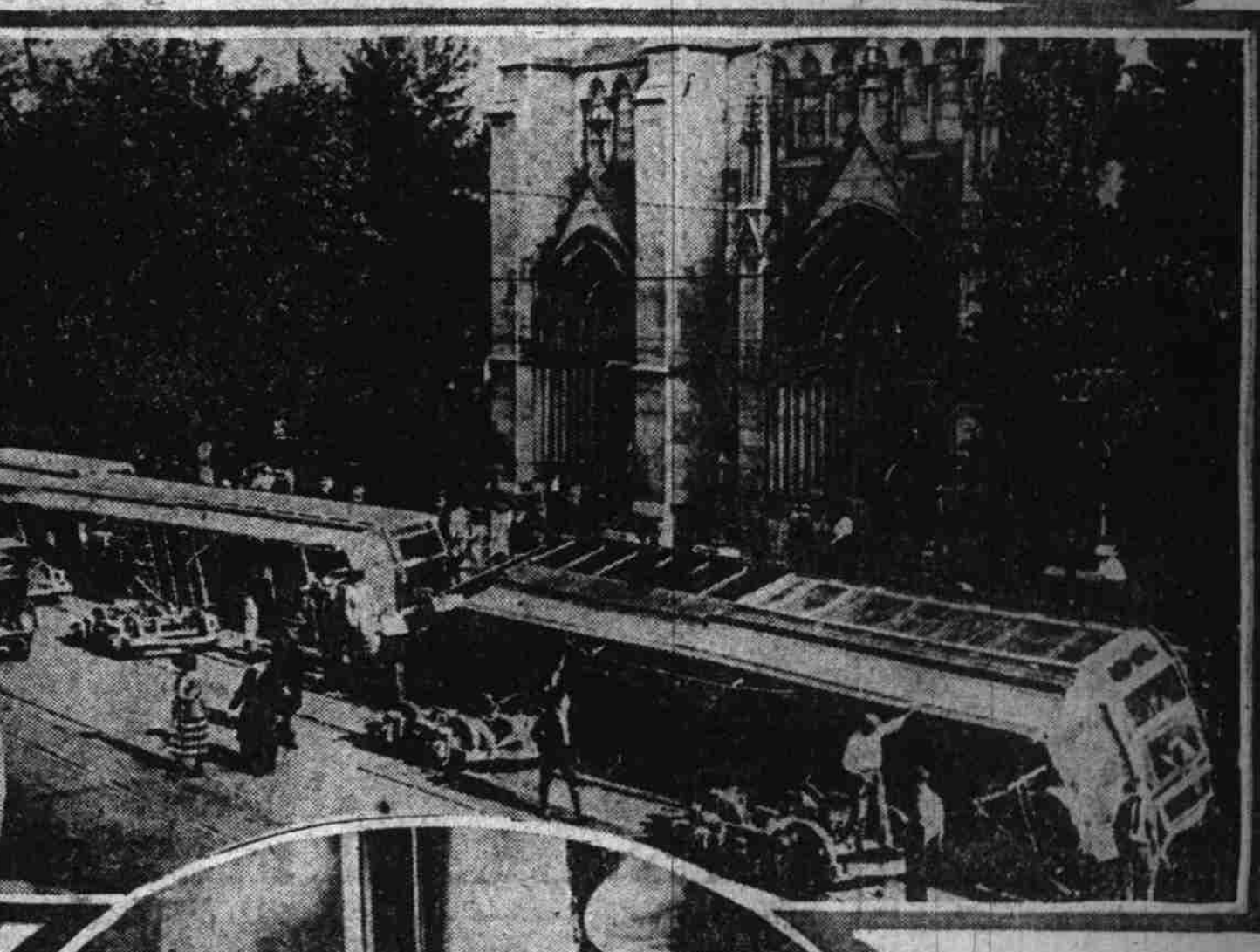
