

KITTY FREW

By JANE ABBOTT

SYNOPSIS: Kitty Frew determines to tell her husband, Gar, that she has had a change of heart. She has insisted that he work in the problems of her brief marriage. Kitty has been advised by her husband's friend, David, who doesn't suspect her greatest danger—Marge Crosby's interest in Gar.

Chapter 10

GAR'S ROADSTER WAITS
I WENT over our bills yesterday, Kitty said. "We'll have to scrimp for the next two months to pay for them." She laughed, to make the scrimping seem nothing.

"Bills? Oh, I guess we don't have to worry about those."
"Christmas always costs a lot of money but it's worth it, isn't it? We can catch up easily; neither of us will need any clothes for ages. And I don't really need flowers, darling, though I love them when you send them. And I can cut down quite a bit on the house expenses. She kept to her light tone.

Gar pinched her cheek. "What you can't seem to grasp, Kit, is that you're married to a rich man's son. I could run an account in every store in this city and they'd stand for it; they know I'm coming into a lot of money some day."

Kitty had turned away to pour fresh coffee. Gar could not see the quick color that flamed to her face, the way she bit her lips together. She'd been dangerously near to a retort that would have made Gar angry. When she answered it was in a steady voice, soberly.

"I don't want it that way, Gar. I want us to get ahead on our own. And we will."
"Sure we will. And you're not to stew about money. Where are those bills? Give them to me. I'll take care of them."

"But how, Gar?"
"Oh, I've got a deal on. If he keeps his eyes open a man in business can turn over a thousand any time he wants to."

She gave him the little packet of bills and he put them in his pocket. "After this, I'll take care of these matters at the office. I'm not going to have you fussing about them. His manner was all tender.

He kissed her, put on his coat, kissed her again.
Kitty began her day's program with a light heart. Oh, what a goose she'd been to worry, to feel afraid of talking to Gar about their finances. And what a man of the world Gar was getting to be!

The morning's mail brought her a long letter from Sally Withers. "Kitty, I'm telling you before anyone else, except my family, of course. Phil and I are engaged."

"He's been working in his father's bank but last month he got a position over at the power plant at Corvallis and he's getting fifty dollars a week and I'm going to take Miss Brant's place at the library and I'll get twenty, so with that we can manage beautifully. We're going to live with his father and mother for awhile. They're fixing an apartment on the third floor."

"Can you come down for the wedding? Phil says he'd like Gar to stand up with him and of course I want you. It's going to be very simple, just here at the house, and we plan now that it will be in March or April. I'll write to you the moment we've decided."

Kitty glowed and laughed over the letter. Practical Sally, putting her happiness in such a matter-of-fact way.

Of course she and Gar would go to the wedding.
She called Gar on the telephone to give him the news. But Gar was not in his office. Old Jonathan told her that Gar would not be in until four o'clock.

Probably, Kitty exulted, he was out, somewhere, "turning" his cool thousand! She compared it, complacently, with Phil Corey's plodding.

The crisp winter's afternoon invited her out for a walk. Within a few blocks of Ketchum Street she yielded to a sudden impulse to hunt David out.

He answered her ring, hesitating a moment before he admitted her. But she knew by the swift lighting of his sensitive face that he was glad to see her.

"You're timed your coming by some magic," he told her. He indicated a thick flat package on his table. "There it is, ready for its fate."
"Oh, David, we'll celebrate! Let's have tea at that little place where we went before. David, when it's out, won't it show them?"

He knew what she meant. He shook his head. "That was my trouble. I was working for that end, you see, and I was down a blind alley. I got out of it. I don't care if they never see it. I finished it to get a better opinion of my-

self. And now it's done maybe I won't need the scorn of a certain blue-eyed lady I know to stiffen my back-bone."

His statement, put simply, moved Kitty curiously. She felt rebuked and unaccountably elated all at the same moment. "I don't think I ever was scornful about you, David!" she denied quickly. And then she laughed, the color flooding her face. She was taking a great deal to herself! Dorcas' eyes were blue.

