

# You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

**SYNOPSIS:** Dr. Tallas is trying to blackmail George Townsend into betraying a business secret. He knows that she is married to Eddie Townsend, though to keep her employer, Grafton Matching, from discovering her, she has let him believe that Jennie is Mrs. Townsend. Grafton Matching, who's nephew, believes Jennie is married.

Chapter 37

## WEDDING PRESENTS

"WAITER!" called George. She shut the bag with a snap and straightened. A man nearby looked at her admiringly, at her high color and her bright, amber-gleaming eyes. She wondered what he would think if he knew that it was anger that made her look her best—not the petty anger of the last few days but that deep, proud, cold scorn that is like a sword.

"Waiter!" Then, as he came hurrying to the table: "Get me a taxi. And my bill." She added to Tallas without looking at him: "When we get to Rochester Gate, you shall see Mr. Matching alone, be sure of that. I shan't interfere in any way. And I'll tell my cousin what you said about her manners; it will amuse her."

Even without looking at him she sensed his stupefaction. His color was leaden and his mouth slack with the shock.

"You must have been very sure that you would succeed," she said, almost idly. "I can't imagine why. Perhaps you've never known what it is to keep a job by sheer hard work—win it and hold it and love it!" She threw back her head and laughed. "Why, you poor fool, if I were a thousand times as selfish and greedy and ambitious as I am—a million times—a million, million times—I wouldn't break faith with my job!"

By a flicker in his gaze, she knew that someone was standing at her elbow. She thought it was the waiter and held out her hand for her bill. But—

"Wondered if there were any kind of difficulty, anywhere?" murmured the cool voice of Garth Aveney.

She swung round in her chair and looked up at him. He was always hard to read, but she was pretty sure that he had not heard any part of the conversation. It was only that he had sensed trouble between her and the man who had half-risen from his chair on the opposite side of the table.

She laughed again. She had suddenly realized that there would be no need for Tallas to go to Rochester Gate.

"This gentleman," she said to Aveney, "has been trying to blackmail me because he has discovered that it was I and not my cousin Jenny who married Eddie Townsend last Saturday. He was threatening to go straight to Mr. Matching but I shan't necessary—is it now that you are here. I mean, you can accept my resignation from the job here and now, can't you? And of course, I'll see the Old Man tomorrow, after you have broken it to him. But I'm pretty certain that, secretly, he has known about it all the time."

"Look here," began Tallas, getting nimbly to his feet, "there's no need whatever for anyone to make a scene—"

The rest of the pronouncement was smothered in the scene that immediately ensued; for one man cannot throw another out of a city grill-room without making some slight commotion, some passing arrangement of the furniture and fittings. Still, George was obliged to admit that the thing was neatly done. One moment Tallas was swagging at the table and the next, he was not near the table at all. And the rest of his exit was to match.

She sat quietly while she waited for Aveney to come back to her. She felt no emotion. She said to herself—"I have lost my job!" but it didn't seem to mean anything. Probably the full pain of it would be with her by the morrow. At the moment, she minded more the peering curiosity of the other diners. The man who had glanced so admiringly was getting off the chair he had mounted for a better view.

"And now," remarked Aveney, re-appearing, quite collectively, at her side, "perhaps you'll just say it all at least twice more. I was never quick in the uptake. Especially the bit about—Jenny."

THE END

by pricing it so high; before she had spilt marriage by haggling over it; before she had chosen clothes and glitter and good times instead of the little house where she would make the curtains and Eddie would mow the lawn. . . . She dragged herself to her feet. She was trembling.

"Go and ask Jenny," she commanded. "She's at home, quite alone. She'll tell you—all you want to know. You see, I've got to go and find Eddie. Oh, how I wish I knew exactly where he is!"

"He's at the airfield, he got a mechanic's job there," said Aveney, after a starting pause. "I was talking to him only this afternoon and he said he'd be on overtime tonight. But look here, about your job, my uncle—"

"I've lost it. There are no two ways about that. And now I want to go and tell Eddie so. I can't talk to you about anything tonight."

"We have a very heavy day in front of us," said Garth Aveney, slipping into top gear and turning neatly out of Eyle Street. "First of all, we have to go to a wedding by a justice of the peace."

"Oh, but I don't want—I don't like—" Jenny's protest, half-blessed, was drowned by his laughter. "You are a forward busy. This is not your wedding, but Miss Bridgetta Deering's. She is re-marrying her last husband, and as I have been urging it for months, I am to be a witness. You will wait outside in the car, unless the bridegroom drags you in, too."

