

BROKEN

RUBY M. AYRES

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Giles Chittenden swears to avenge the death of his young half-brother Rodney, driven to suicide by the notorious Julie Farrow who had spurned his love. He will make Julie love him, then throw her aside as she threw Rodney. He meets her in Switzerland, goes with her to the hotel on St. Bernard Pass, and succeeds in winning her love. To his amazement, he discovers that he has fallen overwhelmingly in love with her himself! And he is married, to an American girl with whom he has nothing in common.

Then he discovers that this girl is not the same Julie Farrow who ruined Rodney, but her cousin of the same name. She scorns him when he confesses his love and his inability to marry her. They meet later in London, where she is going the pace that kills. Another man, Lawrence Schofield, wants to marry her, in spite of her wild life.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

In the morning he rang up. Bim Lennox answered:

"Julie? Oh, I'm sorry—she's not up yet. Who is it?"

"Lawrence Schofield. She told me I might ring."

"Oh . . . well—if you will wait a moment. May I give her a message?"

I want her to lunch with me if she will.

I will tell her.

It seemed an eternity till Bim returned.

"Julie will be delighted. Will you call for her at half past one?"

I shall be delighted also.

So that was that!

Schofield felt a boy as he turned away from the telephone. Nearly fifty! Nonsense! He was a young man, and in love for the first. He might have been less elated had he heard Julie's comment when his message was conveyed to her.

"Schofield! who on earth . . . don't know the man."

Julie was half asleep still; her head was splitting, and there was a queer dread in her heart.

"He was here last night. He brought you home," Bim said patiently. He wants you to lunch with him. He is waiting on the phone.

Oh—well, say what you like—any thing.

Bim went away without answering, and when she returned Julie was still sitting up in bed, her hands clasped round her knees, a little frown of pain between her eyes.

What did you say?

I said you would be delighted to lunch with him and he is calling at half past one.

Julie scowled.

I told you to send him away.

You didn't. You told me to say what I liked. I said you would be delighted. I like that man.

Go with him yourself then.

I would have done if he had asked me.

Julie lay back on her pillows. Where's the tea?

Just coming. Is your head very bad?"

The very devil. Julie followed Bim to the door with envious eyes. How on earth do you manage to look so fresh at this ungodly hour? she grumbled.

Bim turned round with a faint smile.

I don't drink too much, for one thing," she said lightly.

Schofield came for Julie in a big car.

It's awfully good of you to come, he said nervously.

It's awfully good of you to ask

me, Julie said. She looked at him and was touched by the genuine pleasure in his eyes.

Are you living in town? she asked.

I am only staying in an hotel at the moment, Schofield answered, and then added: I think I told you last night.

Julie had forgotten everything about last night except those little cameos of pain in which Giles Chittenden had featured.

Of course you did, she said hurriedly, and racked her brains to remember what else he had told her.

They lunched at Claridge's.

It was perfect waste, so Julie told Bim afterwards. Sinful waste taking me to such a place. I had no appetite—the sight of food almost unnerved me. However, I managed to make some sort of a show, but I'm afraid he was disappointed.

But in spite of no appetite and a headache, Julie quite enjoyed herself. There was something about Schofield which it was impossible not to like. He was so anxious to please, so attentive and kind.

Are you a married man? Julie asked impulsively, and he flushed and shook his head.

No my wife died . . . not long ago.

She drummed her slim fingers on the table, conscious of Schofield's eyes upon them.

You . . . are you married? he asked.

Good Lord no! Julie laughed. No thank you, she said again loudly.

Why do you say that?

Why? Oh, I don't know. I prefer independence, I suppose.

But if you met some man who . . . who thought the world of you—some man who would be kind and . . . and devoted.

Are there any such men? she asked cynically.

There is one here, Schofield said.

She turned her head slowly and looked at him in blank amazement.

I beg your pardon, she said at last.

Schofield's honest eyes met hers unflinchingly.

I said there was one here, he repeated. I suppose you are surprised.

I have not forgotten that we met last night for the first time, but directly I saw you everything was changed for me. I have never—never felt for any woman what I felt for you last night. I dare say you think it presumption on my part to have said as much as I have done, but some day if there is no other man you care for . . .

Julie gasped.

You're not . . . you're not asking me to marry you?

Some day I want to ask you if you will.

Julie felt as if she were dreaming. She broke out desperately:

But you know nothing about me—nothing!

I know you are the woman with whom I could be perfectly happy.

She laughed derisively.

That is a bold statement. If I were to tell you . . .

He just touched her hand with his.

Nothing would make any difference.

She felt her eyes wet with sudden tears.

Are you just joking? she asked.

No.

She looked at him a long moment in silence; she felt as if she saw him now for the first time. He was not young, as he had told her, and he was not good-looking, but there was something in his face—a steadfastness and sincerity which was like balm poured into her aching heart.

