

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

from end to end of train in Indian file, without Indian modesty, and who indulged occasionally in an Indian war-whoop indicative of their elevated ideas of the surroundings. I have grown so accustomed to the sight, that I have almost forgotten the existence of the news-boy, whom I don't care to see boring ancient mariners, old maids, and verdant youths with offers of antiquated candies, bog-oak jewelry, inefficient shawl-straps, venerable literature, mangy satchel-tabs, California everything in the shape of fruit, and similar indigestible, unattractive and out-of-date products. I don't like the half-drunken fool who stumbles into the car, staggers into the seat nearest the door, and risks his neck and limbs, every five minutes or so, in a vain endeavor to go and get another drink. I don't like the elown who brings his glowing pipe or half-smoked cigar into the car, and surreptitiously smokes it, and when checked for his want of better manners, pretends that "he thought this was a smoking car." I don't like the newly-married bridegroom, even if he is amusing and interesting, to two-thirds of his fellow passengers, myself included, who "gives himself away," by perpetually lolling upon the shoulders of his young wife, and nearly strangles her by gradually encircling her neck with his arm. I don't like the bevy of girls who exchange confidences in loud tones, laugh shrilly, flirt openly, and do their innocent utmost to convert a railway carriage into a seeming casino. I don't like that other bevy of men who put their foreheads together, tell doubtful stories, stealing guilty glances at their fellow passengers, meanwhile, burst into a coarse and loud guffaw, when the "point" is reached, and so inform their wives and daughters around them that they have

been telling in their presence, even if they have not permitted them to hear, what they dare not repeat to their wives and daughters in their own homes. I don't like the fellow who impudently attempts to stare every woman out of countenance, and whose leer tells of his satyrlike propensities. I don't like the man or woman who, bidding adieu to friends, remains in a car until it is sufficiently in motion to render successful landing on the platform an uncertainty, and who sets everybody's nerves on edge by such a foolish and needless risk of life and limb. I don't like the man who, when all other sittings are filled, crowds overcoat or satchel upon that otherwise empty at his side, and who with affected interest, looks out of the window, or to his front with stony, icy stare, and permits a seeker of a seat to pass by unprovided. I don't like the dogmatic disputant who sets a whole car ablaze with his strongly held religious or political opinions, and whose voice, deliberate or strident, penetrates everywhere, and overcomes the rattle of the very wheels and brakes and hiss of steam. There are others I don't like, but they are not numerous, for after all, a railway car in its variety is a little world, and we must all admit that in the larger world the good far outnumber the bad, that the cranks are the exception to the rule, and that the average man or woman possesses redeeming features concealing original depravity. There are, fortunately, on every train, many more whom we like than we dislike, and after all, the disagreeable exceptions to the general average are just sufficiently numerous and marked to imprint their existence upon our memory. Amongst those we all specially like are those rational folks who remember that a railway company contracts to give