

Holdenhurst Hall



WALTER BLOOMFIELD

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CHAPTER XXVI

As I progressed along the lonely road, I mechanically dissected and critiqued my past conduct, resolving with all the strength of will I could exert to be henceforth more sceptical in all things, more deliberate in action, and more secretive. The voluntary and generous declarations of Constance Marsh absolved me, I thought, from my former cherished resolve not to marry unless my resources were at least as great as those of my wife; and I would therefore at once return to America, claim the hand and heart I had won, and while endeavoring in all things to gratify my youthful wife, devote a large part of my time and means to some work for the general good. Reconciliation with my father could not fail to come about after the lapse of a little time; and as friendship is no less contagious than enmity, might it not reasonably be hoped that the peacemaking would be yet further extended?

In this mood I arrived at Bury St. Edmunds, and having walked up Abbeygate street, turned aside into the Butter Market, and entered a inn there, where not many minutes afterwards I was sitting in a private room at a table spread with writing materials.

The letter which poor old Adams had brought from Chevington on the day of his death had not yet been acknowledged. It was an inquiry by Mrs. Butterwell for the address of the Rev. Mr. Evan Price. "That gentleman," wrote Mrs. Butterwell, "I once or twice had the pleasure to hear of in the little church at Holdenhurst Minor, and his manners impressed me as everything that was right and proper in a clergyman—such charming elucidations of Scriptural difficulties; such admirable discriminations in his bearing toward propertied tenants and peasants; I have long intended to benefit this very deserving young man as soon as the opportunity to do should arise, and the living of Kingsthorpe being vacant just now in consequence of the death of the Rev. Mr. Obadiah Hornblower, your dear man, he was only seventy-two, and till this year was never troubled with bronchitis in summer; I have decided to offer it to Mr. Price. The living of Kingsthorpe is worth nominally \$1200 a year, but owing to the badness of the times the income is now not much over \$900. It is a great depreciation, of course, but in these days the living is still regarded as a good one, and I have received hundreds of letters from unbending clergymen begging for the preferment, some of them written as soon as it became known that Mr. Hornblower was not likely to recover. Do pray oblige me with Mr. Price's present address, for I shall not offer the living to any one else until he has rejected it."

As I pondered over Mrs. Butterwell's letter the bitter things—bitter chiefly because they were true—which Mr. Price had said of the Truman family when conversing with Constance Marsh at Tarrytown, were vividly reproduced by my memory, and I thought, too, how persistently he had continued his suit after he had plainly perceived that I was preferred to him. Though I could not entertain these recollections without some bitterness, and in a foolish moment was half tempted to withhold all knowledge of the coveted preferment from my rival, my better self prevailed. No; I would not inaugurate my new course of conduct with a spiteful freak; I should be forgiving and charitable, and would write a friendly though brief note to Mr. Price, enclosing therewith Mrs. Butterwell's letter. This done I wrote another note informing Mrs. Butterwell of my action in the matter.

And now I had to communicate with uncle Sam. What should I say to him? Of the failure, or worse than failure, of the course he had advised, he knew at present nothing. For a long while I paused and stared vacantly upon a blank sheet of paper with my pen grasped ready to record my thoughts; but, alas! those thoughts were too painful and too chaotic for me to give them coherent expression, so after much waste of time I contented myself with writing two telegrams. One was to my uncle, and merely stated that my mission had failed, and I was on my way to New York; the other, addressed to Miss Marsh, ran thus: "My own! No treasure but you. Returning to claim your promise. Your loving Ernest."

CHAPTER XXVII

AT THE WINDSOR HOTEL, NEW YORK. On a certain Sunday in the month of October the good steamship Campana was made fast to her berth at the quay in New York City, and the delighted passengers, hastily abandoning the floating palace which had so quickly and luxuriously transported them from the old to the new world, hurried hither and thither, greeting the friends who awaited them, inquiring after luggage, or halting backney carriages. One passenger, however, quickly made his way through the eager

throng, and as he had no other impediments than a small handbag, and was oblivious of the howling of the expressmen, he was the first whom the Customs officials permitted to pass into the street.

