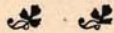


WILBUR F. SKILLMAN.

BONES, MOLARS,  
AND BRIEFS.



UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND.



1897.



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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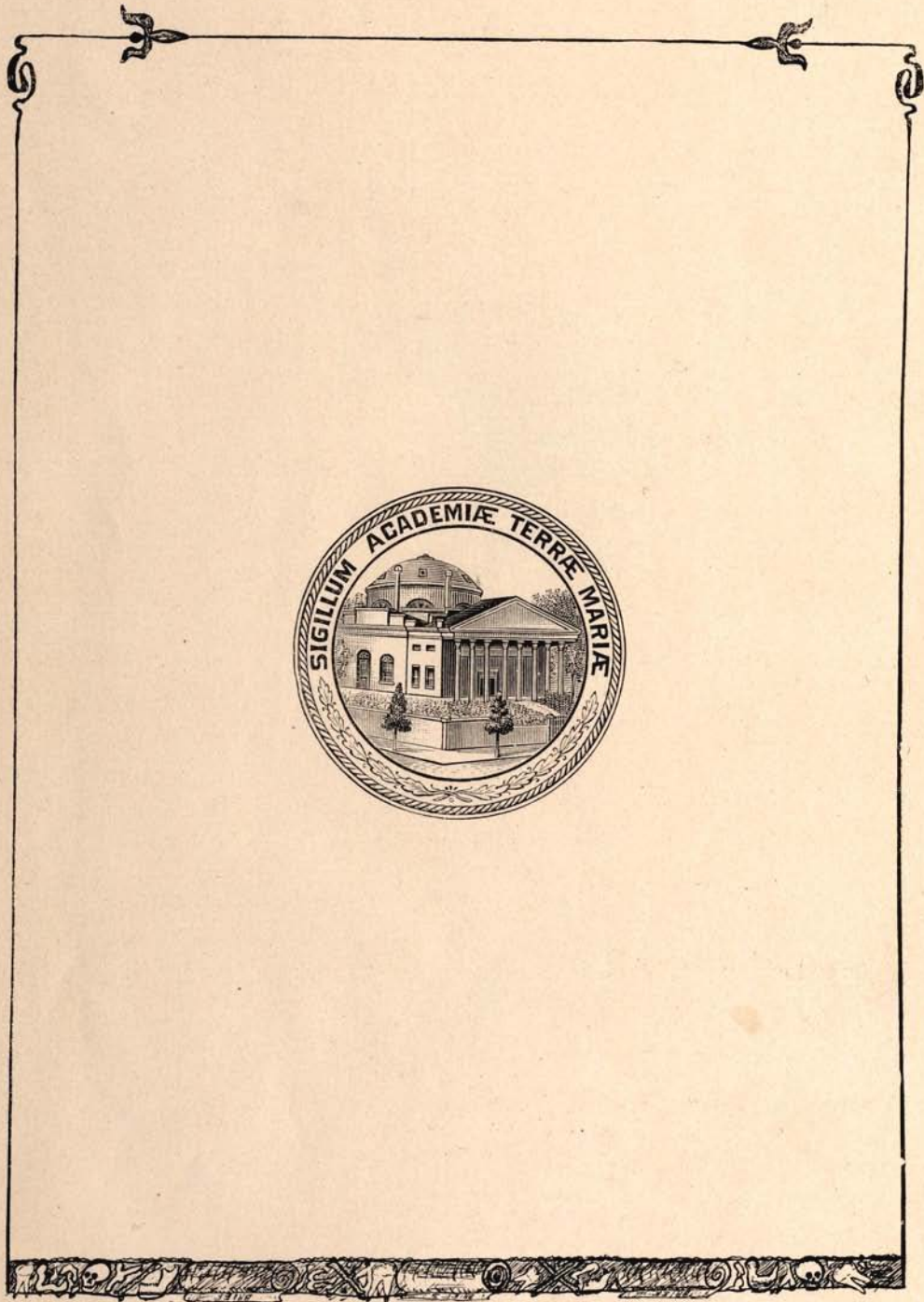
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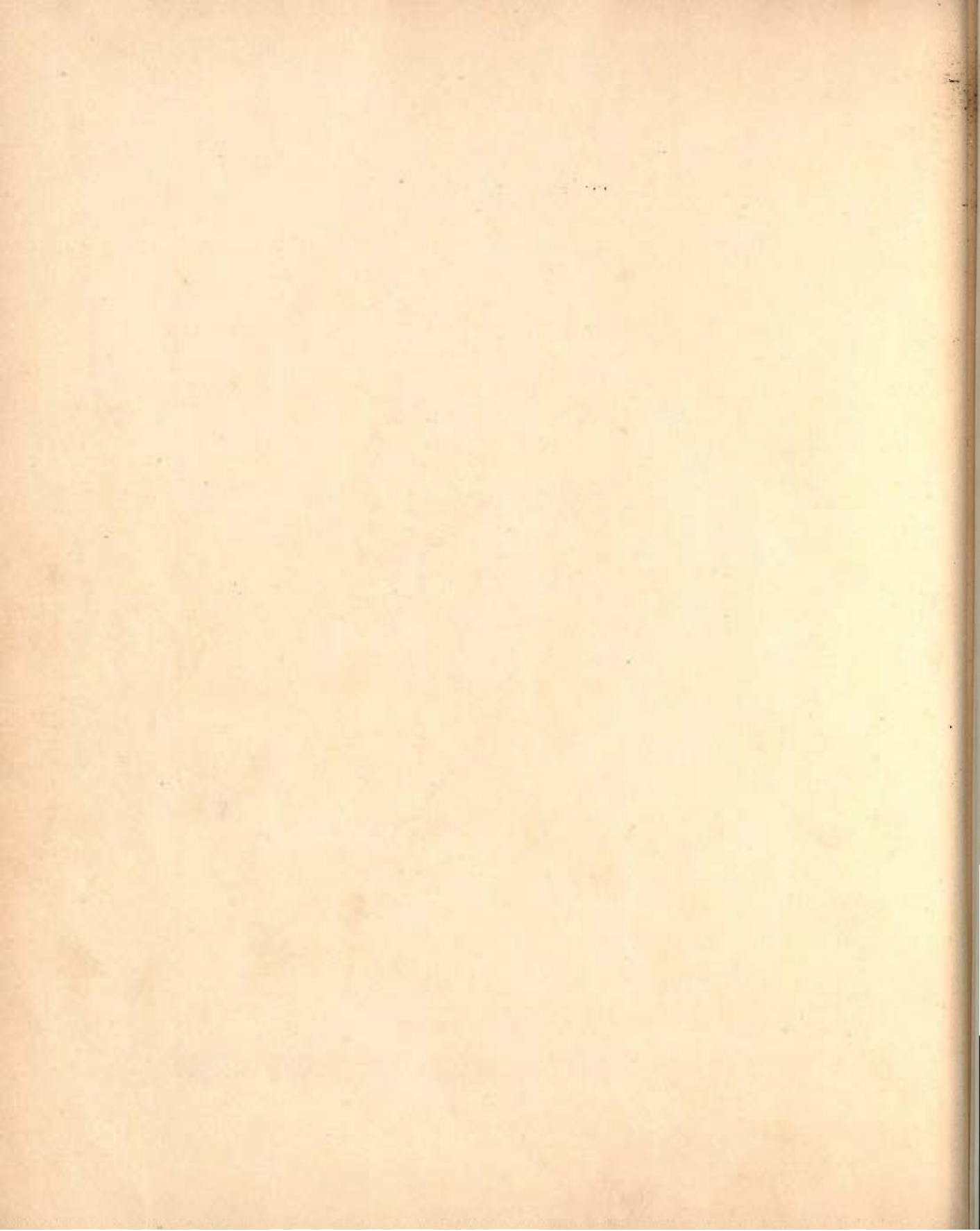


