

THE CALL OF THE NEW YEAR.

Quit you like men, be strong; There's a burden to bear, There's a grief to share, There's a heart that breaks 'neath a load of care— But fare ye forth with a song.

RED FLANNELS.

For several weeks all went rapturously with the honeymooners. Florida days and nights of entrancing loveliness succeeded each other like a string of priceless beads.

She visioned the sands at Miami, with the tide curling in and the waves breaking gloriously along the beach. And she remembered the honeymoon promises: his to her and hers to him.

During the ensuing days Barbara began many things and finished nothing. She rushed restlessly about and wondered what her broad-minded father would say to this boycotting of the Reynoldses.

She stopped at the stricken look in his face. He flicked the ash from his cigar and compressed his lips. "You want, in other words, to side with my enemies? That's what they are—Linwood and that pig-headed Reynolds you're so fond of!"

He drew himself up to his full height. "It was about that coat, Gee Whiz, which Jim Linwood, who thinks he knows everything, says is a brother of Thunder Bolt. It's nonsense! And I told him so!"

"Oh, you're terribly hot-headed, Ollie! What difference does it make, anyhow? You both acted like babies, if you ask me."

"I didn't give you a regular promise; and what I did say, I said under compulsion." "That's nonsense! You realized what you now appear to forget—that to get along we've got to pull together, and that you're my wife."

There fell a happy silence between them; Barbara glanced at Oliver and saw that his face had a fixed look and a dark vein was showing faintly in his forehead.

"You've been seeing a lot of the Reynoldses lately, Babs. I wish you'd cut it out. Sam Reynolds is no friend if true!" "But I'm awfully fond of them!" "You're my wife, aren't you? You're going to back me, aren't you?"

"Yes, of course." "Sam Reynolds is a fool!" "Oh, no, Oliver! You just don't appreciate each other!" "He said things to me I won't take from any man. And I don't want my wife going to his house!"

"What did he say, Oliver?" "He practically called me a liar." "Oh, no!" "Amounts to the same thing. He claims his place runs back beyond that big lilac bush. He's wrong, and when I told him he was, he got on his ear and contradicted me flat."

Barbara stared at him. "He's like a small boy," she thought; "so easily offended, so fierce in his likes and dislikes." "She visioned the sands at Miami, with the tide curling in and the waves breaking gloriously along the beach. And she remembered the honeymoon promises: his to her and hers to him.

She felt exhilarated, this daughter of the altruistic Smarts, as she hurried homeward. She decided it would be quite as well not to tell Oliver of her conversation with Mrs. Reynolds. The acute edge of his wrath might grow dull. It didn't matter much, he was bound to know before long.

She found her voice. "We've been living on the husks of happiness. I'm through with this armed truce." "It's not an armed truce and—and I still think the same of you—There's no one else, there never has been—"

"Oh, Ollie, Ollie! We've threshed it all out before! We just don't think alike, I s'pose. We're not a bit happy and we're too young not to make a strike for happiness. No, I'm going to clear out. I'll live my own life and start all over again."

"You mustn't go, Babs. I can't get along without you. I was awful mad to guess I have a pretty bad temper." "You're all right in lots of ways. Most ways, Ollie. We've had wonderful moments." Her voice faded out, but she cleared her throat and began again. "We're not happy now. We're two crabs. I'm going away so both of us can be happy. I'm through jilting my friends when I know it's dead wrong."

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it, there's no use talking!" "If she held out her arms, she was sure he would rush to her. She longed to, but could not. The hurt was too deep and too raw. He strode to the window, staring out toward the bay. One lean hand stroked his chin; brushed his black hair. Then he whirled suddenly.

She laughed at the ending. What a queer, captivating fellow he was! Then her thought sobered. Not a word indicating a change of mind. As for his asking forgiveness, she recalled his saying that he had never asked anyone to forgive him in his life, and never expected to. It was, with a concluded, against his creed. With a dull pain in her heart she started to dress.

