Men Women Trust
By W. E. Hill

Gladys knows she can trust her new boyfriend. He’s the
soul of truth—calls her “beautiful” and “wonderful” and
says she’s the only good looking girl he’s seen from Maine
to Oregon. And when a traveling salesman says all that
he probably means it.

Arthur, the little show-off, is a perfect
Dandyish one and Bessie. Rubs around
blowing the girls and tickling the doxies
even if they’ve never seen him. Don’t
know he’s that boy at all, she says. I
think she ought to be on pins and needles, but she isn’t.
She knows she can trust him. It’s the
quiet ones a girl needs to worry over.

Yesterday the doctor let me give mother a little morsel of suet pudding, about that much, and I
really think she relished it, because she kept it on her stomach, and it was the first time she hasn’t
had gas after a meal for ever so long.” Young men who talk graphically about their mothers’ in-
dispositions are considered the cat’s whiskers by old-fashioned mothers and maiden aunts. The
most careful of mothers will trust her daughter anywhere with one of these boys as escort.

One of those 10 to 15 per-
cent stock investment
boys talking about the
birds and the bees and
the flowers to one of
those little widows who
for no reason at all save
intuition is about to en-
trust her savings to his
tender care.

A sales clerk or floor walker who
will take back for credit something
that has been worn for a week or
two, is any lady shopper will tell
you, pure gold and a man to be
trusted.

Three men upon whom most women look with violent disfavor are a bank cashier carrying a bag
(especially a little black one) in a railroad station, a large man with a blousy neck, and a minister in a warm climate, he be ever so churchly. Most
girls remember pretty clearly what happened to Sadie Thompson at the hands of the Rev. Davidson in “Rain.”

Robert (the girls call him Robert) is
one of those cute male gossips who
simply barefacedly print in a comic description of how amiable
Mrs. Whiteley looked in her new hat at old Mr. Breen’s funeral or how
growly Grace Home looked in the
Little Theater, etc., etc. Robert’s
day friends trust him with all their
secrets. When the secrets leak out
they are indeed surprised that Robert
should have told! But they keep on
telling things to Robert just the same.