

# You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

**SYNOPSIS:** Suddenly returning home from a business trip, George Revell Townsend finds her cousin, Jenny, taking care of Eddie, George's husband, who is recovering from a nervous breakdown. Jenny is in love with Garth Avenue, the teacher of George's employer, who doesn't know George is pretending that Jenny married Eddie.

## Chapter 25

### SCORCHING ANGER

"I SUPPOSE you're going to the Old Man's to dinner?" George said.

"Yes . . . Did you come into the apartment just now and—and go out again?" Jenny asked.

"Two seemed to be company."

"How dare you, George! And then—"Oh, we can't be quarrelling! It's too fantastic, when he has been counting the hours till he sees you again! You must be tired or very unhappy to let yourself speak like this!"

Jenny's face was quivering and now George's, too, broke up and twisted her smile into a pathetic thing.

"Yes, I'm sorry. Yes, I'm tired and I'm unhappy, too. Don't hate me, honey, not anyway until we've talked this business out. Run along now, and stand up to the old devil all you can, he seems to like it. Oh, and, Jenny, if you should meet Garth Avenue at Rochester Gate—you remember the man I mean?—take most deadly care not to breathe a word about Ed and me. You'll probably find out why for yourself."

Jenny went on down the stairs and into the taxi which Gill had summoned for her and as she went she said to herself over and over again—"George's tired and unhappy; people don't know what they're saying when they are very tired and unhappy."

The taxi lurched along to the tune of it. "People don't know what they're saying—" But they ought to know! George ought to know that there were things one simply never, never allowed oneself to imagine! Jenny's hot, sudden anger scorched her again.

The anger did not last. Little Miss Georgina had learnt many grand lessons with grandfather. It never was wise, she had learnt, to be angry because others did things that, oneself, one would never do. People were different. Jenny was Jenny; George was George. Jenny's sore mind went back to the night when George had said—"At a pinch I could say that it was you Eddie married, not me." Something coarse-grained in the nature that planned the telling of such a lie!

Perhaps; but—Jenny's curved hand slipped between two folds of frosty silver-green—there was so much else to remember. George gave and gave and never had enough of giving; when she chose a silver frock for a little cousin, she did it royally, with a laugh and a kiss.

She woke up to the fact that the taxi had stopped and she hurried out. The high, dark-fronted house seemed familiar to her after George's intimate chatter about the old man who ruled it; but Jenny was not prepared for the beauty of the hall. George had said nothing about the gleaming floors and the softly hanging Eastern silks and the silvered lights. As Jenny went under them in the wake of a grave butler, she felt as though she were a swan, swimming in a silver lake.

Perhaps she looked like one as she entered the big, glittering room at the end of the hall, for her host stared at her through suddenly narrowed eyes, faintly smiling, and seemed to forget that he had apologies to make, and explanations.

Jenny's heart tumbled suddenly, stopped, then went on.

"Mr. Matching isn't here yet?" she asked.

Garth Avenue collected himself.

"I'm sorry, I should have told you at once—he's not well enough to dine with us. Later on, if it wouldn't bore you, he would very much like to see you upstairs."

"I didn't know that he was ill," Jenny sat down weakly.

"He isn't ill exactly. But he has had an exhausting trip and he isn't robust. He forgets that he is an old man."

"Perhaps he doesn't feel old, in his heart."

"I've never before heard anybody suggest that he'd got one. You'll have a cocktail?"

Jenny shook her head, then remembered that George had told her it was babyish, nowadays, to refuse, and took a little ice-cold glass from the silver tray a footman held before her.

"Don't drink it," said Avenue quietly, as the man left the room.

"You'll dislike it. Besides, it's not your pose."

She looked up at him, flushing deeply. No doubt, he was making fun of her, though there was no sign of it in his face. He stood with one shoulder against a high, carved mantel, his slenderness emphasized by the brightly paneled walls behind him. His face was half in shadow, and she remembered that in her dreams of him, it was always like this that she saw him—with his wide shoulders and slender hips and long, idle hands all clearly cut against the light, but his face hidden in shadow.

"I am wondering whether you will tell me something," he said, from out of his shadow.

