

# You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Adams

**SYNOPSIS:** Jenny Revell is moonlight and her cousin George is a student. Garth Aveney says when he meets them at a dinner given by Ryder Vale, Jenny likes Aveney, but he seems very much attracted to George. When George is hastily called away, to do special night work for her employer, Matching, Jenny hopes that Aveney will be more interested in her. She will prove to him that moonlight isn't cold, as he has said. She is willing to try to divert him from George, although George is taking care of her, because she knows that her cousin is secretly in love with Eddie Townsend. George will be fired if she marries, and she is trying to work her way to Eddie against her job. She hurries to go to Rochester Gate, Matching's home, planning to join the party later on. Jenny waits for Aveney to return from getting George's taxi.

### CHAPTER 4 SNARES

GARTH AVENEY had returned and was standing by Ryder's chair. "If you don't mind, Vale, I suggest I push along and get my car out. I've arranged to wait outside the Rochester Gate house for Miss Revell and drive her to the Crescendo or back to her own place, according to her wishes."

Ryder's inevitable grin appeared. "By all means, sound idea, what? With any luck we'll all foregather at the Crescendo about the witch-

were known to the Gortons firm before the department worked on them. The original draft—"If you suspect any of my secretaries, Croze!"

The general manager passed a handkerchief over his brow. He was a stout, plump man, mentally far more agile and experienced than he looked. But the Old Man's tirades always undermined his nervous control until he felt lower than the least paid office-boy. Besides, the room—an extraordinary room in which to conduct business—was very hot and full of furniture.

Most of the furniture was in shadow. But by the side of the bed was a structure like a dinner-wagon, the top deck holding a dictaphone recording machine, telephones, bell-pushes, two small and exquisite model dynamos and a standard lamp. Through the lower deck ran the tangled connecting wires of all this paraphernalia and round the wires were littered twelve to fifteen penny bags of sweets.

"Do you, for instance, suspect Revell?" Matching demanded.

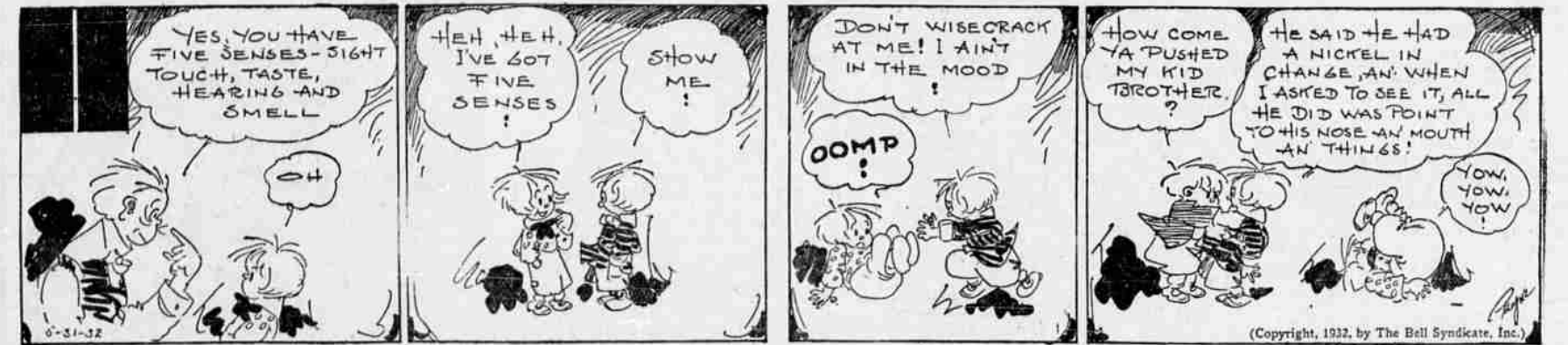
"I've always had the greatest possible admiration for—Miss Revell," muttered Croze. He had never spoken with greater sincerity—heavens, that girl had some character, putting up at close range

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Maharajah's Man "Friday!"



## S'MATTER POP—Oomp! He Showed One Of Them, Anyhow!

By C. M. PAYNE



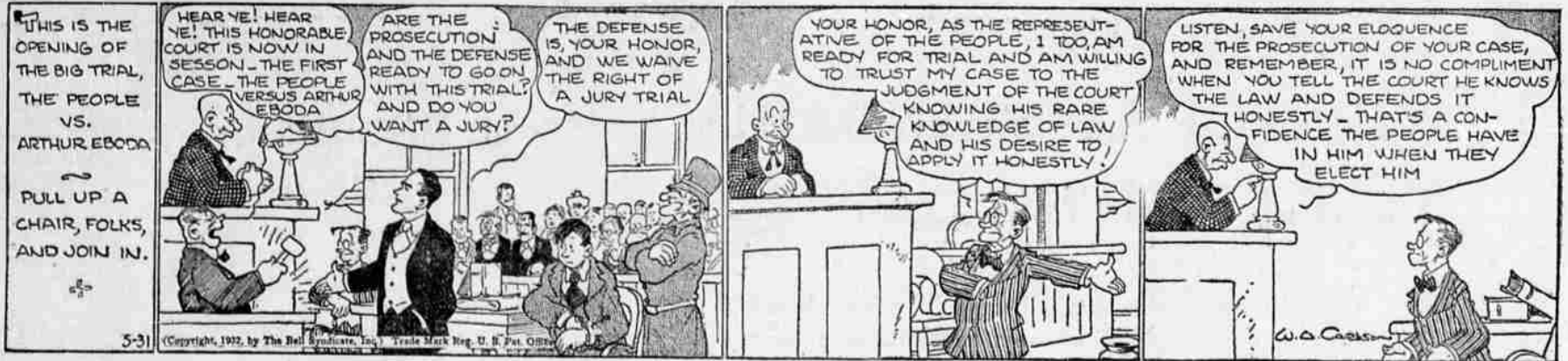
## BOUND TO WIN—"Big Feet" Reports

By EDWIN ALGER



## THE NEBBS—The Orator

By SOL HESS



## MUTT AND JEFF—Dirty Work On The Golf Links

By BUD FISHER



## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



"I set a series of tests—snare—One is being sprung tonight."

