

## HIS GIRL IN DETROIT

By STACY E. BAKER

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The marriage of Marie Norfield and Anthony Morton, scheduled for early June, was suddenly broken off by the girl without a word of explanation.

As for Anthony, he was too proud to ask for one. The two drifted apart.

Morton consoled himself with the yellow-haired Dotty Hemingway (Marie's well-cared-for tresses were black), and the dark-eyed maid who had been his fiancée showed a decided partiality for Wayne Haskell, a youth who had occupied a niche in the young woman's affections some time before Anthony had gained her consent for an early marriage.

The curious of Drakeville—and there were many of them—found little to gossip about in the attitude of either. Each was cordial to the other, and at the little parties given weekly by their set, danced occasionally together.

Wayne Haskell was a brilliant youth with an enviable future before him. He was a young M. D., just from college, but popular.

Anthony Morton was an architect, and while Drakeville's need of architects was limited, the sandy-haired young fellow with the determined take-life-seriously air, managed to make more than a comfortable living.

Of the two, however, Haskell was the better match for Marie—and Morton knew this. Hence, many a sleepless vigil through long restless nights.

Marie Norfield and Dotty Hemingway were of the crowd congregated at Loon lake, some twelve miles from Drakeville, on the occasion of the annual outing of the Drakeville hook and ladder company. A hook and ladder company in a town the size of Drakeville is an institution of social importance. Haskell and Morton were both prominent in the organization, and both were on the arrangements committee. Therefore the esquire of the two young ladies was given over to others.

Loon lake is not to be reached by rail. Vehicles and horses of all stages and ages are pressed into commission on the day of this event.

It was late in the afternoon when Marie drew away from the outing grounds, alone, and in a clumsy punt, for a cruise about the lake. Marie was an excellent oarswoman.

Anthony Morton, the duties of the day done, was sitting tete-a-tete with



She Was Standing Erect in the Boat, Using the Oar as a Pole.

Dotty Hemingway under a shading tree. Both watched the athletic maid in the boat draw away. "Clever girl is Marie," ventured Dotty, her red lips forming to a perfect smile.

This was the first time she had ever in Morton's hearing mentioned the name of his ex-fiancee.

"Really, Tony, I never quite understood why you fell out with her?"

"I didn't," came gloomily from Anthony. "It's a curious situation, and I don't mind telling you about it." Thereupon he explained.

At the completion of his story the girl eyed him scornfully.

"You men!" she exclaimed, and there was a world of meaning in the phrase. "She expected you to demand an explanation of her. She hoped in her heart that you could explain the something that has come between you; and she was waiting to give you the opportunity. You have calmly allowed her to pass out of your life. I don't believe there is a drop of red blood in your veins—I honestly don't."

"It is too late now," came from the pessimist. "She is completely infatuated with Haskell."

"She isn't," declared the girl, angrily. "You don't understand women

at all. She is just running around with him to show you that—well, slangily, that 'there are others'—and you are taking me about for the same purpose."

Anthony had the grace to blush. "I—"

"Oh, don't deny it. You know it is true."

"Are you angry with me?" asked the shame-faced Anthony.

"Of course not," she answered. "I don't mind confessing to you, since you have been so truthful to me, that I, too, had an object in view in allowing this intimacy."

Anthony stared.

"Today my differences with—with another have been adjusted, and I would like to see the broken threads of your own romance joined together."

"But—"

"There isn't any 'but' about it. I am a woman, and it would be strange, indeed, if I didn't know my own sex. There is a boat." She pointed to a punt tied to a nearby stake. "Jump in and hunt down your capricious lady."

Anthony's troubled eyes roamed the space about them. A fellow was striding hastily toward their cloistered spot. It was Haskell. Anthony rightly interpreted the girl's words as a dismissal.

Disconsolately, he arose and made his way to the boat. Slipping the oars into their locks, he pushed the flat-bottomed affair from its mooring and plashed dismally out onto the water. This was an idle mission; he knew it.

Marie Norfield was not in sight. Loon lake is a bending body of water, with wooded harbors all about, and a pretty little island near its inlet. Toward this island Anthony threaded his way. She was there! Furthermore, without proffered assistance, she bade fair to remain there. He saw her as a turn brought the island into view. She was standing erect in the boat, and using an oar as a pole in a series of fruitless efforts to move the craft from a clinging sandbar.

Anthony, unobserved, kept an appreciative eye on the picture. "Do you want help?" he asked, as the girl suddenly abandoned her efforts and sank wearily to a seat.

A proud little head raised itself to stare at the approaching Anthony.

"No, indeed," came the sarcastic answer. "I am just exercising, you know."

Anthony laughed. "Perhaps I can help you," he ventured, "but before I do you and I are to have a nice quiet little heart to heart talk."

"Indeed?"

"I want to know," he continued, "just why you saw fit to throw me down so suddenly. I think I have a right to know."

"As if you didn't," came scornfully from the girl.

