



ABOVE THAT SORT OF THING.

First Collier. "HERE COMES T' NEW GANGER, BILL. HAST THOO HEARD, HE DOESN'T DRINK, NUR DOG-FEIGHT, AN' GOES TO CHURCH! LET'S SMASH 'IM!"
Second Collier. "NA-AY, NA-AY, LAD, WE'VE GOTTEN SHAMPANE, AN' RIDES FUST-CLASS; LET'S BE GEN'LEMEN, NOT LOIKE THEM SCULEMESTERS I HEARD ON T'OTHER DAY AT RUGBY—RATTEN T' NEW GANGER!"



CRUEL DISAPPOINTMENT.
Street Boy. "FIVE 'UNDER LIVES LOST!!" 'ERE'S A A'FN'! ULMOA!
 WHAT A SELL! 'ANG IT ALL! IT'S IN CALIFORNIA!"



THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.

Ethel. "AND, O MAMMA, DO YOU KNOW AS WE WERE COMING ALONG WE SAW A HORRID, HORRID WOMAN WITH A RED, STRIPED SHAWL, DRINK SOMETHING OUT OF A BOTTLE, AND THEN HAND IT TO SOME MEN. I'M SURE SHE WAS TISPY."
Beatrice (who always looks on the best side of things). "PERHAPS IT WAS ONLY CASTOR O' ... ALL!"



"BALANCÉ, MESSIEURS!"

Old Gloom. "WHAT I ALWAYS SAYS ABOUT JUMPIN', MASTER FRED, IS THIS—THE GREAT THING IS TO KEEP 'THE BALLAST.'"
Master Fred. "YEA. AND THAT GENTLEMAN'S HORSE SEEMS TO PREFER SHIFTING HIS, JOE."



HYPERBOLE.
Street Schoolboy. "ANY SMILE ABOUT HERE, MY MAN?"
Pat. "SMILES, IS IT!! FAIN, THEY'RE GENERALLY JOSHPIN' 'ACH OTHER HELLEAFBETS!"



THE SIMPLICITY OF TRUTH.

"O, WHAT DO YOU THINK, MR. LILLYBROW! THE OTHER DAY I WAS TAKEN FOR TWENTY-FIVE, AND I AM ONLY EIGHTEEN!"
 "HAW! WONDER WHAT YOU'LL BE TAKEN FOR WHEN YOU'RE TWENTY-FIVE!"
 "FOR BETTER FOR WORSE, I HOPE!"
[Mr. Lillybrow looks pensive.]