This is the anniversary of the birth of Oliver Cromwell, in 1599. The man who overthrew the Stuart dynasty tried to emigrate to America, but was prevented by Charles I., whom Cromwell later caused to be decapitated.

The Washington Times Magazine Page

The first general census of the United Kingdom was taken in 1801, and it has been repeated every ten years since. In 1801 the population was 16,345,646, and in 1911 it had grown to 45,370,530.

THE WOMAN GOD CHANGED

A Serial of a Girl Who Sells Herself, Becomes a Criminal and Then, Under the Uplifting Environment of Real Love Regains Her Soul.

The Story So Far.

Anna Janssen, a young and handsome woman, is on trial for the deliberate murder of Alastair de Vries, a rich philanthropist who had thrown her over for a new fancy. The District Attorney brings out the facts of the shooting in a restaurant, while the prisoner excites the wonder of the Court by her beauty and a strange calm and serenity, which make it seem impossible that she could be guilty. Her lawyer rises, but contrary to expectation he makes no move to block any of the witnesses of the State. This is a great surprise

This appealing story has been made into a wonderful film drama by Cosmopolitan Productions, and will be released as a Paramount picture.

Personally Directed By Robert G. Vignola

By Donn Byrne.

(Author of Powerful Short Stories and Novels of Sustained Interest.)

"I GOT up on my elbows and looked around. We were on a strand with trees behind us and a bay in front and the sun just coming up bright as a golden eagle. In front of us was a sort of bay where the water was still and sparkling, like wine sparkles. And then I look out further. And there's a sort of wall of crags between the bay and the sea and on the other side of it the sea is pounding, pounding, pounding, like a man crazy with anger. Swish! Crash! Boom! And then I notice pieces of timber, a bale, a piece of cloth in the lagoon.

"The schooner's gone, I understand. There's been a wreck.

"'Where are the rest?' I ask Janssen.

"'There are no rest'—she throws her arms out. 'Just you and I!'

"Then after a while I said: We're in a pretty bad way here; shipwrecked without anything to eat, with very small chance of rescue. We're up against it. There isn't even water."

"But she only laughed.

"'We're not so bad as you'd think,' she says. 'There's water. I found it when I looked for something to bathe that cut on your head. And as for food, I've been in these islands a while before they put me in the—place—at Papeete. There's bananas, and there's cocoanuts, and there's breadfruit. And that cove is full of fish.'

"'You can't eat fish raw,' I tell her.

"I'm turning out my pockets then, leaving things in the sun to dry—my gun, with the shells out in a row; my watch, my knife, my pocketbook. She points at the watch.

"'You can make a fire with the crystal of that,' she says. 'But bananas'll do for the present. I'll go off and get some. You needn't worry,' she says as she notices me looking at her. 'I can't get off the island.'

LIGHT ON THE WRECK.

"'After a while she comes back and sits down.

"'Do you know how you got ashore, McCarthy?'

"'I don't, I answer. 'I know nothing.'

"'When the boat struck,' she tells me, 'you and I were washed over the reef. Something hit you on the head. But I pulled you in, McCarthy. You went down. You were cut cold. I had a job, too,' she laughs nervously. 'Your hair is awfully short.'

"'Well, I got to thank you,' I said.

"'Dont' mind thanking me,' she said. 'Tell me this!' She's awfully serious. 'Don't you think a life is worth a life?'

"I say nothing to that.

"'Don't you, McCarthy?' she pleads.

"'I'm corry,' I tell her. 'I'm awfully, awfully sorry, but I've got to bring you in.'

"'You're a hard man, McCarthy.'

"'I'm not a hard man. I'm just a man sworn in to do my job. I'm just a man a big trust's been put in, and I can't foll down. Sis, you missed your chance,' I told her. 'You ought to have let me go down, when you saw me going. Then you'd have been free. You ought to have stood clear and let me drown.'

"'Oh, I couldn't do that!' she says.

"'Neither could I let you go!'

