

BONES, MOLARS,  
AND BRIEFS. ¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶

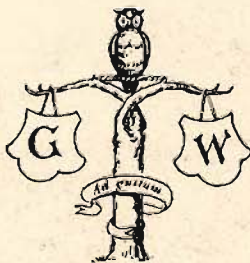


UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND.



1899.

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASSES  
OF THE SEVERAL SCHOOLS.



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1899.

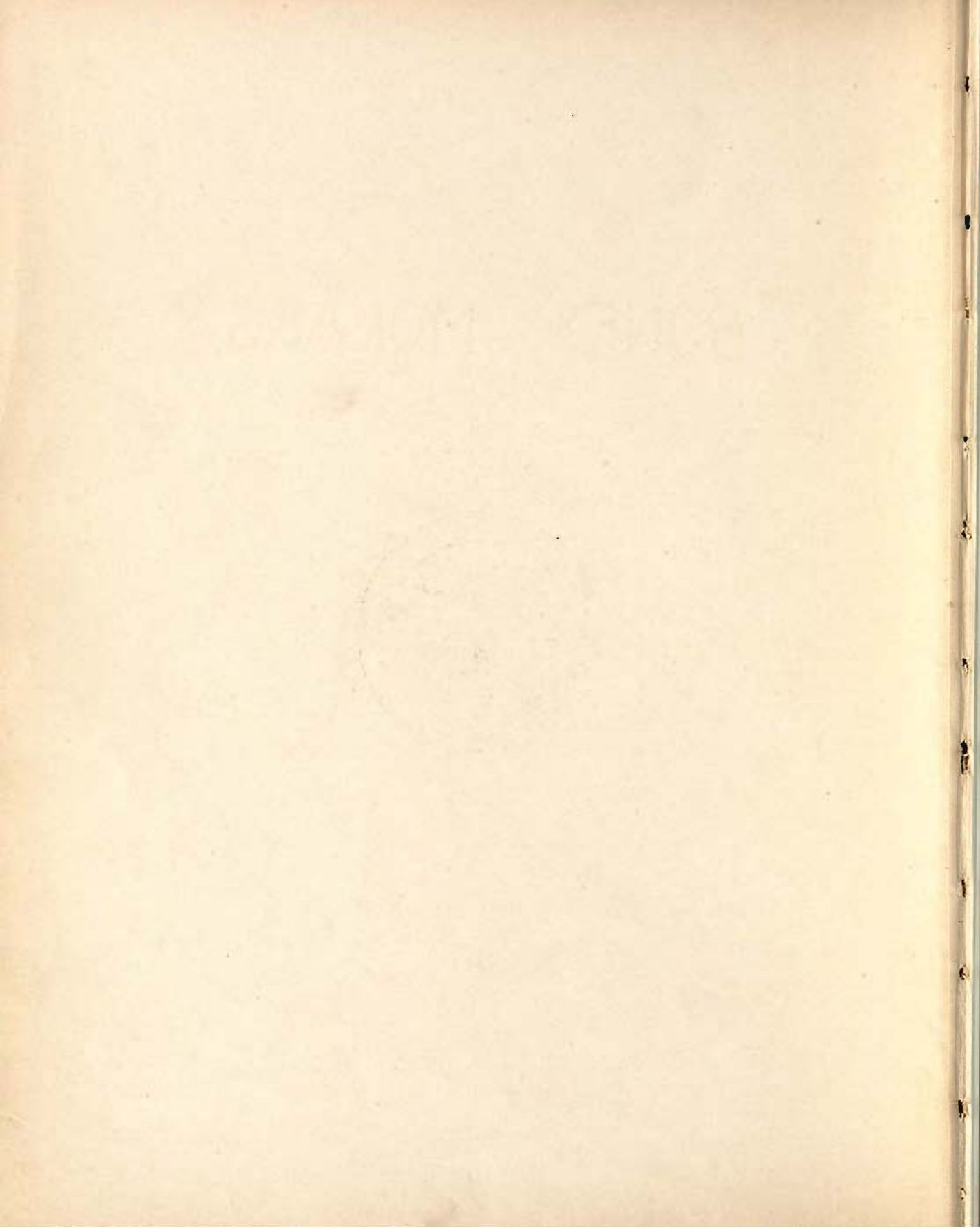
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# BONES, MOLARS, AND BRIEFS.

1899.




DEDICATED  
TO THE  
**FACULTIES**

OF

 MEDICINE,  
DENTISTRY and  
LAW

OF THE

 UNIVERSITY  
OF  
MARYLAND



BOXES, ARS...  
... MOL AND BRIEFS

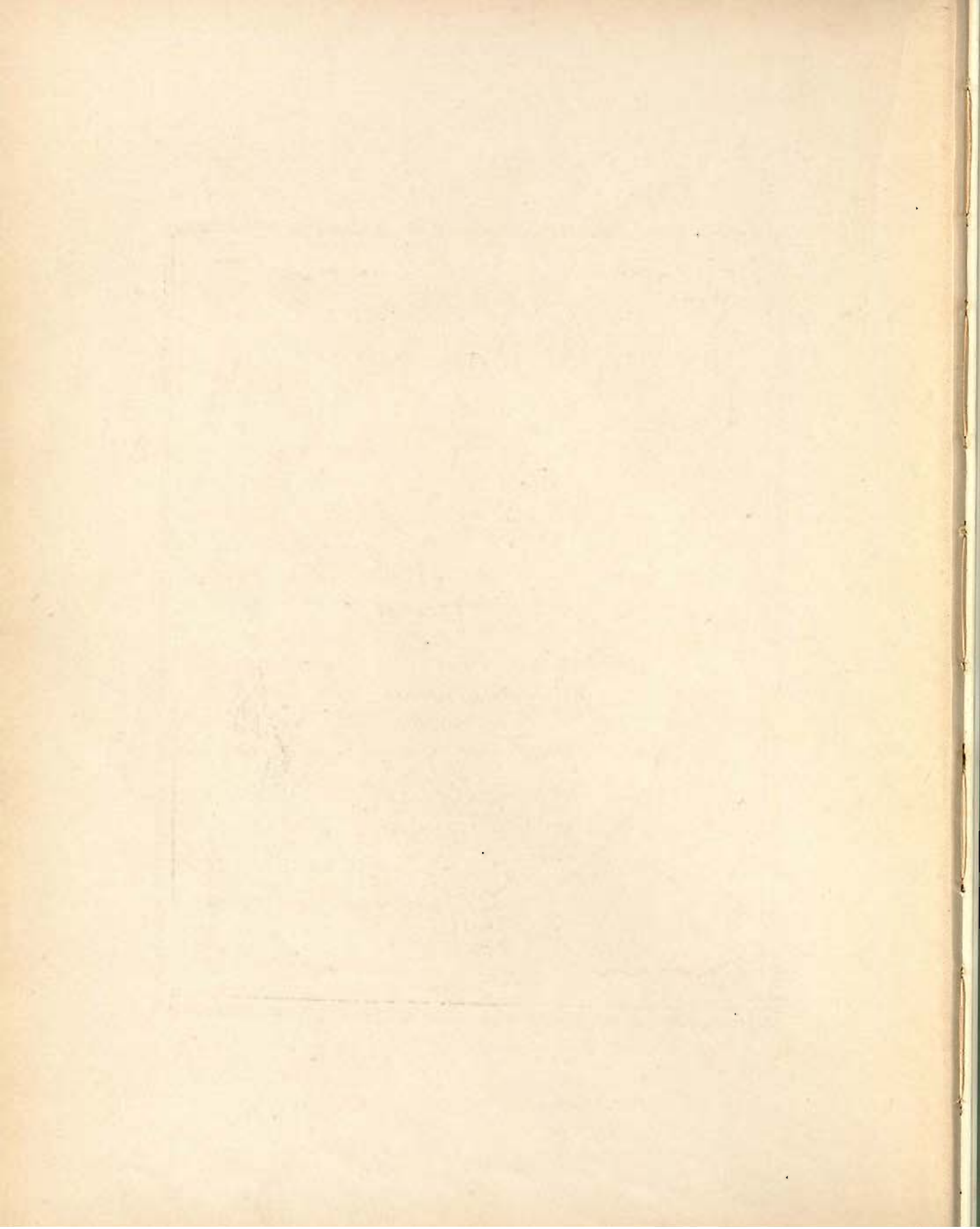
'99.

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THE SENIOR CLASSES

OF THE SEVERAL SCHOOLS

OF UNIVERSITY  
of MARYLAND





## Preface.

“CAVEAT EMPTOR.” —“*Let the buyer beware.*”

—Legal Maxim.

•

TO the uninitiated, the undertaking of a College Annual seems but child's play. The sharp poniard of the critic is forever on the alert to stab the slightest slip or ridicule the merest misnomer. Our experience has taught us, gentle reader, that “things are not what they seem.” Bear with us in this issue, which, though fraught at the outset with difficulties, has finally triumphed over all obstacles, and now goes forth to meet the censorious eye of an enlightened student-body. It is our *desideratum* that

Your BONES be hardy,

Your MOLARS, unachy,

Your BRIEFS, erudite.

THE BOARD OF EDITORS.



*Ra! Ra! Re!  
Un-i-V of M-D,  
Rah!*

*Chippe, go re, go ri, go rack!  
Maroon and Black, Maroon and Black!  
Helle go lunk, go lunk, go lee!  
Un-i-V, of M-D!  
Sis, boom, ah!*

*Ra! Ra! Re!  
Who are we!  
Un-i-V, of M-D!  
Sis, boom, ah!*

*Hickey, Hackey, Hockey,  
Sis, boom, ah!  
Maryland, Maryland!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!*

*Hippity Hus, Hippity Hus!  
What t'ell's matter with us?  
Nothin 't all, Nothin 't all!  
We 're the boys who play football.*

*Rif! Raf! Ruf!  
Rif! Raf! Ruf!  
University of Maryland!  
Is pretty hot stuff!*



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"But  
there  
are  
others."

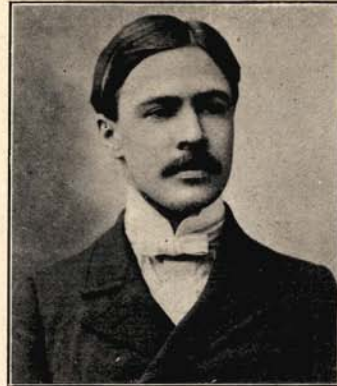


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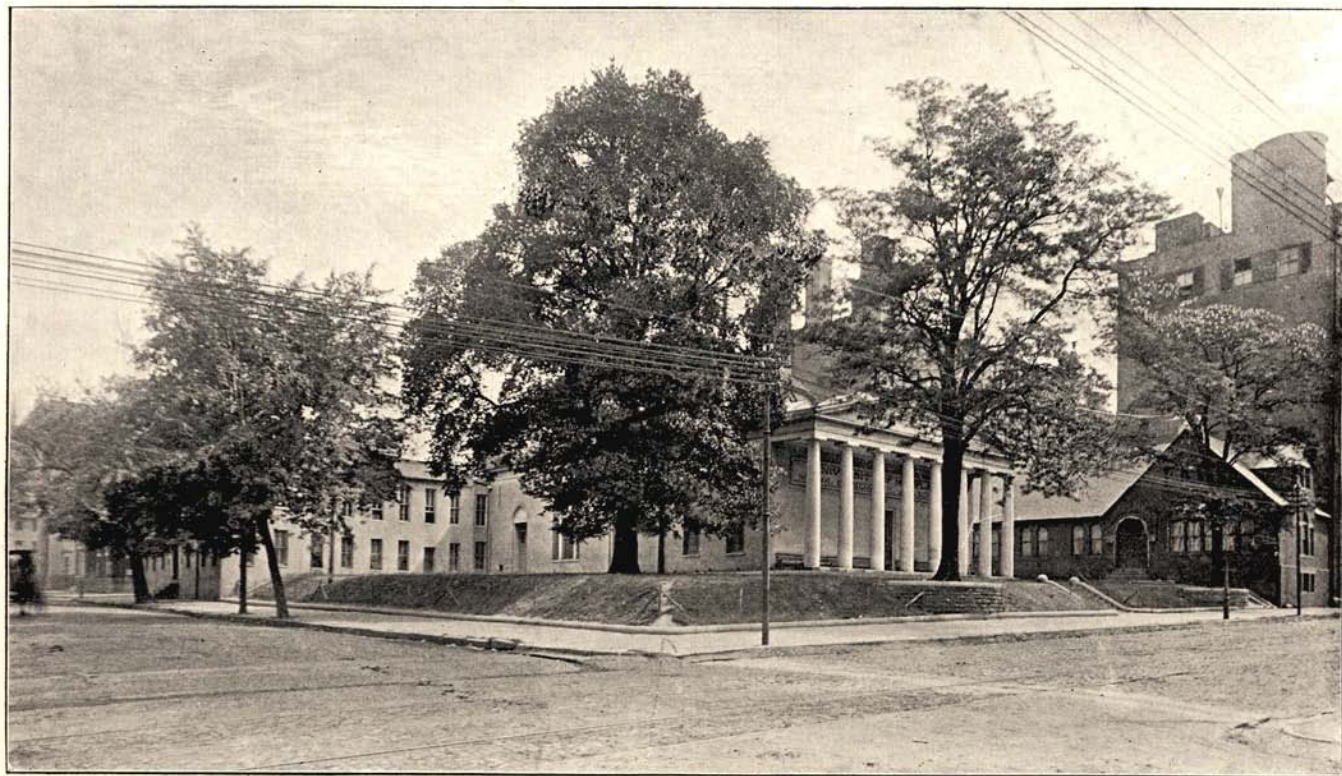
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## Graduation.

