

**CHIC BLOUSE OF VELVET PRINT;
ADDS FEATHER TO WINTER HAT**

IT MAY seem a bit extravagant to caterfamilias or friend husband when the morning mail brings a bill for one exotic printed velvet blouse together with the "little item" of one two-piece black, brown, navy, wine or dark green (as the case may be) velvet frock. As a matter of fact it is a piece of clever economy on the part of the woman who foresees that the skirt of the plain velvet two-piece will serve admirably with both its own blouse and one of printed velvet—two frocks for a little more than the cost of one. With this wise investment one may be assured of being elegantly gowned for every dressy day—

the accompanying hat is velvet, too. And now it is the hat with a feather which Paris acclaims. Such "tricky" little feathers, too! They are the sort which are pert and stylish rather than picturesque. Clusters of tiny quills, for instance, darting out saucily over the left ear, or an inset of feather pads perhaps, so inter-worked as to seem a very part of the hat itself, or a gorgeous feather flower with its counterpart posing on the lapel of one's coat.

There's no doubt about it these clever feather novelties are helping out wonderfully in acquiring becomingness for the headfitting hats which



A DISTINCTIVE BLOUSE

time occasion which the midwinter social season may bring. There's no fabric which "turns the trick" of dressing well, so closely as does velvet. When the handsome printed velvet blouse made its appearance it was a case of "love at first sight" with the woman of fashion. It fills a real need for it lends just that touch of festive dress which is so essential in every up-to-date wardrobe. Just one blaze of entrancing color are these new velvet prints—and one cannot have too much of gay color in winter time. Among the fascinations in the line of exquisite coloring, shaded velvets are receiving special attention. A typical new-mode costume includes, say, a skirt of chestnut brown velvet, the same shirred, draped, tiered or scalloped, to give it

era, now so in fashion. It gives a skullcap or a toque a more flattering silhouette when its lines of severity are forgotten because of a perky feather or two. The all-feather turban is the latest enthusiasm to declare itself among women of fashion who delight in emphasizing "last word" mode. They are really very fetching, these feather toques in either pastel shades or vivid hues, with the luxuriously furred winter coats, and their vogue is on the increase. The two little wings which are posed so effectively on the brimmed hat at the top of the picture demonstrate the novelty touch which is so indicative of the featherward trend. Just below to the left is a velvet type in brown and beige, the soft blot



SOME MIDWINTER HATS

a maximum of charm. The velvet blouse with this begins a very dark brown at the neckline, shading lighter and lighter toward the top, where at the neckline it resolves itself into a lovely ecru or cream color. Can an agnition picture a more likable velvet dress? Whether the basic color be gray, violet, navy, wine or any of the fashionable hues, the same artful shading takes place. With the skirt of black velvet, a blouse of multi-colored velvet print is most effective. The most exotic vivid colorings done in bold startling patterns vie with those of softly blended pastel shades. A blouse of printed orchid tissue velvet tops the smartly draped velvet skirt in the picture—

feathers (a type of plume which is much in evidence) reflecting the same shades as they droop with infinite grace over the one side. An exponent of the very newest in feather-adorned hats is centered in the group. Note how the tops of these pads are slipped under scallops cut in the felt shape. Above to the right the little velvet model introduces an inset feather breast in iridescent colors. A navy quill is jauntily lodged at one side of the velvet and metal cloth hat shown in the lower left corner. A soft feather pad is placed at each side of the helmet shape which concludes the group. JULIA BOTTOMLEY. (©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

Alabaster Lamps



By Margaret Turnbull

CHAPTER XV—Continued

"Let me smoke this in peace and make up my mind, before we go back." They sat, saying nothing, Ned's thoughts busy with his own future. The woman beside him was facing the long years to come, honestly, for the first time. She knew that her position was untenable. She knew also that Claude Dabbs asked only the privilege of watching over and caring for Mary, for Ned and for herself. He would ask nothing of her, grateful if she would stay near them for Mary's sake, grateful that the children loved him.

Polly's mind leaped to its fine conclusion. Here was her opportunity. It might even be that in Claude she would find the friend and companion she had missed and longed for, since Mary had gone her own way. Did not Claude face middle age, too, but with philosophy, and brushing aside its disillusion, neither grudging youth its due nor shrank from life. Claude was alive, very much so, but of life he expected little; of himself, much. Polly wondered if she would ever grasp life as serenely and as firmly as he did, taking what it gave, grudging nothing that it withheld. Polly threw away her cigarette. "Ready to go back, Ned?"

