

# You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

**SYNOPSIS:** Suddenly Jenny Revell discovers through Garth Aveney, who has been prevented from seeing Aveney because she is going to Eddie Townsend's cousin that George who has married him, can keep her job.

## Chapter 35 TURMOIL OF CHOICE

STEADILY, once out of the silent house, Jenny's feet took her down the street.

She felt like a walk; and after 5 o'clock, when the department staffs had left the building, she would be able to see Miss Revell and put before her this heart-shaking matter of Garth Aveney.

Heart-shaking—just that. When he had talked to her in the park, when he had asked her to go into the country with him, it was not because he wanted to forget George but because he wanted the company of Jenny Revell and none other; at any rate for the moment.

The shy, joyous thought halted. What about Brigitta Deering?

George said he was going to marry Brigitta. Old Mr. Matching feared it, too. Even if he wanted to go, he must surely admire her. She was so beautiful.

Jenny's steady steps had faltered with her thoughts. She turned into a little tea-room and sat down. Over the dainty food that was presently set before her, she brooded, wrapped in her problem.

Even if it had never been George, for Garth Aveney, what signs were there that it had ever been Jenny? "How do I know that I care for him?" She had very little reason to think it, answered her honesty. Very little, indeed, was there for hope to feed on. Yet, with only that very little, she was going to make George lose her job.

She left the tea almost untasted in the end, paid her bill and walked on. Her choice was so clear. To gamble on a chance of happiness or to let George keep her job. George's future or hers. Only one little sugar-plum on the cake, and no knife to cut it with.

The pavements were hot, achingly hot to the feet. Her mind went back to the days when she had hunted work. A nightmare, that had been; a memory so terrible that that usually she thrust it back. First five dollars between her and stark nothingness; then two dollars then one, then fifty cents. And then, when there was nothing left but to sit at an attic window and watch how the sparrows on the leads fought over the bread that was just beyond reach of her shaking arm—then George! Food, warmth, rest, and the heavenly shelter of George's care.

And now she was going to take away George's job, in case Garth Aveney was interested to know just who it was who had married Eddie Townsend.

Jenny turned a corner. A clock told her that by now Matching House would be empty of all but the important few.

She walked into the huge, marble hall and bearded a secretary who looked marbled, too.

"Will you ask Miss Revell if she can see me for a moment? I've no appointment, but I'm her cousin."

The man dealt lackadaisically with a house-telephone.

"Mrs. Townsend?" she asked presently. "Miss Revell asks particularly if it's Mrs. Townsend?"

Jenny hesitated, flushing. "Mrs. Townsend or not, please?" snapped the porter.

"Yes," said Jenny reluctantly. "The name—yes—I am Mrs. Townsend."

There was a step behind her. Before she turned, she knew who it would be.

"You want to see Miss Revell of course!" said Garth Aveney. "I'll take you up to her, shall I? It's rather a complicated route. The elevator's just here."

She went with him dumbly. He looked cool and lazy in his soft gray flannels; as he guided her into the elevator his eyes held that faint laughter that mocked and withheld.

"I'm afraid our secretary can be rather alarming," he said. "He's had a number of applicants today for jobs in a new department and he has got a bit above himself. . . . How is your husband?"

She started. "Do you mean Eddie?"

"Of course, I mean Eddie." "Eddie is—I don't know how he is. He has gone away." The elevator stopped. She stepped into the long, dim, corridor at the end of which, she remembered, was George's room. "Do you employ married women ever?" she ventured desperately, not daring to turn to him as he walked at her shoulder.

"Want a job?" All the old laughter hid in his voice.

"If I did and if I were competent, would you give me one?"

"I should be charmed, personally, but I couldn't give you one here. If a girl, here, marries, she goes. Hasn't your cousin told you?"

"Yes, but I thought perhaps there might be an exception. Surely if George married—"

"For heaven's sake, don't suggest such a catastrophe! She's plotting me through the stiffest week of my life, and I gather it's nothing to what lies ahead, now my uncle is handing over to me almost entirely."

