

You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

SYNOPSIS: A plot against George Revell to discover whether she is the person through which secret information has leaked about the census department of her employer's business has been arranged by her employer, Matching. It is his manager, Cross, that he has planned a snare, which will prove her guilt or innocence. This test mysteriously concerns Matching's nephew who, it is implied, is the strange man, Garth, against whom George has just met through Ruth, Val's Georgia girl, who comes to Matching's home from Yale's dinner to her and her cousin, Jenny and Aveny. He said he would drive her back to the party afterwards. She is doing a rush night job for Matching and is waiting for his ring when Eddie Townsend comes in. He says she must marry him immediately as he is going to Mexico to do for Matching. But if she marries Matching will she

men go to some hotel or other here in town?" he questioned. "And I suppose the superintendent at your apartment phones on any message from the Old Man?"

She was shaking her head, laughing softly.

"You innocent! Much chance I'd have that way of keeping my marriage secret! No, it's Jenny who will go to a hotel for a bit and let us have the apartment to ourselves till you go. I can fix it all up." She came round the desk and close to him, laughing up into his sulky eyes. "It's so simple, dear stupid, and so heavenly nice!"

The blood mounted in his face and he caught at her arm. As she sharply freed herself, a bell rang on her desk; one whirl, long, insistent. She gathered up the typewriter, an envelope and sealing wax and made for the door.

"Am I to marry you tomorrow, Ed?"

"Yes," he stammered. "All right. Anything you say. At any rate, until I get back from Mexico. I'll write down time and place and leave 'em here on this desk. Girl—my girl—"

But, more sharply than before, she pushed past his detaining hands and sped from the room.

As George went across the upper hall the bell rang again and yet

Chapter 6
WORTH A FELONY

FULL, deep tide of color came flushing back to George's face. "I'll marry you before you go, Ed tomorrow if you like."

"Girl!"

"But there's a condition. You must keep our marriage secret so that I can hold this job."

There was a pause. Eddie pushed back the leather helmet and rubbed his head violently.

"How're you going to keep ten days' honeymoon a secret?" he ob-



Matching glared up at his secretary—his face contorted, his throat working.

jected, "You've had your holiday."

"There'll be no honeymoon, Ed—only this week-end and we'll have to spend that in Town in case the Old Man sends for me. But during next week he'll be away. I'm not to go with him this time, so I can shorten my working hours a bit and we shall have a good slice of the days to ourselves. And when your year in Mexico is up—"

"If you think I'm coming back to a wife who won't own to having married me—"

"We can talk about that when the time comes. I'll promise nothing." Her voice dropped persuasively. "Come now, old dear, there are hundreds of married women still at their jobs, doubling their husband's incomes for them, giving them a chance of a bit of fun when they get home at night instead of mowing the lawn or mending the wireless."

"I get my fun flying. When I'm not flying I want a home."

For a second there hung before George's mind the picture of a little house; windows open to the sun, gay curtains swinging. A home . . . And then her vision shifted to the place of all others that seemed most to stand for "her job"—her own private room at the Matching head-office. She saw again her desk with its telephones and bell-pushes, the pigeon-hole into which she thrust her big weekly check.

It was to the second picture that she clung. After that, how could she find anything but frustration in the little house?

"You'd get your fun flying, Ed. That's the gist of it. For me, there'd be nothing to do but count the pennies while you were away and help you count them when you were home. You can't ask it of me! Especially as I should have to start off with being a grass-widow for a year!"

He stared at her, rubbing his head, his lips moving in half-audible speech. He looked huge, baffled, rather pathetic.

"Ed!" she whispered tenderly.

"We get married tomorrow and

again. Her lips tightened. Three years ago she had vowed to herself that never, whatever he did or said, should the Old Man make her lose her temper. Control had become a habit now, but occasionally—as to-night, after a long, hard day and an emotional evening—it was a habit that wore thin.

"Good-night, Miss Revell."

The general manager was making his way to the stairs.

"Oh, I didn't see you, Mr. Crose. Good-night!"

She turned down the side corridor and heard the sound of yet another bell. This one was rung by her own burrying feet as they pressed on the mechanism set in the corridor floor and it warned the Old Man of her approach. All the same, by the time she entered the enormous bed-chamber he was ringing for her for the fourth time.