When melts the daytime into night,  
The clouds that cross the azure close,  
Glow with caressing tints of rose,  
And purple in the dying light.  
So when a little space is past,  
The unknown future, closed to view,  
By hopes, that lure with roseate hue,  
And purple splendor, grand and vast,  
In the soft light of memory's glow,  
Moves on. We know not what may come  
Behind those clouds, or what the sum  
Of things to be, but this we know :  
To let the air around us ring,  
Fill up the glass, as all about  
Join in one glad, tumultuous shout :  
" The King is dead, long live the King ! "

POETA.



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## History—Class of '99.



**R**ETROSPECTIVELY glancing over the career of the Class of '99, the historian is struck with the fact that nearly all the events which have happened during the past three years have been particularly pleasant. As we pass out from the halls that have been our training school, though forebodings of future failure may haunt us, yet our comforting assurance is, that our course has been spent profitably, not only in the gain of knowledge—our weapon in the battle with the world—but in making friendships that will be firm through life, and the associations connected with our university life will be pleasing subjects for thought over the evening pipe in years to come.

Shortly subsequent to our first entry into the lecture hall in 1896, after we had gradually become accustomed, between naps, to the habit of examining the lofty roof and rafters of the machine which has made so many eminent lawyers, ward politicians and City Councilmen, we took a look around us. The result of our inspection was very gratifying, for we discovered that we were a very fine lot of fellows, from our own point of view. In this we were not mistaken, for we have the decision of the eminent manager of the Moot Court as authority. This adjudication, rendered in a somewhat informal way—nay, it has even been asserted to be an *obiter dictum*—was in this wise: A fair sample of us had been in the "office" paying sundry small installments of tuition, a proceeding for which the annals of the 'Varsity furnished no precedent. On this occasion Chancellor Kent said, with some emphasis, that we were "somewhat of a nuisance, but you will all make good lawyers." It is not to be doubted that to the Kentorian mind we were a nuisance because the payment by installments occupied more of the Chancellor's time than a payment in full would have done; he was thereby deprived to some extent of his usual afternoon avocation of riding in the elevator. There appears to be some conflict of opinion between Mr. Kent's application of the term "nuisance," and the definition laid down in text-books and decisions of the courts.

During the winter of '96, some of us acquired the habit of attending the meetings of the "Senate." This continued for some weeks, till it occurred to

some one to ask what was the object of the said "Senate." A learned senior informed us that the objects of the "Senate" generally converged in a banquet during the winter, and that then the august assemblage went to sleep till winter came again. We all thought the purpose a good one, and though no dues were required, we contributed a certain amount *per capita*, and had a banquet. There was the usual annual contention as to whether the banquet was to be a wet or dry one. We cast our votes for the "wet" faction, and we (editorially) were on the more numerous side. Everyone in the University went to the banquet "to hear the speeches," which were to be so good, especially the Major's jokes; enthusiasm ran wild, and presentations were in order. One gentleman received a plate of butter, while our representative, Mr. Maloy, received the silverware—the plates having previously been exhausted.

Since the advent of '99 the "Senate" has lost its mild and peaceful character, and has been practicing debate; our sympathies are for the wine-merchant. According to one Binswanger, it is now composed of "anarchists, muckers, mugwumps and politicians, prominent among whom is one Nice, who continually persists in taxing the patience of his auditors by his three-year-old-16-to-1-tin-tariff speech, supposedly written by a single-tax advocate known by the name of Pat when he was suffering from one of his fits of the D. T.'s."

After the Senate refused to have banquets, '99 organized Kappa Sigma, which has continued the good work, and now all the events worthy of record are duly made important by this body.

As Juniors, on some afternoons before the lecturer was due, for a diversion, we inaugurated "poker" and other innocent (?) games in the library. These games were conducted on the Chicago plan, "*a la* Harrison Carter's administration." No complaints were filed on this account, till Professor \_\_\_\_\_, noticing the game, was asked to join us. He declined, and as the librarian became apprehensive of the perversion of his morals, the Faculty regretfully prohibited the continuation of the games, and we were forced to seek the seclusion of a small 4x4 room situated above the library.

Some seniors were holding an executive meeting in this room one afternoon. We resented this unwarranted assumption of privilege acquired by our prescriptive user. Led by the valiant full-back Lutz, we crept in Indian file slowly and silently up the stairway and barricaded the door with the janitor's furniture. There the seniors did penance till 9 p. m., when the janitor, about to retire for the night, missed his furniture, and on his hunt for it, tumbled, not only over his bed and washstand, but to the joke. A fruitless investigation



followed, and Runges (the janitor) was rather sour on us up to the following Thanksgiving football game. We went to the game loaded both in and out, and Runges came back the same way, except that *his* load was on the inside. The "smiles of the crater" which he received from our liberal flasks on that occasion restored his good will, and his friendship is ours.

We occasionally listened to an intermediate lecture, and the freedom with which Johnny Peepoe illustrated legal principles with jokes and funny stories was a very pleasant diversion for us; but when we had attained the lofty dignity of intermediates, it was noticeable that this freedom was replaced with caution, and it was very amusing to see our favorite lecturer glance warily over the class to ascertain whether Net was absent or asleep before the tale was told. Naturally a *prima facie* presumption arises that said illustrations are not intended for the ears of mamma. Though these depictions may have been drawn for our predecessors since time immemorial, yet they are new and rich to each succeeding class, and help to endear to us the man who for so many years has been the sinew and chief pillar of our Law School. These stories give him a prior lien upon our hearts, they bind and strengthen the veneration and respect which are his, and which all of us have for him. It is our hope and prayer that his years of efficiency may long continue, and that his brilliant mind may shed its rays of learning upon all who follow in the paths which we have so recently trodden.

At first, we were much annoyed by Mr. Brantly's continuous "Ah's" and "Oh's," but when a gentleman attempted to illustrate a proposition of the law of contracts by a citation from 88 Utah, which will not be published for several decades, this learned professor informed us that we would find the principle illustrated in 55 New York. He knows that in Maine the law is one way, and in California the contrary rule is stated; that in Oklahoma a distinction is taken, but in Maryland the point has never been raised. These are things which counterbalance and override all prejudices.

When Mr. Baer took us in hand we were all Wellingtons who had passed our Waterloo. We had climbed "the rugged mountains of Elementary Law, traveled the desolate paths of Domestic Relations, strewn with the dead bodies of matrimonial misaffections, and though some had fallen in the deep ravine of Personal Property, yet it is to be hoped that none will stumble in the fertile fields of Real Estate." His little joke and constructive damnation of the 6.30 whistle of a neighboring factory gave us as severe a shock as when the barrel of gasoline exploded in that same factory not many moons ago.

When as Intermediates Mr. Gans boldly stated that the only way to defeat the law was to have an accurate knowledge of its principles; and easily

showed us how to break a bank without making ourselves criminally liable for either burglary, larceny or embezzlement, we thought ourselves on the road to success. Mr. Baer explained the law of titles, and we saw some with clouds on them, due, no doubt, to the cigars and pipes of Baer *et al.* during late quizzes.

Whether the unfolded kerchief of Judge R—contains a lock from the curls of some long-lost love, or whether it is perfumed with the "attar of roses," is a mystery which time alone can solve.

Probably the most remarkable event (or series of events, to be more accurate) was the arrival of Judge D—before 5.20 p. m.; the great satisfaction manifested by him when he found the door barricaded so that he could not get into the lecture hall is not to be forgotten. On this occasion, when he finally appeared upon the rostrum at 5.30, he bowed his thanks profusely, and after reading again for the 'steenth time the syllabus to Regents, etc., informed us that he was not well, and departed at 5.40. However, he examined us only on what was lectured upon, and we were enabled to confine our knowledge of Corporations to the space of a few pages, and therefore have no kick coming.

When we became Seniors we found that "Editorial" Hall generally issues an afternoon edition of the "Sun," and we received the benefit of his opinion upon political questions. He is ably seconded by the Major, who says that Cooley cannot write Constitutional Law, but gives his own reasons for the Civil War and the defeat of the Confederacy.

We learned so much Equity from Judge P—'s first lecture that we found it unnecessary to attend any of the others, unless we had a case to cite. The Judge is a great observer of rules, and especially of the rule that no student shall anticipate; but he had to give in when the great law-breaker arose to cite the famous Maryland Poker case. It was then that the hall rang with the loud cheers of the class, for they knew that "Shorty's" thoughts were running in their usual channel.

In our second year we became afflicted with "Tommy," who insisted upon having our unwilling criticism of his copy for *Baltimore Life*. We would not offend him for the world, and we patiently sat on Friday afternoons while he read his compositions. We have become acclimated now, and never take an umbrella on Friday because "Tommy's" jokes will keep all rain away.

Broncho Bill has ably succeeded our old friend, the photographer, but in his efforts to see the class nicely arranged he has lost the photographer's best quality, to wit: an amiable temper. He should remember, with our classman Morfit, that

“ He who fights, and runs away,  
Remains to fight another day.”

We had many difficulties in electing our officers, especially our president. The worst difficulty was that we needed thirty-three votes and there were only thirteen offices. Those who opposed Jimmie II. lost sight of the value of secrecy, and if the two men who were to have the same office had not compared notes the result might have been different. If Baker had not remained to the last and run as a dark horse, then, again, the result might have been different. But what is the use of “ ifs.” Let Watts remember that all of us are his friends and always expect to be ; that if he ever runs for a public office, our votes will be his, unless he runs on the Prohibition ticket. It is all over now ; there was never any real enmity, and our friendship is now stronger and closer than ever it was before. If Watts and Baker had never started in the race, we would never have known their value. They and Brewer shook hands after the result was declared, and that bond will be sealed on the evening of commencement, when the glasses will ring to the tune of “ Auld Lang Syne.”



Love's Law.



## Prophecy—Class of '99.

“I swear 't is better to be much abused  
Than but to know 't a little.”

—*Othello, Act III, Scene 3.*

“We know what we are, but know not what we may be.”

—*Hamlet Act IV., Scene 5.*

IT was one of those warm and sultry days in July, when the diabolical orb was smiling her golden radiance upon my barren cranium, which was completely at the mercy of my powerful adversary ; except a diminutive oasis in the centre, which served as an ambush for sharpshooters and a source of a mighty lake, from which flowed huge drops of perspiration in great abundance, which seemed to be chasing one another down my emaciated form in their efforts to make a touchdown ; as the gentle zephyrs from the shores of the Pasig fanned me with their suffocating breath, which felt as if they had just been released from the bondage of Lucifer, while the ethereal mosquitoes bombarded all parts of my anatomy and made advantageous inroads into the interior of my human structure, and peppered me with snapshots and other miscellaneous assortment of missiles, which made me feel as if I had been mistaken for Morro Castle, while the various varieties of insects about my window, too numerous to mention, rapped for admission within and sang a warning serenade to keep warm and make me feel as uncomfort-

able as possible—that I was suddenly aroused from my soliloquy by a tap on my door, which I usually kept bolted on account of my ubiquitous creditors, who I have found at times to be rather intrusive, and not to say exceedingly inconvenient.

“Who’s there?” I shouted, with some vehemence, hoping that the tenor of my voice would cause the visitor to beat a hasty retreat.

“Dimarco,” responded a weak voice.

Whereupon I unbolted the door, and immediately my faithful unbleached domestic valet, with a chocolate complexion, improved by a sun-burnt countenance, ornamented with an exceedingly heavy crop of wool, which protected a pair of greenish eyes, which seemed as if they had been twisted into such a position that they could see almost anything except the proper object that they desired to see, entered, attired in an abbreviated costume which needed a bath, carrying a soup-plate used for sundry purposes as occasions required, upon which rested an envelope, bearing many postmarks, addressed to George Francis Donnelly, Editor of the *Caveat Emptor*, Umptysville, State of Luzon, Philippine Branch of the Pacific Division of the United States of the Universe. At first observation I thought it was a bill, but upon closer investigation I discovered, to my great joy, that it was a letter, whereupon my heart, which had bounded up in my mouth, crawled back again and resumed its natural position as I read :

**FLOATING DEBT, \$500,000,000.00.**

“THE LORD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.”

## **Mayor’s Office of the City of Baltimore,**

**STATE OF MARYLAND,**

**ATLANTIC DIVISION OF THE U. S. OF THE UNIVERSE.**

FRANK F. LUTHARDT, Boss, THOS. S. RICE, Devil’s Deputy.  
AUG. C. BINSWANGER, Solicitor of Spoils. E. O. GRIMES, JR., Keeper of His Honor’s Conscience,  
JAMES R. BREWER, Jr., Mayor.

