A "FRONT PORCH CAMPAIGN" WITH NEEDLE AND CROCHET HOOK IS AN IDEAL WAY TO DECIDE XMAS GIFT PROBLEM

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

No Crime To Change Your Mind

By R. Ray Baker
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MELVIN Colter was dressing for the big event of his life when the telephone downstairs interfered. Just why he thought some one was calling him he couldn't explain. Perhaps it was because he feared it.

Sure enough, Mrs. McGiveny shrieked up the stairs and told him he was wanted: so for the present he abandoned the task of making a refractory bow tie look presentable, put on his smoking jacket adjusting the collar around his bare neck and went gripped by a feeling of foreboding.

"Hello Mel," said the sweet voice of his bride-to-be. "Say Mel, I can't marry you today."

The worst had happened. The foreboding was well founded. For two years Melvin had been trying to marry Evelyn Moyer, and up to two months ago he never had succeeded in even proposing. Always something had intervened at the psychological moment. On one occasion, when he was endeavoring to tell her how dismal life would be without her, the house caught fire and caused a postponement of the attempt. Another time, in the woods during a spring ramble a snake had rustled in the bushes and caused Evelyn to flee while Melvin was framing sugar-coated sentences. Again, they were paddling a canoe, which began to leak while he was preparing to unfold his heart's secret. But at last he had succeeded in unburdening himself, Evelyn had made him joyful by consenting, and the marriage date was set.

All the time Melvin was apprehensive for the Fates would interfere. The cause of this apprehension was his knowledge of Evelyn's volatile moods. She was forever changing her mind about things. She had intended going to a conservatory for a finishing course in music, but at the last moment had given it up. She had a trip to the Pacific coast planned to visit an aunt in Portland, and at the station with the ticket in her hand, had decided not to go. It was Evelyn's one big fault, this changeableness and Melvin feared it would intrude on his matrimonial programme.

But the day of the ceremony dawned with a bright sky and the wedding which was to be simple with only close relatives and friends attending, was scheduled for high noon and the bridt and groom were to leave Jefferson City shortly after for Chicago, there to take a steamer for Mackinaw Island. Melvin having obtained a summer position as wireless operator at the new station at the famous resort. The boat trip and the summer on the island would be the honeymoon.

Yes, everything seemed serene at last, until the telephone bell rang.

"But Evelyn, what's the matter" Melvin protested. "I'm all dressed."

"I've just changed my mind," said Evelyn sweetly. "It's no crime to change your mind is it? This is Friday and it's unlucky to start anything on Friday"

Melvin actually was on the verge of tears when he returned to his room. He felt sad, exasperated and angry all at the same time, with each emotion striving to outdo the others. He tore the bothersome tie to shreds, stripped off his best clothes and threw them into a suitcase and put on a business-like checked suit. He was undetermined whether to take the train without going to see Evelyn, but decided not to.

She was sweetly adamant over her decision against marriage at present.

"I've just changed my mind that's all. You'll have to go to Mackinaw alone, and I'll follow after and we'll get married up there—maybe."

Melvin gave up argument and reconciled himself as best he could He couldn't postpone the trip without losing his job, so he left that afternoon. The weather was perfect for the lake trip and he would have enjoyed it if only Evelyn had been with him.

"I've a good mind to give her up" he told himself more than once. "She's too changeable. I can't get used to it. When I decide to do anything I do it, come what may."

For several days after his arrival on the island Melvin refrained from writing to Evelyn. He did a lot of thinking and came to the conclusion he had been too lenient.

"She needs some bossing," he decided, and he sat down and wrote a letter in which among other things, he said:

"The Mohawk leaves Chicago next Friday morning and will arrive here Saturday. You are to be a passenger on the Mohawk, and there's no argument about it. These are orders see?"

After the letter had gone he worried considerably for fear he made it too strong, but two days later he received a telegram reading:

"Am leaving Chicago Friday morning on Mohawk as ordered—Evelyn."

With a pronounced sensation of triumph and satisfaction Melvin reread the message and folded it carefully and placed it in a pocket for future reference.

"She'll know who's going to be boss," he said.

But Melvin's triumph was short lived and his feeling of satisfaction was superseded by dismay and mental misey. He awoke Saturday morning to find a fierce storm raging and as far as he could see across the straights white-caps were leaping.

