Animated Cartoon in 1831

Five years after the discovery of the persistence of vision in 1826 by Peter Mark Roget, the first attempts were made to show motion pictorially by a series of drawings. With a device called Phenakistoscope, invented by Joseph Antoine Plateau, motion was depicted by a series of drawings, 14 in number.

This was followed by the Daedaleum, or wheel of the devil, invented by William George Horner in England in 1834. It consisted of a cylinder into which strips of paper were inserted depicting scenes such as a child jumping rope, a man pumping water, etc. The wheel of life, a similar device, was introduced into the United States by William Lincoln and was patented on April 23, 1867.—Washington Star.

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Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

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If you feel...
- tired
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- nervous
- out of sorts

THERE is usually a definite reason for such complaints...so, now let's reason sensibly.

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Therefore, if you are *pale, tired, lack a keen appetite, have lost weight and feel rundown*...a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak, with a tendency towards anemia—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic to feel like yourself again. © S.S.S. Co.

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There is no job where "no experience" is a recommendation.

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Get rid of it

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Get a bottle of Cardui and see whether it will help you, as thousands of women have said it helped them.

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4402-23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Human— Sort of

By THERESA M. LIBBY

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MIGGIE MAY quit gulping and blew her nose.

"Who's there?" she straightened the sobs out of her voice and asked.

"David," the person answered.

Something tightened around Miggie May's heart, and she remarked intelligently into space. "Marge isn't here."

"Don't want Marge."

"Well, Lil isn't here, either."

"Don't want Lil."

"Ruth isn't here and Hope isn't here."

"Don't want them."

"What do you want then?" she demanded with asperity.

"Miggie May," was the calm reply.

"Oh, shut up!"

To which courteous remark he observed wisely, "I don't think that you're very polite."

"Can't you understand that I'm being perfectly miserable all by myself and I don't want to talk with anyone?"

"Why?"

"Stand there like a grinning idiot and ask questions," she exploded.

"I'm not grinning," the idiot replied calmly.

There was a silence, then: "Have you gone?"

"Of course not. I haven't been in yet."

"Well, please go."

"No."

"Why?"

"Because you'd much rather I'd stay."

"Of all the conceited idiots . . ."

"I say, that's twice now!"

"What's twice?"

"That I've been an idiot."

Miggie did not deign to reply; there was a longer pause, then a sound as of bundles being deposited.

"What are you doing?" Miggie May asked.

"Sitting down. You wouldn't begrudge me the top step, would you?"

"What are you waiting for?"

"To be let in."

"I wish you wouldn't act like a vaudeville team."

"Well, you're feeding me the remarks."

"I shan't talk to you," Mig settled that.

"All right, quit. I've brought a book."

There was a long silence now, broken only by the occasional sibilant of a page being turned. Miggie May stood up and looked over the fireplace. She tiptoed towards the bathroom. A board creaked, and the lock on the door snapped when she tried to shut it softly. She turned the hot water faucet slowly, and a hideous clanking arose from somewhere in the depths of the building. She washed her face, being quick about the splashing—only dropping the soap twice. Then came out quietly.

The idiot outside called, "If you've washed your face, may I come in now?"

"I beg your pardon!" Miggie May was frigid.

"Oh, sure," he replied very obliging-like.

Mig powdered her nose, and considered. Who the dickens was sitting on their front steps—back steps—all the steps they had to their attic studio? Who, named David, ever came up there, anyhow? No Davids, she told herself, and felt little hurting memories. Well, she wished this one would go away. She listened. He was moving. He must be gathering up his things. He was going. Oh—that wasn't nice.

"Da—David," she called tentatively.

"Yes?"

"David who?" she demanded.

"Oh, come off," the voice continued. "If you don't know any better riddles than that, I'm not going to play. Think up a nice question that you don't already know the answer to, or else lemme read my book!"

Miggie May was indignant. She called with exaggerated courtesy: "Are you sure you're quite comfortable?"

"Well, if you had a little cushion," he suggested. "These stairs aren't upholstered so very 'upholst'." Miggie May's mouth quirked at the corners and she snickered a little snicker 'way inside her.

