

You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

SYNOPSIS: A postponed honeymoon keeps George Revell Townsend busy preparing her apartment for her husband, who is in the hospital. Eddie can fly a plane, but when he tried to drive George and her cousin Jenny away from City Hall he became entangled with a bus. Jenny reads in a paper which Gertrude Jensen, who she likes—she thinks hopelessly—says for her that she, instead of George, is believed to be married. George has carried out her plan of keeping her marriage secret, by saying that it is Jenny who has married Eddie, which is possible, since she and Jenny have the same name. She will lose her job if her marriage becomes known; so she has persuaded Jenny to carry on the pretense in an emergency. Though Jenny thinks a clerk from City Hall has recognized them at the time of the accident, George believes her luck will hold.

Chapter 12

MRS. TOWNSEND!

"Will that be all, miss?" "Yes," said Georgie briskly. "That will be all and thank you very much, Mrs. Hale, for putting in such a magnificent day's work. Here's a week's money and a reference—you see I've said that I only part with you because I need someone who can come for the whole day and cook me a late dinner."

"Thank you, miss. I'm sure I quite understand." Mrs. Hale folded up the reference and put it with the money into her worn purse. Her button-brown eyes roved toward the little room that had been a mere "glory-hole" and was now braced with washed paint, stained floor and furniture taken from George's room.

"It's wonderful what a difference some winds of changes makes to a place," said Mrs. Hale; and with a sly little smile she pattered out of the tiny hall.

Georgie flushed, shrugged, gathered up the curtain material and went into her own room. There had been "some kinds of changes" here, too. The disputed velvet curtains had been seen and hung by Jenny after all, and at top speed; there was a whole new suite of furniture, fashioned from an ash-gray wood with a lovely, swirling grain in it and inlaid with ebony.

On the bed were piled boxes and boxes and boxes, just arrived; all of a silvery striped cardboard; all tied with jade-colored string; all stamped "Parfaite."

Her trousseau, Georgie had not yet dared tell Jenny about it. Only last night they had agreed that she needed nothing but a new hat for her wedding. This morning, on her way to City Hall she had torn into Parfaite's to see about it—and perhaps just a hag to go with it—and by all evil chances madame had shown her an ensemble from the cancelled outfit. "Made for Ginevra Moule's first season but her mother has died and only the white tulle dresses can be used. I'm taking everything else off her hands. Your measurements exactly, Miss Revell, your coloring, your initial on the lingerie! And I would make a certain reduction."

It was not, in the end, a reduction worth mentioning; and madame would have liked a rather larger check on account. But, thank Heaven, the salary would cover it all in the end—that exceptional salary for that exceptional job.

She went, humming, into the living room. She had had the sense to leave the room much as it always was: a cheerful, chintzy muddle. On a table now was the sewing-machine Jenny had borrowed from the janitor's niece; the telephone stood amidst a litter of scissors, curtains and tins. Poor little Jenny, how exhausted she had looked when she had finally crept off an hour ago to the hotel. Better ring up, presently, and see if she were all right. It would have been kinder, perhaps, to keep her here for the night; but this was one of the rare occasions in her life when Georgie definitely wanted to be alone.

She laughed aloud and stretched her arms above her head, glorying in her 28 years. A wonderful age! At 28 one was so clear-sighted, so capable, so keen. One was so strong! Last night, long after Jenny slept, she had sat planning and arranging; and this morning, before Jenny was awake, she had made a start on the work to be done by Mrs. Hale. Then off to do her hot-foot shopping—money poured recklessly out so that she might have the best and have it packed and delivered immediately! Heavens, what she had spent!

And after all that royal spending had come the wedding—and the accident. She put a hand to her temple—the bruise hurt, but only when she touched it; and her headache had positively disappeared! ... The full tide of life swept up in her veins and flooded into her triumphant heart. How right she had

been not to be put out of her stride by Eddie's mishap! Her marriage and her job—she would have both; she would fight for both till she dropped...

There was a sound at the outer door and the bell rang. She was still humming as she went to open it. Probably it was the superintendent, Gill. She hoped it was, she had decided to take him into her confidence. She would have to make discretion worth his while, of course, but it would pay in the end.

She opened the door and faced a man whom she did not immediately recognize. Then he spoke and she remembered. He was the doctor who had given first aid to Eddie and accompanied him and Jenny to the hospital.

"Mrs. Townsend?" he asked. "Georgie caught her breath and a dozen evasions went whirling through her brain. But she voiced none of them—yet. She stood aside and gestured him into the sitting-room. She felt quite cool, quite steady. Find out what he wants, whispered part of her brain, and then handle him boldly. So old Gratton Matching had taught her to handle men.

She took a long look at him while she gave him a chair and offered a cocktail. Vaguely, she did not like his face. When he smiled it was attractive but in response there was something mean about it; the eyes were too closely set, the lips too thin.

"You asked for 'Mrs. Townsend,'" she remarked pleasantly. "I hope it was Eddie himself who told you that there was such a person? Because that would mean that he's well enough to sit up and brag about having got married!"

The doctor echoed her laugh but she noticed and resented the way his glance took stock of her. "No, to be quite honest, Townsend hasn't given any information. But, you see, it's all over town that he had only just got married when he hit that bus—and that his newly wedded wife was sitting in the back! And tonight's Record gave some details—your name and so on."

Georgie laughed. It was a quite spontaneous laugh, in a sense, because there really was something laughable in the way fate was striking the song of triumph from her lips. Then she realized that none could be sure which of the two girls in the car had been the bride. And so long as people weren't sure—

"I suppose someone from the City Hall gossiped," she said and was proud of the indifference in her voice.

