

# KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

**SYNOPSIS:** Left alone in the big empty house by her young husband, Kitty Frew finds unexpected company. Her husband's family is out, and David, Mr. Frew's son by a former marriage, who has quarreled with the present Mrs. Frew, is "supplied in by the Butler, Pound." Kitty finds David easier to know than the boys and girls of her husband, Gar's crowd, and they quickly befriend her. Mrs. Frew, who feels she has prior claim to Gar, Mrs. Frew's hostility to the recent marriage is mainly shown in the way she encourages Gar not to go to work. Kitty and Gar have quarreled because she wants him to earn his own spending money. Gar has left in a rage, saying that if she thinks of a crime she doesn't go on with the temporarily. Kitty forgets her worries.

**Chapter 9**  
**NEW VENTURE**  
"GOOD heavens, it's ten o'clock. I may be caught here, and old Pound will be told to throw me out by brute force."

He took Kitty's two hands and pressed them. "You've made my stolen evening very pleasant. As you may have gathered, I like you. I wish we might be friends."  
"I like you," Kitty answered quickly, childishly.  
"Thanks. Remember, now, Mrs. Gar, you haven't got that square chin of yours for nothing. Remember that you've chosen to marry a boy who hasn't learned yet that living is a man's-size job."  
After David had gone Kitty sat on alone by the dying fire. Now the room did not seem unfriendly—their pleasant evening together here had changed it.  
She mused over what David had said of Gar—of herself. Her thought of them both as children. But he'd been right—Gar was just a boy. And she'd been too critical of him. She should not have expected him to adjust himself at once to his new responsibilities.

She recalled, with a little compassion, the hardness in David's voice when he had spoken of Gar's mother. Poor David. She would ask Gar more about him. What had made him so bitter, so intolerant? Perhaps she could coax Gar into a more cordial relation with his half-brother.

Now, in her new-found confidence, she could plan a more secure place for herself in this household. As David had put it, she had been living only on the edge of it, but probably that was her own fault.

She'd be gay, after this, with Gar's friends. Perhaps if she bought herself a new dress she would feel more really gay. The poor rust-colored silk and the flowered crepe had been worn to death. She had one hundred dollars of her own saving from the winter before.

She was really happy as she went upstairs to her room. Her fear that an accident had detained Gar had completely vanished.

She was asleep when Gar came in, late. He sat down on the edge of the bed and slipped his arms about her, kissing her eyes to waken her.

"Kit, I was a beast to leave you alone so long. I didn't stay away because I was sore, Kit. Red's car broke down and the four of us had to go out in mine. Kit, were you awfully lonely? I missed you horribly, sweetheart."

His nearness, the tenderness of his ardent enveloped her. She snuggled closer into his arms.

"Kit, Red's been talking up a proposition to me. There's an automobile agency going to open—that new Swallow car I pointed out to you the other day. Red thinks I could get it."

"Things were dead for me without you, Kit. . . Everything all right, now, sweet?"

She put her head in the hollow of his arm, with a little breath of contentment.

"Everything."

During the days that followed Kitty thought often of David Frew. She had not told Gar of his coming to the house because she remembered that David had spoken of it as a conspiracy between Pound and himself. She pictured his workings, Pound telephoning to David when he knew that Mrs. Frew and Carol and Gar all were going to be out.

"Don't you ever see David, Gar?" she asked, once.

"Not any oftener than I can help." "What does he do?"

"Not much. Thinks he can write, but I guess nobody agrees with him."

"Where does he live?"

"I'll drive you past his apartment some day and then you'll see what I mean when I say he's a wash-out. But why all this interest in David?"

"He's your half-brother, Gar."

"Well, that's nothing to me, or to you, Kit."

She dropped the subject of David. But her friendliness toward him stood against Gar's scorn.

David had been kinder to her than he knew. He had done more than

help her through a lonely evening; he had given her a new attitude toward Gar. That it had in it something of his mother's indulgence did not occur to her. She counted only its effect—under it Gar became the charming lover he had been in Bridgewater.

He had gone with her to buy the new dress; after all, Kitty decided, that was the way it should be. "Do you like it?" Kitty would ask, anxiously, each time she appeared from the fitting room to meet his inspection. Gar was prompt to praise or disapprove, speaking always in a masterful way that gave Kitty a little glow of pride. Finally his choice fixed on a corn-yellow gown of exquisitely soft chiffon.

But it was ninety dollars! Kitty had gasped at the price.

"Gar, I could buy two dresses for that!"

"Stuff! You can have all the dresses you want! Take it. Let's get out and go somewhere for lunch."

She had worn the new dress that night to a dinner at the Country Club. She had felt gayer in it. Tubby had told her that she looked like a million dollars. Marge had admired it.

"You made a hit tonight, Kit. That's what clothes can do," Gar had told her afterwards.

