

CYNTHIA GREY'S

ALL ABOUT THE DOINGS OF YOUR SEX

NEWS FOR

FASHIONS, FADS AND FANCIES

WOMEN READERS

OF INTEREST TO WIFE OR DAUGHTER

ARE YOU WORTH MORE THAN \$1.21?

That is, Measuring Your Value in Avoidpoids—Fat Girl is the Sweetest Because—

The person is indeed unfortunate who isn't worth his—or her—weight in gold to someone. But when it comes to real market value—well, that is another story. Most of us would be worth just about 30 cents if we went into the open market.

Some scientist has figured it out, and this is an itemized inventory of the value of the average human body and its component parts:

Table listing body components and their values: Water, nine gallons; Carbon enough for 8500 pencils; Phosphorus enough for 650 matches; One small bar of soap; Six ounces of salt; A small pinch of soda; One pound and a half of sugar; Six pounds of candles; Fifteen cubic feet of gas.

Total value \$1.21. It might be said that the amount of sugar does not depend either upon sex or complexion, but simply on the amount of fat. The fat girl is the sweetest. Take the word of science for it.

THE DANGER TRAIL

Copyright 1910, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Again he plunged on a muffled shout of defiance on his lips. Never had the fire of battle raged in his veins as now. Back in the window, listening in terror, praying for him, was Meleese. The knowledge that she was there, that at last he had won her and was fighting for her, stirred him with a joy that was next to madness. Nothing could stop him now. He loaded his revolver as he ran, slackening his pace as he covered greater distance, for he knew that in the storm his trail could be followed scarcely faster than a walk.

He gave no thought to Jean Croisset, bound hand and foot in the little cabin on the mountain. Even as he had clung to the window for that last moment it had occurred to him that it would be folly to return to the Frenchman. Meleese had promised to come to him, and he believed her, and for that reason Jean was no longer of use to him. Alone he would lose himself in that wilderness, alone work his way into the south, trusting to his revolver for food, and to his compass and the matches in his pocket for life. There would be no sledge trail for his enemies to follow, no treachery to fear. It would take a thousand men to find him after the night's storm had covered up his retreat, and if one should find him they two would be alone to fight it out.

For a moment he stopped to listen and stare futilely into the blackness behind him. When he turned to go on his heart stood still. A shadow had loomed out of the night half a dozen paces ahead of him, and before he could raise his revolver the shadow was lightened by a sharp flash of fire. Howland staggered back, his fingers loosening their grip on his pistol, and he heard over him the hoarse voice that had urged on the dog. After that there was a space of silence, of black chaos in which he neither reasoned or lived, and then there came to him faintly the sound of other voices. Finally all of them were lost in one—a moaning, sobbing voice—that was calling his name again and again, a voice that seemed to reach to him from out of an infinity of distance, and that he knew was the voice of Meleese. He strove to speak, to lift his arms, but his tongue was as lead, his arms as though fettered with steel bands.

The voice died away. He lived through a cycle of speechless, painless night into which finally a

gleam of dawn returned. He felt as if years were passing in his efforts to move, to lift himself out of chaos. But at last he won. His eyes opened, he raised himself. His first sensation was that he was no longer in the snow and that the storm was not beating into his face. Instead there encompassed him a damp dungeonly chill. Everywhere there was blackness—everywhere except in one spot, where a yellow ye of fire watched him and blinked at him. At first he thought that the eye must be miles and miles away. But it came quickly nearer—and still nearer—until at last he knew that it was a candle burning with the silence of a death taper a yard or two beyond his feet.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was the candle-light that dragged Howland quickly back into consciousness and pain. He knew that he was no longer in the snow. His fingers dug into damp earth as he made an effort to raise himself, and with that effort it seemed as though a red-hot knife had cleft him from the top of his skull to his chest. The agony of that instant's pain drew up a sharp cry from him and he clutched both hands to his head, waiting and fearing. It did not come again and he sat up. A hundred candles danced and blinked before him like so many taunting eyes and turned him dizzy with a sickening nausea. One by one the lights faded away after that until there was left only the steady glow of the real candle.

