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"He seems to believe in making hay

love with him at all.

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 \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

The truth about "the girl in the case" distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with interest.



will not oppear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with interest.

No. 109.

Mother Love vs. Idolatry.

Mary is add and an ast smoothed away in mother bound as she always will be hears and believes.

Mary Earlied, I know, selected most of the furnities with any our apartment. There are titles with an she selects the follow.

Mary is and believes.

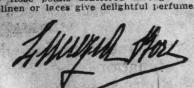
Mary Earlied, I know, selected most of the furnities with any our apartment. There are titles with any our apartment. There are titles with any our apartment. There are interest ways. "Mary to develop insert the control of the furnities with any our own properties of the with any to appropriate the properties of the pretice of the wo. Mary, "I-I-m mever sure about the like one of them. I lake do not appropriate the pretice of the two. Mary, and I take it. It saves me agreat deal of brouble. Everybody likes somebody eise's opinion, don't you think so?

"Maybe" I conceded "But I makes one who merely gets the facts second-handwhy-er. Well, to tell you the truth, Mary, I simply don't want you to run to your mother with all our domestic missing the pretice to you to make you so-so dependent of the wo. Mary, "I said Mary, indignantly." you on the volume to the pretice to you to make you so-so dependent of the wo. Ma

BEAUTY FOUND IN FRUIT

By LUCREZIA BORI





Advice to Girls

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 is sometimes I think is the formula of the shelf. We would not the truth, and sometimes I think I truly love him and other times I was along them in the least, some time and find out the truth, and the shelf. We would not the truth and surprise sure enough. But pleasant—ugh!

Come down from the shelf. We worked think he did "know offered to buy them he was along ball of binding twine. Grasping them in his wanted to give me a pleasant surprise I suppose. It's 2 why, you couldn't live without the nudes, could you, about it. Of course, you'd wake upon the shelf. We work a butcher came along and offered to buy them he was glad to binding twine. Grasping them in his surprise sure enough. But pleasant—ugh!

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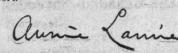
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Come down from the shelf. We work a butcher came along and offered to buy them he was along ball of binding twine. Grasping them in his surprise sure enough. But pleasant—ugh! ■ By ANNIE LAURIE ■ love him, and other times I and the only thing that I can account

for is this: No matter what subject we talk about he always imagines he knows it all, and he generally talks think that he can be cured of it, or is it a habit he will always have?
He is 24 years of age.

BETTE

DON'T believe you're in love with him. Betty. I don't believe you're in the sort of person to make just that sort | way. of man perfectly happy, and you would



DRESS TO SHOW INDIVIDUALITY



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).

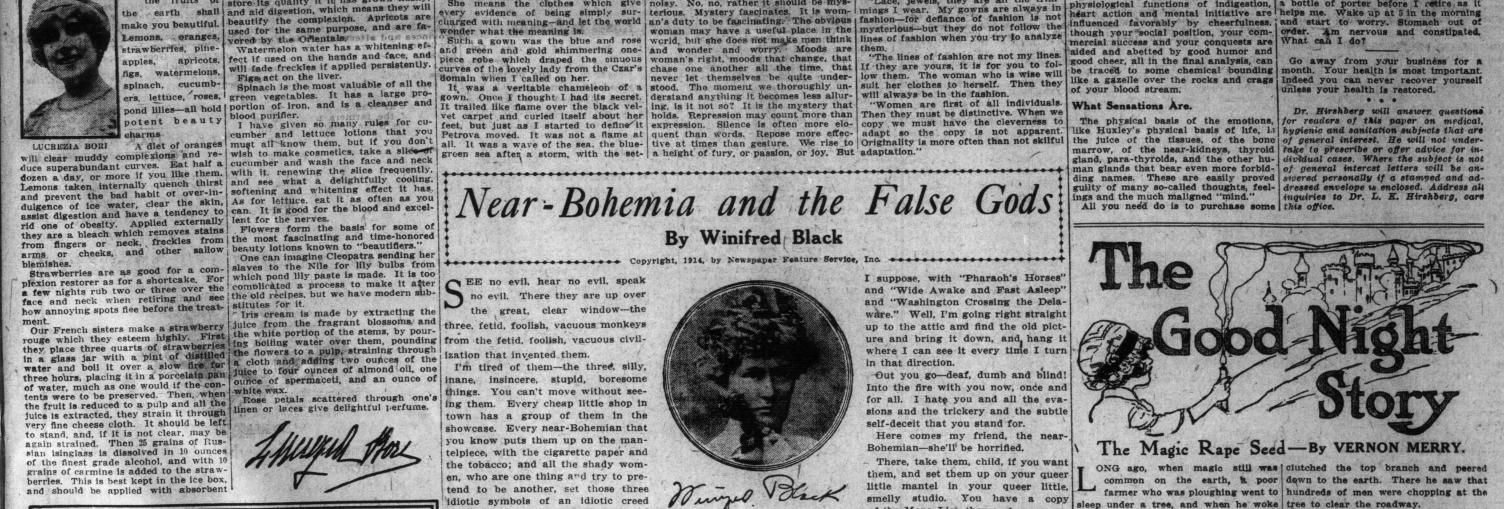
rial things." Perhaps when the first ape-like man thought to use the spark which flashed from flint he was led to say what Virgil said hundreds of thousands

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

sophical pot-pouris, there is usually a mote of truth. In transcendental propagandas and humbugs of current prevalence there is, for sooth, a speck of possible fact.



