

# You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

**SYNOPSIS:** Caught — Jenny Lowell thinks when she sees Garth Avenue approaching, she doesn't want to be discovered, because she is going to a wedding that must be kept secret. Her cousin George is marrying Eddie Townsend and if this is made public, her employer, Gratton Mitchell, until her uncle has only unmarried women working for him. When Avenue meets the girl, she pretends to be a business girl, and Jenny realizes she spent most of the time with George. He was really trying to bribe her by order of Matching his uncle to see whether she might be the source of economic information about business. But Jenny does not know this, and believes he is interested in her. She likes him herself and wishes he preferred her, as George is already in love. Avenue's success in growing George's innocence leaves him free to develop Jenny's acquaintance, which he seems eager to do.

## Chapter 9 RUNNING AWAY

There was no time to hide. Jenny bent down to the tabby cat and talked to it urgently. The brim of her hat—applegreen like her frock—should surely hide her face.

Her ears were filled with the sound of his footsteps, coming closer and closer; level with her, passing, checking. . . . Turning towards her. . . .

She straightened and looked up at him. He really was laughing at her

Well, he was disappointed, naturally. George, however good-natured she had been, must have turned him down without a gleam of compromise. Jenny lifted her troubled gaze to his and tried to comfort him by dragging this odd conversation round to George.

"It was a great pity," she said timidly, "that Mr. Matching sent for George last night. Quite often for weeks and weeks he doesn't need her of an evening; it was too bad that it happened to break up the party."

"I don't think the party mattered a bit. I had to have half an hour with Miss Revell, somewhere, somehow, and I got a far better chance at it in the car than I should have at that infernal Crescendo place. . . . I wonder—I suppose she told you about our—argument?"

"She said she would one day. As a matter of fact I couldn't help over-hearing bits of—of the end of it. I was in the apartment, you see."

"I see." He didn't appear embarrassed. He took off his hat, ran a hand over his hair, and sat bare-headed. "Oh, well, you know all about everything, then. She's pretty fine, your cousin. Isn't she?"

"Nobody except me," returned Jenny proudly, "really knows how fine she is."

