"Ask Information"

By W. E. Hill

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At the Air Transportation desk a careful traveler is defending himself to a querulous agent. "Of course," says he, "I know I was late. But I didn't know the train had been delayed. It is not easy to be fair, and I wasn't the least bit necessitated, so I don't expect to be sick. But I thought I ought to ask some one just what one does up in there if one should be a teeny bit ear 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 sunbeams self-contained in light do pay the freight," he is saying. "Who wants to go to a place like that anyway? You get out of here!"

The scene at 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 has to answer questions just as much as Ten or I do), but the general public sees an information desk as a meeting place. "This lady must help her change the days thirty-eight nickels for some forty, she says. 'Meet me at information in the station,' and so it goes."

The young man who hand out information have to cope with terrible problems every now and then. These two girls, for instance, have missed a train to Des Moines. "But my brother-in-law, lady number one is saying, "will have, written from Des Moines to warn us so, and we can't telegraph him to stop! And if we take the train tickets there won't be a soul to meet us. What will we do?"

Just a worried husband and father with baby, standing alone and unprotested by the information desk, while the little noise in the next room. In the meantime, there's plenty of excitement; papa is looking pretty worried, and baby is screaming. Seems as though someone would never come! Girl travels 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, and every time she says anything she says as if she were taking in every word. What she's really doing is thinking to herself, "She's been a little too close together, maybe, and I certainly suspect that curly hair. It's water waved."

The saloon boy will have to explain everything again. And then she will go and worry the ticket window for data."

Jules has come to the city to perfect herself in the methods of Medley's method, and you can bet she's going to be wore of pistils and having Allswood, and water home and real drivers. "Never get in a tangle," her dear mother admonished as parting. Jules is stepping up to the information desk to ask if it's all right for a girl to go into the station restaurant unattended.