

This is the anniversary of the refusal, in 1861, of Robert E. Lee to accept command of the Union armies. He allied himself with the Confederacy, and, although defeated and obliged to surrender to Grant, he won fame as a great general.

The Washington Times Magazine Page

The atmosphere of the earth extends about 100 miles high. Without it to act as a modifier of climate, we would know intolerable degrees of heat and cold and life would probably be impossible.

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 Environment 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 Arteract picture.

The outward appearance of 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 incandescent brightness. 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, bald, active as ants. There the men of the daily journals, more aloof, more judicial than the judge.

There the press of morbid spectators, leaning forward like runners on the track. There the policemen, 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, slim, lithe, a little sinister—the impression of a hunting dog all over him—was examining a witness, a rat-faced man who had something of the old-time bartender or private detective about him.

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

"Yes, sir."

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

"Yes, sir."

"She had the strange exotic ap-

pearance of the women of Saba-

le, the famed colony 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-

den of Hesperides.

It was not alone her coloring,

her splendid face. From her there

came such an aura of health, of

spiritual strength, it seemed im-

possible that this woman was the

chorus girl Janssen who had been

the cast-off mistress of the rake

and spendthrift de Vries, who had

been drunk who attended cabarets

with wine merchants and Broad-

way 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

woman Janssen you saw."

"I am sure of that."

"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. Some-

times 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,

the notoriety of the ten-year-old

case, the romantic capture of An-

nette Janssen.

(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

THERE 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," the Woman's Married Friend told her yesterday, "and when I was at the front door I heard the greatest running and jumping overhead. I could not imagine what was going on."

"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 has determined not to get old and lose her figure, so when she does the housework she dons her gym suit. If she wants anything, such as a broom or a mop, she runs for it. When she has finished, 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 has done the equivalent of a couple of hours gym work.

"And, incidentally," continued the Woman's Married Friend, "she has the suppleness and lithehood 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 6-10 cents—if figured out by an efficiency expert.

At first the auto companies provided 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, 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 actors—and tried them out. The workmen stuffed paper tightly in around their feet and encircled their legs with pieces of old silk and found that the result was very satisfactory when worn with the usual apron.

Now AND THEN.

No, I don't agree.

Since you are still in university,

you must be somewhere between

twenty and twenty-five years of

age. So don't you young people of

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 mar-

ried men, you would find most of them had the same

experience you have passed through,

and they did not give up the ship.

They married at a later age and

are more than less amused at the

shallowness of the feeling they

felt for their first love.

IT IS.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Is it considered proper for a boy

of nineteen and a young lady of

seventeen, who have been friends

for several years, to attend, alone,

the evening performance of the

theater.

It is entirely proper if mother

has given her permission.

BILL.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

And she told me.

She told me of her love for

"Texas Tiger." And she told me

of 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,

and she told me.

"You know where Willard?

Senor Saunders—was last night?"

I asked, trying to speak calmly.

"Why, do you think he has been

kidnapped?"

"Yes," she said, answering my

first question. And she shook her

head.

"I know where Senor Saunders

went last night. She hesitated for

a second, and seemed to be look-

ing off into the distance.

"He went—without me—to—"

"Without you?" I asked, not be-

ing able to refrain from putting

the question. "What do you

mean?"

"I asked you to let Juanita tell

the story, as she—she can," she

said. "I—Juanita cannot be hur-

ried. 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

of 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,

and she told me.

"You know where Willard?

Senor Saunders—was last night?"

I asked, trying to speak calmly.

"Why, do you think he has been

kidnapped?"

"Yes," she said, answering my

first question. And she shook her

head.

"I know where Senor Saunders

went last night. She hesitated for

a second, and seemed to be look-

ing off into the distance.

"He went—without me—to—"

"Without you?" I asked, not be-

ing able to refrain from putting

the question. "What do you

mean?"

"I asked you to let Juanita tell

the story, as she—she can," she

said. "I—Juanita cannot be hur-

ried. 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

of 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,

and she told me.

"You know where Willard?

Senor Saunders—was last night?"

I asked, trying to speak calmly.

"Why, do you think he has been

kidnapped?"

"Yes," she said, answering my

first question. And she shook her

head.

"I know where Senor Saunders

went last night. She hesitated for

a second, and seemed to be look-

ing off into the distance.

"He went—without me—to—"

"Without you?" I asked, not be-

ing able to refrain from putting

the question. "What do you

mean?"

"I asked you to let Juanita tell

the story, as she—she can," she

said. "I—Juanita cannot be hur-

ried. 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

of 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,

and she told me.

"You know where Willard?

Senor Saunders—was last night?"

I asked, trying to speak calmly.

"Why, do you think he has been

kidnapped?"

"Yes," she said, answering my

first question. And she shook her

head.

"I know where Senor Saunders

went last night. She hesitated for

a second, and seemed to be look-

ing off into the distance.

"He went—without me—to—"

"Without you?" I asked, not be-

ing able to refrain from putting

the question. "What do you

mean?"

"I asked you to let Juanita tell

the story, as she—she can," she

said. "I—Juanita cannot be hur-

ried. 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

of 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,

and she told me.

"You know where Willard?

Senor Saunders—was last night?"

I asked, trying to speak calmly.

"Why, do you think he has been

kidnapped?"

"Yes," she said, answering my

first question. And she shook her

head.

"I know where Senor Saunders

went last night. She hesitated for

a second, and seemed to be look-

ing off into the distance.

"He went—without me—to—"

"Without you?" I asked, not be-

ing able to refrain from putting

the question. "What do you

mean?"

"I asked you to let Juanita tell

the story, as she—she can," she

said. "I—Juanita cannot be hur-

ried. She—it all seem so mixed.

I tell you what I know. Then—"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

And she told me.