You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

SYNOPSIS: Gratton Matching suspects that Jennie Revell is not married to Eddie Townsend, but that her cousin Georgie is, the girls feel. But while the deception lasts, Georgie can keep her position. Jenny's false position as Eddie's supposed wife has caused Garth Aveney, Matching's nephew, to misjudge her.

Chapter 34

THE STORY OF A BRIDE

"OH, are they for me?" said Jenny.

Gratton Matching nodded.

"All of them? All these heavenly flowers?"

"Every one. Here, pick 'em up. The fools sent me red roses at first, but I sent 'em back. White roses for little Miss Jenny, eh? Pity there aren't blue roses, to match your gown. Blue and white, you're all blue and white today. And last night you were all silver."

Jenny sat again beside the huge bed, but now it was afternoon and she could see her strange old friend more clearly.

"I told you I'd have something you like waiting for you next time you came," he rasped, with an almost childish satisfaction in the armful of flowers he had given her. "And I was right, wasn't I? No chocolates and ices and fans for you, little Miss Jenny? flowers every time. And I knew you'd come too. I knew you'd come."

"If there's dirty work to be done at the cross-roads, you should do it yourself."

"I began to be afraid this was the wrong time of day, though. I had such trouble in inducing your servants to let me see you."

The rasping voice rose to a squeal.

"I'll dismiss the lot of them, the idle, incompetent hounds! I'll— no, wait, maybe they didn't get my message that you were to be admitted at any time, at once! It was that valet fellow I gave it to, and then later on in the night I sent him packing. You said you didn't trust him. Remember?"

"But you didn't dismiss him because of anything I said?"

"I'd had my suspicions of him for a long time. It was he, I don't doubt, who sold the Mexican estimates to the Gortenz group. You don't follow that, eh? Never mind, your cousin will, no doubt. You can tell her if you like."

Jenny pondered. All she could gather was that there was something about estimates that he wanted Georgie to know and that he was shirking the job of telling her himself.

She shook her head at him, dimpling. He really was so absurdly like grandfather!

"If there's dirty work to be done at the cross-roads," she declared, "you should do it yourself."

"You pretty, pert thing! There's spirit in you!"

"I'm Georgie's cousin," she reminded him. It had struck her before as inhuman the way he never mentioned Georgie.

"Yes, stuff of a kind in her, too," he agreed. He gave his familiar wriggle and lay flat. He looked more than ever like a long gray slate-pencil. "She showed it all right the other night, didn't she? You know about that, of course, the little trap we laid for her, my young nephew and I?"

"No, I don't know. Mr. Matching, tell me!"

"Nothing very important. Just a little trap we laid to see if she would sell my nephew a business secret. And she wouldn't."

"You mean," stammered Jenny, "that before she knew he was your nephew he tried to bribe her? it—it was a business matter? . . . Oh, *why* didn't I think of that explanation for myself?"

"You modern young people," grumbled the ugly old voice from the bed, "you never think of anything for yourselves that I can discover! You have to be told the simplest truths—and then you don't believe them." He rapped her hand smartly to recall her attention. "You don't believe what I have just said, I suppose, do you now?"

Yes, Jenny believed him. It was already difficult to understand how she had come to believe anything else. She must have what Ryder Vale had called an "inferiority complex." A profound conviction that no one who knew Georgie could ever possibly have eyes for Georgie's cousin. Even now—

"When your nephew spoke to you about me—he did speak to you about me?—are you sure that he meant me, really? You see, it's so much more likely that he would be—would be interested in Georgie."

"Much, much more likely!" jeered Gratton Matching. He rapped her hand again. "Now, you'll have to run away; I've got a lot of people coming to see me. Two doctors and a lawyer—" The blank eyes that were yet so bright searched hers, but she could not read their riddle "You'll come again tomorrow and there'll be blue flowers for you."

"No, tomorrow it's my turn to give you something," insisted Jenny. She had in her mind's eye the jars of sticky sweets in Mrs. Bigger's window; probably he would like those round brown ones with blue and red bands. She rose, gathering up her flowers, and smiled at him.

He did not smile back. He just lay and raked her face with those bright, blank eyes. Then, as her hand was on the door, he suddenly ground out:

"You make it up with that young blockhead of mine and be quick about it. Who's this actress he's running round with, eh? I've told him I won't have it—I've no use for a woman with green finger-nails—and then there's this nonsense of yours about marrying my pilot. Muddle and waste, all of it."

"You mean Brigitta Deering?"

But he would not say clearly what he meant.

