

## Hints to Travelers

How to Conduct Yourself in a Pullman and Make Yourself Solid

By STEPHEN LEACOCK.

THE following hints and observations have occurred to me during a recent trip across the continent: they are written in no spirit of complaint against existing railroad methods, but merely in the hope that they may prove useful to those who travel, like myself, in a spirit of meek, observant ignorance.

1. Sleeping in a Pullman car presents some difficulties to the novice. Care should be taken to allay all sense of danger. The frequent whistling of the engine during the night is apt to be a source of alarm. Find out, therefore, before traveling, the meaning of the various whistles. One means "station," two, "railroad crossing," and so on. Five whistles, short and rapid, mean sudden danger.

When you hear whistles in the night, sit up smartly in your bunk and count them. Should they reach five, draw on your trousers over your pyjamas and leave the train instantly. As a further precaution against accident, sleep with the feet towards the engine if you prefer to have the feet crushed, or with the head towards the engine, if you think it best to have the head crushed. In making this decision try to be as unselfish as possible. If indifferent, sleep crosswise with the head hanging over into the aisle.

2. I have devoted some thought to the proper method of changing trains. The system I have observed to be the most popular with travelers of my own class, is something as follows: Suppose that you have been told on leaving New York that you are to change at Kansas City. The evening before approaching Kansas City, stop the conductor in the aisle of the car (you can do this best by putting out your foot and tripping him) and say politely, "Do I change at Kansas City?" He says "Yes." Very good. Don't believe him.

On going into the dining car for supper, take a negro aside and put it to him as a personal matter between a white man and a black, whether he thinks you ought to change at Kansas City. Don't be satisfied with this. In the course of the evening pass through the entire train from time to time, and say to people casually, "Oh, can you tell me if I change at Kansas City?" Ask the conductor about it a few more times in the evening; a repetition of the question will ensure pleasant relations with him.

Before falling asleep watch for his passage and ask him through the curtains of your berth, "Oh, by the way, did you say I changed at Kansas City?" If he refuses to stop, hook him by the neck with your walking-stick, and draw him gently to your bedside. In the morning when the train stops and a man calls, "Kansas City! All change!" approach the conductor again and say, "Is this Kansas City?" Don't be discouraged at his answer. Pick yourself up and go to the other end of the car and say to the brakeman, "Do you know, sir, if this is Kansas City?"

Don't be too easily convinced. Remember that both brakeman and conductor may be in collusion to deceive you. Look around, therefore, for the name of the station on the signboard. Having found it, alight and ask the first man you see if

this is Kansas City. He will answer, "Why, where in blank are your blank eyes? Can't you see it there, plain as blank?" When you hear language of this sort, ask no more. You are now in Kansas and this is Kansas City.

3. I have observed that it is now the practice of the conductors to stick bits of paper in the hats of the passengers. They do this, I believe,



It would be simpler if the conductor should nail the paid-up passenger to the back of the seat.

brush, and mark the passengers in such a way that he cannot easily mistake them. In the case of bald-headed passengers, the hats might be pointed removed and red crosses painted on the craniums. This will indicate that they are bald. Through passengers might be distinguished by a complete coat of paint. In the hands of a man of taste, much might be effected by a little grouping of painted passengers and the leisure time of the conductor agreeably occupied.

4. I have observed in traveling in the west that the irregularity of railroad accidents is a fruitful cause of complaint. The frequent disappointment of the holders of accident policy tickets on western roads is leading to widespread protest. Certainly the conditions of travel in the west are altering rapidly and accidents can no longer be relied upon. This is deeply to be regretted, in so much as, apart from accidents, the tickets may be said to be practically valueless.

### Expedition Will Study

#### Bird Life in Hawaii

Washington, March 10.—A scientific expedition to study bird life in the Hawaiian islands will leave San Francisco about March 21, it was announced today.

The biological survey of the Department of Agriculture, the Bishop Museum of Honolulu and the Navy department will cooperate in the expedition, which will be under the direction of Dr. Alexander Wetmore and Charles E. Rena of the biological survey.

The scientists will make their studies on the dozen or more islands,

reefs and shoals embraced in the Hawaiian islands national bird reservation, stretching for more than 1,500 miles toward Japan from the Hawaiian archipelago.

Included in the reservation is Laysan island, celebrated as a breeding place for albatross and other sea birds, where the past plumage hunters of other nations committed serious depredation.

