

You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

MISS JENNY!
She turned gasping, her hand on her heart; but it was only Ryder Vale.

DANGEROUS INVESTIGATIONS

"You've got an infernally complex," Vale told her. "Always think George is the magnet, don't you? Hop in, there's a good girl. I've got a lot of little questions to ask you. The first is—what did you want to go and get married for without asking Uncle Ryder's blessing?"

"I suppose," said Jenny, after a cautious pause, "that you read

"He has a terror of seeing any one for the time being and so he has gone into hiding, as you might call it." She laughed, a pleasant, firm laugh. "I shan't let him out until he is absolutely himself again."

"Oh, well, I know him slightly. As a matter of fact, I came across him an hour or so ago, and he stopped me. Apparently he's heard I knew you and George. He talked a bit—he's an odd sort of fellow. Bit of a gossip. Inquisitive. I should say."

Jenny considered this in silence. Was it a warning? If Ryder Vale were warning her, what could she do to avert the danger of Tallas' investigations? She decided that she could do nothing, but she felt grateful to Vale for his hint, and grateful to him, too, for accepting a version of the facts which, as she instinctively felt, he did not believe. She sighed. Apparently it was not nearly so simple as it had seemed, this making people think you had married

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Speed Bails Out!



S'MATTER POP—There Will Be A Slight Delay Here

By C. M. PAYNE



BOUND TO WIN—"Big Feet" Stirs Himself!

By EDWIN ALGER



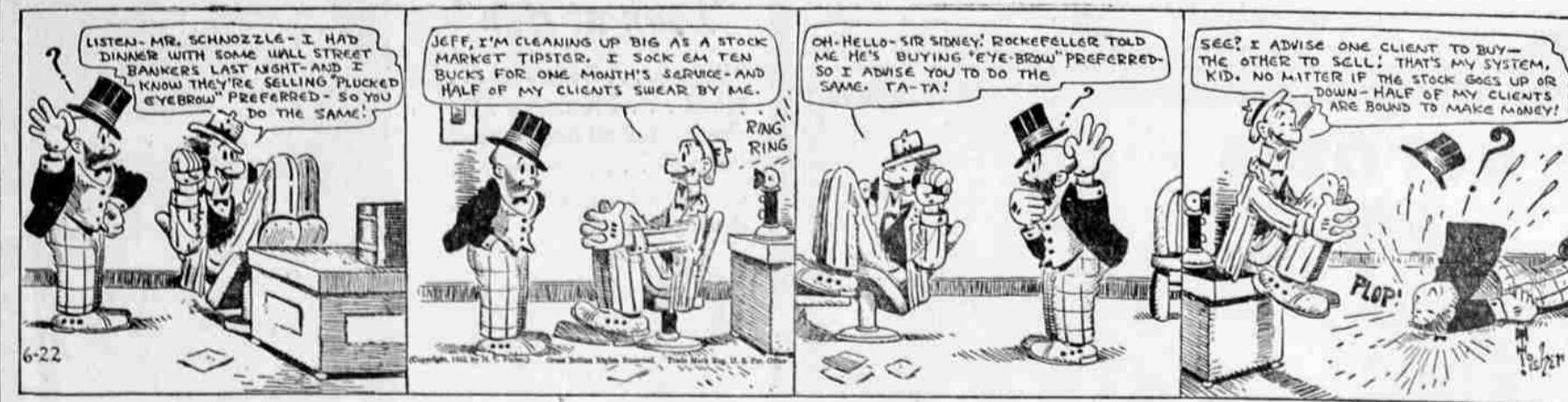
THE NEBBS—The Old Fox

By SOL HESS



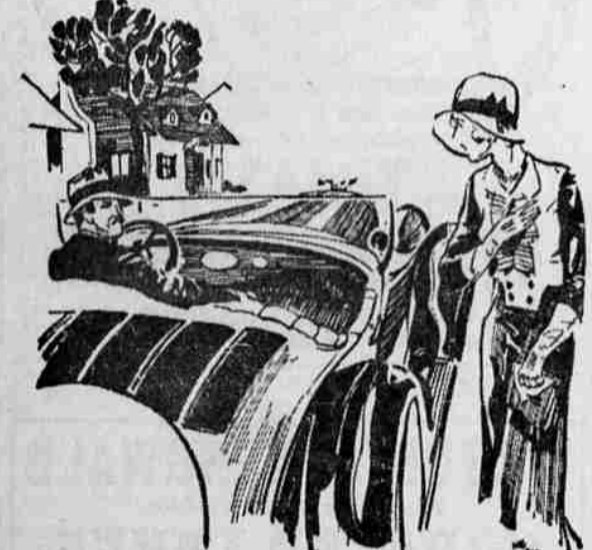
MUTT AND JEFF—Market Tipster Mutt Uses Rare Judgment

