

Nathan Winslow M.D.

Presented by
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BONES



MOLARS

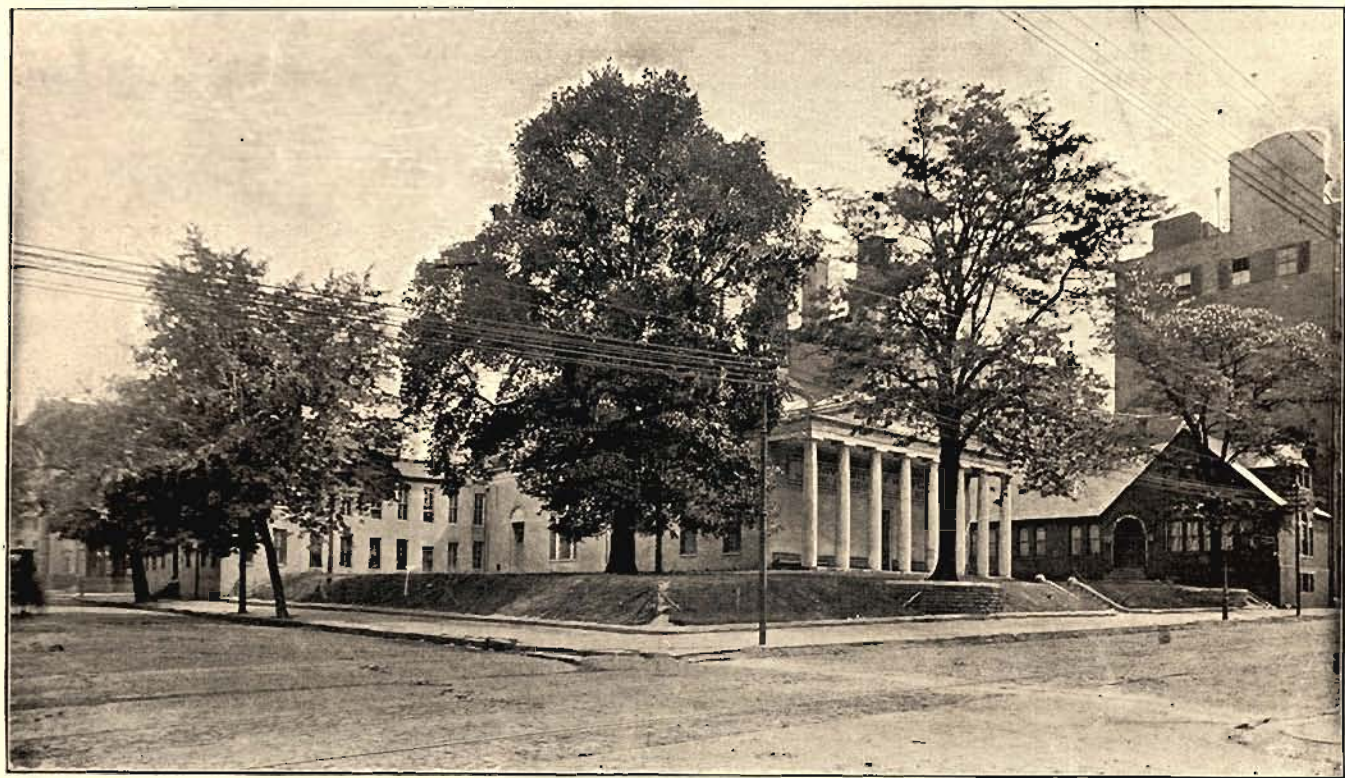
AND BRIEFS

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND

1901

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Dedication.



TO THE

MARYLAND GIRL,

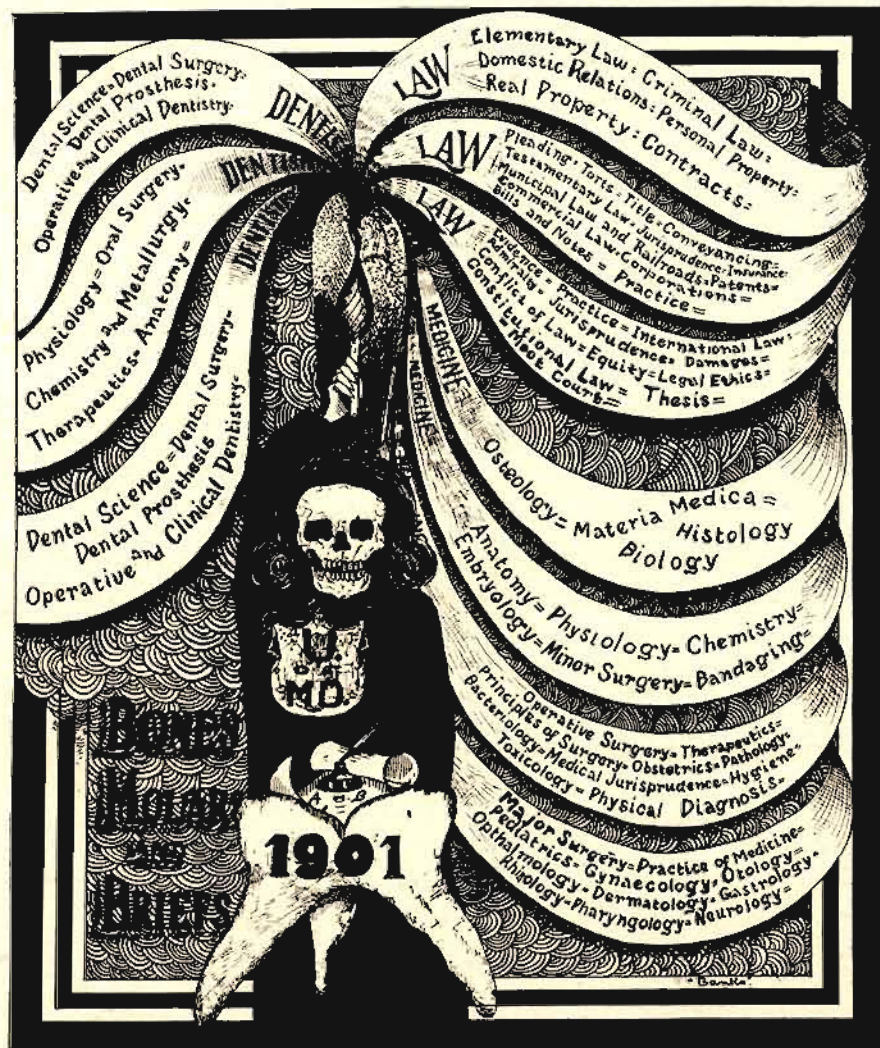
WHOSE INTERESTING AND LOYAL ATTACHMENT TO THIS

"OUR SOUTHERN SCHOOL"

HATH TURNED MANY A SEEMING DEFEAT INTO A MOST GLORIOUS

VICTORY FOR THE MAROON AND BLACK, WE, THE EDITORS,

DO MOST HUMBLY DEDICATE THIS BOOK.



Preface.

THE words Bones, Molars and Briefs are to designate the three departments of the University of Maryland.

The reader's time is not taken up with theoretical discussions, or even treated briefly. The sole purpose of this book is a gentle reminder of the happy days in Winter when we assembled in College to hear our esteemed Professors and then off for our rooms, where study and pleasure was equally intermingled.

We have received unexpected support from the Fraternities of our grand old College, and the Editors are indebted to friends for the pen and ink sketches, as well as to Dr. H. Blackburn Smith for his many hours of assistance in the preparation of certain literature.

If this small book will serve to bind together certain memories of College days, the Editors will feel that their mission has been fulfilled.

In the construction of this memorial of the Class of 1901 no little time and expense have been considered by the Editors, in hopes it would meet the favor of every student in the University of Maryland.

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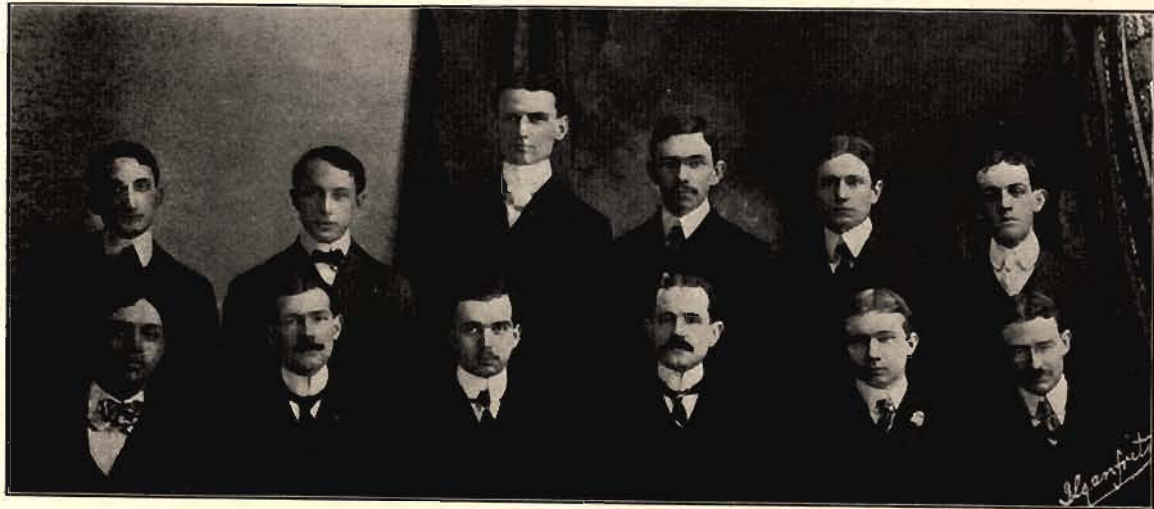
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History—Class 1901.



IN THE Lecture Hall of the Law Department of the University of Maryland, on the third day of October, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, the class of 1901 first saw the light of its existence. A few of the men who then composed the class are now practicing in the courts of our State, and one God, in His infinite wisdom, deemed best to call to his last rest. All knew Mr. Bacon lament his death. The vacant places caused by some of our classmates graduating in 1900 were filled by others who joined us in the Fall of 1899.

With fear and trembling we entered the Lecture Hall to begin our studies, as we thought hazing had not as yet been abolished from the matriculation of students. However, we escaped without having our mustaches shaved off as well as a Justice of the Peace trial.

The first of the Faculty to greet us was His Honor, Judge Henry D. Harlan, who, in his preliminary lecture to the course of study on Elementary Law, inferred that the diploma which we would receive three years hence on graduation would be nothing more nor less than a memento to be placed in the archives for posterity to see that we had once been University students, as the diploma did not, as formerly, permit the holder thereof to be admitted to the Bar without a Supreme Bench examination. While this shocking news caused deathly silence in the class, from which we are now just about recovering, still the motive for the Act of Assembly abolishing the admission to the Bar by diploma is, to our minds, a most commendable one, viz., a higher standard as a requirement for admission; but the practice already in vogue seemed to us to have "existed for so long a time that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," and the evils thereof had become so rapidly and strongly imbedded themselves that the effects of this comparatively recent legislation will not, in all probability, be appreciated before the middle of the present century.

The lectures on Elementary Law were occasionally relaxed and on Fridays we were given an opportunity to hear something about trademarks, copyrights, fixtures, bailments ("the means whereby a man is released from the custody of the police authorities," Mr. C. J. L.), cattle, etc. In the latter part of the first term we were entertained with lectures on Domestic Relations. After studying this latter subject for some time we were constrained to believe that we had experienced all the entanglements of the matrimonial status, including the acquiring of statutory separate and sole and separate estates, although we must confess that a most universal and important subdivision thereof was missing—the rights and disabilities of the mother-in-law at common law and the changes made by the law of 1898. After a lapse of several weeks we were informed by the Faculty that an order *nisi* had been promulgated wherein the class of 1901 was summoned to show cause why the members thereof should not be adjudged sufficiently competent to undertake the arduous studies of Real Property and Contracts. This edict unnerved the class, but, considering that others had undergone the same and that it must come to pass, we buckled down and prepared for the ordeal.

Examinations came at last, and we sat ourselves down to our tasks. We must confess that Personal Property was, in the language of the up-to-date college girl, "fierce," as it treated of animals *feræ naturæ*, desiccated codfish, etc. The second day, Saturday, we assembled to tell all we knew about the most interesting subject of Domestic Relations. Much to our surprise, we found the examination as sweeping as the Law of 1898, Chapter 457. We discovered a married woman dealing as a feme sole, with men in the role of contractor and contractee, making wills prior to 1860 without a previous examination, and each succeeding question caused us to wonder what next a married woman would do. We

found boys becoming infatuated with actresses (a thing unknown to the early days of the nineteenth century), buying them diamond rings, and when the actresses found another love with more of the wherewithal attempts were made on the part of the boys to recover the consideration paid for the rings, on the ground of infancy. We found polygamists dying and their several wives attempting to secure dower in their deceased husband's realty.

An aftermath (which was a meeting more on the order of a postmortem examination) was duly held and was most interesting. A humorous incident of that meeting still remains fresh in our minds. Mr. L. informed some of the classmen present at that meeting that he had answered the question on Personal Property, "Is desiccated cod a good trade mark?" "No; because the sea is full of dead codfish."

A few days of vacation elapsed in order to allow us to recuperate from the shock of the examinations, and on returning to our studies we were introduced to "My Son John," "Blackacre" and "Cherry Grove." Contracts were also brought to our attention, with doctors, preachers, students, blacksmiths and infants, making all the different kinds of contracts with lawful and unlawful considerations. Examinations on these subjects came in due course. It is noteworthy to state that one of our ex-classmen was a firm believer that "seizin had superseded the modern form of conveyance." We also saw in Contracts (subdivision "Sales") that the stoppage en transitu was fashioned after a "Gold Brick" scheme.

A few months of vacation brought us face to face with the beginning of our intermediate term. Here, again, we met our old friend and standby, "My Son John" and "Cherry Grove." Testamentary Law was presented with the hypothesis that in a certain branch thereof haste is a prerequisite to securing a fee. Pleading came with the proposition that the demurrer is the most available weapon with which to watch over the rat hole, especially when the rat, in the shape of a variance being pleaded by your adversary, begins to come in sight. Peter Plaintiff, Daniel Defendant, Learned Lawyer became the most conspicuous participants in this subject. We were also instructed in the art of using the gun, in that "At each shot, you must plead or demur." Insurance next engaged our attention, and the rapidity with which it was necessary to cover this most important subject made us feel as though we were the opposing eleven in a football match, with the flying wedge or "V" gaining steadily through our centre.

