

You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

SYNOPSIS: Eddie Townsend refuses to live on his wife's "dough," now that he won't be able to go for a while. George, his wife, wants to keep her job and support both of them. She is so determined not to stop that she is keeping her mark in secret, since her employer discards women who marry.

Chapter 30 BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES

"SO GILL!" Eddie continued, "fixed up a room for me with this old soul—ugliest old figure-head you've ever seen but darn good sort—and Jenny comes for me every morning and returns me at ten every night."

"And I guess I'll stay on with her while you're finishing things up with the Old Man and maybe helping to find someone to take your place."

"And then—" he drew a deep, steady breath and his hand gripped George's fiercely under the gay little cloth—"then you shall make me a home on what we can scrape together between us. I'm not proud about using your savings as well as my own. And we'll live on anything we can beg, borrow or remove and convert to our own ends; and you shall burn an omelette a week until Jenny shows you better."

She played nervously with her food, then ralled at herself for a

her bodily away to his home on bread and cheese and kisses. "I can give you a decent sort of a life," he said. "You and I, girl, don't need a lot of trappings. We love each other."

She found that she was trembling. "Oh, Ed, don't forget that, ever!—that I love you as much as you love me!"

"Then you'll throw over the job, George?"

She trembled so that she had to grind out her cigarette half-smoked and hold to the edge of the table. "No, I can't. Not yet. Not till—well, not till I've saved more money." For her life's sake, she could not have admitted her empty coffers. "Then—then, perhaps, if you've got a job. And if we needn't scrimp and scrape too much. If—"

"If and if and if! There are too many ifs about it, girl. You're cheating me and yourself, too."

"No—oh no, I'm not. But I can't be poor!"

"Not even with me?"

She could find no words. She could only stare up at Eddie, the big man towering over her.

"Not with me, George? You never meant to be poor with me at all!"

Still she was silent.

"If you never meant to be poor



"If you never meant to be poor with me, George, what did you marry me for?"

fool and began to eat steadily. "The longest speech I've ever heard you make," she said. "You seem to have thought it all out, darling. Only, from your own point of view."

Eddie began to speak but checked himself. After a few more mouthfuls of baked egg, he asked abruptly—

"Did you know that people think—that people have been told it was Jenny I married?"

"Oh, you mustn't deny it!" Then, realizing that she had betrayed herself, she added—"Surely, so long as the Old Man keeps to that ridiculous rule of his, it's better that we should pretend—anything! You see, Eddie, I can't give up my job. Not at any rate for a bit."

He pushed his chair away from the table and tilted to and fro on it, the old scowl on his face.

"Would you have given it up," he asked, "if I had gone to Mexico and come back again to fly here?"

She, too, abandoned the unhappy little dinner. She lit a cigarette.

"I'm beginning to think you wouldn't, George."

"What on earth is the good of arguing about what might have happened? You aren't going to Mexico now—and jolly sick the Old Man is about it. He recommended you to Garth Arvey himself and he says there's no one else he—"

"Never mind the compliments, I'm beginning to think you never intended to give up your job when I got back and that you don't intend to give it up now."

"Eddie, what are we to live on if I do?"

To her surprise he had an answer.

"Not so very much less than we should have had if I hadn't lost my nerve. There's our savings—" he did not notice her confusion, "and I shall collect a—bit from one little insurance and another; and I shall find a job. I'm nearly all right again, you know; Jenny has pretty well cured me, bless her little heart! I don't say I can give you anything like the good time you've been used to these last few years, but I can give you—" His voice roughened and she feared that he was going to take her into his arms and carry

with me, George, what did you marry me for?"

The ticking of the little clock filled the kitchen. The sound of it helped George to clear her mind. It reminded her of the clock in her own room at the great Matching headquarters away downtown. The other clock was more impressive, of course, encased in aluminum instead of battered nickel; but it had the same stammer in its tick, coupled with the same hurry. She closed her eyes and at once, in her imagination, she was in her discreet, important room with its telephones and its files, and its frosted glass door—panels that showed her name reflected in reverse. "Miss Revell. Private."

With her eyes still shut, as though not to lose the vision of the room, she tried to state her point of view.