"Yes, what is it you want to ask?"

"Why did you have yourself announced as 'Miss Revell'?"

Jenny sought in vain for an answer. He bent down and removed the little glass which she was still clutching.

"I shouldn't have thought that you were that sort."

"What sort?" managed Jenny.

"The sort that insists on being modern—though—married. The Brigitta Dearing type. Or is it some league that makes you take a pledge never to use your husband's name? Anyway, it's a movement. And I shouldn't have thought that you would belong to it."

"I don't," said Jenny.

"Then why—?"

"I forgot. I mean, I forgot that I am supposed to be 'Mrs. Townsend.' It is a lucky chance that Mr. Matching isn't here." But the explanation did not appear to satisfy him. He repeated "supposed to be" and laughed.

A door in the panelling opened. A footman stood rigidly by it, waiting. Garth Avenue shrugged and turned.

"Shall we dine?"

Her mind raced as she preceded him into the smaller room, on the other side of the bright panels and the silent servants. Why had he shrugged like that, as though he despised her? Surely he could not think that it was she who had married Eddie? Surely he must have guessed, when his uncle ordered him to play host to 'Mrs. Townsend,' exactly what had happened. He must have assumed that George, whom he knew to be in love with Eddie ('He ought to thank his stars for you!'), had covered her marriage by making use of her cousin's identical name.

Avenue seated himself opposite her and began to talk, easily and brilliantly. All about Mexico, where, apparently, he had been for many years.

"Mexico?" she repeated, catching timidly at the name. "Eddie was to have gone there. But I don't believe he will ever be able to now."

"I'm sincerely sorry to hear it. I was to have met him this week, but I understand he's not allowed to see anyone."

"I don't think he will fly again. I'm afraid not. I didn't know that you wanted to see him."

"You know, surely, that he was to have returned to Mexico with me? I'm taking a pilot and observer back with me. He didn't tell you?"

She shook her head. No, she had not been told. George, now she came to think of it, had explained very little. Her thoughts went confusedly back to her problems. Supposing she had been mistaken from the first and George had never fully explained to this man, either? She might, after all, have sent him away without saying a word of Eddie.

Then—then it would look as though she, Jenny Revell, were a very sordid type of creature, indeed; a girl who flirted languidly with one man while she was waiting to be married to another. A girl who made a "date" to go motoring when her husband of a day was ill and in need of her. A girl who would not take her husband's name or—she stared down at her bare hand—or wear his ring.

"You're not eating anything at all," said Avenue.

She chose one of the questions that were milling through her mind—and, haltingly, put it.

"Was it—was it your uncle who told you that I was the Georgina Revell who—?"

"Who had married Townsend! He mentioned it, certainly, in fact he has been talking quite a lot about you. But I rather fancy that I got the news in the first place from your cousin."

"From George! And you believed her?"

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"Who had married Townsend! He mentioned it, certainly, in fact he has been talking quite a lot about you. But I rather fancy that I got the news in the first place from your cousin."

"From George! And you believed her?"

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# MUTT AND JEFF—Yes, Some Boobs Are Like That

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# EMPLOY 20 MORE MEN AT SAWMILL

A. L. Coggins, manager of the California-Oregon Box and Lumber company of Ashland, announced yesterday that twenty additional men have been given work this week with the sawmill operations started. With the sawmill opening, it will automatically start logging operations in the Dead Indian and Sitkyou mountain districts, he stated, which will probably allow the employment of about thirty additional workers.

The company's box factory opened several weeks ago, and about twenty men were put to work then.

# CHICAGO OPERA 'ANGEL' RESIGNS

CHICAGO, June 24.—(AP) Chicago will hear no opera next winter, directors of the Chicago Civic Opera company decided today. They accepted the resignation of Samuel Inzoli as president, but took no action toward choosing a successor to the man who always guaranteed to cover deficits.

Stanley Field, secretary-treasurer, said "this is only a temporary suspension and does not mean opera has been abandoned in Chicago."

Forest Grove—Eastwood Confectionery and Dixon Millinery Shop to move to quarters in Caples building on Main street North in near future.

# BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

