

KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

Chapter 6
NOBODY LOVES US

IT had been some one's birthday; there had been wild speeding from one dancing place to another. And leaving the Rainbow Gardens, where they had gone last as a proper wind-up of their fling, Marge had asked Gar to drive her car home. "It's doing the queerest things, Gar. You're more familiar with it than Red." Marge always insisted upon using her own car and because it was a French model, of dashing lines and amazing speed, her escorts invariably were quite willing to accede to her whim.

To-night, without a moment's hesitation, Gar had sprung into the driver's seat, thrown the clutch into gear with a masterful air and shot off into the deserted road, leaving Kitty behind with Red Harding.

"Nobody loves us," Red had grumbled, putting his arm through Kitty's.

She'd hated being left alone with Red; she'd been afraid of his driving, Gar's desertion, without a word of regret, had hurt her to the quick. She had thought that when they were home he would tell her he was sorry but instead he was charging her with coldness to his friends.

She dared not trust herself to answer. If she did she might tell him that she was tired to death of his friends, that tonight she didn't think she liked any of them, Marge or Diana or Isabel Peters, Buck Sewall, Tabby—even stupid, good-natured Tabby, Red, least of all. Red was Gar's best friend, Gar was always quoting his opinions, looking to him to suggest new places to go, new amusements; the others showed him this same deference, yet Kitty had not been able to like him.

Nice—oh, yes, they had been nice enough to her, these friends of his, but that was the limit of their attention; without Gar they wouldn't know she was around!

She had been more quiet than usual to-night—somehow, to-night she had not been able even to pretend any gaiety. She'd felt out of the picture, as Gar would put it, uncomfortable, in her rust-colored dress, like a sparrow among bright-plumaged birds. To-night she'd felt critical of Gar's friends; couldn't they sometimes have good times in their homes?

To-night she'd felt even sharply critical of Gar. He shouldn't spend so much money—worse, he should not borrow from Red. He had borrowed quite openly, at the start of the evening. Kitty had seen Red add two figures to a little column on the page of a memorandum book.

"You don't have to put on such an almighty righteous air when you turn down a drink, either, Kit," Gar pursued. "They're all laughing at you. They think you're a prig. That small-town stuff doesn't go in my crowd."

Hurt on hurt. She hadn't meant to look almighty righteous. She wasn't a prig. But she wouldn't quarrel and it would mean a quarrel if she spoke now.

But she could not keep back her tears. They came in a flood. She despised herself for her weakness even when Gar's arms went remorselessly around her.

"Oh, come now, Kit—I was only telling you for your own good."

She clung to him until she got control of herself. "I didn't feel well to-night, Gar. I need sleep and exercise—in fresh air. I'm not used to eating breakfast at noon-time and going to bed at dawn."

"You ought to begin golf, Kit. That'll set you up. I'll sign you on for some lessons with the pro out at the club. Marge and I are taking Red and Di on for a foursome tomorrow and you can take a lesson then if Dietman has any time. It's

going to be a good match—the losers have got to buy the dinners."

Kitty smiled in agreement of the plan. She agreed with Gar that Marge had looked stunning to-night—last night, with a glance at the little clock on Gar's desk.

"It's habit," she thought. "Small-town habit," she added, remembering Gar's criticism. She remembered it without hurt, now, but with a bewildered sense that things had started to go wrong and that in some way it must have been her fault. They'd almost quarreled.

She'd dress quietly and take a walk while Gar slept. It would clear her head, help her to think things out.

She knew the routine of the house. Mrs. Frew breakfasted in her room, after which she closeted herself in her "office" until luncheon time. She rarely lunched at home. Carol slept late, then followed her own pursuits, usually out of the house.

There was a little square of park within a few blocks of the house. She'd walk around it a few times and then sit down on one of the benches.

When she finished her walk Kitty chose a bench. When she set herself to the task of thinking things out she grew confused again, a little frightened. They had so nearly quarreled!

Gar thought she was standoffish with his friends, a prig, when she was only shy with them. They made her feel that way; more often than not she did not know what they were talking about and no one of them, unless it was Tabby in a burst of devotion, bothered to tell her. Left alone with Marge and Diana, in the cloak-rooms, or waiting for the men in lobbies or on the Country Club veranda, she'd always felt a little self-conscious, ill-at-ease; in their chatter about the newest in dress and shops and barbers, and rouges, perfumes, one another's clothes and the clothes of the women about them, they never acted wholly aware that she was with them.

