

# ON THE MANAGEMENT OF BLONDES

*Prolegomena to Any System of Philosophy Devoted to Their Treatment and Care*

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**T**HE first principle of dealing with the female of all placental amniotes, such as Homo Sapiens and its sub-species, has been, for all time, by that world-epochzeitgeist-comprehending-demonstrator, Nietzsche, in the not-to-be-ever-forgotten spirit-remark "visiting them thyself, with unflinching whip-arm," laid down.

(Professor Carr, *won't you please can this dachshund, hyphenated style? This paper is neutral—Ed.*)

The human female is divided into two great classes; the blonde and the brunette. The latter class may be defined as one who is biologically tired of being a blonde.

The problem indicated by the title of this paper is an old one; it has baffled the greatest intelligences of the human race. Aristotle, in his *De Blondibus* only touched the fringe of it.

**T**HE first great discovery which has put blondes forever at our mercy—so far as getting them to the analytical operating theater is concerned—is due to an unknown chemist, who discovered that peroxide of hydrogen, mixed with a few drops of ammonia, would enable blondes and brunettes to preserve themselves in a wholly blonde condition.

Careful study has shown us that while blondes possess more appetite than brunettes, they invariably possess less heart. The analogy has been drawn between blondes and the chickens used by the Roman augurs, who were often said, by Livy and Cicero, to have no heart. Hence, possibly, the term "chicken" as derisively applied to a certain type of blondes in our own day—and city.

A blonde *must* be plump; and she *must* be fluffy; or she is not a true blonde. Further, she must giggle. Stop her giggling and her power over man is spent; she becomes helpless—like Archimedes without his fulcrum. You must never be brutal with a blonde. With a brunette you may, nay, you must, or she will not respect you. But a blonde has not that substance of humanity which links her with the dear old days of the cave-man. She is like a toy balloon. You may toss her about, and tap her lightly; but give her a serious blow, and she bursts. Some very wise men think that it is best to begin with the serious blow.

**T**HE first steps in the management of a blonde are perfectly easy. Any child knows enough to capture one. But when you have captured her, you must, by careful steering, lead her to the point when she comes to the conclusion that you are not dangerous. This is usually quite easy, as the blonde is really a bit of a fool; she is apt to think that other people are as shallow as herself. So, treat her like a child, steer her along with frivolous talk. Quote W. J. Bryan's famous dictum to her: "You can lead a blonde to the Walkdorf, but you cannot make her drink."

The present writer once took a blonde seri-

ously. Fortunately a brilliant French brunette, observing his perilous situation, extricated him by a single adroit manoeuvre. And here lies, I think, the key to the solution of our difficulty. The natural enemy of the blonde is the brunette. The blonde knows it, and fears the brunette. She is aware that truth and passion have more real power over men than fluffiness, flirtations and frivolity.

**A BRUNETTE** will stay where you put her till she is wanted, but if you take your eye off a blonde—it's a little like a golf ball—you are lost. The blonde knows that a day must come when the man will ask her some fairly intelligent question, or rely upon her for some real kindness or good feeling; will, in short, put her, in some way or other, on her manhood. She can avoid the suspicion of a battle for weeks or months, by giggles and pouts and

scorn the thought; but you should represent the brunette as determined and unscrupulous, and beg the blonde to save you from her machinations.

**A CLEVER** device with a blonde is to tear up a passionate and pleading letter from a brunette, and allow her, after a struggle to pick up the pieces from the wicker w.p.b. and to read them tearfully: For the rest of the evening she will try no more tricks at all. This is but one suggestion. The true expert must, and will, think out his own stunts, week by week. But, sadly enough, his efforts are nearly always useless. All that he can do is to attempt palliative measures. Sooner or later a man tires of a blonde and she is inevitably found in his discard. And here we strike the real paradox of this thesis. The attachment between any human being and any blonde is so exiguous that management in the proper sense of the word is really impossible. You cannot "manage" a mosquito. You can keep it off with a net, or you can swat it; but you simply cannot manage it.

And here is quite another thought. A blonde cannot hope to deceive you by darkening her hair. Robert Burns has warned her that "the hair is but the guinea stamp, a blonde's a blonde for a' that."

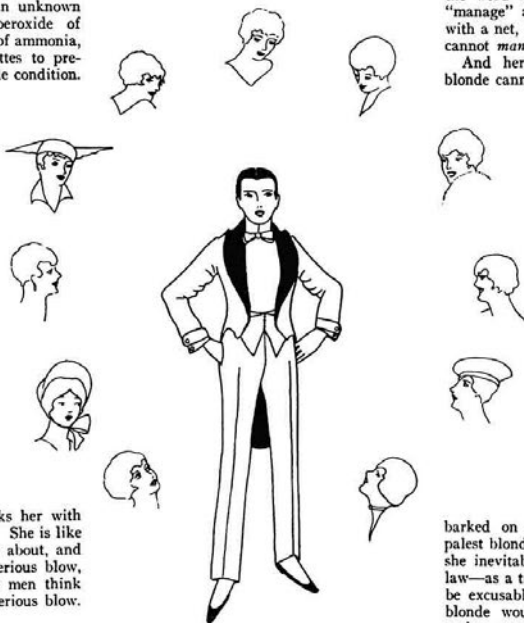
A blonde should have her moments of self-examination and distrust, when she unconsciously recognizes the truth of Swinburne's beautiful, if melancholy, poem:

"We thank with brief thanksgiving,  
Whatever God's be facts,  
That no blonde lives forever,  
That lobsters rise up never,  
That even the weariest flivver  
Winds somewhere safe to Jack's."

Brunettes sometimes go into action as blondes, after an hour at the coiffeur's, but this ruse will hardly deceive the expert. The days of purblind Isaac are no more. The impostor always does something to give herself away. Her penalty then becomes terrible. She has probably embarked on some adventure which only the palest blonde could successfully carry off. So she inevitably incurs the utmost rigor of the law—as a traitor or a spy. Her failure would be excusable in a confessed brunette; a real blonde would get off with a contemptuous raging every decent instinct; she is . . .

**T**HE real blonde is barred from so many of life's great joys, that it is a pity to punish her. She escapes because she has not properly accepted humanity; and, not having its privileges, need not partake of its pains. But the brunette who dyes; who wants to be treated like a blonde, is cheating. She is out-ranging every decent instinct; she is . . .

(Professor Carr: *It is perfectly dreadful that this purely scientific article should be taking on such a pompous moral tone. It's getting positively preachy. Printer! Please don't set up, even in galleys, the rest of Professor Carr's article. Kill it.—Ed.*)



PROFESSOR CARR AND HIS TRAINED BLONDES

He is the author of "Wild Debutantes I Have Met," "Watchful Waiting for Bashful Brunettes," "Polychromatic Women," "His Suit and Hirsute," etc. etc.

tossings of the head; but sooner or later the man wants her to array her forces. Alas, her army is composed entirely of light cavalry, which is all very well for scouting and skirmishes, but of no account in a pitched battle.

So here we have the first great rule; threaten her with a brunette. You must not tell her that you love the brunette; nay, you must