

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

SYNOPSIS: Kitty Frew's bright imaginings about her marriage to Garfield Frew, young college graduate and son of a wealthy family, dim when Gar's friend, Marge Crosby, makes her conscious of her small town background. Arriving at Gar's home, she dreads meeting his family. Gar is happily unconscious of her worries. He has no fear of his mother's reception of Kitty though he is convinced that she has arranged that Kitty and he are to have his old room. His sister, Carol, catches their mother as she waits to receive Gar and his bride. Carol knows that Mrs. Frew is angry and disappointed about Gar's marriage. When the young couple come in, Mrs. Frew is formally cordial to Kitty and warm to Gar. Carol barely acknowledges the young couple. Throughout the conversation, Mrs. Frew implies guardedly that Kitty's presence is a complication. Gar and Kitty go out dancing, where they meet Gar's crowd.

when he claimed her for a dance. "Aren't they a good crowd? Happy?"

And she whispered back that she was happy. But her feet were aching with fatigue and her eyes were growing heavy with the need for sleep.

When Tubby suggested that they drive out to the Rainbow Gardens to finish the night properly Kitty threw Gar a look of agonized entreaty.

"Leave us out, Tub. Kit isn't used to our pace, yet. We're going home."

A faint smile, half-pitying, moved Marge's lips, not directed at any one in particular for her eyes were carefully lowered. But Kitty saw it and, a little indignantly, read its meaning.

She forgot it, however, almost at once. The waiter had put a check at Gar's elbow. Forty-two dollars. Gar wrote his father's name nonchalantly across the bottom of the slip of paper and dropped a five dollar bill over it.

"Gar, wasn't that charge awful!" she asked when they were alone.

"For dinner and the rest? We got off cheap, Kit! Tired, sweet? Here, put your head down—"

She put her head on Gar's shoulder but she thought of the forty-two dollars.

Chapter 5 MARGE OPENS FIRE

SHE had no time to regret their coming before they were around her, acknowledging Gar's introductions. The waiters were dragging up another table.

"The Travers' dinner was a drip," Diana was telling Gar.

"And what luck to have come here," Marge finished. "If we're not spoiling anything?" Her eyes went to Gar's and this assured her promptly that their interruption was most happy.

Red Harding and Tubby Wilkins

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"This is the life, Kit," Gar whispered when he claimed her for a dance.

appeared as delighted to see Gar as he had been to greet them. Red slipped into the chair next to Kitty and Tubby took the one on the other side.

The orchestra had begun to play. Marge turned to Gar who was next to her, her lips shaping a mute questioning and at once he was on his feet, his hand reaching for hers.

Red claimed her at once. "Shall we do this, Kitty?"

But it was not like dancing with Gar. Kitty felt self-conscious. She was glad when the music stopped and they went back to the others.

Diana Close and Marge and Red regarded Gar with the details of what had happened in their set since he had been away from Winton, while Tubby, with an air of devotion, talked to Kitty in a cautious undertone.

"Y'know, I like you. But take it from me, Kitty, the girls are nuts on your husband. You've got to watch those two. But you just tell me if they go too far."

In a way Kitty was grateful to him for occupying her attention. She still felt shy with Marge and Diana.

In her evening dress Margery Crosby looked more beautiful than she had on the train that morning. Her black hair lay smoothly close to her head; from its even fringe to the low line of her gown her skin, olive dark, was flawless. The artificial scarlet of her lips lent audacity to her expression. Beside Marge, Diana Close was colorless, but she had a vivacity of manner that made up for what she lacked in physical charm. She was centering that vivacity now on Gar to the exclusion of Red and Tubby.

Now and then Kitty stole a glance at Red Harding. Gar had talked of Red often; he was to Gar in Winton what Phil Corey had been in college. He seemed older than Gar, of a different caliber, steeley groomed.

"I like Tubby better than Red," Kitty thought impulsively. Tubby, short and plump, as his nickname implied, his slightly vacuous face wreathed in a stupid, kindly good humor.

Gar had directed a waiter to take their orders. "This is on me, tonight. We're celebrating."

Gar's face was flushed, glowing. "This is the life, Kit," he whispered

And when she awakened the next morning, early, she thought of it, half dreading the meeting with Gar's father with her conscience so burdened.

Gar protested at getting up at such a heathenish hour. But she persisted.

They found Dalton Frew alone at a table in a sunny breakfast room. When they entered he sprang to his feet with an exclamation of pleasure.

