

KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

SYNOPSIS: Garfield Frew was born to wealth and his wife Kitty to economy, which makes their marriage stormy. Because he will not work, she forces him and gets a job. Gar's half-brother, David, who is unfriendly to the family, advises her. Gar's mother resents Kitty. But Kitty expects Gar to capitulate.

Chapter 24 CONTRABAND

KITTY had hoped Gar would come straight here. And he hadn't. She put stock away slowly. She was the last to leave the building. She stood for a moment outside, irresolute, letting the home-going crowds jostle her. It seemed for a moment not possible to go back to a lonely evening in Ketchum Street. And suddenly she was aware of a man standing at the curb, his back to her, a figure so dearly familiar that she gave a quick cry: "Gar!"

She ran to him, calling again. He wheeled about. She saw his face set, dark with a scowl, but she did not heed it, nor the passers-by. "Gar! Oh, Gar!"

"So Tubby wasn't lying!" "Gar, let's go where we can talk." She caught the lapel of his coat, clung to it.

"I'll say we've got something to talk about, Kit! Hy . . ." He halted a cruising taxicab. He opened the door and stood stiffly aside to permit her to enter.

"Where to, sir?" asked the driver. "Oh, anywhere! Keep going until I tell you to stop," Gar answered savagely. Then he stepped in and slammed the door shut behind him.

"Now!" he growled, turning to Kitty. But her face, lifted to his, was so slight with love, so warm with longing, that his anger melted. He caught her roughly to him, holding her close; he kissed her.

"Oh, Kit, how I've wanted you." He felt tears against his face and he kissed them from her cheek and her eyes.

"Gar—I've missed you!" "That was all that they could say, then."

But after a little Gar roused. "You kid, you ought to be spanked. What I've gone through hanging on to myself until you got over your sulks. How long have you been in town, anyway?"

"I didn't go to Bridgewater, Gar. Found knew—" "But it was Pound told the mother that you'd gone to your folks!" Kitty drew back a little from his arms. "Pound told your mother that!" A growing certainty brought a little frown between her brows. Pound had not told Mrs. Frew that—it was what she wanted Gar to believe.

"We'll let the family go on thinking you've been in Bridgewater all this time. I don't intend the mother shall know what you've been up to, Tubby'll keep his mouth shut. I told him to. But where have you been staying, Kit?"

"On Ketchum Street, with a friend of David's. I went to David that night, Gar. You see I'd met him once when he came to have dinner with his father. He was nice—"

"Nice!" Gar exploded. Then, suspiciously: "How come you didn't speak of it at the time, Kit? That's darn funny."

"I couldn't give him away. I mean, his practice of coming to the house to see his father when the rest of the family were away."

"The devil he did!" He tightened his hold on her, masterfully. "It makes me sick, Kit, thinking of you going 'round with any of David's rotten crew. But you're through with that whole business, let me tell you."

"What do you mean, Gar?" "Mean? I'm going to take care of you. You're just a silly little kid from the country. You don't know anything about the big world. You're a precious sweet—" He pushed off her hat to bury his face in her hair. His lips moved down to press hard against hers. "I'm going to take you home."

But he did not relax his hold on her. "Funny little kid. Old Sweet! Have it your way! I'll take that job with Dad tomorrow, if it's going to make you happy. Now, is there anything more to be said?" "Yes!" She laughed softly. She turned a radiant, flushing face to his.

"You haven't told me that you love me." "I love you, and more tomorrow and more the next day—"

"David!" Kitty hailed David as he was turning away from the Times building several days later. "I believe you saw me and that you were going to go on without speaking to me," she accused.

"What nonsense—I'm getting near-sighted. Or maybe it's that you look a little dazzling—"

"And then I'll say nonsense to that. And I'm not going to let you go now, either." She put her hand through his arm with a little impelling gesture, lifting a glowing, soft face to his. "Let's have tea somewhere. Let's go back to our apartment—"

"Not there," David answered quickly. "But I'll go anywhere else. What's the matter with that place?" He nodded toward a chintz-lined window.

"Perfect!" She settled herself comfortably in her chair, regarding David with affectionate interest. "It's been perfect ages since I've seen you. Did you go out to your little house square things up for you?"

He flashed her a quizzical, half-ironical glance. "It disposed of it," he answered shortly.

"David, I've missed you!" He shook his head. "You can't expect me to believe that, Kitty, much as I'd like to." He surveyed her, affecting astonishment, under which Kitty grew more radiant.

"You are dazzling," he repeated. "Silly! It's only a new hat and a new coat, and inexpensive ones at that. But I don't wonder they make you stare—you've only seen me in those disgracefully shabby things I wore on Ketchum Street. I suppose I do look like a different creature."

"With a measure of marital bliss to finish the miracle?" He had not kept a mocking edge from his voice. Kitty's flush deepened.

