

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

# KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

**SYNOPSIS:** A sudden proposal, hurried wedding, and brief honeymoon leave Kitty Frew (husbandless) living with her husband's parents, trying to learn sophisticated overnight. Her husband, Garfield, refuses to work. His mother remonstrates Kitty's lack of social placement, and Kitty runs away to Gar's half-brother and his friend Dorcas.

## Chapter 16

### WHILE KITTY WAITS

"YOU have to hang on to your self-respect or you're nowhere," Dorcas said finally, concisely. "Now it's up to you to see it through. But you don't have to plan anything tonight. Tomorrow'll be time enough. Let's get to bed. I'll fix you on the couch here."

She sprang up and vigorously fell to work transforming the couch into a bed, folding covers, spreading sheets and blankets.

She tucked the covers about Kitty's shoulders and the touch of her hand was warming and reassuring. Like a weary child Kitty snuggled further down under the soft blankets. The embers of the fire made fingers of light across the darkened room. Through the half-open door of Dorcas' bedroom Kitty could see her moving back and forth. A blessed drowsiness enveloped her.

Tomorrow, they'd plan things out. Dorcas would help her. But tomorrow Gar would come for her, of course!

It was closing time at Stratton's department store, three weeks later. The last-minute shoppers had hurried off. The salesclerks were putting away the stock, working furiously against precious time.

No. 12 in the sportswear department was hanging tweed ensembles in a case. Her unaccustomed fingers made slow work of it and the other girls, folding sweaters and blouses, watched her and smiled slyly at one another. No. 12 was new and it was game to leave to a new one the job of hanging the suits away. It took longer.

A bright-eyed, blonde girl passing No. 12, hesitated. "Gee, don't bother so much. Lee's gone." She caught up an armful of the garments and swung them on to the bar of the case. "Rotten day, wasn't it?"

No. 12 knew Josie Price was trying to be friendly. Her tired face flushed gratefully. She agreed that it had been a rotten day.

"Bet you're dead," Josie went on. "My foot used to hurt as if they had bolts on 'em. But you get used to it. I guess you got used to most anything unless it's Lee's tongue, after the ad bunch've taken her for a ride. Anyway, you don't have to mind that, do you? Didn't she take you into her office?"

Miss Lee, the head of the department, had taken No. 12 into her office while she checked over new stock. But just then No. 12 was too tired to wonder why Josie put the question, to read into it the jealousy with which each salesclerk observed any distinction paid to any one of them. No. 12 had not been at Stratton's long enough to lift her eyes toward the glamorous position of assistant buyer.

"Why, yes, she did," she answered mildly.

"Oh, well, she's taken us all in, one time or another."

They took their wraps from their lockers. Josie jammed a tight little red hat down over her head, arranged crescents of blonde hair at each temple, applied powder to her nose and a dab of scarlet to her lips. She drew her coat tightly about her thin hips, holding it there with crossed arms.

"Taking the street car home?" Her eyes were pointed with curiosity.

"No. I walk home."

"Well, by, by, Miss Brandon. See you tomorrow."

"Good night, Miss Price."

"Oh, make it Josie!" the friendly Josie called over a hunched shoulder.

Stratton's knew No. 12 as Katherine Brandon.

As she walked out into the chilled dusk, Kitty felt a little cheered by Josie's advances. Until today the girls in her department had left her alone. Her own fault, of course—she'd wanted to be friendly, but in her awkwardness she'd felt shy, and probably they'd taken that for standoffishness.

Josie was a leading spirit in the sportswear department. She was good-natured, sympathetic and ready with a joke, mimicked her customers when they departed, bantered with the footmen. Every morning she regaled her associates with her experiences of the evening before. Dates and boy-friends made the substance of her easy chatter. She was alert in her work, approaching shoppers with an atten-

tiveness that held them and more often than not sold something to them. This and the fact that she had been in Stratton's for four years, beginning at the bundle desk gave her an unofficial seniority over the others. Kitty had recognized that seniority.

Thinking of Josie, she walked swiftly, liking the touch of the cool air against her tired face. Like Josie and the hundreds of others who had left Stratton's before her, she felt a sense of lightness with the day behind her. At this hour even the pain in her heart lifted a little.

Most of all she walked swiftly because she was going back to Ketchum Street and Ketchum Street meant to Dorcas' room with its lamp-light and its fire—Dorcas herself.

It had been three weeks since that night David had taken her to Dorcas, infinitely longer when she measured it in heartache. Gar had not tried to find her. He must know where she was—Pound knew and must have told him.

Dorcas had taken her to Stratton's. Dorcas knew the head of the personnel there. The wages Stratton's paid her gave her a meager independence. She was living in a small room on the same floor as Dorcas' apartment.

Kitty knew now that Dorcas owned the old house on Ketchum Street. She knew that Mrs. Gentle to whom she paid her week's rent only acted as Dorcas' agent. David had told her about Mrs. Gentle. One day Dorcas had found her, deatitute, evicted with her two children from a basement apartment in the block and had taken her in. "She can get on if someone just gives her a hand," David had quoted Dorcas as saying. And Mrs. Gentle, installed in the big kitchen of the old house, sleeping in what once had been the dining-room, had gotten on, just as Emil Schelling was getting on, Kitty herself.

