

You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

...and his new wife George from the public...
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Chapter 15
IN THE COPPER URN
WITH the thought came all the weariness of the last twelve hours, all the memories, all the fears. As George dragged herself back into the apartment, the bruise on her temple throbbled violently.

How in the world had she ever thought she could do those curtains before she slept? She was too utterly spent even to try on her trousseau.
She dropped into the new chair that smelt so richly of leather and let her head fall back. Now, for the first time, she thought about Eddie—really thought about him. Eddie who had always matched her, strength for strength, whose laughter had climbed with hers, who had split money and youth and success all along their reckless pathway—Eddie cried and fainted and shook with nervous agonies which one couldn't hope to prevent. Poor Eddie, mourned her pity—poor old

...and swarthy; but Jenny liked her.
"You ain't goin' to spend this fine Sunday all by yerself, don't tell me!" she said, whipping the lid from the great copper urn. "Have a biscuit with yer milk, dear."
Jenny accepted the biscuit and sat by the counter, contentedly sipping and sipping. In the side of the urn, Mrs. Bigger and her shop were reflected and behind them the houses opposite, the portico of the hotel and, dwindling into miniature, the whole length of the street. Jenny was amused to see how the copper distorted the lines of Mrs. Bigger's face and made her, on the whole, better-looking. She chuckled and the face in the gleaming copper grinned in vague sympathy.
"Have yer joke while yer can, I always say," encouraged Mrs. Bigger.

But Jenny had sobered. In the tiny reflection of the street she could see the steps of the hotel and the form of someone running up them. She knew without the slightest doubt that it was George.
She sat breathless; unable—unwilling—to look out of the window and down the street to where the real George ran up real steps. Here, in the urn, life was only a red-gold picture. A little figure of a girl went glimmering up towards a shadowy



Jenny sat breathless—unable to look out of the window.
Eddie-boy, I'll take care of you somehow until you're well again! But her heart was saying nothing at all; was stonily quiet; held no stir of that thudding pulse that had answered his. There was only terror and sense of loss. Exactly as though he were dead.

Jenny had that useful gift of being able to waken herself at any hour of the morning she chose. She went to bed saying firmly "Six o'clock, please" and at six exactly her eyes would fly open.
On this Sunday morning she had said "Eight" and at eight she woke. There was a pool of sunlight on the floor and a faint breeze was busy with the curtains. A fine day... To-day she would not be against that eternal background of George; she would stand quite separate and free.

In a corner was the Record, tossed away with the other papers of last night; Jenny turned her eyes resolutely from them and went to her bath.
The water was tepid and she missed George's scented crystals but she hummed to herself in a small, tuneless voice. Back in her room she took out a slender dark silk suit that George had given her. Then she laid it aside—it wasn't, she felt, hers; no as the volle frock of gray patterned faintly with blue was hers—simple and cool and made by her own hands. And to wear it she had contrived—for she was clever at such things—a big gray linen hat with a blue flower under the brim.

She went very quietly out of her room and down the stairs. The hands of the clock great glittering towards the hour of nine.
George had said that she would come to the hotel between nine and half-past. Jenny turned away from the corner which led to Eyle Street and crossed the road. A few paces along this pavement was a little shop. Jenny had long ago made friends with the woman who owned it and now she pushed open the door and went in.

"Will you sell me a glass of milk, Mrs. Bigger?"
Mrs. Bigger, behind the counter, smiled and nodded. She was ex-

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Watching and Waiting!



S'MATTER POP—A Larger Area, Of Course

By C. M. PAYNE



BOUND TO WIN—While Ben Was Out

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Disposition Versus Judgment

By SOL HESS



MUTT AND JEFF—Now Jeff Is Puzzled

By BUD FISHER



MEXICAN VOLCANO BELCHING FLAMES

MEXICO CITY, June 14.—(AP)—A dispatch from Colima, Mexico, today said the semi-active Colima volcano burst into eruption yesterday, belching a sheet of flame and huge towers of smoke high into the air. Loud subterranean rumblings accompanied the eruption, it said, and nearby residents prepared hastily to depart from the vicinity fearing a lava flow. The eruption was preceded by sharp earth shocks.
The volcano is situated in the state of Jalisco, about 80 miles northeast of the city of Colima.
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PRISONERS ENJOY DEPRESSION REST

JOLIET, Ill., June 14.—(AP)—It's "bend to the left" and "bend to the right" and no more work in the factory for inmates of the Illinois state penitentiary from now on.
Warden Henry C. Hill has issued an order for immediate closing of all prison shops, announcing lack of orders made their operation unprofitable.
And daily calisthenics, he said, will take the place of work in the steel foundry, and shoe, furniture and fibre factories for the convicts.
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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

