

Wise and Otherwise

Letitia: "Miss B., angle, angel, or angle?"

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Fresh: "Miss Bagley knows all about the comet because she teaches geometry."

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French Pupil: "Oh, this lesson is so hard! It is just full of idiotic (idiomatic) expressions!"

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Margaret: "Bessie, where on earth can I find the verb to be? I am obliged to learn it!"

Bessie "It's in my Bible."

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Senior: "Oh, girls, the comet has come at last!"

Rena: "Is Mrs. Allen going to let us go? I always did like comedies, and then, too, we won't have study hour!"

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Soph. to Junior No. 1: "At what hour is the Senior play to be?"

Junior: "At 7:45, I hear."

Junior No. 2: "Oh, you're mistaken! It's to be at a quarter-to-eight."

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Soph.: "How is it, Easter comes on Sunday this year, and it came on Monday last year?"

Teacher: "I am surprised at your not knowing any more about Easter than that!"

Soph.: "Oh, how foolish of me! Of course, it was Thanksgiving!"

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Myrtle (whose subject for prayer-meeting was to be the parable of the hidden treasure): "Leigh, do you know anything about the hidden treasure?"

Leigh: "Lands, no! Where is it, and who found it? Tell me, quick!"

WHERE THE THREE-CENT PIECES WENT.

The disappearance of the three-cent pieces has for many years been a matter of mild speculation. Few persons are aware that a large proportion of the coins of this denomination which remained in circulation when the Government stopped issuing them are peacefully slumbering in sundry large fat canvas bags in the vaults of a certain electrical manufacturing company of Chicago. They are not for sale just yet.

Each of the coins is an evidence of petty larceny. Years ago the company equipped many telephone pay stations with dime slot machines. It was supposed that they could be worked only with dimes. The three-cent pieces were becoming rare, and no thought was taken of them. Hardly six months passed before one of the telephone companies discovered that the collectors were yielding a harvest of three-cent pieces. Then from all over the country came similar complaints.

Each company forwarded the pieces to the manufacturing company and more or less politely asked that a corresponding number of dimes or a check for an equivalent amount be sent back in exchange. A council was held at the office of the manufacturing company. The cost of correcting the boxes was compared with fairly trustworthy information of the number of three-cent pieces in circulation. It was found that a balance was in favor of the three-cents, and it was decided to accept the pieces as dimes. Gradually the inpour of three-cent pieces narrowed down to an intermittent current. The company seemed to have about all the pieces.

It is said that if ever the premium on three-cent pieces goes high enough the coins will be offered to collectors at prices based upon the original cost to the company, plus six cents a year plus cost of storage, plus cost of guarding, plus cost of carrying the fund upon the books. Long ago the slot machines that collected them were relegated to the scrap heap.—Lexington (N. C.) Dispatch.

THE FAILURE OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION

"Well," observed old man Potts, "I've spent a heap of money on my boy Bill's education—more'n nine hundred dollars jest to see him through Yale. And I ain't through yet. It shorely makes me sore to think of the money I'm wastin' on a boy who ain't got as much sense now as he had before he went to college."

"What's the matter father?" asked Mrs. Potts. "Mebbe you're a little hard on Bill." "No, I ain't, Mary," answered the old man. "Jest to show you: A little while ago I says to him I thinks it was going to rain to-morrow. What fool answer d'ye suppose he made me?"

"I'm sure I don't know, father."

"He begged my pardon"—Harper's Weekly.

EXAMINATION LAPSES.

Sometimes, says the American Journal of Education, the so-called blunders that crop out in written answers to examinations show a keenness of insight, of discriminating appreciation of "the eternal verities," and a sense of humor that ought to rebuke the framers of the questions. The candidate who wrote the following answers deserves more credit than the examiner who wrote the questions:

"Q. Where are ostrich feathers produced?"

"A. They grow upon the hide.

"Q. Why is the Sahara dry?"

"A. The Sahara is dry on account of the lack of moisture.

"Q. What is the author's aim in the last act of the Merchant of Venice?"

"A. The author's aim in this act is to close the play."

NEVER MIND THE MORAL!"

The late Dr. W. B. Robertson, of Irvine, was once addressing a boys' meeting, and having delighted them with some of his racy anecdotes, he began to draw to a close by saying:

"Now, I'm going to point out the moral of all this."

"Niver mind the moral," shouted a little fellow from the middle of the hall; gie's anither story!"—Interior.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

She had a voice like a siren, and when she sang—

"Mid play sure, sand pal aces, though weam a Rome,
Be it averse, oh wum bull there snow play sly comb,—

and so on to the conclusion, there wasn't a dry eye in the room.—American Journal of Education.

PROBLEMS FOR THE CLASS IN ENGLISH.

The following liner ads were clipped from the columns of a London newspaper:

Wanted—A laborer and a boy; with grazing for two goats; both Protestants.

Wanted—A young man to care for two mules of a Christian disposition.

Wanted—Furnished room for a single gentleman looking both ways and well ventilated.

For Sale—Caps, capes, etc., made up for ladies out of their own skins.

Wanted—Good girl to cook, and one who will make a good roast or boil and stew well.—Novelty News.

Mistress—Look here, Susan, I can write my name in the dust upon this table.

Susan—Ah, mum, there's nothing like education, is there, mum?

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