1916

Bits of Humor

Kentucky Law Journal
the original dedication and appropriation, and the courts are also taking more into consideration the question whether the local public service rendered by the interurban railway outweighs the burden imposed by it upon the streets and country roads.

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BITS OF HUMOR.

Proofs Were Lacking.

Here is a little story printed in the Philadelphia Telegraph, that was recently told by Representative William H. Murray, of Oklahoma, in gently throwing the harpoon into a lawyer friend:

One afternoon a stranger debarked from a train at a hustling town in the west, and headed up the street. Finally he met a party that looked like a native.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, halting the likely looking party. "Are you a resident of this town?"

"Yes, sir," was the ready rejoinder of the other. "Been here something like fifty years. What can I do for you?"

"I am looking for a criminal lawyer," responded the stranger. "Have you one here?"

"Well," reflectively answered the native, "we think we have, but we can't prove it on him."—Case and Comment.

Fair Division.

Scene—Police court during dispute over eight-day clock.

Magistrate—I award the clock to the plaintiff.

Defendant—Then what do I get?

Magistrate—I'll give you the eight days.—Stray Stories.

A Hot Trail.

Jefferson county constables expect to have no difficulty in trailing the desperate men who committed a robbery hitherto unrecorded in the annals of Kentucky crime. They raided the skunk farm of
B. T. Gividen on the Preston street road and carried away an hun-
dred of its odoriferous occupants.

Worth the Risk.

"Well, Dinah, I hear you are married."
"Yassum," said the former cook, "I'se done got me a man now."
"Is he a good provider?"
"Yassum. He's a mighty good pervider, but I'se powerful skeered he's gwine ter git kotched at it."—Birmingham Age Herald.

Poor Dennis!

"Ah, Mrs. Flaherty, but ye look sad this mornin'!"
"Faith an' why shouldn't I look sad whin me Dennis has been dhropped from th' force?"
"Ye don't say! And what for?"
"Well, ye see it was this way. There was a soign on a buildin' what read, 'No trespassing; police take notice.' An' me poor Dennis took it!"—New York Times.

Was Thinker, Not Talker.

Customer—"I've been cheated. I thought you said this parrot was a remarkable bird."

Bird Fancier—"Yes, sir. What I said was that he had been brought up in the company of learned men, and was full of philosophy and scholarship. Of course, he don't talk. Mere idle words have no attraction for him. But he's a remarkable parrot because he's a great thinker."—Lexington Herald.

Wife Beating in Georgia.

"Your Honor," declared Officer McPherson, "I heard an awful yellin' back in the wagon yard, and when I got there, this man was beating his wife. They had just drove in from Grant Park."

Judge Broyles turned sharply on the prisoner, a tall, gaunt far-
mer, with clay-colored complexion.
"Is this true? were you beating your wife, sir?" the judge demanded.
"Yes, Your Honor,"
"How did you come to do it?"
"God knows, Jedge. Fer twenty years she allus wuz th' one what did th' beatin', but I jes' happened ter catch her when she wasn't feelin' right."—The Co-operator.

Strategic Retreat.

Two boys, one the possessor of a permit, were fishing on a certain estate when a gamekeeper suddenly darted from a thicket. The lad with the permit uttered a cry of fright, dropped his rod, and ran off at top speed. The gamekeeper was led a swift chase. Then, worn out, the boy halted. The man seized him by the arm, and said between pants:
"Have you a permit to fish on this estate?"
"Yes, to be sure," said the boy quietly.
"You have? Then show it to me."
The boy drew the permit from his pocket. The man examined it, and frowned in perplexity and anger.
"Why did you run when you had this permit?" he asked.
"To let the other boy get away," was the reply. "H didn't have none."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Rendered Town a Service.

Native—"That's Eph Haskins over there. Son of the man that put our town on the map."
Visitor—"How did he do it?"
Native—"Made a special point to go to New York to die, and the papers there had, right out plain under the death notice, 'Bung-. town papers please copy.'"—Puck.

An Appropriate Inscription.

The ladies of a church is one of Cincinnati's suburbs started out to raise a lot of money to be used in decorating the building. On
such a quest; women are irresistible. Kelly knew this. Kelly kept a saloon near by, and he was a fine judge of human nature.

When the ladies, having been told Kelly would contribute, called on him, he gave them his check for five hundred dollars. This burst of generosity floored them for a minute. At last one of them managed to say:

"This is delightful, Mr. Kelly. Such liberality on your part enables us to get just what we want. We'll take this money and get a beautiful, stained-glass window. Is there anything you would like to put on it, some pretty sentiment or remembrance?"

Kelly gave himself up to profound thought.

"I think," he announced his decision, "it would look foine to have on the glass in nate, clare letters something like this: 'After mass visit Kelly's.'"—The Popular Magazine.

No Resting Here.

In Wyoming, during a trial before a justice of the peace, in the back of a hardware store of which the "jedge" was the owner, the attorney for the prosecution said finally:

"With this, your honor, we'll rest our case."

"Rest nothin'!" "his honoh" thundered. "I want to get done and git out. There'll be no restin' in this court till the case is over!"—The Popular Magazine.
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