"The bridegroom?"

"Ryder Vale. You know Vale was Bridgetta's last husband, didn't you?" Jenny murmured something. It didn't seem very much to matter what.

"And then," pursued Aveney, "we are going shopping. When we have bought you a ring, we have to buy you 34 birthday presents, and some silver string to tie them up with. No, I know it isn't your birthday but it happens to be mine and in future we are always going to celebrate the wrong birthday on the right day. You follow me, of course?"

"And then?"

"Then you have to find George and Eddie and tell her she had no business to leave you all alone in that apartment all night, without a word of explanation. And then you have to come back to town to dine with the Old Man. And then—"

"And then it will be dusk," said Jenny, too softly for him to hear. "The loveliest time of the day."

His shoulder touched hers as the car moved smoothly forward. Now they were slipping past Mrs. Bigger's shop. Now they must be a distant, distorted shadow in her copper urn. Now they were past Mill's and now they were in the Park and the golden day was theirs.

"Happy, my little sweetest heart!"

"Happy . . ."

Now they were speeding away from all loneliness and unhappiness for ever more. Now she was lovely and beloved and guarded and companioned. A golden girl.

"Happy, my girl!"

In the circle of Eddie's arms George stirred.

"Yes, I'm happy." She moved so that she could see the dreary outlook from the room in which they stood. "And I'm going to stay happy," she added, half to herself. "Let's go house-hunting, my dear."

"In a minute. Tell me again what the Old Man said when you rang him up last night on the phone!"

"He said—'A week off? For a honeymoon? Didn't I tell you never to let me hear of your getting married, Revell? Well, I can't break my rule, is that clear? You'll have to resign. No, no, you can't resign. No one else can ever hear what I say. I'll have to resign, myself, and you can work for me privately and Matching House can mind its own business for once! Anyway, I guessed it was you Townsend had married!'"

"And you said—"

"And I said—I would have liked it, sir, but I don't think it's fair to my husband. He doesn't want me to work after I'm married. And then he said he'd given me three years' salary for a wedding-present. . . . So now we can go out into the sunshine, Ed, and you won't trouble about the traffic at all! Because now that I'm perfectly happy, you simply must be perfectly well!"

He looked at her, adoration in his eyes. And she stood there, tall and splendid and gallant, refusing to remember or to regret. All that she had held so high was thrust behind her for ever—ahead was poverty and love. A golden girl!

THE END

# Oregon Indians' Condition Today

Written by Mrs. R. C. Van Valken

and read before Crater Lake Chapter D. A. R.

(Note—Since this article was written there have been before congress several bills relating to Indian affairs in Oregon, which when passed and put into effect will change many of the conditions mentioned.)

**CHAPTER V.**

Here is the situation we are up against: We are up against the timberman's organization and the wool growers' association; the Indian is pitted against those two organizations; we take the matter up with the commissioner of Indian affairs, and the commissioner has always made a decision in favor of those two organizations. We don't any more have an Indian problem; it is an Indian bureau problem and if something is not done about it in the near future the lumbermen and the wool growers are going to ruin that reservation.

The Indian's testimony also brought out the fact that enormous sum of tribal funds were used in building roads throughout the reservation for the direct benefit of these lumber companies. Roads that were not beneficial to the Indians and were not wanted, yet were paid for out of Indian funds.

Another waste of tribal funds is shown in this paragraph written by John Collier, executive secretary of American Indian Defense association. Mr. Collier writes: "Another of Mr.

Scattergood's 'direct assistance to Indians' item is the whole cost of irrigation. Your committee knows what that irrigation is. It is the Modoc Point project, almost more notorious than any other in the Indian bureau system for its extravagance and unproductiveness. It represents a capital investment of nearly \$1,000 an acre for land actually irrigated, not worth \$80 an acre. It is partially waterlogged through the omission of drainage from the project. It has been utterly condemned by the irrigation advisors of the secretary of the interior. Its whole accumulated

cost has been made a charge against the Klamath Indian tribal funds. Mr. Scattergood is indulging in humor when he lists the continued throwing away of money on this project as a 'direct assistance to Indians.'

There are several other irrigation projects on the reservation, very expensive and of very little value to the Indians.

structing the search for the kidnapers of the Lindbergh baby, was awarded a writ of error by the supreme court today, returnable at Trenton July 28.

