

KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

SYNOPSIS: "Two children married." So Kitty Frew's mother thinks at the wedding of Kitty and Garfield Frew. Gar has just finished college and hopes to get a job with his father, director of most of the important concerns in Winston. He takes Kitty away from her home in a small town and carries her off to stay with his family. Kitty is nervous about meeting them, especially Gar's mother. Her worries increase when on the train they meet Marge Crosby, a very sophisticated member of Gar's family who devotes herself to Gar and snubs Kitty. Gar, light-hearted and easy going, does not appreciate Marge's attitude toward Kitty nor Kitty's disturbed mind. Marge's smart outfit makes Kitty feel that her own clothes are contrived. When they arrive at Gar's home, the butler informs them that his mother will see them at tea. "Maybe your mother's angry," Kitty says.

Pound had told Sim, The sandwiches were on a silver plate, the lemons cut to a delicate thinness, each slice neatly pierced with a clove. There was candied ginger, and little cakes scarcely bigger than thimbles.

Mushroom sandwiches, because Gar liked them; magnificent gesture of forgiveness! Carol smiled. Her smile was not a pleasant one and spread no further than the muscles of her lips. The two, mother and daughter, were much alike in feature, smooth brown hair, gray eyes, heavy lidded, high-bridged nose, even contour of cheek and chin, and thin, finely curved lips. But Carol's face lacked the graciousness that touched the older woman's with beauty; it was marked rather with discontent and restlessness, furtive suspicion.

The room in which they sat was beautifully appointed. The walls were of a cool buff paneled with murals of a Persian motif, the windows were high and wide and hung with heavy amber satin that seemed, today, to catch and hold the gold of the afternoon sunlight; the same high note of color was repeated in the delicate fabric of the chairs and divan, and reflected in the prisms of the crystal candelabra around the walls.

"Chivers is lecturing today,"

Chapter 3

"THIS IS YOUR WIFE?"

"Oh, that. You don't know the Mother yet."

"Probably she's running some very important meeting at this very moment. You're going to be crazy about her, Kit. But I don't like the idea of bringing you up here. I'll talk that over with the Mother—"

Kitty roused to look about her, a sudden tenderness welling in her eyes.

"This is your own room, Gar? Your little-boy's room?"

He had to kiss her for the tone in



Mrs. Frew gently disengaged herself from Gar's arms. "And this is—your wife?" she asked.

her voice. "Well, I moved up here after I graduated from a nurse but I don't think you'll find any toys about." He surveyed his possessions proudly, tennis rackets, foils, boxing gloves, a varied collection of trophies, innumerable framed photographs of college groups, girls, dogs, horses, speed boats.

Pound came in, then, coughing discreetly. Under Gar's direction he deposited the bags and retrieved.

"Gar, don't ask your mother to change us. This is nice." Her tone was pleading, her eyes pleaded. She could not explain that she felt more secure here in this room that was Gar's, more his, because the fear of sharing him was too new-born a thing within her to voice it.

"Oh, well, just as you say, sweet." "I'll only be for a little while, Gar." She walked about the room, looking at its photographs. Over his desk hung a framed picture of Margery Crosby in beautiful pose. Kitty regarded it, smiling unconcernedly.

"Here, I'll open your bag," Gar said. "You must doll up to meet the mother, Kit."

At that her apprehension took swift hold of her again. The trousseau she had assembled in that too-short week of preparation contained only two of what Bridgewater called "dress-up" dresses, a soft blue flowered crepe and a more practical rust-colored silk.

And while she was weighing her choice she thought of Gar's mother. "Gar, you love your mother very, very much, don't you?"

He did not notice the sobriety of her voice. "Devoted," he answered quickly. "We've always been pals—she's that kind. Guess there isn't anything I could tell her that she wouldn't understand. You'll see that, Kit."

It, some put to shame her panic, her concern for the shortcomings of Bridgewater's best dressmaker, even her dread of sharing Gar.

Downstairs, Carol Frew sat carelessly on the arm of a chair watching her mother direct Pound in the placing of the tea-table. "A little more to the right, Pound. Did you tell Sim to make the mushroom sandwiches?"

Carol said significantly. She wanted her mother to know that she had considered going to hear Chivers read from his own verse, in spite of the fact that Gar was coming home with a bride; she wanted her mother to know, too, that she was not missing it out of any curiosity over Kitty, for as far as she was concerned she didn't care what Kitty was like any more than to hope fervently that she was quite a mess. She was staying to watch her mother's technique.

When Gar's letter had come telling them briefly that he was married Carol had exulted. Now the precious boy had done something his mother could not gloss over. She had looked for tears on her mother's part, anger, denunciation. But if Mrs. Frew shed any tears she had shed them in secret and her smiling acceptance of the situation had held not even a hint of resignation. Carol had told herself that her mother was too clever to show her hand yet; she'd watch for the first move. And she'd thought her mother might make it this afternoon.

