

## Two Railway Sensations.

### I.—A GREAT RAILWAY RACE

BY JEREMY BROOME.

(Illustrations from photos. specially taken for George Newnes, Ltd., by C. M. Hobart, Omaha, Nebraska.)

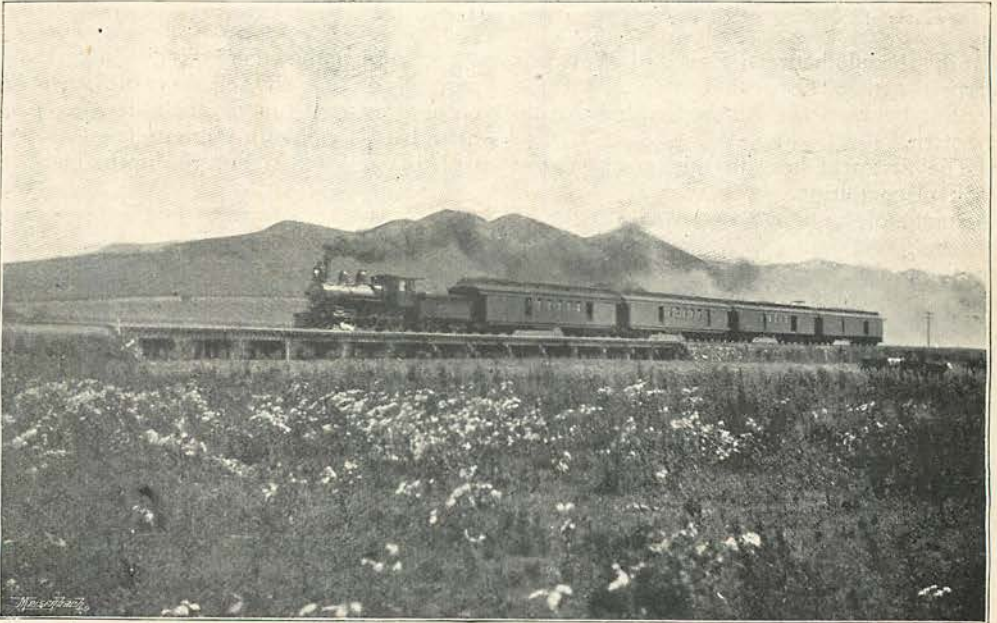


HIS is to do with the railway race that recently took place between Chicago and Omaha. Our photographer was on the spot. The result is shown in these pages, and the photographs are the only ones yet published, either in the United States or Great Britain, showing the actual trains in their fleet contest against time.

Now, there is rarely a race without a stake. In this case, the stake was a mail contract valued at seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. For some time, it appears, this subsidy has been granted to two competing lines between Chicago and Omaha—the

San Francisco by thirteen hours, aroused anew the rivalry between the Burlington and North-Western, and it was understood that the contract would be awarded to the company which could show the fastest service for a week between Chicago and Omaha.

Behold, then, the opportunity for a genuine encounter between rival "fliers." For seven days, beginning with January 2nd of this year, the fast mail trains of each line rushed back and forth between the two points already named, often on time, sometimes ahead of time, and always without an accident to mar the success of the trips, and bring down upon the companies the retribution of an indignant public. The Press of two Continents



