

land used to do something like this on Hogmanay, the last night of the old year. They went about shouting, "Hogmanay! Hogmanay!" outside people's houses. They also sang an old song:

"Get up, goodwife and shake your feathers,  
Do not think that we are beggars;  
We're but bairns come out to play,  
Give us our cakes and let's away."

At each house they were given something—pennies or scones or currant-buns.

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Teacher—What does the word "celibacy" mean? Class—The state or condition of being single. Teacher—Correct. Now if you wanted to express the opposite of celibacy, or singleness, what word would you use? Bright Pupil—Pleurisy.

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Greek may have gone out of fashion, but Greeks have not. The being who used to live for us only in the pages of ancient history is now a familiar figure in every American city. The episode reported in the *Chicago Tribune* may, therefore, have had a foundation in fact.

"Mention the name of some well-known Greek," said the teacher of a juvenile class in history.

"George," spoke up the curly-haired little boy.

"George who?"

"I don't know the rest of his name, ma'am. He comes round to our house every Thursday with bananas and oranges."

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One day Mr. Smith went to buy a bushel of buckwheat for sowing. The man who sold the wheat was away, but his wife undertook to wait on the customer. She found a peck measure, and they went to the granary.

She filled the measure twice, continues the account in *Everybody's Magazine*, and, pouring the contents into the bag, began to tie it up.

"But, Mrs. Lawton," said the man, "it takes four pecks to make a bushel."

"Oh, does it?" replied the woman, as she untied the bag. "Well, you see I never had any experience in measuring grain before I married Mr. Lawton. I always taught school."

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Passerby—What's the fuss in the school-yard, boy?

The Boy—Why the doctor has just been around examinin' us an' one of the deficient boys is knockin' the everlastin' stuffin's out of a perfect kid.—*American School Board Journal*.