*My Dear George :*

It affords me pleasure to extend to you an invitation to attend the reunion of the Class of ’99 of the University of Maryland, Law School, at the Rathskellar, in the City of Baltimore, on August 1. You are requested to bring plenty of money, for your presence is desired to treat. If you haven’t any money, why, you needn’t come around.

Lovingly yours,

JAMES R. BREWER, JR., *President.*

*Ambulances at 4. A. M.*

As I glanced at the above letter, I was exceedingly gratified to learn of the many honored positions so many of the class held, but I had been previously informed by Charley Hook, who came out here immediately after the Mayoralty contest, of the high honor Brewer had thrust upon him. He told me that when Jimmy ran for office, he dropped all national issues, and his platform was simply "No Taxation and Free Beer," and everybody hailed him as the "man of the people" and he was elected, with the assistance of Luthardt, who had previously inspected all the tombstones in the vicinity, and registered the names of the inhabitants of the adjacent graveyards, who all voted the straight ticket, and as a result Brewer ascended the high chair without much opposition, under the protection of Luthardt. Hook had also been a lucky individual. He came out here to survey the Ocean Boulevard, but he soon found he could make a better success in life by working his famous shell game and holding good poker hands, until he finally bankrupted nearly all the unsophisticated Filipinos. So having nobody else to do, and plenty of time and money on hand, his mind took a romantic turn, and he eloped with Princess Aguinaldo in order to succeed her father as king of the Fee Jee cannibals and to spend his leisure moments, but not his money, in missionary work in order to improve the condition of the natives and to abolish slot machines.

After some hesitation, owing to the lack of funds, I finally decided to accept the kind invitation I had just received from "the boys." So after several days spent in preparing my baggage, which consisted mainly of trunks filled with bricks, bottles (extra dry), bill files and tooth picks, in order to give more weight to my arrival and at the same time a better standing with the hotel proprietors as to my credit on account of my heavy equipage. I boarded one fine morning the air-ship "Swift Wings" of the American Air-ship Propeller Transportation Company, of which Dorsey occupies the exalted position of president. After ten days spent in traveling through the air, during which time we touched Mars, where I was introduced to Clayton, who had just been appointed Counsellor to the High Mogul of that fiery planet, and Fritchett, who had established a select female dancing academy in that region, I arrived at the Grand Consolidated Depot, on the thirtieth floor of the Warfield Building, in the City of Baltimore. I was met at the station by the Municipal Guide, who, besides holding the lucrative position of showing visitors the human curiosities, also held the congenial office of Promoter of Marriages, Cupid Kines.

"Hello, Kines!" said I, waving my hand to one that I took for him on account of his impressive physique.

"How are you, George?" echoed Kines, coming up and shaking my hand.  
"I have been waiting for you for some time."

"How is everybody?" I asked.

"Come with me and I'll tell you," said Cupid, as we shot down the elevator from the roof to the ground floor with such rapidity that I was considerably winded at the finish. In the lobby of this mammoth structure the first man to whom I was introduced was Levy, the celebrated manufacturer of air-tight coffins, which he always guaranteed to every purchaser that if he used one he would never use any other, and of which it was a well-known fact that during his long and successful business career he had never received a single complaint.

"Who is that distinguished gentleman over there?" I said, pointing in the direction of an individual with long curly locks, which gave him the appearance of a "statesman out of a job."

"Why!" ejaculated Cupid, in amazement, as his face beamed up like Sapolio, "that is my esteemed friend Littig, the champion of "Free Silver" and the "boy orator of the Patapsco," who has been crying 16 to 1 so long that a delegation from the trust companies were seriously considering the advisability of introducing an ordinance to amputate his voice."

I next met Noel, who informed me he had just risen from the bar to the bench. I was just about to congratulate him, when Cupid spoiled everything by saying: "He means the shoemaker's bench."

"Never mind!" retorted Noel, as his wrath began to grow into a furious windstorm, when he thought of an account Cupid had never settled with him.  
"You can't even say you own your own 'sole.'"

"I love the truth," said Cupid.

"Yes," replied the "repairer of soles," "I suppose that is the very reason you walk on the other side when you pass my shop to keep a respectable distance from it."

Poor Cupid could stand this tirade of abuse no longer, so taking me by the arm he escorted me out of the building.

We walked down Baltimore street, where my eyes soon beheld the colossal fireproof fiftieth-story Babel Building of the Amalgamated Consolidated United Trust Company of the Globe, of which Watts, the well-known financier, the able successor of J. Pierpont Morgan, holds the position of president, while Hann, the eloquent barrister, draws an annual salary as its attorney, and Willie Linthicum plays the part of office boy. As we proceeded farther down the street, I observed the sign of Korb, Pawn-broker.

"Now, there is a progressive merchant," said Cupid.

"Yes, I suppose he is always making advances." I replied, as *Marriott*, carrying a rather large bundle, entered the side door in great haste ; "but," I continued, "I have no use for such men because they always prefer dealing with people who have no redeeming qualities."

We then turned up Charles street, where we stopped at the Literary Club, where I met my esteemed friend Denning, the bard of Jones' Falls, whose name he has immortalized by his famous book of poems, entitled the *Sad Reflections of Spring*, and Murphy, the protege of Ruskin, who has achieved world-renown fame as an artist since his famous picture, *The Arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland*, captured first prize at the recent art exhibition at Tammany Hall, and in appreciation of his wonderful genius and talent he has been repeatedly waited upon by his Celtic admirers and offered the profitable and remunerative position as custodian of the peace in the Tenderloin District in New York, which he has declined many times with tears in his eyes, as unworthy of such honors.

I also had the pleasure of meeting Sappington, who is somewhat of a killer among his "ladyfrens" around Eutaw place, and Fountain, the Adonis of the class who seems always to be the centre of attraction to all the counter-attractions (salesladies) of Lexington street, who smile at him whenever he passes by, and actually declare that he has a hypnotic charm that they cannot resist, while the vast army of female shoppers which throng this favorite thoroughfare daily bow to him from all sides, until he is now compelled to carry his hat in his hands to avoid wearing out the brim. This favorite of Venus has just been offered a tempting position by Rosenbush, the Great Price Shaver of the Female Grabbers, to pose as an ornament in his attractive windows to draw trade, which he has under consideration at the present time.

From the Literary Club we went to Morfit's famous copper museum, where we found Ulman in all his splendor charming snakes ; Seth Linthicum, the bearded lady, was selling her famous hair restorer and casting side glances at "Baldy" Sherbert, the glass-eater, who was consuming bottles and glassware of all kinds to an alarming extent in order to improve his voice, while Parks, the wild man of the desert, smoked his "hod" and winked at the girls and made himself as happy as possible among such disagreeable surroundings. After bidding our worthy friends good-bye, we took an automobile and in a short time we arrived at the ancient walls of our *Alma Mater*, which was the same old school it had been many years ago. The desks and chairs were of the same antiquated pattern ; the windows just as opaque as ever, while the paint, which had disappeared many years before we made our exit,



was still missing, which made us feel all the more at home. But there was one that was missing, the shining star which had guided in all his fulgency so many juvenile minds through the labyrinth of hazy, intricate legal conundrums—some who have since ascended the high altar of fame as luminaries in their chosen profession—had faded away. The genial one, whose paternal smiles always radiated his angelic countenance, whose glad hand was always ready to welcome you and whose eloquence rivaled that of Demosthenes himself as it gushed forth from the pure, refreshing fountain of anecdotes, was now silent; his lips were sealed. But like all celebrities, his name will never be forgotten as long as his brief and succinct syllabus on *Practice and Pleading* passes from hand to hand, his name will be cherished and remembered. Our beloved preceptor, Professor Poe, I had just been informed, had departed from this world of vice and iniquity many years ago to become a seraph in the Celestial Kingdom, far away, where not many of his students, according to Major Venable's pophecy, will ever go. In his place as Dean of the University was Professor Tazewell Thomas, A. B., A. M., LL. B., LL. M., LL. D., Ph. D., *ad infinitum*, who greeted me with his usual benevolent smile and introduced me to Stanley, the worthy successor of the late lamented Professor Hall, who had also given up the ghost. Stanley was following the footsteps of his worthy predecessors and making so much noise with his vociferous, somniferous voice, as it echoed and re-echoed through the classic rooms of this venerable seat of learning and industry, that it sounded like the distant peal of thunder, in his efforts to awaken the students from their weekly slumber, as their soporific voices rang out in unison, "*Deo Gratias*," as Stanley made his departing bow for the day, and Nass, the boy politician of Back River, who had the distinction of being the successor of Runge, came in to light the gas. Clark, the "massive avoir-du-pois" of his class, the assiduous student of many years, was secretary of the Faculty, but owing to his multifarious duties of teaching Sunday school and reading the Bible, he had appointed Dankmeyer to do his work and succeed Chancellor Kent as acting secretary. I was very glad to hear that Dankmeyer could give me so much information as to the whereabouts of so many of the wild Indians. To my surprise, he told me that Baker, the eloquent statesman, was now one of the most conspicuous figures in the United States Senate, where his speeches were always sure to draw a large crowd, and that it was through his personal influence that Upshur, the diplomatist, was appointed as Minister Plenipotentiary to Madagascar, which has since been annexed to our vast domains in order to exterminate the natives and to establish the spoils system. Wheatley had removed to New

York many years ago, and was now president of the Oyster Trust, while his facsimile Ford had been intrusted with the lives of the good people of Ferry Bar, as policeman, to protect them from the savage incursions of the barbarous pirates who now swarmed the blue waters of the once peaceful Chesapeake. Pearre, the silent man of Western Maryland, had just been elected to Congress, where he expects to make a fortune off of his conscience in a few years, while the erudite Maddox, from the wide-awake City of Annapolis, where the people never sleep, held the high office of Mayor of that sacred city. Turlington, I was also informed, was making quite a mark for himself down in the Old Dominion with a paint brush, while Fairbank was rapidly accumulating wealth as keeper of a toll gate on the Liberty road. Diven was achieving fame dealing out justice "*ad valorem*" under the historic shades of the famous Court House at Towson. Selden, the omnipresent man of his class, had just received the appointment as matron in the Lying-In Hospital for Orphans, Rowland Slingluff sold red lemonade at the baseball grounds, Henning was now following the sea, since his mother-in-law began to follow him, while Nice employed his time amusing the twins, washing the dishes and cooking the meals, while his wife made political speeches and the living. But the man who is the pride of his class, I was told by Anstine, the dramatic critic, is Signor Bascom Jackson, the famous basso, who compelled Edouard de Reszke, Plançon and many other so-called warblers, to abandon the footlights in shame when he gave his remarkable chest notes.

They say that he is exceedingly strong as Siegfried, and if Wagner himself could only catch his famous note he would turn over in his grave. He is the lion of the matinee girls, who actually adore him as the humming bird of the universe, and who are continually showering upon him flowers, candies and other similar weapons. But, like all great stars, many of the minor lights are very jealous of him, and he has been falsely and maliciously accused by these envious persons of decorating his cheeks with terra cotta paint, using a curling iron, and chewing gum to sweeten his voice, which he has repeatedly denied under oath as beneath his dignity.

I was next escorted to the Criminal Court, where the celebrated case of *The State versus Clift* was being tried. The facts of the case were about as these: That a certain Rev. J. Henry Willms, who was conducting a crusade against saloons, was passing Clift's Hotel one Sunday evening after he had just quenched his spiritual thirst with prayer, when he heard two voices within shout out, "Gesundheit." The name being familiar to his ears, he immediately determined to enter and ascertain who the violators of the law could

be. As he entered, he found to his surprise two members of his congregation, Rosendale and Milleson, standing up consuming the contents of what he supposed was unadulterated beer, but as the reverend gentleman testified under oath that he did not know exactly the color or smell of beer he could not exactly say that it was such. But he had taken the glasses and had the contents analyzed by Widner, the well-known chemist, who had decided, after much deliberation and consultation, that it was undoubtedly "fermented liquor." Clift, as proprietor, testified that his hotel was conducted on strictly European plan; in other words, you pay for what you get, and for that reason the said Rev. Willms very much objected. He was trying to advocate for free lunches, and because he would not contribute towards the Strawberry Festival, where they sold claret and hard cider instead of berries, the said minister had been persecuting him ever since. Moreover, he always paid his license at the proper time, supported Miller and Hotchkiss (the policemen on his beat), and gave the honorable Police Commissioners Cockey and Darnall a certain sum annually to be devoted towards the "Fresh Air Fund for Dyspeptics." Rosendale then took the stand and admitted being in the café at the time, but said he only went in there to get a glass of lithia water and was drinking it at the time when he was confronted by that "thing" (pointing to the sanctimonious Willms.) Lee Slingluff, who was conducting the case for the State, as State's Attorney, assisted by Parker, objected to the reverend gentleman being called such a disrespectful name; so after twenty minutes consumed in explaining the derivation of the word, the Court, Judge Donaldson presiding, decided to overrule such language. The next witness for the State was Jones, with his famous revolving shirt front, ornamented with a pink collar and a green necktie. In answer to the question, what he did for a living, he said "he ate." Being no objection to that, he continued that he had been a constant attendant at Rev. Willms church for some time, and had assisted in the shouting, had always found the learned gentleman to be a man of strict integrity and, although he had been severely criticised for his zeal in abolishing the "curse of man" by some who were jealous of his high standing in the community, still, he continued, he had known this divine to kneel on tacks all night praying for their conversion. Here he was interrupted by Conrad and Willie Jackson, representing the defendant, who inquired of him whether he thought the said reverend preacher was sane? Upon receiving an affirmative reply, the witness was allowed to go. Armstrong next took the stand, with his red vest adorned with polished shoe buttons, and his congenial smile, which burst forth from under his sandy mustache, giving him the appearance of the rising sun,

whereupon several cocks outside the Court House began to crow. Captain Bill, as he is affectionately called by the followers of the track, testified that he was the author of the well-known treatise, *The Art of Consumption; or, The Science of Mixing Drinks*, which has been translated into twenty foreign tongues, and that he had received the Order of the Iron Medal from the Kaiser ; the King of Siam had sent him his respects ; while the Emperor of China was about to bestow on him the Grand Ax. He said he was an authority on such matters, and his testimony considerably dampened the ardor of the Rev. Dr. Willms. Captain Maloy, of the Anti-Cigarette Brigade of Highlandtown, was next called. He appeared in fatigue uniform, the regulation dress of the regiment. The position the Captain assumed reminded one of parenthetical marks.

