

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

SYNOPSIS: A crash—and Eddie Townsend's car exemplifies against a hit. He has just married George, and she and her cousin Jenny get out of the back of the car, to find him lying on the pavement. Besides alarm over Eddie's condition, George is worried because the accident will call attention to her marriage, which she hopes to keep secret because she will lose her job if her employer hears she is married. Her only hope is to pretend that Jenny is the bride, which she may be able to do successfully, since they both have the same name. Jenny has agreed to let George use this deception if necessary, as she is indebted to George for kindness and support and also because nothing matters much now that she believes Garth Agency is in love with George instead of her. But she dislikes to be in a false position.

drawing up against the curb. By the open door she stood waiting for them to carry Eddie in. She looked along the side of the ambulance—the bus was being moved away, and another was coming up into its place. On the rear platform was the young clerk who had watched Eddie and George being married.

Jenny recognized him at once—he had followed them out of the building and had stood staring while Eddie started the car. Even while she hoped that he would not get off, she saw him drop alertly off the step and mingle with the crowd.

"Now then, move along, please!" The crowd was being forced apart to make a passage for the ambulance-men who were carrying Eddie out. George and the policeman had withdrawn to a doorway and Jenny noted the turn of George's head as she followed the official pencil moving across the official page. The clerk was not to be seen but he was no doubt among the loiterers.

Would he gossip, wondered Jenny miserably? And then, more miserably still, she wished he would. If he did, surely all this secrecy would be at an end!

Chapter 11 JENNY FEELS MENACED

Ts he dead?" Either she or George, just behind her, asked it. She couldn't honestly say which.

"Oh, Lord, no!" The kneeling man sounded so professional she guessed he was a doctor. "Cut about a lot, of course, but no bones broken. Concussion, probably. Isn't he Townsend, the pilot? Eddie Townsend, the 'far flying-man'?"

There was a ripple of interest in the swelling crowd as Jenny nodded. A policeman thrust his way into the center. He peered at



"Is he dead?"

George and at Jenny, both down in the dust beside the doctor, helping him with rough first-aid, tearing George's silk scarf into strips. "You two ladies with the gentleman?" he enquired. "Mr. Eddie Townsend, did I hear? I've sent for the ambulance." He pushed toward the street, and the doctor followed him.

George twitched at Jenny's sleeve; her rich color had gone and the brute above her eyes stood out balefully. "There's still a chance, Jen!"

"Honestly, George, it's not so terribly bad if Eddie has no bones broken. Concussion isn't dangerous!" Then something in George's look checked her. "Good-bye to my job!" rang in her memory. And now "still a chance!"

Jenny, flushing, bent again over Eddie. "There's the ambulance!" announced the doctor, returning. "Now we'll soon get him put to rights!" He glanced from George, who got to her feet, to Jenny, still huddled down by Eddie. "I take it you'll go with the patient, Miss—Mrs—?"

"You go, Jenny, will you? I'll have to give our names and addresses to the policeman."

"That's right, miss." The policeman had returned and was opening his note-book. "The ambulance'll look after the gentleman."

"You'll go with Ed, then, Jenny?" Jenny bit her lip. She was not unwilling—left alone, she would have offered, anyway; for although Eddie was still unconscious, she had the fancy that he needed one of them near him. Only, of course, he must want George. . . . But George was withdrawing into the background of this business just as she had withdrawn into the rear of the car, and she was pushing Jenny—oh, very gently, but it was pushing!—into a limelight that was not hers. . . . George touched her arm.

"Jenny!" pleaded her voice, very low. "Honey! Please!" Jenny nodded. Impossible to refuse. She made her way out of the crowd towards the ambulance, now

The waiting-room had cool green walls and green sunblinds. The walls matched Jenny's dress so exactly that she felt as though she were a fixture in the room; it was as if she had always been there. They had taken Eddie straight out of the ambulance and upstairs and a kindly woman had ushered her in here. Since then she had seen no one.

She dragged her thoughts to Eddie. The doctor who had come with them in the ambulance had been immensely reassuring—had laughed aside her fears. Eddie, he said, was much too tough a customer to be permanently damaged just by taking a header through a windshield! All the same, Jenny was afraid. Something menaced—she knew it even though she could not name it.

