

The RAILWAY TRAIN

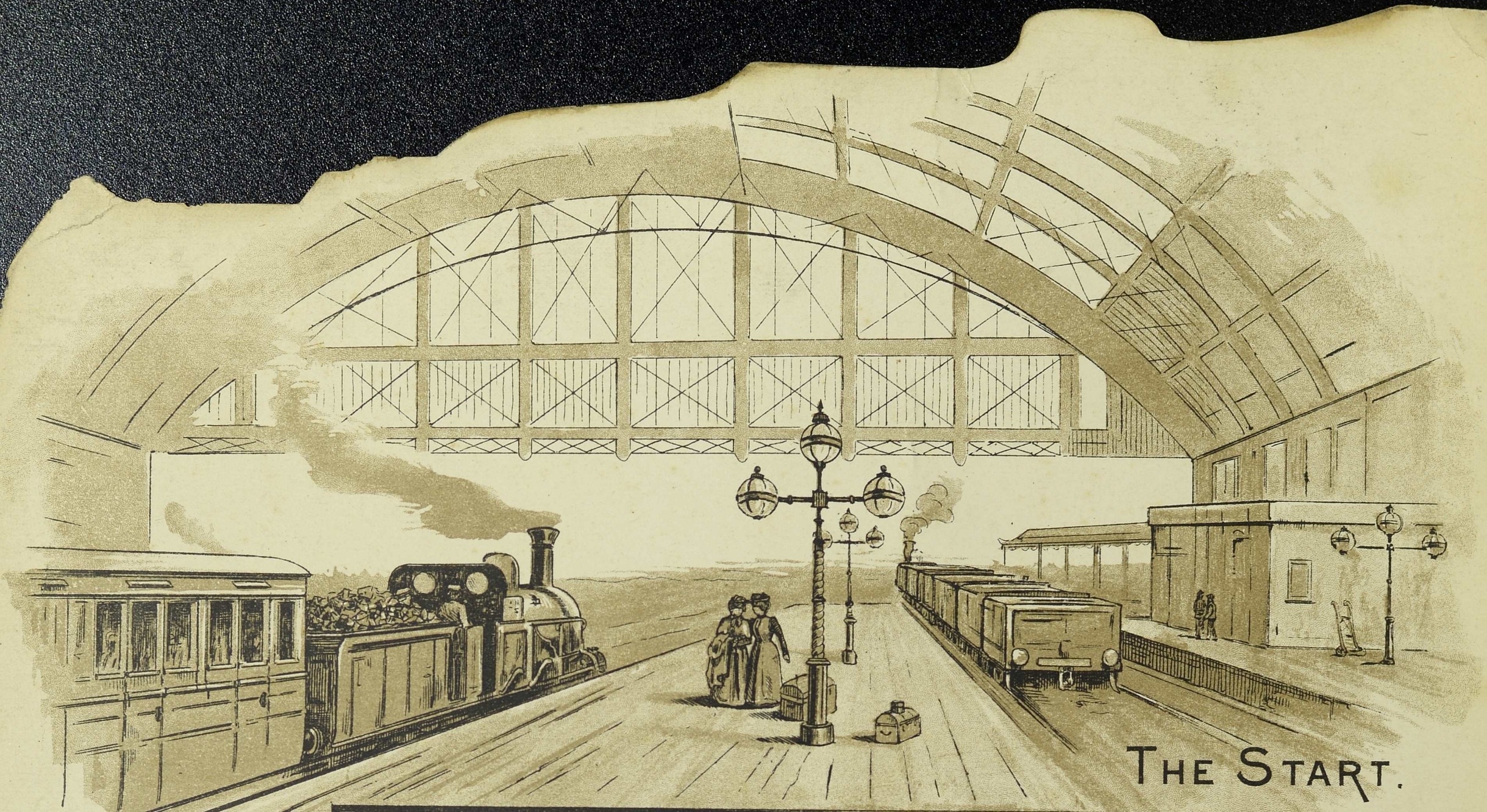
A HOLIDAY PICTURE BOOK

FOR CHILDREN

F. WARNE & CO.

LONDON & NEW YORK

DESIGNED BY ALF. J. JOHNSON.