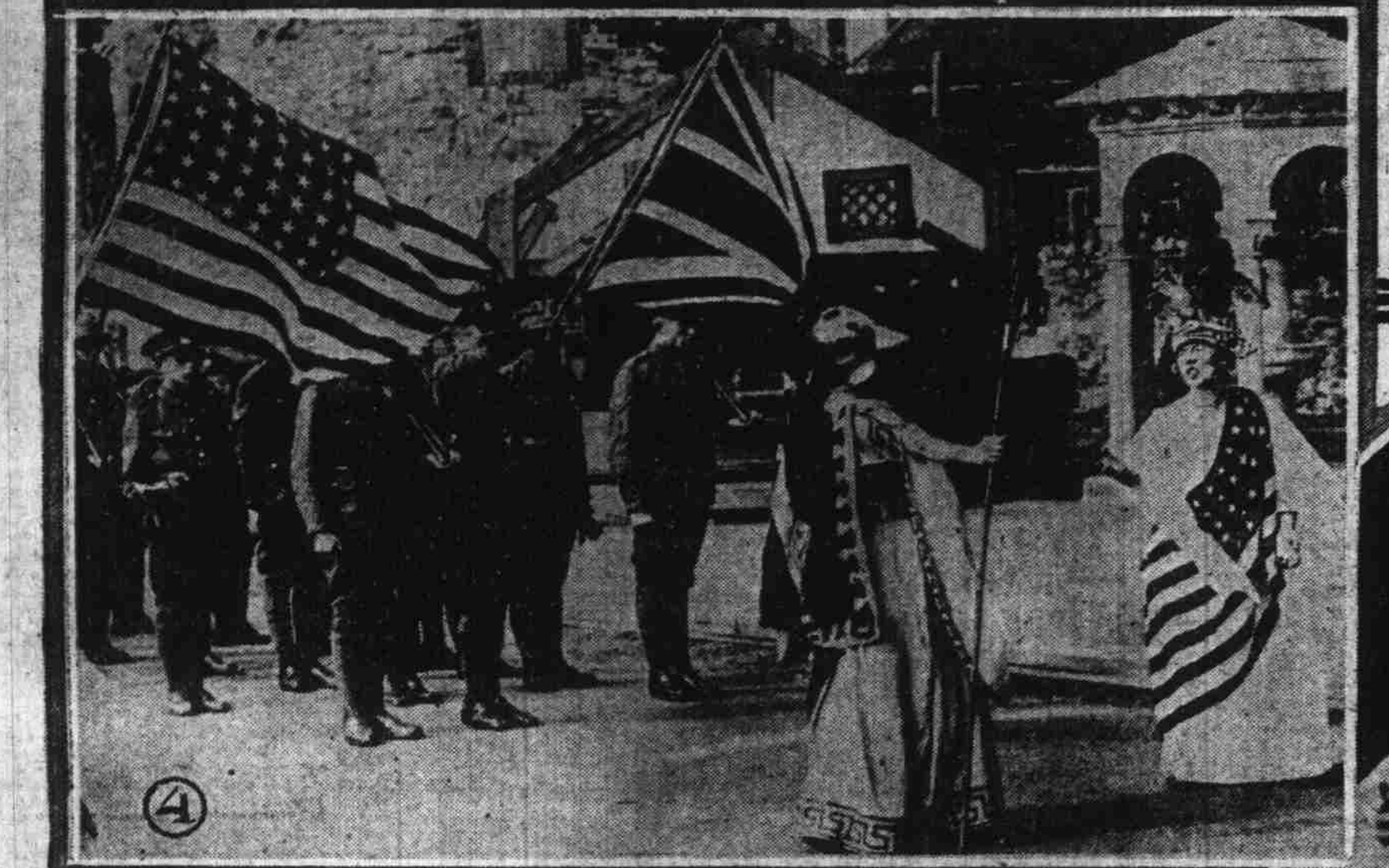
