

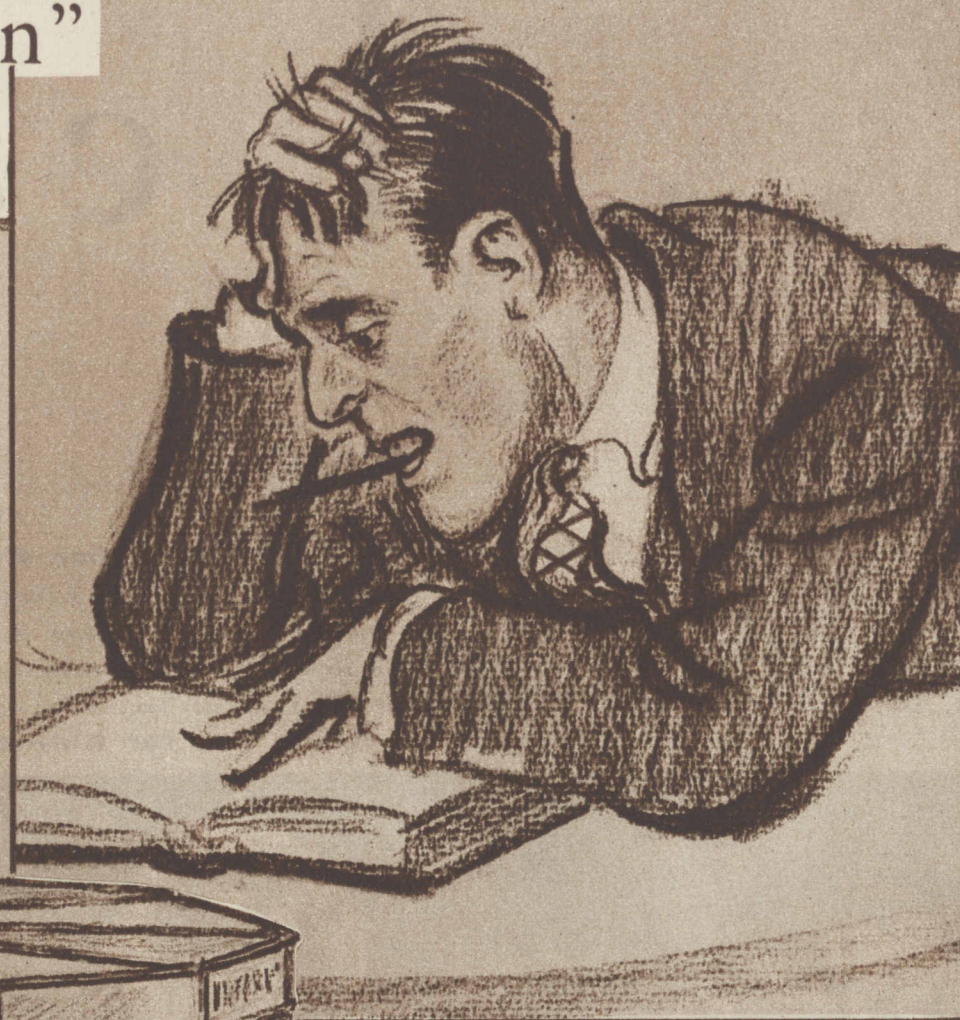
"Ask Information"

By W. E. Hill

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At the Air Transportation desk a careful traveler is informing herself on airplane etiquette. "Of course," says she, "I once flew over our fair grounds at our state fair, and I wasn't the least bit nauseated, so I don't expect to be sick. But I thought I ought to ask some one just what one does way up there if one *should* be a teeny bit car sick."



This poor boy is being nearly driven crazy by a customer who wants the sleeper rate between New York and Devil's Lake, North Dakota. Only the strictest self-control is keeping him from sassing the customer and saying, "Who wants to go to a place like that anyway? You get out of here!"



The martyred look that is so prevalent on the faces of fifty per cent of those who wait and wait around an information desk. Her friend is probably waiting over at the candy counter, or in the waiting room. And when they do find each other there will be hurt looks and little cries of "But, my dear, I said the information desk."



The information desk in the railway station around noon, showing how wrong you are if you imagine an information desk is just a place to ask questions. Many people do use such a place to ask about this and that (much to the annoyance of the boys behind the counter, who loathe stupid questions just as much as you or I do), but the general public uses an information desk as a meeting place. So, when Marion asks France to go and help her change the large thirty-eight nighties for size forty, she says, "Meet me at information in the station," and so it goes.



The young men who hand out information have to cope with terrific problems every now and then. These two girls, for instance, have missed a train to Deposit, N. Y., and, O, horrors! What a state they are in! "But my brother-in-law," lady number one is stating, "will have started from Doraville to meet us by now, and we can't telegraph him to stop! And if we take the later train there won't be a soul to meet us. What will we do?"



Just a worried husband and father with baby, standing alone and unprotected by the information desk, while the little wife and mother goes to powder her nose in the rest room. In the meantime, there's plenty of excitement; papa is looking pretty worried, and baby is screaming. Seems as though mamma would never come!



Girl travelers who ask about trains and extra baggage conditions and things like that are apt to be very trying to the information men behind the counter. This beautiful girl is after all the low down on trains between Wilkesbarre, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo. She is looking fixedly at the ask-me-boy, lips parted, and every time he says anything she nods as if she were taking in every word. What she's really doing is thinking to herself, "His eyes are a little too close together, maybe, and I certainly suspect that curly hair. It's water waved." The ask-me-boy will have to explain everything again. And then she will go and worry the ticket window for data.



Julia has come to the city to perfect herself in the pianoforte (McGinty method), and you can bet she's going to beware of pitfalls and leering millionaires, and night clubs and taxi drivers. "Never get in a taxicab," her dear mother admonished at parting. Julia is stepping up to the information desk to ask if it's all right for a girl to go into the station restaurant unattended.