THE RAILWAY TRAIN.

AND shall we go in the puff-puff, mamma?" said little Dorothy Price, who who had just heard that papa was going to take her, with her sister Edith and her brothers Tom and Jack, for a holiday to the sea-side.

"Yes, dear," said mamma, "we certainly shall go in the 'puff-puff.' Do you think that Tom and Jack might wheel you there in their mail-cart? Or could you manage to walk eighty miles, do you think?"

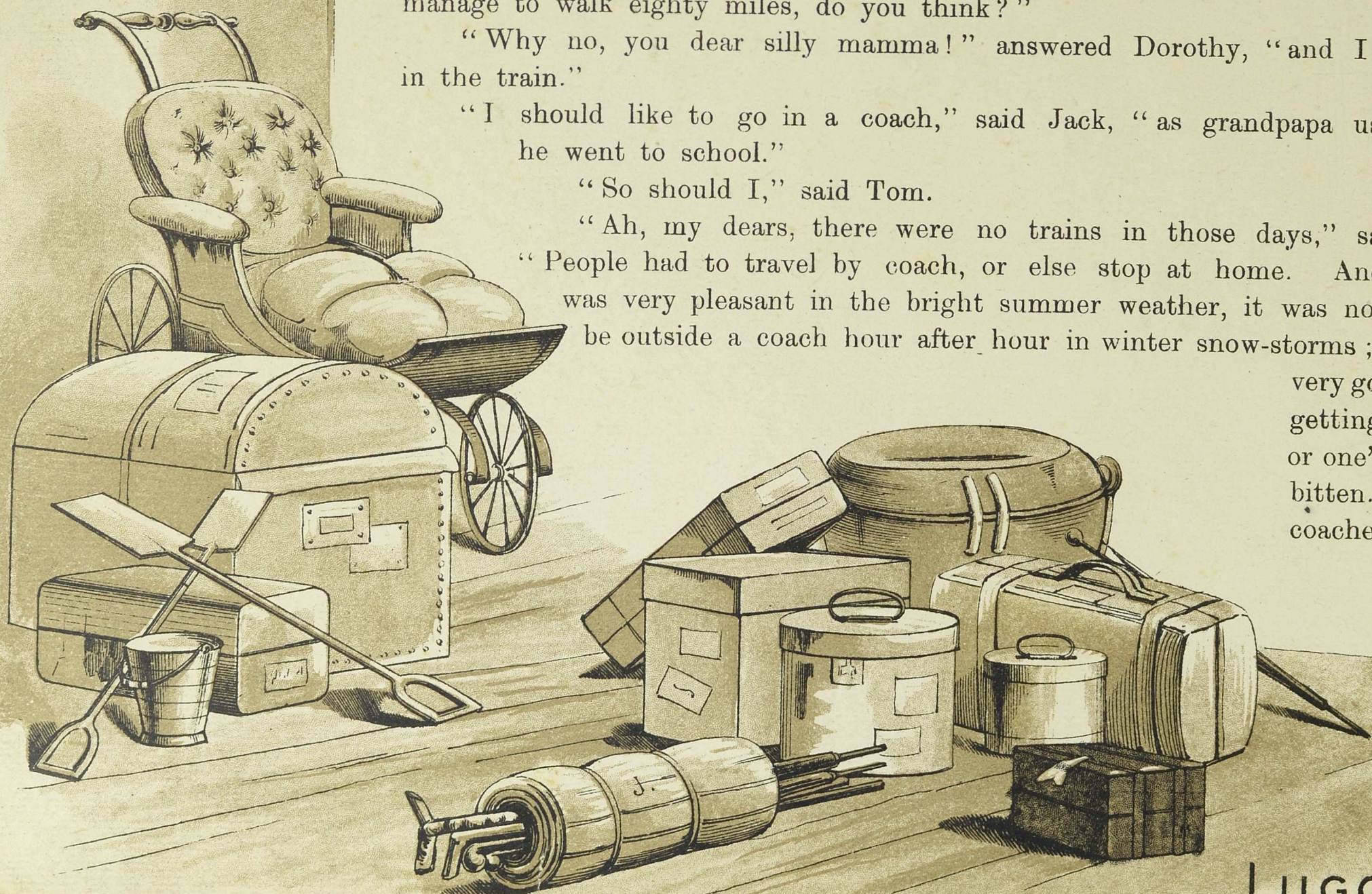
"Why no, you dear silly mamma!" answered Dorothy, "and I want to go in the train."