The curriculum was changed in this term, so that we were obliged to return to the Junior class on certain evenings to listen to the interesting subject of Criminal Law, wherein we were informed that a man would commit no crime by going out to the then existing "Zoo" and taking a lion, but would commit suicide.

Examinations for the first term of our second year came with many interesting and thought-raking questions, and the second term opened on regular schedule time. Bills and Notes was the first subject with which we came in contact in this second term, wherein an immediate endorser was compared to a link in a chain—that unless he received notice of dishonor, the link would break and so would the chain. Mercantile Law was presented in its usual fullness. In Corporations we saw that, although they were "Artificial, intangible and existing only in contemplation of law," they could, through their officers, plead the "Baby Act"—Ultra Vires. Trademarks again turned up from some unknown quarter, followed by Practice, with its many interesting features. Examinations rolled around in regular order, closing the intermediate year of the class of 1901.

After a short vacation, which was enjoyed by all, we reassembled in October, 1900, as dignified (?) Seniors. Was it possible that dignity came from the last "Smoker"?

The first subject of this term, Evidence, was introduced with a new acquaintance in the form of William Witness. Latent and Patent ambiguities are now by-words for the class. Damages were also brought to our attention. International Law was introduced with the "Modus Vivendi" (the most unnerving and brain-racking question in the examination), which we have already learned to be the all absorbing topic at

the University. We learned in Conflicts of Law that a man could be, at one and the same time, married and single, which, to us, seems to be a most enviable position to occupy. Admiralty was also among the many different topics which engaged our youthful legal minds during this first term of our Senior year. The examinations—long-looked for and ever welcome (?)—came at last and were mastered.

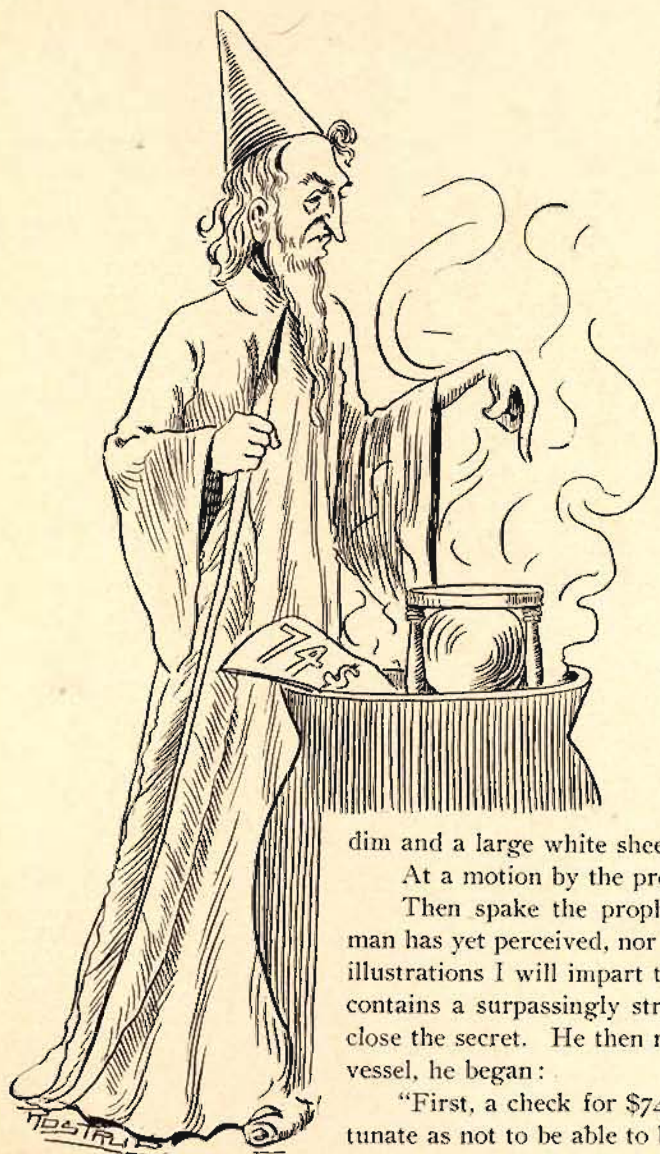
After a vacation of two weeks we were introduced to the subjects of Equity and Constitutional Law. A most amusing incident occurred a few days ago in Constitutional Law when Judge H. propounded a question to one of our members involving the requisites for the Presidency of the United States, whereupon Mr. McC. answered, "He must be a natural born citizen." Query: Has the predicted inventive twentieth century in its early infancy produced an incubator for the creation of the President of the United States?

While we miss from the Chair of Constitutional Law His Honor Major Venable, who for so many years so ably filled it, we welcome thereto His Honor Judge Henry D. Harlan.

In conclusion, it is a pleasure to record the unity of spirit that has been manifested throughout the entire course among the members of the class, and I believe I but echo the wish of each member when I express the hope that when our days as students of the University of Maryland shall close, this same spirit shall continue among us as members of the Bar.

E. C. IRELAN, *Historian*

Prophecy—Class 1901.



Each man is a prophet—but what of the prophecy?

It was one of those pleasant spring afternoons. Our lecture had been over for nearly an hour and still the entire Senior class lounged about the elaborate library of the Law Department of the University of Maryland. I say lounged—well, that was just what they did; it seemed as if something was going to happen—not a man spoke above a whisper; it seemed more like a funeral than anything else. Why, they hung about, and why everything was so still I am unable to say. Thus they waited and waited in silence as if something terrible was about to transpire.

The intermediate class lecture was over, and as the Juniors had no assignment, the chattering of the departing “half-way” men died away, and soon everything was deathlike again. And still the Seniors stayed around, all apparently having forgotten that lunch time was at hand. Suddenly there was a loud knock at the door, followed by a roll of thunder, and a man entered with a placard which read, “I am the Prophet of Prophetsville.” All eyes were centered upon this unexpected visitor. He stood for a few seconds with his arms folded; then, with a quick movement, beckoned to the men, and almost immediately the whole class formed into single file and followed him in to the Lecture Hall, where they were astonished at the transformation which they beheld. A caldron stood in the centre of the floor, the lights were

dim and a large white sheet was suspended at the head of the hall. (Still no man spake.)

At a motion by the prophet the members were seated upon chairs which had been arranged for the occasion.

Then spake the prophet: “Friends, I am here today to honor you by an experiment which no other mortal man has yet perceived, nor will they ever perceive again. I am vested with power galore, but before I begin my illustrations I will impart the secret of my strength. It is derived wholly from the contents of this caldron; it contains a surpassingly strange and extraordinary elixir, and as an introduction to my performance I will disclose the secret. He then raised the heavy iron lid from the caldron, and pointing a long, bony finger at the iron vessel, he began:

“First, a check for \$74 per year (to say nothing of the money spent on books—that is, if you are so unfortunate as not to be able to borrow them). Well, you take this check; you take it from any old place you can,

no matter where, just so you get it, and then toss it into the fat coffers of the University of Maryland. This must be repeated on three separate and distinct occasions. Then add an hour each day for three long-drawn out years—that is, if you're lucky (some are compelled to add two and even three hours a day to make this solution operative in its effect). This is mixed well with definitions, bad atmospheres, quizzing, moot court trials, and, indeed, "two" many examinations (Equity and Constitutional); then you stir and stir, shake and rub until the foam of graduation comes to the top."

With these remarks the prophet began to stir and jump around the caldron "like a man overboard," until the fluid began to sizzle and steam, until ghostlike fumes began to rise; then he slammed down the heavy iron lid and made it fast.

From the end of the hall someone spoke for the first time; the words were low, but still audible through the mysterious mist which made itself manifest. These are the words: "Gee-whiz! it takes too long to make that stuff!"

"Yes," saith the prophet, "it does take long, but when you will have once perceived its magic and its miraculous qualities, you will agree with me that it is well worth the while, and the greatest of all discoveries."

"Now, then, to give you an idea of the *"green stuff,"* I will ask you to close your right nostril." With this the "wizard" opened the iron bolt and raised the lid just a trifle. We saw the fumes ascend. Then he asked if we did not detect the obnoxious odors of a few unpleasant memories of our sojourn at the University. Every man nodded in assent and a terrible smile played about the lips of this unknown wonder. "Now, then," he commanded, in a loud voice, which I thought would bring the police in, "close the left nostril and tell me if it is not true that you perceive the mellifluousness of the pleasant and fond recollections clinging to the tapestry of the past." Sure enough, the greatest of all wizards stood before us, and the caldron was outstripping the pot of glue of Macbeth fame.

Then spake the prophet: "This is a wonderful solution; its power is supernatural; its strength will astonish the worlds to come. I am a great prophet; it was I who foreshadowed the discovery of that fountain of fragrance—Faust's floral bower. It was I who foretold that water would always run down hill. It was I who say people must always have food to eat. It was I who said that people must always have eyes to see. It is I who can prognosticate a great many things of interest to this community, but I have come to the conclusion that it is best not to."

"To finish my engagement with you—my purpose as prophet is to give you a rare treat—I will ask each man as his name is called to step up to this white sheet; I will then proceed to spatter a few drops of this *'Wizard's Choice'* upon his head and in an instant you will behold a scene upon this canvas which will correctly foretell his fate or fortune. So, then," shouted the Wizard King, "prepare for a visit into the terrible future. I have no doubt that your adventures to-day will prove as strange as that of Ulysses, especially that chieftain's visit into the lands of Pluto."

The members of the class moved with some uneasiness. "The big bag of wind" drew a wand from the folds of his garment, and sweeping it majestically over the bowl, which he had opened wide, hummed a song in some unintelligible words, which sounded something like "Just because you make dem goo-goo eyes." It was appropriate, as every man was making goo-goo eyes, or funny eyes, at the witch-doctor and the caldron of green liquid which contained the hidden future.

"Now, then, let them come!" Atkinson trembled as his name was called. He stepped forward with some hesitancy; the prophet spattered a few drops of the mystic fluid upon his head, and lo! we beheld the venerable Walter E., just a trifle gray, standing in a law office and coal yard combined (somewhere out in Northeast Baltimore). He was looking at something tacked against the wall; it was his diploma.

There was a ruffle of surprise and appreciation at the success of this wonderful charm, and from appearances the whole class sought for more of these pictures of the future, as they were gathered in the hall of the radiant colors of hope and anticipation.

Then our friend Blackiston came along; the scene changed to a county courtroom, and he was telling the jury that he was a direct descendant of Sir William, and for that reason alone should receive a verdict in his favor.

Budnitz came next; he was quite a prominent ward heeler.

Burklew sauntered up to receive the mystic spray. We saw the corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets. He must have been in the sandwich business. There he stood with two big signs, one in front and the other behind: "Half-rate to Washington today."

Then Cassard was called. Long avenues of vacant houses dawned into view; each held a big sign, "For Rent. Apply Col. Douglas Cassard."

The next to receive the dose was Cecil. A wily hayseed, with rusty boots, stood before a country store, "Greens for Sale." Alas and alack, strange the path of ambition.

Denmead trembled as he walked to the sheet. We find him just as handsome, a typical ladies' man.

Downes walked to the caldron with his customary air of confidence; a spacious courtroom stood to view and the people therein addressed him as "Your Honor."

Then came Eaton. We find him still at his tricks, teaching others to mind their own business (College).

Next on the list was sanctimonious Foreman, an undertaker and a lawyer. It can be seen he worked both ends of the string—there was money in the cases he took from the living and money in the cases sold to the dead.

That strong man, Girdwood, who sparkled with wisdom, followed. The Record office appeared. There was a high chair and Alan was way up, high up on the ladder (chair) of fame.

Pale and trembling, Goldsborough slid along. Greensboro simply raved over Goldsboro'—he had passed through every official office of the township, even to grass inspector.

Gurry, the man of few words, tried to get out, but was caught and dragged back. We saw him preaching the Gospel; he abandoned the law of man and took up the law of God instead.

Our old friend Hall was next. The scene showed he was no longer mixing books at the Bar Library, but was mixing at another bar (saloon).

Then Hecky fell into line. We beheld a finely equipped law office; clients were fighting to get in—it is needless to say they were also fighting to get out. The sign on the outer door read "Hechheimer & Pagorelskin, Attorneys-at-Law."

Heimiller was the next victim. Old Herman was in his glory. Every building and loan association in Old Town was in his clutches; he was also in the packing business.

Then Irelan stepped up. He was at the head of a big trust company; he had also developed into a historian of note.

Janney waltzed up with the grace of a Queen; the prophet splashed some of the fluid in his eyes, and we beheld the old war veteran; he was still showing his teeth.

To the call of Johnson, Minerva appeared and she wrote:

Towson has a lawyer
Of universal fame;
For your information
I herewith scribe his name.

Then Johnston was hauled up. We saw a large, fashionable pool-room, and we saw Chester making all kinds of bank shots. (He practiced, of course.)

Then came Keck ; our esteemed friend had developed into an author.

Kelbaugh followed with his customary jaunt—a hard-working lawyer, plenty of work, plenty of money, plenty of everything.

Old Klecka was next ; he was the proud owner of a bowling alley. We saw several familiar faces about the place. Joe walked about with the dignity of a king. Upon a board we read "A Reed Bird with every drink."

Dear old Latane was overwilling to learn the power of the drug. We saw a crowded courtroom. Jim was there in all the glory. "Silence ! Silence !" shouted our hero, as he looked over the top of his glasses. Like old times, he was making a lot of noise.

Then Marsh moved up. We were all surprised at this scene ; Rasin simply wasn't in it ; old I. Freeman was forgotten and forgiven.

Marshall then came. Our expectations were realized—Chief Justice of the ———. He was also some kind of a duckpin shark.

Mendels was in a big hurry to get his. The scene showed him a little the worse off for age, but still a good bowler. He still held the record on West G street.

Our friend Millikin was next. We see creditors by the mile ; they are not after him, however ; he is after them.

Then Morris hobbled up—a country barrister—loved by the whole community. He ran the morgue of his township ; this is on the dead.

Then Austin—well, well, Harry Lehr had a real rival and Murkland was the boy (I may say Harry had grown old, don't yer know) ; old Austin was still searching for spicy cases in the reports.

McAfee jumped up to the curtain. We see large crowds of people. Election day is on, and John is in politics up to his neck.

After this McCaffrey moved up with measured tread. He dodged the first splash, but the prophet caught him with the second. Still small in stature—but a big fellow in the Maryland Legislature (sergeant-at-arms.

McGrath followed. Books were scattered all about him. The usual sign "This is my busy day," and we hear him utter a few words which sound like : "I have tried all these years and I confess I don't know (he ! he ! he !) the difference (he ! he ! he !) between a latent (he ! he ! he !) and a patent (he ! he ! he !) ambiguity."