Kitty had met others in Dorcas' apartment, to whom she knew Dorcas had given a hand. Young Mark Quinn who worked in a garage and went to art classes at night, Leo Moore, a lawyer, thirty, cynical, brilliant of intellect, decrying sentiment, sneering at any idealism and yet somehow softening to humaneness after an evening around Dorcas' fire; Max Adler, a sensitive-faced, dark-browed Jew, shouting communism yet arrogant himself. He was a violinist. It was Dorcas who had secured for him a place in the Palace Theater orchestra. Perhaps Dorcas had helped them all, in one way or another, to regain their self-respect. In the ups and downs of everything each of them was doing, Dorcas showed a deep interest. But she would not tolerate whining. "Oh, stand up!" she'd cry impatiently at such times.

Kitty had heard her berate David. "You haven't done a bit of work today. I can tell by the bang of your head. Are you going to be content all your life with a column of drizzle for the Times? Well, if you are, go on home." And David had gone, his face smug, slamming the door behind him.

Kitty had come to know, with some excitement, that David's work was the writing of a novel. But neither he nor Dorcas talked about it, or a question or a brief answer, or often, on Dorcas' part, a sharp rebuke. It seemed to be something between the two of them and Kitty sensed that Dorcas cared a great deal about it; she'd seen the look in her eyes when David went out, slamming the door behind him, a sorry, tender look.

Kitty, even in her most intimate moments with Dorcas never touched on her own discouragement. She could tell David how frightfully tired she got. And with David she could talk of Gar. David hadn't said anything about self-respect. David's sympathy was different from Dorcas'.

Four blocks from Stratton's was the Times building. As Kitty reached it David stepped from the wide entrance way and joined her, just as he met her nearly every evening, making the encounter seem to happen without any planning. And always on the instant of seeing him, tall and lanky, a little shabby, his hat pulled down over his eyes, Kitty felt a little rush of gladness.

"Well, how did it go today?" "Oh, better." Her eyes clung to David's face. She slipped her hand through his arm.

"David, did you see him today? Hear anything?"

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Where is Gar? In the next installment, on Monday, time is turned back to the day after Kitty's flight, and Pound breaks the news to Mrs. Frew.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Free Ride As Prisoners!



## 'SMATTER POP—It Takes A Light To Make This Idea Good

By C. M. PAYNE



## BOUND TO WIN—Mr. Stanton's "Suggestion"

By EDWIN ALGER



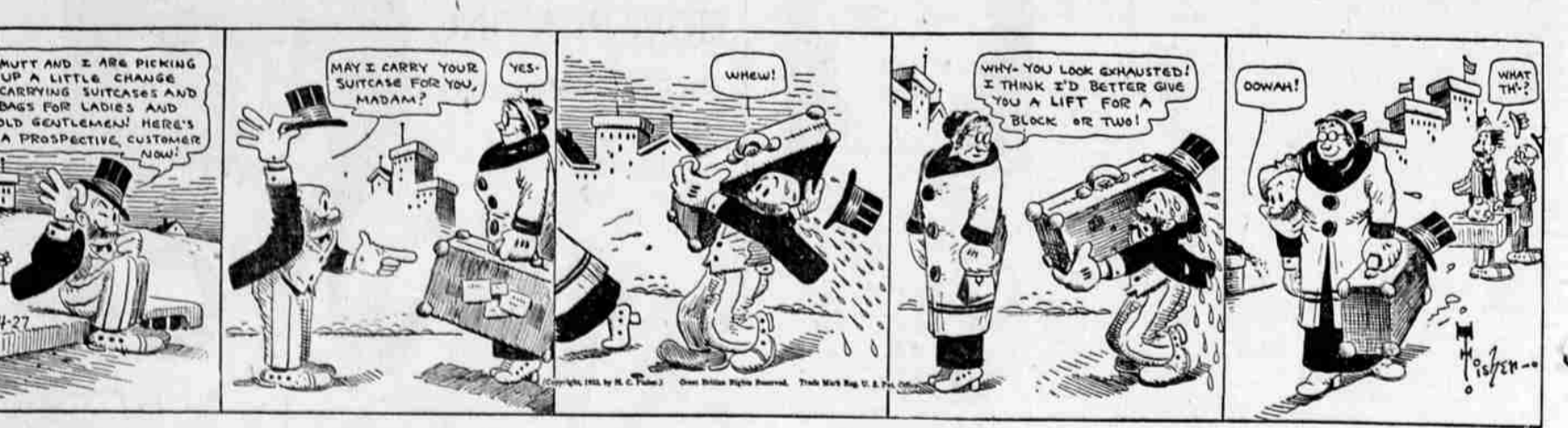
## THE NEBBS—You Don't Say So

By SOL HESS



## MUTT AND JEFF—A Kind-Hearted Customer

By BUD FISHER



## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



## FEWER HENS AND EGGS REPORTED ON FARMS

WASHINGTON, April 27. — (AP) — The smallest number of hens in farm flocks on April 1, and the lowest number of eggs laid per 100 hens on that date since 1925 were reported today by the agriculture department.

## WHEAT ARRIVES FOR LANE COUNTY NEEDY

EUGENE, Ore., April 27. — (AP) — Fourteen hundred sacks of flour, milled from federal farm board

## 1932 Prune Crop Will Be Small

PORTLAND, April 27. — (AP) — Basing its conclusion on the latest trade survey, the Journal said today "The Pacific coast will, in 1932, have a smaller than normal crop of prunes, from present indications."

## Registrar Resigns

SALEM, Ore., April 27. — (AP) — H. W. Tennant, registrar of Willamette university for many years, resigned his position yesterday. It was announced here. He will leave for California to take charge of a boys' school.

Estacada — Plans progressing for construction of \$40,000 school building.