

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE
Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$20,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

The truth about "the girl in the cage" distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will be as familiar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with interest.

No. 109. Mother Love vs. Idolatry.

MARY, I said gently, after we had at last smoothed away our misunderstanding. "Why can't you pick out your own table linen?" I asked one night. "Well," said Mary, "I'm never sure about patterns. I think I like one and then I don't, and if mother's there with me she just says: 'Why, that's the prettiest of the two, Mary, and I take it. It saves me a great deal of trouble. Everybody likes somebody else's opinion, don't you think so?'"

LEONA DALRYMPLE
This person never helps things along.

"But, Peter," said Mary, "I was so used to going to mother with everything that I can't stop it all at once."

"Everything," I insisted, "is a matter of viewpoint. And when you add to a tense situation the viewpoint of some one who—er—is apt to be swayed by emotion and sentiment alone—some one who merely gets the facts, and then says—er, well, to tell you the truth, Mary, I simply don't want you to run to your mother with all our domestic mishaps, and there's an end to it!"

Mary bit her lip.

"Peter," she said very slowly, "every single thing that you're not sure about you talk over with your mother, don't you?"

I do. But how am I to explain the difference to Mary? Mother and I talk things over on a basis of absolute equality. Mrs. Penfield doesn't. She simply dominates Mary. There are some women who never can believe that a child has at last grown up. Mrs. Penfield is one of them. She thinks ahead for Mary and just as she did when Mary was a youngster, with the result that her daughter grows more and more dependent upon her and runs to her for everything. Mary

BEAUTY FOUND IN FRUIT

By LUCREZIA BORI
Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

THE flowers of the field and the fruits of the earth shall make you beautiful. Lemons, oranges, strawberries, pineapples, apricots, figs, watermelons, spinach, cucumbers, lettuce, roses, pond lilies—all hold potent beauty charms.

LUCREZIA BORI
A diet of oranges will mellow complexion and reduce superabundant curves. Eat half a dozen a day, or more if you like the taste. Lemons taken internally strengthen throat and prevent the bad habit of over-indulgence in ice water, clear the skin, assist digestion and have a tendency to one of obesity. Applied externally they are a bleach which removes stains from fingers or neck, freckles from cheeks, and other sallow blemishes.

Strawberries are as good for a complexion restorer as for a shock. For eight months. Sometimes think truly love him, and other times I feel as if I do not care what happens, and the only thing that can account for this? No matter what subject we talk about he always imagines he knows it all, and he generally talks and talks until I get weary. You think that he can be cured of it, or is it a habit he will always have? He is 24 years of age. BETTY

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

Dear Annie Laurie,
I have been going with a young man for a year and a half and we have been engaged to be married for eight months. Sometimes I think truly love him, and other times I feel as if I do not care what happens, and the only thing that can account for this? No matter what subject we talk about he always imagines he knows it all, and he generally talks and talks until I get weary. You think that he can be cured of it, or is it a habit he will always have? He is 24 years of age. BETTY

You seem to be rather an intelligent sort of girl, and don't you know, dear little sister, that a man who "knows it all" will never stay in love with a girl like you very long? He doesn't want a companion, he wants an audience.

Now, if you were a nice, comfy, cuddly little girl, with a love of embroidery and a tad for making fudge, you'd be just the sort of person to make just that sort of man perfectly happy, and you would be perfectly happy with him. You wouldn't have to read or think at all. You could find out all about the news from him. He'd tell you what was happening in Mexico, and why it happened, and who ought to be ashamed of themselves about it.

Cured? Why, your poor child, you can't cure a man of any habit by marrying him. Either take him as he is and love him so, or let him go and find some one who doesn't have to have so much making over to fit him to your idea of comfort.

Blind-deaf-and-dumb-what three lovely companions for a trip through the world. I'm glad you came from across the sea, and not from this country, oh, symbols of a strange and dying cult.

"Faith, Hope and Charity"—where is the old-fashioned copy of that old-fashioned picture? Up in the garret.

Extending the Day.
"He seems to believe in making hay while the sun shines."
"Yes, and he continues it by moonlight."

DRESS TO SHOW INDIVIDUALITY



Dancer Tells Secret of Her "Mystery Clothes"

By ELEANOR AMES

MYSTERY clothes—gowns that set beholders thinking—gowns that repress instead of express moods and emotions and characteristics and ideas—these are the fascinating Russian, the theatrical sensation of the year, Olga Petrova.

Of course, the dapper-minded will say there is always a mystery about woman's clothes to every other woman—the mystery of why she gets what she does, or how she gets all she wears. But it is no such petty, sordid mystery to which Olga Petrova is the answer.

Near-Bohemia and the False Gods

By Winifred Black

SEE no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. There they are up over the great, clear window—the three, fetid, foolish, vacuous monkeys from the fetid, foolish, vacuous civilization that invented them.

I'm tired of them—the three, silly, innane, insincere, stupid, horrid things. You can't move without seeing them. Every cheap little shop in town has a group of them in the showcase. Every near-Bohemian that you know puts them up on the mantelpiece, with the cigarette paper and the tobacco; and all the shady women, who are one thing and try to pretend to be another, set those three idiotic symbols of an idiotic creed upon their dressing tables and are, in their own hearts, justified.

And now there sits above my own broad, clear out that these days. Is that where you got that strange imitation of the smile you wear since you turned near-Bohemian? Put them in your studio with the Russian samovar and the vestments from somewhere, alongside somebody's prayer beads from India, and the nudeness of the Mona Lisa there; of course, no studio of your kind is complete without them. Is that where you got that strange imitation of the smile you wear since you turned near-Bohemian? Put them in your studio with the Russian samovar and the vestments from somewhere, alongside somebody's prayer beads from India, and the nudeness of the Mona Lisa there; of course, no studio of your kind is complete without them.

