

You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleff-Addams

SYNOPSIS: A late evening call from her eccentric employer, Grattan Matching, takes George Revel away from a dinner party with her cousin Jenny, Gilda Aveny, and Ryder Vale, but her interest in her work keeps her from minding the interruption. She is so fascinated by her job that she cannot decide to marry Eddie Townsend, whom she loves, because Matching will fire any woman working for him who marries. George does not know that she is under suspicion of being the source of continued leakage of information about the business. Matching and his manager, Crose, separately have been trying to run down the guilty person. When Crose suggests George as a possible suspect, to Matching, his employer reports that he is attending to investigating her. Arriving at Matching's house, George rings the bell in a special code, and the door is opened.

Chapter 5 YES OR NO?

The footman greeted George deferentially and went to pay the driver, while she took the steps of the main staircase two at a time. She did not slow down until she gained a bedroom at the back of the upper hall and was throwing her cloak on to the bed.

On the back of the door hung an overall of dark linen and this George whisked over the gleaming apricot of her dress. The overall was made long but a gleam of vel-

leather helmet made his head smaller but his rather neat, fangs open, added to his already massive shoulders. The room vibrated faintly as he bore down upon her.

"No, Ed—not in office hours, dear boy!" She put the desk between them but her eyes hung upon him, glancing in his height that, tall as she was, overtopped her by some inches. "I wondered if you'd be here tonight. I suppose you're flying with that?" She touched the finished typescript.

"Daresay. My orders were just 'a packet.' Old Man's in a devil's mood tonight—dries me up when he yaps at me like that! Can't think how you stick him."

"I don't let him get on my mind." She smiled her brilliant, confident smile and Eddie Townsend smiled back at her. They understood each other well. Each felt in the other a reckless courage, an almost animal joy in effort and success.

"You don't let anything get on your mind, George?"
"Only you—and you're on it a darn sight too much. Spilling my nerve, you are, and it's got to stop. I mean it, girl. . . . Look here, I reckoned on getting a word with

"Will you marry me in a day or two? Or shall I forget you?"



ret still showed round her ankles—that was, however, unavoidable. She changed her brocade shoes for dark leather and at the dressing-table wiped all make-up off her face and passed a comb through her hair. Then she swung out of the room and entered the one next to it.

This, as richly carpeted and curtained as the bedroom, was one of her many working-rooms. There was a desk with telephones, typewriter, and next to the typewriter a dictaphone transcribing machine. On the desk, just under the curved, green-shaded lamp, a cylinder of black and shiny wax awaited her. She slipped it on to the transcriber, pulled a pair of sarphones over her head, poised her hands upon the keyboard of her typewriter and presently was typing at great speed while the cylinder, slowly turning on its roller, transmitted the faint voice of Grattan Matching into her ears.

Entirely concentrated, she typed, paused, listened, typed again. From the maddening indistinctness of the record she knew that the document she was typing was a highly confidential one. The Old Man almost grunted into his dictaphone when the matter was secret. He knew that, in the end, she would be able to make it out. Even if she could only hear an occasional snatch of words, her experience of him and his affairs, her quick-wittedness and that brilliant, half-telepathic intuition that rarely failed her, would manage the rest.

The task, though immensely exacting, was not lengthy. In less than half-an-hour, she took off the sarphones and re-read what she had typed. Fixed into the surface of her desk was a bell, which she rang; three short whirs. Then she got up and walked over to the hearth.

The door opened and a young brown giant of a man came in. "Eddie!" she cried.
"Hello, girl!"
He stood there, smiling at her, very light on his feet for all his huge bulk. His deep-set, slightly bloodshot eyes held that hunger for her that she adored, because it so profoundly disturbed her. His

you tonight. There's something I want to say."

She glanced at the house-telephone.

"I'll have to go the instant he rings for me."

"I'll risk that. . . . George, the Old Man's transferring me to the Mexican depot for at least a year. And I'm to go at the end of the month."

"You see what that means, girl? We shan't see each other for the year, at least. It's not an eternity, I'm not pretending that. All the same, it's long for me to go on wondering whether at the end of it you'll be any more willing than you are now to chuck your job and marry me. To come straight out with it—will you marry me in a day or two so as to have a bit of fun together before I leave? Or shall I forget you?"

The golden tone of her skin paled a little, her wide mouth was trembling.

"Sure you can forget me?"
"No, of course I'm not sure. But a fellow who's trying to forget a girl will do a lot of things to help him. And if you were to want to whistle me back, well, I mightn't be free to come. . . ."

She didn't resent his stand-and-deliver attitude—she would have done the same in his place; but although she had so much in common with him, she was shrewder than he—and she had studied old Matching's methods for three years. Meet a bluff with a bluff. . . . She played for time.

"Why does he send you to Mexico?"

Eddie shrugged.
"He did mention something about a relation of his," he said—"Nephew, I think it was, who'd been out there and is going out again. Wants to take a pilot and observer out with him. Chap's in town now and I'm to meet him in a day or two. . . . But that's neither here nor there. What I want, girl, is your yes or no. I can stand up to it if it's no, but I won't wait for it any longer."

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Bluffing can't last forever, and George's eyes Eddie her answer tomorrow.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Hindu And The Press!



S'MATTER POP—Probably Wished To Use It For Attack

By C. M. PAYNE



BOUND TO WIN—Eli Brankin's Notion!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—That's All

By SOL HESS



MUTT AND JEFF—Strategy On Mutt's Part, We Call It

By BUD FISHER



Holidays Mark Date of Birth In This Family

Holidays are very much in favor with Mr. and Mrs. F. Breitmayer of Granta Pass—and there's a reason why. They have two causes for celebration. The last, a baby daughter, arrived yesterday morning to add new interest to Memorial day.

Her brother, Teddy, was born on St. Patrick's day, her sister, Ruth, a student at the University of Oregon, on the Fourth of July, and another sister, Corabelle, on Thanksgiving day.

Mrs. Breitmayer is Mrs. H. R. Elliott's sister and a frequent visitor at the Elliott home on Corning Court, this city.

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Extension Units To See Preparation Of Low Priced Dinners

Thursday, from 10:30 to 3:30 o'clock, the home extension unit of Central Point will meet in the Grange hall with a demonstration of low cost dinners in the forenoon, to be given by Mrs. Mabel C. Mack, county home demonstration agent. The dishes will be served at noon.

At the same time, on Friday, the Phoenix home extension unit will meet in the Phoenix Grange hall, with low cost luncheon and supper dishes for the demonstration by Mrs. Mack. The foods prepared by the ladies will be served during the noon hour. Both meetings are the third in the schedule for low cost meals.

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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

