

CHRONICLES OF JOYOUS JANE

A Candid Criticism of the Opposite Sex

By Dorothy L. Warne

(By Request)

There is a lot of talk just now on the superiority of the supposedly weaker sex. Being of that sex myself, far be it from me to suggest that we are not as important as some journalistic people try to make us believe. Why, in fact, argue it at all? Anything analysed or split into theories becomes dry and boring. But anyway, a man loves to feel his superiority. I'm inclined to think that there isn't a girl living, be she of the bravest independence, but in her heart loves her boy to be a bear. (*Pro tem.* of course). She may rave at him for his obstinacy, but where she bids him good-bye for ever—for ever being interpreted as the next day—and sweeps haughtily from the room, as the penny-a-liners put it, why stand there at the top of the stairs and watch him go away, smile over his dear masculine perverseness, kiss his photo, and powder the choice of her wardrobe to appear most ravishing in for the reconciliation.

There are so many classes in the male species that it is difficult to catalogue them. The war had done at least one good thing in making obsolete the melancholy artistic man. While I shouldn't be surprised if some girls glory in being the recipient of sonnets that compare them to a slender lily or a budding rose, and while every flapper adorns her room with photos of some longhaired Adonis who paints, or plays, or acts, yet when Miss Joy Flapper-ton puts up her plaits and lengthens her skirts (sorry! I forgot Dame Fashion's present mood), then her being yearns for something more tangible than soulful eyes and love lyrics.

Lots of men think that all sorts of roads lead to our so-called susceptible hearts,—the bouquet road, the chocolate road, the theatre invitation road,—and while I couldn't deny that they are indisputable milestones in many cases, take it from me, boys, they don't by any manner of means get right there. And if the immortal She doesn't say "Yes" the first time, don't get a revolver or take strychnine, because that is only one of our feminine and irresponsible ways of showing independence. Ask her again, and she'll be so afraid of losing you altogether by a second negative, that she bound to accept with buoyant relief.

It won't always be summer-time and roses, so let's gather the rosebuds now! That's practical advice and a moral too, so I'll quit the subject before I get involved in statements that will cause the poor editor to be overwhelmed with arguments by correspondence.