

BROKEN

by RUBY M. AYRES

Fourth Installment

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE
Giles Chittenham, distressed over the suicide of his younger half-brother Rodney, returns to Europe from America, where he had made an unhappy marriage. Rodney had killed himself because a noxious woman, Julie Farrow, threw him over. Giles is introduced to Julie Farrow by his friend Lombard, in Switzerland. He resolves to make her fall in love with him, then throw her over as she threw Rodney. She tells him she has made a bet with her friend "Bim" Lennox that she can drive her car to the top of the St. Bernard Pass and back. Giles challenges her to take him with her and she accepts. They start out in the face of a gathering snowstorm.

Chittenham's discovery, to his amazement, that the girl beside him in the car appeals to him as no other woman has ever appealed. And something intangible convinces him that her feeling toward him is similar to his own toward her. "Do you believe in love at first sight?" he asks her, as the car toils up the mountain toward the hotel.

At the hotel, after refreshment, Chittenham and Julie found their mutual attraction so strong as to be irresistible. In the morning they returned to the town below. Julie apparently jubilantly happy. Lombard tells Chittenham that he has made a mistake, that this Julie Farrow is not the one who ruined Rodney, but her cousin of the same name. Chittenham is horrified. He calls at Julie's hotel and confesses that he had tried to win her love for purposes of revenge, believing her to be the other Julie.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.
"I know it sounds a damnable insult . . . but you mustn't forget who I thought you were. A notorious woman—a woman who counted one man more or less as nothing. I wanted to make you more—to see if I could make you care for me and then treat you as you had treated my brother. You told me you had never really cared for any man and so . . . last night . . . He felt her sway beneath his hands. "You mean . . . it was all just a game?" she asked dazedly. Her eyes never left his flushed, agitated face. Chittenham watched her, white-faced, tense.

Suddenly he found himself beside her, holding her unresponsive hand, pleading with her. "Forgive me. For God's sake, say you forgive me. I shall never forgive myself. I'd give ten years of my life to wipe out the ghastly mistake. But it wasn't altogether my fault. Lombard—"

She turned her head and looked at him. "Can you blame Mr. Lombard because you wished to behave like a cad to a woman who had never done you any harm?"

Chittenham flushed crimson. "She sent my brother to his death. I had a right to make her pay."

"Your brother was as much of a coward as you are." The very stillness of her voice was like a knife-cut. "Brave gentlemen both of you! The one to die and leave the stigma of his death upon a woman who never wanted him and had often told him so and the other to break a woman's whole life in order to satisfy his petty pride and the thing I suppose he calls his honour. . . ."

"Julie!" Chittenham said passionately. "And then somehow, without either of them being conscious of having moved, she was in his arms sobbing, her face buried on his shoulder, her arms about his neck."

"Oh, say you love me . . . say you really love me—" she pleaded wildly. "Oh, do you really love me after all?" Chittenham answered between clenched teeth:

"I do, God help me."
It was the truth; a truth of which he had never dreamed. He turned her face up to him and kissed her lips.

"I love you—whatever happens, always remember that I love you—" he said hoarsely. She freed herself from his arms, wiped her eyes, and pushed back her hair.

"I hope nothing else is going to happen," she said, half sobbing still. "I think I've had enough for one day. I'm not used to crying . . . it doesn't suit me. . . ."

He caught her hand, holding her fast. "Wait . . . Julie, there's something else; something . . ."

He drew her into his arms again, holding her fast for yet another moment, then he gently released her.

Suddenly she spoke; she felt as if she were choking. "Please go away." "Not like this. I can't go like this. Julie, there must be some way out. I'll do anything . . . anything. . . ."

She laughed with white lips. "What can you do? I suppose you'll say that you are unhappily married, and ask me to be sorry for you? Perhaps you will even offer to divorce her?"

"She would be as glad of her freedom as I should," Chittenham said curtly. Julie laughed in his face. "Julie. . . ." He caught hold of her so roughly that she cried out. "Do you think you're going to be the only one to suffer?" he asked savagely.

"Do you think it doesn't rebound on me too? Do you think I wanted to care for you, or for any woman? I set a trap for you and I've been caught in it myself."

She flung back her head and looked at him with blazing eyes. "I wish I could kill you. I wish I could kill you," she panted desperately and was gone.

Giles Chittenham's mother leaned back in her chair and applied an absurd lace handkerchief to her eyes. Giles frowned and moved restlessly over to the window.

He had all a man's dislike for a scene, and for the past three days he had been treated to one every time he was in his mother's presence.

He found himself remembering the barely-furnished room at the hotel on the heights of St. Bernard—the isolated top-of-the-world room in which he had held Julie in his arms.