Answers to Health Questions



smelly studio. You have a copy sleep under a tree, and when he woke tree to clear the roadway. of the Mona Lisa there; of course, no up the horns upon his oxen's head had The poor farmer did not know what to studio of your kind is complete with- grown to great size. He did not know do. He feared that if he fell that long

-right up in your "studio," dear, foolish, wild-hearted. Now the tree was so tall that its

field, but what he saw made him feel ing cloud fields.

them, and set them up on your queer little, common on the earth, a poor down to the earth. There he saw that farmer who was ploughing went to hundreds of men were chopping at the



ing cloud fields you. You never try to appear different Suddenly he felt the tree tremble. He than you are.

tend to be another, set those three idiotic symbols of an idiotic creed upon their dressing tables-and are.

some time and find out the truth, and that wouldn't be pleasant, would it? So Come down from the shelf, Mr. Monkey, you and but you have got so now you don't blush when you look farmer brought to his town shop the and he fell.

wouldn't have to read or think at all. not hear when evil speaks, how shall I know the voice Oh, yes, that's where they belong—all those queer things he had passed.

wouldn't have to read or think at all. You could find out all about the news of the day—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, you 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 so and the farmer seeing the war of the were looking for a little for you, when you run out of your near-studio—the real him so are let him so and the farmer seeing this was curious throw the mantle of his charity over every scoundrel. It I hope he'll be down at the foot of the stairs, waiting there. So he climbed up that tree right to the top and peeped into heaven.

All his life he had thought his lot a corner of that mantle for himself.

from across the sta, and not from this country, oir, symbols of a strange and dying cult.

"Faith. Hope and Charity"—where is the old-fash- again as long as you live.
"Yes, and he continues it by moonioned copy of that old-fashioned picture? Up in the garret. Is it a bargain?

in their own hearts, justified. And now there they sit above my own broad, clear out that these days. Is that where you got that strange what to do about it because he could way to earth he would die. Once more window, leering at me like the raven in the neart-shak- imitation of the smile you wear since you turned nearing poem we used to speak on Friday afternoon, when Bohemian? Put them in your studio with the Russian door, so when a butcher came along and close at his hand he found a flail and

Now, if you were a nice, comfy, cuddly, snake, and you can call him a turtle dove as long as him because he's so primitive and impossible. Now, if you were a nice, comity, cuduly, shake, and you tall each thin a seed. He did not know this until after little girl, with a love of embroidery and you like—he will still be a snake. And if he's there I why, he wants to degrade you by shutting you up in the butcher had paid him \$1 for every

love him so, or let him go and find some corner of that mantle for himself.

Blind—deaf—and dumb—what the Blind-deaf-and dumb-what three levely compan- If he is, whisper-I'll get you a really good copy of the hard one because he had to work in the making over to fit him to your idea of ions for a trip through the world. I'm glad you came old-fashioned picture I'm going to hang today

come time and find out the truth, and that wouldn't be pleasant, would it? So you might as well be thankful that your beyes are open.

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 lons? He doesn't want a companion, he wants an audience.

Now, if you were a nice, comfy, cuddly, sake, and, you can call him a turtle dove as long as him because he's so primitive and impossible.

Come down from the shelf, Mr. Monkey, you and but you have got so now you don't blush when you look at them—and that's something, isn't it?

And the steins and the cigarette ashes and the little at them—and that's something, isn't it?

And the steins and the cigarette ashes and the little at them—and that's something, isn't it?

More than that, I want to see it.

I don't want to call it by some other name and decive myself and every one else about it. A snake is a companion, he wants an audience.

Now, if you were a nice, comfy, cuddly, the sould be pleasant, would it? So you my have got so now you don't blush when you look at them—and that's something, isn't it?

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See no evil—why not, pray? My eyes were given me

See no evil—why not, pray? My eyes were given me

To be seed and started out to town. You may be seed and started out to town. You may be seed and started out to town. You may be seed and started out to town. You may be seed and started out to town. You may be seed and started out to town. You may be seed and started out to town. You may be s

a fad for making fudge, you'd be just want to see him, thank you, in time to get out of his a nice, clean, fresh little home with a nice, green garden seed he had brought, and he was on his at the back of it and a vine over the porch, with Love way home. Then he knew he had lost a Hear no evil—why not, in the name of common sense? singing in the kitchen and Trust stirring the fire and seed, for there was a great tree growing be perfectly happy with him. You If evil speaks, how can I help but hear? And if I do Peace at work in the sunny window as if she lived there. right in the middle of the road where

man with the real home in his heart for you.

of the three miserable plind, deaf and dumb monkeys folk were reaping grain in peculiar look.