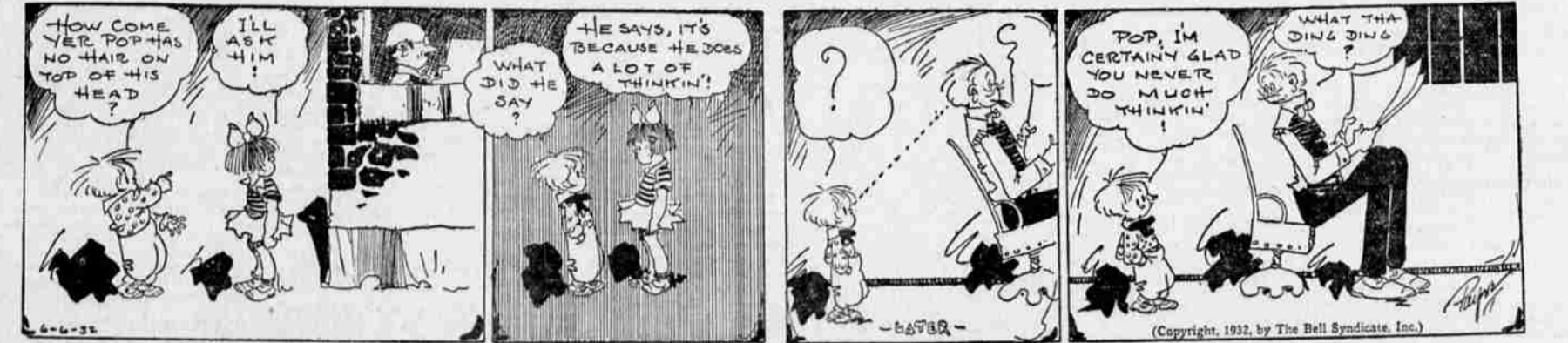
"You're fond of her?" He spoke

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Senses Trouble



# S'MATTER POP—Well, Well, Is That How It Happens?

By C. M. PAYNE



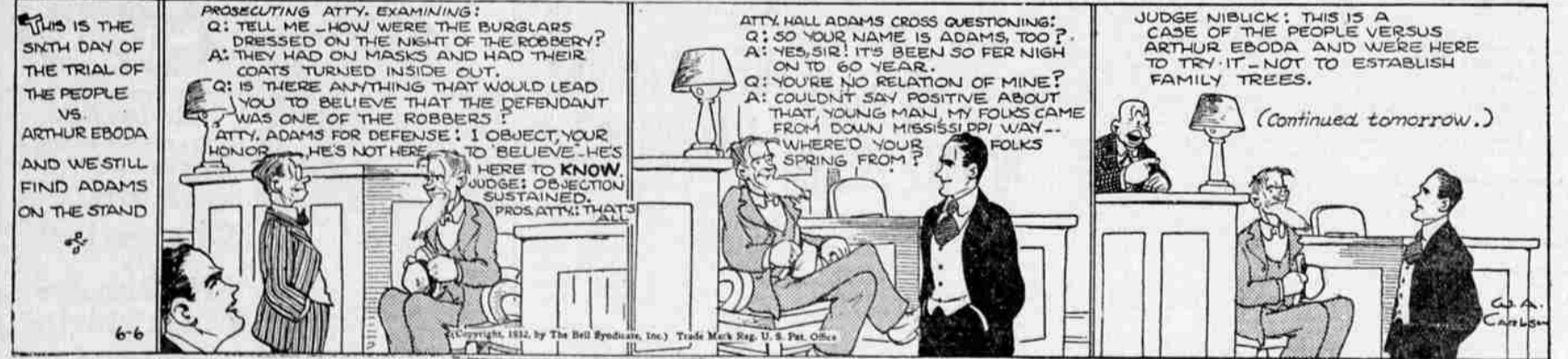
# BOUND TO WIN—Telling Jonathan

By EDWIN ALGER



# THE NEBBS—The Family Tree

By SOL HESS



# MUTT AND JEFF—And Both Were Vulnerable

By BUD FISHER



# BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



saw. At least, he seemed to be, though not with his lips or his eyes.

"Good morning, Jenny Revell."

"She was helplessly silent. He sat down beside her and she noticed that there was a good deal of color in his face. She feared it was there because her manner was offending him; and, for the moment, George was forgotten.

"I didn't think you would recognize me," she said childishly.

"Didn't you want me to? Was that why you were hiding behind that big hat? As a matter of fact," he went on, "I recognized your hands. . . . Does that surprise you?"

She was again tongue-tied. She looked down at her hands as though they could help her. George had once remarked that they were very beautiful, but that could hardly be the reason for—yet she wore no rings, nothing to distinguish them.

"Why," said Garth Avenue, one hand on his hip, one elbow crooked over the back of the seat, "do you always run away from my ver, simple questions?"

"They're not simple," returned Jenny from the depths of her perplexities. "I mean they may be easy for you to ask; but they're horribly hard to answer."

"Perhaps they are," he agreed unexpectedly. He, too, dangled a hand for the tabby cat to sidle against.

"Let's exchange what is known as small talk instead. You remark that you wonder what I'm doing in this part of the world. Then I make the same kind of noise at you. The only thing really worth talking about is, of course, the stupendous coincidence of our meeting just here, just now. But—"

Hastily, Jenny said—

"I'm filling in time till twelve o'clock. Then I have to meet George."

"And I," said Avenue politely, "am on my way from taking a pilot's report on his trip—to the office. If you honestly don't want to talk about the strangeness of our meeting—you and I in this quiet little pool of a place—we shall now have to think of some more small talk. Fortunately for me, it's your turn."

Involuntarily, she looked at him. There was in his last words no laughter-echo. His voice sounded abruptly tired; hurt. Disappointed.

almost absent, his eyes on Jenny's hands, curled round her knee. . . .

"She saved me from—I don't really know what I should have done if George hadn't saved me. You see—" She stopped, searching for words that should do justice to George.

"No, don't stop. Tell me."

"Well, I'm afraid I shall have to begin with my own history and it's rather a dull one."

"Tell me, Jenny Revell."

"My grandfather was a rather strange old man. He was an eccentric and a crank. Kind, in a way—at least, he was often kind to me. He had two children, my father and George's mother. My father was an artist, my mother was a dancer. They were darlings but they never succeeded at anything, either of them. They died when I was twelve and I went to live with grandfather, in the country. He told me that George's parents had practically kept mine for years at a time."

"Old brute!"

"He used to put things rather brutally sometimes but I think in this case he wanted an excuse to quarrel with George's father. Anyway, just before he died he told me he was leaving all he possessed to charity and that as George's parents seemed to have so much money to throw about, no doubt they would look after me. And I'm sure they would have helped me, but when grandfather's lawyers made enquiries, they found that they were both dead and George was quite on her own. So, of course, I couldn't bother her. . . . What did you say?"

"Nothing very much. . . . Tell me what you did instead of bothering George."

"I got a job as governess and lost it. The children were dears but their parents were difficult. The father was—I hated him. . . . Oh, I can't give you a list of all the jobs I took and lost, it would bore you! I'm incompetent, really, and quite untrained. Anyway, I'd got to the point of planning—I'd got to the very end of everything. And then George found me."

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Instead of watching a quiet wedding day, in the next installment, Jenny sees—blood.

# PORTLANDERS CHARGED WITH EMBEZZLEMENT

PORTLAND, Ore., June 6.—(AP)—H. Laurence Reynolds, head of the Reynolds Finance company, and Wynner R. Patterson, teller at the Citizens National bank, are under arrest on a warrant issued by United States Commissioner Kenneth F. Frazer, charging them with conspiracy to violate the national banking code by embezzling funds on deposit at the Citizens National bank.

KETCHIKAN, Alaska, June 6.—(AP)—The price of Red King salmon dropped to three cents a pound, the lowest ever known to have been paid here, on the Ketchikan fish exchange today.

White King still sold for one cent a pound.

# EVANGELICAL CHURCH HITS WET CANDIDATES

PORTLAND, Ore., June 6.—(AP)—Endorsement of the 18th amendment to the constitution of the United States and opposition to any candidates for public office who favor repeal of the amendment were voted in resolutions adopted today by the Oregon conference of the Evangelical church, in annual convention here.

By resolution also the conference favored wholesome amusements for recreation, but left the interpretation of "wholesome" to the individual.

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