Then Nyberg walked up. We see a lawyer, whose reputation is world-wide. He was fighting the election bill, which he claimed unfair, and that we should put our fate into the hands of the blind.

Jolly Norris hopped along—United States District Attorney and a politician of some note.

Next Nicodemus swung into line ; the City Hall appears—a room ; it is not quite clear what room it is, however ; the place is filled with brooms, ash pans, mops and the like.

The next man was Ortman ; we see him at the head of a fine commercial enterprise, with plenty of money and plenty of friends ; the commercial enterprise looks like a pin-cushion joint.

When Pogorelskin was called a large sign appeared, "See Hechheimer."

Next was Porter. The Continental Trust Building comes into view ; there is a figure of a man at the door ; the mist clears, and there, behold ! in a blue suit, brass buttons and a dustpan, a shield upon his cap read "Porter."

Then Frank Ramey jostled up. We see him a successful lawyer.

At Reinheimer's name he appeared with a sign, which read : "I wrote this prophecy."

Rickey came up with some nervousness. We beheld a State Senator ; that was all.

Savin moved up with a smile; he was the same modest fellow, and in his practice he had not lost a case. He didn't get any; that's why he was so lucky.

Next was Schapiro. We see the courtroom, and our friend was trying to interpret the language of the law into the English tongue, but, my, what a failure! He also had a heavy growth of hair; it must have been a wig.

Then our dear old friend Schaub presented himself. We saw him steering an automobile through the streets of Washington. We hear him say, "This is the greatest race I have ever run."

The next man was Schilpp. Much to the surprise of everyone the solution failed to work. The prophet looked worried; then applied a few more drops upon the head of this great man. A class of elderly gentlemen appeared. From the remarks of the teacher it was the elementary class in spelling and punctuation, and John G. was holding down the last seat.

Hustling Seidman walked up. The scene upon the canvas proved the truth of the maxim, "Perseverance brings success."

Now came Mr. Sherwood. We beheld him a full-fledged poet (of limited fame). We see his office (a small one) and his environments. We hear him ask himself, "Now, I wonder what word will rhyme with cat?"

The prophet then called Sibesky; still the hard-working, earnest fellow, laying bricks.

Startzman swung into place. We saw him Senator of the United States—a representative from Luzon.

Then Stretch came along. We see him, lean and hungry looking, in the village of Appleton, with a book under his arm, entitled "Parliamentary Rules of Order." Adapted for colored campmeetings. By J. Strahorn. *His horn* was still going for all it was worth.

Little Thom (Thumb) followed. We discern him, still a wee, little bit of a fellow, but what a giant at the German. He still smoked his cigar with the aid of a toothpick.

Then Thrift hobbled into place. We saw him teaching a Sunday-school class. We hear him say "The right way for man to choose is to do that which is honorable in his own eyes (i. e., approved by his conscience), and, at the same time, honorable in the eyes of his fellow-men." Very good advice, Jim.

The scene passed away and Wells was called. Well, well, we saw a vast field filled with wells, and John was there with a spade. Oh, well, he had become a rich abdomancer and looked happy.

Last, but not least, Wolf was ushered up. We saw him among the ladies; we hear him say "You've got an arm big enough to drive an ice wagon. He had also developed into a patent attorney.

The prophet, having completed his performance, took the caldron under his arm, and as he passed through the door he turned around and asked the attention of the class before he left. I only want to say that all who have received this powerful liquid will receive diplomas next June.

I herewith sign my name,
My duties they are done;
I hope that every memory
Will take this just as fun.
Still, I have a favor,
Which I must ask of you,
For my reputation,
Let this prophecy come true.

[When Phineus, the prophet king, sees this, he will hide his face.]

FREDERICK VICTOR REINHEIMER.

Grinds.



Some appropriated riplets from that "Intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought":

RUNGE—You shall find there a man who is the abstract of all faults that all men follow.

—*Antony and Cleo., Act I, S. 4.*

ATKINSON—A buck of the first head.

—*Love's L. L., Act IV, S. 2.*

BLACKISTON—A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day.

—*Mids. N. Dr., Act I, S. 1.*

BRANSKY—A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

—*Mids. N. Dr., Act V, S. 1.*

BURKLEW—Young in limbs, in judgment old.

—*Mer. of Ven., Act II, S. 7.*

CASSARD—I am the very pink of courtesy (nit).

—*Romeo and Juliet, Act II, S. 4.*

CECIL—I hold you as a thing enskyed and sainted.

—*Meas. for Meas., Act I, S. 4.*

DENMEAD—O Romeo! Romeo! wherefore art thou, Romeo?

—*Rom. and J., Act I, S. 4.*

DOWNES—I never knew so young a body with so old a head.

—*Mer. of Ven., Act IV, S. 1.*

EATON—For in my youth I neved did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.

—*As You Like It, Act II, S. 3.*

FOREMAN—I could be well content to be mine own attorney in this case.

—*I Hen. VI, Act V, S. 3.*

GIRDWOOD—I am, Sir Oracle, and when
I ope' my lips let no dog bark.
—*Mer. of Ven., Act I, S. 1.*

GOLDSBOROUGH—A high hope for a low heaven.
—*Love's L. L., Act I, S. 1.*

GURRY—Is it a world to hide virtues in?
—*Twelfth N., Act I, S. 1.*

HALL—You are abused (by Mettee) beyond the mark of thought.
—*Antony and Cleo., Act III, S. 6.*

HECHHEIMER—This fell sergeant * * *
Is strict in his arrest.
—*Ham., Act V, S. 1.*

HEIMILLER—Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.
—*K. Hen. VI, Pt. 2, Act III, S. 1.*

IRELAN—Still you keep o' the windy side of the law.
—*Twelfth N., Act III, S. 4.*

JANNEY—Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.
—*Merry Wives of W., Act II, S. 2.*

JOHNSTON—Deeper than e'er plummet sounded.
—*The Tempest, Act III, S. 1.*

JOHNSON—I know the gentleman to be of worth and worthy estimation.
—*T. G. of Ver., Act I, S. 3.*

KECK—God save the mark!
—*Hen. IV, Pt. 1, Act I, S. 3.*

OR:

He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths!
—*As You Like It, Act III, S. 4.*

KELBAUGH—A man of sovereign parts, he is esteemed.
—*Love's L. L., Act II, S. 1.*

KENNARD—Few taller are so young.
—*Love's L. L., Act V, S. 2.*

KLECKLA—But after ceremonies done,
He calls for wine.
—*T. of the Shrew, Act III, S. 2.*

LATANI—Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubim.
—*Othello, Act IV, S. 2.*

MARSH—Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as (a) Justice (of the Peace).
—*Pericles, Act VI, S. 1.*

MARSHALL, JNO. W., JR.—I'll seem the fool I am not.
—*Antony and Cleo., Act I, S. 2.*

MENDELS—Exceedingly well read.
—*K. Hen. IV, Pt. 1, Act III, S. 1.*

MILLIKEN—Men of few words are the best men.
—*Hen. V, Act III, S. 2.*

MORRIS—One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens.
—*Othello, Act I, S. 3.*

MURKLAND—I am not in the roll of common men.
—*K. Hen. VI, Pt. 1, Act III, S. 1.*

MCAFEE—One that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't.
—*Coriol, Act II, S. 1.*

MCCAFFRAY—Brevity is the soul of wit.
—*Hamlet, Act II, S. 2.*

MCCRATH—Your name is great in mouths of wisest censure.
—*Othello, Act II, S. 3.*

ORTMAN—By this face, this * * * brow of justice did he win
The hearts of all.

—*Hen. IV, Pt. 1, Act II, S. 1.*

NICODEMUS—His years but young, but his experience old.

—*T. G. of Ver., Act II, S. 4.*

NYBERG—So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

—*Rich. III, Act III, S. 1.*

PORGORELSKIN—Never gentle lamb more mild

Than was that young * * * gentleman.

—*Rich. II, Act II, S. 1.*

PORTER—From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is all mirth.

—*Much Ado About N., Act III, S. 2.*

He fishes, drinks and wastes the night in revel.

—*Anthony and Cleo., Act I, S. 4.*

RAMEY—Good counsellors lack no clients.

—*Meas. for Meas., Act I, S. 2.*

REINHEIMER—Methinks I am a prophet new inspired.

—*Rich. II, Act II, S. 1.*

RICKEY—In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt.

But, being season'd with a gracious presence, obscures the show of evil.

—*Mer. of Ven., Act III, S. 2.*

SAVIN—This good man—few of you deserve that title.

—*Hen. VIII, Act V, S. 3.*

SCHAPIRO—An aged interpreter, though young in days.

—*T. of Athens, Act V, S. 3.*

SCHAUB—How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured.

—*Much Ado About N., Act III, S. 1.*

SCHILPP—Thou art even as just a man

As ever my conversation coped withal.

—*Ham. Act III, S. 7.*

SEIDMAN—In peace there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility.

—*Hen. V, Act III, S. 1.*

SETH—I stand here for law.

—*Mer. of Ven., Act IV, S. 1.*

SHERWOOD—The poet's pen turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.

—*Mids. N. Dr., Act V, S. 1.*

SIBISKY—An inviting eye, and yet methinks right modest.

Othello, Act II, S. 3.

STARTSMAN—Framed in the prodigality of nature, young valiant, wise.

—*Rich. III, Act I, S. 2.*

STRAHORN—Oh, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade Justice to break her sword.

—*Othello, Act V, S. 2.*

THOM—One that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to.

—*Much Ado About N., Act IV, S. 2.*

THRIFT—Thou are a grave and noble counsellor,

Most wise in general.

—*Pericles, Act I, S. 2.*

VAN LILL—For I can do nothing but what indeed is honest to be done.

—*Antony and Cleo., Act I, S. 5.*

WELLS—Though I am not splentive and rash, yet I have something in me dangerous.

Ham., Act V, S. 1.

WOLF—Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading.

—*Hen. VIII, Act IV, S. 2.*

Speak for yourselves, for my wit is at an end.

—*Love's L. L., Act V, S. 2.*



Law Faculty.

Cruise of the Receding Wave.



THE following pot-pourri, rippling lightly from the facile pen of him who wrote an "Englishman's Love Letters," is, with confiding trust and consummate tenderness, contributed by the author to the class. With all the pathos of a bouquet of violets at midnight when reposing on the swelling bosom of some social damsel with eyes that suggest a "Swiss movement," he tenders the following effort with the earnest hope that the same may, in days yet to come, conjure up old schemes and those who played parts in them.

BILL OF THE PLAY.

A well-organized crew (?) having started upon a voyage in the year of our Lord, 1898, are rapidly nearing the end of what might have been a most pleasant journey, when there suddenly appears in the distance a low, rakish craft (N. B.—All piratical vessels are low, rakish craft), whose decks swarm with a mass of mariners who have studied the art and science of navigation through Cushing's Parliamentary Manual, and other text works designed for the especial use of navigators in the political sea. After a "stern chase and a long one," the fleeing vessel which so gallantly set sail in 1898 is captured, their once proud captain is turned adrift, and a prize crew is put aboard. The victorious pirates, however, after a satiate glut of spirit over the hard won victory, relent for the nonce, and as a palliating and cooling unguent to the wounded pride and mental chagrin of the once glorious, but now deposed commander, now institute search for him and offer to him when found the position of "Prophet" of the crew, which he gladly accepts. The victorious ship is styled the "Neversink." The name of the defeated vessel is the "Receding Wave."

CREW OF THE "RECEDING WAVE."

BENVOLIO SEIDMAN.....	<i>A Philosopher</i>
AGUINALDO POGORELSKIN.....	<i>An Amusing Cuss</i>
BRUTUS RINEHEIMER.....	<i>The Captain; one who loves Rome</i>
CASSIUS MARSH.....	<i>Who loves his friends</i>
SHYLOCK LATANE.....	<i>A Supercargo who deals in votes</i>
ARTEMIDORUS McCAFFREY.....	<i>An over-assertive Sophist</i>
BANQUO'S SHADE, ET AL.....	<i>Stowaway Proxies</i>
LI HUNG CHANG MURKLAND.....	<i>A Diplomat</i>
POLONIUS NEUBERG.....	<i>Chairman of the Executive Committee</i>
VALENTINE HECHHEIMER.....	<i>Buffoon and Merry Andrew</i>
ALEXANDER NAPOLEON MILES ROBERTS VON WALDERSEE JANNEY.....	<i>A Soldier</i>
MACHIAVELLI HEIMILLER.....	<i>A Male Lucrezia Borgia</i>
MAZARIN VAN LILL.....	<i>Of priestly countenance</i>

CREW OF THE NEVERSINK.

TOM REED CARPENTER.....*Captain*
GORMAN STRAHORN.....*First Mate*
CALHOUN PORTER.....*Second Mate*
CLAY GOLDSBOROUGH.....*Executive Owner*

Scribes, proxies, guards to hold and cast the votes of Seidman and Pogorelskin, lords, proxies, gentlemen, passengers, more proxies, messengers, petitioners, proxies, attendants, carriers of votes, tellers, carriers of proxies, satyrs, parasites, satellites, microbes, magnificoes, bombastes furiosos, watchmen, more proxies, criers, squealers, erstwhile politicians, whilom party managers, proxies, game wardens, proxies, more proxies and proxies *ad infinitum*.

Act I. Scene I.

Scene: On board the "Receding Wave."

Time: Close of day.

(Enter Shipmaster Brutus Rineheimer and Boatswain Cassius Marsh.)

Master—Boatswain!

Boatswain—What, ho! Marry, sir, gadzooks, any orders, master?

Master—Post you a notice with Indian Glue on yonder mast, apprising, albeit, our sturdy followers that a waterspout looking like unto the Australian ballot law approaches! Bid Hechheimer, the hot-air merchant, to approach our knightly presence, that he might whisper sweet con games of parliamentary innocence into our weary ears, where shall be registered the dulcet notes of Hech's mellifluous voice, until mine ear shall become cogulated in cellular form, like unto the bees-wax of the honey hive. Dost hear me, Cassius?

Boatswain—Marry, that do I.

(Cassius approaches the mast and affixes thereon the notice. At this juncture the galley cook puts a straw in the mouthpiece of the coffee-pot, and the improvised whistle rouses the crew.)

(Hechheimer, with an Oriental waddle and with Occidental twaddle, sings his lay to the Captain.)

Captain—Avaunt! a truce to thine 2:40 voice! Marry, sir, dost descry upon the horizon aught like a sail?

Hech.—Marry, sir, I do! It doth appear like unto the glittering scow which once bore the ravishing Cleopatra upon the heaving bosom of the mud-stained Nile.

