

A Night on the Sleeper

By W. E. Hill

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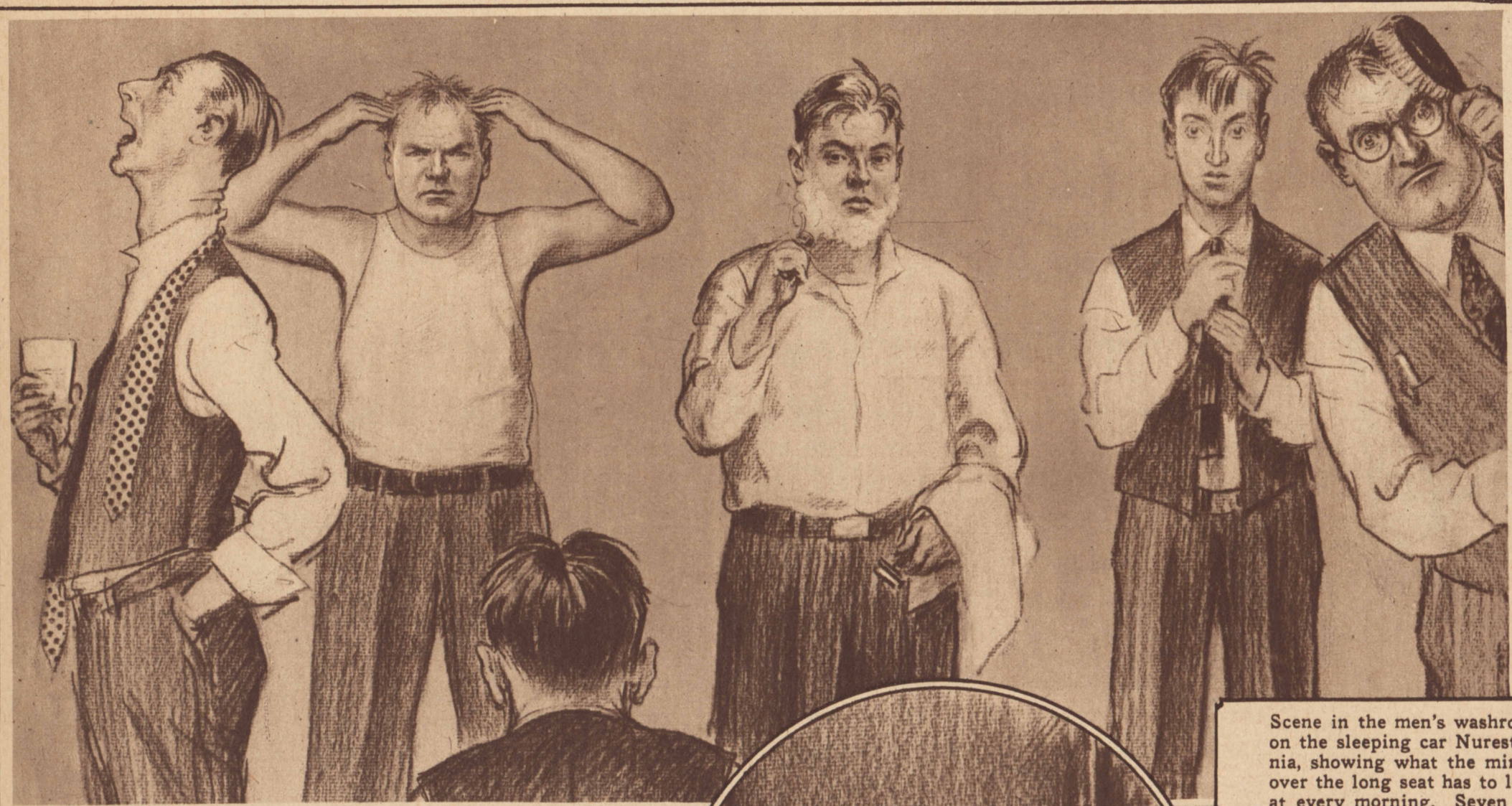
The cold gray dawn. The little bride has spent a bad night in lower seven with Alfred snoring happily overhead. She's thinking that maybe marriage isn't so much after all. She'll feel better after breakfast in the diner.



"Mummie, why doesn't that man over there go to bed? Is he coming in here, too?" Georgie's mamma is getting him ready for the night, and Georgie 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 peeking into strange berths!



Meet Miss Lorryne La Fonde of the "Naughty Temptations" company making a sleeper jump from one stand to another. It seems that "Temptations" has a very bad booking agent, and plays Montreal, San Antonio, Scranton, Pa., 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. Lorryne is out gunning 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!



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



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



For those who choose to come aboard early, the sleeper Weenonia is open at 9:30, although the train doesn't pull out till 1:45. Anyone who has ever tried to sleep with freight trains coupling and uncoupling a few feet off, to say nothing of stray engines choo-choosing hither 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 Schulty's Vanity Pantys) 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 599 are going to hear some swell trumpeting from lower nine.