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MEN *ARE* PIGS

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BY
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CECIL PALMER
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Dedicated
to
“ All the men I have ever met—
except one ”

RAISON D'ÊTRE

A man has dared to write a book against women, he has spoken of them as untruthful, inconstant, selfish and vain. He has called them "Cats". This is the reply, written to you, my poor down-trodden sisters, and it is against our common enemy—Man!

It may not be a quarter as good as "Cats"; it is certainly not nearly as long; not that there are not just as many nasty things to say about men as there are of women, but because I wrote the whole thing very quickly as I wanted it to be published while the memory of "Cats" rankled.

Foreseeing spiteful remarks from the stronger (?) sex—and following the example set by my honoured rival—not Louis Wain—I feel it incumbent to say that I myself have not been at all badly treated by men; luckily I have a keen sense of humour, and have, therefore, always found them most amusing.

Yes, I repeat—it may be extremely badly written; but I think you will agree it is true.

I have called it by its present title, because, after all, what are men—husbands in particular?—but Pigs! Pigs! Pigs!

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MEN *ARE* PIGS

TIT FOR TAT

A woman has for a man the same attraction that a bargain sale has for a woman.

There is always the hope of getting something for nothing!

If a man gives his wife a present, you may be quite certain that he has given his mistress a better one or—that the other woman has refused it.

The most valuable part of a man's club is its—address.

If a man says about a restaurant: "Oh! that's a rotten place," you may be quite certain he is well-known there.

When a man is in love with you he says:
“You need never be afraid that I shall talk
of anything that happens. No one shall
ever know except you and me.” And ten
minutes later he is telling you all the details
of the last affair he had with some woman.

Most men lie late in the morning,
A few lie down in the afternoon,
In fact, all men are liars!

It is surprising what low things seem to
interest a man—low jokes, low music-halls,
low women, and low limbs.

Men usually commence their courtship by
kissing your hand—both literally and figura-
tively. Nearing the finish you are expected
to kiss theirs.

Men tell you they want a glimpse of your
soul.

(Note the word—Soul).

Every man has some vice. Some are cruel, some are unfaithful, and some are fat.

In the "beginning" a man does anything in the world to get you.

In the end he does everything in the world to get away from you.

Never offer to help a man. Never attempt to darn his socks, wash his gloves or pay his debts. If you do; at first he will be tremendously grateful; next—take your services entirely for granted; and finally he will be thoroughly bored with your attentions.

A man will shower pearls and diamonds on his mistress, and then complain to his wife that things are d——d bad in the city.

Men force women to play a losing game, where the odds are all against them, and the prize is worthless.

When a man says he has given up women, it usually means some woman has just given him up.

Never encourage the philanderings of a married man. He will tell you how badly his wife understands him, how dull she is, and how he wishes he were free to marry the sweetest little girl in all the world—meaning you. Remember he used to talk in the same strain to the woman he married.

Many of these married Don Juans make an absolute practice of asking every girl they meet to marry them “when” they get a divorce.

Some men are rogues enough to consider a proposal of marriage sufficient excuse for unconventional intimacy.

An engagement can always be broken off—afterwards.

Men are always talking of the different times they have been in love.

They never seem to realise that true love lasts for ever, whether it ends happily or unhappily.

Get the most out of every man you can. And you still won't be getting your own back!

Man is like a dog: if you chase him he will run away. If you sit still and ignore him he will come begging at your feet!

Men adore celebrities—especially of the stage variety. They seem to think that by running around with a well-known star they obtain a little reflected glory.

But men are so horribly useful. They take you out to ripping little dinners, topping plays, and give you an excellent time. And if they do expect too much in return——Well you wouldn't expect to buy a new dress without paying the bill, would you?

Men love to take you about if you are smart, gay, lively, full of sparkling conversation, etc.—someone just a little out of the ordinary. —But look at the dull, dowdy, very ordinary women they marry.

Men always think they are right about everything. When you dare to disagree with their opinions, they say: “I really cannot understand a woman of your intelligence not seeing the matter in such and such a light.”

Men are getting extra-ordinarily domesticated these days. Most of them are better cooks than women. But is this surprising when you consider what an absorbing interest they always take in food?

A man is like a sheep. You would think he would choose a simple, innocent little girl who knows nothing of life and males.

But how few do? Where there are already

two men round a girl he butts in and tries to be the all-conquering third.

I have come to the conclusion that there is nothing in this world so wonderful as the love of some good man.

And nothing so rare!

In love there is never complete harmony for long. It is all a matter of chasing, or being chased. But the girl should be chased, and chaste!

Why is it that the nicest men are always married?

When a man is in love with you he thinks you are the smartest little thing that ever happened. He says: "You are so different from other women!" A fortnight later, when things are wearing off a bit, he complains, "I can't understand a girl with your taste in clothes choosing a hat like that."

Men are always talking of sport. What is this "shooting" they spend so much time over?

A lot of large men killing a lot of small birds!

How clever!

Men ARE fools. They marry actresses who excite attention because it flatters them to feel that they possess what other men admire.

However, after marriage they insist upon their wives giving up the stage for good. Then when the former butterflies settle down to dull domesticity they get bored with them and say:

"How different it used to be when she was a star!"

