

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Tameo Kajiyama and Edison

TAMEO KAJIYAMA is the kind of name most of us commonly skip over whenever we run across it in the newspaper—thus often than not cheating ourselves of a delectable bit of the day's happenings.

Tameo Kajiyama is what may be called a "sleight-of-mind" artist. He can think and perform a number of totally different operations simultaneously.

While subjected to rapid-fire cross-examination he can read a newspaper and write on a blackboard, with extreme rapidity, backward, the news of the day.

In addition, and while engaged in answering questions, reading a newspaper and writing on the blackboard, he can keep his mind busy solving arithmetical problems, even to extracting cube roots, which latter most of us would find a plenty big enough job all by its lonesome.

Further, this arch prestiminator, to coin a word, writes with equal facility with either hand or with both hands, backward and forward or upside down, different sentences at the very same moment he is talking about something else.

Tameo Kajiyama can do other remarkable things, all simultaneously and all with such accuracy and apparent ease as to give one the idea that he commands at will the activities of his brain, and that he can switch on or off his various currents of thought, making each cell of gray matter function as and when desired.

And he claims that these feats are simply the result of training, that any one can by proper concentration bring his mental powers to this abnormal pitch of perfection.

Which is probably perfectly true, yet—

One's first thought after reading a detailed account of an exhibition of this Japanese prodigy is: "Now that you've got it, what are you going to do with it?"

The chances are more strong that Tameo Kajiyama, after one or two vaudeville circuits, will find that his tricks have begun to pall, and that he must find some more dependable and useful way to make a living.

Tameo Kajiyama is but one of a great many people, college students especially, who spend an important period of their lives trying to achieve distinction in something that is not worth a hill of beans as compared to life's real business—perfecting oneself in one's life-work.

If you think back far enough, you remember the time when you put several hours a day on learning to "do a handstand"—and when you achieved that, maybe you tried to walk on top of a wire! And then perhaps you did a thousand deaths learning to turn a handspike!

Most of us in time get over that sort of foolishness; but some never quit trying to perfect these or similar "stunts" that take from them time, energy, money and opportunity, and give in return nothing but worthless accomplishments and disappointed hopes and ambitions.

It has been said that a man who writes a flawless Spenserian can do nothing else—and the same would probably be found to be true of phenomenal chess players, marathons, "divine" fox-trotters, prestidigitators and such.

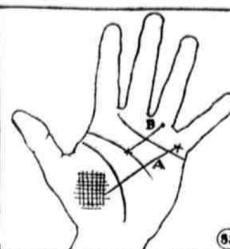
Time speeds past so fast that none of it should be squandered on non-essentials.

It is all very well to have a hobby, but few men under sixty can afford hobbies other than good reading, study and their job.

"This one thing I know!" was Edison's guiding, guiding star—he never tried to become a shining light at bridge, whist, checkers or parliamentary law. And Edison knows.

Your Soul's in Your Hand

By IRVING R. BACON



A. Chance line from a grille on the Mount of Venus, cutting a line of affection, indicates the excessive peculiar to Venusians. (Sections IX, X, XI and XII) will disrupt tender ties. B. Chance line from the head line to a dot on the Mount of Apollo, shows that an error of judgment will ruin the reputation.

LXXXV In addition to the six main lines (sections LXVI to LXVII) and the six minor lines (sections LXVIII to LXIX), there are innumerable chance lines. The difference between them is that the main and minor lines always appear in relatively the same position. The difference between chance lines may start anywhere and run in whatever direction they choose on a mount or a minor line or minor line. In that case, the influence of the good qualities or the defects of the mount or line from which they start affect for good or ill the mount or line where they end. Whether the influence is for good or ill will be shown by the general character of the lines. If it is for ill, a defect will show on the mount or line where the chance line terminates.

(To be continued.)

to the young people; her lips were set in a straight line. "You see," went on Muriel between bites. "George Bates is my cousin, the one we met first, was named George Washington, and he's always called George W., but this one is just George, and so people get to saying George Only and no one ever calls them anything else."

Muriel gave a wicked little wink and beckoned Will out to the doorstep, first fortifying herself with a handful of warm cookies. She lowered her voice a little as she and Will sat down on the brown sofa.

"Salry Bennett told me that Aunt Hester started it," she said. "She said both of them used to be sweet on her, but I don't really believe that. At least she doesn't like George W., and, of course, she couldn't have liked George Only."

"Why?" asked Will again. "He's not so awful homely." "He's homely enough," retorted Muriel decidedly. "He's a regular giraffe and as graceful as a scarecrow. I'm just marrying you for your good looks."

