

You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

SYNOPSIS: The rain circle wedding ring may ruin George Revell Townsend's plans. Though she has married Eddie Townsend, she is pretending her cousin Jenny married him, for her employer insists that his women employees remain single. When the car in which Eddie was driving the girls was wrecked, the doctor who examined him noticed Jenny was wearing a wedding ring. He comes to George, and tries to find out which girl is Mrs. Townsend. George is sure Jenny will lie for her. She does not know that Jenny is unhappy because Garth Aveney, the owner of George's employer, has seemed attracted to George. Jenny has promised to go into the country for a day's ride with Aveney, although she does not realize that he really likes her. George telephones her employer, to learn if he has heard of the marriage.

Chapter 15

GEORGIE'S TRUMP CARD

"GOOD EVENING, Miss Loyalty!" came the cool voice of Garth Aveney.

"Oh—it's you, is it, you hired assassin?" With an effort George threw flippancy into her tone. "Put me through to my chief, will you, please?"

"You'll have to wait, I'm afraid. His doctor is with him. He had a slight attack after dinner. . . . No, he didn't eat too much, he saw something in an evening paper that upset him."

George leapt at her opportunity. "Something about me?"

"I gathered so. At any rate, he was removed raving about the impossibility of ever replacing you."

"He needn't worry. That report—in the Record, wasn't it—is about my cousin Jenny. She and I have exactly the same name, you see. Will you tell him, please?"

There was no answer. She frowned, biting her lip.

"Hello—" "Sorry!" came Aveney's voice. "I'm just trying to get the hang of it all. You want me to tell the Old Man that it was your cousin who married Townsend this morning?"

"Don't you believe it?" She hoped her laugh sounded more convincing over the wires than it did in this empty room. "Why don't you believe it?"

Again there was so odd a pause that she hurried out her trump card.

"If your uncle is as skeptical as you, Jenny had better go and see him herself and assure him it really is true!"

"Perhaps she had."

"What are you laughing at?" demanded George.

"At what time will she come?"

"Oh tomorrow morning, I should think. He's always at home on Sunday morning, isn't he? Ask him to see her for a few minutes at ten. . . . What are you laughing at?"

"At myself, mostly. Good-night!" George cupped her chin in her hands, frowning intently. She ought to phone the hospital—and Jenny, too—but perhaps it was more important to speak to Gill, the superintendent.

She swung out of the apartment and down the stairs. Gill was smoking a pipe just inside his own room, near the door. He sat astride a chair, his folded arms along its back, and not for the first time she thought how arresting he was in appearance. Had he been taller he would have been strikingly handsome. As it was, his big, rugged head, gray-haired, was pointed on shoulders that were too square and too high. He rose as she came towards him and his lumbering movements seemed alien to his deep, shrewd eyes and strong mouth.

"Oh, Gill! I wanted to speak to you."

He moved his chair for her to enter his little office. The most imposing thing in it was the telephone. Here, Gill received and forwarded the imperious messages that sent George flying to Rochester Gate from wherever she might chance to be. Remembering how well she paid him for these services, George spoke with confidence.

"Gill, I expect you've read of the accident to Mr. Townsend? You know, the airman? You've seen him coming in and out here a lot?"

Gill nodded. He was by nature silent. In fact, his taciturnity was a by-word.

"You may have read, too, that he was only married this morning?"

Gill said nothing.

"If anybody asks you," pursued George, "which of the two Miss Revells he married, what would you say? . . . It's rather important you should get it straight in your mind because newspaper men may call."

"Gentleman who came to see you just now asked me a lot of questions," vouchsafed Gill.

"Oh, what did you—?"

"He didn't get nothing out of me." George whistled her relief. Gill's eyes twinkled and for a moment she

"So he was going to laugh; but he swallowed it."

"It's Miss Jenny who married Mr. Townsend," said George looking very straight at him. "I don't know whether I ever told you, but if I were to marry I should lose my job. So you'll remember which one of us it is who is really Mrs. Townsend, won't you?"

Gill crooked one knee across the other, standing precariously on one leg the while, and knocked out his pipe against the sole of his boot. George waited patiently. It was no use ever hurrying Gill. Then she remembered that she had not touched on monetary consideration.

"You may have to deal with quite a good many enquiries," she added. "Suppose I give you an extra five dollars a week for as long as I still work for Mr. Matching?"

Gill straightened himself. He seemed to be considering profoundly. She was just about to raise her offer when he asked—

"Is that all right with Miss Jenny—my saying that?"

George frowned. Then she smiled. Gill couldn't know that Jenny had already consented to the—well, the lie.

"Because, seems to me," Gill was laboriously proceeding, "if I was to say Miss Jenny was married, to any friend of hers, well, seems to me it might give the wrong idea."

George laughed, amused. "She hasn't any special friend who would care one way or the other." And then, as Gill looked unconvinced—"Perhaps you'd better ring her up and let her tell you herself that she doesn't object. Get the hotel, will you?"

He obeyed. And while she waited, she saw a Record in the corner, picked it up and read its stop-press news. "Mr. Eddie Townsend, who was at the wheel when his car came into collision with a bus had just left City Hall after his marriage to Miss Georgina Revell."

Wonderful, thought George grimly, what a lot they had given away in that one sentence! No wonder the Old Man had collapsed.

"The hotel, miss."

George took the receiver. "I want to speak to Miss Revell."

Another delay. Then Jenny's voice murmured something.

"That you, Jen? You've seen the Record?"

"Yes, I've seen it."

"You'll help me out, of course? . . . You know in what way I mean?"

"I—yes, I know what you mean. But—"

"I want you to start by telling Gill—he's here now—how to stall off enquiries. . . . You know what I mean."

"Yes," repeated Jenny's voice, even more faintly, "I know what you mean. . . . Will it do if I see him tomorrow in the evening?"