"A fine day for her trip," Melvin mused dolefully, as he went to his wireless station. Scarcely had he donned his headdress when his ear picked this startling message from the air:

"S. O. S. S. O. S. Got off course struck rock, sinking, fifty miles off Frankfort. S. O. S. S. O. S."

An icy hand seemed to clutch at Melvin's heart and stop its beating. For several minutes he was powerless to act.

"I'll relay the message broadcast as thought and was preparing to do so when out of the sky came an answer to the cry of distress.

"Mohawk, picked up your S. O. S. Rushing to rescue. Iowa. 100 miles off Milwaukee."

Then came another:

"On way to help Mohawk. Manitoba, twenty miles off Traverse City."

Quickly came this flash in response:

"Sinking fast, all pumps working, launching lifeboats. Mohawk, hurry, hurry."

Like an impotent audience watching a film tragedy, except that he was hearing rather than seeing Melvin stood at his post all day, suffering a nightmare of suspense.

He heard the Mohawk's pleas for assistance repeated again and again, and the encouraging answers from the rescue ships; then finally came hours of silence, which suddenly was broken by word from the Iowa.

"Mohawk went down. Picking up passengers from lifeboats. Sea now calm.

Through a window as he stood at his instruments, Melvin observed that the white-caps had vanished and the sun was shining brightly. The ferryboat from Mackinaw City was approaching and making its way indolently over the smooth surface of the straits.

A half hour later the Iowa again sent fort a message to the world.

"List of survivors picked up from the Mohawk." Then followed a number of names and addresses but Evelyn Moyer's name was missing from the list.

Melvin felt faint and sank into his chair.

To his astonishment he saw a girl standing in the doorway o. the radio office. She was dressed in white and he wondered if she could be a wraith. It must be, because she looked like Evelyn.

"Hello Mel," she said cheerfully "Take off those earlaps and greet me. I got here on time, even if I did change my mind and come by train to Mackinaw City, instead of sailing on the Mohawk. You'll forgive me, won't you? It's no crime to change your mind is it?"

Dainty Christmas Gifts May Be Made Leisurely Summer Afternoons

CLEVELAND, Aug. 6. — "Well! Next year I'm going to have my gifts all laid away and ready to send lo-o-ng before Christmas. I'm not going to rush like this again!"

Who didn't say that last year, about—well, say the day after New Year's? And the year before, and the year before that and—but why go further?

Now summer breezes and Christmas gifts don't conflict in the least. In truth, they make a very pleasant combination. An easy chair on a vine-screened porch, or beneath a big tree on the lawn, and a work basket close by filled with odds and ends of laces and colorful ribbons, embroidery floss and a crochet hook—everybody knows the sort of work basket—augur well for honest-to-goodness "best wishes" to be worked into a collection of tasteful hand-made gifts.

Fudge apron of simple design, showing front and back views.

Satin rosette for use on lingerie.

Adorable Fudge Apron.

There are aprons, for instance—aprons of every mode and material, from the tiny white tea apron to the all-enveloping kitchen apron. But here's a really bewitching idea for a fudge apron. In a straight piece of linen—toweling may be used—a circular opening is cut for the head, leaving enough length to reach to the waistline in the back, and three-quarter length in front. A straight piece of the goods forms the belt, attached at the back and fastening with a snap or button in front. In the particular apron illustrated a conventional design is worked in green floss at the bottom and at the neck. The entire apron and belt is outlined in a loose buttonhole stitch in black. Rickrack braid or a narrow crocheted edge may be used instead of the buttonhole stitch.

Frilly boudoir cap of net and lace. Ecru crochet hand-bag.

Net Boudoir Cap.

Of the hundred and one possibilities for dainty boudoir caps, here is one which is made of narrow lengths, of very fine, cream-colored net, joined together with equally fine insertion. It is shaped to fit the head snugly with a little fulness at the nape of the neck. Tiny rosebuds of blue or orchid cover the net close to the face. From the center a satin streamer, tipped with a larger rosebud, drops to the edge of the cap.

Satin Rosettes.

