

Don't Keep Men Waiting

By Oscar Graeve

A love story, with a most surprising ending—and two heroines, instead of one

EVERYTHING in the offices of the Versailles Perfume Company—of Paris and New York—was extremely modern. Against the apple-green walls rose tiered skyscraper bookcases in which were displayed, not books, but perfumes imported from France and sold to American women at fabulous prices. These perfumes, so said the highly decorative booklets and advertisements of the Versailles Company, had long been the favorites of the crowned heads of Europe. They were *exquisite*! They were for women of discrimination. To such women they gave an allure, a mystery, that had once been the exclusive possession of Ninon de l'Enclos, Marie Antoinette, Cleopatra.

In the doorways of the offices hung curtains of silver fabric. Desks did not seem to belong in a place so *exquisite*. But desks there had to be, so they were painted black, highly polished and topped with plate glass. The telephones, need it be remarked, were of the French type. The rugs on the shining floors were expensive and cubistic in pattern.

The lord of this domain was at least always exquisitely dressed. Unfortunately, he was getting a little stout. But, nevertheless, in various ways, he managed to fit into the picture. His clothes came from London, his manners from Paris, his accent, once pure Brooklynese, was veneered now with a composite of Park Avenue, Oxford and rue de la Paix—except when in moments of excitement or indignation he forgot his carefully acquired accent and used his native tongue. His name was Byron Pyne. It had once been Billy Pine.

And this realm where everything was of such elegance, where every clerk aped as well as he could the London clothes of Mr. Pyne, where every typist, secretary and file clerk had decided claims upon beauty, chic or both, there was only one discordant note. That discordant note was Miss Wright—Miss Mary Wright.

Miss Wright didn't seem to care how she looked. She didn't seem to give a hang how suitable her clothes were, for that atmosphere of distinction. One day she'd appear in a shabby skirt and outlandish sweater, the next, as likely as not, in a tweed suit that bulged all over her.

Nor did she seem to care how she spoke. Loud were Miss Wright's remarks and loud her laughter. She'd sit in her own little office—fortunately she had her own little office in a corner apart from the rest—she'd sit there, her

legs crossed, her hair in disorder, pounding away furiously at her typewriter. And from that office would come an occasional loud burst of profanity.

In short, Miss Wright had no refinement and in the offices of the Versailles Perfume Company refinement was placed above all other things. Even above elegance. Even above chic.

That's what Flora Dale so often said to Byron Pyne: "Billy, the trouble with Miss Wright is that she has no refinement."

"Yes, Flora."

"Somehow, Billy, she doesn't seem to belong here—"

And in his indignation Mr. Pyne would forget his own refined accent. "Now, listen, Flora, I know what you mean. But we've never found anyone who can write the booklets like Miss Wright can and as long as she does her work so well does it matter whether she's refined or not?"

"But we don't know anything about her! We got her through that agency and we don't know a thing about her personally."

"What does that matter? We know she does her work well and isn't that all we got to know?"

"Well, she gives people the wrong impression—"

"Flora, you lay off Miss Wright. What have you got against her anyway?"

Illustrated by
Warren
Baumgartner

Mr. Pyne had been selecting a cigarette from a crystal box and he had dropped it. It fell and smashed into bits



"If you want to know, this is what I've got against her, Billy. You spend too much time talking to her, you spend too much time looking at her. What you see to look at I don't know. She looks like a rag bag most of the time."

"Now, Flora—"

"Well, Billy, if you don't quit it, it's all off between you and me, see? We've been good pals for more years than I like to think of, but it's all off if you start making a fool of yourself over that girl."

With an effort Mr. Pyne clamped his lips together. But meanwhile over his round, hairless face crept a red of the rosiest hue. Only too well he knew that of late he had been thinking much too much of Miss Wright, much too little of Flora Dale.

