

You Can't Marry

by Julia Clift-Addams

SYNOPSIS: "You can't take my job away from me, it's just you from staying." George Townsend says to her cousin Jenny. She has persuaded Jenny to say she—did not George—married to Eddie Townsend, as George could hold her job. But this causes misunderstanding between Jenny and Garth Aveney.

Chapter 33. BLAZING LUNACY

Jenny tried to explain Graton Matching's friendliness to George when she had carried in the chocolate and was perched on George's bed, drinking it.

"So I think I had better go and see him every day until he says he is tired of me, don't you?" she concluded.

George had collapsed into her pillows in amazed merriment.

"I suppose so, but really, it's not much good asking me—you seem to know exactly how to manage him! I can't hope to improve your technique!"

Jenny stirred her chocolate, stilling a sigh. George was not being caustic, she was genuinely of the opinion that Jenny was maneuvering herself into a millionaire's favor so that she might get some benefit or other.

"He may leave you every last cent he owns, Jenny-wren," George was babbling. "When he does, don't forget old friends, will you?"

"It's not remotely likely that he will leave me anything," Jenny masked her distaste. "He has his nephew. You say yourself Mr. Aveney is taking over the high command."

George's eyes were full of amber gleams under the soft lights. While her cousin had been in the kitchen, she had undressed and put on pajamas of coral satin. She sat hugging her knees, her bare feet pushed under the eiderdown, her silken pillows heaped up behind her. All around her, her room spilled its luxuries. Jenny's gaze travelled from one colorful heap of clothes to another, from dressing table to wardrobe.

"There wouldn't be room for my little camp-bed here now," she said involuntarily.

"You're more comfortable in—in the other room, the new room, surely?" defended George.

"Oh, yes, I'm very comfortable. It has turned into a pretty room, hasn't it?—I made the curtains and put them up; I suppose you saw. At least, I cut them into the proper lengths and Eddie sewed them on the machine. It amused him a lot. He's very domestic, isn't he?"

George tossed her head back, and the bright, short locks that had screened her eyes, fell away. It was as though she said—"Oh, let's get it into words, at this that hasn't yet been spoken!" She stared straight in front of her.

"Eddie and I have separated for a year, Jen. We're pretending that everything went according to our original plan and that he is off to Mexico for a year leaving our marriage secret and me at Matching's. The only difference is that—that instead of our week's honeymoon here, we are to have none at all."

"Oh, George! But—" "He doesn't want one."

Jenny was silent.

"No, I'll be honest," George frowned, still staring ahead. He doesn't want our honeymoon to be furtive and short. . . . A part of me agrees with him, the part that prides him before my job."

"The best part of you."

"The coral satin shoulders shrugged. "Best or worst—I don't know! Anyway, another part of me, which may equally be best or worst, says that it would be sheer blazing lunacy to throw up five thousand a year and go traipsing off to the outermost suburban darkness and live on bread and—"

"And kisses."

"You're sentimental, honey. You always were. So is Eddie. It's you he ought to have fallen in love with, not me." She leaned a little towards Jenny. "I swear I won't let myself be jealous of you, lambie, but you must see that it will be a heroic feat. You're so absolutely his type. His last words were that he would keep in touch with you, let you know where he is to be found throughout the year. In case, I suppose, I change my mind." Her laughter was very near tears.

"I rather hope that he will stay with Mrs. Bigger," said Jenny quietly. "She's definitely good for him; doesn't get on his nerves. As for me, I don't fancy he wants to see me again. He only likes me because I believed I could cure him and make him the Eddie you knew and loved. If you don't need that Eddie back again, he won't be hasty about getting well."

George pulled aimlessly at her eiderdown. There was nervousness in the movement.

"If I'd had the nest-egg in the bank that most people think I have—instead of an overdraft and a drawful of bills—I would have gone off with him this evening," she whispered. "I wouldn't have asked where he was taking me. A room at Mrs. Bigger's would have been better than a suite at the Ritz, with him. But I'd no choice, honestly. I must get my affairs in order, and I must save. If I work harder and don't play at all, I can do it in the year. I will do it. . . . Don't you believe that if I hadn't been such a fool with my money I would have thrown up the job and gone with Ed?"