She came impetuously across to the four-poster and tendered the typewriter. Already his withered hand was waiting, twitching and fluttering, to snatch the papers from her.

For perhaps thirty seconds a blessed calm prevailed. Then—

"Provisionally"—I said "provisionally!" His falsetto broke in a jangle of excitement. He glared up at his secretary, his face contorted, his throat working. "This is no good, any of it. It's an imbecile invention on your part. I never dictated any of this. If I weren't surrounded by incompetent, impertinent—"

"I think if you read on, sir, you'll find you used the word in the third paragraph." She pointed—and he, chief, in an access of exasperation slumped her finger aside. "A provisional loan for which the collateral security—"

"That'll do! That'll do! Shouting out an important negotiation like this—d'you realize that there are three men within a mile of us who'd gladly commit a felony to know what's on this piece of paper?"

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Has this "mysterious" Garth Averton forgotten Jenny? She can't forget him, she realizes Monday.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Another Shadow From The Past!



S'MATTER POP—Now Let The Spank Go On

By C. M. PAYNE



BOUND TO WIN—The Plot Thickens

By EDWIN ALGER



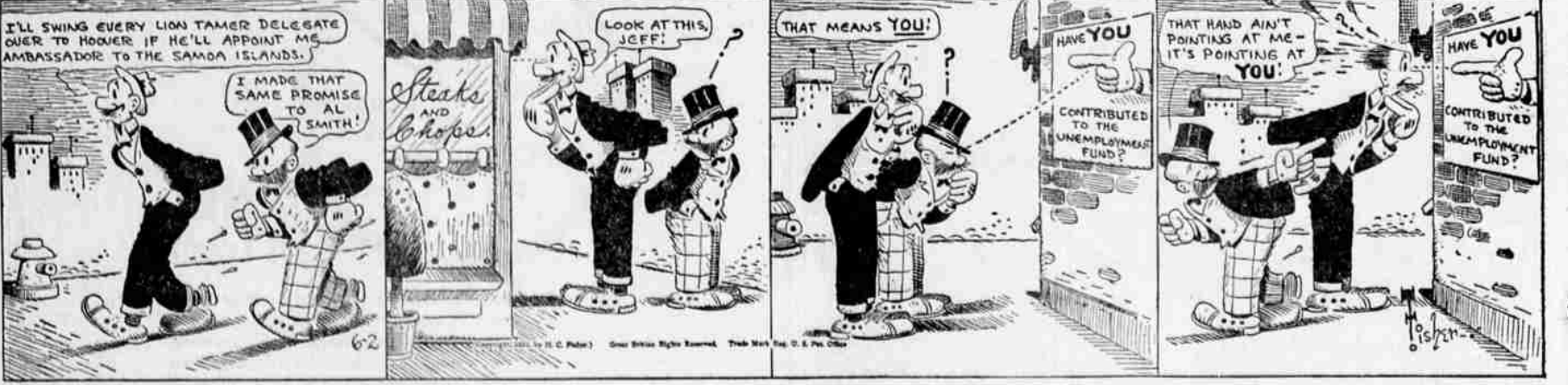
THE NEBBS—Pinky

By SOL HESS



MUTT AND JEFF—It Looks Like Mutt's On The Spot

By BUD FISHER



FATHER LYNCHED IN SCHOOL FIGHT

PRINCETON, Ky., June 2.—(AP)—Walter Merrick, 48, was removed from the county jail by a mob late last night, and his body was found hanging from a tree three miles from here today.

Merrick was to have been tried June 13 on a charge of dynamiting the store of M. P. Poole at Hopson, near here last February.

Intense feeling had been aroused by the explosion, officers charged, was set off by Merrick as a result of Merrick's son being whipped by a school teacher. Merrick carried the case to court, where P. Poole, as chairman of the county school board, sided with the teacher.

BONUS ADVOCATES HEAD FOR CAPITAL

WASHINGTON, June 2.—(AP)—Reports that 500 more war veterans demanding immediate cash payment of their bonus are nearing Washington today reached police who debated just how many more they can care for.

One group of 300 was reported Cumberland, Md., this morning, while 200 more were understood to be approaching Winchester, Pa. Police also have information that at least 2000 others from the north and west are preparing to start.

Helman Baths, Ash—Swim and tub. Dry Shave \$1.00 per tier. You haul 'em. Medford Fuel Co.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

