

the Carlier model here. Then run up to the work-room with Miss Philippa Purfleet's hat, ask Mademoiselle to sew the feathers as I have arranged them and to send it down at once."

As she finished speaking, the door opened.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle Margot, good morning, Doris," said Madame Delaine.

Elizabeth Earl, in business life known as Madame Delaine, was a tall, slight woman of thirty-four. Her figure was graceful, her complexion, once markedly beautiful, still pleasing, contrasting as did her dark lashed blue eyes and well-marked eyebrows with prematurely grey but crisply waving hair.

She was dressed with extreme simplicity in well-cut blue serge.

"I am late this morning," she observed. "Nina had a bilious attack, the telephone rang whenever I tried to have my bath, and Mrs. Frogmore indulged in a tantrum. On thirteen days out of a fortnight that woman dictates to me what we shall eat, and feeds me on beef when she knows I want mutton; then when I am particularly tired or busy she becomes incapable of making a rice pudding without detailed instructions. She's everything that I detest, and yet I suppose I shall endure her until the day of my death. Doris, I think you might put that fur model with the pink lining in the window. I feel as if it would bring us luck. Anything doing this morning, Mademoiselle? Come down with me while I take off my things. I want to