The door was swung open. Jenny started to her feet, expecting news of Eddie or even Eddie himself, patched and bandaged. But it was George who swung in. "Here I am, pet. . . . Don't gape! You look as though you'd thought never to see me again!"

"I'd sort of—forgotten you," stammered Jenny. But it was George's appearance that astonished her so. George, whom she had left dazed and hatless, had provided herself from somewhere with another hat, a light summer coat, new gloves and stockings; except for the bruise on her temple and the rouge laid over her unusual pallor, she looked—entirely herself. "Yes, I whisked round a bit!" she laughed, dettly straightening Jenny's hat. "I had to dash back home to get these clothes—some very decently gave me a lift and as soon as I was presentable I slipped over to the City Hall and asked him to keep quiet about the marriage. He was quite sympathetic—said his clerks were sworn never to gossip, anyway, and he thought they were all reliable."

"But what did you tell the policeman?"

"Can George keep her secret without involving Jenny? Garth meets Jenny, tomorrow, and adds to her worries."

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Meeting On The Skyways!



S'MATTER POP—Certainly, Absolutely, Positively!

By C. M. PAYNE



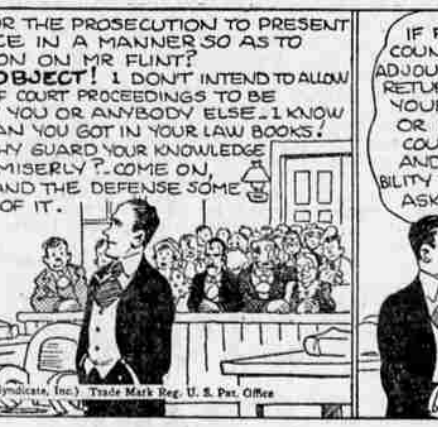
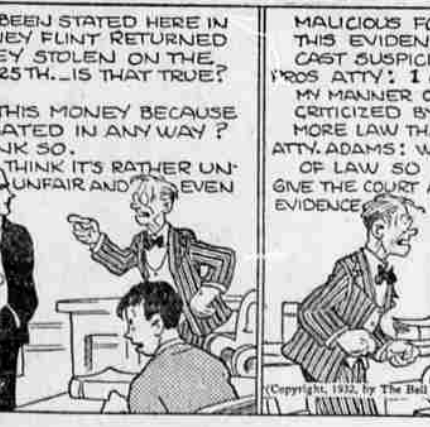
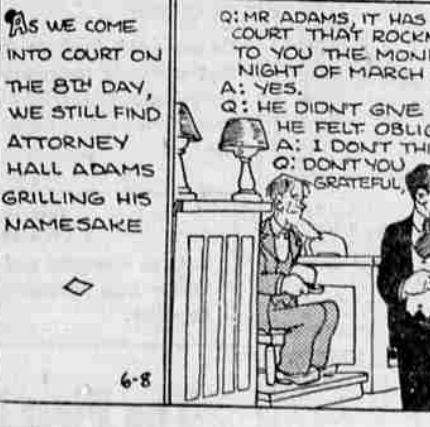
BOUND TO WIN—"Big Feet" Is Hired

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—I Object

By SOL HESS



MUTT AND JEFF—A Key To The Mint

By BUD FISHER



AMELIA OFF FOR FLIGHT TO ROME

MILAN, Italy, June 8.—(AP)—Amelia Earhart Putnam, who arrived from Paris today by train, took off shortly after noon for Rome in an airplane placed at her disposal by the Italian government.

Her husband, G. P. Putnam, accompanied her. An Italian army pilot was at the controls.

The station was filled with enthusiastic Milanese as the trans-Atlantic flier, dressed in a simple grey traveling suit, alighted from the train. She was taken in an automobile on a sightseeing tour and visited the historic Alamo castle.

PORTLAND VEToes SCHOOL TAX LEVY

PORTLAND, Ore., June 8.—(AP)—Two special school tax levies totaling \$1,300,000 were defeated two to one at a school election here yesterday.

Complete returns from the 152 precincts in the districts on a \$1,200,000 maintenance and operation levy were: Yes, 11,841, no, 22,462. The vote on a \$100,000 levy for building purposes was: Yes, 10,548, no, 22,626.

Harry M. Kennin and William J. McKenize were elected directors.

Auto glass installed while you wait. Prices right. Brill Sheet Metal Works. Phone 543. We haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

