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 Gleneith, beautiful daughter of a retired manufacturer. Rodney, a doctor, in love with Agnes, visits his brother, Jeb. Rod plans work Rochester. Jeb suggests that he make a try for Agnes before leaving. | was here. So she left the notation in In Rod there is a deeper, obstinate decency than in Jeb. 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 | seat 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 | phony. Bob did not come. by a scantily clad girl, who draws Agnes into the room. Colver finds her husband, Charles Lorrie, fatally shot. yer, to come at once. Agnes does, The which his wife had assembled and left police take charge. O'Mara arrives. The officers are antagonistic to him. Agnes grandfather and father had lost their lives in the line of duty as city firemen, and his grandmother, Winnie, has built her all around Cathal, who, being ambitious, had worked his way through law school. Thoughts of Agnes disturb 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. Gleneith asks questions regarding marital problems, in the hope that she might get a solution to her own prob-Cathal wins them over to Myrtle's Jeb tells Agnes that O'Mara is seeking to profit on the insurance money Myrtle will collect if acquitted

CHAPTER VI-Continued

The playing of the Fidence overture known to themselves; and so was the without welcome and without surprise. performance of Cesar Franck's D Mi-

nor Symphony. to make a visit to a certain specialist; | character. and he had said, yes, there was no doubt that she was going to have a | She stays in New York?"

her hand and held it with a new awed "You-you haven't brought her here tenderness. He defied usual discre- yet? You've never-seen her in Chition and played hooky from the office | cago." for the afternoon, and went with her to the concert, where they heard the | were." Fidelio and that solemn, exulting triumphal of the soul over the flesh but something-"

which was the D Minor Symphony. It told how two would be bound to- You-" gether, though they died, and they Don't, Bob. . . Yesterday"-she took him away from her to spend his Beatrice watched the orchestra pro- shut her eyes and hummed the notes a glimpse of their passion. The man one of her daughters or a friend in part that binds souls together forever, For them, it struck Cathal chill; the seat beside her.

Today the orchestra was playing bodies." both the Fidelio and Cesar Franck's With her eyes closed, she saw her- would cling to him so? Whom would sublime defiance of the flesh. It self and him not middle-aged but he hold as though he could never let seemed to "mean" something; so young together, and in awe before the her go? Beatrice Gleneith, forty-seven years wonder of their first child within her old, ventured to her husband's office to | body. ask him to play hooky with her once

ward in a welcome which betrayed Cesar Franck by his music declared it last had let his wife Carrie go; and no small surprise.

"Why, Mrs. Gleneith! Mr. Gleneith went out an hour ago, and I'm not expecting him back for perhaps another hour. Was he expecting you?"

"No," said Beatrice. "Do you mind If I wait here?"

"Of course not," And the two women looked at each other.

The girl somewhat uneasily withdrew and left Mrs. Gleneith alone in Cash."

her husband's office. Tricie-he could not give up call-

ing out the windows.

sealed. It was from Bob's bank, and not too much to ask of you, is it? since today was the first, it undoubt- Leave her, between you and me, just edly contained his canceled checks of | -Cash." last month-his personal account. His wife first weighed it in her

hand; then, almost before she thought long ago had loosed its hold upon him, what she was doing, she slit the en- only to trouble him occasionally since. velope with his paper knife.

and for various amounts, none of altations. He felt too much life ahead them alike except two-one thousand of him. He was going on, looking fordollars to Cash-one thousand dollars ward; the ease and certainty with to Cash. Here were two more to Cash. which he continually advanced Here were two more alike-five hun- business affairs, declared it. He had dred dollars drawn to Cash-to Cash, never felt so capable. five hundred dollars.

She looked at the dates. They had his daughter. been drawn and cashed, to Cash, al- "Your mother and I," he said, in a most exactly a week apart; the two quiet voice, "understand each other. for a thousand each corresponded with | She-we are not thinking in terms of his visit in New York; the five hun- separation. Has she told you?"

dreds with his stay in Chicago. in addition to all these other checks Infidelity was kinder than to cast off thing. Would she ever think of you?" drawn to names for many amounts? | a wife openly. Beatrice dropped into his chair and

sat there a few moments, shaking.

