

# You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

**SYNOPSIS:** Eddie Townsend wants a home, his wife Georgie wants to keep her job. She intends to work while he recovers from an accident, and has persuaded her cousin Jenny to pretend to be Eddie's wife, because her employer would discharge Georgie if he knew she was married.

### Chapter 31

#### HAGGLING OVER MARRIAGE

"DO love you," Georgie muttered. It was as though she were protecting them both, by saying it. "Jenny was sure you did," agreed Eddie. He seemed to accept Jenny as an authority on the matter and for once Georgie felt no twinge of jealousy. She was relieved to find him so—so simple. No half-truths over, with Eddie. Black or white, yes or no; take it or leave it. "It's simply and solely a matter of money," she hurried on. "You may say that we shouldn't have very much less, even if you can't fly any more. But supposing that little bit less just turns being hard up into being downright poor? Suppose it means that we can never take any risk or meet any adventure? We wouldn't go on loving, Ed. I've seen big money at close quarters and I know what it can do."

"It can't buy happiness."  
"No, But it can buy freedom."  
"Of a kind."  
"It's the kind I need, then."  
"What are you trying to tell me, girl?"

"That I love you. That I'll give up my job to make a home for you; but not yet."

"When?"  
"When my savings are enough to make the difference between slavery and freedom. I mean, a reasonable freedom, Ed. I'm not thinking any more of dinners and dances, I swear I'm not. I'm thinking of the kind of life that will keep us in love with each other. I—I want to be kept in love with you, always."

Eddie was looking curiously at her. For all his simplicity, for all his take-it-or-leave-it directness, he was looking at her as though he understood her better than she dared to understand herself.

"What—what is it, Ed dear?"  
He roused himself and turned abruptly away.

"It's nothing. I was just thinking about what you'd said. About what I suppose you'd call your point of view... I'd better be getting along, I think."

"Back to this crazy little room of yours!" Georgie laughed shakily. "I don't see why! Jenny can lodge there, if she doesn't want to stay at a hotel, and you can have your room here, as we planned at first. I've squared Gill and—and if people think you married the other Miss Revell, well, Jenny doesn't really mind. It's a very convenient thing for them to think." She came close to him as he stood with one hand on the door; she slipped her white, strong arms up his shoulders.

"Don't go," she whispered.

His arms went round her and he held her for a moment in the embrace she loved; roughly keeping her against him when she would have moved away, roughly kissing her lips and her closed eyes. She was deaf to the hurrying stammer of the little clock; time was eternity, anyway, and all the old thrill and the old longing were flooding back into her heart.

Then Eddie pushed her away and she saw again the strange, considering look that wasn't a bit like Eddie.

"I'm going," he said, "and never you mind where. Let's call it Mexico and let's say I shall be there for a year. At the end of the year I'll be back from wherever it is—say, Mexico—and we'll see what all this saying and working of yours has led to. It's what we should have done if I hadn't gone through that windshield and it's what we'll do now."

She had won, all along the line! Or—hadn't she?

"No, but, Eddie, we were to have been together here for a week before you went away! That's why I— She was being going to say that that was why she had bought clothes and furniture, in her wild extravagance. She changed it to "That's why we got married on Saturday, surely! And we can have longer than a week, now. We can have as long as we like—the whole year!"

"You don't know me very well, Georgie, do you?"

"Seems not!" (He was really going, apparently; he was staring back at her from the threshold.) "I—I honestly can't grasp why you should object to staying here—you needn't be my guest—oh, Eddie, aren't we actually going to see each other for a year?"

"Not unless you send me word that you've given up your job, Jenny"

will know where to find me—I'll keep in touch with little Jen. You can't have everything you want, you know, girl, even if you are Miss Revell of Matching's. In fact, I'm sure that in the end you won't get—nothing."

"What do you mean?" she cried. "You spoil things like marriage," said Eddie simply, "when you haggle with them. At least, that's what I think."

From where she stood by the table, she saw him reach for his hat and let himself out of the door of the apartment.

It was not until the sound of his footsteps had quite died away that she remembered that he had said—"Jenny comes for me every morning and returns me at ten every night." The little battered clock was nearing ten, but there was as yet no Jenny and Eddie had gone back to his ridiculous room alone.

Georgie's hot, deep color stained her face at her own forgetfulness. Someone ought to have gone with him—she herself ought to have gone with him. She started forward and ran to the door of the apartment, then out to the landing. She leaned far out over the well, because he might be stopping to talk for a few moments with Gill.

But there was no sound of Eddie's voice and she could just glimpse Gill lounging in the doorway of the building.

She went back into the kitchen and tidied and washed up and took off Jenny's overall and went back to her own bedroom. The trousseau in the cupboard, she really ought to try it on; see if alterations were needed. It was absurd to own a cupboardful of heavenly clothes and not even know them by sight!

She pulled open the wardrobe-door and began to draw the lovely, scented things up and down the rail on which they hung. How costly they looked! The check she had given for them appeared small when she remembered the sum still to be paid. And she had nothing at all to her credit in the bank; it would be months before she could have anything. As for the savings she had spoken of so emphatically—

Standing there, fingering the beautiful clothes her vanity had craved, she began to suspect that she had been a fool with her money. Perhaps now she was being a fool about Eddie as well. Perhaps he was right and in the end she would get nothing...

Jenny, sitting very straight in Graton Matching's great black car, saw Eddie at the corner of Eyle Street.

The car had slowed at the corner and waited the policeman's permission to turn into Eyle Street; the policeman, a friend of Jenny's and Eddie's, was trying to induce Eddie to cross.

