

You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

SYNOPSIS: George Townsend's employer, Gratton Matching, tries to find out from her cousin, Jenny, which girl has married Eddie Townsend. George, to hold her job, has pretended Jenny is married. Matching suspects her, and also wonders why his nephew, Garth and Jenny, are quarreling. Townsend has been recovering from an accident.

Chapter 23

GEORGE'S CHOICE

AT FIRST George thought that Eddie was looking for her but he hurried straight down—down and down, stumbling and sliding—and the next moment she heard Gill's slow voice.

"Hello, sir!"

"Oh, hello, Gill!" Eddie's voice was slow, too, in spite of the frantic burrowing of his feet. "I—got a bit tired of my own company. Say, it'll be a long time before Miss Jenny is back won't it?"

"Only just gone," remarked Gill, after long thought.

"Spouse so." Eddie sighed and shrugged. "I got—lonesome. Want a match, too. Couldn't find any matches."

George leaned over the bannisters and peered down. At the bottom of the well, in the hall of the building, Eddie was lighting a cigarette while Gill stood silently by. As though the first few whiffs steadied

him, he presently turned and ascended the stairs again.

"There's a chair for you in the office," Gill called after him, in a burst of garrulity; but Eddie plodded on and up. Exactly, thought George, as she herself had plodded, every step an effort! "We're both frightened, frightened of everything—and, oh, it's such a heartbreaking pity when we were going to be so happy!" she said aloud. But she had no more time for sorrow. She went firmly back to the apartment.

She sang persistently and cheerfully as she burst into her bedroom and threw her hat on the bed. She had left all doors open behind her and she could hear Eddie's hesitating return.

"That you, dear boy? Come and welcome me home!"

"Girl!"

He came crashing across the room, a big, eager man, and swept her up and into his arms. She shut her eyes as they kissed and all was forgotten save the ecstasy of this homecoming.

"Oh, girl, my girl! Jenny said you wouldn't be here till the end of the week!"

She freed herself, breathless, radiant.

"I didn't think I should be, but at the last moment the Old Man called the deal off and we came back. He has kept me slaving all day or I'd have been here before. Ed, what do you think of all this?"

"All what?"

"Well, the apartment darling, and all the new furniture."

The light in Eddie's eyes dimmed.

"Isn't it perfect!" she urged. "I wanted it to be perfect for us to come back to and it was such a shame that you had to see it when I wasn't even there to lead you home and that we couldn't have the triumphant arches and all the illuminated addresses as I'd planned! Everything went wrong, didn't it—but it's all right now. It is perfect and we are in it together."

He nodded and sat down on the well-covered stool before the long

mirror. She could not see whether in the mirror he was watching her or himself; and she went on chattering to hide her doubts.

"It was better that I shouldn't see you just for those few minutes that I had before I went away. I—it would have upset us both and you aren't feeling any too lively, anyway, and of course I have to keep my head clear for my job. Besides, I knew it was only for a day or two. You—you don't mind?"

He was staring down at his hands, dangling between his knees. George bit her lip, perplexed and embarrassed. She had been apologizing to him and she had no more meant to do that than she had meant to pick a quarrel with Jenny or sit moping on the stairs! What in the world was happening to her?

"I'm tired out," she muttered—and at that he jumped to his feet.

"No wonder! Only old Matching would work a woman as though she were a machine! You need a holiday just as badly as I do. Girl—sweetheart—let's come away now, at once, and have the rest of the summer somewhere together."

She shook her head, smiling and smiling, not as yet taking him seriously.

"If only I could! If only I hadn't had my fortnight's holiday! But



George leaned over the bannisters and peered down at Eddie.