When Gar insisted she consented to a lesson in golf. She was not much inspired by it and she knew she was stupid in sensing what the instructor wanted her to do, but it was pleasing Gar—

Gar had not gone yet with Red to see the man about the new agency. For one reason or another their going was delayed from day to day. He always had ready plausible excuses. Red was busy one day, the man was out of town, another

frequently she sent Gar off without her, usually to play golf. "I've ever so much I want to do. I won't know you're away," she'd assure him. And she'd busy herself quite contentedly. With Pound's help she re-arranged Gar's room more to her liking. Pound talked about the country while he worked.

She wrote long letters home, happy letters. She wrote to Sally Withers, telling her of the new dress that had cost ninety dollars. She did not tell Sally she had paid for it out of her own money.

She had lost much of her feeling of timidity in the house, before Gar's mother, even with Carol. She laughed a little, thinking how, except for David, she might have stayed on the edge of the household.

One day, passing the half open door of Mrs. Frew's sanctum and hearing Gar's voice from within, she ventured quite boldly across the threshold.

"Kitty?" There was a hint of inquiry in Mrs. Frew's tone. It might have been Pound intruding and his mistress asking: "What is it, Pound?" But Kitty managed a smile. "May I stay?" Unbidden, she sat down on the arm of the chair in which Gar was sprawled.

She felt a little shaky at her daring and instinctively she leaned close to Gar's shoulder. She did not notice the curious kindling of Mrs. Frew's eyes as they went swiftly from her to Gar.

The severe simplicity of the room surprised Kitty; held her attention. It could serve an ecclesiast for his meditations!

"I think it's very splendid of them to have asked you, Gar." Kitty's attention came back to Mrs. Frew and what she was saying.

She turned eagerly to Gar. Gar explained, with much self-satisfaction.

"The idyls are getting up a company of players, Kit—find a barn somewhere and turn it into a little theater. It's Marge's idea and she wants me to help her run the thing. There'll be a lot of detail work to get it started and it'll need someone who can give the time to it."

"And money, of course," Mrs. Frew put in before Kitty could say anything. "Let me give something."

"Oh, Marge's going to take care of that end of it. But it's mighty nice in you, mother, to start the subscriptions." He took the check his mother had signed.

"We're going to try some revivals—they're the thing, now. Lots of laughs in them. Marge has dug up a professional who'll coach us. Paul Somerset. He's here writing on a play—guess he's good, all right. Been in Shakespeare and stuff like that."

Kitty's first excitement was giving way to dismay. If Gar went into this venture—what of his job?

Carol warns Kitty of a plot against her, tomorrow, and Kitty begins to resent Marge's high-handedness.

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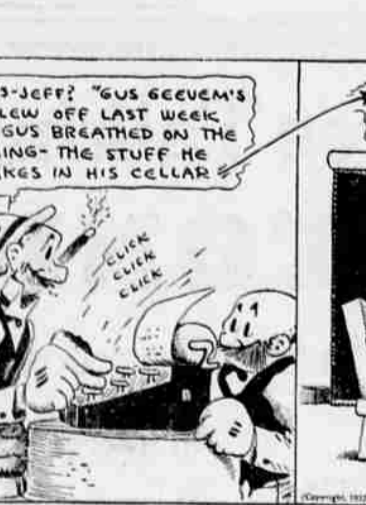
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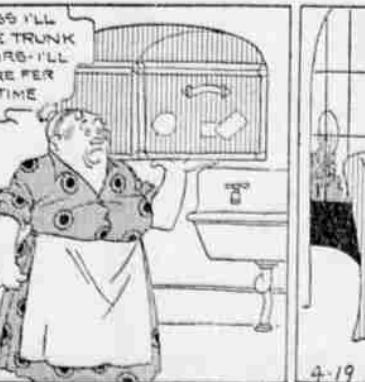
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### SUICIDE RESULT OF QUARREL WITH WIFE

ALBANY, Ore., April 19. — (AP) — R. W. Gearhart, 35, of Roseburg, committed suicide in a local hotel here some time last night or early today by shooting himself in the head. His body was found in his room.

### Mount Scott Bank Plans Liquidation

PORTLAND, April 19. — (AP) — The Mount Scott state bank was closed today after having been turned over to the state banking department Sunday.

### ASK HUGE SUM FOR COLUMBIA PROJECT

WASHINGTON, April 19. — (AP) — Authorization for \$319,000,000 for developing the Columbia river was sought today in a bill introduced by Oregon's two Republican senators, McNary and Steiwer.

WASHINGTON, April 19. — (AP) — Richard Whitney, president of the New York stock exchange, said today the market would have closed after England went off the gold standard if short selling had not been forbidden temporarily.

WASHINGTON, April 19. — (AP) — Senator Wm. J. Harris of Georgia died Monday after an illness of several weeks.