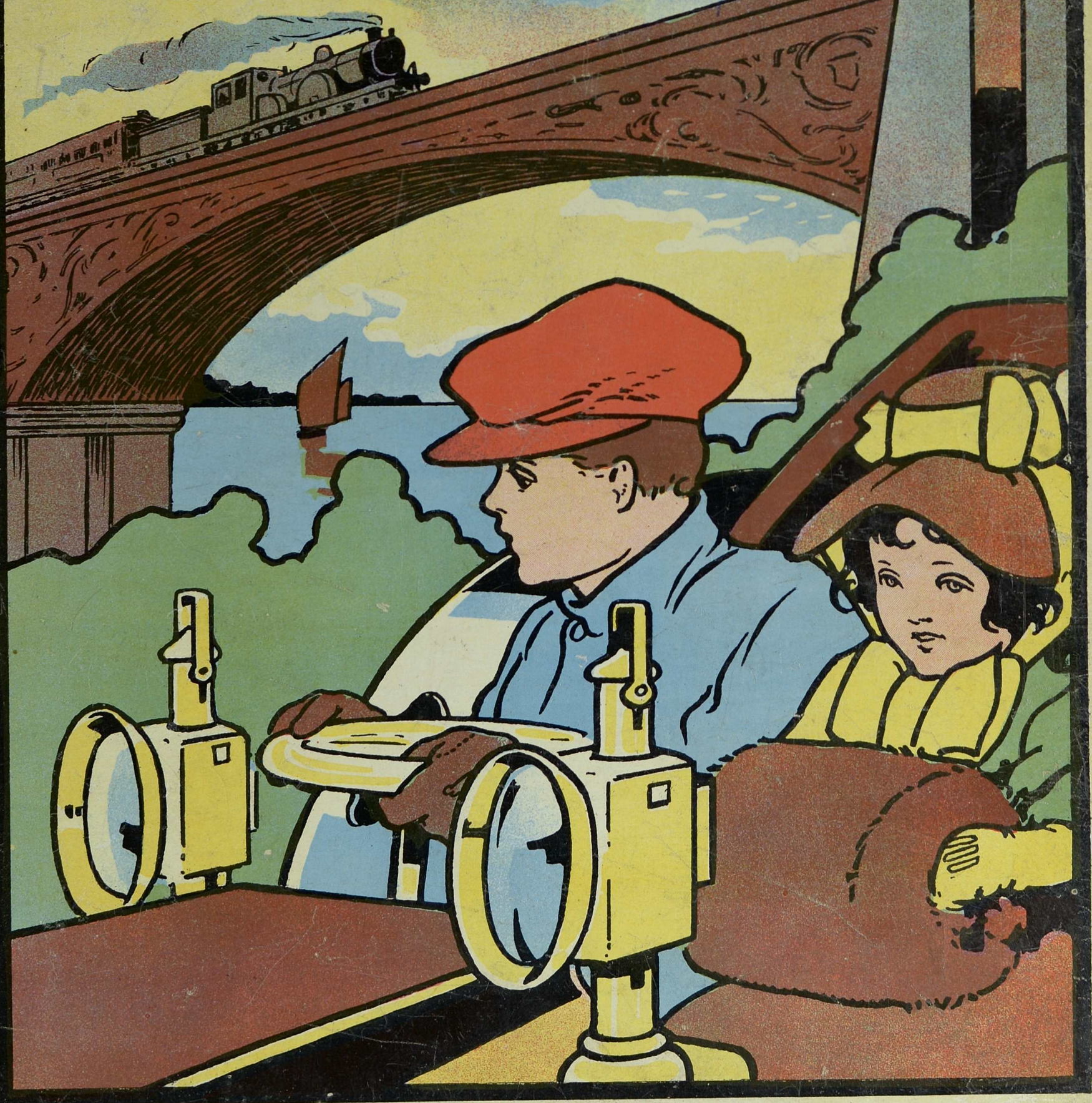


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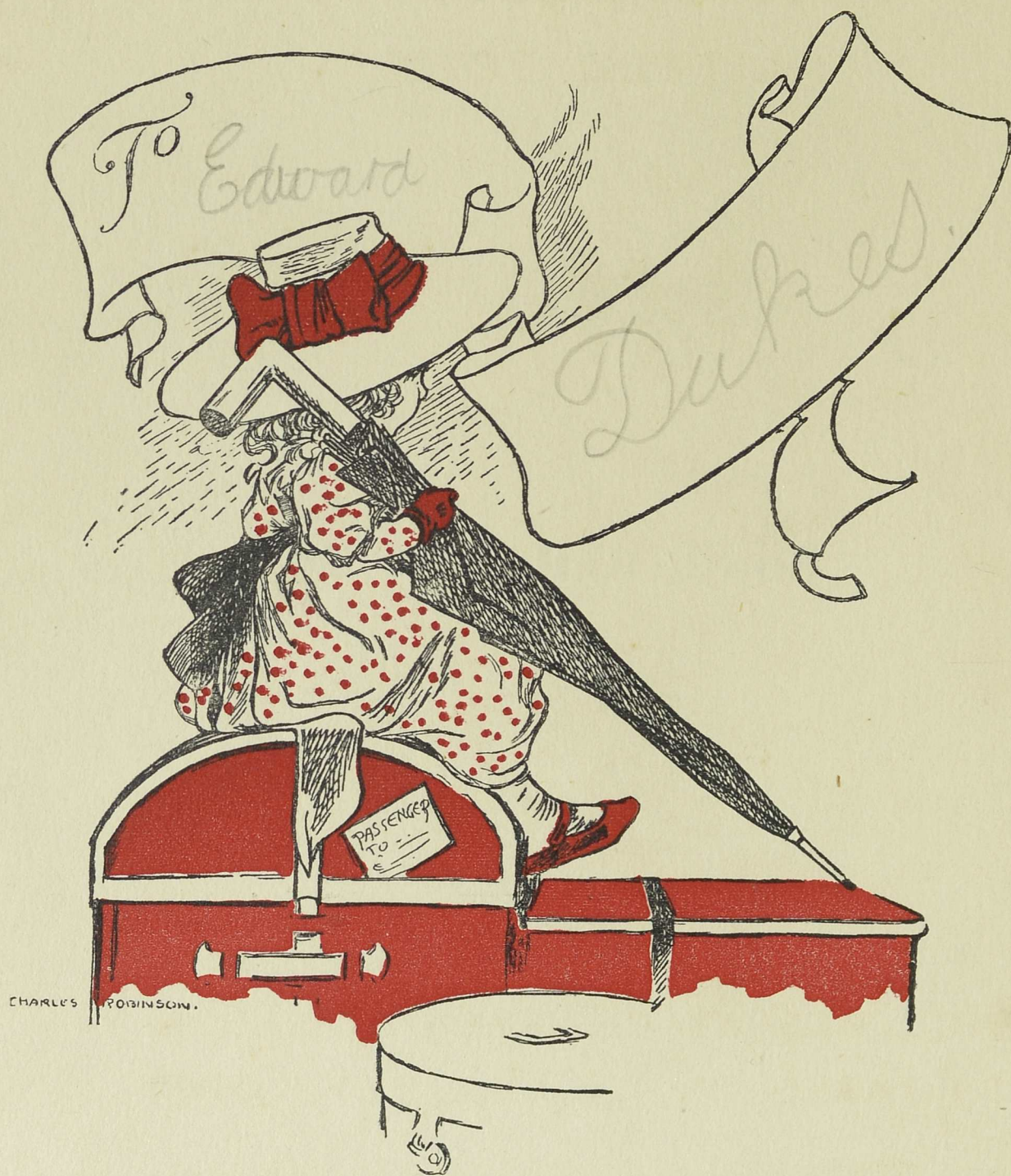
ROAD, RAIL AND SEA



PRINTED BY BLACKIE AND SON LIMITED AT THE VILLAFIELD PRESS GLASGOW

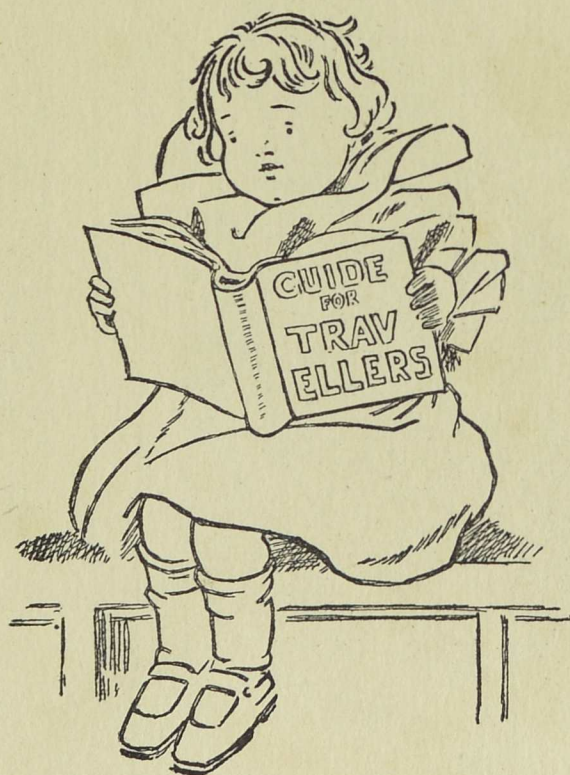
To Edward Dukes

Road, Rail, and Sea



ROAD, RAIL, AND SEA

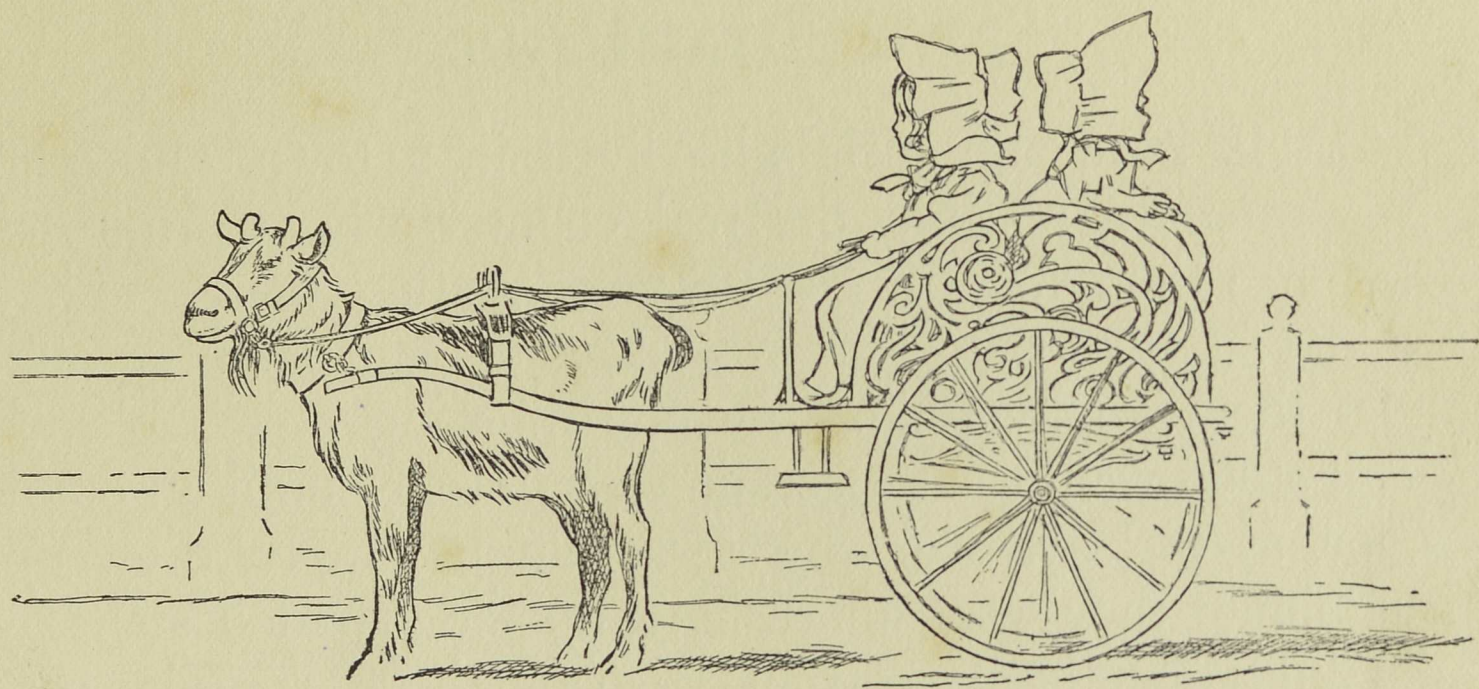
A PICTURE-BOOK FOR
LITTLE FOLK



PICTURES BY CHARLES ROBINSON
STORIES BY CLARE JERROLD

BLACKIE AND SON LIMITED
LONDON GLASGOW DUBLIN BOMBAY





The Goat Carriage

NELLIE and Dottie had a great garden with broad paths, in which no one needed to be afraid of motor-cars or runaway horses. Before Nellie's sixth birthday she wanted to know what Mumma and Daddy would give her as a present, but they only laughed and told her to wait until the right morning came. At last the right day did come, and yet when she went to breakfast there was no present. Daddy laughed, and as soon as the children had finished, told them to fetch their bonnets. They ran upstairs at once, and very soon came down ready to go out, wondering what it all meant. Then Daddy opened wide the front door and drew them outside.

They could scarcely speak for delight, for there stood the loveliest little carriage, with a beautiful goat in the shafts. Daddy put each of them upon a seat, strapped them in, and then taught Nellie how to use the reins. And all she could say was, "Oh, Daddy! Mumma! how lovely!"

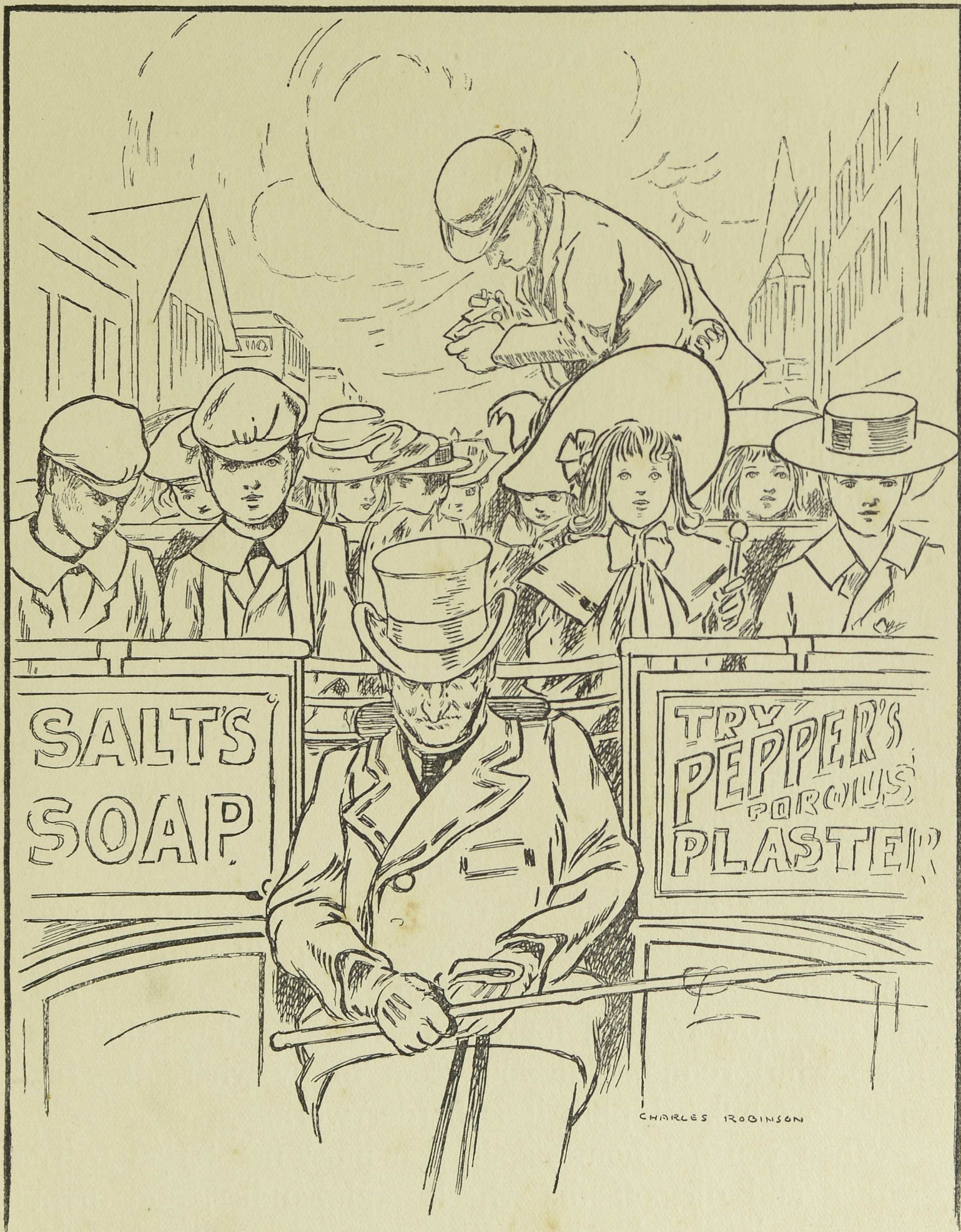
The Omnibus

SOME boys and girls who lived in a town, and who wanted to go into the real country where primroses grow, once thought of a good way of getting there. They lived too far from the fields to walk, and their parents would not let them go by train. So one morning at ten o'clock they all stood waiting at a certain street corner until an omnibus, or, as we say, bus, which was almost empty, drew up. In a minute they were all rushing up the rounded stairway and taking their seats two and two on the top. The conductor's bell rang, the big brown horses started briskly, and twenty children were on their way to the land of primroses.

They all talked at once, and the driver, carefully guiding his horses, wished he too could have a day in the country. The conductor took their pennies and clipped their tickets in a little steel box which went 'ping' each time he pulled the spring. And he thought he would like to go as well. Now and then people waved to the conductor to stop for them, but as the bus was full he only smiled and shook his head, and everyone wondered where all the children could be going. On and on they went for over an hour, and then stopped just outside the town, where the houses were fewer and the green hedges and fields stood between.

"You'll have to walk a tidy distance yet, young folk," said the driver with a smile, as the children stood by the steaming horses; "but over there is Primrose Hollow. Be here again at five o'clock and I will take you home."

When the children came back they had lovely bunches of flowers, and some were for the driver and the conductor.