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WILBUR F. SKILLMAN.





*To the University of Maryland: "May she live long and prosper!"*

## WILBUR F. SKILLMAN.

### Prologue.

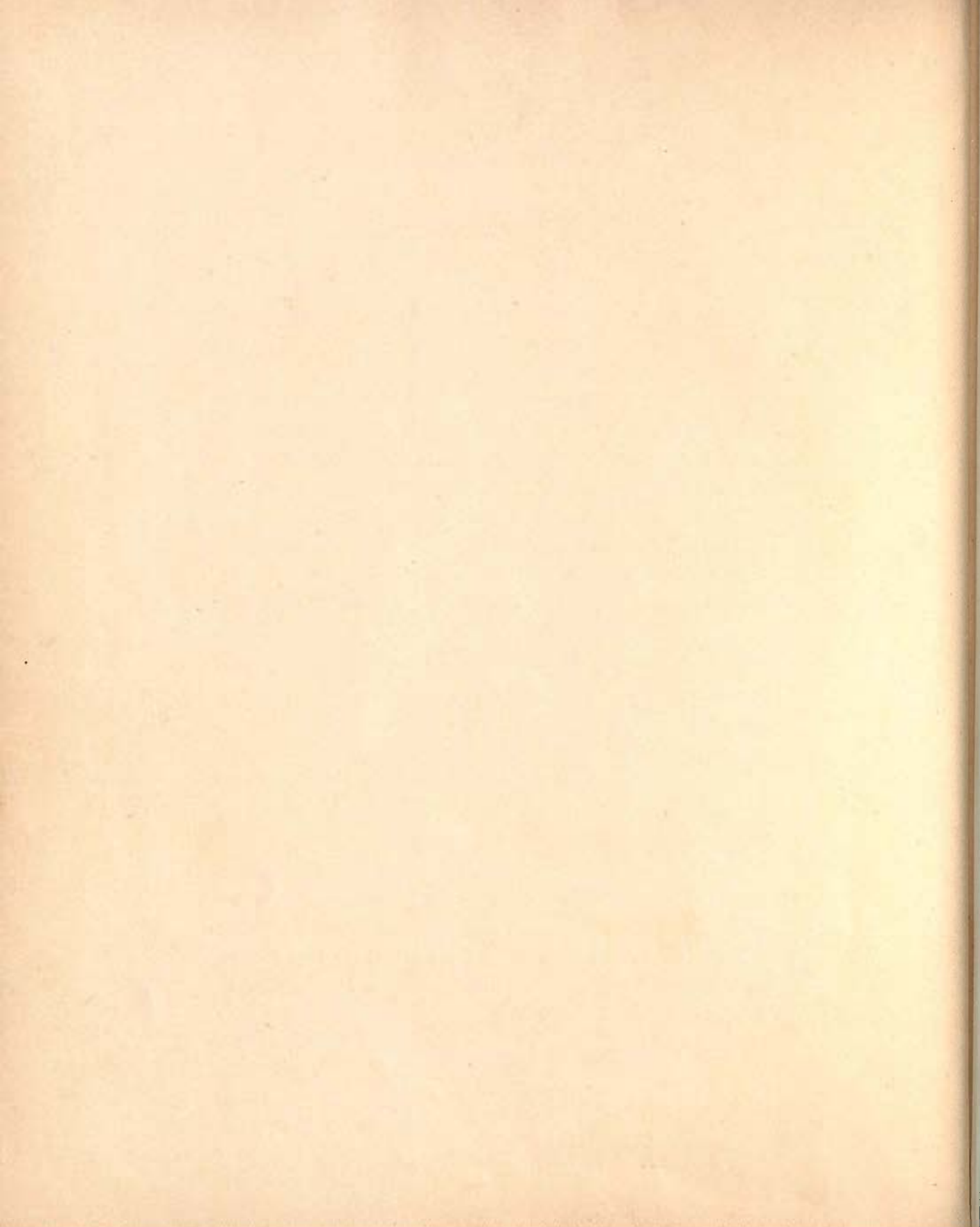


WITH a limited amount of time at our disposal for the preparation of this work, we have endeavored to gather into the volume much that may interest the friends and students of the University of Maryland. In the confidence characteristic of the student, the play of the University life is thrown open to the public, trusting that kind friends may not be too effusive in their criticisms upon this initiative annual.

Fostered by the new spirit of advancement for the venerable, but hale, institution, and for the closer union of her students, the knowledge, we believe, of a laudable desire upon the part of her sons to glorify and emblazon the deeds of their *Alma Mater*, and to furnish record of some of the amusing happenings connected with student life, may be a sufficient apology for inflicting upon an indulgent public these rare conglomerate parts of a serio-comic drama. Many aspiring young *litterateurs* have come forward eager to find space for the results of their labors; and the editors can but hope that they have made judicious selections for presentation herein.

After the appearance of a harlequin or two, we will conclude with a grand dance and chorus, accompanied by the rattle and rustle of *bones, molars, and briefs*. And when the play is done, and we have no longer to stand before the great University bar, let us bear with us thence this book as a souvenir of *Alma Mater*.

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# Ode to the University.

By G—. R—.

Baltimore, *Feb'y 1st, 1894.*

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TO THE UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND, Dr.

For Tuition, payable February 1st, - - - - - \$50 00

For Special Course in..... - - - - -

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## A Legal Nightmare.



