

# What Men Hate in Women

A Sequel to Last Month's "What Women Hate in Men"

By "POLLY"

HOW can a mere woman know? Perhaps it's that indefinable quality in us which male authors love to write about—feminine intuition. "Well, if that's the case why don't you women try to overcome these annoying 'kinks'?" expostulate our male readers, and we answer in just the same manner that Eve would have done, and probably did, "Oh, just because!"

Yes, and just because I am a nine hundred and ninety-ninth cousin of Eve's, and feared my opinion might be biased, I spoiled a perfectly good game of golf the other day by introducing the subject as my partner (it was a mixed foursome) was poised for a drive onto the sixteenth green.

Shades of Jericho! The torrent of semi-humorous abuse which came tumbling down upon my well-intentioned head left no doubt in my mind that I had driven home.

It rather tickled me to think my point had penetrated so spontaneously, even though it cost us the game, due to my untimely interruption.

"Beyond and above everything else," dueted our partners, "a woman who allows her tongue to wig-wag when a man's driving a ball ought to be shot," and strange as it may seem to those who indulge not in the game of golf, I heartily agreed with them. It recalled a little scene I had witnessed a few days previously when four stalwart, middle-aged enthusiasts were starting off for the first green, accompanied by the spouses of two of the players.

"Are you playing against my husband, Mr. So-and-So?" queried the little round dimply matron, with a flirtatious, "I'm-utterly-irresistible" slant to her blonde head. "Then, I'm going to talk and spoil your drive, so that my hubby will win," tee-hee-ed the morsel.

"O, yes, let's talk all around the course, just to annoy the boys," suggested her companion with perhaps ten more years to her credit, if no more sense.

Black looks came from the foursome, but like well-behaved married men, nary a protest, until the secretary of the club saved the day by walking up to the tee-teeing pair and politely but professionally requested silence!

We resumed the discussion of the all-important subject later, in the cool of the evening, when a mint freeze had done its duty to our parched palates and we reverted to a more serious mien.

"I've been married a number of years," spoke up one of the men, whose gray hairs substantiated his words, "but I don't know of one single objectionable or annoying trait that can be attributed to womankind in general. If there are any, they are the exception rather than the rule, and a matter of individuality." (And his wife wasn't there, so he didn't have to say it, and he wasn't a "hen-peck" either.) Outwardly, I agreed; inwardly, I was a conscientious objector.

It has been said that there are three almost universal characteristics which men hate in women—her lack of sporting instinct, her inaccuracy in detail, and her jealous temperament.

We handled them in order, and although we were evenly matched, for and against, honesty forced me to admit defeat at the conclusion of the whole matter. The following were some of the "verses" contained in that male Hymn of Hate.

## They Don't Play the Game

WOMEN don't play the game! That was the first accusation, and it hurt. They may hold up a horrified finger at the man who lacks the sporting instinct, as it is called, they may talk volubly of "standing together," but when it comes right down to accepting Judy O'Grady as sister to the Captain's lady, it's a different matter—*esprit de corps*, where other women are concerned, means nothing in their lives.

A man may fume and storm in private at his commanding officers, his superiors in the office, even his own particular pals, but give them away to anyone else—never! But most women—not all—if they scent a bit of scandal or gossip about a woman acquaintance that will make a breath-taking tale for other feminine ears, will cast fidelity and friendship to the four winds in order to impart it. Horrors! Do we really do this, girls? Somehow we have earned the reputation.

This type of woman can't understand why her husband should stand up for or defend that small piece of human-

ity, Jim Jones, just because his alma mater is the same, while to him to give away a pal is almost desecration to the word friendship.

In one of the leading periodicals there appeared recently the reminiscences and experiences of a celebrated Chataqua artist. She unhesitatingly stated that if she were given her choice she would much prefer appearing before an audience of men than women. The latter she had found to be far too critical and uncharitable. The mere matter of an out-of-date costume, the wrong swirl to the artist's hair, a peculiarity of speech, or any other personality, will prejudice a woman against the performer, no matter how clever.

On the other hand, she had found that men were inclined to be much more charitable. If they liked her, they liked her, and showed it enthusiastically, regardless of whether she wore her hair becomingly or whether her gown was of the latest design, or whether she had too much make-up on one side of her face.

Because of this fact, she had formed the habit of devoting about ten to twenty minutes strutting up and down the platform, in order to give the dear ladies full opportunity to "take her in," make a mental note of all her peculiarities and personalities before the legitimate performance began.

On the other hand, when appearing before an audience of men, at a banquet, a patriotic entertainment or camp, she immediately began her work upon entering the stage, knowing that either success or failure was hers, despite her eyebrows, or the manner in which she used her hands or feet.

## Inaccuracy in Detail

WOMAN'S inaccuracy in detail, was the next offense on the blotter. "That is a quality which is proverbial in women," ejaculated the one and only bald-headed bachelor in the group. "Give a woman a foot of material to work on, and she will come back with it stretched to a yard. Tell her about a business deal that centres around four figures, and she will immediately run to the back fence to tell her neighbour, and add another figure on the way. Confide in her about the little auburn-haired elf you used to play with when you were in your teens, and whom you always thought you would marry when you could vote, and the next time she is peeved at you she'll remind you of a half-dozen red-headed girls in your life that you know never existed, outside of her mind. Women are all alike, and I've lost all my hair trying to dope them out."

"Speaking of figures, does recall an incident that occurred in my office, which nearly cost the firm a considerable sum of money, all of which was due to the inaccuracy of one of the women clerks." (This from Mr. Proof Positive, married man, who had previously declared the female of the species quite perfect.) "I must confess before telling the tale that the little Miss who caused the havoc was a product of the war, never having had commercial experience of any kind before. Had it been otherwise, the mistake would undoubtedly never have occurred."

"A serious mistake was found in the covering notes of the firm. After considerable waste of time, the trouble was traced to a certain Miss Jones—'Dimple Jonesy,' I was informed was the characteristically endearing name her friends and acquaintances gave her."

"The manager summoned her to his desk, and sternly demanded if she was aware of the fact that through her negligence she had endangered the commercial reputation of the firm."

"Miss Jones feebly and tremblingly emitted a 'No, sir.' Whereupon her cross-examiner opened her ledger and pointed out several figures."

"That premium," he said grimly, "should have been entered at \$350,000, not \$3,500, as you entered it. If there had been a loss during the period before your mistake was found out, we should have been responsible."

"Miss Jones raised her china blue eyes, a little aggrieved, and said with a pout: 'Why, I only left out one nought, and there really hasn't been a loss, has there. Mercy, I thought you meant something serious.'"

"Later we found the nonplussed manager spending his fury upon the four corners of his private 'sanctum-sanctorium.'"

"That's just about the way a woman keeps her bank account, too," added

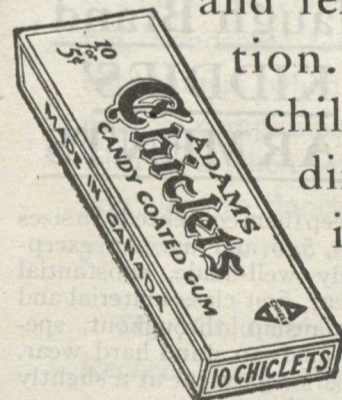
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