CHILDREN ON THE TOP OF A BUS

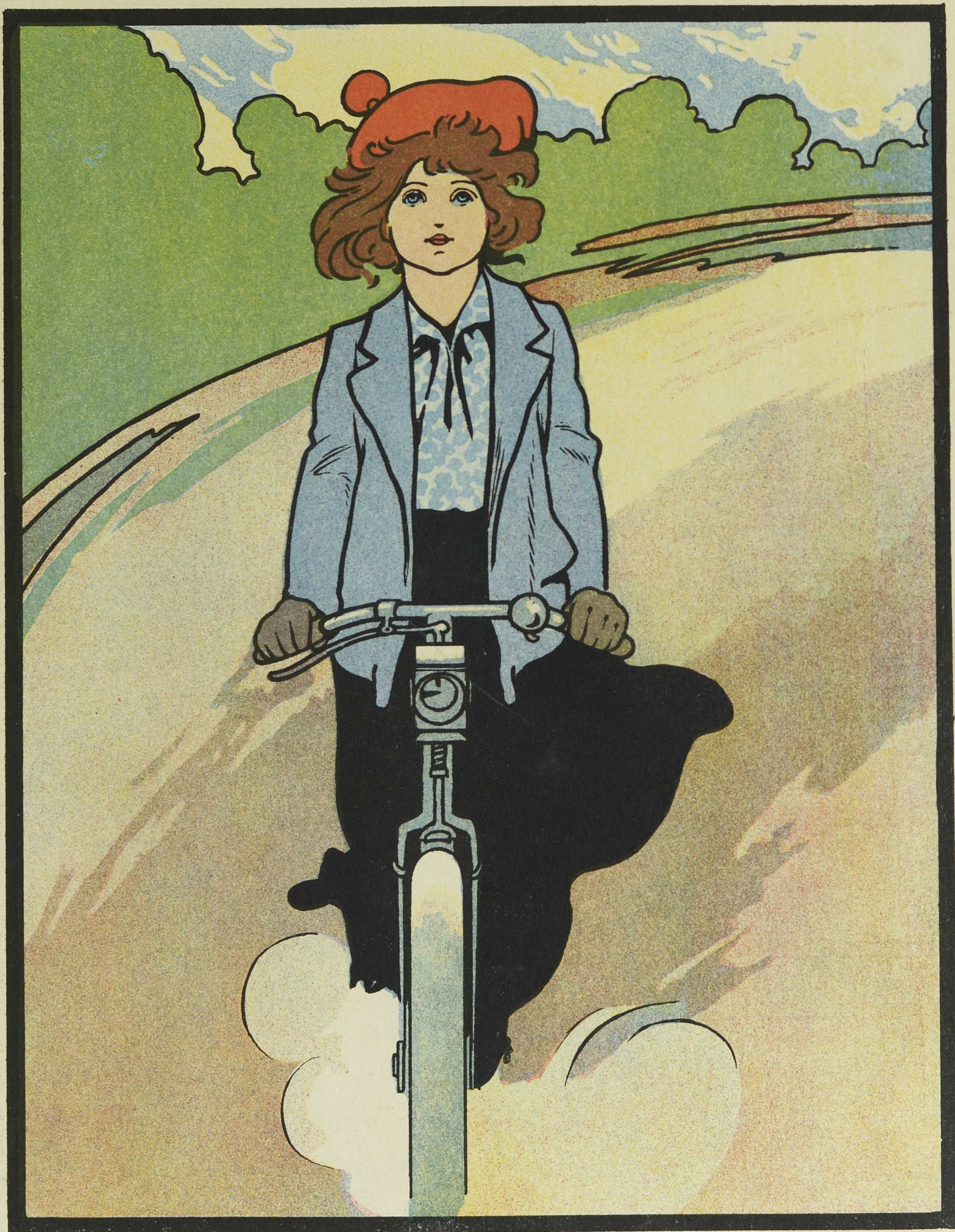
The Bicycle

THERE are some strange things to learn about a bicycle, and perhaps the strangest of all is how to sit above a wheel without falling off. The very best way to begin is to get Daddy to lift you into the saddle, and hold the bicycle up, while you try to reach the pedals with your feet. If you know you won't fall it soon becomes easy to hold the handles properly and to turn the pedals. But when Daddy quietly leaves go, and the machine begins to wobble, and the front wheel turns first to this side and then to that, why, it is very likely that you will drop down on to the lawn. If you are quick in putting out your foot it is the bicycle that falls, and leaves you standing laughing and safe.

Yes, it takes a little time and some courage to learn to balance yourself on the bicycle!

Next you must learn to put on the brake when going downhill, and to ring the bell if you come to a corner, or see anything crossing the road before you. But when at last you have learnt to do all this, it is perfectly lovely to spin along a quiet smooth road, with the wind blowing your hair and dress, and the dust flying in a little cloud from under the wheel. It is really very easy when once you know how to ride, for when you press the pedals the wheels whirl round, and you seem to fly where the road slopes downhill. Uphill it is harder work.

When you get home again you must not forget to rub the dust and dirt off the wheels and handles, and to put the bicycle into a dry place.



THE BICYCLE RIDE



CHARLES ROBINSON

WAITING FOR THE ELECTRIC CAR

The Tram-Car

ONE of the delights of living in a town is the way in which boys and girls have to go to school. In the country they just walk there and back; but it is often quite different in a large place, for there children have to learn their way about. They often have to go in tram-cars or buses, and they have to be very careful in looking out for the right car, and in getting across the road to it.

Lily is only seven years old, but she feels very grown-up when, with her straps full of books, she waits each morning for the electric tram-car.

Soon she hears a buzzing, humming noise, which comes along the wires stretched above the street, and sounds in the great post near which she stands. Then a tram comes in sight, large enough to hold sixty people, and nearly full of children, carrying satchels and books. It is not the one she wants, so she stands still and watches the driver, who pulls a handle to make his tram go gliding along the rails; and she wonders about that curious black arm which holds on to the wire above. Mumma has told her that the electric current runs along the wire and down through the black arm into the tram, and makes the wheels go; but Lily cannot understand that, though she knows that it must be true, for sometimes she sees the blue electric sparks flash out from the wheels, and sometimes she sees them flash out from the spot where the arm touches the wire. As her tram comes along, and she scrambles up its high step, she wonders whether the sparks are not really lightning that has been caught and made to do good work.

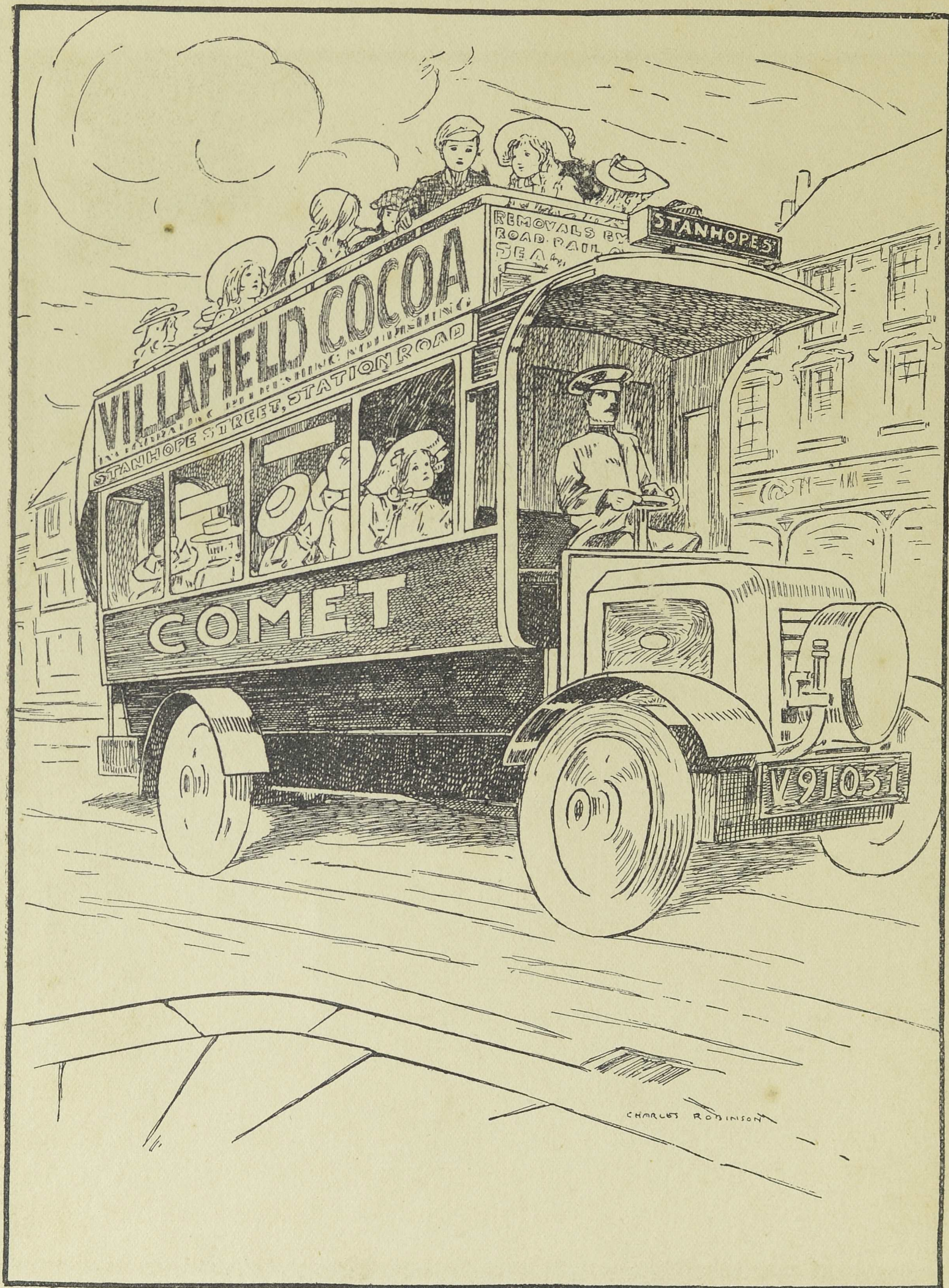
The Horse and Trap

DURING the summer holidays Lily had a drive of quite another sort. She and her brothers were going into the country to stay with their aunt, and Cousin Alick came to fetch them. Alick was only a boy, but he had learned how to drive a horse and cart when he was quite, quite little, and could do it now as well as any man. So one day he came with a beautiful horse, and a shiny trap, which would hold six children, and after dinner they started on their journey to the farm. Lily sat between Alick and Tom, while the other two boys were safely strapped in the back seat. Though Lily would not have said so for worlds, she was really rather frightened, for she thought the horse might kick, or refuse to go, or perhaps run into the hedge. But it did none of these things. It just drew them quickly along the street, out of the town, past all the houses, and away down the country road, shaded on either side by trees, and bordered with grass. Lily saw so many lovely flowers that she looked forward to going out gathering them. She had learnt something about them from books at school, and was delighted to think she would be able to learn more about them where they grew. As they drove along, here and there could be seen the waving corn-fields and the scarlet gleam of poppies, while the horse's hoofs went clippity-clop, clippity-clop upon the ground.

When at last they got to the farm, Aunt Agnes and the little ones met them at the open gate, and when they asked Lily if she had liked the drive, she said, "Oh, indeed I did! It was so much nicer than the tram-car."



OFF FOR A DRIVE IN THE TRAP



GOING TO SCHOOL IN A MOTOR-BUS

The Motor-Bus

IF in some towns we go into the street looking for an omnibus, we may find two sorts of buses waiting. Besides the one we know well with two horses, there is another which has no horse at all. This is called the Motor-bus. It carries a tank of petrol which, in some wonderful way, makes the wheels go round.

Though sometimes this omnibus smells dreadfully of the petrol, we like it because it goes more quickly than the other. The driver sits low down in front near the machinery, which is worked by the petrol, and turns a wheel instead of holding reins and guiding horses. This bus is longer and carries more people than the other.

It comes throbbing and groaning up to the pavement, and when we have got in, it gives a kind of screech and throbs away into the road again. Then it begins to hum, and it keeps going up the scale, one note after another, until it suddenly stops its song, only to begin it all over again. And, while it is humming, the wheels are whizzing round, so that we pass all the other buses and cabs in the road, and when we come to the crowded corners the noisy motor-bus sidles round them, or glides across and lets us get down safely just at the right spot.

It happens sometimes that the petrol does not work properly, then the bus goes very slowly, and at last refuses to move at all. The people inside wait a little, but in the end they generally get out and walk, while the driver looks at the wheels, examines the petrol tank, and does his best to make the motor go again.

The Donkey

IN one week at the seaside we see more donkeys than in a year at home. There they stand in rows, ready saddled and bridled for boys and girls to jump on their backs and ride away. Some of the donkeys do not like it very much; they hang down their heads and move very slowly, and sometimes will not move at all. Often a donkey-boy may be seen trying to push a donkey along while another pulls him by the reins. Even when he is beaten with a stick he will not go.

"No," he says to himself, "it is too stupid. I hate going up and down this dull road; I want a better place than this to make me run."

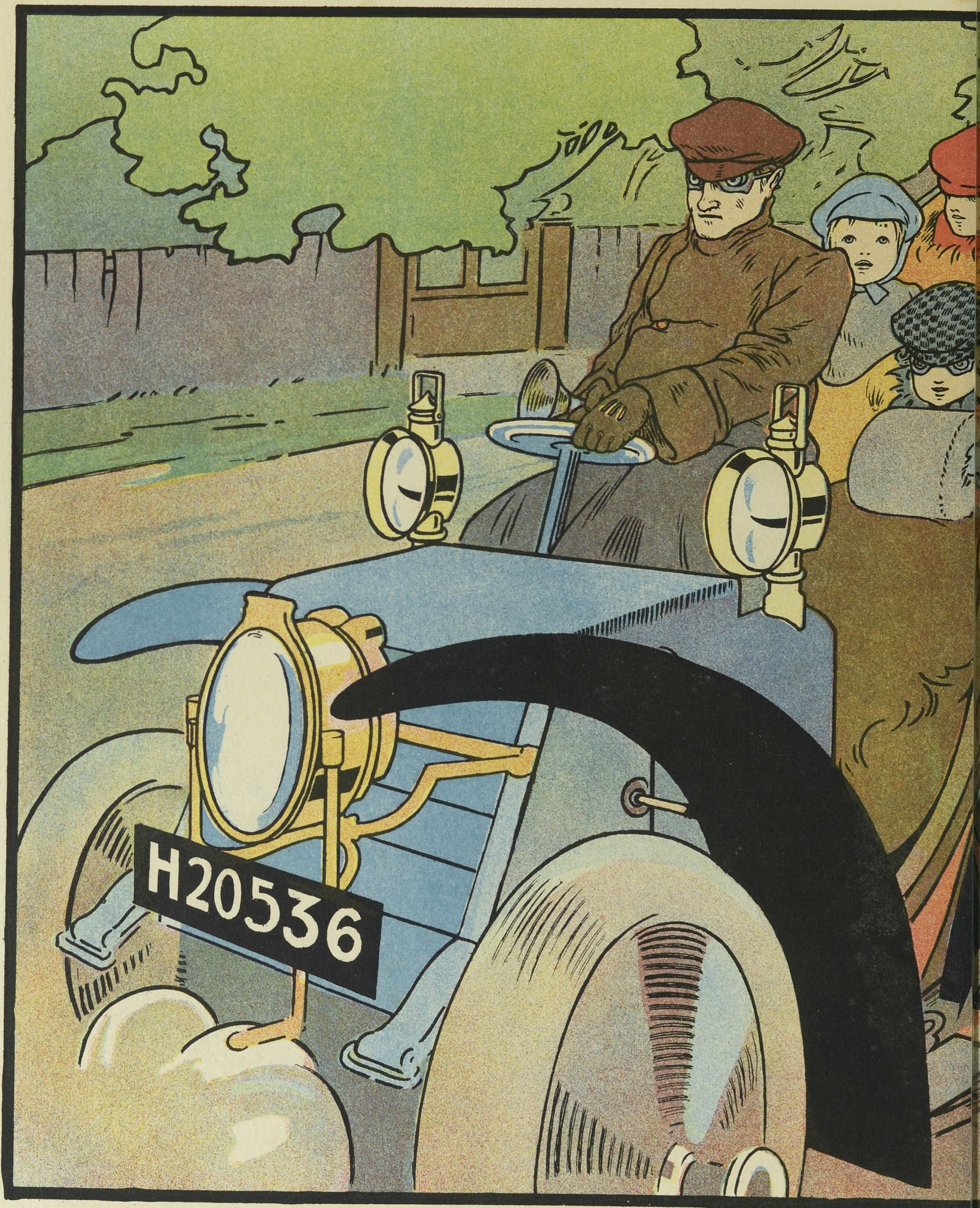
Children soon get to know which is the slow and which is the quick donkey, and if any one of them wishes to have a good ride, he should do as Elsie does. She waits until she can have the smart, quick animal, which does not seem to get tired. When she is on its back she persuades the boy to let her ride along the hard, wet sand, for Neddie likes that better than the road. In this way Elsie sometimes has quite lovely rides; but the boy who runs after her must get very tired.

"I don't mind for once," he says, "but I should not like everyone to go so far and so quickly!"

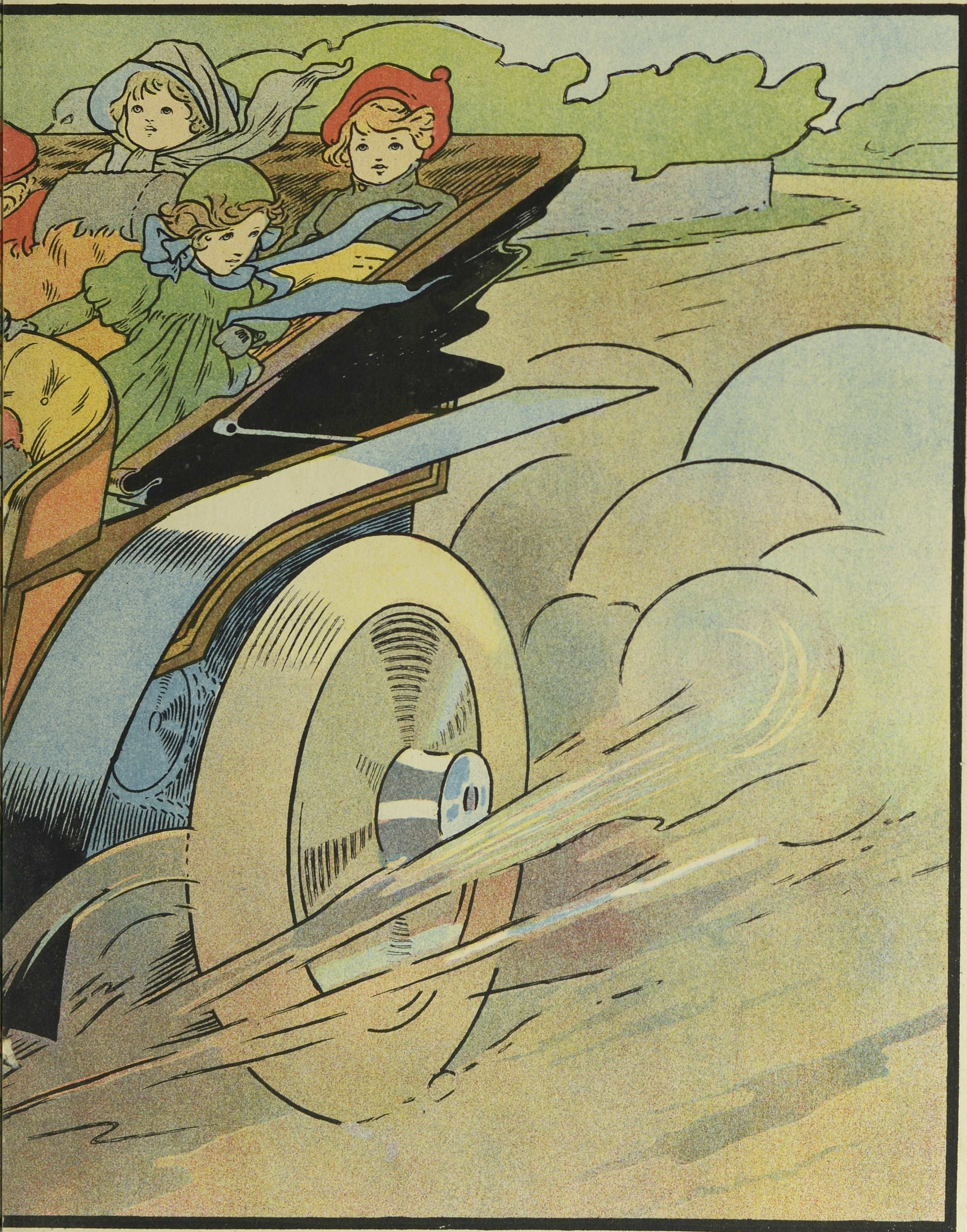
The donkey does not mind either, for Elsie always takes with her a piece of sugar or a biscuit, which she gives to Neddie as soon as the ride is over. If you are kind and thoughtful with them in this way, you may soon make friends with these patient animals.



A DONKEY-RIDE ON THE SANDS



A HAPPY PARTY OF



LITTLE MOTORISTS

The Motor-Car

LITTLE JOAN was jumping up and down with joy, and saying with a laugh over and over again, "I'm going for a drive in a motor-car!" And she ran down the path holding Daddy's hand and skipping all the way, for she had never before been in such a thing. The car, painted blue, stood at the gate, puffing and shaking all over as if it wanted to be off, so Joan jumped in quickly for fear it should start without her.