*When the fire burns low,  
And the winter's snow  
Beats wildly against the pane,  
For reveries ripe  
I light my pipe  
To build smoke-castles in Spain.*

*As its bowl I stroke,  
While the wreathing smoke  
Pours out from its rosy beams,  
My fanciful mind  
Builds up creatures of wind—  
Now this is one of my dreams :*

*I see now resort  
To a learned court,  
In some litigation pendent,  
Dear Plaintiff Peter,  
That old brow-beater,  
Threatening thunder to Dan Defendant.*

*The home and farm,  
Which kept him warm,  
Has been seized by Thomas Taker,  
And Peter is hurled  
Out into the world  
From the family estate — Blackacre.*

*So Chancery Clerk  
Gets down to his work,  
By reading the pleading papers,  
How Samuel Sup-  
Erintendent's troop  
Were put off the land by Dan's capers.*

*They've summoned Will Wit-  
Ness to come fit  
To tell each Johnnie Juryman  
Trespass clausum freg.  
Is the meat in this egg,  
Which accounts for Peter's fury, man.*

*Now Peter Plaintiff  
Had a legal saint,  
By the name of Learned Lawyer,  
Who would win his case  
At a killing pace,  
Examining Samuel Sawyer.*

*When Sawyer took  
His oath on the Book,  
His eyes flashed like twin fires,  
And his meaning's gist,  
As he shook his fist,  
Was "all the defendants are liars."*

*'Twas Dan Defen  
Lost his temper then  
And went for rollicking Sam.  
Forthwith wiped the floor  
With him hind and fore  
And between each wipe said "Damn."*

*Then into the fight  
With a rare delight  
Jumped all the people in court,  
Bill Bailiff laughed,  
Paul Police chaffed,  
And joined in the high old sport.*

*Trespass vi et arm  
Was making it warm,  
In riot and roystering rout,  
When I slowly awoke  
From a long, sleepy smoke—  
To find my pipe gone out.*

## Pleading, 1898.



**A** CERTAIN magnanimous individual informs us, that being ever solicitous for the welfare of the students of the Law School, and knowing the dire distress which the examinations on Pleading causes to the Intermediates, he has consulted a world-renowned medium, and thanks to the all-embracing knowledge of that individual he is authoritatively enabled to give to the world, Mr. Poe's questions on Pleading, for the examination to be given in January, 1898.

- 1—Peter Plaintiff practices pleading pleas prettily. If Peter Plaintiff practices pleading pleas prettily, please promptly prepare the pleas Peter Plaintiff, pleading, prettily pleads. 2½.
- 2—What is the difference between a femme sole and a boot heel? If a femme sole J. P. married a couple, would this be, as regards the wife, a case of Miss—join'd—her? 31½.
- 3—When will an Italian Count lie? 18½.
- 4—If a parson married three different parties in one day, what would be the proper plea in a prosecution of bigamy? In a case of Mormon conversion, is trover the proper remedy? 1½.
- 5—If a lunatic should enter a jeweler's and dance the Buzzard on a glass showcase, would this be ground for an action on the case? If not, why not? 75½.
- 6—Plaintiff, being attacked by the defendant's dog, lost the seat of his pants, not to speak of meat; he brought trespass, wherefore he broke the plaintiff's close. Was this the proper remedy, or arnica? Give reasons. 41½.
- 7—A tramp broke into plaintiff's store and stole a case of sardines and a ham bone. Plaintiff brought case and trespass de bone-is-aspartato. Was this felicitous vel non? 16.
- 8—Peter Plaintiff went in swimming and left his clothes on the beach. Daniel Defendant came along and eloped with the suit. Peter Plaintiff not suited by this arrangement, while in hot pursuit of Daniel was arrested for indecent exposure. Was this a case of non-suit? Why? And what became of Daniel? 141½.
- 9—Daniel Defendant tortiously converted and devoured a watermelon belonging to Peter Plaintiff, who thereupon procured a stomach pump and sued out a writ of replevin. Daniel pleaded a lawful distress, and issue was joined. The evidence showed that the watermelon was green and cramped Daniel Defendant, constituting the alleged lawful distress. Peter claimed a variance. Could he recover, and if so, could Daniel recover also, and if not, how long before he would die? 27½.



SPECIAL PLEA OF JUSTIFICATION :\*

*For plea, Defendants say  
That these words are true today,  
Have been, and e'er shall be ;  
This then is all their plea.*

REPLECATION :

*These words were never true  
Is our answer now to you.*

REJOINDER :

*They're as true as golden coin,  
So forthwith we issue join.*

With James Judge and Benjamin Bench presiding, twelve Jeremiah Jurymen are sworn in by Charles Clerk, who proceeds to call witnesses as follows :—

*"Come now and tell the truth,  
All ye witnesses forsooth;  
Let the first to show his fitness,  
Be the one named William Witness."*

William Witness being duly sworn in testifies :

*"On January third,  
I, William Witness, heard  
Defendants speak each word,  
Of the Plaintiff's declaration.  
Therefore, by my club's committee  
To select a speaker witty  
For an Irish banquet fit, he  
Was given the negation."*

Learned Lawyer for Plaintiff :

*"Gentlemen upon the Jury,  
Are your minds not filled with fury  
When you hear this grievous tort  
To my Plaintiff's good report?"*

The *onus probandi* being on the Defendant to prove justification (Poe's Pleading, § 177), Charles Clerk now calls Lawrence Liar to testify for defense. He is duly sworn in, and says :

*"Mr. Poe has often said,  
In his lectures to the students,  
That his mind's abode  
Is the Eighty-eight code;  
Such was his learned imprudence.*

\*See Poe's Pleading, § 177.



*"Since Poe and his mind are one,  
And his mind is in the code,  
It follows you know,  
That the code is Poe;  
This is the whole truth, as showed."*

Legal Light, attorney for Defendant, to the Court :

*"The Court must most plainly see  
That the words are a veritee.  
We shall win our case  
At a 'hands down' pace,  
If thusly you'll charge the juree."*

After some discussion, counsel decided to dismiss jury and leave the decision to the Court ; whereupon, after a half hour's recess, Benjamin Bench hands down the opinion of the Court, to wit :—

*"This Court decides without ado,  
Of course, the words alleged are true;  
They also add, they cannot rank it  
Loss to miss an Irish banquet.  
Thereto they say, Poe's reputation  
Extends abroad in this great nation,  
From hut to palace, dome to cellar,  
He is the premier story teller.  
His stories sometimes are risquees,  
But then the world is built that way,  
And 'obiter' Poe, is, you see,  
The Maryland Universitee.  
He said so once (with mental wealth),  
Ergo, he cannot sue himself.  
Also since parties here co-named,  
As students of a law school famed,  
Alliterative children are  
Of this proud member of the bar—  
And most of them, though rather sage,  
Have not yet reached a legal age—  
It therefore follows, to law true,  
He can't his infant children sue.  
The Court's decision, therefore, stands,  
Poe is the code. His high demands  
For damages are set aside.  
He pays the costs. The other side  
For selves the judgment justly earned.  
'Ita lex scripta.' Court's adjourned."*

## Lawyers to Burn.



*The old law school, without any doubt,  
The brightest should be that we e'er found out;  
And the reason this, "wherever we turn  
We always find legal lights to burn."*



## Life and Law.



*"Our life is brief,"  
Old Solomon said,  
As with firm belief  
He nodded his head.  
  
