

Margot moved away to write and receipt the bill, and the customer replaced her toque and began to arrange her veil.

Madame Delaine took the ends, tied and pinned them neatly, the stout lady studying the reflection of the tall, distinguished-looking woman meanwhile.

"Well, looking at you, I should have said you're a lady yourself," she hazarded.

"Well—er—yes, I suppose I am," replied Mrs. Earl, much amused.

"I shouldn't have thought as you'd care to wait on other ladies," went on the good soul. "You should make your young girls do that."

Madame Delaine smiled. "I don't tie veils for every one," she observed, "but of course for special customers like yourself, Lady Butts, I make an exception."

Lady Butts beamed. "Well, no doubt you'll see me again soon, I shall be coming to London a bit later. I'm staying at the 'yde Park 'otel, if your young lady will see my hat is sent there."

She paused for a moment, then extended a podgy hand in a tight kid glove. Elizabeth shook it with due deference, Margot opened the door, and Lady Butts departed to her waiting taxi.

"In our next *Outlooker* notice," said Margot, "we will mention the fact that Lady Butts has ordered a black hat with green feathers. Lady Butts will thus become our lifelong friend and remunerative customer."

Madame Delaine laughed. "Such are the uses