

# KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

**SYNOPSIS:** Kitty Frew is awakened in the middle of the night by the nurse in charge of her husband, Gar, who has been hurt in an automobile crash. The accident has brought Kitty and Gar together, after Gar's mother fought against Kitty, just as she estranged her step-son, David.

## Chapter 39 "HE'S MINE"

"SHE didn't have time to call you—" Miss Bixby mumbled. Kitty pushed her aside; she caught up a negligee and threw it over her shoulders as she ran to Gar's room. To her agonized senses it seemed as if there was a crowd around Gar's bed, the night nurse, two internes—she pushed them savagely out of her way. How dared they stand so between her and Gar?

Miss Bixby came up behind her, put shaking hands on her to draw her back.

"There wasn't a minute, Mrs. Frew! He just went to sleep like—like he is now."

"You mean?" The words came shrilly, unbelievably.

"It was embolus, Mrs. Frew. It happens, sometimes—"

"You'd better come away, Mrs. Frew."

Kitty put out her hands. "Go—go, all of you. I'm—I'm all right."

stairs, a glass in her hand. A door had shut somewhere. David had taken Kitty to Dorcas. Dorcas had given her her own room, using another room on the floor for herself.

"I'm all right!" Kitty had said, bravely. "Just tell me something to do."

And Dorcas had found small tasks for her. "If you'll get my scrap book into shape you'll save my sanity." She'd dumped an accumulation of clippings into Kitty's empty hands.

Kitty had refused David's urging to go back to Bridgewater.

"Oh, no, David."

She never talked of Gar; what of longing and sorrow and loneliness she suffered she hid behind her steady smile, her sober, hurt eyes.

The Frew house was closed. Mrs. Frew, after weeks of prostration, had gone to California, taking Miss Bixby with her. Dalton Frew was living at his club. Carol and Paul Somerset were occupying the rooms over the garage on Elmwood Terrace. David had told Kitty all this but she had listened indifferently as if those people of whom he spoke were strangers to her.

She never thought of her brief resentment against Dorcas, or of what had been its cause; if she had

thought of it she would have put it with the things that did not matter. All these weeks David had watched her with deep concern. He'd seen her grow thinner, paler.

"If I could reach her—" he'd think, torn himself, suffering for her.

Now he helped her put the finishing touches to the supper. "I saw Dorcas at the Times office. She said she might be a little late."

He went to the window and stood there, his back to her. "I had a long talk with Dad, to-day, Kitty. He's terribly low. He's had a letter from—Mrs. Frew. She's not coming back here."

"I think it would make him happy—Kitty, he wants you to take an allowance. It's in the bank, anyway, in your name. It's yours, by all rights. Kitty, there's a job for you!"

She did not answer for a moment; when she spoke it was in a slow voice.

"I'm sorry for him. I'm terribly sorry, David. I'm not angry at anyone, why should I be? I'm not angry at—her. I had Gar—in the end." It was the first time, of her own accord, she had spoken of Gar.

He waited for her control to break. But she went on steadily; "What can I do, David?"

"He hates it, cooped up at the club. He's rightfully worn. I was thinking, Kitty—I wish the two of you would go out to the little house for a few weeks. I think it would set Dad up wonderfully. Mrs. Dundy's daughter could come over to help you. I'll run out now and then just to see how you're getting on. There's another thing—I saw Carol to-day. Things are going very badly with her and Somerset. I mean money. Would it be too big a family?" He turned toward her anxiously.

The tears were streaming down Kitty's cheeks. Behind them her eyes glowed, dark, deep with feeling. She put her face against his arm.

"Oh, David, you're so kind!" He stiffened himself against the desire to take her in his arms. His mouth set sternly though in his eyes lay a great tenderness.

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Kitty plans a new enterprise, in the next installment, and sudden success changes David.



David waited for Kitty's control to break. "Oh, go, please—He's mine, I tell you!"