"I should like to go in a coach," said Jack, "as grandpapa used to, when he went to school."

"So should I," said Tom.

"Ah, my dears, there were no trains in those days," said mamma. "People had to travel by coach, or else stop at home. And though it was very pleasant in the bright summer weather, it was not so nice to be outside a coach hour after hour in winter snow-storms; one stood a

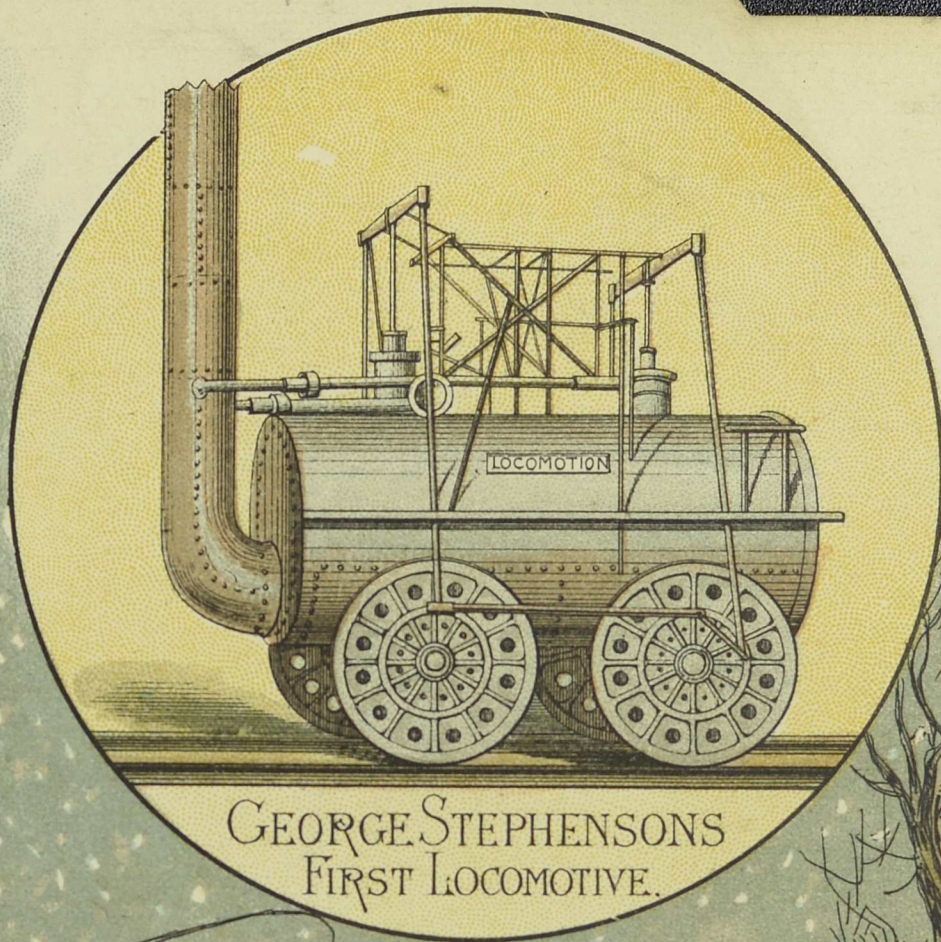
very good chance of getting one's nose or one's toes frost-bitten. And the coaches could only



LUGGAGE.

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GEORGE STEPHENSON'S
FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.



