

Pictures of World Events for News Readers

In This Department Our Readers in Fulton County and Elsewhere May Journey Around the World With the Camera on the Trail of History Making Happenings.

A LOYAL LOVE.

By EDNA LEE WATSON.

Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union. "They are yours, I believe?" "They are mine."

The man spoke with steely cold precision. There was a sneer in his tones, a menace in his evil eyes. She met his fierce glance with unwavering men, with a diffidence and contempt that stung him to the quick—and she the bride of a month!

"I congratulate you on your power of deceit," he almost hissed.

Adrienne Mercer raised herself to her full height. Unflinchingly she confronted him, chilling scorn in her beautiful face.

"If you have discovered what you might have known, what the world could have told you long ago, that I loved the man who gave me these trifles before I met you, it is no revelation of deceit. I know not what baleful power you held over my poor father, dead but a week, that he drove me to wed you, because you forced him to do so. I never feigned to even respect you. I do so less than ever, now that you have dared to profane these sacred relics by striving to humiliate me with their abstraction."

"A model wife, truly!" grated Judge Rolfe Mercer harshly.

"I am not that to you; I never will be," she returned clearly. "You took me from my happiness to cater to your pride or vanity. I know not what. I have never hidden from you that I was an unwilling sacrifice."

He could have struck that fair face in his mad rage. He could have killed Vance Orton, had he stood before him. All impotent, in her case, was the resistless force that had crushed political foes, that humbled his friends and destroyed those who blocked his path.

"Have a care!" he uttered through his set teeth. "I shall remember this fond lover of yours!"

"He never was that. No word save of friendship ever passed between us yet I glory in saying that he had my whole heart, and never knew. We two shall never meet again, but all you may say or do will not banish a memory that is the one solace of my wretchedness."

She replaced the pretty fan, a little cluster of shriveled roses, a photograph, some invitation notes, the dead record of the one bright passage in her girlhood life, in her writing desk whence the probing hand of her husband had unearthed them.

He came home a day later, flushed with drink and triumph.

"When you read the evening paper," he pronounced in even, but malice freighted tones, "and recognize the sudden downfall of your idol and sold pattern of perfect manhood, Vance Orton, you will perhaps comprehend that I have not boasted vainly of my power."

Adrienne read the account of the descent on a gambling house while its inmates were engaged in a riotous fracas. There was the name of the man she loved. The judge before whom he and others had been brought had sentenced three of them, including Orton, to six months in the city bridge well.

Adrienne then comprehended the full, despicable meanness of the man she had wedded. Before the wedding was out she had summarily left him. She had means of her own and sought a distant seclusion. Then began the downward descent of Rolfe Mercer, mercenary judge and crooked politician. He was ousted from his judicial position for accepting a bribe. Lower and lower he sank, fortune and influence gone, until he became a common drunkard and vagabond.

Vance Orton, after his unjust sentence, left the city and began a new life in a border town in Utah. He was a natural leader among men, and he came such in the community. He was mayor, judge, and friend of everybody and idolized by the rough miners of the district for his fairness.

One day a ragged, bloated, terrified wretch was brought before him, protected from the vengeance of half a dozen halfbreeds who sought to get at him as he was brought into the courtroom. At once Orton recognized him.

One of the Indians was shouting out the cause of the arrest. Rolfe Mercer had become a common thief and tramp, had visited the hut where his mother lived, had nearly choked her to death, forcing from her the few coins she possessed. The prisoner covered like the craven he was, as he recognized the man who had the power to retaliate in full for past injustice.

Suddenly, however, the son of the Indian woman leaped forward, a naked blade in his hand. Before the officer could prevent him he had plunged the knife into the side of Mercer, had leaped through an open window and was gone.

"Care for the man in every way you can," ordered Orton. "His wife was a friend of my friends in the long ago. But Mercer was beyond the power of human aid."

