

Fads And Fancies Of Fashion

One of the nicest things about this year's commencement gowns of net is their all-round usefulness after the great day of their first appearance has passed. The net frock is a daytime or an evening frock, serving two purposes equally well. Its daintiness is a charm inherent in the material. It is youthful and chic and moderately priced, and it arrives at distinction when the

The last chapter in the story of summer hats for motor wear is now before us and the pretty tale is told. There is nothing sensational in it, and nothing unusual; because motorcars are about as universally used as cook stoves, and dress for motor wear as varied as for the street. Any small, flexible, close-fitting hat of braid or fabric, or of both combined, is all right



COMMENCEMENT GOWN OF WHITE NET

designer brings successful invention in style, or details of finishing, to a happy ending, in its making.

Just an unexpected touch gives a pretty net frock the place of honor in a girl's summer wardrobe, and just such a touch puts the hallmark of refinement on the pretty frock pictured here.

The skirt is moderately full, gathered in at the waistline and finished with a deep hem. About one-fourth of its length from the bottom a band of fine lace is set in. The bodice is made much like a "baby" waist, but is cut low in the neck in front, where lace is set in and finished with small crochet balls. A fine lace collar completes it. Sleeves are a little more than elbow length and are gathered up so that they form a hanging puff about the forearm.

The girldle is of pink and blue taffeta and we have every reason to believe that it accepts the vogue for rosettes at the back instead of a bow or sash ends. But in this matter let each individual suit herself as well as in that of color. The gown, as photo-

for the car, and it may or may not have a veil. As a rule, it does have a small veil, either of chiffon or coarse-meshed silk net.

The logical hat for the car is snug-fitting and provided with a small brim, which shades the eyes and gives becoming lines about the face. A veil, just heavy enough to shield the eyes from dust is also a graceful as well as useful adjunct to the motor hat. The most successful hat for the car is a two-in-one affair that answers the purposes of the traveler by rail as well as those of the motorist, and looks well merely as a street hat.

The three hats pictured are of braid and fabrics combined, flexible without being floppy, and having enough support in the crowns to be shapely. They are designs of specialists in motor hats and each is provided with a small elastic band, and the back, let in at the base of the crown, that holds the hat close to the head.

Gray, tan, and blue in medium shades are favorite colors for motor wear. There is a fad for vivid yellows in crowns, combined with dark



LAST CHAPTER IN STORY OF MOTOR HATS

graphed, has a girldle in pink and blue taffeta encircling the waist at the natural waistline. Little crochet balls hang from the lace set in at the front and an adorably frivolous little pocket of net, just big enough for a handkerchief and perhaps a dancing card, is suspended from under the girldle by silk cords.

These frocks are worn over organdie slips and a little variety may be provided by means of colored slips in light blue or pink or yellow.

Tinted Leghorn Hats.
At many of the smart weddings the bridesmaids have worn leghorn hats tinted to match their frocks. There is one of a strong burnt orange wreathed in plump green gooseberries and faced with shell pink crepe. Odd as all this may sound the hat is really very lovely and would be most becoming to a dusky blonde.

Cleaning Bureau Drawers.
Bureau drawers should be cleaned at least once in three months with

warm suds and ammonia water, then, as a protection against moths, go over the inner surface with a paint brush dipped in turpentine. White paper makes the best lining. To remedy the drawer that sticks or refractory doors or windows, it is well to rub a bar of hard soap over the edge where trouble lies, then, if necessary, rub with sandpaper.

During a recent discussion in the Nebraska legislature one member attempted to throw another downstairs.

Julia B. B. B.

BROKE GERMAN LINE

Details of Important Allied Victory Before Ypres.

OLD SCORE IS WIPED OUT

Capture of Messines Ridges Peculiarly Gratifying, as It Was the Scene of Former British Defeat—Defenses Shattered.

With the British Armies in France, June 7.—In one of the most elaborately planned and daringly executed maneuvers of the war Sir Douglas Haig's forces have dealt a mighty blow against the German line in Belgium, and been rewarded with notable gains in terrain and the capture of more than 5,000 prisoners and numerous guns of various caliber. In addition they inflicted heavy casualties on the Germans.

The Germans, though apparently aware that the blow was coming and seemingly prepared to meet it, were driven from their nearly three years' hold on Messines ridge, opposite "poor old" Ypres. Ypres in a sense was avenged today, for Messines ridge has been the vantage point from which the Germans have poured torrents of shells into the stricken city. The British also wiped off an old score against the Germans, for they held the ridge in October, 1914, and with very thin forces, and virtually no artillery, fought bravely but vainly to hold it when the Prussian troops massed their modern and overpowering weapons of war against it.

Prisoners taken declared that the bombardment of Vimy ridge was child's play compared with the gunfire turned upon Messines ridge.

