

KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

Chapter 1 MARRY IN HASTE

It seemed to Kitty Frew that the wheels of the train beneath her were whirling along her spine. The world outside the car window rushed by in a blur. She felt a little giddy. She wished Gar would wake up to talk to her, to tell her again that his family would adore her.

But her young husband of a week was deep in sleep, sprawled in the Pullman chair next to her, unconscious of her growing panic. He was a good-looking young husband even so sprawled, and under other circumstances only to look at him would have made Kitty supremely happy and oblivious to everything except her pride and possession.

But not now, with the train carrying her nearer and nearer to Winton and Gar's family. They couldn't know much about her. She remembered that Gar had written to them little more than that he was married. "I'm not much on letters, Kit," he had explained to her.

ness for anyone but Gar. But now, going to them, she saw his family a part of their future with which to reckon.

That she might give them reality she brought her mind, now, to what Gar had told her of his people. His mother was frightfully busy, running committees and things like that, tremendously efficient, that sort. "Stunning looking and looks half her age."

His father, Gar had said, worked like the devil; he was a director in almost every concern of any importance in Winton; he hated the social racket.

Gar had a sister, two years older than he was. Carol was a good sort when she wasn't running after some queer fad or other.

"While I'm laying bare the hard facts of my family, Mrs. Frew, I must tell you that I have a half brother. Back in his obscure youth Dad married unwisely and David is the hard fruit of that union. I'm not at all hot about him. He doesn't live at home, prefers a mousy apartment where what he does is nobody's business—not that we are interested in the least."

Kitty had not been interested then, and now she did not think of David.

"What if they didn't adore her, that mother and father and sister

went past him to Kitty and back again to his face, while the faintest questioning, half-amused, half incredulous, curled her lips.

Gar had seen her look at Kitty. "Marge, I want you to meet my wife." He colored a little, laughed. "It's no joke. I'm married—been married a whole week. We're going home now."

The girl gave the slightest nod toward Kitty. She feigned astonishment and hurt, sinking back in her chair with a deep, reproachful, upward look in her eyes for Gar.

"Gar, where, when—how?" "Oh, up in Bridgewater—ever hear of the place? Phil Morey lives there. You've met him at college. Guess we cheated the society sheet. They'd give a good deal to lay their pens to an account of our wedding. Simple stuff, all right, preacher one of these lick dominees, wheezy organ, flowers out of my father-in-law's garden, picked by the bride and groom. Won't Red and the rest of the bunch get a great laugh out of it? But, believe me, they'll find Kitty a peach—" Gar's tone was warm with feeling, but he was looking at Margery Crosby, not at Kitty.

And Kitty had not heard his tribute. She was confused with shame for Gar. How could he speak so blithely of that moment that had been so solemn, so beautiful for



"Marge, I want you to meet my wife," Gar said.

"They'll adore you, sweet. How could they help it?" And when he said things like that, with his arms close around her, she could believe him.

He'd made her believe other things too. That they'd been waiting for one another since the beginning of time, that it was the simple working of destiny that had brought him to visit Phil Corey in Bridgewater after graduation, when he'd staid the old boy off for so long—destiny had been keeping her there for him, a precious one-hundred-and-ten pound bundle of woman, with hair that looked like honey and a freckled nose and eyes that were bluer than the bluest eyes he'd ever seen.

"Let's drive over to Albany and let us, Kit."

But Kitty wouldn't think she was married if it weren't in church, her own church, before old Dr. Harold, with her father and mother there, with Sally Withers standing up with her.

Gar had yielded that much if she'd marry him at once.

John Brandon, Kitty's father, had accepted Garfield Frew because the Corey's sponsored him. His family, Gar had explained, were on the ocean homeward bound from Europe; when they got back to Winton they'd be frightfully busy with everything and they'd be glad he hadn't waited. His father'd been counting on his taking a position in his office as soon as he'd finished college. And now, of course, he'd do that.

Mary Brandon, Kitty's mother, had seen their love a beautiful thing. Kitty was just the age she had been when she married John Brandon.

Children, she thought of Gar and Kitty as dear children.

During that week of their honeymoon, spent in an unfrequented place in the Adirondacks, Kitty had had no room in her conscious-

of Gar's? The possibility was so frightening that she felt an imperative need of Gar's reassurance. She reached out her hand and locked it around his foot where it rested on the edge of her chair.

And as she did so she heard a faint laugh from across the aisle. She withdrew her hand hastily, flushing, startled, started because until that moment she had not been conscious of any fellow traveler. Turning her confused glance toward the opposite chair, she saw another girl's eyes slip away from hers with a little slant-wise lift while her lips held their amused smile.

Kitty surveyed the other girl with an unhappy fascination. "She's lovely," she thought, giving full measure of tribute to the stranger's perfectly molded profile of nose and chin and slender throat. She appraised the other's clothes with a new dismay; in comparison with them her own traveling suit, her brimmed hat, her patent leather pumps, in all of which units this moment she had taken complete satisfaction, looked cheap, un-stylish.

