

# KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

**SYNOPSIS:** "David is in love with you," Kitty Frew is told by Dorcas today. But Kitty has thought David, her husband's half-brother, merely a loyal friend. She needs her friends, for her husband Gar borrows money from his mother instead of earning it, and is attracted by Marge Crosby.

## Chapter 24 SUSPICION

**K**ITTY shrank as though the other had struck her. She made a little quick sound of protest. Her face flamed and paled and flamed again.

"It isn't so!" she answered faintly.

Dorcas had quieted. She put her hand on Kitty's shoulder. "I was a beast to say that. You didn't know, of course. David wouldn't let you know by any word or sign. You must forgive my telling you. I've messed things up, I'm afraid. I lost hold of myself— You made me angry, you seemed so stupid."

"Oh, see, Kitty, I happen to care a great deal about David's happiness."

And she'd rather he'd said he had been with Marge! She did not answer him.

A round of informal parties in Marge's honor began. Every night Gar and Kitty joined the others to dance somewhere.

"We'll need to go to Bridgewater to rest," Kitty said to Gar, laughing. "Why, I've lost ten pounds, I believe."

She was thinner; her bright color had gone. But Gar had not noticed. The bride's dress had come from Felicia's. She put it on for Gar to see it.

"Isn't it lovely?"

And Gar said briefly that it was all right, he guessed. He'd scowled as if irritated by something.

Fear grew sharper in Kitty's heart, a nameless fear, for she would not give it any name. She had a sensation of fighting with empty hands, blindly. She was inexpressibly lonely; she realized sharply that after all these months in Winton she had no real friends! She would not go to Dorcas, now. Carol, wrapped in her own troubles, was no comfort. She could not talk to David—and most of all she wanted to talk to David. She allowed herself a little angry resentment that David had been so stupid. He hadn't had any right to fall in love with her!

"Everything's so useless," she cried aloud one evening when she was dressing to go out with Gar. And the sound of the words frightened her. It was so.

"Go back to Bridgewater, call it a mistake." The words leaped out at her. What if she did?

And then Gar came in, hurrying. "I'm sorry I'm so late, Kit. Ready? It won't take me a minute to bathe."

She clung to him.

"Why, what's the matter, sweet? You're trembling!"

"I guess I'm just horribly tired, Gar." That was it, of course. Her lips pressed Gar's, she felt humble, shaken.

"Do you want to go to-night? Sure you're up to it, Kit?" Gar was all concern.

She was ready to tell him that she'd rather not go; she thought swiftly of an evening, alone with Gar.

"Isobel will understand. I'll tell her you're bushed."

"Oh, I'll go. I'm all right, Gar." And then that nagging suspicion that maybe Gar'd rather go without her.

Paul Somerset was always one of every party. More often than not he escorted Marge. Kitty knew that the others laughed at his devotion, commented on the indifference Marge showed him. And Gar, to Kitty, talked scathingly of him. After Isobel's party, talking it over, Gar said: "That big boulder, Somerset—I'd like to punch his face in for him."

"But why does Marge bother with him?"

Gar did not answer her. She saw him scowl. She changed the subject quickly.

More and more she looked forward to the respite of two weeks in Bridgewater. Sally had written: "We're only going to spend a few days on our honeymoon. Kitty, we'll be back in a week at the longest. I hope you stay on for awhile. You can help me get settled."

"And afterwards I'll begin again." To think it was to admit failure but Kitty faced it honestly. Here everything was too muddled to see it clearly but there—some day she'd walk alone to the top of Cowper's hill, and think things out squarely. And then, perhaps, when she had herself in hand, she could talk it all over with Gar. She'd begin: "It's my fault, partly, Gar—"

They'd move into a less expensive apartment; she'd budget their money again.

An errand took her into Stratton's and as was her custom when she went there she hunted out Josie for a moment's chat. Josie beamed on her.

"Say, if you'd come in a day later you wouldn't have found me here, Kitty. I'm going to be married." She said it loudly and the other girls, within hearing, smiled but in a friendly way. Josie's love-affairs were theirs.

Kitty rejoiced heartily with Josie. And when she left her it was with a deep respect for this girl who knew so well how to meet life.

She was thinking so intently of Josie that she did not see David, approaching, until he was confronting her, speaking her name.

"Oh— The color poured to her face."

