

# You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Adams

UPPER: Georgia Townsend told Garth Aveney that her fiancé, Jenny, married Eddie Graton Matching, won't discharge her as he does all married women. Jenny must keep Georgia's secret, though she loves Aveney, who believes Jenny has been flirting with him.

### Chapter 26

**"WHAT FRIGHTENED YOU?"** It had slipped out almost without her knowing it. He shrugged again.

"Oh, but why not? After all, you had said you were leaving her soon. . . . You don't remember saying that?"

Yes, she remembered it. She had meant something very different, but now, it fitted splendidly into his disdain of her. Everything seemed to be fitting in except that one strange cry of his to Georgia: "He ought to thank his stars for you!"

Whoever that had been said of, it could not have been said of Eddie, Garth Aveney was ignorant of what lay between Georgia and Eddie Townsend. He had never guessed and he did not guess now. And Jenny could not tell him, because of her promise to Georgia.

"You look depressed," he was leaning slightly towards her. The servants had left the room, the short, perfect dinner was nearly

"I suppose," said Jenny wildly, "that Brigitta Deering will be there?"

"I'm hoping so, Jenny Revell. She is very lovely. Isn't she?"

He came a step nearer. "But not as lovely as you are, standing there hating me. You hate me, don't you, for sending you out!"

"Not for that," said Jenny, her lips oddly stiff. "I do hate you, but I can't tell you why, yet."

He came nearer still. His arm brushed hers. The delicate hairs of the cigarette lay upon them both.

"More explanations, Jenny?"

"I will never forgive you," she whispered. "When you understand, you'll have that to endure, too—that I will never forgive you!"

"Well, and I'll never forgive you, so we can stop moralizing. If you want to go up to the Old Man, Jenny, I am not, you know, preventing you. I am not holding you here—yet."

He was not holding her but she gasped as she wrenched herself out of the charmed circle; faint, sweet haze and intoxicating nearness—

She found herself walking rapidly across the huge drawing-room and out into the hall. Presently the butler was at her side and conducting her up the biggest staircase that she had ever seen.

At a bend, she slipped down. For a



"You are insulting—" Jenny pushed away from him, blinded with tears

done. "I wish you wouldn't. You played such an amusing game with me, quite slick and clever—why can't you take a hiding with a smile? After all, I was bound to find you out, wasn't I? I agree it's a pity I found you out before we had our day together; but you were gambling a bit with me there, really you were!"

He raised his glass to her and for the first time he deliberately touched her—his hand covered hers. "I drink to you, Jenny Revell. To the cleverest little vamp I've ever met!"

She felt as she had when Georgia had turned upon her, as though the words she heard were blows. She shrank away from them in panic and then suddenly and furiously she was on her feet, his hand thrown aside and his glass overturned between them.

"I wish to go home. You are insulting—you—your opinion of me—Oh, I'm not like that!" She pushed away from him, blinded with tears. "Even if I can't explain yet you should not think such things of me!"

"Explain? Jenny, is there any explanation you can honestly give?"

She caught her breath on a sob. He, too, had risen. He looked quite different. No laughter now, but an eager sternness—ah, he couldn't be indifferent to her if he could look like that! If she said quite simply, "It was Georgia, not I," what would she see in his eyes? If he believed her, what would she?

"I'll be smiling again, cool and detached. Searching in a thin case for a particular cigarette."

"No, on second thoughts, don't let's have any explanations, Jenny. They're boring things and often so painfully unconvincing."

"I should like to go home."

"Without seeing the Old Man? Now, there you have a conquest. A real one."

She held fiercely on to her resentment. When Georgia had permitted her to speak, she would hurt him for this. For every separate cruelty, she would hurt him.

"Are you sure Mr. Matching wants to see me?"

"He was most insistent. If you'll excuse me, though, I'll send you up to him under other escort than mine. I'm due to meet Vale and a party at the Crescendo."

second she thought that Garth Aveney watched her go; then she was sure that she had been mistaken. Anyway, it was of no importance. When Georgia allowed her to speak she would speak—once and forever. After that, she need never see him again.

She had so often listened to Georgia's stories of this part of the house, that she was not surprised by it as a stranger would have been. Here was the corridor where one's feet rang a warning bell; and here was the dim, strange room and the frail old form in the tent of a bed. She wondered if he would offer her a bag of sweets; she hoped not, she liked so few.

"You've come, have you?" rasped the voice from the bed. "Eh? Well, you're a pretty thing in all that silver. Come here and sit down. Quietly, if you can—people can't be quiet nowadays."

"I'm used to being quiet. Are you ill? Or just tired?"

"What's it got to do with you? You don't care how tired I get. Too tired to carry on any longer, but I don't flatter myself anybody cares. Does my young nephew care? Not he! He steps into my shoes tomorrow, takes my place, carries on my work. Answerable to me, but to me alone." The grumbling voice rose and fell. "Well, what do you think of him? Eh? Think he'll shape?"

Jenny, very troubled, quite unable to answer the unexpected question, turned her head and looked from one to the others of the strange things about her. The light was concentrated upon the table near the bed, but she could make out a great deal of rich, shadowed carrying and some big pictures in the sort of frames that Grandfather had liked. Except for the bed, nothing in the room suggested a sleeping apartment. It had much more the air of an antique shop!

She started suddenly. Something had moved in the deepest shadow. "What frightened you?" asked the old man in the bed. Apparently he had not taken his eyes from her. "Is there someone there?"

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"What's between you and my great-nephew Aveney?" Graton Matching asks Jenny tomorrow.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Dawn—But The Sky's Still Overcast For Speed!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



## S'MATTER POP—Very Similar!

By C. M. PAYNE



## BOUND TO WIN—Ready To Go!

By EDWIN ALGER



## THE NEBBS—It Sounds Logical

By SOL HESS



## MUTT AND JEFF—A Peek Behind The Scenes

By BUD FISHER



## ELEPHANT FOSSILS NEAR COLOSSEUM

ROME (AP)—Workmen digging a few yards from the ancient Roman colosseum excavated the remains of a beast that inhabited the site probably 25,000 years before Roman civilization. They found part of the head, a molar tooth and a tusk nine feet long of an "elephas antiquus," the vast fore-runner of the present elephant family of Africa and India. The find was made only eight feet under the paving level of the ages old and now ruined Roman Temple of Peace. The remains, now fossilized, were taken to a museum.

## Woodmen Adopt New Policy Forms

PORTLAND, Ore., June 26—(AP)—Additional forms of insurance certificates which more fully meet modern insurance needs have been adopted by the Woodmen of the World in quadrennial head ramp session here. A double indemnity clause to protect members up to 60 years of age has been adopted as a rider for present and future certificate holders.

## Klamath Youth Drowns In River

KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., June 26—(AP)—Leo Routs, 18, of Klamath Falls, drowned in the Link river here Thursday. The boat in which he and two small girls were riding capsized while the children were trying to get it to shore after it had developed a leak. Routs' body was recovered.

## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



Real Estate or Insurance—Leave it to John. Phone 194.