PERFUMES VARIED TO SUIT HER MANY MOODS

Mlle. Arlette Dorgere.

The Apostle of Perfume.

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson

Photo. Copyrighted by White

Mlle. Dorgere Has Scents for Her Gay and Her Melancholy Hours, the Moments of Romance and the Spells of Pensiveness—Scents Also an Antidote for Stage Fright

By ARLETTE DORGERE.

IN Paris I have been called the slave of perfume, a title which I love because I am a willing slave and am passionately fond of perfume. It really is a sort of mania with me. I use perfume as perhaps no other woman of modern times uses it. History tells us that Cleopatra used it in such a lavish manner that probably she outdid me.

Everything I wear is perfumed. My friends say that I leave a trail of volatile fragrance behind me that lasts for half an hour. After I have been promenading in the Bois de Boulogne so strong is the trail of perfume I leave behind me that one of my friends remarked once: "I think Carlier must have passed here an hour ago—the air is filled with perfume."

Even my dog's fur is filled with sachet powder. My cats, my parrot and my horse all have their coats perfumed.

I use both dry and liquid perfume. I am not a slave to just one kind, as so many women are. I should as soon think of eating just one kind of food all my life. There are so many tempting scents. Violet is very delicate, and I love it; but how could I get along without lily of the valley or white rose or heliotrope or the hundred and one other delicious scents? I want them all, for one day I am in the mood for one perfume and another day for something else. For example, if I am pensive I like violet; if I am in a romantic mood I want musk; if sad and despondent I want white rose; if very happy I want lily of the valley, and so on.

I make nearly all of my perfumes. It would ruin me if I bought them ready made at the enormous prices Paris perfumers charge. I am going to give some of my choice recipes so that every woman can make her own perfumes. It is delightful to catch the fragrance of delicate scents wafted from feminine apparel. I am sure that it is quite unnatural and affected to say you don't like perfumes, as some people do nowadays. Women are like flowers and should be perfumed. A perfumed woman is more attractive than one who is not perfumed, just as a fragrant flower is more attractive than one without odor.

The perfumes I use are so powerful that people in the audience have said that they can detect them easily when I am on the stage. I used an extra amount then for the reason that perfume counteracts stage fright. Perfume acts like a bracer or a tonic to me.

The so-called flower scents are usually clever combinations of extracts and chemicals which so closely resemble the real odors that I think even bees would be deceived.

I love to experiment with chemicals and oils and create new and fascinating perfumes that do not resemble the scent of any flower, but are so exquisitely pleasing to the senses that every one exclaims in ecstasy over them. This is my hobby. Some women breed dogs, others paint, some collect curios, but I play with perfumes. If I ever wanted to leave the stage and go into the perfume business I could make a fortune, but I don't want to do that. Then all the beauty of perfume making would be gone. I want it to remain my plaything, something refreshing.

Troublesome Stage Career of Lady Stewart-Richardson

It is sometimes a disadvantage to be of noble birth and to possess a title. Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson found it out when it became necessary for her to earn money for the sake of her two boys and the plans she had made for them. She had the ability to become wealthy through her dancing and the bigness of soul to make her willing to make commercial use of her talents for the sake of her children and the children of other people in whom she is interested, and she decided to accept a professional engagement.

She had danced in England and America for charity, in drawing rooms and at exclusive functions, and her titled friends had applauded her. Sometimes they had been a little shocked by her unconventional behavior, by her love for big game hunting, by her individual manner of dressing, but Lady Connie had always been a favorite. When she actually took to the stage to make money, however, British aristocracy could not approve. It was something that was not being done and since entreaties had no effect some other means of dissuading her from public performances had to be found.

Lady Constance's husband, Edward Austin Stewart-Richardson, Baronet, is not rich. He owns land of course, and has an estate that is not despicable, but he is not rich. He and Lady Constance have a great fondness for the welfare of people and especially for the children of Scotland. They have established a school for Scotch boys and it needs support. Then their own boys, Ian Rory Hay and Cathel Torquill Hugh, need an education to fit them for the position they will be bound to occupy by their birth. Lady Constance determined to make use of the only means at her disposal to raise money for her wants.

