

SCENIC THEATRE COQUILLE Thursday, August 9th

THE ELLIOTT & SHERMAN FILM CORPORATION (H. A. SHERMAN, President) PRESENTS
The World's Greatest, Most Successful American Play
THE VERITABLE UNCLE TOM'S CABIN OF FILMDOM
—THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST—

SEE ONCE AGAIN THE FAMOUS "GRIFFITH MADE" SCREEN STARS
MAE MARSH—HENRY W. WALTHALL—LILLIAN GISH
IN D. W. GRIFFITH'S EVERLASTING SPECTACLE

COST
\$50,000

MATINEE

2:15

PRICES

25c Children
50c Adults

5,000
SCENES



PEOPLE
18,000

EVENING

8:15

PRICES

50c Balcony
75c Main Floor

3,000
HORSES

ACCOMPANIED BY COMPANY'S OWN MUSICAL DIRECTOR WITH A
SPECIALLY ADAPTED THREE HOUR SCORE

—3 SOLID HOURS—

THRILLS—LAUGHTER—TEARS—MUSIC

BRING YOUR CHILDREN TO THE MATINEE—IT IS THE
"MASTERCRAFT" OF "FILM PERFECTION"

MILLIONS HAVE SEEN IT—AND MILLIONS WILL SEE IT AGAIN AND AGAIN

RESERVED SEATS
WILL BE ON SALE AT Theatre Beginning August 4th

PRINCESS' THANKS

Sister of King Albert Expresses
Gratitude to Americans.

FOR AN OFFICERS' HOSPITAL.

This Institution, Made Possible by the
Generosity of Philadelphians, is Used
For These the King of the Belgians
Wishes to Favor Especially.

A big stars and stripes, which, according to letters from Cannes, has created considerable excitement among the inhabitants of that city, floats over the Villa Anastasia, the central building of the hospital and home for Belgian officers at Cannes, in southern France. This hospital, which is entirely supported by contributions from residents of Philadelphia, has been in



THE DUCHESS OF VENDOME.

operation since last June. It is under the direct supervision of the Duchess of Vendome.

This is said to be the only American flag flying on French soil south of Paris. The duchess' letter of thanks, which is in English, reads as follows:

Dear Mrs. Henry—Let me send you the best thanks for the generous way in which the Belgian relief committee is working for our cause. The Philadelphia Home for Belgian Officers at Villa Anastasia, Cannes, is a real success—it is impossible to find anything more perfect in comfort, organization, spirit. It is a dear building in a garden of roses, quite exposed to the warmest sun and sheltered from the wind

quite near my foundation for Belgian soldiers, where lives Commandant Barriat, a brave officer who made the campaign for a year and a half and, being cruelly wounded at the battle of the Yser, was decorated on the battlefield by my brother, King Albert, who named him commander of the two Belgian establishments of Cannes—Anastasia, your home for officers; St. Jean, my foundation for soldiers.

All the officers are very happy, and I assure you they have the deepest gratitude for their American benefactors who give them such a delicious home for their convalescence after all their sufferings and privations. It will never be known to what extent Belgians have suffered and suffer still.

King Albert wishes me to convey to you and to all your generous members of the Belgian relief committee of the emergency aid of Philadelphia his best thanks and his warmest gratitude.

Believe me always yours sincerely,
HENRIETTE,
Duchess of Vendome, Princess of Belgium.

A CLEANING HINT.

How to Scrub Your Stays So They
Will Look New.

The easiest way to clean a corset is this: If the lace or embroidery at the top is worn, rip it off; also rip off the hose supporters. If they are soiled, buy fresh elastic and insert it in the old buckles or else buy the necessary number of pairs of new supporters. Fill a basin with warm water in which a teaspoonful of borax or ammonia has been dissolved. Dip an old hand brush or clean, small scrubbing brush into the water, rub it with soap and scrub the corset on a small rubbing board or a marble slab. The corset should, of course, be unlaced, and half should be cleaned at a time.

