

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

# KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

**SYNOPSIS:** "You're sitting on a trap and it isn't a pretty one," Kitty Frew's sister-in-law, Carol, warns her. Carol dislikes Kitty, but finds some pleasure in opening Kitty's eyes to the situation. Since their marriage Kitty and Garfield Frew have been staying with his family. His mother, disappointed at his choice of a wife, gives him plenty of money and tells him not to go to work for a while. Kitty dislikes the resulting aimless life of unemployment, but when she tries to make Gar practice, he gets angry and tells her she is "small-town." Her presence and good common sense make little impression on Gar's friends. Chief among them is Marge Crosby, who snubs her while she tries to get Gar away from Kitty. Marge has caught Gar's interest, and some amateur theatricals they are working on, and Gar spends much of his time away from Kitty.

## Chapter 11

### WHO HOLDS TRUMPS?

"CAROL!" Kitty's cry was sharp. ". . . an ideal match. . . wealth and family. . ." The words shot across her memory. Mrs. Frew had said it of someone—Joan Travers and Jerry Mont. "Carol, stop! Why—why should you want to hurt me?"

Carol shrugged her shoulders. "I told you I had my own reasons. And maybe when you're sunk yourself you like to see someone else writhe."

"Well, I'm not writhing. Not even to please you am I going to let you disturb me. I'm sorry you're not happy. I can't understand it. You have everything most anyone could want."

Carol's answer was explosive. "Everything! You've lived here two months and can't see? Why, I'd leave this house in a minute if I could—just as David did. I will, some day."

Over her own outraged emotions Kitty felt a need of Carol's greater than her own and it held her, pitying, for a moment. But she had no way of reaching through Carol's strange unkindness, and before any word could be spoken Carol went on, scornfully.

"I thought maybe I could open your eyes but you won't listen. You can't see a game when it's played right under your nose. Well, that's that."

Kitty's control was close to breaking. She would not let Carol see it break. She would not write for Carol's satisfaction! But she had to catch the back of her chair and hold tightly to it to steady herself. "If you mean Gar—and Marge—I'll trust Gar to play any game fair!"

Carol had moved toward the door. She turned with a little mocking smile. "But Marge isn't holding the trumps, you see! Or that's what you don't see!"

When the door closed behind Carol, Kitty knew only a hot indignation in which Carol's parting taunt lost all significance.

"She wants me to be jealous! She wants Gar and me to quarrel. Well, I won't. We won't." She'd been forewarned, indeed. She'd been very close to jealousy this evening. She could thank Carol for saving her.

Her moment's pity for Carol was gone. Of course Carol wasn't happy; who could be happy who so enjoyed the process of hurting someone else?

She and Gar must get away from this house, from Carol's spying, watching for opportunities to say such things as she had said tonight. "I'll talk to Gar's father—tomorrow morning."

Gar came in a little after ten. She met him almost gayly. Oh, she'd been ever so busy.

"We closed that deal for the barn, Kit." Gar threw off his coat and lighted a cigarette. "It's going to be a knock-out, the whole thing. Marge has an architect making some drawings already. And Somerset—say, that boy's a headache! He's had a past on I can't smell one. But he knows his job. And you wait—He's going to make a headliner out of Marge before she's through with him." Gar had drawn Kitty down into his lap and she cuddled her head against his shoulder happily. She was thinking, not of Somerset and Marge and the barn but that when they had their own home it would be like this, they'd sit like this before a fire and talk.

But her determination to talk to Gar's father stayed with her. She slipped out of bed early the next morning and dressed quietly so as not to waken Gar. She watched the clock and when its hands pointed to the exact hour of eight she went downstairs, her heart beating a little fast because this talk meant so much.

Mr. Frew was already at the table, his newspaper spread before him. Oh, why, Kitty thought as

she went in, hadn't she got down before he'd started reading it. But his welcome seemed to hold only real delight.

"This is nice, Kitty—to have your company. Perhaps if I had your pretty face across from me every morning my digestion might be better."

And Pound smiled, too, and began devoting himself to her needs. "Mr. Frew—" And then the absurdity of that checked her, to have no more intimate name by which to catch his attention! But he had not heard it.

"Well, are you happy with us here, my dear?" Eventually he came to his usual question and Kitty pounced on it in relief.

"Oh, yes! But I've been thinking—I came down this morning to ask you—is that position in your office still open to Gar?" Her voice trembled in spite of her.

Mr. Frew looked a little vague. "What position, my dear? Of course we might make room for him somewhere. I've always played with the idea of his coming into the office some time. But his mother led me to believe he'd made other plans."

