

KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

SYNOPSIS: Clever plotting by Garfield Frew's mother has resulted in misadventure for his wife, Kitty. Mrs. Frew has given Gar money, so he would get a job. Kitty resents this dependence, and runs away to remain till Gar will support her. Gar's half-brother David, estranged from the family, advises her.

Chapter 13 "I'LL TAKE THE NIGHT TRAIN"

MRS. FREW turned to her mirror and carefully put into place a lock of hair that had escaped Cora's attention.

"Mrs. Garfield has been home-sick, doubtless. There is no need for your concern, Pound. She may have gone to her home for a little visit, and Gar knows, of course."

Pound shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"She didn't go home, madam. She went to Mr. David's. I gave the address to the driver."

Mrs. Frew's astonishment at that was more than she could control. Her voice took a higher note.

"But, Pound, you are mistaken! Kitty—Mrs. Garfield never has met David!"

Poor Pound, he had lived to sixty-two in service, obedient to the slightest command. Mrs. Frew's statement commanded. He obeyed.

"She knows him, madam. She met him here. Mr. David comes

in to see his mother. He moved to get out of bed and then dropped back on his pillow. "God, what a head! Guess I was tight last night. Glad Kit wasn't there—"

Then he remembered, with sudden clarity, just how Kitty had looked. She'd said something about going away. A vague uneasiness took hold of him. He got up hastily and looked about for a robe of some sort; he must find Kitty at once. And, there being no robe, he wrapped a blue silk coverlet around his underclothes, in which he had slept, and went, two steps at a time up the stairs to his room.

Three minutes later he burst into his mother's room, the blue coverlet still drugging at his heels, his face white, his eyes dark with horror.

She had expected he would come like this. She met him halfway from the door, and put steady hands on his shoulders. "I know, dear boy." Her voice was deep with compassion, tenderness.

"She said she was going—but I didn't think she meant it. She was terribly mad, mother! I guess I've been rotten. I guess maybe I acted rotten last night—I can't remember—"

"Calm yourself, Gar. Kitty has gone home. Pound put her in a taxi."



Gar burst into his mother's room, his face white, his eyes dark with horror sometimes, to have dinner with his father." He waited, his kindly wrinkled face marked with distress. He was betraying Mrs. David.

Mrs. Frew appeared to be weighing what he had said. Except that her mouth was drawn into a thin hard line she gave no sign of any emotion. After a moment she walked to a desk in the corner of her room and took from it a check-book. She filled in one of the blank sheets, unhurriedly, blotting it carefully.

"This covers your wages for the rest of the month, Pound. You may go this morning. And under the circumstances, into which I do not think we need go, you can expect no references from me, of course."

For a moment Pound's old body stiffened under a wave of anger. He opened his lips to speak, then closed them. He bowed his head, took the piece of paper and withdrew, shutting the door carefully, softly behind him.

Mrs. Frew stood quiet still looking fixedly at the closed door. Her brain was working with a cold, hard precision that kept in check her mounting triumph.

Cora came back to finish the work Pound had interrupted.

When Mrs. Frew was dressed she told Cora to summon Mr. Gar.

"He slept in the blue room last night, madam. I didn't know—"

thought Miss Carol brought home a guest and I knocked—"

"Wait, Cora, before you call Mr. Gar. Get the Wicks Placement Agency on the telephone. I have dismissed Pound."

Gar was awake, heavy-eyed, when Cora delivered her message through an inch of open door. He was trying to collect just why he was here, in the blue room. His head ached—probably the stuff Burket had gotten for them last night had been rotten. There was something he'd planned to do first thing this morning. Oh, yes, Kit—She'd been so sore last night. He had to make up with her. Well, he'd been sore, too, the way she'd jumped on him. That was why he'd slept down here! But she must have worried, maybe thought something had happened to him—

He'd run upstairs before he went

"Last night? But she didn't have any money—"

"She must have had some money, Gar, that you did not know she had."

Gar remembered the money with which Kitty had bought her dress—she hadn't let him know she had that. Perhaps she had had more that she'd hid away somewhere. Maybe she had gone home. He dimly remembered her saying something about going home—

"I'll wire to Bridgewater. I'll take the night train."

"Wait, son." Mrs. Frew sat down in a chair and motioned to him to draw one close to her. "You must not rush into anything. You must think of the future. Hasn't Kitty done a rather childish, undignified thing, going off like this? I cannot believe that she was justified in any plea—you are devoted to her. We have done everything we could to make her happy here—"

"You've been wonderful, mother."

"If you rush after her now, Gar, it is certain that she will do it again. Wait and let Kitty see for herself how silly she is acting. In a few days you'll have a letter from her begging you to forgive her for the distress she has caused you. Then you can go to Bridgewater."

Gar's face had brightened. He caught his mother's hands and squeezed them boyishly. "You're the greatest mother a fellow ever had. The way you see things out."

She smiled her gratitude for his tribute. She left her hands in his.

"I hold my motherhood as my most sacred responsibility. I must always be ready to help you, Gar. To think things out. You must always know that. I never have told you what pain I felt over your hasty marriage. I've feared for its outcome and I've prayed that it may bring you no unhappiness. I know you'll come to see—as I saw at once—that Kitty is not our sort."

"And it is for us to make her over, to teach her that our standards are a little different from those she has known, to be patient with her when she makes mistakes, to help her."

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Will Mrs. Frew's smooth lies succeed? Gar decides his course of action tomorrow.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Goes Down In The Sock!



S'MATTER POP—No Quandry At All!



BOUND TO WIN—Justice But Not Revenge



THE NEBBS—Oh! That's Different!



MUTT AND JEFF—The Little Fellow's Ignorance Is Refreshing



BRINGING UP FATHER



FURZE BLOOMING ON BANDON ROUTE

Travelers journeying down the Oregon coast highway in the vicinity of Bandon-by-the-Sea are, at the present time, greeted by a flood of golden light as the Irish furze is in bloom. The Irish furze is found only within a radius of a few miles of Bandon. It borders the highway on both sides, covers waste lands and grows down the steep rocky cliffs to the ocean's edge. One of Bandon's earliest settlers was Lord Bennett, a native of Ireland and the town received its name because of the sameness of climate and general coast line to that of

Japanese Fail To Find Rebels

MUKDEN, Manchuria, April 28.—(AP)—Mesager reports received here today indicated the three Japanese brigades, which began a powerful drive against Chinese rebels in northern and eastern Manchuria yesterday, were carrying out their movements as planned, but had not yet encountered any rebel forces. Elect Frank Peri coroner.

By GLENN C. HOFFER and HAL FORREST

By C. M. PAYNE

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS

By BUD FISHER

By George McManus