It was when he was dead that an officer brought to Orton some papers found in his clothing. One of these was of peculiar interest to Orton. For the first time he knew that husband and wife had been parted for years. The document found was a letter addressed to a lawyer in a distant city. It told him that the writer, Mercer, was destitute and ill. The unseen missive pleaded with the lawyer to influence his client, his wife, to assist him in his extremity.

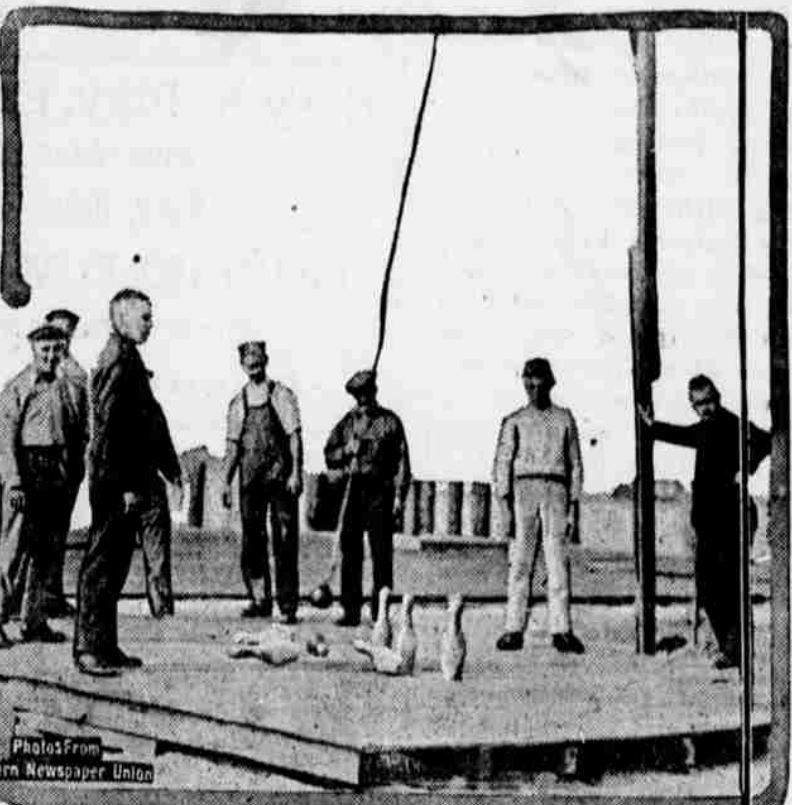
"I am going East for a few weeks," Orton told his secretary, the day after Mercer had been decently buried. All those years the remembrance of Adrienne had been vivid in his mind. He longed to see her once again.

His pretense for visiting the lawyer was that he wished to inform Mrs. Mercer of her husband's death. It was in the office of the lawyer that he learned of the separation of wife and husband, and knew that Adrienne had never swerved from her regard and esteem for himself. The next day she sent for him.

Truth dwelt in the hearts of both. Their paths joined once more, and the twilight of an undying love drove away all those dark shadows of the