The biological survey plans to rid the island of a large colony of domestic rabbits which threaten to destroy the little vegetation remaining on Laysan, which is menacing several species of small land birds peculiar to this area.

## King Tut Sets New Styles in Women's Wear

### Hieroglyphic Embroideries Copied from Tombs Appear on Dresses—Lotus and Serpent Introduced.

London, March 10.—King Tutentkhamun may have been dead a long, long time, but he is right on the job today setting the new styles.

The spell of ancient Egypt is on the world of fashions. Dressmakers and milliners are visiting the British museum in search of inspiration for the models of spring. The craze for all manner of fawn and sand tints—desert colors—has created the right atmosphere, and gowns and draperies are falling into the Egyptian line.

Hieroglyphic embroideries copied from the tombs appear on dresses of marocain and crepe. In some cases these antique reproductions are printed on the fabric, and very striking effects are thus obtained.

The emblematical lotus flower and the serpent are introduced into these designs, and the serpent motif plays its sinister part in millinery and head-dresses. Scarab ornaments appear on gowns as well as hats. In the case of the former, the swathed draperies are held in place by strange Egyptian ornaments of enormous size. These mummy dresses are seen chiefly at night, but some of the newest frocks are closely swathed round the figure.

Cleopatra hats or iridescent gauze with ear flaps of metallic embroidery or heavy fringe, are another phase of the rapidly developing Egyptian vogue.

## Just Trying It Out on the Dog!

By G. O. MINTYRE.

My cinnamon-colored chapeau is lifted to the doxy Englishman of 63 winters who crossed the Atlantic recently to spend two days at the New York dog show.

And, while I know there are a lot of arguments to prove how foolish she is, I have a secret admiration for a woman at the same show who stripped \$2,000 from a healthy roll of notes in exchange for a blooded Boston puppy, strapped a diamond bracelet about its neck and walked away.

I have gone through life hating only one individual and he is the butcher back in my home town who tossed my trusting dog, Clay, a piece of raw meat filled with ground glass. Clay, after a night of suffering, died licking my hand and all through those terrible hours he would feebly wag his tail as I stroked his head.

Dog lovers are few. Perhaps it is some complex. Things, these days, generally are. I know of only two men who hold the dog in the same esteem as I. One is Albert Payson Terhune, the novelist, who lives at Pompton Lakes, N. J., so he may be surrounded by his collies. The other is Fred C. Kelly, also a writer.

There are any number who will tell you a dog is all right in its place and all that. My idea of the place for a dog is in the home, his bed beside the table, his plate on the floor beside the table.

At the recent dog show I met a man who might be considered just a little off in the upper story. But he has been successful in business; indeed, he is a man of affairs. I think the genuine dog-lover will understand.

His Greatest Thrill.

As a boy he loved dogs, but his

parents would never permit him to have a dog in the house. At 21 he made a large sum of money in a business deal. The first thing he did was to purchase a \$7,000 rug for the parlor and when it arrived he filled a plate full of food for his dog, invited the canine in and permitted him to eat it on the rug. He said no thrill in life had ever been so great.

As a reporter I once "covered" a rather famous New York murder trial. It was brought out on the stand that the accused had on two different occasions poisoned dogs. But he was acquitted of the murder charge. A shrewd old reporter wrote this note and slipped it to me when the dog poisoning story was brought out. "That fellow is guilty as hell." Two months later he confessed.

On Forty-eighth street in New York there is a kindly old man who doctors dogs free of charge. He has a small income and he gets happiness out of his charity. I asked him recently why he devoted his time to such work. He said that few people would believe his story and he rarely told it.

He was out hunting in Iowa when he was a young man. There was an accidental discharge of his shotgun and he was wounded in the hip. His pointer dog streaked it across the fields to the village and began barking at the door of the only doctor in the town. The doctor's curiosity was aroused. He mounted his horse and followed the dog to where his master lay bleeding to death. In another half hour the victim would have been beyond medical help. The doctor, so far as he could recall, had never seen the dog before.

In my personal experience with dogs I have seen things so uncanny

that I hesitate to tell them. Once, while living at an uptown hotel, there was a hallman that my dog disliked. He was the only person I have ever seen toward whom he showed a real vicious attitude. That hallman was later arrested for attempting to rob my rooms and some rooms adjoining.

In New York the law requires that every dog appearing on the street shall not only be muzzled but leashed. I sometimes wonder if my dog doesn't give a secret, chorle when he passes the streets where dope peddlers are openly hawking their soul-destroying packets.

