Prof. Evans—“What part of speech is nothing?”
Stanley—“It’s a noun.”
Prof. Evans—“A noun is the name of anything. What is nothing?”
Sam—“It’s a bung-hole without any barrel around it.”

Prof. Clark—Class, how would you punctuate this sentence: “Mary a very beautiful young lady walked rapidly down the street”?
Allen—I believe I’d make a dash after Mary.
All the boys in the class he’s right.

Prof. Scott—“Miss Johnson, what are the smallest animals of Bible times?”
Miss Johnson—“Professor, I think they must be the ‘wicked fle(a)te’ and the ‘widow’s mite.’”

To a man or a school going up, even a kick is a boost; and the harder the kick, the greater the boost.

Adversity is a great benefit; it shows who one’s friends are.

Our Railroad.

Say, boys, why don’t we have a railroad?
First, we could have President Redd for the head light; then “Prof.” Cain for the long driving rods on the wheels—then Mr. Evans for the boiler, as he could furnish us with hot air, while Mr. Logan would do for the brakes, as he is capable of checking all things. We will have Mr. Scott for the bell as he is so musical (?) and occasionally have Mr. Clark for a hot box. Mr. Nelson will be engineer, as he is such a mechanical genius and Mr. Ford as fireman, as he always “warms things up.” Mr. Gossom’s hand will be found of the steam throttle at all times, while Mr. Hackler will act as safety valve by “blowing off” occasionally, and Mr Pack is the steam gauge that registers the pressure.

Earle—I am rather more in favor of the English than the American mode of spelling.
Ethel—Yes?
Earle—Yes, indeed! Take parlour for instance, having “u” in it makes all the difference in the world.

English Teacher—Give me an example of broken English.
Pupil—The Ten Commandments.

Prof Cain—What is memory, George?
George—Sure, it’s something a man forgets when he owes you money.