

of authority utterly impossible to a man who has been sleeping in a top berth and is looking dishevelled after dressing hastily. And they were never disappointed. While others were sitting around waiting for some one to check out so that they could get even an inside room opening on an airshaft, the travelling princes would be led to the elevators by obsequious bell-boys and personally conducted to palatial rooms with a southern exposure and a bath. Having a keen sense of my own carelessness and lack of foresight, I always humbly attributed my misfortunes to my own shiftlessness and mildly envied men who could have their minds so constantly fixed on sublunary affairs that they always got the best of everything.

Finally I got what I thought was a possible way out of my troubles — at least as far as lower berths were concerned. Often I had been told that if I came around about an hour before the train started I might get a lower berth. Some one who had a reservation might fail to turn up and if I was on hand I might be