

KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

SYNOPSIS: Committee meetings grow weapons for Marge Crosby in her attempt to estrange Gar and Kitty from Marge's wife, Kitty. Kitty has succeeded in getting Gar to work instead of idle, and is proud of the results that he and Marge are planning. She tries to reconcile Gar to his half-brother, David.

Chapter 28

COMMITTEE OF TWO

WHEN Kitty told Gar she'd like to invite David and Dorcas Taber to their apartment for supper he opposed it flatly.

"Nothing doing, Kit, with any of them. I don't want that sort in my house. Why, what if any of our crowd dropped in and found them here? I suppose the next thing you'll want to do is to entertain some of the shop girls from Stratton's." But Gar kept his tone lightly teasing.

"I would like you to know Josie, Gar," Kitty's eyes danced as she pictured such a meeting, Josie's appreciation of Gar's good looks and his charm.

"Oh, I guess I could meet her any time I wanted to, just by waiting outside the door at Stratton's." Kitty let that pass. Josie wasn't the point in hand.

"But to please me, Gar—David was very kind to me. If I ask just him won't you be nice about it?"

But they were "ahead." And she wouldn't touch the small balance left of her allowance.

The door-bell rang and going to the door she took from a boy a long box. Flowers, she knew. Gar often sent them, stopping at the florist's on his way to the office. Deep yellow long stemmed roses they were today and a little shoulder corsage tucked in one corner of the box for her to wear tonight.

Her marketing was the high experience of the day. It was never quickly or carelessly dispatched. Now she tucked her list in her pocket-book, donned her coat and hat, took her basket and went forth.

She knew that with her basket over her arm she made an incongruous figure in the gilded foyer of the Tudor Arms. She'd seen the girl at the telephone desk smile more than once when she appeared. But it had not embarrassed her.

As she emerged from the elevator Diana Close and her mother stepped out of one across the foyer. Kitty had met Di's mother at another such encounter. Mrs. Close had not called on her at her apartment. Diana only came in the evening with Marge and Tubby and the others.

Now Di greeted her casually, "Going shopping? So are we. Isn't mother heartless to drag me out at

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MUTT AND JEFF—It Looks Like Jeff Could Qualify For Congress

By BUD FISHER



"Now don't get me mad," Gar said. "Forget David."

Gar was putting on his coat to start for his office. He slipped out of it, threw it aside and, going to Kitty, gave her a little playful shake of the shoulders.

"I've told you how I feel, Kit. And that's that. Now don't get me mad about it. Forget David—he's nothing to us. We've got enough friends to keep us busy. Here, put your arms around my neck and kiss me good-by. That's the sweet girl!" She followed him to the outer door where they kissed again.

"I'll be a little late tonight, Kit; I have to stop around at Marge's—she's called a committee meeting. Will you have my dress things out? And if those new shirts of mine don't come this morning will you give Bond a ring? He promised to send them last week. By-by, darling. Take care of your precious self."

Kitty went back to the kitchenette with a singing heart. She would feel the warmth of Gar's parting caress long after he had gone.

They hadn't quarreled! Four months ago they would have parted in anger on such a difference of opinion as they had had this morning. But now they'd learned, both of them. But she had not given up her point, she told herself.

In the kitchen cupboard she kept her budget book. Gar had laughed at it and at the seriousness with which she studied it.

"Funny little kid, you can spend all the money you want, don't you know that?"

Today ended the first month of their housekeeping. Her house in order, Kitty took out the budget book and spread it open over the kitchen table. She glowed with pride as she considered the totals of her spending. She'd kept under the allowance for food, and she hadn't starved Gar, either. The new coat and hat had made a big hole in the estimates for clothes but, she figured, she wouldn't need anything for another month. The page given over to "laundry expenses" was less satisfactory—she couldn't enter all that they spent when they went out in the evening because Gar most always refused to tell her when she pressed him. "We're not going to get on that," he'd say with a little warning frown.

this hour? See you tonight—" Mrs. Close gave Kitty only a slight nod and half-smile.

At lunch time Kitty ate an apple and drank a cup of milk at the kitchen table. She'd give Bond until two to send Gar's shirts.

The package came before two o'clock, an immense box. Kitty opened it in the bedroom. Twelve shirts! She gasped; he didn't need so many. In the box under the shirts she found a garnet-red, Russian style suit of palama, of heavy silk. The price tag on the collar. Thirty dollars. "Gar!" She cried it aloud.

When Gar came home she had his dress clothes spread out for him. She was ready herself to don her dinner dress—the yellow chiffon, which had lost something of its freshness. They were going to the Rainbow Gardens, with the others of the "crowd."

"Did the shirts come, Kit?" "They're in the bottom drawer, Gar. I put your old ones in that box on the closet shelf."

"Oh, give them to the elevator man. Things are moving at the office, Kit. We've leased that ground floor space. Got a good lease, too, a lot better than I expected."

She loved it when Gar told her of things that had happened at the office. He told her what they'd done at the committee meeting in the afternoon. It had been at Marge's. They'd made out a list of patronesses for the opening play. "Of course the mother heads the bunch," he said with satisfaction.

He did not tell her all concerning the afternoon's meeting. It had been a committee of two which had met at Marge's house. Marge and Gar, and they had sat cozily before a fireplace in Marge's own sitting room.

Kitty remembered Miss Lee's face as it had looked when she'd told her that she was leaving Stratton's.

"I have another job." Well, she had—a woman's job, to meet Gar's needs, to guard their love.

"Guarding" promises to prove difficult, for Kitty, when Gar and Marge meet tomorrow.

YALE'S CREWMEN TAKE 3 EVENTS

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 9. — (AP)—Yale came within one race of sweeping the upper Schuylkill in the annual Blackwell cup regatta Saturday by taking the varsity, junior varsity and 150-pound races.

POLICE ROUND UP PORTLAND YOUTHS

PORTLAND, May 9. — (AP)—Eight boys, all from 15 to 18 years old, were in the custody of juvenile officers here today following their detention by detectives who said the youths admitted stealing at least 40 automobiles in the past year in the northwest part of the city.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

