

Look for the "Hunter's Moon" To-night.

NEW MOON occurs to-day. This will be the "Hunter's Moon" for 1917, when it reaches the full phase on the 30th. The Hunter's Moon is always the next full moon after the Harvest Moon, and the Harvest Moon is the full moon that falls nearest to the Autumnal Equinox. This happened this year after the Equinox.

The Fatal Ring

A SERIAL OF THRILLS AND ADVENTURE

Carlslake, with Pearl in His Power, Sends Her Alone in a Limousine Speeding Toward a Cliff

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film
 Pearl Standish.....PEARL WHITE
 Richard Carlslake.....Warner Oland
 The High Priestess.....Ruby Hoffman
 Tom Carleton.....Henry Gsell

Novelized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring."

By Fred Jackson.
 Episode 15.

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He looked out through the little window in the back of the car to make sure that they were not being followed.

And he saw Tom bumping along behind them!

"Look!" he cried with sudden fury. "That cursed fool again! The assistant's eyes lighted."

"Well, this time, I'm thinking," he said. "We are two against one—and we might as well make a clean sweep while we are about it!"

This was a different phase of the situation. Carlslake brightened.

"Good!" he agreed. They drew their guns.

Their first shot smashed Tom's wind-shield, but he neither halted nor slowed up. Their second shot smashed one of his headlights.

By this time Tom had got his gun out, and while he stared at his left hand, he took a shot at his quarry with the other and smashed the glass in the half open door to which Carlslake was clinging.

But now, just ahead of Carlslake's car, loomed the railroad tracks—and coming on toward them at a terrific rate of speed was an express.

"Look!" gasped Carlslake's assistant, hoarsely pointing. And as Carlslake turned, the fellow added in a hoarse whisper, "Tail him to stop!"

A Race Against Death.

"No! We can't stop now. We must make it!" replied Carlslake through set lips. He threw himself forward and let down the front glass panel that separated them from the chauffeur.

"Let her out, Bert! Speed her up!" he ordered.

The chauffeur turned halfway around.

"I don't think we can make it, sir," he faltered.

"We MUST make it," shouted Carlslake.

There was no mistaking his tone. When he said things in that voice, he was not to be gainsaid.

Bert let her out, and gave her gas. They shot forward. The express, too, seemed to quicken its pace. For three or four seconds it seemed as though they must arrive at the crossing at the same instant that the train reached it. Then they sped across the tracks safely—and the express thundered by—cutting off the pursuing Tom just as he got within a foot of it.

He swore—backed up—and took the road that ran alongside.

Carlslake relaxed with a smile, feeling himself safe from pursuit for the time being, at least. His assistant mopped a perspiring brow with a hand that trembled.

"Turn to the right, Bert and take the road to the cliff," called Carlslake quietly.

Bert swung into it. Carlslake's man stared.

"The road to the cliff!" he repeated dully.

"Yes. We'll abandon the car. You jump Bert, before you reach the last lap—and let the old boat go over!"

Carlslake smiled as he gave the order; then he glanced at Pearl, lying helpless before him.

A Terrible Plan.

"I think," he said smoothly, "that this young woman will cross my path no more!"

"Carlslake's car approached the cliff and Carlslake and his lieutenant jumped for their lives. An instant later, Bert the chauffeur followed their example, leaving the car headed straight for destruction—on a down grade.

Meanwhile, Tom was driving furiously along the cliff road in an effort to overtake Pearl. He had no idea that he was anywhere near her. He had no warning of his danger.

High above him, Carlslake and his lieutenant watched with glee as Tom's car sped toward the road down which Carlslake's abandoned machine was careening.

Suddenly, there was a crash—the limousine struck the smaller car with terrific force and sent it whirling over the side of the cliff and down into space, hundreds of feet below. But the impact caused the limousine to stop short.

Tom had been thrown out of the car as it turned in mid-air, and flung against the side of the hill. Miraculously he managed to cling to the ledge of rock, while the car was smashed to smithereens in the valley below.

Meanwhile, the limousine balanced on the edge of destruction—two wheels hanging over the side of the cliff, the two rear wheels resting on the earth.

Looking up, Tom saw the perilous position of the car—just above him—and he sensed intuitively Pearl's danger. To climb to her was a feat that might well have daunted even his fearless soul—but he determined to make the attempt.

He Starts to Climb.

Clutching at every projecting rock that would afford him a hold; clinging to every crevice, he began to ascend.