"Come on now, sir," he called persuasively. "Here's a clear little bit of road and all you got to do is to hop across it." But Eddie's nerves had hopelessly departed. He leaned against a building and Jenny could see him shake his head, trying to grin.

She had half-opened the door of the car before she remembered the speaking-tube. Then—"I will get on here, please," she directed hurriedly and, while the astonished chauffeur descended and moved to the door at the curb-side, she flung herself out of the opposite one and in a twinkling had Eddie's arm through hers.

After his first exclamation, he allowed her to pilot him across the street in their accustomed way; but when she turned with him in the direction of Mrs. Bigger's shop, he protested.

"Now you just run off home," he commanded. "I can manage a straight bit of pavement all right; it was the crossing that got me. That was all. You'll have to walk, I'm afraid. Your hearse—seems to have trundled on without you."

She inspected him anxiously. He looked better, stronger, in spite of his recent fright; but he didn't look at all happy. Not in the least as she had thought he would look when Georgie was home at last.

"You know Georgie is back?" she asked—and found that he was asking the question of her, word by word, involuntarily, she stopped and stood laughing. "Why aren't you with her?" she asked, when the quaint, companionable moment had passed.

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"May I tell Garth Avenue that you married Eddie?" Jennie asks Georgie tomorrow.

## JACKSONVILLE GRANGE PRESENTS PROGRAM IN ROXY ANN ASSEMBLY

About 30 Jacksonville patrons attended the Roxy Ann Grange meeting Friday evening which was conducted by Jacksonville officers. A brief session was held on routine business of the Roxy Ann Grange.

The meeting was then turned over to the program chairman, Mrs. Mabel Sims, who presented a program in the nature of a request hour, requests being made by members of the Roxy Ann Grange. Needless to say there were many surprises on both sides. Mrs. Roberts requested C. C. Hoover to explain "Why is the grass blue these days," Warren Chester Wendt, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Wendt, requested two song numbers, "The Puzzled Little Grandson," and "When I Grow to Be a Man, and sung by Joyce Ann Sims, Roscoe Roberts, master of the Roxy Ann Grange asked for some light on the subject of "Family Financiering." This was given by the oldest and youngest members of our Grange, I. A. Dew and Ted Sims, Emmett Nealon, master of the Sama Valley Grange requested the number "Living in the Sunlight, Leaving in the Moonlight."

Mr. Holger, well known Medford flutist requested the "Weasel" and "Red Wing," and were given by the Debutant Harmonica trio, composed of Irma Niedermeyer, Florence Gifford, Leona Conger.

Frank Hansen, young Roxy Ann granger requested a trio rendition of "When You and I Were Young, Maggie." The request was furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Chester Wendt and Catherine Wendt substituting "When the Banjo Plays," and "Comrades of the Road." The last number was a request from Anna Hansen for the "Gypsy Love Song" and "In the Garden of Tomorrow." These numbers were featured as baritone horn solos played by George Wendt, accompanied by Mrs. Wendt.

time and fine fellowship and for the delicious refreshments served at the close of the meeting. The Roxy Ann Grange in turn will visit the Jacksonville Grange at their next meeting July 8 and will conduct the meeting and furnish the program. Jacksonville Grange will hold its annual 4th of July picnic near Bybee's bridge. All cars are asked to meet about 10 o'clock at the bridge. All members are cordially invited and urged to come.

## Teachers Elected For Wimer School

WIMER, June 30.—(Sp.)—Wimer district held their annual school meeting June 20 with a splendid attendance. Rumor has it that there were 120 voters present and 126 votes cast. Many important matters were decided for the coming year and the present corps of teachers retained, Mr. and Mrs. Seare and Mrs. Clyde Galbraith.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Speed Walton Disappears!



## S'MATTER POP—Houses Don't Jump



By C. M. PAYNE

## BOUND TO WIN—The Decision



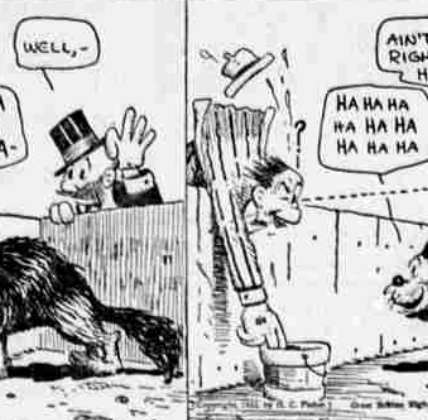
By EDWIN ALGER

## THE NEBBS—Beauty Is As Beauty Does



By SOL HESS

## MUTT AND JEFF—Mutt's Nose Is Funny At That



By BUD FISHER

## BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

## GRINDSTONE FALLS ON GRIFFIN CREEK BOY

GRIFFIN CREEK, July 1.—(Sp.)—The 4-year-old son of Mrs. Pearl Vashor was badly hurt, Wednesday when a grindstone fell on him. He was badly cut about the eye and thru the top of his nose making several stitches necessary. Sam Harris who works for the Grindstone people was badly burned on the face when some gasoline exploded while he was working. Mrs. Harris was visiting relatives in Klamath Falls at the time.

## JACKSONVILLE CHURCH GROUP PLANS SOCIAL

JACKSONVILLE, July 1.—(Sp.)—The finance committee of the Missionary Society of the rebyterian church of which Mrs. Hart is chairman met with Mrs. John H. Knight Tuesday afternoon. It was decided that the society will give a social on the evening of July 21 at the church. Plans were also made at this meeting to give a play during the latter part of August, the date to be announced later.

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