Tricle, who had come with the wild be for me? delusion that if he sat with her again through Fidelio and the D Minor Symgathered up his checks and replaced

them in the envelope which she had

slit. She took his pen and wrote on a sheet of his personal paper: "I opened this." She did not sign her name; she could not. He would know her writing, of course; and he knew that she

the envelope and escaped from his office before he returned. One more mad thing—the maddest of all-she did. She left on his desk

beside the envelope a ticket, for the seat beside hers, at the Orchestra. Beatrice had no lunch that day. She went to the women's room at Marshall Field's and lay down. At last she went to Orchestra Hall and took her

Never, never before had Stock so conducted and the orchestra so played the Fidelio and the D Minor Sym-

He, of course, received from Miss Oliver a report of Beatrice's visit and He calls the police. Myrtle Lorrie asks | departure; and he discovered her note Agnes to phone Cathal O'Mara, a law- in his checks next the four to Cash together. But this did not tell him sides with O'Mara, Agnes is to be a how much more Beatrice knew; and witness at the coming trial. Cathal's it left him wholly in the dark as to what she meant to do about it.

So far, she had asked him directly nothing, for fear of the answer; for fear, he was aware, of forcing an open break between them. Now what would

The concert ticket gave him an awful moment with its power to recall the past. He had to tear it up and

toss it out of sight. He could keep away from the concert; but then came the hour when

he must go home and face her. But she said nothing when she met him, and they went to their separate bedrooms at night without her having

referred to her visit at his office. In the morning, after he had bathed and shaved and was nearly dressed he went into his wife's room. She was an occasion, for reasons only had been awake and she sat up in bed,

"I was thinking about us, Bob," she said, supporting herself on her hands A few months after their marriage, Her hair was braided, as she had when Bob was yet a boy and Beatrice | slept, and drawn back from her foreyounger than either of their daughters | head. Its severity brought out the today, she had come to town at noon | clear, even outlines that gave her face

"She's in New York, isn't she, Bob?

"She?" he repeated, but instantly So Bob and she had lunched togeth- | decided not to evade. "Yes; she stays

"No," he said. "Never-where you

whispered to each other that night; had to tell it to him-"Stock played | years in prison. and through the years afterward, the Fidelio and Cesar Franck." She grams so that, on the special day, she of the solemn, exalted music. "He had given her all, all he had had; and would have her husband instead of came to that part-our part, Bob-the the woman had held from him nothing.

Oh, the notes had meant them in about him; and how he would hold, their moments of exaltation - this her to him! Bob's door was shut; and when she | theme of defiance of fear. It brought opened it, she saw the office empty; back that night when her "pains" bebut Miss Oliver immediately entered gan, and he was frightened that perfrom her room on the other side. Miss haps she might die and leave him. Oliver knew her, and hastened for- But she could never, never leave him!

> Bob Gleneith's wife, middle-aged thank Cathal. He wished she wouldn't. and in bed before him, opened her eyes, which had wrinkles around them. "It helped me again yesterday, Bob," nothing, she said. "It made me know I'm bound to you, whatever you do. Cash

"Cash?" "Cash. You know whom I mean-

"Yes," he said.

ing her that—sat almost still for a long anything about her. If you wanted to sands of dollars, won and lost, with time looking about the room and gaz- tell me, I'd ask you not. It's much the best as it is. I can think of her Beatrice arose and stood at her hus- now simply as Cash. I can see her band's desk, whereon lay letters op- just as Cash. That's by all means ened and spread out; and one large, easiest for me. So never tell or exbulky envelope which had been left plain a thing about her, Bob. That's

This had occurred more than a week ago; the emotionalism of its moment He could not permit himself to live

His checks were to various names in the past, on the relics of lost ex-

He turned, with more composure, to

What had Bob done with this cash which the lawyer, O'Mara, had said? happened; or she wants to know some-

"Does that make you any happier?" "I guess so, Father."

The post, at half past ten, brought

Myrtle's letter. Can't you possibly come to see me? You know where I am. I do not have

to write the address. Me—in prison. Can you imagine what this place must How gladly I would call on you—if I could! I think of you daily. Still when I shut my eyes I can see you phony, she could regain him-Tricle coming in my door, I was never so sat back in his chair. Finally she glad to see another girl in all my life. I am sure God sent you to me in my

moment of terrible need, Can't you possibly come see me? But whether you do or not, with undying thankfulness for you, Your grateful and devoted friend,

MYRTLE STIVER LORRIE. Agnes dropped the sheet of paper and looked out over the lawn. She felt no impulse at all to respond by a visit to the jail. Should she? Was It her duty?

