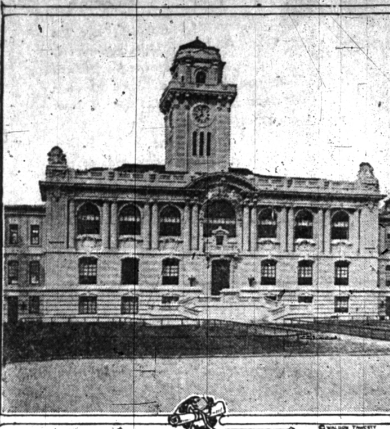


GRAND HOTEL AT ANNAPOLIS



ACADEMIC BUILDING, NAVAL ACADEMY

CADET no longer—long live the officer!
When the cheers died away Friday, June 6, Annapolis had passed through one of the most brilliant weeks since the Hon. George Bancroft, secretary of the navy under James K. Polk, founded the Naval Academy in 1845.
Friday terminated the cadet week of work and play. When the cadets were lined up, glistening like diamonds in the afternoon sun in their dress uniforms, to receive their diplomas and listen to the address of the Hon. Joseph Daniels, secretary of the navy. It was the last dress parade on the old grounds for many, for on the morrow the uniform of the commissioned officers replaced the garb of the cadet. The day marked an epoch in the lives of these boys who have spent four long years of study, a day the pleasant memory of which will come back to them in the cold dim watch of the midnight hour.
The year was the second in the annals of the academy that the cadets graduated as commissioned officers.

Official Reception.

At 10 o'clock the board of visitors arrived and the entire morning was devoted to an official reception. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the board of visitors gathered at the superintendent's quarters, where another reception was tendered them. Then the cadets were drawn up, resplendent in their dress uniforms, to go through the evolutions of dress parade. After the parade the awards were made.
The professional prizes, open to any member of the graduating class, last year went to Midshipman Howard Saunders. They are: Class of 1871 sword for practical and theoretical gunnery, cup offered by National Society Sons of Revolution for excellence in practical gunnery, cup offered by Col. Robert M. Thompson of New York and graduate of class of 1868 for practical navigation.
On Monday night the Masqueraders, an organization made up of midshipmen, presented their annual play.
On Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock there was a street riot and skirmish drill by the first battalion. At 10:45 an artillery drill by the second battalion. At 2:30 the board of visitors inspected the buildings and grounds. At 6 o'clock dress parade. At 8 o'clock the superintendent gave a dinner to the board of visitors, and another performance by the Masqueraders was held at 8 o'clock.
Wednesday morning at 9:15 the cadets took part in a competitive artillery drill, and in the afternoon at 7:30 in another competitive drill in seamanship. At 6 o'clock the cadets formed for dress parade. At night the cadets gathered their mothers, sisters, sweethearts and friends at a garden party given to the members of the graduating class by the superintendent.
On Thursday a competitive infantry drill was held in the morning at 9:15, torpedo and gun drills and exercises in practical engineering at 2:30 and 4:30 in the afternoon. After the dress parade at 6 o'clock the presentation of colors for general excellence took place. The right to carry the colors of an honor which is keenly fought for by the cadets. The annual annual dinner was held at 8:30 on Thursday night and from 9 to 11 members of the first class again gathered their friends at their garden.

On Friday graduation exercises took place.

Work of Artistic Painting (Eng.) work-rooms are covered with paintings, the work of casual inmates. A proposal to shut out the pictures made by a guardian recently, but was defeated. One of the artistic causes is a man seventy years of age. At the end of the dining-hall are three large panels illustrating Biblical subjects, and each occupied a week in painting. Half of another wall is covered with one existing alone. On other walls are numerous sea views and landscapes, parsonic castles, churches, and scrolls. The gallery walls have been simply treated, the pictures being copies of English, Welsh, Scottish, and Irish picture postcards.
Mental Originality.
Anatole France has coined a phrase which may have the breath of life in it. "What is madness, after all?" he asked "but a sort of mental originality." He writes that Charles Dickens always treated madmen, and stirred among the madmen good Mr. Dick, in "David Copperfield," whose innocence is described with such tender grace. "I believe,"

BEAUFORT OF PARIS

French Metropolis a Wonderfully Interesting Place.

its Millions of People, Picturesque Streets, Fine Old Houses of Many Periods, and Marvellous Water-Gates Attractive.