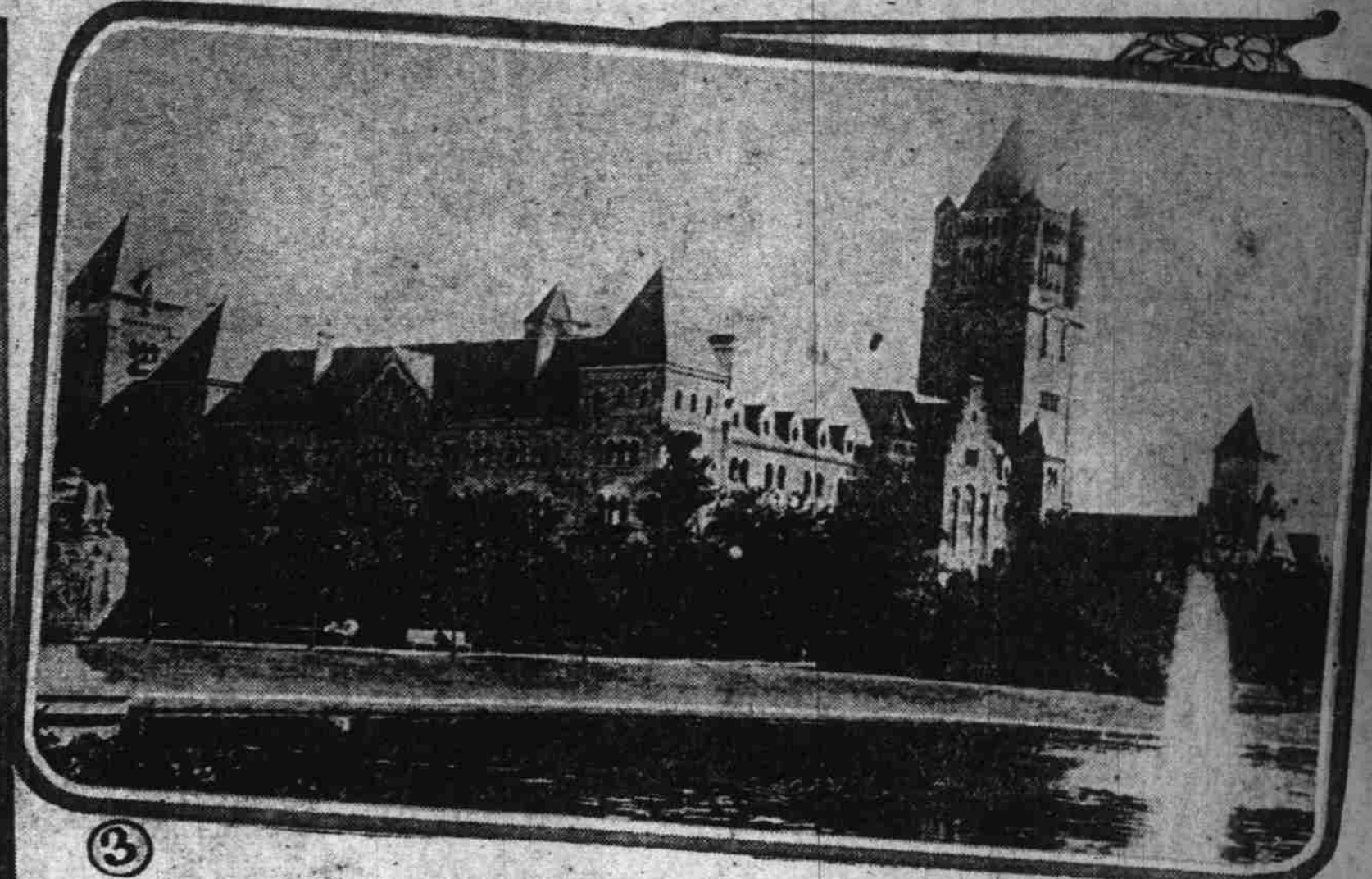