The weather was superb, the season being what Americans call the "Indian summer." The excessive heat of summer had passed away, but its brilliance remained, and there was a delightful coolness in the air. The foliage had put on a golden tint of extreme beauty, the sky was cloudless and all external conditions of a sort to render a holiday. But the place which had taken possession of me when I embarked at Liverpool had steadily increased during the voyage, and at times I had hardly been able to endure my own commings. After the exhaustive consideration of my position and prospects engendered by eight days of self-sought isolation in my cabin, the vista before me did not appear nearly so rosy as I had at first pictured it. Thoughts of the death of Adams now tormented me more than was the case immediately after that tragic event. Though I could not in justice reproach myself with having killed the old man, and was comforted by the positive evidence of Dr. Thurston to that effect, yet I well knew that at best my act had hastened the old man's decease, and who could say how much? As I reflected how delicate was the distinction between my act and manslaughter I suffered pang of remorse. Consideration, too, of other affairs was not calculated to afford me much relief. Here was a young Englishman with little or no experience of the world, homeless, heir to a small impoverished estate which he would probably not inherit for thirty years, owner of 200 pounds and a handbag, come to New York to marry a young lady worth millions of dollars! Why, the idea seemed too preposterous for anyone but a dreamer to entertain. But the die was cast, and the course entered upon must be persevered in to the end. Had it been possible for me to live my days over again I should probably have made other and equally disastrous errors.

Though it was Sunday, and the great stores were closed, Broadway was thronged with well-dressed, prosperous-looking people, not much unlike such as one sees in the principal thoroughfares of European capitals. After a long sea voyage a walk is essential to most people for adjusting the physical equilibrium which has been so rudely disturbed. I found it so, and grasping my hand sachel bent my steps up town as I had done on the occasion of my first coming to New York. Not long afterward I paused before my uncle's house, and was struck with consternation when I observed that the blinds were all drawn down and the shutters closed.

Sounds of much unbolting and unbaring reached me before the door was opened in response to my summons, and then I was informed by a man servant, whose face I remembered, that Mr. Truman was staying at the Windsor Hotel, and had left word that he would like me to call upon him there.

"Are Mrs. Truman and Miss Marsh with him?" I inquired, greatly surprised at this intelligence.

"I believe not," replied the man, looking aside in a strange way that discouraged further questioning. However, I inquired of him the whereabouts of the Windsor Hotel, and being informed that it was close at hand on Fifth avenue, I went there as quickly as I could, more perturbed than ever. When I presented my card to the clerk who had charge of the entrance hall of that colossal hotel, he at once deputed a waiter to conduct me to my uncle's apartments, at the same time telling me that Mr. Truman had remained indoors the whole of yesterday in expectation of my arrival.

"Ah!" exclaimed uncle Sam, as he laid his cigar on the mantelpiece and advanced to meet me, "you are the man I need! I received your cablegram, and would have replied to it had it been possible, but you were already on the water. I perceive you are well, so lose no time in telling me as briefly as you can about those infernal sequins, for I am in haste to tell you something of infinitely greater importance."

My uncle's manner alarmed me. He seemed to be laboring under suppressed excitement, and as he resumed his cigar and walked up and down the large room, his whole aspect impressed me as strangely different from the self-possessed, confident man who had excited my boyish wonder. Could it be that the enormous resources of this able financier had at last been broken by a combination for that purpose such as one not infrequently hears of in the country of his adoption? I could not conceal my fear, and gave timid expression to it.

"No, no," said uncle Sam, impatiently, as a forced smile overspread his features; "nothing of the kind. Go on with your story."

and least of all at the present moment. When I had completed my account of my mission to England he paused in front of me (for during my recital he had not once ceased to pace the room), and throwing away the end of his cigar said:

"It is as I supposed. Though you are probably now farther off than ever from the recovery of the sequins, and the result of your expense and trouble is merely the addition of another inhabitant to the unknown world, I have a little doubt as to whether the old man had the gold, and that he bestowed it where it will rest until it is discovered by some other thief. And now please oblige me by never mentioning this matter to me again, for I do assure you I am most heartily sick of it."

My uncle took two cigars from his pocket. One of them he threw to me across the table, and having lit the other he again paced the room. A minute or two elapsed before he spoke. When at last he did so it was with intense bitterness:

"Of all that you have done or failed to do that vexes me most is your forwarding Mrs. Butterwell's letter to Price. But I don't blame you in any way; it was impossible that you could know of the deep hatred I was so soon to bear to that unspeakable scoundrel. The fault is my own for having in the exercise of my natural generosity, foolishly suffered myself to befriend one of his canting, hypocritical caste. When I picked that unconscionable beggar out of the Suffolk and he was not ten cents ahead of his lewts, and the utmost racking of his wits produced him an income about one-fifth as much as I pay my cook."