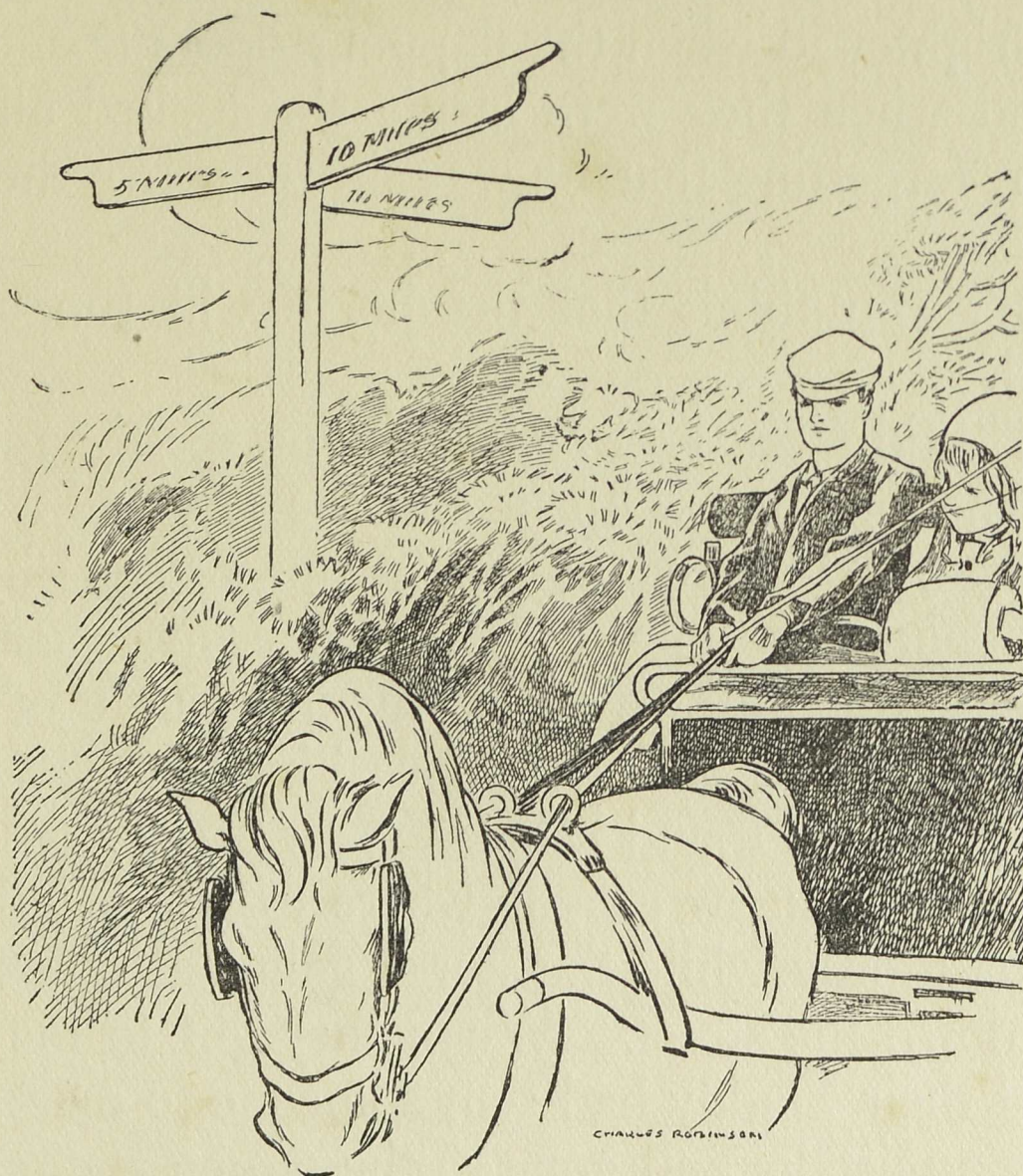
It was a big car, and Daddy packed all the children in quite comfortably, then took the driver's seat himself. When he put one hand on the steering wheel and pulled a lever with the other, it made much more noise than before, and then began to sing in a way which reminded Joan of the scales her sister Mary practised on the piano. Then the shaking stopped, and the children found that they were gliding quickly down the road. The hedges and trees seemed to fly past, and the wind blew wildly in their faces, but little Joan did not mind that a bit, for she was in the place of importance, next to Daddy. The children were all wrapped up too warmly to feel cold, and most of them had on big spectacles to keep the dust out of their eyes.

Once when they were coming near a village a foolish hen began to cross the road, and just as she got into the middle she thought she would go back again. "Oh, Daddy, she'll be killed!" cried all the children. Daddy kept sounding the horn and tried to go slowly, but then silly Hennypenny became very frightened, and, instead of

THE MOTOR-CAR

crossing the road either way, ran along straight in front of the car. Just as one of the wheels nearly touched her, she ran with wings outspread in terror to a hole in the wall, and the boys and girls gave a great sigh of relief to think she was safe at last.

As they turned to go home, they passed Lily and Alick in the trap, behind the big brown horse. They, too, had been for a drive, and were looking at the finger-post, as they were not certain which road to take. It would be hard to say which party most enjoyed the afternoon.



The Hansom Cab

ONCE when three children went alone to London, to meet their Daddy at the station, they could not find him anywhere, and though they waited and waited he did not come.

"What shall we do? What *can* we do?" they asked each other, until at last Freddie had a brilliant idea.

"We will take a cab!" he said.

The others opened their eyes in wonder at anything so grand, and they stood breathlessly watching while Freddie beckoned to the man and a very shiny cab drew up. Phyllis was half frightened when the flapping doors opened of themselves, and when they were inside she looked all round for the driver, forgetting that he was sitting above their heads at the back.

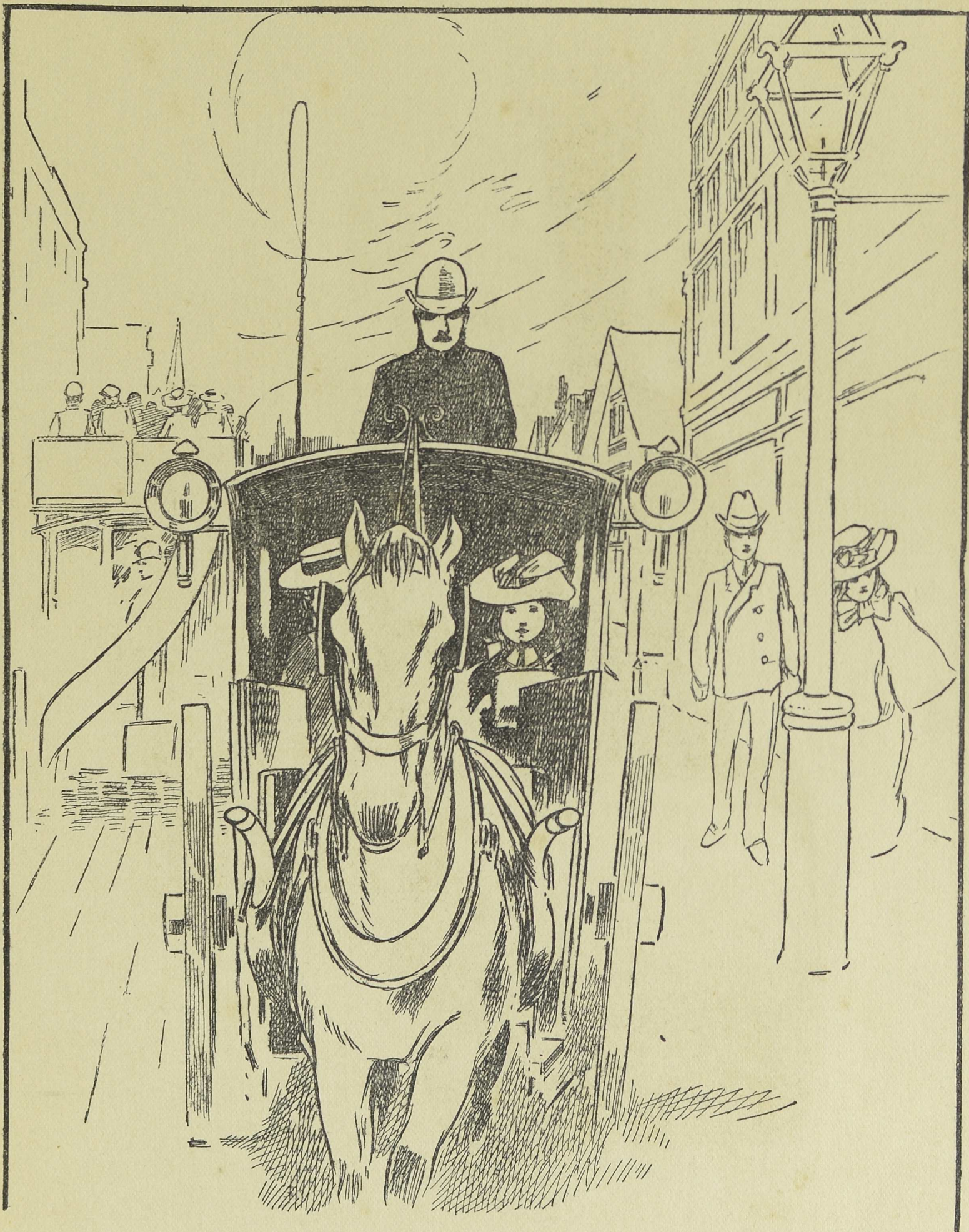
"Don't you think that the horse will run away?" she whispered.

"No," said Fred loftily; "can't you see the reins?"

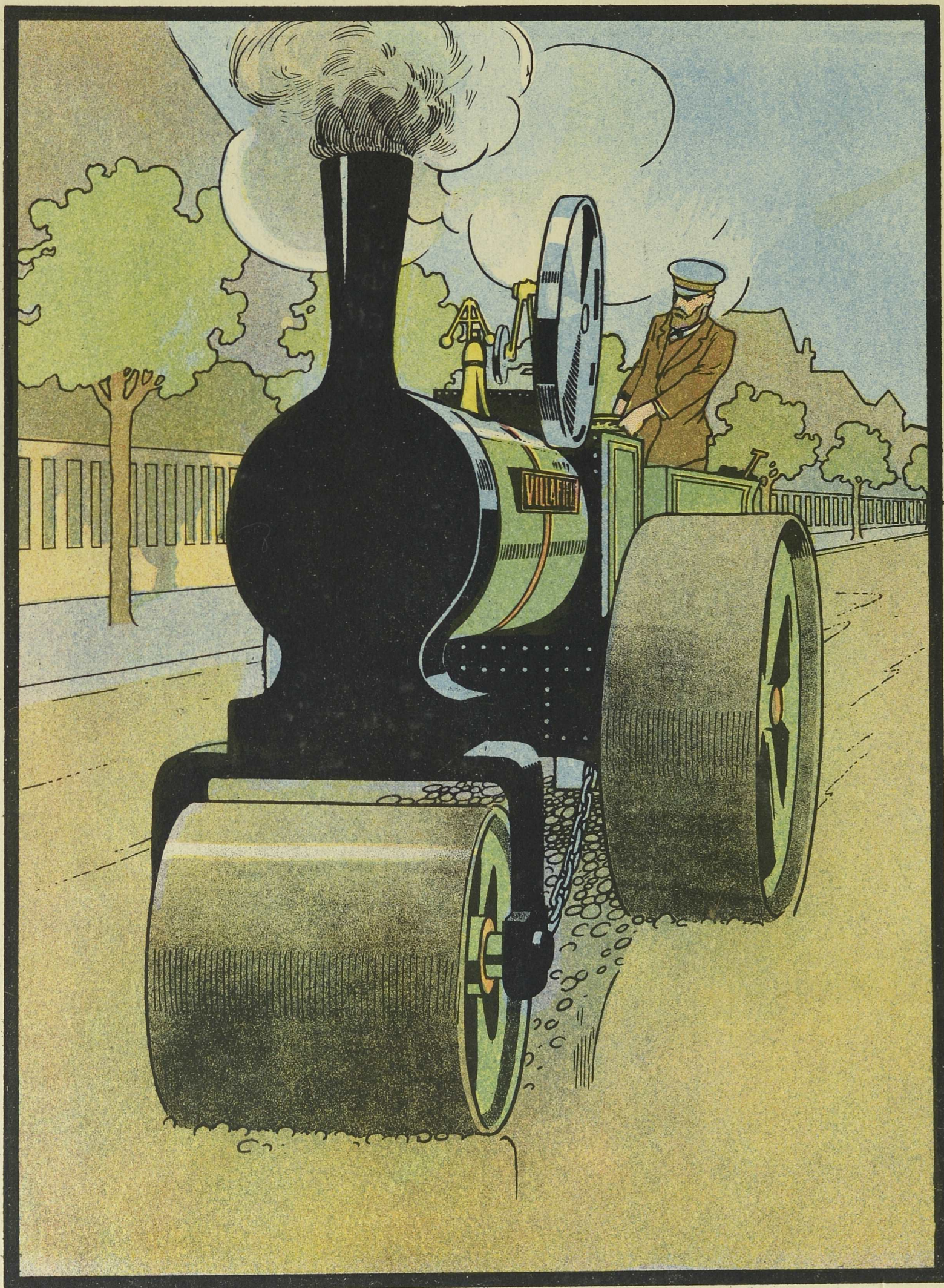
But when a window opened in the top, and a gruff voice called down, "Where to, young master?" Phyllis really screamed, and the others looked at each other in doubt. Where could they go? Freddie again thought of a plan.

"We will go to Daddy's office," he said. "It is somewhere in the Strand, and it has a great eagle over the door."

The cabman knew exactly where to go, and the children held hands tightly while the horse galloped quickly, as they thought, down the street. When they got to the office they found that their Daddy had sent someone to meet them, who had made a mistake and gone to the wrong station.



DRIVING THROUGH THE CITY IN A HANSOM CAB



THE ROAD ROLLER AT WORK

The Steam-Roller

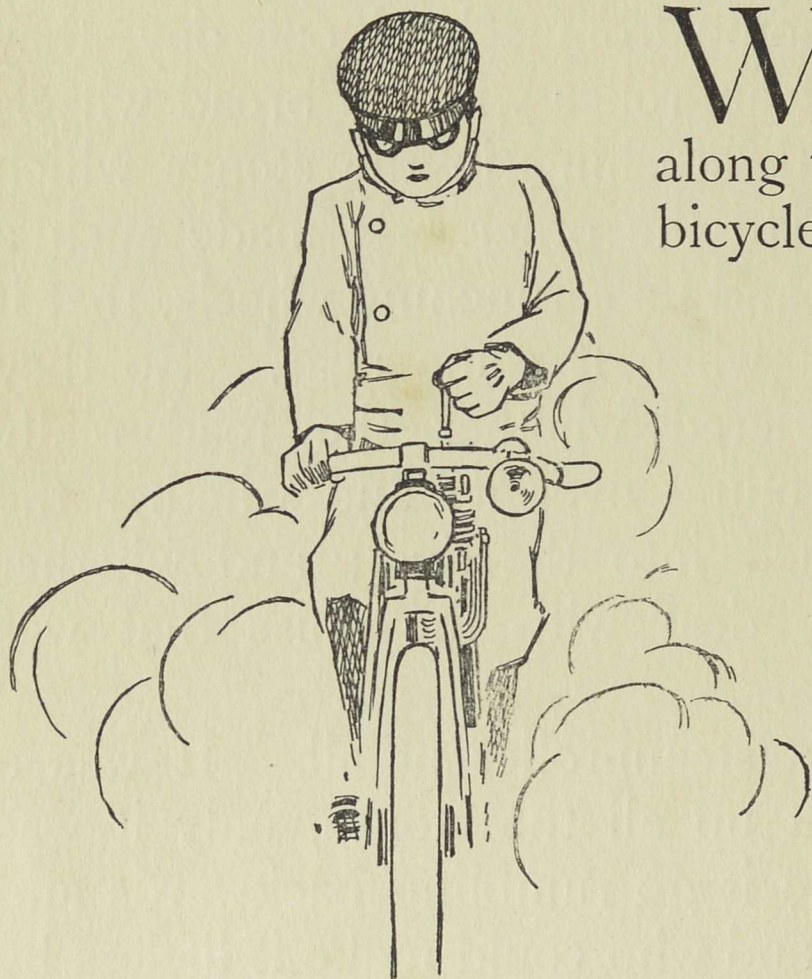
AS the children came home from school one day, they stood to watch the steam-roller with its broad wheels going slowly along the road, crushing in the stones which were spread from one side to the other. It made such a noise, with its puffing steam and its scrunching wheels, that it was useless trying to speak when it came near. So they silently watched, and wondered whether the road really liked such a heavy thing rolling over it; and whether the stones minded being crushed into the dust; and whether the driver did not become deaf with the noise that was always thundering in his ears.

Mary said it was not a steam-roller at all. It was a goblin, which wanted to eat up all the stones, only it was afraid of the man who made it go rumbling backwards and forwards levelling the road, and who could make it lifeless by putting its fire out, or make it stand still by moving a handle.

"Then a man is stronger than a goblin," said Tommy; "so it does not matter how big these goblins are, we need not be afraid of them."

"Of course not," answered Mary. "Goblins don't count nowadays. Now that we learn at school all about trees and flowers we know that there are no goblins in the woods, and this sort of goblin just has to be good and do as he is told, or we should never let him on the roads at all. Sometimes, of course, he gets into a rage, and then there is an accident, but that's because the man has pulled the wrong handle or something, which is, of course, quite enough to put any steam-roller goblin in a rage."

The Motor-Cycle



WHICH do you think is the quicker way of getting along the road—going on a motor-bicycle or running on your own two legs? George had a motor-cycle given him as a present, and he was very proud of it, though at first he was a little alarmed at the noise it made. Pop, pop, pop, it went while it was moving, and George thought that perhaps one time there would be a very big POP, and he would be blown to pieces. But he

soon got used to it, and at last did not notice the noise at all. Sometimes he let other boys try the cycle; but not often, for he was afraid lest it should be thrown down and broken.

Willie would look at his cousin's machine and wish he dared mount it. But he was too much afraid; he was quite sure he would tumble off. So at last he pretended to think it a horrid thing. When George was once boasting of how beautifully it went, Willie turned up his nose and said: "Poof! I would not ride it if you gave it me!" And this made George say:

"Oh, I suppose you think you can go quicker on

THE MOTOR-CYCLE

your own feet than on my bicycle?"

