

# You Can't Marry

by Julia Clift-Addams

... To pretend to be married. Eddie Townsend—Jenny Havel hates the idea, and yet she is willing to permit the deception if it will help her cousin George who has been taking care of her. George is going to marry Eddie herself today. If her employer, Gratton Maching, hears about it he will fire her, since he refuses to have married women working for him. George loves her job, her large salary, and Eddie, and she intends to keep them all. Since she and Jenny have the same name she can tell Maching that Jenny is the bride. Jenny is more willing to agree to George's plan because she is disappointed and unhappy. She is deeply interested in Garth Avenue, whom the girls met the night before, but she believes she likes George. Shortly before George's secret wedding, Jenny meets Aveney and wonders how to escape from him.

### Chapter 10

#### SPLINTERED GLASS

Jenny drew a long breath and Aveney repeated softly—"George found you." He was staring at the snappers as though they mesmerized him; as though they helped him to create the vision of George—strong, compassionate, generous George—finding her.

"And she's taken care of you ever since?" he asked presently. (How black his hair was! Haven-black.)

"Ever since. She heard of me through the lawyers, you see, and she spent heaps of time and money tracking me down. She's done absolutely everything for me—you can't imagine how royally kind George can be. She says she doesn't want me to go away ever."

"Are you thinking of going away?"

Jenny hesitated. She had accidentally let Vale infer that George insisted on playing Lady Bountiful. She mustn't do that with Aveney. At the same time, it surely wasn't necessary to let him consider George's cousin a helpless burden, strapped to George's back for ever and evermore?

"Yes," she said finally. "I am going away soon."

His sudden, intent, half-amused look was turned upon her. She couldn't meet it fully. Her head began to ache and then her heart was aching, too, and she had an appalling fear that she was going to cry. . . . She consulted her wrist-watch. George's gift.

"I think I ought to go. It's ten minutes to twelve." She rose, and as she rose with her, she realized how awkward it would be if he suggested—

The next moment he had suggested it. "May I come with you? Perhaps you and Miss Ravell would lunch with me. There's a very decent little place near here."

"I'm afraid we can't."

"Can't lunch?"

Jenny bit her lip. It was loathsome, having to evade him. She determined that she wouldn't lie—at the most she would leave gaps.

"George and I are lunching with a friend of ours," she said. "We're meeting him in a few minutes." Then she envisaged a chance encounter. "It's Mr. Townsend, the airman," she added.

"Oh, Townsend! That's the chap I just met. He took those—he's just got back from his trip."

She nodded. His manner was amused, almost mischievous; she had the impression that he expected her to say—what? Something about Eddie's flight. Whatever it was, she had no clue to it. . . . She began to walk towards the street.

Far above them, graceful as gulls at sea, two biplanes swept out upon the uncharted ways of the air. Jenny watched their passage across the nearer sky.

"You want me to clear out, don't you, honestly?" demanded Garth Aveney. Startled, she said "Yes."

"I mean," she amended confusedly, "George will be awfully sorry we can't lunch. Perhaps some other day—only I'm afraid she's so often backed up."

A clock chimed twelve. As she took to her heels and ran, she distinctly heard him laugh; but he did not follow her.

"Get in, girls!" urged Eddie. "Sit in front, Jenny." George's voice was pitched low. She gave Jenny a little push toward the seat next to Eddie and herself laid a hand upon the rear door of the battered old car. "Hurry, pet! Some people are staring already."

Jenny took an obedient step in Eddie's wake and then halted. There was a faint whisper in her memory—something that George had suggested last night, something that had been embarrassing, in poor taste—she could only half remember it; but whatever it was, it brought her to a halt on the baking pavement. "I'd rather sit with you," she said and clambered into the back of the car with George.

George nudged, began to say something but fell silent. She was fidgeting with her glove, the glove that covered the bright new ring. Jenny's mind was still running on the rather dreary ceremony during which Eddie had placed the ring there. The second witness had been a mechanic brought by Eddie and sworn to secrecy. Jenny had liked his frank, cheerful face and had secretly agreed with him when, after wishing George happiness, he addressed to the company in general—"Thank it don't seem like a wedding at all!"