Barbara had formed the habit of avoiding the Reynoldses' house, which was on the opposite side of the village, across the railroad tracks, but one afternoon she was hurrying past when a familiar voice greeted her. "Stop a moment, Barbara Greenlough, can't you?"

"Not for a second did she hesitate. She felt bowed up, and she hurried down the path and grasped Mrs. Reynolds' out-stretched hand. "You look like an inspired Greece! No wonder Oliver adores you."

Barbara's suppressed affection bubbled to the surface. "How good to see you again. Oh, but I've missed you! It's been ages! How's everybody?" "We're all well. What I want to say is a trifle awkward. But I don't see why we should quarrel just because our husbands don't get on. You're not angry at me, are you?"

Barbara gave the comfortable hand a squeeze. "Of course I'm not! You've been wonderful to me. Viola's the best friend I've got east of Ohio." "I'm glad to hear you say that. You've been neglecting us lately. We've wondered. It would be silly, wouldn't it, for us to fall out over nothing?"

"I'm sure it would." "We'll continue to run back and forth as usual, then?" "Why—yes!" Barbara cried, brushing back a curl from her ear. "We're just as good friends as we ever were! Rather better, I'd say, after this. It's so square of you."

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from the Smarts ever since she could remember. She would have to ask them out, and she and Oliver would have to "pretend," even if it killed them. She found herself saying over and over: "Of course, you got in too late to call us up last night, and it's not really early. Come out on the first train you can make and stay all day. Yes, I know how happy you are! I'm so glad! My, how much we'll have to talk about. Ollie and I'll be just delighted to see you both."

Oliver's perplexed eyes met hers as she rose to go upstairs, and she tried to be casual. "It's Nellie Trevor Nicholas. She and Billy are coming for the day with us. I couldn't do anything else. You remember Nell?" "Well, I gawk up with her. She promised the folks to visit us. I—I'd like to have them—on their honeymoon and everything—get on to the fact that we're not hitting it off, Ollie."

The next two hours Barbara was too busy to think of her troubles. In the garage Oliver was grooming the car to drive to the station. There was a scramble to get there in time, but they made it.

Nellie and Billy were worse than she anticipated—more blatantly happy. Still, it was nice to see them and hear all the latest Zanesville gossip. Nellie hadn't had an easy time, either. She had been raised by an aunt, and for years had worked in an office while Billy was on the road. Sometimes he had been away for months at a stretch. Now he had stopped traveling, and they were building on Linden road. The morning of love for them!

Then Nellie talked. In a dull apathy of misery, Barbara missed some of her remarks; but she heard the allusion to her grandfather and his red flannels.

"When Billy was on the road, I was uneasy about him all the time. Afraid something would happen. And I felt if anything did, I might as well drop out, too. I wouldn't like much difference to any one. It's not lonely any more. I'll never be lonely again! Never! The people I worked for weren't interested in me, personally. Not a bit. Just my work and whether I was on time and at the top-notch of efficiency. It makes all the difference in the world to be important, terrifically important, to some one, and to have him terrifically important to you."

Nellie chuckled. "Remember my grandfather and his red flannels, Barbara? He didn't mind cold weather if his flannels were intact. Well, a lovin' husband's like red flannels! Dependable and comfortable and worth taking care of! And, Babs, if you'd been knocked about from pillar to post as I have, you'd say so, too!"

Barbara felt the blood rush to her face. She was struggling to think of something to say, when Billy cut in. "If we're going to make that train, we'll have to be stepping. I heard talk at the hotel of a special for some of these plutocrats tonight. But that's not for us!"

"I'm afraid you're right," Oliver said. "We'll drive over with you." At the station Nellie and Billy kissed Barbara and promised to tell everybody back home how happy they were and how perfectly beautiful their home was. Nellie gushed until Barbara was on the verge of screaming. Her parting shot had been: "I think you're ideally fixed and almost as happy as we are!"