"In the afternoon I go around the island to see where we are. But from no point can I see land or a sail or anything. We are just on one of those Pacific atolls, as they call them, away from the line of everything but sailing ships trading from isle to isle. I look everywhere—north, east, south and west—and there is nothing but boiling sea, white, muddy, with birds fluttering, or floating in the air.

"The island itself is not more than ten miles square, and there are rocks everywhere about it except around the cove where we landed, and that has a coral breakwater. The sand is bright and yellow like new gold, and on the island itself there is greenness that is nearly black. And you can see cocoanut trees and banana trees and oranges.

JOB ON HAND.

"And while I'm standing there a little pig breaks through the underbrush and looks at me, and then flies off with a squeal. And for a moment my heart goes pit-a-pat because I think there are people on this island. A pig is a human thing. It's always been so near humans, it's nearly human itself. But a moment later something in me tells me there's no one here. It's been put ashore, it and others, by some of the old whaling ships that are gone now.

"I look around and I see the island, the sand like gold, the clean wind, the water in the cove as transparent as water in a glass; the fish in the water and the animals on the island, and the fruit on the trees. And the sun is bright and warm and dull of life, and in the distance I can see Janssen. She has let her hair down and it covers her to the knees in a great shining cloak, like some wonderful fur cloak.

"And I think: There's many's the old cop in New York—there's many's the millionaire, even—would like to finish his life alone in this paradise island, away from all trouble and worry and having everything he needs in sunshine that's more like wine than light, and with Janssen with him, when she has let down her hair.

"But I says to myself: You needn't think that way. You've got old, nor disappointed. ou're got no reason to idle your life away. You've got a job on hand. You're old, nor disappointed. You've got a prisoner, and you're going to bring her home!

I return to where Janssen is by the cove and I look for my knife and watch and gun. But my gun isn't there.

"'Do you know where my gun is?"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Is Marriage a Success?

DESERVES ANOTHER CHANCE.

To J. J. B.: You ask whether the noblest teaching of life is a joke in the eyes of women? Emphatically, No! Love forms the greater part of woman's life and character. Without love she could not live.

In the case which you cited, I think the poor unfortunate girl is to be pitied rather than to be scorned. While you were away fighting gloriously for your country, this girl of your dreams was left behind.

You corresponded frequently, always expressing your love for each other. You return and find her to be the unlawful mother of another man's child. Immediately you determine to banish her from your thoughts. But why? Did you know the full particulars of the case? Did you consider the fact that we are all prone to our passions, woman being the one most prone to them? Did you consider under what predicament she may have been put? It seems, though, from what you say that you didn't. You know the story of "The Prodigal Son." Well, how about "The Prodigal Daughter"? The prodigal son is excused, the prodigal daughter is not.

If in her loneliness and away from you, she fell, and for fear of losing you she refrained from telling you, and if her love was not and is not feigned, if she truly cared and cares for you, and realizing her mistake, she repents, then you might give her another chance.

B. A. R. O. F.

MEN MUST REFORM.

Having read the letter of "33 and Stung, but Not Defeated," I cannot resist answering it.

Girls are not turning the opportunity of marriage down for the reason he suggested, but rather because they are afraid to trust men.

Many married men today who have a sweet little wife at home caring for their children are out three evenings a week with other women, spending their time and money that they owe their families.

The average married man only loves his wife as long as the honeymoon lasts. When the struggle of married life comes, then he goes elsewhere for his pleasure.

Unless men reform the time will come when a self respecting girl will refuse to marry any man. I have learned by sad experience that when a man knows that you love and trust him he is then through with you, looking elsewhere for a companion that suits him.

God never intended marriage to be what man has made it.

A MOTHER WHO KNOWS.

Honey as an Ideal Food

HONEY is one of the most valuable of our foods and it has been recognized as such from the earliest days. It is suggested by an eminent food authority that we use it more in place of our ordinary sugar as a more suitable food product from the point of view of digestibility.

Another scientist has shown that honey contains so many of the elements needed in our diet that the substitution of honey for sugar might almost be considered an urgent step.

The sugars which make up honey do not have to undergo chemical changes in the alimentary canal before absorption, and honey might, therefore, be called an ideal food. Besides this the calories, or energy-producing units it contains are greater in uumber than those in meat and eggs, which are themselves concentrated sources of "fuel" for the body.

It is particularly unfortunate that honey has been to such an extent supplanted as a food by cane sugar, as the substances which are gathered from the flowers by bees and afterward stored in the honeycomb are not only more easily taken into the body in the process of digestion, but they also contain formic acid, which prevents their fermentation in the alimentary canal. Moreover, ordinary sugar in undergoing the number of chemical changes which are not necessary in the case of honey, has plenty of time to ferment and to cause indigestion with the symptoms of acidity and, in some cases, catarrh of the stomach.

H. K. Faber has called attention to the presence in honey of a vitamin which prevents scurvy (Journal Biological Chemistry, August, 1920.)

By the analysis of a Swiss scientist, Professor Bunge, honey is shown to have besides formic acid two other important ingredients not contained in sugar. These are the valuable minerals lime, which occurs in honey in a quantity of 6.70 per cent, and iron in a quantity of 1.20 per cent. These substances are taken out of many of our foods by refining, and it would be well to make up this serious deficiency by using more honey or by substituting honey for the less valuable cane sugar.

Fringe Now The Thing

By Rita Stuyvesant.

"'To be fringed is to be fashionable,' says Paris, and therefore we are being introduced to some delightful little models, charming in their fringed simplicity. Perhaps it is the Spanish influence that has crept into Milady's wardrobe that is responsible for the fringed frocks, and perhaps it is a breath from Honolulu that gives us these attractive new dresses.

A chic little affair of Canton crepe is cut with tiny kimono sleeves and a long, one-piece chemise effect. The frock slips on over the head and shows a graceful oval neck, tied with a slim cord at the front. The fringe is arranged in five circles that swathe themselves about the figure from the hips down, and there is a bit of fringe at the sleeves. A narrow sash of the materiad confines the fullness at the waist. This attractive fringed frock is offered in gray, beige, brown, white, navy and black crepe, with silk fringe in the same shade.

Black and white is a favorite combination for Spring and a clever frock is a simple chemise model with sleeves that barely cover the shoulders, and a deep V neck. But a little below the waistline a broad band of fringe reaching to the hem is set on and headed by a soft black satin sash.

Bacon Savored Traditional Dishes of the Scots, "Haggis" and "Highlander"

Meat of Highland sheep from ancient times formed the Scotchman's diet standby. Mingled with oatmeal or stewed with herbs, it crowned the clansmen's feasts. Bacon savored both Haggis and Highlander giving flavor distinction that endures in song and legend.

SWINDELL'S QUALITY BACON

garnishes and glorifies typically American "with bacon" dishes. It broils a rich Rembrandt brown—crisp slices with curly edges and a flavor that captivates. You'll find it

The Most Popular at All Markets, Chain Stores and Groceries.

On the Family Tennis Court.

The Hundred Dollar Question

Now that I had become accustomed more or less to the sensation of flying, I was able to get my thoughts together enough to try and put two and two together and gure out just what we—Juanita and I—might be in for.

For the first time since we had left the ground I turned to look at Juanita. She sat seemingly glued to her seat, and I couldn't help but think that even if she weren't strapped in, that car could loop the loop or do any of those other stunts I'd seen airplanes do over the White House and around Washington, and Juanita couldn't fall out. As I said, she seemed riveted to that seat. And her eyes seemed glued straight ahead. She looked scared, but somehow I couldn't believe she was. It wasn't like Juanita to be scared—not the Juanita who had dared so much to help Willard foil the Mexicans in their dastardly plot.

I wanted to speak to her, to try to cheer her up. But I knew it would be useless. My voice, I was sure, would not carry above the hum of the motor. So I did the next best thing I knew to do. I reached over and put a hand over one of Juanita's as it lay very white against her khaki skirt. She must have sensed the feeling of sympathy for she looked over at me and smiled—sort of weakly, 'tis true. But after all, it was a smile.

As I leaned back in my seat and again began trying to piece things together in my befuddled brain, it suddenly occurred to me that there was perhaps small reason why either of us should smile.

Juanita—bless her heart, and for all she knew—was heading directly away from the only thing she loved in the world—"Texas Tiger."

And I—bless mine too—while I might be heading toward all I loved, or the person I loved most, could hardly expect to find him alive and well. I knew the tricks of the Mexicans. I'd read much about them. I knew of their treachery. And I would not allow myself to hope that Willard would escape unharmed from their hands. I could only comfort myself with the thought that if he were in trouble, I would be among those who brought "first aid." And I scolded myself woefully for all the mean things I had said to Willard in unguarded moments. I would have given worlds to have taken them back.

Time passed, as it has a way of passing, until I had no idea what the hour might be. I was wearing my wrist watch, but in the excitement of the night before I had forgotten to wind it, and it had stopped just after we got into the machine.

PILOT LUNGED FORWARD.

Looking below now all I could see was clouds, clouds, clouds, or what I thought were clouds, clouds, clouds. Looking closer and longer, the great expanse of grayness below me dissolved from clouds into something else—something heavier and grayer and further away. I held my breath as I realized that we had left the Potomac behind us and were now flying out over the ocean! For just a second I experienced a dizziness when the realization first came to me that we no longer were flying over tera firma. The sensation rapidly passed, however, and again I settled down to my thoughts.

It semed to me that we must have been flying hours and hours when I saw the pilot suddenly lunge forward and grab a brake or something that looked like a brake to me. He motioned something to the secret service man, but I couldn't understand what he meant. I could tell by his actions, however, that he was excited.

And I guessed that something had happened to the plane. I looked over at Juanita and I could see she shared my apprehension.

It was all I could do make myself sit steady in the boat. I'm quite sure I was just on the verge of trying to unbuckle myself to jump from the plane—I was so excited—when I heard the pilot's voice screaming out to us:

"Don't be frightened, girls. It's all right!"

It wasn't much reassurance. But it was some. And it boosted me up just to hear a human voice, encouraging me.

They say that when you're in danger of death you think of all the wrongs things you ever did in your life. But I must be the exception. There was a time there when I expected every minute to be dashed to pieces and to save my life the only thing I could think of was that muchly overworked old line that they use in typewriter practice: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party."

"It was foolish of course. And I realized it was foolish. But the more I would realize how foolish it was the more it would keep going through my head until I began to wonder if I were going dippy or something.

Not that it particularly mattered. For if one were going to be plunged head foremost into an ocean of salt water, I didn't see that it made any particular difference whether she had good sense or was just a plain ordinary nut.

I was going over my "now is the time——" for about the one hundredth time, I think, when I happened to look out. Imagine my surprise and my joy when I saw that we were not more than fifty feet from the ocean! We had been coming down, and I hadn't known it. I'd thought that we were still hundreds of feet in the air, and that when we did come down we would land with a mighty bump. I had never thought water could look as good to me as that ocean looked, gleaming in the moonlight beneath us.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

$100 $100

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$100 $100

This serial story has no name. The Washington Times will pay $100 in gold to the person who submits the best title.

Read the story every day in The Washington Times and, when the last installment has been printed, send in your suggestions for titles.

The title must consist of three words or less.

Story Written By

Winnie Davis Freeman

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Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

IT'S STRANGE.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Do you think a girl should make engagements several evenings a week and go out with others boys after she is engaged?

"WORRIED."

It isn't a matter of "should she." It is strange that she should want to.

ENCOURAGE HIM.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Not until now did I realize that I needed advice on an acquaintance with a young man from a nearby city. We have been the best of pals for more than a year. Our friendship has been full of confidence, yet I feel that he is keeping some personal matter from me. He is a widower of several years and occasionally makes indirect allusions to matters that seem to involve some other affair, but somehow hesitates in confiding in me. Am I right to question him? CHARLOTTE.