Martin O'Mara could tell her. Her memory supplied the phone number she had called, at that tense,

awful crisis with Myrtle. A woman's voice, as before, an-

"Mr. O'Mara, please," said Agnes. And what was it—a repetition of the excitement of the first call?-which had her quivering?

"Who wants him?" "I-Miss Gleneith."

"Mr. O'Mara is out, Miss Gleneith. He is in court this morning. Probably I cannot reach him for some time. Is there any message you can give

will have him call you, Miss Gleneith. Where will you be?" Agnes found the morning paper and shut herself in her room while she searched the columns carefully and

over again, but vainly, for there was no mention today of Martin O'Mara. Yet he was in court and, this morning, making his plea for a client. I was a hearing of overwhelming importance to five persons,-the prisoner and his wife and their three little children,-but altogether too common and unsensational a case to win notice, before its disposition, in the morning papers. Tonight there would be a few lines, hidden somewhere

cording the justice dispensed to another human soul. For one Karl Glatz, a plodding, unimaginative accountant for a firm in the leather business, had embezzled some twenty - two hundred dollars which he had lost in speculation. He had been caught, and the case had

back toward the financial news, re-

come to Cathal. Examination of the circumstances made but one plea feasible—guilty; but before the judge had passed sentence, counsel had the right to offer witnesses for examination, and to argue for the mitigation of the offense that was admitted.

Sentence was passed at half - past er. Under the tablecloth, he caught in New York." twelve; Glatz would go to the penitentiary for a year. It was the minimum term for his offense, but Cathal felt himself beaten.

He hated sentences; it struck him chill to see a wife's arms go up and "That's something, Bob. Not much, close about her husband's neck so she could hold him to her, so that she "Tricie, you don't understand this. could cling to him again, though it was in the courtroom, before they

Cathal turned away, yet he caught

no matter what may happen to their but for himself, it stirred swiftly succeding warmths within him. Whoever.

Was he without sense or reason? He would have Agnes Gleneith's arms

No one else, none other, at such moments, came to him. The thought of no other girl or woman ever had assailed him with such fury.

He turned about. Karl Glatz at she, through her tears, was trying to She'd earn the money to pay him, she said; he would know now she had

Cathal knew that. Yesterday he had given her twenty dollars. "There's no fee," he said quietly. "I did nothing for you."

He went on, clasping his brief-case containing, with other documents, the accounting of Karl Glatz' pitiful trad-"I'll never ask her name, Bob; or ing. Glatz had spread his few thouvarious brokers, one of which had been Braddon and Company.

> Cathal thought of Jeb, not in any relation to Glatz, but as the possessor Agnes Gleneith. Did she draw Braddon down to her and cling to him? Of course she did, and let him hold her. Wasn't she marrying him? Recollecting himself with her in her home, Cathal warmed with a flush of confusion as he reviewed again how he had told her of the Green Bear of Babbletree.

He reached his office. . . . "And," his secretary concluded her report of occurrences during his absence, "Miss Gleneith called you. She wanted you to call her back-at her home. Shall I call her?" "I will," said Cathal.

Cathal shut himself in his office and

called on his phone. "Fool; fool; oh, fool!" he cast at himself during the wait after he had the house, and some one had gone to summon her. "Do you imagine it's for "No," said Agnes. What was it yourself she's called you? Something's There was her voice: "Mr. O'Mara?"

"O'Mara," he said. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Sense

JOHN BLAKE

Wherever there is anything

Loving their work, and eager

to bring home pictures of all the

To me it has always been

tions of the world, but they

dously useful in teaching such

subjects as biology and zoology.

with a moving picture projector

and a stock of films would never

Even pictures which only in-

lack the earnest attention of her

cidentally show the streets

would prove a marvel.

foreign cities would be valuable.

What they would do if wisely used

An intelligent teacher provided

worth seeing the camera goes.

obstacles, or by dangers.

@ Bell Syndicate.-WNU Service. The films of travel, which car- ist when practically all the peo- golden mean. ry the vision around the world ple of all the civilized countries and back again of the world can, by paying a

Eyes Around have vastly small price for a seat in a cine- Her money is her attraction. broadened the ma theater look "'round horizons of mil- world and back again." lions of people, and in that re-The camera man has complete-

spect have proved to be of high ly replaced the men who used to The opportunities of most peo- bring home pictures of it to be ple for seeing the world are very thrown on a still screen.