Kitty caught the table edge with tight fingers. "He hasn't any other plans, that is none that will get us anywhere! And he ought to begin working. We ought to be living in our own home, independently. If you'd make him think you needed him, maybe—"

Her earnestness brought Mr. Frew's full attention to her. There was a little kindling of satisfaction on his face. "You're right, Kitty. The boy ought to begin working. Tell him to come in at four o'clock this afternoon. We'll talk things over—there'll be some place I can put him into. I've just bought a new business block—he might take over the renting of the office."

"Oh, I know he could do it," Kitty cried and then laughed that she should be extolling Gar's ability to his own father.

Mr. Frew patted her hand. "I didn't think the girls nowadays bothered their heads about practical matters. So you want a home of your own—" For a moment she fancied a quality of wistfulness in his tone. "Well, make yours, Kitty, and keep it a home. Don't let it get to be a mere shell of a thing—"

"Like this house," she finished silently for him, on a flash of understanding. But that understanding was lost at once in her joy that he'd promised to talk to Gar. And if for even an instant Dalton Frew had felt any longing for a home that was not a mere shell, even a gorgeous shell, that apparently was gone, too, in his concern at the lateness of the hour.

"You've made me forget that I have a very busy day ahead of me, little Kitty," he lamented.

Gar did not waken until nearly noon. By that time Kitty had completed in her fancy the home they would have, to its smallest cupboard. They would buy their furniture carefully, a few pictures, pleat-ures they hung because they meant something to them. Books—they have books, everywhere, not just in stiff rows.

Oh, no, their home should never come to be a shell of a place; there would be love in it, laughter, nonsense, a need of one for the other. She'd have Gar's father and mother, even Carol, come for dinner often. And David, David must come to sit before their fire, to know that their walls were walls that put arms around you—

When Gar wakened she met him with shining eyes, a merry mood.

"Gar, I've a wonderful surprise!" But she would not tell him, she said, until after he'd had his breakfast; she teased him, eluded him when he tried to kiss her, shook her head, laughing, when he made absurd guesses as to her surprise.

When she told him she put her arms about his neck. "Gar, your father has a splendid position for you, right away! It's something to do with a new building he's bought. Renting the office—He wants you to go in at four o'clock today to talk about it!"

Gar pulled her hair. "Since when have you been getting chummy with Dad? I haven't heard of any new building."

"I ate breakfast with him this morning. It was nice. I think he liked it. And we talked of things." "Ha, I'm jealous! What things?" "I told him that we ought to have a home of our own, Gar." She waited, then a prayer beating with every pound of her heart.

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Unit's a national syndicate giving Kitty the key to Mrs. Frew's trickery, in the next installment.

## Beagle Grangers In Program Presented Sams Valley Hall

SAMS VALLEY, Ore., April 14—(Sp.)—Beagle members of the Sams Valley Grange put on the program April 12, including a play written by Mrs. B. H. Segmiller. Well known county residents were impersonated cleverly. Wm. Perry of Eagle Point gave a short reading on married life. Candidates initiated in the third and fourth degrees were Mrs. Johnnie Morris, Desmond Sweet and Lois Martin. To egg satellites conducted by the Grange ladies were judged by Mrs. Wm. Perry of Eagle Point and first prize went to Miss Dora Richardson on an angel food cake and second went to little Elaine Clements on deviled eggs.

Visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Coy, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Kline and Mr. Laining of Eagle Point.

## Nominate Officers Of P. T. A. Friday, Central Point Club

CENTRAL POINT, April 14—(Sp.)—Central Point P. T. A. met Friday afternoon at the high school, with Mrs. Tracy, the president, in the chair. A program was given by the eighth grade, readings by Marjory Jones and Mildred Cole; piano selections by Ruby Webster and Neil Stone; Maxine Musty gave a review of the work completed by the eighth grade. The drill put on by the boys and girls was also enjoyed. Two readings were given and Mrs. Arnold Bohner gave a paper on the Corvallis conference. The nominating committee reported the following: President, Mrs. E. C. Faber; vice, resident, Mrs. Mabel Hansen; secretary, Mrs. Freda Lawrence; treasurer, Mrs. A. E. Hermanson.

Refreshments were served.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—In Dangerous Territory!



## S'MATTER POP—The Old, Old Prevention

By C. M. PAYNE



## BOUND TO WIN—The Mysterious Phone Call!

By EDWIN ALGER



## THE NEBBS—Comrades

By SOL HESS



## MUTT AND JEFF—No One Can Live Down The Past

By BUD FISHER



## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

