Hannah—Teacher, what's the Board of Education?

Teacher—In my day it was a pine shingle.

Teacher—Who was the chief man in the Revolution?

Patsy—John Brown.

Teacher—No, indeed; it was George Washington.

Patsy—Who was John Brown, then?

Teacher—Can any one tell her who John Brown was?

Jessie—Wasn't he the man they sing this about:

"John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the ground,
But his soul goes marching on.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
As we go marching on."

Wasn't he the one?

Teacher—I guess it must have been. It is time for your geography now, and I wonder how many will know their lessons. All of you ought to, but of course all will not. That is impossible, you think, but it won't be for long as I am going to be more strict towards you. Get out your geographies; to-day we are studying about Germany. Is there anything in the lesson you didn't understand?

(Eliza raises her hand; on answering):

Eliza—It says the Germans are fond of beer and pretzels; what is a pretzel?

Lois—It's a cracker with cramps.

Teacher—Frances, what are you doing?

Frances—I'm not doing a thing.