

Snowshoe Al on Correct Behavior

—Or How to Act
In a Pullman Coach

By SNOWSHOE AL

BEING one of America's foremost authorities on good manners, I naturally receive many letters begging me to write articles on this an' that phase of the subject. It would be very selfish of me to ignore these requests an', therefore, today's lesson will be entitled: "How to Act in a Pullman Coach."

To begin with, dear reader, we will assume that your monicker is John Smith an' you are climbing aboard the train at exactly midnight to start on a two-day trip.

Well, Mr. Smith, you are going to be among these goofs for 48 hours, an' etiquet demands that you introduce yourself to them without delay, so you immediately drop your baggage on the floor with a terrific crash (unless you're transporting wobble-water) an' howl: "WHOOPEE! HEY! IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?"

It is then your duty to stick your head into each an' every berth, wake up the occupant, switch the light on, an' say: "Smith's my name! I just got on! Shake hands."

This may cause a few murmurs of protest, especially from the ladies, but don't let that bother you—you have done the proper thing. However, should one of the ladies be so ill-mannered as to use profanity or scream for the porter, it is your privilege to rebuke her gently with a sly remark like, "Oh, grandmother, what big teeth you have!" or "Close your mouth, sister, you're exposing your tonsils."

HAVING thus endeared yourself to your fellow passengers, you are now at liberty to inquire about your own berth. Therefore, you squawk: "George! Oh, G-E-O-R-G-E!!! Gallop in here an' show me to my boudoir on the shelf."

Pick up your baggage an' hurl it into your berth. No particular caution is necessary, because there ain't no window up there to break. Now, place one foot on the face of the fat bozo who sleeps beneath you an' leap up to your bed.

Open your baggage, remove pajamas an' other essentials, an' then drop baggage onto the floor of car again.

You are now ready to undress. To remove trousers, place both feet against the top of the car. Then, with the aid of a hammer an' a handful of large nails, fasten cuffs of pants firmly to ceiling. In order that the hammering may not disturb your neighbors, it is a good idea to drown out the noise by singing Sweet Adeline.

Now, turn three backward somersaults an' presto—the pants will either come off or the ceiling will come down. Removing the rest of your wearing-apparel is also an easy matter, provided that you have had the foresight to

equip yourself with a can opener an' a pair of scissors.

Gather all clothing, including shoes, an' toss into the aisle. Now, crawl into pajamas. If this is impossible, throw pajamas into aisle with rest of belongings. Then squawk:

"GOOD NIGHT, EVERYBODY! This is Smith talking! GOOD NIGHT!"

ABOUT this time, the corpulent buzzard who is parked beneath you will probably complain loudly that he cannot go to sleep on account of the noise! Well, Mr. Smith, courtesy demands that you come to his rescue. Offer to sit up an' play cards with him. If he doesn't care for the suggestion, offer to sing him some lullabies.

Should this idea fail to appeal to him, leap down into the aisle, grab a shoe an' pat him loudly between the ears with it. The fat gentleman will then sigh gratefully an' slide into a deep slumber which should last several hours.

Before falling asleep, place all valuables such as money, jewelry, wrist watch, billfold, pawn tickets, etc., in your mouth for safe-keeping but be sure to lie with your head lower than your feet, otherwise this collection of junk is apt to slip past your Adam's apple an' hand your stomach an unpleasant surprise. Nothing discourages a stomach more than to have a wrist watch an' a leather billfold in unexpected.

About eight o'clock in the morning you will hear someone stumble over your baggage an' do a nose-dive. This means that the other passengers are getting up. Leap joyfully from your bunk, bust loose with a couple war whoops, pick up your clothes from the floor an' start for the men's washroom.

Having entered this room, you will find



Having entered the men's washroom . . . smile pleasantly and ask the bimbos to move away from the wash bowls.

three metal washbowls, all in a row. You will also find some men present, discussing some guy in unpleasant terms. Men are like that.

However, inasmuch as you undoubtedly are not acquainted with the person who is being dis-



Drop your baggage on the floor . . . shout "whoopee! Is everybody happy?" . . . Stick your head in every berth, wake up the occupant and say, "Smith's my name, shake hands."

cussed, it would be impolite of you to ask questions. Smile pleasantly an' ask these bimbos to move away from the washbowls. It would not be courteous for them to refuse, even though they haven't finished shaving.