Then she carefully picked out the very largest and softest cushion and opened the transom. Thank heavens, one part of the house didn't squeak. Why this funny old building should have a transom over an apartment door they'd never quite understood, but Mig was suddenly grateful. She softly, softly put a chair there and climbed up. Now if he were on the top step she'd be able to see who it was and land the pillow on his bean-o! She raised the pillow and cautiously peered over the top.

Oomph! he chose that as the psychological moment to get tired of waiting and open the door unceremoniously and without warning. Miggie May felt slightly foolish. David backed up quickly till he could look up and see Miggie May's top of the head over the transom, and exclaimed dramatically: "It is my lady! O, it is my love!"

Miggie May knew her Shakespeare, too. "O, that she knew she were!" she quoth sadly.

"She speaks!" exclaimed the lad. "O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art—"

"Who made you learn that?" Mig interrupted rudely.

"Don't you think I have intelligence enough to like it for myself alone?"

Miggie May looked at the cushion in her hand and extended a gracious invitation, "Well, why don't you come in?"

"How the whosis can I when you keep that blamed chair in the way?"

She sat down cautiously on the back of the chair. "Listen, how did you happen to turn up?"

"Oh, you have decided to recognize me?"

"Did you think that your voice made such an impression on my child-mind that I'd remember it for four years?" asked the girl.

"The same tactful little lady," he murmured, and took the cushion that she still dangled in her hand.

"Well, listen anyhow, where did you come from?"

He placed the cushion on the top step and sat down again. "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it," he replied flippantly.

The lower door slammed and someone started running up the stairs in rather a hurry. She stopped, with a startled expression, when she saw the two sitting there so — well, to say the least — informally.

"Oh. Marge, this is Mr. Anderson." Mig introduced them without moving from her somewhat unsteady support. "And, David, 'at's Marge." David arose to the complete dignity of his six feet three.

"Her other name is Perkins," Mig continued. David slurred his how-d'-y'-do and accepted Marge's hand gratefully. He looked suddenly very shy. Miggie May remembered that he was. She remembered that was one of the reasons why she had liked him so much; that he had difficulty in finding things to talk about with other girls. He hadn't changed, Mig thought, and her heart went bump as she looked up—up at him. But she had grown up to be so very—well, well—gee! do you suppose he could still like her?

Marge broke the little silence suddenly. "Did you get over the indigoes, Mig? You'd better. Here's the check from the printer for the whasis you drew last month."

Miggie May looked at her, a dreamingness in her eyes; she didn't even see the check being flourished before her. Then she grinned—a grin that crinkled her eyes and tipped her nose a little upper—a blissful, self-depreciating grin. And she blushed.

"Since when did you blush over a check?" asked Marge. "I know the drawing was punk and you should blush, but—"

"Huh?" Miggie May inquired blankly.

"You're one of her best friends, aren't you?" David asked Marge. She nodded. "Well, don't disturb her, then," he went on, "she's remembering the day I gave her my signet ring and she promised to wear it as long as she remembered me."

"Oh—are you who belong to it?" Marge suddenly understood. They both looked at Miggie May. She was twisting a boy's signet ring 'round and 'round on her little finger.

Bishop Pictured Weird Land

Joseph Hall, an English bishop of the first half of the seventeenth century, wrote a book of satires picturing a land where the geese generated out of the fallen leaves of trees, lambs grew out of the earth, and, as for fish, when a line was thrown into the sea fish clung to it in the thousands. Cooks, tavern keepers and bakers make up the chiefs of the city. Magnitude of stomach and not wisdom constitute statesmanship. Among their laws, any one guilty of fasting for four hours is compelled to eat a double dinner, and one convicted of high treason is starved to death.

Giant Kites in Japan

Each summer in Japan numerous villages compete with one another in the making and flying of giant kites, some of which are 3,000 square feet in area, weigh half a ton, cost nearly $1,000 and require 200 men to hold them steady while they are in the air. Sometimes even this number cannot hold one of them in a stiff wind and those who courageously hang on too long are carried up by it and fall to their deaths.—Collier's Weekly.

Flair for Hand-Quilted Fashions

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

UP TO comparatively a short time ago handquilting was regarded as a form of needlework to be utilized and reserved for luxurious intimate apparel, robes, bed-jackets, negligees and such. The thought no longer holds good. The emergence of hand-quilting from boudoir environs becomes a high-style event—the dawn of a new era for this exquisite needle work.