" Stand straight ! " growled His Honor.

" I can't," replied the witness, " I'm crooked."

" Yes," retorted the Judge, " and the Court has always taken judicial notice of that fact."

He said in answer to a question put to him by Conrad that he had given up Coke and Blackstone to become a disciple of Ballington Booth and to abolish the intemperate habit of smoking cigarettes ; that he was thoroughly in accord with the spirit of Brother Willms, and that he considered it the duty of every good citizen to support our Christian advocate in this worthy cause.

" Do you think he is sincere ? " inquired Jackson.

" Sincere ! " shouted the Captain, as his epaulets began to waltz on his tailor-made shoulders. " My dear friend, I remember that on one occasion this valiant defender of water refused to have his picture taken unless it was taken in water-colors."

" Do you drink ? " asked Conrad, pointing to the Captain.

At this question the Captain was seen to foam at the mouth and take a headlong plunge into the arms of Ellinger, the bailiff.

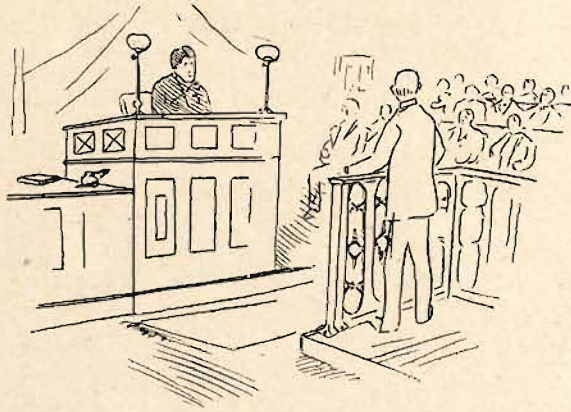
" Water ! " shouted Dr. Willms, while a look of despair rested on the Captain's countenance.

" Brandy ! " yelled Captain Bill, as Maloy at these words began to revive.

" Let the witness take his seat ! " yelled His Honor, " for, Mr. Conrad, you have pumped him dry."

Luthardt was then called. In answer to a question put to him, he said " that he occupied the important position of Boss of this city, and he would have no such high-handed proceedings in this fair city in a Court presided over by such an honorable and efficient man. (Great applause from the

dock.) That he was sure Mr. Clift was not a culprit because he did not associate with him, but as long as he was on such intimate terms with the Judge and had cast with his own hands a sufficient number of votes to elect him, it was not what was evidence in the above case, but simply friendship, and that if the man was not discharged that he (pointing to His Honor), Judge Donaldson, would lose his job. The Judge was seen to tremble considerably as he instructed the twelve learned jurors to bring in a verdict of not guilty, which they accordingly did. The Court adjourned, and all proceeded to the reunion, but at this juncture I awoke from my afternoon-nap, as the Professor was making his next assignment, and looking around I found that the disease was somewhat contagious, as I had been sitting next to Rush.





CLASS OF 1900.

## Class of 1900.

Austin, A.  
Bealmear, C. S.  
Bacon, J. D.  
Behn, C. H.  
Bosley, W. H., Jr.  
Budnitz, J.  
Bunting, J. G.  
Carnan, C. W.  
Cecil, O. S.  
Chambers, J. E.  
Cronmiller, J. D.  
Cross, J. E.  
Donaldson, J. H.  
Downin, J. E.  
Douglass, S. R.  
Eccleston, N. E.  
Eisenbrandt, E. B.  
Falcke, J. B.  
Ferguson, C. A.  
Finch, G. A.  
Gordan, A., Jr.  
Gourley, H. O.  
Hammond, W. B.  
Harrison, W. G.  
Hays, T. A., Jr.  
Herman, J. G.  
Hubner, W. R.  
Keck, G.  
Kenney, M. G.  
Klemm, F. L.  
Knipp, G. W.  
Littig, W. P.  
McCloskey, L. M.  
McEvoy, J., Jr.  
McFaul, W. N.  
McGrath, J. J.  
McIntosh, D. G., Jr.  
McPhail, C. E.  
Miller, C. W.  
Miller, J. G.  
Millikin, C. H.  
Mills, J. B.  
Norris, H. C.  
O'Dernne, E.  
Prather, W. F., Jr.  
Pogorelskin, A.  
Raine, T. F.  
Robinson, E. A., Jr.  
Rush, M. B.  
Selden, C., Jr.  
Seidman, A.  
Schaub, F. J.  
Singley, F. J.  
Stevenson, W. H.  
Stonebraker, L.  
Stringer, E. R.  
Smith, R. M.  
Smith, W. C.  
Smoot, T. J. J.  
Supplee, J. F., Jr.  
Titworth, L. R.  
Tolson, J. C.  
Turlington, S. J.  
Whettle, J. B. A.  
Williams, R. H.  
Zimmerman, L. S.

## History—Class of 1900.

IN writing a history of any people it is always advisable to state first who they are, what they are, and then chronicle the great events which act as milestones on their journey through life.

Now, in stating who we are, it will depend very much on the vantage ground from which we are viewed. We say we are the people; the Faculty seem to think we are a "good thing," and the police have come to the conclusion that we are a nuisance. Ye Gods! what a reputation is ours! (in the police courts.)

As to what we are is a conundrum just at present. Sufficeth to say that we are a conglomerate anomaly of human particles. A haughty senior once said we were "half fish (sucker) and half fowl (crow)." Of course, this is base calumny and worthy of the stiff-necked generation of seniors, but the truth of the matter is, we are composed of equal parts of ambitious juniors and disappointed seniors.

Some may look upon our position with ridicule, but we claim to be the happy medium.

Now as to the great events which have marked our progress thus far through these halls of learning. The first thing we attempted to do was to get together, like all well-regulated classes, and elect class officers; but as our number is nearly four-score, and every mother's son refused to be satisfied with anything less than the presidency, the attempt proved futile and died aborning.

If there is one thing more than another we look back to with pride, it is the studious appearance and air of learning we give the library. Ah! how we use the musty volumes with an air of familiarity and *bonhomie* that makes the layman or aspiring junior green with envy. Again, what satisfaction we have derived from going into the senior lecture about ten or fifteen minutes before its close and, hovering around the door, comment on the class, collectively and individually, and by the help of those doors make the welkin ring.

When we reflect on the facility with which we can now cut lectures, gained only after long practice, and again call to mind the quiz-smokers our cup of pleasure runneth over.



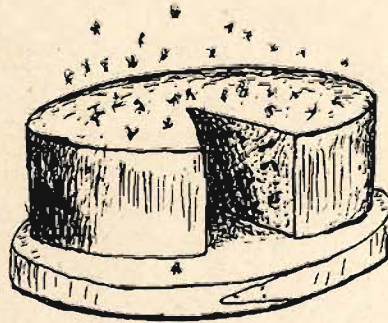
In our first year's work we did our best to correct the mistakes Robinson made in his book on Elementary Law. Then we considered it our duty to pick out the flaws and glory over the mistakes made in the syllabus on Domestic Relations ; thus far we were successful, but woe is me ! for having come through the Scylla of the first term, we plunged into the Charybdis of the second term, and emerging therefrom, found, much to our consternation, that some of our number had stuck in the mud of Real Property, and a small host were lost in the devious ways of contracts.

At the beginning of this year we returned, all that was left of us, noble Nineteen Hundreds, and having come so far, we sympathized with the darky who liked to stump his toe because it felt so good when it stopped hurting.

We have so far gained a speaking acquaintance with Criminal and Testamentary Law. We laughed at all the jokes that accompany the instruction on Pleading, and now we only have Bills and Notes, Corporations, Mercantile Law and Titles to pass off before this term's work will be completed. Of course, we will lose some of our remaining men in the heat of the conflict, but we will have the satisfaction of knowing that it is quality and not quantity that counts in our profession.

ONLY AN INTERMEDIATE.

"TWIXT THE HEAVEN OF SENIORS AND THE HELL OF JUNIORS.



*Allion on the Case*  
M.H.



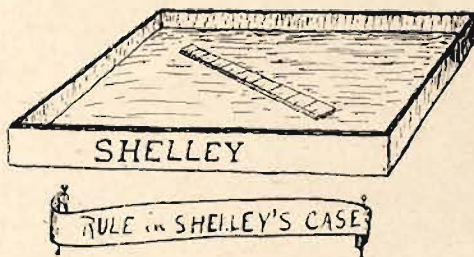
CLASS OF 1901.

# Class of 1901.

## Members.

Anderson, William.	Girdwood, A. C.
Atkinson, Walter E.	Glass, W. G. W.
Bacon, J. D.	Gordon, Alex., Jr.
Bahlke, G. W.	Gurry, J. F.
Bande, P. D.	Hall, Willoughby.
Bealmear, C. S.	Hammond, W. B.
Blackiston, A. H.	Harrison, W. G.
Bosley, W. H., Jr.	Hartman, A. F.
Bowen, J. N., Jr.	Haulenbeck, Elmer.
Boyden, G. A.	Hechheimer, H.
Bransky, S. B.	Heimiller, H. T. W.
Brent, D. K.	Henninghausen, J. S.
Brewer, J. R.	Hodges, C. S.
Brown, A. F., Jr.	Hogendorf, W. W.
Bunting, J. G.	Holzknicht, L. B.
Cecil, O. S.	Hubner, W. R.
Chambers, J. E.	Hull, C. J.
Clawson, J. D.	Irelan, E. C.
Cleveland, C. P.	Jennings, Hugh.
Conn, G. M.	John, W. B.
Cross, J. E.	Jenkins, Louis L.
Denmead, G. W.	Johnson, W. B.
Douglas, S. R.	Judge, J. C.
Downin, J. E.	Kailor, J. H.
Earle, J. T.	Karns, W. A.
Eaton, C. J.	Keck, George.
Eisenbrandt, E. B.	Kelly, W. J.
Ewell, L. P.	Klecka, Joseph A.
Farinholt, B. A.	Klipper, H. A.
Foreman, C. C.	Lamkin, Alva A.
Fricker, J. A.	Latane, J. A., Jr.
Gipson, Robert.	Lawrence, Otho.

Leyshorn, William.	Reinheimer, F. Victor
Lewis, C. J.	Rickey, H. W.
Lloyd, G. C.	Roberts, L. E.
Marsh, G. K.	Robinson, E. A., Jr.
McAfee, J. H.	Savin, A. A.
McAllister, H.	Schapiro, Herman.
McConky, E. D.	Schlipp, J. G.
McCosky, L. M.	Shelley, T. H.
McIntosh, D. G., Jr.	Sherwood, W. E.
Mendels, Solomon.	Smith, R. M.
Miller, J. G.	Smith, W. C.
Millikin, C. H.	Smoot, T. J. J.
Mills, J. B.	Stratzman, H. H.
Morris, J. G.	Stevenson, M. H.
Motz, C. F.	Stonebraker, Harry.
Mylander, W. C.	Supplee, J. F., Jr.
Nicodemus, F. C., Jr.	Sykes, Archibald.
Nyburg, S. L.	Thrift, J. F.
O'Dunne, E.	Titsworth, L. R.
Ogier, J. M.	Tolson, J. C.
Oldershaw, J. B., Jr.	Turlington, S. J.
Pallord, H. D.	Van Lill, H. F.
Pogorelskin, Alex.	Wattenscheidt, C. R.
Prather, W. Francis, Jr.	Williams, R. H.
Ramsey, F. F.	Williams, W. G.
Reese, M. F.	Wolf, H. B.
Register, H. F.	



## History—Class of 1901.

ON the third day of October, Anno Domini Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-eight, a pious and timid-looking class of freshmen assembled in the lecture hall of the 'Varsity to commence equipping themselves for the great battle of life, or, in the words of a Highlandtown squire, "To become educated." Some came to stay three years ; some, four, and others (if God be with them) to leave in two. Some *have* done it ; others have not. We trust that few will imitate the latter.