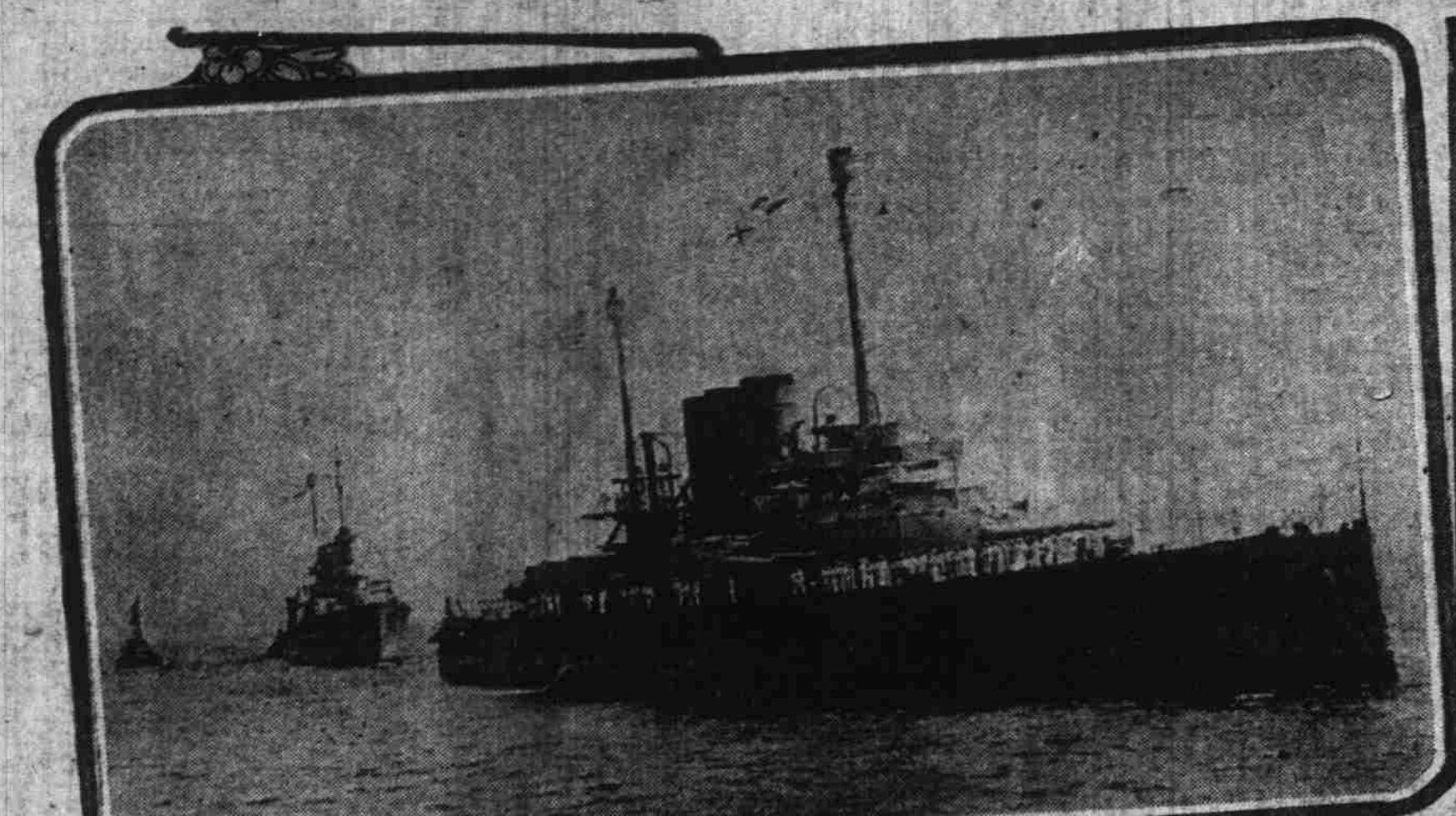


