A SOURCE OF AMUSEMENT

The schoolroom is a never-failing source of amusing stories; and the Michigan Educational Journal for March presents its customary excellent assortment.

HOT AND COLD

Teacher: “Willie, what are the two genders?”
Willie: “Masculine and feminine. The masculines are divided into temperate and intemperate, and the feminine into frigid and torrid.

First Pupil: “I wish Columbus had been a Frenchman.”
Second Pupil: “Why?”
First Pupil: “I put him that way on my examination paper.”

STILL ABSENT-MINDED

A professor talking to the mother of a child who had been named for him, wishing to show his appreciation, asked, “And does the dear child walk?”

“Oh, yes, he has been walking for six months,” the mother replied.

The professor meanwhile had lapsed into consideration of some perplexing problem but recalled himself to reply, “Dear me, what a great distance he must have gone!”

Teacher: “William, what three words are most used in the English language?”
William: “I don’t know.”
Teacher: “Correct.”

GOT HIS FINGER BURNED

A school inspector happened to notice that a terrestrial globe in one of the class-rooms was very dusty.

“Why there’s dust here an inch thick!” he said, drawing his finger across its surface.

“It’s thicker than that, sir,” calmly replied the teacher.

“What do you mean?” exclaimed the inspector, glaringly.

“Well, you’ve—er—got your finger on the Sahara desert,” was the reply.

PROXY FOR MEPHISTO

Teacher: “Johnny, you don’t seem to be very busy.”
Johnny: “No’m; I’ve got all my lessons.”
Teacher: “Remember that Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do. Come here and I’ll give you some ‘busy work’ to do.”

NO REASON TO GET LOST

The school teacher was giving her class of young pupils a test on a recent natural history lesson.

“Now, Bobby,” she said, “tell me where the elephant is found.”

Bobby hesitated for a moment, then his face lit up.

“The elephant, teacher,” he said, “is such a large animal it is scarcely ever lost.”

Professor: “I would like a preparation of phenylisothiocyanate.
Drug Clerk: “Do you mean mustard oil?”
Professor: “Yes, I can never think of that name.”

AND MATRICULATION, TOO!

“This is the stadium.”

“Fine! Now take us through the curriculum. They say you have a good one here.”

“My goodness!” exclaimed the social science teacher who had dropped into the police court. “They’ve caught a pretty tough lot this morning, haven’t they?”

“You’re looking at the wrong lot,” said his neighbor. “Those aren’t the prisoners. They’re the lawyers!”

Soph: “Where you from?”
Frosh: “Podunk Center.”
Soph: “One of those hick towns where every one goes down to meet the train?”
Frosh: “What train?”