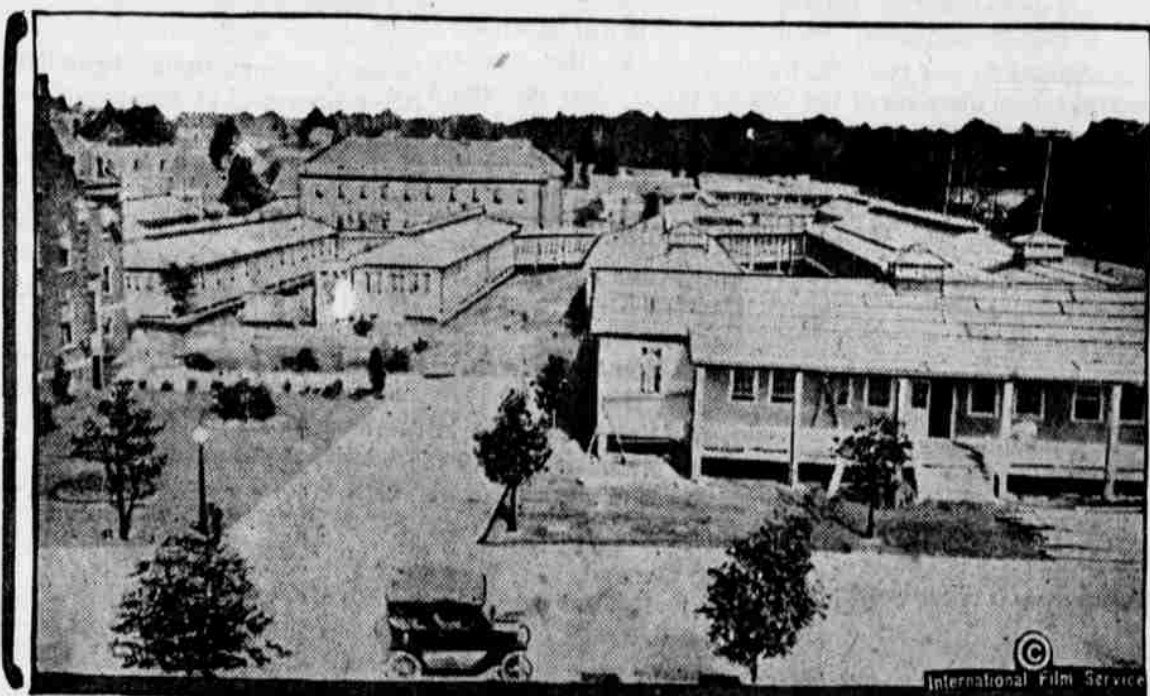
GERMANS INTERNED IN THE UNITED STATES ARE WELL TREATED

With the capture of the first United States soldiers by the Germans our government began to arrange through neutral nations for their decent treatment and that of future prisoners of war. At once steps were taken to let Germany know how well those of her subjects who are interned in this country are treated. The accompanying illustration goes to prove that alien enemies under restraint in America have no reason to complain. It shows interned Germans at the immigration station at Gloucester, N. J., the receiving station for immigrants at Philadelphia. They undergo no privations whatever, and amusements are provided for them, as well as good food and lodging. The men are seen playing ton pins. At the left is the one who is charged with the care of the poultry raised for their table.



Photos from Western Newspaper Union

WHERE WOUNDED AMERICAN SOLDIERS WILL BE CARED FOR



New buildings being erected at the Walter Reed Memorial hospital near Washington, D. C., for the reception of soldiers wounded on the field in France. Twenty-five buildings have been erected recently. They are one story high and are constructed of wood, having screened porches running around them. A feature of the hospital will be the building for reconstruction units. In this department soldiers who have lost their arms, legs or possibly their eyesight will be given instruction under trained men in various occupations that they may be enabled to make a living.

