

# You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

SYNOPSIS: "I'm going away for a year," Eddie Townsend tells his wife, George. She insists upon keeping her position, although she must pretend she is not worried, and that her cousin Jenny is Mrs. Townsend. Jenny makes friends with Gratton Matching, George's eccentric old employer.

## Chapter 22 A SOUND INVESTMENT

**B**ECAUSE—Eddie's voice was gruff as he answered Jenny's question—"she only wants what she wants."  
"But I expect she is thinking just that of you," ventured Jenny. "And I'm much the same, Eddie—everybody wants their own kind of happiness, really. Oh, I can't bear you and George to be unhappy!"  
She looked up at him, troubled by the trouble in his eyes. To her surprise he stooped and kissed her.  
"Good kid!" he said. "You didn't mind my doing that, did you? I sometimes wish—"  
He checked himself, grinned and for the second time ordered her to run home. "You look like an ornament off a Christmas tree in that silver frock. Pretty enough to make anyone want to kiss you."  
She turned obediently away. The car had disappeared but she had only a little way to walk.  
This was the hour she loved, the very edge of the night. Flitting

shrugged George. "He would only tell you his side of the business, of course. Not that—"  
Jenny went to her and took away the cigarette she was trying to light. "I want you to tell me something," she said. "Not about you or Eddie at all."  
"Well, I tell Garth Avenue that it was you and not I who married Eddie on Saturday!"  
Under her detaining hands, she felt George start and quiver.  
"Jenny, of course you maynt! What possesses you? Why, I should lose my job there and then! Haven't you been told at Rochester Gate that the Old Man is putting him in full charge? Whatever Avenue might want to do, he wouldn't have any choice—he'd have to fire me."  
"But I think I must tell him," persisted Jenny.  
George wrenched herself free. "After all I've done for you? Jenny, you simply—you simply can't take my job away from me, Jenny, when it has kept you from starting, and clothed you, and sheltered you! Why, the very frock you've got on—"  
"Oh!" cried Jenny, her hands pressed flat against her ears. "Oh, don't! Don't say it, George, it has such an ugly sound!"

## Town Will Enjoy Year Sans Taxes On Money Saved

FAIRBURN, Ga.—(AP)—There will be no city taxes collected by Fairburn this year.  
Mayor Guy Hearn and the city council have decided Fairburn's treasury is amply stocked for 1932 and that to collect more tax money would be superfluous.  
Hence a tax holiday has been declared for 1932. The exemption

## Bill Cuts Hoover Office Expenses

WASHINGTON, July 2 (AP)—President Hoover today signed without comment the \$892,000,000 independent offices appropriation bill, under which the expenses of his own office and the White House must be drastically reduced.

## Chinese Rushing Work On Dykes Eat U. S. Wheat

HANKOW.—(AP)—With attention focused on the Jihpeh flood problem by the recent visit of the League of Nation's Manchuria commission, impetus has been given to dyke repair along the Yangtze and Han rivers.  
It is probable that this huge task involving the moving of 60,000,000 cubic yards of earth by hand labor,

## Deep Wells May Make Bird Haven Nevada Desert

ELY, Nev.—(AP)—Deep wells sunk years ago in an unsuccessful attempt to develop a potash resource may make possible creation of a wild bird refuge in the desert country 45 miles southwest of here.  
After being capped for a long time, the wells have been flowing heavily and have created several square miles of marsh land.

## Merged Banks Open Tillamook Ore. July 2

The First National bank of Tillamook, formed by the merger of the Tillamook National bank and the First National bank, began operation here today. The merger was announced last night.  
Auto glass installed while you wait. Prices right. Bill Sheet Metal Works.

A proposed plan approved by biological survey workers provides for sinking 20 additional wells to produce 100 miles of swamps and marshes.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Another "Ghost Ship" Story!



By JENN CHAFFIN AND HAL FOREST

## S'MATTER POP—They'll Know About Fractions Later



By C. M. PAYNE



"You can't take my job away from me, Jenny, when it has kept you from starving."

through the heavy shadows between the streetlights, her pale skirts gathered out of the dust and the jade and silver of shawl and shoes gleaming and dulling by turns, she knew that men's heads turned to watch her go. Even old Gratton Matching had said it—"a pretty thing in all that silver." And in Garth Avenue's eyes she had seen that she was lovely, even though for her loveliness he had nothing but a sneer.  
She forgot Eddie and the wonder why he should be going back to Mrs. Bigger's alone and with such troubled eyes. Tomorrow she would think about him again and if he and George would let her, she would go on curing him. She felt absolutely certain that she would cure him, in the end. But tonight she must speak to George and George must answer her—and for once they would be talking about Jenny Revell, a grown and lovely woman, and not George's pretty doll.