(Hech. here takes a flambeau; he inserts it into an empty receptacle that once was the original package for one of Heinz's 57 varieties, and, with this shining beacon, attempts to discern the name of the distant ship. Certes, Hech. had an eagle optic.)

Hech.—Peste! Yonder cloud obscures my vision and makes me feel a languorous inertia which comes but with *ennuye*. On closer view, however, she seems to be a sardine fisher with a party of Izaak Waltons aboard. Hoot, mon, can ye na ken? A wot thot she ha a' board some vera large gudgeons to be gi'n awa wi evera dreenk.

Captain—Take him away! I care not for his cant! See that the bug be safe ensconced in irons!

(The hot-air mechanic is dragged below.)

(An attempt is here made by the crew to make things snug, while great quantities of the being lift themselves aboard.)
Master (aside)—We're between the devil and the grand canal.
The crew read the notice; then sing:

We are bold, bad men,
We are fierce!
We can eat elections up,
Carte and tierce!

CHORUS

Ha! Ha! Ha!
Hear the deep sea's roar,
Boom! Bomb! Bum!
As it strikes the shore.

(Hecheimer, the "Bellows Mender," once again appears on deck, and, with reptilian salaam, again ventures within metes and bounds of the august gold-braided presence.

Hech.—Your Worship, in peering through the intoxicating porthole of my prison, I saw the nom-de-plume of approaching vessel. Her sharp white bow was crowded to the most with the myrmidone of Carpenter, the corsair. Aye, e'faith, parbleu, caramba, I saw them hoist or hist the flag which declares against the illiterate voter. Aber ist dumheit das gei fight. De guy wot runs de approaching ferry kin gin yer de rub fer fair. The proud crafte yonder is the Neversink. If thou shouldst desire to file away within the retentive archives of my mind a nuncupative testament disposing of the surplusage of rhodomontade and subtle guile, or if thou shouldst or wouldst rawther enjoy a caviare breakfast in Moscow or Odessa, speak now, or in a few moments we are captured. Now buzzes in mine ear the plaintive voice of the Muezzin on the minaret, calling the faithful from the pastimes of Beezlebub, and I fain would be thitherward to my prayers. Methinks, my Lord, that the saline tear of volatile components will presently course its unrestricted journey *en tour* over your Herminius-of-the-Bridge-countenance. Great Cæsar's magic lantern! Didst e'er see so much energy among the enemy before? From our gallant crew to yon high topgallant mast, but they be flickers. Onward they come! Yet onward! Nearer, yet nearer they approach, each man among them armed with a copy of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Odds blood, uncanny sight, odd fish.

Master—Methinks (occasionally) that they do come nearer; ne'er have I seen such determination.

Hech.—Aye, sir, they sail like seagulls unfettered of the toilsome cares of providing nests for eggs. They move on as cheerfully as a louse journeying to a crab's funeral. I would a bookmaker on the races were near to write of their ethnological traits. With all the varied graces copied from Montesquien to the Code, and with the naivete of a debutante at her first tea, yon ship airily flies her canvas. Soon will she be off the "Narrows," and the following craft will overtake us. Ah, did ever old Chris, of 1492 fame, have such trials? Odds blood, but they'll make crab bait of our aspirations. Would that the fair instructress of the sewing-school were here to soothe my heart; she alone—she of the springtime countenance—she whose every look is like a telephonic message from Tesla's beloved Mars; I would she were here now. (Dives below.)

In a few moments the Neversink is alongside and throws her grappling irons across the deck of the Receding Wave. Benvolio Seidman appears and remarks that (philosophically) what's in store for us is in store for us.

Cassius Marsh then demands of Captain Carpenter the meaning of his resolute act. Carpenter retorts that it is but for the purpose of adding additional proxies to the passenger list of the Receding Wave. A great howl thereat, led by Hech., is raised at such alleged unwonted action, but by a vote of both crews the proxies remain. With sorrowful countenance, Brutus—he who would have, if he could, been Admiral—walked mournfully adown his political plank. His former numerous retinue then looked about for another candidate and fixed upon one Marshall, a passenger, to carry their standard. The end of the contest came when Thrift, of the Neversink passenger list, defeated Marshall. Subsequently, when the election of other ship's officers were on, it deserves to be recorded that Mr. Marshall's eloquence in nominating a friend for a certain office, that his nominating speech was a *great effort*, and as such should be included in Brewer's "World's Best Orations." His closing peroration deserves to be placed above the sombre haze which enwraps about a defeated faction, as a fitting epitaph. In closing Mr. Marshall said:

"And now, gentlemen, those who went down to defeat with me with flying colors (just imagine defeat and flying colors), I trust will vote for Mr. ———, the gentleman whom I now nominate."

Hech., of the hot-air proclivities, was made the sergeant-at-arms on no ballot, and his volubility was more accentuated. He also showed the glittering official to perfection, and on every opportunity would attempt to eject anyone who dared venture within the sacred and forbidden precincts of the inner portals. Brutus Rineheimer was made prophet, and he accepted the position.

It has been merely attempted herein to sketch the vicissitudes of University class elections, and to point out that proxies have sometimes great influence in changing results. Though one side won and the other side lost, let both clasp hands and smooth away the rough places in the road, and look back on these days when we shall have left the school and our student studies in Lecture Hall are at an end.

AN IMPARTIAL OBSERVER.

The Law School Library.



BY A FRESH JUNIOR.

THE buildings of the departments of the University of Maryland are situated on the corner of Lombard and Greene streets. The Law School, which is the foremost one of its several departments (at least in the minds of law students) is stuck up over in one corner of the lot upon which these several buildings stand.

It is a magnificent building, and is elegantly furnished. The Lecture Hall is a large and very spacious affair, and a stranger is at first dumfounded upon entering at the vast amount and costliness of the furniture and fixtures with which this hall is fitted. But there is no need for surprise, for one must keep that until he is introduced into the Library. This hall is a very comfortable place, and the arrangements for the heating of it are most princely. In the winter months it is unnecessary for one to take off his top coat in order to be comfortable, and in the warm weather it would be very foolish indeed for one to wear any more clothes there than what is required for the sake of decency.

The Library is connected with this hall. It is a large and pleasant room and study for the use of the students and contains a very carefully selected library of text books and many, many volumes of leading cases, United States and Maryland Reports, Digests, etc. The tables are supplied with all the prominent Law Reviews and the library is daily growing in size by the addition of many new volumes (see editors' note). In this library are also to be found many rare books now out of print, and which, if once lost, could only be replaced by an arduous search among dealers in waste paper. Here I might dwell upon the great credit due to the members of the Faculty for the great trust that they have in the students, for otherwise they would provide chains for these volumes, like those on the missals that are often met with in old cathedrals. They are also entitled to great credit for the fact that they strive to treat all writers with equal favor and courtesy, rich and poor, good and bad. A very forcible example of this is the Library Blackstone, which is composed of one volume each of Chitty and Cooley, and thus avoiding all appearances of favoritism.

For the use of this library (and in most cases for the non-use), the students are taxed the small sum of \$4.00 per annum, which the Faculty think is a very reasonable sum (and the students are consequently compelled to think likewise), for the vast amount of information that the students gain while puffing away at a cigarette and studying the many books as they are arranged in their shelves. It is marvelous how well informed the majority of the students are, for they have their own theories, and it would be a mere waste of valuable time to look over any of these volumes, and consequently the books are a very little the worse for use, and were it not for the fact that they are sometimes used as missiles they would be in as good condition as when first brought there.

And for all this you are only taxed \$4.00 per, and some (I might say all) of the ungrateful wretches that are so much benefited by this vast and valuable library are mean enough to kick at the payment of so miserly a sum. What if the faculty saw fit to raise the fee? So be content.

NOTE.—We think the writer is struggling with a pipe dream. The debonnaire librarian (he of the Aeolian voice) informs us that, instead of increasing by the addition of many new volumes, it is decreasing by the subtraction of many old volumes by indigent students who use these compendious works of our legal lights to start fires with in their palatial mansions on the Bowery.—*The Editors.*

A Vision.

And the fool did turn his vision into rhyme, for never yet was there a fool but he thought himself a poet. And the shape his rhyme took ran in this wise :

Around me the smoke clouds gather,
And the odorous wreaths entwine,
While out from their mystical circles
A soft hand slips into mine.
And although I see not the figure,
I know that my darling is near—
I know she has come, then, to comfort
My heart and the silence to cheer.

She always comes when I'm smoking,
Alone, at night, in the gloom,
And the quiet phantom presence
Brings peace to the cheerless room.
On the arm of my old chair resting,
She comforts my weary heart,
And then when the smoke is ended
In its wreathes she will softly depart.

She brings a breath of the long ago,
Of those dear, dead days of bliss,
When she and I would part at eve,
With a ling'ring lovers' kiss.
And she whispers, softly, sweetly,
"Am I still thy love, dearest heart?"
And she hears, I know, through the smoke wreathes,
My answer, "Thou art! Thou art!"

Then a hot spark fell on the Fool's hand and caused him to arise in his wrath and a few other clothes and use lurid and expressive language which did ease his soul mightily.

F. VON L. PATTERSON.



John Marshall Day.



Menu.

Caveat Emptor.

York River Oysters, *ad Colligendum.*

Celery, *usufructu.*

Olives, *res gestae.*

Clear Green Turtle, *dum fervit opus.*

Planked Shad, *ferae naturae.*

Parisian Potatoes, *de bonis non.*

Jersey Capon, *a vinculo matrimonii.*

Stuffed Mushroom Sauce, *modus vivendi.*

Green Peas, *ex delicto.*

Roman Punch, *contra bonos mores.*

Sweetbreads, *nul tiel.*

Beanaise Sauce, *in pari delicto.*

Chicken Salad, *pur autre vie.*

Ices in Form, *Statute of Uses.*

Assorted Cake, *Statute of Frauds.*

Fruit, *malum in se.*

Crackers and Cheese, *seisin.*

Coffee, *a mensa et thoro.*

Cigars, *causa mortis.*

Served pro tanto.

Toasts.

ALLAN C. GIRDWOOD, '01, Toastmaster.

"The constitution is either a superior, paramount law, unchangeable by ordinary means, or it is on a level with ordinary legislative acts, and, like other acts, alterable when the Legislature may please to alter it."—*Marbury vs. Madison*, 1 Cr. 137.

CONSANGUINITY AND AFFINITY, . . . John W. Marshall, Jr., '01.

"That this court does not usurp power is most true. That this court does not shrink from its duty is not less true."—*Trial of Aaron Burr*.

OFFICE RENT VS. FEES, . . . Clifton D. Benson, '03.

"Unless closed by the local law, the ports of a friendly nation are considered as open to the public ships of all nations with whom it is at peace."—*The Exchange*, 7 Cr. 116.

THE LEGISLATURE OF MARYLAND IN 1920, . . . C. Justin Kennedy, '02.

"That the power to tax involves the power to destroy; that the power to destroy may defeat and render useless the power to create . . . are propositions not to be denied."—*McCulloch vs. Maryland*, 4 Wheat. 316.

OUR YOUTH AT THE BAR, . . . William Milnes Maloy, '09.

"The framers of our Constitution had not the Indian tribes in view when they opened the courts of the Union . . ."—*Cherokee Nation vs. State of Georgia*, 5 Peters, 1.

LATENT AMBIGUITIES, . . . James J. McGrath, '01.

"An artificial being, indivisible, intangible, and existing only in contemplation of law."—*Dartmouth College vs. Woodward*, 4 Wheat. 518.

THE LAWYER AS A CITIZEN, . . . A. E. Mulliken, '02.

"What is this power? It is the power to regulate, that is, to prescribe the rule by which commerce is to be governed."—*Gibbons vs. Ogden*, 9 Wheat. 1.

THE LADIES, .. . Raymond Carpenter, '01.

The John Marshall Banquet.

On a bright and frosty evening, in the shortest month of all,
With a ring so clear and perfect came the fellows down the hall;
Young men, happy, gay and cheerful, gathered in the Eutaw House,
For a banquet to partake of, some as nimble as a mouse.
Students of the Law Department of the M-d. U-niv.,
Hoping sometime to be lawyers, were these bipeds, gay and free.

In memento of a lawyer, a statesman and a judge
Was this noble celebration, which the boys did not begrudge;
For in honor of John Marshall were we gathered there that night,
A noble man, of noble birth, and always in the right.
In interpreting constitutional law he has never been surpassed,
And if a senior had his brains he no doubt would lead his class.

In the hallways and the parlors stood and sat and sauntered they,
Cracking jokes and telling stories, acting each his own mind's way,
Listening to the tales with pleasure, and the words of wisdom, too,
From the mouths and brains proceeding of the men we deem so true.
Being free from expectation, from a recent hard exam.,
They were ever free and ready to partake and even cram.

Soon the banquet hall was entered, with a rush that quite revealed
Appetites that were unconquered, appetites quite unconcealed.
With their toastmaster commanding, seemed the happiest of the lot,
And, as a legal light, you know, was full of legal rot,
They were soon around the table, ready to participate
In the eatables substantial and in food more delicate.

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

From the legal phrases mentioned on the banquet menu card,
Of the terms that they have conquered by their studying, oh! so
hard;

There they had to deal with marriage, or a life estate in land,
Or wild animals uncaptured, or a treaty yet unplanned.
In the way of banquet dishes it was something of a test
To the appetizing feature of a student at his best.

Next in order, per the programme, our toastmaster arose
To announce the evening speakers, which he did unto the close.
First in order was John Marshall, of the class of nineteen one,
Whose name he most nobly bears of America's distinguished son.
Though timid and in fervor, he so nicely tried to show
Where consanguinity and affinity between him and the statesman
arose.

As he steps into the lecture, sees the Professor and scans the room,
In the person of Clif. D. Benson, from the House of Representatives
had just come,
That debating club for students, in the Law School reading room.
He told them of office rent, and a lawyer's fees as well,
As if a junior student really knew how that to tell.

Then the junior, when he enters and the thoughts that round him loom,
Then arose a young man, stalwart, whom no one deems is bright,
With a voice resembling a foghorn, with a form that is quite slight;
In his dream of the Maryland Legislature of a somewhat future date,
There would be there the M-d. learned legal lights, the greatest in
the State.

And in the oratorical fervor in which the speaker spoke.
It was far beyond the average of a kindergarten mope.

Next in order came the lawyer, with his experience at the bar;
He told them how to win a case from a magistrate near or far.
From the way he's making money most every one would say
By the time he is forty-four he'll be eating snow or hay—
For the one that appeared before us, in a mass without alloy,
Was that member of the profession by the name of Pat Maloy.