Her touch on his foot had waked him. Gar roused sleepily. "Gosh, Kit, how long have I been sunk? Where are we?" He straightened and under pretense of looking out of the window kissed her ear. "Have you been lonely, sweet?" He stretched luxuriously, his eyes feasting on Kitty's flushing face. Then he turned slowly to look about him, his glance traveling gradually to the opposite chair, stopping short there, while an exclamation of astonishment and delight escaped his lips. He sprang to his feet and held out his hands.

"Why, Marge Crosby! When did you get on?"

The girl had put both her hands in Gar's. She left them there, as she answered. "At Rochester. While you were sleeping. I didn't want to disturb you." She eyes

both of them—just to make this gig laugh?

But Gar was finishing with fastuous ardor: "I want you and Kit! I'll be friends, Marge. You can line her up with the bunch."

"We will be friends, of course," Marge smiled sweetly at Kitty. "I'll do my best with the others though you must realize, Gar, this is going to be a blow to them. Naturally we've thought we would have your undivided attention for a while."

"What's new in the crowd, Marge?"

"Oh, nothing startling, in the light of what you've done. Pete Elliot's had his license taken away again; imprisonment for his next offense."

Kitty was scarcely heeding what they were saying, but she was deeply aware of a new tone in Gar's voice, a delighted eagerness, as if this encounter with Margery Crosby and the news she could give him of his "crowd" was a big part of his homecoming, in which she, a stranger, had no share.

The train had slowed down. "We're in," Gar exclaimed.

With Marge on his one side and Kitty on the other he steered them through the confusion of the station. He put Margery into a big limousine that was waiting for her. She leaned toward the open window of the door and lifted her hand in a casual farewell.

"Thanks, Gar. Give me a ring soon, won't you?"

Gar promised. He stood for a moment surveying the street. "I don't see the family crate waiting anywhere! Well, we'll take a taxi. It's home for us, Mrs. Frew!"

And, though he bent a warm, adoring smile on her, though he drew her arm closer in his, Kitty felt cold and frightened.

(Copyright Jane Abbott) Kitty's feet gave when she reached Gar's home, in the next instant. What will his mother say about the sudden marriage!

Annual Election Is Held, Jacksonville For Church Group

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., April 8.—(Sp.)—Annual church supper and election of Sunday school and church officers for the year was held at the Presbyterian church Wednesday. A large attendance was present. The church quartet sang during the dinner hour.

J'ville To Accept Water Rent Notes

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., April 8.—(Sp.)—City council recently voted that those with delinquent water bills be permitted to give a note for the amount and that future payments be met monthly, and 10 per cent of the principle on the note each month. This order took effect April 1.

Willow Springs Youth Honored

WILLOW SPRINGS, Ore., April 8.—(Special)—The young people of this vicinity surprised Roland Birkhols on his birthday anniversary, April 1. Cards and dancing were enjoyed during the evening. Those present were Misses Elsie Harrison, Rose Jones, Ruth Ramstrom, Frances and Wynne Mae Parker, and Messrs. Roland Birkhols, Cleo Young, Harry Elden, Marion Carter and Carl Ramstrom.

Williams School Will Stage Play

WILLIAMS CREEK, Ore., April 8.—(Sp.)—Williams high school will give a play, "The Under the Willow," a three-act comedy, this evening at the Williams Grand hall. Proceeds will go to the student body funds. Popcorn and homemade candy will be sold.

GAME COMMISSION CHANGES PLANNED AT NEXT MEETING

PORTLAND, April 8.—(P)—Recommendations for far-reaching reorganization of the state game commission were announced here late Thursday after Matt L. Corrigan of McMinnville had been unanimously selected as chairman of the group. All members of the commission were present at the executive session here. Corrigan submitted to the commission the recommendations for reorganization and it was announced they will be acted upon Monday at the regular Portland meeting.

Organization of the commission into three bureaus, executive, finances and game, and audit, is one of the proposals advanced. The executive bureau would consist of a supervisor and two assistants who would handle research and the fish and game budget, and the education and financial budget; the fisheries and game bureau would have charge of hatcheries and related work. A chief clerk would be in charge of the audit department.

FIGHTS LAST NIGHT

(By the Associated Press) Marshfield, Ore.—Leo Lomski, Portland, outpointed Jimmy Byrne, Myrtle Point, Ore. (6). Tacoma, Wash.—Freddie Steele, Tacoma, outpointed Bobby Steele, Tulsa, Okla. (9). Spokane.—Jack McIntyre, Tacoma, outpointed Hank Vogt, Spokane (6); Paddy Walter, Chicago, and Mickey Trad, Spokane, drew (6); Johnnie Walker, Spokane, knocked out Sailor Jackson, Seattle (2). London.—Primo Carnera, Italy, outpointed Dan McCorkindale, South Africa (10). Miami, Fla.—Chico Cisneros, Mexico, outpointed Vernon Cormier, Worcester, Mass. (10). Wilmington, Del.—George Godfrey, Leiperville, stopped Bob Lawson, Alabama (2). Flint, Mich.—Charles Crocker, Milwaukee, knocked out Mickey Doyle, Pittston, Pa. (3). Green Bay, Wis.—Gorilla Jones, of Akron, Ohio, outpointed Bud Salita, Chicago (10).