Fill the three bowls with water. Dump your socks an' soiled handkerchiefs into the first one, stand in the second one in order to soak your feet an', while doing so, bend over an' wash your face in the third.

SOLID comfort is the main requisite on a two-day railroad trip. Therefore, it is not necessary for you to dress completely; in fact, it is perfectly proper to lounge around in your trousers an' undershirt.

Having attired yourself thus, you return to the interior of the coach an' find that the berths have disappeared an' all the passengers are sitting around. At this moment a porter person will poke his snoot through a door at the other end of the car an' will squawk:

"JUST CALL FO' BREAKFAST!"

This is your cue to gallop at full speed through the car toward the diner because "First come, first served." If, in this rush, you are compelled to knock a few children down, do your best to avoid stepping on them. If impossible to avoid trampling them, do not slacken your speed but be sure to shout some pleasant apology over your shoulder, such as: "He ain't hurt bad—I stepped on his head," or, "Keep them brats out of the aisle!"

The dining car is presided over by an important looking tyrant known as the steward. Stewards are none too well informed about some things, an' when this palooka notices that you are attired only in undershirt an' trousers, he is very apt to waltz over an' say:

"What's the matter, sap? Did the laundry lose your bundle, or have you been playing strip poker again?"

Do not feel embarrassed. This dizzy universe is filled with ignorant dodos like him, an' you must be prepared to jolt him with a snitzy come-back! Stare indignantly at the dumb simp an' sneer: "Why, you poor nannygoat! If your body was built in proportion to your knowledge of correct dress, you'd have to stand on your tiptoes to slap an ant's face!"

"Nevertheless," he may grunt, "you can't drag your carcass in here unless you are wearing shoes, socks, shirt, etc."

"Listen, Funny Face, do you know who I am? I'm a personal friend of a nephew of the ticket agent at Hog Hollow, Michigan, an' if you spill any more sarcasm I shall report the matter to him!"

The steward will then retreat hastily to the far end of the diner, an' will stand there regarding you with a frightened look. Oh, well, he had it coming to him!

AFTER eating your breakfast, tip the waiter five cents an' breeze back to your car. An' now, Mr. Smith,

it is your duty to bring sunshine an' happiness into the dull lives of your fellow travelers, for train riding is a very monotonous thing. Look around for somebody who appears lonesome. We will assume that your eagle eye detects a young lady with a baby on her lap. Trot over, flop down beside her an' start the conversation. First of all ask her if

the baby is hers.

If she replies in the affirmative, ask her how long she's been married, being sure to ascertain the exact date. Then ask what month the baby was born in, etc., etc. The young lady will appreciate your interest in the matter an' will gladly answer your questions.

Pick baby up an' toss it fondly into the air, catching it by one leg. This will amuse child immensely, especially if it isn't feeling well, an' its mother will smile happily. Tell lady not to worry about child's looks because homely infants usually become successful in life.

Having said goodby to her, you now wander nonchalantly down the aisle. Stop at every seat, slap gentleman on back an' ask him how much he paid for his suit.

However, never be so vulgar as to slap a lady on the back, as this is considered an unpardonable offense. Play safe an' give her a friendly dig in the ribs with your thumb. If lady appears disconsolate or bored, try to cheer her up. Say: "Stop me if you've heard this one. A traveling man stopped at a farmer's house . . ."

If lady gazes coldly at you an' appears to have no sense of humor, tip hat an' move along.

IN all probability one or two gentlemen will stop you before you have gotten far to inquire, "Say, aren't you the bimbo who got into this car last night at 12 o'clock?"

"Yup," is the reply to use, "I'm the gink." "I thought so!" these inquisitive ones usually come back with.

This is indeed a compliment! You have been identified by your correct behavior and your politeness.

Should you find four of the passengers playing auction bridge, stand behind one of them an' assist him whenever you can. For instance, if he bids three spades an' you think he is acting unwisely, shout as loud as you can:

"WHAT! Without the ace or king? You can't make it! Not unless they're all crazy!"

The gent, realizing that you know more about the game than he does, will now offer to let you play in his stead.

Acknowledge the compliment by accepting his offer as politely as possible, but request him not to stand behind you—tell him it annoys you.