And off they go star-gazing outside another stage-door.

Modern authors write of several kinds of heroes: the strong-silent type, the dashing actor, the political reformer, etc.

There is only one kind that appeals to me. I prefer a commercial traveller. Not because

of any particular virtue—but because he is away so much.

. . .

But then heroes of novels and dramas never are true to life. Whatever wrong they do, they are always represented as being in their heart of hearts the soul of Honour, and the personification of decency!

Kissing a clean-shaven man is like eating a pancake without lemon.

There is only one thing quicker than the way men lose their hearts.

'Tis the way they get them back again.

What an opinion men have of themselves.

They say: "I'll do my best to call and see you to-morrow—but don't be disappointed if I can't."

Never trust a red-haired man.

In fact never trust any man at all!

When a man says he wants his freedom, he usually means he wants to get free in order to tie himself up again with another woman.

One of the reasons of the complicated sex-question is—that every girl becomes a woman, and every man remains a boy.

When a man says he has never been in love, it means women have been too kind to him.

Most husbands expect their wives to combine the arts of a courtesan with those of the proprietress of a French restaurant.

All men boast that they understand women. But then, is there anything to understand?

We love men and we hate them.

We are never quite happy when we are

with one, and are still more unhappy when we are without one.

Few men marry the girls they flirt with. That is why there are so many old maids about!

A man is like a bee; he flies from one girl to another, taking the honey from each.

Adam was the first man to be tempted by a woman, and his descendants have been trying to get their own back ever since.

Most men regard marriage as a play that should be well-rehearsed beforehand.

All men treat women badly—or not at all.

At the beginning of an affair a man kneels to you. When he gets off his knees—you

have lost him. And kneeling to him only makes things worse!

I don't think we women have any right to complain of the scarcity of men on earth. I think there will be a darned sight less in Heaven!

Don't believe in the strong-silent man. If a man is silent it means he has nothing to say.

(As well, what about the weak-silent man?)

"You are a saint, and I worship you!"

"You are an adorable woman, and I love you!"

"You are a good little pal you know!"

"My God, what a hat!"

Four "days" of a man's love affair.

Have you ever noticed that when you ask a man to sing he says he can't.

Then if you don't repeat your request, he

quickly says he has a rotten cold, but he'll try.

Then when he starts he gets so pleased with himself you can't get him to leave off?

All the promises of the modern men, all their terms of endearment, their words of love and adoration are but the weapons with which they seek to veil their ultimate desire.

Oh faithless man—one minute you are in love with a short dark girl, and the next with a tall fair one. It is not the colour—the face, the form, the figure—that attracts you, it is the Elusive Unknown, the yet Unconquered that arouses the hunter's instinct in you.

Never attempt to economise for a man. Never refuse his presents, his dinners or anything else he wants to give you. If he doesn't spend his money on you—he'll spend it on some other woman.

At the beginning of an "affaire" it is always the man who seeks and makes the opportunities.

Towards the end the poor woman has to.

Never give a man what he wants.

He'll wheedle you, and coax you, and do everything in his power to persuade you. And in the end he'll be the very first one to reproach you for having given in to him.

After all there is only one woman in the world for the average man.

His wife? His sweetheart? His mistress? No!—his "little Mary!"

Men talk of Love. Why, the first love, the last love, and in fact the only love they ever know is—Self Love.

A man expects his poor wife to buy things without money, and to nurse him before he is ill.

HE: "I had a wonderful night last night."

SHE: "Why, what did you do?"

HE: "My dear, I was so blotto, I can't remember a thing about it."

(A Man's idea of enjoyment).

Men are never contented. When they are young they try to ape their elders; and when they are old they attempt to renew the pleasures of their youth.

Beware of the man who discourses on Free Love. There isn't any.

I once met a Colonial who believed in platonic friendship!

In the course of conversation it transpired that he hadn't seen a white woman for twenty years!!!!

Women, take care of your husbands when they near the age of fat and fifty. Just as a candle flickers up brightly for a moment

or so before going out completely, so will a man have one last spurt at renewing the fires of his youth before he dies.

The unfortunate part of most love affairs is that the men are only really keen at the beginning, and women get extra-ordinarily keen just before the end.

Men have no morals themselves, and go about trying to destroy the few we have.

Never try and keep a man off drink. He won't appreciate your efforts, and it will only make him drink all the more. As well, men are more affectionate when they have drunk too much!

Marriage is a sweepstake in which woman draws a blank every time.

A man loves variety. He marries a girl because of some quality in her that he admires

and then tires of her because—poor thing—she is unable to change her nature daily to suit his moods.

The most unintelligent woman is more clever than the most intelligent man in *affaires de cœur*. A proof of this is that so many uneducated and even vulgar women get anything they want out of so many brilliant men.

A woman treats even a clever man as a spoiled child to be humoured; or a silly fool to be bamboozled!

It ought to be easy to satisfy a man.
He only wants food and excitement.

A man will tell you, you are the only girl in the world for him during the first dance.

In the interval you hear him repeating the same thing to your best friend.