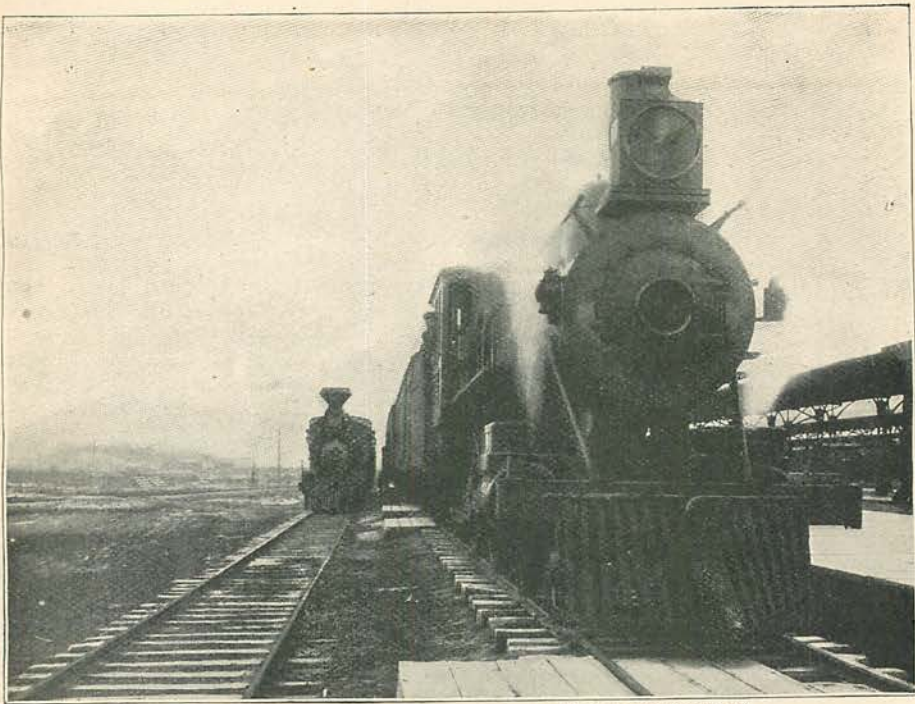
From a]

THE BURLINGTON "FLIER" APPROACHING COUNCIL BLUFFS AT 73 MILES AN HOUR.

[Photo.

Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, and the Chicago and North-Western, and the major portion has been given to the former company. A new arrangement, however, made by the postal authorities, aiming at the reduction of the time between New York and

watched the outcome with interest, and described, through its special reporters, the events of each journey; and the public, always on the alert for a race, did not fail to follow the movements of the mails with keen enjoyment. They cared little whether Uncle



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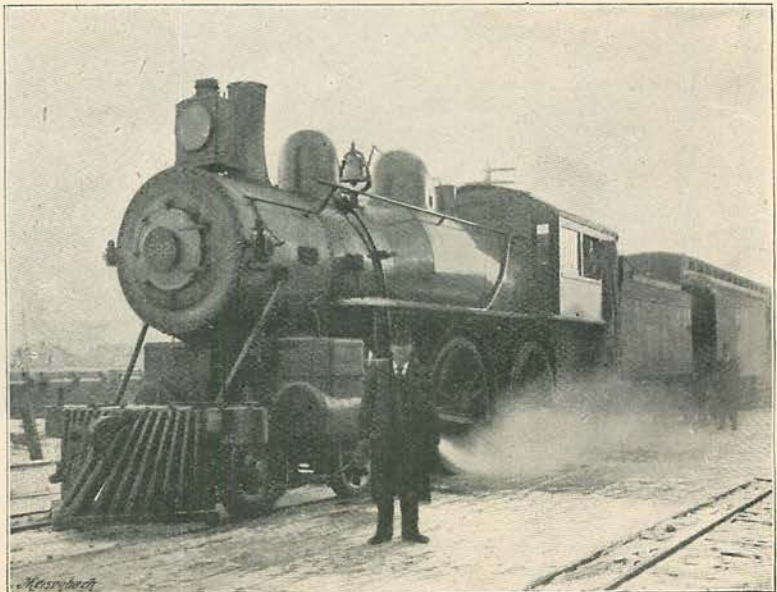
THE BURLINGTON DELIVERING THE MAILS TO THE UNION PACIFIC (ON LEFT) AFTER THE RACE.

[Photo.

Sam's schedule between East and West was carried out. They cared only about the contest between the Burlington and North-Western.

The first real heat in this great contest took place during the night of January 2nd. At 8.28 o'clock p.m. the competing trains were awaiting in Chicago the arrival of the Lake Shore Express, carrying a huge cargo of mail, which had been dispatched from New York and Boston the previous night at 9.15 p.m. Promptly on time the mails arrived, and in forty-five minutes the bags were on the Burlington train, ready for the second stage of their journey to Omaha and the Far

West. At 9.30 the "flier" was due to start, and promptly on time she rolled out of the station on her westward run of 500 miles. A half-hour later the North-Western left Chicago, with 492 miles to be covered in the night.



From a]

THE NORTH-WESTERN FAST MAIL READY TO START.

[Photo.