HE and Flora had known each other ever since they had been school children living in the same slatternly street in Brooklyn. Together, he and Flora had climbed the long steep hill to chic, elegance, success! They had always taken it for granted that some day they'd be married but somehow they'd never got around to it. That's how Flora put it. "Oh, of course, Billy and I are going to be married but we've just never got around to it." Then, too, there was Flora's mother, whom she had to support, and there was Billy's married sister with her swarm of kids and her worthless husband, and Billy always

had to help them out in one way or another.

After that long climb to success Billy Pyne's refinement was still a little questionable. It was a veneer apt to crack on the slightest provocation. But Flora Dale in her appearance, her manner, her conversation, was the height of refinement. She was tall, lovely and slender. Her golden hair fitted like a burnished cap upon her head, her complexion was perfect, her body seemed to move in rhythm within her adroitly simple frocks.

It was a pleasure to see Flora swim ingratiatingly toward a department store buyer when one of those imperious creatures entered the offices of the Versailles Perfume Company.



"I'm afraid it's getting so it will have to be either her or me. The trouble is she isn't a lady," Flora complained

"Oh, my dear Miss Cornell! How delightful it is to see you again. How is everything in St. Louis? I do love St. Louis. . . . Oh, yes, Miss Cornell! Our new *parfum de nuit*. It is really exquisite! And have you seen those new compacts? *Charmant, n'est-ce pas?* They were designed by the great Chanel herself. The smartest women in New York are mad about them."

One day Miss Wright had overheard Miss Dale talking to a buyer and afterwards she had said to Miss Dale, "You certainly drive 'em dizzy, dearie!"

Now was that refined?

"I'm afraid it's getting so it'll either have to be her or me," Flora complained to Mr. Pyne. "The trouble is she isn't a lady. She hasn't as much breeding as

a truck driver and I can't do my stuff with her around."

"I'll talk to her," said Mr. Pyne soothingly.

"Yes, you'll talk to her all right," said Flora. "What's the news value in that?"

"Why don't you take a little trip around the country, Flora? Your nerves are off. And nothing does the business so much good as when you make a friendly call on our customers."

"Yes, and leave you and her together! That's a swell idea, isn't it?"

Again Mr. Pyne flushed crimson. "Now, listen here, Flora! You've got this all wrong. Miss Wright doesn't care *that* for me"—dramatically Mr. Pyne snapped his fingers—"Why, she wouldn't wipe her shoes off on me."

Miss Dale became furious. "That makes me feel nice, doesn't it? She wouldn't wipe her shoes off on you and I suppose I would. You think she's way above you, don't you? And where do you think I am?"

"We should have been married ten years ago."

"Yes, we should! And what kind of a husband would I have running after other women?"

"If you'd married me when I asked you things would have been different."

"Yes, I've noticed what angels mar-

riage makes out of men. Most men think a marriage license is a license to act looser than they did before. Do you think I've had my eyes closed all these years? Next thing you'll be telling me to call up Mr. Fish at the Aquarium. That's getting to be your idea of a joke."

Nevertheless, although Flora Dale threw herself out of Mr. Pyne's apple-green office, two days later she left for a trip to Chicago and other cities of the Middle West. "I'll put him on his honor and see what happens," she said to herself, "anyway if I stay here I'll go crazy."

MR. PYNE was very much relieved at Flora's departure. He had given his word of honor to have little or nothing to do with Mary Wright. Naturally, he did have to supervise her work somewhat but, aside from their business talks, he had promised to do no talking to her whatever. And he meant to keep his promise. During the first few days of Flora's absence he walked past Miss Wright's office with averted eyes.

Then, suddenly, he couldn't keep his promise any more. It happened just like that. Suddenly, he felt he simply had to talk to Miss Wright and see her as often as he could within reason. He didn't understand why this was so. Obscure and urgent forces within him were more powerful than he was. He was a chip, a rather plump and meek chip, tossed along upon a turbulent stream, and this turbulent stream was his own obscure emotions. "I'm a fool!" Mr. Pyne said to himself, "as if Mary gave a flicker of an eyelash for me!" He only called her Mary to himself. When addressing her she was always Miss Wright.

