grudge against a person.

PREAKNESS Pickings

Bold Venture joined an illustrious company of ponies including Sir Barton, Gallant Fox, Burgoon King and Omaha that have won both the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness. Twenty Grand and Cavalcade, Derby winners, were second when they tried their luck at the Preakness.

Only two fillies have reached the winners' circle. They were Rhine Maiden in 1915 and Nellie Morse in 1924. . . . Tom Healey has been the most successful of the modern trainers in the \$25,000 classic. He added four winners, Vigil, Pillory, Display and Dr. Freeland. The combination of Owner G. L. Lorillard and Trainer R. W. Walden was tops among the ancients. They had all five winners from 1878 to 1882. Walden also was the winning trainer in 1875 and was both owner and trainer of Refund, who romped home in front in 1888. . . .

Just to show that things were on the up and up in those days a horse named Weicher finished second in a field of two in 1884. Not in the Box Score: There is an unwritten baseball law that there shall be no "throwing" at night. The lights and shadows make it so difficult for a batter to dodge that even the hardest-hearted pitchers prefer to aim at the outside corners rather than be charged with manslaughter. . . . Baltazar Sanchez, recognized in Europe as the world's bantamweight champion, says he started boxing because he didn't want to go to work. . . . The Mensels, Irish and Boh, are playing semi-pro baseball in Los Angeles. . . . Ed Stribling now peddles automobiles in Hattiesburg, Missa. . . . Elmer Layden, the Notre Dame football mentor, is flooding the mails with circulars advertising his forthcoming Olympic tour. . . . Jack Kearns now operates a tavern on Randolph street in Chicago. . . . Vaughan Williams, long one of the most capable soccer referees, now is vice president of the Brookhattan A. C.

Bill Tilden Fading as Box Office Magnet A sports idol seems to be fading at last. Although the Lott-Stoefen-Vines unit continues to do very well at the box office, Pro Tennis Promoter Bill O'Brien is losing money on his Bill Tilden troupe. . . . Tickets for the Louis Schmelting affair cost four cents each. That is, Mike Jacobs pays \$40 a thousand for the cardboards and the printing on them. This, incidentally, is a high-class job, since fight duceats ordinarily are prepared for \$6 a thousand. . . . The Evans brothers, who run the Loch Sheldrake resort where Jim Braddock trained to win his world championship, continue to bet that the luck of their spot will hold good when the final finally is defended. . . . Nasty mens say that the real head of the opposition wrestling trust is Billy Sandow.

Mike Jacobs, the sports impresario who probably knows more about Broadway than any living man, continues an old-fashioned guy under his modish haberdashery. He wears long underwear the year around. . . . There are big-time players who will bet you that the average annual salary of the Athletics is less than \$2,000 a year although the average among other clubs is double that amount. . . . The Children's Aid Society Sandlot league, which provided recreation for 3,998 baseball playing youngsters last year, is continuing the good work this summer with the able assistance of Col. Jacob Kuppert. . . . Willie Herkert, secretary of the German-American Football association, once starred with the Brooklyn Wanderers and was a member of the G. A. F. team which toured Germany in 1930. . . . Left-handed golfers no longer are bound by the belief that no southpaw can succeed at the game.

Racetrack trouts are gents who keep up with the times. In states where there are laws against the hopping of horses they start work on a prospect by flashing a badge and hinting that they are narcotic agents. The rest of the sales talk is to the effect that they have spotted several gee-gees which are hopeheads and are letting them run so as to gather conclusive evidence against the owners. Thereupon three out of five prospects fall in with the idea of getting down a sizable bet on his sure thing. . . . If you have been wondering where wrestlers come from take a look at Oklahoma. Mat performers from that state won 18 of the 23 amateur and collegiate titles, including six of the seven Olympic team spots this year.

The Giants might like to know that several Western opponents hint they quit when the going gets tough. The athletes say that when a Dean or a Warneke is rifting the ball across, the Polo Grounds performers seem all too anxious to get away from the plate as quickly as possible, so they (Joe Moore) is excluded by the scandalmongers hit feebly at bad balls instead of waiting out the speed hurlers. . . . Bookmakers are happy to discover that even the parimutuel machines have a bit of larceny in them and that a totalizer once weleched in England. This was a movable device that was carted from track to track and one day it left before the races were over.

TIPS ON TURF TERMS: BILL DALY—A horse which takes the track and is never headed. Hardly ever a favorite. SHORT—A horse (sometimes a player) which tails off after making most of the pace—also favorite players all wind up short. GUMBO—When the track's muddy.



Warneke



Tilden

The Ukrainian Flag

The flag of the U. S. S. R. is red, with the national device in the upper left-hand corner. The constituent republics of the union have their own flags, likewise red, with the initials of the name of the republic in the upper left-hand corner. In the case of the Ukraine, the initials are the Russian equivalent of U. S. S. R., meaning Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic.

"Having an Ax to Grind" means to be moved by personal motives or influenced by a desire for revenge, or to have a grudge against a person.