

there about, being struck off "for fun," which means for wider circulation and wondering comment on behalf of other journals and new readers. It cost our Jack something, no doubt, in loss of sleep, et cetera, to get this done.

What did we do with ourselves on so long a day-and-night journey, I hear someone ask. According to my observation, and I was through the train often from end to end in pursuance of my temporary vocation (which was decidedly not self-conferred) the party played draughts, dominoes and cards, "bridge" apparently having the preference; they chatted, recited and sang, the occupants of two cars collecting sometimes in one for these purposes; ladies did needlework, beadwork and sketching; both men and women took notes; private calls were given and returned, also visits of a larger, more ceremonious kind took place by invitation. The men smoked a great deal. There was not much reading, the striking changes of scene and event would not permit one's attention to be long fixed on a book. Some indulged in letter-writing but the men often found it easier to dictate their letters to the Official Stenographer in Car 6.

I have mentioned ceremonious visits. The most memorable one of these, as it was described to me by some women who were present, was that on which the bachelors and single-married men of Car 7 invited the women of the party, 46 in number, to visit their car. Many of the male denizens of Cars 1 to 5 must have wondered what spirit of unrest possessed the females that day. Back and forth they marched between their residences