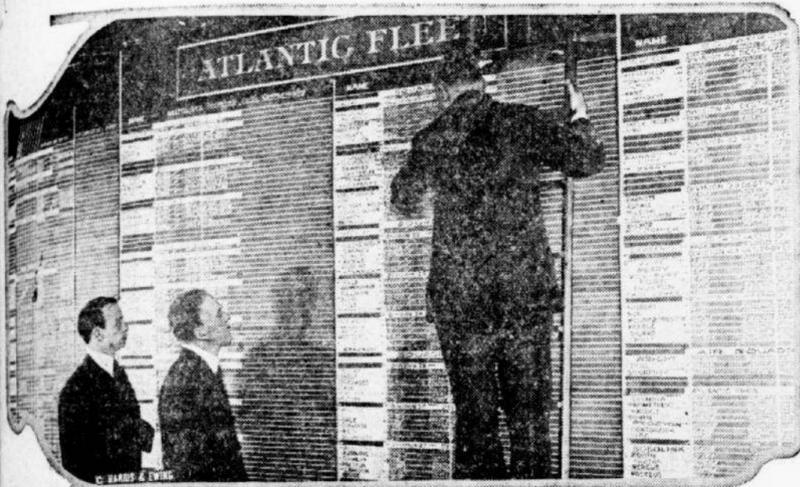


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ALGIERS, LOUISIANA

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How They Keep Track of Our Navy's Vessels



Here is how Uncle Sam keeps track of every ship in the United States navy. Each one of the four walls of this room in the division of ship movements at the Navy department is covered with a large blackboard. Each wall is devoted to a different fleet, and the change in the movement is received and noted by wireless. Capt. E. C. Kalfus is shown on the ladder making changes in the location of certain ships in the Atlantic fleet. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt (left) and Rear Admiral W. C. Cole, assistant chief of naval operations, are watching.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE FOND TOADS

"Goog-a-room, goog-a-room," said Mr. Fowler Toad. "Ah, let me sing to you, Miss Toad, for I would love to tell you in song how I love you."

"Goog-a-room," said Miss Toad softly. Now Mr. Fowler Toad was a handsome young creature, so thought Miss Fowler Toad, but she did not want to seem too eager. She wanted to make him urge her to be his mate.

Then when he had urged a great long time she would consent. Oh yes, indeed, she would consent! It was the springtime and Mr. Fowler Toad was very happy and rested, too, for he had had a fine sleep. He wore a dull brownish suit with some stripes and spots for decoration. His throat was usually puffed out as he was usually singing on these springtime evenings.

It was warm, it was pleasant, and he loved to sing. He didn't expect Miss Fowler Toad to sing, for he knew the ladies could neither sing nor could they croak. That was not to be held against them. It simply wasn't their way.

"I would like to sing you a song," said Mr. Fowler Toad, "about the joy of the spring, the joy of love and the joy of being a toad."

"There are three joys, three perfect joys. Will you heed me, Miss Fowler Toad?"

"I will hear what you have to say," said Miss Fowler with a very indiffer-



"Puffed Out His Little Throat."

ent manner, but with her little toad heart beating fast.

"I will listen to you, Mr. Fowler Toad."

So Mr. Fowler Toad puffed out his little throat and with his eyes bulging affectionately at Miss Fowler Toad he sang this song:

"It's the springtime, it's the springtime. It's the time for love and rhyme. It's the season for Toads' singing. Of the way their love they're bringing. To the beautiful Miss Toads."

"Now I love only you, indeed, indeed that's true. My little heart is beating. Because of this, our meeting, because of dear Miss Toad."

"Miss Toad, will you mine? And show by a sign, that my Toad love you won't refuse, for if you did 'twould give me blues: Dear Miss Toad, accept!"

"My song may sound quite sad, but it's my singing that is bad. My music sounds strange maybe, but I do keep on the key. Say yes, dear Miss Toad!"

"Oh, Miss Toad, please marry me, and we will very happy be. We'll be such loving toads, ah yes, that when you look at your wedding dress, You'll say, 'I'm glad I wedded him.'"

"May I cease my song for awhile and watch your sweetest, best Toad smile? And will you say you love me true, as I love you, as I love you, My dearest dear Miss Toad?"

Now Miss Toad could not keep quiet any longer. Of course she could not sing as Mr. Toad could, but she could tell him her answer and talk to him.

And he understood without her having to croak or sing. Oh yes, Mr. Fowler Toad understood.

