

You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Adams

SYNOPSIS: When George Reel's fiancée leaves on a business trip with her employer, George Matching, her cousin Jenny is left to look after George's new husband, Eddie, who has had a nervous breakdown. George has told Matching that Jenny is Eddie's wife, in order to keep her job. Jenny secretly loves George.

Chapter 21

HOLIDAY FROM FLYING

Jenny set her lips and unlocked the door.

There was no scuffling behind it this time—Eddie eagerly faced her; color was in his face and light in his eyes. Except for the bandages, he looked, for this moment, the big, confident, rather domineering Eddie—the wonder "bird-man" who had held George's love. Jenny's heart ached for him.

"She—had to dash straight off. On business," she said slowly; and added, hoping that she might be given the blame—"Perhaps I made a mistake; I told her you were asleep."

"And she went away?"

At Jenny's nod, he sat down again in the battered old chair. When she removed the wreckage of the first cup of coffee from the floor and poured him a second, she looked at him timidly.

"I wasn't asleep exactly," he said.

to dinner, she again heard a plane go over the building. But Eddie, immensely amused by her encounter with the ogre, remained blessedly unaware; and she felt more hopeful about him. If he could be kept interested in other things for a while, he would surely recover!

"And so on Wednesday evening, Cinderella goes to the ball," she concluded lightly. "In a silver dress and silver slippers, all given her by her fairy god-mother."

"George!"

The laughter left his face. He began to rub his knee with his hand, an actor, she instinctively dreaded. She was just going to say "Don't worry!" when he said it.

"No use my worrying. I s'pose. Things'll come straight. And, anyway, it's all my fault for playing the fool with that car yesterday. Bit of a miracle you weren't either of you killed. George always said I was no good on the road. By the way—" the rubbing hand clenched as he turned piteous eyes upon Jenny—"you won't tell her, will you?"

"Tell her what, Eddie?" Jenny asked.

"Why, that I get nery about—about other chaps crashing on to me—and about the idea of going up myself."

"I certainly won't tell her if you don't want me to."

"Thanks. I don't fancy George will have much use for me now, you see."

His tone troubled her.

"I think you're wrong. George told me herself that she cares more about you than about her job."

"She hasn't said that since—" he pointed to his bandages.

"She has—she has!" Jenny was triumphant. "She told me just now, while she was hurrying her things together to go away. And she doesn't say such things lightly. Only, you know, Eddie, she's more practical and far-sighted than you or I; she loves you so much that she wants you to be quite free of worries while you're having your holiday. She said that, too. That's why she's determined to hold on to her job until you're flying again or until—"

She hesitated over the alternative as she had hesitated before. "Or until you're doing something else, instead."

He grinned wryly and she knew he wanted to say that there was nothing he could do but fly. But he went on grinning crookedly at her and presently he remarked:

"You're a good kid. I say, Jen, it's funny, but I feel better—stender—when you're around. Kind of soothing, you are. Wonder if you could pull me round in time!"

Jenny flushed with pleasure. She looked into the big, bandaged, wistful face—and then her arm went down upon her outspread arms and she was crying as she had not cried for years.

She felt Eddie hovering above her, concerned and sheepish.

With a great effort Jenny controlled herself and sat up.

"Nobody has ever really needed me before, in all my life. People always seem to—to be going away—and leaving me gaping after them—"

Her voice trembled but she got up briskly. "I should like to try and cure you most awfully. An' I believe I could, too."

Jenny set her lips and unlocked the door.

after a gulp of coffee. "I sort of collapsed. My nerves zoom a bit upset. I get unable to move, even when I want to. . . . I say, Jen, this coffee is coffee. Got any more?"

"Plenty." She poured it, her heart a little lighter. He refused to believe, apparently, that it was she who had kept George from him; but he was not angry with George, either, for going away without a good-bye. Or—was he angry? He looked unusually thoughtful.

"When George gets back," he said suddenly, "there's no reason why she and I shouldn't have our honeymoon and then settle down somewhere. Is there? After all, this job of hers until I get back from Mexico—and I shan't be going to Mexico now."

"Don't you think," she ventured, "that just because you can't go to Mexico, George had better hold on to her job for a time? Then you could keep your money—some of your money," she amended hastily as his frown deepened—"until you're flying again or—or doing something else. In the meantime, you could rest and get your nerves back to normal. You need a holiday badly."

"Yes," he agreed. "I need a holiday from flying. That's all—a holiday." He caught at her arm—his own shaking. George seemed to slip from his mind. "They can't expect me to fly the Old Man to-night when I need a holiday so darn badly, can they?"

"Mr. Matching is going by train," Jenny reassured him. Then she grasped at an excuse for George that ought, she felt, to have occurred to her before. "Mr. Matching came in with George just now, Eddie, and waited to take her in his car. I refused to open this door and let him talk to you; and so George couldn't go in, either."

"Locked the Old Man out, did you?" Eddie threw his head back and gave his old, familiar roar of laughter. "Marvelous kid! Go on, let's hear about it!"

She let him near about it. She made quite an amusing yarn of it, in the end, and while she paused to let him laugh over the invitation



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BILLYGOAT FAILS IN WITCHES' TEST

June 20—(AP)—Witch defiers again June 18—(AP)—Witch defiers again. Tried tonight to transform a billygoat into a young man atop the lofty "Broken" Germany's magic mountain, without success—as they expected.

The billygoat failed to appreciate the seriousness of the event and "hatched" several times while modern British and German psychic researchers read the ritual prescribed by an old book of black magic, brought from the archives of the National Laboratory of Physical Research, London.

Auto glass installed while you wait. Erice right, Brill Sheet Metal Works.

FLORIDA CONVICTS LEAD HARD LIVES

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., June 20—(AP)—The Duval county grand jury today returned indictments charging George Courson, prison camp captain, and Solomon Higginbotham, a guard, with first degree murder for the death of Arthur Maffelret, 19-year old, convict who was found strangled to death in a "sweet box" at a road camp near here.

The grand jury brought in a general indictment on prison conditions along with the indictments.

The jurors reported they found that prisoners are kicked, beaten with big sticks and rubber hose and are otherwise mistreated, and that sometimes overdoes of medicine are given as punishment.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Maybe Speed's "Seen' Things At Night!"



S'MATTER POP—Must Be At Where It Ain't!

By C. M. PAYNE



BOUND TO WIN—Mel Ryder's Story!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Right Wrongs No One

By SOL HESS



MUTT AND JEFF—This Service Free To Our Fans This Week

By BUD FISHER



MUTT AND JEFF—Who's Looney Now?

By George McManus

