

You Can't Marry

by Julia Clift-Addams

SYNOPSIS: One day with Jack Aveney whom she likes her cousin George, in all Jenny Revell hopes for before she enters upon a strange deception. She is going to pretend she has married Eddie Townsend, for George loses her job if discovered to be Eddie's wife.

Chapter 17 THE DOCTOR SCENTS MYSTERY

GILL continued to look steadily at Jenny.

"Might be awkward, for instance, if that gentleman in the car outside was to 'old that you'd got married when you hadn't," he said and Jenny saw for the first time that his eyes were very wise and kind. "The gentleman you met at the corner of Eyle Street last night—he's outside the hotel now. Just drawn up, he has."

Jenny got to her feet. She wondered suddenly if she were dreaming everything—this quaint conversation with Gill and the clean little shop and the street outside shown in the copper urn. She looked out of the window shyly, although she would only see what she had waited for—Garth Aveney at the wheel of his car, come to take her to picnic with him in the country.

"He is very early," she said half to herself. "It isn't nearly ten."

She moved to the door and Gill stood aside. Gill—oh yes, of course Gill had very decently asked her if she would object to his telling people that it was she who was Mrs. Townsend.

"You may tell people it was I," she said—"after today. Today is going to be mine."

Gill grunted. He, too, was starting out at the car under the portico. He opened the door for Jenny to pass out—and still he stared.

As she stepped out on to the pavement she saw that Gill had seen—that Garth Aveney, with a sudden shrug and a jerk, had switched on his engine again and was driving away.

"Perhaps the gentleman has mistaken the time," suggested Mrs. Bigger. She had been looking in the doorway. "How would it be if Mr. Gill was to bother after him, dearie, and let him know you're here?"

Jenny shook her head and moved away. She felt cold in the blazing sunshine and most utterly forlorn. Gill and Mrs. Bigger might watch the slowly retreating car until it turned the corner, but she could not.

Gill was walking at her side.

"No sense in letting anyone think you're married when you aren't," he commented in his abrupt bass. "I shan't say nothing, one way or the other—takes a lot of questions to get anything out of me. But there's no sense in your letting Miss Revell—"

"I'm very glad to let Miss Revell say anything she likes," said Jenny as he paused. "I'm most awfully glad she can make use of me. You needn't consider me, Gill. Thank you, though, all the same."

Gill grunted. Aveney's car had disappeared; the street was empty. Jenny crossed back to the hotel and went inside. The lounge was cool and held very few people. An intruder gait click on the mantelpiece showed ten minutes to ten. She sat quietly down by the window.

It was, after all, reasonable to suppose that Garth had found himself ahead of his appointment and had only gone for a few minutes and would return. Reasonable to sit and wait while the gilt hands sluggishly moved to ten o'clock.

Nevertheless, she knew quite positively that he would not come. He had not been at a loss as to her whereabouts. It was simply that he had arranged to take her motorcade and had got as far as her door and then had decided that he couldn't, honestly, face the prospect of a whole day in her company. Later on, no doubt, he would send some formal excuse.

Why should he bother about George's cousin—when it was George with whom he had fallen in love? "It says here—about that airman Townsend—" suddenly remarked an old lady in a corner, re-reading her paper—"that he had only just got married when he had that accident."

"Yes," nodded the slightly younger lady near her. "I remember him. He had dreadful dyspepsia; that accounted for his temper, people said. I remember his wife, too, poor little soul."

"I didn't know he had one."

"She died . . . She was a very beautiful girl. Very fair and timid. Quite unable, I should say, to stand up to him. If you have finished with that illustrated paper, may I have it?"

Jenny was past ten o'clock. It was past ten o'clock past. Remote in her thought, she had no heard the chime. She got up and left the lounge and went up to her room again. She must go to the apartment.

It seemed silly to take off the cool frock and hat, but she felt that it would help her to forget what today had promised her; and the smart dark dress that George had chosen for her would help her to do what she could—anything she could—to pay George back for all her wonderful kindness. As she adjusted the dress she could see in the mirror the pile of last evening's papers. The Record was still on the top.