Barbara returned to her own room, where the wardrobe trunk stood, half-packed. She flung herself in hopeless agony upon the bed. She had kept up all day, but the strain had been too great.

lose so much out of life. And we hate to get up in the morning—expenses begin. Liable to be up at any hour in this house." Barbara scarcely heard him. "The die's cast," she thought, and realized that up to this moment she had hoped something would prevent the break from becoming permanent. It was not merely the darkness which had induced her to come by the longer way. She had lagged, but she had arrived, and she and Oliver were separated. He was one place, she was another. An accomplished fact.

Mr. Reynolds was speaking again. "Sit down, my dear. I'll tell Fanny you're here and she'll be in directly. If you say so, I'll wake Viola up. The lazy child's sound asleep—" "Don't disturb her, please."

Barbara was apathetically aware that Mr. Reynolds' eyes were kindly curious, searching and something more. He actually looked pleased! He must have guessed her reason for this late visit, when he took her bag, and she resented the idea that a friend could be glad she was leaving her husband.

"He can't appreciate Ollie's real character," she thought. Mrs. Reynolds came in, enveloped her in comfortable arms, kissed her graciously. She appeared casually cheerful and it occurred to Barbara that if she had dropped in for afternoon tea Mrs. Reynolds could not have appeared more unconcerned.

"I'm leaving one of the best men God ever made—only strong-headed," she stormed to herself, "and these people seem to think it's a joke." She gulped and managed to say brokenly: "I want to talk to both of you."

"That'll be nice," Mrs. Reynolds responded pleasantly, "but first I want you to see my other midnight caller." And she ushered Barbara into the music room and closed the door.

Barbara stood dazed, a little affronted. Then her eyes widened with amazement. Oliver, his face the color of peach marmalade, his glorious black hair every which way, was striding toward her. And now, incredibly, they were sitting in a dimly illuminated room, with Ollie leaning forward, talking with eager intensity.

"Listen, Babs dearest, I've a lot to say to you." (She wished he wouldn't say that pet name when all was over between them.) "What are you doing here?" she gasped. "Mrs. Reynolds called me in the other day and talked to me like a Dutch uncle. She's a wonderful woman and she's made me see things differently. For that matter, I've been thinking there was something in the way you looked at things for a long time."

"You didn't talk that way!" "No, naturally I wanted my way if I could get it, and the more I weakened the louder I brayed. To keep my courage up, I s'pose, but today—He passed a lean hand through his hair, rumpling it still more. "Well, today was an inferno. All that billing and cooing, and talk of red flannels, with you and me as far apart as if you were sitting on one pole with me sitting on the other. Tonight I had to talk to some one or bust, so I came over to see Mrs. Reynolds."

"I can't understand at all!" "The idea that I wasn't entirely right has been creeping over me from the first, darlin'. And you were so dead sure and such a gorgeous fighter, and Mrs. Reynolds was so dead sure, and those honey-moosers were so idiotically joyful! I've fought like the devil to keep from cav'in' in, but it's no use."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Goodbye, old year! Thy world of love Glows once again on mem'ry's wings; Thy world of pain, the heavens above Will hide in frowns, with songs of Spring.

Madame is going to "muff" it again this winter, according to the latest news from Paris furriers who are showing muffs in generous sizes matching collars and cuffs of the coats with which they are wearing.

They are not the dainty little ones of Empire days, just large enough to toast the fingers; neither are they the large flat rug variety which could never be called beautiful. They are just large enough to be chic as well as comfy. All shapes are being shown as well as all kinds of fur.

Another limitation is that of real fur. Very little imitation and cheap varieties will be used this winter. Astrakhan in all shades will be very popular as well as broadtail in different shades, Hudson seal, dyed almost jet black and calf and pony for sports coats. Very unique is a bronze-colored hair-seal with full collar and cuffs of South American skunk in golden brown and white.

Probably no other dress contributes so much to a well-groomed appearance as does a set of smart, fresh white collar and cuffs. They are flattering to every type and every age. To the business woman and when traveling, they are especially useful because by simply slipping on a clean set, one can always look fresh and dainty. One should have two sets to fit each tailored or street dress. It is the work of only a few minutes to wash and dress. It is the work of only a few minutes to wash and iron them and they may be attached by means of snap fasteners.

