
THE HAT SHOP

CHAPTER I

“**I**T’S a dog’s life, a dog’s life—a dog’s life,” hummed the girl, as she sat with knees crossed, a dark blue velvet hat perched upon the uppermost, while her fingers manipulated a trio of biscuit-coloured feathers. Arranged to her liking, she lifted the hat from her knee to her head, ceased her monotonous little song and moved across the room to one of the large mirrors which hung upon the walls. The glass reflected a girl some twenty-five years of age, of medium height, with a well-developed figure, large brown eyes, and quantities of dark hair. As she tilted the hat to a more becoming angle and bent one of the skilfully wired plumes further to the right, every movement was brisk and determined.

“If that respectable gorgon won’t let her have it now, I give it up. But I don’t mind betting that it will be the ribbon bow after all. Doris, my child”—addressing a tall, pretty girl who was sitting at a table fashioning flowers out of pale-coloured scraps of satin—“I don’t like the mauve toque there. Put it next to the black velvet Reboux and bring