He had been forced to leave Switzerland without seeing her again, although he had made several attempts. He had wired Sadie the name of the hotel at which he intended to stay, and the day following his arrival a letter came from her.

She did not even sign her name, and Chittenham burnt the letter as soon as he had read it. A thousand times since he left Switzerland he had thought of asking Sadie to divorce him, but Chittenham knew her well enough to guess that if she thought he wished to get rid of her she would never allow him to do so.

All these thoughts were passing through his mind as his mother went on wailing and complaining. Giles turned round.

"I thought you were too miserable to wish to go anywhere," he said harshly. "I'm hanged if I know what the devil you do want—" Then as he burst into tears he repented, and apologised remorsefully.

His mother dried her eyes and smiled faintly. "I daresay you will be shocked," she said almost coquettishly. "But I should love to go out to dinner and then to a dance somewhere."

"Very well, we'll go out to dinner and a dance," he agreed. "Where would you like to go? The Savoy . . ."

"Oh, no!" She was looking quite eager. "To a night club. I've never been to a night club, Giles, not to a real one that is open all night, and where you eat eggs and bacon at three o'clock in the morning. It would be quite all right with you, wouldn't it?"

"It would be quite all right anyway," he answered amiably. "These places are only what you choose to make them. Very well, what time do we start?"

"What time is it now?" "Seven o'clock." "Call for me at nine."

So he arrived in the dull, highly expensive street where his mother lived, punctually at nine o'clock. The door opened behind him, and his mother came in.

it we can go on somewhere else." But Mrs. Ardron adored it, and told him so every few minutes during the evening with varied extravagance. Presently she saw some people she knew.

"Darling! you simply must be introduced! They're such sweet people. Doris Gardener is the girl—no, the one in the black frock and the scarlet shoes. She's twenty-two, and she's just got divorced from her husband."

Giles looked at the girl with the scarlet shoes. "Do you dance, Mr. Chittenham?" Doris asked. "Yes. May I have the pleasure . . . ?"

They went away together through the pillared partition to the room where the jazz band played. A sudden scream rose shrilly above the noise, followed by a burst of hysterical laughter and the clatter of breaking glass.

"What on earth—" Chittenham began. Doris Gardener laughed. "I don't know. What's happened to her lately. She was quite drunk here the other night. I wonder they didn't turn her out."

"Julie Farrow!" Chittenham's voice was calm and indifferent, but he felt as if some one had tugged at his heart.

"Yes, do you know her? She used to be rather a friend of mine, but one has to draw the line somewhere."

Just lately she seems to have taken leave of her senses." Chittenham's eyes were straining across the room in the direction from which the noise had arisen, but there was too much of a crowd for him to distinguish any one face.

"You mean the famous Julie Farrow, I suppose," he submitted laconically. Doris glanced across the room. "There she is—" she said. "In the green frock. No—over the other side, sitting on the arm of the chair laughing. . . . That's what I call a cocktail laugh. Come along, I'm sure Essen and your mother are bored to tears with one another by this time."

But Chittenham did not move. He was looking at the girl in the green frock—a green frock of which there seemed to be so very little with which to cover her white neck and arms. Her lips were painted a vivid red, and she was laughing noisily—immoderately—laughter which died away suddenly as she met his gaze across the room, and it was his Julie—the woman who had said she loved him, and with whom he had spent that never to be forgotten night on the top of the world.

Doris Gardener tugged at Giles' Chittenham's arm. "Come along! If Julie sees me she'll want to join our party and I'm not anxious to have her. Oh, damn—I knew it would happen—"

She shrugged her shoulders resignedly as Julie suddenly detached herself from the noisy group she was with and threaded her way across the room. Doris glanced at Chittenham. "Do you know Mr. Chittenham, Julie?" She made the introduction with obvious reluctance.

Julie had returned Chittenham's formal bow with a careless nod. "How are you? I've heard of you," she said casually. "Rodney Ardron's half brother, aren't you? Delighted to meet you."

Chittenham's face hardened beneath its pallor. He felt as if he were in the presence of a stranger who yet looked at him with well-loved eyes. "I think we have met before," he said with cool deliberation.

Julie raised her brows. "Have we? Oh, surely not. I'm so good at remembering faces. Perhaps you are mistaking me for my cousin—the other Julie!" She laughed insolently. "That does happen sometimes I assure you," he said, turning to Doris. "Julie probably wouldn't be flattered if she knew, but all the same it happens occasionally. You may not believe me, Mr. Chittenham, if you know my cousin that is—but a man once kissed me in the most impassioned manner thinking I was the other Julie! So very awkward, especially as he was a man whom I, very much dislike."

