

# KITTY FREW

By JANE ABBOTT

**SYNOPSIS:** Kitty Frew is revealed to hear that Marge Crosby is going abroad. For Marge has been saying she is leaving her husband, Gar, and Kitty fears her success. Perhaps he is meeting Marge secretly. Kitty runs across David Frew, Gar's half-brother for the first time since she learned he loved her.

## Chapter 25

**AN AUTOMOBILE CRASH**  
"Are you going to say you didn't see me?" David laughed.  
"I didn't honestly. I was thinking—"

Kitty found she wasn't embarrassed at meeting him, that quite naturally she slipped her hand through his arm in her old manner of greeting, that she was glad, glad to see him!

"Tea?" he asked.  
And presently they were sitting at their table behind the chintz-hung window. And she was asking him about the new story.

His stay in the country had agreed with him, or perhaps his work—he was ruddy, heavier, immensely cheerful.

He told her that the best thing that ever had happened to him was "Jungle's" downfall.

She told him nothing of her own troubled state of mind. Somehow, with him, she forgot it.

Kitty put her hands out, blindly, to catch on something for support.  
"You don't want to leave Marge, before she goes." She did not know that she said it aloud. Her throat felt too thick for speech. But she must have, for the words, the angry tone of them, hung in the air between them.

"Put it that way if you want to." He swung around. His face was dark, tortured, and there was an odd unhappy pleading in his eyes as if he were mutely asking of Kitty something that he could not put into speech.  
But Kitty would not see it.

Kitty went to Bridgewater alone, but found herself unexpectedly returning to Winton.

A train-boy called the morning papers through the pullman car of the cross-street Express. Kitty, huddled in a corner of a seat, asked sharply for a Winton Times. She paid for it, then let it lie across her knee for a moment, her eyes averted from it, a shudder passing through her.

Gar's accident would be in the paper, those details missing from the telephone communication that was bringing her back to Winton.

Perhaps she'd open it to read that Gar was dead.



Kitty took up the paper—and shrank back with a little cry. He'd come in only for the day. He was taking the six o'clock bus back.

"David, you're really happy?" Kitty asked impulsively.  
He nodded, smiling. "In a fool's way, perhaps. If this story isn't any good, I'm through. But I'm getting a kick out of it."

She walked back to the Tudor Arms, musing on David's work and eagerness in it, which had been so lacking in his labor with the "Jungle." This story would go. That was it, one built on one's failures. She would build so, too.

She walked fast, enjoying the cold air, the gray dusk, the gleam of lighted windows. The late day traffic rushed by her, big cars, small cars, freighted with home-going humanity. And suddenly among them she saw Gar's roadster. Marge was riding beside Gar, snugly close in her fur coat, her shoulder close to Gar's. She was laughing, her face lifted to Gar's.

Kitty, halted in the shadow of a tree, felt a wave of physical sickness pass over her. She did not argue with herself: "It's all right. He might have met her somewhere. Of course if he did he'd run her home."

She shrank from Gar's coming in. She wouldn't ask him— But she did:

"You passed me on Elm Avenue, Gar. You were with Marge." She could have said it so carelessly, laughed at it. But she said it in the new sharp tone she found herself using, now, so often.

Gar's answer was careless enough. "Marge and I were having tea with Mother. Marge wanted to say good-by."

The old nameless fear smote Kitty. Fight—she'd fight, but with what?

She knew that Gar was trying to tell her something.  
"Kitty, I know you're going to make a fuss but I can't help it. I can't get off to go to Bridgewater."

"Gar!"  
He did not look at her. He had walked to the window and he stood there, his back to the room.

"Things have come up," he went on, vaguely, his tone unconvincing. "You'll have to explain to Phil. I've telegraphed him. Of course you'll go just the same."

shrank back with a little cry.

All through the night, lying stiff, aching, on her berth, she had pictured the accident, Gar mangled, calling for her in his last consciousness. They hadn't told her over the telephone, because they'd thought of the shock—people broke news that way, with half-truths.

She took up the paper with trembling fingers. The print blurred; it was a moment before she could see even the headline. Her glance traveled swiftly over the first page. Not there—she turned the sheet. And then she shrank back with a little cry. Marge's face looked at her.

"Miss Margery Crosby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dexter Crosby, who with Mrs. Crosby leaves for New York to-day to sail next week for an extended stay in Europe, escaped injuries in the automobile crash which may cost the lives of Garfield Frew, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Frew, and Paul Somerset, well-known actor who has been directing the productions of the Playors at the Little Theater on Sutton Street."

Kitty did not look for more details. She crushed the paper in her hands and let it fall to the floor. She stared out of the window, her underlip caught in her teeth. Gar wasn't dead—not yet. She'd get to him in time! "Oh, Gar, Gar! Oh, hurry, hurry!"  
"Oh, God, let me see him. Let me talk to him!"

She said it aloud. She saw the man in the seat across the aisle look at her curiously, with a little concern.

"Why is the train going so slowly?" she asked him, childishly.

"We're coming into Winton," he told her. "Can I help you?"  
She shook her head. She found her hat and jammed it on her head, jerked on her gloves. She ran down the aisle of the car, pushing fellow-travelers aside.

"Your bags, lady—" the porter called to her. She'd forgotten them. She was turning her head, frowning, impatient of the smallest delay when a voice called her name. David took her arm.

Her eyes widened with horror. He'd met her to tell her—  
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Is Gar dead? David tells Kitty his news at once, tomorrow.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Message Intercepted!



## S'MATTER POP—Some Girls Grow Up Like That

By C. M. PAYNE



## BOUND TO WIN—A Fortunate Interruption

By EDWIN ALGER



## THE NEBBS—The Secret?

By SOL HESS



## MUTT AND JEFF—“Aw, What's The Use?” Says Mutt

By BUD FISHER



## EX-BANKER FAILS TO APPEAR AT HEARING

VANCOUVER, Wash., May 19.—(AP)—Dr. C. B. Alexander, former president of the now defunct American Security bank here, failed to appear in court today for sentencing on a fraud conviction in connection with the closing of the bank. The minimum sentence is two years.  
Dr. Alexander's home is in Alhambra, Cal. The court issued a verbal order for forfeiture of Alexander's \$3,000 bond.

## VERMONT DEMOCRATS FAVORING ROOSEVELT

BURLINGTON, Vt., May 19.—(AP)—Vermont Democrats yesterday selected 12 delegates to the Democratic national convention and unanimously voted they were favorable to the presidential candidacy of Franklin D. Roosevelt, governor of New York. The delegates have eight votes.  
Slayer Surrenders.  
COLVILLE, Wash., May 19.—(AP)—Harry Chitwood, sought for the slaying of his divorced wife and wounding of another man, surrendered yesterday, Sheriff Dick Bone saying the man admitted killing Mrs. Chitwood because she would not return to him.

## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

