

MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

What Dicky Told Midge That Sunday Morning

"WHAT are you going to do, Midge? Why the uniform?" Dicky looked lastly up from the Sunday newspapers, which were strewn around the couch in the living room where he lay stretched at ease. It was Sunday morning, Dicky's "lazy time" of the week. The Sunday morning before this I had sat near him in the big chair, also reading, and we had promised ourselves that this would be our weekly custom, neither of us having much inclination for church.

But this morning, with the expectation of guests in the evening, I knew that there was work waiting for me, so as soon as Dicky was thoroughly absorbed in his papers I had slipped into my room and put on one of my kitchen aprons. A sense of familiarity came to me as I buttoned it, for I had not worn it since Katie had taken the helm of the kitchen. I had hoped that Dicky would not notice my absence, but he saw me and called to me as I passed through the living room on my way to the kitchen.

"I must prepare those salted almonds for tonight, Dicky," I replied. "Mother the salted almonds. I told you to get those that were all ready. Can't Katie do them?"

"Katie has all she can do," I explained patiently. "She had the dinner to prepare, and then this afternoon she will polish up the furniture a bit. Dicky gave a groan of pretended dismay. "Don't tell me, Midge, that you're one of the women who start to cleaning house every time they expect guests," he began. "I used to vow that I never would marry one of that stripe. It takes all the comfort of having anybody come to the house to have everything so stiff."

I wanted to remind Dicky of his distaste of a few days before, when he had hurt me immeasurably by his criticism of the disordered living room. But I had learned that inconsistency of speech was one of Dicky's chief characteristics. The opinion he expressed one day he was likely to contradict the next, so I skirted the topic carefully.

TETE-A-TETE

"We're not going to clean house, Dicky—nothing that will disturb you a bit. But I must prepare the almonds myself. It is a tedious job, and I want the time after dinner free for the sandwiches and the table. You'll run out this morning and get me a few flowers, won't you?" "Sure," agreed Dicky, "but there's no hurry, is there?"

"None at all," I assured him. "All right then, I'll go after a while." He resumed his reading and I went to the kitchen.

"Please get me the nut-cracker and the almonds you brought home last night," I told Katie. "I will crack them here on the end of the kitchen table. Be sure that you have plenty of boiling water in the teakettle by the time I finish them."

"All right, Missis Graham, I feex," Katie was bustling around the kitchen, getting the breakfast dishes out of the way with more than even her usual rapid movement. I sat down at the table and began cracking the nuts. It was a slow job, and I had finished only about a fourth of them when Dicky appeared at the door.

"I've come to help," he announced, but I saw Katie's look of dismay at the tiny kitchen where she must get dinner. "Please get me the nut-cracker and the almonds you brought home last night," I told Katie. "I will crack them here on the end of the kitchen table. Be sure that you have plenty of boiling water in the teakettle by the time I finish them."

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Chicken With Whipped Cream and Horseradish

Chop the left-over chicken fine, add one-quarter cup horseradish, drained, and one cup medium cream, beaten thick and folded in carefully. Season with salt. Use horseradish root.

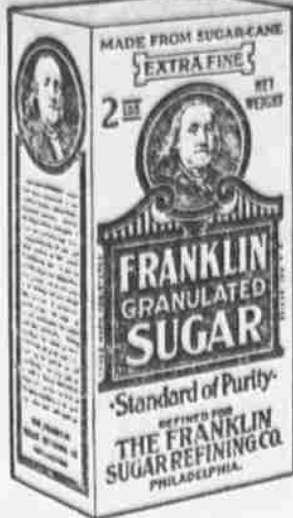
Pippa's Song

The year's at the spring, And May's at the morn; Morning at seven; The hillside's dew-peart; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the thorn; God's in his heaven— All's right with the world! —Robert Browning.

Brand-New Babies

The Evening Ledger will print, free of charge, notices of recent births sent in through proper channels. Address "Brand-New Babies," Evening Ledger, 408 Chestnut street. Name and address and, when possible, telephone number of sender must accompany each notice so sent.

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