"We mustn't be selfish in our happiness," said Miss Toad, on the day of the wedding. "Let us give lectures and talks and tell all those we can that the hop-toad or the American toad does NOT give warts as girls and boys so often say."

"It's gossip, nothing but gossip." So Mr. and Mrs. Fowler Toad not only were happy themselves, but they did all they could to explain that the story about the common little hop-toad was nothing but mean, idle gossip.

Not Proper Time. Glenn Alvin, three years old, had been taught to say "Excuse me" when leaving the table after a meal. His cousin, Harold, who is older, is careful to be polite, and so uses the same expression on other occasions. One day while they were playing, Harold yawned, then quickly said, "Excuse me!" Glenn, looking up, very much surprised, replied:

"Harold, don't say 'Excuse me.' 'Tisn't after breakfast."

An Improvement. Ruby, who is three years old, was writing a letter to a friend of hers. She showed it to her guardian and asked:

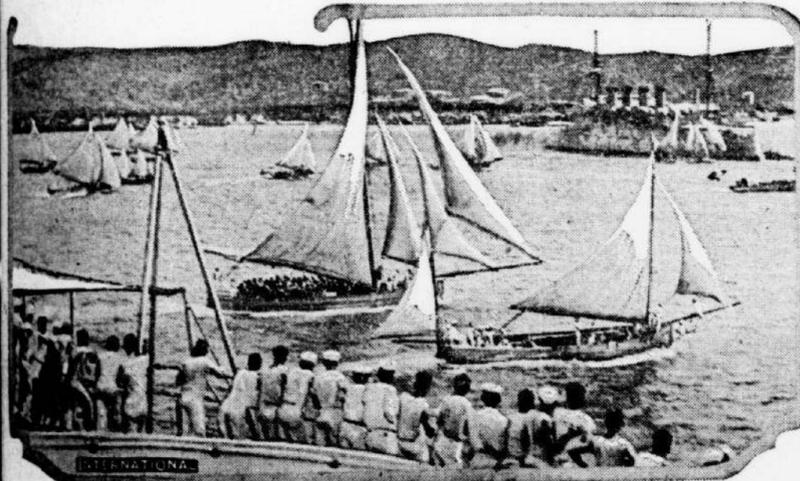
"Will this do well enough?" Not waiting for a reply, she added

Trappers Bringing Their Furs to Market



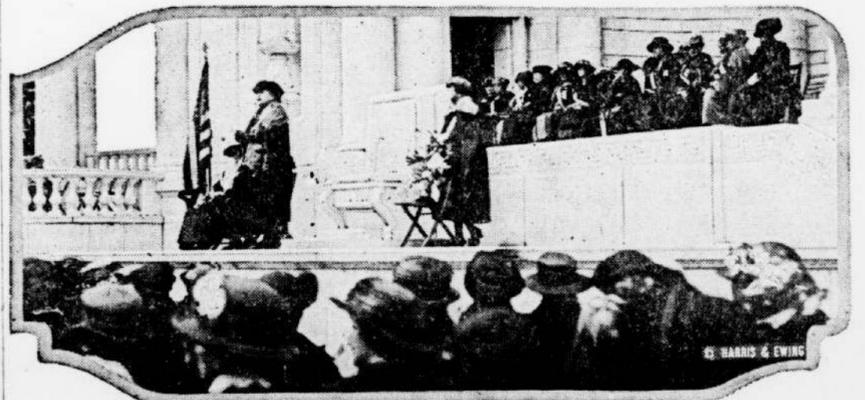
This is the season when the trappers and fur traders are bringing their goods to the stations in the Hudson Bay country. The value of the pelts packed on the dog sleds shown above is estimated at more than one hundred thousand dollars. When converted in the curing and manufacturing processes the retail value will amount to more than a million dollars.