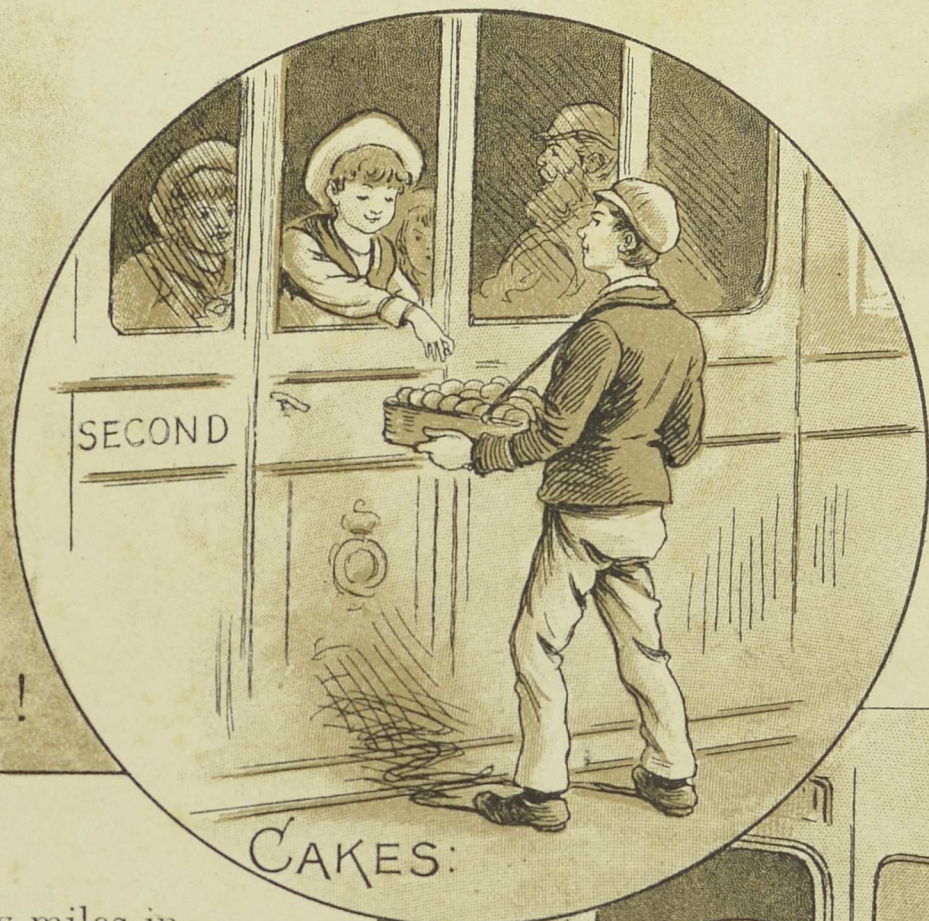
IN THE OLD COACHING DAYS.



AT THE
BOOKING OFFICE.



SWEETS!



CAKES:

travel about ten miles an hour, whilst the train can do sixty miles in that time. I think most people would be very sorry to go back to the old coaching days."

"Who first thought of making railways, mamma?" asked Edith.

"A very clever man named George Stephenson, and the first locomotive engine which he made was a very curious-looking affair indeed. But if you want to know all about railways, you had better ask papa to tell you when he takes us to the seaside."

"That we will!" cried all the children in chorus.

At last the grand day came, and the cab deposited the whole family and a heap of luggage at the railway station.

At the booking office the children showed a great deal of interest whilst papa got the tickets. Edith especially took care that he made no mistake, whilst Jack and Tom discussed all sorts of plans as to what they would do when they got to the end of their journey.

"This way," said papa, and they found themselves on the platform. Here he left them for a few moments, whilst he went to see the luggage properly labelled, and mamma had all she could do to keep them together till he came back.

First, the automatic sweets machine called for some pennies to be dropped into it.

"Let's get some toffee!" said Jack.

"Such sticky stuff," said Edith, speaking for herself and Dorothy; "we'll have chocolate."



THE TOY BOOK.



Then they wandered off to the bookstall, and a jolly-looking old gentlemen, who had been buying a lot of newspapers to read in the train, gave Dorothy a gaily coloured toy-book, with which she was delighted.

But now papa came back, and they got into the train. Then a boy passed along the platform with a basket of cakes and buns for sale, and of course some more pennies had to be spent.

"Tickets, please!" said a ticket inspector, popping his head in at the window. And then he looked at the tickets carefully to see that they had got into the right train.