Latent ambiguities or patent was the subject of the next,
And if you tell us the difference, 'tis more than in the text.
In the lectures of Professor John Peter Prentiss Poe, of course,
We had often listened to those phrases, with somewhat of remorse.
Where the funny part of this came in for my life I cannot see,
But McGrath seemed to catch it from a locust or a bee.

And the lawyer as a citizen was Mulliken's subject to propound,
And from the way he did that up it compelled us all to frown.
But when a Carpenter "The Fair Ladies" for a subject take,
We expected to be elated, but instead had to quake;
For alas! his fine appearance hadn't been entered by the clerk,
Though, of course, he ne'er intended his engagement then to shirk.

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

They Say.



That Latane's greatest ambition is to drive a hot-waffle wagon when he gets to be a man.
That Wolf wants to know how all the parrots in the jungle get crackers.
That Murkland's girl begged him not to go to the dogs, and he disappointed her bitterly by not going.
That Klecka says a lunatic is an idiot who is a degenerate.
That the fellow who played Antonio in the "Merchant of Venice" was a ham.
That Heck's best girl has a new doll that can say "Papa."
That Janney looks like an Indian (not taxed.)
That Heinmiller would make a good ward heeler if he stopped working.
That Schilpp is going to change his name to SCHLIPP.
That Latane's old man has ceased to lick him for smoking.
That the organ grinders of Africa are kicking at the explorers killing off the monkeys.
That the new Zoo won't start until after this class graduates.
That a cheap coat don't always make a cheap man. Look at Heck.
That Girdwood has a grand collection of toys.
That when his girl rejected him Girdy said, "How cruel it is to be so kind."
That the Diamond Match Company has a factory in Heaven.
That the unexpected always happens when it's least expected.
That Murkland needs a he-chambermaid.
That Wells wanted to propose last Sunday night, but suddenly remembered that the saloons were closed.
That bloomers wouldn't be bloomers if they fit the wearer.
That Heck never worries about the money he owes, but about the money he can't borrow.
That when Reinheimer writes the prophecy he will be playing futures.
That Adkinson is growing so tall that he cannot be a jockey.
That Baer chews tobacco.
That a rising young lawyer is frequently sat upon.
That Porter dreamed the other night that he was awake, and when he woke up found himself asleep.
That Marshall and Judge Phelps are on speaking terms again.
That Chancellor Kent is going to get married.
That Marsh is engineering a great deal—of beer.

IN REAL PROPERTY.

Professor—A, the owner of an estate tail, wishes to disinherit his son B. He consults you. What would you advise?
Legal Light—I would advise him to cut off the estate's tail.

EXAMPLE OF VARIANCE.

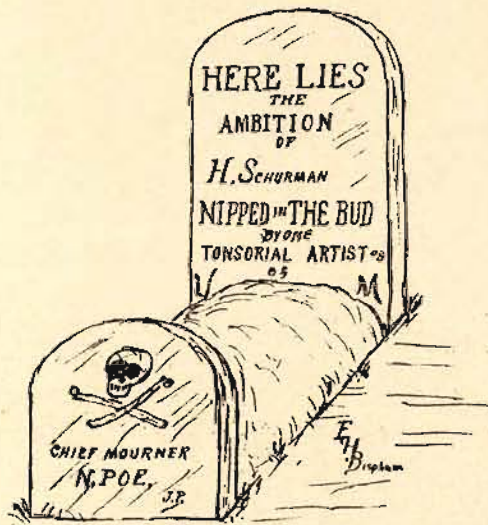
A was indicted for shooting and killing B. At the trial the State showed by its evidence that B was only "half-shot." Held a fatal variance and the prisoner was entitled to be acquitted. State vs. A, 174 Md., 11.

Judge Phelps—Mr. Nicodemus, give that chewing gum to me!

Mr. Nick—I'll let you have half of it.

Mr. Gans—Why did they pass a law making bigamy a crime?

Mr. Nick—You can't serve two masters.



ANOTHER LITTLE JOB
FOR THE
UNDERTAKER.



NOT BLIND
BUT
WONT LOOK.

Answers to Inquiries.



DUMMY—We advise you to write the lectures on crackers and then eat the crackers.

JUNIOR—It is customary in addressing a Senior to bare the head.

PROF. PH.—No, these men are not vicious. Only mischievous.

JUDGE S.—Organ grinders are mere trespassers; ditto monkeys.

RUNGE—You set a bad example by chewing tobacco yourself.

LIBRARIAN—We know of no better remedy for the evil mentioned than chaining the books to the wall.

NICKODEMUS—The word “grandchildren” is improperly used when you say “one grandchildren.”

BRANSKY—Curling the hair is a difficult operation. Better consult Drs. Seven Sutherland Sisters.

CONSTANT READER—We prefer to leave unanswered your pathetic question “What has become of the Highlandtown jurist?”

OLDEST INHABITANT—We do not know Mr. P—e’s age.

The Editors at Play.

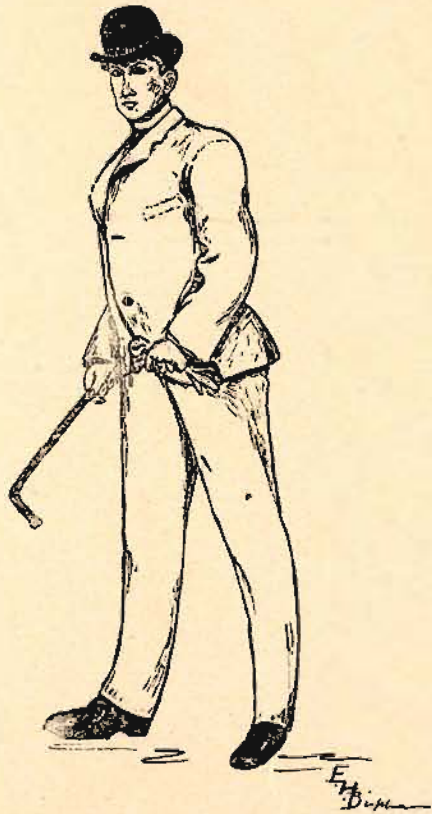
Keck—What shall I do with all these contributions?

Mendels—Are they written on one side or both.

Keck—On one side.

Mendels—Good; we’ll use them to take notes on.

Maxims in Equity and Their Human Counterpart.



Ye Senicr.

No right without a remedy—the class of 1901.

Equity follows the law; Hechheimer follows anything.

Equity aids the vigilant.—Carpenter.

Between equal equities the law will prevail.—The proxy resolution.

Equality is equity; class individuals have rights.

He who comes into equity must come with clean hands.—(?)

He who seeks equity must do equity.—Reinheimer.

Equity looks upon that as done which ought to be done.—Election of Editors.

Between equal equities, priority of time will prevail.—Examination day.

Equity imputes an intention to fulfill an obligation.—All should subscribe to the class book.

Equity acts in *personam*; particularly on Hechheimer.

Equity acts specifically; also on Hechheimer.

Equity regards substance rather than form.—Absentees may send proxies.

Equity prevents multiplicity; but does not prevent Hechheimer.

At the Turn of the Road.



Stand forth in the world's arena,
The land of the quick and the dead,
With a brave heart beating music
And the blue skies overhead;
Show the mettle of your pasture
In the front of the world's great mart,
In thy strength the fear of no man,
And the kingdom of God in thy heart.

Strive on in the living present
To the lights on the heights of fame,
And blaze on the highest hilltop
The valor of thy name.
Turn from the pleasant valleys,
From the old hills of the past—
Lo! through the cloud-rifts gleaming
The dawn breaks through at last.

I sit tonight by the firelight,
And dream while the embers glow
And paint with their ruddy fingers
Pictures of long ago—
The old familiar faces,
That live in the hallowed past—
Travelers on life's journey
To the goal we've reached at last.

And then beyond the vision,
Far up the stairs of time,
I hear a clear voice calling,
The voice of Truth sublime—
Time's up for your longing, dreaming
Of old forgotten days;
The voice of the future calls you—
Have done with childish ways.

Gone are the kingly days of old,
Their battle flags are furled;
The right of might that triumphed
No longer rules the world.
Gird on thine ancient armor,
Champions of right are we,
At the gates of the inner temple
Of Law and Liberty.

WATSON ELMER SHERWOOD.

'Lecture Time.

Thirty-seven candidates
Out for President;
Some they got a-runnin',
And we don't know where they went.
Politicks is in the air,
Things is jest a hummin';
Candidates is everywhere,
And still they keep a-comin'.

First a smilin' candidate
Come to me and said:
"Don't you vote for Blankety-Blank,
He's a puddin' head—
Nothin' but a lobster;
Snow him under, that's
What you want to do to him—
Bang 'im in the slats."

Then the other feller
Comes a smilin' up to me,
Says that he will put me
On a com-mit-tee,
Print my picture in the book,
Right next side of his'n,
Gimme any job I want—
So they keep a-sizzin'.

Politicks is in the air,
Things is jest a-hummin',
Candidates is everywhere,
And still they keep a-comin'.
Runnin', walkin', loafin' 'long,
Some jest barely floatin',
Till there ain't a blessed soul
Left to do the votin'.

WATSON ELMER SHERWOOD.

Respectfully dedicated to the memory of WILSON CARROLL, JR., who, like Mr. Micawber, has been waiting these many years for "something to turn up." He was captured on the night of the class graduation breathing a general atmosphere of cloves that, to use the words of one dear to all of us, was "powerful suspicious." He was found affectionately hugging a lamp-post and humming this plaintive melody, occasionally interspersed with lucid intervals, in which he would look sadly up and murmur, "Modus vivendi; wot 'ell is it, anyhow?"

A Good Time Coming.

There's a good time coming—it's a-coming, so they say,
You can almost hear the music of it humming on the way;
It's a-coming down the line, and I need it bad, I do,
Bills and bills a-piling up enough to make you blue;
And not a cent to pay 'em with, and Blackstone's gone in soak,
All these things are added to you when a chap's dead broke.

When a chap's dead broke, and solemn like and still,
You meditate in quiet and figure up the bill—
First a bunch of violets—write it with a "V"—
Polly to the theatre—sweet as she can be.
It's Polly this and Polly that, a-coming in a bunch,
Then you fill a dollar longing with a ten-cent lunch,
And get a faint suspicion that it isn't all a joke—
These things 'most always happen when a chap's dead broke.

There's a good time coming—if it ain't here mighty soon
You'll find me resting peaceful where the rivers sing a tune,
On the shores of Old Adversity, just washed up high and dry,
My feet a-pintin' upwards and a cruller 'round my eye,
A dreamy look upon my phiz that's mighty nigh sublime—
The chap that died a-waiting for a good old time.

The Maryland Derby.



(With local coloring, of Oliver Wendell Holmes.)

Weather clear: track very fast: betting, brisk: attendance large.

COMMENCEMENT DAY always reminds me of the start for the Derby, when the beautiful high-bred three-year-olds of the season are brought up for trial. That day is the start, and life is the race. * * * But this is the start, and here they are—coats bright as silk and manes as smooth as eau lustrate can make them. Some of the colts are pranced around a few minutes each to show their paces. What is that old gentleman crying about, and the old lady by him, and the three girls, what are they covering their eyes for? Oh! that is their colt which has just been trotted up on the stage. Do they really think those little thin legs can do anything in such a slashing sweepstake as is coming off in these next forty years?

The grand stand is one waving mass of color. Each lady has the ribbon of her favorite, for success in the race means much to many of the fair lookers. A gentle wind sweeps the track.

The third race is run, and the struggle of the day is at hand. All is *qui vive*. The sound of the gong brings the horses one by one. It is manifest that some of the horses will start with heavy betting in the ring, some with the admiration and plaudits of friends and some with but their merits and the owners' ambition.

All the favorites are now galloping hither and thither. Thrift, Reinheimer, Downes, Janney, Thom, Goldsborough show signs of impatience. Nicodemus is not quite steady.

The timers and judges (the Faculty) take their places, and the steward sounds the gong to come into the stretch. A few horses fail to appear. The band is hushed. The few late stragglers rush to deposit their money on their favorite. Keck bolts, but is quieted. Such a jockeying for the pole. Schlipp, Sherwood and Thrift apparently have arranged about the pace. Marshall, McAfee and McCaffrey are running together. So with Irelan and Heinmiller.

At the signal the bunch rush for the line. "Back!" cries the starter. But many have gone some distance. At the sixth trial the starter (the provost) drops his flag and cries "Go! Go!!"

The stand rises *en masse*.

"They're off! They're off!" shouts a thunder of voices. Echoes ring throughout the rafters. Every eye is intent on the field, a sea of seething color and strife.

"Nyburg gets the pole!" shouts a hundred voices.

"Who's the pace!" (the thesis) "Janney!" "Downes!" "Schlipp!" "Van Lill!" "Mendel!" "Goldsborough!" "Burklew!" "Watch Startzman!" shout a hundred different voices.

The pace is fierce. Girdwood gets up with the pacer, but cannot hold. Already the race is over for many.

Ten years gone! Marsh has advanced to the front by jumps, Thom and Porter press him hard. Cecil has thrown his rider; Wolfe, Atkinson, Johnson and Foreman fall together in a bunch. Seth makes a steady stride without much commendation from the stand.

Twenty years! "McGrath leads!" shouts one end of the stand. "Look at Downes coming!" "Eaton!" "Strahörn!" "Janney!" "Watch Morris!" arises from different places.

"But look! How many have thinned out! Down flat—five—six—how many! They lie still enough! They will not get up again in this race, be very sure! And the rest of them—what a 'tailing off!' Anybody can see who is going to win—perhaps!"

Denmead has finished his race, Hechheimer is winded, Murkland is gone. Many, indeed, are gone in this trying turn.

Thirty years! "Downes is getting to be a great favorite. Industry will tell. Look quick! But who is that other that has been lengthening his stride from the first and now shows close up to the front. Don't you remember that quiet brown colt, ——, with the star in his forehead. That is he. He is one of the sort that lasts. Look out for him! And the colt who had a certain feminine air is not to be despised. Rickey is still in the race.

Forty years! Of that string of horses which but a short while ago jockeyed each other for positions, but five are left as racers. Shed not a tear as you linger one moment on this prediction! Fate has rushed nearly all, worth a few, friends a few; but rushed them to the same end. Around the course which has been spent one or two have reared themselves a conspicuous monument.

Fifty years! "Who wins? What! and the winning post a slab of white or gray stone standing out from that turf where there is no more jockeying or straining for victory! Well, the world marks their places in its betting-book; but be sure that these matter very little, if they have run as well as they knew how."