PICTORIAL GLIMPSES OF MEN AND EVENTS MENTIONED IN THE DAY'S NEWS



ADRIANOPLE IS CITY OF ANCIENT FAME AND NAME

Entry of Greek Troops Is Event in Secular History Comparable to Investiture of Jerusalem.

"Entry of Greek troops into Adrianople is an event in secular history fairly comparable to the investiture of Jerusalem by Allenby's army, for this Turkish city has for nearly 2000 years been a weather vane of world politics," says a bulletin from the Washington (D. C.) headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"The rebuilding of the ancient Thracian town by Hadrian, who gave it his name, signalled a high point in the power of the Roman empire. The decline of Rome was foreshadowed some two centuries later when the Goths defeated Valens there, and made their first break through the Roman frontier.

"Next Adrianople was the setting for the Turk's advent into Europe. There Murad I established himself, planned the capture of Constantinople, and sent out expeditions to subdue various Christian peoples. For a time the European capital of the Sultans, Adrianople was relegated to be the chief bulwark of Constantinople. There Turk first met Slav, and there the Russians finally forced their way to the Black sea by a treaty which also loosened the Turkish hold on the Caucasus and compelled recognition of the independence of Greece.

"Adrianople is on the Maritima, Hebrew of Grecian legend, where Orpheus was dismembered by the Thracian women, also celebrated, under its latter name, in Bulgarian song and story. It is 137 miles by rail southwest of Constantinople.

"Today the city wears its past glory with a sort of shabby gentility, with no pretension of prosperity but less clutter than the usual Turkish city.

"A mosque bearing the name of Sultan Baisend recalls that monarch, whose first official act was to order the execution of his brother, who was the first Ottoman ruler to call himself sultan, whose conquests finally were checked when he was taken prisoner by Tamerlane.

"But the architectural masterpiece of Adrianople is the Selimie, product of a Greek, tribune-bey's genius, and relic of the reign of Selim II, the Louis XIV. of Turkey.

"Early the Turks would seize a certain number of sons of their Christian subjects, and in Sinan, they found they had acquired a skilled bridge builder. They allowed him to follow his bent, and the Shahsadeh at Constantinople, the Sultan's mosque at Stamboul and the three famous mosques at Adrianople were given to posterity. The Selimieh rests upon the highest hill in Adrianople, and four lofty minarets tower far above a massive dome.

Helped Rival Cut Him Out Troubles Hunt Youth in Texas

By A. D. Cridge
In the latter part of the '70s the writer found life pleasant on a plantation ranch in southwestern Texas, in Gonzales county, where a kindly and hospitable minister combined the life of a plantation owner with that of a servant of the Lord, making his living from 400 acres of cultivated land, a bunch of cattle and horses, several hired men and tenants, while he preached for absolutely nothing and frequently paid for the privilege.

"Preacher Jim" he was called, and was the titular head of the extensive Cone family that had settled in Texas long before it was American territory and had branches all over the Lone Star state and reaching through the South from Georgia to the Rio Grande.

Shortly after beginning to work for Preacher Jim in the fall of a prosperous year I went to the little town of Rancho one Saturday intent on seeing a Mexican circus. Leaving my mustang in a feed yard I approached the single tent of the circus and was attracted by the loud wailing of a small boy surrounded by several lads, all groveling in the dust industriously. Stonewall J. Burckard had lost his entire fortune of 25 cents there or thereabouts and his sympathetic friends were hunting for its single disk that refused to respond to their sincere efforts.

I knew he belonged to a family of neighbors of the Cones related to the tribe or clan and thereupon invested a quarter and escorted the group of lads to the ticket office. The circus was a poor one, even for the Mexican variety, but at the age of 12 a boy sees more in a circus than he ever sees after that. I was dancing with a slim Elizabethan blonde the first figure of the set of three that constituted a square dance when a swarthy young fellow I knew slightly as one of the Darnell clan undertook to intrude and eliminate me as the partner of the young lady. So far as she went I was not interested very much, and in fact did not know her name. "Wait, Dell," she said. "You didn't come, so I am dancing with this gentleman." But Dell wouldn't wait, and instead of asking my advice not to embarrass the lady he pulled a knife and intimidated quite earnestly and with unnecessary profanity. I moved along in single file of one.