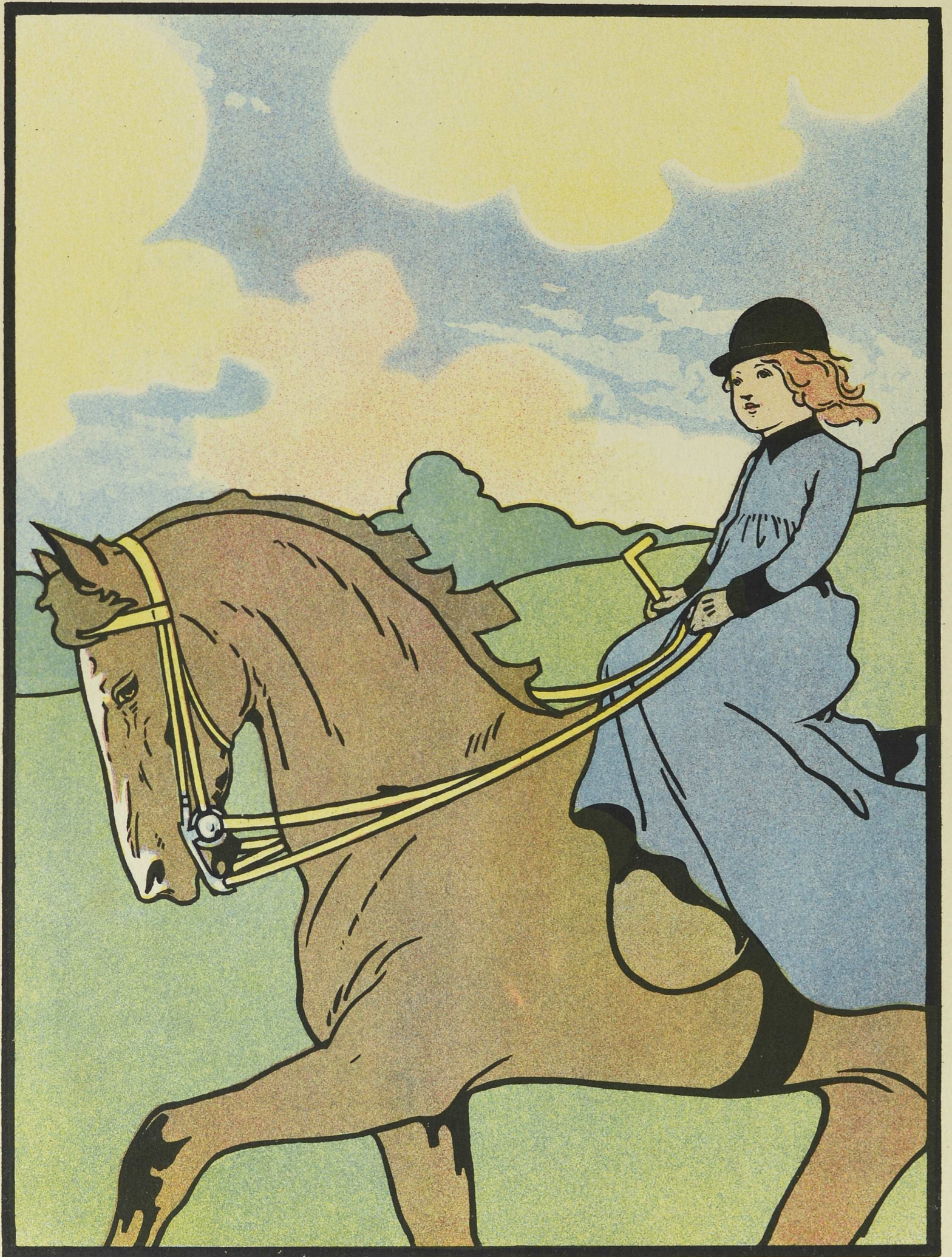
"Of course I can!" said Willie, who was very proud of his quick running; and he knew also that what he said was true, as he could not go at all on the bicycle.

"Then we'll have a race!" said George; "and I'll show you that my motor goes six times as quickly as your Shank's Mare! You will have to run as fast as ever you can, but when once I've started my cycle, all I need do is to sit quite still and let it work by itself."

"I'm ready!" said Willie, but he knew very well that the motor would win.

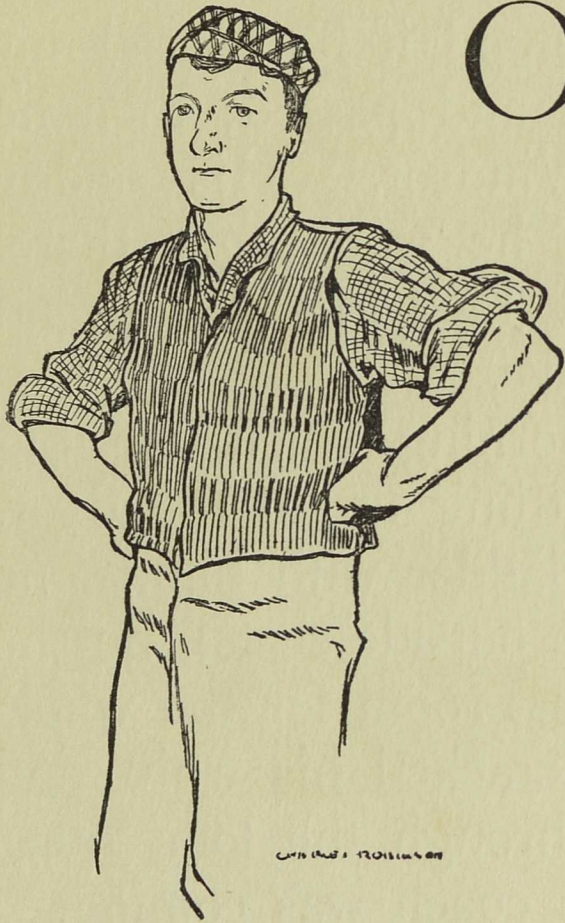
At the word of command they started, and though Willie's legs went as quickly as legs could go, the bicycle was half-way up the lane before he had run ten yards. George felt so pleased that he turned round to shout, and at once went bump! crash! over a stone and into the ditch. When Willie ran past him he was picking up the motor and looking to see if it were hurt. As soon as he was sure that it was all right he mounted again, and got to the winning-post just as Willie began jumping with delight at having reached it first.





A CLEVER LITTLE HORSEWOMAN

On Horseback



ONE way of being on the road is to ride on a horse's back, and this is perhaps the best way of all, for the horse listens to everything that is said to him. His pretty ears turn back to catch the rider's voice, or forward to hear what is coming in the road.

When Lucy went into the country her daddy gave her a little silver-mounted whip, and said she might ride on Prince, who, though so big, is very gentle and will always do just as he is told. Lucy is very fond of Prince. He will walk quietly, or, if she lifts the reins and tells him to go quickly, he begins to trot at once. And, little as Lucy is, she knows how to rise in the saddle so that the trotting does not shake her.

Sometimes, when they are upon the grass, Lucy draws the whip across Prince's right leg. Then he knows that Lucy wants him to canter, and he sets off at a pace which would frighten most little girls.

Of course Lucy cannot by herself get on the back of such a tall horse. She stands ready and puts her foot into the groom's strong hand, and in a minute he swings her into the saddle. The groom is always ready, too, to lift her down when she gets home again.

The Four-in-Hand

JACK was promised something good if he passed his examination. So he tried hard, and passed; then he asked to have a party at Windsor. His daddy laughed, and wanted to know how he would get there. "We must have a four-in-hand," said Jack in a very grand way. And that is what they did have.

Everybody was ready in the morning when the big coach with four fast horses came rattling up to the door. If the coachman had not brought a ladder with him, none of the children could have got to the outside seats; but he had thought of this, and there was just room for the whole party on the top. Then the driver cracked his whip, and his friend at the back blew wildly through the long brass horn, so that everyone knew that the coach was coming.

It was a splendid drive! The horses flew through the London streets, over the commons, through Richmond and other towns, and in every town the horn sounded loudly. By the time they got to Windsor each child was ready for dinner; and after that they went to see the King's Castle. They walked along its terraces, saw some of the beautiful halls, and went into St. George's Chapel, where so many princes and princesses have been married.

Soon it was time for them once again to scramble into the coach. The horn blared, the whip cracked, hoofs pounded, trees and houses flew past; the children all talked at once, and were quite excited every time their coach overtook any other vehicle, until at last they drew up at Jack's door.



DOWN TO WINDSOR IN A FOUR-IN-HAND

The Traveller

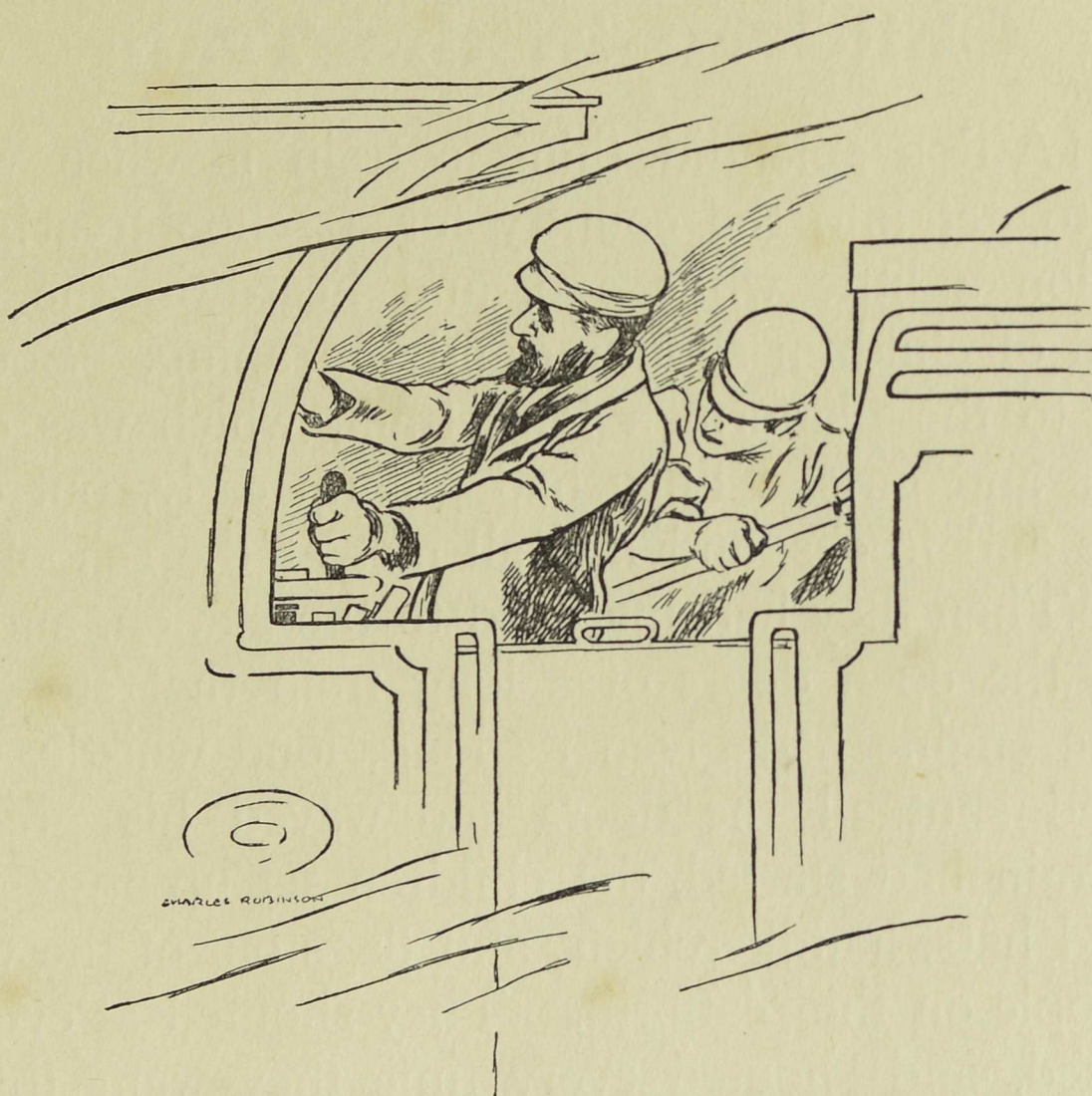
GEORGE has made up his mind that when he is grown up he will go all over the world, and he is not quite sure whether he will go in a carriage, or a motor-car, or on a bicycle. But he thinks he might as well begin at once finding out which is the best way to go, so he is studying the Guide Book. The worst of it is that he cannot get away from his own country without crossing the sea, and he cannot do that on a cycle or even in a motor-car. So he is wondering whether someone will not make a flying ship for him before he is twenty; for he is afraid that if he sailed across the sea the great waves might wreck his vessel.

In any case, once he *is* over the water, he intends to travel by road; “for on the road I can see everything”, he says, “and—

“It must be such a splendid joke,
To distant lands to roam.
I’d like to see the Chinese folk
And Japanese at home;

“I’d like to see the Hottentot,
The Hindoo, and Afghan.
I’ll go exploring every spot
When I am grown a man.”





The Engine-Driver

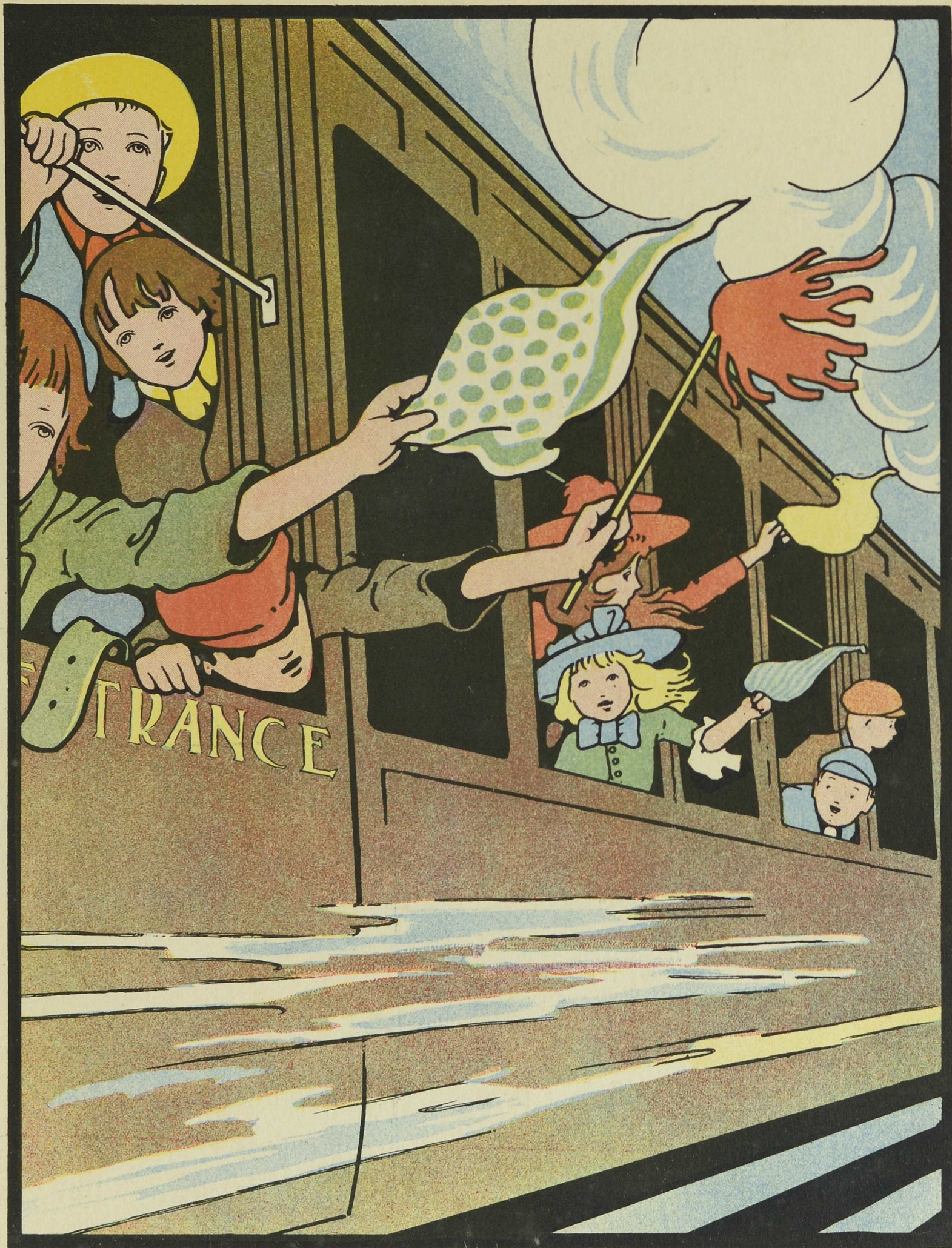
THE driver and stoker of the railway engine stand on the little platform between the great furnace and the tender; and while the stoker attends to the enormous fire which boils the water to make steam, the driver watches the signals and the railroad before him. When he pulls one handle the train goes faster and faster, but by pulling another he can make it go quite slowly, and when he touches another the shrill whistle screams. At the stations he must make the train stop exactly at the right place to let people get in and out. Whether it be hot or cold weather, wet or dry, these two men stand there to drive our train on its way.

Children in the Train

WHAT a splendid thing a train is when we want to get into the country for a school-treat! I was at a station a little while ago, and heard in the distance the sound of children shouting and hurrahing. Soon there came up to the platform a long train, which was crowded with boys and girls. They had got up early, put on their best coats and frocks, and had all met at the school at nine o'clock. Then they had marched to the station, and scrambled into the open doors of a long train that stood ready. When the engine had given its long, loud whistle, and the guard had shut all the doors and waved his green flag, and the train had started, the children set up a great shout, and waved hats, handkerchiefs, and flags out of the windows at the people on the platform. They shouted at every train they passed, and shouted every time they went through a station.

They had the whole day in the country, where there were scarcely any houses; and they climbed the high, round hills, looked for flowers, and wandered in the woods. They had a picnic dinner and tea in an old garden, where long tables had been set for them; then they played games, until at last it was time to go home.

In the train the little ones fell asleep, and the big ones sang songs, and, looking through the darkening windows, cheered again every place they passed. When they got to their own station, and had to leave the train, they stood on the platform and sang a good-bye song to it, which ended up with "For he's a jolly good fellow!"



THE CHILDREN'S EXCURSION TRAIN

The Booking-Office

WHEN you go away from home there is such a lot to do! Nellie and the children had hard work for a week before they went for their summer holidays. They wanted to take dolls, books, games, and things, but at last decided to leave them all at home, thinking that as they were going to a new place they would be sure to find new amusements. So they packed up their clothes, and started off to the station when the right morning came, feeling rather nervous, for stations are such big places, with so many people about. When they got there, they stood in a corner for a few minutes looking about them, and soon saw the booking-office, where tickets are sold.

Being afraid they would lose each other if they separated, they all went to the little window in the wall, which was nearly covered with glass, and behind which they could see someone waiting to attend to them. Nellie put her money down through the hole in the glass, and the man behind it gave her a ticket, as he also did to the others. They did not know what to do then, and stood still together, hoping to find someone to help them. In a few minutes a kind-looking old porter came up, saying:

“Now, Missie, where to? Norton? Well, come this way, then!”

He took up their bags, asked them about their luggage, and, finding that it had all been labelled with the name Norton, led the children to the right platform; there he put them into the right carriage, told them they would not have to change, and walked away to help someone else.



BUYING TICKETS AT THE BOOKING-OFFICE

In the Entrance-Hall

ONCE when Nellie was too young to go alone by train, she and the children had quite an adventure. Nurse was taking them to Yorkshire for their summer holidays, and when they got to the station, she put a small box down near the wall and told them to wait by it while she saw to their luggage and got the tickets. But the children found they were standing too close to where the porters wanted to weigh packages, so they had to move on. The box was not heavy, so Dicky carried it into the middle of the great entrance-hall, which soon became terribly crowded. People rushing after their trains jostled them, porters with their barrows kept shouting "By'r leave, by'r leave!" and nearly running over them.

They were not frightened, for there was so much to look at, and it was so nice to be going for a holiday. But when the engines hissed and whistled, the piles of luggage had disappeared, and the people were all off in the trains; when there were no porters left, and they stood all alone in that great empty place, Nellie did get a little alarmed, for Nurse did not come back, and there was no one to help them or to tell them where to go. But just as little Ned began to cry, Nurse came rushing through a great archway, looking very white.

"Oh, Miss Nellie," she called, "how *did* you get here? This is the wrong part of the station. I've been looking everywhere in the crowds for you, and now our train is gone and we must wait two hours! Oh, dear, dear, what children you are!"



CHARLES ROBINSON.