"A disappointment to the man also perhaps," Chittenham said bitterly, but she only laughed.

"I'm told the Fawn is the place to go to," Giles said. "If you don't like

W. C. T. C. will have charge next week giving us a talk on "Constitution of the U. S."

Intramural athletics has been included in the schedule of work this year the High School.

To the Memory of the Hon. George Sutton f Sylva, N. C.
From the People of Cowarts, N. C.
Resolutions

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty to remove from our midst, by death, our esteemed friend and brother, George Sutton, who has for many years occupied a prominent rank in our midst, maintaining under all circumstances a character untarnished, and a reputation above reproach.

Therefore, Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Sutton, we have sustained the loss of a friend whose fellowship it was an honor and a pleasure to enjoy; that we bear willing testimony to his many virtues, to his unquestioned probity and stainless life; that we offer to his bereaved family and mourning friends, over whom sorrow has hung her sable mantle, our heartfelt condolence, and pray that Infinite Goodness may bring speedy relief to their burdened hearts and inspire them with the consolations that hope in futurity and faith in God give even in the shadow of the tomb.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of our deceased friend.

Committee:
A. Finley Arrington,
Coot Wood,
T. D. Hooper,
S. L. Parker.

OVER 15,000 DAILY
DEMAND SARGON

Vast Growing Army of Sargon Users
Marching Single File, Would Encircle Globe in Only Few Years Time

(By Richard L. Simms)
Atlanta, Ga.—More like a tale from the Arabian Nights of old than a record of modern business achievement reads the story of the marvelous growth and development of Sargon, the New Scientific Compound which has become the sensation of the drug trade throughout the United States, Canada and other countries.

The old illustration of the pebble dropped into the pool best describes the phenomenal and unprecedented demand and its fame is rapidly spreading over the entire American Continent like a great tidal wave.

Recently compiled figures reveal that approximately 15,000 men and women are marching into the drug stores daily for Sargon and Sargon Soft Mass Pills, the marvelous new treatment that is restoring health to countless thousands by new and remarkable methods undreamed of only a few years ago.

Already more than 5,000,000 suffering men and women have put it to the test and have told other millions what it has done for them.

Marching in regulation U. S. Army fashion—single file—this vast army of Sargon users would reach from New York to San Francisco and at the present rate of sale—would, in a few years time, encircle the entire globe.

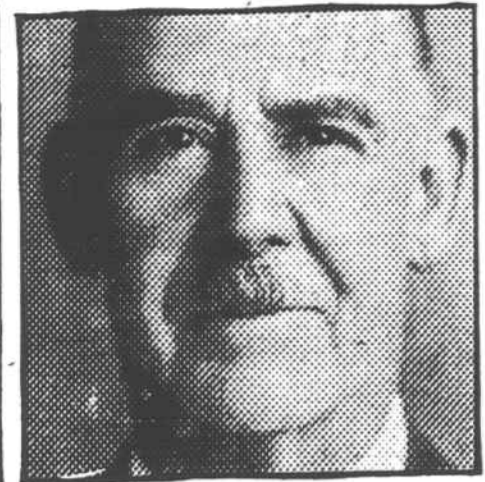
The only explanation of Sargon's triumph in the Medical World is Sargon's true worth. Back of its triumph in the drug stores is its grateful endorsement of its millions of users that has made it the most widely talked of medicine in the world today.

Sargon is extensively advertised, it is true, but no preparation, no matter how extensively advertised, could possibly meet with such phenomenal success unless it possessed absolute merit and extraordinary powers as a medicine.

There can be but one possible explanation for Sargon's amazing success and it can be told in one word—MERIT!

SYVA PHARMACY, Agts.

DR. W. KERMIT CHAPMAN
DENTIST
Office with Drs. Nichols
over Sylva Pharmacy

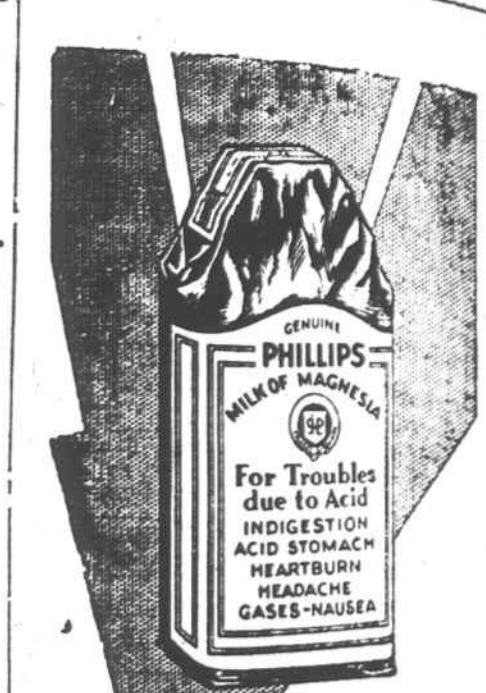


No Dull Days at 54

"It took me five years to find out what to take to get rid of the biliousness and indigestion I used to suffer because my liver didn't seem to be functioning. I know now," says H. W. Seely of 1048 Rigby St., in San Antonio. "It's Herbine. I only have to take a teaspoonful of it in a little water whenever I feel that my stomach and bowels need help, and I'm never troubled with indigestion, sick headache, sour stomach or gas any more."