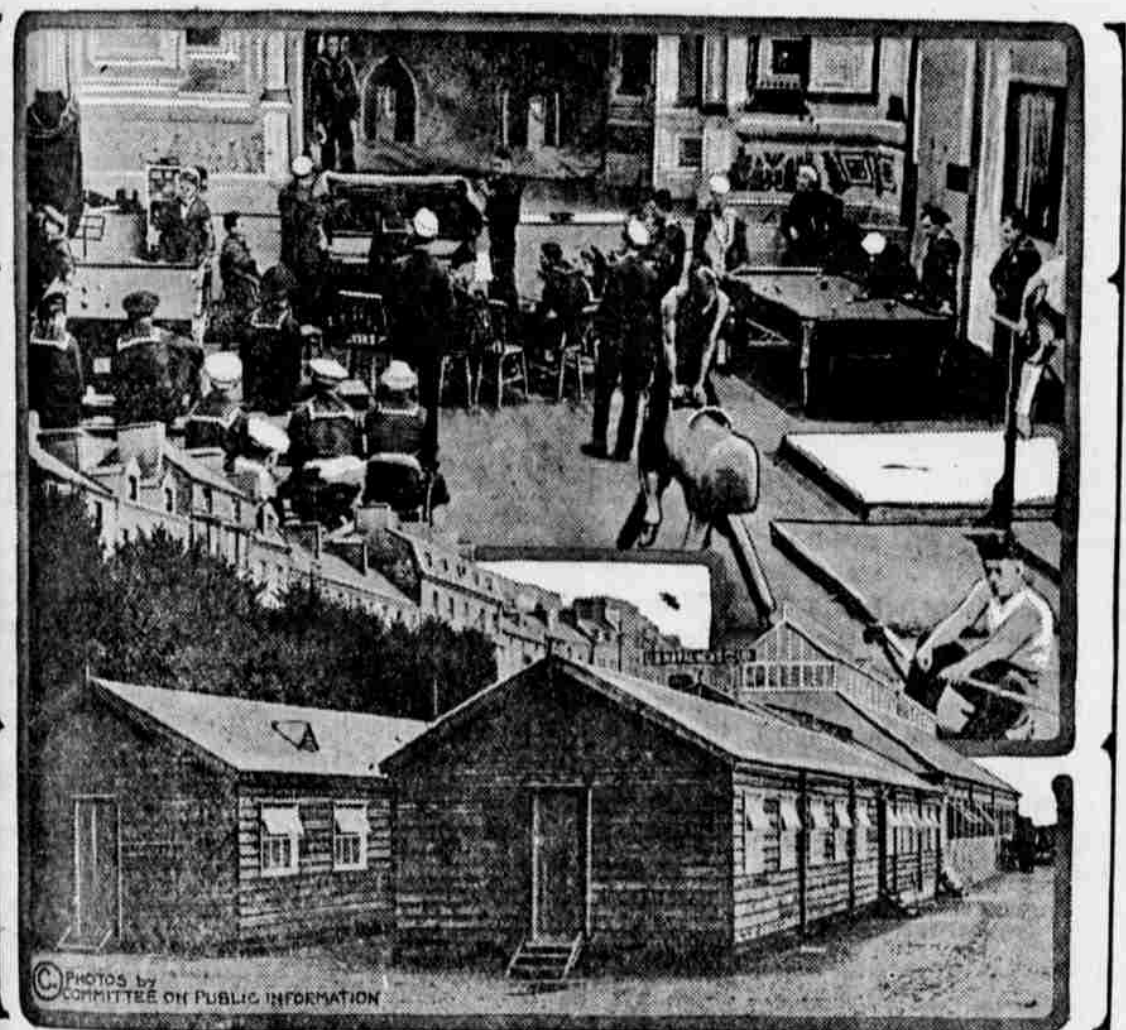
SOUTHERN PINE MILLS ARE WORKING DAY AND NIGHT



Photo from Western Newspaper Union

The Southern pine mills are developing into one of the most important factors in the war. Their output is being tripled, and they are working day and night turning out lumber for the construction of the government's emergency fleet. The photograph gives a night view of one of the large mills somewhere in the South.

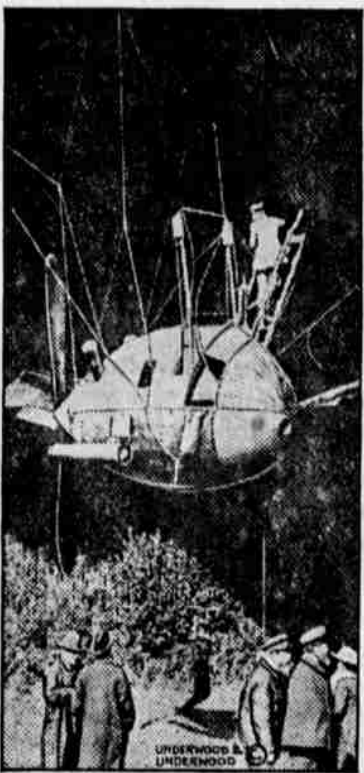
NAVAL CLUB ESTABLISHED FOR OUR SEA FIGHTERS ABROAD



PHOTOS BY COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

Interior and exterior views of a United States Naval Men's club located abroad. Here the men get up their own sweat or if they miss the strenuous exercise of the warship there are horses, punching bags, rowing machines and other amusements to keep them in trim till their leaves are up.