When a man says: "I love you", don't believe him. He doesn't know the meaning

of the word. Love with him means Possession—the satisfying of sexual emotions.

How can a man and a woman ever achieve real happiness together when it is a well-known fact that—in a man—attainment kills desire?

If trial marriages were sanctioned how few actual ones there would be.

Men spend their lives idealising women in theory and abusing them in practice.

A married man should be muzzled and handcuffed, and a red flag tied round his neck.

Man is always asking woman a question. And the woman usually gives the wrong answer.

Nowadays even a young man seems to come

to his wife after having lain in the arms of countless other women.

He has kissed other women, he has simulated love to other women. He has touched pitch and been defiled by it; then when he sickens of the cloying dirt he seeks a pure and chaste girl to be his wife. The worse he has been the more blameless his wife must be.

Men hate to marry girls with bobbed hair. They think they are not getting their full money's worth.

Man's past is hopeless. In fact man's past hope altogether.

Marriage is an extra-ordinary institution. A man and a woman who are vitally opposite to each other in every way have to live in the same house, sleep in the same room and probably face each other over the same breakfast table every morning.

And in most cases a physical attraction only is relied upon to preserve peace and harmony in the home.

Men offer you a week's passion, and expect in return—a fortnight's passion, a month's affection and everlasting admiration.

When a man wants anything, you are the Queen of the World.

When he gets what he wanted—woman, thy name is mud!

Man falls in love about as easily as a duck takes to water.

Well the difference now between dogs and "men!" Dogs are not conceited, they are more affectionate, and (thank God) they are more faithful!

There are different breeds of men-animals, just as there are of dogs.

There is the British Bull-dog, the yappy Pom and the fat little lap-dog, but the majority are just "curs."

(Curs-e them!!)

Men are so generous!

Heaps of women can point to diamond, pearl, and sapphire rings—presents from some kind man.

And heaps of women have black rings round their eyes. Presents from some kind man. Men are so generous.

The women who have "bows" on their feet usually have "beaux" at their feet.

But woe unto the woman who is bow-legged!

. . .

A man will grumble like mad at his wife's dressmaker's bill, but when his own cigar bill comes in——

. . .

Some men think they were born to be "millionaires" and put on a "million airs" in consequence,

However, they soon go bald and lose their
“million ’airs!”

Heaps of men only marry out of curiosity!

The first thing a man does on meeting an attractive married woman is to try and discover if she is still in love with her husband. (Unless she disabuses his mind, he generally takes it for granted that she isn’t).

Bare-faced women do not perhaps appeal to many men, but bare-backed ones do!

Men are heartless brutes, in fact they don’t seem to possess that organ at all, except one now and then who has a “smoker’s heart.”

A man is inconsistent. One evening if you inquire about his work he will say crossly: “Oh, I don’t feel like talking shop.”

Another time if you avoid the subject, he'll say: "You never ask what I've been doing all day, I don't believe my work interests you a damn!"

No wonder women soon go grey.

If you are tired of a man's attentions—
marry him!!

. . .

Men love to leave their mark behind them.
If they cannot do it by force of intelligence they come in with dirty boots and leave bits of mud all over the place.

There is nothing so sweet as a man in love with you.

Nothing so brutal as a man *once* in love with you.

. . .

I'm sure Ananias was a golfer!

A man hates to give his wife money to spend on clothes. Yet he is the first to remark on her dowdiness, and to point out how much better dressed other men's wives are.

What is the deduction?

A man expects his own wife to dress on air!

. . .

When a woman is discussing her best friend and her husband says: "Who, dear?"

You may be quite sure he is enjoying a flirtation with that very friend.

How can a woman keep "nice" when she finds that a *cocotte* has the power to attract her husband so easily?

You can be certain that when a man starts being suspicious of his wife, it is time "she" inquired into the case.

And vice versa.

Men may be harum-scarum, but a harem wouldn't scare 'em!

A plain "unfascinating" woman has a rotten time. She might as well tie a millstone

round her neck and throw herself into the Thames. But the most ugly, repulsive-looking, bullet-headed brute of a man has a wonderful time. When he squints at us cross-eyed, we say: "Isn't he fascinatingly ugly?" When he is openly rude and behaves like a bear with a sore head we say: "Isn't he strong-minded?" And when he lords it over us and bangs us about, we say "How we do like a man to be a man!"

(No wonder men are rotters!)

Women may be frivolous, and enjoy tea parties, matinees and chocolates.

But consider what are the joys that delight a man?

Women—wine, and a low music-hall!
Which shows the higher morale?

You can be certain that when a man 'phones from his office and says he is unavoidably detained in the city, it is time for his wife to—*chercher la femme!*

When in the drawing-room a man will tell a pleasant, humorous little story which "we "

greatly appreciate. In the smoking-room men cluster together and vie with each other as to who can tell the most *risqué* joke. The naughtier it is, the more they appreciate it.

What is the inference? Men have nastier minds than women!

The more I think of men the less I think of them.

. . .

The three chief vices of man!
Intemperance, Inconstancy and Vanity!

Some people say that men are more generous than women—perhaps, but then they always give something, hoping to receive—more.

