# KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

*SYNOPSIS: After a brief and "whirlwind" courtship, Garfield Frew marries Kitty Brandon, a spirited small town girl, and takes her home to meet his wealthy family. Although Gar has just finished college, and is essentially fond of a good time Kitty believes he is as serious about the business of being married as she is herself. On the train going to Gar's home in Winton they meet Marge Crosby, who belongs to Gar's crowd and who is as polished in manner and grooming as Gar himself. Marge seems to be hurt and resentful at the news of Gar's marriage. She involves Gar in excited conversation about the doings of their crowd pointedly excluding Kitty. Gar humorously tells Marge about the wedding saying that "the bunch will get a great laugh out of it," and Kitty is ashamed of his flippancy about something that should matter deeply to them both. She feels suddenly frightened.*

Chapter 2

A LONELY HOMECOMING

BRIDGEWATER made no distinction of wealth. John Brandon owned and ran the general store which als grandfather had established and which netted him just about enough to support his family in the rambling old house his grandfather had built but he ranked in social prestige with James Corey, Bridgewater's banker and man of affairs.

Kitty Brandon, because she was a Brandon and because she as pretty

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and blithe, had moved securely in the young life of the community. It never had mattered that she had little money to spend on her clothes.

Her friends were the friends of her childhood; closest of these were Sally Withers and Phil Corey.

"Maybe one of us will marry Phil, some day," Sally had said, once.

"You can!" Kitty's answer had been prompt. "I'm going to marry a man with dark hair and dark eyes. He's coming from away somewhere."

And then, one June day when Kitty was twenty, Phil Corey had come from college bringing Garfield Frew home with him. Within an hour of his arrival he had taken his guest over to the Brandons. They'd found Kitty on the porch picking over cherries for a pie, a big apron tied over her flowered print dress, her slim, bare arms and fingers stained crimson, her hair deeply golden where the sun fell on it, her blue eyes, a little bluer in her genuine delight at seeing Phil.

The next day Gar was sprawled on the Brandon porch as if, like Phil, he had lived next door to it all his life. At the end of the week he was telling her that she was the only girl he'd ever been crazy about; she was different, that was it. He was fed up on the prom-trotters. Did Phil stand anywhere with her? Well, then, she was his.

During Gar's whirlwind wooing Kitty had not thought of any material advantages she might gain in marrying him. That he was the son of Dalton Frew, of Frew and Winters, grain merchants, meant nothing to her. She had not the vaguest idea just what grain merchants were. But of every detail of Gar's handsome features, his charm of manner, his carefully careless collegiate attire she was always ecstatically aware. He was the dark-haired, dark-eyed lover of her girlish dreaming.

"I'll love keeping house, Gar. Mother always said I was a very good housekeeper." Kitty had said during their honeymoon on Panther Mountain.

"My wife isn't going to slave in a kitchen."

"But, Gar, we wouldn't want anyone else around us. How much will you earn, Gar?"

"Oh, I guess Dad will start me with at least seventy-five a week."

And that had seemed a fortune to Kitty. She had calculated swiftly; out of it they would save something.

"I don't intend to stick all my life to Dad's business. I'd like to get into the diplomatic service. Or some big brokerage firm in New York—we'd have an apartment on Park Avenue, Kit."

Whatever Gar wanted to do he could do, Kitty knew.

On their last night at Panther Mountain they had sat on a pinnacle of rock to watch the moon rise.

"Tomorrow at this time you'll be in Winton, Kit. You'll like it."

"I'll like it anywhere with you, Gar." She had put her head on his shoulder, soberly contented in their closeness. It would be always like this, she had thought, wherever they were.

And now, the very next day, riding with Gar in the taxi from the station, she had lost something of that beautiful contentment.

She was thinking of that tone in Gar's voice when he had talked to Margery Crosby, the eagerness of which had left her on the outside. The approaching meeting with Gar's family loomed terrifyingly before her.