The most perfect dog, according to experts at the recent dog show, is the wire-haired fox terrier. This breed is supposed to embody every good point that a perfect dog should have.

Mongrel is Smartest.

However, the man who makes a good living training dogs for the stage tells me the smartest dog is the mongrel. He says the dog that was quickest to learn, in all his experience, was a stray picked up on the water front. From a strictly expert view the dog did not have a solitary good point. He was just plain mutt.

From the mop-bound to the Great Dane, he also said, he had never found a dog that would bite unless it sensed danger. Fear, he averred, on the part of the individual inspired fear in the dog. It is his contention that the person who is absolutely fearless about dogs will never be bitten and in his 19 years' association with them he has proved it.

The late James Gordon Bennett, when he was actively in charge of the New York Herald, required that each Monday morning there should appear on the first page of the Herald

a human interest story about a dog. He knew that dog stories were interesting but he had another reason. After the story appeared it was marked with the name of the writer by the managing editor and mailed to Mr. Bennett in Paris. It was from the writers of these stories that he picked many of his executives.

It was his conviction that a man who understood and loved dogs would, in a measure, understand men and be fair and honest with them. He once sent a reporter on a vacation trip around the world because he had written a capital dog story and upon his return he was given a high post in the executive councils.

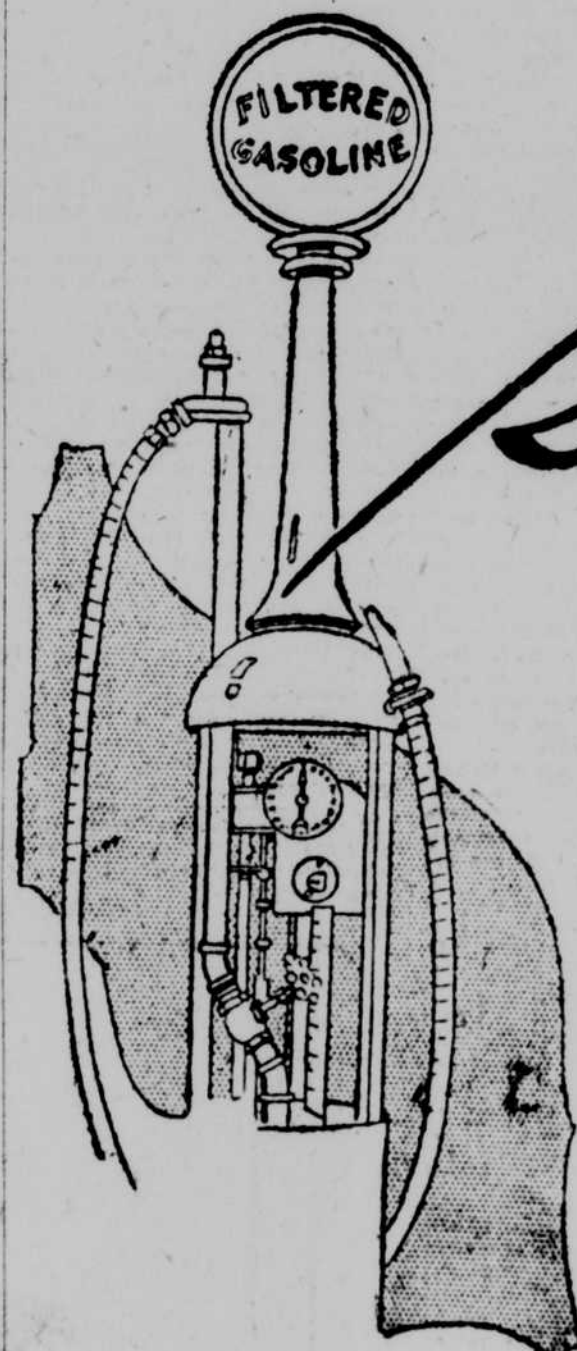
A great oil magnate told a select coterie of friends recently why the man he was grooming for his place in his organization lost out. The magnate was with the man on a trip through some oil fields in Oklahoma. A friendly eye came up to the car on a lonely road and the man, without reason, kicked it. That kick cost him his future in that particular organization.

All of this may be wangoole. Perhaps we dog lovers are over zealous in our affections. But if you don't own a dog, go out and buy one, and, if it doesn't increase your joy of living at least 25 per cent, I'll roll a peanut down Fifth avenue from the Plaza Square to Thirty-fourth street.