"Hello, Dad," Gar's greeting was casual. "You're looking fine."

"You're looking fine yourself, boy." He dropped Gar's hand to hold his out to Kitty. "So this is your wife." He scrutinized Kitty in a searching, kindly way, his smile indulgent. Gar turned his attention immediately to the breakfast table, pulling out a chair for Kitty.

Mr. Frew asked Gar about college. "Well, you're through, boy." But he did not say anything about Gar's job, waiting for him.

Kitty felt that only a part of Dalton Frew's mind was focusing on her and Gar. He was tall—built like Gar; in his youth he must have had some of Gar's splendid vigor but now his shoulders stayed a little, his hair was thin and gray at the temples, his mouth and eyes lined with fine wrinkles.

And presently he left them. He patted Kitty's shoulder as he passed her. "I hope you'll be happy here with us, my dear," he offered in a kindly tone.

But Kitty knew that directly he had closed the outer door he had put her, and Gar, too, out of his mind.

It was three o'clock of a night five weeks after their coming to Winton, that Gar turned on Kitty with cold dissatisfaction.

"Kit, I wish you'd warm up to my friends a little more. They've been all pretty darn nice to you. I'll say." Gar's voice was sharply critical. He was standing before his chiffonier, tearing off his tie and collar, his back turned to Kitty, but she saw his heavy frown reflected in the mirror.

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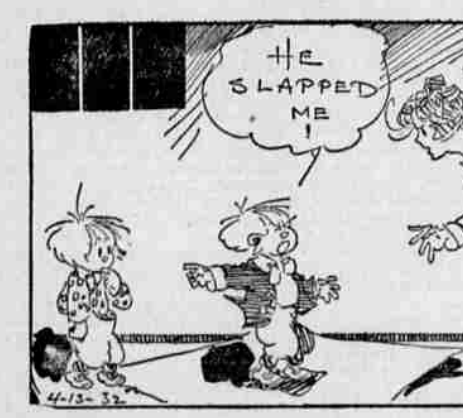
Gar turns against Kitty with more cutting accusations, tomorrow. And Kitty decides upon a new plan of action.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—An Uneven "Dog Fight!"



'SMATTER POP—He Couldn't See Anything Of Pop

By C. M. PAYNE



BOUND TO WIN—"Silent" Stanton's Gratitude!

By EDWIN ALGER



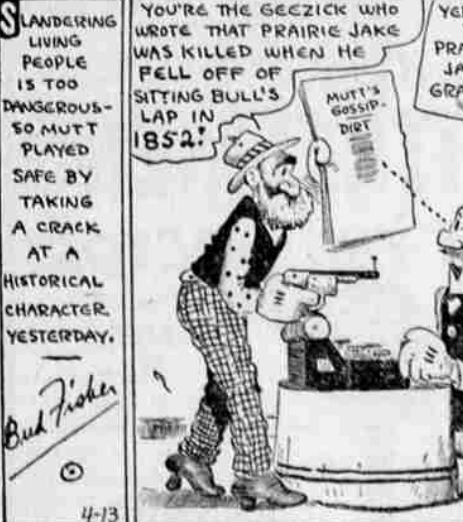
THE NEBBES—The Parting Of The Ways

By SOL HESS



MUTT AND JEFF—They Live Long In This Town

By BUD FISHER



BAD BOY BARRED BY STATE SCHOOL

SALEM, April 13.—(AP)—Vernon Levey, Portland youth, was denied admittance to the state training school for boys by vote of the state board of control here today. Levey's case, now before the Multnomah court was to be decided Wednesday and it was understood here that Levey wished to return to the Woodburn institution.

The motion to deny him admittance was made by Hal E. Hoss, secretary of state, who stated the training school was not a penal institution and there were no facilities there to take care of "bad boys." The board was unanimous in adopting the motion.

SHEPHERD TO PREACH AT PHOENIX CHURCH

PHOENIX, April 13.—(Sp.)—A. W. Shepherd will bring the message at the Presbyterian church here Sunday morning, April 17. Church service from 11 to 12.

C. C. Hartley was elected as representative of the session to go to the Presbyterian meeting held at Grants Pass this week, and left here Wednesday.

J. O. N. Poling led the prayer meeting Wednesday night, the topic being "My obligation to my church."

Huntington—Section of highway east of here to be surfaced an oiled soon.

Chickadee—Work to begin soon on construction of game pens here.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