She was engaged by Alfred Butt, manager of the Palace Theatre, London, for a season of three weeks, to appear in her classic dances, such as she will show when she goes on tour in America this season in association with Gertrude Hoffmann and Mlle. Polaire. They were the same sort of dances that she had been accustomed to give for charity, and that London and New York had applauded.

As soon as her engagement was announced the trouble began. Her friends and some of her relatives tried to persuade her against the idea. They knew her financial condition, but they argued that she and her husband were as well off as many others of the nobility. But above all they argued that a public appearance on the stage for her was against all convention. Neither she nor her husband were "new creations" in the peerage or baronage, but possessed titles almost as old as the kingdom. It was an unheard of thing for the granddaughter of a duke to appear as a dancer on the stage.

Lady Constance regretted their opposition, but she continued to complete her plans to appear at the Palace Theatre. She had been used to them opposing her in her schemes almost from her childhood, and this one she determined to carry out.

As is well known in New York, the "stalls" of the London theatres are generally handled by what are known there as "ticket libraries," which buy up all of the best seats of an opening attraction and compel the public to pay an advance on the price. The Palace is the only important London house where the libraries do not customarily purchase tickets in advance. Its attractions change so frequently that speculation in its tickets is considered too risky.

But the week before the date set for Lady Constance's first appearance the management of the theatre was surprised to receive an order from the principal ticket library for 300 stalls a night for the run of her engagement. No explanation was made for this and the management could not understand it. Some time later Mr. Butt found out, but too late to do anything.

On the first night that Lady Constance appeared the house was filled, stalls and galleries, with the usual London audience, except that the stalls had a more brilliant appearance than customary. When the titled dancer made her entrance a loud howl of hisses and "boos" burst from the stalls, almost drowning the music of the orchestra. It kept up persistently after Lady Constance started her dance. But it met with some opposition that was as unexpected as the "booing."

From the galleries where the more humble patrons sat there started a chorus of cheering that grew louder as the hissing increased until it conquered entirely the expressions of disapproval. Lady Constance had found favor with the "top of the house," and it had determined she should have a fair chance. Until the end of her act the noise continued and those who were not taking part in the demonstration got very little pleasure out of the performance.

It was not until the fourth night that Mr. Butt discovered the cause. The ticket takers at the door had noticed by that time that the same people were coming each night to the stalls and occupying the same seats and they notified the manager. Mr. Butt recognized a number of the nobility, especially of the younger titled men in the crowd, and he began to suspect a conspiracy. By discreet inquiry he discovered that his suspicions were correct.

It appeared that a number of Lady Constance's friends at court, failing in their attempts to persuade her from public dancing, had organized a party to attend the theatre at every performance and drive her from the stage by concerted disapproval. They had not reckoned upon the good nature of the British public in general and the desire of the poorer London theatregoer to see fair play. And they had evidently forgotten Lady Constance's independence of spirit.

She never let their behavior disturb her in the slightest. When Mr. Butt suggested that she might wish to end her engagement she informed him that she had listened to far more terrifying noises in India and that she intended to show them she was not afraid. Her engagement continued to the end of the set three weeks and was altogether profitable.

But Lady Constance decided afterward that she would try America next in her money making efforts. Her first engagement here this spring encouraged her to make a new contract, and she will be back in September.

ALL BEST SHOPS. $3 50 PER BOTTLE
THE LATEST PARIS PARFUM
"KASSYA"
(A Dream of the Nile)
A TRULY WONDERFUL ODOR
ENTRANCING—DISTINCTIVE—INDIVIDUAL
Made by
THE MASTER PARFUMER
OF FRANCE
"VIOLET"
(Pronounced) "VE-O-LAY"

Ambre Royal
The Powder of Royalty
Incomparable
French Face Powder
$1.75
the Box

SIX DELICATE TINTS
Send 25¢ for Acquaintance Box
VIOLET (VE-O-LAY)