It was, indeed, a stirring contest, and the Press teemed with stories of the trips. Hot boxes figured prominently. The heroism and skill of the engineers were detailed at length. The onward rush in the darkness was described by vivid pens. A thousand and one trifling incidents were recorded to show that a railway race is one of the most thrilling of existing contests. At times the "fliers" nearly jumped the tracks in their impetuosity, and it was humorously hinted by the Press that in the thick of the struggle several Chicago reporters had lost their nerve. The excitement, in fact, was enough to stir the most phlegmatic, and the danger of a

mile record, including a record of a mile in 32sec. made in 1893, was broken on the trip, and the distance between Siding to Arion,  $2\frac{1}{10}$ ths miles, was covered in 1min. 20sec., or at the rate of 110 miles per hour. These exceptional records in themselves bespeak a night of excitement and constant danger.

When the Burlington train was approaching Council Bluffs, the mail transfer station near Omaha, she ran at a speed of seventy-three miles an hour, and it was at this moment that one of our photographs was taken. She arrived at Council Bluffs eight minutes ahead of schedule time, having made her 500 miles with twelve



From a]

THE NORTH-WESTERN ARRIVES IN A SNOW-STORM.

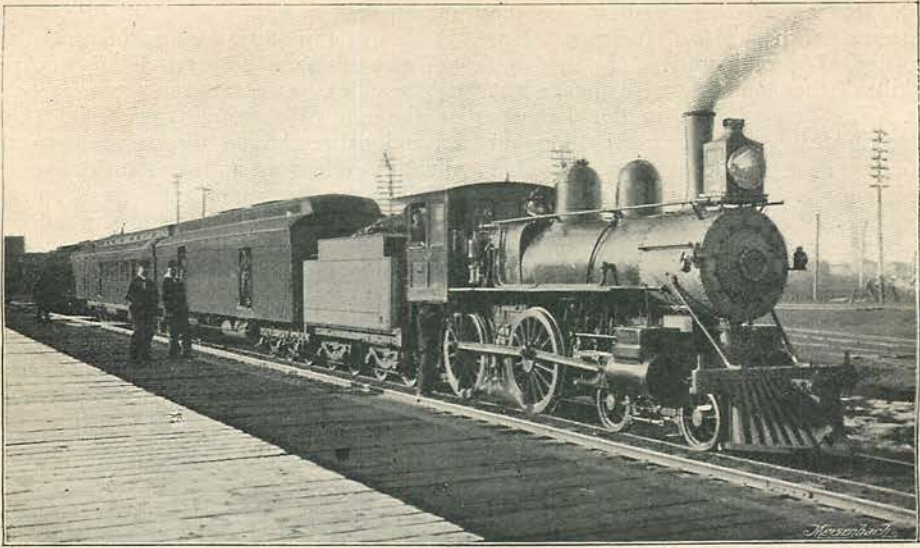
[Photo.

headlong flight in the darkness enough to daunt the strongest heart.

Thus the battle between giants took place, and several times the battle was drawn. Both trains, during the first night, ran at various times at a speed of eighty miles an hour, while the lowest rate of speed was 49.5 miles an hour. On the Burlington the best time was made between Chicago and Burlington, where several stretches were covered at the rate of ninety miles an hour. On a straight level track of fifteen miles between Arion and Arcadia, Iowa, the North-Western left the mile-posts behind at the rate of one every 35sec. Every fast-

stops in 10hrs. 7min. The North-Western "flier" arrived in a snow-storm seventeen minutes ahead of schedule time, having covered 492 miles, with eighteen stops, in 9hrs. 58min. The trains had a head wind all the way. The honours of the night were slightly with the North-Western.

At Council Bluffs a scene of excitement ensued. The men at the station rushed to and fro preparing to shift the mails from one train to the other with the least possible loss of time. Haste was imperative, else the struggle against time, which the "fliers" had made, would have gone for naught. As we may see in our illustration, the Union Pacific



From a]