Possibly Garth Aveney had read his news last night; most probably he had read his papers this morning. And they had all told him the same thing—that George, whom he loved, had married Eddie Townsend. Jenny, shutting her eyes for a moment, her fingers clenched upon her little fated frills, could hear again the thrill in his voice as George sent him away. "Good-night, Miss Loyalty . . . You've been magnificent. He ought to thank his stars for you."

No wonder that he had felt he couldn't endure George's little cousin today. No wonder at all. Nothing to cry about . . . Jenny bathed her eyes, flushed dressing and went down to the street. She told herself that it was all done with now, all over and forgotten—that moment when she had stood ignored upon the pavement and watched him fling aside his just-lit cigarette, pull his hat down over his eyes, reach for the gear and—escape.

And she told herself that she had been nothing but a fool. She had thought herself, if only for a day, a golden girl, and all the time she was just a puppet, a doll; a silly little figure moving grotesquely in the shadows of Mrs. Bigger's copper urn.

Drawn up before the building in which was George's flat Jenny saw an ambulance. Evidently Eddie had been brought home.

She halted in her step, then went steadily forward. Since George's hesitating—"There's bad news about Ed," Jenny had given only a passing thought to Eddie Townsend. She remembered now, remorsefully, that she had not even asked wherein the bad news lay. Perhaps he was permanently injured—perhaps a cripple? She broke into a run . . .

There were a couple of idlers near the ambulance, but the main hall was empty. Someone was in Gill's little office, though; someone whose voice was raised in the exasperation Gill sometimes provoked. "I tell you, I was here yesterday—asked to see Mrs. Townsend or Miss Revell; I didn't know which was which—you told me yourself the number of their apartment. It's sheer silly waste of time pretending you've never seen me before."

Silence from Gill.

"Miss Revell herself informed me that Mrs. Townsend was at some hotel or other. It's no use your asking me to believe you don't know which one it is. All I want you to do is to phone that hotel and tell the lady that Mr. Townsend insisted on going straight up to their apartment . . . Well!"

"Don't know anything about anything—" from Gill, implacably.

Jenny marched into the office. Gill was looking as wooden as a ship's figurehead. The man who faced him turned and scrutinized Jenny instead. He was the doctor who had rendered first aid to Eddie on that horrible pavement.

"Mrs. Townsend, I understand!" he exclaimed.

"You don't understand it from me," put in Gill.

The doctor's quick glance went from Gill to Jenny. His eyes were intensely inquisitive, she thought, and his voice was far too familiar.

"Your cousin told me your marriage wasn't secret, Mrs. Townsend, but there seems to be a lot of mystery made about it down here! I must have been kept hanging about here for nearly ten minutes. I'm beginning to wonder—"

"Is your patient upstairs?" Jenny asked.

The doctor flushed. Jenny had spoken in a tone that she had not used for a very long time; not since the days when she lived in her grandfather's house and wore faded gingham and hunted for eggs in the overgrown garden—and was, all the same, Miss Georgina Revell to whom nobody might be impertinent, ever.

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Will Jenny or the doctor win? She is challenged by Gratton Matching, himself, tomorrow.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Detective Stuff!



S'MATTER POP—Some Things Excepted

By C. M. PAYNE



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BOUND TO WIN—Jonathan Spills The Beans