"Well, I don't." The youth spoke angrily. "And before you leave that sandbar you are going to tell me all about it."

"I will," agreed the girl freezingly. "Now—what about the girl in Detroit?"

"What about the—who?"

"The girl in Detroit," snapped Marie Norfield. "Is it possible that you think I don't know?"

"You talk foolishly," retorted Anthony, the angry red rushing to his cheeks. "There never was any girl in Detroit—for me."

"The one," continued Marie calmly, "of whom your friend had the sublime nerve to write about on a postal to you which you lost on the next to the last evening that you called on me. It said, if I remember rightly: 'She is back here again with paint on her an' nich thick. Waiting. When will you come to town?'"

Gradually the anger faded from the face of the youth. He grinned and then suddenly broke into a loud laugh.

"Funny, isn't it?" asked the girl, crushingly.

"Awfully funny," confessed Anthony. "You see, 'my friend,' as you call him, is the owner of a big garage. It was my runabout to which he referred on the postal. I had it there for repairs, and then suddenly decided to have it enameled. I wrote him to attend to this. When it came back from the enameler's he sent me the card."

"Anthony, I—I wish you would get me out of this," said the girl, her flushed face averted.

She referred to the sandbar.

**Bass Ties Up a Councilman.**

Councilman Elmer J. Schroyer came within an ace of being drowned in a tussle with a monster bass in the Ontelancee at Kempton yesterday. He was wading when suddenly there was a terrific tug on his line. As he played the fish he gradually walked into deep water. Suddenly the bass swam around several times in a circle, entangling Schroyer's legs in the line and putting him into grave danger on the edge of a hole 20 feet deep. He had already begun to sink when his companion, Joseph Albright, a veteran fisherman of seventy years, came to the rescue, dragging out both Schroyer and the fish, which weighed four pounds.—Allentown Correspondence Philadelphia Record.

Thomas A. Edison is the patentee of over six hundred inventions.

## LABOR LEADER TESTIFIES.

A Member of Carpenters' Union Tells of Explosions in 1909.

Indianapolis.—Spurgeon P. Meadows, prominent labor leader and business agent of the district council of the International Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, came forward Monday with the declaration that out-of-town men caused four dynamite explosions in this city at midnight, October 24, 1909.

This followed the statement of Charles A. Bookwalter, former mayor, that local labor leaders were informed by him two years ago as to who had directed the explosions of property of Albert von Spreckelsen, an "open-shop" contractor.

## SANTA FE TRAINS IN SMASH

Engineer Killed, Another Fatally Hurt, in Collision Near Dodge City, Kan.

Wright, Kan.—Unable to see the station lights in the blinding snowstorm which swept western Kansas, Engineer C. C. Deming of a Santa Fe passenger train ran past the station.

Before he could back his train into a siding after he had discovered his mistake his train was hit by the Newton-Dodge City local, westbound. Deming was fatally scalded, Engineer J. W. Chalfant of the local was killed and 12 passengers were hurt.

## Walter Collins Arrested.

Winnipeg, Man.—The man who was jailed here as Charles Ross, with \$30,000 worth of bonds supposed to have been part of \$85,000 stolen last March from A. J. Bancroft of New York, was remanded in the police court, awaiting the arrival of New York detectives. The prisoner asserts he is Walter Collins, a Chicago newspaper man. He will fight extradition.

## Gus Marshall Confesses.

Denver.—Gus Marshall, spiritualist and gambler, withdrew his appeal to the court against the verdict against him, and is willing to accept the sentence of life imprisonment imposed upon him for the murder of his wife, Lucy Marshall, last August.

## Extend the Armistice 15 Days.

Shanghai.—There is reason to believe that the armistice will be extended for 15 days. Yuan Shi Kai has requested the extension and President Sun Yat Sen is willing to agree to it conditionally. Terms are now being arranged.

## Shoot Grafters in China.

Shanghai.—By order of the president, a prominent contractor was shot for extorting funds in Sun Yat Sen's name.

## "Polly of the Circus."

An important event of the season will be the return of Miss Ida St. Leon in "Polly of the Circus," for performances Tuesday and Wednesday nights and Wednesday matinee at the Auditorium theater.

This wholesome and simple story is one of the most delightful plays of recent years.

The circus scenes of the third act are revelations of stagecraft. It is all there, rings, horses, elephants, clowns and acrobats. The setting of the last scene in the third act is as wonderful as it is beautiful.

## Famous Actor Comes to Spokane.

Forbes Robertson, recognized by the foremost critics of this country and of England as the greatest English-speaking actor of his day, will make his first appearance in Spokane at the Auditorium theater, Thursday night, February 1, when he commences a three-day engagement in his success of the last three seasons, Jerome K. Jerome's modern morality play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," supported by his entire London company.

## "The Deep Purple."

The dramatic sensation of the century—"The Deep Purple"—one year in New York, six months in Chicago, will be produced at the Auditorium theater, Spokane, January 14, 15 and 16 by one of the best companies on the road.