Herbine is a vegetable liquid which does nothing more than help the stomach and bowels take care of the food you eat. By keeping them active, your food nourishes you, instead of souring and turning to acid. Get Herbine from your druggist and see why many people would not think of punishing their systems by taking harsh salts, oil or mineral cathartics.

SYLVA PHARMACY, Agents



SOUR STOMACH

JUST a tasteless dose of Phillips Milk of Magnesia in water. That is an alkali, effective, yet harmless. It has been the standard antacid for 50 years. One spoonful will neutralize at once many times its volume in acid. It is the right way, the quick, pleasant and efficient way to kill the excess acid. The stomach becomes sweet, the pain departs. You are happy again in five minutes.

But don't depend on crude methods, try the best way yet evolved in all the years of searching. That is Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Be sure to get the genuine Phillips Milk of Magnesia, the kind that the physicians prescribe. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1826.

CAROLINA INDUSTRIAL BANK
FIRST FLOOR JACKSON BUILDING
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Money Loaned to Worthy People
PAY BACK WEEKLY, SEMI-MONTHLY OR MONTHLY
LOANS ON AUTOMOBILES
NOTES DISCOUNTED

FEED

The Security Mill Company of Knoxville, Tenn., enjoys the reputation for manufacturing one among the best lines of Feed to be found anywhere. We are handling their line of Feed and are pleased to quote the following prices:

24 per cent Dairy Feed, per hundred	\$3.00
Horse or Mule Feed, per hundred	\$2.75
Hog Rations, per hundred	\$2.95
Laying Mash, per hundred	\$3.00
Scratch Feed, best grade, per hundred	\$3.00
Second Grade, per hundred	\$2.75

OTHER FEEDS

Cotton Seed Meal, per hundred	\$2.08
Cotton Seed Hulls, per hundred	85c
Western Shorts, per hundred	\$2.40
Mill Feed, per 75 lb. bag	\$1.50
Oats, per 5 bushel bag	\$1.50
Corn Meal, per bushel	\$1.50
Corn, per bushel	\$1.50
Choice Timothy Hay, per hundred	\$1.65
Rye, per hundred	\$1.50
Oyster Shells, per hundred	\$1.25

FLOUR
High Grade Hard and soft wheat flour, plain and self rising, according to grade, per 24 lb. bag, from 79c to \$1.05

COFFEE
Loose Coffee, per lb., according to quality, from 18c to 25c
Salt Meats, per lb. from 14c to 20c

J. B. Ensley
FEED, FLOUR AND GROCERIES

POULTRY PRICES

Car will run THURSDAY afternoon and FRIDAY morning

Heavy Hens	17c
Light Hens	12c
Heavy Broilers	17c
Light Broilers	14c
Ducks	9c
Cox	8c
Turkeys	20c

SMOKY MT. MUTUAL EXCHANGE
JACKSON COUNTY POULTRY ASSOCIATION

NOTES FROM CULLOWHEE GRADED SCHOOL

Dr. A. J. Pringle of the State Board of Health who has come to Jackson county for six weeks of work in the various schools is spending this week in the Cullowhee Graded School. All children under twelve years of age may take advantage of this opportunity to have their teeth cleaned, filled, pulled or

treated. Since Dr. Pringle has only one week for this school he will only get to about 10 pupils. The teachers have had many expressions of gratitude from parents in regard to this work. The Chapel hour this week will be conducted by Rev. Stafford, pastor of the Baptist church. Mr. Riley Scott, the Vagabond Poet will also give a number of his poems. Mr. Stillwell, professor of History at

W. C. T. C. will have charge next week giving us a talk on "Constitution of the U. S." Intramural athletics has been included in the schedule of work this year the High School. Every pupil takes part in some game all of which are supervised by teachers. The games being played now are: Tag football, volley ball, basket ball, play ground base ball, horseshoes, croquet and boxing.



Elsie Janis, famous entertainer who endeared herself to the boys of the A. E. F. during the war, announced that she will act in the play 'Engage in Writing Stories.'