On an afternoon four months later Ketchum Street had baked under the August heat. But in late afternoon a little breeze sprang up to bring a saving freshness to the heavy air. It stirred the curtains at Dorcas Taber's open windows.

Kitty lifted the shades which she had drawn against the merciless sun. It was six o'clock, Dorcas would be home soon. Supper was ready—iced tea in the big glass pitcher, fragrant with mint, a big bowl of green salad, thin slices of chicken.

She set a table close to the windows where they could feel the little breeze. Thru places—David would come.

Perhaps he'd had some word from his publishers. When she heard a step on the stairs she ran to open the door.

"David, have you heard?" He laughed at her eagerness. He drew a long breath. "Say, this is cool here!"

"But, David, have you heard?" He took a yellow slip of paper from his pocket and put it in her hand.

"Little Lady" is all that we expected. We are in luck." She read the telegram aloud.

"Oh, David, I'm so glad! But I knew it was good."

"Well, that's that. What have you been doing to-day?"

He was regarding her with close anxiety. Her face, thinner now, was colorless, her eyes, with their sober, hurt look, seemed wider, deeper-set and the long lashes made little shadows against the transparency of her cheeks. Her steady smile stabbed David's heart.

"Oh, I'm fine! I've stayed in to-day and it hasn't been bad here at all. I've been very busy." She nodded toward a sewing basket.

Kitty had been living in the house on Ketchum Street since that day in April, when, bewildered, her heart a dead thing, she had put her hand in David's. "Take me—away." The heavy fragrance of flowers had filled the empty rooms of the Frew house. Jones had been moving things in the drawing-room. Miss Bixby had been running up the wide

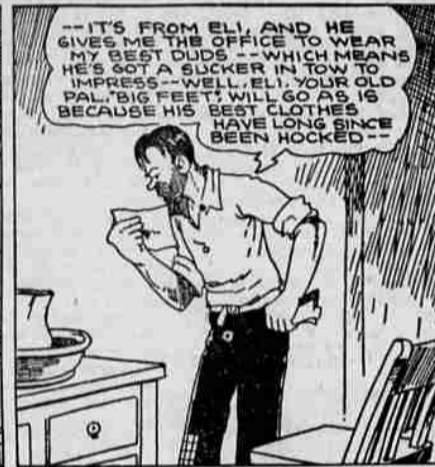
## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Seattle Harbor!



## S'MATTER POP—One Thing At A Time



## BOUND TO WIN—While In Havana



## THE NEBBS—Sticks And Stones



## MUTT AND JEFF—One Way Of Making A "Touch"



## BRINGING UP FATHER



## Modified Lumber Tariff Refused

WASHINGTON, May 24.—(AP)—The senate today refused to modify the lumber tariff provision in the revenue bill to exclude rough lumber from the proposed 33 import tax.

It was a victory for the tariff coalition in the first test on the lumber duty. Senator Copeland (D. N. Y.) offered the amendment to exclude rough lumber.

NEW YORK, May 24.—(AP)—A man whose identity police withheld, but who, police said, had a diary or note book intimating he was in some way responsible for the death of Lord Kitchener, chief of staff of the British army who lost his life in the North Sea during the World war, was under arrest at police headquarters.

Haircut 35c, shave 15c. Free Employment Office, Rankin 752.

## DO-X Lands at British Seaport

SOUTHAMPTON, England, May 24.—(AP)—The DO-X, the world's biggest flying boat, landed here at 7:15 p. m. today (1:15 p. m. E. S. T.) after a flight from Vigo, Spain, after having crossed the Atlantic from New York by stages.

FIRE SALE—4 1/2 to 5 tier load of 16-in. slabwood \$4.50 and 6 to 8 1/2 tier load of 12-in. slabwood \$5.00. Valley Fuel Co., Tel 78.—Ask about free kindling.

Catholic ladies' card party, Parish hall, Wednesday, 2 o'clock. Pivot and progressive bridge, 35c. Refreshments.

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By George McManus