### Making \$20 Bill Out of \$1 Ends Badly for Convict

Atlanta, Ga., March 10.—Making 20 out of 1—in dollars—is the latest achievement, if it is an achievement, of James F. Copeland, who is serving a one-year sentence for passing spurious money.

This last job was turned inside the prison walls and for the purpose of buying bootleg "narcotics" inside the prison, he confessed.



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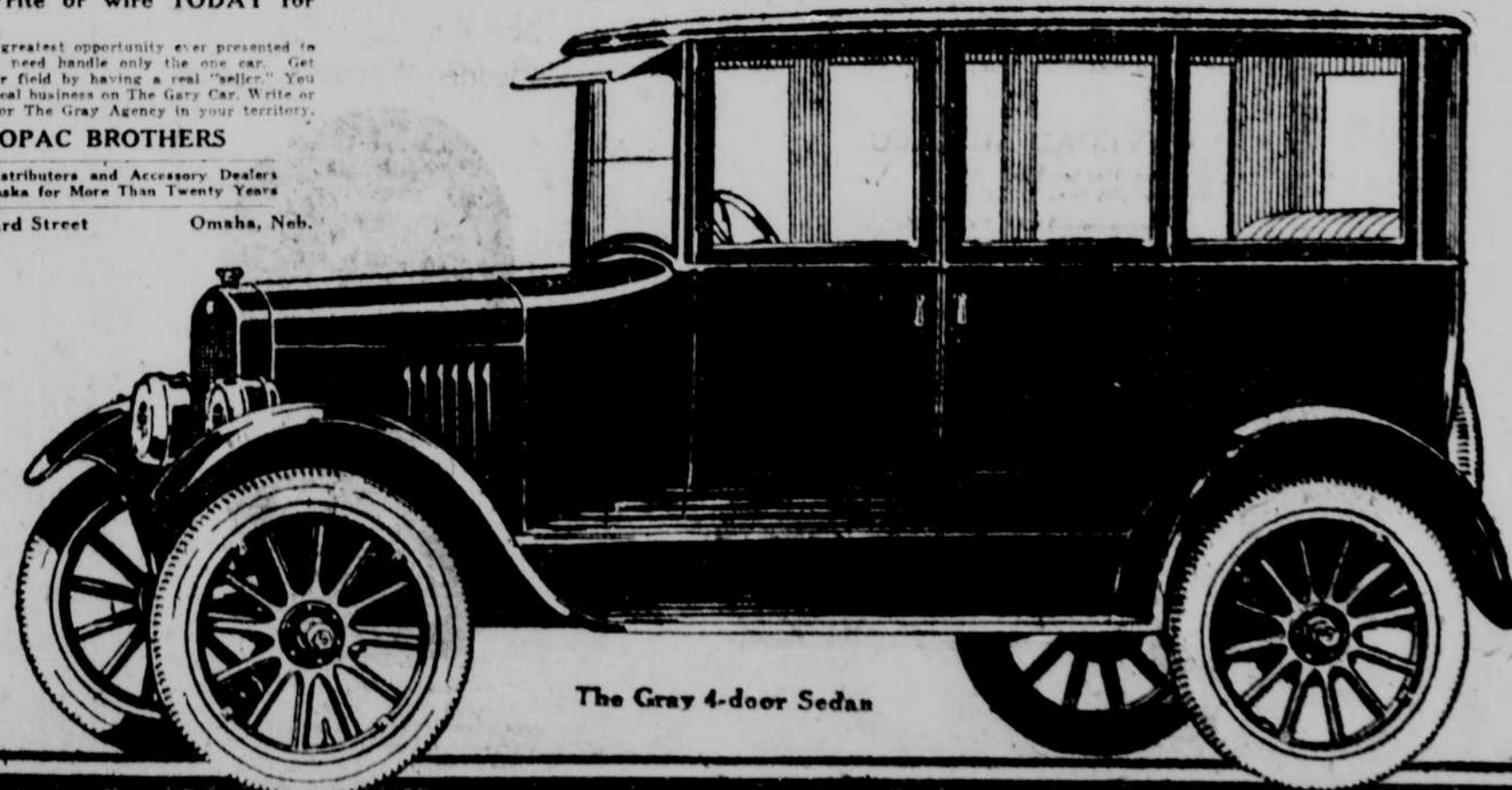
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