

# KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

**SYNOPSIS:** Dismay seized Kitty Frew as she watches her mother-in-law encourage Gar, her husband, to go into amateur theatricals instead of getting a job. Kitty has married Gar with many plans of starting a home of her own, but they still are staying with his family. She cannot get used to the confusing string of parties and other "city habits" of Gar's crowd. An especial annoyance is the effort of Marge Crosby to attract Gar. Gar's immediate family is of no assistance to Kitty, but she gets friendship and good advice from his half-brother, David, who has been out of the family. Carol, Gar's sister, makes no attempt to hide her scorn of Kitty's inexperience. Kitty and Gar get along very well as long as she sees him his own way, but when she grows serious they quarrel.

ner. They'd found the barn exactly what they wanted but they'd got to act quickly to get it—Marge was having the "committee" at her house for dinner, to put it through "I'll be home early, Kit."

She put the telephone down with a sharp resentment—not so much at Gar as at Margery Crosby. Marge was high-handed, appropriating Gar like this! But Gar would not see it so. Once he had laughed at Kitty when she said Marge didn't seem to realize he was married to her. "Oh, that cleave into one another is old-fashioned, Kit."

She found that the prospect of an evening alone, shut up in her room, was intolerable. If she could find David! She took up the telephone book to hunt out his name.

While she was fingering the receiver, a knock came at her door. Found, perhaps, with some remedy for her head—

But it was not Pound. Carol stood on the threshold. Kitty tried to keep from her well come any sign of surprise and apprehension. But she knew from the unpleasantness of Carol's expression that this visit was no tardy gesture of sisterliness!

"I'm so glad you came up, Carol. My head ached—I didn't feel like eating any dinner. Found brought

### Chapter 10

#### CAROL'S WARNING

KITTY scarcely heeded when Gar continued to outline the plans of the idlers, a club of debutantes to which Marge and Diana both belonged.

But Mrs. Frew listened with a close, affectionate attention, which had the effect of a circle drawn about her and Gar, shutting out everything else. It shut out Kitty. "Tell Margery that I'll be glad to advise her in any way," Mrs. Frew told Gar. "It's a most creditable undertaking."

Alone with Kitty, Gar continued to talk about the new plans. Evi-



"You're sitting on a trap—and it isn't a pretty one either," Carol told Kitty.

dently they had been in the making for some time. A committee was going to meet at Marge's house the next afternoon, with Paul Somerset, to look over some plays.

Kitty refrained from the question that was burning on her tongue. Outwardly she shared Gar's enthusiasm. Plays were fun—she'd been in several at the Normal College and she'd help put one on in Bridge-water, last winter. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Gar laughed and she laughed, too. It had been "The Tempest" but she did not say so, or that it had been very well done.

The next day he suggested, a little doubtfully, that she might go along with him to Marge's. "I don't suppose Marge would mind if you came." But she did not go. She told him she had mending to do. She kissed him and pushed him laughing out of the room.

The "committee" met again the following day and the next. "I hate like fury leaving you like this, Kit. I'd make you go along only we agreed that we get more done if no one sits in. Marge even threw Red out, today. After we get started there won't be so much to do." Gar was very important. He told Kitty how rapidly their plans were taking shape. Somerset was just the man—"funny looking duck but all to business. I'm going down with him and Marge tomorrow to look over that barn. You're sure you're not too lonesome, sweet?"

She told him she wasn't too lonesome. Perhaps, when they got into their first play she could help, some way.

But when he left her to go with Marge to look over the barn which they proposed to transform into a little theater she could not make herself take up any of the small occupations with which she had filled her time while Gar was away from her.

Her old bewilderment had come back to her: she had an unhappy premonition of things going wrong, the course of which she could not stay. She was not helping Gar see life with a man's eyes. She thought of David; if she could talk to him he might help her.

At six o'clock Gar telephoned that he would not be home for din-

me a little something. Sit down—Kitty indicated a chair.

Carol ignored the invitation. She was walking idly about the room looking at Gar's photographs, until her survey reached the picture of Margery Crosby. She picked that up, frowned at it, and put it back with a little bang. Then she swung around to Kitty.

"Gar leaves you alone like this pretty often, doesn't he?"

Kitty shrank inwardly from an inference in Carol's tone but she answered pleasantly, even casually. "Just now. He's busy with the committee meetings of the Players. When they get started of course I can help, too, in some way. I don't mind for I have ever so many things to do here." But she finished, she knew her words fell lamentably short of conviction—Carol had found her doing nothing, perhaps Carol had seen that she'd been crying.

Carol laughed. But her eyes as she faced Kitty were hard.

"Oh, you're simple! Committee meetings—his just tagging Marge Crosby! It's always been like that. Let Marge crook her little finger and Gar runs to her. If I were you I'd stick with them if only to study Marge's technique. It'd help you. You've got a lot to learn!"

Kitty recoiled from the other's bluntness though she answered steadily enough, managing even a little smile.

"Don't put it like that, Carol. I'm not afraid of Marge or her tech nique, or of anyone. It's kind of you to be concerned, but really, I'm not jealous!"

"Oh, kind!" Carol flung out her hands. "I'm not trying to be kind I don't care what happens to Gar or to you or to anyone, for that matter. I have my own reasons for warning you. And while I'm about it I'll say a little more. You're sitting on a trap and it isn't a pretty one, either. Gar always gets what he wants—if he plays around long enough with Marge he may see that he can have her and her money and position without much trouble."

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Out of her "outraged emotions" Kitty forms a plan, on Monday, to gain control of Gar.

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### MOTHER ARRIVES FOR SON'S RITES

SHANGHAI, April 20.—(AP)—Mrs. Elizabeth Short, mother of Robert Short, American aviator who was shot down and killed during the Sino-Japanese fighting in this area, arrived there today from Seattle to attend the formal military funeral the Chinese are giving her son.

She was welcomed by a large delegation of Chinese officials and the public, the latter carrying Chinese and American flags.

The funeral, which will be under the supervision of the national government, is slated to be held April 24 at Hingziko, the Chinese airbase on the outskirts of Shanghai, which the Japanese bombed and destroyed.

### MURDER VICTIMS FOUND IN FIELD

GARDEN CITY, N. Y., April 20.—(AP)—The body of a man who had been stabbed to death and a woman whose head had been crushed were found today in an open field in Garden City park, Long Island.

They were victims of what police said "must have been a terrific struggle."

The man was tentatively identified as E. H. Brinker, Jr., of Jackson Heights, and the woman was believed to be Rose Weil, of Flushing.

Both were about 35 years old. The woman's mouth was covered with adhesive tape. There were numerous stab wounds in the man's throat and chest.