That faithful perennial back-to-college clothes problem is with us again. By way of a new and interesting approach to the subject suppose we talk about the perfectly fascinating hand-quilted sports coats and evening jackets such as are now pridefully showing in shops that make boast of being ever "first" in fashion.

Tuck away one or more of these cunning and chic hand-quilted garments in your back-to-school wardrobe. Wear 'em on the campus and to parties and proms and you will excite the admiration and envy of the whole college. If you think this is an exaggerated way of putting it, please take one long look at the hand-quilted fashions here pictured. The argument is closed, n'est-ce pas?

Hand-quilting really dates back to early history, some of the oldest pieces originating in China and India. In the general art revival of the Renaissance period Trapunto quilting came into existence, the same accomplished by quilting the design in double lines, raising the space between into a bas relief effect by drawing through wisps of soft wool to form a padding.

Women especially in north of England and in northern Italy created unusually artistic and original pieces of hand-quilting. Via the English route the art of quilting was brought over by the English settlers whose descendants, farmers' wives, living in the mountains of Kentucky carry on the work today.

Visioning the possibilities in this attractive handiwork, current style creators have put experts in voguish costume design at the service of native workers and thus is added to hand-quilted garments now showing in the shops.

The new sport coats and evening jackets now featuring in the fashion picture are made mostly of hand-blocked linens, cottons, smart satins, sheer woolens and dainty challis. There are flowery prints, geometrical designs, checks and plaids as well as plain colors in flattering combinations.

The stunning swagger coat in the picture is made of hand-blocked challis in brilliant plaid. It is lined with plain linen. Just the thing for campus wear or to stroll about town on an early coolish autumn day.

The good-looking model to the right at the top makes an ideal knockabout country club coat. The original was done in brown lines. The pronounced vogue for satin this fall bespeaks the appeal of a hand-quilted coat thereof fashioned in like manner.

The sports cardigan "set" shown in foreground is of bright monotone fabric lined with a gay print, the complementary waistcoat being of match-color pique with silver coin buttons to add to its lure. The evening jacket (in panel) is in a Trapunto design on silk-finished linen with contrasting lining. This model comes in exquisite Chinese colorings. A perfect accessory to complete an autumn campus frock is shown to left above. This round-about jacket is reversible and has contrasting lacing.

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Cross Stitch Sampler

Pattern 1187

No matter what the Season—a sampler's always fun to do, especially when it offers as colorful a picture, as quaint a verse, as this. You'll find it a grand way to use up scraps of cotton or silk floss, and a design that works up in no time, for the background is plain. Wouldn't it go beautifully in a young girl's room? Perchance that Young Miss will want to do this easy cross stitch design herself!

Pattern 1187 comes to you with a transfer pattern of a sampler 12 1-4 by 15 1-4 inches; color suggestions; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

The Gift of Instinct

SURELY no instinct was ever given in vain; without an appointed end, and that end involving good. And if so, it cannot be supposed that man is so mocked of his Maker as to have been gifted with capacities for intellectual inquiry, and inspired with an inextinguishable thirst for knowledge; so constituted, also, to derive from its acquisition a pleasure quite unaccountable as that produced by the harmony of sounds—to no purpose—with no results, but that when he dies all his thoughts perish.—Mrs. Alfred Gatty.

Uncle Phil Says:

Sometimes We Wonder

Do grouches make a fortune more readily than those who are sweet-tempered?

We can all nobly meet the temptation that hasn't much of an appeal.

Punctuality is the virtue that keeps you waiting many a time and oft. Yet it is worth while.

A man may spend ten cents apiece for his three cigars a day; but may his wife spend thirty cents a day for candy?

We Learn From Them

Remorse is one of the teachers on the faculty of the school run by experience. Discretion is another.

A great deal can be expressed in merely gestures; so a dog finds.

Try self-denial and strengthen your soul. When a man tells a funny story, laugh and don't tell another one.

It takes the enthusiasm out of a man's speech to know that there is another man present who is secretly contemptuous of what he says.

