

# FELLOW TRAVELERS

By W. E. Hill

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A curate en route to Paris with his curls blowing in the breeze on the promenade deck.



"As soon as they said their name was Wales, I asked them if they had any relations in England, but I forget whether they said they did or they didn't. Anyway, they're from Seattle." (Just one of those hot conversations between two ladies getting to know each other on a Pullman.)



"Good-by, natives, good-by!" Aunt Bessie and Aunt Katie are leaving Honolulu and are waving good-by to the natives employed by the hotel to sing, "When It's Moonlight on the Beach at Waikiki," "Aloha," and "Honolulu's Goin' to Miss You Folks" when the boat pulls out. They are wearing red paper necklaces presented by the natives, and Aunt Katie is going to try and remember to send back picture postcards of the buildings in Houston when they get home once more.



The mixer. Clark will know every one on board the S.S. Aspirin one hour after she leaves Sandy Hook and will be organizing ship's concerts, pools, bridge tournaments, etc., before night. (At the moment, he's about to drag a sufferer from mal de mer to the other side of the boat to look at a porpoise!)



Elinore and her father are very shy of strangers, the reason being that this is their first trip abroad and they are very sensitive about it. Because nearly every one they meet has crossed eighty or ninety times. They are seeing practically all of Europe in two weeks, thanks to the machinations of a travel bureau.



Tracy and Leona are traveling tourist third, which used to be steerage before it turned class conscious. Tracy is a potential virtuoso and is going to study the pianoforte backward and forward under the Ginsburg method in Vienna for a whole year. Leona is just vacationing after a frightful year teaching a kindergarten class of spoiled children.



Mr. and Mrs. Behr are taking the round the world cruise—one of those cruises where everybody gets to know everybody else more intimately than most members of a family know one another. The minute they decided on the trip, the Behrs went to work and planned their costumes for the dress-up party on board ship, which is what any person who intends to go around the world should do as soon as the tickets are bought.



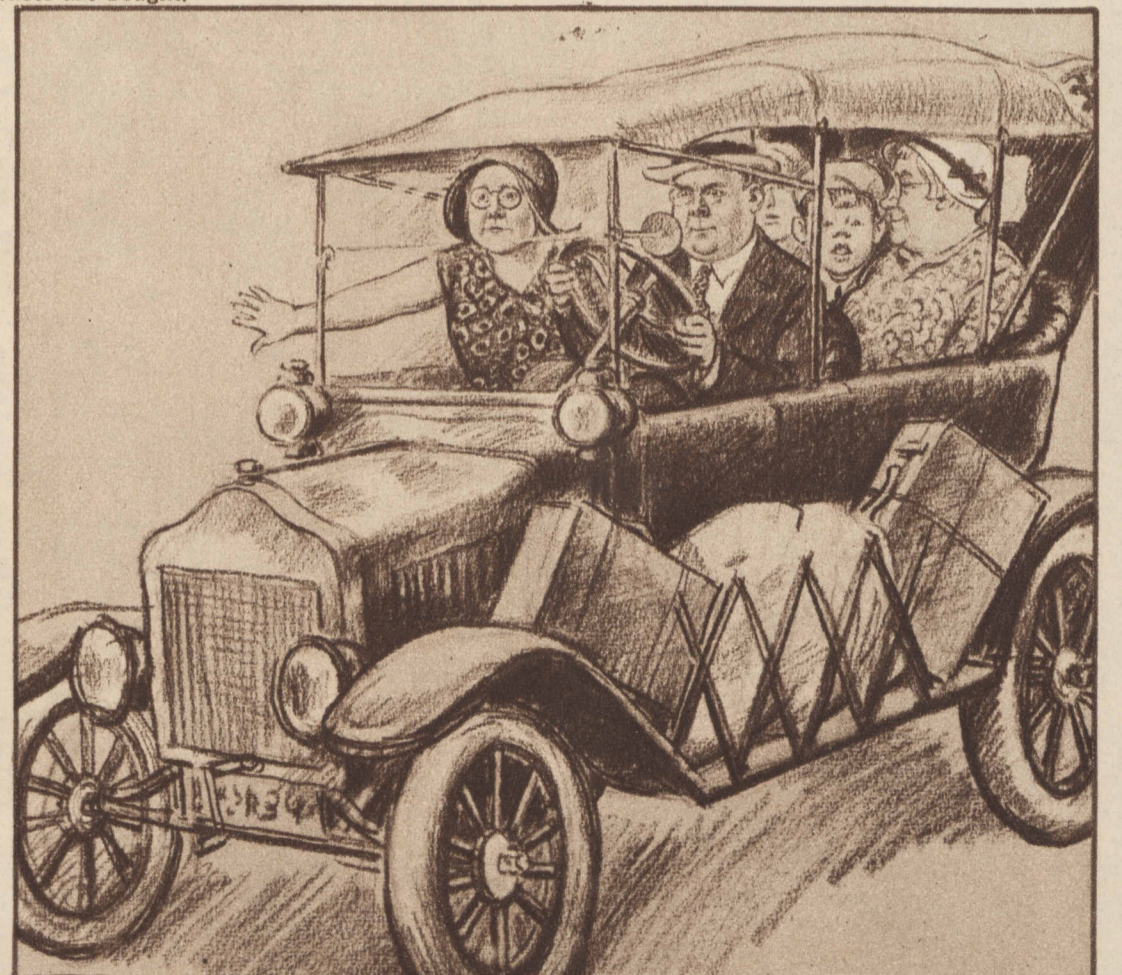
The ritzy travelers. A splendid method of impressing one's fellow travelers on an ocean liner is to stand and look coldly at whomever comes along and say, "I understand now why Mrs. Van Astorbilt told us not to take this boat. There's simply no one on board!"



The European art galleries are full to overflowing these July days with light hearted tourists from the land of the free, drinking in the art treasures and wondering if there's any mail at the express bureau. (Mrs. Earl Jaffee and Mrs. Clayton Thumb are resting their weary arches and comparing notes among the masterpieces of painting and sculpture. "I can look at just so much," Mrs. Jaffee is explaining, "and then I give out.")



Freedom of the air. Gertrude is always flying somewhere. Whenever there's a long trial trip or an endurance test, Gert fights her way into the plane or the dirigible, and is always glad to see a reporter when the flight is over.



Almost any day, now that summer is upon us, you are likely to meet the Kelley family rolling merrily along the state road on their way from the great northwest to visit Amy Belle, the Kelley married daughter in New Jersey. "We've only one spare room," wrote Amy Belle, "but Aunt Carrie and Junior can have the sleeping porch."