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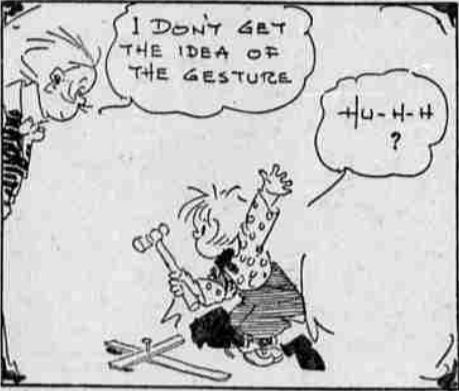
When Kitty next sees David, on Monday, she is in a panic of terror and suspense.

### TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Modest Hero



### S'MATTER POP—"Wunst" Was Enough!

By C. M. PAYNE



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### BOUND TO WIN—Sparring For Time

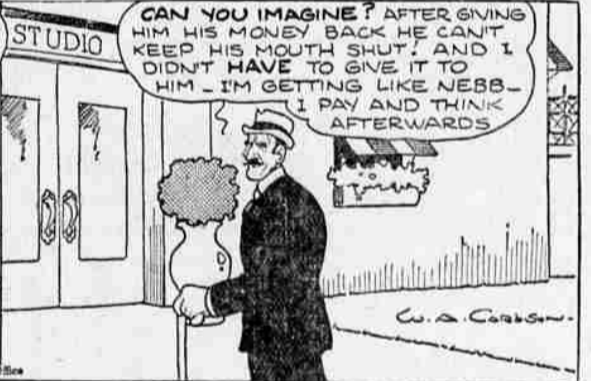
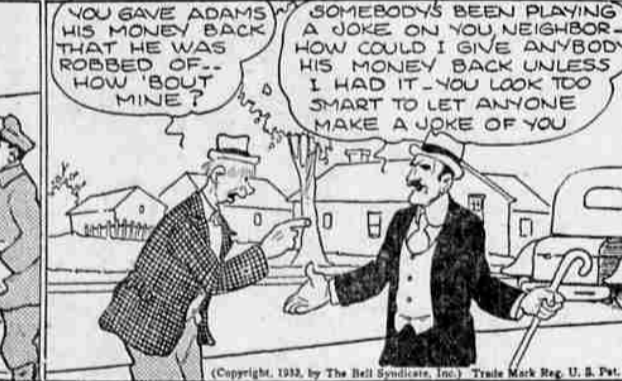
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### THE NEBBS—That's Too Bad

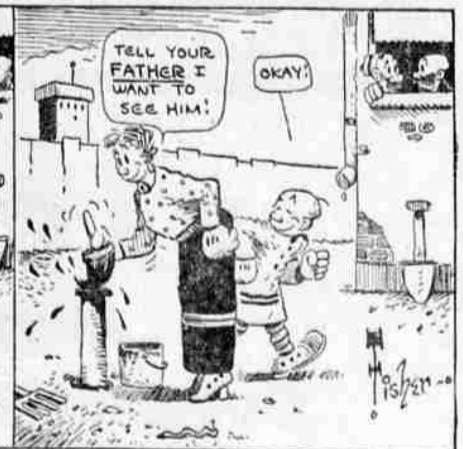
By SOL HESS



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### MUTT AND JEFF—Mrs. Mutt's Opinion Of Mutt Is An Open Secret

By BUD FISHER



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## COAST BUSINESS SHOWS INCREASE

**SAN FRANCISCO, May 18--(AP)**—Slight trade improvement characterized the last week along the Pacific coast, Bradstreet's "Trade at a Glance" said today.

The brief Portland comment showed trade making slight gains in some lines. Farmers were encouraged by rains aiding wheat. Spokane found wholesale and retail business lagging, though city trade was "on the upgrade" until closing of banks curtailed activity.

Seattle reported the lumber industry inactive, with the farm outlook favored by good seedling weather. San Francisco recorded an upswing in lumber orders.

## SISKIYOU ESCAPES BACK IN BASTILE

**YREKA, Cal., May 18--(AP)**—Two county jail prisoners who escaped yesterday from a Siskiyou county chain gang were back in their cells today, although it took deputy sheriffs 13 hours to trail them down.

The two, Francis Owen, 18, and Glen Camozzi, 19, serving six months each for automobile theft, escaped from the gang near Gaselle. They were arrested recently at Medford, Oregon.

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By George McManus



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