The Habit of Doing It Now

The habit of promptness, like all other habits, is due very largely to environment and to early training. It is the boy who says "Wait a while," when his mother wants anything done, who puts off his school work until the last minute, who delays doing an errand until he has finished with his play, and who never does anything without being told to do it, that comes in just a little too late for the opportunities in life that were waiting to be grasped and made the most of by those who had prepared themselves for them.—O. S. Marden.

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Thousands of men and women know how wise it is to take Black-Draught at the first sign of constipation. They like the refreshing relief it brings. They know its timely use may save them from feeling badly and possibly losing time at work from sickness brought on by constipation.

If you have to take a laxative occasionally, you can rely on

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Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, puffiness under the eyes, feel nervous, miserable—all upset.

Don't delay? Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by grateful users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

DOAN'S PILLS

"Death Whisper" Rays Are Discovered by Two Chicago Scientists; Experiment With Worms

Add, now, the "death whisper" to the growing list of means whereby an invisible force can kill.

Dr. F. J. Wiercinsky and Dr. C. M. Child, of the University of Chicago, have discovered it and their name for it is the "supersonic wave," says the New York World-Telegram.

Supersonic waves are sound waves vibrating far above the limits of audibility, and the doctors report that by using it they can kill certain lower animal organisms tail first.

For many years Dr. Child has worked on what he calls "axial gradients" in animals and plants. This means, briefly, that in all organisms at the beginning of life, and in the lower forms throughout life, there is more vitality at the head end than at the tail. Subjected to poisons, or other killing agents, these organisms disintegrate tail first and head last.

Drs. Wiercinski and Child wanted to know whether these intense, inaudible waves, which have been nicknamed the "death whisper," had any such effect.

They mounted an electrically activated vibrating quartz crystal on the stage of a microscope, placed flatworms on it, turned on the current, and watched the results as the vibrations rent the tissues at 612,000 vibrations per second.

The flatworms always died tail first, then other outlying parts of the body disintegrated, and finally the resistant head structures succumbed. The process of destruction would begin in a minute, at moderate intensity of vibration, would be finished in four minutes.

If it was stopped short of completely killing the animal, and any parts were left intact, these often lived on and grew back into whole worms again.

TAILORED SILK

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Emphasis is on the tailored theme for pajama costumes. The pajamas pictured is typical. This two-piece is tailored of gray silk shantung with glove stitching to give it fine finesse. This model is not only good to wear at a resort or at countryside, one may even drop in to see a friend and wear this conservatively styled pajama costume with perfect propriety.

LOOKING AHEAD TO COATS FOR WINTER

Those who prefer to ignore the heat by focusing their thoughts on the winter and fur coats will find sufficient different styles in the shops to keep them guessing for hours as to which is the most important. If they're wise they'll choose the most becoming silhouette and forget about the others.

Outstanding in fur fashions is the flared silhouette, the width of hemline contrasted with the slenderness of the waistline. A coat of this type is obviously dressy, so the busy woman may prefer to pass it by in favor of a straightline "topcoat" model which proves serviceable from morning until night.

Fall Hosiery to Glisten in Bright Copper Tones

A penny—or rather a copper—for your thoughts if you're thinking of colors that are good in hosiery at the moment. The copper tones are important—shades that glisten with the bright bronze of a new penny, or of your burnished copper teakettle. The copper casts will continue into the fall, the fashion makers tell us, because they consort so well with the new autumn colors in fabrics and shoes. New taupes and grays are also coming into the picture.

Wine Tones Are Popular in Fashions for Autumn

The prominence of wine tones, grapes and vintage greens in the first fall fashions springs from the Exposition Vinecole at the Tuileries in Paris.

American women have already caught this Bacchanalian note in fashion. Evidences of its presence are seen in clusters of grapes worn in the hair for evening, wine colors in the first fall hats and leaf motifs in trimming.

Late Tips From World Centers of Fashion

Button-front dresses are given prominence.

Rusts and brown mixtures are dominating the sports and casual coats for autumn wear.

The fashion of women's hats with real vegetables has reached London.

The culotte dress now appears in soft wool jersey with slide fastener at neck and placket.

Linens for town wear are invading the shop windows.

Mesh gloves for summer frocks are practical and cool.

Printed suits worn with dark blouses are smart for summer wear.

Fashion designers, impelled with the spirit of the Texas Centennial, are providing summer clothes in cactus colors.

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