I don't want you to say anything now, he was telling her. If you will just let me see you—often! and be your friend.

I don't know why you are so kind to me.

I am being kind to myself.

She looked away, winking the tears from her lashes.

He was so simple and sincere. He was like a breath from her old peaceful life. Lately she had seen so little of simple honesty and sincerity. Sometimes she thought she had left all those things behind her on the snow capped mountain tops.

Where have you been hiding all these years? she asked impulsively.

He told her quite frankly.

I've lived in a country town—I've just been a nobody, a junior partner in a highly respectable firm of solicitors. My wife died—she was never strong, and then a distant relation died too and left me some money—quite a lot of money—

Lucky you! Julie said.

Yes, he answered, I think I was lucky, and his eyes were on her face. I hope my luck will continue to hold, he added.

I think you deserve that it should hold, Julie said. You are the kind of man who would spoil a woman terribly, Julie said.

It would give me great pleasure if I had the right to spoil you.

She laughed rather sadly.

It's such early days. Soon—perhaps quite soon—you will know me better, and then you will wonder why you ever thought me nice at all. I've got all sorts of vices.

I don't believe you.

They spoke of the others who had been at the Faun.

I tell you who I did like, Schofield said. That tall fellow—what was his name—Chittenden?

Julie caught her breath.

Oh yes—I forgot that you met him.

I liked him, Schofield said again meditatively. I believe I've met him before somewhere, but I can't quite remember. If I were a woman, he is the kind of man who would attract me.

He detests women.

Nonsense! a man like that—

Julie broke in excitedly:

I tell you he does—ask any one who knows him! he's a woman hater.

Then there must be a good reason for it.

Conceit, I should think! Julie said flippantly. He imagines that all women are running after him.

Schofield looked surprised at her vehemence.

It sounds rather as if you dislike him.

Julie shrugged her shoulders.

There was a little hard look in her pretty eyes.

I don't dislike him, she said, I'm just quite indifferent.

Since his introduction to Doris at the Faun, Giles saw a good deal more of her than he wished to see. At first he had accepted her invitations in hope that perhaps Julie might also be included, but he had always been disappointed.

Once when he had mentioned her name to Doris she had frowned.

Oh Julie! I think I've shown her at last that her room is preferable to her company. She's really too impossible. You know who she is running about with now?

No.

Lawrence Schofield.

I don't know him.

You do. You were introduced at the Faun one night. He's a harmless sort of man with heaps of money but his wife has only been dead about a month, and it's a bit too soon, don't you think?

Soon for what?

To get married again.

There was a little silence, then Chittenden asked quietly:

Is he going to marry Miss Farrow, then?

So people say. He's years too old for her, of course, but he seems absolutely devoted, and she says it's only his money she wants, and it's what we all want, I suppose you can't blame her.

I suppose not! though I understand Miss Farrow to say that she never intended to marry.

Doris laughed.

It was the next day his mother telephoned him. He could not go with her.

Giles wondered as he hung up the receiver, what his mother would say if he told her that his engagement was to meet the other Julie Farrow whom his brother had loved.

The invitation had come about in quite a casual way.

Only the night before Lombard had called in at the hotel where he was staying.

Will you come along and have some dinner with me this evening? Quite a small party, he had said.

Ladies?

Two—one of them Julie Farrow—the real Julie this time, he added rather maliciously.

Giles frowned.

Did you tell her I was coming?

I said I should ask you if I could find you.

And she made no objection?

None. I think she was entertained at the thought of meeting you.

There was a little silence which Chittenden broke.

There's one point I can't get quite clear, he said. This Julie—the famous one—isn't she a married woman?

She was. There was a divorce.

I see, and she still calls herself Farrow?

It was her maiden name. She went back to it when the case was over.

Giles laughed shortly.

It seems to be the fashion, he said, and he remembered that Sadie had done the same thing after he and she had agreed to each go their separate ways.

Well, I'll be there at eight, he said.

And—Chittenden. . .

Yes.

What about—do you ever run across the other Julie?

I have met her once or twice. Lombard looked relieved.

I'm glad to hear that. I thought . . . well—you seemed so upset when we were in Lausanne . . .

What the devil are you driving at?

Oh, nothing, nothing . . . only you cut up rough with me if you remember. You cut up rough over that mistake I made. And it was quite pardonable on my part. You will see for yourself to night. They're very much alike—especially if you don't know them very well.

It was quite true. Giles found himself unable to keep his eyes off the 'other Julie' when they met at dinner that night.

Continued Next Week

Experience has taught bulb growers in the northwest that the old rule for planting bulbs—three times as deep as the bulb is wide—is not always safe, says the plant pathology department at Oregon State college. Tulips and narcissus, for instance, are best planted to a depth of at least six inches from the top of the bulb to the top of the ground, while five inches is recommended for hyacinths and three for crocuses. This applies to large well formed bulbs. Chips and bulbets need not be planted so deep.

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