Never run after a man or a taxi.
There is always another one coming along.

. . .

One law for man, and one law for woman.
And that will never be changed in our lifetime,
so grin and bear it.

Have you ever noticed that the man who talks a lot of rubbish out of doors about the excellent methods of the "cave-man", is usually an arrant coward in his own home?

His "club-boasting" is only a feeble attempt to delude himself that he did not leave his superiority at the church door.

Men give you the "glad-eye." If you don't return it you are a prude; and if you do you are—cheap!

What are you to do?

Man is instinctively and chiefly a sportsman. He fishes for—compliments; and hunts for—game.

The chase is for him the essence of life. The more elusive the game the higher its value in the hunter's eyes.

He sets his traps with ravishing and deluding baits of promised happiness and joy. But when the splendid tigress is caught what happens?

She is first gloated over; then caged and neglected, and finally killed.

Then off goes the man—bird's nesting!

Sometimes it seems to me that a man is absolutely devoid of common sense. If there is too much dinner on the table he will complain of waste, and say: "How extravagant you are."

Yet he thinks nothing of bringing home a couple of friends to dine unexpectedly. Then *Mon Dieu*, if there is not enough to eat!!

Poor woman, she is supposed to know so many things by instinct!

Man is the most susceptible, fickle thing in the world. He will tell you he adores you, and will be at the time fully convinced that he is speaking the truth. A few days later he has forgotten your very existence.

A man would be hurt—yes, shocked—if his wife did not consider him "everybody", yet to him his wife is merely one of many!

Proverb: "A Miss is as good as her smile!"
(But for a man a "Mrs." is much better).

You may think you are marrying an intelligent, faithful, devoted lover; once you get him home you find to your surprise that he is just an animal to be fed and amused. If "you" can't provide sufficient entertainment, well then, Madam, stop at home and sew, your lord and master will seek it (and find it!) elsewhere.

Once a man is married, he regards his wife as one of his goods and chattels, as a part of his house, as a piece of furniture. A necessary piece, perhaps—as a table—but nothing more!

Women do not half appreciate the value of insinuation. A little piece of lace or ribbon peeping out from some hidden garment is much more enticing to a man than a very short skirt.

Most men play billiards.
A few play the piano.
All play—the fool.

Men *are* pigs. What does a woman do if she wants her husband to give her something? Why, she gives him a good dinner first.

There is many a cause won by a good lunch.

Curiosity is Man's besetting sin. Whisper to a friend in front of your husband, and he won't give you a moment's peace till he knows what you said.

The man usually falls in love first. But he falls out first too.

A man is so dog-in-the-manger-ish. He tires of his wife, but he won't let any other man have her.

How men make me laugh. They will tell you how they hate a woman to make-up;—makes them perfectly sick, don't yer know! Yet when a few minutes later some obviously painted female strolls in, they rave and

say: "Now that's what I call a beautiful woman!"

"Manners maketh man" they say.
Another proof of how few men there are!

Have you noticed how a man, when listening to your conversation, will sit and twirl his moustache for hours on end? What would he say if, whilst listening to his long-winded and frequently boring theories, we sat in the sitting-room and curled our hair, or cleaned our teeth?

. . .

If only Mothers anticipated the misery their sons create for women, they'd strangle them in their cradle.

A man has so little idea of morality that the greatest compliment you can pay him is to call him to his face, a "knut", a "bit of a dog", a "rake!"

He will laugh and boast of the gay life he has led, which means he is proud of having done so many things he ought not to do.

1st invitation.—At the Savoy. “Bring a bottle of *veuve cliquot*, Waiter!”

2nd invitation.—At the Piccadilly. “What about a nice hock cup?”

3rd invitation.—Trocadero. “Lemon Squash?”

4th invitation.—The Corner House. “Water!”

Four important stages of a man’s “love.”

I have often heard some man say: “That poor fellow leads a dog’s life.”

Perhaps he does. Have you ever stopped to consider what is a dog’s life?

A little pampered pet, plenty to eat, plenty of sleep, much kissing and petting, and all he has to do is—to perform a few tricks.

Men spend their lives trying to undermine the morals of the girls they meet, but their own sisters, and the girls they marry must be *sans reproche*!

Work is the only thing that keeps men out of mischief.

Beware of the man who tells you that he doesn't care for pretty women; but likes them to have character!

Men blame women for everything. When you are sitting there quite quiet and unresponsive a man will suddenly clasp you in his arms and say: "How you tempt me!"

How frequently one hears a small brother remark in lordly tones: "Not badly done—for a girl." That mistaken notion of superiority seems to be born in them.

All my life I have been looking for a perfect man. But what constitutes a perfect man? And if I found him, he'd be so dull, I should not know what to do with him!

Lots of men marry girls because they are lively and smart, and then try and make them wear low heels.

A man's idea of happiness would be one long, continuous drink.

Men love champagne. They frequently treat their wives to "sham pain" too.

Men love to spoil the fruits of your labour. If you go running to them enthusiastically to show them something you've done, they at once damp your ardour by saying how much better they could have done it themselves.

Men love to talk of themselves; it does not matter how angry they are with you—start them about themselves and they will think you're a ripping good sort after all.