"POWER EGG" OF ZEPPELIN



This is one of the "power eggs" of the great new type Zeppelin that was brought down in France almost intact recently. These gondolas, strutted out from the sides of the airship, carried the air screws, and in each was a mechanic as well as the engine.

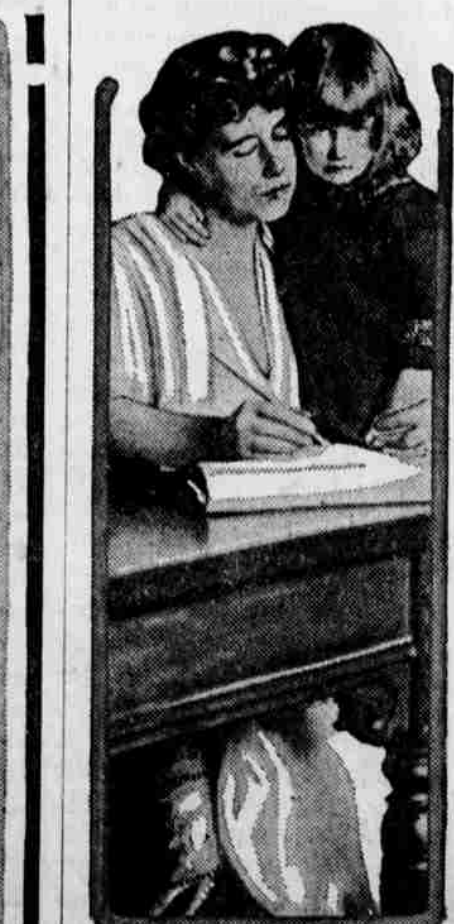
Eighty Years on an Island.

The houses, with their Moorish styled Venetian blinds over heavy balconies, were an echo of old Portugal. Don Cesar escorted us to the house of James Mackay, British vice consul, whose kindly help to various needy nationals has caused him to be known throughout the Azores as "the Consul of Europe," to which should be added, "and the United States," says Charles W. Furlong, writing of his visit to the island of Flores of the Azores group. He appeared in a frock coat and top hat—the only one I saw in Flores. During his fourscore years and over he left the island but once—by accident. American whalers and long voyage vessels from Good Hope and Cape Horn lay off here when short of provisions. During a visit aboard one of these a northwest gale suddenly sprang up, making his return impossible, and in ten days he found himself in England, but in three more he took the first vessel back, and here he has been ever since.

Early Morning Sprinters.

"There is keen rivalry out our way." "Tell me the particulars." "Two suburbanites are trying to settle the speed championship. Their homes are the same distance from the railroad station." "Yes." "One claims he covers the distance in three minutes and four-fifths. His swiftest competitor says it can't be done under four minutes flat."

REMOVING WOUNDED ITALIANS IN MOUNTAINS QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA



This photograph just received in this country gives an idea of the difficulties which the Italian army fought the Austro-German forces on the front. The wounded Italian soldier is being removed from a mountainous position to the dressing station below by means of a cable railway.

Queen Marie of Roumania, noted for her beauty and idolized by her people, photographed in Paris with her youngest child, Princess Ellana. Even in the stress of war relief work the queen makes the long journey from Roumania to Paris to see her children, who are staying in the French capital until their home is once more wrested from German hands.

WASHING SHOES OF FRANCE'S SOLDIERS



This young French woman is engaged in one of the lowly but necessary occupations connected with warfare. She is washing the mud from the shoes of the soldiers who are defending her country from the German hordes. This task keeps many hundreds of girls busy all the time.

COUNT MINOTTO AND HIS AMERICAN WIFE



Count James Minotto, who less than two years ago married Miss Ida May Swift, daughter of Louis Swift, the millionaire Chicago packer, has been arrested by federal agents, being suspected of pro-German activities. The count claims to be an Italian citizen and denied the charges.