The fingers of Howland's right hand were sticky when he drew them away from his head, and he shivered. The tongue of flame leaping out of the night, the thunderous report, the deluge of fire that had filled his brain, all bore their meaning for him now. It had been a close call, so close that shivering chills ran up and down his spine as he struggled little by little to life himself to his knees. His enemy's shot had grazed his head. A quarter of an inch more, and there would have been no awakening. He closed his eyes for a few moments, and when he opened them his vision had gained distance. About him he made out indistinctly the black encompassing walls of his prison.

It seemed an interminable time before he could rise and stand on his feet and reach the candle. Slowly he felt his way along the wall until he came to a low, heavy door, barred from the outside, and just beyond this door he found a narrow aperture cut through the decaying logs. It was a yard in length and barely wide enough for him to thrust through an arm. Three more of these narrow slits in his prison walls he found before he came back again to the door. They reminded him of the hole through which he had looked out on the plague-stricken cabin at the Maison de Mert Rouge, and he guessed that through them came what little air found its way into the dungeon.

Near the table on which he replaced the candle was a stool, and he sat down. Carefully he went through his pockets. His belt and revolver were gone. He had been stripped of letters and papers. Not so much as a match had been left him by his captors.

(To Be Continued.)

THE WHITE HOUSE CROWD



Miss Ruth Wynne, the daughter of former Postmaster General Robert J. Wynne, will undoubtedly be one of the leaders in the younger set at the national capital this winter. She is very beautiful, a great linguist and has traveled much abroad.

WHAT WOULD YOU ADVISE THIS WOMAN TO DO IN A CASE LIKE THIS? Miss Cynthia Grey, Spokane Press: Will you kindly give me your advice? I have been twice married. I am separated by divorce from my first husband. Of late he has been in communication with me, and begs me to return to him. But there is my second husband! I am sure that I love my first husband best. My second husband is kind and generous, but he is a hard drinker; it is a habit he does not seem able to overcome. Shall I seek a divorce from my present husband to return to my first? Oh, what shall I do?



Society Social news is a daily feature of The Press. Any one wishing to insert such news should send it addressed to the society editor, or phone before 10 a. m.

TOOTH PULLING IS FATAL TO A GIRL

SANDUSKY, Ohio, Nov. 24.—Because the attending physician refused to grant a death certificate, Coroner Southwick investigated the death of Alvina L. Nemitz, who died at her home near this city, following the extraction of a tooth by a dentist. Coroner Southwick states that death was either from tetanus or blood poisoning.

THIRD COLUMBIA CONSERVATORY RECITAL.

The third of the recitals given by the Columbia Conservatory of Music will be held in the Westminster Congregational church, Monday evening, December 5, at 8:15 p. m. The program will be one of unusual interest and will give an idea of the excellence of the work done in musical education by this school. The recital will consist of work rendered by a large class of intermediate pupils who will be assisted by Miss Alice Ham, contralto. The public is cordially invited to attend. Admission is free.

MISS DURKIN WEDS.

Only the members of the family were present last evening when Miss Eva Durkin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Durkin, 8312 Stevens street, was married to Mr. Leon Jones of Olympia, Wash. The Rev. Father Verhagen of the church of Our Lady of Lourdes, pronounced the ceremony and Mr. and Mrs. Jones left at once for their wedding tour. The courtship started when the principals were both attending the University of Washington. Mr. Jones having studied there at the Columbia law school.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS ENJOY DANCE.

The Hall of Doges was the scene of a merry dancing party last night when the Knights of Columbus entertained about 75 couples. The decorations were simple, but effective and the programs were prettily engraved with the K. of C. insignia.

LINKS CLUB WILL DANCE.

