Diaries That Are History.

IN earliest times there was but one seat of learning in Japan—Kyoto, where the Mikado resided. The nobles composing his court loved to devote their time to poetry, which they held in highest honor, and to the writing of diaries. These diaries form the first historical works of the Japanese.

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

Magazine Page

Stewed Chestnuts.

TAKE one pound chestnuts and three medium-sized sour apples, remove the shells from the chestnuts, then blanch and remove the skins carefully. Put the kernels in a steamer with the applies sliced on top, and steam until the chestnuts are mealy—about one hour.—*From Good Housekeeping Magazine.*

The Fatal Ring

A SERIAL OF ROMANCE, LOVE AND ADVENTURE

Carslake Pitilessly Leaves Pearl Alone to Die, He Believes, in the Quicksands.

Carslake's Men Hurling Pearl Out to the Sucking Sands.

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

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 16.

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Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film

Pearl Standish .....PEARL WHITE
Richard Carslake .....Warner Oland
The High Priestess.....Ruby Hoffman
Tom Carleton .....Henry Gsell

HIS men swung her as far as they could and shot her into the midst of the sucking sands.

As she sped through the air and fell—forcing her head up and her feet downward—she felt that nothing on God's earth could save her. She knew of the quicksands, through long residence in the neighborhood. Once, she had seen a runaway horse drawn down to death in its peaceful, guileless depths. She had seen the horse's terror—his struggles—had heard his frenzied whinnying as he was drawn down inch by inch into the cold wet earth.

She was to be buried alive! Buried alive! The frightfulness of her fate caused the cold sweat to break out all over her.

She thought of Tom. Even he could not help her now. It was too late. He had failed her after all. But the fault was surely not his. He had begged her to give up the mad pursuit of the diamond. He had pleaded with her to draw rein on her frenzied craving for danger and excitement and adventure.

But she had held to her word.

And this was to be the end!

She was already in the earth up to her knees and steadily sinking. Glancing down, she wondered how many helpless fellow creatures had gone before her into this ghastly grave.

"Farewell, Miss Standish!" called Carslake, politely doffing his hat and bowing his head. "I think this time it is really farewell!"

She could make no answer. Helplessly she watched him turn with a smile and wave his men away. They went, without a backward glance—leaving her there to die in that awful place—alone!

The bushes closed after them. Far up in the cold moonlight a bird circled round and round above her.

Brave-hearted as she was, tears welled up in the girl's eyes and trickled slowly down her cheeks. She felt miserably small and lonely and afraid. To die is not difficult, if one can die swiftly enough. But to die slowly, inch by inch; to have death come gradually, giving centuries of time for reflection; that is not so simple.

Pearl wished that she had been more generous, more thoughtful, more kind, more considerate and more timid. She wished that she had been content to sit at home and knit. Certainly then she would not have to come to such an end as this.

She struggled wildly to move her feet, for they were already growing cold in the damp earth. It was useless. The more she resisted the more swiftly she was borne downward.

She bent every effort to freeing her hands and mouth, instead. By dint of great striving she succeeded in removing the bandage on her wrists first. It seemed to take an eternity to do it, and she was in the earth to her thighs when she finally succeeded—but she succeeded—and swiftly set about removing the gag.

This task should have been simpler, but the knot was a hard one, and her fingers trembled. She was in the earth to her waist, when the cloth eventually fell from her mouth and she was free to scream. But she tried four times before she was able to make a sound.

Her Hope Is in Tone.

In the end, she succeeded in shouting—and, useless as it was to shout, she found some comfort in it.

There is no truer saying in all the language than *"While there is life, there is hope."*

Though she had seen the horse drawn down to death while half the village looked on pityingly, unable to aid him—though she herself had heard the beast's devoted master say that it was impossible to save him or to rescue anyone from the quicksands—she still hoped.

She looked for Tom—with God's help—to perform miracles. And she screamed again and again to give him such assistance as she was free to render.

All this time Tom was not idle. He was leading in the search through the Standish grounds—giving directions to servants and guests—beating the bushes—examining the earth in the moonlight for footprints. So, presently, he found the spot near the wall where Pearl had been hauled over—and where one of Carslake's men still lay motionless, clutching a fragment of Pearl's Juliette gown.

The sight of that scrap of beaded gauze in the man's clinched fist filled Tom with agony.

"Where can she be? What can have happened to her?" he asked himself, miserably.

He bade a servant stand guard over the unconscious thug and searched the vicinity for some other trace of Pearl. It was immediately obvious to him that Carslake's men had climbed the wall, and, although there was no evidence to bear out his theory, he deduced the fact that they had taken Pearl with them by force—or that she had followed them.

