

# KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

**SYNOPSIS:** Discover that her mother-in-law is plotting to undermine her marriage determines Kitty Frew to persuade her husband to take her away from his parents' home. She has not been happy staying there, but Gar's mother persists in giving her money and telling her to have a good time instead of going to work. Her anti-tuna background prevents her from fitting in with Gar's friends, and she is ostracized especially by Marie Crosby, who wants to annex Gar. For some time Gar has been busy with Marie, helping during his late father's absence. Kitty met Gar's half-brother, David, who is estranged from the family, and whom she likes and trusts. Gar is young and irresponsible, and fails to realize Kitty's discontent and his mother's unfriendly attitude toward her. He sends Kitty for not being warmer to his friends, but says he will work.

## Chapter 13

**ULTIMATUM**  
 POUND was telling Mrs. Frew that Griffin was at the door with the car. They went away; Kitty heard Pound going from the drawing room with the tea things. She went swiftly up the stairs; she shut the door of her room—Gar's room—behind her. Standing against it, she stared about her for a moment, as if the familiar things in the room had taken on strangeness. Gar's things, for the most

part, her own few possessions, seemed scarcely to show. She bathed, running the water to almost scalding heat, yet so hot was she still with anger that she felt it cool. She dressed, her fingers moving mechanically. Before her mirror she suddenly put down her brush. Why, that girl facing her wasn't Kitty Brandon! She gave a short half-laugh. Her chin—it was funny—thrust out! And then she remembered what David had said about her chin, other things David had said. "If you have a chance—"  
 And now she had her chance, right in her hand. She and Gar could go to a hotel for to-night and to-morrow they'd find a furnished apartment, a home secure from that woman's scheming.  
 She put on the dress she had traveled in, coming to Winton. She dragged her suitcase out from the depths of Gar's clothes' closet and began to pack her clothes in it, a little heedlessly. She had just taken the new yellow chiffon from its box when she heard Gar's step on the stairs outside. She dropped it to open the door.  
 "Gar!" She clung to him. Oh, he was so big, so dear. Gar, it's so good to feel you!  
 Then she straightened a little away to look up at him. She kept tight hold of his hand as she drew him into the room. "Now tell me all about it!"  
 "It's going to be great, Kit. Decker caught Marge's ideas right off. We're going to keep the barn effect, the rafters and things—"  
 "But, Gar, I mean—your father! What did he say about the job?"  
 Gar was taking off his coat. He did not notice the pleading on Kitty's face. "Oh, that," he answered easily. "I didn't see Dad. I talked it over with the Mother, and she advised against it. She thinks I ought to stick around home this winter and give my time to this new theater venture. We're fixed comfortably, and it isn't as if Dad couldn't afford to keep us. Say—we've got to get dressed, Kit. The

bunch is going to the Hoffman for dinner. Somers's going, with Marge. Red's in a stew about that. Fix the studs in my shirt, will you, sweet? I'll jump into a bath—"  
 Kitty took a dress shirt out of Gar's bureau. She put in the studs and spread the shirt out on the bed. She found a eclair and a tie and put them beside it. Socks—She was shivering; her whole body felt cold, numb, her brain a dead thing.  
 There was something she had to tell Gar, something she had to do—She took up the yellow dress, vaguely aware that it had to do with her purpose, and was standing, staring dumbly down at it when Gar emerged from the bathroom, rubbing his curly hair with a towel.  
 "That's right, Kit—wear it. It's going to be a big night to-night." His words, his tone released her brain from its numbing weight. She faced him, crushing the yellow dress in her hands.  
 "I'm not going to-night, Gar."  
 He saw her face, then. He stared at it, puzzled, frowning a little.  
 "Not going? What's the big idea?"  
 "I'm not going out with you any more until you can pay for our pleasure with money you've earned."  
 She could let in a faint surprise at the steadiness of her tone.



"I'm not going out with you any more until you can pay for our pleasure" Kitty told Gar.

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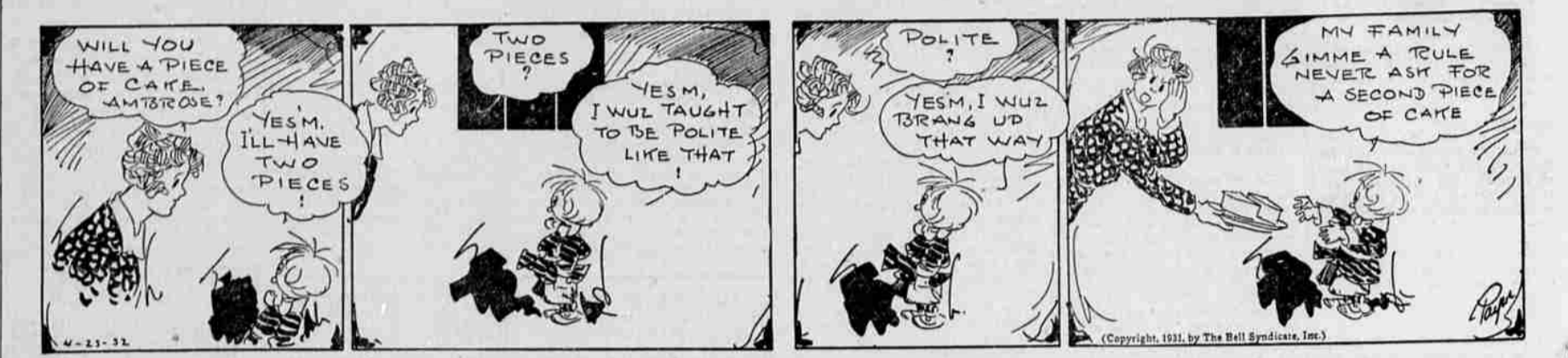
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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Sky Riding With An Old Enemy!



## S'MATTER POP—Ambrose Never Asks For Seconds

By C. M. PAYNE



## BOUND TO WIN—More From Jonathan!

By EDWIN ALGER



## THE NEBBS—Friends!

By SOL HESS



## MUTT AND JEFF—Liquid Dynamite

By BUD FISHER



## FILIPINOS OUSTED AT FOREST GROVE

## THREE FATALITIES OREGON INDUSTRY

**FOREST GROVE, Ore., April 23.—**(AP)—Filipino berry workers and their families had vanished from the Hillside districts here today, following an ultimatum delivered by more than 100 farmers at a meeting here Thursday.  
 The exodus began when a large group of resident farmers marched to the Filipino settlements on the Shaefer, McKnight and Thompson ranches and instructed the inhabitants that every Filipino was to leave during the night. There was no violence.  
 The leasing of acreage to Japanese by the owners of the three farms last year was followed by the burning of five houses and a barn.

**SALEM, April 23.—**(AP)—Three fatalities resulted from industrial accidents during the past week, the state industrial accident commission reported today. The total accidents, however, were lower than for some time in the past, with a list of 391.  
 Those killed while at work were John J. Rowser, Portland trucker; Evald Olson, Linnton brakeman; and William Banks, laborer.  
 Primarily for use in forest fire protection and control the U. S. forest service has built 7167 miles of telephone line in the 14 national forests of Oregon.

## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