"If that traffic doesn't move in two seconds and let us get away, I shall climb out again and walk!" announced George. She sounded nervous and her eyes were slipping sidelong to the idlers on the sidewalk, most of whom had watched the little party come out of the building. In the doorway was a youth Jenny recognized as one of the clerks. He was evidently on his way to lunch. He stood idly staring, his eyes on Eddie.

"Look out!" said George sharply. The traffic-block was breaking and Eddie had let in his clutch. None too gently—the car lurched forward so suddenly that, in spite of George's warning, Jenny was jerked nearly out of her seat. Part of Eddie's opinion of automobiles in a congested street floated back to her.

"He's tired," said George apologetically. "A long flight and a wedding, all in about 14 hours, is no joke. . . . I wish he hadn't borrowed this car—he isn't used to her."

Jenny had been coming to the same conclusion. Eddie had stalled his engine, started her up again, braked sharply to avoid a boy and was now wrestling with the gears. Jenny noticed with secret amusement that the clerk, on foot and still staring, had drawn abreast of them on the pavement. . . . At last!

Challenging all the known laws of time and space, Eddie hurled the car round a corner into a wider street. He yelled a war-cry and stepped on the gas. It crossed Jenny's mind that Eddie had fortified himself against his fatigue in Eddie's approved fashion.

"Sure this is the way?" shrieked George. Eddie only drove faster.

"Where are we supposed to be going?" gasped Jenny, clutching her hat.

"Out of town for a late lunch and then back to the apartment for an even later tea. . . . He's going too fast!"

The long street was flashing by. Jenny gasped again, tore off her hat, and clung to the car-side instead.

"He's going too fast," repeated George and through the rush of their speed Jenny heard alarm and anger in her voice. "Eddie, you fool, ease up!"

Jenny felt quite sure that there was an important crossing at the bottom of this street. She had keen, long sight, and she had very distantly, seen a bus cross the end of the vista. . . . Now surely Eddie should be braking down for the corner? But Eddie was not braking—apparently he couldn't find or couldn't manage the brake—

George's scream and the splinter of glass and the thunder of the second bus as they went buckling and splintering into it—all came together in Jenny's ears. They made a great blare that was followed by a greater silence. After that, the whole world seemed full of people running. Running towards her.

"That's done it, absolutely," said George's voice, coming apparently from nowhere. "There won't be an evening paper that won't tell the Old Man all about us. Good-bye to my job!"

Very slowly Jenny moved and, as it were, woke up. She was still clutching the side of the car, still sitting on the back seat in the left-hand corner, by a miracle quite unhurt. Now that the impact was over, she felt almost—ordinary. The extraordinary things were happening; but not to her.

For instance, George was dragging herself off the floor, a red mark over one eye and her hat torn from her head. And Eddie—she took a full minute to understand that all those people on the further side of the road must be kneeling and standing round Eddie. Eddie, she supposed, had gone clean through the wind-shield. Not so very clean. The few remaining jags of glass were smeared with red.

The slight galvanized Jenny. She clambered over George and out of what had been the rear of the car and dived at the group on the pavement. She pushed and pulled them aside—and there was Eddie. Flat on his back; a man bending over him; a great deal of blood.

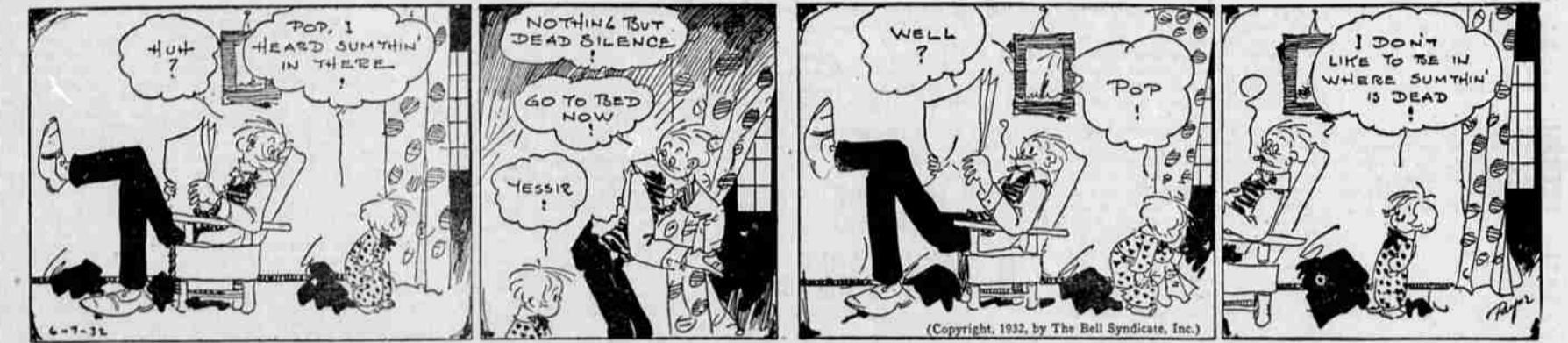
"Is he dead?" is the first question heard, tomorrow.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—May Be Fate At That!