Accordingly he climbed the wall, and those of the guests who were able, followed his example. The stouter gentlemen and the heavier ladies either remained behind or hurried toward the gates.

But, with no time to waste, Tom dashed madly for the woods.

Carslake's carefully planted footsteps deceived him completely. He rushed madly down the wrong path, going on and on and on until he came up squarely before a high wall with an iron door in it.

The wall was too tall to vault. The iron door was rusted on its hinges. The lock had not been opened for years.

Tom realized at a glance that he had been misled, and as he turned wildly to retrace his steps, faintly there came to his ears the sound of Pearl's voice calling.

But from which direction it came he could not be sure.

To Be Continued To-morrow.

Liberty Bonds and Christmas Giving

An Appeal to American Women.

By Mrs. W. G. McAdoo, daughter of President Wilson.

No better way of patriotic service for the women of the United States has been suggested than the combination of slogans

Do your Christmas shopping early by buying a Liberty Bond.

For the purchase of a Liberty Bond to serve as a Christmas gift means economy of the best type, since a Liberty Bond is not only an excellent investment, bearing 4 per cent interest on the best security in the world, the resources of the Government of the United States, but it is also a testimony of patriotic interest.

Liberty Bonds will pay for the food, shelter, and maintenance of our soldiers, sailors, and marines. The woman who can afford to give a Liberty Bond as a gift is doing service not only to the recipient but also to our country; and the woman who chooses a bond as her Christmas gift also gives service to help win the war.

DRACULA, OR THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER.

SYNOPSIS OF STORY

Jonathan Harker, a London solicitor's clerk, takes a long journey to Bukowina to see Count Dracula and arrange for the transfer of an English estate to the Count. In his diary, 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 lizard. A series of mysterious incidents follow, and Harker gains an 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 wierd personality.

(Copyrighted)

PART ONE—(Continued)

"All over! all over! He has deserted me. No hope for me now unless I do it for myself!" Then suddenly turning to me in a resolute way, he said: "Doctor, won't you be very good to me and let me have a little more sugar? I think it would be good for me."

"And the flies?" I said.

"Yes! The flies like it, too, and I like the flies; therefore, I like it." And there are people who know so little as to think that madmen do not argue. I procured him a double supply, and left him as happy a man as, I suppose, any in the world. I wish I could fathom his mind.

Midnight.—Another change in him. I had been to see Miss Westenra, whom I found much better, and had just returned, and was standing at our own gate looking at the sunset, when once more I heard him yelling. As his room is on this side of the house, I could hear it better than in the morning.

It was a shock to me to turn from the wonderful smoky beauty of a sunset over London, with its lurid lights and inky shadows and all the marvelous tints that come on foul clouds even as on foul water, and to realize all the grim sternness of my own cold stone building, with its wealth of breathing misery, and my own desolate heart to endure it all.

I reached him just as the sun was going down, and from his window saw the red disk sink. As it sank he became less and less frenzied; and just as it dipped he slid from the hands that held him, an inert mass, on the floor. It is wonderful, however, what intellectual recuperative power lunatics have, for within a few minutes he stood up quite calmly and looked around him.

THE SUN AND MOON ARE STRUCK UPON AS CLUES.

I signaled to the attendants not to hold him, for I was anxious to see what he would do. He went straight over to the window and brushed out the crumbs of sugar; then he took his fly-box and emptied it outside, and threw away the box; then he shut the window, and crossing over, sat down on his bed. All this surprised me, so I asked him: "Are you not going to keep flies any more?"

"No," said he; "I am sick of all that rubbish!" He certainly is a wonderfully interesting study. I wish I could get some glimpse of his mind or of the cause of his sudden passion. Stop; there may be a clue after all, if we can find why today his paroxysms came on at high noon and at sunset. Can it be that there is a malign influence of the sun at periods which affects certain natures—as at times the moon does others? We shall see.

Telegram, Seward, London, to Van Helsing, Amsterdam.

"4 *September.*—Patient still better today."

Telegram, Seward, London, to Van Helsing, Amsterdam.

"5 *September.*—Patient greatly improved. Good appetite; sleeps naturally; good spirits; color coming back."

Telegram, Seward, London, to Van Helsing, Amsterdam.

"6 *September.*—Terrible change for the worse. Come at once; do not lose an hour. I hold over telegram to Holmwood till have seen you."

CHAPTER X.

Letter, Dr. Seward to Hon. Arthur Holmwood.

"My dear Art—

"My news today is not so good. Lucy this morning has gone back a bit. There is, however, one good thing which has arisen from it; Mrs. Westenra was naturally anxious concerning Lucy, and has consulted me professionally about her. I took advantage of the opportunity, and told her that my old master, Van Helsing, the great specialist, was coming to stay with me, and that I would put her in his charge conjointly with myself; so now we can come and go without alarming her unduly, for a shock to her would mean sudden death, and this, in Lucy's weak condition, might be disastrous to her.

