

You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

SUMMARY.—Mrs. Townsend's George Revell Townsend is asked abruptly, and she realizes that danger threatens her efforts to keep her recent marriage to Eddie Townsend a secret. She recognizes her questioner as the doctor who gave first aid to Eddie before he was taken unconscious to the hospital, after the car in which he was driving George and her cousin Jenny had been crashed. George plans to say that Jenny was married and not herself, as they have the same name, to keep her employment on the coasting out of the picture. He tells George that Eddie got a severe nervous shock in the smash, although he is a famous pilot. Eddie's nerve has so completely gone that he will have to take a holiday from flying. The doctor says, "What happened?" George asks, not admitting she is Mrs. Townsend.

Chapter 14 A SPY CALLS

The doctor sat down. His bright, bold eyes held her ruthlessly. "What happened was that the traffic made him so hysterical that the driver turned and brought him back to the hospital. And as they were helping him out of the cab some planes went over and he fainted."

"He fainted?"

"Afterwards he begged the nurses to hide him, because if he was sent up again he would crash. He's been

apartment, but I suppose I wonder when will Eddie be able to leave the hospital?"

"You'd have to talk to Dalling about that, but I don't imagine he'll see any sense in keeping the poor chap there for long. It's not a suitable place for a nervous case, you see, anyway." He hesitated and again George's intuition warned her of a trap being prepared. "By the way," he went on, "is your cousin's marriage to Townsend a secret?"

"Why—should it be?"

"Because while we were waiting for that ambulance I was wondering idly whether either of you were married; and I noticed that your cousin wasn't wearing a wedding ring. Doctors do notice such things, you know. . . . I'll push off now, Miss Revell, and tell Mrs. Townsend how I wish I could have brought better news. Don't trouble to see me out. Goodbye."

The door had shut behind him before George thought of saying, "Goodbye."

She raised her left hand as though it belonged to someone else and looked at it. The ring was locked away in her new dressing-table now. She had taken it off—when? She couldn't remember. She had a recollection of putting it for safe-keeping in her bag. And, surely, at the time of the accident she

George's intuition warned her of a trap.

"Is your cousin's marriage to Townsend a secret?" he asked.



given a sleeping-draught and no doubt he'll get over this particular phase of terror. But Dalling thought it only fair to warn you that he won't be fit to fly again for a long time. If ever. . . . I was coming up to town, so I said I'd call."

There was a long, dreadful pause. George put out her cigarette. Presently she heard her own voice. It was shrill and a little roughened.

"It's bad luck, isn't it?—On—on his wedding day."

Another pause. She forced herself to look up. The doctor's calculating, too-familiar glance was wandering round the room, taking in the new leather chair, the new phonograph, the elaborate radio.

"It's good of you to have bothered to look in." Her voice was still a little uneven but she spoke very slowly and carefully. "I'm extremely grateful—and—Eddie's wife will be grateful; when she has got over the shock of hearing about Eddie."

"His wife?" The doctor abandoned his scrutiny of the room. He, too, seemed to speak very slowly and carefully. "Then you are not Mrs. Townsend? I've made a mistake?"

George moistened her lips.

"Yes, you've made a mistake," she said. "It was my cousin—the other Miss Revell that Eddie Townsend married."

"The young lady who went with him and me in the ambulance?"

George nodded. Her lips felt very stiff; they were steadily smiling.

"I ought to have told you at once," she added, "but I thought it might be better if I were the first to bear any bad news there might be. Jenny is—well, she's very inexperienced. Very easily alarmed."

She sat straighter on the big chair. Her voice was becoming more natural with every word. But she wished the man would not stare at her so keenly. He looked as though he were setting some trap. Why should he, though? What were her affairs to him?

"Where is Mrs. Townsend? May I see her?"

"She's not here just now. She's at the hotel where, where she expects Eddie to join her tomorrow." She gave the new curtain material a little push with her foot. Then she got up, slowly. "I was just putting the finishing touches to this

had been wearing gloves! Or—or had she taken them off when she and this doctor-man tore her silk cape into strips to bandage Eddie's head? "Doctors do notice these things, you know."

Furious indignation mounted in her. The cad, coming here to spy on her and bait her—and walking off without even telling her his beastly name!

Deliberately, she whipped up her anger. So long as she was angry, she could pretend that she was not afraid. She could keep fear at the back of her mind. . . .