Nor could he understand his infatuation for this girl. She wasn't beautiful. Compared to Flora's golden beauty she wasn't even pretty. She was dark and negligent but there was something about her slanting eyes, there was a mockery in them, that stirred Mr.

Pyne inwardly as nothing else had ever stirred him. Miss Wright could glance at Mr. Pyne and quickly glance away again and leave him quivering, chaotic, a jelly. "I bet she thinks I'm loony!" he told himself.

Between his office and Miss Wright's office he fought a battle. On that battleground he was torn between his promise to Flora and his own dark desires. It was a losing battle.

One afternoon he plunged breathlessly into Miss Wright's office. Gone almost entirely these days was his refined accent. "Say, listen!" he said. "Can't we go out to dinner together?"

Miss Wright was proof-reading. She was startled. "What?" she asked.

"I mean just the two of us. Can't we go out to dinner together?"

"When?"

"Tonight."

"I guess you must be missing Flora," Miss Wright remarked.

"Yes, I am," said Mr. Pyne, but he didn't tell her how blessedly he was missing Flora. "Will you have dinner with me? Will you, Miss Wright?"

"Oh, all right," she said in the most matter-of-fact way without any realization of the importance of her

consent, without the slightest appreciation of the terrific battle the faithful Mr. Pyne had fought with this new, faithless, delirious Mr. Pyne, who now was so overcome with rapture at Miss Wright's "yes" that he bounced out of her office afraid to utter one more word.

In his own office he sat planning. He couldn't work. What restaurant was good enough for Miss Wright? His thoughts skipped over a list—Pierre's, and Plaza, the Ritz, the Colony. Of course they wouldn't be dressed. He was taking no chances in suggesting they dress for this event, momentous as it was. Miss Wright might change her mind and not go at all.

But wasn't there a dining-room in the Plaza where evening clothes were not required? Yes, the Plaza might do.

But they didn't go to the Plaza.

"Oh, let's go to some simple little place near by," Miss Wright had said. "I have to be home early anyway."

And so they went to a "simple little place" where a fountain splashed in the middle of the room and violins sang through the flowering plants. In a little booth, screened, Mr. Pyne and Miss Wright sat opposite each other. (If Flora could have seen them!)

Mr. Pyne had ordered magnificently but now he didn't know what he was eating. He was intent upon what he was saying and what he was saying was, "I hate myself!"

Mary Wright greeted this extraordinary statement with soft laughter. "We all hate ourselves at times," she said. "Why do you hate yourself just now?"

"I always hate myself," said Mr. Pyne ferociously. "I'm always trying to be something I'm not. I'm like a cheap American perfume in an expensive French bottle. And anyway the perfume business is a hell of a business for a man to be in, isn't it?"

"Would you like to be shooting lions?" Miss Wright asked.

He didn't care whether she was making fun of him (Continued on page 40)



Something above the Neck

By Antoine

As told to Amy Callender

When Antoine, famous French coiffeur, who cuts and waves the hair of fashionable Paris and London, comes to New York for a few weeks, as he does annually, he suffers. From the tips of his capable fingers to the last hair of his own well-shaped head, Antoine is an artist and it is as an artist that he suffers in America. Here he tells you why—and offers some information that may be helpful in deciding how you shall dress your crowning glory

AMERICANS have learned how to appreciate art in canvas, in stone, in interior decoration, but they have not yet learned how to respect the beauty and charm of their own faces. They have not yet learned that it is as important to frame the human face perfectly and becomingly as it is to clothe the human body perfectly.