Paris—"Tout Paris"—a very large order indeed! "All Paris," with its three millions of more or less happy inhabitants, its twenty thousand acres of beautiful and picturesque streets, lined with countless elegant apartments, fine old houses of all periods, beautiful and wonderful water-gates, stretched, is a subject to hold one in a state of constant delight for days and months and occupy one's pen almost indefinitely.

So wonderful and versatile is the interest of Paris that it is difficult to tell where to begin. To the traveler who begins at the end of the boulevard, as most travelers do, Paris appears in its most characteristic modern atmosphere, a busy, speedy hum of motor traffic, dashing and crossing and intersecting, constantly getting tangled at the crossings and as speedily (as if by miracle) disentangling—an artery of rapid transit flanked on each side by broad pavements lined with immense trees and walled at an always uniform height by tall apartment buildings with beautiful iron balconies. Alternating shops and cafe-restaurants constitute the ground floors of these buildings, and also, often, their upper floors. Large glazed signs appear through the tender green of April foliage; glaring posters bearing conventional ballet girls and Parisian roses, announce the night's attractions at the playhouses, or sing the praise of a liquor or cordial. The center of all this activity, this rushing and whirling of taxi cabs and motor busses, this loudness of posters, this gaiety and insolence of the boulevard is rightfully the place of the opera, surrounded by the opera itself, with its pale green bronze dome and wonderful colonnade facade, a wide range of former full of high speed traffic, from which radiate those famous streets, the Rue du 4 Septembre, the Avenue de l'Opera and the Rue de la Madeleine, with their shops, perhaps the finest in the world, and certainly the most attractive.

By pursuing almost any of these attractive streets one comes presently to the banks of the Seine and finds oneself in the midst of the world's most knowledge finest municipal land scape gardening—the Tuilleries, extending from between the outstreached wings of the Louvre and continuing beyond the Place de la Concorde (whose Egyptian obelisk is a veritable pivot of traffic); by the Champs-Élysées, crowned by the great triumphal arch of Napoleon, beyond which lies the Bois de Boulogne. To the side lie the broad Seine with its many bridges, its little waves sparkling in the sun, its waters fringed with bathhouses and piers, and people washing clothes and dogs with an almost equal amount of splashing and barking, and there the little long, low omnibus steamers cleaving their way through the yellow-green water as they ply rapidly up or down stream between Auteuil and Charenton. Up the river one sees the island of the Cité, the first and earliest Paris, with the peaked towers of the Conciergerie, the spire of St. Chapelle and the gray twin towers of Notre Dame de Paris.

Residence of President Poincaré.
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Quinine Made Her Deaf.
In an early day we read of a woman means an unusual thing during the fever and ague season in Indiana to meet persons who apologized for temporary deafness by saying they had been taking quinine. The New York Medical journal reports a case where a girl sixteen years old in the course of 15 minutes took 30 grains of quinine. Following this heroic treatment she complained two hours later of intense headache and severe ringing in the ears. By the following morning perception of all sounds was lost. After a careful examination it was determined by tests that she was deaf beyond hope of recovery.

Vacation of a Goddess.
The Venus of Milo explained: "Took 'em off to squeeze into a summer hotel room," she said simply.

writes the great Frenchman of letters, "that Dickens had more feeling than any other writer. I believe that his novels are as beautiful as the love and the life, and that his water-colors 'David Copperfield' as a new genre to believe, lastly, that Mr. Dick is a 'reasonable' madman, because the only reason left for his being so is the death of the heart, and that's hardly ever received. What matter if he does fly kites on which he has written some reflections concerning the death of King Charles I? He is benevolent, he wishes ill to no one; and that is a rare thing, 'tis not to be kind, these men do not so easily attain to it."