For the second time that evening they stared at each other like enemies. There was a bewildered address in Jenny's heart and—perhaps—its echo in George's. For presently her face twisted up into a trembling smile.  
"Something that isn't me is using my mind and my tongue tonight and it's something I loathe as much as you do," she muttered. "I don't mean anything I say and I'd like to take back everything I do. I suppose for once in my life I'm tired right out!"  
"Yes, you're tired," agreed Jenny, all eagerness to forgive. "It was silly of me to start a discussion like this tonight. Selfish. Don't let's go out, darling, let's—let's—"  
George said it for her.  
"Let's have a cosy evening together, as we used to do. I'll brew some hot chocolate and we'll drink it in our pajamas on my bed." Lightly, she caressed Jenny's cheek. "No, on second thoughts, you'll make the chocolate. You've elected yourself housekeeper, I hear."  
"Do you mind? Eddie—that is, I thought—"  
"I'm very pleased. I'll pay you the ordinary salary, of course, and you'd better take some lessons and get really good at cooking. It's always a sound investment. And I'll pay for the lessons—"  
Jenny slipped into the kitchen, smiling a little wryly. What a lot George cared about the money side of everything! Always it was her first comment. Of course, one had to be practical, but surely it was a mistake to emphasize it. Jenny, busy with the chocolate, had a fleeting memory of an old man with so much money that he could never spend it all. Gratton Matching—lonely, suspicious, odd.  
She wondered whether she was really expected to go and see him tomorrow. She wanted to go; there was a quality about him that—she could not describe it but it was something she needed. Perhaps it was pure friendship. He liked her and she him; and they were both in need of being liked.

She passed Gill in the doorway almost without seeing him, and she arrived at the door of the apartment without any recollection of climbing the stairs. It was like going up in a dream. And the quiet of the apartment was dreamlike too.  
"George!" she called.  
"Here!"  
The dream-feeling broke and vanished. George's voice, coming from the living room, was brisk and clear; and George, strolling out into the hall, was perfectly groomed and frocked and waved a cigarette.  
"I was just going on the razzle—can't stand this place when I'm alone in it," she smiled. "Come and tell me all about it, honey. Heavens, to think of your having dinner with the Old Man. Life is, isn't it?"  
She propelled Jenny into the living room and immediately turned on the radio. A flood of dance music welled into the room and George moved in rhythm to it until she cannoned into Jenny and began to giggle.  
Jenny quietly turned the set off. "I think you're afraid, George," she said. She had not meant to say it, but she would stand by it. "You're afraid of being alone because you've sent Eddie away."  
"I suppose you me; him,"

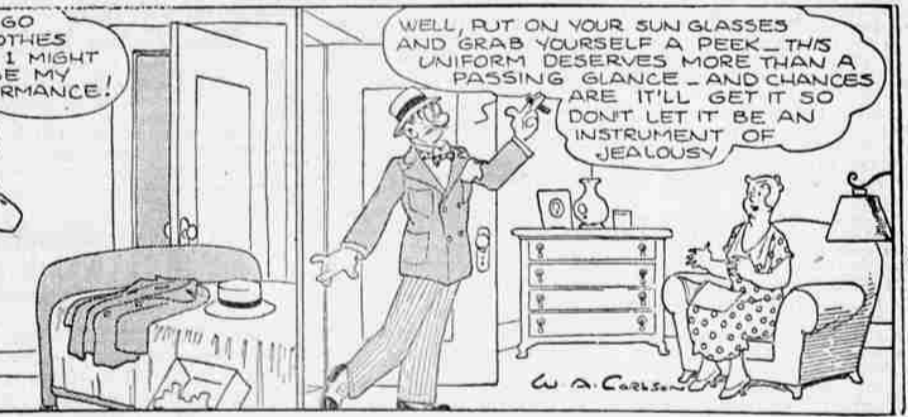
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## BOUND TO WIN—Into The Unknown



By EDWIN ALGER

## THE NEBBS—It's The Clothes That Makes The Man



By SOL HESS

## MUTT AND JEFF—To Laugh At Bad News Is Aggravating



By BUD FISHER

## HARVARD HURLER JOINS YANKEES

BOSTON, July 2.—(AP)—Charles Devens, socially prominent pitching ace of Harvard university's 1932 nine, is sporting a New York Yankee uniform these days. He made his jump from college baseball to big league circles yesterday when he signed a contract with the Yankees.

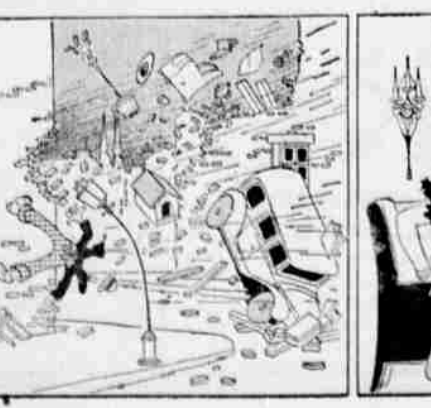
## SILVER STRIPE FOR TRIM ON BLUE SUIT

WASHINGTON.—(AP)— Frau von Pritwitz looked chic at an outdoor

## Oklomans Plan Fire Squad "Navy"

OKLAHOMA CITY.—(AP)—Oklahoma City may have a "navy" as a result of the flood which recently claimed 10 lives.  
Organization of a fire department motorboat squadron for emergency rescue work has been proposed to the city manager by Fire Chief George Goff.  
If the plan is approved the members, clad in swimming suits, will drill weekly.  
Phone 442 We'll haul away four refuse. City Sanitary Service.

## BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus