THE WOMAN GOD CHANGED Read This Story Here, Then Watch for It in Motion Pictures

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

Personally Directed
By ROBERT G. VIGNOLA.

By Donn Byrne. This appealing story has been made into a wonderful film drama by Cosmopolitan Productions, and will be released as an Arteraft

outward appearance the whole of the courtroom scene was drab, ordinary. There was the stuffy rectangle of a room, half dark in the January dusk, for all that the electric lights glowed with meager incan-descence. There was the judge, in his robe at the desk of the court. There were the jurymen, solemn as in church. There the court stenographers, baid, active as ants. There the men of the daily jour-nals, more aloof, more judicial

There the press of morbid spec-tators, leaning forward like runners on the mark. There the po-licemen, court attendants, what not, relaxed of body, concentrated of eye, jealous of the dignity of the court as a house-dog of its master's bone. Through the windows of the court could be seen the bulk of the Tombs, heavy, hopeless, horrible as the things whence it takes its chilly name. The case of the People vs. Anna

Janssen for the murder of Alastair de Vries droned on. The district attorney, youngish, pression of a hunting dog all over him-was examining a witness, s the old-time bartender or private detective about him.

YOUR BUSINESS. "It was your business, as attendant at the Oriental Garden, to see that order was kept?"

"There was no semblance of disorder at all until you heard the shot

"Mr. de Vries was at a table with party?"

"Yes, sir." "You heard the shot and you saw Mr. de Vries fall forward?"

"Yes, sir. Crumpled up, sort of." "Then you ran to him?"

"You saw the woman Janssen with a revolver?"

"What was she doing?" "She was laughing."

"Was she drunk?" "The laugh sounded drunk." "Was she very much under the influence of liquor?"

"She couldn't have been. Else she wouldn't have got away."
"You are certain that it was the

All eyes in the courtroom were turned to the prisoner in the dock. And there was in the sordid trial chamber a sense of great disturbance in the air, as though, from the minds and personalities of all gathered there, there rose in gray tendrils a haze of doubt, of disbeief of mystery.

She sat in the dock, in the sordid courtroom, among the unseemly officers and public, as a statue in some public square might stand above the rabble. Mature, magnificent, the prisoner seemed almost like some goddess from a Norse

First, her strange coloring made all catch their breaths. Her face was tanned to an absolutely golden hue, and out of this work of delicate bronze, there looked, calm-and confident, two eyes that were blue as sea water. Her eyebrows, her hair, were bleached by the sun until her eyebrows were two nalfmoons of silver, until her hair was the pale, beautiful gold of honey in of live silver when the light fell

She had the strange exotic ap-

Isle, the fabled cotony of Holland sailors and Carib Indian belles, a small dot in the West Indies where there is a town on the top of a mountain, and life is as in the Gar-

It was not alone her coloring, her splendid face. From her there came such an aura of health, of spiritual strength, it seemed impossible that this woman was the chorus girl Janssen who had been and spendthrift De Vries, who had been drunk, who attended cabarets with wine merchants and Broadway belles.

This woman! Impossible! In her own calm eyes there seemed also a look that said more: "This is ridiculous. I can't have done this. Why am I here? Why don't they get up and let me go?"

Even the rat-faced witness was perturbed. "The prisoner in the dock?" he said with a sense of puzzled won-der. "The prisoner in the dock?"

"Well, don't mind the prisoner in the dock, then. It was the "You were well acquainted with

her appearance. You couldn't have been mistaken?"

"No, sir, I could not have been mistaken. She was often at the Oriental with Mr. de Vries. Sometimes every night for a week. I

could not have been mistaken. It was she who shot Mr. de Vries." The district attorney sat down, with a gesture of his hand toward Howard Donegan, the prisoner's counsel. With his massive body, with his massive head, with his cruel jurist face, Howard Donegan was as much part of the attraction for the public as was the prisoner, case, the romantic capture of An-

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)



Anna Janssen, Discarded Sweetheart of Alastair de Vries, Watches His Attentions to a Rival With Jealous Eyes at the Fancy Dress Ball in the Young Philanderer's Home

The Woman Observer

HERE was a time when the woman of forty was decidedly on the shelf. But apparently, the modern woman of forty is ready to compete with those of a younger generation, she does not admit the arrival of middle age or any other kind of age.

"I paid an early morning call on an acquaintance recently," Woman's Married Friend told her vesterday, "and when I was at the front door I heard the greatest running and jumping overhead. I could not imagine what was going

"My hostess came to the door in a breathless and apologetic state. She had on her gym suit. Then she told me all about it. She is forty and the mother of four children, but she her figure, so the housework she dons her gym If she wants anything, such as a broom or a mop, she runs for it. When she makes a bed she jumps over it instead of walking sedately around from side to side. When she does the floors, she does them so that she brings into play certain muscles. She has it all figured out so that certain household duties exercise different muscles, and when she is through with her housework she had done the equivalent of a couple of hours

gym work. "And, incidentally," continued the Woman's Married Friend, "she has the suppleness and litheness of a woman twenty years younger.

Wooden Shoes and Automobiles

At first thought there seems to be no relation between wooden shoes and automobiles. But one never can tell these days. Wooden shoes play an important part in auto building; indeed, they probably reduce the cost of autos by 63-10 cents-if figured out by an efficiency export. At first the auto companies prowided high rubber boots for the men who did the work; but they soon found, says the Scientific Monthly, that soap and rubber did not agree, and that the bill for rubber boots was quite an item. And when the war came on, and the price of rubber soared, indeed, it became

quite appalling. So some bright young man got a lot of wooden sabots-brought from Holland or somewhere for actorsand tried them out. The workmen stuffed paper tightly in around their feet and encircled their legs with pieces of old slickers and found that the result was very satisfactory when worn with the usual

TOOK at a fly on the

landscape beyond becomes

indistinct. Then look directly at the landscape

and the fly on the pane

This marvelous adaptive

power to near and far ob-

jects is called the "accom-

modation" of the eye.

comes a shapeless spot.

windowpane. The

Lovelorn

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Far out West lives a little girl that I met while in college—some four years ago. Before I knew it had happened, I had fallen hopelessly in love with her. Then I left college for military service and almost two years elapsed before we met again, during this time she let me build my

When I was discharged from the service I went approximately 1,500 miles to see her. The days I spent with her and her people were the happiest of my life, but no sooner had I gone than I received word certain man lived and was single she could never think of me any

this world, I gave up the "ship." a big price to learn a big lesson.

I would like to know if you agree that love is killed entirely, he never can in truth love so again."

Perhaps I have that yet to learn, but I have met many wonderful young ladies in this city, and my mind is still unchanged.

No. I don't agree. this age know what real love is. We grow in love the same as we grow in philosophy, understanding. judgment, and all through experience

If you could talk to older married couples, you no doubt would find most of them had the same experience you have passed through, They married at a later age and now are more or less amused at the shallowness of the feeling they

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Is it considered proper for a boy of nineteen and a young lady of seventeen, who have been friends for sveral years, to attend, alone, the evening performance at the

Advice to

By Beatrice Fairfax.

castles and dream of what I know now will never be.

more than as a good friend. She was my inspiration, my goal When I learned that she really did not care, it got the better of me instead of up and fighting like a man to accomplish some good in went from bad to worse and paid

I now find myself back in University, but like a ship without a

with my conclusion: 'If a person really loves in it's truest sense and

NOW AND THEN.

Since you are still in university. you must be somewhere between twenty and twenty-five years of Seldom do young people of

felt for their first love.

It is entirely proper if mother

You are not con-

scious of any effort in

changing the range of

vision. The eyes seem to

work automatically. In-

creasing years, constant

strain or injury weakens

the power of "accommo-

dation." This is frequent-

ly the cause of painful

The Hundred Dollar Question

Edith Livingston, a demobilized war worker, lives with Grace and Bob Elisworth, a young married couple. She acts as secretary to Eustibo Alvarez, a Mexican oil stock promoter.

He pays her much attention, and gives her a \$500 gold note after she discovers him and a Japanese studying a map She is jesious of a Spanish girl whom she discovers dining with her sweetheart. Willard Saunders. Her employer wants to meet her sweetheart.

Willard denies he is in love with the Spanish girl. He telis Edith that her employer will bear watching, and asks her to spy on him. Edith finds in her employer's desk a picture of the Spanish girl. She is surprised when Willard seeks an introduction to Alvarez. By means of a piece of carbon paper Edith gets a copy of telegram her employer sent to some one in Mexico.

Alvarez tries to inveigle Edith into taking a drink with him st a roadhouse. Willard tells her that Alvarez is an international crock.

"Texa" Tiger" breezes in with a gun in search of Alvarez, who has swindled him out of \$20,000, using his sweetheart, the Spanish girl, Juanita, as a tool. "Texas Tiger" joins Willard and Edith in a trip to Mt. Vernon. On return trip

the Spanish girl, Juanita, as a tool.
"Texas Tiger" joins Willard and Edith
in a trip to Mt. Vernon. On return trip
"Texas Tiger" recognizes Alvarez and
Juanita on wharf and is prevented from
shooting them by Willard. "Texas Tiger"
is still madly in love with Juanita.
Edith discovers that Willard and Alvarez are "old frienda." Edith and Willard accept an invitation from Alvarez
to visit Great Falls.

First I took a cushion out of my chair and placed it under Juanita's head. Then I mixed the ammonia with half a glass of water, and forced it between her lips. Almost frantically I began chafing her hands, being afraid to leave her long enough to call for help. And I gave a little cry of joy when opened her eyes and smiled

feebly up at me.
"I'm sorry I faint," she mumbled as she tried to sit up. But I made her lie perfectly quiet and rest a few minutes while I sat beside her and continued to rub her

MUST TALK. "I must talk-I must tell you."

she said finally. Seeing that she was determined to get up, I took her hands and half lifted her over to a chair. Now that Juanita had regained

consciousness I was finding time to think over what she had said about Willard. And I probably was just as anxious to have her talk as she was to talk. "You know where Willard-Senor Saunders-was last night?" I asked, trying to speak calmly. "Why, do you think he has been

"Yes," she said, answering my first question. And she shook her know where Senor Saunders

went last night. She hesitated for a second, and seemed to be looking off into the distance. "He went-without me-to-" Without you?" I asked, not be

ing able to refrain from putting question. "What do you "I asked you to let Juanita tell the story, as she—as she can," she said. "I—Juanita cannot be hurried. She—it all seem so mixed. I tell you what I know. Then—"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow). And she told me.
She told me of her love for
"Texas Tiger." And she told me her betrayal by Alvarez. She told me that she was not really a Mexican girl, but that she had lived in Mexico with her father,

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SHE FELL AT MY FEET IN A SWOON.

who was a refuge there, and that after he died, she had been taken by a Mexican family. "But I'm not Mexican," she said.

"I-" Here she smiled faintly. "Igringo!" She slipped lightly over that part of her story which told of her escape across the border from

Mexico into Texas. "In Texas," she said, "I got a job in eating place, dancing the Span-ish dances. And I——" Her eyes filled with tears here, but she kept bravely on. And so interested was in her own story that I almost forgot for the time being that part

of it which pertained to Willard. "It was there," she said, "that I met him, my—my gringo."
She had always loved "Texas Tiger," she said. She had never loved Alvarez. She had danced with him and teased him as part of her business. And she had allowed him to talk her into getting "Texas Tiger" to invest twenty thousand dollars in the gold lien first year notes because she believed

stories Alvarez told her of the wealth they would bring.
"I thought I make much money

love me much more."

The awakening had come when Alvarez confessed to her that the notes were no good. And she, with her native ignorance of conditions

and of American customs, had been afraid to tell "Texas Tiger." So she left. She accepted Alvarez's proposition to come to Washington and serve as a spy for

> "But I no intend to help him," she said, all the fire of the land in which she had been reared being reflected in her eyes. "Juanita come for revenge. Alvarez think I work for him. I work with Senor Saunders. Alvarez think I love him. I love gringo!

> As she finished speaking she lay back in the chair and closed her eyes. And I-though I was almost bursting with curiosity and anxiety about Willard-I dared not try to lead her to tell of him.

> Finally she opened her eyes and looked across at me. She must have sensed something of the anxiety I felt, for, without waiting for me to "And now I tell you what I know

> about Senor Saunders. Yeste day Alvarez tell me to be ready to go to

Prize Cake Recipes

4 eggs 3 cups flour. 2 cups sugar.

1 cup milk.
2 teaspoons baking powder.
Wrs. W. H. 1 teaspoon vanilla.—Mrs Hilleary, 816 New Jersey northwest.

ANGEL FOOD CAKE. 1 cup whites of eggs. 11/4 cups granulated sugar. 1 cup flour. 14 teaspoon salt. teaspoon cream of tartar.

1 teaspoon vanilla. 1 teaspoon peach flavoring. Beat eggs with flat beater until stiff, but not dry. Add one-half of the cream of tartar while beating; add salt. The other half cream of tartar add to flour while mitting.

eggs. Sift flour five times and fold Add flavoring. Fill ungreased pan two-thirds full and bake in slow oven for about forty minutes, then increase heat for fifteen minutes. When cake shrinks take out and invert.-Mrs. Lester Wagner, Rock-

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE. eggs. ounces butter.

314 cups flour. cup milk.

3 teaspoonfuls baking powder. cups sugar. Vanilla flavor

Whites of 3 eggs. 1 cup sugar. Vanilla flavor.-Mrs. Alexander Weinstein, 40 New York avenue perthwest.

pound chocolate.

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Mount Vernon at 6 o'clock. But I did not go. I tell Senor Saunders. He said he go. And I tell him I go

"Senor Saunders he laugh and say it be the big joke on Alvarez when he see me there. And he say-Juanita stopped speaking and sat forward, eyes distended, as there floated up to us the cry of "Extra!" seemingly echoed on every street

corner in Washington,
"The paper!" she exclaimed, rushing toward the door.

per! Now we know!" Hardly realizing what I was doing, I ran down the steps and grabbed a Washington Times from the ing civing his wares. I rushed back with it and held the front page so that both Juanita and I could read it. I turned alternately cold and significance of the big head line across the top of the paper in letters six inches deep:

"GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BODY STOLEN FROM TOMB!" Underneath in a little smaller type we read:

"Believed Taken Away in Submarine by Mexicans." "They've done it!" Juanita had jumped from her chair and was standing in the middle of the floor, wringing her hands. "They-he got away with it. And Senor Saunders

thought he stopped them!" I dropped the paper on the table, went over and grabbed Juanita by the shoulders. In my excited condition I could no longer stand by and wait for the spirit to move her to tell me all she knew.

WHERE IS WILLARD! "Tell me what you know of this," I said, shaking her by the shoulders. "You've got to tell me everything! There's no time to lose!"

She raised a shaky finger and pointed toward the discarded paper. She seemed no longer to resent my hurrying her.
"Read it!" she said. "Can't you Can't you understand?

varez did it. He-he stole the body! (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Fresh Air When busy mothers find the out-

door exercise for the children is impossible the following plan may help them: After breakfast dress the children too small to go to school in their outdoor clothing, while the mother, too, dresses herself warmly; then open every window and the door to the porch. The children can play indoors or out on the porch, and the mother can wash the dishes, make beds, sweep and dust. Fresh air coming in while she does her work is nearly as good for her as a walk.

Is Marriage A Success?

EARTH.

There is no use in discussing this question with persons that expect a heaven on earth. Life is made up largely of failures, mostly incidental. "Victory is to him that overcometh." It is these battles with diverse elements that makes suc-

What would become of this nation and every other civilizezd nation if it were not a success? The most convincing evidence that we have of its success as an institution are the millions of happy homes in this country and every other country where the family is recognized as the unit in the secial fabric The tendency is more and more to regard the vows of a marriage contract as a sort of loose agreement

between the parties, to be annulled

at any whim and caprice.

Newspaper reports flippantly refer to divorces and family disagreements as a matter to be expected. There has been no serious attempt to diagnose or find a remedy for this growing of marital disturbance. As an old man, permit me to say in my humble judgment that some of our family troubles come from the want of really capable housewives. Our daughters and sisters have not the training they once had to make them really good housekeepers and good moth fices are full of incompetents, when it comes to taking up the job of a mother, and all the requirements of successful housekeeping, which are highly important to people of modbe learned in one day or one year. But they are factors that play largely in the harmonious development of

a family, Somehow there is an inherited instinct in man that he has privileges that are not accorded the other sex. Take the young man that has formed the habit of gadding about of night. It goes without saying that his companions are not the choicest. This habit that has almost become a part of himself is hard to break off, and the wife of spirit naturally resents the habitual neglect of he husband. MARRIED 45 YEARS.

Suggestions For Summer By Rita Stuyvesant.

finds many frocks that hold suggestions of early summer Sport clothes again will find first place in Milady's wardrobe, and very smart are the newest sweaters and frocks for country club wear. Combination dresses featuring

effects; a smart creation in black and white Canton crepe, boasted a skirt partly of black; the upper half cut from the white crepe. Balck beads touched the white material and were worked into an elaborate design. Short sleeves and an oval neck lent a summery note, and a slim girdle confined the fullpass at the hips. Black and white sport ties and a white sport hat

completed this attractive outfit. A homely gingham gown that promises to be popular is cut from red and white checked material and trimmed with white pique. It is long-waisted, set on a full, tucked skirt, and collared with the Short sleeves are cuffed with the pique, and a black necktie adds a smart effect. A narrow belt of red kid is buckled at a

Crisp organdies are offered in the alluring colors, and can be made up into lovely frocks for summery affairs. Yellow organdy with jade ribbons forms a simple model, tucking its skirt deeply, and crossing its bodice surplice style to tie in a big bow at the back. The jade ribbons form wheels on the shirt with tiny ends uttering gayly.

Gray, the popular spring color, threatens to invade the summer season. Numerous silk sweaters, in all shades from pearl to taupe, are in vogue. Stunning Tuxedo models opened at the front, are faced with narrow revers, and even gray baronet satin skirts are making their appearance.

and shades sell at moderate prices Argentine Custom.

Sport silks in Beautiful weaves

When a seventh son is born in Argentina the president of the republic becomes his godfather, according to custom, so that the president always has quite a number of godsons, as large families are the rule in Argentina.

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