She wished Gar would take hold of her hand, her hands were trembling so.

But Gar was intent upon pointing out to her places of interest along the way.

Presently they stopped before a pretentious mansion of Georgian line and proportions.

"Here we are, Kit! Some little dump, isn't it?" His voice was frankly proud. He did not notice that Kitty made no answer.

He did not use a key. He rang the bell impatiently. And after what seemed to Kitty a long interval the door was opened by a white-headed man in somber purple livery.

"Hello, Pound, how are you? This is my wife. The mother in?"

Kitty saw the man flash her a look of friendly interest. He grinned at Gar even while he touched his forehead in formal salute.

"Mrs. Frew will see you at tea, at half past four, Mr. Gar, she said. She said the—that you were to use your old room."

"She did, did she? What's the matter with putting my wife in the blue room?" Gar frowned though his brow cleared almost at once. "Oh, well, she'll fix us up later. Come along, Pound, get this luggage up." Turning to Kitty he swung her, unceremoniously into his arms and ran up the winding stairway ahead of the servant.

He did not put her down until he had mounted another flight of stairs to the third floor where in a wide room he deposited her in a deep leather chair.

"Gar!" She dug her face in his shoulder. She laughed but her laugh was shaky. "Gar, I'm terribly scared, coming here. Maybe your mother's angry. If you'd come home without me, she'd have been here—"

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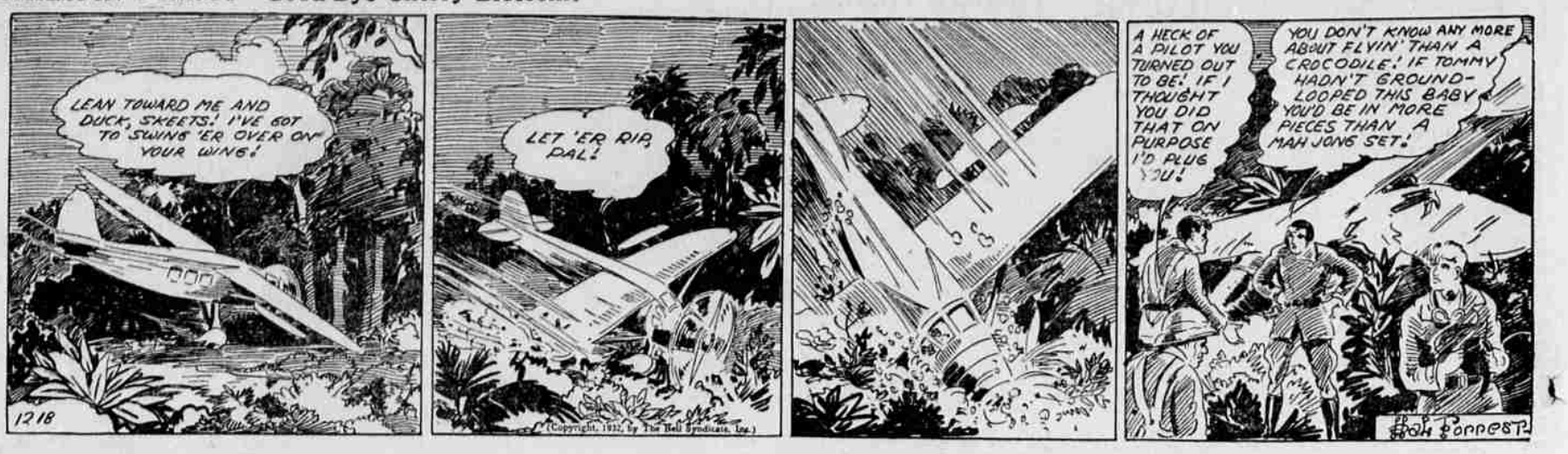
Gar takes Kitty to meet his mother, tomorrow. Mrs. Frew's antagonism seems imminent.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Good-Bye Cherry Blossom!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST




