

# KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

**SYNOPSIS:** Disagreement engenders Kitty Frew and her husband's half-brother, David, for David wants her to live her own life and Kitty clings to her husband, Gar. Her only demand of Gar, that he must not live on his mother's money, causes a temporary separation, but makes Gar agree to support her.

## Chapter 25

**AN OVER-STUFFED APARTMENT**  
HER throat did not move David to instant denial. For a moment he seemed to consider what answer he would make, his eyes leveled on a spot beyond Kitty's head, his brows drawn together.

"I haven't thought of offending you—that it made any difference one way or another what I said. Of course I don't want you to go away. In fact, I have missed you quite a bit more than I like." He kept his voice flat.

"Oh, that's nice, that you've missed me! David, because Gar's a little, well, prejudiced, is not going to make a bit of difference in the way I feel. Do you think I can ever forget how kind you've been to me? And I'm going to see you often. You must tell me things about what you're doing. You can't throw your manuscript away; you've got to finish it so that I can read it. Why, David, think how thrilled I'll be when I hold a book in my hands and know that my brother David wrote it!"

He laughed at her genuine excitement. "Even if I finish it I may not find a publisher who wants it." "Of course you will! You mustn't hold that thought. It's your old fear of ridicule, David! I know it's good—Dorcas believes it is."

"Oh—Dorcas. She's believed other things of me that haven't turned out so well!" "David! Kitty yielded to an impulse. "David, why don't you marry Dorcas?" She flushed a little at her daring.

"Why? What have I to offer her? I'm thirty, more or less disagreeable, earning a paltry amount a week, writing stuff that anyone could write, that she calls drabble—" "But Dorcas—" "You know her well enough yourself to understand that compromise is the last thing Dorcas would consider."

"Then stand up!" Kitty cried, borrowing Dorcas' words and manner. "Finish that book!" He smiled at her.

"If you talk to Gar like that I have hopes for the boy." But he had put her interest in himself aside; Kitty felt silent. And when she left him, a block or two from the Tudor Arms, he did not say anything about hoping to see her soon. She would, though, she told herself as she went on. She'd see Dorcas, too.

She and Gar had sub-let the apartment in the Tudor Arms the day after Gar had met her outside of Stratton's. It was an over-gorgeous thing of three rooms and a bath, a cubicle of a living-room paneled in black and green and hung with orange silk draperies and seemingly padded with soft fat orange and black pillows scattered over the chairs and the floor and the legless divan. Where there was space in the clutter of orange and black pillows were big and little tables and lamps on standards and lamps without standards. An Italian table and buffet, designed for a state dining-room, were crowded into the limited dimensions of the dinette and the tiny bedroom was smothered in green and orchid plantings.

"The agent said we could move in today." That settled their choice. "Did you ever see such a little stove, Gar? I'll cook our supper on it tonight. It'll just about cook enough for two—" "When we get settled we'll have the crowd in, Kit."

It hadn't been possible to settle quickly for Kitty had to pursue and scheme and pack and repack to stow away even their personal belongings. The crowd hadn't waited. They'd come in a few evenings after Kitty and Gar took possession of the place, Marge and Diana and Isabel Peters and Red and Tubby and Sewall Buck, and a little later, Paul Somerset.

They'd been riotously gay. Red had brought a satchel filled with the makings for cocktails and he and Gar had mixed them, shaker after shaker, until Kitty's neat kitchen was cluttered with peelings and bottle tops and empty bottles. Kitty had assembled sandwiches and cakes and olives and coffee. At half-past one the operator at the desk in the lobby called to say that a complaint had come in about the noise and everyone had shrieked at that—everyone except Kitty. The party was a success! They went

at three o'clock, leaving the living-room in a sorry mess of tumbled pillows and empty glasses and plates and cigarette stubs with a pall of stale cigarette smoke hanging over everything.

"Now that's the kind of evening I like—I hope the crowd sort of makes our place a headquarters," Gar had declared with immense satisfaction.

"I don't like Paul Somerset, Gar." "Oh, he's all right for his kind. Marge is just having a little fun—I've talked it over with her."

Gar's friends had seemed more friendly. Or perhaps, Kitty had thought as she fussed in the kitchen over the refreshments, it was that she felt different toward them, now, in her rôle as hostess. Tubby had seized a chance to squeeze her hand and ask her if he wasn't Mr. Flair? "You can count on me, Kit. I'm not going to breathe a word about it." She'd wished she could tell him that she wasn't ashamed of working in Stratton's but there had been no time, then. Tubby thought of it as Gar did.