Had he lived today  
In this world of griefs,  
Of us lawyers he'd say—  
"Our life is briefs."*



*The riddle of the ancient Sphinx,  
On many a page, in many inks,  
As day by day the world revolved,  
By divers mortals had been solved.  
But I have here a deeper riddle,  
Than ever came from Sphinx's middle,  
For whose most harrassing solution  
I've worried oft my constitution:  
"Ye powers of law and equitee,  
Who was J. G? \* Likewise H. G? \*"*

\*33 Md.

## The Law School Banquet.



*On a bright December evening, when "Big Sam" his ninth had tolled,  
With a ring so clear and perfect, with a melody that rolled,  
Young men, happy, gay and cheerful, gathered in "The Altamont";  
Others, older, gray and bald head, though with spirits tantamount:  
Students of the Law Department of the M-d. U-ni-v.,  
Hoping some time to be lawyers, were these bipeds gay and free.*

*In the hallway and the parlors stood and sat and sauntered they,  
Cracking jokes and telling stories, acting each his own mind's way;  
Listening to the tales with pleasure, and the words of wisdom, too,  
From the mouths and brains proceeding of the men we deem so true:  
True men in the legal army, with their knowledge tenable—  
John P. Poe upon the one side, other, Richard Venable.*

*Soon the banquet hall was entered, with a rush that quite revealed  
Appetites within their stomachs, appetites quite unconcealed;  
With their toastmaster commanding—the indomitable one,  
Who knows evidence and pleading as the earth the gorgeous sun—  
They were soon around the table, ready to participate  
In the eatables substantial, in the food more delicate.*

*Hours two they sat indulging, and, of course, as boys will do,  
Laughed and talked, and whooped and halloed, while the moments quickly  
flew;  
Thinking not upon their past times, blended with their joys and griefs,  
Thinking not upon the morrow, bringing trouble or relief:  
For their thoughts were on the present, and the pleasures that it gave;  
Heedless, some, of how they acted, though the acts were of a knave.*

*Next in order per the programme, our toastmaster arose  
To announce the evening speakers, which he did unto the close.  
First in order was "The Student," to be roughly tumbled 'bout  
By Old Crusoe, Jack prefixed, with Crusoe from his name scratched out.  
But, alas! for "his appearance had n't been entered by the Clerk,"  
Though, of course, he ne'er intended his engagement there to shirk.*

*Then arose a young man stalwart (?), whom no one denies is Bright—  
With a voice of Bryan firmness (?), with a form by no ways slight (?),  
Bringing forth in lively spirits, in his own peculiar way  
(Which, I dare say, no one envies—no one envied since that day),  
All perfections and all defects of "The Senate,"—noble band—  
The Debating Club for students, foremost standing in the land.*

*Up then Tripped a sturdy student, but he did not seek the floor,  
Neither did he have occasion during the time to seek the door.  
Launched he forth at once upon us, with his accents bold and strong :  
"Legal Briefs and Brevities," not too brief and not too long ;  
Telling us about the Bible and the Patriarchs of old ;  
Eve and Adam in the Garden, shepherds by the old sheep-fold.*

*Then "The Junior," when he enters and the thoughts that round him loom  
As he steps into the lecture, sees the Prof. and scans the room,  
Visibly appeared before us in a mass without alloy  
(For we calmly retrospected), portrayed by a Pat Maloy.  
But this Junior viewed the Senior from a standpoint we dislike,  
For the theory of old Darwin was reversed by this "O' Mike."*

*From among the number present then a likely Chap began—  
Whom at once, as we beheld him, spread himself into a man,—  
Telling us about the "Lawyer." Was it by himself as seen ?  
Was it that his own opinion was reflected on a screen ?  
Or perhaps it was the Lawyer as viewed by the Deity,—  
No ; oh, no ; it was "The Lawyer as seen by the Laity."*

*Titles of nobility Uncle Sam cannot confer,  
For the Constitution plainly does U. S. from this deter.  
Still, amongst our midst assembled was a man of noble type :  
Sur Ratt is a Senior student, with experience full ripe,  
And "The Faculty" he handled 'til some boys grew sleepy, quite,  
Sleepy from the hour's lateness, sleepy from the waning night.*

*When these speeches were concluded, to the great delight of all ;  
When the Profs some jokes related, which at once "wound up the ball,"  
From the hotel they proceeded, some to get rest for the mind,  
Others, tired and so sleepy, for themselves a'rest to find.  
They arose refreshed and happy when had passed the early morn,  
All except the "tired" and "sleepy," homeward plodding, saddened, forlorn.*

## Owed to the Faculty.

(The instructors set to popular music.)



JOHN PRENTISS POE, ESQ.

*Dear little Rosy Poesy,  
Each of your lectures showsey  
What each student knowsey  
You can teach !  
Yes, not a breeze that blowsey,  
Blows more than Johnny Poesey ;  
Inflated lectures disclosesey  
A power of eloquent speech.*

RICHARD M. VENABLE, ESQ.

*He'd not be called a pebble on the beach,—  
No pebble his circumference could reach.  
An exception is his role: a corporation with a soul  
Is this jovial, merry, elephantine "peach."*

THOMAS W. HALL, ESQ.

*Oh, don't you remember slim Tommy, Ben Bolt,  
Lank Tommy, whose voice was so weak?  
We wept with delight when his lectures were o'er,  
Exhausted from hearing him speak.  
In the old lecture-hall, where the door has be'n bolt,  
At tables now bare and alone,  
Oft we sat, while a slab of granite so gray  
At the speaker we'd gladly have thrown.*

JUDGE CHARLES E. PHELPS.

*There's only one book in this world for me,  
And that is my own book on Equity.  
It's nothing but a digest,  
It's hard and dry, you see,  
But it's the only one book in this world for me.*

EDGAR H. GANS, ESQ.

*The tie came back, could n't stay any longer,  
The tie came back,—that necktie gay,  
Its shape little changed, its red more marked and stronger,—  
Yes, the tie came back, it couldn't stay away.*

JUDGE HENRY D. HARLAN.