The popular Link's club of this city will give their regular weekly dance Saturday evening in the Pacific halls. The arrangement committee, Mrs. Russell Macdonald, Mrs. Rodney Thompson and Mr. Russell Macdonald will have charge of the affair, with Mr. Rodney Thompson, who is Head Links Caddy.

ROOM FOR THE DESSERT.



It looked as if little Willfred at Thanksgiving dinner was trying to make sure that there would be no cold turkey for lunch on the Friday after. "Dearier, hadn't you better stop eating turkey? Remember, there's pumpkin pie coming. You won't have room left for pie." "I'm membering," said Willfred, as he took a piece of "dark," a raisin and an oyster, all in one bite. "I'm saving my neck for dessert!"

The Spokane Press, Delivered, for 25 Cents a Month.

THE HOMESTEAD GIRL'S THANKSGIVING...

By E. C. RODGERS. Copyright, 1910, by The Newspaper Enterprise Association.

(Continued.) Reluctantly waving her "papers" Jane exclaimed, "I'm farming, or going to, I mean."

"And I am on the way over now. I've got to ford the Big Muddy to-night, but I'll start back with the team tomorrow and haul your outfit over."

"Which you will not do, because they will have started towards the line as soon as I can decide whether I want one of those portable houses, you know, or a sod man-sion," imperatively declared Jane.

A wave of his hat as he disappeared down the street, left Jane just the least bit lonely—until she began debating the house proposition.

She did buy the portable house, and along with that her few household goods were hauled over by a Dakota farmer. Jane and mother rode Tomahawk, son of the Indian of that name, who killed Sitting Bull. That was his name when he roamed all over the reservation as a member of the picturesque Sioux tribe. He likes to be called Ed Thomas now.

Another of her neighbors is Crazy Man, who was with Sitting Bull when that famous Sioux medicine man incited the tribe to rebellion 20 years ago, and which culminated in the slaying of Sitting Bull by one of the Indian police force as he was resisting arrest.

Weeks of his first few weeks were weeks of gladsome days, days when to Jane it seemed that she had been born again in a new world. She lived those days in the outdoors, despite the brisk northwest winds which whistled over the plains.

She made her home warmer by embanking the north and west sides of the house with sod which she herself dug. Wood she obtained for the mere hauling home. This Red Tomahawk was glad to do in return for the sewing which Jane taught his wife.

From Indian farmers who have grown good crops this summer Jane bought potatoes and other vegetables, very cheaply, and these she stored away in a dugout, a half cellar and half storeroom where fruits and vegetables may be kept during the cold winter.

From a mushroom town on the banks of the Missouri came her sugar, flour, tea and the like. She has outlined the farming she will do next year. There will be a small wheat field, lots of chickens and garden truck, for her table during the entire year, and she has set her mind on raising some pigs, too. An orchard has been mapped out, and about the first thing she will do when the weather breaks in the spring will be to set out a great many fruit trees and some berry bushes.

Over on a nearby claim is the young man from Omaha. He used to be one of the stenographers in a meat packing establishment until falling health began to leave warnings too frequently. Then he packed up his trunk and came to the Dakotas. While waiting for his claim he worked on a farm over near Aberdeen.

He has been down on Jane's claim often enough to get a worm track beaten down through the tall grass.

"I can't do much over there right away," he explains, "so I thought I'd drop over and fix that chicken coop for you."

He has, on the strength of a year's experience as a farm hand, imparted lots of advice to Jane and mother along agricultural lines. He is one of the three who will sit down to Jane's homestead Thanksgiving dinner today.

"Mother says you shouldn't stay over there all alone that day," Jane said, "and I would like to have you eat the pie which I am going to make with the cranberries you are going to pick."

And the "Man from Omaha" stopped at an Indian's house on his way back home, to learn where cranberries might be found.

As Jane stands in front of her cabin, looking over her "farm," way down to the creek, she feels a swelling of thankfulness engulf her. The ground she stands on is hers. There all about her is her "future." The very hardships seem blessings because they have put away from her forever the necessity of "pretending," of living someone else's life to be conventional and to have friends. She is free!

