

KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

REMEMBER: A quick, hot quarrel—and Kitty Frew is left alone to wait for her husband, Gar, to return home. Fear overcomes her when he does not arrive. The main trouble lies in her efforts to make Gar settle down and be practical, while she wants to have a good time. They have been married only a short time, but already she has learned that she doesn't fit into the crowd. The cool and mannered girls and well-groomed boys are very different from the young people of her small home town. Even though she tries to learn new points of view, Gar and Kitty still are prima before his friends. His mother's scathing disapproval of the marriage makes Kitty uncomfortable and strengthens Mrs. Frew's determination to maintain control over Gar. Still waiting for Gar, Kitty is waiting for Gar. Kitty is waiting for Gar. Kitty is waiting for Gar.

Chapter 8 CONSPIRATORS

HELLO, who are you?" The man's tone was casual, his manner equally so. He approached Kitty quickly, concerned, for he had seen her face whitened, her hands go to her throat. She shrank back from him. "Who—who are you? What do you want?" And then Pound appeared, smiling. "Good evening, Mr. David. It's nice to see you. But your father has telephoned that he's left for New York. You'll stay? Mrs. Gar,

and motioned to Kitty to take it. He himself sat down on the rug before the fire, half-facing her, his long legs doubled to his chin. "Now tell me all about it." "About what?" "Why did it—why you married Gar." "Why, I—" "Loved one another so very much, of course. Well, what are you going to do with him, now that you have him?" "Nor had Kitty answer for that, at once, and David finished dryly. "I guess the boy's got some good stuff in him—if you're given half a chance." "Of course." She had words now. "He has all sorts of plans. But he's going to begin in his father's office. We'll have a little home of our own, then." "And just now Gar is loading, eh? Honey-mooning?" "He's playing golf this afternoon—I didn't expect him back to dinner." She spoke a little coldly. "An ideal wife—for a golfer." Then his smile vanished. He frowned into the fire, holding to a long silence from which he spoke presently with a mocking tone. "Mrs. Frew has been very sweet to you, hasn't she?" "Oh, yes. She's been darling



"I'm here by Pound's grace. We conspire, the two of us," David said.

here, will like your company. Dinner is ready." "So you are—Gar's wife?" David Frew laughed. "And you are David?" And because he hadn't come to tell her that Gar was killed Kitty laughed, too. "Kitty. That name fits you rather neatly, Mrs. Gar." "It's really Katherine, though no one ever calls me that." "Of course not, you're not his enough yet. You may grow into it." "I'm quite grown up." "And wise and experienced, of course—" Kitty laughed at his teasing. She had laughed frequently during the course of the dinner which Pound served to them with as much care as though they were guests of state. She had eaten heartily, too. She had felt at ease with David at once. Perhaps, she thought, realizing that ease, it was because she had not speculated on meeting him. Through the yellow glow of candlelight over the table she observed him with interest. He was not like Gar, nor like his father. His face was thin, with high cheek-bones and a long jaw; his eyes were deep-set under heavy brows. His thick hair and his skin were of a weathered brown that made his gray eyes almost colorless in contrast. "He isn't a bit nice looking," she appraised, until he smiled. It wasn't Gar's quick, charming smile—it was slow-coming, lingering, transfiguring, a thing to share. She gathered from what passed between David and Pound that he came infrequently like this, to have dinner with his father, but only when he knew Mrs. Frew would not be at home. "I am an intruder, you know," he had said to Kitty, lightly. "I'm here by Pound's grace. We conspire, the two of us." And Kitty had seen the adoring look Pound bent upon David's shabby back. When they finished their dinner they went into the library. Pound had kindled a small fire on the open hearth. "It's cheerful like," he explained. "Does he think we need cheer?" David laughed. He drew a chair up to the hearth

lots of mothers, caring for Gar as she does, might not have forgiven me. I can understand that now. But she's been very nice about it—" "She's allowed you to sit on the edge of her throne. But she's let you see that hers is a prior claim or Gar, hasn't she?" "I won't listen to you if you talk like that," Kitty answered spirit-edly. David patted her hand. "Don't then. But I'd like to see you stand square on your two little feet, as long as you've walked into this thing. Now let's talk about you. I want to know about Bridgewater. Did you live by any chance in a nice friendly old house with a picket fence around it?" "Why, I did—a very old house, and a very old fence and both need repairing most faithfully." "—a nice big kitchen that smells very pleasantly of baking and a family room with—good, old, honorable things in it." Laughing, she admitted to the good old possessions of her father's home, to their honorable shabbiness. "I like a place like that," David said slowly. "A place that seems to put arms around you when you walk into it. I've got one—out on a by-road in the country." "I'd love to see it," Kitty said softly. She bent a tender glance on David's head. There had been a lonely note in his voice that made her sorry for him. And presently, with an eagerness born of a loneliness deep in her own heart, she was telling him more about Bridgewater, of its gaieties, of Sally Wilhens who was her closest friend and of Phil who'd always been just like an older brother to her, of the store and how hard her father worked there and of her mother. And David listened, smiling, his grave, deep-set eyes fixed on her flushed, happy face. She told him of the kindergarten class she had had the last winter. "I loved working with the children, they were such darlings." "You foolish girl," he commented. But he did not explain his pity and before Kitty could resent it he sprang to his feet in mock alarm. Copyright, Jane Abbott

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Boys Are "Neutral!"



S'MATTER POP—Willum Plays A Practical Joke On Little Brother

By C. M. PAYNE



BOUND TO WIN—Some Facts On Ebenezer

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Meow, Meow

By SOL HESS



MUTT AND JEFF—Say Anything But Spell The Name Right

By BUD FISHER



Children's Friend Called By Death

ROCKFORD, Ill., April 18.—(AP)—Julio Lathrop, the benign 74-year-old welfare worker whom Jane Addams appraised as one of America's most useful women, is dead. Death came to her Saturday at a Rockford hospital following an operation for removal of gallstones and terminated a career devoted almost wholly to the well-being of the children.

Thomas Adjourns Hearing On Rates

PORTLAND, Ore., April 18.—(AP)—Adjournment until May 2 was taken Saturday in the investigation of the Oregon Public Utilities commissioner into affairs of the Northwestern Electric company for the purpose of forcing a lower rate schedule. Charles M. Thomas, commissioner, ordered the adjournment to permit the company to prepare its side.

Negro Kills Cop In Street Fight

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 18.—(AP)—Patrolman George W. Schrammeyer was shot and killed and two other policemen were wounded tonight when police attempted to arrest James Tucker, negro, who was standing in the street firing a revolver. Tucker, wounded six times before being captured, was expected to die.

Brewery Expands In Anticipation

SEATTLE, April 18.—(AP)—Officials of the Heinrich Brewing company today announced plans to expand the company's facilities for the manufacture of near beer, including the erection of a new factory to cost \$18,000, and preparations for the anticipated legalization of real beer.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