"You haven't wished me good-by," he grumbled.

She went back to the bed, bent over him and kissed him on the forehead. When she was again at the door, she looked back and saw that his eyes were closed.

She made her own way out of the house, glancing as she went at the closed doors that lined the corridors. Behind one of them Georgie sometimes worked. Jenny had only once seen Georgie at work, but she had never forgotten her impression of competent, balanced, tireless keenness. Miss Revell, in her dark, tailored dress, groomed to perfection, was a different being from the Georgie who rioted in extravagance, grabbing every last gleam of gaiety from life. And since one couldn't agree with that riotous Georgie, couldn't beat down her selfishness, why not appeal to Miss Revell?

At worst she would speak into a house telephone and one would be firmly shown the door. . . .

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Georgie's happiness, or her own—Jennie must choose tomorrow.

MEDFORD PEOPLE KEEP SPIRITS UP

"For keeping up their chins and pep, Medford people have all between here and Texas, beat for miles," Dad Holcomb, former owner of Holcomb Springs, Sama Valley, now a resident of Palacios, Texas, where he a few months ago married his sweetheart of 46 years ago, declared today with a wink and a chuckle. We got a lot of religion down there and the finest oysters you've ever seen, but this country looks good to me. I'm glad to be back for a spell."

Dad Holcomb arrived a few days ago by stage from the south and in all the 6000 miles he traveled, he insisted this morning, he didn't find another town in which "folks were holding up their heads and carrying their crosses with a smile."

"Yes, sir, we got a lot of religion down there right next to Matagorda Bay," he continued. "There's some kind of revival on ever since I got there. When it isn't a single one, it's a double. Baptists sit on one side and Methodists on the other. You take your choice when you answer the call."

Asked about his bride, Dad answered, "I've known her ever since she was a baby; knew her parents and grandparents. We were sweethearts about 46 years ago. She married someone else in the meantime though and has two fine sons."

As soon as he completes a business deal here, Dad is going back to Texas. He didn't bring Mrs. Holcomb along, "Couldn't take chances on some of these old dudes here makin' eyes at her."

Dreiser To Vote Communist Ticket

NEW YORK, July 6.—(AP)—Theodore Dreiser, novelist who frequently has declared his sympathy with the Russian soviet government, announced today through his secretary that he intended to vote the communist ticket in the coming presidential election.

ROOSEVELT PLANS CRUISE UP COAST

ALBANY, N. Y., July 6.—(AP)—Carrying out a four-year-old idea, Governor Roosevelt and his four sons will go next week on a short cruise in a 40-foot yawl up the New England coast.

The Democratic presidential nominee said today he and the boys—James, Elliott, Franklin Jr., and John—would put out next Monday from some point on Long Island, with Portsmouth, N. H., as their destination.

In addition to Mr. Roosevelt and his sons, there will be one other person on board, a press representative, who will meet newspaper men when the boat ties up each night.

Hood River.—New shop to handle baked goods and candies to be opened at 12th street on heights by Mildred and Margaret Wright.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Hot News Via Mail Plane Radio-Phone!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

S'MATTER POP—Shouldn't Hit On The Break Pop

By C. M. PAYNE

BOUND TO WIN—Mel Asks A Few Questions

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—All Aboard

By SOL HESS

MUTT AND JEFF—Incriminating Evidence

By BUD FISHER

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

PLANES AT PORT HERE EN ROUTE FROM SHOW

Returning to Los Angeles from Marshfield, where they participated in the air carnival staged there over the fourth, a Fokker Universal and a Waco F plane stopped at the local airport to refuel yesterday.

In the universal, was C. H. Babbs of Los Angeles, and his pilot, L. P. Phelan. Pilot Wooster was in charge of the Waco.

Sunday, Lieutenant Poole, flying a Douglas O-35, and Lieutenant Robbins, in the same type of ship, stopped here en route to Pearson field, Vancouver, from Crissy field, San Francisco.

Gresham.—Cornerstone laid for new Trinity Evangelical Lutheran church.

LOST AIRMEN FOUND IN AUSTRALIAN BUSH

SYDNEY, Australia, July 6.—(AP)—Captain Hans Bertram, German flier, and his mechanic, Clausman, began today a struggle back to health after having been lost for nearly two months in the Australian bush.

They were found yesterday by an expedition summoned by native tribes following a search which began after they took off from Kupang island on a flight to Darwin.

They were forced down on an island, it developed today, and natives had supplied them with some food.

The expedition found them nearly starved and in rags.

Weston—Two crews at work on the Weston-Toligate highway.