Now a knife always made me feel safe, especially when likely to reach me, and I decidedly revolved in my soul at getting into a fracas over a red-headed girl I had never met before. But Dell had invested 50 cents in a bottle of real moonshine (that was the price in those days) and was ugly, reckless and inclined to make a humiliating show of "that California feller."

On his flashing his 14-inch toothpick I promptly caused him to drop it on the floor without reaching in hip-pocket or belt for a blue-muzzled little five-shooter that seemed to him to spring into my hand from nowhere, a trick I had learned in Arizona from a gambling friend of mine who was at one time marshal of Florence.

PEACE BY FORCE
Kicking his knife across the floor we went on with the dance, his friends and relatives restraining him from further demonstrations. "I'll shoot you on sight," he shouted. "No road in Texas is wide enough for the two of us to pass. Heel yourself! Heel yourself! You blankety-blank and double-blank California son of a few more blanks."

Now Dell Darnell was almost a bad man. Hardly 21 he had been mixed up in several scrapes and his people were not able to keep him in bounds. In Texas the lads at that time as well as the lassies, developed rapidly and maturity was considered as having been arrived at when a lad was 18 and a girl 16. My red-headed partner explained that she had been keeping company with Dell, but he had left her "on the wall while he rode over to a 'blind pig,' and liquored up. Therefore she had danced with me, and she was afraid that Dell might do me damage. Miss Sarah Embree was a nice, little girl, although I found out afterwards she chewed tobacco and dipped snuff, and could barely read and write. Her people were orderly, industrious farmers and she had two older brothers to protect her, so that I was plainly a victim of a lovers' tiff, a bottle of moonshine and the still barbaric customs of the country.

MORE TROUBLE AHEAD
Just as the dance finished the white face of Stonewall J. appeared at a side door and his hand beckoned to me emphatically. I responded to the little fellow's signal and slipped after him into the kitchen.

"Dell's got him a gun and he's got away from his uncle and he's laying back of the big lilac bush in front of the house, and he's goin' to shoot you, sure, when you step outside the door. He's a bad un fer sure. Fred, and I heard him say 'take yer boots,' he urged, "and good bye. You will find a little trail right over to Preacher Jim's back of the cornfield," he whispered.

I took the boots, but laid them on a griddlestone frame and slipped around to the lilac bush, where I found Dell sobbing and cursing under his breath while leveling his big revolver on the open doorway, where all who passed its threshold stood plainly in the light for a moment. It became necessary to drop the butt of my gun several times on his rather thick skull before he was calmed down.

MUCH TROUBLE IN SIGHT
The Cones, one and all, to the number of 20 or more, took my side of the little controversy, and Dell was bandaged up and taken home. I did not dance any

more that night. About daylight I escorted Miss Embree home, and was asked to call Sunday and go to church. This I did, and finding "Sarey," as her folks called her, good company, remained after church to supper of fried chicken, white flour biscuits and apple pie.

A few days afterwards Preacher Jim made Dell come over to his house and make friends with me. "No feuds like that can start here," said the preacher. Dell was not a bad sort of fellow when sober, and while I kept a lookout for any lapses I met him several times after that and had no further trouble.

The second Sunday, however, that I called on Miss Embree real trouble for me began. Her mother said she believed in early marriages and short engagements, and the family was ready to set us up with 40 acres of land, a span of steers, a cow and a house. I was simply dumfounded. To call on a young lady twice and be thereupon and thereby and therefor engaged! I explained that I was not 21; that I had no intention of being married until the attainment of my majority; that I believed in long engagements—very long, and so on. But it was no use; I was a hero. I also was "going to be spliced to Sarey, come about Christmas. They ain't set the day yet," as Mrs. Embree assured Mrs. Preacher Jim Cone.

