

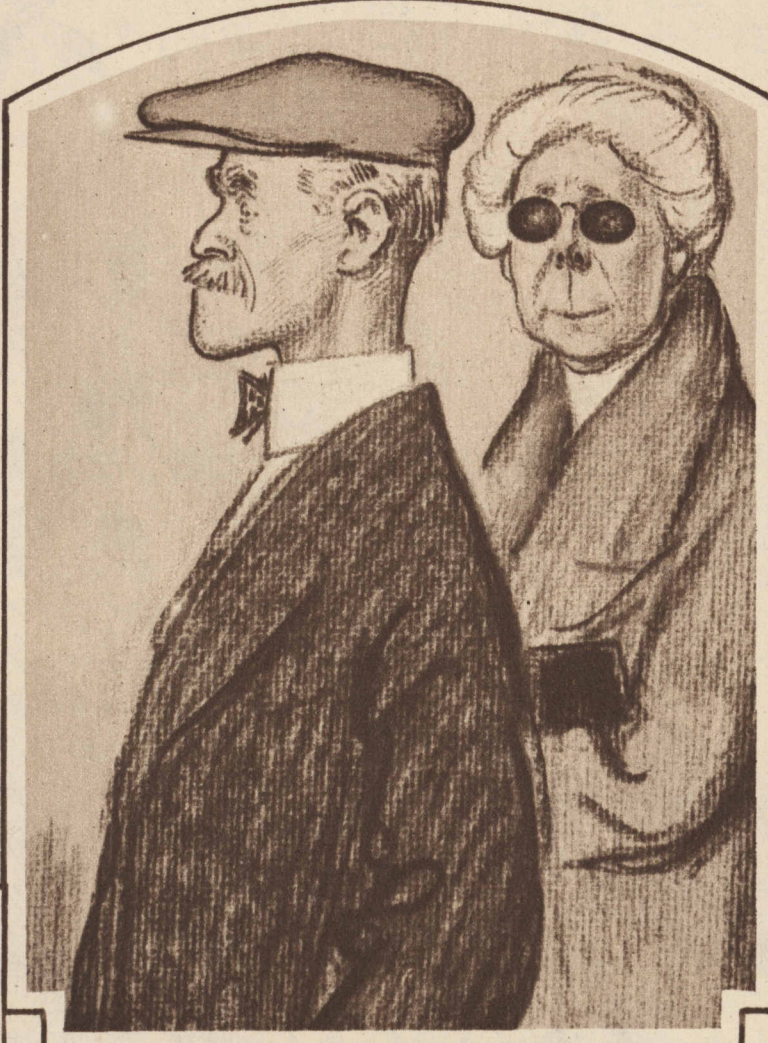
# Breakfast in the Diner

By W. E. Hill

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"Yes, sir, you'll like it in Albuquerque. They certainly treat you fine in that town. Boy, I wish you could see the big turquoise ring a waitress from the station lunchroom gave me!" Just a glassware salesman and an aluminum tank salesman getting better acquainted over eggs and coffee in the diner.



Uncle Fred and Aunt Belle have drawing room A in sleeper Harriet Beecher Stowe. They are on their way to the diner for a little breakfast. Aunt Belle didn't sleep so well. At 6 she got up and packed the small valise. At 6:30 she was up and dressed, and here she is with Uncle Fred all set for the day.



"Do you think my hair looks well enough, Frances? I have a better transformation in my suitcase, but I thought this old one would do for the sleeper." Frances and her Aunt Nelly are traveling to the coast.



Among those waiting for seats in the breakfast diner no one will be gladder of a cup of coffee than Mrs. Frank Ink, who is traveling via sleeper jumps from Rochester, N. Y., to Wichita, Kansas, with her three dear little girls, Ina, Ebba, and Jessie Mae. They occupy a section back in sleeper Livonia. Ina, Ebba, and Jessie Mae are all darlings, but they work better out in a great big yard than in a section on a sleeper.



Just a beautiful breakfaster, looking to see how much red mouth came off on the napkin.



"Why, Arthur, I thought you simply loved oatmeal!" Arthur has spied a swell breakfast across the aisle—pancakes, a sausage, and a coffee ring!



There's nothing like a sudden start or a bump of any kind attendant upon changing engines to break the conversational ice between strangers. Like as not some one who has been glum as an oyster will brighten right up and say, "Goodness, I guess we must have started too suddenly," or "Something must have bumped us," and from then on it's a party.



"Can't nobody wait on everybody at once! Only got one pair of hands!" Archie, the busy waiter, muttering over a grievance.



Mr. Gracious, steward of the diner Olin T. Hooley, is signaling gayly that one more choice seat is vacant.



Cousin Betty brings as much of her hand luggage as is feasible right into the diner. Doesn't trust the railroad personnel on any line since the time one road failed to retrieve a new pair of step-ins left behind on a sleeper.