Man worships the Impossible, he would

like his woman to have the eyes of a devil,
and the virtue of a saint.

A man once told me that the height of his
ambition was to keep a girls' school!

I should have thought an aviary more
appropriate!

. . .

A man should be like good coffee.
Sweet, strong and hot!

The only way to make a man want anything
is—to tell him he can't have it!

Men are not capable of love as we know it.
They have some emotion which they pass off
as a substitute, but it is as ginger ale is to
whisky. Both are the same colour—that is
all.

Women, wine and song.
Man's economy—Song!

Men are so unreliable; they are always there when you don't want them, and never there when you do.

A man always wants everything—except that which he has just acquired.

Man is like the weather; he blows hot and cold! Chiefly cold!!
(And you never know what to wear).

He is usually hot when you want him cold,
And cold when you want him hot.
He is fast and furious, loving and bold
When you feel that you want him not.
But when you sigh and give the glad eye,
And long for his passionate kissing,
He either looks bored, "doesn't want to be
pawed,"
Or else is surprisingly missing.

A woman, however fond she may be of men, will only mix with those of her own class, the principal rule being that he must be a "gentleman".

Not so a man—oh dear me, no—“Who is that little girl with the golden hair and violet eyes? A fifth-rate chorus-girl! A bar-maid! Splendid! Coarse did you say?—Not a bit of it—she looks the very thing to cuddle!”

A constant woman is rewarded by inconstancy, but a fiery-tempered, flirtatious damsel receives a slave-like devotion.

No wonder there are so many nasty women!

. . .

A man will boast to you of how many drinks he has been able to consume without outwardly turning a hair; or will relate with relish, tales of the night he was really gloriously, riotously drunk! But should you follow his noble example he would turn from you in horror or loathing.

It sometimes seems to me that men count all their own vices as virtues; and all a woman's virtues as vices.

Men are inquisitive. Whilst pretending that they know all, they are always wanting to know all.

Have you ever noticed the clever way in which a man usually makes his duties cover his inclinations?

Men love to be reminded of their strength. What kind of women appeal to them? The strong-minded, independent you-need-not-come-near-me person, or the little bit of fluff that screams at the sight of a mouse and runs to them for protection?

Man is so plausible that he very often persuades you against your better judgment. You know all the time that it is your aloofness which attracts him, yet he brings forth so many arguments, he pleads so well—begging you to be passionate, to love him, to kiss him as he kisses you—that in the end you give way. And, of course, as soon as he has had the pleasure of awakening you, of realising his power, he tires of you and goes exploring elsewhere. In fact he seems to spend most of his time in looking for icebergs, and then trying to melt them into fire!

Men say they detest unpunctuality—but if you turned up on time they would be disappointed and value you less.

Men seem to believe in the quotation: "Love is blind." For when they make love they very often are blind—blind to the world!

To a man a woman is just an instrument of pleasure—nothing more.

If you don't give a man what he wants you lose him. And if you *do* give him what he wants you lose him. So what are you to do?—don't!!

Men have spoiled many a good friendship among women.

. . .

A man in love is a man bewitched.—He is almost nice.

Isn't it strange what a little intelligence the average man has, that he tries to deprive himself of the little he has by—drink? Funny how a man will drink and drink till he hasn't a shred of sense left.

Before you promise to marry a man see him drunk, it is then that the acquired outer covering falls off and you see the real man revealed.

When WE are in trouble we go to someone for advice and sympathy; a man says: "For Heaven's sake give me a whisky and soda!"

When WE want an appetite we go for a walk; a man orders a cocktail.

WE try to improve our health; men try to dull their senses.

The other evening a man asked my opinion of a little girl with whom he had been dancing. "A very pretty, but an unintelligent face," I said. "Ah," he cried delightedly, "That is just what I like—Beauty without Brains!" Inference—obvious!!!

Is there a man in the wide, wide, world who has not at sometime or other made himself out to be the black sheep of the family? The more blameless the life he has led, the more wicked he likes to appear.

When will some men learn never to ask a girl if they can kiss her?

There is not a self-respecting female in the world who would answer yes!

To kiss a girl and then apologise is like offering a man a drink and giving him—tea!

Man is naturally polygamistic, so how can marriage be successful?

Some men can sing,
And some can't;
But *they* all *think* they can.

It is a lucky thing for men that there is no written record of their past.

Men are so dreadfully conceited that you can nearly always get them to do anything you want by a little judicious flattery.

Men are so wonderfully conceited that they imagine that what amuses them must amuse you. If they want anything, of course you must give it to them; what is a little worry or trouble compared with the delight of seeing them pleased?

Some people say:—"Well, look how brave and good men were to fight for the women." Yes, granted, but then if women had been responsible there would not have been a war. A little tact, a little diplomacy and—*tout est fini*.

Men have a name for courage. How they got it Heaven alone knows.

If they have a finger-ache, or a pain in their little toe they think they are dying—and you never hear the last of it. Let them go through some of the pain a woman takes as a matter

of course, and then see who will talk about "courage".

. . .

Man is really a coward at heart, but there are two qualities that balance this—his Conceit, and his fear of Ridicule.

