

# KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

**SYNOPSIS:** "That small-town slug doesn't go in my crowd," Garfield Frew angrily tells his newly acquired young wife, Kitty. Kitty has been transplanted abruptly from her quiet home to the sophistication of Winton. She wants Gar to go to work and make a home, but he accepts his mother's suggestion to "play around" for a while after college. While they stay with Gar's family, his sister Carol is aloof and his mother distinctly hostile. Marjorie Crosby, one of his crowd, tries to regain the interest Gar used to have in her, and leads the other girls in making Kitty brought up to be economical. Kitty is worried about the money Gar spends, though his father is rich, and also because Gar borrows from Red, his best friend. After a reconciliation, Kitty goes out for a walk and decides to take a new tack at marriage.

### Chapter 7

#### A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

WOULDN'T we be happier if you began to work and we started a little home?" Kitty asked. "Oh, that's what's been souring you!" He pushed her away, a little roughly. "I don't see why you should complain—you haven't a thing to do except twirl your thumbs, and that ought to seem darn soft to you after the way you've worked."

"Gar! Gar!"

He paid no heed to her protest.

ever went, uninvited. Kitty had not been in it. Often, passing its shut door, she had felt a little wistful. Oh, no—she could not talk to Gar's mother, now. Or to Carol—Carol who treated her civilly enough, but always with a studied indifference that had made Gar laugh. "That's Carol—don't mind her."

Gar's father was an unapproachable as though he did not belong to this family. Whenever he met Kitty he had repeated: "I hope you're happy here, my dear." But his manner of saying it showed that he took it for granted that she was happy.

Found—of them all Pound was the only one who was really friendly. Pound, the old servant. She missed her mother and her father—she missed Phil Corey and Sally, everything, everything that had been so jolly and so real, so simple. And missing it, she felt more lonely. She threw herself on the bed. She could cry now and not dispel her tears.

At five o'clock she bathed and dressed, prolonging the process. Gar must surely come back for her before dinner. But six o'clock came, half-past six and brought no Gar. Seven o'clock—any of the family were at home for dinner they would eat at seven o'clock. Kitty shrank

from facing them without Gar, and yet to stay alone in this room any longer was intolerable.

She'd tell them that Gar was detained by the golf match. Perhaps they had been delayed in starting off. Foursomes took a long time over eighteen holes. She had learned that much of golf, learned it by patient waiting. Or—a new fear gripped her; Gar might have had an accident, driving home too fast to get her. Of course he'd drive fast—

She ran down the stairs, thinking of that, frightened. Below she found only Pound.

"Has Mr. Gar telephoned, Pound? I'm waiting—he's been playing golf."

Gar had not telephoned. She'd best eat dinner here and not wait. Pound advised. In a few minutes he would serve dinner. The family was out—

"Pound, you don't think he's had an accident?"

Pound patted her arm. "Now don't worry, Mrs. Gar. That boy's just forgotten the time, playing his game. Don't you worry." Pound called her "Mrs. Gar" when there was no one in hearing.

Kitty wandered irresolutely into the drawing-room. But she did not sit down; she stood in the center of the room, tense, listening. Pound had not reassured her; nothing could until Gar appeared. Perhaps he'd never come; right at this very minute he might be lying somewhere, mangled, unconscious. And she had let him go away in anger.

When she heard the outer door open she gave a sharp cry of relief. It must be Gar! She ran out into the hall. But there she faced a stranger, standing a little uncertainly just within the door.

With lightning swiftness Kitty took in his appearance, his slightly shabby clothes, his attitude of uncertainty. He was so guest; the family were dining out. He had come to tell her—Fear squeezed the blood from her heart. She swayed a little where she stood.

(Copyright, Jane Abbott)

Who is the stranger, and why does he come just at this time? Kitty hears a family secret, tomorrow.



Kitty faced a stranger. Fear squeezed the blood from her heart. She swayed a little where she stood.

He got up, upsetting his undrunk coffee. He threw off his dressing gown and began to put on a collar and tie, scowling as he adjusted his tie.

"Trouble with you, Kit, is that you've counted pennies so long that you think it's all there is to living. Well, there's a lot more. I'll start working all right when I get ready, but I'm not ready yet. The Mother's satisfied, so I'm satisfied too. And that's that."

He thrust his arms savagely into his coat sleeves. "I suppose you think it's a crime to play golf. I take it you don't care to go out with me." And with that he flung himself out of the room.

Kitty stood quite still, stunned, unbelieving. When she heard the sound of Gar's car in the driveway under the window she said aloud "He's gone. He's really gone."

Pound came in and went away with the tray. She moved mechanically about the room putting it to rights. Now and then she went to the window and stared, unseeing, out across the house-tops.

They had quarreled—or no, it hadn't been a quarrel. She had said nothing, just her "Gar! Gar!" out of her horror at his anger. What had put him in that mood? She remembered his annoyance because he had not risen in time to see his mother before she went out. Money—He was broke, he had borrowed from Red the night before. Of course he'd hate to borrow from Marge.

Time and again Kitty had wished for an afternoon which she might devote to putting her clothes in order, reading, writing, letters, but Gar had not let her have one. Now she had it on her hands and was too distraught to use it. She was lonely too; Gar's room gave her no sense of security now.

She had an overwhelming longing to talk to some one, some one who would understand, who might help her—maybe laugh away her horror. Gar's mother—if she could talk to her. But on the very breath of that desire, Kitty sighed. Gar's mother would listen to no criticism of Gar. Gar had said she was satisfied. Kitty thought of how often Gar was closeted with his mother in her office, her sanctum to which no one

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By EDWIN ALGER



### THE NEBBS—Yes - - - Yes

By SOL HESS



### MUTT AND JEFF—One Little Broadway Item Leads To Another

By BUD FISHER



### LABOR'S APPEAL FOR BEER HEARD

WASHINGTON, April 16.—(AP)—The appeal of the American Federation of Labor for 2 1/2 per cent beer today was put before the senate finance committee.

M. J. Flynn, of the American Wage Earners' Protective association, proposed legislation of the beverage as a part of the tax program and estimated it would produce upward of \$500,000,000 of revenue and provide employment for 600,000 workmen.

The house voted down a beer tax proposal.

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### MINERS CALMED BY MILITARY CONTROL

CADIZ, O., April 16.—(AP)—With a military atmosphere prevailing, all was quiet in the eastern Ohio bituminous mine fields today, where yesterday two men were shot, one fatally, as a large group of men, said to be striking miners, attempted to keep diggers from going back to work in the Somers mine, near Adena.

Ohio National Guardsmen arrived during the night, and today 78 of the guardsmen had been stationed at the Somers operation.

"The Parmette," sponsored by the Royal Neighbors, will be given at the I. O. O. F. hall, Thursday, April 21, at 8 p. m. Adults 25c, children 10c.

### BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