In 14 short months she will own absolutely 160 acres of ground, the air over it clear up into the heavens, the earth beneath it down to the very center of the globe. In that time she will have paid the dollar or so an acre which the government charges, and then her "savings" will be valued at several thousand dollars and will be an old age pension which will every year fill her storehouse with grain and fruit and meat. Besides that it will give her splendid health, a clear conscience, a vigorous body.

And, too, there is the "Man from Omaha," who is a very obliging neighbor, indeed.

VITAL RECORD

DEATHS. To Mr. and Mrs. Neils Carlson, 8214 Hogan street, November 18, a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Schultz, Weldon court, November 14, a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Davis, E1307 Twelfth avenue, November 9, a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. C. Earl Hyer, Hill-yard, November 10, a son.

DEATHS. Tellefsen—At E2107 Empire avenue, November 22, L. C. Tellefsen, 1 year 10 months 22 days, of pneumonia, whooping cough contributory.

McGovern—At Sacred Heart hospital, November 23, Ella McGovern, 14 years, of appendicitis.

Wilkinson—At 2417 Mallon avenue, November 23, Frances Wilkinson, 80 years, of cirrhosis of liver, bronchitis contributory.

Our Growth Speaks Most Eloquenty

OF THE DENTAL WORK WE HAVE DONE AND ARE NOW DOING FOR THE PEOPLE OF SPOKANE AND THE NORTHWEST

Non-residents should bear in mind that we are now so organized that we can do their entire Crown, Bridge and Plate work in a day if necessary. Positively painless extractions FREE when plates or bridges are ordered. Some points to remember in connection with this establishment. Lady attendants at the service of all patients at all hours. Every patient receives the best treatment that science affords. We guarantee our work. Each operator is obliged to become individually responsible for his work. We conduct our business strictly on a cash basis, and therefore give all the full value of their money—the best work at the lowest possible price. Our satisfied customers are legion. Patients come from all parts of the northwest. Nervous and weak hearted people can have their teeth extracted, filled, bridge work and teeth applied without danger or pain.

New York Dental Co.

714 1/2 Riverside Ave. Next to the Crescent Store.

Thanksgiving Week Bargains

- 1 large portable oven \$50.00
1 Monarch range \$45.00
1 Great Majestic range \$35.00
1 Hermitage range \$35.00
1 Standard range \$22.00
2 Buck ranges, reservoir \$30.00
1 Washington range \$40.00
1 Home Comfort and reservoir range \$35.00
1 Triumph range \$20.00
1 Benton range \$15.00
1 double oven hotel range \$75.00
A large number of second-hand heaters—
No. 55 Oak, new \$5.50
No. 75 Oak, new \$3.75
No. 115 Oak, new \$12.00
No. 117 Oak, new \$16.00
No. 118 Oak, new \$20.00
No. 120 Oak, new \$24.00
Complete stock of Beds, Springs and Mattresses.
Dressers, Commodes, Sideboards, China Closets, Couches, Rugs, Chairs, Tables, Rockers, Stands.
\$75.00 solid oak bedroom suits for \$45.00
Two good pianos.
Two good organs.
Talking Machines.
Sewing Machines, Go-Carts.
Trunks and Suit Cases.
Your Old Goods Bought.

WASHINGTON FURNITURE CO.

THE BARGAIN STORE 35-37-39 Main. Phone M. 4819

Advertisement for SIMS' DRUG featuring 'OPEN ALL NIGHT' and 'FELS NAPTHA SOAP 5¢ BAR'.

We Give Thanks

We are THANKFUL for the large patronage during the past year.

We are THANKFUL that we have saved the ladies of Spokane \$10.00 on their coats and dresses.

We are THANKFUL that we are out of the high rent district.

We are THANKFUL that we have received 150 SAMPLE FALL COATS from \$7.00 and up. Take advantage of these while they last.