At last it was time to start, and with a shrill whistle from the guard, and a puff-puff-puff from the engine, the train slowly moved out of the station.

"Hooray!" cried the boys; "now we're off!"—and they all settled themselves down to enjoy their journey, Dorothy in her favourite place on papa's knee; whilst the old gentleman in the corner put on a travelling cap, spread a rug over his knees, and was soon fast asleep, not to say snoring.

And now the questioning began.

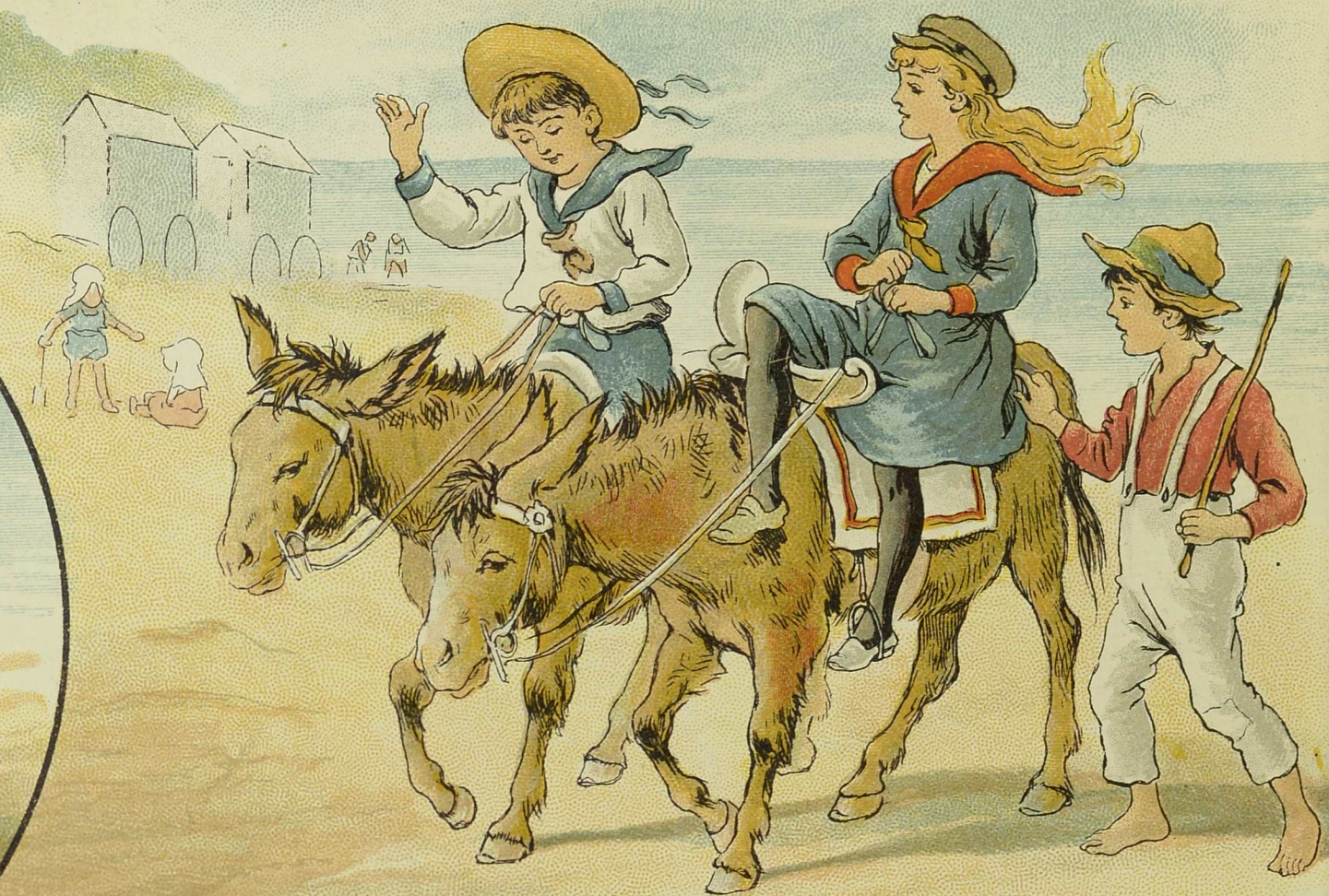
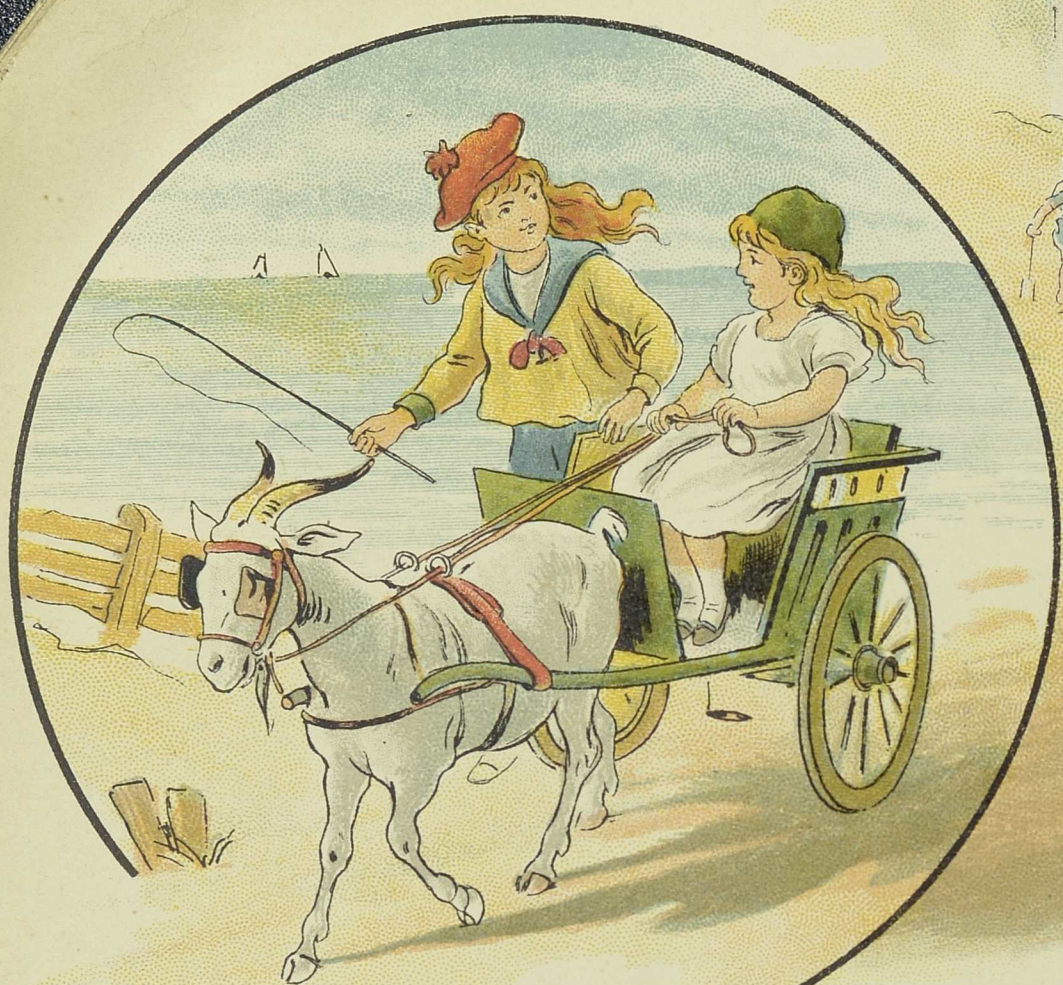
"Look at that dear little house," said Dorothy, "with the staircase outside. How funny! Who lives there?"

"That dear little house," papa answered, "is a signal-box; and there is always a signalman on duty there to prevent any accidents happening to the trains. Do you see that post by the side of the railway, with the long arms? Those are the signals. The arms are made to move up and down by iron rods, which run from the signal-box, and are worked by the man there who pulls the handles of long levers. The driver of the train looks at the signal-post, and knows by the position of the long arms whether the line is clear, or whether there is another train in front of him, and so he either goes on or stops his train."