Scrub thoroughly until all visible dirt is removed, then rinse, either by dipping quickly into a basin of fresh, clear water or by throwing water on it with a tumbler or dipper. But at all events rinse it thoroughly. Don't be afraid of getting it thoroughly wet. Dry it quickly in the sunshine, out of doors if possible.

Corsets cleaned in this way will be really clean. Of course they may be slightly stained from perspiration or even from steel rust, and no cleaning can remove these stains. But you can rest assured that they are really clean. When they are dry replace supporters and mend all broken places. To cover the breaks in the bone casings stitch lengths of stout tape over the bones. Two thicknesses of the tape can be used where the break occurs.

Cleaning Window Shades.

To clean light colored window shades and make them almost like new again take them carefully from the rollers and stretch at full length on the table, pinning them taut with thumb tacks. Then, with a pad of coarse white flannel dipped in finely sifted starch, treat the shades on both sides to a vigorous dry scrub. Change the pads as frequently as necessary. After a final

rubbing with the starch replace the shades on the rollers and put aside for twenty-four hours. Then give another good rubbing with a clean piece of flannel and your shades are ready to be hung.

Finger Arithmetic.

The earliest way of counting was by means of the fingers, and in the picture writing of the ancients the drawing of an open hand invariably signified the numeral V. Some nations, indeed, even went so far as to make their week consist of five days. A few tribes were not content to count solely by the fingers alone and added their toes as well. The Aztecs, for example, counted in multiples of twenty and had twenty days in their month. The Roman notation consisted of a ten fingered system, and the X used to signify ten is, after all, only two V's placed point to point or apex to apex, the V typifying five.

Constantinople.

As every one knows, Constantinople, like Rome, was built upon seven hills. Nature has given Constantinople a unique and curiously strong position: the city has been taken only twice in its history—once by the Turks and once by the Crusaders. It is so situated that it can be captured only as the result of simultaneous attacks made by land and sea. Look at your map and you will soon understand how it is that Constantinople occupies such a strong and enviable position. In the middle ages, when Paris and London were but rude villages, Constantinople was a great city—not only a great city, either, but a world city.

Twice Laid.

The restaurant customer had waited a long time for his order. Finally the waiter got within hearing distance, and the customer yelled:

"Hey, boy, what's the matter with them eggs I ordered?"

"Beg pardon, sir," answered the waiter; "they must be mislaid."—Detroit Saturday Night.

EVIL DEEDS.

Foolish men imagine that because judgment for an evil thing is delayed in this world there is no justice, but an accident alone, here below. Judgment for an evil thing is many times delayed some day or two, some century or two, but it is sure as life, it is sure as death.—Caryl.

MET THE PIRATES

The True Story of the First
Battle in Our War Against
Kaiserism.

The following account of the attack made by German submarines on the American fleet which was transporting our army to France, was told by one of the gunners of the fleet to a correspondent of the New York Times:

It was just past midnight. The flotilla was sweeping through a calm sea, miles from the point of debarkation, and tense nerves were beginning to relax.

The sky was cloudy and the moon obscured, but the phosphorescence of water, common in those latitudes at this season, marked the prow and wake of the advancing ships with lines of smoky flame. It was this, perhaps, that saved us from disaster—this and the keenness of American eyes and the straightness of American shooting.

From the high-fung superstructure of a big ship one of the eager look-outs (the watch had just been changed and the newcomers were on the qui vive for danger) noted an unwonted shining foam on the port bow. In a second he realized that here at last was the reality of peril. It could be nothing else than the periscope of a submarine.

The Germans were not less swift in action. Almost at the moment that the alarm was given a gleaming line of bubbles, scarce twenty feet from the bow of one of the transports, wherein thousands were sleeping unconscious, announced the torpedo with its fatal burden of explosive. Then, as my informant said:

"Hell broke loose. Our (the big ship's) helm was jammed over. Firing every gun available, we swung in a wide circle out of line to the left. A smaller ship slipped into our place and from what the lookout told me I think one of her shells must have landed almost right over the submarine. But they are impossible to hit when submerged and the periscope is no target anyway.

"They fired three, if not four torpedoes. It was God's mercy that they all went astray among so many of our ships. One passed just astern. As you see, our helm jamming was absolutely providential.