For silk dresses, the collars and cuffs must be crepe de chine or organza, but for wool or linen dresses, nothing is more suitable than to use the soft, closely woven materials found in a used flour bag. Its slightly creamy color is more flattering to the face than a dead white. Several sets can be cut from a single bag, bought at a bakery for a few cents. The stamping is taken out by soaking the inked places in kerosene or covering them, washing the material out in lukewarm water.

There are many pleasing styles, and attractive ways of trimming these sets. Simplicity, however, should be the keynote. Buttonholing and cross stitch is one effective treatment. Another is to use an edging of rather coarse ecru lace, such as torchon or Chinese lace, with small medallions set in the corners.

Strictly tailored but flattering to a youthful face is the perfectly plain circular collar with a good pearl button at the side, or back closure. The cuffs to go with this collar are cut perfectly straight and button together like a man's. In this way, no sewing is necessary and they can be changed in a jiffy.

The sets are lined with lightweight muslin. The neck bindings are made out of the same material, cut on the true bias, or of inch-wide bias tape which comes already folded.

For children's garments, colored bias tape makes an excellent finish. Their collars and cuffs should be attached to the dress or romper since the entire garment has to go to the laundry so frequently anyway.

Tomato catsup, a correspondent says, must be eaten hot to get its real flavor. "Nobody knows how good that is who pours it out cold from a bottle. Heat a small quantity, and serve it in a small syrup pitcher."

MUTTON AND TOMATO PIE.

An excellent way to use cold mutton is to bake it with tomatoes, using alternate layers of tomatoes and meat. The Home Economics Experts of the United States Department of Agriculture recommend this. A tomato sauce may be used, or the following method may be employed. Place in a baking dish a layer of fresh tomatoes which have been either drained or reduced in volume by boiling. Add a layer of meat, dredge with small bits of butter until the materials are used, arranging to have a layer of tomatoes on top. Cover this with a layer of buttered bread crumbs or cracker crumbs and bake until the crumbs are brown. In following this method use tomato, butter and flour in the correct proportions for tomato sauce, i. e., two level tablespoons each of butter and flour for each cup of tomatoes.

The buckle is smart again. This season selects the sort of buckle that is expressive of the age—usually modernistic in design, and having a definite decorative value in the scheme of the frock by reason of its jewel-like appearance. Semi-precious stones are used extensively, notably crystal and onyx.

Buttons are seen in various sizes—some having a practical reason for existence, others used for colorful contrast, and still others, notably rhine-stone-studded large ones for decoration.

Sauerkraut is a beneficial and health-giving dish but scientists have not found it teeming with vitamins. Professor R. Adams Dutcher, head of the department of agricultural and biological chemistry at the Pennsylvania State College, asserts.

Research work conducted at a mid-western experiment station revealed the destruction of vitamin C, the scurvy preventative, in the oxidation and fermentation processes of sauerkraut manufacture. It is possible, according to Professor Dutcher, that some vitamin B escapes these influences.

Sauerkraut juice is a good refreshing drink in the morning, Dutcher explains. It acts as a mild laxative because of the salts and acids contained, and as a result peristalsis is increased. Foods move through the alimentary canal as nature intended. Lactic and other acids, formed when cabbage becomes sauerkraut, have a cleansing effect on the mouth and discourage the formation of putrefactive bacteria in the digestive system. The sauerkraut itself is considered an excellent roughage by the Penn State scientists.

"I'll put it in writing if you say so," he added whimsically. "No, no," she cried; "the word of a Greenlough is good enough for me!" —From the Public Ledger.

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"He'd be sorry then for the way he has acted," she thought. She went doggedly on, choosing the longer route to the Reynoldses because it was better lighted and not so lonely. Mr. Reynolds answered her ring and his mouth opened in astonishment when he recognized Barbara.

"I came over to see you," she faltered. "It's so late I feared you'd be in bed."

"Oh, no," he said, taking her bag and putting it by the hall table. "Glad to have you drop in." He went on talking, as though to gain time.

"We hate to go to bed, y'know—"

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