The average person in small can view the Eskimo catching a towns and country places has a seal which will provide him with many, one. (Motto of the United very dim idea of the length and his supper and an overcoat, with States.) breadth of the world, or of the a good clear glance at the peaks people who live in places remote of the Alps or the Andes, or at

from him. Today almost every boy and mah. girl can tell you of the Taj Mahal, or of the Desert of Sahara, or the peaks of the Andes, or of life in remote cities like London, Paris and Constantinople.

Mr. Shakespeare informs us that "home-keeping youth have ever homely wits." But "homely wits" hardly ex-

A Veiled Figure

wherein stands-like the block of white unhewn marble set in the studio of a sculptor—a veiled figure. Though the man may not so much as lift the | could, I should think, be tremencorner of the veil, yet he forever and in secret works to fashion and form the figure

that lies beneath. And the figure is the Soul of the man, and the unveiling thereof is called death; and until the figure be unveiled, the man scarce knoweth what manner of man he is.-Coulson Kernahan.

Foreign Words and Phrases

A bas le traitre. (F.) Down with the traitor. Aurea mediocritas. (L.) The

Bas bleu. (F.) A bluestocking. Beaux yeux de sa cassette. (F.)

Cher ami (masc.) Chere amie (fem.) (F.) Dear friend. Dramatis personae. (L.) The characters of a play.

go forth and view the world and bribe; a fee.

Faire bonne mine. (F.) To put From your seat in a theater you a good face on a thing.

"Elephants a pilin' teak" in Bur-

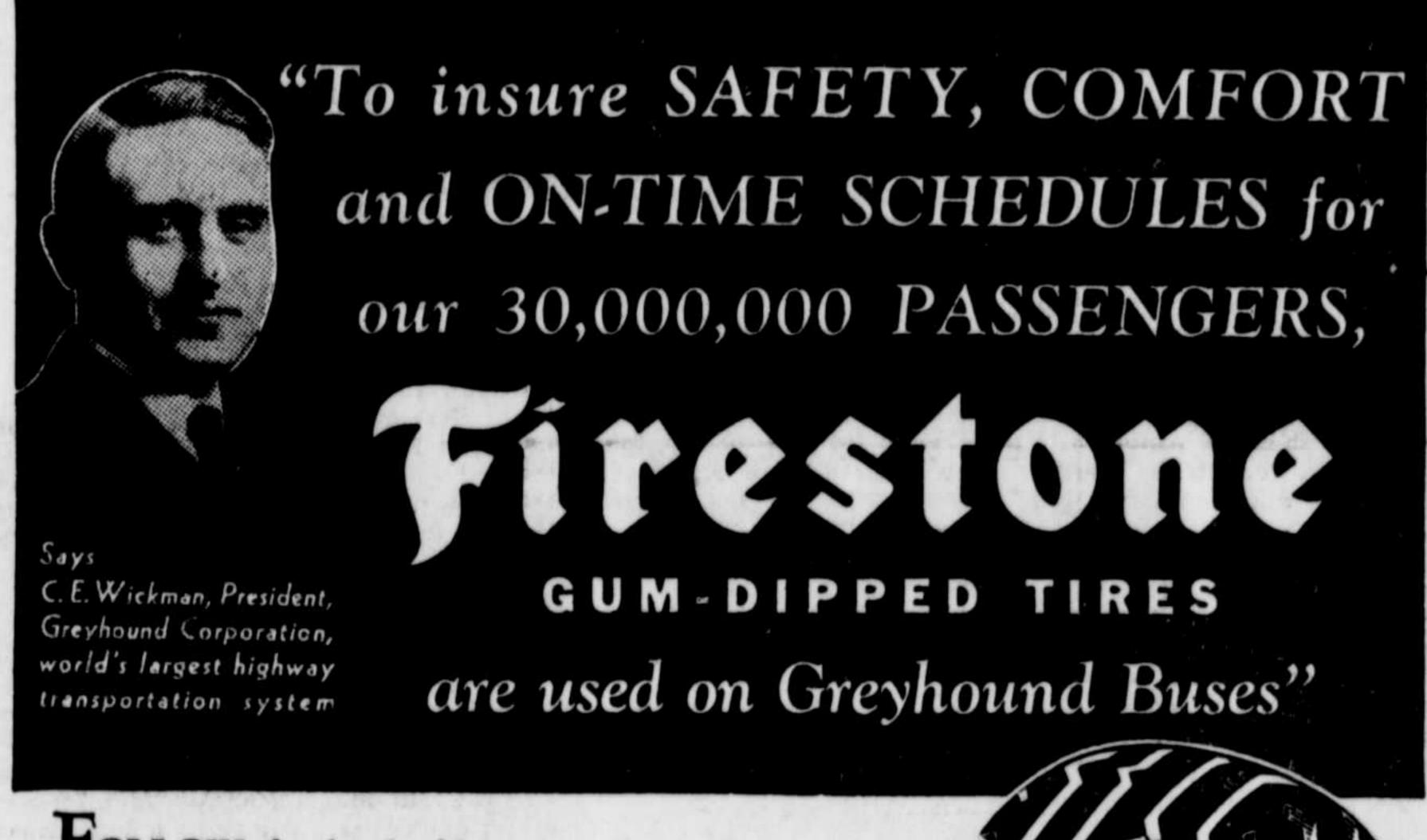
If in breaking eggs into a mixing bowl a bad one should accidentally be dropped in, a whole known world, these daredevils of fore, wise to always break one egg at a time into a cup before putting it into the mixing bowl,

