

This sounds a little like strap-hanging and reminds me of the meek little man seated in the London "Tube" during the "rush" hours, with three rampant women standing up in front of him and evidently "talking at" him. He caught mumbled sounds of "The age of chivalry is dead," "No politeness among men nowadays," etc. He was tired, but he could stand it no longer. He struggled to his feet and said blandly :

"Will the oldest of you three ladies please take my seat?"

They glared at him (and at each other) and pushed away farther up the aisle, and he resumed his seat with an air of virtuous resignation.

This recalls another episode I witnessed lately. Coming home one afternoon about six o'clock, the car filled up quickly, but I was fortunate in getting a seat, when I heard a man behind me say: "Isn't it outrageous! a smart looking girl like that, coming into the street car at the 'rush' hour with a hat-box as big as a trunk! Look at the room it takes up! Ten to one she could easily have taken a cab—those are the sort that are too darned mean!" I looked back and saw jammed in the crowd a tall dark girl I recognised as Edna Ridgeway and she certainly held a very big hat-box by its string. A mile farther down the line, I