She added teasingly, "Then suddenly her face grew grave and she dropped her chin into her hand and fell into a brown study, while Will three cookies crumbe to the chickens."

Muriel was thinking of what it would mean to Aunt Hester to have her niece married and living miles away. Muriel was an orphan. She could remember no mother but Aunt Hester, who, though a little prim and rigid, had been kindness itself to her. Save for herself, Aunt Hester was alone in the world.

Meanwhile Hester, gray-haired, angular and work-worn, but with something still fine and strong in her face, was methodically cutting round after round of cookies with her necessarily severe thumps of the cutter.

George Bates, George W., as he was

called to distinguish him from his cousin, had come to call upon her, bringing some peaches. She did not like this George very well, but she was young, and the peaches were delicious. So she called him George W. Her mother was an invalid, deaf and querulous.

"Who's here?" she had called from her bedroom.

"George Bates, mother," Hester had shrieked. "George W."

"Who's that girl?" queried the old lady from the window, later.

"That's George—George Only," said Hester, laughing and blushing a little. She had meant no harm by it; it was merely an idle pleasantry on her part.

What Hester did not know was that George W. had repeated her phrase to his cousin, reversing the words—and "Only George" had such a slighting sound—and—well, he'd no chance, anyway, against his sprucer and handsomer cousin; so he had almost immediately had the grace to correct the name; and when he returned and heard "George Only" on every tongue he never guessed it was the name Hester had given him, but thought it merely a perversion of the original slight.

Of this George Only was thinking as he came back over the road where he had met Muriel and Will only a short time before. They were up on the hill back of the house now. He could see Muriel's blue gown. He looked a little wistfully at the kitchen door. Alas! the

hill was stony, and one needed to watch one's footing. He slipped on a loose cobble and fell heavily, awkwardly, his long legs twisting grotesquely. Men are not supple at fifty-five, though they may be active and strong as George Only was. When he tried to rise, a pain shot through his ankle, and he felt sick and dizzy.

"Hello, the house!" he called "hello, hello!"

"Who is it? What is it?" cried Miss Hester, rushing to the door.

"It's—it's 'only George,'" replied the man, with a wry twist of his mouth.

A glass of water, a call to "the children" on the hill, a half-dozen helping hands into the house, a little "first-aid," Will off for the doctor, Muriel making a cup of tea at her aunt's order, and Hester herself bending over her unwilling guest. "Why did you say 'only George?'" she asked abruptly.

"Why?" asked George Only in his turn. "You gave me the name, didn't you? Only folks turned it 'round.'"

Hester laughed, with a little sob in her throat. "I turned it 'round,'" she said. "Who told you I said 'Only George? No, don't tell me—I know. You ever cared—really—for me?"

"I always cared," she said, "for George—Only."

Next Complete Novelle—"The Beauty Contest"

Medlar Baby Sponge—Try it today

THE things that make Medlar Baby Sponge Cake so wonderfully good are hardly explainable. It is just a masterly combination of the right materials—baked in just the right way.

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MEDLAR BISCUIT COMPANY

WANAMAKER'S Wanamaker's Down Stairs Store

Spring Skirts Are Wonderfully Refreshing



If you're tired of Winter weather and Winter clothes a trip through the Skirt Store these days will prove pleasantly stimulating. Here are the gayest flannels, creamy white or with stripes of pink, sky blue, chocolate brown, navy or emerald. \$10 and \$12.75. Baronet skirts, glistening and colorful as hyacinths. \$7.50 to \$25. And plaids—you've never seen such delightful color arrangements and such a variety of pleatings. Spring seems fairly to have outdone herself.

Plaids and Stripes at \$10.75 will surprise you. You'd expect to pay considerably more for skirts as charming as these of flannels, flannel-finished serges, prunellas and gabardines. Blue and tan are the predominating colorings, with here and there a most effective use of white. Two \$10.75 skirts are sketched. (Market)

Newer Suits for Young Women Turn Merrily to Sports Lines

Jerseys, tweeds and Skibo tweeds have a jolly Springtime freshness about them. Jerseys are in soft heather mixtures with blues and browns predominating. \$15, \$20, \$25 and \$27.50. Tweeds are in lovely shades of Copenhagen blue, dull green and biscuit tan, with straight youthful lines. \$25. Skibo tweeds, which are really an iridescent knitted material, are in rose, green and gray, at \$10. All of these suits are quite special in price. (Market)

Here Come the New Spring Wraps!