Why, he wants to degrade you by shutting you up in a nice, clean, fresh little home with a nice, green garden at the back of it and a vine over the porch, with Love singing in the kitchen and Trust stirring the fire and Peace at work in the sunny window as if she lived there. Oh, yes, that's where they belong—all those queer things—right up in your "studio," dear, foolish, wide-hearted, light-hearted, little near-Bohemian. Take them and be happy—near-happy, I mean—in your near-Bohemia.

Some day you'll wake up out of your confused dream. I hope you'll be down at the foot of the stairs, waiting for you, when you run out of your near-studio—the real man with the real home in his heart for you.

If he is, whisper—I'll get you a really good copy of the old-fashioned picture I'm going to hang today.

"Faith, Hope and Charity"—and you'll never think of the three miserable, blind, deaf and dumb monkeys again as long as you live.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Is "Mind Over Matter" a Truth or a Fallacy?

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG
A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

VIRGIL in the Aeneid, some thousands of years ago, was even then very late when he averred "Mens agitat molem," or "Thought moves material things." Perhaps when the first ape-like man thought to use the spark which flashed from flint he was led to say what Virgil said hundreds of thousands of years later.

So be it! Peace to his ashes! But because thoughts direct, guide, move and manipulate matter is no proof of the exaggerated dictum, "mind over matter." The unvarnished truth is that thoughts are the upshot of outside matter.

Nevertheless, the stern fact stares us in the face that effects, once produced, are prone to react and influence in a powerful way, the very causes which brought them forth.

It comes, therefore, to pass that thoughts—wrongly dubbed "mind"—do, in a manner, affect the sterner stuff. Love, Hope and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train, Hate, Fear and Grief, the family of pain, These mixed with art, and to its bounds confined, Make and sustain the balance of the mind.

Even in the most quackish cults and in the most defective jumble of philosophical pot-pouris, there is usually a mote of truth. In transcendental propaganda, your mind upon such parts of evidence there is, forsooth, a speck of possible fact.

Proofs in Error?
This is not a sop to the gullible, but an honest testimonial in undogmatic freedom. Yet the difficulty with these medical Baals and physiological god calves is that the devotees and adherents maintain their particular "mind" over "matter" cure is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, the fulfillment of thoughts, or religion, as exclusive "cures" of pneumonia, hydrophobia, tuberculosis, the hook-worm, correctly diagnosed cancer, and dandruff would seem to be too self-evident for dispute. Yet the votaries of each separate and distinct pathy, mind cure and thought treatment will fight like trapped rats under the belief that "absent treatment," or laying on of thoughts ride the body of such maladies. Citation of such facts as this, to wit, that blood will flow faster or the nerves will tingle more if you, like a hen on an egg, "set your mind" upon such parts of the fish, are conjured up to prove the "mind over matter" fallacy.

The experience is correct, but the superficial and rash explanation is in error. It is only in part, just as death from joy or fright are but, indirectly, the consequence of thoughts and feelings. Even when your appetite and your physiological functions of indigestion, heart action and mental initiative are influenced favorably by cheerfulness, though your "set position," your commercial success and your conquests are aided and abetted by good humor and good cheer, all in the final analysis, can be traced to some chemical bounding like a gazelle over the rocks and crags of your blood stream.

What Sensations Are.
The physical basis of the emotions, like Henry's physical basis of life, is the juice of the tissues, of the bone marrow, of the near-kidneys, thyroid gland, pancreas, and the other human glands that bear even more forbidding names. These are easily proved guilty of many so-called thoughts, feelings and the much maligned "mind."

All you need do is to purchase some



The Good Night Story

By VERNON MERRY

LONG ago, when magic still was common on the earth, a poor farmer who was ploughing went to sleep under a tree, and when he woke up the horns upon his ox's head had grown to great size. He did not know what to do about it because he could not get the oxen through the stable door, so when a butcher came along and offered to buy them he was glad to make a bargain.

The butcher agreed to pay for the oxen \$1 for every rape seed that the farmer brought to his town shop the next day. The farmer knew this to be a good bargain, so he gave the oxen to the butcher, and early the next morning, filled a cart measure with rape seed and started out to town. You may be sure that he took good care not to spill one seed out of that measure.

And yet, with all his care, he did lose a seed. "He did not know this until after the butcher had paid him \$1 for every seed he had brought, and he was on his way home. Then he knew he had lost a seed, for there was a great tree growing right in the middle of the road where he had passed.

Now the tree was so tall that its branches reached way up into the skies and the farmer seeing this was curious to know what was to be seen away up there. So he climbed up that tree right to the top and peeped into heaven.

All his life he had thought his lot a hard one because he had to work in the field, but what he saw made him feel better satisfied with his life. Strange folk were reaping grain in peculiar looking cloud fields.

Suddenly he felt the tree tremble. He

clutched the top branch and peered down to the earth. There he saw that hundreds of men were chopping at the tree to clear the roadway.

The poor farmer did not know what to do. He feared that if he fell that long way to earth he would die. Once more he looked into the fields of clouds, and close at his hand he found a fall and an axe. Beside them was a long ball of binding twine. Grasping them in his trembling hand he let himself down by the cord, but it was not long enough and he fell.

When he came to himself he found that he was down in a deep hole made by the crash of his fall. It was mighty rocky that he had the axe, for he had to cut steps in the side of the earth to climb out into the daylight again.

He took very good care to take the fall and that axe up to earth with him, so that when he told his story he would have them to prove that he told the truth.

An Open Confession.
He—I made a fool of myself over you. She—That is one thing I admire about you. You never try to appear different than you are.

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