## "BILLY."

The Jessie Shirley company at American theater, Spokane, will present something entirely up-to-date and something entirely new, starting Sunday night, January 14, and with the regular bargain matinees Thursday and Saturday, when they will offer Sidney Drew's uproariously funny comedy in three acts, "Billy." "Billy" has never before been seen in Spokane, either by road or stock company. The scenes are all laid on the deck of an ocean liner, a setting unique enough in itself. A feature of the production of "Billy" will be the panoramic view of New York harbor shown as the ship leaves the port.

## At the Orpheum.

The standard of vaudeville this week: The Romany Opera Co., Juliet, James F. Dolan and Ida Lenbar, Mullen & Coogan, Karl, Paul Azard Trio, The Parroffs. Have seats for any performance reserved by mail—sending deposit. Motion pictures and augmented Orpheum Concert orchestra. Matinee daily, 15c and 15c. A few at 50c.

## MODES of The MOMENT



If a woman desire to make a coat or cloak of any description she should not attempt it unless her previous work has led her by successful degrees up to it.

She should have had enough experience to be able successfully to make dresses of different kinds and materials, which will mean also that she has learned to handle material properly. Then it will not be too difficult and discouraging work for there can be nothing more trying than to labor over some piece of work and have it unsatisfactory when finished.

For general, every day wear there is no more useful garment than a long coat, and never has the long coat played a more important part in the wardrobe than it does today, writes Anna R. Morehouse, in the Chicago Tribune.

An evening cloak seems a necessity and if one feels capable to attempt the making of these things, the work is pretty certain to be a real pleasure, besides being an economy.

Broadcloth or velvet are too difficult materials to handle, to choose at first for the evening cloak, on account of the nap. Silk and wool poplin, heavy satin, or serge or cheviot will be suitable. For the separate coat there are the homespuns, which are popular this year—cheviots, tweeds, or serge worsteds, etc.

Measures for any garment are always taken over one's dress, and in buying a coat pattern give the bust measure the same as you would for a waist pattern.

**Buy Pattern First.**

It is sensible to buy a pattern before the material. The pieces of the pattern can be held up to one to see if the length is right, and one can figure carefully on the amount needed of the coat material, the satin lining and everything which will be necessary in the making. If the material chosen for the coat is woolen, it must be shrunken, and this can be done at the place where the purchase is made, or it can be done at home.

Wring a sheet out of cold water, lay it out flat on a table, and lay the coat material on it—leaving the material folded down the middle. Roll the sheet and cloth up together, watching carefully to see that you keep both smooth. Allow this to lay over night, or until the cloth is thoroughly dampened, then take out of the sheet and press on the wrong side until perfectly dry.

## First Method of Making.

Cut the coat first out of some old muslin which has been pressed smooth, and baste together as carefully as if you were sewing on the coat material. In trying on for a fitting,

fasten together down the front as accurately as if the fastenings were on. Another point to remember is to do the trying on over as heavy a dress as you will likely wear it over. Work over this trial material until it is perfect in line, shape and length, then cut apart exactly on the seam lines and press out again.

In using this cloth for a pattern to cut the material by, do not forget to allow enough space between the pieces for the necessary seams. Chalk these plainly, using French chalk in a color which will show distinctly. Where there is no up and down to be looked out for, one can lay the pieces on the material, with the latter folded down the middle, thus cutting two at one time.

If the pattern measures too wide on any piece to do this, the cloth will have to be opened out, and the two ends folded together, because there should be no piecing if it can be avoided. Mark all seams close to the muslin, with tailor's tacks. Remove the pieces of the pattern, cut the tacks apart, being careful to leave thread in each piece of the cloth, and baste the seams together and try on.

There should be no alterations, still, one should take the precaution to try the coat on so as to make sure. The fronts are reinforced with the softest quality of tailor's canvas, and this strip should reach up to the shoulders, and be stitched in with the seam.

Of pressing there has been no mention, although it constitutes one of the most important parts of the work. It is difficult to give much idea of this work in a few words and there is not space for more, but each part of the work should be pressed as the coat progresses, and no prints of the iron must be left.

Never hold the iron long in any one place, and if by chance there is a gloss anywhere, sponge the place lightly and brush against the nap with a clothes brush. This usually removes it. Where the pressing has to be done on the right side, lay a heavy piece of unbleached muslin over the part, then wring a sponge out of cold water and rub one way over the muslin, dampening it evenly. Press, but do not iron, frequently lifting the cloth to see that it is being done well. Always press until the material is absolutely dry.

In cutting the lining out, allow down the middle back seam, besides the regular seam allowance, one inch more. When stitching the seam together stitch it one-quarter of an inch from the edge, press it open, and bring the traced lines marking the position of the regular seam line over to the stitched seam, making an inverted plait. This is necessary, as the lining must be looser than the coat everywhere.