

# You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

CHAPTER 3  
COLD MOONLIGHT

"LORD, you can dance!" enthused Jenny's partner, somewhat to her surprise; for she felt heavy-limbed and out of beat with the music. "Why don't you go in for dancing? Like me to get you a trial at the Regal? They want girls there for their new revue."

"I'm afraid Georgie wouldn't let me. She doesn't think I could stand that sort of life. And she's so wonderfully kind; she's fed me and clothed me. But—"

It sounded as though Georgie's wasn't that. Never. "I should like to give you a birth day party," he let little, swaying pauses creep between their steps as though his fancy halted in its gait. "I think—there should be a tree—a very straight, dark, green tree—standing in a clearing in a forest—with twenty-four silver candles on it. And at the foot there would be twenty-four parcels tied with silver string, each holding something—very delicate and rare. Except one which would be bulky and sensible—a white fur coat to keep you sheltered from the snow. "Snow?" in August?

"He met her eyes for the first time since that long look at table. "I suppose not. No. Perhaps—the white glitter would be moonlight, not snow. Very cold, very clear moonlight. The absorbed, intent look darkened his eyes—and then was gone. His glance left her and went over his shoulder—they had been round the room and here was the table again. Garth Aveney contemplated Georgie, lazily gorgeous against a deep blue curtain and a panel of old gold.

"Sunlight and moonlight," he said, as though to himself. With a little ceremony as he had swung her into the dance he now half-guid-



"An urgent message, madam."

"Amused herself by making a doll of you, what?"

"Nothing of the kind," denied Jenny coldly. Selfishness was not a motive she allowed anybody to impute to Georgie; not even herself. She disliked Ryder the more for merely grinning at her instead of apologizing.

The dance was over, was being encored. Jenny ignored the encore. Their table was only a couple of yards away and she went towards it. Behind her the whisper of the dance began afresh, humming and lifting. She raised her head and saw Aveney sitting to his feet.

She thought it a mere courtesy but he stepped down on to the dancing-floor and she presumed he was going to dance with Georgie.

He came close to Jenny, put an arm round her and danced her away.

She was so surprised that by the time she found words her feet had taken her half round the floor—and then it seemed too late to protest.

"Don't you want to dance with me?" he asked.

Yes, answered her heart—oh, very much I want to dance with you. No, flashed her pride, no, I'm not to be treated like this, first neglected and then remembered as a boring duty. . . .

"Don't you want to, Jenny Revell?"

She opened her lips to stammer something and then that hint of laughter hidden in him, some elusive yet intimate moccasin, sent her blood faster through her veins and she said rather dazedly: "I don't think it matters, now, whether I wanted to or not!" But she knew that her running, hovering, sliding feet in their silver shoes were giving her the lie. She was dancing now as she had never danced with Ryder Vale.

"Not your kind of a birthday party at all." His voice was very quiet. "What kind of birthday party would you have liked it to be?"

She was dumb, the song in her heart saddened though level still. People who didn't really belong anywhere couldn't have birthday parties—but she couldn't tell that to a man who had so openly fallen into love with Georgie; because it

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—An Old Familiar Face!



## S'MATTER POP—A Mouse Takes A Fall Out Of Pop

By C. M. PAYNE



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By EDWIN ALGER



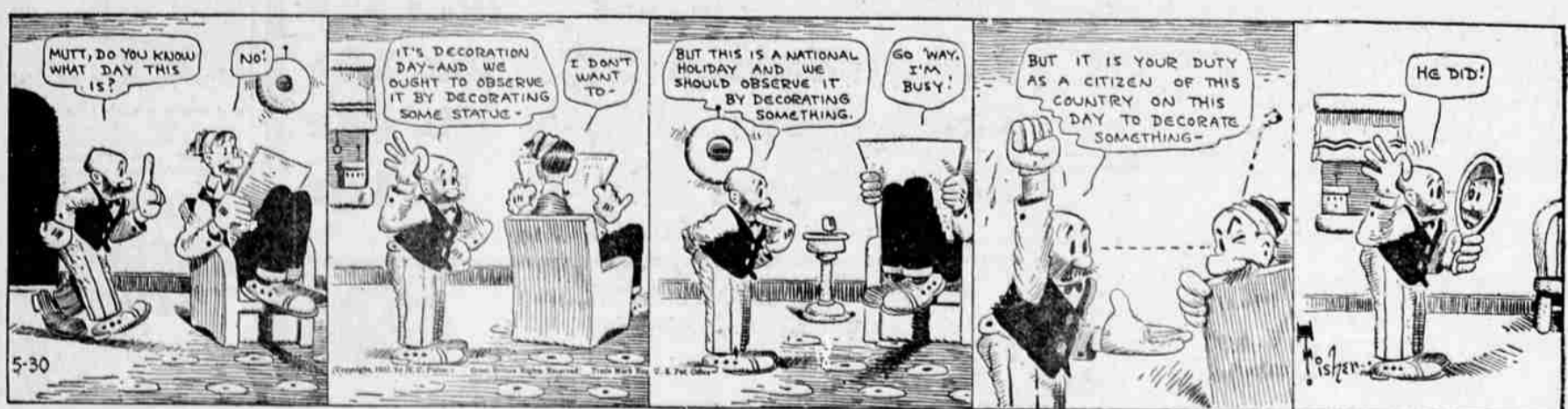
## THE NEBBS—Alibi

By SOL HESS



## MUTT AND JEFF—Look What Mutt Decorated Today

By BUD FISHER



### UNCONSCIOUS MAN FOUND ON TRACKS

REEDSPORT, Ore., May 30—(AP)—Southern Pacific railroad section workers found an unconscious and badly injured man near the track above East Gardiner today. It was believed he had fallen from a rapidly moving train.

Physicians here said they believed the man would live.

He was not identified.

### Klamath Rancher Is Killed By Bull

KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., May 30—(AP)—John M. Wright, 79, died here yesterday from injuries he received last week on the Miller Hill ranch when he was gored by a bull.

### GOEBEL'S MECHANIC KILLED IN SMASHUP

McKINNEY, Tex., May 30—(AP)—R. L. Riss, Dallas mechanic, was killed and Col. Art Goebel, Dole flight winner, was injured severely by the crash of their biplane against a tree in taking off from the airport here in a rainstorm late today.

"Rain on my goggles impaired my vision," said Colonel Goebel, who suffered a fracture of one leg and facial lacerations.

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### BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