And what a delightful company they are! Materials seem softer and more luxurious than ever and colors match them in attractiveness. Orlando, marvello, ramona, Peruvian, Florizel, chamoistyne and covert gabardine are some of the interesting names, and they are in caramel and Hindustan, two new browns; Sorrento, a deep blue; mouffle, silverpine and Labrador, fashionable grays; and two new tans called deer and ochre. Lines are soft and draped and quite a bit of hand embroidery is used. Capes and dolmans promise to be very fashionable. Prices range from \$29 to \$295. (Market)

Women's Brogue Oxfords, \$9.60

Full wing tips and well-rounded toes—the two things that insure their correctness of style, for these Oxfords are real brogues! The leather is black and good quality, the soles are welted, heels are low or medium. Fawn spats are \$2.50 a pair. (Chestnut)

Organdie Banding Fresh as the Springtime \$1 a Yard

It gives the crisp touch of brightness to dark frocks and suits, just as the first crocuses, daffodils and snowdrops give to the gray days of early Spring. The banding is 5 inches wide, hemstitched and finished with picot-edged ruffles. You may have white with embroidered dots in blue, black, lavender or red or else banding of lavender, blue, navy, yellow or pink organdie with white dots. (Central)

Just 50 Sample Parasols at \$5



Used to half less for early Spring fashions in enchanting parasols—a few perfectly willing to do duty in Spring showers as well. Japanese and regular shapes with coin spots, cross bars, checks, plaids, painted dragons or flowers, wide and cluster stripes and plain colors in their fine silk covers. Ring and straight handles, and with rich silk carrying loops. Most of them trimmed delicately with beaute. Usually only one of a kind. Fine for birthday and wedding gifts, belated graduation and southward-bound friends.

Sturdy Everyday Umbrellas for the Family, \$1.65

Mother's size, father's size, little boy's or girl's size—each can be had now at \$1.65. Strong paragon frames covered with American cotton taffeta and having convenient silk carrying cords or crook handles.

Children's Silk-Cased Umbrellas, \$2

Half price for umbrellas with finest grade American cotton taffeta covers, tape edged, and silk cases. Carved and bakelite trimmed handles with silk cords or opera and crook handles.

Women's Union Taffeta Umbrellas, \$4.50

Black silk and cotton umbrellas which will wear properly, silk cases which look luxurious and pretty plain and carved handles with silk wrist cords. (Central)

Axminster Rugs 9 x 12 Feet, \$35 8.3 x 10.6 Feet, \$32.50 6 x 9 Feet, \$19

A special purchase, priced considerably less than today's new low prices. (Chestnut)

FURS At Half Early Season Prices

Near seal (sheared cone) collars are \$15 to \$27.50. Mole scarfs are \$13.50 to \$42.50. Nutria scarfs are \$18.50 to \$28.50. Nutria muffs are \$22.50 to \$27.50. Natural squirrel muffs are \$25 to \$53.25. Beaver muffs are \$30. Civet cat scarfs are \$11.25 to \$30. (Market)



Brief Cases About Half Price

Good, brown cowhide brief cases, sturdy and strong, are in 15 and 16 inch sizes. Each case has two side straps and a lock and key. These can be used for carrying all kinds of papers and for music, too.

1 Pocket, \$5 2 Pockets, \$5.50 3 Pockets, \$6 4 Pockets, \$6.50 Insurance Cases \$1.50 and \$4 \$1.50 ones are of split brown cowhide with snap fastenings. \$4 ones are of black or brown cowhide, not split, with two snaps and a lock. They have one, two, three or four pockets and are wonderfully fine cases.

If you're looking for a present that will please a man, here it is. (Chestnut) (Also an outpost in the Gallery Store for Men, Market)

Center Aisle Opportunities

Sample Waists \$1.90

Real Spring is almost here and these charming waists are ready to help welcome the first warm day. Mostly white voile with lace and sometimes hand-embroidered dots. Not all sizes in any one style. Nearly all have long sleeves.

Women's Pink Glove Silk Vests and Bloomers

Vests, \$2—of heavy glove silk in bodice-top style with ribbon shoulder straps. Bloomers, \$2.50—the same quality as the vests, well reinforced elastic at the waist and knees. "Extraordinary value!" That's what every one says who sees them.

85c Envelope Chemises and Nightgowns

Wonderfully good at this price. All cut plenty full and well made with neat lace, colored stitching and hemstitching for trimming.

Trim House Dresses, \$1.65

Good cotton rami "Billie Burke" style with hand smoking for adornment. In nice dull blue and rose shades that do not show dirt easily.

