

"BROKEN"

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subconsciously determined that if ever he met Julie Farrow she should not be allowed to go unpunished.

He knew that she was a divorced woman; he knew that there were many unsavoury stories told of her, although Rodney had always been her loyal champion.

"If you saw her you'd understand," Rodney wrote. "She's so wonderful. All women are not as rotten as you think they are. You've probably been unlucky, but we don't all have the same experience."

Giles had certainly been unlucky, but Rodney had not known of his brother's marriage at all, and neither had anybody else in England.

His wife was an American girl named Sadie Barrow, whom he had married because she had amused him, and because she had seemed to expect him to marry her.

That was a year ago, and they had lived more or less of a detached life since. She did not want home-life, she wanted to be here, there, and everywhere, and when Giles objected she reminded him that she was financially independent of him and meant to do as she chose. After six months' bickering, Giles gave in and let her go her own way.

They met occasionally, and then always by Sadie's own request. She was in New York when the news came of Rodney's death, and Giles had cabled to her that he was going to England. Her reply had been characteristic.

"Your funeral, not mine. Not coming."

Chitttenham did not care; as a matter of fact her refusal to accompany him was a relief. He wished to keep his marriage a secret. It was on his way across the Atlantic that a sudden distaste for the reason of his journey seized upon Giles.

So he left the ship at Cherbourg, wandered up to Paris and ran into Harry Lombard whom he had not seen for five years.

Lombard had a business in Paris, and although he had not met Rodney for some time, he apparently knew all the details of the tragedy and a great deal about Julie Farrow.

Chitttenham suggested that they go along to London together. He rather liked Lombard.

"Sorry, but I'm off to Switzerland to-morrow on business for the firm." A sudden bright idea came to him. "You come along with me. I shall only be gone a few days. There's no hurry to get home, is there?"

"None. A few days one way or the other can make no difference."

And that was how Fate bent Giles Chitttenham to her will. He went off to Switzerland with Lombard the same night, and a day or two later met Julie Farrow on the steamboat between Lausanne and Montreux.

It was Lombard who recognized her and pointed her out.

"Well, what do you think of her?" he asked.

"You might introduce me," Chitttenham answered, and a moment later the two men were crossing the deck together.

Julie Farrow smiled and held out her hand.

Lombard presented Chitttenham. He glanced enquiringly at the woman beside Julie, who was looking on with calm eyes. Julie introduced them.

"Mr. Lombard—Mr. Chitttenham—Miss Lennox."

The two women looked at one another and smiled.

"If Julie's afraid to tell you, I will," Bim Lennox said in her calm, unruffled voice. "We're out here to settle a mad wager. Julie's got a car and in a moment of mental conceit she made a bet with me that she would drive from Villeneuve right up through the St. Bernard Pass and back again."

"I've been through the Pass twice," Lombard said. "And there's nothing very alarming about it if the weather's all right. I should say that you will lose your bet, Miss Lennox."

Julie took off her hat, letting the cool breeze from the lake blow through her beautiful hair, a queer mixture of brown and golden and coppery shades.

"Dyed, of course," he told himself, and knew that he lied.

Julie moved her chair back a little and spoke to Chitttenham. "Isn't it a perfectly glorious day?" she asked. "And don't you love these sort of

places, and the blue sky, and the bluer lake and the sunshine? They all make me feel so excited and happy." Chitttenham shrugged his shoulders.

"I love Switzerland," she said dreamily. "I haven't seen a great deal of the world, but every bit I see I love a little more than the last. I love everything."

She laughed and shook her head.

"No. I'm afraid I can't say that. In fact I dare say you'll be shocked when I tell you that in all my life I've never really and truly loved any body." Chitttenham could well believe it.

"A lady without a heart!" he said lightly.

"Yes." She agreed seriously. "I don't think I could have been there when the hearts were given out."

"It's not yet too late. You never know who may turn the corner of the street and present you with one," Chitttenham said jokingly.

To change the conversation he said: "May I be inquisitive and ask you Miss Lennox is besides being a great friend of yours?"

Julie's eyes followed the elder woman affectionately.

"You'd never guess!" she said at last. Chitttenham laughed.

"I should say it would not be difficult. Probably she has a weird flat somewhere in Chelsea where people sit on cushions on the floor in preference to chairs, and smoke scented cigarettes, and eat strange foods. . . ."

Julie chuckled.

"You're miles out," she said triumphantly. "She hardly ever lives in London at all—she's got a cottage in the country, and she's not a bit rich—she's only just got enough to live on comfortably, and she writes dress articles for papers to make a bit more, and with that money she sends crippled children from the slums down to the seaside, or sometimes to her own cottage. She loves children, and she's got the largest heart in the world."