"Naturally the old—acted quite differently from what the Boches expected; otherwise they might have got us. It was simply extraordinary. We drove right at them (really, I suppose, the safest thing to do, as the bow gives the smallest mark to shoot at) and it seemed to have rattled Brother Boche considerably. After all, we draw enough water to smash a submarine at a level of the periscope awash, and no doubt he did not care to wait for us. Or perhaps a lucky shot disposed of him. We can't be certain either way. Anyhow, he disappeared, and we saw no more of him.

"The whole business lasted only about a minute and a half. I know, because one of those Easterners from somewhere in Maine (the speaker boasted California origin) coolly timed the mix-up, with a stop-watch. But, believe me, it added more than that to my life.

"While the thing was happening I had no time for anything but to attend to my job. Afterwards I found myself sweating and my breast heaving as if I had run five miles. The other boys told me the same thing, but we got a compliment on the rapidity with which the guns were served, so I guess it didn't interfere any with our action."

A second attack was made the next morning. Every one on the transports was excitedly talking of the thrilling events of the night, says the Times correspondent when—

Suddenly there came a wild yell from one of the leading transports. Though the "jackies" affect to dispute it, I was assured that it was a far-sighted youngster from Arizona (a "blessed new-joined rookie," as a comrade here who told me, termed him) who first descried and thus announced the deadly line of bubbles.

No periscope was visible this time, and for the first moments those on the bridges of the attendant destroyers were incredulous. Then an unmistakable bubble line, clear across the bows, put the certainty of danger beyond question.

Once again fortune favored us. The submarine was in front instead of in the deadliest position, on the flank toward the rear. Perhaps the U-boat commander was rattled by the magnitude of his opportunity. Perhaps one of his excited pirates let fly too soon. Anyway, it is agreed by experts that he would have been far more dangerous had he waited unseen until part at least of the flotilla had passed beyond him.

Dearly did the Germans pay for

their error. Like a striking rattlesnake one of our destroyers darted between a couple of the transports. Her nose was so deep in the sea as to be almost buried, while a great wave at the stern threw a shower of spray on soldiers massed at the transport's bow. One of them told me he thought the commander crazy.

"Why," said he, "he ran her right along the lines of bubbles like a hound following a trail." I said, "God help 'em! The next one will get 'em for sure!"

But that young naval officer knew what he was about. As he flashed at nearly forty miles an hour across the spot where the Commander judged the submarine was hidden, he gave orders, and this one certainly fulfilled expectations. A column of smoke and foam rose a hundred feet in the air, and in the waterpout that followed it the soldiers on the nearest transport (she had swung in a headlong curve to the left) distinguished clearly pieces of wood and steel, and some dark-blue fragments that a moment before had been living men.

Any uncertainty was impossible. Transport after transport passed through floating oil, streaked with slimy red and patched with wreckage. This submarine, at least had timed his hour too well. He had had met the American flotilla as he was ordered, but never would he report his achievement.

As in all tragedies, the note of comedy was not wanting. It was supplied by a negro stevedore on one of the largest transports. This darkey had been throughout the voyage especially apprehensive concerning submarines, and when the supreme moment came he, at least, was determined to miss no opportunity.

As the cry of alarm rang out a black figure made one huge leap to the mast and shinned up the rigging as if the devil was at his heels. When the excitement was over an officer called up: "Hullo, there, you come down. It's all over now."

But the occupant of the masthead knew better. Said he: "Me come down there? Man, I won't never come down. You can be drowned if you likes, but I stays here. I tell you sah, I'se going to save mah life, I is."

Americans should be glad, says the Times account, that her soldiers and sailors were not found wanting when they met for the first time this cruellest of war's alarms; and a French officer remarked when he heard the story of the voyage of the transports:

"If your boys can come through such experience without losing their heads, we can be sure there will be no panics in the American army. This war is terrible for new troops, and I know it, but I would sooner pass through a Verdun battle a second time than be waked from sleep by a submarine alarm on the Atlantic."

WALKING DRESS.

Paris Favors One Piece
Gowns More Than Suits.



