

# Men Women Trust

By W. E. Hill

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Gladys knows she can trust her new boy friend. 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 Beelzebub on one Bronx. Rushes around kissing the girls and tickling the dowagers and asking them if they've ever heard of Don Juan, because he's that boy *et comment*, ha, ha, ha! You'd think his wife would 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.



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.

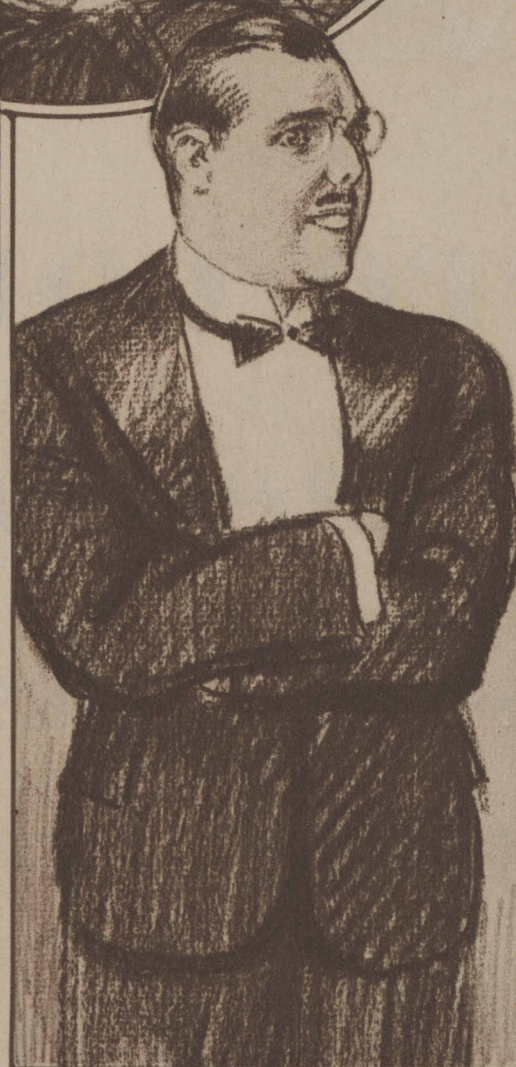
Those gay girls who are nearing that dangerous age between 65 and 95 will believe implicitly in anything not over 27 that has great big, dark, saucer eyes. Meet Clara, just back from her fourth divorce, and her fiance, Fernando de Hotsey. Clara calls him "Sugar" and Fernando calls her "Marvelous." Every time Fernando bats those big baby orbs at Clara she nearly swoons and begins to palpitate like an ice machine in a city apartment.



"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' indispositions are considered the cat's whiskers by old fashioned mamas 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 entrust her savings to his tender care.



Robert (the girls call him Ro-bear) is one of those cute male gossips who simply convulses everybody by a comic description of how anæmic Mrs. Weedy looked in her new hat at old Mr. Beemis' funeral or how gawky Grace Hoose looked at the Little Theater, etc., etc. Robert's lady 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.



A plain man in a hat one size too small is a great comfort to a wife of jealous temperament. She can trust him anywhere, and that's saying a lot in this day of carnivorous girls.



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