"Isn't that rather a pose with some women?" Chitttenham asked unkindly.

"Are you a cynic as well as a woman-hater?" Julie asked curiously.

"I only speak of things as I find them," he answered.

Before there was time for a reply Bim and Lombard rejoined them.

"And what do you people say to this wild adventure?" Chitttenham asked presently.

Julie laughed.

"I haven't any people that matter to me, or I to them," she admitted.

"I am a law unto myself."

"With a supreme contempt for Mrs. Grundy I suppose?"

"A profound contempt," she agreed emphatically.

They were both silent for a moment, stopped by mutual consent at the ship's rail their faces turned to the mountains.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked impulsively.

He brought his eyes back from the distant mountains and looked down at her.

"I was wondering just how far you would allow your contempt for Mrs. Grundy to carry you?" he said calmly, defiant gesture.

"All the way if I wished to go all the way," she said quickly. "We've only got one life to live, and what does it matter what people say? I've never cared."

Chitttenham turned his back on the mountains, leaning against the ship's rail.

"Very well, then convince me!" he challenged her.

"Convince you? How can I?"

"By taking me with you to-morrow through the St. Bernard Pass." She stared at him for a moment.

"Are you daring me to take you?" she asked quietly.

"Yes."

For a moment longer they held one another's gaze.

"Very well, but I make one condition—that you do not tell either Bim or Mr. Lombard until we return. It is not that I care in the least what they would think or say, but I have a reason of my own for wishing them not to know."

"As you please."

She went on calmly.

"I am leaving at seven o'clock in the morning."

She turned away as if the discussion were ended and rejoined Bim and Lombard.

Chitttenham followed slowly. He felt angry and yet at the back of his mind there was an unwilling admiration for this woman. He could well understand how completely she had mastered Rodney, and how soon she had wearied of his slavish devotion.

She was the type who wanted a man to break her to his will, not a boy to kneel at her feet.

He looked forward to to-morrow with a kind of exultation; he had never crossed swords with a woman before; even with Sadie he had only made half-hearted protests; she had not sufficiently interested him for anything deeper.

It was raining a little when they started, and the morning was grey and chill as Chitttenham waited.

Julie arrived punctually.

"I did not expect to see you," was her greeting.

Chitttenham glanced casually at the car.

"I hope you've got good brakes," he said committally.

She laughed. Before they had gone very far Chitttenham discovered that Julie drove very well indeed. She was cool and quick and thoroughly understood the machine she was handling.

"Bim thinks she'll win the bet," Julie said presently, and she laughed.

"But she won't. I can always do a thing if I set my mind to it."

"Always?"

She glanced round at him.

"You think I am conceited?" she asked.

"No, but as it happens to be a conceit of my own—that I can always do a thing if I set my mind to it—it interests me to hear you express the same sentiment. I wonder how we should get on if it came to a battle of wills," he added lightly.

"What do you mean?"

"Didn't Rodney tell you that I am a pig-headed brute?"

"No. He always spoke of you as if you were one of the seven wonders of the world?"

Chitttenham frowned.

"You knew my brother very well?" he asked formally.

Julie hesitated.

"I don't think I ever quite understood him," she answered at last. "He was such a dear boy in some ways, but in others he was almost . . . forgive me for saying it—unbalanced."

Chitttenham eyes narrowed.

"You mean . . . when his affections

were touched."
"Yes, I suppose so."
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

MRS. BRYAN ENTERTAINS CARD CLUB ON FRIDAY

Mrs. Welby Stevens and Clifford Wilson won the high score prizes at the meeting of the 500 club at the home of Mrs. Maude Bryan on Friday evening. Low score was held by W. R. Dawson who was given the low prizes. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Wilson on November 7.

MRS. LARSON ENTERTAINS BRIDGE CLUB MEMBERS

Mrs. J. M. Larson was hostess for a bridge group at her home on Thursday evening of last week. First prize for the evening went to Mrs. George Carmichael. Mrs. B. J. Corum was awarded the second prize, and Mrs. Sidney R. Allen won the consolation prize.

Other guests present for the evening were Mrs. H. B. Freeland, Mrs. Ed Turnbull, Mrs. J. A. McKevitt, Mrs. Katherine Walsh, Mrs. Gertrude

Simons, Mrs. R. E. Fournecrook, Mrs. William Curtis and Mrs. Riley Snodgrass.

The next meeting will be held on November 6, at the home of Mrs. McKevitt in Eugene.

Son Born—Mr. and Mrs. Leo Paulus of Marcola are the parents of a baby boy born to them at the Pacific Christian hospital in Eugene on Friday, October 24, 1930.

Visits Friends—Mrs. A. H. Donohoe of Vida visited with friends in Springfield on Friday afternoon.



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