

KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

SYNOPSIS: Kitty is a bad business. David Frew says of the wife of his half-brother Gar and Kitty, who he is detesting. Kitty has run away from Gar because he is too impractical to support her, but she expects him to come and get her. Meanwhile, she is working.

Chapter 23 NEWS OF GAR

"You mean—divorce him?" She said it slowly, in a low tone. "Of course. You're young. You'll find a real man, some time—"

She put out her hands as if to push him out of her sight. The blood rushed to her face in a hot flood. Bright angry tears filled her eyes.

"Don't say that to me, David! Don't! You've spoiled everything. I've thought you were so kind, that you wanted me to be happy, I've felt so grateful. And you can dare stand there and say that! Oh, it's that you don't know what it is to love anyone as I love Gar!" She turned away from him and walked swiftly, a little blindly, toward the door.

He reached it before her. He took her shoulders and gently wheeled her about.

"Forget that I said it, Kitty. I'm a fool! It's that I care a great deal about your being happy. Smile, Kitty," he implored.

"I'm on," Tubby whispered. "Show me anything, Kit. Lord, I've forgotten what I came for—seein' you knocked me flat. Oh, I've got to get a birthday present for my kid sister—a leather coat."

The leather coats were in a far corner. Kitty led him that way. "Is—Gar back?" She didn't want to ask Tubby that, to expose her hurt and her heartache but her lips framed the question instantly against her will.

She saw the puzzlement grow in Tubby's face. "Back? Sure, Gar's back. But, Kitty, what's up? You haven't quit him, have you?"

"I'm waiting until Gar can support me." She did not look at Tubby. She was reaching for other coats.

"That's darn funny," Tubby muttered. "Why is it funny? I didn't marry Gar to live on his—mother."

Then she wished she had not said it, to Tubby. She bit her lip.

"Now, please, if you want one of these coats, select one or I'll have Miss Lee down on my head."

"That's talking. Give me the pink one—or is it red?" "But, wait, see here, Kit—"

Kitty had moved to go away. She turned a pleading face to him. "Please, Tubby."



"You mean—divorce him?" Kitty said slowly. She smiled up at him, a constrained, reproving little smile. "You can be so nice when you want to be, David, and then you can be so perfectly horrid!"

It was as near a truce as she would make; he had to accept it. There was no letter for her on the bottom step of the stairs the next night when she came home.

Nor the next. A week passed, days of intolerable waiting, hoping, and then another week when she couldn't hope.

She avoided Dorcas, the little gatherings around Dorcas' fire. She avoided David. David thought her a fool. Well, perhaps she was—

At Stratton's she worked with desperate eagerness, because so working she could crowd her wretchedness out of her mind. Miss Lee had commended her more than once, out of hearing of the others.

It was Miss Lee's policy to attract customers very alert attention when they came into the department. One afternoon, an hour before closing time, a man came around the mahogany partition that divided the sportswear department from the coats and dresses. Kitty was putting blouses in their tissue-paper cases.

"Miss Brandon!" Miss Lee signaled. And Kitty, lifting her head, looked straight into Tubby Wilkins' amazed face.

"Kit!" He used Gar's name for her. "Can I help you?" She said it mechanically, without knowing that she said it. Her knees shook, her fingers clutched the satin of the blouse she was holding.

Tubby was staring, his eyes round. "Say, you are Kitty, aren't you?" He lowered his voice.

"Yes, I am." And then Kitty laughed. She laughed because it was good to see Tubby's friendly plump face, and because he looked so ridiculously unbelieving.

Tubby turned his head to right and left. Then he leaned across the counter. "What's the big idea, Kitty? Are you here incog? Gar said you were in Bridgewater."

"He did, did he?" Kitty smoothed the blouse she had rumpled. She put it into its paper case. "Well, I'm not. Why can I show you, Tubby?" For Miss Lee was dangerously near them.

Will Gar come? Kitty still looks hopefully for him, tomorrow.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Fight For Life



S'MATTER POP—Better Get Maw's Cooperation, Y oung Fellah!

By C. M. PAYNE



BOUND TO WIN—A Successful Search

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—From One Who Knows

By SOL HESS



MUTT AND JEFF—According To Mutt ... A Cloudburst Had Arrived

By BUD FISHER



EMPIRE MAGAZINE DEAL RULED OUT

DALLAS, Ore., May 4.—(AP)—A ruling by Judge Arlie Walker that no testimony relative to transactions of the "Westerner," a magazine which officers of the Empire Holding company proposed to purchase and use as a house organ for the company, will be admitted in the trial of O. P. Coshow, former president of the company proposed to purchase and use as with intent to defraud, unless it can be shown that Judge Coshow had knowledge of, or was connected with the specific transaction, featured the third day of the trial of Coshow here today.

Japan consists of 487 islands. Vipers produce their young alive.

CENTRAL POINTER PICKS UP NUGGETS

A. R. Parker, a cowboy from Central Point, Ore., known as "Wyoming Slim" went down the street in Redding, Calif., at an opportune moment a few days ago and aided the janitor of the Northern California National bank in picking up gold nuggets in front of the building, according to the Courier-Free Press of that city. The two men did not estimate the value of their finds, the paper said, but it was thought to be about \$20. They reported that some prospector had probably dropped the gold.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