You will hear about the smartness of American women much that is justified, but only up to a certain point—for their smartness, too often, ends with their necks. The American woman has much personal charm, much *esprit*, much individuality or temperament, but how to make beauty out of these gifts, she rarely knows. Hurry is the great evil of her life. She starts her day at eleven and tries to work in a beauty appointment before lunch. She is late for luncheon and tries to work in an appointment for tea. She is late for tea and tries to get in some shopping before dinner. By the time the day is done, she is all nerves. Beauty is made up of tranquillity and repose, of perfection that takes time. Over and over again, in America, women have said to me:

"Antoine, I am in a hurry. I can't give you more than an hour."

What is one to do, to say? Can I say that art cannot be created to the ticking of the clock? Can I say that art demands perfection of detail that knows no rush or hurry? No. But I can think that. Your hurry accounts for much that is ugly among your women, the sameness and crudity of haircut, waving and hair-dressing in your country. Your women are free with money but not with time.

I know what your women do. One goes to a hairdresser who by chance or good fortune or actual personal study of his client gives her a becoming haircut and wave. She has tea with her friends and they all admire her. One week later they all have the same style of haircut and wave. It does not seem to matter to them whether or not their features, their expressions, the shapes

of their heads call for the same kind of treatment. It does not matter to them whether their faces are round or long, full or lean. They do not know, and *hélas!* often the hairdressers do not know that the scissors is the sculptor's chisel that shapes the head, that brings out its beauty of contour and hides its defects.

The Important Personal Touch

Perhaps I can explain better what I mean by telling about some women whose hair I have cut, waved and dressed, women who stand out for their personality, their individuality. Take Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. She has a small, beautifully shaped head, a *tanagra* head, I call it. When I cut and wave her hair, I think of that always. I bring out the beautiful outlines. I expose the forehead and the contour of the head. The hair is waved back from the forehead and a little to one side. The effect is: Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. And no one else.

Miss Anne Morgan is altogether different in type and personality. Do I give her the same kind of haircut and wave? Assuredly not. Miss Morgan has something classic about her that I bring out. I do not wave her hair back from the forehead. I do not think that is a good line for her. I wave the hair low on the forehead to shadow the eyes. Nor do I wave the whole head. Only the ends are curled up in a natural wave.

What a terrible mistake it would be to try to make Mme. Freida Hempel look like Mrs. Vanderbilt or Miss Morgan. Freida Hempel is golden, gay, bright. I wave her beautiful golden head with big luxurious waves in front and little laughing waves at the side. The waves at the side are continually worked toward the back to bring out the fine shape of her head. What I try to attain with her is an expression of her brightness and sparkle. You see her and you know she is made for song.

I dress the hair of many of your ac-

tresses. Let us take three of them, Nazimova, Gloria Swanson, Vivian Tobin. Nazimova—Russian, temperamental, *mouvmentée*. The cut and arrangement of her hair shows all that. She is not afraid of letting her hair express herself. I do not know of another woman who would dare to wear her hair with the abandon with which she wears hers, but there is no other woman who is Nazimova.

Famous American Coiffures

Gloria Swanson has a small, classic head. I said Miss Morgan had a classic head, also, did I not? Yet I do not cut and wave Miss Swanson's hair the way I do Miss Morgan's. There is a difference between the two in temperament, age, point of view. They are not the same *genre*. Their colorings and expressions are different. I wave Miss Swanson's hair but very little. I expose

the forehead. I let her wear her hair a little longer in the back. The result is something individual. You cannot put your finger on it and say just what it is, but you know it exists.

Now take Vivian Tobin. Her face is young and round. I cut and wave her hair to enhance her youth and to soften the roundness. I wave it rather high on top, exposing the forehead, but I do not draw the hair back. I let the softness of it add inches to the face.

Lady Wimborne, another of my clients, is said to have the smallest head in London. She wears her hair almost shorter than a man's. It suits her perfectly. I give her a very few waves—just a bare touch. The curve of her head melts into the fine line of her neck and creates a contour lovely beyond words, but almost impossible beyond words for ninety-nine women out of a hundred.

It should be (Continued on page 43)