ing hour or earlier. Meantime, Miss Cinderella and I will eat your share of the ice. Won't we?"

"Yes," said Jenny faintly, watching the tall, slim figure make a rapid way into the vestibule. He had not stayed even to bid her adieu.

Ryder Vale also watched him go. "Can't help thinking I ought to be able to place that chap," he remarked when he had returned his attention to Jenny. "Can't help thinking someone told me he was related to old Grattan Matching. But I suppose in that case George would have known him. . . . And now here's our ice."

In the huge bedroom that ran the whole width of the house, old Grattan Matching sat, and reduced to a nervous pulp his general manager, Harold H. Croze.

It was the old man's habit to retire to bed at about seven o'clock in the evening; and it was from the middle of his antique four-poster, the size of a small tent, that he was now launching his venom. Extraordinarily like a slate-pencil, he looked, or so thought the harassed Harold H.; he stared at the narrow, rigid form in its gray woollen bed-jacket, the narrow gray wedge of face surmounting it and the very white wig that, tapering almost to a point on top, betrayed the strange formation of the hidden skull. And like a slate-pencil the voice—grating, squeaking, slipping on the state of the mind.

"You suspect a leakage of information concerning the work of the overseas department, do you?" When the Old Man was particularly infuriated, his voice climbed to falsetto. "That's very interesting—oh, very interesting indeed. Of course it is only a suspicion and it has arisen in your mind quite three months after it arose in mine. But still it is very stimulating. . . . And now we will contemplate the fact that so far you have done nothing about it at all."

"I must differ there, Mr. Matching. I've done all I can. Enough to convince me that whoever the culprit is, he or she is not in the overseas department. Take the Mexican estimates, it's evident they

and year after year with this kind of thing "All the same, everyone who was in a position to give away or sell those Mexican figures should come equally under consideration. Miss Revell, I presume, took them from your dictation."

"Very logical. Quite scientific!" The gray figure suddenly wriggled, slipped and lay flat in the vast bed. "But you'll excuse me, Croze, if I don't follow you link by link. Because they all occurred to me, as I say, quite three months ago. And I acted on them promptly. Very promptly. I set a series of tests—snare—what you like. One is being sprung tonight. . . . There's really nothing more to discuss. Do you know my nephew?"

Croze gasped. What had a nephew got to do with—

"I always understood you had no relatives whatsoever. Your nephew? No, I've never met him."

"No. Nor has anyone else in the firm. Very useful. Good-night."

"Do you mean, Mr. Matching—?"

"Good-night," came a final squeak from the bed. Harold H. Croze was dismissed.

George leaned out of the window of her taxi and curtly reminded the driver of the quickest way to Rochester Gate.

Eddie Townsend. She brooded over him and the problem that he was to her, smiling. It was a smile in which two Georgina Revells met and merged. The glowing, vital, prodigal George, who could never snatch life enough, met Miss Revell of Matching's, that essential cog in a vast and powerful wheel.

She shut her eyes as the taxi sped along under the ebb and flow of the street-lamps and she pretended that she and Eddie were married and yet that she still held her job, her difficult, hard-held wonderful job.

The taxi was stopping and before it was quite stationary she was out and running up the steps of the enormous, ugly house in which old Grattan Matching lived. She rang in a code of her own and at once the door was opened.

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George is offered an ultimatum tomorrow—Eddie or her job?

## FINE AUTO CAMP SOLD ON REDWOOD HIGHWAY

GRANTS PASS, May 31.—(Sp1)—A \$42,500 transaction, partly cash, but principally exchange of property, involving the changing of ownership of Camp Delight, which is reported to be one of the most beautiful camps on the Redwood highway and located seven and one-half miles south of Grants Pass on the Redwood highway, was completed Saturday with the arrival of the new owners, W. A. and E. A. Mowrey of Modesto, Cal., who have purchased the camp from Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Trumbly.

Dry Sticks \$1.00 per tier. You haul 'em. Medford Fuel Co.

For wrecker or tow service, night or day, Phone 1200, Lewis Service.

## COLORADOAN OBTAINS RANCH NEAR ASHLAND

ASHLAND, May 31.—(Sp1)—Roscoe L. Brantley of Boyers, Colo., secured ownership of the 13 acre ranch just south of this city, generally known as the "Bowers place," has been completed. Mr. Boyers traded some property in Colorado for the place, and C. D. Davis, who has owned and operated the place for the last two years, is leaving soon for Colorado where he will make his home for the present.

Oregon Weather  
Unsettled tonight and Wednesday; probably with showers in west portion and over mountains; mild temperature; moderate south to west winds offshore.