"I am happy, David. And I've wanted you to know. That's why I was so glad when I ran into you. Everything's going beautifully. Gar's working for his father and he likes it. We've leased a furnished apartment at the Tudor Arms until we're enough ahead to take a house somewhere."

"And you've made a truce with Mrs. Frew?" Kitty hesitated, disconcerted for a moment by David's implication. "Something like that. She's very charming when we meet. She's far too busy to come to see us—she's been over only once. And I don't think of her any more than I have to. Gar doesn't know what I overheard that day, you see. There didn't seem any use in telling him. I can forget it, now." She spoke triumphantly.

But David's expression made her triumph seem empty. He wasn't drinking his tea; he pushed the little cakes he had ordered away from him. Kitty noticed that he was thinner, restless, that his clothes looked shabbier.

"David, let's talk about you. How's the book going?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Static. If it starts any action it'll be toward a waste basket."

"David! What does Dorcas say to that?" "I haven't seen Dorcas lately."

She protested again. "How about yourself? The last time I did see her she asked me what I'd heard of you."

He had countered Kitty effectually. She had seen Dorcas only once since she had left Ketchum Street. "My housekeeping keeps me very busy," she answered, a little primly. "I love it, David. And evenings Gar always wants to do something—" But her defense sounded lame in her own ears; she stopped, a little confused.

"And we're contraband, anyway," David flushed. Kitty's face colored. She gave an impatient little shake of her head. "You always put things so disagreeably, David! Just when everything's particularly nice you say something to spoil it. Is it that you like to offend me? If so I'll go straight away and save you the bother."

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"Why don't you marry Dorcas?" Kitty asks David in the next installment.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—And Tommy's Under The Boat!

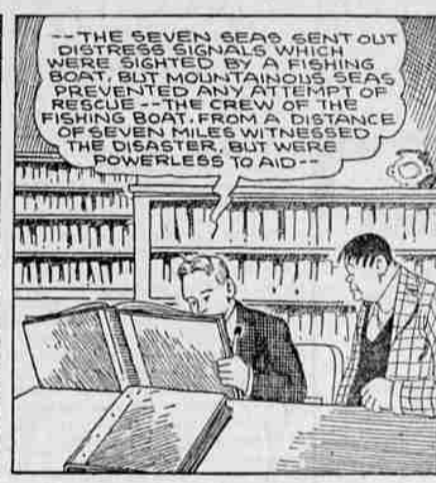
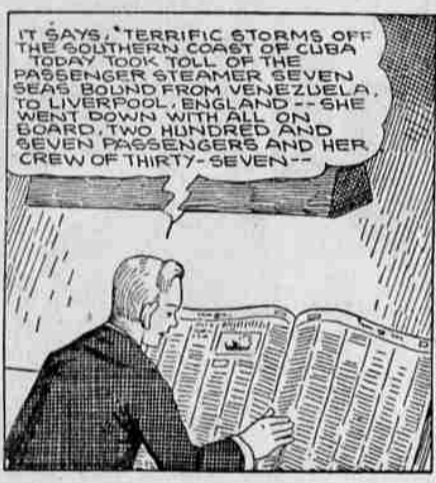


S'MATTER POP—A Sort Of Metaphor Mixup



By C. M. PAYNE

BOUND TO WIN—Out Of The Past!



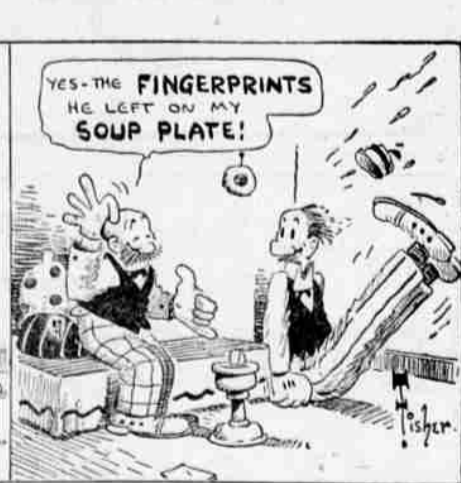
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THE NEBBS—Birds Of A Feather



By SOL HESS

MUTT AND JEFF—A Lucky Break For The Police



By BUD FISHER

GUARD BIG MILL AGAINST FIREBUG

EGUENE, Ore., May 6.—(AP)—Reported threats of an attack on the night watchman at the Booth Kelly lumber mill at Springfield and of plans to burn the mill, resulted in state police stationing an officer at the mill last night as an extra precautionary measure. Police said today there was no attempt to damage the plant.

CALLS ON HOOVER FOR PROHI STAND

WASHINGTON, May 6.—(AP)—President Hoover was called upon in the senate today by Senator Tydings (D., Md.) to state his views on prohibition before the tax bill is passed and it is too late to tax beer.

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus