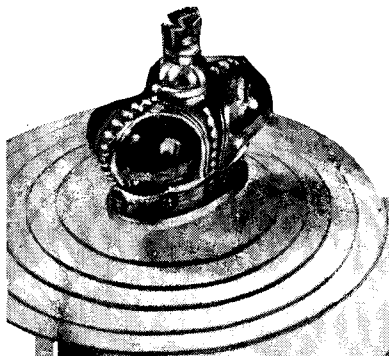


On the Scent

By Betty Thornley



Attractive perfume bottles in the form of amber pyramids and the Matchabelli coronet

Essence of celery, essence of carrot, essence of pepper—not a witch's incantation, but ingredients in some of Prince Matchabelli's bewitching perfumes. But before you choose a perfume, rub some into your skin and see whether it chooses you. Just a matter of chemistry, not favoritism

FATE is a goddess with a sense of humor. She sees a career on the boil, she drops in a new ingredient that nobody else would have thought of—and out comes a product so far from conventional expectations that her friends on Olympus laugh for a week.

Twenty-four years ago she saw a tall slim young chemistry student at the University of Berlin. His father owned oil wells in Baku, and when his college course was over, he intended to settle on his Georgian estates in the largest sort of leisure, casting negligent eyes once in a while on the engineers who blackened far-off skies with labor done for his profit. A good enough career—but cut to pattern and therefore unexciting.

So Fate stretched a long forefinger down into Paris where a pretty lady had just been given a bottle of perfume that pleased her immensely—and swished off the label into the nearest wastebasket. Then, ever so gently, Fate pushed the lady on a train for Berlin and left her alone till the bottle was almost empty.

Ladies have fixed ideas on the subject of fragrances, and the prettier they are, the more they insist on having their own way. This one wanted another bottle of that same perfume more than anything else in the world. She'd have jumped on the train and gone back, but she didn't know the name of her obses-

sion nor where it came from, and the giver was far away.

"A chemistry student?" she said to the tall young Georgian whom she met one evening. "Then of course you can analyze anything!" If she hadn't been so pretty, the answer mightn't have been what it was, but who could bear to belittle himself in such marvelous eyes?

"Certainly," said the tall young man, "positively *anything*."

Discovering His Nose

Next morning, a considerably humbler person appeared before his professor after a lecture that had nothing to do with such butterfly subjects as fragrance. The old man looked over his glasses at the young one and said his question was very droll. Perfume

chemistry was a special branch of the science—but there were books. The main thing, however, was the possession of a nose. The professor didn't have one—in the technical sense—but perhaps the rash young man did. They were very rare.

It wasn't an overnight job, but success came at last. He read, studied, experimented—his interest grew. Discovering the base and the main ingredients, he found, wasn't such an impossible task. The new perfume didn't quite duplicate the first, but the pretty lady liked it even better. It seemed that he had a nose. Having proved the fact, he forgot all about it.

If you or I had been writing this story, we'd never have had the patience to wait a dozen years for the next move, but that's how Fate gets her most

amusing effects. The second thing she dropped was a bomb that shook the world, ripped Georgia to pieces and flung our hero across half of Europe and the whole Atlantic Ocean. As he sat, figuratively speaking, nursing his head on the corner of Madison Avenue and one of the upper Fifties, he suddenly remembered the lady and the bottle. A man with estates in Georgia doesn't need a nose; a victim of the Russian revolution in New York shouts, "Eureka!" and follows it to fortune. Last year Prince Matchabelli's perfumes won the Grand Prix in France, Belgium and Italy—the first American exhibits ever to be so honored.

Millions Spent

This new perfume wizard believes that the women in this country have a lot to learn about fragrances in general—choosing them, using them, changing them, thinking about them.

The United States spent between forty and fifty millions last year for perfumes—a total to make the Puritans split their shrouds and turn over twice.

Nobody seems to know how many different kinds of odors there are, nor just why the national nose twitches this way and that, turning from some of them and sniffing up others, making a man's fortune this year and throwing all the custom to his competitor twelve months later.

Perhaps no one woman today can launch a new vogue in perfumes as was done periodically in days gone by, when queens were queens and courts copied even the way they lifted their eyebrows. Until the time of Marie Antoinette powerful perfumes were favored; her preference for violet and rose started a new school, the aim of

Prince Georges Matchabelli in his laboratory compounding one of his perfumes



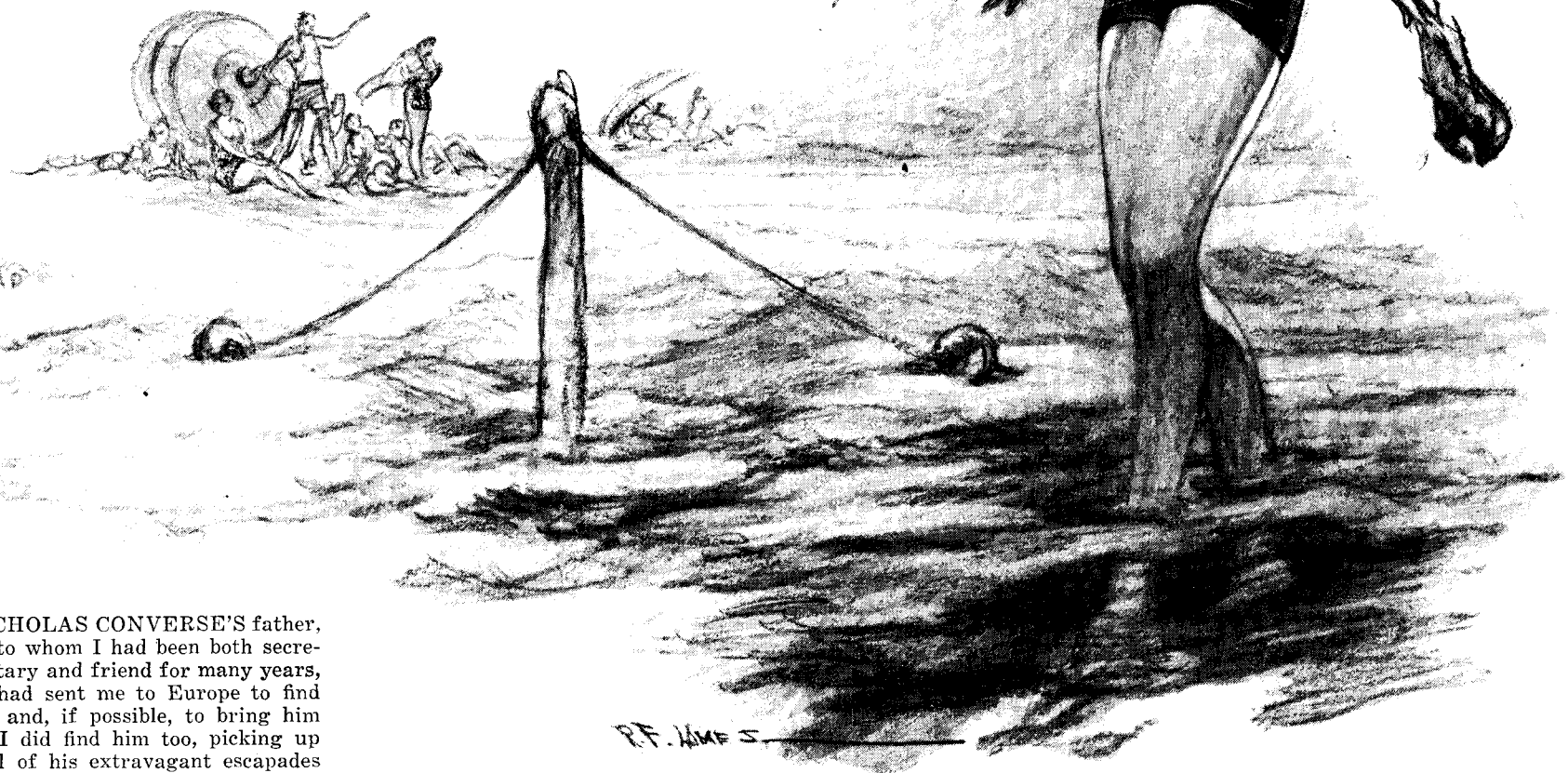
which was delicacy and a certain deliberate simplicity quite in key with the great lady who played shepherdess. Josephine, on the contrary, brought back strong perfumes from her tropical Martinique—particularly musk, which Napoleon damned in good round military phrases. He used Eau de Cologne in preposterous quantities, but the ladies of the day followed the fair Creole. No one is surprised to learn that Queen Victoria had no use for sensuous scents; her sweet and somewhat stodgy Essence Bouquet set quite another fashion which England, at least, considered the only permissible type of fragrance for a discreet handkerchief.