Carlslake and his lieutenant watched with dismay from a point far above him.

If he succeeded in saving Pearl, their plotting would be for nothing. She would persist in her attempts to thwart them and frustrate their plans. She would make every effort to recover the diamond and prevent Carlslake's carrying out his dreams of world power!

Carlslake realized this as he watched—and rage grew within him. He determined to prevent their surviving, at any cost.

Looking about him, he saw a huge boulder some little distance away.

"Come, help me!" he cried swiftly, advancing toward the heavy stone. Lend a hand!

He began to tug hard at the huge round rock, which was firmly imbedded in the earth.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

You Will Find "The Vampire" a Gripping Serial—Don't Miss It

Magazine Page

"The Way to a Woman's Heart"

By NELL BRINKLEY
 Copyright, 1917, International News Service.



A BEGGAR in black and white, with an invisible wound, (of the heart—that should please Habette!) and Love and the little lady of his heart stare into space and lift a frosty shoulder. Love even yawns—he has seen more stirring things—a medal on a soldier's breast and the far sound of guns.

A King in khaki, with a wound, from a broken shell-nose, that all the world can see—and behold you, Love rubs his gilt head frantically in the dust and offers all the world; and Habette goes on her knees with her heart in her two hands. You see?—NELL BRINKLEY.

Elizabeth Jordan Writes on the "Serene Mind"

"Dear Miss Jordan:
 Several times you have mentioned a serene mind. What is a serene mind? How can one get it? And how can we overcome our faults and strengthen our character?"
 X. Y. Z.
A SERENE mind, X. Y. Z., is a mind so well trained and so well poised that it is able to consider life and events in the proper relation to one another and to the individual. Seeing them thus, clearly and without bias, it accepts things as they are. It does not exaggerate events; neither does it minimize them. It simply gives them their normal value and takes them with philosophy.
 This does not mean that the individual is indifferent or undisturbed; it does not mean that she goes in for the illogical optimism that has no basis in fact. Neither does it mean that she cultivates a mental indolence—an "easy-going" point of view, whose object is to save her emotional strain.
 Above all, it means that she is not frittering away her nervous force in needless apprehension or "worries."
 Certain individuals come into the world with characters in which serenity, strength, and poise are soon manifest. In other words, they are born with a balance wheel. These individuals are the fortunate ones. Their heritage is beyond price. With a normal amount of ability they can outstrip others with much more ability but with erratic temperaments.
 Those blessed with the gift of balance, of clear judgment and poise, should first thank God for these qualities, and should next cultivate and develop them with the utmost care.
 Those lacking them (and most of these victims sadly realize their lack) should begin at once to cultivate them.
 That is all there is to it—but I admit, X. Y. Z., that it is not so easy to acquire character and poise as it seems.
 Men and women who are really careful of their physical health go to a good doctor once a year and subject themselves to a thorough examination. If the doctor gives them a clean bill of health, they depart rejoicing. If he tells them that this or that condition is wrong, they try to remedy it.
 Every human being should do this. But it is equally important that every human being should have an occasional spiritual and psychological examination—and this most human beings entirely forget. This examination, X. Y. Z., I recommend in your case.
 First of all, take a day off for the task. It's worth it. Go to the country some Sunday, and go alone. Spend the day in the woods

or by the sea. Lie down, relax your body, and invite your soul.
 Say to yourself: "I've come out here to get a line on myself. I know exactly the sort of person I am, but the trouble is I don't often admit that, even to myself. When you get through, the balance sheet may look something like this:
Personality of Helen Smith.
Assets.
 Average health.
 Average education.
 A good position, with prospects of promotion.
 Ambition.
 Good moral character.
 A sense of humor.
 A strong desire to bring out the best that is in her.
Liabilities.
 A quick temper.
 Extreme sensitiveness, which leads to frequent tears in the office.
 A tendency to be too easily influenced by others.
 Of course the real balance sheet will be a much more elaborate thing than that. I am giving a very brief one as an example.
 The first thing to do, of course, is to turn those liabilities into assets. Control that quick temper. Teach yourself to do it. You can, and you must.
 Stop crying around the office.

Portable Altar for Army Chaplain.

A RECENT gift to a Coast Artillery chaplain of the United States Army was a portable altar, fully equipped with the objects required to enable him to conduct religious services in the field in accordance with the ritual of his church. The carving on the altar includes two crossed cannons. The entire outfit weighs only ninety-five pounds.

