



THE CONTINENTAL EXPRESS.

(Authors Note.—A few hours before war was officially declared on Germany by England, the French Premier was rushed back to France from England, where he was on State business. German spies endeavored to wreck the train conveying him to the Channel port.) The story is told by the Engineer of the Express.

How did I do it? Well, sit down, if you've
got ten minutes to spare,
And I'll tell you the tale how it happened to
me, to me and my mate out there.
Don't put it all down to my boast and brag,
for I'll take my oath we try—
Us engine fellows, to stick to the rails, though
we happen to live or die.
It isn't because with filth and grease we are
covered from head to foot—
We ain't got no pluck, like a soldier man, in
his trim little khaki suit.
We ain't got no bands to tootle to us, no
women, nor mates to cheer,
We march to the shout of "All Aboard," and
the scream of the wind in our ear.
But we have gals to love us, and children, too,
who cling to the face and neck,
Though never called to the grand parade, or
marched to the hurricane deck.
A man's a man if he does his work—well, it
may be more or less—
But in these strenuous times you must say
your prayers while driving the Dover
Express.
We started off on that clear summer night,
and the beautiful moon shone bright
Through the silent glass of the depot, when
the "Guard" gave the tip of all right.
Away we went at a splendid pace, till we
coupled and left Herne Hill.
Behind was the roar of the city on fire, in front
was the country still.
Then we came to a point where we always
turn, and we mutter a sort of a prayer
For the wife and the young 'uns asleep in
the town, from us men in the engine's
glare.
But it wasn't like that in the train, I bet, did
anyone trouble a rap?