All started out bravely ; many kept it up. One member, after recovering from an attack of " la grippe," sought the balmy breezes of a Southern clime. Singularly, this epidemic manifested its prevalence directly after the January examinations. (The class regrets this incident.)

As the days rolled by, the appearance of piety and fear that so markedly characterized the class on the day of matriculation, began to disappear, and members boldly and intrepidly started to agitate organization—a thing that junior classes for "time out of mind" have always attempted, but never accomplished. The Class of 1901, however, not to be disheartened by the story of its predecessors' failures, went to work in earnest, and after many adversities Mr. Harry Hechheimer (to whom you need no introduction) called a meeting to order as follows :

" I have the honor of calling to order the first meeting of the Class of 1901, and having counted those present I find there is no quorum, so will entertain a motion to proceed without a quorum."

*Mr. Sykes*—I move we proceed without a quorum.

*Mr. Girdwood* (*jumping to his feet in the greatest excitement*)—I move to a point of order. Such a ———

*Mr. Hechheimer* (*interrupting*)—Does the point of order find a second? (*No reply.*) Then it is rejected. Let us carry the previous question and proceed to elect a temporary chairman.

After the nominations of Messrs. Mills and Wolff were confirmed by the class and further nominations closed by motion, Mr. McAfee moved for a *viva voce* vote. Mr. Hechheimer appointed six tellers, two representing each faction, as an evidence of his impartiality. Mr. Wolff was elected by an

overwhelming majority, and was formally installed. The customary inaugural address was, however, waived by *unanimous* vote of the assemblage. The chair having declared nominations for president to be in order, Mr. Smoot rose to nominate Mr. W. C. Karns of California, and he did it in language befitting "a senior;" he held his audience for fully ten minutes (the door being locked and all means of escape cut off); he declared their platform to consist of one plank—a silver dollar banquet.

Mr. Allen G. Girdwood and Mr. F. Victor Reinheimer were next nominated, and nominations were closed.

Mr. Girdwood adopted a \$10 platform, but Mr. Reinheimer offered to feed the class for eighty cents *per caput*, including wines and liquors.

It is needless to say that Mr. Reinheimer was supported by the masses, which tells the story in the fewest words, though five ballots were necessary before a majority of the class decided that "the cheapest is the best." The fifth ballot resulted in Reinheimer receiving 48 votes, Karns 23 and Girdwood 10.

We regret that this will go to print before the banquet becomes history. This extraordinarily precocious class "continues to wax strong in the eyes of the Lord," and judging the future by the past, it promises to far outshine any class that ever graduated from the University of Maryland (so far as its members that graduate are concerned).

HISTORIAN.





THE BOARD OF EDITORS—" By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight, we all quote."

—Emerson.

THE FACULTY—" Men of most renowned virtue have sometimes by transgressing most truly kept the LAW."

—Milton : *Tetrarchordon.*

THE LAW SCHOOL SENATE—" All our men were very, very merry,  
For all our men were drinking."

" They mingled with the friendly bowl  
The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

—Pope.

THE GRADUATES—" A little LEARNING is a dangerous thing ;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Perian spring ;  
Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us again."

—Pope : *Essay on Criticism.*

THE CLASS—" The very pink of PERFECTION."

—Goldsmith : *She Stoops to Conquer.*

" The powers that be."

—Romans, *xiii. 1.*

INTERMEDIATES—" All hell broke loose."

—Milton : *Paradise Lost*.

JUNIORS—" I am, sir, an ORACLE,

And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

—Shakespeare : *Merchant of Venice*.

CHANCELLOR KENT—" And looks the whole world in the face,

For *he* OWES not any man."

—Longfellow : *The Village Blacksmith*.

THE JANITOR—" I am a MAN

More sinn'd against than sinning."

—Shakespeare : *King Lear*.

" Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear."

—Byron : *Childe Harold*.

ARMSTRONG—" The worst speak something good ; if all want sense,

God takes a text, and preacheth PATIENCE."

—G. Herbert : *The Church Porch*.

" 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in PRINT ;

A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

—Byron : *English Bards*.

BAKER—" We grant, although he had much *wit*,

He was very shy of using it.

As, being loth to wear it out,

And therefore bore it not about,

Unless on holiday or so,

As men their apparel do."

—Butler : *Hudibras, Part I, Canto I, line 45*.

BINSWANGER, A. CAESAR—" Upon what meat doth this our CAESAR feed,

That he is grown so great ?"

—Shakespeare : *Julius Cæsar, Act 1, Scene 2*.

BREWER—" WITTY as Horatius Flaccus,

As great a Jacobin as Graccus."

—Sydney Smith : *Impromptu*.

" A college JOKE to cure the dumps."

—Swift : *Cassimus and Peter*.



- CLARK—"The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."  
—*Goldsmith.*
- CLAYTON—"Syllables govern the world."  
—*Selden : Power.*
- CLIFT—"Patience and shuffle the cards."  
—*Don Quixote.*
- COCKEY—"Neither cast ye your pearls before swine."  
—*Matthew vii, 6.*
- CONRAD—"The solitary MONK who shook the world."  
—*R. Montgomery.*
- DANKMEYER—"None but himself can be his *parallel.*"  
—*L. Theobald.*
- DARNALL—"Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind ;  
And to PARTY gave up what was meant for mankind."  
—*Goldsmith : Retaliation.*
- DEMING—"He has paid dear, very dear, for his WHISTLE."  
—*B. Franklin : The Whistle.*
- "He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,  
And *whistled* as he went, for want of thought."  
—*Dryden : Cymon Iphigenia.*
- DIMARCO—"Egregiously an *ass.*"  
—*Shakespeare : Othello.*
- DIVEN—"In the multitude of *counsellors* there is safety."  
—*Proverbs, xi, 14.*
- DONALDSON, A. E.—"The people's *voice* is odd."  
—*Pope : To Augustus.*
- DONALDSON, JOSEPH H.—"*Absence* makes the heart grow fonder."  
—*Bayley : Isle of Beauty.*
- DONNELLY—"A *prophet* is not without honour, save in his own country and  
in his own house."  
—*Matthew, xiii, 57.*
- DORSEY—"This world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given ;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—  
There's nothing true but Heaven !"  
—*Moore : Sacred Songs.*

ELLINGER—"Fight the good fight."

—*I Timothy, vi, 12.*

FAIRBANKS—"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir."

—*Canning: The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.*

FITCHETT—"There was, sir, in our time, one Captain Fudge, commander of merchantman, who upon his return from a voyage, how ill fraught soever his ship was, always brought home to his owners a good cargo of lies, insomuch that now aboard ship the sailors, when they hear a great lie told, cry, out, "YOU FUDGE IT."

—*Remarks Upon the Navy.*

FORD—"Let every man be fully *persuaded* in his own mind."

—*Romans, xiv, 5.*

FOUNTAIN—"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,  
The *observed* of all observers."

—*Shakespeare: Hamlet.*

GRIMES—"I'd be a *butterfly*; living a rover,  
Dying when FAIR THINGS are fading away."

—*T. H. Bayley.*

HANN—" 'Twas whispered in Heaven,  
'Twas muttered in Hell."

—*Fanshawe.*

"Oh! for a forty *Parson* power."

—*Byron: Don Juan.*

HENNING—"Some to church repair,  
Not for the doctrine, but for the music there."

—*Pope: Essay on Criticism.*

HOLZKNECHT—"Facts are stubborn things."

—*Smollett: Gil Blas.*

HOOK—"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

—*Sir H. Taylor: Philip Von Artevelte.*

HOTCHKISS—"His conversation was brief, and his desire was to be silent."

—*Juvenal.*

JACKSON, J. H. B.—"And after the fire a still *small voice*."

—*I Kings, xix, 12.*

- JACKSON, W. A.—“ Unwept, unhonored and unsung.”  
—*Scott : Lay of the Last Minstrel.*
- JONES—“ ’Twas for the good of my country that I should go abroad.”
- KINES—“ What am I ?  
An *infant* crying in the night ;  
An *infant* crying for the light ;  
And with no language but a cry.”  
—*Tennyson : In Memoriam.*
- KING, H. W.—“ A progeny of learning.”  
“ A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.”  
—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*
- KORB—“ Hell is paved with good intentions.”  
—*Boswell : Johnson.*
- LEVY—“ Whence is thy learning ? Hath thy toil  
O'er books consumed the midnight oil ?  
—*Gray : Shepherd.*
- LINTHICUM, W. H.—“ Less prompt than prompted.”  
—*Daws : Witty Sayings.*
- LITTIG—“ Stiff in opinions,  
Always in the wrong.”  
—*Dryden : Absalom.*
- LUTHARDT—“ Get money ; still get money, boy ;  
No matter by what means.”  
—*Every Man in His Humour.*
- MADDOX—“ My life is one demd horrid grind.”  
—*Nicholas Nickleby.*
- MALLOY—“ I drink no more than a sponge.”  
—*Rabelais.*
- “ His tongue dropped manna,  
And could make the worse  
Appear the better reason.”  
—*Milton.*
- MARRIOTT—“ I am slow of study.”  
—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*
- MAY—“ Turn over a new leaf.”  
—*Middleton.*

- MILLER, A. H.—“ Man wants but little here below, nor wants that *long*.”  
—*Goldsmith's Hermit*.
- MILLESON—“ Friend Ralph, thou hast  
Outrun the *Constable* at last.”  
—*Butler : Hudibras*.
- MORFIT—“ His cogitative faculties immersed  
In cogibundity of cogitation.”  
—*Henry Carey : Chronontolonthologos*.
- MURPHY—“ A man who could make so vile a *pun* would not scruple to pick  
a pocket.”  
—*J. Dennis (1734)*.
- MYERS—“ It's a long way from York to Baltimore.”  
—*Anonymous*.
- NAAS—“ A terrible man, with a terrible name—  
A name which you all know by sight very well,  
But which no man can speak, and none can spell.”  
—*Southey : March to Moscow*.
- NICE—“ And then the Justice, in fair round belly,  
With good capon lined.”  
—*Shakespeare : Seven Ages of Man*.  
“ A nice man is a man of nasty ideas.”  
—*Swift : Thoughts*.
- NOEL—“ Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, wrapped in the solitude of his own  
originality.”  
—*Phillips : Character of Napoleon*.
- PARKER—“ A successive *title*, long and dark,  
Draw from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.”  
—*Dryden : Absalom*.
- PARKS—“ My only books  
Were women's looks.”  
—*Moore*.
- PEARRE—“ Along the cold, sequester'd vale of life,  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.”  
—*Gray : Elegy*.
- POE—“ O Sleep ! it is a gentle thing.”  
—*Coleridge : Ancient Mariner*.

- RICE—"Devise, wit ; write, pen ; for I am whole volumes in folio."  
—*Love's Labour's Lost*.
- ROSENBUSH—"Words, words, words !"  
—*Hamlet*.
- ROSENDALE—"He that will do all that he can *lawfully*, would, if he durst,  
do something that is not lawful."  
—*Jeremy Taylor : Sermons*.
- SAPPINGTON—"He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,  
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back."  
—*Goldsmith : Retaliation*.
- SELDEN—"The gay Lothario."  
—*Rowe : Fair Penitent*.
- SHERBET—"As for the women, though we scorn and flout 'em,  
We may live with, but cannot live without 'em."  
—*Dryden : The Will*.
- SILANCE—"Speech is but silver, and silence is gold."  
—*Old Adage*.
- SLINGLUFF, R. LEE. } "The two dromios."  
SLINGLUFF, T. R. }
- STANLEY—"Disguise our bondage as we will,  
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still."  
—*Moore : Sovereign Woman*.
- THOMAS—"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."  
—*Merchant of Venice*.
- ULMAN—"I would the Gods had made thee poetical."  
—*As You Like It*.
- UPSHUR—"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands  
to sleep."  
—*Proverbs, vi, 10*.
- WARFIELD—"One eare it heard, at the other out it went."  
—*Chaucer : Troilus and Crescide*.
- WATTS—"What two ideas are more inseparable than Beer and Britannia ?"  
—*Sydney Smith*.

WHEATLEY—" Man's inhumanity to man,  
Makes countless thousands mourn."  
—Burns : *Man Was Made.*

WIDNER—" A man of strife, and a man of contention."  
—Jeremiah.

WILLMS—" Words pay no debts."  
—Chaucer : *Troilus and Creseide.*

" Man delights not me—no, nor woman either."  
—Hamlet.



♦

### Sweet Pearre.

I've a paper you must sign, Sweet Pearre !  
Come and hustle into line, Sweet Pearre !  
If you don't, the boys I'll tell,  
And they'll cut you bloody well ;  
You will wish you were in h—  
Sweet Pearre !

## Mine Toasdt.

[CONTRIBUTED BY A JUNIOR, AND PUBLISHED UNDER PROTEST.]

Vee hadt one oxamination  
A kouple of veeks ago ;  
It vas der tamdest mix-up  
Dat you vout vant to know.  
Vee hat listened to der lectures  
Since der dird uf last October ;  
Now came dose oxaminations round  
Uf vat vee hat youst vent oiver.