Uncle Sam paused a moment, puffed forth a cloud of smoke in a way suggestive of ineffable contempt, and resumed:

"As you know, I brought him here and gave him the management of a newspaper I own, paying him largely or his inefficient discharge of duties which I had to teach him. He attached himself to Connie, and did his best to win her, but Connie, with prudence worthy of her father, would have none of him. When you appeared upon the scene and gained almost without effort the prize for which he had contended in vain, he made the girl or whom he used to profess the most extravagant regard the victim of his revenge. His inability to injure her without injuring Mrs. Truman and me to a greater degree did not deter the villain. His method was this. Knowing that Constance was devoted to her sister, and that anything which would trouble one must needs disquiet the other, he showed her (in your presence, I understand) a letter he had received from another pestilent Suffolk parson, exposing Annie Wolsey—the writer, a craven-hearted windbag named Fuller, having got his information from old Wolsey or your father, Connie, wiser than most women, kept her knowledge to herself, and Price, suspecting this from the fact that there was no upset in my house, forwarded Fuller's letter to my wife."

The malicious leer upon Mr. Price's face at the moment when I last looked upon him was pictured in my memory and not likely to be forgotten. That it was the outward and visible sign of a diabolical nature I had never doubted, and his strictures upon my family on that occasion helped to confirm the opinion, but none the less was I astonished to learn in what circuitous ways this man had worked to injure people who, so far from giving him any cause for enmity, had done much to earn his gratitude. As my uncle again paused I ventured to congratulate him on the fulfillment of Mr. Price's act, seeing that Mr. Fuller's letter contained nothing which aunt Gertrude did not already know.

"My affairs are hardly as smooth as that," continued uncle Sam, forgetful of, or diplomatically ignoring, a previous declaration he had made. "My wife has left me, and I cannot induce her to return home except by substantial assurances that I have finally ceased to correspond with Annie Wolsey."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, in great fright. "Do you know where she has gone? Is Constance with her?"

"Don't talk so loud. I am not deaf, and there is no necessity for informing everybody; the affair is sufficiently known already. You have no cause for alarm. I shall give my wife the assurances she demands, and in a day or two at farthest she will reassume her rightful position. It is a pity you forwarded that old lady's letter to him."

"Where is my aunt and Connie?" I asked bluntly.



Effects of Poor Roads.

NOTABLE address by M. A. Hays, of the Southern Railway, at the Good Roads convention at New Orleans: The bad common road, which is the ordinary road in country districts and smaller places more expensive in every way; it destroys social movement, it interferes with church and school, it robs the people of many comforts and attractions, and makes life narrow. In this way it drives from the village and farm to the cities the young men and women, with their productive possibilities. Its whole tendency is to congest population in the cities, and increase anything else has forced a more rapid development in our National life. These are some of the evils and the burdens and the effects of poor roads. What of the influence and effect of good roads? Fortunately we do not have to go to foreign lands, nor even to other sections of our own country for proof as to their desirability and for their value. They have reduced the cost of farm production wherever built they have increased the value of farm lands from twenty-five to 100 per cent, they have made available for cultivation wider areas of territory, they have attracted immigration, they have given to old farms thought valueless a good value, by enabling owners or tenants to make them profitable; they have made the village merchant more prosperous, they have built factories, they have aided in the growth of cities; incidentally they have added to the traffic of railroads. Of other benefits of even greater importance they have made a better class of citizens; they have brought about better methods of agriculture; they have improved the schools by increasing public revenues and enabling teachers and schools to serve a larger area; they have added in every way to the comforts of the people. They have in a measure turned back the tide toward the city by bringing people from the city into the country districts for homes.

They may be somewhat startling. What is there to support them? The development of this country has always followed the lines of easiest communication; of the best transportation facilities. In early days the population kept close to the waterways. The building of the Erie Canal changed the current of industrial activity. Along the old roads built down through the Southern States nearly a hundred years ago were located the most prosperous plantations, the homes of the South's most enterprising and substantial farmers, and along these roads were found seats of social life under the old regime. The building of railroad lines—the great building of railroad lines—the great West sent to that region for investment the capital of the East, the most ambitious of the sons of the East and South, and attracted there the millions of immigrants from other lands, who have done so much to develop that section, to develop it while the South lay quiet. Much is heard of the new South. If the term be appropriate the new South began when your railroad systems began to give you modern trains and efficient service. So far as railroad facilities go, the United States has had a remarkable development. No other nation has today so great, so efficient and so cheap a system of railroad transportation.

The roads serve, perhaps, take it all in all, the people who live near their lines as well as it is now possible. But railroads, like everything else, have their limitations, as they have their characteristic limitations upon the development of the region. They have naturally hastened the development of the region lying directly along their lines, while that of districts removed from them has as naturally had their development retarded. No one desires to go to a place removed from good transportation facilities if he can locate where they are to be had. The tendency is always, and naturally, to give the best advantages, the largest returns to the people, the town or interior where there is the least burden to bear, the least tax upon industry, the smallest cost on the production or traffic charges. So much cheaper is transportation by water or rail than over common highways that production has been lessened where distance from rail or water is considered, measured either in miles or conditions of highways. There is a point distant from every line of railroad beyond which, under present condition of the ordinary common roads, its influence in aiding production, acting as a distributing agent, is of little effect. The railroad development of the country has reached a point where its future is comparatively limited. It will not be practical, from a business standpoint, to reach a much wider area of territory. It is necessary, therefore, in order to give all sections the advantage of cheap distribution of products to market to enable the outlying districts to reach the railroad station or the wharf at a cost which production cannot only bear, but under which it will thrive, and at all seasons of the year. The ordinary road of the South—yes, of the whole country—puts a cent upon all traffic of twenty-five cents or more a ton per mile, as against 7.2 mills on the railroad. It is a burden which effectively stifles production, except when all other circumstances and conditions are most favorable. At

certain seasons of the year it is absolutely impossible to do much handling over many country roads. It is easy to see how production over great areas of our country is kept down by this condition. Another point in this connection. The bad highway forces the movement of all traffic with the farms at seasons of the year when the farmer's teams could be more advantageously employed at other work; it causes a great congestion of traffic at certain seasons, not only lessening the selling price of the farmer's product, causing greater expense and annoyance to merchant and manufacturer, but compelling railroads to go to much heavier outlays for equipment and handling of traffic, and therefore necessitating a higher rate for rail freights.

DESCENDANTS OF CHARTER OAK

Transplanting the Acorn From a Sprig on the Original Tree. Growing in a large tub at the residence of James Knowlden, 703 Roland avenue, are three thriving "descendants" of the famous Charter Oak. These sturdy little oaks of such renowned "lineage" will be transplanted in separate tubs in the autumn, and if they continue to flourish Mr. Knowlden will present two of them to the city, one to be planted in Druid Hill and the other in Patterson Park. When in Hartford, Conn., two years ago, Mr. Knowlden secured eight acorns from the tree grown from a sprig of the Charter Oak, which stands on the spot where that most famous tree in American history spread its branches for hundreds of years. He planted all, but five failed to germinate. He watched with tender care the three oaks that came up, bestowing as much attention upon them as if they were delicate flowers. They are now about a foot high and give promise of becoming strong trees.

When the Charter Oak blew down, the citizens of Hartford immediately planted a sprig from it on the spot where it had stood. The new tree thrived from the first, and now its branches shade a considerable area. On every Fourth of July the Hartford people, augmented by many patriotic citizens of nearby towns, gather at the tree and decorate it with flags and bunting, after which the Declaration of Independence is read beneath its ever spreading boughs.

The Charter Oak itself was sawed up into lumber. From this a frame for the Colonial Charter was made. The frame, with its historic document, now hangs in the Supreme Court chamber in the Capitol at Hartford. A chair was also made from the lumber, and this is occupied by the Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut in the Senate chamber.—Baltimore Sun.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

It's no use blaming nature if you refuse nurture. Love is the light that shines farther than all others. Success is not looking around for the man who sighs.

When you kill a good resolution you revive an old enemy. Your mother's apron strings are away ahead of evil's towline.

"Goodness and Mercy" do not follow the man who is fleeing from God. Content depends not on what we have, but on what we would have.

