

He may not object to her doing so. He may even praise her for it—mildly. But all the time he is more or less conscious that it is the sort of thing at which other men wink. And for that he does not like it.

The American man has nothing in common with the French man.

He does not marry for the convenience of marriage. He does not marry a woman he cares a little for, thinking that later on he will buy a mistress for whom he can care. He rarely falls in love with a woman who is too clever or too individual or too smart in appearance.

The woman he does love and marries—if she will have him—is the woman who is not extreme in any way. And she is the practical, sensible, wholly admirable and lovable type of woman, that for a century past has been envied by women the world over—the American woman.

Imported styles in women's clothes, and imported ideas of women's standards do not seem to fit that type of woman. In the eyes of the American man they change her beyond recognition.

She is no longer the kind of woman he would like to marry.

She is a wholly attractive, dazzling, daring creature whom he is perfectly content to admire and to wink at. But as to living with her and having to pay her bills, his feeling is: "Let George do it."

Let women discard their petticoats if they wish to. Let them wear frocks that look like "nighties" and reveal more than they conceal of their bodies. Let them be perfectly happy in the thought that they are garbed *a la Parisienne*. But never let them forget that dress is something more than fashion.

Dress is character. It is as much so as speech or manner or habit. And as such, if it savors of immodesty or recklessness, it is a confession on the part of the wearer that all who pass may see.

In placing his women upon a pedestal, the American man has not exalted the character of the Parisian woman. Nor has he exalted the character of the houri of the Orient whose chief business in life is to wiggle her half-naked body and roll her painted eyes.

What he has exalted is the character of the woman who has made both America and American men what they are.

The woman of '76 who starved while her husband fought at Valley Forge with Washington; she of '49 who followed him bravely westward across Indian-infested prairies; she of the South who suffered with him during the terrible period from '61 to '65; women such as they were the American man loves to honor.

For their own happiness, that of the men they are so proud of, and that of their girls, who will be the mothers of tomorrow, the women of today should never forget that fact.

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## "THE DOG."

By John Fleming Wilson.

"Life is too complex," he insisted. "I admit that I am a weak ter, that I've reached part II of what the missionaries call a ruined Existence. But then—why have Ten Commandments? Let the strong and eager and virtuous observe all ten—or a dozen, if they are able. But I'm not equal to it. I could easily keep one commandment, and I might keep two. But when you mix things up beyond that, I confess, I quit. If life were simple, as our American poets sing, I should be among Those Present. But I fail to solve the problem in terms of x, y and x."

The speaker stared with sunken eyes at the clean bank clerk. "Get to work!" was the eager answer. "Mix in with the good folks down here—you used to know 'em—and get acquainted with some of the nice girls and make some money. Stop drinking. You could do it, Reynolds. Half the men in Honolulu would be glad of it."

"You are making things complex again," Reynolds returned. "You say, 'Stop drinking.' Done! But am I saved? No. I've got to do that and then mix in with nice people and make some money. The girl think I am all right, and then I've got to make some money, and so on, and so on, for ever and ever. Too complex. I can do something simple, but I'm no juggler. I can't keep ten commandments and six social must-nots in the air at once. Have a drink? No? Well, so long!"

Archibald Thomas P. Reynolds finished his third "dog's nose," and walked slowly out of Cunha's into the bright Honolulu sunshine. On his way two men nodded coldly and a third took pains to cut him.

In King street he consulted the bulletin boards, stared in the shop-windows and conducted himself inoffensively as a man of leisure for two hours. He then carelessly strolled up to a cafe where he lunched on whiskey and crackers. An hour later he was trudging slowly down Kalekua Road to the beach, a byword and a scandal to all who saw him. For he wavered and had lost his hat. Oddly enough, this was Archibald Thomas P. Reynolds' last appearance. With rambling steps and staring eyes he passed out of the complexities of a civilization which he could not appreciate at its true value into that simplicity for which his soul yearned. For one hundred yards beyond the grass hut that is pointed out to tourists as the residence of the former kings of Hawaii a very small girl clung to the step of a carriage and screamed shrilly as Reynolds came by.

A woman, leaning out of the carriage jerked at her daughter's arm and scolded her vigorously.

"Of course you can't take the dog," she said. "Hurry and get in with me! We're going to catch the steamer and go home!"

"I won't leave my dog!" wailed the child, kicking up the dust.

"Get in!" her mother commanded wrathfully: "If you don't," her wary eye discerned the shameful figure of a drunken white man by the road side, "if you don't, that bad man will get you!"

The girl stared interestedly at the Bad Man. Then, jerking her arm from her mother's grasp, she darted over to him. At her heels galloped a small, wizened animal with a string around its black neck.

"Please!" she begged. "I want somebody to be good to my dog!"

"Is this your dog?" he inquired.

"Yes! I founded him myself! And nobody is good to him! Will you be good to him?"