

Spinelly's Opinion of Men



I am asked, "What do I think of men?" Most of the time I do not think of them at all, for they are not very useful and all, except the older ones, are extremely uninteresting.

But when I do think of them I ask myself, "What do men do in life?"

Most of the time I think they make mistakes. They make wars and they lose them, and even if they win they make a mistake of the peace.

They make machines which are always going wrong; they drive railway engines and often wreck the train; they sail ships which are often sunk and they make money which they often lose.

In nine cases out of ten they choose the wrong wife, and if they obtain a divorce they simply go on making mistakes.

If you send them shopping they buy the wrong things; if they make love to you they say the wrong things; and if you ask them to perform some little service for you they do the wrong things.

Have you ever watched a man trying to be useful? It is very pathetic. Like all stupid creatures, he means to do right but he always does wrong.

Ask him to hook your dress at the back. He will always fasten it wrongly and you will have to call a woman to do it properly.

Ask him to pass you your shoes.

He will always bring the wrong pair.

In a home a man is only a nuisance. He is always in the way. He leaves his bedroom like a pigsty. He spills his coffee on the carpet.

He bangs the front door. He returns late for his dinner. He asks for things he does not want and wants things he does not ask for.

Then he sits in the most comfortable chair and goes to sleep, when there is some important question to discuss or to decide.

One thing about men that makes me cross is that they are all alike. They might have been turned out by the dozen in a factory.

They are all childish, all selfish, and all conceited.

Any intelligent woman—and what woman is not intelligent?—can manage any man, because she has only to know one to know them all.

She knows his likes and dislikes. She knows his habits as she knows the habits of a dog. She knows just how much flattery he will swallow, how much reproof he will

stand, and how many bills he will meet.

She also knows when he is lying, when he is sincere, and when he is unfaithful.

How many men can know so much of a woman, who is ever complex and ever changing? Because he is so stupid and she is so intelligent it is easy for her to deceive him.

She leaves him far behind her, groping in the dark—a rather pathetic, fretful child who has much to learn and who will never understand how to behave himself at home.

Indeed, I have come to the conclusion that men are not civilised enough to live with women. They should live by themselves in flats full of indiarubber furniture that they cannot break or spoil.

Although one must admit that men have contributed much to art and literature in the past, are not women contributing as much now that they are allowed to think for themselves? And will they not contribute much more in the future?

Except for a few pictures and poems and churches and bridges, men have created nothing in the world that is beautiful.

For men are not creators, but destroyers. In war they destroy life, architecture, happiness and beauty. In peace they destroy ideals, illusions, virtue, and furniture.

And it is the chief ambition of those who are called "family men" to create little destroyers like themselves.

A WEST COAST octogenarian who still attends his business states that he never takes intoxicants. This only goes to prove that teetotalism isn't fatal, and the West Coast is not as "wet" as is generally supposed.

A WOMAN told a Christchurch magistrate that she has not seen her husband for six years. It is just possible he has taken up golf.

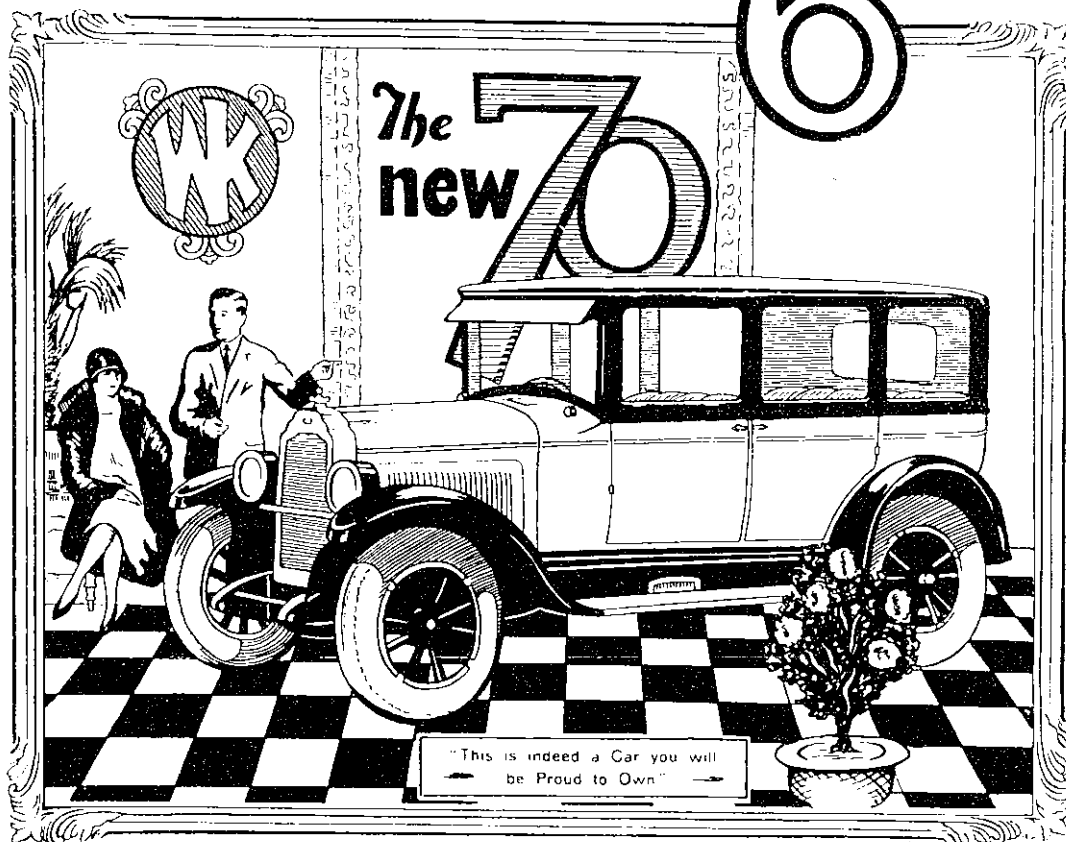
IT IS reported from New York that the famous blacksmith's shop which was immortalised by Longfellow has been bought by Mr. Henry Ford. Hand me the lyre, for this is worthy of a paean, an ode, or something much worse:

*Under the spreading chestnut tree
The "smithy" stands no more,
Its day has gone and soon you'll see
The word "Garage" over the door.*

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