I said to a woman the other day: "Who would you choose to be if you were not yourself?" And she answered: "My husband's second wife!"

Plenty to eat, plenty to drink, and plenty of sleep.

Man's Utopia.

Men like cards. Man is a "queer card" himself.

A man holding a "nice hand" will frequently lose his "heart" (and diamonds) to a woman who revokes; or in other words, who does not follow suit!

Men all admire the same thing. Watch them at the Royal Academy. Where do you find the biggest crowd? Standing in front of a pretty landscape or problem picture? No, in front of a pair of legs, or a nude!

“ Oh, Egoist, your name is Man,
Let him deny it—if he can.
The world was made for you, you think.
Women to play with, wine to drink.
On your great horizon, we women are but
specks!
Yet if your life is spoiled, the cause you say—
our sex.”

. . .

Men whilst being so similar in the main, are yet so different in little things that it is sometimes difficult to know how to treat them. Still this is a pretty safe rule: If you meet a handsome, very good-looking man, give him the cold shoulder; if you come across a shy, ugly man—make a fuss of him. You will soon have a train of admirers.

Men believe in, “ What the eye doesn’t see
. . .” They seem to think that as long as

they appear model husbands in front of their wives, what they do elsewhere doesn't matter.

Husbands are inveterate grumblers. They grumble from early in the morning when the bacon is not cooked to their liking, till late at night when they complain that the bed is not large enough.

. . .

A man has such a great idea of himself, that he thinks no matter how badly he treats you—one of his kisses is ample compensation.

Men abhor ridicule. I once lost my greatest friend because someone told him I had nicknamed him a white rabbit!

Many men would prefer a halter to an altar. (They seem to think the words synonymous!)

It takes a wise woman to know her own husband; and when she knows him she has cause to regret the knowledge.

Woman has a soul!
Man a large appetite!

Man adores mystery. Hint at something hidden, and he will follow you like a shadow, with the burning desire—to know! But she is a silly woman who tells. When mystery flies out of the window—boredom comes in at the door.

Men don't know the meaning of the word—gratitude. They accept everything you do for them as their due.

Why even Shakespeare writes:

“Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind as man's
ingratitude.”

A man will forgive a woman anything, unless she's his wife.

Most men scorn asking advice from their better-halves.

In fact the only reason why they ever ask

advice at all is—so that if anything goes wrong they have someone to blame.

Forbidden fruits are always the sweetest; so I suppose that is why, when a man is married, all desire for his wife goes, and no matter how true and tender she is to him, he would rather have one stolen kiss from a silly little flapper than a wealth of love from her.

Do everything in the world for a man and you won't receive praise or thanks; but omit one little thing and you'll never hear the last of it.

Any woman can have any man she wants providing she tries hard enough.
(But very few can keep them).

The older a man gets the more childish he becomes; and remember that—there is no fool like an old fool!

A man has no idea of playing the game! He is a Jesuit at heart. To him the end justifies the means. The end being generally the ruin of some good woman.

If you praise one man to another and say what a splendid, handsome-looking fellow he is, you are sure to be told he is an utter bounder.

But if you run down an insignificant, harmless-looking creature, you will be immediately told that he is really a charming fellow.

. . .

Some men don't want a woman's love; all they want is acquiescence.

All the laws in the world seem to have been made "for" the man and "against" the woman—even the unwritten ones. Take a man who has been divorced; he is fêted, and welcomed back to the flock. "Of course, it was really his wife's fault," people say.

But what happens to a divorcee? She is socially ostracised, and shunned as dangerous and impossible.

(Why even the woman who has divorced her husband is regarded with suspicion!)

Suspect your husband and he'll deceive you.

Don't suspect him and he'll still deceive you!

. . .

The girls men hate the most are the ones they have loved the most.

You may win a man by three months of indifference, and lose him by three hours of love.

A man is so frightfully selfish himself, and yet if you won't do EVERYTHING he wants you to, he'll say "I've never met such a selfish woman."

The difference between man and woman is, that long after the "affair" is over, the woman only remembers the good points of the man and how much they used to love each other

in the past; whilst the man only remembers the bad points of the woman and how much he hates her at present.

You may flatter yourself that a man takes you out to dinner for the pleasure of seeing you amused; or for the sake of your smile, your pleasant company, your ready wit, or for the simple joy of being near you.

(For the simple joy of being near you—yes—and with the hope of being nearer).

A man will buy any old thing if sold by a pretty girl, yet if his wife brings home a hat of which he disapproves he does not stop to inquire if she bought it from a good-looking man.

A man thinks he can treat you as badly as he likes as long as he kisses you afterwards.

Woman is as essential to man as mint sauce is to lamb.

Men are like small children: full of noise and worry.

The whole trouble of the universe is the scarcity of men. We have to pet and spoil them because they are so rare, and rarity appeals to everyone. In fact men are to women as—plovers' eggs.

But put an equal number of men beside an equal number of women and see which side comes out the better, which has the more brains, the more tact, the more common-sense. Women—every time!

Marriage is a sweepstake in which woman usually draws a handful!