DRACULA, OR THE VAMPIRE
 By BRAM STOKER.

SYNOPSIS OF STORY

Jonathan Harker, a London solicitor's clerk, takes a long journey to Bukovina to see Count Dracula and arrange for the transfer of an English estate to the Count. In his story, kept in shorthand, he gives the details of his strange trip, the latter part filled with mysterious and thrilling happenings. Upon his arrival at Castle Dracula he is met by the Count and finds himself virtually a prisoner. The castle itself is a place of mystery with doors all barred, and no servants to be seen. The Count greets him warmly, but his strange personality and odd behavior cause Harker much alarm. In order not to arouse suspicion Harker leads the Count to tell of his estate and of the history of his family. Later the Count orders him to write his employer he is to stay at the castle for a month. That night he sees the Count crawl down the castle wall like a bat. A series of mysterious incidents follow, and Harker gains no idea of the strange character of his host. One night three women appear in his room but are driven away by the Count in fury. Recognizing his danger he seeks to escape, but finds all avenues of escape closed. Harker discovers the Count wounded and believes him dead. Then the strange developments are told in a series of letters which throw new light on the Count's weird personality.

PART ONE—(Continued)
POOR dear, sweet lady! She confided to me that she has got her death warrant. She has not told Lucy, and made me that within a few months, at most, she must die for her heart is weakening. At any time, even now, a sudden shock would be almost sure to kill her. Ah, we were wise to keep from her the affair of the dreadful night of Lucy's sleep-walking.

A DREADFUL FALL.
DROPS OVER HAPPINESS.
 17 August.—No diary for two whole days. I have not had the heart to write. Some sort of shadowy pall seems to be coming over our happiness. No news from Jonathan, and Lucy seems to be growing weaker, whilst her mother's hours are numbering to a close. I do not understand Lucy's fading away as she is doing.

She eats well and sleeps well, and enjoys the fresh air; but all the same she loses in her cheeks are fading, and she gets weaker and more languid day by day; at night I hear her gasping as if for air. I keep the key of our door always fastened to my wrist at night, but she gets up and walks about the room, and sits at the open window.
 Last night I found her leaning out when I woke up, and when I tried to wake her I could not; she was in a faint. When I managed to restore her she was as weak as water, and cried silently between long, painful struggles for breath. When I asked her how she came to be at the window she shook her head and turned away. I trust her feeling ill may not be from that unlucky prick of the safety pin. I looked at her throat just now as she lay asleep, and the tiny wounds seem not to have healed. They are still open, and, if anything, larger than before, and the edges of them are faintly white. They are like white dots with red centers. Unless they heal within a day or two, I shall insist on the doctor seeing about them.

Letter, Samuel F. Billington & Son Solicitors, White, to Messrs. Carter, Paterson & Co., London, to Messrs. Billington & Son, Whitey.
 21 August.
 Dear Sirs:
 We beg to acknowledge £1 12s. 8d. amount of overplus, as shown in receipted account herewith. Goods are delivered in exact accordance with instructions, and keys left in parcel in main hall, as directed.
 We are, dear Sirs,
 Yours, respectfully,
 "Pro CARTER, PATERSON & CO."

Miss Murray's Journal.
 18 August.—I am happy today, and write sitting on the seat in the churchyard. Lucy is ever so much better. Last night she slept well all night, and did not disturb me once. The roses seem coming back already to her cheeks, though she is still sadly pale and wan-looking. If she were in any way anemic I could understand it, but she is not. She is in gay spirits and full of life and cheerfulness.

All the morbid reticence seems to have passed from her, and she has just reminded me, as if I needed any reminding, of that night, and that it was here, on this very seat, I found her asleep. As she told me she tapped playfully with the heel of her boot on the stone slab and said:
 "My poor little feet didn't make much noise then! I darsay poor old Mr. Swales would have told me that it was because I didn't want to wake up Georgia." As she was in such a communicative humor, I asked her if she had dreamed at all that night. Before she answered, that awful, puckered look came into her forehead, which Arthur—I call him Arthur from her habit—says he loves; and, indeed, I don't wonder that he does. Then she went on in a half-dreaming kind of way, as if trying to recall it to herself:
 (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)
 (Copyrighted)