## S'MATTER POP—Ambrose Bites Himself

By C. M. PAYNE

## BOUND TO WIN—The Capture of Bell!

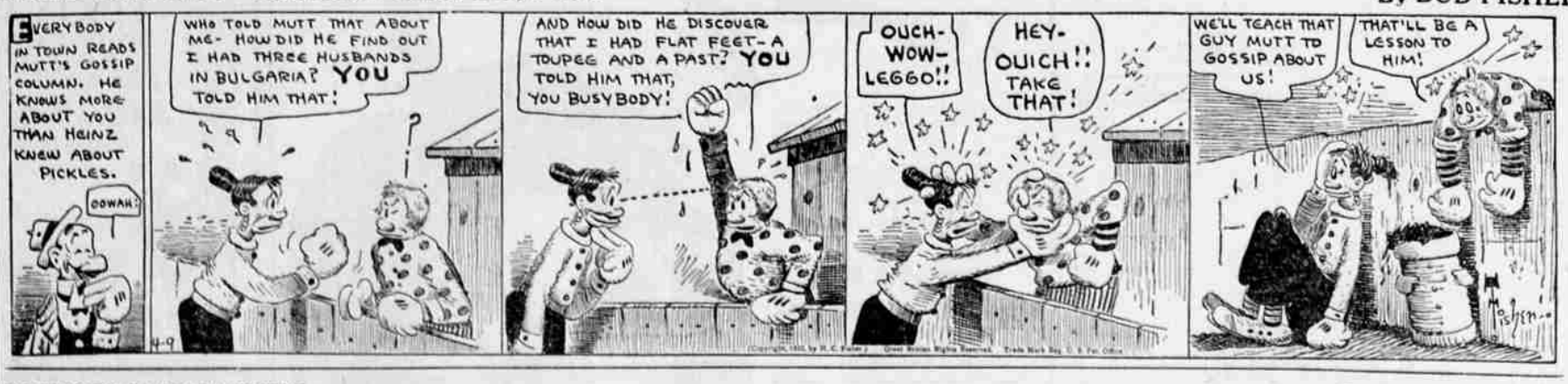
By EDWIN ALGER

## THE NEBBS—The Storm Broke

By SOL HESS

## MUTT AND JEFF—He'll Know Better After This

By BUD FISHER




## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

## Jacksonville

Joe Crane, who has been ill nearly all winter, is now much improved.

Miss Alice Ward of Medford was a week-end guest of Burdette Dunnington.

Jacksonville baseball town team and Junior Legion team held a practice game Sunday.

Don Kenny is employed at Sacramento, Calif.

Jerry Jerome of Medford and Mr. Rowlin of Eugene, called Thursday evening on C. B. Dunnington.

A complete family reunion of the F. V., Stevenson family was held March 29 at Mr. and Mrs. Ray Stevensons. It was the first time in over 20 years they had assembled. Those present were F. V. Stevenson of Grants Pass, Mrs. Laney Stevenson and Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stevenson of Salem, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Stevenson and son, Gerald, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Stevenson and family and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Moore and family.

Bill Knutzen of Copper was in Jacksonville Tuesday, en route to Albany, where he has employment for the summer.

Pike Thurman of Oakland, Cal., visited his mother Mrs. Johnson, and friends here this week.

Mrs. Horace Lyle of Central Point entered the Jacksonville sanitarium last week for treatment.

Alma Osburne, who has been assisting at the Jacksonville sanitarium several months, underwent a major operation at the Community hospital Tuesday. Drs. H. B. and J. B. Gillis operated.

Mrs. James Anderson underwent an operation at the Sacred Heart hospital Thursday.

Bill Winningham of Klamath Falls was a business visitor here Tuesday. He also visited his father Mark Winningham, at Copper.

Mr. and Mrs. George Morgan and children of Klamath Falls, who visited relatives here ten days, returned home Wednesday.