

Born of the Storm

By SIDNEY B. CARTER

(Chapter 11)
 Going down to breakfast together the next morning gave them a new sensation. Kenneth strutted with his usual self-assurance. Priscilla felt a little self-conscious but she enjoyed walking into the dining room with her new husband. He held her chair with perfect courtesy while she seated herself, and then sat opposite her.

After breakfast they walked out on the porch and relaxed in the April sunshine. "Well, honey," said Kenneth finally, "we better get going just as soon as I call Mom and break the news. I'd like to stop at the furniture store on the way back to show you what I picked out."

"Ken, must we get new furniture? We should save our money. In a few months I'm sure I can get a job and be able to help out."

"You don't have to work, Priscilla. I want you to take it easy. Just help Mom around the house a little."

"No, Ken, you must pay your mother board for me. It would be a bad start in life to be under obligation to anyone."

"Well, honey, you do what you want. But, about the furniture, mine is sort of broken down and I don't think there are enough drawers for both of us."

Kenneth insisted that they stop at the furniture store and Priscilla smiled when she saw Kenneth's choice—a clumsy bed-room suite, adorned with flashy inlays and dripping with gingerbread carvings.

She picked a suite with simple lines and at very much lower cost. Kenneth made a deposit on it, arranging to pay the balance in monthly installments.

When they left the business district Kenneth passed a dilapidated railroad station and crossed the tracks where several freight engines were slowly and violently puffing their way. They threaded their way through several gritty streets, finally emerging into a somewhat cleaner section where there were long rows of narrow, red-brick homes, with high, white wooden steps. As they neared Kenneth's home Priscilla began to feel her heart sink again.

If they could only have their own clean little home, with no one to please but themselves.

In front of one of the few clean houses in the row, Kenneth stopped the car. The actor, through which they had just passed was certainly no tonic for Priscilla's nerves and, despite her determination to remain calm, she mounted the filmy wooden stairs with considerable giggling. Kenneth unlocked the door and they entered a small living room, separated from the back of the house by a stairway leading to the second floor. The furniture was old and worn but the room was clean and neat.

Priscilla looked the cue and came over and put her arms around Mrs. Kent, kissing her and telling her how glad she was to know her.

"I guess this has been a shock to you, Mother Ken," she said, "but I hope we'll all be very happy together."

Mrs. Kent did not answer but drew back and looked Priscilla

over appraisingly. "Humph! Yet right purty, ain't ya? Well, nothin's too good for my Ken," she said, looking at him as lovingly as her stolid features would permit. "S'pose we go in and sit down to the table. I got lunch ready fer ya."

Priscilla made it a point to praise Mrs. Kent's cooking, as well as the tidiness of the house. Fortunately, Priscilla had touched one of the few vulnerable spots in Mrs. Kent's heart. She was justly proud of her culinary skill and she unhesitatingly acknowledged the compliment with an appreciative pat on the hand, much to the delight of both Kenneth and Priscilla.

Just as they were about to go for Priscilla's clothes, Kenneth's sister returned from school. A dull-witted girl of about 11, she had managed to advance laboriously to the 5th grade, and now had been detained here for the second year. She resembled her mother, both in appearance and intellect though she had the advantage of a little more schooling. Diligently chewing gum with her mouth half open and swinging her books in time with the movement of her jaws, she came slowly up the steps. When she saw Kenneth a smile of genuine pleasure lit her dull features. Running to him, she threw her arms about him affectionately, not even noticing the others in the room.

He lifted her from the floor and gave her a resounding smack. Settling her down, he turned to Priscilla.

"Honey, come kiss your new sister, Dora. I know you and Priscilla will be chums." Priscilla did not feel drawn to the child, but she made an effort in that direction.

After asking Dora a few commonplace questions about her school, Priscilla suggested that they had better be on their way.

"Ken," she confided, as they walked toward Betty. "I'm afraid this is going to be the worst job of all. I wish it were over." Her conscience smote her when she thought of her father, still weak from his illness. At least I could have told him ahead of time what I was going to do, she thought.

Kenneth's spirits were undampened. "Don't worry, Babe. As Pop would say, 'Never cross a bridge till you're over it,'" he laughed.

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SIZES 12-40

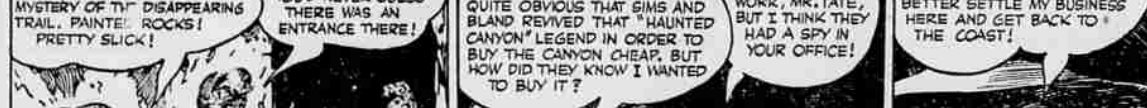
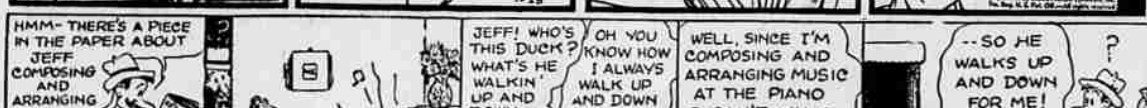
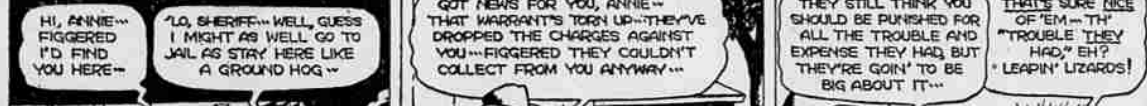
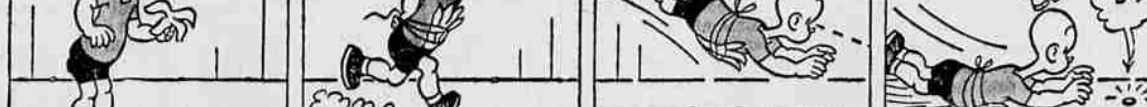
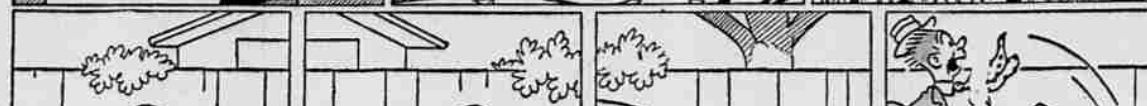


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RADIO PROGRAMS			
THURSDAY—P.M.			
KSLM 1230	KGW 820	KOCO 1400	KOIN 870
5:00	5:15	5:30	5:45
Frank Lewis, Jr.	Woman's Secret	Rhythm Ranch	Curt Massey
Paul Hamilton	Sunny Side	Rhythm Ranch	Little Show
Paul Hamilton	Richard Harkness	Bing Crosby	Songs of Prairie
5:45	5:55	6:05	6:15
B-Bar-B Ranch	String Serenade	Candle Light and	Pat Manning
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