She'd hated having Paul Somerset come; she'd caught herself watching him with Margery Crosby, and thinking of Carol. Was he seeing Carol now? Or had their quarrel at the Hoffman that day ended their acquaintance?

It had taken her the greater part of the next day to restore order to their doll's house. But she had worked cheerfully; Gar had liked his evening.

Pleasing Gar gave glamor to her every thought, every task. Her pride in Gar, her belief that he could do anything, was wholly restored. She shared his importance when he talked about his work. His father had transferred to his office one Jonathan Drew who, in one capacity or another, had served Dalton and Winters for fifteen years. Gar called him Old John. Gar said he was as faithful as an old hound dog. He had laughed at Kitty's digmy one morning when they both overslept. "Old John can talk to that man who was coming in at ten o'clock. What have I got him for?" And she had lost her alarm in a little rush of pride that Gar had important conferences and Old John under him to take care of them until he got around.

Gar was the lover of those first weeks of their marriage. She felt no jealousy when the Players demanded his time. Frequently he telephoned that he'd be late for dinner, he had to see Decker, or someone else, sometimes Margery Crosby. Now and then a committee met in the evening. But she had not felt left out, as she had at his mother's house; there was always his homecoming, a moment apart from all others in its ecstasy of closeness.

Oh, if David could only know how happy she was, she thought as she opened her door, returning from having tea with David.

Gar had telephoned earlier in the day that he would be late, tonight. There was some trouble with the lighting at the Little Theater. She wouldn't wait dinner for him.

She couldn't cook anything for herself. When Gar came she'd make a mushroom omelette.

And as she stitched a handkerchief she was making for her father's Christmas box she thought of David and the pleasantness of her encounter with him. He'd tried very hard to be disagreeable. Almost as if he weren't glad things had straightened out with her and Gar. But it was silly to think he really felt that way, he'd said so often that he wanted her to be happy, he'd only seemed half-hearted because he was in low spirits, discouraged.

"I'm glad I talked straight from the shoulder to him," Kitty mused, smiling down at her busy fingers. "And I'll do it, every chance I get!" Her own rosy security made her the more compassionate for David. She'd seen him often. She'd invite David and Dorcas up to the apartment for supper some night.

Of course David was too proud to ask Dorcas to marry him. He'd said Dorcas wouldn't compromise. That's all he knew about women—But at this sharp prick of memory Kitty felt a point in the little house David had said to her: "The most you can do is compromise and then you won't be anywhere." That was David's feeling now, that she'd compromised, with her self-respect perhaps he thought, or with her ambitions.

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Kitty sees an untroubled life ahead. But Marge Crosby shows her determination to capture Gar's interest, tomorrow.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Has A Narrow Escape!



## S'MATTER POP—One Count Should Have Done For Both

By C. M. PAYNE



## BOUND TO WIN—The Name Of - - -

By EDWIN ALGER



## THE NEBBS—What Now?

By SOL HESS



## MUTT AND JEFF—Yale Alumni Are Proud Of Jeff

By BUD FISHER



## LUMBER ORDERS SHOW INCREASE

**SEATTLE, May 7—(AP)—**Lumber shipments of 214 mills for the week ending April 30 were reported as 20.7 per cent over production by the West Coast Lumbermen's association today, but current new business was 1.9 per cent under production. Three hundred and twenty-one mills operated at 25 per cent of capacity during the week as compared with 24.7 for the previous week and 44.7 per cent for the same week last year. Inventories, 14 mills reported, declined 22,000,000 feet for the week ending April 23 and are 19.1 per cent less than at this time last year. Unfilled orders declined 13,567,000 feet for the previous week.

## CLASS TO HONOR MOTHERS TODAY

The Women's Bible class of the Presbyterian church is among local organizations planning programs for Sunday observance of Mother's day. This morning at 9:45 o'clock, the class will conduct an interesting hour. Mrs. W. H. Fisher will sing "That is What God Made Mothers For." The rest of the hour will be devoted to the study of the Tabernacle, through which the full plan of salvation will be revealed in object lessons. By request the Tabernacle model will be shown again and explained. Helman Baths, Ash.—Swim and tub.

## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

