Black Stones

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Get Married

Lord Coke: Judge says that some people marry for love, some for money, but most of them for only a short time. It says also that about all that is necessary for a divorce nowadays is a wedding. I'm dreadfully worried; what shall I do?—Merry Ann.

War is hell.
Peace is heller.
MOONSHINE IS WORSE.

Court business is speeding up, according to William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the United States. And speeding up is court business, any traffic officer will tell you.

The airplane is being called a "common" carrier. Strictly speaking, at the present stage of developments, while it is a carrier, it is hardly common.

Our requirement of the man of the hour is that he also be up to the minute.

One of the funny things about politics is that a candidate attempts to stand on a platform and run at the same time.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Even when a law has teeth in it there must be somebody to make it bite.—Mobile Register.

Being Exact

Lawyer: "When the incident occurred, how far away were you?"
Witness: "Fo' ty-fo' feet an' nine inches."
Lawyer: "Come, now, stop this nonsense."
Witness: "Boss, Ah knew some lawyer would ask that question, so Ah measured it."

Sifting the Evidence

Lawyer: "Have you any grounds for straining the points in this case?"
Witness: "Only to make it more clear, sir."

Old Maids Swear By Them

Eating Fortnum and Mason's Crystallized Strawberries is more than a delight—it is an emotion. 5s. a pound.—182, Piccadilly.—London Times.

The Paper-Book Says:

A day in New York makes us glad to be up here on the farm, where the motorman waits for us to put on our rubbers. (Or in Chicago where the interval between street cars gives us time to go back and finish breakfast.—Ed.)

Think of the wise fellows who "weren't at home" when Rockefeller tried to sell them a few shares in the early days. We were reminded of this the other evening when a man came to let us in on the ground floor of a new accessory. You won't find us getting left ten years from now.
"What work are you doing today?" asked the king of his three secretaries, with the idea of giving his beautiful daughter's hand to the one who answered best.

"I am doing tomorrow's work today," answered one.

"I am doing today's work today," came the second.

Said the third, "Your Majesty, I haven't caught up yet with last month's mail."

"You, then," said the King, "shall have my daughter's hand. I'm sick of these efficient guys, anyhow!"

At the age of fifty, one settles down into certain well-defined convictions, most of which are wrong.

"It beats all," says grandma. "Soon as I catch up on my instalments to that face-lifting surgeon, I find myself three payments behind on the roadster."

One lesson we learn from surgery is that before people will accept a blessing they must be etherized.

Recent biographies of George Washington show that he was so much like the rest of us that we begin to feel sorry for him.

A Bet That Won on State Street
Rolled Stocking to show.—Clancy.

"I suppose your husband is quite prosperous in business."

"Oh, yes, he's taking in a lot of money. Last night he told me that a receiver was to be appointed to assist him."