The anger fell from her. Better face things. She would not at twenty-eight have been private secretary to Gratton Matching, at a salary of five thousand a year, if she hadn't always faced things.

Eddie's marriage was public knowledge. It was reported in the Record already. The Old Man read the Record. Anyway, all the papers would have it tomorrow.

She must tell him, of course, that the Miss Revell mentioned was Jenny. Jenny had already consented to that manoeuvre, if necessary. Loyal little soul, Jenny!

Suppose the Old Man didn't believe it? If he didn't believe it, he would dismiss her. He would not employ a married woman worker. She would get a month's salary and she would go.

A month's salary wouldn't do more than pay her bank-overdraft. What about all the rest of the bills? What about the trousseau?

Eddie's savings were there but they would not support the two of them for very long. They would not even support Eddie alone for very long. And who was to know, who was to say how long Eddie must, somehow, be supported?

She swung up her chin. Take events by the throat, always the best way! She went to the phone and got the number of the house in Rochester Gate.

"Revell speaking," she said, mechanically. This was the signal for her to be switched through to the Old Man, in whichever room he might be. She waited tensely for the first grating rasp of his "Well, what do you want?" But—

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But—another voice answers, to her surprise. George starts her attempt. Tomorrow, to convince Matching she is not married.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Magic—Or Deduction



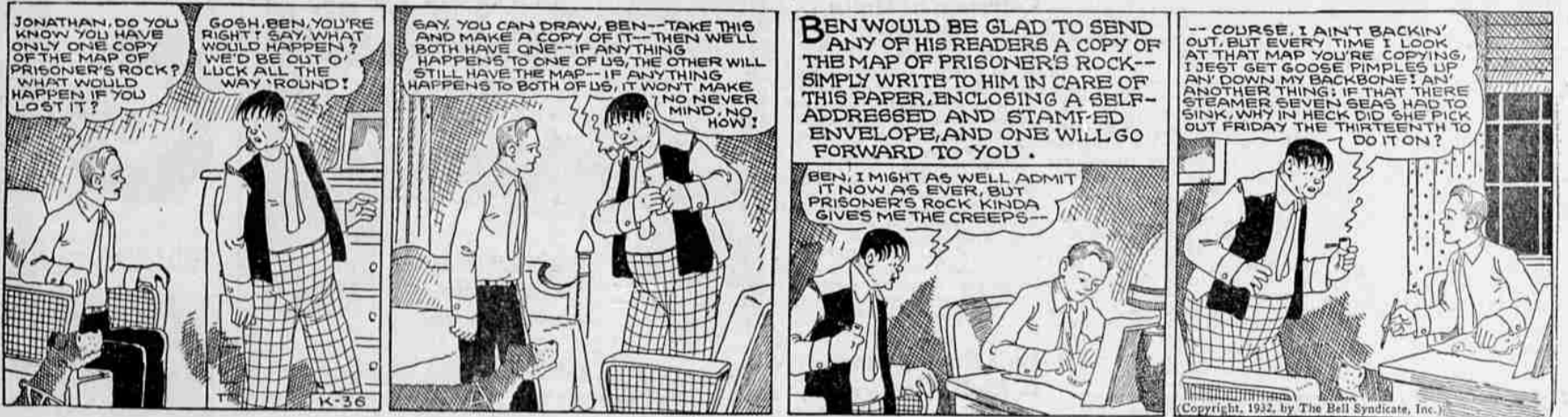
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GENERAL HARBORD SAYS WAR LIKELY

STALLARD ANNOUNCES CONGRESS CANDIDACY

WEST POINT, N. J., June 11.—(AP)—Major General J. G. Harbord, retired, said in the commencement address at the United States military academy today that it seemed "all too likely" that during the lifetime of the graduating cadets "our streets may again be filled with marching men."

"No one who has known war cares to look on its ugly face again," he said. "But while envy, malice, deceit and the baser qualities of human nature remain; while nations strive for commercial supremacy; with populations increasing in territories that remain unchanged; and with homogeneous race divided by artificial boundaries in continental Europe, wars will still come."

PORTLAND, Ore., June 11.—(AP)—H. H. Stallard has announced his candidacy for representative in congress from the third district. He will run on the Farmer-Labor ticket.

Stallard in his announcement said he opposes interference with the 18th amendment but that he would modify the Volstead act to permit sale, under government supervision, of light wines and beer.

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