One day I met Dell in the road. He was tipsy, again. "You cut me out of my gal," he said. "I order kill you. I promised Preacher Jim I wouldn't have no fuss with you. What do you want to go and marry Sarey for, anyway? I ain't set for her folks—drat 'em—she'd marry me all right. We was engaged before you butted in betwixt us."

I urged on Dell that "faint heart never won fair lady," that if he wanted "Sarey" the way to do was to pick her up and skip to San Antonio, some 40 miles away, and marry her, and let her folks go hang.

He said he would do it in a minute but hadn't any money. He had some coming to him when Dad sold his cotton, but not a dollar to his name, and Dad wouldn't give him any.

I handed him \$20 and told him by all means to make Sarey happy. There was no such thing as a telephone then, and no such thing as a telephone was known. I intimated to Preacher Jim that perhaps they had better inquire of the Darnells where Dell was. With that hint they soon learned that Dell and Sarey had been seen on horseback hurrying in the direction of San Antonio.

The next week the Embrees family gave a reception and dance in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Dell Darnell and a big dining room table was spread with presents. I invested \$4 in a silver tea set, and danced—the happiest man in the party.

PHOTOS INTERNATIONAL

KEY TO TODAY'S PICTORIAL REVIEW

(1) Five German warships, allocated to the United States under the terms of the peace treaty, arrived in New York harbor from Europe August 2, accompanied by American war vessels. The German vessels are the dreadnought Ostfriesland, the light cruiser Frankfort and three destroyers. All took part in the battle of Jutland and the Ostfriesland is said to have sunk the British battle cruiser Black Prince. Only the Ostfriesland made the voyage under her own power, the others being towed. The ships will be used for experimental purposes by the United States navy and later will be destroyed at target practice. The Ostfriesland will first make a tour of Atlantic and Pacific ports. The photo shows the surrendered ships entering New York harbor, with Old Glory flying from their masts. The Ostfriesland is leading and is towing the Frankfort. One of the destroyers may also be seen.

(2) The first posed photograph of Governor Estaban Cantu of Lower California, Mexico, leader of the new revolt against the Mexican federal government. This photo was made at the governor's home in Mexicali, Lower California. According to reports, Cantu has 2000 well equipped troops.

(3) It is expected, owing to the soviet armies menacing Warsaw, that the Polish government may be moved to Posen. The photograph shows the palace where the Polish government may establish its headquarters in Posen.

(4) The 300th anniversary of the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers to America was celebrated at Southampton, England, with a very picturesque land and water pageant. The pageant is to be staged in other cities and towns later. The photo shows Britannia welcoming the spirit of America. Cadets in the background represent British and American soldiers.

(5) A charming photograph of Mrs. James M. Cox, wife of the Democratic presidential candidate, and her baby daughter Anne, made at the Cox home in Dayton, August 7.

(6) Five persons were killed and many more were injured in riots that followed the calling of a strike on the streetcar lines of Denver. Strikers and sympathizers stopped and wrecked streetcars manned by strikebreakers. This photo shows three cars wrecked and overturned in front of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Denver.

(7) There is a candy store in Dayton, Ohio, that is very popular with the kiddies. It is presided over by a man whose brother is not only the governor of the state, but is the presidential candidate of the Democratic party. That, however, makes little difference to the patrons of the place. It makes just as little difference to the man behind the counter who dispenses the candy to the little customers. With his shirt sleeves rolled up, William Cox mixes the finest soda concoctions, while he leaves the job of mixing in politics to his illustrious brother, Governor James M. Cox, the Democratic standard bearer. The photograph shows "Bill" Cox, as he is known to everyone in the neighborhood, behind his counter in the candy store he maintains here.