In dat pigg lecture hall, my friends,  
You vill find all kinds of beoples,  
Hoo von tay mit der legal fame  
Vill stand up like church steaples.  
Judge Harlan once asked a stoo dent  
Vat larceny vas today ;  
Dis pright poy sayd it vas daking  
A berson from his goodts avay.

Vee haf learndt of many esdates,  
Un of vooman's tam intention,  
Youst ven und vat she ought to charge ;  
Und some dings I don't can mention.  
Und infants vat goes out und buys  
Some horses and odder goods ;  
Why dey don't haf to pay for dem  
Ain't so easy to understoods.

Vee'fe learnt in Elementary Law  
Youst how one Statute of Uses  
Blayed such a prominent part,  
Und stopped some strange abuses.  
Den in Bersonal Broperty—  
Dot is, dings vat moves around ;  
Dey are neffer any goodts or stuff  
Vats sticking always in der ground.

Vee half heard uf dings called fixtures,  
Und some odder dings dat are not ;  
Andt all apout der lofely grass  
Vat grows all offer der lot.

Und den apout some lunatic  
Vat gets married youst fer fun,  
Den dies, den comes der riddle out—  
Mit his money vat must pee done.

Dere is a feller in our class  
I vant to dell you apout.  
Judge asked vat a remainder vast,  
Und dis feller he shoutted oud :  
“ Ids youst like a subtraction sum ;  
From one hundred dake twenty-five,  
Den you'll find vat is offer left—  
Der remainder—seventy-five.”

Dere is still anodder feller—  
I don't know vat is hiss name ;  
But vee haf got a joke on him  
Vat I vill dell you, youst de same.  
He says partition vas a ding  
Vats hammered up mit boardts und nails,  
Made up so high, so pigg und strong,  
Like der valls apout our jails.

Und der is one called Judge Hartman—  
Everypoddy knows hiss name ;  
Every dime he talks his face out  
I gets me one awful pain.  
“ Is dry codfish a goodt drade-mark ? ”  
Dot question a stoodent had ;  
“ Vell, I don't like cod-liver oil—  
Den I vill say it's badt.”

I've giffen you an idea  
Uf some mempers uf our class,  
Und der tay is quick approaching  
Ven dese happy tays vill pass.  
I hopes success vill be your friendt,  
Andt your bosition be quidte high,  
Und may our friendship neffer stopp  
Till each man uf us vill die.



## Overheard at a Quiz on Evidence.

SCENE : WELL-FILLED LECTURE-ROOM.

(Enter Honorable John P. Poe amid tumultuous applause.) DAY BEFORE EXAMINATION.

*Mr. Poe*—Gentlemen, this is the last chance I shall have of testing your legal abilities before the examination, so I shall immediately proceed without any preliminary remarks. (*Applause.*)

*Mr. Poe*—Mr. Armstrong !

*Mr. A.*—Present.

*Mr. Poe*—Mr. Armstrong, on what principle do the courts exempt attorneys-at-law from giving in evidence the secrets communicated to them by their clients ?

*Mr. A.*—There are two, Mr. Poe.

*Mr. Poe*—What are they ?

*Mr. A.*—First, because being lawyers, the attorneys are naturally addicted to falsifying ; and, second, because of the well-settled rule that "the Devil protects his own."

*Mr. Poe*—Well, why do they exclude such communications between husband and wife, Mr. Luthardt ?

*Mr. L.*—Because it would be a useless waste of time to admit them. Secrets which husbands tell to their wives very soon become matters of such public knowledge that the courts take judicial notice thereof.

*Mr. Poe*—Now, Mr. Dimarco, the case is *X vs. Y.*, and the burden of proof is on Y. Y offers no evidence, and X puts in a prayer to instruct the jury that there is no evidence tending to prove the fact in issue, and that their verdict must be for X. Who is entitled to recover ?

*Mr. D.*—Well, where a sheriff ——

*Mr. Poe*—No, this has nothing to do with a sheriff.

*Mr. D.*—But suppose the sheriff had not summoned the defendant ?

*Mr. Poe*—Well, we are going on the supposition that he has been summoned, and that all the subsequent procedure is perfectly correct.

*Mr. D.*—Then the defendant would have to plead within fifteen ——

*Mr. Poe*—Mr. Donnelly, you answer it.

*Mr. Donnelly*—What is the—why—question, Mr. Poe ?

*Mr. Poe (repeats the question)*—Who is entitled to recover ?

*Mr. Donnelly*—Why ——

*Mr. Poe*—No, X is entitled. I would recommend to your careful perusal the chapter relating to prayers, which, I am sure, in your present state of mind, you will find both novel and instructive. Now, when must a dying declaration be made, in order to be admitted in evidence ?

*Mr. Donnelly*—Why, a dying declaration must be made—why—before the victim—why—for example, dies.

*Mr. Poe*—Someone is smoking. Whoever it is, I wish he would discontinue it, as it is extremely obnoxious to those who do not use tobacco. (*Mr. Clift retires in confusion.*)

*Mr. Hook*—Mr. Poe, if the existence *vel non.* of a hole in the ground be in issue, is it necessary to produce it in court as the best evidence ?

(*Mr. Poe ignores the question, and the class absent-mindedly hum "I guess that will 'hole' you for awhile."*)

*Mr. Poe*—Mr. Nice, what is a notice to produce ?

*Mr. Nice*—A nervy request to the other side, asking them to prove our side of the case for us.

*Mr. Poe*—Well, what is a bill of discovery ?

*Mr. Nice*—A means of rubber-necking into the secrets of the opposition.

*Mr. Poe*—Mr. Dimarco, what is a bill of exceptions ?

*Mr. D.*—Well, when a sheriff ——

*Mr. Poe*—Mr. Kines !

*Mr. K.*—Here.

*Mr. Poe*—Answer that question.

*Mr. K.*—A bill of exceptions is a written statement, framed by a big-headed lawyer who thinks he knows more than the judge.

*Mr. Poe (scratching his head)*—You gentlemen seem to understand the subject fairly well, but your answers are hardly what I had hoped for. Now, Mr. Rice, if a client came into your office ——

*Mr. Rice (sotto voce, with his eyes toward Heaven)*—God willing !

*Mr. Poe (continuing)*—To employ you to try a case for him, and after you had won it, refused to pay your fee, what action would you bring against him ?

*Mr. Rice (promptly)*—An action on the case. (*Derisive cries of "Outside !" " Outside !"*)

*Mr. Poe*—Mr. Maloy, what is hearsay evidence ?

*Mr. Maloy*—A lie, which, if found out, we blame on someone else.

(*Enter Mr. Runge with a torch, amid cries of "Diogenes !" "Rubber !" "Goddess of Liberty !" etc.*)

*Mr. Poe*—Mr. Selden, in a certain case, the existence *vel non.* of an inscription on the Washington Monument is material to the issue. In order to prove this inscription is it necessary to bring the monument into court ?

*Mr. Selden*—Oh ! no, sir. All you have to do is to cut the inscription out and bring that in.

*Mr. Poe*—Now, Mr. Dimarco, a man is arrested for killing a Spaniard. What is necessary to be shown in order to establish the crime ?

*Mr. D.*—Well, when a sheriff ——

*Mr. Poe (vehemently)*—If you tell me anything more about that blankety-blank-blank sheriff, I'll soak you with this board-rubber. Mr. Donnelly !

*Mr. Donnelly*—Why, Mr. Poe, the case of *Dinky Dink versus Blinky Bink*, 47 Oklahoma, page steen, covers that question.

*Mr. Poe*—Why, Mr. Donnelly, I never heard of that case.

*Mr. Donnelly*—Well, Mr. Poe, that's not my fault.

*Mr. Poe*—Gentlemen, as the hour is up, we must discontinue this interesting discourse. The examination will take place tomorrow, and judging from the answers you have given me today, I am sorry to say, I see your finish. Remember, that in an examination, ignorance of the law is no excuse. (*Starts to go out, when he is stopped by Mr. Dimarco.*)

*Mr. D.*—Mr. Poe, if a sheriff ——

*Mr. Poe (as he exits hurriedly)*—!!!!!!!!!!!!

## A Note of Warning.



ENTLEMEN'S fon der Glass uf Nein und Ninezig !  
 Der dime is rife vor lawyers,  
 More as der merrier ;  
 But doan't forgot dot dings vas nodt always as ven  
 George Vashington vas a poy  
 Mitt his leedle sherry-dree.  
 Sherries vas nodt rife, ain'd it ?  
 No use is id again too loffe der Brofessor vat haf  
 More dalkin in der rooms mitt has vace  
 As bractice on der oudsite.  
 Der age of Embeerilisms ist mitt us,  
 Und, like der paloon, id hafs ids  
 Expansions ;

Ver is id der man ven he himself insides haf more as von  
 Lager-Peers,  
 Vot doan believ himself greater feel as he shud haf peen.  
 Aldso der man-in-laws, like der mutter-in-laws,  
 In der virst summer uf his swell-hettness,  
 Dinking lifelihoods vas von bleasant reawakenessess,  
 Gomes togeder der realismmzz uf life mit.  
 Is id as Der Herr Bresidentt wud haf doldt us,  
 (Hadt id nodt vas vor dose Sbanish mules by Matanza),  
 Brosberity ist ubon us mitt bodth veet.  
 Brosberity oder brosberity nidt,  
 Herr Noah had himself to builtet saidt Arc  
 Too kros der tides uf vortune.  
 Der jung lawyer must himself builtet sum Arcs.  
 Nodt enouf vill idt pe too godt  
 Der visdom uf der Raths-Kellar, nodt more as  
 Der outsbokenesszzz uf Brofessors.  
 As der vas more as two dousand uf lawyers in der drolley-down uf Paldimore,  
 Many oders vas goming like Xmasesszzz ;  
 Vell can der hesitanzy uf 'esdadors,  
 Der sheepnessess uf lamps,  
 Bosess der heafing prest-broductors uf juny lawyers—  
 Und der vas oder blaces roundt-apoudt.  
 No madder vat mutter und fadder, your frents und relations,  
 Dink uf der prightvulness und aggomblishmentts  
 Vat leedle Villie in himsel haf ;  
 Dink nodt yoursel vonce more too schine as von l'lectrik-lightdt.  
 Id vas bedder py near to go ouid in der pack-yardt on

Von tark nighdt mitt candler und sawdt voodt. Ain'd id ?  
 Ven you haf yoursel sawdt der candler ould ;  
 Dot promo-zeltser veelings in der hett vill you nodt longer  
 Emparass.  
 A vord inteed ist von tay in dime.  
 Goming too der par ist der peginnings uf awl der efls,  
 Der furder ve vas togedder der nearer ve vas away,  
 Und der endt uf der peginnings vas near uf leedle Villie  
 Doand't himsel sum vood sawdt,  
 As ve saidt (in der sbokeness uf lawyers), pevore, pehindt und awl-aroundt.  
 On der oder handts, dink yoursel somepody ven you somedings too do haf.  
 Venefer and vatefer enypody asks yoursel uf you pizy vas,  
 No madder who vas a liar, always saidt : " Oh ! you cand't pelief yourself how pizy  
 I vas ! " Dot vas peezness, ain'd id ?  
 Bolitiks ist nodt dot insbirations too haf peen longt vor,  
 Der leg ist longer made as vour inchez.  
 Nefer dell der oder man alreaty yed vat nicks uf von man's peezness ist id.  
 Doo dreat von frent mitt a glass uf peer furder goes as  
 Dwo parties uf theadre-laties.  
 Blease doand't remember doo vorfot dot peautiful ver-zi-visit :  
     Doo der lawyer pelongs der sboils,  
     Doo der gliendt leaf awlone der soils  
     Uf his veets,  
     Vor uf kourse,  
     Der leedler he godts,  
     Nodings ist id he vandts.



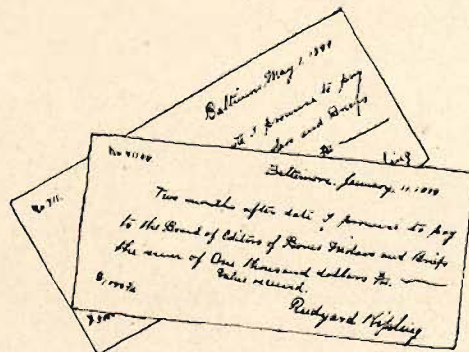
Practice at the Bar.

## Tale of the Re(a)d Man.

Gentle reader, pause and listen  
To the wisdom here unfolded ;  
To the Tale of Bill the Broncho,  
Of his tribe down at the Law School :  
Many moons ago they gathered  
From the mountains and the valley,  
From the wigwams of their papas,  
Came they here with bag and baggage ;  
Hoping, waiting, cussing, praying,  
That some day they might be lawyers.  
Learned in the game of chin chin,  
Even so as Poe, Poe, Johnnie,  
Or with voice as smooth and oily  
As the stoic Gans, Gans, Eddie.  
Long they listened to the pow-wows,  
Till the year of ninety-nine came ;  
Then the tribe thought of their future,  
And they longed to hit the war trail,  
And to drain from some slick clients  
All the wampum in their purses.  
So they chose one for their chieftain—  
One named Brewer, known as Jimmie—  
And he led them to a sheep-fold,  
Where each man a sheep-skin pilfered,  
And they wrapped them round their bodies.  
Thus attired they looked for trouble,  
And to some the road was stony ;  
Others found the path dead easy ;  
And they said, " The Law is cinchy,"  
In the language of the Bowery.  
Still some others sought their wig-wams  
And the grass grew round about them.  
" Come and do some honest labor,"  
Cried the squaws unto their jiglets,  
But they sat and starved in silence,  
Till one day they ate their sheep-skins,  
And in language quite sulphuric  
They consigned their pipe-dream clients  
To the outskirts of Gehenna,  
In the land of Gotohello.