Triumph for Artillery.
This fire reached its climax just as dawn was graying the eastern skies and while the full moon was still suspended high in the heavens.

The attack was accompanied by all the arts and devices of latter-day war. The enemy guns and gun crews had been bathed for days in gas shells sent over by the long-range British guns.

The night was filled with red incendiary flames. Shells that splurged lead in streams crashed in appalling numbers about the heads of the defending soldiers. High explosive and shrapnel fire was carried out with such rapidity that the earth writhed under the force of the attack.

Mines that had taken two years to dig and fill with an overwhelming explosive broke into an avalanche of flaming destruction in the half light of dawn. This was indeed an Ypres day of retaliation and victory for the vicious sufferings of two years and eight months.

Gunsners Strip to Waist.
It was a day of intense heat, and the gunsners worked stripped to the waist. The attack went forward with clock-like regularity.

The British casualties were slight. Three out of four of the casualties were reported to be walking cases, who would return to duty in a few days.

The attack began at dawn, and the setting was as picturesque as can well be imagined. The day before had been hot and sultry. Toward evening there was a series of thunder storms which extended well into the night, the lightning mingling with the flashes of the guns, but the thunder being virtually unnoticed amid the din of the cannon. A full moon struggled continuously to break through the heavy clouds which scudded across the velvety night sky.

Sing on Way to Fight.
On the way to the front were all the familiar pictures of the war—endless trains of motor trucks; all varieties of horse transport; the British soldiers marching to battle light of heart and singing songs familiar in every American community.

In the shadow of an old windmill which has withstood the storms of a century and been undaunted by nearly three years of war, the correspondent witnessed the last phases of the seven-day preliminary bombardment and the final outburst of the guns which sent the British infantry confidently on their way to new successes in fighting the greatest military nation the world has ever known.

From the German line the same lacy, looping rocket signals were ascending to illuminate the treacherous bit of ground between the trenches known as No Man's Land. This night "strafing" had been going on so long that the enemy considered it entirely normal and took no alarm. Occasionally blue and yellow rockets would be flung into the air by Germans holding the front line.

One by one the guns became silent. There was the old "grandmother" howitzer of enormous caliber, which kept breaking the peace at five-minute intervals, the shock of each succeeding explosion and the shriek of the heavy shells being emphasized by the silence which lay over all the surrounding country.

Like Volcanoes in Eruption.
Day was scarcely breaking when from the dimly visible ridge a score of fiery volcanoes seemed suddenly to spring from the earth. The night had been filled with strange noises and still stranger sights, but these masses of flame leaping from the ground, had a meaning all their own. They were the spectacular outbursts and visible evidences of more than a million pounds of high explosives which had been buried deep in mines below the enemy's positions for months. All the world appeared lurid and

horrible under the sinister glow. The earth shook as if torn by a great seismic disturbance. It was not a single shock. The force of the explosion actually set the earth rocking to and fro, and under the influence of the giant guns, which immediately began to roar from far and near, the trembling continued indefinitely. It was 3:10 o'clock when this final terrific bombardment began.

It has seemed that the battle of the Somme attained the ultimate in the close assembly of war weapons, but this sudden outpouring on Messines ridge was beyond all calculation. The lighter field guns far forward set up a perfect curtain fire, under which the assaulting troops trudged confidently to their allotted goals. Further back the deep-throated heavies began to pour out torrents of high explosive shells on the German trenches and communications, while still other guns—enough to win any ordinary battle—confined themselves solely to the task of deluging German guns and gunners in baths of gas fired in shells of every conceivable caliber.

The effect of this counter battery work was not appreciated until later in the day, when the infantry sent back word that their progress had not been hampered by the enemy artillery and that their casualties amounted to virtually nothing.

Enemy Signals for Help.
Great black observation balloons had stolen skyward during the din of the newly begun battle. In the wood back of the windmill spring birds, awakened by the deafening clamor, had begun to sing joyously. Like so many children who have come into the consciousness of being in the midst of the war, these birds regarded the appalling noise of the battle as a normal condition of life.

The smoke of the giant mines exploded along the battle front meantime rose in great, curling plumes toward the sky and was punctuated by red signals for help from the stricken Germans in the front and support lines. Never was the air filled with more frantic notices of danger. The entire horizon glowed with red balls of fire sent up by the nervous Germans.

More and more British airplanes began to make their appearance. One flew over the lines, the flashes of the guns being reflected brilliantly on its highly glazed wings.

Under this appalling fire trudged forward on the ten-mile front General Plumer's army. At many places the men found German troops utterly dazed by the mine explosion and the ordeal of the artillery fire.

First Taste of New Warfare.
Many of these troops had but recently come from Russia, where they had spent 18 months and knew nothing of what actual warfare was like on the western front. They had hotted at the first mine explosion and had only been gathered together in groups by their noncommissioned officers when the British appeared out of the smoke and shells and made them prisoner.