Ancient Time-Telling Methods.
The invention of the first dial is generally attributed to a Grecian astronomer who died about 547 B. C. The dial was followed by the horoscopes and this by the water clock which marked time by the escape of water through an orifice. These were followed by the sundials of Ptolemy, but are believed to have been in use in Chaldea and Egypt for a hundred years previous to that date.

ECZEMA IN WATER BLISTERS

748 Congress St., Chicago, Ill.—"My eczema broke out like little water blisters. Each one was full of water and would itch until I would scratch it open, then the water would run out and it would get sore. I first got the ointment on the back of the hand and, I scratched it so hard I bled all over. Then I got it on my legs just above the ankle and above the knee. I used what they call Cuticura and it stopped the itch but it got worse. Then I used ———. In all I had the trouble for about two years. One day I saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment in the paper. I wrote for a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I tried them, and they brought some more. Cuticura Soap and Ointment left my sores and skin smooth. I used them for six weeks, and an new cure, the eczema got no marks." (Signed) F. W. Horriech, Oct. 19, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 2¢ Skin Hook. Address postpaid: Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston.—Adv.

How Students Got Fresh Eggs.
An Indianapolis traveling man witnessed a novel feat by students of De Pauw university at Greencastle, the other day. He said he was at a station in that city, and standing near was a poultry car loaded with live poultry. The hens were cackling and "carrying on" at a great rate. A crowd of students stood around the car, and when a hen produced a nice, new, fresh egg a student reached his arm through the side of the car, seized the egg and made for a nearby store, where he fried it over a gas jet.

"They were all about twenty students around the car," said the traveling man, "and the hens kept them busy all the time I was there. I don't know how many eggs the students got, but it was a busy bunch of hens. Just before my train pulled off I heard one student say to another: 'Go, I never see so many eggs in my life.' It was no question about the freshness of the eggs."

Soon Due.
"Society ladies are taking up the suffrage cause." "I always looked for it. Now we'll see the high handmaiden in politics."—Courier-Journal.

It may be natural for a woman to be fat, but it is unnatural for her to admit it.

A man plays the game of love for pastime; a woman plays it to win.

Main Point.

"I would die for you, my darling!" "How sweet of you! Is your life insured?"
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children is the best for colic, whooping cough, croup, and all the ailments of childhood. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is sold by all druggists.

Art and Common Sense.
It is of no use to spend money by the handful on the arts unless it is done with common sense and a love of those arts. The arts are strong, but not ourselves. We must serve them faithfully. If we talk in an impudent manner about "elevating" an art, we are only giving ourselves away and showing our ignorance. No one can "elevate" the dramatic art unless he can and will write a play higher than "Hamlet" or "Faust" and surpassing the Greek dramatists.—A. E. F. Horniman.

What She Wanted.
One day in the spring the orphans from the orphanage in motor cars out to the park. A society woman, accompanied by her stylish little daughter, was driving through the park in a big limousine car. They stopped and watched the procession of little orphans, and the mother exclaimed that the little boys and girls had no homes and no fathers or mothers.
After she had finished she discovered that her little daughter was all most crying, and her eyes were filled with tears.
"Why, what's the matter, dearest?" she asked.
"Oh, mother," was the sobbing reply, "I want to be an orphan. Can it?"—Harper's Monthly.

Not Practical.
In Oregon a law intended to prevent the marriage of the unfit has encountered a practical difficulty. It prescribed an examination of the blood as a precaution against tuberculosis, but the fee fixed in the law was less than physicians would accept, and they say that for the work required \$15 or \$20 would not be too much. If fitness for marriage cannot be determined, cheaper than that, the Caucasian must, as Dr. Harte put it, "played out." It is unwise to make marriage laws burdensome.—Springfield Republican.

