

A Few Tough Kids



Cholly—My, what a queer young fellah.

Kid—Come off, it's a sure ting I don't get queered half as much as yer do. See!



Old Gent—My little man how could you catch so many fish as that on the sabbath?

Kid—Dead cinch, ole man. I caught dem on me own 'cord.



Lady—My little man where did you get that nasty cigar?

Kid—Nasty noting. Why mum dat's a swell cigar; de dean of de college just trew dat away.



Farmer (who has lost his wife in the city)—Say, young fellow, yer didn't see anything of Nancy Jones about here, have yer?

Kid—Extree all about it.