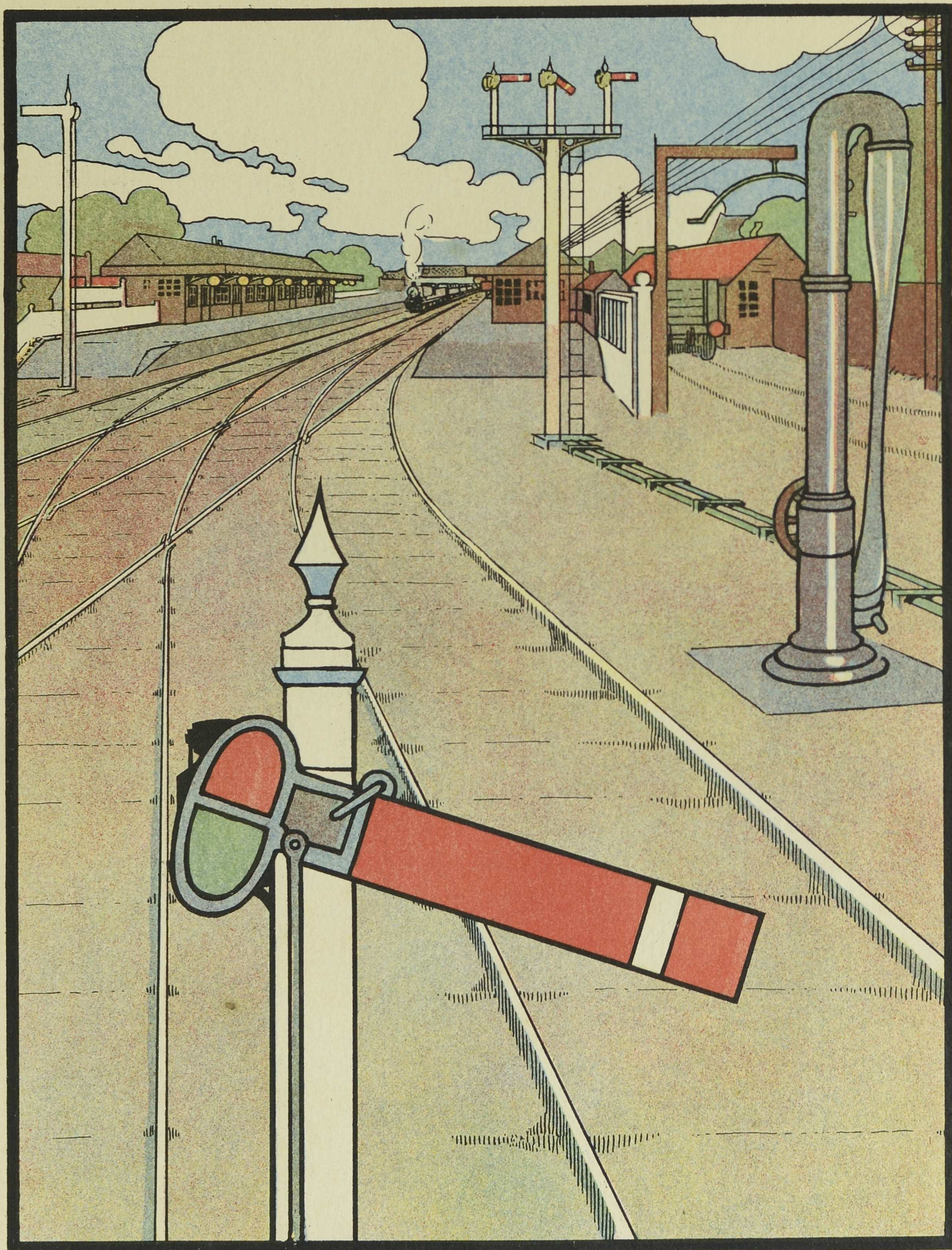
WAITING FOR THE TRAIN

The Junction

ON their way to Yorkshire the children had to change trains, and Nellie wondered why the place they got out at was a junction, not a station. "Because this is where the different lines join, of course!" said Dicky. "You can see them down there."

Nellie looked, and saw the points at which the rails cross each other, and which the pointsman in his box moves by pulling a long handle. Then she began to see other things. She saw the signals with their pointing fingers, one of which drops when a train is coming, and which show green light for safety and red light for danger; she saw the high pump with its long black tube from which the water is poured into the engine, and the half-circular iron bar hanging over a siding or side-line, under which the goods trains are run to see if they are piled too high to pass under the bridges. It is up the siding, too, that the trains go when they want to rest. Then she caught sight of her old friends the telegraph wires, which always dance slowly up and down if you watch them from the window of the train as it glides along.

As she was noticing all these things Nurse cried impatiently, "Now where can those children be?" and rushed away to find them, for they had all disappeared. Nurse went after Dick, who had climbed on to the footbridge, and Nellie found the two little ones in the waiting-room. Just as they met again the train came in, and Nurse with a sigh of relief made them get in, in what she called double-quick time.



THE RAILWAY JUNCTION

The Saloon Carriage

THE first time Nellie went alone on a journey she felt very important, for the guard put her into a saloon carriage, which had a real carpet on the floor. The seats, too, seemed so comfortable, and had tables in front of them, upon which dominoes or halma could have been played, if only Dicky had been there, she thought. Then the windows were so large that it was almost like being out-of-doors to look through them.

For a long time she watched the strange scenes that seemed to fly past the windows; the green fields with sheep and cows grazing in them, or horses galloping away at the sound of the noisy train; leafy woods in which there were whole hosts of lovely flowers, which she wished she could pluck and take home with her; quaint little houses in beautiful gardens, in which she thought she would much rather live, than in her own home in the city; people working in the hay-fields, and a hundred other sights, each one more interesting than the last. Then she looked at everything in the carriage, wondered when the little electric lights shone out brightly as the train dashed into a dark tunnel, and listened to the rattling and roaring of the wheels. But at last she grew tired, and as she watched the smoke rolling past from the engine, she saw all sorts of misty, pretty dream faces laughing and nodding to her from it.

Suddenly a door banged, and Nellie started up to find that the train attendant had brought in her tea, real hot tea, with bread-and-butter and cake. And when she had finished that, she was near the end of her journey.



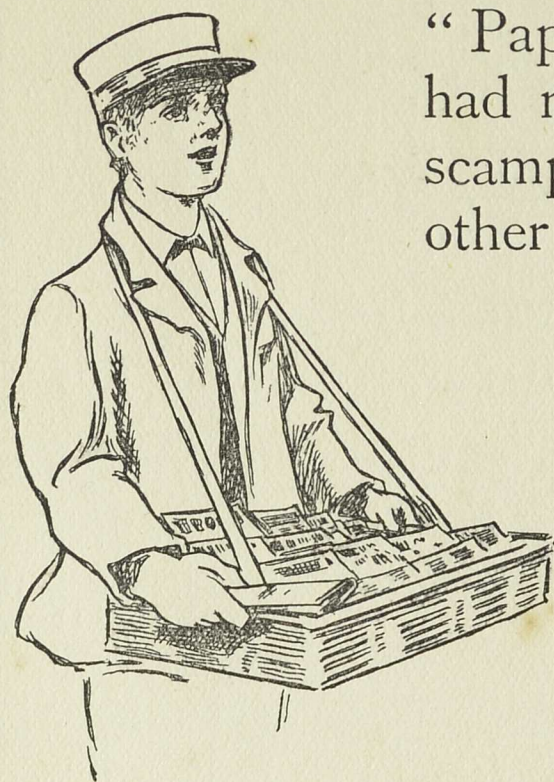
CHARLES ROBINSON

IN THE TRAIN

The Journey

ON that occasion when Nellie and the children got lost at the station, they waited about quietly, until at last, in just such a crowd as had come rushing by them before, they were allowed to go through the iron gate, where the inspector looked at and clipped their tickets. Then they found themselves on a long, narrow platform, with the train waiting on one side. Here, though the people kept coming, they did not crowd and jostle, for they disappeared into the open doors of the carriages, and then would watch for their friends or settle into their corners.

Nurse put all the children safely into a compartment, and while she was waiting to see their luggage carried safely into the van at the end of the train, Nellie and Dick were looking at the people on the platform. Newsboys with their baskets full of papers came by crying, "Paper, sir! Paper, miss!" and if they had not just the one that was wanted they scampered to the book-stall to get it. Another boy wheeled a lunch-wagon slowly by, laden with plates of fruit, sandwiches, buns, and cakes, with cups of tea and coffee, and with glasses of lemonade.



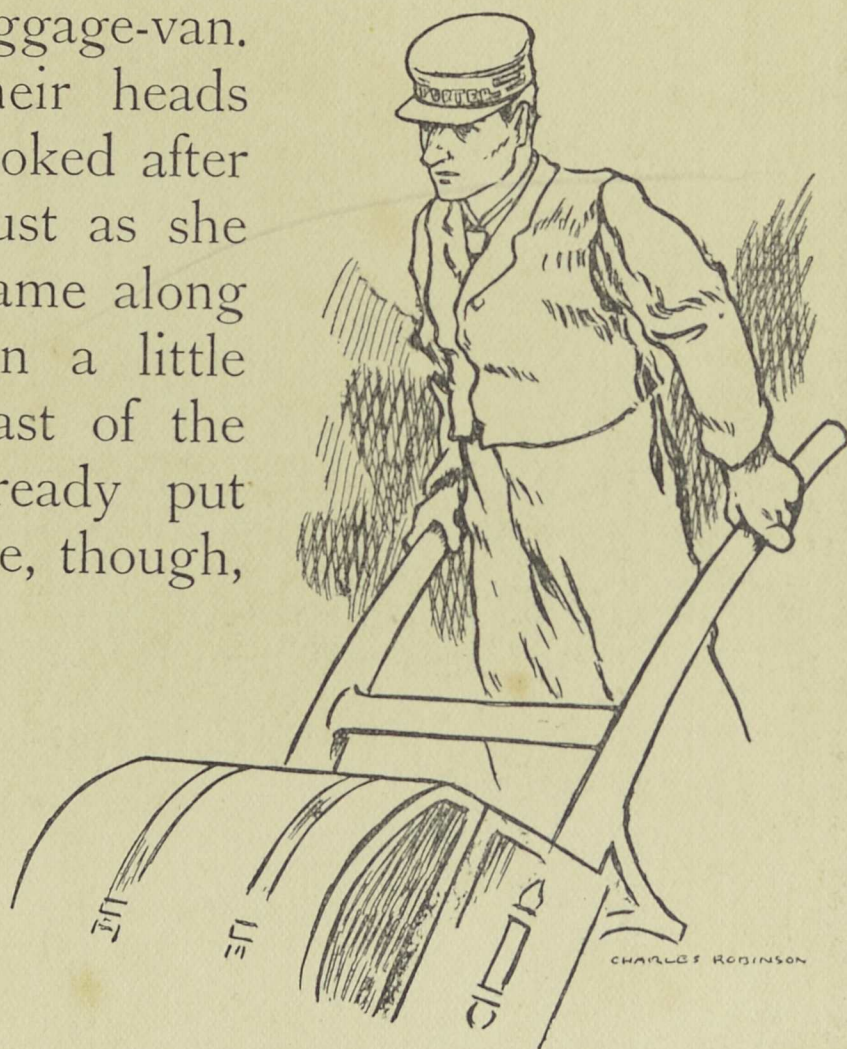
All this time Nurse was watching for the porter who had charge of the luggage, and at last, fearing that he had forgotten to come, she

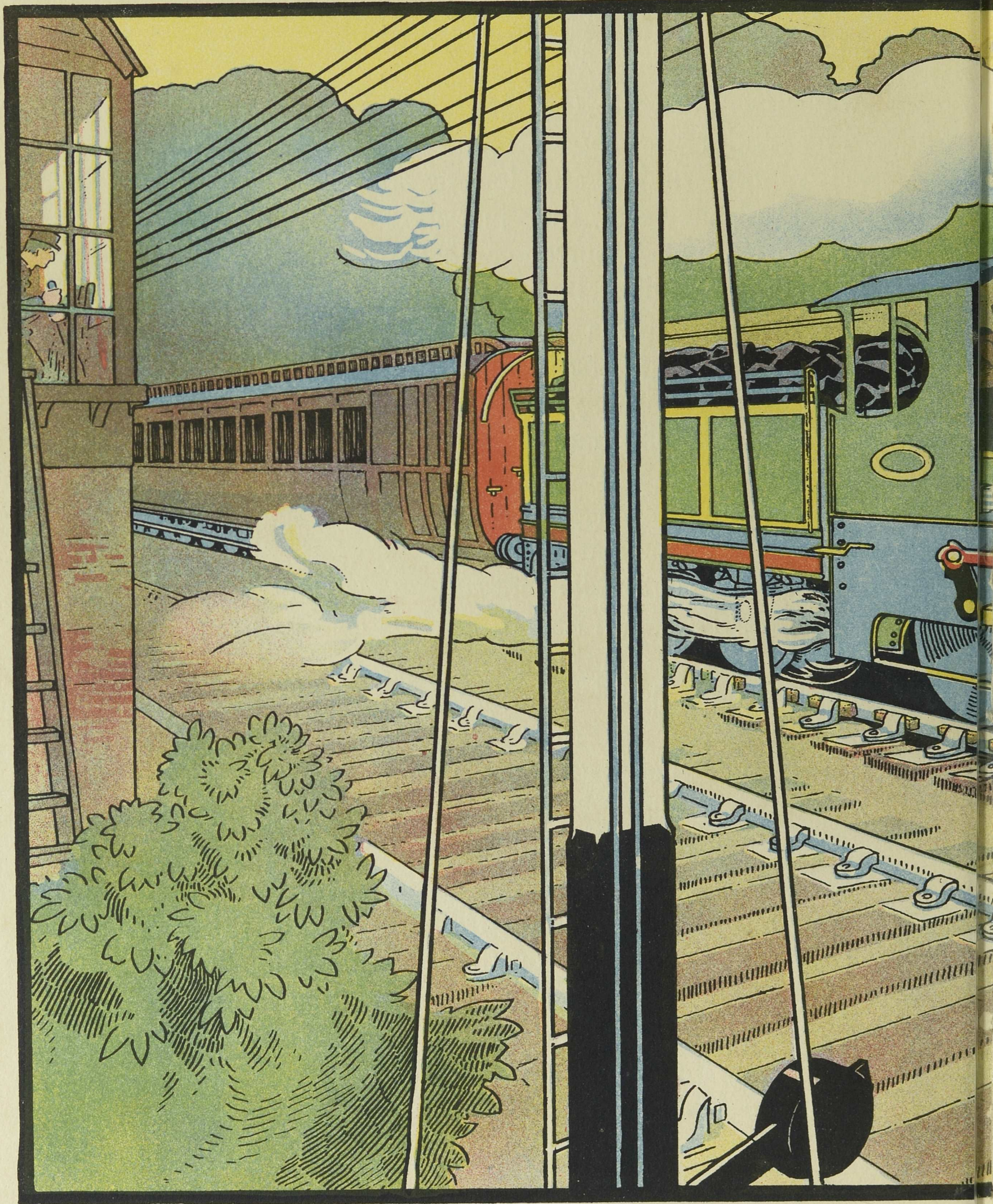
THE JOURNEY

went away back to the luggage-van. The children popped their heads out of the window and looked after her; and they saw that just as she got to the van a porter came along wheeling Nellie's box on a little barrow. This was the last of the luggage, for he had already put everything else safely inside, though, in the bustle, she had not seen him do it.

After another inspector had come to look at their tickets and shut and locked the door, the steam began to hiss from the engine so loudly that everyone put their hands over their ears. Then a bell rang, the guard went down the platform waving a green flag, the whistle sounded shrilly, and at last the train began to move.

As they raced through the country, with the smoke flying in clouds from the funnel and the steam hissing from beneath the boiler, Nellie, looking from the window, wondered how the wheels could keep on the smooth, shiny steel rails—how it was they did not slip off. She glanced up at Nurse, who smiled and asked what she was thinking about, and then told her how firmly the rails were fastened down upon the heavy wooden planks laid crossways, and called “sleepers”; and how exactly the distance between the rails





THE EXPRESS TRAIN



PASSING A SIGNAL-BOX

THE JOURNEY

fitted the distance between the wheels, which were made with a sharp inner edge to catch against the rail, and so could not slip off. Then Nellie asked what was the high building, the upper part of which seemed to be all windows, through which they could see a man watching them, and a great many long steel handles. She was told that it was a pointsman's box. There, high up above the line, the pointsman stands, always watching for the trains which come from this way or that. Each of the long handles before him is connected by thick wires with one of the signals or with one set of rails just where it joins another. By pulling one handle he shifts a little the rail belonging to it, so that the engine glides on to that one and not on to the wrong one. Then by pulling another he manages the signals, which tell the engine-driver when the line is clear, and when there is another train in the way, so that he knows whether to go right on or to stop and wait.

On their train sped, going more and more quickly, till at last it slowed down and stopped at a large station, where there were many lines, many platforms, and many carriages waiting. Just opposite to where they stopped was a very strange train, made up of carriages which had scarcely any windows and not many doors. Some had shutters which opened to let in the air, and others had their doors fastened across with iron bars. One, however, was wide open, and inside looked rather like a stable.

"Do you think it is a horses' train?" asked Dick.

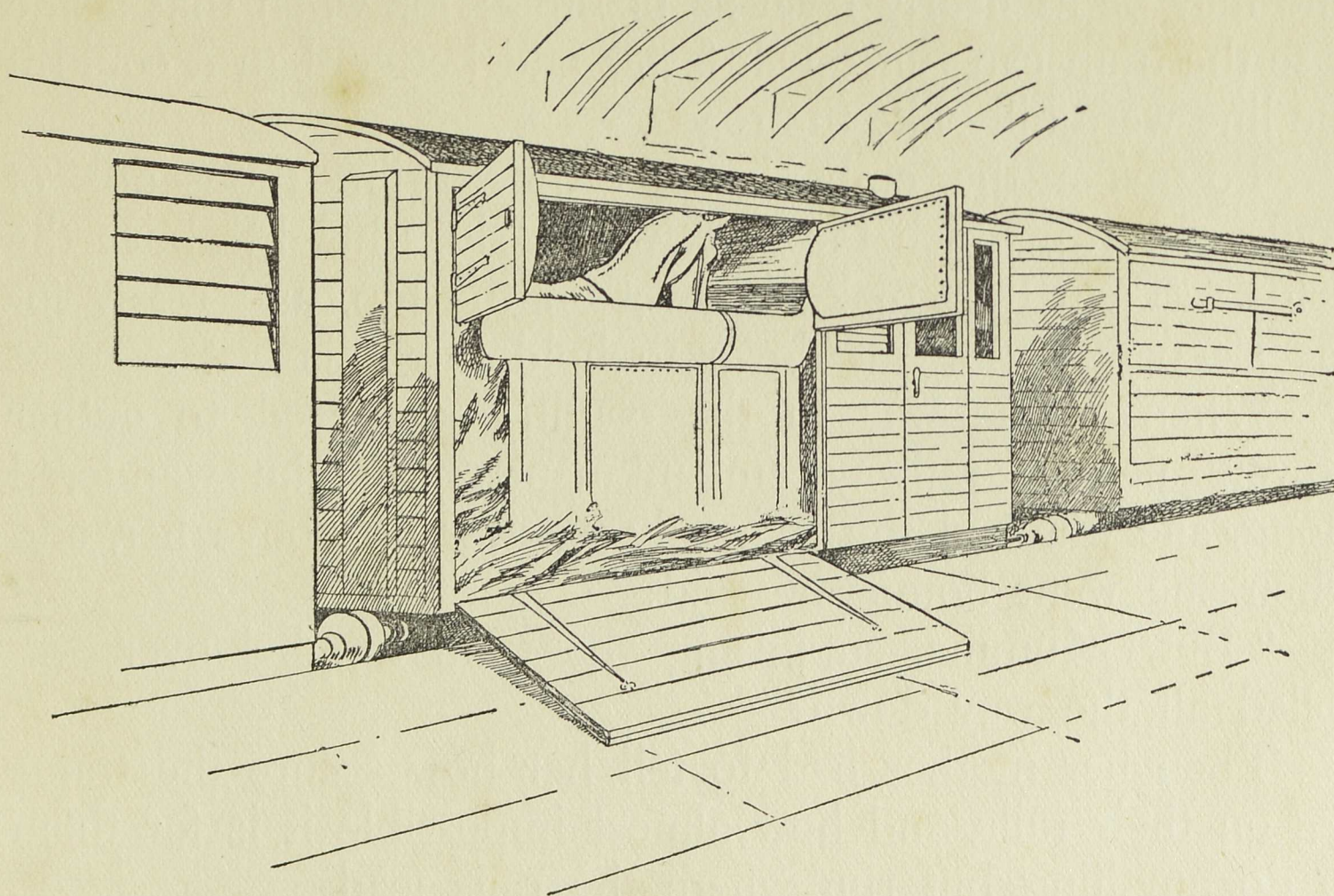
"Oh, yes, yes, I'm sure it is," said Nellie, "for there are some men coming along with a horse."

