

You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

SYNOPSIS: Jenny Revell is challenged by Gratton Matching, employer of her cousin, George, when he asks her if she and Eddie Townsend are married. She must lie to save George, recently married to Eddie, from losing her job. Also she must keep Matching away from Eddie, who is nerve-shot after an accident.

Chapter 19 DEFIANCE

GEORGIE, over the old gray shoulder, looked harder still at Jenny. The message of George's eyes was very clear. "Jenny, you must play up, you must!" "Well? Eh?" "Yes, I married Eddie Townsend." "Is he here?" Involuntarily Jenny glanced behind her at the closed kitchen door. "I'll see him, then," announced the Old Man. "Oh, no, you can't see him," said Jenny, surprising herself quite as much as her hearers. George gasped. It was a quite distinct gasp and it surprised Jenny profoundly; she had never before realized what a towering, colossal, "boss" the Old Man was to George. Whereas to Jenny he was just a cross old man with dyspepsia, not unlike her grandfather. She looked him firmly in the eye. "I can't allow you to see Eddie

was a jossy, eccentric, cross old hermit, that was all!" "But Eddie can't possibly be left!" "Like to come and have dinner with me at Rochester Gate some night? Wednesday night? Eh?" "But won't you still be away?" "Are you trying to teach me my business? Let me tell you, young woman—" "Please," begged Jenny, as she had often and often begged her grandfather—"please don't shout so!" "Are you coming to dinner on Wednesday night or not?" demanded the Old Man; but he did not shout. "I shall be delighted," said Jenny; and, obeying some memory half lost in childhood, she dropped him a demure little curtsy. "Jenny!" breathed George, utterly bewildered. "Shut up, Revell! Why aren't you packing? Didn't you hear me say you had only ten minutes to pack? I'll wait in the car—no, thank you, I won't go in there." The Old Man grimaced violently at the door of the living-room, which George's frown open. "I know when I'm not wanted." He turned back to Jenny and it became evident that the grimace was a smile. "You're very young. As your cousin says, not much more than a child."



"You can't see him," said Jenny. "I can't allow you to." today, I'm afraid. He is in a highly nervous state and he mustn't see anyone he doesn't want to see." "Indeed! In-deed!" The gray, narrow face was twisted into a sneer. "That's very interesting, that he doesn't want to see me!" "You find it so?" A lightning indignation had sprung up in Jenny and she did not care whether she showed it or not. Beat stand up to him as she had so often had to stand up to grandfather! "You find it merely interesting when a first-rate liar loses his chance of ever flying again—his whole future, his health and his strength, all gone? You should be ashamed to come here at all, if that is all you have to say!" There was a most curious silence. George, her rich color ebbing and flowing, stared from one to the other. Jenny remained four-square in front of the kitchen door and, to give point to her remarks, turned the key and dropped it into the pocket of her little silk coat. And Gratton Matching—what in the world was this sound that was being wrung out of old Gratton Matching? It was very like the rasp of a door on rusty hinges but it was undoubtedly a laugh. George's relieved smile showed it. "You'll forgive my cousin, sir? She's not much more than a child—" "Shut up, Revell!" His slate-gray eyes bored into Jenny's. "You're not asking me to forgive you for anything you've said or done, are you? Eh?" "Certainly not," Jenny assured him. "I think it is you who should apologize. And then you should go away, since Eddie can't see you, and let me tell him that no one will worry him until he is better." "I've never apologized to anyone in my life," declared the Old Man, "and as for worrying your careless fool of a husband, what about the nuisance I've been put to? Here he goes hurtling through the windshield of a car when he ought to be flying me tonight. Here I've got to go on some fool train instead!" He took an unexpected step towards her but she did not retreat. "Like to come on the trip with us?" "Oh, I should have adored it!" (Why, he wasn't a terrible old man at all when you got to know him!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Maybe Haidar Looked In The Wrong Crystal!



S'MATTER POP—Jiggle Well After Taking

By C. M. PAYNE



BOUND TO WIN—Mel Ryder

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—It Looks Funny

By SOL HESS



MUTT AND JEFF—A Lot Of People Feel That Way These Days

By BUD FISHER



DOCTORS DIFFER ON AIMEE'S ILLS

LOS ANGELES, June 7.—(AP)—Two physicians attending Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton differed today in their diagnosis of the ailment of the noted evangelist, who is confined in a local sanitarium following her return from a visit to Central America. In a report submitted to the city health department by Dr. R. McKenzie Jones last night, the evangelist allegedly is suffering from typhoid fever. Dr. Edward Huntington Williams, the other physician attending the evangelist, said there was no evidence of typhoid fever, declaring that she is suffering from neurasthenia.

DEATH FOLLOWS BITE FROM TICK

BEND, Ore., June 17.—(AP)—A highly malignant type of Rocky Mountain or spotted fever, said by physicians to have been caused by the bite of an infected tick, today caused the death of Enoch Cox, 65, in a hospital here. He had been unconscious for a week. Cox was brought to Bend from Crooked river, the upper Crooked river. He was bitten by a spotted fever carrier June 1 while herding sheep in Crooked county. Several cases of spotted fever have been treated in the hospital here this season but Cox's was the first death from that cause.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

