OLD SALT: "So you think you're cut out fer a sailor, eh?"
THE KID: "Yep, me pa says I'm such an awful liar I'd make a first class one."

CHAWLEY: "Aw, I thay, Miss Pert, th' goils, don' u know, aw goin' to give me aw nickname, what do you think would be appropriate now?"
MISS PERT: "Why, you have such a fetching way, Chawley, that I think we ought to call you Fido."

NEWSY: "Hi, Mister! 'Xtra!! All about the accident!"
SQUIRE SLIPUP: "Well I swan! It do beat all heow quick they git things in th' city papers!"

SISTER: "Close yer face, Jimmy, or th' conductor will see yer second teeth an' make me pay full fare fer yourse!"

"Fo' surah, Mis Dina, ah wush ah wus lik' dat cat, an' hab nine libes, an' ah'd gib 'em all fo' youh."
"Stop yo' nonsense wishin', yo' fool niggah, foh yo' might git dat cat's other proctclivitives an' hab nine wifes too!"

"Have you heard the latest news? Hank Jones is goin' to start a bakery down in the village."
"Sure, that's stale, 'tis me husband that loaned him the dough to do it with."

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BRAINY BOWERS PUTS A BUSTED SHOW ON ITS FEET

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