Gobs in a Sailing Race at Guantanamo, Cuba



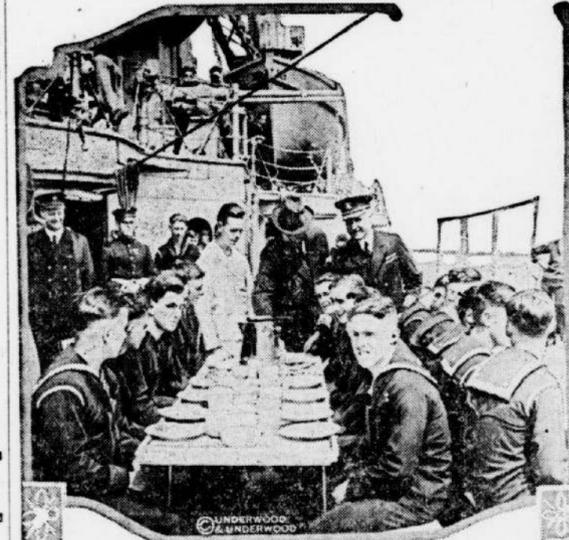
The navy man is keen for all kinds of sports, but naturally feels that he should excel in sailing especially. A regular sailing race boat is not provided, but he does the best he can with the whale-boats and motor boats on board, as may be seen in this photograph of a race at Guantanamo, the winter base.

D. A. R. at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier



President General Mrs. George Maynard Minor of the Daughters of the American Revolution giving her address at the Arlington amphitheater on the occasion of the placing of floral wreaths on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, this ceremony being part of the program of the annual convention of the D. A. R.

Prize Mess Crew of the Maryland



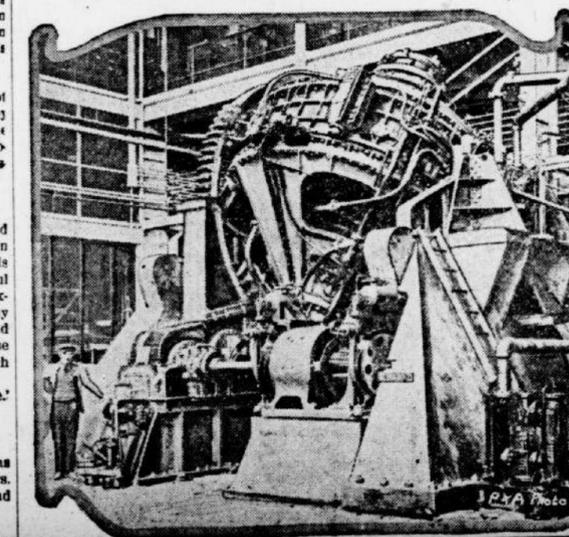
Uncle Sam's thirty-three-million-dollar battleship, the Maryland, can now boast of a wonderful mess crew—the pride of the navy. Captain D. F. Sellers each week has an inspection of the mess tables for which there are three prizes offered to the best mess crew. Keen rivalry exists between the mess squads, and George W. Sweeney of the Hotel Men's association was called upon to judge the inspection. The photograph shows the winning table.

BUST OF GRANT UNVEILED



The bust of General U. S. Grant in the Hall of Fame for Great Americans at New York university, which was unveiled by Marshal Joffre on April 27, the centennial of the birth of the great president-general. Col. U. S. Grant III, grandson of General Grant, and Prince Michel Cantacuzene, great grandson of the general, took part in the ceremony. The bust is the work of Henry M. Shrady, who died on April 12, shortly after finishing the bust and an equestrian statue of Grant which was unveiled in Washington.

Gyroscope Stops Rolling of Ships



Miss Eleanor Brennan, granddaughter of Charles A. Dana, and...

SUPREME COURT MARSHAL



LAND OFFICE VETERAN



Charles A. Dana, who for forty-two years has been an employee of the general land office, is chief of the posting and tract record division. He is reported to be familiar with all land laws, rules and regulations, and as there are in his division over 4,000 volumes, each representing 400,000 acres, in which are recorded all claims, withdrawals, classifications, patents, etc., showing the status of every tract that was or is in the vast public domain, the enormity of his task is instantly seen. Yet with all he is a cheery soul.

California Raisin Grapes.

The varieties of white grapes produced in California are made into raisins. They are Muscats, Malagas and Ferragagos of the seed varieties, and Thompsons and Sultaninas of the seedless varieties. Muscats and Thompsons comprise the bulk of the crop. Central California's apparent monopoly of the raisin industry is really a monopoly of the raisin-curing process. It has been found that grapes grown elsewhere in America cannot be cured by mere sun exposure in to the perfect purple which the raisin demands.

Capes Have Fur Collars.

There are many silk capes made of black with gray or tan or more brilliant linings. Then all of them are lined with their fur collars which are beautiful in design and add only to the appearance.

In French Colonial Exposition



A view of the recently completed French West African building and the Indo-Chinese temple, part of the French Colonial exposition soon to open its doors in Marseilles.

Dana's Granddaughter Gets Busy



Miss Eleanor Brennan, granddaughter of Charles A. Dana, and...