The next time he makes indirect allusions draw him out diplomatically and perhaps he'll tell you all about it. He probably needs just a little encouragement.

Travel by the Pound

They are getting up an air service over the Atlantic which is going to be so fast that, owing to the difference in time you will be able to leave London at noon and arrive in New York at 11 o'clock the same morning.

But it is not going to be any sort of trip for a fat man. In the old days a fat man could travel as cheaply as one weighing half as much, but it will not be so on the new line, for all fares will be computed by weight. If ex-President Taft wants to go across it is going to cost him just twice as much as it will cost ex-Secretary Baker.

If they take Irving Cobb at all it will cost him three times as much as it will cost Colonel House. If Fatty Arbuckle buys a ticket and then decides not to go, Charlie Chaplin and Ben Turpin can both ride on it, so far as the company is concerned.

Three bantam-weight champions of the world can ride for what it will cost one heavyweight champion.

The whole thing is figured out in lifting power of the gas contained in the big bags up in the body of the airship. While it might take 265,000 cubic feet of gas to lift Mr. Chesterton and carry him across it would take take probably only 110,000 to lift Arnold Bennett, and gas is expensive.

Some of the lightweights in the present Cabinet might travel halffare, and there are some writers of sex literature who might travel for nothing, for they would aid the lighter-than-air machine in lifting its load.

Prize Cake Recipes

Washington's Best Submitted in Times Cake Contest—Clip Them.

COCOANUT CAKE.

1 cup butter.
2 cups sugar.
5 egg yolks.
1 cup milk.
3½ cups sifted flour.
2 heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Stir butter and sugar to a cream with the yolks of five eggs after they have been well beaten. Then stir into that one cup of milk; beat the whites of two of the eggs to a stiff froth and add that also. Now put in three and one-half cups of sifted flour and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder having been stirred into it.

FILLING.

3 egg whites.
1 cup powdered sugar.
1 medium-sized cocoanut (grated).

Take the remaining three whites of the eggs beaten very stiff and one cup of powdered sugar sprinkled into them. Spread over layers and sprinkle grated cocoanut over it.—Mrs. Graham Egerton, 1775 California street.

When a Girl Marries

A Story of EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By ANN LISLE.

"HELLO, Babbsie!" was Neal's greeting as he came into Pat's sanctum from his own part of the office. His matter-of-course tone indicated that he'd been back in town long enough to feel natural in harness again.

"Helio, Neal! You act as if you'd seen me at the breakfast table. When did you get back? I began in an aggrieved tone that melted before Neal's smile and hug to an "Oh, you darling, I am glad to see you!"

"Pat's been on your trail all morning," said Neal, perching cozily on the army of my chair and flinging a protecting arm about my shoulders. "This is some offer Carlotta pulled down out of the sky. Of course, you'll let the apartment go. You can camp with me until Jimmie gets back—or roost at Jennie's if you like that better than my two by four. And even when Jim does return"——

Neal's voice trailed off and he swung from the chair arm to stand in front of me, slim and boyish in figure, but with a man's deep concern in his steady voice.

He won't be able to meet you." I asserted. He has a business appointement with a friend of mine. Please, dear, don't go. He'll understand that it's for my sake."——

"Secrets already," rallied Neal. "Well, I said I'd be a good sport about being left out in the cold, but when will you permit me to see that precious old dady of mine?"

"Let's see," I mused, covering my real need of planning with a mock air of grave impodrtance. Then in a moment I had it.

"The folks who are taking my apartment want to get in by day after tomorrow. So I'll have to trot up this afternoon and take an informalinventory and get out the most personal of my possessions, if you and Father Andrew could help me"——. I began and then stopped short.