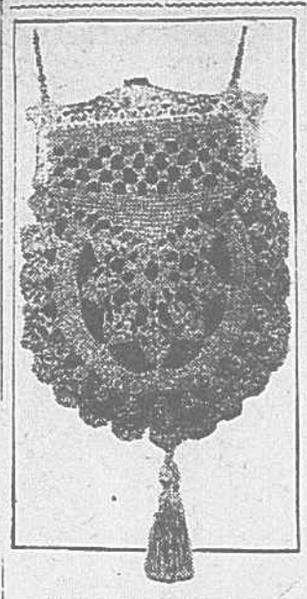
Many pretty lingerie accessories can be fashioned from satin ribbon of varying widths. One of the daintiest of these is the rosette. This particular rosette, illustrated, is about five inches in diameter and is intended to adorn the flounce of a silken petticoat. Miniature rosettes of the same pattern are just as suitable on camisole, gown or sachet bag. With wide ribbon forming the rosette proper, French knots of narrowest baby ribbon make the center, and wider, flowered baby ribbon forms a looped cascade beneath.

Crocheted Hand-Bag.

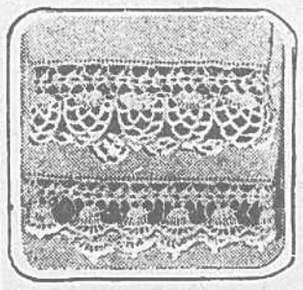
Anyone especially skillful with the crochet hook may find the answer to one gift-problem in a crocheted hand-bag, especially at this season of great popularity for fancy bags. The bag illustrated is made of ecru thread, about No. 30. The foundation—that is, the lace attached to the silver frame—is made first, being graduated down almost to a point. The hread is then broken and a circle made, which is attached to the point. The final process is to work back and forth, with any desirable set of stitches until a last row is attached to the outer edge of the foundation. The bag is lined with silk of a contrasting color, and a tassel of the ecru thread completes the gift.

Towel Edges.

Towels, whether of guest or large size, are "satisfying" gifts, from first to last. Here are two crocheted towel edges developed from the mile-a-minute pattern. Upon one mile-a-minute foundation was made an acorn design, and upon the other a bell design. An embroidered initial may be worked near the end to give added individuality to the gift.



Ecru crocheted hand-bag.



Two towel edges, crocheted in acorn and bell designs.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

Snoopy Skunk Talks

Tingaling threw up his hands. "Oh, Mr. Skunk, don't mind him, he doesn't know anything."

Snoopy Skunk was telling Mr. Tingaling what he wanted to have done to his house, and the fairy landlord didn't dare to contradict him.

"No!" said Snoopy, "I haven't begun. There are some more things I wish beside the lavender bedroom and waxed stairs and the house turned around."

There was a wicked twinkle in his eye as he talked, for he knew as well as you and I know, that Tingaling was afraid of him, although Nancy and Nick were puzzled why it should be so. The fairyman wasn't afraid of any other of the animals, not even being frightened the time Oscar Owl swallowed him by mistake.

Snoopy put his hands in his pockets and his head on one side, and balanced himself on his heels and toes.

"It's a fine day!" he said squinting at the sky.

"Oh, no! It isn't," contradicted Nick. "It's going to rain."

Snoopy stopped rocking. "What's that?" he demanded sharply. "I say it's a fine day. The sun's out." But it wasn't out any more than next year's roses!

Tingaling threw up his hands. "Oh, Mr. Skunk, don't mind him," he protested anxiously. "He doesn't know anything," pointing to Nick. "It's a beautiful day, a most wonderfully exquisite day, Mr. Skunk."

"Hm!" said Snoopy eyeing him suspiciously. "It isn't. It's awful! How do you like my yellow petunia bed?" he asked next.

"Yellow!" exclaimed Nancy, forgetting Tingaling's warning. "They're not yellow, they're pink."

"Oh, no, no, no!" protested Tingaling. "She's color blind, Mr. Skunk. Always was! Very sad! Very sad, indeed! Your yellow petunias are lovely, look like pure gold. I do love yellow petunias!"

"Hm!" said Snoopy. "Not yellow at all. They are pink!"

Nobody knew what to say then. Snoopy Skunk was getting more impossible every minute.

CONFESSIONS OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, 1920.)

My intention to pour my woes into poor Debbie's patient ears was baffled for that morning, at least. and I discovered, to my astonishment, that she had undertaken her own cure! She was calling Ted Moore on the phone! For golf—yes—as soon as he could come over! I reproved myself thus:

"You've too much imagination, Jane Lorimer! Maybe Deb isn't going to be a martyr to love after all!"

My friend smiled as she came back to me.

"Ever hear of 'sublimation, Jane?" she asked.

"Surely! You substitute a useful idea for a silly one!" I answered. "A constructive idea for a destructive one! Isn't that right?"