They said they had been given to understand by their officers that the British always killed their prisoners. It was really pitiful in some instances to see the manner in which these prisoners cringed to their captors.

As a matter of fact, the British soldier, when the fighting is done, is inclined almost too strongly to treat the German prisoners as pals. Some of the prisoners taken today had only gone into the German lines last night and had made their way forward under a galling fire and had lost heavily. But the troops already in the line were cutting for relief in such a manner that their appeals could not be denied.

Failed to Time Attack.
In view of the fact that the attack had been expected the German commanders were endeavoring to get their best units actually into the fighting front, but had underestimated when the British would strike. The troops in a strange line were utterly bewildered when the attack began and fell easy prey to the advancing British.

The Irish, New Zealanders and Australians, who had been rehearsed in every detail of "the show," knew just what to do from the moment the word to advance was given.

The battle was far more visible during the first uncertain moments than later when the sun gradually burned its way through the eastern banks of clouds. By that time the smoke of exploding shells and the vapors from the blinding barrage, which had been part of the artillery duty, obscured the more distant landscape to such an extent that the roaring guns could not be seen at all, although the firing was almost at one's feet. The brilliantly leaping shrapnel shells, breaking far above ground, appeared through a thick mist only as brief and brilliant electric sparks.

British Planes Rule Air.

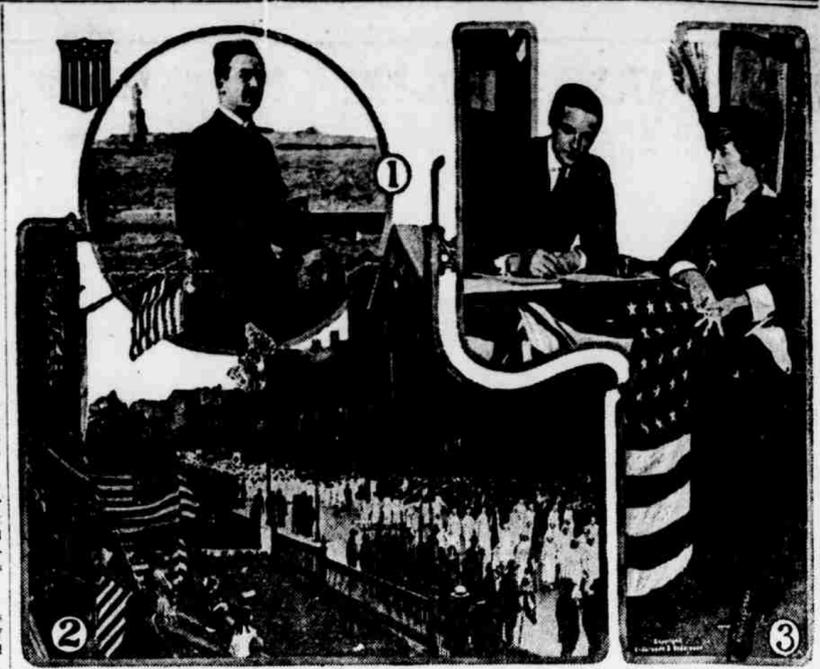
For a month past, but especially since June 1, the airplanes on this front have been indefatigably at work during every possible flying hour. They had brought down nearly 50 machines in six days as a means of blinding the enemy. Lately the Germans have endeavored valiantly to obtain airplane observations for their artillery, but their observing machines have seldom been able to direct more than one or two shots before the British fighting scouts had pounced upon them and either sent them crashing to the earth or had driven them to cover at breakneck speed.

Today the British planes flew far and long over the enemy's retreating lines and were only challenged by some very bad-shooting anti-aircraft batteries. All through the day British planes ruled the air. They co-operated actively with the British artillery and infantry in maintaining the success of this brilliant episode in modern warfare.

HAVE CAPTURED FIVE TOWNS

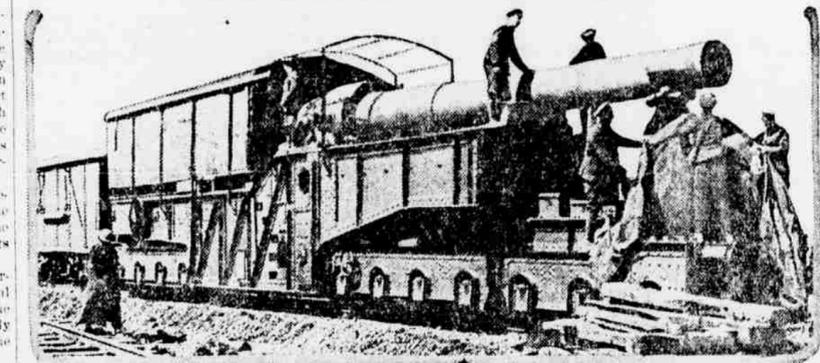
British Make Gains of Tremendous Importance in Their Two Victorious Drives in Belgium.