By BUD FISHER



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



"Miss Jenny!"
She turned gasping, her hand on her heart.

about our accident in the paper?"
"You suppose quite rightly. And you may further suppose that when I read that Townsend had just married a Miss Revell of Eyle Street, I said to myself—That must be our Jenny, for the reason that never in this world could it be our George! No, no, never would our George chuck that job of hers for the sake of any little house of dreams! . . . Well, any flaw in the argument?"

She had got in beside him and he was driving very slowly along, his face still amusingly puckered but something aghast behind the smile. Jenny had the impression that he was feeling his way; it occurred to her also that, like the Old Man, he might not believe the tale she told, but that he would be satisfied if the telling bore scrutiny.

"No flaw at all," she answered as casually as she could. "Perhaps you remember I told you that George wasn't specially interested in Eddie. And you're quite right about the job, George is determined to keep it at any cost."

The last was so true that she had uttered it almost vehemently and she felt him shoot a quick glance at her. She added, somewhat hastily:

"What other questions do you want to ask?"

"Where — and how — poor old Townsend is? I hear he went through the windshield?"

"That didn't really matter," said Jenny with unconscious humor. "The real damage was done to his nerves. He has quite broken down and it's doubtful whether he will ever be a 'bird-man' again. At any rate, he will have to have a long holiday."

Vale seemed sincerely concerned. He drove easily along, talking as easily of cures, and treatments, and cases he had known, where recovery had been miraculously prompt and even more miraculously permanent.

"Er—where did you say he was now?" he interjected.

"He made me promise not to tell any one," answered Jenny firmly. She had been prepared for this.

Eddie Townsend when you hadn't! "You're all alone in that apartment?" queried Vale, cocking an eyebrow at it as he drew up gently before its door.

"Yes," Jenny hoped that he would not suggest coming up. Her head was beginning to ache.

"Then why not come for a run?" he invited. "Come and have a saucer of cream somewhere. It'll take your mind off—things."

She had fully meant to decline when he began to speak but his voice sounded genuinely friendly and she wavered. The empty apartment, with its unfinished chores, suddenly repelled her.

"I—I should like it. But I must be back by—well, quite by six."

"Six it shall be. Any place you'd like to go to? No? What about an inn at a little place up the river? It's what they call an old-world place. Like old - world places?"

Yes, Jenny liked them. She liked, also, settling back in this jolly little car and not having to make conversation. It rather surprised her Ryder Vale did not want her to talk to him. He had struck her as a man who would prefer a ripple of absurdities to nothing at all. However, he appeared to be preoccupied, and she could rest. She watched the traffic idly and idly looked for the first gleam of the river.

"Fraid I'm a dull dog today," he said finally. "Must be the heat; I can't remember a hotter August. There's the inn."

Jenny descended into a courtyard full of white geraniums and cool green smilax trails. All along one side ran a tea-room with windows thrown wide to the air and electric fans humming. It looked cool and attractive and there was a table vacant near a window. She walked in and took possession. Slipping the little coat from her shoulders on to the back of the chair, she glanced round.

Facing her, directly in line with another window at the opposite end of the room, sat Garth Avenue.

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Avenue is with a woman. Will he speak to Jenny, tomorrow?

COURT IN PLEA FOR RELIEF ACT

The county court yesterday wired the Oregon delegation in congress, asking they give their voices and votes in support of the unemployment relief bill now pending, without any quibbling.

County Judge C. B. Lamkin returned this morning from Portland, where he attended the meeting of county judges with the governor for the outlining of a relief program. No definite action was taken.

Judge Lamkin said that his observations at the session convinced him that Jackson county was not "as bad off as many other counties of the state."

MARKET BRIBER GETS \$250 FINE

PORTLAND, Ore., June 22—(AP)—Jack J. Masurosky, president of the Central Municipal Market company, who pleaded guilty recently to a charge of offering Mayor George L. Baker a bribe, was fined \$250 yesterday by Circuit Judge Kanzler.

George Mowry, chief deputy district attorney, recommended that Masurosky be fined not more than \$500.

Trial dates were set for 11 others indicted in connection with the recent municipal market investigation here. The first to go to trial will be Michael Rogoway, a barber, June 29th.