"But, David, I'm glad for you! 'Jungle.' I can see it on the book-stands."
He agreed that they'd celebrate. He was in a gay mood.

They drank several cups of tea and ate innumerable sandwiches. She told him about her letter from Sally and laughed as she pictured for him Sally and Phil, the unromantics.

"I'm going to have a good talk with Sally. I must warn her not to take everything so seriously." Kitty assumed a very experienced and much-married manner. "I've found that out." She gave a little laugh. "David, haven't I changed a lot since that first night we met?"

He considered, without any answer, the bright face opposite him. "I can see, myself, just how I've changed," she pursued, rather liking the review. "I must have seemed very young to you at first."

"You were a kid—and a very lonesome one at that," David agreed gravely.
"And you were so nice to me. You said then that I must be patient with Gar. And something about my standing on my two feet."

"Well, I didn't do either the one thing or the other. The first clash we had I got crazy and rushed away from Gar, went to you—"
"You call it crazy, now?"
"Oh, yes, David. I wasn't patient. And I didn't stand on my two feet at all; I leaped most awfully on you!"

"You are disillusioning me. I thought you were rather a wonder!"
"Oh, I wasn't anything of the sort. Now I'm adapting myself. And isn't that the way it should be?"

"Do you want my honest opinion?"
"Of course," she challenged.
"I liked the you you were when you were living on Ketchum Street. There was something rather fine about you. I thought you were going to be—"

He hesitated, bringing his brows together over a little doubt, then finished inadequately, "different."
"Oh, David! And I was so unhappy then!" She, in her turn, stopped confused, a little angry.

"It's that you think just of me and not of me and Gar," she protested sharply.
He did not look at her. He nodded his head. "Exactly. I prefer to think of you and not of you and Gar."

"Well, it can't be done." She managed an unrumpled tone. "Gar and I are indissolubly one." She had an irresistible desire to flaunt her security. "I'm sorry if you're disappointed in me, she finished archly.

"Did I call it that? I'm interested, notwithstanding—"
"Will I make copy for your next book? There will be a next, won't there?"
"Perhaps," he answered noncommittally.

She was afraid he was shutting a door on her. "What does Dorcas say now that you've finished 'Jungle'?"
"She doesn't know."
"Oh, David, you're the limit. You're hopeless." Kitty laughed in exasperation. He was too incurably sensitive; he wouldn't tell Dorcas until he knew the manuscript was sold.

David walked with her a part of the way back to the Tudor Arms. Kitty was thinking what a pleasant afternoon they had had together.

They had turned into the street that led past the Crosby house. It stood now, in the dusk, a shadowy pile of granite with oblongs of mellow light suggesting luxurious warmth and comfort within.

An asphalt drive curved to its wide entrance. A roadster waited on the drive.
"Why—the little word escaped Kitty. It was Gar's car. She walked along for a moment in silence.

Then "Gar has to stop at Marge's often. They're planning the next play, you see." Her head went up, her square little chin set determinedly. She was answering herself, for David had said nothing.

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Gar's criticism causes Kitty to take reckless steps, tomorrow.