And then papa was led on to talk about railways generally, and he told them a great deal about the wonderful works which had been accomplished in the making of some railways—how tunnels were bored through



NOW WE'RE OFF !!



A HOLIDAY AT THE SEASIDE.



ON THE SANDS.



A HOLIDAY IN THE COUNTRY



IN THE HAY-FIELDS.



RAILWAY ON THE ICE OF
THE ST. LAWRENCE.



A RAILWAY IN THE
ROCKY MOUNTAINS.



FORTH RAILWAY BRIDGE.

CABBY & PORTER.



great mountains, and bridges of great length carried at giddy heights across mountain ravines, or the mouths of large rivers.

He told them about the Mont Cenis Tunnel, which is pierced right through one of the high peaks of the Alps, 2,000 feet high, connecting the French railways with those of Italy. It is $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, and was ten years in the making. He told them about the railway bridges amongst the great mountain ranges of North America; and then coming nearer home, he told them of the Forth Bridge, only lately finished. In this bridge the railway line is 160 feet above the water, so that great ships can sail underneath it, whilst the total height is equal to that of St. Paul's Cathedral.

And, finally, he made Dorothy open her eyes very wide by asking her how she would like "to travel on a railway laid on the water?"

"Why, papa," she said, "you couldn't do it. You would go to the bottom, railway and all."

"He means in a steamboat," said Edith.

"No, I mean just a common railway," persisted papa; "and you *can* do it," he continued, with his eyes twinkling, "if you get your water well frozen first. And that is how they manage to have a railway on the great River St. Lawrence, in North America, where the ice is frozen very thick indeed by months of continued frost."

By this time they were getting near the end of their journey, and the children began to look for their first peep at the sea. Soon the train rattled into the station, the porter secured a cab for them, and whilst they drove off to their lodgings, the guard waved his flag, and the train went on to another station. And now the children began to have a very merry time, I can tell you. But I have not room to describe all they did: how they played on the sands, and paddled in the sea, and sailed boats, and had rides in goat-chaises and on donkeys' backs, and how they had long walks through country lanes, and romped in the hay-fields, and hunted after lilies, and were frightened by a great bullock. In one of their walks they came upon the railway again, at a point where the roadway ran right across the metals. Mamma told them that this was called a "level crossing." There were great gates across the road, and these were closed as a train was coming. A little girl on a pony was waiting till the train had gone by, and the pony did not seem to like the great snorting engine at all.

THE GUARD.





A LEVEL CROSSING:

The holiday came to an end all too soon, as holidays always do; and once more they were in the train bound for home. They stopped at several stations, and at one of them watched the porters putting great cans of milk into the train; and then papa told them that nearly all the Londoners' milk was sent up to them in this way from the country. Papa had travelled a great deal in the course of his life, and as they passed a place where the railway ran through a deep cutting, he told them how a train in which he was had once, in very severe wintry weather, been stuck there in a snow-drift until a gang of men came and shovelled the snow away. The boys thought that must have been great fun; but when papa reminded them that the passengers got nothing to eat all the time, they agreed with him that it "couldn't have been so very jolly after all."

"Did you travel by railroad when you were in America, papa?" asked Edith.

"Yes, my dear, right across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; sometimes for day after



MILK:



IN A SNOW DRIFT.



CROSSING THE PRAIRIE.



IN AN AMERICAN CITY:

day across the prairies, with nothing in sight but one unbroken sea of tall grass bending and swaying in the breeze. The engines look very different to our English ones, and are fitted with what is called a 'cow-catcher,' to throw stray cattle or buffaloes off the line, which is not carefully fenced in as with us. The railroads run such tremendous distances in America, that they have to construct them cheaply where they can, and this is why they run right through the cities like tramcars and omnibuses, instead of going round them, or over bridges."

The children thought that could not be very nice, and agreed that they liked the English plan best.

But now here was London once more, and very soon they were rattling home again in a four-wheeler, Tom and Jack perched on the box.

And we also have got to the end of our journey, and hope that our little readers will all enjoy themselves next time they go in



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THE END:

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