Renovating Your Clothes

By Rita Stuyvesant.
HAVE you ever found after unpacking your heavy clothes from cedar chests and camphor bags, that there are a number of spots and stains which escaped unnoticed at the time of storing? This is generally quite discouraging to the woman who wants to appear well groomed. However, there are several remedies one can try if the clothes would again appear neat. Most of these are quite simple, too, so that they may be done at home, thereby saving the expense of dry cleaning.
 First, suits and dresses should be shaken out and placed on hangers. It is advisable to put them out in the fresh air for several hours to remove the odor of camphor. Do not hang them in the strong sunlight, as they are liable to fade. If spotted, it is well to clean them before airing.
 Grease spots seem to be the most frequent visitors on clothing. Often the spot will disappear by laying a white paper over it and pressing with a warm iron. In this way the grease is absorbed into the paper. If this fails, try lightly sponging the spot with a mixture of equal parts of ether, ammonia and alcohol. Be careful to keep it away from fire.
 How often do you brush against "paint" signs, only to come away branded. Common whitening is used with great success for paint and so is gasoline.
 When you have removed all possible stains and thoroughly aired the garment it should be pressed. This is best done by laying a very damp cheesecloth over it and pressing with a good, hot iron. Silks or satins must never be touched by a hot iron, but should be gently pressed with a warm iron. It is also unnecessary to dampen these fabrics.
 Next look to all hooks, eyes and buttons. Be sure to replace any that are missing and it will save any amount of trouble when the garment is to be worn. Be careful during pressing not to close the hooks and eyes, and if they are pressed flat, pry them open with the blunt edge of a knife.
 White leather belts or shoes may be cleaned with gasoline, but any stubborn spots should be rubbed with fine sand paper.
 Velvet is another thing that needs attention, as it collects the dust too readily. To renew its rich tones, brush it well and sponge with ether. This is splendid for coat collars.
 If one should be so unfortunate as to spill milk on the clothing, try a mixture of turpentine and essence of lemon, mixing one part turpentine to two of essence of lemon. Apply with a soft cloth and rub gently until the stains disappear.
 With these simple aids the business woman can appear fresh and neat in her last year's garments. The odor of tar and camphor should always be removed from clothes before they are worn, as this odor is extremely nauseating to some people.

All Star Recipes

The following recipes have been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, and are republished here by special arrangement with that publication, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine:

All measurements are level, standard half-pint measuring cups, tablespoons and teaspoons being used. Sixteen level tablespoonfuls equal a half-pint. Quantities are sufficient for six persons unless otherwise stated. Flour is sifted once before measuring.

Eggplant and Mushroom Entree.
 Take 1 eggplant, ½ pound mushrooms, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, ¼ teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, 3 cupfuls beef-stock, ¼ cupful cream and ¼ teaspoonful pepper. Cut the eggplant in one-inch-thick slices. Pare and cut each slice in quarters. Soak for one hour in salted water. Skin the mushrooms (use stems also). Cook the eggplant and mushrooms in the beef stock until they are soft. Then remove with a skimmer to a buttered casserole. Melt the butter, add the flour and cook until bubbling; to this add the beef stock, gradually making a smooth gravy. Season with the salt and pepper and pour into the casserole. Add the cream and bake in a slow oven for about fifteen minutes.

Marshmallow Bread Pudding.
 Four slices stale bread, buttered; 1 quart milk, 3 eggs, ½ cupful sugar, ¼ teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, 1 dozen marshmallows.
 Cut bread three-eighths of an inch thick if the loaf is large, one-half inch thick if it is a small loaf. Place buttered bread in a buttered baking dish, buttered side up; over it pour the eggs slightly beaten with the sugar, salt and vanilla, and then add the milk to a moderate depth, one hour. Halve the marshmallows and put them on top of the pudding. Return to the oven and bake until the marshmallows are delicately browned. Serve hot with hard sauce or cold with whipped cream. It is very good without any additional sauce.
Wheat Flour Pudding
 1 quart milk, ¼ cupful flour, 1 small egg, 2 teaspoonfuls salt.
 Heat the milk to a foaming boil. While it is heating break the egg into the milk and stir. Rub it into the flour thoroughly with the back of a silver fork. This will make a crumbly mass; sift it into the boiling milk and stir slowly, as you would cornmeal to make a porridge. Keep milk boiling all the time and for a moment after all the flour is in. Pour into dish and serve with thin cream poured over, or make slightly thinner and serve alone. Served with brown sugar and thin cream or top milk, it makes a good nursery dessert.