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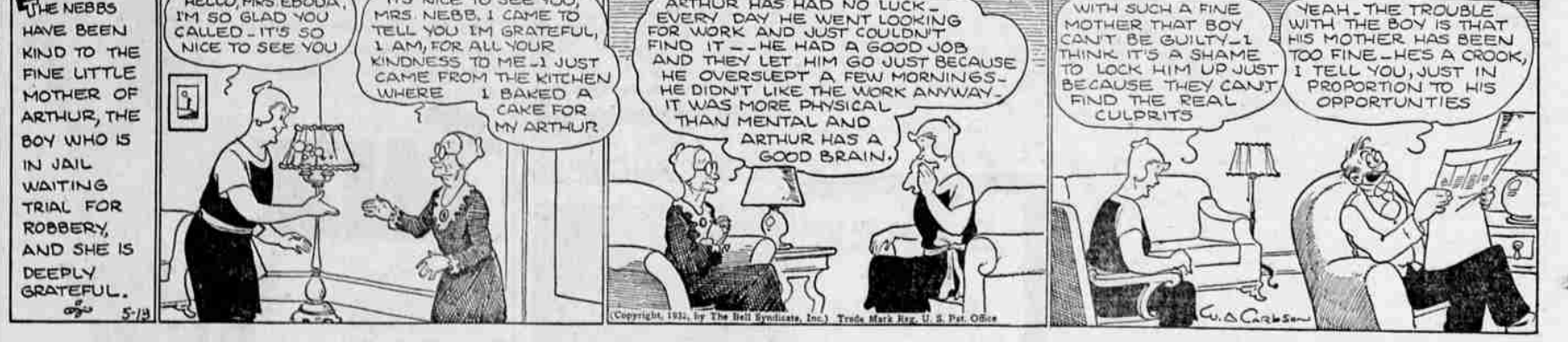
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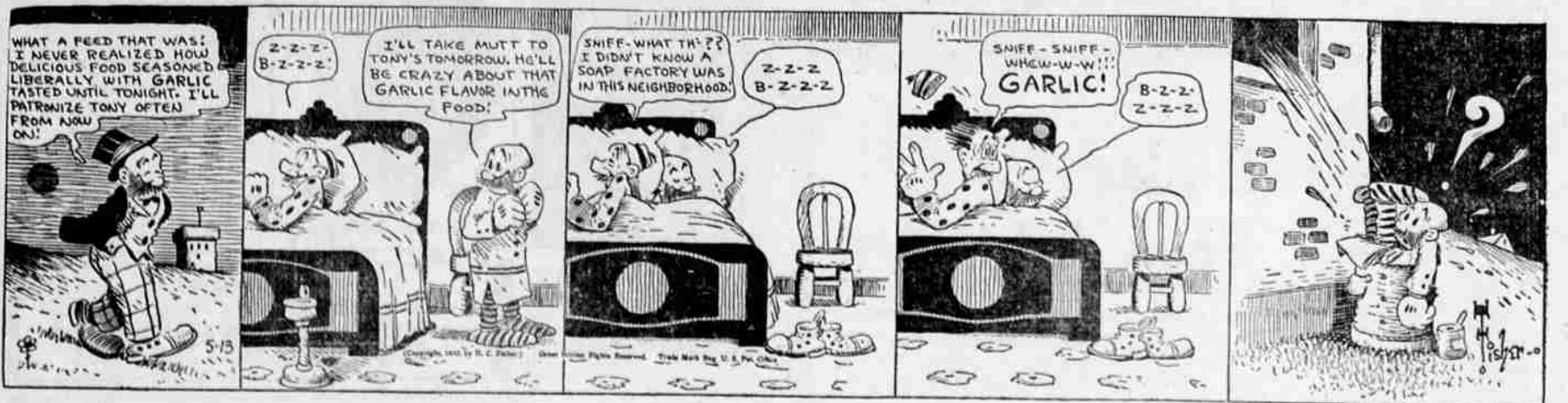
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CARTRIDGE SHELL STRIKES STUDENT

VANCOUVER, Wash., May 12.—(AP)—On their way to high school today Frank Nichols, 16, and several other students, amused themselves by throwing small caliber loaded rifle cartridges on the sidewalk. One of the cartridges exploded. The brass shell was propelled violently from the heavier lead pellet and struck Nichols in the abdomen. He doubled up with shock but continued on to school. When it became apparent he was ill, he was taken to a hospital where it was discovered that the brass cartridge had barely penetrated the flesh, where it was lodged. The shell was extracted and Nichols was sent home.

COLUMBIA PROJECT REVIEW IS FAVORED

WASHINGTON, May 12.—(AP)—The senate commerce committee today approved a resolution by Senator McNary (R., Ore.) for a review of war department reports on the Columbia River development projects. It also approved a move by Senator Stetson (R., Ore.) for a review of the chief of engineers' report on an investigation looking to development of Tillamook bay. A favorable report was voted on a bill by McNary for a survey for flood control on the McKenzie river.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