*When other lips and other eyes  
To you their anger tell,  
In language whose excess imparts,  
They'd like divorce quite well,  
There may, perhaps, in that sad hour  
Some recollection be  
Of lectures that I held to you,—  
And you'll remember me.  
Yes, you'll remember, you'll remember me.*

WILLIAM T. BRANTLY, ESQ.

*Students, what's a contract?  
Give a definition that will hold.  
Don't say that you know it,  
For that's the biggest story ever told.*

THOMAS S. BAER, ESQ.

*"Just tell them that you heard me,"  
He said, "they'll know the rest;  
Just tell them I was chinning still, you know;  
I guess they'll think of leases, estates per antre vie,  
And musty trusts created long ago."*

JUDGE ALBERT RITCHIE.

*Say au revoir, but not good-bye,  
You stood my weary lectures dry,  
You passed exams, but don't forget,  
In the court-room I'll soak you yet.*

WILBUR F. SKILLMAN.

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## Prophecy—Class of '97.



*"In Nature's infinite book of secrets,  
A little I can read."*

THE remarks of the speaker were growing more and more indistinct.

"After the fall of Napoleon—a series of Congresses—Holy Alliance—French Revolution—Great Britain—interference—revolution—revolution——"

That last revolution settled it. The somniferous discourse, its soporific delivery, the listless attitude of the deliverer, the general drowsiness and somnolence pervading the deliverers, had combined to produce a slumber so profound as to make it appear that nothing short of a revolution could afford deliverance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Scenes of his school life surged through the mind of Schoenrich, as he sat in his little office, on the top floor of the large office building, whither he had been driven by a thankful, but moneyless clientele, and an unappreciative world. His reminiscences were caused by an announcement he had just encountered in the newspaper, beginning thus:—

"This is the day set for the trial of the much-discussed case of Kaufman vs. Chapman. The prominence of the parties involved, as well as the large amount of damages claimed, have caused the case to become one of general interest. As is well known, Mr. Kaufman is suing for assault upon, and insult to, his four senses—feeling, smelling, seeing and hearing,—which assault and insult he asserts were inflicted at the last annual banquet of the Class of Ninety-seven, University of Maryland. He claims \$400,000 as a balm for his experience, each of his four outraged senses requiring to be soothed with \$100,000."

A glance at the clock told Schoenrich that the trial had already commenced, so he immediately made preparations to go to the courthouse. Having boarded an air-ship he quickly arrived at his destination, and at once started for the scene of the trial. In the hall he encountered several members of the Class of Ninety-seven. Among them was Sadler, a stout individual with a very sanctimonious face, who had reformed his tricks and manners, and was trying to imitate

Scriptural characters, in which laudable endeavor he had, however, never gotten farther than Balaam's ass. In conjunction with Father Decker, the rigorous ascetic, his spiritual adviser, Sadler was engaged in rehearsing to Bright the esoteric joy and beauty of an entire renunciation of all worldly pleasures and desires. Bright looked gloomy. His hands were in his pockets, as of yore, but a deep melancholy had displaced the gentle smirk that formerly illuminated his classic features. The distressing change was to be attributed to the fact of his signal defeat by Ratcliffe in the recent Congressional campaign, when the latter, by the judicious use of a few incomprehensible Latin phrases had made a greater impression on the intelligent populace of the Eastern Shore, than all of Bright's congenial smiles.

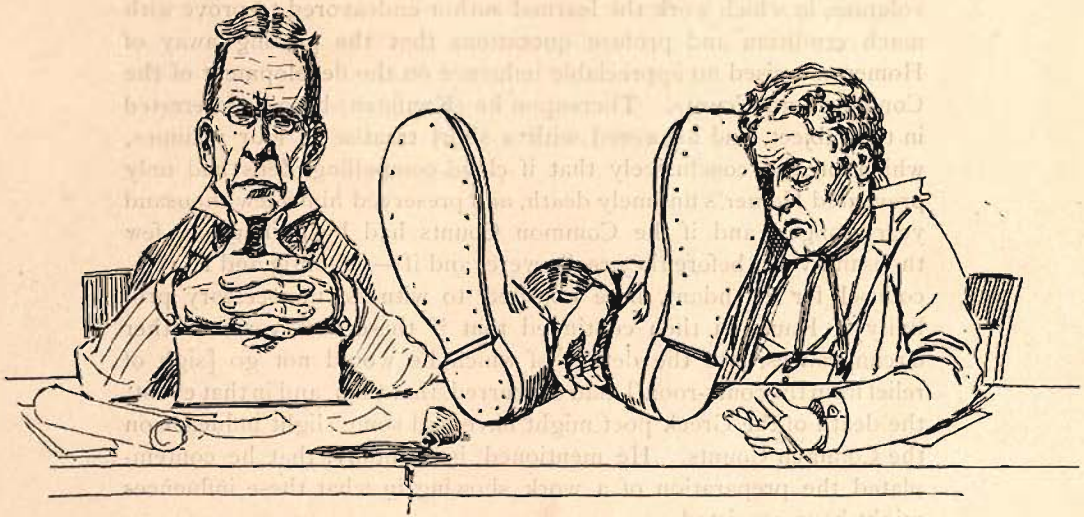
On entering the court-room, Schoenrich was greeted by loud cries of "Hats off!" from Reddington and Clothier, the court criers. As he had doffed his hat in the lobby, he turned and saw that the order was addressed to Grandpa Hall, whose high silk hat was still there, though he himself had become bent with age. The old gentleman removed his stovepipe without deigning a look of recognition to anyone, just as in the days gone by.

The court-room was crowded with illustrious members of the famous Class of Ninety-seven, who had assembled to witness the forensic struggle that was to be the sequel to the deplorable personal wrangle between two of their former associates. The Rev. Charlton B. Strayer, D.D., LL.D., etc., *ad infin.*, was there with his whiskers arranged in a new way. Not only as a minister but also as an inventive genius, Strayer had proven himself possessed of remarkable abilities. His wonderful inventive faculties had been displayed in the countless different arrangements of his beard and mustache, a new combination being exhibited daily. Indeed, his friends claimed for him an average of three different arrangements per day, but this statement emanating, as it did, from persons predisposed in his favor, was probably somewhat exaggerated. The substantial countenance of Spencer was also in full view, beaming benignantly on Burton and Gibbons, whose self-satisfied, smiling faces bore witness to the success they had achieved in life. Then there were also Jump, the well-known dealer in hops, and Parker, the living skeleton in the circus where Gately acted the part of the fat woman, and Pulver represented the bearded lady. These last four had given up law for vocations more remunerative to them. Nearby stood Tommy Copenhaver, the



## WILBUR F. SKILLMAN.

very picture of hopeless patience on a monument. Poor fellow—he had spent nearly all his earnings for the last twenty-five years in the encouragement of a mustache that never came. His office was decorated with such mottoes as, "Watch and wait," "Never say dye," "Everything cometh to him who useth the proper hair inducer," and others of a similar and equally edifying character. With great sighs, far out of proportion to his own diminutive size, he was in the habit of examining the faint down on his upper lip twice daily through a strong microscope, and several times when he thought he detected an increment, slight though it was in its length, he gave a dinner in celebration of the joyous event, only to be bitterly disappointed by



discovering that it was but a passing delusion, and by receiving a verification of the old saw that, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." How enviously he eyed Choate, who was standing not far away stroking his long beard. Choate's magnificent gift of talking infinity and saying zero had won for him the admiration of the Populists, which admiration was enhanced to such a degree by his shaggy beard, that they offered him the nomination for the Presidency if he would join their party. He accepted, and was consequently enjoying the distinction of being a defeated Presidential candidate.