Big Gingham Aprons 50c and 65c

Both of sturdy blue-and-white check; one style is gored on a deep band and has a pocket; the other is gathered on a band—regulation style—and also has pocket.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Judge Owl's Burglar By DADDY

CHAPTER IV Judge Owl Grabs

"WHOO! Whoo! I'll find who the prowling burglar is who creeps into the hen house and sucks the eggs!" promised Judge Owl. "How will you do it?" asked Peggy and Billy.

"I'll perch overhead in the branch of a tree and watch the hole in the door!" booted Judge Owl and at once he flew to the tree, where he sat as silent and as motionless as a hawk.

Peggy and Billy explained Judge Owl's plan to Mr. Strong, Ed Lambson and Happy Harry, who couldn't understand Owl talk.

"That's a good idea," said Mr. Strong. "Judge Owl catches that prowler he can have a home in my barn as long as he likes."

Ed Lambson studied the hole in the door. "The creature that can get through that hole must be very thin," he said.

"Perhaps it is a snake," chattered Happy Harry, the colored boy. "Golly, Ed, did I'm not did owl, or if he catches a snake, he will catch a lot of trouble."

So all the humans left Judge Owl to watch while they went into the warm house for supper. And after supper they played games until sleeping time. But as they started off to bed Billy whispered to Peggy: "Let's put on our wraps and see if Judge Owl has caught the prowling burglar."

Peggy was eager to go with him, and they quickly put on their wraps. Billy got a pocket of electric torch, and they ran out the kitchen door. They crept across the yard to the edge of the hen house. It was very dark there, but after their eyes got used to the gloom, they could see Judge Owl's figure in the tree. He was just a faint blur against the starlit sky.

Peggy and Billy didn't move and they breathed very softly. The little pit-patter, but couldn't see a thing in the darkness. Then a sudden noise rattled through the hen house. Billy dashed on his electric torch and ran forward. There at the hole in the door was Judge Owl battling with a big rat. Judge Owl had hold of the rat, but the rat had hold of Judge Owl, and was biting him so hard that Judge Owl squeaked. Billy grabbed his stick and banged the rat over the head. That finished Mr. Rat and he fell over on his side.

"Hurrah! You've caught the night prowler, cried Peggy. "But Judge Owl got a host of disappointment, as he pointed at the rat. "No," he said. "The rat is too big to go through the hole in the door, and so it goes."

"Who?" "Who? That wasn't the night prowler, and we will have to keep on watching until he comes," murmured the Judge, and he flew back to his perch in the tree, where he was as still and as silent as before. Peggy and Billy also kept quiet, so quiet that they were cold and stiff.

Again they noticed Judge Owl was gone from the bush of the tree. But suddenly a wild boar came from him. "Who?" "Who? I've got the night prowler."

Billy dashed on his electric torch. Judge Owl was at the hole. It took but a glance to see that he had hold of the tail of some animal. The animal itself was silent that it couldn't turn around to fight as the rat had done. "I've got him," booted Judge Owl. "And my, but he is a big one. I don't dare to let go of him!"

What kind of an animal do you think the night prowler is? Will Judge Owl dare to pull him out, or will Judge Owl have to hang on to him? Guess what is going to happen.

JOHN E. SCOTT

City Eng'g by Training—6'3"; 200 lbs.; 74 1/2; Until Jan., 1920 at 1224 Vine St., Phila. Will be removed to 4th St. and 10th St. between Market and Locust. Communicate with J. E. Scott, 11 Locust St., Philadelphia. Mary, an 18 year old girl would like to see him before he dies.

Borden's EVAPORATED MILK Ready when you want it—Richer, purer and more economical With the cream left in.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

George Only By NELLIE F. BROWN

"And when we came down Sprout's Hill," went on Muriel, who, perched on the table, was reading their adventures to her Aunt Hester, "we met George W. He's really quite pleasant, auntie. Why don't you like him? You don't, I know" (as her aunt shook her head deprecatingly) "but he stopped and spoke, and so I had to introduce Will"—she looked with a blush toward the curly haired young man beside her—"and he wished us great fun and so forth very nicely—didn't he, Will?"

Will nodded and opened his mouth to speak, but Muriel's was already open, and she hurried on. "And then, just a little farther on, we met George Only."

"Why George Only?" inquired Will, as Muriel stopped to take a cookie from the pan Miss Hester held.

"Why-er-er everybody calls him that," replied Muriel, "everybody but Aunt Hester, that is—the doesn't like nicknames." Miss Hester set the cookie pan down hurriedly and turned her back



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