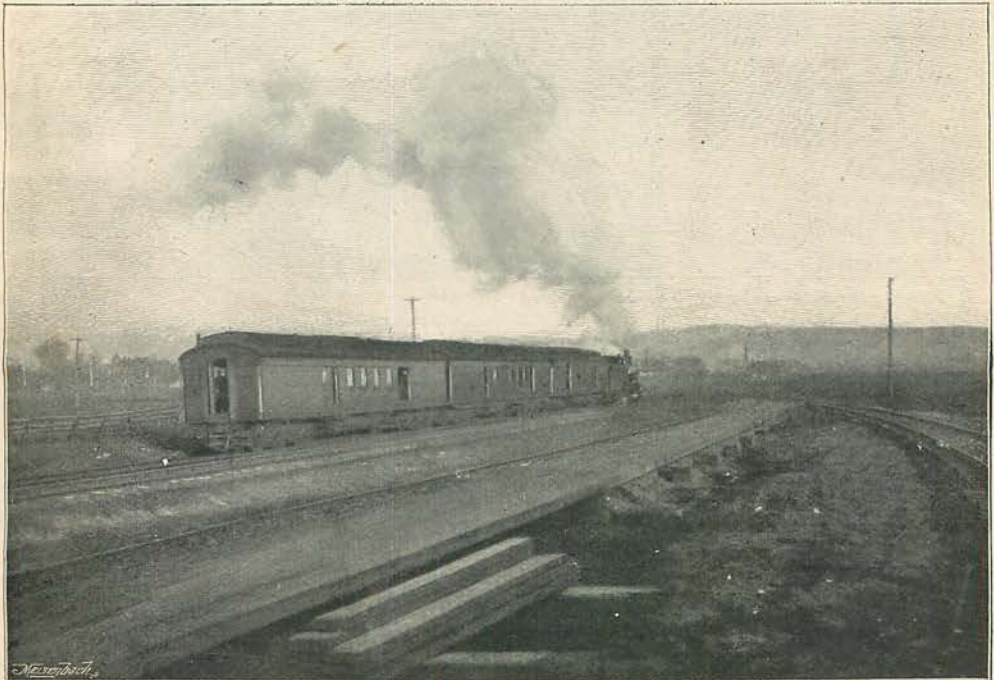
THE BURLINGTON AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE UNION PACIFIC WITH  
THE EAST-BOUND MAIL.

[Photo.

train on the left drew up alongside of the Burlington cars, so that the doors of the mail cars were side by side. Amid excitement the bags were tossed from one car to the other. In a few minutes the Burlington fast mail was empty, the Union Pacific was disappearing in the West, and the great

locomotive which had made its noteworthy run in the night stood alone, ready for its well-earned rest in the "round-house."

The contests between Omaha and Chicago, with the East-bound mails taken from the Union Pacific, were likewise full of interest, and on this page we show two photographs



From a]

THE BURLINGTON OFF ON ITS 500-MILE RACE TO CHICAGO.

[Photo.

representing the Burlington train a few moments before it started, and as it was when Council Bluffs had been left behind. The public interest in the Eastward race had been fired by a remarkable preliminary canter taken by the Burlington on January 2nd. Owing to delays in the West, the mails were 1hr. 2min. late at Council Bluffs, yet the whole distance between that place and Chicago—500.2 miles,—excluding stops, was made in 523½min.

The last 206 miles were covered in 213min., or 200min. of actual running time. It was a remarkable trip, and notwithstanding the delay at the start, the train arrived punctually on time. The officials, it is reported, were satisfied with having made the fastest time on record between the two cities, and the contract for which the race was so keenly fought is now understood to remain with this well-known company.

## II.—A RAILWAY SMASH TO ORDER.

[The photographs which illustrate this article were taken by Mr. Fred. A. Westland, of Denver, Colorado, under extraordinary difficulties, and in one instance, at least, at the risk of his life.]



RAILWAY collision as a public spectacle! The idea could have occurred to no human being but an enterprising Yankee showman, with an eye to business of the most colossal kind. A train-wrecking scene, pre-arranged, and witnessed by forty thousand people, is a notion which beats Barnum on his own ground. Yet such a "show" is an accomplished fact. The collision, which was between two powerful railway locomotives, took place some time ago near Denver, Colorado.

The instigators of the scheme were a number of "free silver" agitators, who represented the majority of the residents in the Western States. They were intrusted with the duty of raising funds to defray expenses.