But with Victoria the day of queens was pretty well over. The first great wave of emancipation, associated with the name of no (Continued on page 31)

Sailcloth and Satin

By Stephen
Morehouse Avery

An old sea dog does a foolish thing—because he is wise in the ways of love



She stood up, kicked through the shallow water, and joined a group of hilarious young people on the beach

NICHOLAS CONVERSE'S father, to whom I had been both secretary and friend for many years, had sent me to Europe to find the boy and, if possible, to bring him home. I did find him too, picking up the trail of his extravagant escapades in London and following it through Paris, Cannes, Monte Carlo, down to Algiers, back again to Biarritz, and finally to that bright little Basque country bay painted against the purple of the Pyrenees and called St. Jean de Luz. As for taking him home—well, that was another matter.

There was nothing surprising in Nick's being at St. Jean. Many Americans went there; the season was getting under way; the band was playing on the Casino terrace; yachts were in the bay; a double line of spangled bathing tents stretched along the beach. In fact, the old man had mentioned the place as a possibility. "And if you find him, Norris, tell him I understand. Their war wounded a lot more youngsters than were hit with gas or steel, you know. Nick was too young for it. He's only twenty-seven now." Echoes of the London scandal and that falling over the rail of a channel steamer, although the papers called it an accident, had the old man desperately worried.

And so, having heard enough vivid descriptions before luncheon at the little tables in front of Maxim's little cocktail bar to be sure it all applied to Nick, I nevertheless returned to the Golf Hotel at four-thirty without having located him. In the garden, shaded with fleecy green tamarisks, I met that old India army veteran, Colonel Wingate, and also his wife. They were shipboard friends of another year.

I managed to postpone an invitation to their villa and we strolled across the street to the sea wall and stood there chatting and watching the craft in the almost perfect circle, except for an entrance gap in the breakwater of the bay. There was one full-fledged steam yacht, another cabin cruiser, a beautiful spick-and-span schooner yacht, a sloop or two and, farther out, a black bulk with loose red sails which lay as heavily in the water as a long soaked log. Wingate was as interested in boats as I was, particularly in the evolution of types, and he gave me some details.

"SHE'S an old Dutch pilot boat, Norris, a ketch technically, built of sixteen-inch timber fifty years ago, and as solid today. Used to hull off St. Catherines, Isle of Wight, and work the liners bound in for Amsterdam. Old Bretherton sailed her all over the world as long as he could afford a crew. Now she winters tied up in the Ardour at Bayonne and comes over here in summer. Bretherton? What! Well, he's an admiral in the British navy to begin with. Retired of course. Some family trouble in England, besides taking a large part of his pension, has left him somewhat sardonically bitter with life and the land."

I forgot all about the ketch, hearing about Bretherton. Mrs. Wingate had left us in disgust. Apparently she did not approve of the admiral. "Let's get a dinghy and go aboard if you're interested," suggested the colonel. "I know Bretherton well and, although he'll probably appear in duck trousers and not even an undershirt, he'll give us tea like the gentleman he is. He's enough of an old beau at any rate when he comes ashore. In evening dress or uniform he gives the ladies a stir even now. He's a man with a reputation and, of course, there's the feeling that he shouldn't raise a daughter like that."

"Like that?"

"I'll tell you later."

I knew there was small chance of encountering Nick until the crowd came to the Casino that night and so I went along with Wingate. We found a fisherman on the quay with a tender from one of the sardine boats and were soon being rowed across the half mile of smooth water towards the ketch. Her name, painted crudely on the black hull, was Albatross.

"The old boy has a flair for names," explained the colonel. "He christened his girl South Wind, and the only way people could humanize it for the poor youngster was to call her Sue. She's about twenty and has lived on that an-

cient little tub ever since she was twelve. A knotty old graybeard serves in the rôle of crew, and they have a sort of companion, an English woman about whom there is some doubt—as to whose companion she really is, I mean. Altogether, although Bretherton claims Sue loves the sea as much as he does, it's no life for a pretty girl."

As soon as we were up the ladder and on deck we saw her sitting in the sunlight on a coil of rope, her faintly tanned young body clad only in a much-darned slip of a bathing suit. She jumped up to greet us with a charming want of self-consciousness.

"Father's below. You'll be in time for tea."

One glance at the warm dark beauty of her hair and eyes, and also the timbre of her voice, robbed that name, South Wind, of any strangeness. She went on asking the health of Wingate's wife, as incongruously proper as a curate's daughter. Up forward the "crew" was sleepily daubing the rusty anchor chain with black paint.

WINGATE hallooed down the companionway and, standing behind him, I got something of a shock. A tall, strikingly distinguished man of perhaps fifty-eight or sixty came to the foot of the steps. He had a rolled sheet wrapped