Find me a man who is not conceited, and I shall say unto you: "Verily, the world is full of surprises," but find me one who does not boast that he understands women and I shall say: "There are more things in Heaven and earth than this world dreams of."

A man expects so much from the woman he marries. She must be a devoted wife, an excellent mother, a splendid housekeeper, a fine nurse, a popular hostess and a sort of continuous entertainment. But at the same time she must keep in the back-ground and obey his orders. She must work all day to keep the home nice, and yet be as fresh as a lark when her husband returns in the evening. She must greet him with a cheery smile and a good dinner. She must be ready to sympathise or rejoice with him as the occasion demands. Then if there are a few minutes to spare just before they go to bed, perhaps she may be allowed to tell "her little" worries to her good husband, and obtain his wonderful advice. But not too many worries—mind!

Men are creatures of habit.

Women are always pining for something new.

(The secret of progression).

Empty vessels make the most sound, and the more fuss a man makes the less you need bother about him.

“Birds of a feather flock together,” that is why so many men end by going to the dogs! (That’s rather involved).

Men like a plain cook and a pretty mistress.

Advice to fiancées and wives—Be expensive! The more expensive you are, the more the man will appreciate you.

Half the attraction of a mistress lies in her extravagant demands. It keeps a man up to the mark, and gives him that nice protective, providing feeling he is so fond of.

Women spoil men, and men spoil women—only differently.

Men acknowledge that a woman is more cunning than a man, and even more tactful. In the diplomatic service it is the woman who is given the most “tricky” jobs to perform.

Yet men still laugh if you dare say that women have as much intelligence as they have, laugh and deny it flatly. Take the average girl of seventeen and the average boy. One is accomplished, finished and polished; the other dull and awkward.

“Ah,” says the man, “perfectly true. A girl develops so much more quickly than a boy up to a certain age, but then she stops, while the boy steadily improves. You should compare them at forty.” “Well, it’s like this, Mr. Man, when a girl is twenty or thereabouts, she is sufficiently clever to realise that if she wants a good time she must hide her intellect and appear dependent and irresponsible. She realises that true happiness for her lies in her marrying, and making a good wife and mother. You can’t look after a house properly and study at the same time. That’s a proof of her “intelligence”, not of the lack of it.

When an affair is finished a man hates to be reminded of all the sweet things he has said. The sweeter the things, the more annoyed he seems to be.

Never confess your past to the man you love, it gives him a powerful weapon which he has no hesitation in using in the future.

Now about Fishing! Hook your fish while you can, for although there may be as many fish in the sea as ever came out of it, it takes an expert fisher to catch a good one. As well, the bait decreases in value as time goes on.

Cats are always attracted by their enemies—perhaps that is the secret of man's attraction for women.

Men take all you have to offer and then want more. Men have very taking ways!

Women are so different from men. When a woman is in love with one man she is not even interested in any other; but a man can be engaged to a woman he is really fond of, and yet at the same time have a violent flirtation with a woman he has never met before.

A man can kiss you a long, lingering, passionate "farewell" one day, and not care tuppence about your "welfare" the next.

If a man has false teeth, don't think that is the only thing false about him!

Never give a man what he wants. The first time he'll humbly plead for it; the second time expect it, and the third time demand it!

Man regards love as a weakness, and when he has recovered from it the woman he hates most in the world is the one who was the cause of his falling.

A woman worships a god.
Man a petticoat! (Especially if it's a lacy one).

Men may forget to wind up their own

watches, but they seize every opportunity they can of touching a clock—on a girl's stocking.

Man's favourite quotation: "Let the dead past bury its dead."

Education is a great thing, also civilisation. It gives to man a thin veneer or polish beneath which he is able to hide all the brute instincts of the animal. But when the layer of polish wears off—as it is bound to in time—where is the civilisation then?

Gone, and there stands your true barbarian!

If Women are Cats, then men are Dogs. Cats like to sit by the fire and keep warm. Dogs "like" to go out foraging and fighting. But which is the more courageous? Beat a dog and he will crouch and cringe at your feet. Beat a cat and she will spring and scratch.

A man will pay a lot for a flag sold by a pretty girl. Why, then, don't they have good looking men to sell to women?

Flags would be at a premium!

Kisses, Drink, Tobacco and a Pipe! The four inane, silly necessities of a "man's" life.

Ugly men may have less vice than their "good-looking" brothers; but it must be dreadful to wake up in the morning and have to shout "For Heaven's sake—be virtuous!"

A man is sometimes foolish enough to think he is marrying a "saint", then when (as is natural) she turns out to be only human, he is bitterly disappointed and talks of—fallen idols, etc.

Men do abuse the power they have so shockingly. Take the Kaiser, for instance. He was a noble example. Just out of avarice and ambition he plunged nearly the whole

world into a ghastly war—knocking men down like nine-pins.

. . .

I can never believe that man's present sins are due to Adam's weakmindedness in being tempted by Eve. I think, rather, that it was the fondness he had for his "little Mary" which made him unable to resist the apple.

. . .

I was discussing a well-known night club with a man the other day. He said: "I go there three or four evenings a week."

"Personally," I said, "I would not be seen there."

"Quite right; no woman should go there till she is married and can go with her husband."