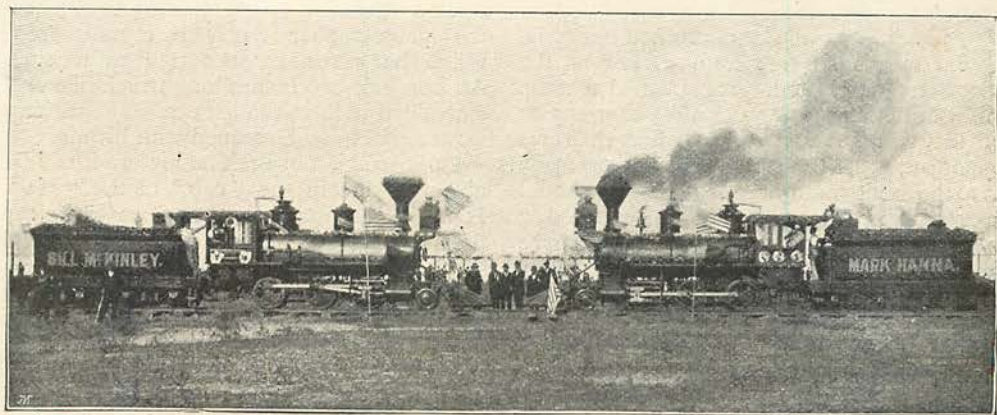
A suitable site was selected and inclosed with fencing, solid and high enough to prevent the "show" from being witnessed by

anyone not paying an entrance fee of fifty cents.

The engines were of great power, and, though not new, were by no means obsolete. A track somewhat over a mile in length was laid in the centre of the arena. On the day of the great event the engines were decorated with flags and bunting. In our first picture we see the two mighty foes face to face; the engine-drivers are receiving their instructions, and are duly photographed, together with some of the officials and promoters of the scheme.

It was decided that one of the engines should be called "Bill McKinley," the other "Mark Hanna." Now, there is a deal of humour in the selection of these names. For the namesakes of these doomed monsters were the two great statesmen whose political policy the "free silver" organizers of the smash were engaged in fighting.

The opposing engines, standing in the



position shown in the illustration, saluted each other with their whistles. Then each was backed half a mile from the mid-way spot at which they were to meet in the colossal crash.

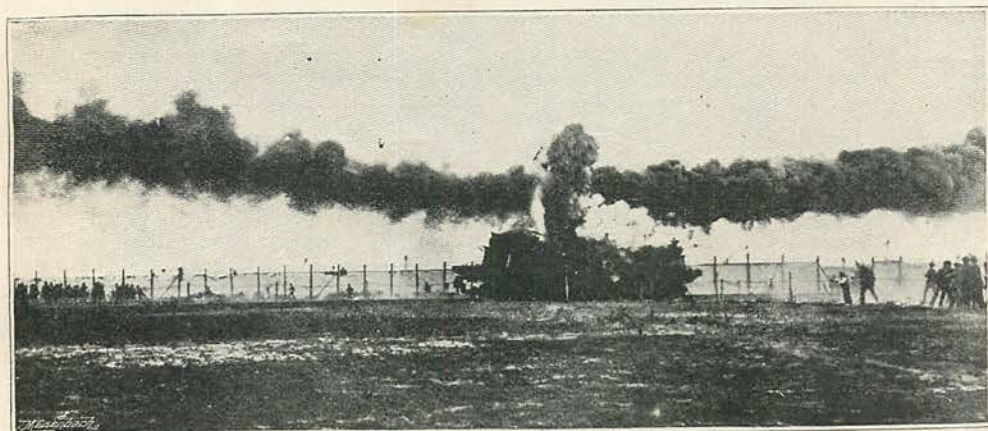
At a given signal the drivers again turned on the whistles, threw open the throttles, and jumped for their lives.

Away went "Bill McKinley" and "Mark Hanna"—slowly at first, but with ever-gathering speed. Puffing, snorting, their whistles screaming like two fiends in fury, the terrific monsters bore down upon each other. There came a crash, a sound like thunder, the sharp crackling of steel rods and iron plates, the fierce hiss of steam, and clouds of smoke that hung above the ruins like a funeral pall—and the "show" was at an end.

It was a scene that will never be forgotten by the forty thousand silent and awe-struck witnesses, many of whom were

The "crash" was voted perfect, however, except by the spectators on the side nearest to the unexpected meeting-place, who at the moment were seeking shelter in flight. Indeed, the spectacle of twenty thousand souls rushing to safety was in itself an appalling one.