It would bt the most natural thing in the world for Neal to volunteer Phoebe's services, too. And seh mustn't be there. Fathr Andrew and I would tell Neal what he had to know, but the boy would want to be alone with Phoebe when he broke the ugly tidings to her. If Phoebe stood by the full glory of that was Neal's. And if she failed him he couldn't endure to take this blow even under the loving scutiny of our eyes. But Neal broke in eagerly on my sentence, allowing me no chance for retreat.

"Babbsie, isn't there something about this trip of Jim's you'd like to talk over with me? If there's anything you'l like done—or just anything you'd like to dope out by thinking aloud, won't you trust me? I'd go through fire for you, Babbs, or to the North Pole"——

"Just go on loving me, dear" I broke in.

'CELLO QUIVER.

Neal eyed me for a moment before he replied:

"You've got a regular 'cello quiver in your voice today, Babbs. All upset about taking such a chunk of pirate gold for the apartment, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," I smiled back at him, brushing away a we bit of mist that hadn't come entirely because or my own troubles. Then I added: "Neal, I've an appointment to lunch with Father Andrew this noon—he's back, you know."

"Say, that's great! Gee! to think I didn't know," gasped Neal.

"He's here," I said vaguely, trying to think up a way to prevent Neal from going in my place to the luncheon I'd have to omit in order to go up and have certain matters out with Miss Storrs. "I was to lunch with him, and now I can't on account of the lease."

"Well, Phoebe and I will go in your place. I phoned my little girl from the station and she's on her way in from Dreamwold now—so I'll have to offer father a divided heart."

YOUNG DRAGON.

"Great! I'll be there and I'll bet you can bank on that father of mine. I'd offer Phoebe's services, too, but I happen to know she has a long list of fittings and junk like that."

"All right! Then I'll be the only Harrison present," I said. "And now to telephone Father Andrew while you're here to speak to him, too. Run along and hurry Pat a bit with the documents, will you, dear, while I'm putting the call through?"

While Neal was gone I managed to get Father Andrew and give him some inkling of the state of affairs and of my plan to be alone with him and Neal in my apartment when we broke the news of my prodigal father's return. Before I had to go on and make any embarrassing revelations of how I had rented my apartment Neal came dashing back with Pat and the sublease. So I handed the telephone over to Neal, took the papers and a few instructions from Pat and started back to make my second visit to Miss Storrs.

Naturally I made my way out to the elevator. But when I got there I hesitated, turned and walked slowly back down the hall to the door leading to the stairway. Dreamily, one at a time, I climbed those steps.

At the door of Jim's office I stood in sudden impotence to take the inevitable step.

There was a heavy pulse pounding in my temples and my face burned. It seemed to me that I couldn't go on to humiliate myself by asking this Storrs woman, whom I'd seen for the first time this very morning, to write down the signature which gave me the privilege of renting my own apartment—the home where I'd been so happy with Jim.

After a moment or two I turned the knob gently and crept into the outer office and by the young dragon on guard before the office which had once been Jim's.

(To Be Continued Thursday.)

The Woman Observer

FUNNIES VS. HARVARD.

Even at Harvard they fall for them. The Woman was waiting in a professor's office recently. His secretary was opening bundles of newspapers which it was her duty to go through and clip.

After opening a bundle, with practiced hand and expert eye, she pounced on the section containing the funnies. These she read carefully and then turned to her work of reading the news columns.

LOGIC.

On all sides we hear from the men, "The girls are so sophisticated these days—there's nothing they don't know."

A case of the kettle calling the pot black?

Why not turn the old adage about a little and say, "What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose."

Trying to "Reduce"?

The fat you are daily accumulating comes from starchy foods and sweets. Cut out potatoes, white flour bread and pastries, take rational exercise, and eat

Shredded Wheat

with green vegetables and unsweetened fruits. For breakfast heat two biscuits in the oven to restore their crispness, pour hot salted water over them, drain off the water quickly, and put a lump of butter on each biscuit. Nothing so delicious or nourishing.

TRISCUIT is the shredded wheat cracker, a crisp whole-wheat toast, eaten with butter or soft cheese.