An Historic Event—Our Class Election.



WHEN, after the close of the January examinations the members of the Senior Class gathered together in the old time-worn lecture room to enter upon the final term of the University course and (so to speak) to "take" the last hurdle in what has been indeed a career of ups and downs, starts and jolts, harassments and difficulties, a bulletin addressed to the Seniors not only attracted attention, but caused considerable flutter among the members. It was only a brief notice, stating that a meeting would be held on the Friday following, February 8th, 1901, for class organization and the election of class officers for the class of 1901. You ask what was there in such a notice to create a stir?² I answer that the bulletin was of much interest to every member of the class, because not only was it a startling signal³ that we were approaching the finish; that soon lectures and quizzes, and the more dreadful examination would be over, and that a career, new and appalling, was going forth to graduation standing high in individual merit⁴ reason to be stirred because his class, which was about to elect class officers, was going forth to graduation standing high in individual merit; that it had made a splendid record for itself in deportment throughout the period of three years, and had received the commendation of nearly all of its honored professors both for its standing and its behavior; all this in spite of the fact that the class had been weighted down⁴ with additional studies, all of them of great intricacy. And, therefore, I say the members of the class of 1901 did feel, and had the right to feel, a deep interest in its welfare and were duly impressed with the importance of choosing for its class officers the most representative men of what gave promise to be one of the very best classes ever graduated in the history of the old University.

Between that time and the date set for the first meeting, there was naturally much caucusing and buttonholing. Do not let me be understood as saying that any of the gentlemen who afterward became candidates for the respective offices, particularly that of President, took any part in this, or that there was any personal solicitation on the part of candidates whatever. Oh, no!⁵ Rather let me suggest that some of them announced their candidacy later only when great pressure was brought to bear, and then, in the spirit of the poet, "We are in God's hand, brother"; or those more significant words, "He that hath the steerage of my course direct my sail." But, of course, they each had friends, and their candidacy was proclaimed in that way. And so, while no candidates were announced for the Presidency, for instance, before the class actually met in convention, yet the political wigwags of some of the gentlemen were wide open immediately after the notice referred to was given, while in certainly one instance it was well understood that "pow-pows"⁶ were being held and members were being received in⁷ open arms, and that this had actually been going on a year and a half before the time was ripe for the announcement of the name of the gentleman who had been selected to carry their banners on high.

But now for a brief epitome⁸ of the preliminaries. The class was well represented on February 8th, 1901. Mr. Girdwood called the meeting to order. Hardly had he done so when he was confronted with no less than eight demands for recognition, six of which came from our friends, already referred to, whom I shall, for greater clearness, designate the "opposition," and who (armed with the motto "There's place and means for every man alive"), of course, came well organized for the affray, and, as will be quite apparent throughout the remainder⁹ of this paper, demonstrated the advantage of previous organization and made themselves felt, particularly in parliamentary skill and usage. Mr. Startzman was named by the "opposition" for temporary chairman. The names of Messrs. Thrift and Strahorn were also presented. The

first ballot resulted in no election. On second ballot Mr. Thrift retired in favor of Mr. Strahorn, who was thereupon elected to preside. The first death knell¹⁰ had sounded, and those stirring words of Shakespeare in Richard II were indeed prophetic and pathetic, "The world is full of rubs".¹¹ The writer was called upon to serve as Secretary. A Committee on Credentials, to report on February 13th, to be appointed by the Chairman, was the next move.

When, at the next meeting, the committee, consisting of Messrs. Burklew, Thrift and Atkinson, presented their report (most admirably gotten up in so short a space of time) the fun began, accompanied with much trouble for the Chairman and the Secretary. The Chairman of the committee moved the adoption of the report. A half-dozen objections, all made at the same time, were hurled at the Chairman until he must have felt that the fellow who wrote "Lay aside life-harming heaviness and entertain a cheerful disposition" never had been called upon to preside at a class meeting. Out of the melee¹² of motions in arrest, cross motions, criss-cross parliamentary points of order, differences on certain parliamentary rules, and other sundry¹³ trivialities, the gentleman of "many retainers" was at last recognized and heard to object for his side to the proxy clause of the report. Objection seconded by a round dozen in unison.¹⁴ Rule 4 of the report provided that "members shall be entitled to vote either in person or by proxy, signed and in writing. Through some inconceivable reason, the objection to this clause was abandoned by default, and Rule 2, which provided that to "constitute an election a majority of all votes cast shall be required," was made the butt of the opposition, it being deemed judicious (and it turned out to be exceedingly judicious!!) to make the rule read "a majority of the class" shall elect instead of a "majority of the votes cast." This amendment was accepted and the report, as amended, adopted. Had the proxy clause been ruled out and the report allowed to stand in the other particular, probably a different story would be found in the space herein assigned to this paper. But this is dealing in "ifs."¹⁵

The preliminaries over, the fight for the class Presidency was on. For clearness and continuity of thought I shall not note the adjournments had from time to time throughout the election.¹⁶

Before proceeding, however, I think it would not be amiss¹⁷ to say something concerning proxies, which played so important a part throughout the election. As I write I have before me some specimens, and as I scan them I am indeed impressed with the legal acumen and skill displayed in the drafting thereof. The great care and legal training apparent from a perusal of these specimens fills me with pride, in that I have the honor to be a classmate of the draughtsmen. I cannot refrain from inserting here a few of them:

1. I, O. S. C., being of unsound mind, misunderstanding and indisposition, do hereby constitute and appoint G. K. M. to be my attorney and proxy, both in law and in fact, with power of substitution, and to vote for me and in my name and for and on my behalf at any meeting, meetings, adjourned meetings, or at any election or elections of the Senior class of 1901, that may be held at any place, or places, time or times. To be good until revoked by me, and, if revoked, to be good anyhow. (Signed, sealed, acknowledged; three witnesses.)

NOTE.—Would anyone who reads the above have any hesitancy to employ the professional services of the draftsman of the instrument? If fullness is what they want, this is incomparable.

2. In the name of God, Amen!! Know ye, That I, S. B. B., fully aware of what I am about to undertake, though ineligible, under the Election Law now proposed to be framed by the present Legislature, whether ballot be with or without emblems, not in collusion with any one, nor afraid of anything, saving Equity and Constitutional Law—and these are what war is—do hereby make these presents. And then follows the granting clause, immediately after which is the Habendum.

3. Know all men by these presents, That the undersigned, of immature age and feeble in body and health, a member of the class of 1901 of the University of Maryland, Law Department (but how I ever got there is a leading question. See Poe, Practice, Sec. 10,008), does hereby

constitute and appoint W. R. C. attorney and agent for him, and in his name, and on his behalf and stead, to vote as his proxy at the class election of officers for 1901 in the same way that he should be entitled to vote if then personally present.

4. General Assignment.—I do hereby delegate and appoint——to vote all proxies held by me at previous meetings of the class, and also those which I didn't hold, it being my wish and purpose that he vote as many as will subserve his purpose, and as often as he thinks best, and no more; expressly authorizing him to vote as those whose proxies he holds would not vote if they were personally present, and I do particularly empower and direct him to vote for —— for President, being fully alive to the fact that he cannot be elected. (Names withheld. Libel *per se*.)

These specimens will bear me out in what I have said above.

One gentleman who didn't have a vote himself persisted in voting numerous proxies. His argument, too logical to be refuted, was this: A proxy is voting for a person who is absent. You, therefore, allow a fellow to vote who isn't here. I am here. *A fortiori*, I should be allowed to vote proxies.

Now for the contest. Mr. McCaffrey, "dressed in a little brief authority," in eloquence of much force and irresistible in effect, nominated Mr. Reinheimer. Mr. Goldsborough, whose fame—achieved in the celebrated case of Regents of University of Maryland et al. vs. Schurman, Poe, C. J. (116 S. F. R.)—was still fresh in the minds of all of us, creditably presented the name of Mr. Downes. The balloting was about to proceed, when Mr. Latane, remembering the lines "Be to yourself as you would to a friend," had his name—no, I mean his name was presented by Mr. Murkland. During the roll call the anxiety of the candidates was apparent in their drawn faces. Latane was humming litanies by the score; the other candidates were trying to keep their thoughts centered on "*modus vivendi*,"¹⁸ or "wherein does a necessary party differ from a proper one in equity," or "how old must a person be to be a Senator," and the like. But the roll call was soon ended, and the vote as announced was: Reinheimer, 25; Downes, 21; Latane, 8; Thom, Jr., 1; necessary to elect, 31. (Thom, believing in the principle of "me, too," voted for himself.)

The second ballot brought a surprise. Mr. Ortman was recognized, and in speechless eloquence, surmounted with poetical brevity, nominated Mr. Marshall. The vote resulted as follows: Reinheimer, 2; Marshall, 24; Downes, 20; Latane, 12; Blank, 1. (Thom, seeing the futility of his election, but declining to support anyone else, cast the blank vote.)

The third ballot stood thus: Downes, 25; Marshall, 26; Latane, 8; Thom, 1. (Confound that man Thom! "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." If he didn't go back to his first choice!!)

On the fourth ballot Latane got 9 votes. Hurrah for Thom!! The others held their own number. Before the roll call commenced for the fifth ballot Mr. Latane, evidently resigned to his own fate, put in nomination Mr. Thrift, the "dark horse" in the race, and the vote as announced was: Latane, 1; Downes, 15; Marshall, 16; Thrift, 26; Blank, 1. (That man Thom again!!)

Sixth ballot: Downes, 20; Marshall, 26; Thrift, 11.

At this point Mr. Downes asked for recognition and made a manly speech, stating he could not win out and asking his supporters to cast their votes for Mr. Thrift. The interest was now at its height. The seventh ballot resulted: Thrift, 28; Marshall, 28; Blank, 1.

On the next ballot, the eighth and last, the vote as announced stood: Thrift, 31; Marshall, 27, and amidst much applause Mr. Thrift was declared elected President of the Class of 1901, and was escorted to the chair.

To those gentlemen who had striven¹⁹ for the honor, let me say, "Forgive and forget." "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft alee."

They had "fought a good fight," but success did not crown their efforts. "Our wills and fates do so contrary run that our devices still are overthrown; our thoughts are ours; their ends none of our own."

But there were other offices to fill, as likewise there were candidates to fill them.²⁰ Mr. Murkland and Mr. Denmead were put in nomination for Vice-President. Mr. Murkland was elected on the first ballot. So elated was Mr. Murkland at his election that, on hearing from the Secretary that the names of the class officers would be published in the newspapers, he breathlessly rushed up to the temporary Secretary, and the following conversation took place:

Mr. M.—You are going to publish the names, are you?

Mr. —.—Yes, I shall.

Mr. M.—Will you do me the kindness to publish my name in full—Philip Austen Murkland?

Mr. —.—Did you say Philip Austin Murkland?

Mr. M.—No; please make it Philip Austen Murkland.

Mr. —.—I will.

Mr. M.—You won't forget to do it?

Mr. —.—I will not.

And much to Mr. Murkland's relief and satisfaction, I hope, the papers did have it Philip Austen Murkland, although on account of limited space, they could not do more than put it in the ordinary type.

Mr. McCaffrey was elected Secretary, as was Mr. Eaton Treasurer.

Next to the Presidency, the office of Sergeant-at-Arms attracted the most interest. Mr. Girdwood was recognized and stated he desired to nominate one whom he could vouch for as well fitted for the arduous duties of that office. He said he was about to name a gentleman who, before he became a member of our class, had been a doorkeeper at a boarding house, whose wide experience in such matters he could vouch for, and one who in class had shown decided symptoms of irrationalism, and whose "fool tricks" in the three years were legion. He named Mr. Hechheimer for the office. (Loud applause.) The nomination was seconded. No other nominations being made, and, as under the rules, a ballot was necessary to elect, this was at once taken, and the vote, much to the amazement of everyone, showed decided opposition to Mr. Hechheimer. It was as follows: Hechheimer, 3; Mr. Blank, 68. Total votes cast, 71; number entitled to vote, 61. The President ruled that, in view of the circumstances, another ballot was necessary. Mr. Blank having withdrawn for the sake of harmony, Mr. Hechheimer was declared elected Sergeant-at-Arms. He was forthwith commanded to put out all students who were not Seniors and to show his appreciation of the honor vested in him by the class and to demonstrate his entire ability in that line, he at once proceeded to put the command into execution. He met with decided success until he ran up against two stalwart Juniors and a "bulletin board" (a mute member of the intermediates). The first having given him a good pummelling, and the second resisting him with a "smash," some of the members thought they had quite enough of Mr. Hechheimer for Sergeant-at-Arms, and a motion was made to reconsider his election, but this was abandoned; so he now fills that office under heavy protest. "What poor an instrument may do a noble deed."

Mr. Reinheimer was made class prophet. Mr. Irelan was elected historian amidst great opposition. Mr. Sherwood was unanimously elected class poet.

Allusion has already been made to the celebrated case of Regents of University vs. Schurnman (cited *infra*). Before final adjournment was moved, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, C. Justin Kennedy has presumed to appear before Justice Poe as attorney for defense in a much agitated discussion:

"AND WHEREAS, the said C. Justin Kennedy has brought ridicule and comment upon the law students of the University of Maryland, calling forth a hot shot from Justice Poe;

"AND WHEREAS, the aforesaid C. Justin Kennedy is nothing but a cheap intermediate; therefore be it

Resolved, By the Class of 1901, grave and serious Seniors, that we resent such presumption on the part of the aforesaid C. Justin Kennedy; and be it further

Resolved, That the said C. Justin Kennedy be, and he is hereby prohibited from wearing whiskers (if he can raise them) for one year from date."

This resolution needs no comment from me. I append it here at the request of the class; nor do I claim authorship.²⁷ It is only fair to Mr. Girdwood to say that the resolution, as drawn, is his own handiwork.

The end²² is run; the battle is fought; the victory won and lost. Just a word more from me and I have done. Throughout the class election there was good feeling²³ manifest on all sides. There was combat, of course, yet it was conducted in an honorable and friendly way. This spirit should prevail in a body of lawyers soon-to-be. For is it not our hope soon to meet, possibly opposing each other in counsel, or at the trial table? And should we not then, although honorably waging contest against each other, still retain our friendliness one to the other?²⁴

Let me close with the hope that, our graduation and banquet over, our relations shall not be severed for all time. We, who for three years have prepared the same studies, attended the same quizzes, passed the same difficult examinations and mastered the same trials and overcame the same obstacles, should in after life remember our fellow-students and fellow-graduates.

My heartfelt wishes for success go out to all my classmates, whom I shall always call to mind in after years.²⁵

JOHN G. SCHILPP.

