familiar advertisement). We bumped along over the rails (Rails rises and holds both arms out in front), the people swaying against each other as they hung on to the straps (Straps rises and swings back and forth by imaginary straps). The conductor (Conductor calls the name of a street), every time we stopped, called out, 'Pass right up forward, plenty of room in front,' and of course there *was* plenty of room—on top of the other passengers (All rise and sit down again).

" After one of these stops, as we picked ourselves out of the heap of humanity in the forward end of the car, we found at the bottom of the pile a small and dirty newsboy (Newsboy rises and cries ' Papers ! ') who seemed to be crushed to a jelly, but managed to pull himself together enough to sell out all his papers to the sympathizing crowd. Just then the bell (Bell rises and cries ' Ding, ding ! ') began to ring violently, we heard the motor-man (Motor-man rises and turns brake) cry, ' Jump for your lives ! ' Thump came the trolley (Trolley rises and drops suddenly into his seat) down on the top of the car, sparks of electricity (Electricity rises and imitates fizzing and spitting of electric sparks) lit up the darkness, crash came another car into our rear, and we were telescoped, amid shouts of ' Trolley's off ! ' ' " (All rise and change seats, and another leader begins a story.)