SMART SILHOUETTE.

Durable navy serge is here finely plaited and double girdled in a modish frock handsomely set off with navy blue satin, white braid and a crisp vestee. This is the kind of gown you need for early spring wear.

Just Jam.

When putting boiling jam into glass jars dip a tea cloth in cold water, then fold it lengthwise and stand the jars on it. Next pour the jam into them and let them stand for a few minutes. This will prevent cracking.

WHEN WILL THE LAST BATTLE OF THE WAR COME

Wall Street Journal.

The best financial and business opinion on both sides of the Atlantic is that Germany cannot hold out another 12 months, irrespective of whatever may occur in Russia. There is a limit to human endurance, and this limit, it is figured, must first be reached in Germany. Russia gives no hope for Germany, whatever may be her weakness as an ally.

The confidence of the allies in their position at the present time is based upon their reserve powers. Germany can get little outside assistance. The Turk and the Austrian are now of little material help, and the real defense of Germany comes upon the Prussian organization and military man power. On the western front the allies have command of the land and the air, although they refuse up to date to make reprisals upon German cities for the Hun raids killing women and children in London. The English and French do not believe that the slaughter of women and children in towns where no military advantage can be had is any part of man warfare.

Joffre has declared that the end of the war must come with the slaughter of another million Prussians on the soil of France. The allies will be able to accomplish this in due season, because they now outnumber Germany in big gun power by five to one. Many weeks ago there was told in these articles that the war machines the allies had piled up on the western front were absolutely irresistible. It is only a question of time in moving guns and ammunition when the allies place their feet upon the Rhine should Germany elect to continue her hopeless struggle.

An American diplomat who went down the whole firing line from the English channel to Switzerland reports to his friends that when he saw vast quantities of shells and munitions piled over miles and miles of ground behind the trenches in France, he exclaimed to General Haig: "How can you ever want any more shells? You have munitions enough here for years." General Haig replied: "We will fire all that off in two days' battle. If you don't believe it, wait and see."

And the American diplomat waited and when the battle was set in array he saw those acres of stored shells, covering many miles, passed into the German lines with a tumultuous fury with which no defense could cope.

The serious loss is not Russia in her present chaotic state; the serious loss is the Roumanian oil fields. If these could be recovered the German U-boat war would soon be over. It may be noted that the submarine activity was not resumed until after the Roumanian oil fields had been captured and redrilled.

When the beautiful church bells at Hamburg have been taken down for war supplies, the stress of Germany in many lines may be imagined; but her greatest disaster is the loss of her man power. That power has already been cut in two by the war. She must see herself a receding factor in this respect as the United States next year steadily pushes men by the hundred thousand over the seas. Germany must know that her cause is then hopeless. Her only hope, therefore, is in the submarine warfare endangering the food supplies to England. This danger is now lessening. The forces against the submarine are steadily increasing and when it is clearly demonstrated that the submarine cannot accomplish its object, then there is nothing left for Germany except a defensive campaign for peace terms.

Baked Things.

Select fresh tomatoes, scald them and remove the skins. Butter a pudding dish and slice the tomatoes into it. Sprinkle some pepper and salt over them and a layer of grated cheese. Over that put some fine breadcrumbs and several small pieces of butter. Bake from twenty to twenty-five minutes in the oven, but do not overcook this dish.

Put a tablespoonful of breadcrumbs into the bottom of a bake dish, then add two tablespoonfuls of cream sauce and half of your boiled parsnips, add two tablespoonfuls more of cream sauce and a tablespoonful of brown sugar, then the balance of the parsnips and balance of the cream sauce over the top. Sprinkle a tablespoonful of brown sugar and a tablespoonful of breadcrumbs over all. Bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.

Window Cleaning.

Cleaning windows is a hard task at best, and it usually happens that as soon as the windows are cleaned a storm or rain undoes all the work. Next time you clean your windows moisten a cloth with denatured alcohol, go over the window quickly with this, and polish with a dry cloth. The glass will be brilliantly clear and will repay the cost of the alcohol by never being cloudy, as is often the case when windows are washed in the ordinary method.