Annotations by the Editors.



1. Query: Have Seniors wings.
(Line No. 9—Bad for redundancy.
2. Who asked?
3. He is a railroad man.
4. Hundredweights.
5. Particularly the “No!!!!!!!!!!”
6. Nearly a “Bow Wow.”
7. Should be “with.”
8. The “epitome” follows.
9. Particularly the remainder.
10. Taken from the “Death of Little Nell.”
11. Should be “rubes.”
12. The writer has studied “French.”
13. Especially the sundries.
14. This sentence, to say the least, is unique.
15. So is the story dealing in “ifs.”
16. The Editors permit this paragraph under protest.
17. It couldn't be a man.
18. Refresh your Latin.
19. He means “striven.”
20. Likewise candidates to be “filled.”
21. Note at the end, he does not claim authorship.
22. Should be “Race is run.”
23. Plenty of it.
24. Should be toward each other.
25. He ends either as a mind-reader or a Christian Scientist.

Syllogism.



[THIS CHARMING LITTLE BROCHURE IS DEDICATED TO MR. HECHHEIMER BY HIS ADMIRERS, THE EDITORS.]

MY BOY Harry is the smartest boy in the law school."
"I don't say so.—"
"But he is."

Judge Phelps one day missed calling on Hechheimer to recite, whereupon Harry, the undaunted, arose and said :
"Your Honor, my name is Hechheimer."

Mendels—Hello, Nyberg, someone has just insulted Hechheimer.

Nyberg—Get me the recipe, will you?

Brrrrrsssssts?!!!!!!!!!!!!!!'r'r'r'r... This but faintly illustrate Hech's entrance into the Lecture Hall each day.

Hech used "The Patriotic Reader" from which to study Constitutional Law.

Hech.—My, but the Constitution is a wonderful work! (Repeat the ejaculation *ad infinitum*.)

You ought to hear Hech's French—particularly that phrase "*Coup d'etat, or raison d'etre*."

He is never undaunted,
With law he is haunted,
While a bright look plays o'er him the while ;
He is free as a bird,
And can always be heard,
While his face always wears a BIG smile.

How about the Linden avenue girl, Hech?

Hechheimer—That quotation ain't in the Constitution.

Wolf—It 'tis ; I seen it.

Hech—Donchugh b'leeve me?

Judge H.—Does the Constitution follow the flag, Mr. Hechheimer?

Hech—The United States Supreme Court has not yet decided that point, and to guard against voicing a dissenting opinion, I will wait until that question has been finally decided by the tribunal mentioned.

In 1897 Mendels loaned Hech a volume of "The Last Essays of Elias." It is but a vindication of Hech's fortitude and staying qualities when it is mentioned that he is still reading them.

That Linden avenue girl's brother is camping on your trail, Harry.

Ah! well for us all, some sweet hope lies,
When we're making fees and eating pies.

AN ABERRATION.

Hech—When I graduate I will practice in New York. In order to pass the State Board there, my operations and plan of campaign will be as follows: "I will read the New York Code in two weeks, study its index in another week; then take the State Board; then be a lawyer." Surely, gentle reader, the narrative interests you.

Ask Hech who drafted the preamble to the Constitution.

IN 1910.

Mendels—I have just heard that Hechheimer recently married

Nyberg—Who was the unfortunate?

Hech (before some future Judiciary Committee of the Legislature)—Ah, my friends, you sit here session after session and repeal laws, and when your body adjourns, we, the members of the bar, must practice under those same laws.

"Hech, dost thou know that when the sap jumps and the sun awakes at 4 A. M., thou'll't be a lawyer in the embryo?"

Harry, how about those blank ballots?

You may try very hard to say you'll forget,
But those ballots will be in your memory yet.

TELEPHONE CALL.

"Hello, Harry, that you?"

"Tis i'faith."

"Come up to the house this evening to draw my will; we've bought an automobile. If you can spare the time, take a ride in it with me to-morrow."

Last Night.

Last night I was alone, ah, me! alone,
And also I was very dry;
Now, nature when she's thirsty takes a drink,
And so did I.

I drank a large highball, a Scotch highball,
And then I drank some more, about ten more,
And when at 3 A. M. I hied me home
I couldn't find the door.

I lay me down upon the steps, cold marble steps,
And tried to get a little needed sleep;
A copper happened by and took me to
A station house to keep.

The 'Squire looked my rueful figure o'er and smiled
As I deplored the error of my ways,
And said: "Ten dollars, please, my friend,
Or else—ten days."

F. VON L. PATTERSON.

Life on an Office Chair.

My shingle out, my office fixed,
Diploma on the wall,
I sat me down before my desk
To wait the client's call.

A Dutchman green was victim one,
My heart leaped up for joy;
I saw the vision of a fee,
Fortune fair and coy.

"I hafe just pought a house," said he,
"A paper's what I need."
I looked real wise, and softly said,
"Oh, yes, you want a deed."

"A teed?" says he. "No, sir, I don't,
Dot ist not vat I want."
I could not think what else he meant,
My mind was on a jaunt.

I named the papers to him then,
As through my brain they flew—
Assignment and acknowledgment,
Release and mortgage, too.

"Ah, mortgage! dot is vad it ist,
I've come to be advised;
Dot ist der paper I requite,
You shoult not seem surprised."

The last time dot I pought a house
I had a teed," said he;
A loafer mit a mortgage came
Unt took it all from me."

Legal Studies Illustrated.



PLEADING.

E. H. Bipe



PRACTICE.

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DOMESTIC RELATIONS. E. H. Bipe



CRIMINAL LAW. E. H. Bipe

Official Bulletin

FOR SALE
 Strahorn on
 temporary claimant
 before Board
 Auditor on Appeal
 before
 Superior on Petition
 G. K. Woods

WANTED:
 A HORSE FOR
 LATANE
 D.H. Wilson

LOST
 MY GRIN
 Size 6 X 6
 Jimmy

WANTED
 SOME NEW
 CRIPES
 J.W. MULLIN

FOR SALE
 PROPHECIES
 AS THEY SHOW
 SIGNS OF USE I WILL
 SELL CHEAP
 CARPENTER

FOUND
 27 YEARS AGO A HIGHLY MAG-
 NIFIED OPINION OF MYSELF.
 ENLARGES DAILY AS THE
 SQUARE OF THE ALTITUDE
 CIRDWOOD

WANTED
 AT ONCE
 SALT
 HICKMAN

FOR SALE
 Help on Political
 Organizations
 Check the records

WANTED!! WANTED!!
 A
 machine to measure the caliber
 of a man, who runs for Class
 President and is able to get the
 profit or profit
 J. F. Reinheimer

WANTED
 AN EXCUSE FOR
 LIVING. ANY OLD
 EXCUSE WILL
 DO. AT ONCE
 NYBURG
 NICODE MUS

WANTED: An automatic
 self-acting chaplain
 for a lecture case of
 "Magnification" in the
 cabinet stage program
 unfamiliar
 LATANE

Wanted
 to
 connect
 to
 some
 sign
 approval
 Wilson

REINHEIMER -
 MARSHALL CO.
 RUNNERS FOR POSITION OF
 CLASS PRESIDENT
 -VOTES SOLICITED-
 C.R. MARSHALL
 J.W. MARSHALL
 CARR O'CONNOR

WANTED
 A FEW MORE
 TALKS FOR MY
 DELEGATE
 CASE
 MURKLAND

ME TOO
 MURKLAND
 AND ME
 SCHILPP

WANTED
 IMMEDIATELY
 A FEW IDEAS
 PROFFER ACQUAINT
 CONN

WANTED
 MILK FOR
 D.H. WILSON

DIED
 Years ago Frodo in
 conclusion to work what
 remains some relation
 ally to know about for
 inspection by the
 Professor

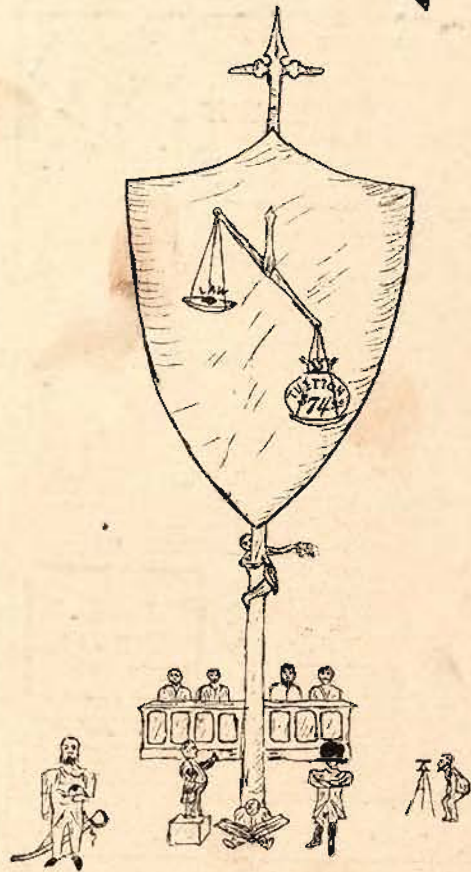
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 by addressing
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 Gary, Ind. 47404

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It is better to have
 a million here,
 than a billion
 elsewhere

College of Arms.
U^{of} Md.



Ye Faculty.

Stare Decisis!



May the injustice be no less bruited
Than to "The Justice" is here imputed.

CASE OF IRREPARABLE INJURY TO A HOODWINKED VISAGE.

HENRY SCHNURMAN, *Plaintiff*,

vs.

GUY P. ASPER *et al.*

} Opinion of the Court :

The facts appear somewhat vaguely, it is true, upon the face of the record and with shameful indirection in the pleadings.

This seems to this Court to be a settler's powder for the plaintiff (Schnurman), and the rule, therefore, goes down before one of those glittering and star-spangled exceptions which dot the pathway of our jurisprudence, making it resemble a mosaic pavement, or, more properly, one of those beautiful and bewildering creations of female handiwork—a crazy quilt.

Valdemar on "Hazing," Ch. 2, pp. 28.

The defendants now having each other juridically by the ears, it is the pleasure of this Court to leave them in that situation, this Court being satisfied that while so engaged they will no longer disturb this Court, thus recognizing the well-established rule that between those who are equally in the wrong a Court does not interpose. *In pari delicto potior est conditio defenditis*. It now becomes the duty of this Court to dispose of the plaintiff, so that the case, being thus rid of all obstructions, may proceed to its final determination. Once on the road to justice, this Court sidetracks every obstacle, even as the graceful Yankee-jumper scatters a giddy procession of cutters along a highway of snow.

This Court must now lay down the rule prevailing, at the same time remarking to the defendants, "This is the rule, and don't you forget it." By the time this Court is through with them, this Court don't think they will. "We, therefore, find it laid down as a fixed principle that a Court is not bound to fish for gudgeons in muddy water when all the mountain streams are full of trout. Where the testimony is conflicting it is the duty of this Court to always refuse to hear it."

This Court now, with fear and trembling, refers to that awful clause, which, when contemplated and considered, never fails to lift the capillary substance from the summits of the craniums of courts and litigants. This Court cites the case of the University of Arachnoidea Students vs. Cartell, 17 Eros, p. 334, in support of the doctrines quoted above.

Happily, this Court is well informed as to what the law of this case should be, and therefore is, having long since become familiar (in its ramifications of the law) with that stupendous compendium of the law and the prophets, known as "DuRuyter's Dissertation on Mustache Clipping" contained in the Hazed Medical Students' Reports Annotated.

A knowledge of this work might, and certainly should, have deterred the erring plaintiff from rashly instituting this proceeding, although the Court, in rendering its decision, protests against the wickedness of the law thereof.

Sad as is the fate of the plaintiff, what words can express the horror and detestation of this Court in contemplating the condition of the defendants? Well may the unhappy and wretched defendants exclaim with the historic and dramatic Van Baker:

"How is't with us—when every noise appalls us!
What dirty hands are ours. Let us pluck out our eyes;
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this ink
Clean from our hands? No! ring for soap!"

It is clearly immaterial whether this be the language of the Court or the language of one Shakespeare, or his historical double, Lord Bacon, or one Washington Irving, Joe Jefferson, or Dion Boucicault, or is one grand concert of the entire band. It is the duty of a Court to claim everything in sight. A good Justice when he is crowded will always extend the limits of his jurisdiction. *Boni judicis est ampliare jurisdictionem*. He may of right rampage through the Spartan Code, the Justinina Pandects and the entire realm of Shakespearean law. He is not to be cabined, cribbed or confined, but may lawfully be as broad and general as the casing air. *Cursus curiae est lex curiae*. These chestnuts are not fresh, but they are well roasted.

And now, all things having been earnestly and solemnly done, the parties to this action are required to re-enter the courtroom and lend attentive ears to that omnipresent voice rendering its judgment, without a paraclete other than learned counsel who is comforted with the umbrageous epigram:

It is the judgment of this Court that Asper be fined \$25.00 and costs for his unutterable and silent contempt, not expressed, but plainly perceived by the Court, and that execution do issue therefor, it being a settled maxim of this Court, that the execution of this Court can harm nobody. *Executio juris, non habet injuriam*.

Albeit ensnared with medical warriors,
"This is no kindergarten for young lawyers."

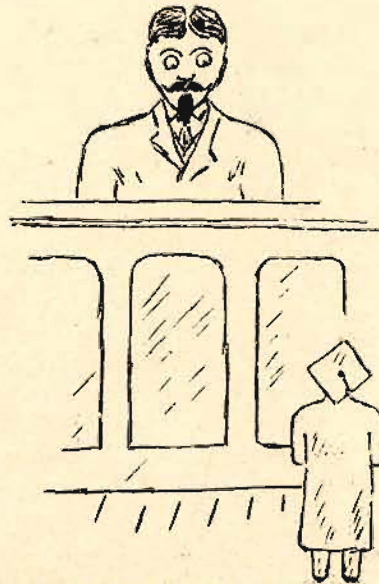
NOTE.—It will be noticed that in delivering this opinion this Court does not indulge in the egotistical first person singular. This Court sees no reason why a court should select one member as a scapegoat and cause him to render its opinion and then dodge behind him to escape all the rhetorical brick-bats and expletive dead cats that may be hurled at him from a saloon corner by the lawyer of the angry litigants. Nor does

this Court use the first person plural, the overawing "we," which causes an infuriated suitor to hesitate before he sails into the court under a numerical disadvantage, which he seldom does unless he discovers a stubborn deserter. This Court, therefore, prefers the dignified third person which, by giving an apparently impersonal character to and to some extent removing the aggravating presence of his wrath, has a soothing effect upon an enraged party. This Court is always presumed to know herself.