"Do listen to me, Eddie! There's something I want you to get once and for all—and it's this. When I said I'd marry you, I may or I may not have put you second to my job. But when I was actually standing up beside you in that room, taking you for my husband before all those people, I knew that you came first."

"Well, then, girl—sweetheart—"

"No. No wait!" she opened her eyes and got up, moving away from him until the table was between them. "You hadn't had that accident, then. You were fit and strong and—and well-known, with a wonderful future—"

His face whitened.

"I told Jen you wouldn't have any use for me now."

"That's not what I'm saying!" she cried passionately. But there was a cold breath in her heart. Wasn't it true that the old thrill of him had vanished, only to return when he held her and kissed her and looked vital and big? What did she feel for him when he clung, terrified, to a window-curtain while something clattered in the street below? Pity, perhaps...

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If George won't give up her position, Eddie will go away for a year. Will this threat shake her firmness, on Monday?

TAILSPIN TOMMY—An Air Of Expectancy!



S'MATTER POP—Washed Away In The Flood

By C. M. PAYNE



BOUND TO WIN—A Further Warning!

By EDWIN ALGER



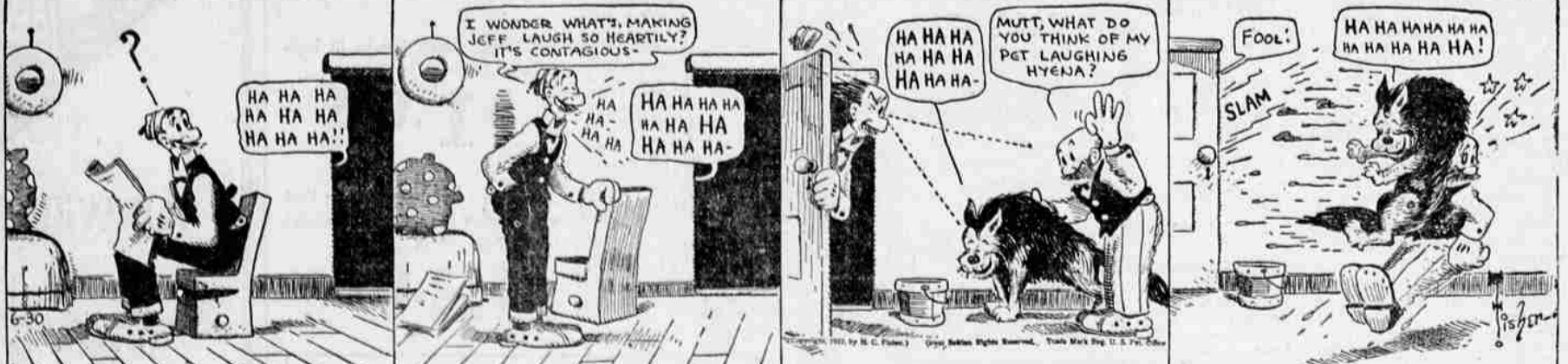
THE NEBBS—Going Away

By SOL HESS



MUTT AND JEFF—Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha!

By BUD FISHER



CHICKEN SNARER PLEADS GUILTY

According to word received from Ashland today formal charges will be filed through the district attorney's office, against the three Ashland youths, accused of stealing a chicken, and attempting to cook it on the banks of Bear creek. The boys involved are engaged in helping Wesley Butler put up his hay, and proceedings have been delayed until after this work is finished this afternoon.

Amos Orton, charged with stealing his neighbors chicken with the aid of fishing tackle, entered a plea of guilty before Justice L. A. Roberts of Ashland, and was sentenced to 15 days in the county jail.

POSTAL CHANGES GET HOOVER OKEH

WASHINGTON, June 30.—(AP)—Changes in postal rates, estimated to bring additional revenues of \$10,000,000 annually, were approved today by President Hoover.

He signed three bills, one of them estimated to net about \$7,000,000 by fixing the rate of postage on publications for delivery to a point within the same postage district in which the business offices of the publishers are located.

The second bill fixed the fee and limit of indemnity for domestic registered mail and the third prescribes the fee and limits of the indemnities for domestic insured and collection-delivery mail of third and fourth classes.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

