

snorted an' grunted as if she felt 'erself above 'er job an' was trying to say so. Every onst in a while somethin' in 'er inside would bang off, and the fust three or four times it 'appened it emptied the show an' the married wimmin let the driver 'ave it 'ot for scaring females with 'is machines. But 'e soothed 'em, and so did the pretty conductor, tellin' 'em the engine 'ud go quieter when she warmed to 'er work. Lumme! she got wuss instead of better. Perish me pink if I don't believe she was the fust one ever invented, an' they'd stole 'er out of a museum to take our gang to Kew. But after the fust three stops for a 'arf pint all round, nobody tore their feathers about 'er goings on. She frightened 'osses, an' made coppers jump, an' drawed plenty of chyikin' from the other yobs we come across. We'd got too busy to mind 'er.

Up along Bow Road an' the Mile End Road we went to Cheapside, tearin' the bowels out o' the new wood-pavin' whenever we put on the brake, an' singin' all the songs we knowed an' most o' those wot we never 'eard. Every bloke 'ad a pipe or a fag, 'is bonce on the back o' 'is 'ead, 'is arm round the girl he liked best, an' 'is eyes full o' dust an' grit. The 'ole world was out on wheels an' singin' "A great big Girl like me," "She had an eye to business," and "Buzz, buzz, blue blowfly." Down Piccadilly was a jam, spite of its bein' October an' lots o' the upper ten out of town, but our back-smoke kept making a way. A Lord Mayor's Show crowd would 'ave 'ad to make room for us, or die.

"'Er engines are crooil foul," Mosey kep' a bleatin'. "'Er feed-pipe is rusted through an' 'er oil tank is full o' dead beetles and cetera. She 'asn't a nut that ain't droppin' off or a screw thread that isn't wore, an' as for 'er carburotters—they're fair rotters an' that's the truth."

Leah turned on 'im an' said 'e was a rotter 'isself to spoil the day with 'is grumblin'. After that 'e shut up, an' never opened 'is mouth t'll we got off at Kew, an' after rushin' a bar an' drinkin' the till full an' the 'arf an' 'arf casks fair dry, we filed into Kew Gardens two by two like the animals out o' Noah's Hark. The sky was as blue as Leah's frock, an' the grass smooth an' green till