"No," said Jenny gently. "I think that there would still have been something in you that would have tried to get both independence and marriage as well. You're generous, dearest, but you're greedy, too."

"You wait—" cried George, clutching her as she slipped off the bed. "You wait until you are in love yourself and find that your man only wants you on his terms."

There was no still from Jenny, she stood quite motionless, smiling even; but George was suddenly confused.

"Jenny?" "Well?" "Are you—in love? With—with anybody?"

"No." Jenny, still standing indifferently by the gleaming bed, still smiling, said it again.

"You're very vehement about it." "There's no other way of convincing you, George."

"How do you mean—oh, I see! But I wasn't getting at you and Eddie," explained George, with the large simplicity that is sometimes better than oceans of tact. "I got the idea, for one wild moment, that you were interested in Garth Aveney."

"I think we had better both turn in. You're getting imaginative," Jenny's smile felt nailed to her face. Oh, to be alone!

"Yes, I must sleep. I have a heavy date tomorrow. Sorry I was such a fool about Aveney. Only—" She stopped pummeling her pillows and turned inquisitive, amber eyes upon Jenny and her smile. "Why did you ask me if you could give me and Eddie away to him? It was such an amazing suggestion, especially now he's boss, that I naturally wondered—"

Jenny smiled steadily down at the tray she carried.

"I didn't realize this evening that he had been told I was 'Mrs. Townsend.' And I forgot I was supposed to be, and I had myself announced as 'Miss Rowell.' And—"

"Oh, that's all!" George slumped cosily back and yawned. "Oh, well, that's nothing to worry about—heaps of married women use their maiden names. And Aveney would probably only think that you were so newly-married that you were shy."

"Also I was under the impression," Jenny ploughed on, "that you had told him about yourself and Eddie. I thought you told him that first night when we met him, with Ryder Vale."

"My dear kid, I don't confide my love-affairs to perfect strangers!" George's yawns were getting franker and franker. "It's unwise in this case, it would have been suicidal. Imagine the situation when I discovered, as I should have by the end of the evening, that this perfect stranger was the Old Man's nephew—who I knew was to take over from the Old Man in the near future! No, no, little George may be all kinds of a fool, but she isn't that kind yet!"

She snuggled down under the covers, stretching her long limbs, one hand under her cheek. Jenny rubbed her smile away—no need to keep it there, aching, now that George was so nearly asleep. The big question could be asked with a pretense of indifference in one's voice only. She turned the words over in her mind. Supposing she said quite simply "Garth Aveney wanted you to marry him, didn't he?" Or would that appear prying?

"Good thing you haven't fallen for Aveney—he's marrying Brigitta Deering, the actress, as soon as she's free. I forgot who her last husband was, but she has just divorced him. . . . Turn the light out at the door, honey, as you go."

Jenny learns the secret of Aveney's testing George's loyalty to her employer, tomorrow, and realizes she may have misunderstood his attitude.

TROJANS CLAIM TITLE ON TRACK

EDWARDS STADIUM, Berkeley, Calif., July 2.—(AP)—In a smashing climax to the 56th intercollegiate A. A. A. track and field championships Saturday, Southern California's

Trojans claimed their fifth title in this national classic while upset piled over upset to tumble favorite as two records were swept away. While the great Trojan squad pulled off 62½ points to win permanent possession of the meet trophy, some 15,000 spectators found their chills and thrills in a gripping quarter mile dash that saw study Bill Carr of Pennsylvania, take the measure of Stanford's cinder path star, Ben Eastman; Pen Halliwell of Harvard, defeated in the mile and Frank Wykoff divide short sprint honors with his keen rival, Bob Kiesel.

MA AND HUDSON ROMANCE PALLS

LOS ANGELES, July 5.—(AP)—Mrs. Minnie (Ma) Kennedy Hudson, mother of the evangelist, when asked today if she intended to institute divorce proceedings against Guy Edward Hudson, whom she married in

Washington on the banks of a lake a year ago, replied: "If anything is to be said my attorney will say it." Disclosure that she and Hudson were living in separate homes came today, Hudson remarking it was an "economic separation."