"Probably. But what I really came about, Mrs. Townsend, was to have a chat about your husband. About his health. I'm afraid he's going to be a bit of an invalid for a while."

Georgie lit a cigarette. She leaned rather heavily against the back of a chair—the deep leather chair that she had bought for Eddie. She watched her spiral of smoke as it curled up to the ceiling. "Please go on," she requested. "What is the matter with poor old Eddie, beyond his cuts and bruises?"

"A good deal. First of all, according to Dallin—the hospital doctor—Townsend's nerves are in a pretty bad way."

"How do you mean—nerves? I—we never thought he had any!"

"That's a mistake commonly made about men of Townsend's temperament. They themselves will tell you that they're no nerves, when what they really mean is that they're no imagination. So long as they're all right, they think they feel sure of themselves. Once they're crashed, their whole nervous system is affected."

"But Eddie never has crashed."

"He crashed this morning. In that car."

Georgie sat down on the arm of the leather chair. A very slippery chair; it required an effort not to sink right down into it.

"As soon as he'd recovered consciousness and been patched up a bit, he said he must get back to his wife's apartment. The nurses couldn't keep him against his will, of course, so they got a taxi and put him in it. He—well, to get to the bare bones of it, Mrs. Townsend, his nerve has completely gone. Only temporarily, I don't doubt, but just for a bit he'll have to have a holiday from flying."

"What—what happened?" (Copyright, Julia Cleft-Addams)

"I noticed your cousin wasn't wearing a wedding ring," the doctor says when Georgie denies being married. What does he suspect?

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Exoneration—And A Warning!



S'MATTER POP—No Time To Stand Still

By C. M. PAYNE



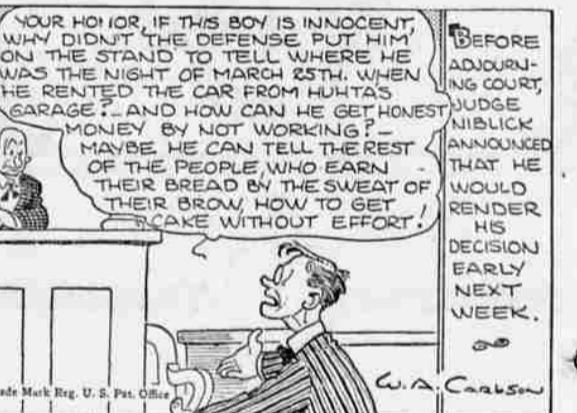
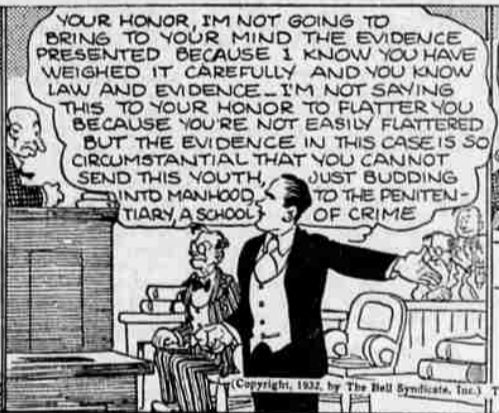
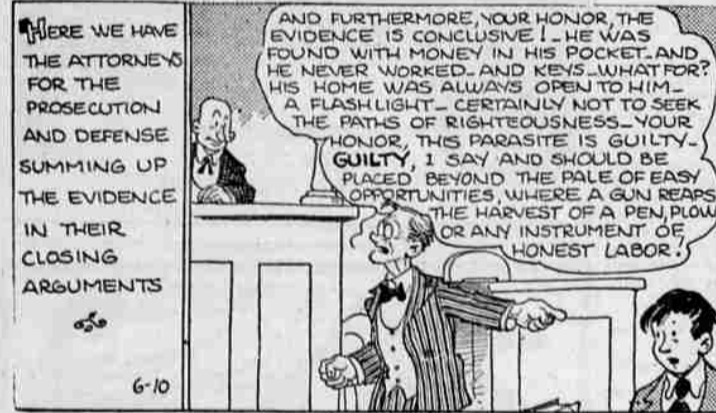
BOUND TO WIN—Last Minute Plans

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Summing Up

By SOL HESS



MUTT AND JEFF—Why Worry—Mutt's Happy

By BUD FISHER



DOUGLAS SPORTS PLAN FISH FEED

ROSEBURG, Ore., June 10.—(AP)—Invitations have been sent by the County Sportsmen's associations to all sportsmen's clubs and other associations in Oregon to the annual salmon bake to be held on the Roseburg Gun club range near this city June 12. Arrangements are being made to entertain approximately 1500 visitors. More than 800 pounds of chinook salmon from the Umpqua river will be barbecued and served free. Trapshooting events will be held in connection with the barbecue.

HOOD RIVER—Columbia George hotel, resort hotel overlooking the Columbia river, opened.

PENDLETON LEGION SLAP BONUS ARMY

PENDLETON, Ore., June 10.—(AP)—The Pendleton post of the American Legion is not in sympathy with the activities of veterans who have gone to Washington to seek immediate payment of the veterans' compensation certificates. Resolutions outlining the Pendleton post's stand have been sent to state Legion officials.

Germans Learn Latin BERLIN (AP)—Free instruction in Italian is given here in the Casa del Fascio, headquarters of the Italian Fascist party in Germany, and 1,100 Berliners have grasped the opportunity. The Italian government pays the teachers.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