Peculiar Pets.
An English major with a penchant for entomology asserts that the hornet is "a gentle, inoffensive creature, very suitable for a pet." This reminds one of an incident in the life of the late Lord Avelbury. Traveling one day on a railway train with a pet wasp in his pocket, he hurriedly thrust his hand into his pocket to get his ticket, and the wasp stung him. He did not blame the wasp, however, as his hurried action had frightened the creature. Wasps have frequently been seen pets, but the major is said to be the first to turn the hornet into a pet.
"Is he one of your promising citizens?"
"Better than that. He's one of our old performers!"—Detroit Free Press.

Libby's Luncheon Delicacies

Many a fellow who weds an heiress marries Miss Fortune.
Be thrifty on little things like Libby's. Don't waste water for blouses. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the extra good blue ball. Adv.
Quite Literal.
Teacher—Now, what is a sentence?
Bright pupil—Thirty days, miss.—Boston Transcript.
Already Supplied.
An agent for automobiles accented a man who was standing in the main street of the village.
"Now, sir," he said persuasively, after reciting the advantages of the various kinds of cars, "I should say a nice runabout would be just the thing for you."
"Thank you, I have one. She's in this store buying a new gown."



Found Londoners Gaid.
The high commissioner of New Zealand did not like his reception in London when he first went there—a plain citizen, then—24 years ago. He had nobody to talk to, and instead of staying a month or six weeks, as he intended to, he departed within a few days for Washington, where he appears to have received what is known as the "gold hand." Thomas MacKenzie took great pleasure in recalling his first impressions of London at the Atlantic Union dinner in that city recently.
Even in the Child Mind.
This incident was related by Mark Twain with great glee about a certain little citizen, then—24 years ago. He had nobody to talk to, and instead of staying a month or six weeks, as he intended to, he departed within a few days for Washington, where he appears to have received what is known as the "gold hand." Thomas MacKenzie took great pleasure in recalling his first impressions of London at the Atlantic Union dinner in that city recently.

Where the Calculator Scores.
The best tradition requires that whenever a lighting calculator tells how many seconds there were in the life of Methuselah some one must about: "Wrong! You've muffed it this time. We figured the whole thing out, and here are the figures." Whereupon the lightning calculator receives an armful of papers, glances at the first few sheets, looks up, blinking and chuckling: "Just as I thought, You've forgotten the leap year."

Too Far in the Future.
Of a favorite child comrade, Mr. Clemens related that they once conversed together gravely considering the little girl's plans for rearing her future children, of whom there were to be two—a boy and a girl. The girl, naturally enough, was to be named after her mother. Asked what would be the boy's name, the child answered, "a reproachful look in her brown eyes." "Why, Mr. Clemens, how can I know what I shall call him until I know his father's name?"

A "Get Acquainted" Offer

(In Michigan only)

A Package of Post Toasties FREE

With a Package of Grape-Nuts

You get acquainted with the winsome flavor of Post Toasties without it costing you a penny. Just order from your grocer a package of Grape-Nuts at the regular price, 15c, and say:

"Package of Post Toasties FREE"

and along will come a full-size package of these delightful toasted bits of Indian Corn—with our compliments—while they last.

The complimentary supply is limited. Everybody is to have a "get acquainted" package—so your grocer has only one free package for each customer. They'll be snapped up in a jiffy—

If you want a free package, be quick!

Grape-Nuts is the ideal food made of whole wheat and malted barley. Digests easily. Builds sturdy muscles and keen brains.

Both Post Toasties and Grape-Nuts are perfectly cooked at the factory and ready to eat from the package.

Served with cream and sugar—or fruit juice—Post Toasties and Grape-Nuts are deliciously appetizing and wholesome.