"Well, but why not speak to him now?"

There was no answer.

"Besides, you must be round here early, honey, please. I've a lot to tell you—a lot has happened. There's bad news about Ed. And you must come with me to Rochester Gate. I've made an appointment for ten."

"Or not!" protested Jenny's voice quite sharply and distinctly. "Not at ten. I can't come at ten."

George nearly gasped.

"But you—but why not?" she demanded. Then, as silence again ensued, she added—"Believe me, when people make appointments with the Old Man, they keep 'em."

"I didn't make this one." A sharp, stubborn tone—quite an amazing tone from docile little Jenny.

"I'll come round," said George hurriedly. "When I explain about poor old Ed, you'll see that it's essential."

"No, don't come, please, George. I'm too tired. I—want to go to bed."

"Then I'll come tomorrow, about nine or half-past. When you hear how things are—"

"Goodnight," said Jenny. Slowly, George turned from the instrument.

"Miss Jenny will see you some time tomorrow, Gill. She's too tired tonight to speak to anyone."

Gill grunted. She felt his shrewd eyes follow her as she went up the stairs.

Disturbing echoes went with her—Jenny's mysterious "Not at ten!" and Garth Aveney's laughter and Gill's sceptical grunt. George couldn't think why any of these people should have been so difficult to handle; Jenny, on whom she had so confidently reckoned, the most difficult of all. . . . And suddenly she faced the fact that Jenny, in spite of her promise, in spite of Eddie's breakdown—Jenny might refuse to tell that terribly necessary lie.

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Warning!



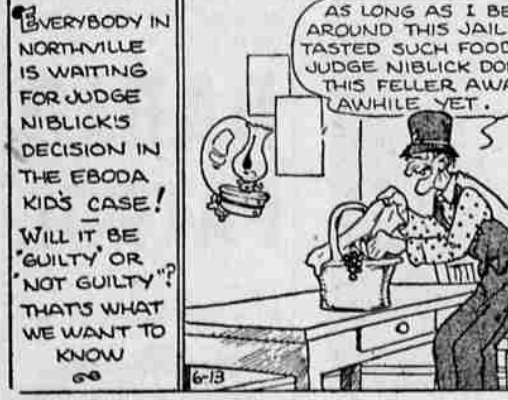
'SMATTER POP—But Only A Bite



BOUND TO WIN—Jucaro!



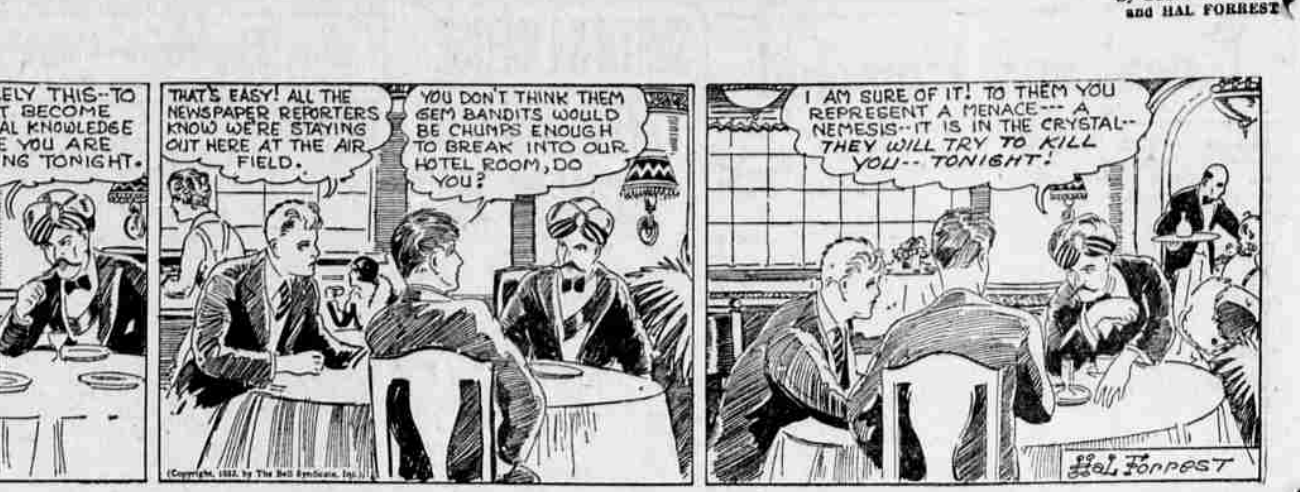
THE NEBBS—You Tell 'Em, Kid



MUTT AND JEFF—You Gotta Believe What You See and Hear



BRINGING UP FATHER



By C. M. PAYNE

By EDWIN ALGER

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By BUD FISHER

By George McManus

ROOSEVELT HONOR ROLL ANNOUNCED

The following pupils of the Roosevelt school were on the honor roll during the entire semester:

1A Richard McElhose, Jack Grey,
3A Patricia Dippel, Jimmy Keuhnis,
Jean Phyllis, Ralph Virden,
5A Donald Munteith,
6A Edith Hodgkins.

Pupils on the honor roll for the last six weeks' period were:

1A Richard McElhose, Jack Grey,
2A Harris James, Jr., James Elliott,
Nellie Burgetts,
3B Doris Robinson, Richard Morrow, Robert Jones, Robert Leonard,
3A Patricia Dippel, Alfred Dodson,
Jean Phyllis, Ralph Virden,

Three-Day Session Is Hope for G.O.P.

CHICAGO, June 13.—(AP)—The official order of business for the Republican National convention, announced today, provides for only three days of sessions beginning at 11 a. m. (central daylight time) Tuesday and ending Thursday night. The expected debate over prohibition, however, may prolong the convention another day.

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