"I'm not envious," Kitty sighed, dolefully. "I'm not jealous." No, even though Marge often coolly appropriated Gar's car she was not jealous. She was not so small-townish but that she could laugh at it.

They never talked now of that home they were going to have. They'd let themselves get caught into a whirl of gaiety that was crowding out the real joy of their marriage.

She'd talk it all over with Gar; he'd had his play, he would want to begin to work that they might be independent of every one. She flushed, thinking of Gar's debt to Red. But she would not reproach Gar with that; she'd be very tactful, very loving.

She walked home eagerly. She was a little startled to find that it was past one o'clock. Gar must have worried as to her whereabouts, thought perhaps that she was lost. She could well get lost, for she knew scarcely anything yet of the city.

Found had come in with Gar's breakfast tray. "Is the Mother downstairs?" Gar asked him.

"She's gone out, Mr. Gar. She's lunching out."

At that Gar frowned. "That's bad. Why didn't you call me, Kit?" He surveyed his breakfast with distaste. His eyes were still heavy with sleep. "I've got to touch the Mother for some money. It'd look nice if Marge and I lost this afternoon and I had to let her pay for the dinners."

"Gar, don't ask your mother for any money! You'll get your allowance next week. You can manage until then—"

There was an excitement in Kitty's tone that brought Gar's glance to her glowing face.

"What's the big idea of not touching the Mother?" he asked, a little ill-humoredly.

She pushed him gently into his chair and drew his tray up close to him. "Drink your coffee, Gar, while I talk. I've been thinking—I took a walk and sat in the Park—Gar, we're just drifting; it's been fun, but it isn't what we wanted to do, what we talked of, at Panther Mountain. Gar, we nearly quarreled last night. I'm sorry for my part—I mean that I hadn't pleased you, but Gar—aren't we both just a little tired of playing?"

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Gar raises in unexpected angry answer, tomorrow.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Guests—Or Prisoners?



S'MATTER POP—Anyhow It Was One Or The Other!

By C. M. PAYNE



BOUND TO WIN—Talking It Over

By EDWIN ALGER



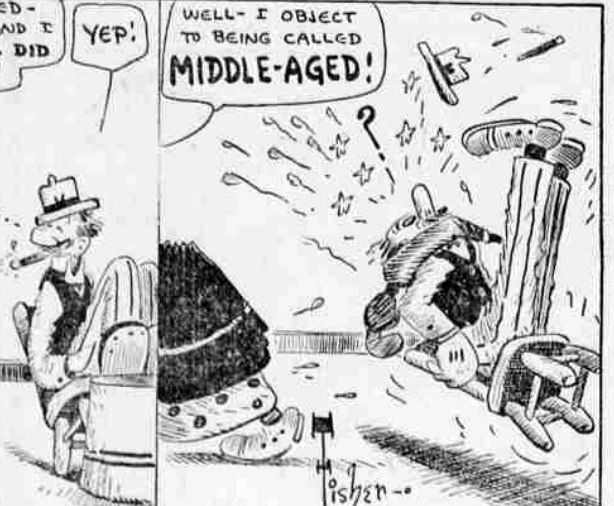
THE NEBBS—The widow's Might

By SOL HESS



MUTT AND JEFF—A Columnist Goes Too Far

By BUD FISHER



Splendid Program For Jacksonville Grangers Meeting

A splendid program was presented to the Jacksonville Grange, Friday evening, with W. H. Arnold in charge. The following numbers were enjoyed: Vocal numbers by the Grange; orchestra numbers by the Jacksonville orchestra; a playlet, "Hanging Out the Wash," by two "colored mamas from Mississippi," and a group of old melodies by Mrs. Kingsley and Mrs. Garrett.

Usual business routine was taken care of during the Grange meeting. Oren Andrews, master of Bellevue Grange, and Ralph Billings of Ashland were welcome guests.

H. E. club continued its meeting Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Emma Conger. A pleasant social hour was spent, after which refreshments were served. Next meet-

Triangle Club Meets With Mrs. Isaacson

CENTRAL POINT, Ore., April 14— (Sp.)—Hi Triangle club of the Christian church held its monthly meeting Saturday afternoon with Mrs. J. O. Isaacson. Miss Laurine Huger presided at the business period in the absence of president Nellie Eicher. The girls decided to send a box to the Huhn mission in China. It will contain articles for a sand table.

Helen Lee had charge of the worship period and Laurine Huger the presentation period. Mexico was the subject. Talks were given by Joyce Young, Grace Hermonson and Laurine Huger. At the close of the meeting refreshments were served.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