"We are hedged in with difficulties, all of us, my poor old fellow; but, please God, we shall come through them all right. If any need I shall write, so that, if you do not hear from me, take it for granted that I am simply waiting for news. In haste. Yours ever,

"JOHN SEWARD."

Dr. Seward's Diary.

7 September.—The first thing Van Helsing said to me when we met at Liverpool street was:

"Have you said anything to our young friend the lover of her?"

"No," I said. "I waited till I had seen you, as I said in my telegram. I wrote him a letter simply telling him that you were coming, as Miss Westenra was not so well, and that I should let him know if need be."

"Right, my friend," he said, "quite right! Better he not know as yet; perhaps he shall never know. I pray so; but if it be needed, then he shall know all. And, my good friend John, let me caution you. You deal with the madmen. All men are mad in some way or the other; and inasmuch as you deal discreetly with your madmen, so deal with God's madmen, too—the rest of the world. You tell not your madmen what you tell them not what you do nor why you do it; think. So you shall keep knowledge in its place, where it may rest—where it may gather its kind around it and breed. You and I shall keep as yet what we know here, and here." He touched me on the heart and on the forehead, and then touched himself the same way. "I have for myself thoughts at the present. Later I shall unfold to you."

"Why not now?" I asked. "It may do some good; we may arrive at some decision." He stopped and looked at me, and said.

"My friend John, when the corn is grown, even before it has ripened—while the milk of its mother-earth is in him, and the sunshine has not yet begun to paint him with his gold, the husbandman he pull the ear and rub him between his rough hands, and blow away the green chaff, and say to you: 'Look! he's good corn; he will make good crop when the time comes.'"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Like Parent, Like Child

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE

Little Ones Mimic Their Parents' Deeds, Instead of Being Governed by Their Words

A MOTHER talked to me the other day about the incorrigibility of her boy—an active, intelligent little chap of four years. As she talked she turned and corrected the child from time to time for some perfectly innocent piece of childish activity. She spoke in a high-pitched, irritable voice, and what she said was largely disregarded by the child. She told me that whipping was the only thing that made any impression on him.

He was a handsome and appealing little fellow. I asked his mother if he might come to see me occasionally—I would take the risk of his numerous misdemeanors. "Yes," she replied, "and you'll find that he will be a perfect little angel. It's only in his own home that he behaves like a demon."

A good boy except in his own home! And yet it has never occurred to this mother that the fault may be hers and not the child's.

I do not believe there are any incorrigible children, and there certainly are none of four years old. In most cases of difficult children it is the parents or guardians who need the reforming.

The life of a little child reflects, not the things which his mother tells him, but the things that she does herself—the atmosphere which she makes in his home. When we tell a child to be loving and generous to his little brother, and then snatch away from him something of our own, without explanation or gentleness, we cannot expect our words to have as much effect as our conduct. If he had been accustomed from birth only to gentle words from us, he would have only gentle words to give to others. Children's hearts register what we are more accurately than their brains register what we say. We cannot be one thing ourselves and expect our children to be something quite different.

A child whose mother can only govern him by whipping is a child whose mother has never learned to discipline herself.

We parents have so much to learn! We do so little, and we could do so much! We ourselves give our children their first lessons in this science of living—lessons that are in our lives, not on our tongues. It rests with our own conduct whether we shall teach them lessons in generosity, gentleness and all that makes life worth while, or lessons in selfishness, irritability and a life of friction.

On the Spur of the Moment

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

WHAT do you do when you haven't any time to plan in advance what you are going to do? When you have to decide quickly on a course of action do you conduct yourself in a way that fills you with pride and joy and wins respect, or do you react in a way that later makes you heartily ashamed of yourself?

How do you meet emergencies?

When it comes to the great big tests of life most of us conduct ourselves pretty well. It takes a real brute to shove women aside and climb out of a burning building over the bodies of other human beings who stood a chance to be saved if he had given them a hand up instead of a shove down.

In the great emergencies of life the deepest things in our natures come to the surface. So when the drab little man is a hero on a wrecked excursion boat, and a nervous, irritable woman rises to heights of calm generalship in a railway accident, there is nothing to be startled about; the vital, elemental "real" person is elbowing and shoving and pushing his way out from under the veneer with which commonplace livin has coated a soul.

But how about the minor emergencies of life—the little surprises?

There is Mrs. Jones. She has been spreading all sorts of malicious stories about you and her gossip has come back to you.