THE FLORENCE CO.

The Upstairs Store. 510 Mohawk Bldg.

Make Your Teeth Do Their Share

Since "Digestion is changing food into blood," and the first and most important step of digestion begins in the mouth, it stands to reason that nature intended the teeth to play a very important part in her plan of preparing the food to become parts of, and to build up worn out portions of the body.

Are your teeth in a condition to do their share in this great work? Are some missing, others aching and tender so that you cannot chew your food properly and thus prepare it for the next step in digestion to take place in the stomach?

If your teeth are in such a condition that you do not chew your food properly, but swallow it in lumps and chunks you are attempting to force the stomach to do work it was never intended for it to do, and as a result you are soon a victim of indigestion and its train of attendant ills, all because your teeth failed to do their part.

Get your teeth put in good condition, and be well! Cure your indigestion by a trip to the dentist! Stop suffering with those tender, aching teeth!

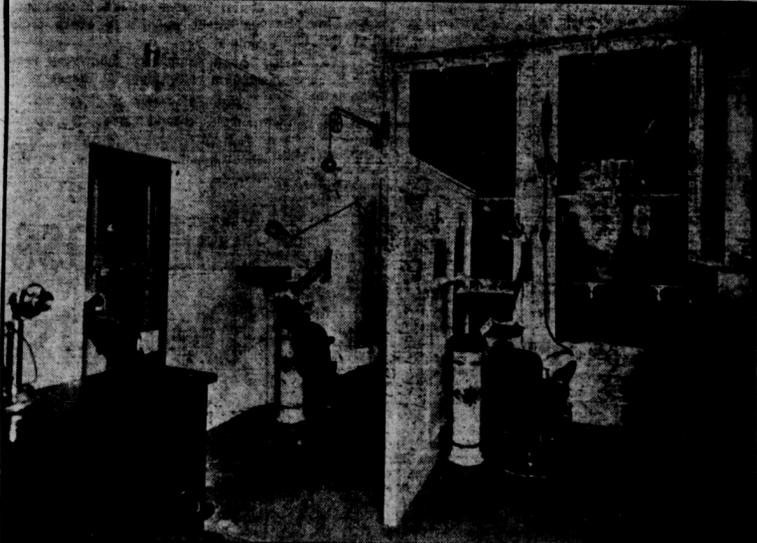
Go to the RED CROSS DENTISTS where work is absolutely guaranteed and prices so reasonable that to suffer as you are is worse than foolish.

Look at some of the prices: Rubber plates \$6.50 Gold crowns \$3.50

All work done under the personal supervision of Dr. Farnsworth.

Red Cross Dentists

GALENA BLOCK Corner of Post and Riverside. (German Spoken.)



Spokane's Greatest Dental Parlor Highest Class Work Offered

Drs. Shontz & Wilson have only one thing to offer, and that is the best. Nothing cheap, and no grafting. Our reputation is above any method of dentistry which would not be uplifting to the name and reputation of Drs. Shontz & Wilson.

AN ABSOLUTE WRITTEN GUARANTEE for 10 years, and we dare any one to show where our work can be improved upon.

OUR LOCATION The combination is fighting us and we warn you that they are copying our windows and form of ad writing but it is easy for you to get into the right place and only remember we are in the same building as 5, 10 and 15 cent store; entrance between store and next to Casino theater.

We give our personal attention and practice under our own name, and we originated a popular price and we are giving the best work for that price.

OUR PRICES Best Plate (extractions included) \$10.00 Best Gold Crown (22k) \$5.00 Best Bridgework (sanitary, up-to-date) \$5.00 Painless Extracting 50¢

EXAMINATION FREE Open every day and evenings, 7 to 8 o'clock.

Drs. Shontz & Wilson 811 1/2 RIVERSIDE AVENUE. Rooms 1-2-3. Over 5, 10 and 15 Cent Store. Phone 3547