"If he is handing over to you, haven't you the power—to make an exception?"

He drew level with her and they faced each other at the door lettered with "Miss Revell, Private."

"I'm afraid not. Not that kind of power, so long as he lives. Even Miss Revell—" His eyes flickered quickly toward the discreet, shining door. "Even she would have to choose between—what do they call it?—love and a career? Let's hope she chooses the career, every time!"

"Yes, I see."

"And I don't think I'd better promise to get you a trial anywhere else, because so many people ask me to pull strings that I've had to steel myself to a firm refusal all round. You see why, don't you?"

"Yes, I see."

"Then—good-bye!"

"Good-bye," he echoed.

She watched him walk away. He was taking her whole life with him and he did not guess it. To him, she was just a little fool, trying to wheedle a pocket-money job out of a man she had once vamped.

She stared after him. One clear call would bring him back. "George—not if it was George, not if!"

And then he would apologize—and ask her to make merry at his wedding to Brigitta? Perhaps. There was no reading the riddle of him. The only thing that was certain was that George, who had taken her from that terrible attic, would be repaid by losing her job.

"Good-bye," whispered Jenny again. She opened the door and slipped through. Without any emotion, she realized that she had decided; or perhaps her decision had been made long ago. Deep under the turmoil of choice, it had perhaps always been inevitable that she should stand by George.

Loyalty and gratitude, these things mattered enormously. These were the things, then, that she chose. Good-bye, whispered her heart to that other, that wild, sweet chance. In her dreams she might see love, with shadowed face; but in her waking days, never.

George waited impatiently for Jenny to come in. She could hear her voice in the corridor and then Aveney's. "Doing the polite, I s'pose," she thought. "Good job the infant isn't smitten with him, it seems certain he'll be the Deering woman's next."

She paced the long, splendid room, running a hand through her hair, lingering before the high windows. She had had a heavy day and she was uneasy about the evening. She was to dine—and it had been an unusually worded invitation.

"Come along in!" she exclaimed when at last the door opened and Jenny appeared. "As it happened I was going to ring you up when they said you were downstairs. I'm dining out, Jen—just a chop somewhere with a man I know, so I needn't come back to change. You go to bed early and get a good rest. You look awfully pale."

Jenny smiled and George's concern sharpened. It was the very ghost of a smile.

"You look simply ghastly! What is it, honey? The heat?"

"Oh yes, I suspect so. But I'm not ill. I'll go home."

"But why did you come? What did you want to see me about?"

Color stained Jenny's cheeks. "Oh well, I thought—" She broke off, then hurried to speech. "Mr. Matching—I went to see him this afternoon. George, and he told me that he has dismissed that valet who always reminded you of a mole."

"I know he has," George's voice was curt.

"Yes, but Mr. Matching said that in his opinion it was that man who sold—some estimates or other to—some one. Mr. Matching said you would understand. Do you? He asked me to let you know. I don't know why he didn't speak about it himself."

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The doctor reveals the conspiracy he has planned against George, tomorrow.

## ROOSEVELT SEES SUPPORT GROWING

ALBANY, N. Y., July 7. — (P) — Governor Roosevelt believes his campaign for the presidency has already won a host of Republican votes. Many of these votes he considers his because of his speech of acceptance.

He supports his belief with stacks of messages, hundreds, he says, from Republicans in all parts of the country, pledging support. Most of the senders have praise for the Chicago speech.

The governor's staff here is well pleased with the first move in the national campaign, the flight to Chicago and the speech before the convention.

Florida money spent for food products out of state was reduced from \$127,000,000 in 1927 to \$60,000,000 in 1931.

## OHIO HORSEWHIPS PAIR FOR THEFT

MILLERSBURG, O., July 7. — (P) — The horsewhipping of two men convicted of stealing a refrigerator which they sold for \$3, probably the first punishment of this kind imposed in Ohio in 30 years, was up-

held as "justifiable" today by the judge who pronounced the sentence. Twenty strokes each were applied yesterday to the backs of William Wynn, 48, and his brother, James, 31, after they expressed preference for the lash instead of 30 days in jail with hard labor and a bread-and-water diet.