Well, Mr. Smith, this will give you some idea of how to act in a Pullman car in order to appear as a gentleman to all your fellow-passengers. You will find, however, that there are times when it will be necessary for you to use your own judgment.

But, even so, just follow the always-a-true-gentleman idea embodied in this article, an' when you get off the train an' howl "Goodby" at the other passengers, they will show their affection by giving three cheers.



Start a conversation with the lady . . . pick up the baby, ask her if it's hers.

Among Us Millions—

KEEPING WARM

—By George Clark



A GENERATION BACK MIDDLE AGED FOLKS COULD LIE THROUGH A HOT SPELL IN A HAMMOCK, BUT TODAY THEY MUST ADORN THEMSELVES IN WOOLENS AND HUNT FOR BALLS THAT NEVER LOSE THEMSELVES IN THE SHADE



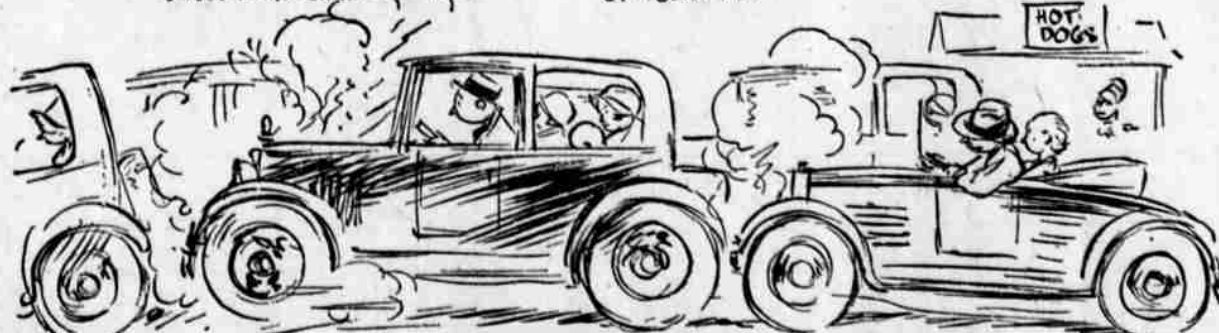
THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE INEXPERIENCED ENOUGH TO ENJOY THE FIRST PINK TINT OF A SUNBURN



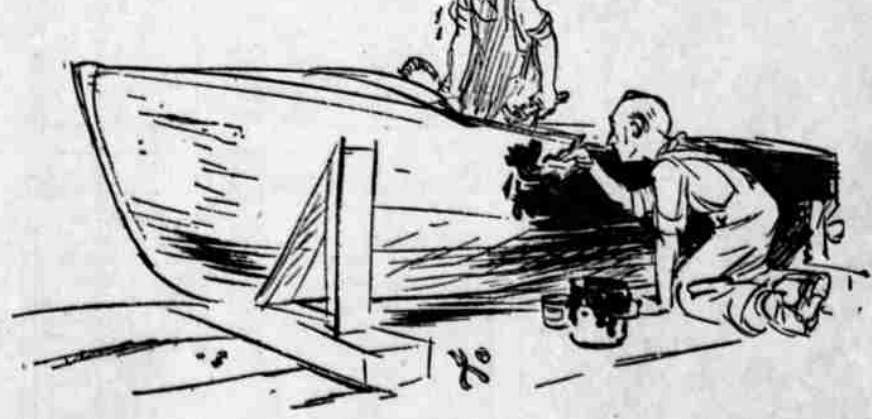
THE HIGHER THE THERMOMETER, THE MORE POPULAR BECOMES TRAIN TRAVEL—TWO DAYS ISN'T TOO MUCH TO REACH A SPOT ALMOST AS COOL AND SHADY AS ONE'S OWN BACK YARD



SOME STILL PREFER THE TORTURE MACHINES OF AN AMUSEMENT PARK AS A SHORT CUT TO PROSTRATION



THERE'S NO WAY TO GET THE FULL BENEFITS OF A SWEETERING DAY LIKE GETTING OUT ON THE SUN-BAKED ASPHALT AND INHALING GREAT LUNGSPUL OF EXHAUST GAS



IF YOU FIND YOURSELF GETTING TOO COMFORTABLE, JUST BUY A USED MOTOR BOAT AND SPEND THE SUMMER GETTING IT IN SHAPE

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