London, June 7.—The British really made two victorious drives. Beginning their attack on a nine-mile front between Messines and Wytschaete, at an early hour, they captured all their first objectives, taking a large number of prisoners, and then continued to press the advantage thus gained.



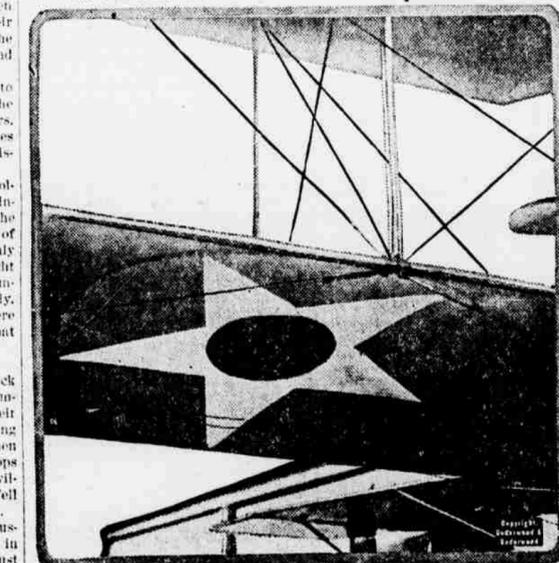
1—Theophile Mathieu, one of the most famous of French army aviators, who has come to this country to teach Americans to fly. 2—Women members of the American Red Cross parading the streets of Brooklyn, N. Y. 3—Pups chasing a Liberty Loan bond in a booth in a big department store.

BRITISH BIG GUN ON RAILWAY TRUCK



This picture, made on the western front, shows one of the big guns used by the British mounted on a railway truck. It is about to be covered preparatory to being moved to another place.

INSIGNIA OF U. S. FLYING SQUADRONS



American airplanes over the European battlefield will be distinguished by a white star with a red center on a circular field of blue. Airplanes will bear the star on the wings of the machine, while it will be on the top and bottom of the gas bag of each dirigible.

BEST FRIENDS OF BLINDED SOLDIERS



Sir Arthur and Lady Pearson, greatest friends and workers for the relief of the blind. Sir Arthur, although blind himself, has been the chief worker for the relief of the blind in Great Britain.

MUCH IN LITTLE

Bracelets were worn by women in Egypt at the time of the Pharaohs. An Argentine chamber of commerce is to be established in Madrid. If apples are corded before paring, they will keep their shape better. There are now registered in California more than 200,000 motorcars, or one for every 15 people. Shifts caused by the war have absorbed England to develop its top and phonograph needle industries.

An automobile with five persons takes more gasoline than when one person is riding, but the increase is very small. Venezuela has a tree the stem of which contains a milky fluid which flows out when a notch is cut. It is known locally as the cow tree or milk tree. The word Brigandine is used in Jeremiah 14:4 to signify a coat of mail. Milton says: "Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet and brigandine of brass."

TAFT GREET'S SOLDIER SON



William Howard Taft and his son, Charles P. Taft, who is training at Fort Myer for an officer's commission.

Airplanes and Ash Trees.

A timber expert states that the demand for ash has gone up so enormously since we went in for airplane construction on the present big scale that prices are fully three times what they were in pre-war days, says London Tit-Bits. Nothing but the very best English ash serves the purpose. "The finest in the world," is his verdict. Experiments with other wood, notably American spruce, have yielded most disappointing results, and it is a curious fact, due to climatic causes, that Irish ash is unsatisfactory too. But an ash tree cannot be grown in a day. The timber is utterly worthless for airplane purposes unless it is at least sixty years old. It is all the better if it is double that age, when some of the trunks can show a clear straight run of 80 feet or more.

No Volunteer Swatting Now.

The early fly buzzed across the room, and met another early fly, volplaning through his orbit. They encircled each other, passing the compliments of the season. Said one: "Have you heard the terrible news? The swatting brigade is mobilizing earlier than ever this year!" "Forget it!" hummed the other. "It's the same old stuff. They'll call for volunteers, and by the time they are ready for service the summer will be over and you and I will have raised our families and died of old age!" "Oh, but it's different this month. There's going to be immediate selective conscription of swatters!" With a low moan the first fly fell in a dead faint to the ceiling.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

No Danger.

"Ma, I can tell you all about the calories in our food—" "No, you can't, Mary Jane. There ain't none. The man I deal with keeps everything in his store covered up."

Scherner.

"Aren't you wearing your trousers too short, sonny?" "No, dad, I am wearing them too long. I just came to ask you to buy me a new pair."—Browning's Magazine.