## S'MATTER POP—Well, Who Does?

By C. M. PAYNE



## BOUND TO WIN—Rewarding "Big Feet"

By EDWIN ALGER



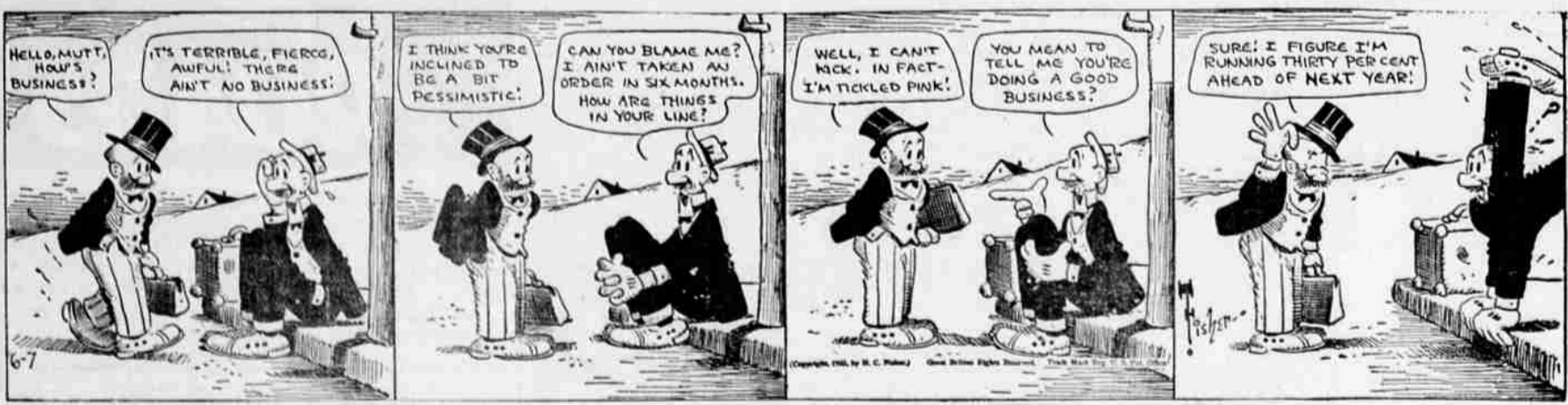
## THE NEBBS—Watch Out

By SOL HESS



## MUTT AND JEFF—Jeff Figures He's Well Off—So Why Kick?

By BUD FISHER



## FEARS REBELLION IF BONUS INPAID

BALTIMORE, June 7.—(AP)—Charles H. Walker, Baltimore, president of the American enlisted federation, made public today a telegram he said he had sent to officials in Washington, urging the government to pay a cash bonus now "and set aside the threat of rebellion."

The telegram follows:

"The American enlisted federation, composed of those who served with honor in the rank and file of the armed forces of the United States of America, while in sympathy with the proposal to pay now adjusted service certificates in full, deprecates the disagreeable condition which seem to have

## STINE'S RHYTHM BOYS TO PLAY FOR BENEFIT

Music for the benefit dance at the fairgrounds pavilion this evening, will be furnished by Malcolm Stine's Rhythm Boys, according to announcement today. The proceeds from the dance will be given to Mrs. Johnny Logan, widow of the southern Oregon baseball player.

Stine is a member of the Jacksonville baseball team.

Roseburg—Douglas National bank and First State and Savings bank of Roseburg merged.

## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