"Yes! And if you're awfully in love, my dear, you try to think of something very practical."

"And sensible—like golf"—I suppose!"

Deb nodded.

"Success to your experiment!" I said, and I wanted to add:

"But how about Ted? He's in love with you, Deb. And you're going to save your soul at his expense! You're going to take your mind off from Jim by playing golf with Ted, and, as I see it, love is an exorable monster, always searching for a sacrifice. Somebody is bound to be destroyed in the end—but why should it be poor Ted in this case?"

Why couldn't Deborah choose another victim, I wondered. She had plenty to pick from. As I saw life, it would have been a grand compensation for her to pick out—or pick on—Paul Van Eyck, for instance.

Paul is my friend Willy's big brother, and society's pet rich bachelor, the desired son-in-law of the most ambitious mothers of half the country.

Paul is 40, if a day, which is reason enough to make the debutantes simply silly about him. He is charming—I like to talk with him myself—and cultured to the 'nth degree, or my husband never would overlook his affections for the sake of his conversation.

Paul has broken several dozen hearts in his time, the gossips say, and I am sure it pleased the older matrons very much when they discovered that he was staying in town to woo Deborah Burns. He was in for retribution at last! He was bound to lose—and everybody hoped that he would. Bets were made at some clubs with the odds against him.

Paul Van Eyck has acquired almost international fame as the inventor and chief devotee of the most expensive of sports. He follows a certain temperature the year around, sticks as close as he can to a flat 68 degrees, and travels north and south, east and west, to find it.

Bob says that the poor old dear had a hard time while the war lasted. He couldn't go to Cannes or to Cairo with his 37 trunks, his valet and his secretary. Instead, he went to Asia, which he hated. And last winter he passed at home—for the first time in a decade.

"He's met his Waterloo at last!" Bob had told me. "Deborah Burns!"

"The old egotist! How dare he! He's twice her age!" I exclaimed.

Whereat my husband merely shrugged his shoulders!

"I guess you men do not look upon love as we women do!" I shrugged my own shoulders. I realized that I was just beginning to learn some things about Bob. Sometimes he doesn't seem to be responsible at all for the—the quality of his opinions.

And sometimes—Bob is so interested in me that he wouldn't leave me for a combination of Minerva, Juno and Venus! And sometimes—well, I'd be sorry to take a chance on Venus alone!

HOULT

Making Progress on the Pumping Plant.

The Hope Natural Gas company is making good headway on the pumping plant here. The concrete foundations are about finished, and the brick and other material for the building are on the ground and it is expected to make rapid progress on the plant before cold weather. The dredge, Eastern, and the tug, E. F. Jackson, with a gang of men, are at work blasting out a channel across the river to lay a large pipe line to the new plant. The blasting is finished, the dredging nearly done, and they are ready to begin laying pipe. Eight large tents are pitched on the hill, across the river from Hoult, where the men doing this work are camping.

Goes to Hospital.

Mrs. Merryman, wife of the superintendent of the Shamrock Fuel company here, was taken to the hospital Saturday and operated on for gall stones At last report she was getting along as well as could be expected.

The Hoult Reunion.

Some of the people of Hoult are busy, these days, getting ready for the Hoult reunion, which will be held in Aurora grove next Sunday, by cleaning up the grove.

Personals.

Mrs. Asa Poling and granddaughter, of Opekiska, were guests of her nephew, Jas. D. Bowman and family, over Sunday.

Lloyd McElfresh, sister, Lola, and Miss Zanie Powell, were visiting near Little Falls Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Bunner and children from Hickman run, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Holbert Sunday.

Misses Essie, Amanda and Anna McElfresh were visiting at Morgantown Sunday. Essie will remain some time, with the family of Pete Garrett.

Mrs. S. J. Smith and daughter, Mrs. G. A. Sperling, were visiting friends at Catawba, Sunday.

Messrs. B. E. Wilson and Paul Wilson went with the degree team of the Knights of the Golden Eagles to Grafton to install a lodge, Saturday night.

There is no reduction in the heating qualities of natural gas after the extraction of its gasoline, according to tests conducted by the U. S. Bureau of mines.

Rheumatism's Pains Are Always Treacherous

Summer an Excellent Time to Combat the Disease.

Some cases of Rheumatism give very little trouble to their victim during the summer season, and for this reason now is a most favorable time to take a course of treatment that will reach the cause of the trouble and remove it from the system.

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