THE JOURNEY

Eagerly the children watched as the horse, wrapped up in rugs, came to the open truck. The side of the truck had been pulled down, so that its edge lay on the platform, and made a little bridge for the animal to cross. The horse was at last safely tied in his own stall, which was well padded to keep him from being hurt by the bumping of the train, and then the doors were shut. Dicky looked quite sorrowful when he saw nothing but the dull closed truck.

“Do you think some poor horse is shut up in every one of those dark carriages?” he asked.

“Oh, they are very comfortable, and horses *must* travel sometimes,” answered Nurse cheerfully.



The Embankment

DON'T you think the train is like a great snake, which wriggles through mountains, has a path of its own for getting over the valleys, crosses rivers, goes above the houses or under the ground, and is only stopped by the sea? Indeed, it can even cross the sea in some places by getting upon a very big boat which carries it to the other side.

But before this snake can start on its journeys men must tunnel the holes through mountains, build bridges over the rivers and streets, and make embankments across the hollow places.

These tunnels and embankments are needed so that the line may be as nearly level as possible; for when that is the case the train can run much faster and better than it could if the line were hilly like the roads.

To make the embankments they bring thousands of loads of earth, which they pile to the right height above the fields. Then they make it level on the top, and ready for the sleepers to be put down to hold the rails fast.

When Nellie was in the country she used to gather flowers near a railway embankment. As she wandered along, she watched the trains fly past far up above her, and when she went home she said:

“But, Mumma, supposing the train toppled over and rolled all the way down?”

Then her mother had to tell her how secure the trains are on their rails, and how almost impossible it is for them to do anything but run where the rails lead.



CHARLES ROBINSON.

GATHERING FLOWERS NEAR THE RAILWAY EMBANKMENT

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THE NIGHT TRAIN LEAVING A STATION

The Train at Night

THE children do not often go on a journey at night, they think it better to be in bed. But it happened that when Nellie and the others went into Yorkshire, it got almost dark before they reached the station at which they were to get out.

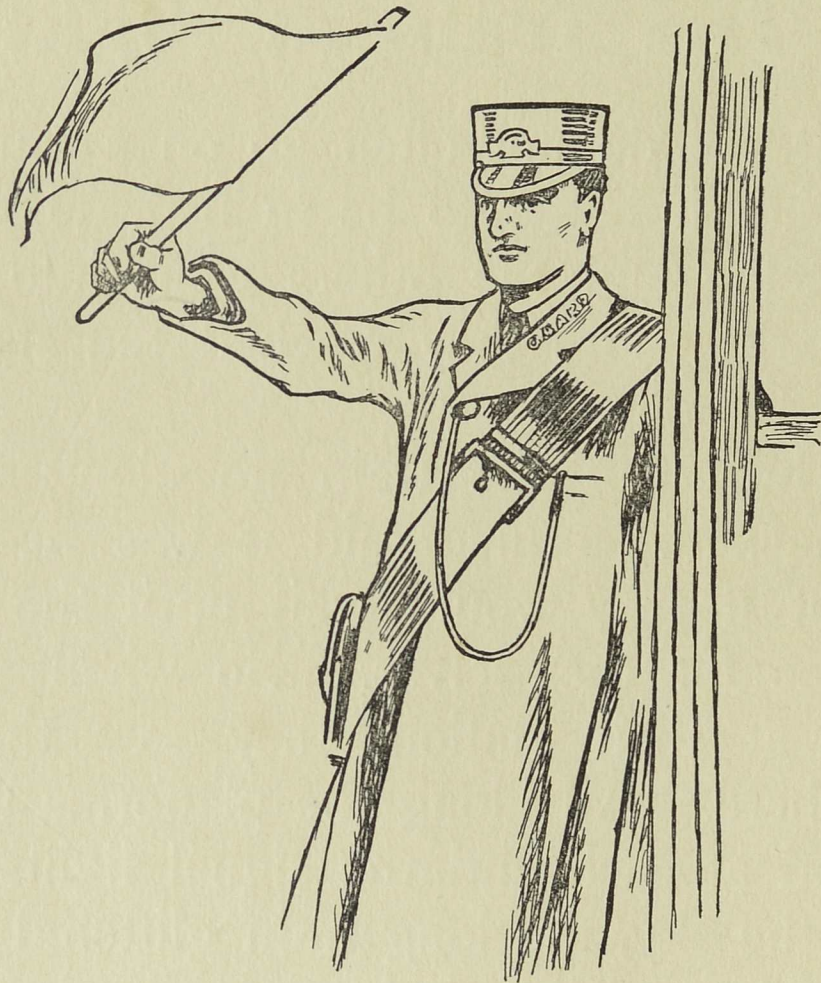
“Nurse, how *can* the train go along in the dark?” the children asked. Nurse said it was because the rails guided it, but if they would wait until the train stopped they could see for themselves. So when they stood on the platform at their station, they saw that there were lights everywhere. All along the platforms they were very bright, beyond at each end the signal lights twinkled like stars against the sky, the long train glittered with the light which streamed from its windows, while the engine puffed out great volumes of red smoke, and had lamps that shone out in front of it.

“Don’t you think he is tired, Nurse?” asked Nellie, looking at the engine.

“Well, I almost think he is,” answered Nurse; “but it is all right, for he is now going to bed.”

“To bed? Really and truly to bed?” they all cried.

Then as they watched they saw porters going along, looking into every carriage and shutting every window, and when that was done the train lights went out suddenly, excepting those on the engine and at the back of the last carriage. Slowly the engine dragged away the carriages and left them in a siding. Then it ran into the engine-shed, had all its fire taken out, and went to sleep.



The Station Men

AMONG the many people whom we know at the station one of the nicest is the guard, who comes to the window to see if we are in the right train, and who has with him two small flags, a red one and a green one. He waves the red one if the train is to stand still, and the green one if it ought to start. His carriage is called the guard's van, and it sometimes has windows in the back so that he can see the railway line. He is very clever in getting into his carriage, waiting sometimes until the train is going quite quickly, then catching hold of the handle close to the door and stepping lightly in. It seems quite easy, though we could not do it.

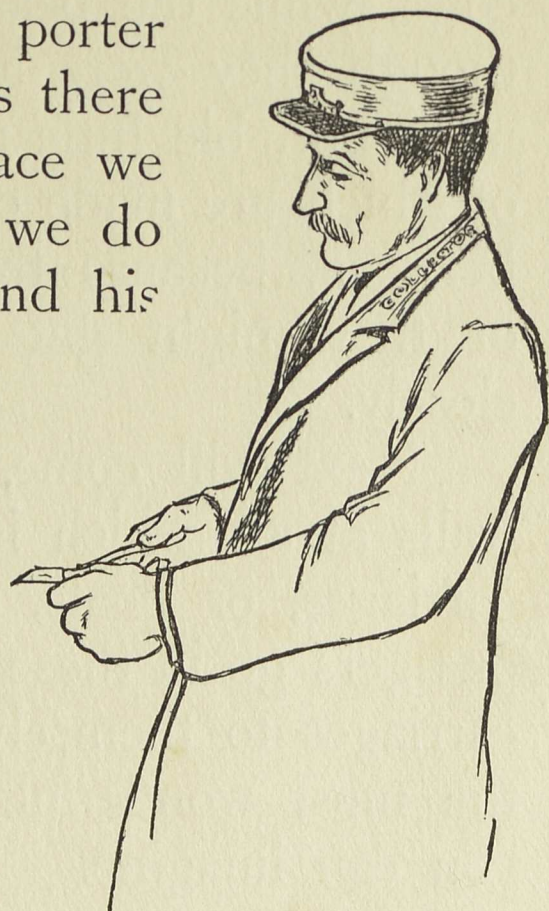
THE STATION MEN

Then there is the policeman-inspector, who not only knows all about the trains and the station, but everything that a policeman should do; so that if anyone tries to cheat or steal or make a disturbance, he can keep order.

When a train stays in the station some time, we generally see a man with a can of grease going stooping along the platform to every wheel, opening a little lid in the centre or axle, and putting in some grease so that the wheels shall run smoothly; while another man with a long-handled hammer goes along tap-tapping the wheels to see that they are all right. Of course we all know the porters who see to our luggage, answer our questions, call a cab for us, and otherwise help to make our travelling easy and pleasant.

The station-master is very important, and always kind to children if they want help or lose their train; he will soon put them right, or tell a porter or guard to take charge of them. As there is only one station-master to each place we do not see much of him, but when we do we know him by the silver band round his hat.

Then there is the ticket-collector, who takes our tickets when we leave the train, or who stands at the barrier when we go in, and punches the ticket, saying, "Where to? Hampton on the right, Staines on the left!" or "Norwich in front, Lowestoft and Yarmouth behind!" or other names.

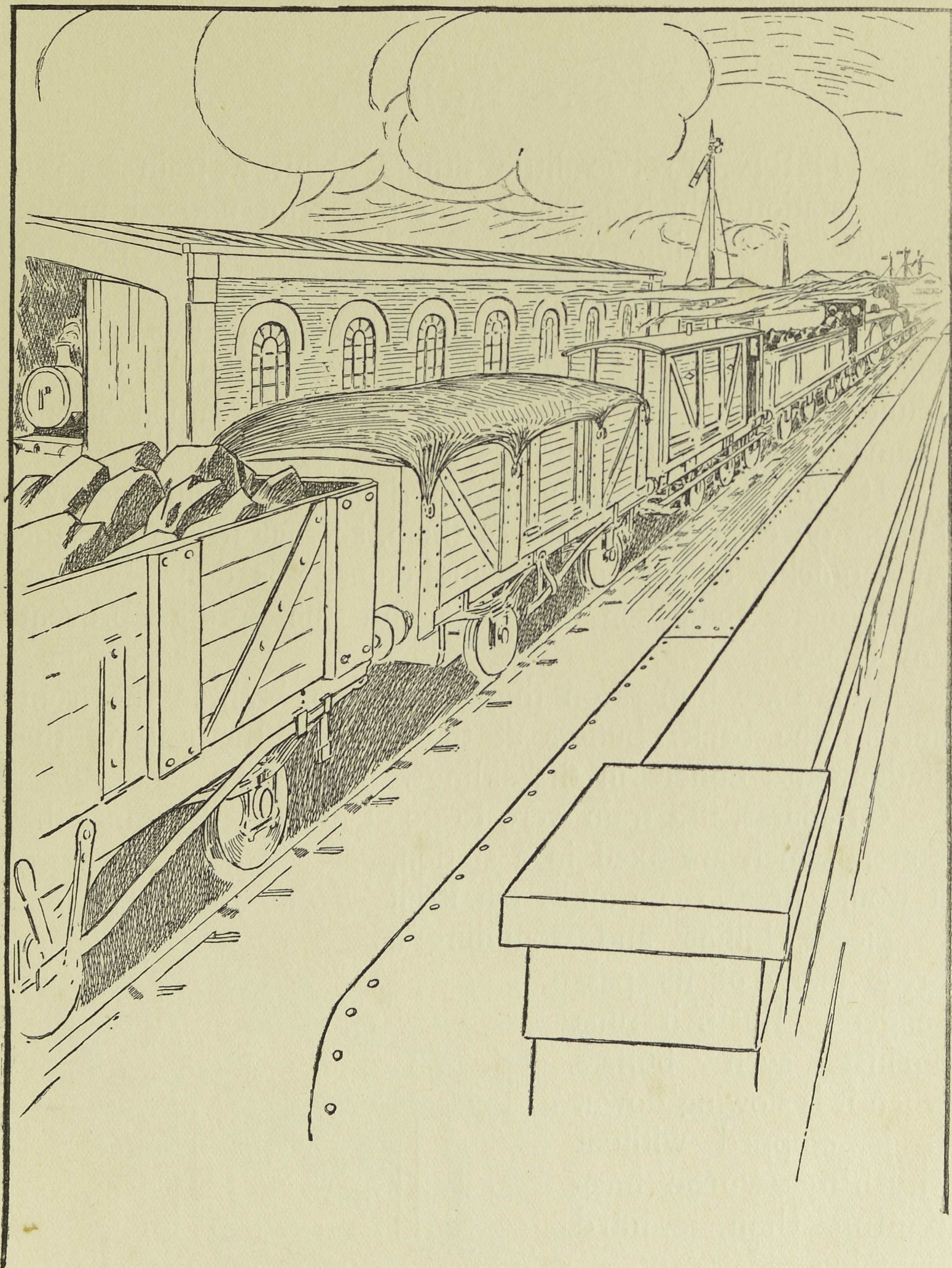


The Goods Train

ALMOST everything in the world can be sent by train, from a mouse to a motor, and from a little hamper of flowers to a houseful of furniture. But, of course, all these things do not go in the same train as we do. The heavier things are given a train to themselves—a train that is made up of all sorts of carriages or trucks. Some are open at the top, because, being filled with such things as coal, or bricks, or timber, or barrels full of things, it does not matter if they get wet; others are all covered in and shut up, because they hold furniture, or boxes of clothes or books or other things that might easily be spoilt.

At country stations we often see trucks which have roofs, but have openings rather high up instead of windows; and out of every opening come the long horns of bullocks or cows, while the beasts look at us with frightened eyes, as though they were asking why they were put in such an uncomfortable little place. There are also trucks the walls of which are made of narrow strips of wood with openings between, because they carry sheep, which must have air, or they might get smothered while they are packed so closely.

Next will come, perhaps, a flat trolley truck with no walls at all, which is made to hold such outdoor things as carriages, or boats, or motor cars. Sometimes even lions or tigers go in these trains, and they, of course, have special carriages to themselves. Indeed, a goods train may have the most wonderful mixture of creatures and things that you can imagine.



A GOODS TRAIN PASSING AN ENGINE-SHED

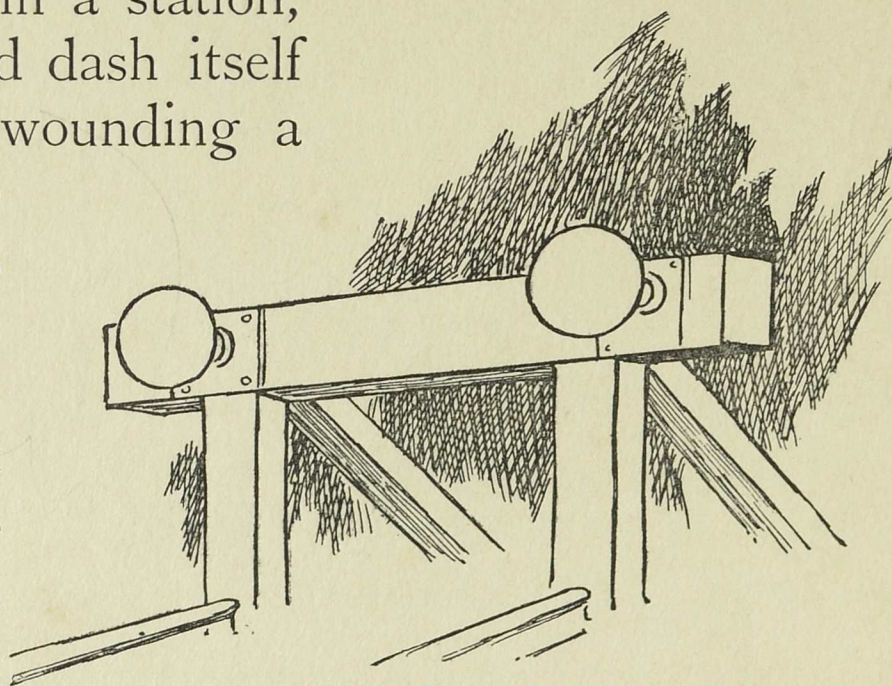
The Buffers

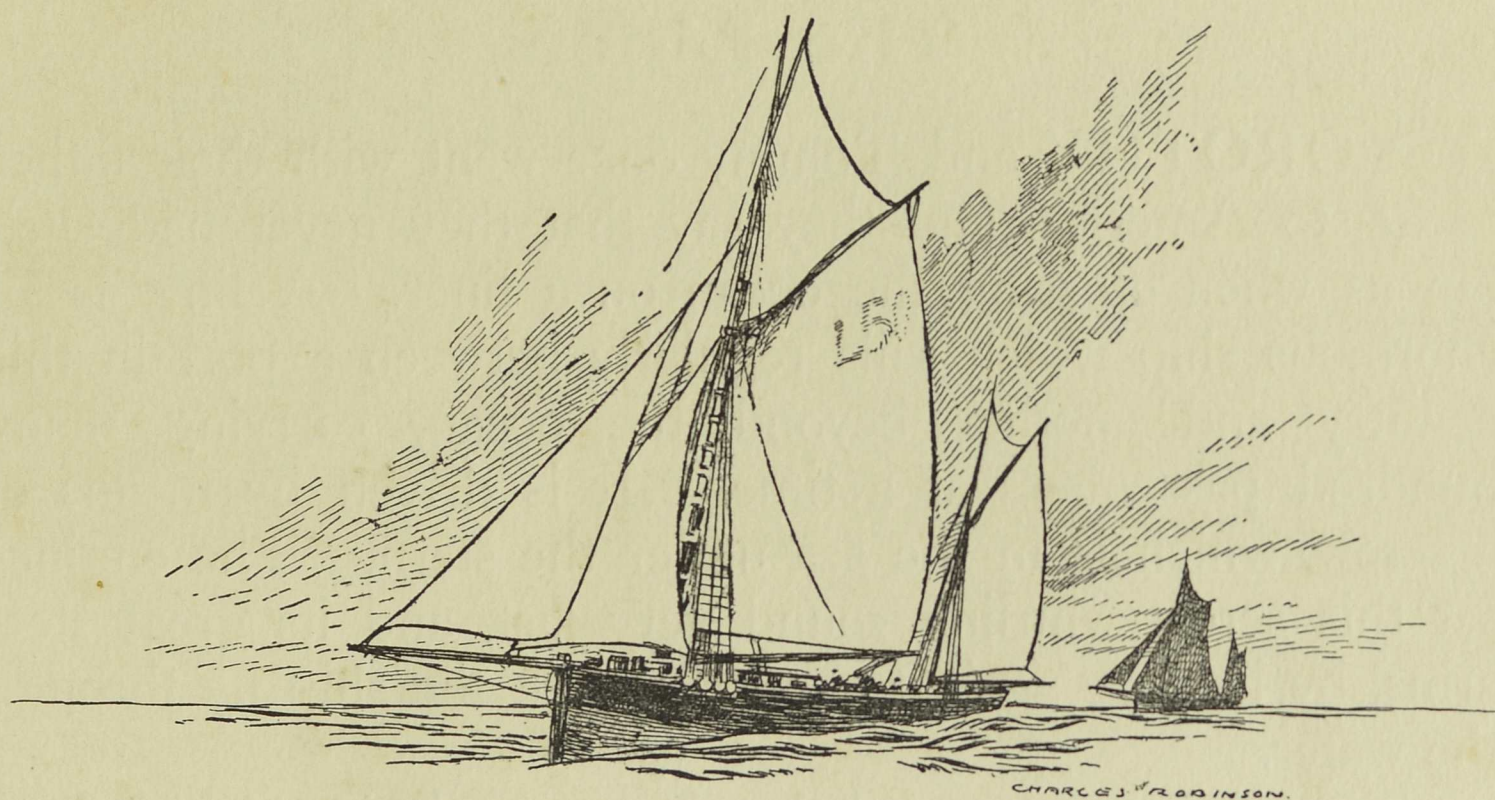
THERE are two little things about a train and a station which perhaps you have not noticed much, yet they are things which do a great deal to prevent accidents and to make our travelling pleasant and smooth—and these are the buffers. There are always two of them together, placed a little distance apart, and they are thick, round pieces of steel like large studs, fixed upon strong beams, generally with springs at the back.