In your own mind you have gone over the thing carefully. You have decided that either she is a dangerous and malicious woman who must be firmly told that she will not be allowed to go on in her chosen course, or that she is a silly and idle soul who chatters too much and who must be taken good-naturedly and turned into a deliberate friend rather than a thoughtless enemy.

You have decided just exactly how you are going to talk to Mrs. Jones, whether to warn or coax her; your plan of campaign is all mapped out for conquest of the Jones menace. And then you meet her—and cut her dead. You didn't mean to. You know perfectly well that that will make her actively dislike you and do you more harm than ever. But, in the excitement of the moment, you lost your head.

There are dozens of cases where you might behave yourself with magnificent calmness and ease and superiority if you had time to prepare; but the "spur of the moment" goads you to acting too quickly, and you either charge the situation, like the bull in the china shop or go rushing around blindly like a decapitated chicken.

Haven't you ever noticed the jerky, awkward motions of a new movie recruit? He hasn't learned yet to proceed slowly—very slowly—before the camera, and he registers yanks and jerks when he walks across the screen.

You know the woman who dashes into a room and trips over all the rugs? When you were a youngster your mother always told you to take your time and not bump into everything about the place. Well, if you would just strive to attain for your mental action a little of the ease and placidity and rhythmical grace which has to be gotten into bodily motions to keep them from being hideously awkward, you would find that the "spur of the moment" didn't goad you into all sorts of reckless awkwardness and folly.

Somebody introduces you to Mr. Smith, the head of the X. Y. Z. Moving Picture Co. He is amiable and friendly. You like him, and you feel that he is a very important person for you to know. Next day you meet him and he doesn't recognize you at once, so on the spur of the moment, you look the other way and ignore him. Afterward you realize how silly that was and that now you will probably never dare claim acquaintance.

"When angry, count a hundred," is a maxim which all grandmothers used to quote to the younger generation. Let us modernize it a little bit. When taken unawares, count ten. Ten is enough for our hurried modern generation! When brought face to face with someone who has offended you a bit, instead of treating him to the cut direct, or an ungracious nod which amounts to the same thing, count ten. You will probably find yourself smiling over your own mathematical performance. The smile itself warms things up.

Don't sputter out things you never meant to say.

Don't ignore people to whom you would like to talk.

Don't freeze people whose warm regard you would like to have.

When little social emergencies arise don't act quite on the spur of the moment. Wait a second for the prick of the spur to wear off.

A few seconds of doing nothing would make most of us do something much better than the unconsidered, abrupt and awkward thing we are likely to do if we let the spur of the moment goad us.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Not Kind.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a poor working girl, and about four months ago I was engaged to a young man of moderate circumstances. I love this young man dearly and was sure my love was reciprocated until last week, when he informed me that he had set a date for the wedding. As I had planned entirely different, I asked him if he could not consider my date more convenient. On hearing this he became furious and shouted that I had nothing to say in this matter as I am poor and therefore nobody.

I must add that I have learned from him and also from his friends that before he met me he always contemplated getting a girl with money. WORRIED.

I DON'T like your fiance's high-handed proceedings. From your letter I gather that he is inclined to be tyrannical, has a bad temper and takes an attitude of complete superiority to you. None of that promises very well for happiness in married life unless you are a very clever and tactful woman and can either make him over or good-naturedly accept him as he is. Surely the bridegroom ought not to serenely decide on a date for his marriage and then calmly inform the bride of it in the expectation that she, being a mere woman, will have to accept his will. Really I cannot advise you because I am only imagining the sort of man your letter makes me picture and you were probably hurt and grieved when you wrote it. Try to analyze the situation. Do you love him in spite of his bad qualities? Does he really care for you although he lords it over you? Will you be happier living your life without him or accepting him as he is and trying to bear and forbear, so that both of you may find happiness?

Religious Toleration.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a marine and proud of it. In a few days I will have to go across the deep blue sea to fight for her whom I am leaving behind me. Can a man who is leaving and who is of a different belief ask her to wait for him? Do you think it is right for the man to give up his belief to embrace the Jewish belief for her? Suppose it is right; do you think that to see a rabbi while "over there" and turn will be a good plan? Tell me, won't you, for I am at sea. She loves me as much as I love her, but she has been brought up to believe and to suffer, and she can stand there while they laugh in her face and persecute her. A CONSTANT READER.

A FEW narrow-minded and ignorant people have religious prejudices, but we are growing toward greater and greater tolerance and are beginning to recognize the wonderful heritage of history that lies back of the Jewish race. Why not study the faith of your sweetheart and learn to know more about it? If it appeals to you, there is no reason why you should not embrace it. I, myself, believe that real religious feeling is not a matter of church or creed, but of personal convictions of the way you should live your life.