

STORY OF BEAUTIFUL GERMAN SPY WHO TRIED TO CHEAT DEATH WHEN FACING FIRING SQUAD IN BELGIUM

Robert Nichols, the young British poet who came to America recently and who is recuperating from shell shock, told me that probably the most remarkable spy story that has come out of the Great War. Mr. Nichols vouched for the authenticity of the story and the soundness of its details by Sir William Orpen, noted British artist. This incident had to do with a beautiful young woman who was captured by the enemy, the French and Belgian authorities departmentally only to be apprehended at last and sentenced by military court to death.

The spy relied entirely upon her physical charms for the carrying out of her plan, and finally facing the firing squad, she was told to crawl along one of the most dangerous trenches of the war. Mr. Nichols told me that the story is this:—

"The woman met an officer with whom she came in contact, and in which she fell victim to her bewitching face and form. But, as it ruse of all spies, she eventually over-reached herself and drew to her own destruction. The department evidence of her operations too clear to be misunderstood.

"It was tried by a military court and ended in a death sentence. The following day She accepted the findings without emotion and without protest, but she said she had one request to make, and that was that she be permitted to face her executioners in a costume of her own choosing. The request was granted.

"The woman, who was a beautiful girl, was taken to the firing squad. She was led into the courtyard of an ancient castle and was confronted by a firing squad, commanded by an officer in full military attire, had long been an ardent admirer.

"There was a most magnificent cloak of dark blue velvet with fur, which completely covered her.

"She did not flutter an eyelid, but was as cool and self-possessed as usual, as she had not a care in the world.

"She had nothing to say. The firing squad formed itself about 20 paces from her. She was not even blindeflowered.

"Get ready," rang out the officer's command. The soldiers raised their rifles.

"One!"

"Two!" the officer counted sharply.

"With the word 'two' the beautiful woman threw off her cloak and fell slowly to the ground and revealed herself stark naked to the astonished officer and men.

"The officer, in an instant to the officer that the spy had sought by this display of her compelling beauty to win from him a reprieve.

"There was a pause for a moment, when the officer's resolute voice again was heard, this time uttering the fatal 'three!'

"There was a crash of rifles and Freida Nietor fell in a heap to the ground, her career ended."

The two pictures of Freida Nietor are shown here. The beautiful woman, one of the best costume models ever wrapped in a blue cloak. Popular opinion is divided as to which of the two pictures is the more striking.

Both pictures were painted by Sir William Orpen and have been the subject of more comment and interest than any other painting. The picture in this war has almost any picture in this war. It is almost sure there was a story behind these two pictures of the same woman, but not until recently was that story told.

THE EVENING STORY

Ain't It the Truth

Trying on of the coat.
 Inspection in the mirror.
 Long sleeves.
 Alterations to the collar.
 Quaker color.
 Final hesitation.
 Strong talk by the salesman.
 Purchase.
 Good looking suit in the window.
 Wish that it had been purchased.
 Arriving at the wife at home.
 Wife's disappointment.
 Tying on of the trousers.
 Quick cut of the trousers.
 Fullness at the waist.
 Sinking feeling.
 Trying on of the coat.
 Short sleeves.
 Bunched collar.
 Odd color.
 Wife's tears.
 Tightness at the shoulder.
 Thorough disgust.
 Throwing of the good looking suit in
 the window.
 Intense loathing.
 Throwing of the odd suit into the closet.
 Throwing of the odd suit into the closet.
 Throwing of the odd suit into the closet.

OUR SHORT STORY

The floor was just right, and Jagger's Famous Jazz Orchestra had never been in better form.

"I was sitting in the corner," he bragged into the spot where her shoe-like ear was hidden by a wave of her blonde hair. "I was listening to the music with my eyes closed, so I could hear with any sense I might have. And you know what I mean?"

"I don't mean." "I don't mean." "I don't mean." "I don't mean."

The music was played on. In a corner a couple was doing the slowney waltz.

"I didn't, I can't find words to express it," he enthused. "Dancing with you is like a trip to heaven. I don't know what that's what I was trying to think of, the poetry of motion!"

"I don't know."

In another corner another couple was doing the flapper flop.

"Honestly," he went on, "when I dance with you I feel like I'm touching the ground."

Well, she drawled languorously, "I don't know, for the last few minutes, for you've been on my feet all the time."

"I've been dancing but was talking to you with my friends."

"Not to look at, and all that," he admitted, "as a dancer she's not very good."

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING



The Caller—Where is your mother?
Little Ethel—She's up in the bathroom washing out her stockings in the wash bowl.
The Caller—is your father at home?
Little Ethel—Yes, but he's down in the basement taking a bath in the laundry tub.

By EDWINA.

"CAP" STUBBS.

