

a speech. An' twice they took me outside an' sat on me, but I come back fresh an' more fresh. Leah pretended to think I was 'appy, but she knoo better, an' eight or nine other wimmin was as fly as she was. "There's more fish in the sea," they kep' a sayin', an' also as what marriage was a lottery, but Emma Barker, what was a red-'aired cat with green eyes an' one shoulder 'igher than the other, she kep' close beside me an' 'eld my 'and whenever she could. An' she kep' a whisperin' to me as how Leah was a painted bit o' rubbish what I was well out of takin' up wiv, an' as wot Barney Solomon 'ud be sorry for 'isself before 'e'd bin married to 'er for a week, an' she sang "Lay your 'ead on my shoulder, dear, an' sob your grief away," till I did, an' it was a precious bony one, too. 'Strewth!

Then we went on some motor-car roundabouts wot they 'ad on the green, me an' Emma side by side, an' I come off, an' they 'ad to stop the machinery to get at me, an' I 'ad a bit of a mill with the chap what fetched me out. My lip got split some'ow, an' the bloke what 'ad 'eld my coat made orf wiv it, an' my front teeth being loose I didn't make much play at the cold-meat tea, but Emma stuck to me like wax and put away grub enough for the two. Alf Emanuel came an' arsked me wot I meant by bein' rude to 'is sister Leah, an' when I let 'im know wot I thought of 'er there was another mill, me showin' science an' never gettin' home, sweet home, an' Alf playin' dab, but touchin' the spot till the bell rang every time, though 'e knoo no more about fightin' than a passover kid.

An' it got dark an' the stars shone, an' we piled into the old Vanguard to come 'ome to Stratford by moonlight. The driver was cryin' drunk, an' the waxworks conductor sat inside with one arm round Leah and the other round another gal, an' owned that 'e was a bachelor after all. Emma 'eld my 'and tight, that is, till the engine broke down, an' the driver tried to look inside the petrol tank with a lighted match an' dropped it in. Then we came off of 'er an' out in a 'urry, and there was nothin' to do after that but stand about an' see the bonfire, for she blazed till the telephone wires crossin' 'Ammersmith Broadway