astonishing that every school To remove the onion odor from room in every city and village the hands after peeling and slicand town has not long ago been ing them rub the hands with vinprovided with cameras and egar or lemon juice before washscreens to aid the children in ing with soap and water. If the onions are sliced under water and Not only would they vastly the hands are already wet rub broaden the view of many sec- them with dry salt.

Drain all boiled vegetables as soon as tender. They become soggy if they are allowed to stand unstrained after cooking. The water drained off may be saved for

soup stock. When the cork breaks in a bottle pour out the liquid it contains and put enough ammonia in the bottle to float the cork. Set away until the cork crumbles.

@ Associated Newspapers .- WNU Service.



FOLLOW the lead of big tire users who buy only on proof of performance.

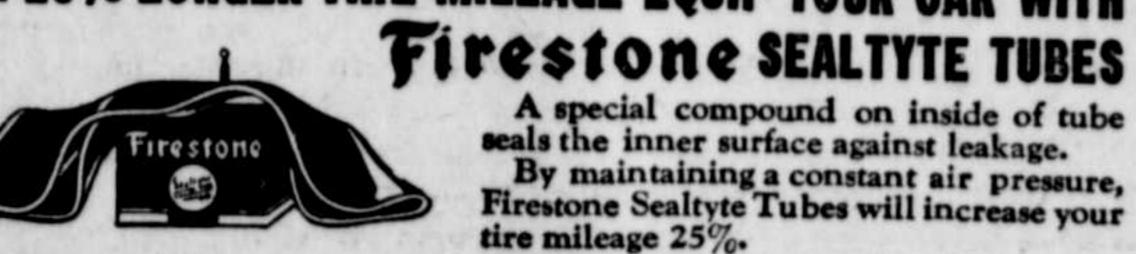
Last year Greyhound buses traveled 138,000,000 miles from Coast to Coast and from Canada to the Gulf across deserts and over winding mountain roads.

They have won the National Safety Council's highest award in inter-city bus operation for the past four years. This is indeed a tribute to careful driving, efficient equipment and the reserve safety of Firestone Tires made possible by the Firestone Patented Process of Gum-Dipping which prevents internal friction and heat.

Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires run up to 28° cooler and give greatest blowout protection -the scientifically designed non-skid tread will stop your car up to 25% quicker and give you 50% longer non-skid mileage.

Take no chances! Buy your tires on proof of performance. See your nearby Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store or Firestone Dealer and equip your car today with Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires, the Masterpiece of Tire Construction!

FOR 25% LONGER TIRE MILEAGE EQUIP YOUR CAR WITH Firestone SEALTYTE TUBES



OF TIRE CONSTRUCTION HIGH SPEED 4.50-21..... 4.75-19..... 10.85 5.25-18..... 5.50-17..... 11.90 6.00-17H.D.... 15.90 FOR TRUCKS 18.85 6.00-20:.... 30x5 Truck Type ... 18.75 32x6 H. D.... 40.25 Other Sizes Priced Proportionately Low

THE MASTERPIECE

VISIT THE FIRESTONE EXHIBITS AT THE GREAT LAKES EXPOSITION IN CLEVELAND AND THE TEXAS CENTENNIAL IN DALLAS



Listen to the Voice of Firestone—featuring Margaret Speaks, Soprano, with the Firestone Choral

Symphony, and William Daly's Orchestra—every Monday night over N.B.C. Nationwide Network