

lady to add to her age. Then there's my position to consider. I don't grudge payin' for what's 'an—handsome."

Margot removed a brown toque and arranged a small black velvet feathered hat upon the head of the good lady, who studied her reflection in the glass with complacency.

"Well," she remarked tolerantly, "if you asked me I should say it was a trifle dowdy."

"Perhaps, yes, madam," agreed Margot discreetly. "It would look more *chic* with some handsome green feathers in place of the black."

"That's an idea. I like a bit of colour myself," allowed the customer.

Madame Delaine, who had been watching the scene with some amusement, took some feathers from a show case and approached.

"I think Mademoiselle is right," she observed. "These deep green feathers would be very becoming."

The stout person stared at the new-comer.

"This is Madame Delaine," explained Margot.

"Why, I thought you were a customer," replied the lady.

Elizabeth's appearance seemed to impress her.

"So you think the green feathers would be the thing?" she queried. "It's to wear with a black costume and sables. My husband—Sir Albert Butts—I'm Lady Butts—" she paused again, as an actress pauses to allow her point its due effect. "Sir Albert don't refuse me anything in reason."