Mat Results

(By the Associated Press) Vancouver, B. C.—Ed ("Strangler") Lewis, 223, Los Angeles, defeated Tiger Dunn, 249, India, two falls out of three (five rounds, Australian system). Ted Thye, Portland, threw Ed Monson, New Zealand, second round. Henry Jones, 146, Utah, threw Jack McLaughlin, 186, Vancouver, fourth round. Boston.—Henri Deglane, France, won two out of three falls from Ed Don George, Buffalo (Declane first, 13:47, and third, 14:37; George second, 24:43); Jim Browning, Missouri, and Nick Lutz, California, drew, 30:00. Paterson, N. J.—Richard Shikat, 215, Philadelphia, threw Renato Gardini, 212, Italy, 27:15; Benny Ginsberg, 208, Chicago, threw Gene Bruce, 205, Finland, 22:17.

Officers Elected By J'ville Ladies

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., April 8.—(Sp.)—Ladies' Aid met at the Presbyterian church parlors Thursday, as it was Mrs. Herbert Hanna's birthday. She was pleasantly surprised with a beautiful birthday cake decorated with yellow candles and a lovely present. A covered dish luncheon was served the twenty ladies present. The afternoon was spent quilting and making aprons.

TILLAMOOK — Bids to be called

in near future for construction of new courthouse.

RELIABLES RETURN TO STAR FOLD



Frank Shellenback, spiltball artist, expects to confuse batters in the Coast League again this season. Johnny Bassler, veteran Hollywood catcher, has his work cut out for him.

Baseball Yesterday

Table with baseball scores for Seattle, San Francisco, Portland, Hollywood, and Missions.

How They Stand

Table showing league standings for Coast League.

TENNIS HELENS WILL GO ABROAD

BERKELEY, Cal., April 8.—(AP)—Invasion of European tennis courts this year by two famous California Helens was assured today with the announcement last night of Miss Helen Jacobs she would leave for Berlin, Germany, Tuesday.

APPLEGATE RANCHER SELLS DAIRY STOCK

APPLEGATE, Ore.—(Special)—As dairying seems to be unprofitable, Willis Scott of Little Applegate is going to try sheep this year. Willis traded his dairy cows for nearly 100 head of sheep to Jeff Lindsey of Eagle Point. The sheep were trucked to Charlie Dunnington's home on Little Applegate Saturday and Sunday, where they were corralled until Monday.

Sterling

STERLING, Ore.—(Sp.)—Mrs. George Buckley of Rich visited Sunday with friends on Sterling creek. Pete Deuff of Medford visited on Sterling creek March 29.

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Advertisement for Blue Ribbon Malt featuring an image of a hand holding a glass of beer and a can of Blue Ribbon Malt Extract. Text includes 'Wherever you go, you find this malt with millions of friends' and 'Blue Ribbon Malt - America's Biggest Seller'.

BEAR AND HUSKY VARSITY CREWS AN EVEN MATCH

SEATTLE, April 8.—(AP)—The eyes and ears of the rowing world were turned toward this far western city today as the great racing crews of California and Washington put on the polishing touches for the 29th Pacific coast rowing regatta on Lake Washington here tomorrow afternoon.

Fern Valley Club Officers Elected For Ensuing Year

FERN VALLEY, April 8.—(Sp.)—Fern Valley Literary society met April 1 for election. New officers chosen were: Ed Marshall, president; Chas. Ferns, vice-president; Miss Helen Kantor, secretary; Ed Putman, marshal; entertainment committee, Dal Reeder, Louis Putman and Ray Browning; refreshment committee Mrs. W. Ferns, Mrs. Hensner and Mrs. Higdon.

ASSISTANT TO CHIEF OF S. P. SUCCUMBS — LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 8.—(AP)—Thomas H. Williams, 55, assistant general manager of the Southern Pacific railway the last 14 years, died Thursday in a hospital from a cerebral hemorrhage.

THEY'RE ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT Rollator REFRIGERATION

Advertisement for Rollator Refrigeration showing a diagram of the mechanism and a photograph of the refrigerator.

With new features of convenience and advanced methods of food preservation, Norge today offers even greater value than ever before. Among the latest Norge advancements are the Icevoir, for making quick and easy-to-remove ice bars, the Watervoir that keeps a gallon of cold water on tap, and the Preservoir for extra cold storage.

Advertisement for Norge Rollator refrigeration featuring a large image of the refrigerator and the text 'NORGE Rollator refrigeration'.

Advertisement for Pruitt's Melody Shop with text 'Pruitt's Melody Shop Medford Center Building Phone 1247' and 'Where Music Lovers Feel at Home'.