A Night on the Sleeper

By W. E. Hill

[Image: Illustrations by The Chicago Tribune]

The cold gray dawn. The little bride has spent a bad night in lower seven with Alfred snoring happily overhead. She’s thinking that maybe marriage isn’t as much after all. She’ll feel better after breakfast in the diner.

"Mamie, why doesn’t that man ever come and go to bed? Is he coming in here, too?" Georgia’s mamma is getting him ready for the night, and Georgia is, as usual, being pretty cunning and cute. He won’t be half as cute, however, at 6 o’clock tomorrow morning, when he runs up and down the aisle, squealing and peeping into strange berths.

Meet Miss Lorrain Le Fonde of the “Naughty Temptations” company making a sleeper jump from one coast to another. It seems that “Temptations” has a very bad booking agent, and plays Montreal, San Antonio, Bremerton, P.S. and Oakland, Cal. in succession, so that even the best natured of the show girls are ready to fly at each other tooth and nail at the drop of a hat. Lorrain is not going for the company manager, to give him what for, the dirty, thieving cur. Five girls in one section is too many. She has a good mind to report him to Equity!

Just one of those scratch friendships between two strange ladies sitting together while the porter makes up a section. They are finding they have a lot in common, both being under doctors’ orders to eat liver on all occasions, and are becoming fast friends on the strength of it.

Mrs. Grace Crew and her sister Lena are sharing section 4. They have unpacked Grace’s bag four times, searching for the trunk check. “I can remember just as well putting them in here,” Grace is saying. “I remember you were shaking out something at the time!”

Scene in the men’s washroom on the sleeping car Nurethemia, showing what the mirror over the long seat has to look at every morning. Seven feet, ten a.m. In the washroom is about zero hour for masculine winsomeness.

For those who choose to come aboard early, the sleeper Westonia is open at 6 a.m. Although the train doesn’t pull out until 1:45. Anyone who has ever tried to sleep with freight trains rumbling and uncomplainingly several feet away, to say nothing of sly engine choo-chooing sister and yon, will know what a treat this is.

Some men never get used to an upper berth. This is Mr. Fred Lost (on the road for Schally’s Vanity Pantry’s) struggling with his trousers, in upper six. It’s a hard, hard life, boys.

The “quiet” sign in the corridor is not going to mean a thing to this boy. He breathes through his mouth and sleeps on his back. Pretty soon the occupants of car 190 are going to hear some swell trumpeting from lower nine.