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ESSAY ON MAN

Man is what a woman marries.

Men have two feet, two hands, and sometimes two wives, but never more than one collar button or one idea at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same material, the only difference is that some are better disguised than others. Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes—husbands, bachelors, and widowers. An eligible bachelor is a man of obstinancy surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three varieties—prize, surprize, and consolation prize. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity—mostly charity. It is a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, tender, violet-scented sweet thing like woman should enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco-and-bay-rum-scented thing like man.

If you flatter a man, it frightens him to death, and if you don’t, you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end, and if you don’t, he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you wear gay colors, rouge, and startling hats, he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a little brown toque and tailormade suit, he takes you out and stares all evening at women in gay colors, rouge and startling hats.

If you are the clinging-vine type, he doubts whether you have a brain; if you are the modern type, and advanced and independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright mate, and if you are brilliant, he longs for a playmate. If you are popular with other men, he is jealous, and if you are not, he hesitates to marry a wallflower. If you please him, he seldom mentions it, but if you displease him, he never fails to tell you about it.

THAT’S ALL—