STRANGE ACCIDENT NEAR GRANTS PASS

GRANTS PASS, Ore., July 5.—(AP)—Mrs. A. L. Nelson, on her way from Chehalis, Wash., to McCloud, Calif., suffered a fractured collar bone in a strange accident near here Saturday. Mrs. Nelson was at the wheel of

her car. She leaned over to pick up a milk bottle, and her husband, fearing she had fallen asleep, grabbed the wheel. The jerk of the car, twisting Mrs. Nelson, caused the injury. Their four children were in the car.

Youth Cleared On Charge of Murder

BAKER, Ore., July 2.—(AP)—Clarence Woolrey, 14, accused of the murder of Mrs. Frank Garlock April 13, was freed Saturday by a jury after 45 minutes deliberation.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

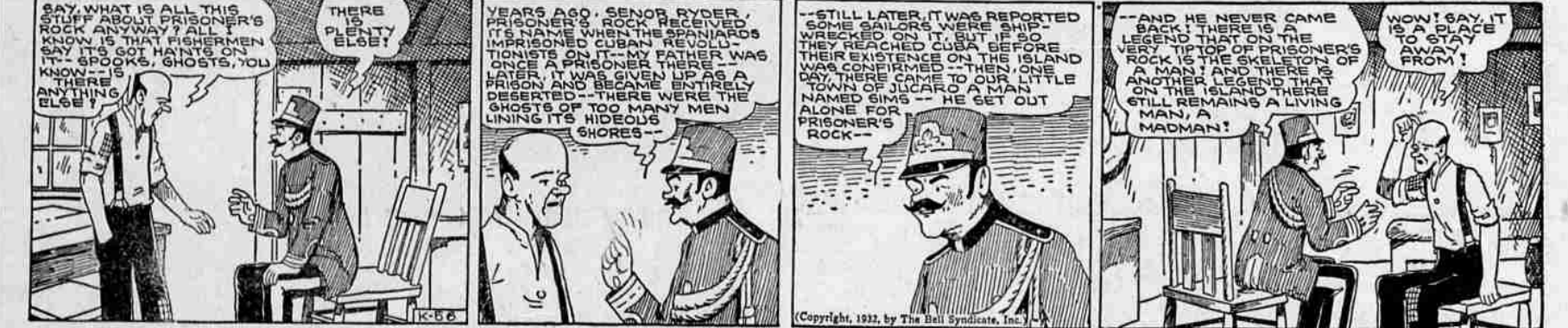
TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Wrong Direction!



S'MATTER POP—Time For A Bout With Yourself, Pop



BOUND TO WIN—The Senor Tells A Few Things



THE NEBBS—Everything But The Cook Stove



MUTT AND JEFF—Horseshoe Meets Concrete



BRINGING UP FATHER



Eagle Point Class Hosts for Social

EAGLE POINT, July 5.—(Sp.)—Good attendance was had June 28 at the ice cream social at the Presbyterian church by the high school class of the Sunday school under direction of Mrs. G. E. Ousterhout. The program included the following numbers: Piano solo by Helen Smith, vocal duet by Frances Smith and Beulah Tingstaf, violin solo by John Newcomb, reading by Lucille Hurst, piano solo by Dorothea Pearce, Trio by Helen, Rose and Frances Smith, piano solo by Beulah Tingstaf.

Aged Soap Magnate Jas. N. Gamble, Dies

CINCINNATI, July 5.—(AP)—James N. Gamble, Cincinnati capitalist, and one of the heads of the Procter and Gamble Soap company, died at his home this morning. Gamble was 98 years old. Despite his age, and ill health, he nominally continued active interest in the Procter and Gamble company.

Lake Creek Men Ask Water Right

SALISBURY, July 5.—(AP)—Herbert L. and Andrew J. Giverson, of Lake Creek, filed the largest application for water permits with the state engineer during the past week. C. E. Stricklin announced today. They requested two second feet of water from Lake Creek, tributary of the Rogue river for irrigation of 138 acres in Jackson county.

Flames Kill Two

GREAT FALLS, Mont., July 5.—(AP)—A father and his son died here today from burns they received when gasoline with which they were washing clothes exploded.