In the library at Claude's home, Claude and Mary were turning over plans for the new factory and the proposed public library and recreation room. "Mother and Ned take a long time on that drive," Mary observed, finally. "Oh, Dad! do you think anything's happened?"

"Not a bit of it," Claude told her tranquilly. "They've just gone a bit further than they intended. Why, daughter, what's wrong?" Mary had clutched his arm.

"Nothing, only I get so worried nowadays. I never used to. But Ned's a little reckless, don't you think?"

"No," Claude rose to Ned's defense sturdily. "Ned's a splendid driver." Then he laughed. "Is it Ned, or your mother, who's so precious that you think the Almighty may be jealous?"

"Oh hush, Father, don't say it," Mary implored, and then laughed at herself, helplessly. "See how primitive I'm growing, like the heathen who give ugly names to their best-beloved to shield them from the wrath of the gods."

"It's queer," Claude began, more to himself than his daughter, "but the old folk were so often right. My mother used to say that love made women savage and men gentle. I wonder."

"There they are!" Mary ran to the doorway leading to the garden. She stopped astonished. "Father, something must have happened. Mother's getting out."

Claude looked over her shoulder. "Let me pass, Mary. If Polly's coming into my store, I must be there to wait on her."

Mary watched him go, but stood waiting. She felt a little sad and alone. Ned came into the room from the hall behind her.

"Ned," Mary said as she turned, "has anything happened?"

"Something nice. Mother's coming in."

"Mother?" Mary echoed, her lips parted to ask a question.

"And before she gets here," Ned told her hurriedly, coming very close. "I want to give you your freedom. I think what you wanted is coming about. Mother's going to be reasonable and settle down for awhile here, and you're free to do as you like about—about that engagement of yours, Mary."

He paused, and as she remained silent, continued, slowly: "I can't go on this way. I want you to know that, and to know that I'll keep on working with Claude, no matter what happens. You see, I simply can't stick this, Mary. I'm just an ordinary able-bodied man, who wants to be married soon, and expects to be loved, not just tolerated and dodged and held off. The woman I marry will simply have to want me as much, and as near, as I want her."

Mary looked at him, her eyes on that mouth that was so like Loren Rangleley's now, so hard, so straight, so determined. She had certainly not meant to do it, but there seemed to be just one shameless thing to do. At the touch of her hand on his arm, Ned turned to her, and Mary pulled his head down and kissed him, knowing that after that she would never escape from any engagement he made. Ned held her tightly, his eager lips against her own, then hot against her pulsing throat.

Claude and Polly could be heard in the hall, coming toward them. Ned put Mary on her feet, but she clung to

him will, dear and speechless. He put his arm about her. "Oh, Mary," he whispered. "How could you torture me so long?" "I don't know. But I'll wait it up to you, Ned. I'll marry you—"

"Tonight," Ned told her. Polly Johnston, a little pale from the effort, came toward the library door. Her eyes changed as she saw Claude's own room, and read from it deeper into Claude's self. She blamed Mary that she had not been told this side of the man, forgetting how she had refused to listen. She was surprised now that Mary did not move toward her.

"Mary," she began, "I'm going to be good and stay—"

"Mary!" Claude had seen his girl's face and moved toward her.

"Mother—Father!" Ned's voice stopped them both. "Mary and I ride to town tonight—to be married. We think that will make it easier all round. You see, Mother's friends would embarrass Father's. And as for my respected parent—well, it would be awkward all round. You can have any sort of a big time you like, when we come back, but now we want no fuss, and nobody but each other."

"Sensible idea," Claude admitted, to give Polly time. "Got the license?"

Ned nodded. "Got it this morning." He smiled down into the blue eyes set in the white face against his shoulder. "Mary, you tell them it's all right."

"Yes, Father—Mother, you'll understand and let me go with Ned?"

Polly Johnston stepped forward and folded her darling in her arms. "Of



"Oh, Mary," He Whispered, "How Could You Torture Me So Long?"

course, dear," she murmured. "Four bags in Ned's car. I packed it, at the house, while Ned waited."

Mary's eyes were as wide as Claude's.

"You must have been very sure," and Mary looked at Ned, and blushed.

"I wasn't sure," Ned told her, humbly enough.

"I was," Polly Johnston said, and kissed her daughter, released her and stood back watching her run to her father to be held close in his arms.