If you look between the carriages you will see two buffers on each end of each of them, so that if one carriage runs quickly against another no damage is done, because the buffers come together first and the springs prevent any shock.

There are buffers on the engine, too, both in the front and at the back; buffers at the ends of the rails in the station, and buffers in the sidings.

Of course, if a train were to go at full speed against the buffers which are fixed in a station, it would break them and dash itself to pieces, killing and wounding a great many of its passengers. But if it runs against such buffers when it is slowing down, it is stopped without anything worse happening than a hard bumping.





The Fishing Boat

OF the many ways of going to sea, one of the most interesting but least comfortable is to go on a fishing boat. The fishermen at one fishing town will send word to those in the next place that the mackerel or the herring are coming; and a little later a fleet of fishing boats, with white or brown sails spread, will float gracefully out of the harbour.

When they reach a good place for fishing, the men drop their nets over the boats' sides, and stretch them out in long lines, keeping them from sinking by means of large bladders full of air, or pieces of cork fastened every here and there along one edge.

The fish that come along swim into the nets and get caught, so that when the nets are drawn up there are thousands of fish in each.

The Liner

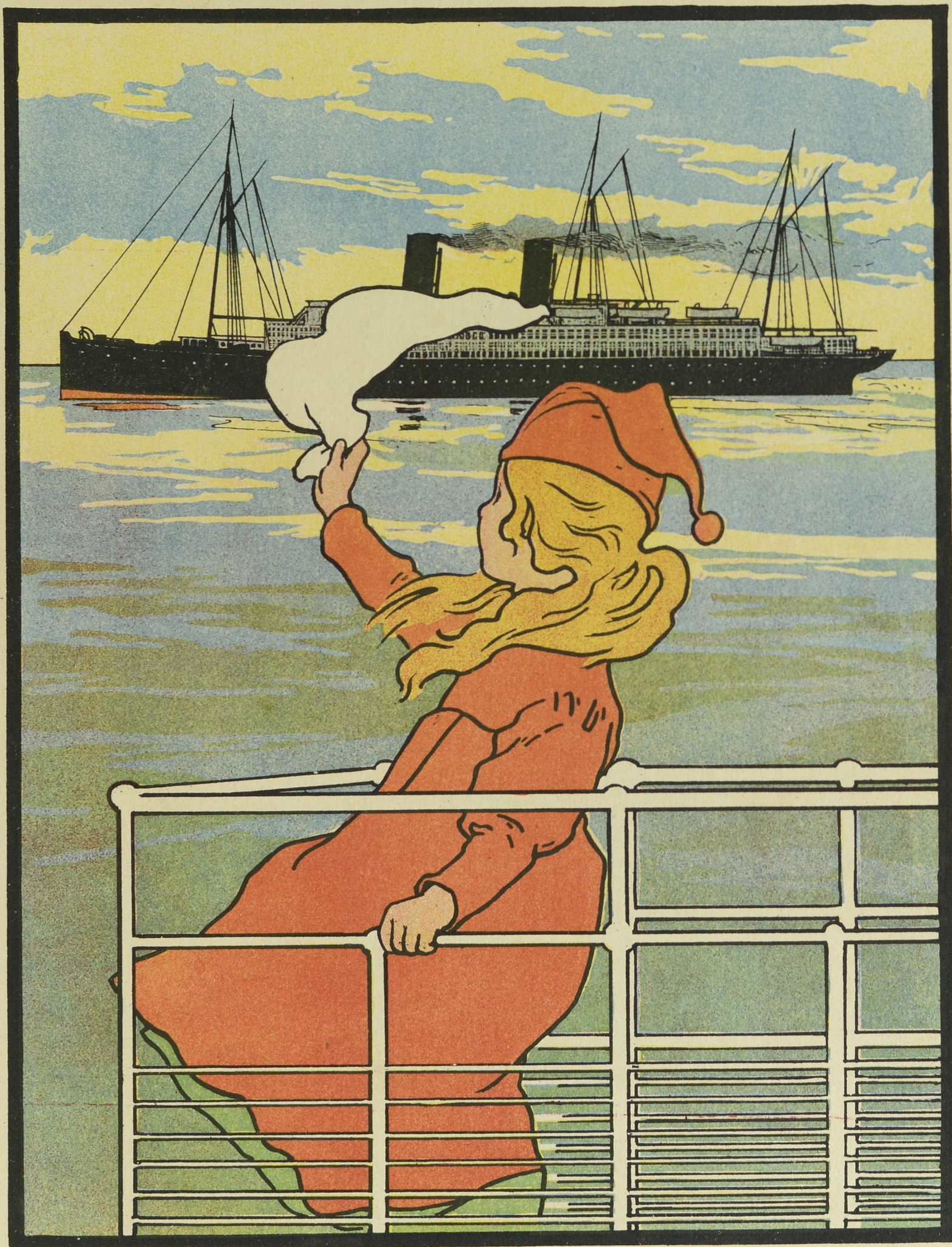
DOROTHY and Tommy once went with their father to America, and they say that they never had such fun as when crossing the ocean on a liner. A liner is an enormous ship which sails regularly between a port in this country and another beyond the ocean, carrying many hundred passengers at a time. It is driven by means of a screw, which is in the sea under the stern. The engines set this screw whirling round very fast, and its great steel arms, by beating against the sea, make the ship fly through the water.

The dining-room and drawing-room inside the steamer are very large and pretty, but the bedrooms are tiny. The beds are called bunks, and they are not like ordinary beds at all; they are broad shelves placed one above another, so that the person who sleeps at the top goes up a ladder.

When Dorothy was in bed she could feel the throbbing of the screw, and if the sea were rough her berth would sway up and down so that her feet would often be higher than her head.

The nicest place of all on a liner is the deck, so smooth and white and comfortable, with seats and deck chairs. Besides, there is always someone on deck who is ready to play games, such as quoits, deck tennis, or spiral pole.

When Dorothy sails down the river now, she is always greatly delighted if she sees a liner starting on its voyage across the sea; for it reminds her of that splendid trip to America. So she wishes the ship good speed, and waves her handkerchief as long as it is in sight.



WAVING GOOD-BYE TO THE OCEAN LINER

The Pleasure Steamer

ALL the school children went for a trip on a steamer last summer. Gaily they ran out of the houses and down the river road, until they came to the landing stage from which they were to start.

Once on deck they ran from end to end of the steamer, and called "Good-morning" to the captain, who stood on the ship's bridge, sending orders to the men in the engine-room by moving a handle on a thing that looked like a tall brass clock. They went downstairs to the lower deck, and looked from the windows over the sea; they peeped into the kitchen, or cook's galley, as it is called; and they watched the engines working, and the hand on the engineer's clock telling him when the captain wished to go fast or slow.

When they came on deck again, and saw the funnel sending out great wreaths of black smoke, some of them wondered if that was how the clouds were made.

They looked long at the paddles which, under their covering on either side of the steamer, beat upon the water until it curled in waves of foam, making such a great roaring noise that the children could hardly hear each other speak.

"Supposing the paddles broke?" said Dorothy.

"Then they would rig up sails on the mast, and we should only go slower," replied Tommy.

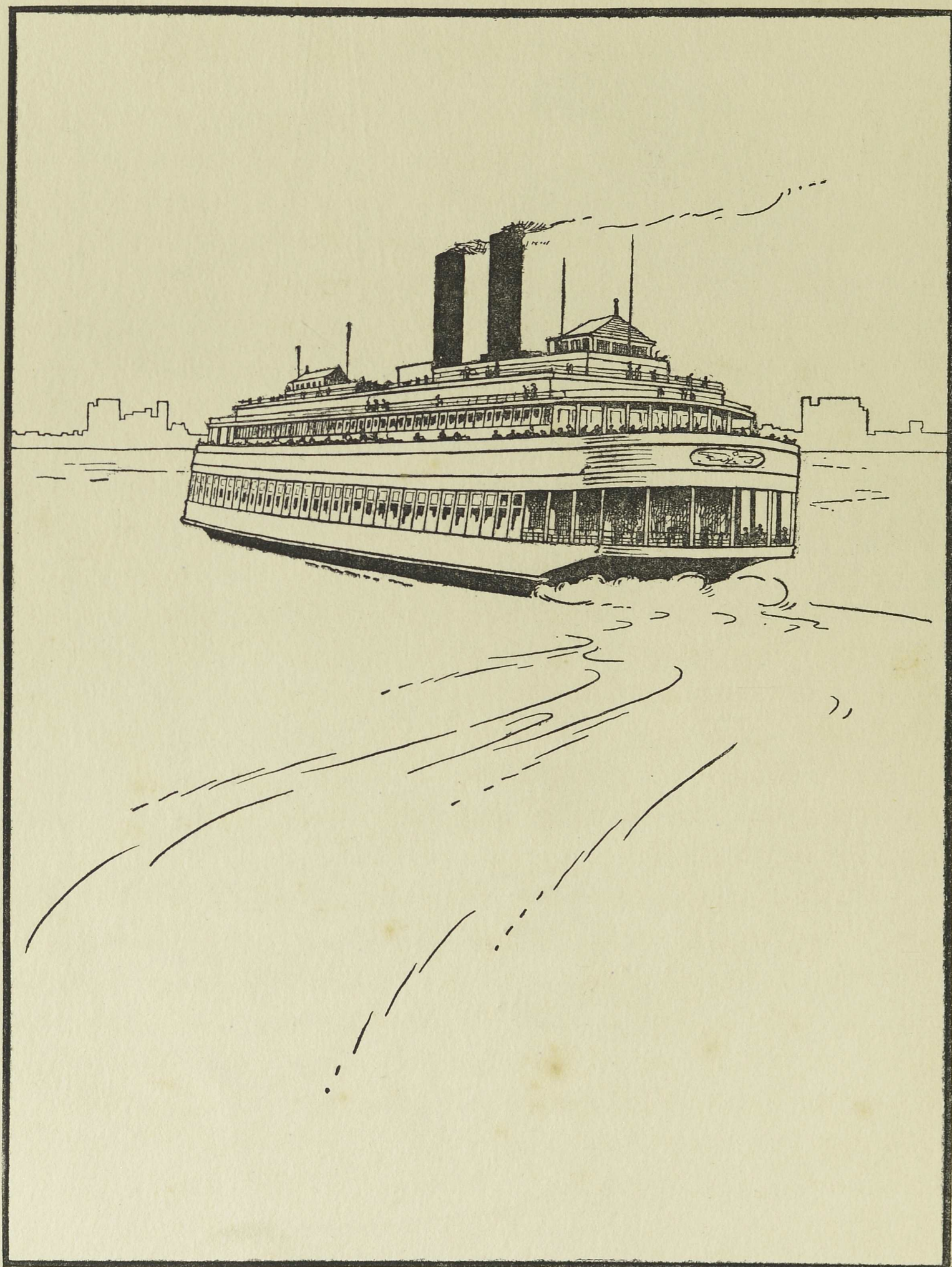
"But supposing I fell overboard?"

"Then the captain would throw you a life-buoy, and lower a boat to pick you up."

But the paddles did not break, and no one fell overboard; it was really and truly a very happy day.



DOWN THE RIVER IN A PADDLE STEAMER



THE FALL RIVER STEAMER

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The American River Boat

WHEN Dorothy and Tommy were in America, they went from Boston to New York in what is called a Fall River steamer. It was broad and high like a three-storeyed house, with windows in its sides. Each storey had a narrow deck running round it, and on the top were little houses or pavilions instead of the captain's bridge and look-outs.

There were so many rooms and so many people in this steamer that it was almost like a little town, and it would have been quite easy for the children to lose themselves in it if it had not been for the numbers on the doors of the cabins. The saloons were long and comfortable, and filled with plants, and rocking-chairs, so that everyone who sat there reading or knitting swayed backwards and forwards in a sleepy way. But the part of the boat the children liked best was the sort of out-of-doors drawing-room at the stern, where they could lean over the railings and watch the broad path of white foam trailing behind them to show which way the boat had come.

Though they were on what is called a Fall River boat, they were really going along an arm of the sea, between Long Island and the Mainland, and part of the way the sound was so wide that they could not see the shores; but when they were getting near New York it became more like a very broad river. In the distance they saw the wonderful Baltimore Bridge, which is so big and long that Tommy and Dorothy wondered how anyone had been so clever as to build it.

The Torpedo Destroyer

HOW would the children like to go on some of the smaller ships of war—a torpedo-boat, for instance? This is a small warship which sails much faster than the large battleships. It carries a gun that fires a long shell shaped like a cigar and with a screw at one end that works just like the screw at the stern of a steamship. This shell, or torpedo as it is called, is shot into the sea, and as electric machinery inside it at once sets the screw whirring round, it rushes forward under water at a great speed. If it strike anything as it goes, it bursts with a terrible explosion. In war the torpedo-boat dashes out in the darkness towards one of the enemy's ships, and, when it gets near enough, fires its torpedo, then turns quickly round and makes off again, perhaps before the enemy discovers it. But the torpedo still rushes forward, and if it has been well aimed, it strikes the enemy's ship, explodes, and blows a hole in it, so that it fills with water and sinks.

All warships, however, carry large electric lamps, called search-lights, with which the sailors can flash a bright light far across the ocean. Quickly this search-light flashes now here, now there, and at last it falls upon the torpedo-boat. Then it is no longer any use trying to surprise the enemy, and the torpedo-boat steams away into the darkness.

The torpedo destroyer is a larger and stronger vessel than the torpedo-boat, and it sails much faster. Its duty is to attack and destroy the torpedo-boats before they get near enough to the battleships to fire their torpedoes. But when it is not doing this work, it may act as a torpedo-boat itself.



A DESTROYER TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM THE SEARCHLIGHT

The Yachts on the Beach

MOTHERS do not like children to dig holes in the garden, to make mud pies, or to run about without shoes and stockings—they certainly would not like them to dance in the river or the pond. Yet, when they go to the sea-side the children may dig as many holes as they please, and run about barefoot, and wade even, though sometimes they do get very wet. The sand is so fine and clean that it does not soil their hands or clothes, and if it is damp it makes beautiful “pies”, and “castles” and things.

When the sea is shallow the children can run into it with bare feet, and catch the little jumping shrimps in their nets, or look for the star-fish and baby crabs which crawl on the bottom.

On the shore, when the sun is hot, people sit down in the shadow of the yachts and boats which lie there ready to be pushed out to sea if they are wanted. The children love it when Daddy takes them out in a yacht, and they see the shore gliding past, and feel the boat going over the sunny waves which rise and fall. Sometimes the yacht lies over on one side, so that it looks as if it were going to throw them into the water, which rushes past with a hissing noise. But they are never frightened; they know they are safe with Daddy.

They like the pier, too, which runs far out into the sea; for there they see the steamers calling, and watch the sailors throwing the ropes to the pier-men, and the passengers crossing the gangway.



CHARLES ROBINSON.

CHILDREN PLAYING ON THE SANDS

People on Shore

WHEN Tommy is at the sea-side he makes friends with everyone. He says he intends to be a sailor, but maybe, when he is older, he will think differently. However, he manages to get a good time while he is young, for when the beachmen are getting their yachts out to sea he pushes and shouts as much as he can, and the men, who all like him, sometimes say:

“Come along, Tommy, we want someone to help us while we are out.”

Then he goes with them gliding and dipping over the blue waves; and he helps to let out the sails or to pull them in, and sometimes to guide the boat. He likes the waves to dash against the boat and drench him with spray.

Tommy also loves the fishermen very much, and whenever he knows that the fishing smacks are going out, he is

off to the harbour as fast as he can run. There he helps to coil the ropes, to carry the nets, to loosen the vessels from the quay-side. He watches the fishermen put on their long boots and oil-skin coats, and make themselves ready for their trip, and he thinks how big and important they look, quite as wonderful as the old Vikings when they went to war,



PEOPLE ON SHORE

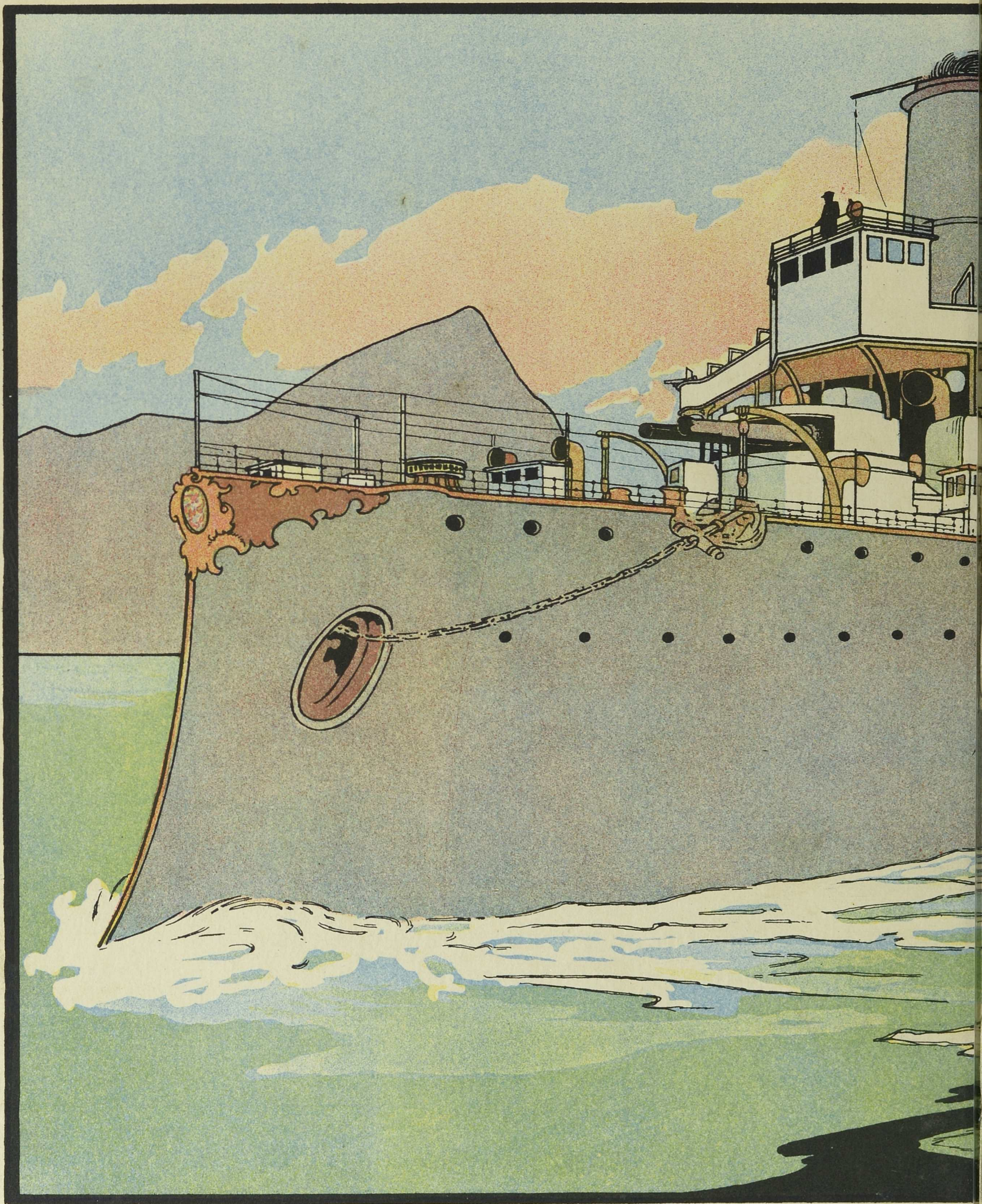
only not so smart. He would like to be taken fishing with them, but they shake their heads and smile, for they know how long they may be away, and how damp the fish make their boats, and how they might be caught in a storm.

When the boats with their white sails go slowly out of sight, Tommy runs to the shore to play with the other chil-

dren; or perhaps he takes his fishing-rod and sits quite at the end of the pier, hoping to catch fish. Now and then he really does hook one; but if his line goes too deep a little crab comes up on it with sprawling legs. Tommy always throws it back again because it is no use, and besides people only laugh if they hear that he has caught a crab.