## Eight Killed By Lightning Bolt

BERLIN, July 9.—(AP)—A Telegrapher Union despatch from Warsaw today said eight persons were killed by lightning yesterday at Tuchola, formerly Tschel and once an American war prisoners' internment camp.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The "Ghost Ship" Story Pops Up Again!

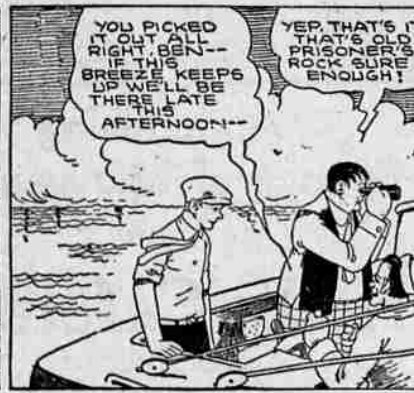


## 'SMATTER POP—Cannibalism As Practiced By Infants



By C. M. PAYNE

## BOUND TO WIN—Prisoner's Rock!



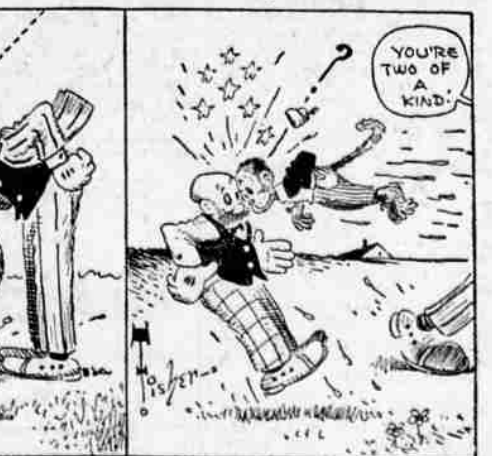
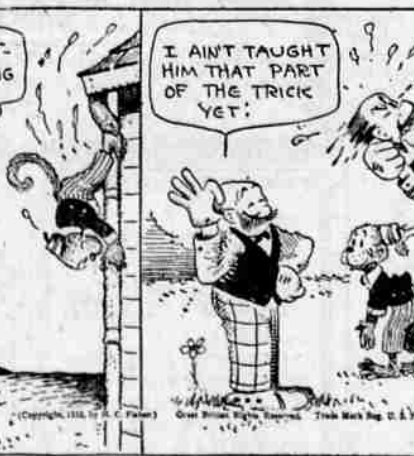
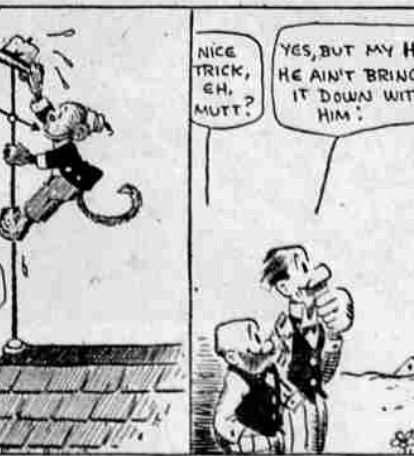
By EDWIN ALGER

## THE NEBBS—And That Ain't All



By SOL HESS

## MUTT AND JEFF—Half Educated



By BUD FISHER

## BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

## AUTO CRASH STARTS GRASS, BRUSH BLAZE

KLAMATH FALLS, July 9.—(AP)—Mrs. Emaline Rigg of Oakland, Cal., escaped with severe bruises late yesterday when her large coupe overturned and burned on The Dalles-California highway, five miles south of Klamath Agency. Mrs. Rigg was brought to a local hospital. The burning automobile started a grass and brush fire which was sighted by a forest lookout, who dispatched a fire crew from Klamath Agency to extinguish the blaze.

## DEEP SALARY SLASH FOR STATE FISH AIDES

PORTLAND, Ore., July 9.—(AP)—Salary reductions aggregating \$12,600 was ordered for its employees by the state fish commission at a special meeting here Thursday.

Hatchery officials will receive a 15 per cent cut and others 10 per cent. The commission explained the difference by saying hatchery workers received free housing, fuel and water.

**Morgan Breaks Ankle**

NEW ORLEANS, July 9.—(AP)—A fractured ankle may delay J. P. Morgan's annual vacation trip to the British Isles. The financier stepped into a hole while playing golf on his estate, Matinecock Point, New Glen Cove, Long Island.

**OYSTER BAY, N. Y., July 9.—(AP)—**Mrs. Adele G. Schiff, philanthropist and widow of Mortimer L. Schiff, is dead in her 84th year. She succumbed last night at the Schiff family home here.