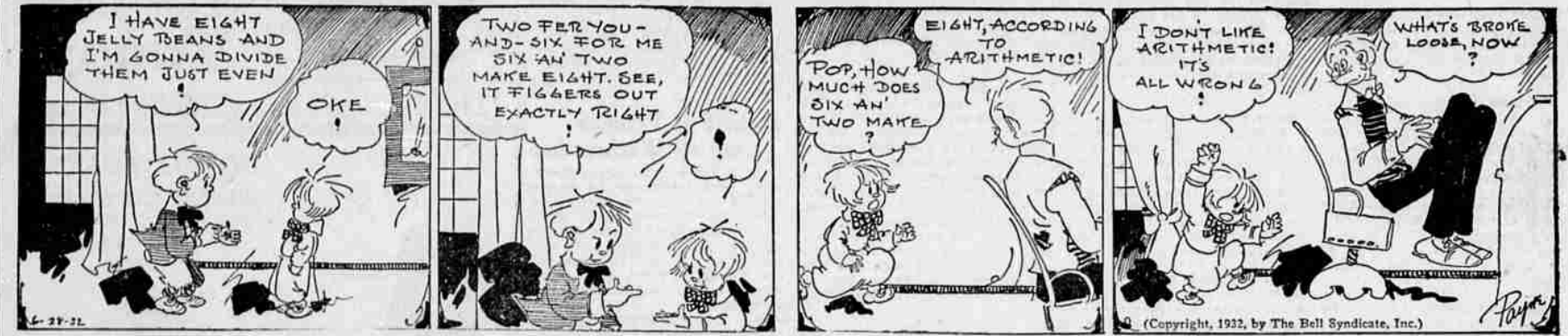
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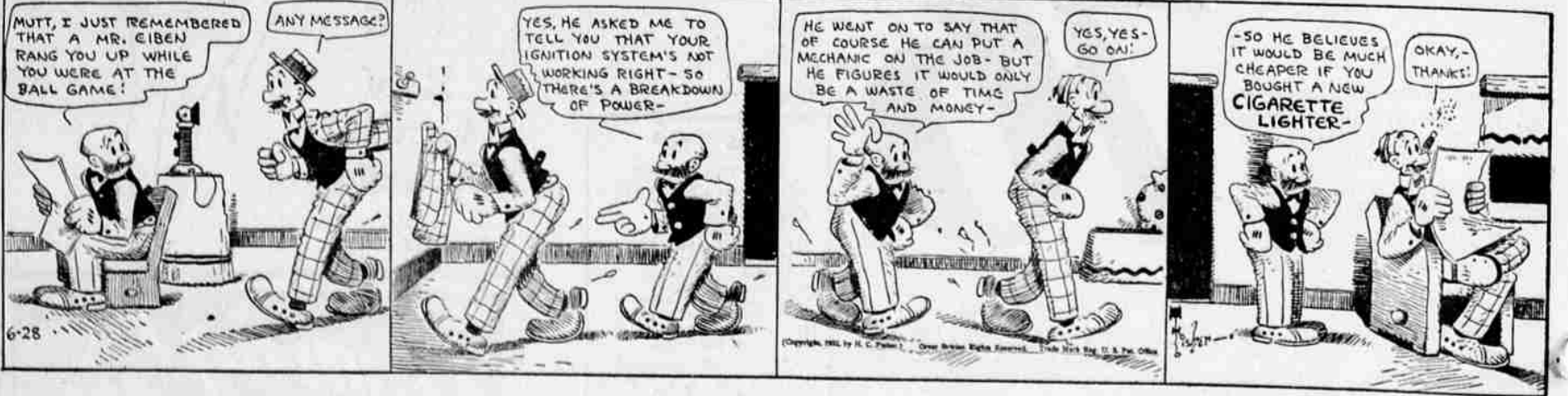
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RADIATOR MAKERS RETURN TO WORK

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 28.—(AP)—The American Radiator company announced today it would reopen its plant here tomorrow after a shut down of more than two months, and would recall more than 250 employees.

Several hundred workers returned to the Du Pont rayon plant when it resumed operations last week after being shut down for several months.

The Wickwire Spencer Steel company also announced it would reopen some time this week an open hearth furnace inactive for several months.

FAMED WAR PRIEST EULOGIZED IN DEATH

NEW YORK, June 28.—(AP)—Father Francis Patrick Duffy, chaplain of the old "fighting 69th" and a national hero of the world war, lay in state in Holy Cross rectory today while eulogies poured in from all over the country.

The noted priest, who had followed the flag to Cuba, the Mexican border and to France, will be buried in the Bronx. He died yesterday of colitis in his 62nd year.

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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