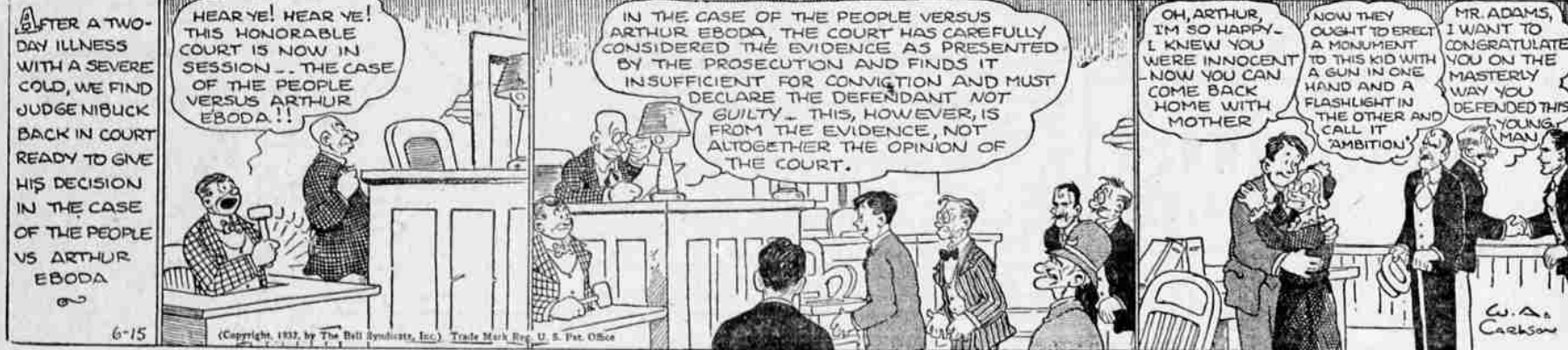
By EDWIN ALGER



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THE NEBBS—Decision

By SOL HESS



W. A. Carlson

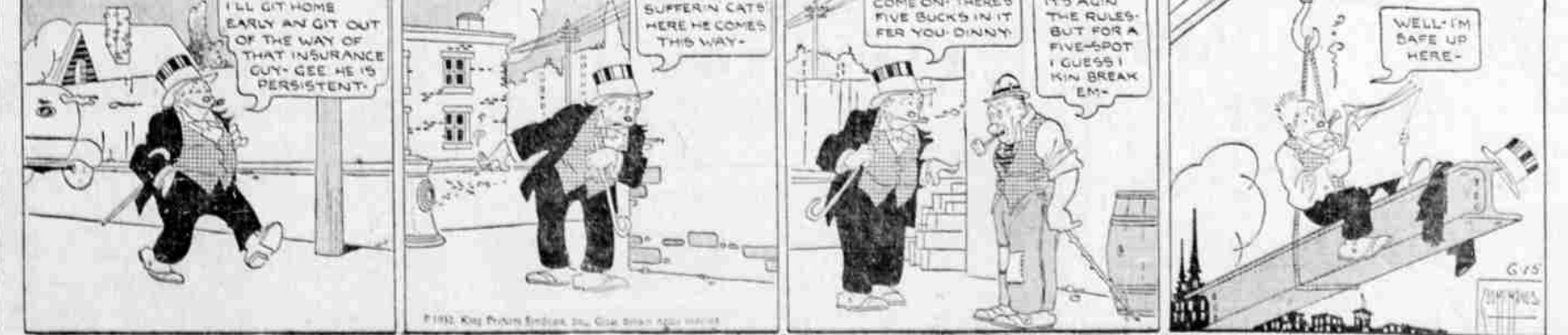
MUTT AND JEFF—Living In A Fool's Paradise

By BUD FISHER



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



AGENTS DESTROY CHICAGO 'SPEAKS'

CHICAGO, June 15.—(AP)—While the anti-prohibition massers were staging their big downtown rally and convention crowds milled about hotels, federal prohibition agents smashed into seven loop speakeries last night, destroying bars, equipment and liquor.

The raiders said they understood the campaign was part of the extended local drive to "dry up" the city for the republican and democratic national conventions. Four speakeries were also raided on the south side and a number of arrests made.

Permanent waves, \$4.00 and \$5.50 and 17.50. Rowman's, Phone 57.

TUSKO DISCOVERS TACOMA HOSTILE

TACOMA, Wn., June 15.—(AP)—Tusko, the huge elephant which has been run out of all points north of Portland, because of his temperamental outbursts, took Deputy Sheriff Harold Birt's tip last night, thus saving himself the bum's rush promised if he did not shake the dust of Tacoma's pavements off his feet by noon today.

So early this morning he climbed aboard the low, heavy truck in which he travels, and was whisked just across the Pierce county border into King county.

Good grades of lumber at cull prices, Medford Lumber Co.