On the bench sat Bansenmer, with a very long and profoundly pensive face, and "Toots" Maydwell, dozing, of course. Beside

them two large feet appeared on the desk, behind which the presence of Bennett was surmised, he having been assigned to temporarily take the place of Fisher, who was unable to appear, owing to a severe case of expansion of the cranium, an affliction from which he had been suffering since his appointment as Justice of the Peace, but which had been rendered acute by his recent elevation to the Bench.

Kaufman was on the stand. He was testifying as to the origin of the unfortunate trouble between himself and his former friend. According to his statement, it all arose over a book published by Chapman, entitled "The Influence of the Death of Homer on the Development of the Common Law Counts in Assumpsit," in three volumes, in which work the learned author endeavored to prove with much erudition and profuse quotations that the passing away of Homer exercised no appreciable influence on the development of the Common Law Counts. Thereupon he (Kaufman) became interested in the subject, and answered with a short treatise in four volumes, which proved conclusively that if cloud-compelling Zens had only prevented Homer's untimely death, and preserved him a few thousand years longer, and if the Common Counts had been in use a few thousand years before they really were, and if— [Fechtig and Harlan, counsel for defendant, here objected to witness' unnecessary prolixity]. Kaufman then continued that if these and various other circumstances, into the details of which he would not go [sigh of relief from the court-room], had concurred, that then, and in that event, the death of the Greek poet might have had some slight influence on the Common Counts. He mentioned, incidentally, that he contemplated the preparation of a work showing in what these influences might have consisted.

[At this, Denhard, Mayor of the recently incorporated city of Highlandtown, and Forsythe, his private secretary, gave involuntary but sonorous groans, for which they were fined by the Court, Clothier and Reddington meanwhile making the roof ring with loud and angry cries of "silence!"]

The testimony continued that Chapman had, by a replication in five volumes, expressed the opinion that inasmuch as Kaufman's assertions were based on suppositions, shadowy, impossible hypotheses, they must necessarily all be fallacious and worthy of no credence whatsoever. That the feelings of animosity thus engendered came to an outbreak at the twenty-fifth annual banquet of the Class of Ninety-

seven. On that occasion when Rummel, member of Congress from West Virginia, had finished his address, the auditors were naturally very tired, and some even yawned.

[At this juncture the room resounded with a gentle snore, which was traced to Judge Maydwell, who on receiving a slight thrust in the ribs from his associate, Judge Bansemer, inquired drowsily: "Is the lecture over, Ott?" A stronger thrust and a soft tap from one of the large feet roused him and the trial proceeded.]

Surratt, the toastmaster—so plaintiff went on to say—had then proposed the next toast, to which Fallon was about to respond, when Chapman, thinking he noticed a sleepy look in Kaufman's eye, remarked to Requardt, who sat between them, that even Homer nodded occasionally. This reference to the subject of their antagonistic lucubrations being quietly resented, Chapman had risen and deliberately seizing Kaufman's nose, had given it a vehement twitch. The timely intervention of his friends forcibly restraining him from further personal violence, he retreated a step, and elevating his hand to his own olfactory organ, arranged his fingers in an offensive position, indicative of contempt, saying at the same time: "You cant't monkey with me, Marcus Aurelius!" For these injurious actions and words, plaintiff claimed damages.

All these points were brought out in an admirable manner by Cahn and Greenbaum, solicitors for plaintiff, whose genius for asking questions exhibited years ago in the lecture hall had in no wise degenerated.

Cross examination being waived, Slingluff was put on the stand on behalf of the complainant. He stated that the books written by the parties to the suit were immense volumes, and that, though he had never read them, he knew from simply looking over them that the quotations they contained were, as he very appositely expressed it, something awful. He averred that, as far as he knew, he was the only mortal besides Piper who had been so audaciously venturesome as even to look through them, since most people contented themselves with glancing at the title-page and feeling sick. Cross examination elicited the further facts that Piper had read a great part of the learned researches, but had died from the effects of a Chinese quotation on the third page of Kaufman's book; that Piper's relatives thereupon sued Kaufman for damages, but that the Court took the case from the jury, it being such a plain instance of gross contributory negligence.

Lee Meyer, who was next called, with much volubility and great oratorical exertion, substantiated the statements of Slingluff, as to the ponderosity of the tomes. The rupture of his windpipe which had occurred when he was "splitting the ears of groundlings" while on a stumping tour through the rural districts some time previously, and which it was hoped would render him permanently harmless, had healed, so that he was now more vociferous than ever.

He had hardly concluded his testimony when a thing labeled "Exhibit A," which had been standing near the Judges' desk, turned round and began to move toward the door. It was discovered to be Conrad, to whom someone had attached the label, either through inadvertence, pardonable in this case, or mischief, also pardonable in this case. He was closely followed by Hoblitzell, and now the reason of the sudden exodus flashed across the assembly. It was time for their daily promenade on Lexington street. First as rivals, and afterward as friends, these two had day after day for many years, as regularly as clockwork, paraded that thoroughfare; and it was characteristic that while Hoblitzell in time became acquainted with, and beloved by, all the store girls on the route, Conrad simply surged by like an ocean swell. The latter still retained his old sobriquet of "Count," although being but a dude, he really was not of much account. He was Past Grand Master of the United Order of American Beauty Spots, in which Griswold and Thomas, the Siamese twins, were High Priests.

An individual, whose head was entirely screened from view by a gigantic collar, now took the stand. A voice that proceeded from behind the collar, the interposition of which gave it a sepulchral sound, was recognized as that of Jack Requardt. Notwithstanding the agonies he suffered, especially in warm weather, by reason of the extraordinary altitude of his collars, their height had increased to keep pace with his inordinate fondness for such neckwear, until matters had arrived at the present deplorable stage. Indeed, Requardt was seriously considering a generous offer, lately made by a wide-awake advertising agency, for the rental of his collar for the purpose of exhibiting advertisements thereon.

