

# KITTY FREW

By JANE ABBOTT

**SYNOPSIS:** Recklessness sends Kitty Frew when her husband Gar criticizes her for shopping with a market basket in their fashionable district. She has been successful; now she spends lavishly. She tells her worries about Gar's impracticality to his half-brother David, but doesn't refer to Gar's time spent with Marge Crosby.

## Chapter 33 AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER

The first of February brought more bills—Kitty's own, now. She gave them to Gar and he pocketed them cheerfully.

"That's the way, Kit," he commented. "I've paid those others. Now you see that you needn't worry."

Of course she needn't worry! A dozen times she assured Gar that she liked her new-found leisure. She did not tell him how she spent it, how often she went to Carol's, how often she saw David. Nor did she ask him where he'd got the money to pay Bond and the others.

The Players were presenting "Loyalties" the last of February. The rehearsals took Gar away from her. She did not suggest that she go with him.

One day she called Gar on the telephone. Gar wasn't in the office. He'd gone out about half-past eleven. He'd said he wouldn't be in

Amused, she fell to thinking of things she would say as soon as the music ceased.

But after a little it came to her with a shock that she wasn't listening to the music. She closed her eyes and settled back in her chair. And gradually the sound swept over her, lifted her, released her. It seemed to pour itself into her body and heart and brain. She put out her hand a little blindly until it caught David's arm.

The symphony ended. David smiled at her.

"David!" Her hand still clung to his arm. "David, that did something to me!"

She was ashamed—ashamed of what she'd been doing, sitting here, planning how she'd hold David's attention. She was frightened, too.

"I'm going to put you in a taxi, Kitty," David said when they were out in the street.

They stood on the fringe of the crowd pressing at the curb waiting to claim the cars that swung up in a close procession. And in the confusion of noise Kitty heard a familiar voice. "Here, let us through, please," Gar, Gar making a way for Margery Crosby. The Crosby chauffeur was holding open the door of the Crosby limousine. In an instant he had closed it upon



again that day, old Jonathan answered her. His voice was of the patient, kind quality—like Pound's. Did she imagine she caught a little note of pity in it?

Perhaps Gar—But she would not go on with that thought.

At dinner Gar told her that he had to go to the theater. "I may be late tonight, sweet. Don't sit up for me. Miriam Holt's dropped out of the cast and Somerset's put Di in—the thing'll go slow tonight."

Quite on accord, they discussed Diana Close's ability and lack of ability. Gar went off, kissing Kitty affectionately in parting.

Kitty remembered that the Philadelphia Symphony was playing at Music Hall. She'd go there.

She'd wanted to go to the concert all winter but Gar had refused. That sort of music bored him, he'd said.

She reached the hall too late to take a seat before the opening number. She joined a little group of people, standing, impatiently waiting. And in it she saw David.

"David, how nice!"

"Alone?"

"Yes, Gar's busy with the Players. But I'm not alone, now. See if you can change our tickets—"

He took hers and went to the box office, returning with adjoining seats.

"I've never heard an orchestra like this, except on the radio," she confided to him, laughing, as they took their seats.

Bright color glowed on her cheeks. She was wearing a black dinner dress which enhanced the creaminess of her slender throat.

"You're looking rather prettier than usual, tonight, Kitty."

She laughed softly. Such direct admiration from David was new! She turned a bright smile on him. She wanted David to say more nice things to her.

But the orchestra began Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. David had forgotten her. She watched his face, its absorption, its curious tightening.

"Gorgeous, wasn't it?" she asked, when the symphony was over.

And David looked at her a little vaguely, nodding. His wordlessness seemed to rebuke her; she resented it with some amusement.

Gar and Marge. The car rolled off to make way for the next.

"Here we are, Kitty!" David had commandeered a taxi. He had not seen Gar.

"Good night," she said brightly. Gar, who didn't like symphony concerts! But he'd been dragged into it, of course. Something had happened to postpone the rehearsal, of course. He'd telephoned, and found that she wasn't at the apartment.

Gar would tell her just how it happened when she got home.

She reached the apartment before Gar.

Gar came in, in high spirits. Had she been lonesome? He asked it with his arms around her.

Kitty waited.

"Di's going to make it all right, Kit. She's a good sport and Somerset'll whip her into shape."

But perhaps they'd had the rehearsal and Gar and Marge had gone into the concert late—

"Somerset worked them to a finish, I'll say. He went over part of it a half dozen times. It was ten o'clock before he'd let them go. That's why I'm so late."

"Have you had a busy day?" She hated herself for asking it, for feeling so icy cool and calm.

"Just that. Things are going great."

She went into the bedroom.

"Well, I didn't tell him I was there with David. I don't tell him when I go to Ketchum Street. Or when I see Carol."

She felt a sob shake her. She felt tears streaming down her cheeks. She knew, now, of what she was so afraid—that Kitty Frew she had come to be.

"But don't you see, David, that I've got to go on?" Kitty appealed some days later.

Kitty said this over and over, but not to David, only in wretched moments when, just to plan a heart-to-heart talk with David, eased her mind.

