

MY GOD-DAUGHTER

between little puffs at his pipe. "She is very beautiful, of course, but not of the beauty that pleases men. She has not a human beauty—there is nothing warm or pulsating about her. She is so long, and almost slippery, like an eel, or—or a seaweed—there are no bones in her at all."

"Well, Médor, she gave me almost the same impression the first time I saw her. She is a sea-bred creature, you know, and I suppose it shows after many generations. But is she not perfectly enchanting?"

"I can tell a beautiful woman when I see one. Your maid is beautiful, yes—but she is not attractive to the ordinary man. She may appeal to the artist, and even then, I should say, chiefly to the decorative artist. But the ordinary man does not make note, or appreciate the difference between beauty or a merely pleasing exterior. Symmetry and quality do not count; details of colour, of purity escape him. A man may find a woman's eyes beautiful and never know the exact colour of them. It used to annoy your father when people called your hair golden—because it is not golden, it's mahogany—and his artistic precision was shocked. Beauty counts, but only with the minority. Women are very susceptible to it, so are artists and the dissipated man, but the crowd does not know nor the average full-blooded individual. What sways what holds a man is sex, an ethereal beautiful woman will not attract him, spiritual loveliness will leave him cold. He likes the obvious kind of good looks, the fleshy, blatant, loud, buxom sort of good looks. A man always misses the finer points about a woman, so that to be