It is a greater thing to make another strong than it is to carry his load. The strength of a man's faith is in inverse proportion to its singularity.

What He Was Up To.

"Do you know of the only Irishman who ever committed suicide?" asked W. B. Pollard, of Jersey City, who was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last night. "You know it is said that Irishmen never commit suicide, and when the argument was advanced in a crowd of that nationality he was so unstrung that he decided to show his opponents that Irishmen do sometimes commit a rash act. He accordingly disappeared, and the man who employed him started a search. When he got to the barn he looked up toward the rafters and saw his man hanging with a rope around his waist. "What are you up to, Pat?" he asked. "O'm hanging meself, begobs," the Irishman replied. "Why don't you put it around your neck?" "Faith, Oi did, but Oi couldn't braythe," was the unsmiling reply of the man from the Emerald Isle.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Candy.

"More money is spent for candy each year than for hats and shoes and gloves combined," said Harvey Towle, of Pittsburg, at the Plunkington House. Mr. Towle travels for one of the largest candy manufacturing concerns in the world. "We sell about \$1,250,000 worth of candy a year ourselves," he continued, "and at an average of seven cents a pound you can figure out for yourself how big a pile of candy that makes. There is over a billion a year spent for sweets in this country. People have no idea of the magnitude of the business."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Reason of Preference For Bull Fighting.

Once in a while one of the Sunday exhorters on the Common startles the crowd with his hits. A well-known old spellbinder was comparing the vices and amusements of various countries and the relation between the two. In particular he described bull fighting in Spain and pugilism in this country. "An' I don't know but what bull fighting is the better," he roared. "God Almighty made the bulls for beef. But when you kill a pugilist, what use is he to anybody?"—Boston Record.



IN WOMAN'S REALM

A Test of Mahogany.

So closely are many of the new pieces of mahogany modeled after the genuine antiques in form and color that only an expert can tell the difference. "There is one way, however," declares a well-known connoisseur in antique furnishings, "that you can always distinguish between the genuine and its copy. Put your knuckles against it as you would against a mirror to tell its real thickness. If it is well varnished so that it brings out the reflection of the finger clearly you may be sure it is new. If the reflection is clouded it is antique."

Flowers and Feathers.

It is more usual, however, for the ribbons to be accompanied by feathers, flowers, etc. A rough tan-colored felt, something of the Brittany shape, namely, with a brim of medium width and a domed crown, has the brim caught up by straps of cigar-brown velvet. Two large ball rosettes of old gold and tan ribbon, slipped in vandykes, suffice for the outside trimming, but on the upturned portion of the brim at the back, are some pink and red single dahlias and brownish-green leaves.

Much the same sort of hat in felt of a dark purple-blue tint is trimmed with wide ribbons of a vistarla mauve shade, and paradise plume to match.

Girls as Caddies.

A wealthy gentleman, who is a great advocate for women workers in every field of action, has gone to the length of employing girls as caddies on his golf links, stating as his reason that they are far more alive to their duties than are boys. This is pleasant hearing, as, in addition to opening up a new employment for girls, it refutes the testimony of those who find much to criticize in the behavior of the weaker sex when undertaking so-called men's work. In many instances women can, of course, prove astonishingly disobliging and ill-mannered, and one of their greatest transgressions in public offices is the irritating facility they have for holding animated conversations with their co-workers when attending to the public needs. On the other hand, some men have manners that leave much to be desired.

For the Children.

For little girls up to eight years the most sensible frocks are those that may be laundered. These are possible in winter as well as in summer, merely by having the child wear heavy under-dresses, and there is great satisfaction in washable frocks. Some charmingly pretty heavy cotton chevrons are to be bought, in plain colors and stripes. These same materials and hskaki are the ones that it is wisest to have for boys as well. Khaki especially, in its bright brown shade, is very serviceable for hard wear. Small shepherd plaids and tartans are pretty for little girls and for kilts or pleated frocks for small boys. A washable, detachable sailor collar is a wise ornament for almost any little child's dress, as it adds much to the effect of the costume.—Harper's Bazar.

What the Baby Should Weigh.