Spain Bans Hostile Songs.

MADRIDD.—(P)—The government is considering stringent penalties for the singing of deprecatory verses to the singing of the Riego hymn, the semi-official anthem of the republic.

## 'OS' SATISFIED DEMS DID WELL

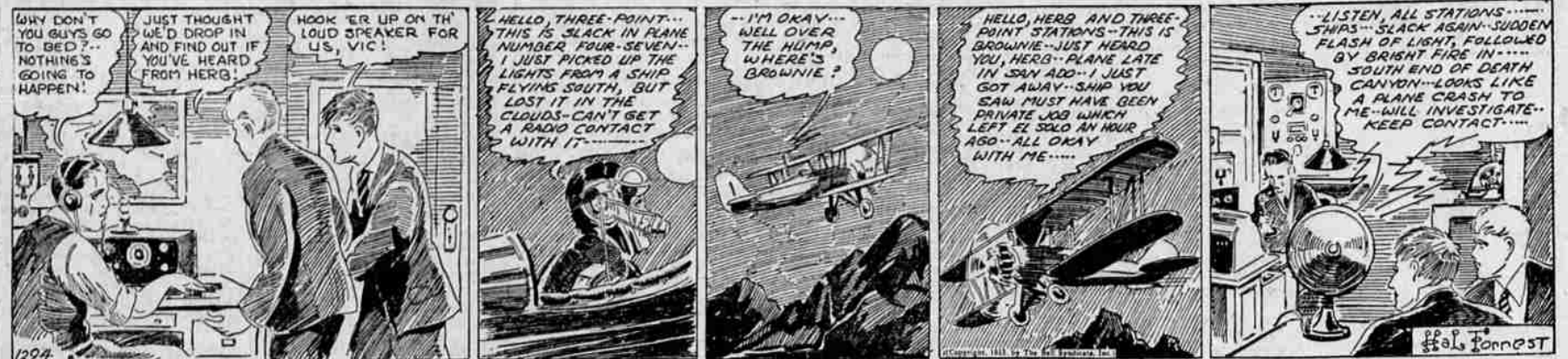
PORTLAND, Ore., July 7. — (P) — Oswald West, member of the Oregon delegation to the Democratic national convention, is satisfied with the Democratic ticket and platform, he said today upon his return to Portland.

"I am satisfied that the Democrats have written a winning platform and nominated a winning ticket," he said. "Being a pronounced dry, I do not look upon the repeal plank in the platform with a great deal of joy. However, it has an advantage over the Republican plank in that it is an honest expression of the views of the convention. The Republican crowd felt the same way but, in keeping with Hooverism, preferred to befog the issue and fool the people."

Portraits of distinction. The Pease-lys, opp. Holly theater.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

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



## S'MATTER POP—Maybe It Was A Fight

Pop



## BOUND TO WIN—Mel Ryder's Decision

By EDWIN ALGER



## THE NEBBS—Strained Relations

By SOL HESS



## MUTT AND JEFF—A Short Story Made Long

By BUD FISHER



## PORTLAND LEGION FOR BONUS CASH

PORTLAND, Ore., July 7. — (P) — Portland Post No. 1, American Legion, has adopted a resolution favoring immediate payment of the veterans' adjusted service compensation certificates and endorsing the presence of the bonus army in Washington, D. C.

The post also has instructed its delegates to the state convention, to be held here September 10, to take a similar stand on the bonus question. The post took the position that immediate payment of the bonus not only would aid the veterans but also would benefit stagnant business and internal credit.

## RETURN TICKETS ASKED FOR VETS

WASHINGTON, July 7. — (P) — President Hoover Wednesday asked congress to appropriate \$100,000 to furnish railroad transportation home for the bonus army.

The communication said the fund was to enable Frank T. Hines, the veterans administrator, to furnish before next July 15 railroad transportation, together with subsistence, to honorably discharged world war veterans temporarily in the District of Columbia.

The expenditures would constitute loans on the veterans' bonus certificates.

## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