The voice from behind the collar testified that its owner was present at the banquet of the Class of Ninety-seven; heard Chapman's allusion to the occasional nodding of the lamented Homer, and had then heard Kaufman answer that it would be better for the world if some people should nod instead of writing books. Thereupon



sounds of a scuffle had ensued. He did not see the contestants on account of his intervening collar, nor was he cognizant of what was said during the scuffle, because the sounds were so muffled by the time they reached his ears. When interrogated as to why he incommoded himself with such a monstrous collar, he replied that he did it for the sake of appearances. If this was his sole object, he certainly succeeded wonderfully.

This collared individual was then collared by a colored individual and assisted from the stand. He was joined by his two bosom friends, Foos and Hubner, who had long competed with him in enduring mental and bodily anguish on account of high neckwear, but whom he had left far behind. Hubner, though not exactly a *lumen mundi* himself, had successfully passed the civil-service examination for chief of lamplighters of Baltimore City; while Foos had accepted a more stationary and quiet position as dummy in the show-window of a large clothing establishment on Baltimore street, where he was permitted to indulge, to his heart's content, his passion for wearing new clothes.

As the illustrious triumvirate passed out, a no less illustrious portion of the Class—the foreign jurists and statesmen—was brought into prominent view. There was Archibald, who had for years occupied a position as Judge in that judicial circuit of Florida which embraced the Everglades, where, perhaps from his daily association with alligators, he had acquired an exceedingly snappy temper. His face looked as sour as if he had swallowed an entire lemon orchard. It reminded everyone beholding it of a lobster—it was so crabbed. Close by him stood the two distinguished Virginians, Lyell, the Governor of the Old Dominion, and Chambers, who represented her in Congress. The latter, being literally a great man, was consequently quite high-minded, and had, therefore, involuntarily contracted the habit of looking down on his associates. Lyell had overcome this habit, so far as it concerned him, by allowing his pompadour to grow to an awe-inspiring height. It was reported that he used three pounds of glue a week to keep it erect. But this (i. e., the report, as well as the glue) was by others asserted to be a mere fabrication. Wilson, too, was there. That celebrity had at one time shown dangerous symptoms of an unholy desire to add to the vast array of literature on the Rule in Shelley's Case, but was deterred by timely threats



of tarring and feathering from his more humane Cowboy fellow-citizens. After dismissing his morbid ambitions, and dropping much of the polish he had acquired in the East, he gradually succeeded in winning the confidence of the Cowboys, so that he now occupied the proud post of Governor of the Lone Star State.

Before the trial proceeded, the serenity of the court-room was disturbed by a slight controversy. Telfibs W. Marriott, the eminent real estate dealer, had made some irrelevant ejaculation terminating with his usual allusion to the gods and little fishes. Ash, though he did not understand what was said, heard that some remark had been made: that sufficed him; he, of course, immediately disputed everything, and began maintaining his views in a most voluble and excited manner. Clothier exerted his utmost lung power; Reddington's voice considerably damaged the welkin, and the Court imposed a heavy fine before he was persuaded of the impropriety of giving utterance to his feelings at that time and place.

A number of witnesses that followed stated substantially the same things previously offered in evidence. Marine, the Class tow-head, and who as a lawyer had proven a gem of the first water; Wynn, who had won laurels as a reporter, ever since he conquered the not anomalous habit of taking copious notes at the beginning of a discourse or lecture, and falling asleep toward the middle of it; Speed, whose fame had sped over the State since he shaved off the ragged hirsute growth on his lip, and devoted himself to raising turnips; Mayo, the sunburnt captain of an oyster boat; Foster, the well-known restaurateur and gastronomer; all gave their testimony. The cross-examiners could not extract much from Morton, whose hesitating way was so predominant that information had to be drawn from him like a cork from a bottle. Mister appeared on the stand in garments anything but new. In choosing between the law and starvation he seemed to have obtained both. The fickle goddess of fortune had not entered the office of Mister, at least he often said he missed her. Dodson, when he was called wore clothes that might have been stylish twenty years ago, thus proving that his former nickname, "Rip Van Winkle," had not lost its applicability.

Robinson was called but did not respond. The Court was about to order his arrest when Schoenrich volunteered to explain the culprit's absence. As he took the stand the Court expressly charged him to refrain from puns. He answered: "I shall, for I fear *punishment*." After the hubbub had subsided, and he had been fined for

contempt of Court, he stated that Robinson was confined to his room from the effects of a blow inflicted by an enraged attorney whom he had defeated in a law case. "What made the other lawyer so angry?" was asked. The answer came promptly: "Well, you see, after his victory Robinson crew so ——"

The tumult which followed was indescribable. Judge Maydwell cried from the bench: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Ott?" A noise arose as of a violent moving of chairs, of the loud shuffling of many feet, a majestic figure holding aloft a lighted torch seemed to approach, and Schoenrich closed his eyes in apprehension of impending doom.

The voice of Maydwell again smote upon his ear: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Ott? The lecture is over. Here's a fellow that's always growling about others dozing, fast asleep himself."

It was indeed so. The somniferous discourse had concluded, the listless lecturer was leaving the hall, the moving of chairs and shuffling of feet were caused by departing, rejoicing students, while the majestic figure resolved itself into Runge, the janitor, laboriously lighting the gas.

"Old men dream dreams, but young men see visions." Can this have been a vision?





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Bosley, E. W. . . . .	Towson, Md.
Budnitz, Edwin . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Bullock, William . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Brooks, Gaylord . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Conrad, John F., Jr. (A.B.) . . . . .	Catonsville, Md.
Clift, William Cochran . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Clayton, C. Herbert . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Cockey, E. Randolph . . . . .	Glyndon, Md.
Chase, Walter W. . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Codd, Clarence J. . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Deming, J. B. . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Donaldson, Albert E. . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Darnall, R. B. . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Dankmeyer, Charles H. . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Einsler, Charles E. . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Fountain, J. Marion . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Ford, R. B. . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Fitchett, Thomas H. . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Grimes, E. O. (A.B.) . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
Goodrich, Ivan J. . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Hull, Graham B. . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Hustall, J. O. . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Heming, W. Taylor . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Holyknight, Louis . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Hebden, Roland . . . . .	Lake Roland, Md.
Hook, Chas. A., Jr. . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Hammond, Edward M. . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Jackson, J. H. Bascom . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Jackson, William A. . . . .	Baltimore, Md.