"But what woman wants to go with her—husband?" "My wife," he said.

"And do you take your wife with you every time?" I innocently inquired.

He nearly shrieked at me. "Ah, no, *mon Dieu*, what an idea! I take her perhaps once a week."

"And the other three times make up for that once?" I insinuated.

He only smiled.

(He is supposed to be a model husband).
That is all.

A man gives the most to the woman who gives him the least. *And* conversely!!

You will find that a man who professes to be a misogynist, has at one time been badly treated by a woman. And it is this man who usually comes the biggest cropper for the sake of "another" woman in the end.

Woman has a large heart; man an enormous appetite!

The biggest bore in the whole world is a "retired" man. He seems to think that because he has no work to do, he must hinder his wife in every respect, and walk up and down the hall all day—wearing the carpet out.

. . .

A man always thinks most of the woman who is not there. He quotes his mother to his wife; and his first wife to his second wife.

“ Woman ” may be the eternal question;
but “ Man ” is the eternal answer!

Men have such a poor idea of organisation
and fair play.

I heard of a factory where there is practically
nothing to do at the present time, yet day
after day new workers are engaged—simply
because the manager cannot resist a pretty
face.

A FEW "DON'TS FOR WOMEN."

1.—Don't ever be deluded into thinking that you have discovered a man different from other men. He may dress differently, he may talk differently, or even make love differently, but it all comes to the same in the end, they all have the same vices, all want the same things.

2.—Don't try and reform a black sheep. Once a German always a German.

3.—Don't marry on love and kisses. Soft words are like soft soap—easily dissolved.

4.—Don't abandon yourself entirely to a man. He may tell you your kisses are like bon-bons, the more he has the more he wants. But think yourself, what is the inevitable result

of too many sweets?—You feel sick and can't bear the sight of them again for many a day.

5.—Don't forget that a man can't bear the thought of your being able to do anything better than he can. So if you play a better game of auction bridge just revoke once or twice to put him in a good temper. Of course if you happen to be playing "with" him, he may be a little annoyed, but not half so annoyed as he would be if your game were faultless.

. . .

6.—Above all, don't forget that if you want him in a good temper—feed the brute.

A FEW DEFINITIONS

A FEW DEFINITIONS

A small boy is a nuisance!

A bachelor is a selfish coward!

A married man is either a tyrant or a thing of no importance whatever!

An actor is a man who "shows off" just a little bit more than other men!

A butcher is just a man who knows best how to profit by his natural cruelty!

A woman loves a man in spite of the faults she sees in him—sometimes because of them!

But every fault a man sees in a woman makes him love her less.

The sad part of it all is that a man improves with age, while a woman deteriorates.

Women—the fair sex. Men—the un-fair sex.

How difficult life is, for whilst " Possession " cloy's the man, it increases the woman's affection.

. . .

Men adore admiration. The thicker you pile it on the better, and even when you expound some outrageous flattery they only smirk complacently and say : " Do you really think so? "

. . .

Men are so vain that they only believe the nice things they hear about themselves, and never the nasty.

. . .

For the same reason, you can be sure that when a man says : " I don't like dancing," it means he can't dance!

Men are so cruel that they take a special delight in hurting the people who love them the most.

. . .

For a woman, " Possession " signifies the beginning, for a man—the end.

NEARING THE END

Whatever you do, read this book and recommend it to every one you know—even if you do think it rotten! Never let it be said that a book against women sold better than one against men.

Give a copy of this book to your husband for a birthday present; he will appreciate it ever so much more than a tie he can never wear.

Give it to your brother, your cousin, your uncle, your father-in-law, in fact, to all the men you know—it will show them for once what is our real opinion of them!

Perhaps it would be wiser not to give it to your fiancé—your knowledge of men might frighten him.

I am afraid it has some very feeble jokes in it, but I was determined not to be outdone!

I said to a man yesterday, "Tell me some 'nice' things about men to put amongst the nasty ones!" and he said, "I'm afraid I do not know anything nice about them."

So if one of their own sex cannot say anything nice about them, how in the world can I?

However, I will say this: "Men may be brutal, selfish, vain—and everything that is nasty; but for all that we cannot live without them, any more than they can live without us, and 'what can't be cured must be endured'."

LAST LAP

If we can believe legends and fairy tales, there were once good, true, brave men. Chivalrous knights who risked their lives for their lady loves. Martyrs who went to the stake rather than betray a woman. The race, however, seems to be now pretty well extinct; perhaps it was fabulous, like the mythical dragons; perhaps among all the millions of men there are one or two examples left. At any rate, you must remember that—the exception proves the rule.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT

I know that every MAN, after reading "PIGS", will remark: "Oh, that was written by a foolish little flapper who knows nothing at all about men." Well, one day, I shall write another book, and giving it some fantastic title such as "Gods," "Heroes," or "Lords of the Earth," I shall praise men up to the

last degree, saying how marvellous—wonderful—kind and generous they are. Then when they put it down they'll say with a complacent air: "By Jove, how that girl understands men!"

THE END

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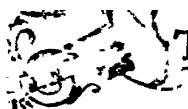
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