"That's to be my lot now," she told herself, "to stand back and watch." But evidently it was not to be so yet, for two strong young arms were about her and Ned's voice whispered in her ear: "You beautiful old darling, I'll never forget this!"

They were going, and at the last Polly had her reward, for as her girl went down the steps, radiant, she suddenly turned and left her lover to run to her mother.

"Oh, Mother! I can't bear you to stay alone in that big empty White house. Promise me to telephone to—"

"Don't worry, darling. Aunt Lyddy's putting me up here, tonight."

"Mother, behind the grocery store!" Mary gave them both such a rapturous look of pure content that Claude, meeting Polly's smile, laughed aloud and warned Ned to drive off or he would have to take along with him both father and mother.

They were gone. Polly followed Claude into the dim and shadowy library. As his hand groped for the matches, she caught and held it. Through the dusk Claude could see her eyes, gleaming with mischief, as she went back twenty years and asked for the shibboleth:

"Walt, Claude. This house of yours—is it lit by 'alabaster lamps'?"

Claude turned on her swiftly. In twenty years he had learned his lesson.

"No, but it will be—if you stay." [THE END.]

London Mansion Long Abode of Noted Men

London's most famous gathering place for men is Albany house, where Gladstone, Disraeli, Henry Irving, Byron, Canning and other notable figures have lived. Albany was purchased from the spendthrift duke of York during the reign of George III by Alexander Copland, a London builder, who had conceived the idea of turning the duke's Piccadilly mansion into an apartment building of 62 suites. The freeholders of the building, all of whom have always been men, number 50. Under the rules the suites are occupied almost entirely by bachelors or widowers and none may carry on a business or profession within its walls. It is operated by men of social and political prestige along business lines without idea of profit, and the trustees have turned down offers of millions for the site.—New York Times.

Thought for Today

Better to be laughed at than never to be noticed.

ALEUTIAN VOLCANOES



One of Bogoslof Islands' Protean Forms.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

THE recent great earthquake in the ocean west of Alaska centers attention on America's garden of fireworks, the Aleutian Islands, probably the most extensive and most active volcanic region on the face of the earth. Much is unknown about volcanism and its causes, but it is known at least that volcanic activity and earth tremors are often closely connected.

The vast volcanic region of the Aleutians has its eastern or continental end marked by Stur, a mountain near the head of Cook Inlet, Alaska, a vent whose active character was determined only within the last few months. From there the chain of volcanoes sweeps in a tremendous arc for 1,400 miles, past the 180th meridian west of Greenwich, and within five or six hundred miles of Asia.

A short distance southwestward of the eastern end of the volcanic chain, on the shores of Cook Inlet, rise Mounts Redoubt and Iliamna, conspicuous landmarks for ships that steam up the inlet. They are almost perfect cones, and with their snow-covered caps serve very well as American versions of the famous Fujiyama of Japan. So far these perfectly formed volcanoes have had no violent eruptions, but there is no telling when they may break out, for these Alaskan cones have a disconcerting way of "blowing their heads off" with little warning. Katmai, 200 miles to the south, which is one of the chain that had long been dormant, exploded suddenly in 1912, constituting one of the dozen greatest eruptions of historic times. A scientific expedition sent to the crater by the National Geographic society found that two cubic miles of material had been blown from this previously passive mountain. It was while making a study of Katmai that the society's expedition found that unique natural phenomenon, "The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes." Augustine mountain, in Cook Inlet, less than 100 miles from Redoubt, and long noted for its perfect cone, blew its top off suddenly in 1883, leaving only a jagged stump. The whole Alaskan volcanic chain is a unit of volcanic action, and it is always problematical where the next outburst will occur.

"Jack in the Box"

One of the most remarkable bits of volcanic phenomena within historic times is to be seen at Bogoslof Island, which lies within 150 miles of the Aleutians' chief port, Dutch Harbor. "Jack in the Box" is the nickname of the strange volcanic islet, which is up one day and down the next. It is not safe to give the dimensions of Bogoslof Island.

Bogoslof takes its name from a Russian admiral who discovered it in 1790. At that time it was but one island, now called Castle Island. In 1856 Bogoslof's "Jack in the Box" activities began to be known. A new companion to Castle Island appeared which was called Fire Island. At first the two were connected but when American navy officers visited the place in 1890 the land "hyphen" had sunk. Observations at that time showed that Bogoslof was really a deep sea volcano. Less than four miles away the ocean is 6,000 feet deep.