The baby of normal weight tips the scales down at birth at the seven-pound mark. If he or she is much heavier or much lighter, he or she is at odds with the average. A peculiar feature of baby weight is that during the first days of its life the youngster—that is, the perfectly normal youngster—loses one pound. Thus, examination made on the second and fourth day will show a weight of six pounds only. But after the first week, at the end of which time the lost pound should be regained, there is a steady advance. Ten pounds should have been reached by the time the baby is eight weeks old, and when it is twenty weeks old the weight should be fourteen pounds. At seven months the figure should be sixteen pounds, and the year-old baby should have a mark of twenty-one pounds to its credit.

Ribbons in Millinery.

It is needless to insist more strongly on the immense use which is made of ribbons. They suffice as a trimming for many quite smart hats. One in pale, gray-blue felt of medium tone has a large soft sort of rosette loop on the left side of the crown, made up in loops of the same gray and pastel pink and blue ribbons. Ends of the same ribbons, folded into a band, start from under this rosette, pass front and back of the crown and over the brim on the right, where this is rolled up over a second large rosette resting on the hair. A hat of plum-colored taupe felt, with a brim of medium width, and one of the high beret crowns, that must be reckoned among the very fashionable styles, is likewise merely trimmed with ribbons, the velvet covering the crown not counting as such. The ribbon used in this instance is

of the same color as the rest, with a moire face and a satin back. It is folded round the crown and then tied in a large double bow, some of the loops having the moire side uppermost, and others the satin. A similar bow, with the loops drawn out longer, is placed under the brim on the left side.

The Early Feeding of Children.

"I can cure your children when they are sick, but what I want is to teach you to keep them well." These were the words which my good doctor used when my children were little. His tender interest augmented my natural desire to study how best to make and keep them well. When they were a year old I took away the bottle, which they had had six times daily—from 6 until 9 at night. With this change it reduced the meals to four a day—at the hours 6, 10, 2 and 6. The morning meal consisted of mush, and warmed milk to drink, warming it by placing the cups in hot water. At 2 came the dinner of baked potatoes, mixed with butter and beef-juice, warm milk and orange-juice. This meal was varied by giving real soup with vegetables in it, lamb or chicken broth with rice or eggs, cooked by pouring boiling water over them twice. To vary the fruits I gave steamed or scraped apple, stewed prunes, stewed or raw pears. At 6 o'clock zweiback and milk, with more warmed milk. When at the third year they did not need such frequent feeding, I added to the breakfasts steamed apples and varied the dinner with beefsteak, lamb chops, boiled rice and a green vegetable with the simpler puddings, which had no lemon in them. I retained the suppers, adding bread and butter. Pure candy is not injurious if given at meal-time in moderation. This plan has been successful for my three children of very different constitutions. They say we never catch cold unless we have eaten too much. My children rarely have colds or the stomach disorders so common to children.—L. W. W., in Woman's Home.



Boat shapes are good. Turbans are retained. Broader turbans are modish. Velvet flowers are in high favor. Envelope hats and turbans are very good.

Some hats are veritable color symphonies. Lyre plumes lead in the ostrich feathers.

The Henry II. toque is yet a most valued model. Draped turbans are among the attractive ones.

The cache peigne is a graceful effect to be retained. Some sort of a bandeau is in most hats for winter.

Ribbon is used in loops three, five and seven deep. Only a handsome white plume should be on black hats.

Empire pokes were a passing fad of the silly season.

As many as a dozen coq pompons are used on one chapeau.

Coq plumes with quill stems come in fashionable shades.

The Charles IX. and the Henry II. are the very same hat.

Happily the exaggerated shovel shape of 1707 is done for.

Overlapping rows of finely pleated taffeta make smart facings.

Three rows of cut green glass nail beads are round one turban.

Plenty of bows have the piquancy and dimensions of those of the Restoration.

It is rumored that the waist line will be more accentuated as the season advances.

It is doubtful if we adopt strings, even though they are on the models now revived.

Walking skirts will just touch the ground and the jackets will be tight fitting and long.

Whalebone petticoats are common enough. From these to crinoline proper is not a far cry.

A fancy has displaced itself for capes and three-quarter coats in a load check tweed. There have been introduced of late, from Victorian times, the low shoes that button over the sides. As a rule, the hats have an original look, there being a desire to get away from set rules, even though following the same general lines. A lace handkerchief makes an excellent jabot by folding it cornerwise, turning the upper points so as to fall a little above the under one.