\* \* \* \* \*

They are scattered now forever,  
 Noble band of Ninety-Niners ;  
 But a few called Kappa Sigmas,  
 Ever faithful, ever faithful,  
 Meet and smoke the pleasant peace-pipe  
 As they swop the festive lie-lie ;  
 Drinking, drinking, fire-water,  
 Till they don't know what t'e'll Bill.  
 There are Puck and Judge, the twinlets ;  
 Next Forgetit, and the Parson ;  
 Then from Cork comes Pat and Murphy,  
 Hop the Hairy, Clark the Skullion,  
 Hay-seed Ollie, Why-Why Donnie,  
 Broncho Bill and his friend Tommie,  
 Come like Pythias and Damon.  
 Ah ! those braves there, they are happy.  
 All those knockers and rag-chewers—  
 So, kind reader, we will leave them.  
 May they prosper, may they prosper !



“American Notes,” by Rudyard Kipling.

## A Nighthorse.

ONCE upon a time there was a dream. The chair at the Frat. was very comfortable ; the pool table gradually faded from view, and the whirr and click of the balls became less distinct. It seemed to be Saturday night. I was in a crowd that did squeak and gibber.

"Is this the Senate?" I asked, with seeming boldness, for I was sore afraid. There came no answer, for every eye was turned to one Senator from Kentucky.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I will not be able to speak much tonight," and the applause was deafening, but he continued to orate, and as he spoke, some mocked, some turned away their heads, and some believed. Even as I gazed, the Grand Sachem banged a huge club on the high desk, walking to and fro on the dais with a step very like the gait of old Peter Stuyvesant, some time Governor of New Amsterdam. He thus addressed his minions :

"We must have order. I feel able to put down any unruly spirits. Indeed, I have put down many kinds of spirits today in celebration of our victory over M. A. C."

The noise which followed carried me out, and I was borne up, up, up, till I landed in the dissecting room. I gave thanks for being on terra firma again, as my Lord Coke sayeth :

" On a bier lay the form of a woman;  
. . . She did not seem as dead,  
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled."

Beside the body stood a youth. Great sobs shook his sturdy frame and burning tears fell thick and fast.

"Why criest?" asked I, laying my hand gently on his shoulder. "Wast a relative of thine, or, perchance, a friend?"

He evaded my question. "Some dental scullion has pulled all the teeth out of my stiff!" and he fell, quite overcome, into my arms.

"Here," said I, thinking to cheer him, "take this amputated hand and throw it through that round window. It will fall on the Law Lecturer, and he will get off a joke about mortmain." But he thrust me rudely aside.



In despair I went to the Law Library, the profligate extravagance of which caused me great anguish. The student should learn to seek after knowledge; here it is forced on him. In this library are many rare books now out of print, which if once lost could only be replaced by an arduous search among waste paper dealers. Chains should be provided for such books, like those on the illuminated missals in old cathedrals. Yet, withal, much credit is due the library in that it strives to treat all writers with equal favor, rich and poor, good and bad. A forcible example of this is the library Blackstone, which is comprised of one volume each of Chitty and Cooley, thus avoiding all appearance of favoritism. This will do away with that petty quibbling which is so shocking among writers of books.

While still investigating, a cheer so loud as to wake me was given, for the "blasé old rounder" had made a point in bottle pool.



"On His Honor."

## Song of the Shirk.

AFTER TOM HOOD.

*(Several Laps.)*

With thoughts of girls in his head,  
And pleasures forbidden to him,  
He wades knee-deep in his law-books,  
With eyes blood-shot and dim.

Cram, cram, cram,  
While his room-mate lies in his bunk ;  
But as for him, no rest is nigh,  
For he must cram or flunk.

Bone, bone, bone,  
While the morning draweth nigh ;  
And bone, bone, bone,  
Through volumes musty and dry.

'Twere better to be a policeman  
And flirt with the servant maid,  
Than to get a musty sheep-skin  
And be so poorly paid.

O, clients with money to burn ;  
O, juries so hard to convince ;  
'Tis not all lawyers who earn enough  
To live in style like a prince.

Bone, bone, bone,  
Through libraries wide and deep,  
While honest men are home in bed  
Enjoying refreshing sleep.

For while the grind was working  
He wasted the hours in play ;  
Poker, baseball and hockey,  
He studied night and day.

Cram, cram, cram,  
With prospects dreary and dark :  
Cram, cram, cram,  
To get a passing mark.

For now he has "cold feet,"  
R. E. Morse sits by his side.  
It's oh ! for the lectures he has cut,  
The quizzes from which he's bled.

Then grind, grind, grind,  
O'er maxims of Equity ;  
And grind, grind, grind,  
His finish we can see.

Oh ! but for one short beer,  
With foam however deep !  
A raw-beef sandwich on the side  
And onions in a heap ;

A flowing stein would ease his nerves,  
Bring rest unto his brain ;  
But work he must in smoke and dust,  
And sing this sad refrain :

Bone, bone, bone,  
Through libraries wide and deep,  
While honest men are home in bed  
Enjoying refreshing sleep.

*G. Y. C.*—No, three of a kind don't always beat two pair ; for instance, two pair of aces.

### Constitutional Law.

*Major V.*—What is meant by the Police Power ?

*J. L. V. M.*—The Irish.

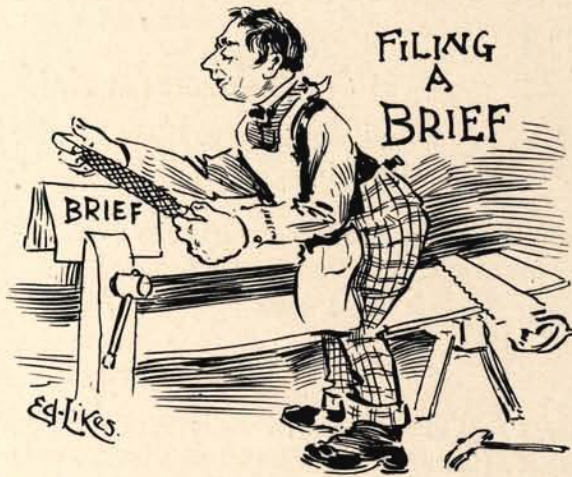
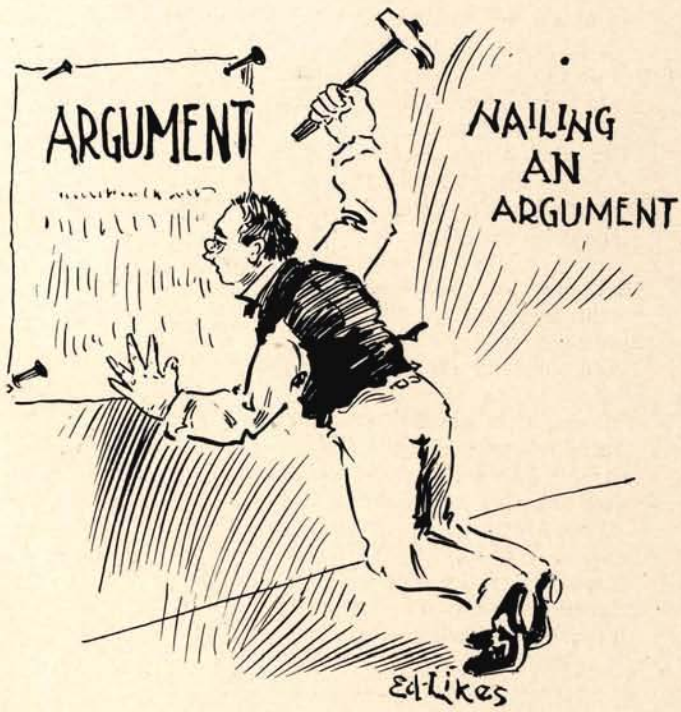
*Mr. K.*—Judge, if a house is left to a man for his life, and he holds over after his term expires, what would happen ?

*Judge H.*—The house would be haunted.

### Bills and Notes.

*Mr. P.*—Will someone give me his idea of a circulating medium ?

*Mr. S. (librarian)*—The books supposed to be in our library.



## Well Hardly.

We have heard all about the "chimney-sweep's" case,  
Also of the carpenters, six.  
Likewise how the Rule in Shelley's Case  
Puts conveyances into a fix.  
Now, some students may not be familiar with these,  
Nor know what their questions may be ;  
But I'll bet there's not one in Ninety and Nine  
Who hasn't read H, vs. J. G.\*

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\*33 Maryland Reports.

## Quiz Class.

The question is : " What will you have ? "  
And the answer is : " The same."

A question that stumps full many a youth  
In a Real Prop. examination  
Is, Give an example of estate on cond.  
And one on cond. limitation.

## A Baer Story.

I give my farm, "Cherry Grove," to my son John for life.

## She Came for Justice.

SHE had appealed the case from a Justice of the Peace. In the Baltimore City Court she had the air of an injured one, and her answers to questions on cross-examination were pert and bordering on facetiousness. In response to a question as to who appeared before the Justice, she replied :

" The plaintiff, my witness, the plaintiff's shyster and myself."

" Was not the Justice there ? " queried the cross-examiner.

" JUSTICE ! JUSTICE ! " she almost screamed. " There was no *JUSTICE* there. I came here to get *Justice*."

## The Study of the Law as a Training for the Mind.

ONE of the great advantages of studying law is the cultivation of the faculty of mental analysis. The average layman has no conception of the effect produced by this habitual training of the mind to observe closely, to define distinctly; to look under and over and around every object and subject submitted to it. Yet this is the training devised and applied by the University, and which must be achieved by the student before he is fitted to take a champion's place in the great intellectual arena. Thus trained, one can see beauties and solve mysteries never noted before in the simplest problems or situations. Whatever meaning, sentiment or purpose lies concealed in a sentence heretofore regarded as barren and commonplace reveals itself to the trained analytic and argumentative mind. In evidence of this I will give one simple illustration :

When I was a boy, the first reading lesson I came to after learning to spell words of two syllables, was a description of a "good boy." It undertook to tell the little reader what a good boy was, and how to be cherubically good, and the first sentence so impressed itself upon me that I have never forgotten it, although at that time—my mind not having been developed and trained for the legal profession—I read and remembered it only in a general and superficial sort of way, without enjoying its intensity and force as since revealed to me. This description was :

"A good boy eats what is set before him." It was a brief but beautiful sentence and calculated to stimulate the average boy to a faithful imitation of the paragon described. I have lived religiously up to the qualification, and am, therefore, entitled to speak upon the subject.

Now this is the way a lawyer would look at it : Thus, the sentence is : "A good boy eats what is set before him."

Who does ? "A" good boy. Not "the" good boy, or any particular, definite, individual boy ; but "a" good boy ; that is, *any* and every good boy. It applies to all boys who aspire to goodness, and not to the single good boy of the school known to you and me, who always smelled of mutton-tallow and died young.

But it is not only "a" boy, but a "good" boy. It is the "good" boy who is an expansionist in a quiet, solemn and serious way, for that kind of a boy has very little other happiness. He is usually very sedate, wall-eyed and sorrowful, as if his goodness oppressed him, and is revered and despised with equal intensity and enthusiasm by his classmates.

But further : A good what ? A good "boy." Not a girl or a sissy-boy. Just a plain, every-day boy ; or as a philosopher describes him, a "biped without feathers," and he should have added, with a vermiform appendix.

Now "a good boy" does what ? He "eats." He doesn't drink. He simply inserts nutritious pabulum into the denticulated orifice below the nasal protuberance, which being masticated peregrinates through the castilaginuous cavities of the larynx and finally is domiciliated into the receptacle for digestible particles.

Now, he eats "what ?" Whatever comes to hand or mouth. He is omniverous. He is indifferent. He eats "what," which is tantamount to "whatever," and shows his utter and abject devotion to duty.

He eats what "is" set before him. Not what was or may be set set before him. But what "is." It is the present that he deals with—not futures. It is the eternal now that appeals to his obedient and submissive appetite and enables him to distinguish himself by conforming to an agreeable qualification.

He eats what is "set" before him. It must be right there ; still, solid, stationary, substantial. Not on the run ; not grabbed and hustled away. But what is voluntarily and safely and comfortably "set" before him.

Now, set where ? Set "before" him. Not behind him or on either side of him. It must be right in front of him, where he will be up against it in good shape, so that he can use his knife and fork properly and gracefully. It must be on the side his mouth is on, for a good boy is not otherwise described as active enough or sufficiently accomplished to eat backwards.

It must be before whom ? Before "him." It must not be before another boy or a bad boy, for if it is, his goodness would not be in it—nor would the goodies be in him.