It is marvellous to record, however, that no one was seriously hurt. Our plucky photographer was not more than a hundred feet from the very place where these monsters met, yet he had sufficient nerve to open the shutter as though he were snapping a mere honeymoon couple on their wedding day. The result of his extraordinary courage under such exceptional circumstances is shown in our second photograph, which probably beats the record of anything of the kind which has ever been attempted. To give an instance of the risk incurred, we may recall



From a]

THE CRASH.

[Photo.

heard to say that on no account would they ever consent to witness such a sight again. The fact is that the show turned out to be by no means so free from danger as the spectators anticipated. It happened that the "Bill McKinley" was much the better engine of the two, and, starting earlier than his opponent, upset the careful calculations made as to the exact spot where the collision should take place. The faster engine reached a speed of forty miles per hour to the other's twenty-five or thirty. The consequence was that the engines, instead of meeting in the open space left clear of spectators for the purpose, collided at a point round which a great crowd was assembled, and only a panic-stricken stampede prevented a terrible disaster.

the fact that, on another occasion, when a somewhat similar "performance" took place, the photographer received injuries from which he was never expected to recover. An iron bolt two inches long struck him and embedded itself in the left eye. The patient, we are glad to add, escaped with his life.

On inspection of the first picture it will be observed that in the "cab" of the "Mark Hanna" is seated what appears to be the fireman or stoker at his post. Indeed, he sat there throughout the fatal ride, and was not even seen to tremble. The trembling was all on the spectators' side. He died as he had lived, a mere dummy of rags and straw.

Our third photograph, taken about twenty minutes after the crash, shows the excited



From a)

RELIC-HUNTERS.

[Photo.

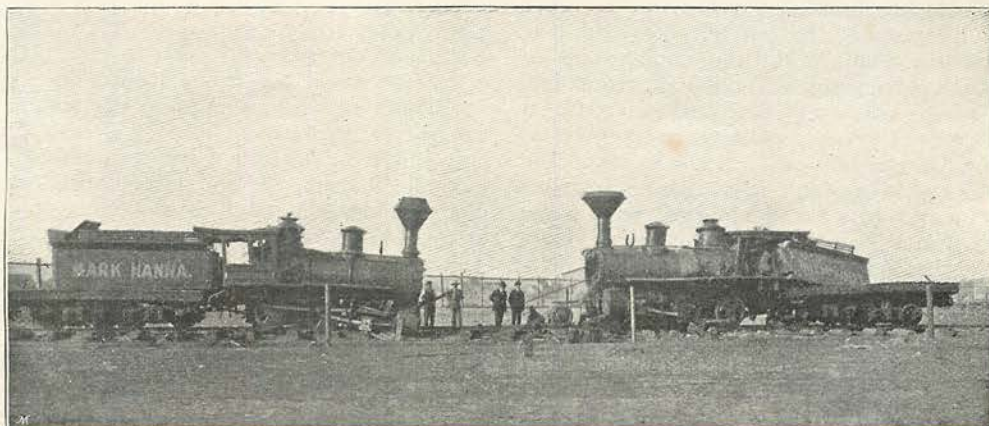
mass of humanity who have made the wreck their own. They were photographed in the act of removing every portable particle of the *débris* as mementos of such a sight as they would probably never witness again. Even the bells, which weighed more than roolb. apiece, were carried away while still warm.

The last photograph, taken the day after the occurrence, shows what destruction can be accomplished in a fraction of a second, and the danger to which the drivers of engines are exposed by the telescoping of the cab and tender. The two rods projecting from the front of the locomotive on the right were each fastened to a pilot, the object being to pierce the antagonist's boiler. At the crash they were both driven into one boiler, with the result that the other boiler

had only the open whistle to exhaust the steam.

It will be noticed in the first illustration that the locomotives are twins, except in the style of funnels with which they are equipped, and a few minor points. In the second photograph they appear to be hugging each other; but a few moments after having been photographed, the locomotives settled down to the earth, and curiously enough at some distance from each other. The sun had disappeared some minutes before the collision actually took place, and the process of photographing became, therefore, a matter of great difficulty.

Everybody was satisfied, however—even the collision promoters, who had a balance over expenses of about ten thousand dollars, or in plain £ s. d., something over £2,000!



From a)

THE DAY AFTER.

[Photo.