

train rattles into a large station. Here we see engines, and cars, and people everywhere. There is noise and confusion, men shouting and bells ringing. But it is not long till we leave the station. An electric car whirls us as quickly as the steam engine through busy streets, past tall buildings and blocks of stores bright with light. We run between rows of dark trees, past pretty houses, and silent schools and churches, till at last we reach our journey's end and are ready for supper and a long nap.

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