When he looks out of his window at night he can see the lights along the pier shining over the sea; and away at the end of the harbour the big high lights, which flash now over the land, now over the sea, to guide the ships into safety.





ONE OF THE MEN-O'-WAR



THAT GUARD OUR SHORES

The Man-o'-War

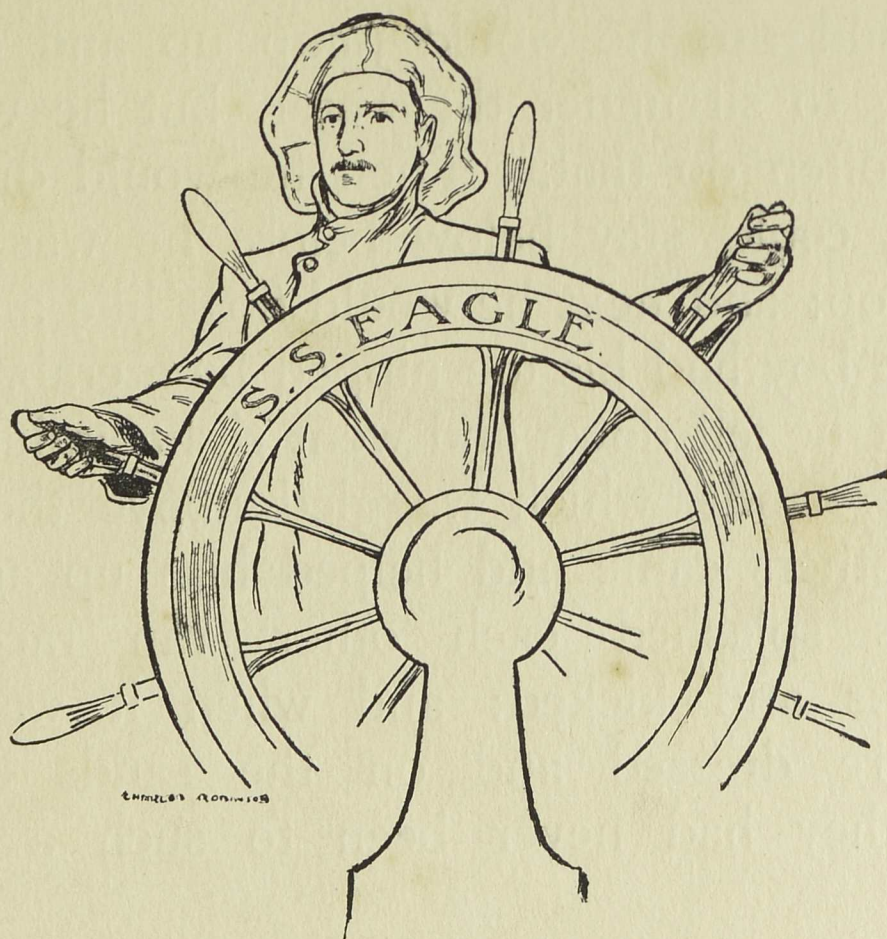
ONCE Dorothy and Tommy went to the sea-side on the steam-ship *Eagle*, going many miles down the Thames until they came to the sea. When they had passed the Nore, they saw some big gray ships coming silently one after another until they made a long line in front of the steamer. Some of them were battle-ships and very large; others named cruisers were smaller, but all alike were the colour of the sea on a cloudy day, and all alike moved very quietly, as though they were afraid to be heard. When the steamer was close enough to one of these high ships, the children could see that there were long guns on the decks, pointing from the sides, from the front, and from the back. They also saw something almost like bow windows on the smooth sides, only made of steel, not glass; as they looked some of the metal was drawn suddenly away, and a gun came through the hole. The men inside were practising how quickly they could get the guns into place. Indeed, there were big guns and little guns pointing in every direction, and the children were glad when their boat began to move away from these dangerous-looking ships.

Their gray funnels threw out volumes of smoke, and the captain stood on his high bridge, watching the flag signal on the leading ship for the admiral's orders, for he could tell by that what to do. There were scarcely any sailors to be seen, for they were hidden behind the walls; nor could the children see any man steering the vessel by turning a wheel, as they saw one of the sailors doing on

THE MAN-O'-WAR

their own ship. Indeed, nowhere could they see the wheel at all. But they could see the anchor attached to its chain, and all the ventilating shafts, with their queer, bent and open tops, through which the air goes down below.

They could not understand why so many of these ships were needed. So their mother told them how the men-o'-war had to sail always about the seas, and be ready to fight if an enemy were to attack our shores or our merchant ships; how some steamed around our own coast, while others went to the south, to the east, or to the west, to Africa, to India, China, and Australia, or to America, because in all these parts of the world there are British people, who have to be guarded as well as those at home.



Sea Bathing

TOMMY had a curious party one day. He invited all the boys he knew on the shore to go bathing with him, when the sea was at its best, rippling over the smooth sand with no big waves, so that even the smallest child could run into it without being afraid. He had to hire all the bathing-machines on that part of the shore, and the men who owned them were kept busy pushing them into the sea, and getting out as many bathing-suits and towels as the children wanted.

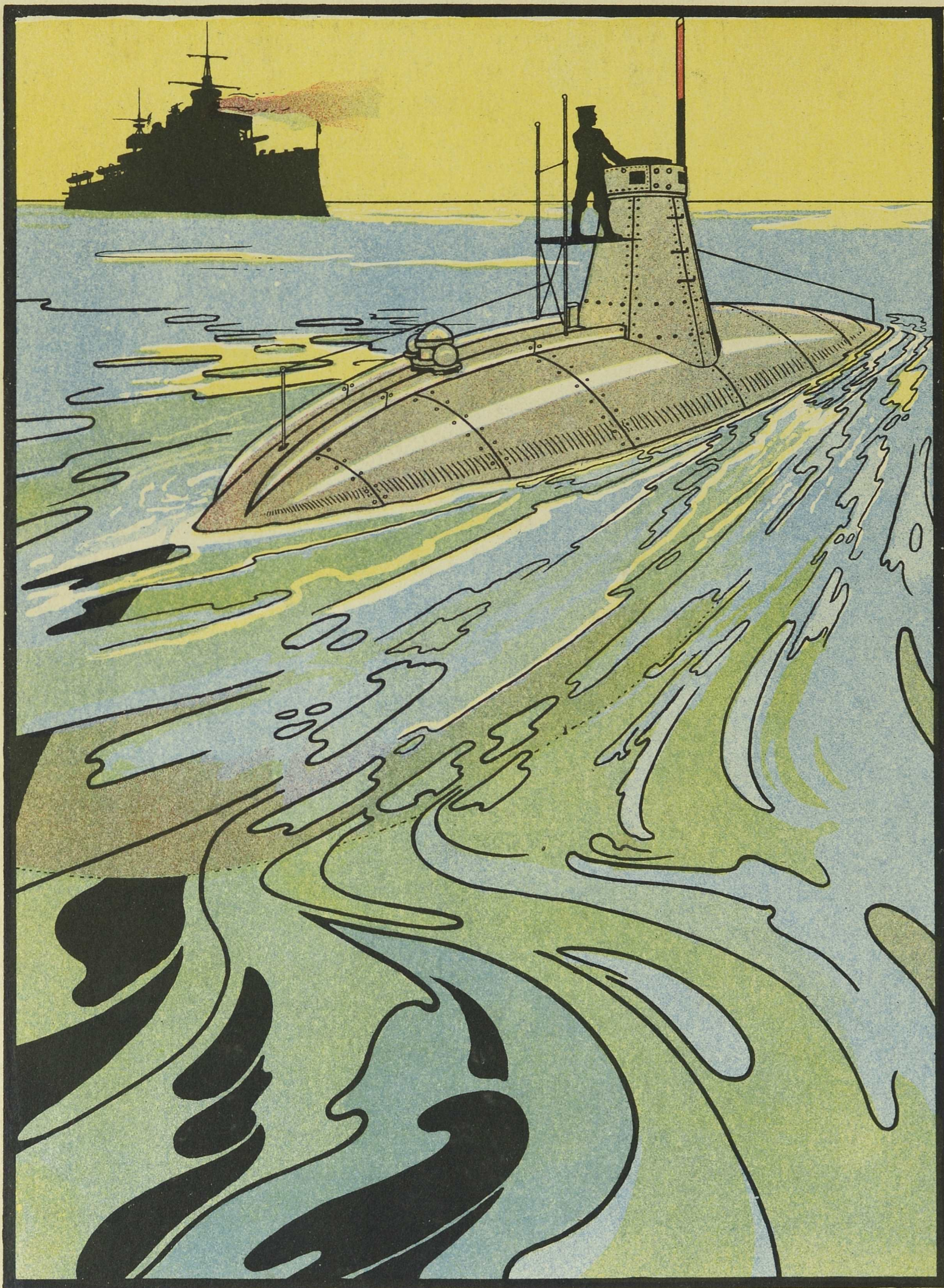
Such a lot of boys splashed and rolled in the water, fell headlong into it, and got up, shaking it from their hair and eyes with a laugh! When some of them were tired, they sat down in the warm waves to have a talk, while others started off for a swim. Tommy was proud of the things he could do; he would jump up and come down heavily, trying to sit under the water, but he was so light he could not often do that. Then he would dive, and see how long he could stay below before he was obliged to come to the top; and next he would float like a cork on the surface. One boy had his toe nipped by a crab, and was so frightened that he fell down and went right under the water, all except his hands, which waggled above the waves till some of the others came and helped him up again.

The boys splashed each other, ran races, or lay on their backs and kicked; and when it was all over, and they were dressed and on the sands again, they agreed that they had never been to such a jolly party before.



CHARLES ROBINSON

CHILDREN IN THE SEA



A SUBMARINE PREPARING TO DIVE

The Submarine

ONE morning, when the children went to the shore, they saw some battle-ships sailing silently by. Between them and the beach lay a queer thing, which Dorothy thought must be the back of a whale; but Tommy said: "How could it be? Why, whales have no humps on their backs!"

Then Dorothy cried: "Look, look, there's a man on the hump!"

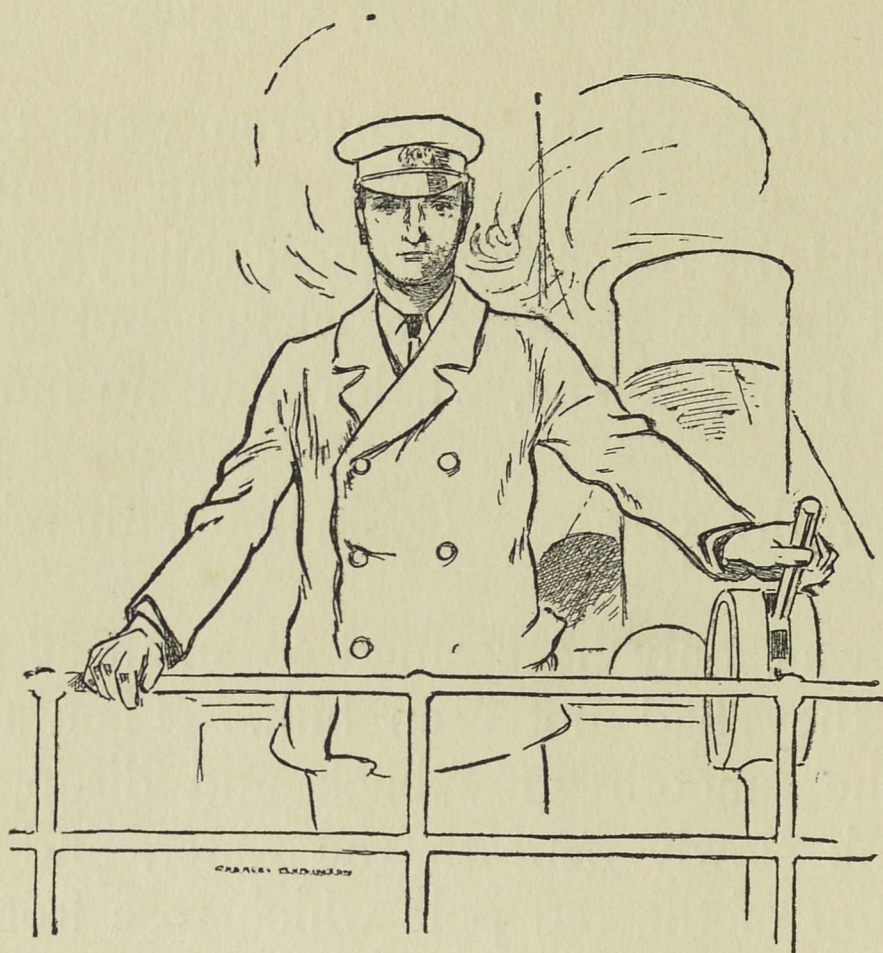
So there was, only he seemed so small at that distance that at first they had not seen him. Then the man got down into the smooth gray back and disappeared; next the thing sank slowly beneath the water, and all that was left was the top of the red pole which rose from the hump. Just then the children saw their daddy coming, and ran to tell him of the terrible monster; yet he only laughed.

"But, Daddy, there was a man, who is in the water now!" cried Dorothy.

"No, he is inside the whale; only, it is not a whale, it's a ship."

"Then has it sunk to the bottom?"

"No, it is a submarine, which means 'under the sea'. It can shut up so tightly that it can go down below the surface without getting one drop of water into it. The little red pole makes pictures inside the submarine of all that is happening on the surface, so that the men below can see what is going on above without being seen. That man and others are quite safe inside; and look! there it is, coming up again close to the battle-ship."



People on Board

WHEN Tommy and Dorothy were on the liner they were the only children on board, and everyone had time to talk to them.

Tommy was very friendly with his bedroom steward, who used to tell him stories. Once, he said, he saw a poor polar bear sitting on a ledge of an iceberg looking very frightened.

"Were you as close as that?" asked Tommy eagerly.

"Well, we *were* close," said the steward; "but look here, I always carry this in my pocket," and he drew out a telescope, and showed Tommy how to use it. Looking through the port-hole Tommy shouted, "I can see a ship!"

PEOPLE ON BOARD

"Yes, I saw it without the telescope," said the steward; and a little later Tommy saw it so too.

"But what became of the bear?" he asked.

"Poor fellow, he slipped into the sea at last when the ice melted."

Both the children were fond of the dinner steward, for he was very attentive to them, getting just the things they liked, and choosing the very nicest puddings at dinner. He made sure, too, that they had corn-cakes and maple-syrup and plenty of melon for breakfast.

Best of all Tommy liked the captain, who, though the most important person on the ship, used to laugh and joke with him, and once or twice even allowed him to go on his bridge and examine the instrument by means of which he sent his orders down to the engine-room. Tommy felt very proud indeed when the captain told him what his moving the handle meant, and let him watch whether the ship did not obey the order at once. And he was even prouder when the captain let him look through his telescope to see a whale spouting.



A Visit to the Docks

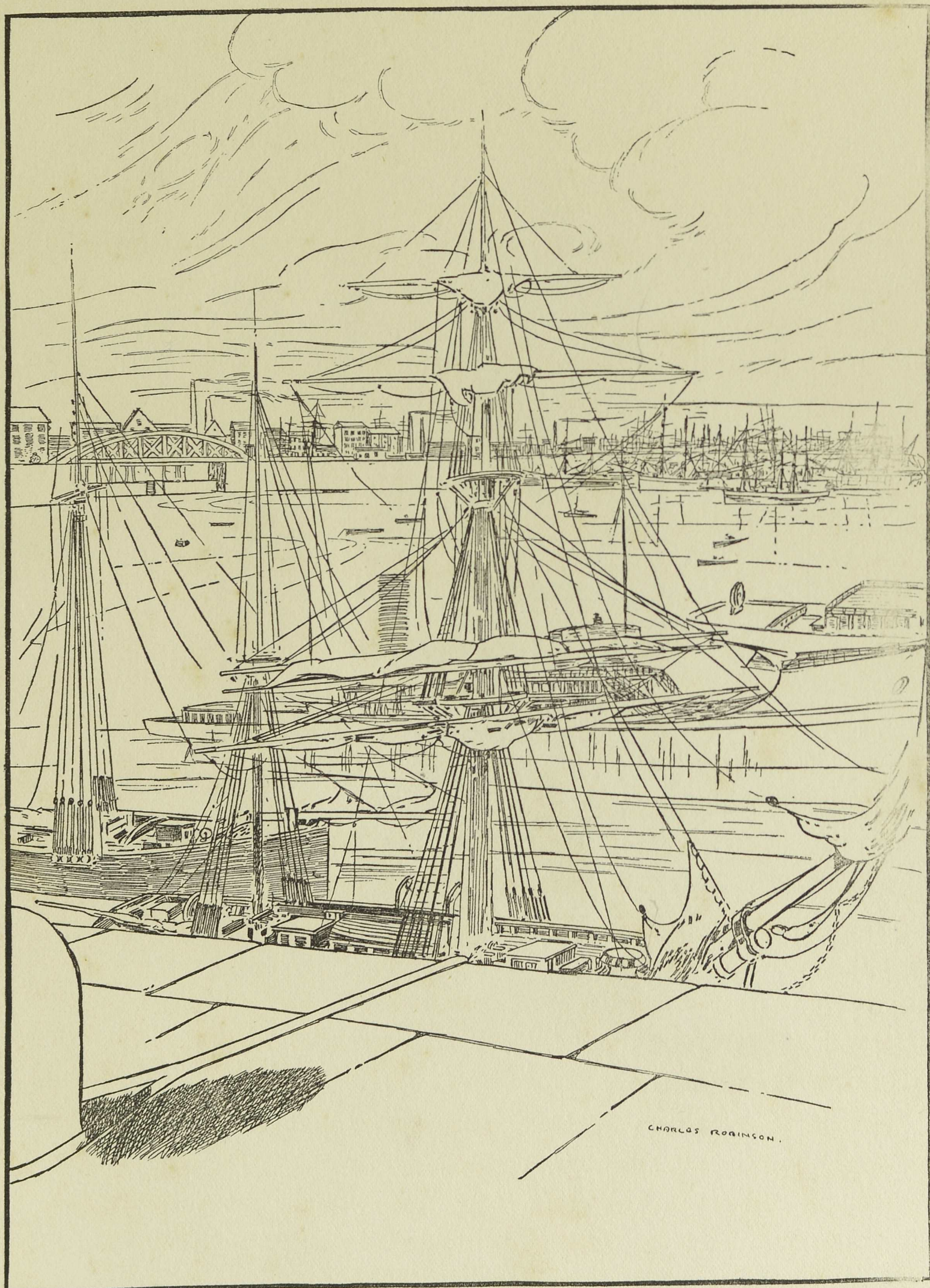
ONE day the children went with Daddy to the docks, and there they saw more ships in a few minutes than they had seen in a year before. There were ships of all kinds and sizes; large handsome liners whose decks rose high above the quays, sailing ships with bare masts and spars, and many clumsy-looking steamers which Daddy said were called "tramps". This name he said they got because they did not have regular work to do like the liners, but sailed about from port to port picking up cargo wherever they could find it, and so were sometimes away from home for more than a year.

Some ships had just arrived from the other side of the world, and were being towed into the docks by fussy little tugboats, while others were starting out on a long voyage, and the people on board were waving good-bye to their friends on shore.

Some ships were taking in cargo, others were unloading, the huge cranes on the quay-side lowering great bales or boxes into the hold or raising them from it and placing them on barrows or carts.

Other ships were being painted or mended, and the sound of hammering that came from some of them made the children quite deaf for a little.

Before they went back to the cab, Daddy showed them the dock gates, which are opened when the tide is full, so that ships may pass in and out, and closed when the tide begins to go out, so that the water inside shall always be deep enough to keep the ships afloat.



SHIPS IN THE DOCKS



(SA) fol

JERROLD, CLARE
ARMSTRONG BRIDGMAN
ROAD, RAIL, AND
SEA
[1906]



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