But when her mother's absorption betrayed that she was not even hearing what Carol said and therefore could not be told, even through the most subtle insinuation, why she was remaining, Carol shut her lips in a thin line, half-smile, half-sneer.

When Gar and Kitty came in Mrs. Frew rose and went to meet Gar, her hands outstretched. "My dear boy!" She was as tall as Gar. She took his head in her hands and kissed him. And Gar embraced her boyishly, a little roughly, inarticulate for the moment in his rush of affection. They might have been meeting alone in the room for any awareness on their part of Kitty or Carol.

Mrs. Frew disengaged herself from Gar's arms, smiling, one hand holding his. "And this is—your wife?" Her faint hesitation indicated that at the moment Kitty's name had escaped her.

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Mrs. Frew's thrusts are veiled, but she makes a subtle attack on Kitty tomorrow.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Padmini Diamond Weathered The Spill!



'SMATTER POP—But He Had "Cat Experience"

By C. M. PAYNE



BOUND TO WIN—Jubilation!

By EDWIN ALGER



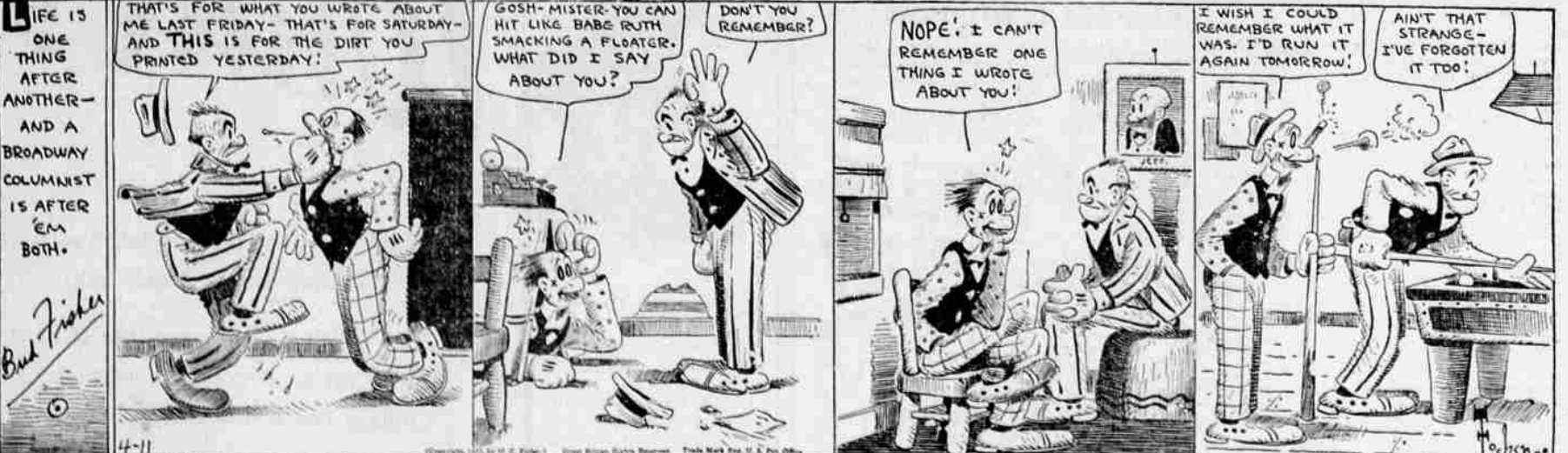
THE NEBBS—Passing The Buck

By SOL HESS



MUTT AND JEFF—Don't You Remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?

By BUD FISHER



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



PHAR LAP KILLED BY POISON SPRAY

SAN FRANCISCO, April 11.—(AP)—Fest poison, sprayed on Oak trees and spread by the wind to grass in surrounding fields, may have caused the death of Phar Lap, \$500,000 wonder horse from Australia, was the belief expressed here today by W. W. Vincent, chief of the western division, bureau of food and drugs.

Vincent stated examination of grass from a patch where Phar Lap's trainer had pulled turfs to feed the great red gelding revealed the presence of poison used in the spray.

Hauer.—Albert Wells making arrangements for electric service for auto camp to be located near here.

BAN ON STALLING IN HOOP GAMES

NEW YORK, April 11.—(AP) A new "center line" rule to stigmatize "stalling" was adopted at the meeting here today of the joint basketball committee.

The committee, in a general effort to speed up the action of the game, also voted to curb the so-called "blocking pivot" cleaved up the definition of blocking in general by terminating anything in which "personal contact" occurs, and definitely ruled that "face guarding" is a foul.

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