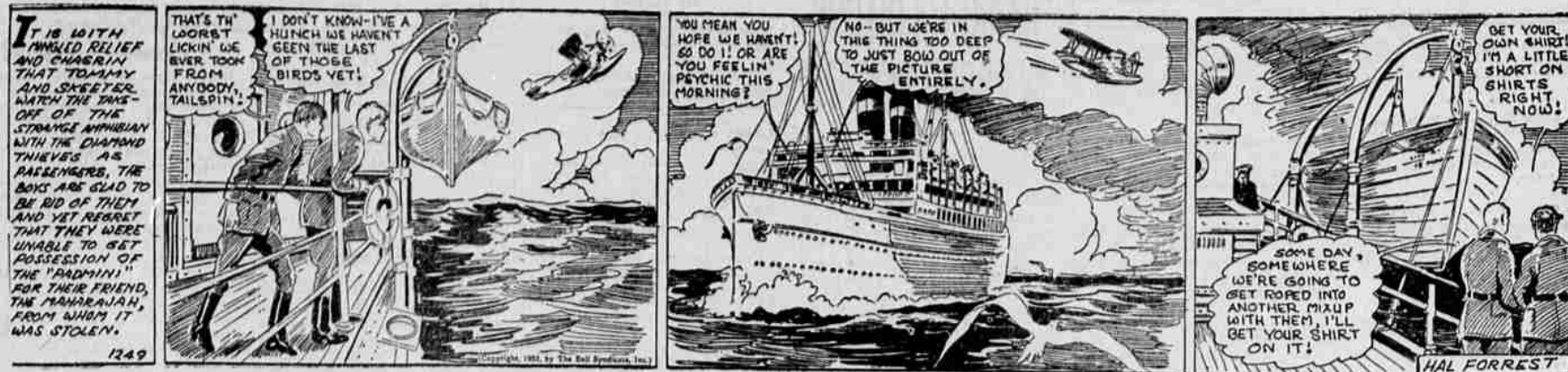
"And, David, I've been a fool these last few weeks, a perfect fool silly and reckless."

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Dorcas opens up more trouble for Kitty, with an amazing question tomorrow. But Carol launches a worse shot, by revealing a secret.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Boys Hope It's Only "Au Revoir"!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



## S'MATTER POP—What You'd Call "Grabbing An Opportunity"

By C. M. PAYNE



## BOUND TO WIN—Eli Brankin On The Job

By EDWIN ALGER



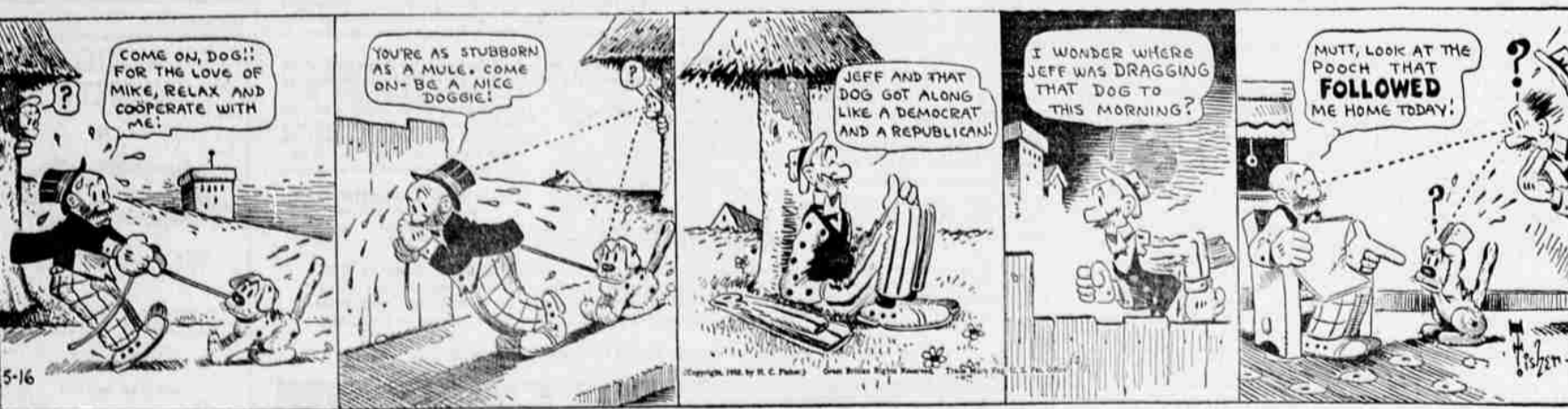
## THE NEBBS—All Right—Let's Go

By SOL HESS



## MUTT AND JEFF—Oh-Yeah?

By BUD FISHER



## MATRICIDES GET PRISON SENTENCES

SEATTLE, Wash., May 16.—(AP)—Dr. Albert G. McKeown, 48, and Leslie Barrett, 19, who killed their mothers here on the same night more than two months ago, were both sentenced to state prison Saturday, the former for 12 to 15 years and Barrett for five to 20 years.

## STRIKE PROBER SEEKS DAMAGE

LONDON, Ky., May 14.—(AP)—On the grounds that bloodshed might follow their visit and a mob that could not be controlled would form in Pineville, an American Civil Liberties Union delegation was barred from the southeastern Kentucky coal fields today.

## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