In 1905 a new peak appeared between the two older promontories and was duly named Perry peak. Then a still newer and larger peak absorbed it. But a year later, in 1907, this latest peak disappeared, leaving in its place a fine little harbor. A few months later Bogoslof exploded, threw ashes on communities sixty or more miles away, and left only a smoking shell above water.

But in spite of the volcanic character of the Aleutians, they supported rather a heavy population a few centuries ago and some of them are now sparsely peopled. A century and three-quarters ago they served as a path for Russian adventurers who had made their way across Siberia to the Pacific and were in search of new fur worlds to conquer. When survivors returned to Kamchatka from Bering's voyage which discovered Alaska, a horde of them hastily threw little boats together and swooped down on the Aleutians, exploiting, enslaving and killing the natives in a mad search for furs. With these white men came the diseases of civilization, and before many decades the 30,000 natives who, in 1745, lived contentedly in the Aleutians, had been reduced to few more than a thousand miserable creatures continually harassed by their masters.

When in the early Nineteenth century Russia established a sort of colonial government in the islands and on the Alaskan mainland, and introduced Christian missionaries, the natives fared somewhat better; but the Aleutian islands have never recovered from the early days of exploitation and most of them are now uninhabited.

It was because they were opened up from the east that the islands are known as the Aleutians. The name is derived from that of a Kamchatkan cape.

Climate is Chilly and Foggy.

Although the Aleutians are as far north as central Canada, their climate is not severely cold. Rather they may be said to be always chilly, damp, and foggy. The Aleutians have been spoken of as the future air road between Asia and America. Fog is anything but an asset to the flyer; but the Aleutian fog has the good point, at least, of being less dense than the fog of more southern lands.

The islands are for the most part very rough. They are treeless, save for a few scrubby willows along water courses. Dense growths of grass and moss cover the hills and mountains and the small patches of low-land. The islands can be rather closely compared to the islands off the coast of northern Scotland, and to Iceland; and, like those regions, could produce hay and support cattle. The few Aleuts who live on some of the isles now, however, maintain themselves entirely by fishing, hunting and trapping. Sea otters, the fur from which is very valuable, frequented the islands in great numbers when they were discovered, but greedy methods of fur collection have almost exterminated these animals. On some of the islands blue fox farms are maintained.

Dutch Harbor, Unalaska, is the chief community on the islands. This deep, land-locked harbor is one of the finest in the North and has played an important part as a way station for ships during the gold rush to the Yukon and to Nome. It is connected with the rest of the world by a radio station. Dutch Harbor is on the shortest route from Seattle to Tokyo, and with the establishment of coal stations may conceivably become such a Pacific way station for the northern route as Honolulu is for the southern.

Atka, one of the stopping places of the United States army flyers on their round-the-world flight in 1924, is approximately the half-way house of the Aleutian chain and on it is the last settlement but one west of the mainland. Nazan bay, which gives an excellent harbor to Atka, is often clear of fog when it hangs heavily outside. There is a government school in the little village on the inner harbor but no post office, and the only connection with Dutch Harbor is through occasional small trading schooners.

Attu the Western Outpost.

After Atka is passed the islands for 500 miles westward are uninhabited. Then comes Attu, the last of the Aleutians, the westernmost bit of land at all connected with the American continent over which the Stars and Stripes wave. The little outpost of America is beyond the 180th degree of longitude and so is technically in the Eastern hemisphere. The International date line has been bulged out around it, however, so that all the Aleutians are included in the same time system.

Attu is much farther west than Iliamna; it is, in fact, in the same longitude as New Zealand. And in the summer the sun is just setting from Attu when it is rising in Maine. It is 2,700 miles from Attu to the coast of Washington state, the nearest point in the United States proper. It is almost exactly the same distance from the coast of Washington to Eastport, Maine.

To scientists one of the significant features in connection with the existence of the extensive volcanic region in Alaska and the Aleutians is the fact that it is situated where it is relatively easily accessible for study. And there is much room for the study of volcanoes. Although volcanism was probably one of the first of nature's spectacular phenomena to thrill man it presents one of the few obvious problems about which science has no satisfactory hypothesis.

Intensive study of portions of the region are to be begun in the spring of 1928 by an expedition of the National Geographic society under the leadership of Dr. Thomas A. Jaggar, who for years has studied the great Kilauea volcano in Hawaii from a laboratory on its brink.