The defendants retire awestricken and agape, in a state of perturbation, while the plaintiff, no less aroused, engages in wild persiflage with a warm advocate of his cause. Unlike the unflinching spirit ordinarily pervading the will of a man in such a nimbose and invidious ordeal, the weakling subsequently tenders the fine imposed to re-enter the rank and file of a well-to-be-remembered and spirited class, only to receive their unanimous declination and a volley of rotten "hatch-its" upon his attempt to enter unforgiven.

ARTHUR G. DERR, 1902.

[The Editors thank Mr. Derr for the above, but take this opportunity of pointing out that his pleadings are bad for misjoinder of parties. Had Mr. Derr applied for leave to amend, we would, under the present "liberal amendments" system, have granted him leave to amend. It should not be Schnurman against Asper, but State of Maryland against Asper. Would advise you to apologize to your instructors in pleading and in criminal law.]



INJUSTICE POE, - ROUST MIT YE!
THIS IS NO KINDERGARTEN FOR BABY LAWYERS.

F.H.B.



A Toast.

Ah! maid decollete,
Ah! sprite of drawing rooms,
Thou queen of bal poudre
And vision from love's looms—
To thee this toast I drink,
And o'er sweet memories think,
To thee, of thee alone—
Ah! love's a "rolling stone."

G. K.

Fontes Juris.



During the heat of the extra session of the Legislature, one Marsh journeyed toward Annapolis. On the same train was another student of the 'Varsity. The two discussed the proposed election law, and, to the credit of Marsh's personal nerve, he claimed credit for having drafted the bill. Of course, the other student felt weak. The editors would here ask Marsh where was Judge Avery and Messrs. Wirt, Poe and others when the law was first dressed up in suitable legal English?



A Law Student.

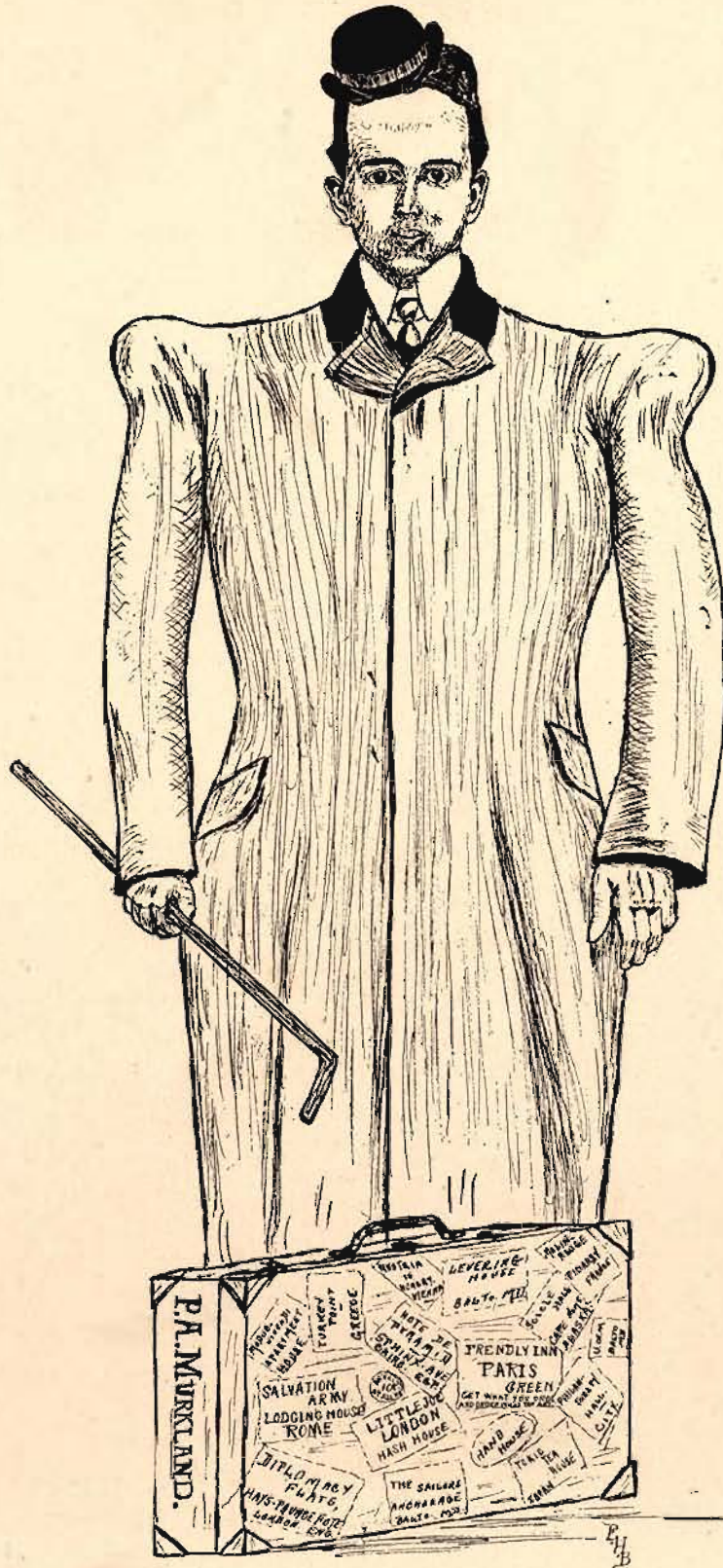
When one talks of hereditaments, misprisons and indentures,
Of chattels and of mortgages, of choses and debentures,
Of assumpsit, debt and covenant, of trespass and attainders,
Of writs of habeas corpus, of reversions and remainders,
Of attaching and conveyancing, of signing and indorsing,
Of femes, both sole and covert, separating and divorcing,
Of words of twenty letters, which you'd think would break his jaw,
You will know that the fellow is just begun to study law.

ANONYMOUS.

"Nerve."

There was once a young lawyer of nerve,
Who feared neither God nor the court,
Who used the clerks for errand boys,
Who out of the judges made sport.

But they say that his finish he met—
Students, take heed, all of you!
He was promptly sat on by the court
When he asked the judge for a chew.



LOVE ME, LOVE MY DRESS SUIT CASE.

Anamolous.

"Me he! me hi! me ho!
Rum stiche, rume riddle,
Drink bay rum,
We are the rooters of the class of 1901."

HECHHEIMER.

"Carrie Nation, dissipation, drink Wilson rye,
We didn't do a thing to Schurnman, O me, O my!"

HECHHEIMER.

"BY THE GUARDIAN OF THE CLASS." A DAY WITH PHELPS.

Ph.—Gentlemen, there have been attempts to write books on Equity for the students, but my book is *the* book:

Class (in chorus)—Did you ever read it?

Ph.—Miller has written a book on Equity Procedure and also proceeds without my permission to practically embody my work in his.

Class—He must have used it for foot-notes.

Mr. Atkinson—Our languid friend on the right arises)—Gentlemen, I have taken as my proposition "Is it proper to carry one's pants under his arms and fail to wear suspenders?" In this case the APPELLANT (emphasis on the *e*).

Ph.—Young man, pronounce that as if it were apalant, not appealant.

Atk.—The appealant—

Ph.—Have you ear muffs on? I said appellat.

Atk.—Appealant.

Ph.—Bailiff, provide him with an ear trumpet.

Atk.—Professor, I have a severe case of sprung tubes and a sore thorax; it affects my pronounciatory powers.

Ph.—If you have a cold tell your troubles to "Dr. Martin" and put a pair of muffs on it.

Ph.—*Mr. Schapiro!*

(Schapiro cites his case in a manner wholly unintelligible to the class, and, with a self-satisfied air, sits down.)

Ph.—*Mr. Schapiro*, will you please tell us for the edification of the class in general whether you spoke in Arabic or choice Hindustan?

Ph.—Will that gentleman in the lower part of the room remove his lower propellers from off the table?

Keck—I beg Your Honor's pardon.

Ph.—Mr. Wolf, the lone survivor of the calamity at the Zoo, we hope to hear favorable reports of your progress at the Pan-American; I hope he will prove as intelligent as the majority of the members of his family; but (aside) I doubt it.

Ph.—Hechheimer! My! what a strange name! It seems that funny names attach to funny faces.

Hechheimer—May it please Your Honor, your case is not an exception to the rule, but comes within it.

Ph.—Mr. Strahorn, the tall gentleman, a spectre of Patrick Henry in his declining days.

Strahorn cites Ch. 8, when class has only reached Ch. 5.

Ph.—Sir, that is not playing ball.

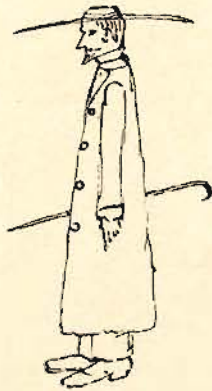
Str.—I know, but I have three strikes.

Ph.—No, sir; evasion is not a principle of Equity; the last was a foul ball; you have another chance.

An Ode.

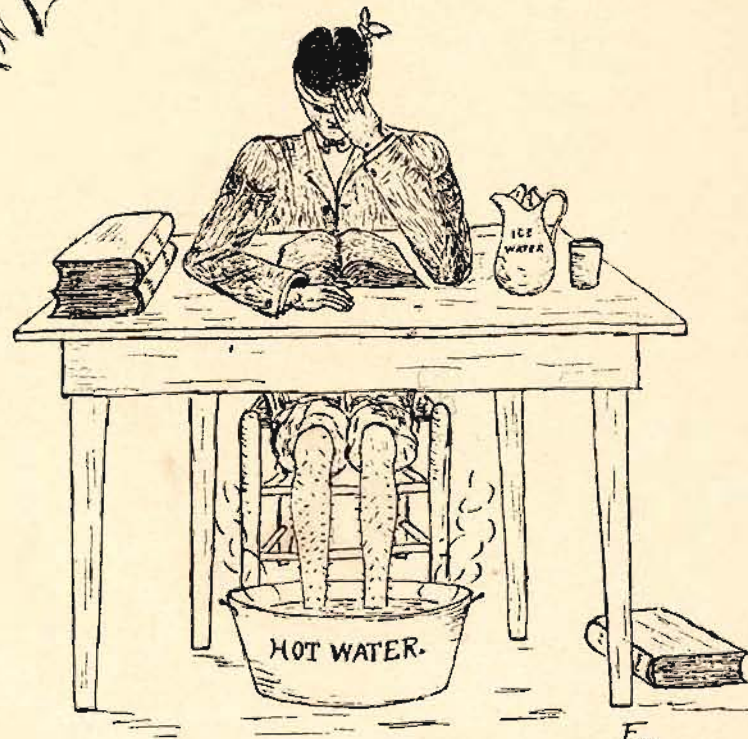
I ran a race?
Oh, yes, I ran,
An also ran,
A has been,
Or what you will—
My, my! but 'twas a bitter pill;
And then my candidacy
Was futile
And was nil!
Who do I blame?
No one!
'Twas but my fault alone.
I made my running,
Quite too long,
And too much of
The glad hand!

[With apologies to the many candidates who ran, some in general,
others in particular.]



He needs no introduction.

AN E-STATE IN EXPECTANCY



WITH A CONDITXON

F.H. B.



208

Habeas Corpus.

Defendant's First and Only Prayer.

Oh, Mr. Bear,
We're in despair,
Exams. are coming apace;
The opinion's unanimous
Your nature's magnanimous—
Forbear this idea to efface.

Oh, Mr. Bear,
Warm is the air,
Summer is coming along;
So aid our digestions,
And tell us the questions,
Or else we are sure to go wrong.

Oh, Mr. Bear,
Now, is it fair?
Really, you ought to be nice.
We'll boom up your college
By showing our knowledge,
So, hadn't you better think twice?

Oh, Mr. Bear,
Now, on the square,
Why stand we trembling in awe?
Your subject's entrancing,
E'en more so than dancing,
Oh, why did we take up the law!

Oh, Mr. Bear,
What do you care?
You know we study so hard;
With utmost celerity
Dispel our temerity,
Or else our happiness' marred.

Oh, Mr. Bear,
The smiles we wear
Will soon be passing away,
And the epitaph rotten,
Gone, not forgotten,
Will come in its place to stay.

Oh, Mr. Bear,
We'll now declare
Wherefore this artistic plea.
Condone our audacity
And praise our sagacity
For sending this story to thee.

Oh, Mr. Bear,
Heaven forbear!
Construe this not as for pity;
We'd never demand it,
In fact, couldn't stand it—
Only a sweet little ditty.

Oh, Mr. Bear,
What man would dare
To say *real property's* hard?
So real captivating,
And exhilarating,
Our brains can never be jarred.

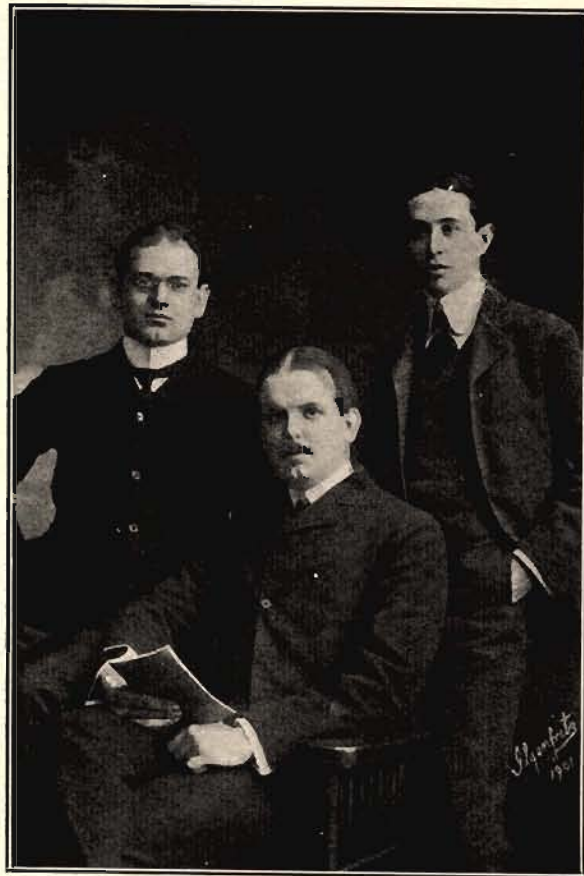
Oh, Mr. Bear,
Let flunks be rare,
You won't ignore this plea;
Dismiss your rigidity
With utmost rapidity,
Is the prayer we offer to thee.

Atkinson.



A Bevy of Fair Divorcees.





Banquet Committee, Senior Class.

McGrath, *Chairman*,
Atkinson,
Johnson.