

THE MOTOR 'BUS BEANO

"C'n' ques'n I'm a-going for to arsk," says Mosey—name of 'im bein' properly Charles, but called Mosey by me an' 'is other pals along of a bend 'e 'ad in the boko what made 'im look more like a reg'lar Petticoat Lane Sheeny than Alf Emanuel, what was 'is bosom friend an' 'ad a uncle a Rabbi what was a Kosher butcher in Shoreditch. "If we are a-going to ride in a bloomin' motor 'bus instead of a double 'orse brake, on the 'casion of our annual beano, wot excuse 'ave we for stoppin' at the public 'ouses along the road as we go, to give the pore 'osses a drink! I'm a Conservative, I am, an' I set my face against new-fangled ways, that's wot I do."

'E shook 'is 'ead as solemn as a undertaker when I said we'd drink for the 'osses an' ourselves too. It wos cheer an' early, not more than seven, but 'is nose was fair afire, an' Alf Emanuel pretended to light a fag at it an' tipped the wink to me. Then the other blokes begins to roll up with their bits o' frock, an' Alf's sister, Leah, came bounce round the corner into the yard an' I clean forgot everything but 'er directly I piped she was there. "Way oh!" she says. "This is what I call a regular day for a beano an' no error. Pity you left your eyes be'ind, Cocky," she says to me, 'cos she sor as wot they was glued to 'er, an' small wonder. Eyes like black billiard balls, she 'ad, an' skin as white as them penny cream cheeses with a rose in the middle of each of 'em, an' enough black 'air to stuff a bolster, with a wave in it an' natural chasers on each side like what the other gals puts in with 'ot pokers. She 'ad a whoppin' big red 'at with black ostridge feathers an' a blue silk dress with lace on it, an' yellow shoes an' pink silk openwork stockin's I 'ad a glim of when she showed 'er ankles 'oistin' 'er frock out of the