Thus it is that legal studies discipline and train the mind to analyze, dissect and examine every syllable, word and sentence, and to bring out beauties and meanings in infinite variety, where the commonplace and undisciplined mental motor would glide superficially over the surface. Even behind or within the simplest subject or expression lie concealed thoughts, ideas and suggestions which only the legally trained mind will detect and disclose.

## Prof. Baer's Story of Mike's Partition of a House.

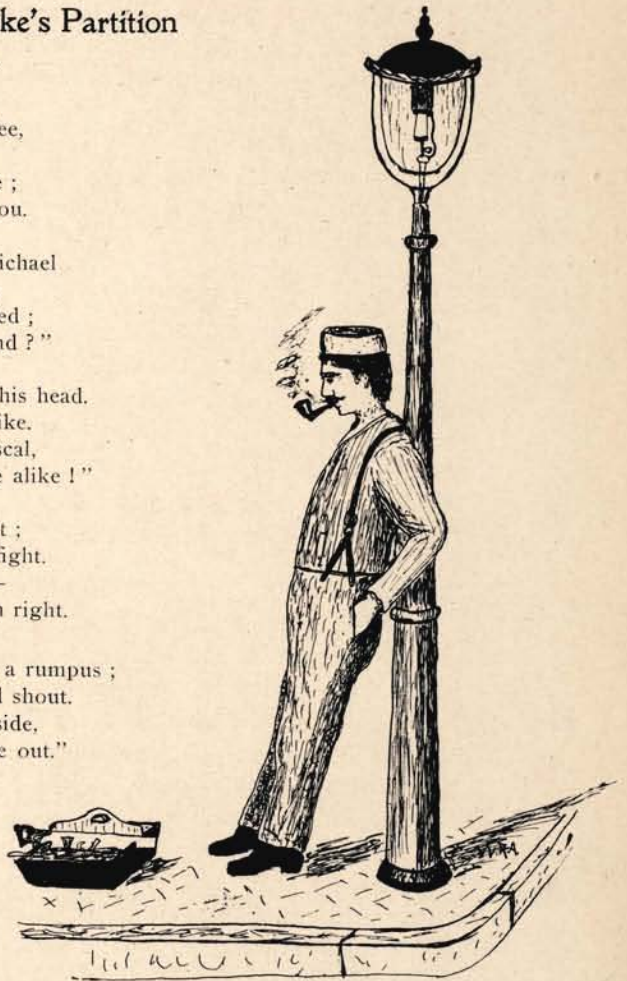
"Arrah! Mister McAfee,  
Tell me what to do.  
I'm in a site of trouble;  
So here I come to you.

"Me and me brother Michael  
Owns a bit of land;  
I want the thing divided;  
So do you understand?"

Lawyer Mac, he nods his head.  
"Bring in Brother Mike.  
See here, you Irish rascal,  
You share and share alike!"

"Begorra I have fixed it;  
Please don't raise a fight.  
I've divided it in two—  
So, sure, I know I'm right.

"Now, then, don't raise a rumpus;  
Please don't fuss and shout.  
You see, I took the inside,  
And Pat took all the out."



Mechanic's Lean



## RULES

### Adopted by the Court of Appeals Regulating Admission to the Bar.

THE Court of Appeals has formulated rules to guide the Board of Law Examiners of applicants for admission to the Bar, under Act of Assembly, passed at the last Session of the Legislature. The Examiners are Arthur George Brown, of Baltimore ; John S. Wirt, of Elkton, and Benjamin A. Richmond, of Cumberland.

The rules read as follows :

1. All applications for admission to the bar shall be made by petition to the Court of Appeals. The petition shall be under oath, and shall state :

(a) The full name, age, residence and place of birth of the applicant.

(b) If the petitioner shall apply for admission as a member of the bar of another State or of the courts of the United States, pursuant to Section 6 of Chapter 139 of the Act of 1898, the petitioner shall state that he is now an actual resident of this State, and shall further name the State in which and the court by which the petitioner was admitted to the bar, and shall also state that the petitioner has, for at least five years before filing his said petition, been engaged as a practitioner or teacher of the law or a judge in such State, the petitioner shall file with his petition a copy of his license to practice, duly certified, or a copy of the record of the court in which he was so admitted, certified as required by law for the authentication of the records of courts of other States when offered as evidence in the courts of this State.

The petitioner shall also file a certificate of a judge of the State in which he was so admitted or a certificate from two members of the bar of this State certifying how long they have known the applicant, and that he is not a person of bad or dissolute habits, but of good moral character, and that he has never, so far as known to the person or persons certifying, been guilty of any criminal or disgraceful conduct, and that he is, at the time of such certificate, a member of the bar in good standing, and that he has been actively engaged as a practitioner or teacher of the law, or judge in such State for at least five years before the filing of his said petition.

(c) If the petitioner shall not apply for admission as a member of the bar of another State, the petition shall further state :

That the petitioner has studied law in the office of a member of the bar of this State, or in a school of the United States for at least two years, and while so studying the law, he diligently pursued the course of study prescribed by Rule 5.

The petitioner shall file with his petition a certificate from the member of the bar in whose office he studied, or, if the petitioner studied in a law school, a certificate from the president, dean or any instructor of such school, certifying that the petitioner has pursued under his direction for at least two years the course of study prescribed in Rule 5, and that the petitioner is not a person of bad or dissolute habits, but of good moral character, and that he has never, so far as known to the person certifying, been guilty of any criminal or disgraceful conduct.

The certificates hereinbefore provided shall be *prima facie* evidence of the facts stated in them.

The petition shall be filed at least ten days before the day fixed for an examination by the State Board of Law Examiners.

2. All applicants for admission to the bar, including members of the bar of other States, shall pay a fee of \$25 at the time of filing their petition.

No petition will be considered or referred to the State Board of Law Examiners until said fee is paid to the treasurer of the said Board.

3. All applications for admission to the bar of other States shall be referred to the State Board of Examiners, who shall examine the applicants as to their qualifications to practice law.

4. The Board of Law Examiners shall meet twice annually, once in the month of June and once in the month of November, at such place in the State of Maryland as said Board may determine, for the purpose of conducting such examination. Thirty days' public notice of the time and place of meeting shall be given. The said court shall hold such meetings for the purpose of conducting examinations at such time and place and on such notice as may be directed by the Court of Appeals from time to time by special orders.

5. All examinations shall be in writing. All applicants shall be examined by said Board on each of the following subjects : (1) Elementary Law, (2) Contracts, (3) Torts, (4) Wills and the Administration of Estates, (5) Corporations, (6) Evidence, (7) Equity, (8) Real Property, (9) Personal Property, (10) Criminal Law, (11) Domestic Relations, (12) Plead-

ing and Practice at Law and in Equity, at Common Law, and in Maryland, (13) Constitutional Law, (14) International Law, (15) Legal Ethics.

The Board may, at its election, in addition to the written examination, examine orally any or all of the applicants.

The State Board of Law Examiners may prescribe rules for the conduct of examinations, provided that the applicant be allowed at least six hours in which to prepare the answers in the written examination.

6. The State Board of Law Examiners shall, as soon as practicable after such examination, file their report. They shall file with their report a copy of the questions asked and all the replies. The report shall also state the conclusions of said Board, as to the qualifications of all applicants, and shall recommend in the case of each person examined that he be or be not admitted to the bar.

7. The names and places and residences of all persons recommended by said Board for admission to the bar, shall be published once a week for three successive weeks in two daily newspapers published in the City of Baltimore, before the day fixed for the ratification of the report of the State Board of Law Examiners.

If no exceptions are filed to the report of the Board of Law Examiners within thirty days after their report is filed, the recommendations contained in the report shall be adopted, the action of the Board ratified, and the applicants admitted or rejected, as recommended by the Board.

If exceptions to the report of the Board shall be filed, such exceptions shall be heard and decided by the court. In case the exceptions shall be filed to the recommendation of the Board that any applicant shall be not admitted to the bar, and the exceptions relate to the qualification of the applicant to practice law, no new examination will be held, but the exception heard and determined on an examination of the applicant's answers to the questions asked him. If the exception relates to the moral character of the applicant, the exceptant and the applicant shall have the right to produce evidence in support of or against their exception before the court or before an examiner appointed for the purpose of taking the testimony.

8. When it shall be determined by the Court of Appeals that an applicant is qualified to practice law and is of good moral character, an order will be passed directing that he be admitted to the bar on taking the oath required of a member of the bar by the Maryland Code of Public General Laws, Article 10, Section 10.

9. The members of the Board of Law Examiners shall be entitled to the sum of ten dollars per day for every day actually spent in the discharge of

their duties, and all their traveling and other expenses, provided the fees and expenses of said Board shall not exceed the sum paid by applicants as fees.

## Order of the Court.

The court passed the following order :

ORDERED by the Court of Appeals of Maryland, this second day of June, Anno Domini 1898, that the foregoing rules, relating to the application for admission to the bar, be and the same are hereby adopted, subject to such alterations, amendment or revision as may hereafter from time to time be made, if deemed expedient.

JAMES MCSHERRY.  
WILLIAM SHEPARD BRYAN.  
DAVID FOWLER.  
CHARLES B. ROBERTS.  
A. HUNTER BOYD.  
HENRY PAGE.  
JAMES A. PEARCE.  
JOHN P. BRISCOE.



A Popular "Case" for Students.

## Self-Descriptive Verses.

BY SUNDRY INDIVIDUALS.

ONE of the editors of this book prepared quite an elaborate little article in which the Faculty and most of the graduating class figured according to their various peculiarities, but by an accident (fortunate or unfortunate, as the gentle reader may think) all of the manuscript, except the fragment given below, was lost. The original idea embraced something on the order of a comic opera. This is stated because there might be a mistake as to what was really meant by the effusions here given.

The scene is laid in the Library (blessed haunt) of the University. The usual crowd is assembled, and the characters do their stunts for its benefit.

*(Judge Harlan enters amid thunderous applause, and with a sweet smile sings):*

The great boy Judge,  
Abominating fudge,  
With scornful looks severe  
Speaks to the students here.  
With roving eagle eye  
Disorder he will spy,  
And throw the rowdy out  
Who dares to raise a shout,  
Or smokes a cigarette,  
Or somewhat funny get ;  
Discipline, he'll insist,  
Of student life's the gist.  
But with his faults aside—  
The boy Judge is our pride.

*(Enter Willy Brantly, member of the Faculty, he of contract fame, a good soul with a prodigious memory. None know him but to love him, etc. Willy sings in dulcet tones) :*

I'm modest Willy Brantly,  
Who can offhand instantly  
Quote any given case ;  
Spout the life of my Lord Coke,  
Tell how the warriors spoke  
At bloody Chevy Chase.  
My learning is deep and sure,  
Many an essay, brochure,  
Comes from my fertile mind ;  
For reports from ev'ry State  
Deep within my little pate  
A place somewhere I find.

*(Enter Tazwell Thomas, amid a chorus of hoots and jeers, catcalls, hisses and open curses, which he receives with an imbecilic smirk, seeming to think it a fine thing to be despised by all the students, and considered by the Faculty the greatest chump they ever taught. He advances and after throwing out his chest and adjusting his halo, sings in a thirty-cent voice) :*

I am the most self-righteous kid  
That ever came to pass.  
I thought myself a martyr, I did ;  
But all knew that I was an —— !

I tried to do the squealing act,  
To " trun " my classmates down,  
Not grasping the quite patent fact  
That I was playing clown.

Next time I think I'll show some sense  
And act less like a fool,  
Not make myself like thirty cents  
By running down the school.

*(Enter Watts and Baker, their hands full of notices to attend a caucus having for its object the adoption of a plan of campaign by the*

“ *Students’ Anti-Swearing, Non-Smoking, Anti-Winking-at-Girls and Prohibition Society.*” They advance with a tired, lost-by-three-votes expression, and, after distributing a few tracts, sing in an Amen voice the following doleful ditty) :

We are Watts and Baker,  
Yale man and a Quaker,  
Politicians hot.  
We thought to work the class  
With holy Moses gas  
And other like rot.

We long decried drinking,  
At Lombard’s queens winking,  
We were saintly dears.  
But, Oh ! we hate to tell  
The story known so well—  
Please excuse our tears ;

For we were not in it,  
Not a single minute,  
With that drunken crew.  
The Fates were dead “ agin us,”  
With votes they did pin us.  
Our hopes upward flew.

(*Thus the various characters pass in review, receiving salutations in accordance with their popularity and different grades of chumpiness, until the thing seems liable to be continued to a too late hour, but just as we are wondering how to stop off the registering of bad meters, Major Venable enters behind an enormous expanse of white vest, and after setting aside three Supreme Court decisions, sings in a high falsetto voice*) :

I am Major Venable,  
To no law amenable  
In the matter of cocktails ;  
Winter’s gone and Summer’s here,  
Nothing care I for light beer,  
Excepting when the Bock fails.

I know that this crowd is dry,  
And in the same boat am I;  
So of this scheme what do you think?  
Without any more suspense,  
And solely at my expense,  
Let's go out and get a drink.

It is needless to state that the curtain falls on a scene of riotous approval of the Major's suggestion.