King, Henry W.	Baltimore, Md.
Kines, Louis W.	Baltimore, Md.
Korb, Gustavus A.	Baltimore, Md.
Lambert, A. Harris	Baltimore, Md.
Luthhardt, Frank F.	Baltimore, Md.
Maloy, William Milnes	Baltimore, Md.
Morfit, Mason P.	Baltimore, Md.
Murphy, John H. (A.B.)	Baltimore, Md.
May, Richard C.	Baltimore, Md.
Maas, J. Justus	Baltimore, Md.
Marr, George	Baltimore, Md.
Mendall, Louis H.	Baltimore, Md.
Miller, Anthon H.	Baltimore, Md.
Nice, Harry W.	Baltimore, Md.
Noel, Frank D.	Baltimore, Md.
Ohr, Albert E.	Cumberland, Md.
Owings, George	Baltimore, Md.
Parker, Walter W.	Baltimore, Md.
Parker, Clinton P.	Baltimore, Md.
Rosendale, Christopher, Jr.	Baltimore, Md.
Richardson, Thomas A.	Washington, D. C.
Rosenbush, Meyer	Baltimore, Md.
Richardson, M. J.	Baltimore, Md.
Sappington, Edward H.	Baltimore, Md.
Selden, Charles, Jr.	Baltimore, Md.
Sherbert, J. R.	Baltimore, Md.
Silance, Charles B.	Baltimore, Md.
Stanley, Edward S.	Baltimore, Md.
Sucro, William C.	Baltimore, Md.
Tucker, Claude E.	Baltimore, Md.
Tate, Williamson	Baltimore, Md.
Ullman, Jesse	Baltimore, Md.
Willms, J. Harry	Baltimore, Md.
Whitaker, H. A. (A.B.)	Forrest Hill, Md.
Wheatley, William A.	Baltimore, Md.
White, W. C.	Arlington, Md.
Walker, M. Barrett	Belair, Md.
Warfield, F. Howard (A.B.)	Baltimore, Md.

## Impressions of a Junior.



ONE Monday evening, early in October of the past year, a motley crowd of masculines assembled in front of the Law School building. There were tow and towzled heads among them, Puritan and Cavalier locks, and polished craniums with no bristle or mattress crop to harvest. Certain members of this, as yet, lawless assembly had traveled from the far-off region of Highlandtown, where the sun rises and the breweries thrive; various rioters had hoofed it from the sweet-scented scenery of Spring Gardens, some had hied them hither from the parks and squares of the fashionable West End. Distant lands and States had sent their representatives. A goodly company of blue men and gray men, gold men and silver men, wise men from the East and wild men from the West, had come to sit at the feet of Solomon.

A dinner bell rang in the great domed building nearby; the future morgue-masters and census decreaseers filed in, the clock struck six, the mob did break and enter the little brick shanty, labeled Law School, and the present Junior Class was born.

In our early life at the University we were made aware of the existence of a few self-thought superior beings who lingered in the library, posing in attitudes according to Delsarte, indicative of affected intellectuality. We learned that these highly important individuals were technically termed Seniors. The frons and occiput of the average Senior is so abnormally developed that we have never ceased to wonder how the lecturer could effect an entrance into the hall when this Class had assembled. Whenever we have asked them questions concerning points of law which puzzle us, we have invariably received the reply, "Fee first, please."

The missing link between the man Junior and monkey Senior is the Intermediate. Prof. Lombroso and Max Nordau, in their search for degenerates, could study this Class with profit.

We are inclined to believe the artist, Oscar Wilde, when he says that he found the material for his "Decay of Lying" in the encyclopedias, under the caption "Law Student."

We have attended the sessions of the Moot Court and heard the counsel throw bouquets at one another in the way of "learned brother." We have ascertained the precise meaning of "learned," and have ceased to use the word. We have reached the Senate in time to hear it called to order, and before we have removed our overcoats have seen that august body adjourn. We have heard the Senior Senators talk of how much they chipped in, and then been allowed to smell the tell-tale pitcher, for with apologies to Tom Moore,—

"You may break, you may shatter the *can* if you will,  
But the scent of the *growler* will cling 'round it still.

Our early mental wrestlings with the law were awful to contemplate. When in the first lectures our preceptor referred to Lord Campbell's Statute, one unsophisticated Junior, whose ear was not attuned to catch the ultimate, promptly inquired if that were Lord Campbell's statue which fronts the Monument. "Redressing wrongs" engendered thoughts of Anthony Comstock and the nude in art. "Artificial persons" called to mind Galatea and the German artisan, whose skill counterfeited the work of the Creator.

Before we conceived the idea of entering upon the study of law, we were familiar with the fame of the Chief Judge of Baltimore. As it is the fault of immature intellects to associate magnitude with greatness, and power with extent, upon our first entrance into the lecture-room we looked at the lofty ceiling, and wondered how in a space even of such ample proportions, the great Chief Judge could keep from hitting his head on the rafters. While awaiting the arrival of our lecturer, the door opened and a student entered. The newcomer was so slight of figure that his little overcoat wrapped around him in the wind like the clothes of a scare-crow around the bean-pole support, his walk was an excuse for a rule of action, his head was so heavy with legal learning that his little neck could not keep it erect. A student who had figured in a divorce suit communicated the identity of the newcomer to his neighbors, and in an instant it was known throughout the Class that we were in the presence of the far-famed Boy Chief Judge of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore City.

We noticed at odd intervals in the Law School, a gentleman whose characteristics were a rotund Friar Tuck body, a Pickwickian face, capped by a Seven Sutherland Sisters "before using" head;

the whole contrivance moving with a mode of locomotion peculiar to a "Pinafore" sailor "supe." We were told that he was the great John P. Poe, the monument of the bar, the personification of the law library, heir to all the law in existence, but that in him would fail the ultimate inheritable estate, for there was no hair-apparent.

Among the members of the Faculty, there was pointed out to us a talented son of the South, who has enough degrees to his name to supply a thermometer factory for a season. After the late "unpleasantness" he had left the beloved mint-julip and home-grown weed of the South, to become learned in the law, and to write a book which has heralded the fame and name of Major Richard Venable wherever lawyers are congregated.

On the array of legal talent represented by the Faculty, we gaze with reverence and respect. We listen to the voices of men who have studied the laws of all ages, climes and nations. They furnish us fruits gleaned from Zoroaster and Confucius, knowledge received at the feet of Aristotle and Plato, words of wisdom caught from Solon and Lycurgus, pearls from the pool of the Magna Charta, marrowy bones from Bacon's "Organum," flowers culled in their walks with Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, all offered up in plenteous splendor to those ready to receive. We look around on Senior and Intermediate, Moot Court and Library, Senate and Faculty, and from the depths of our hearts we are thankful that our lives have been cast in such pleasant places.