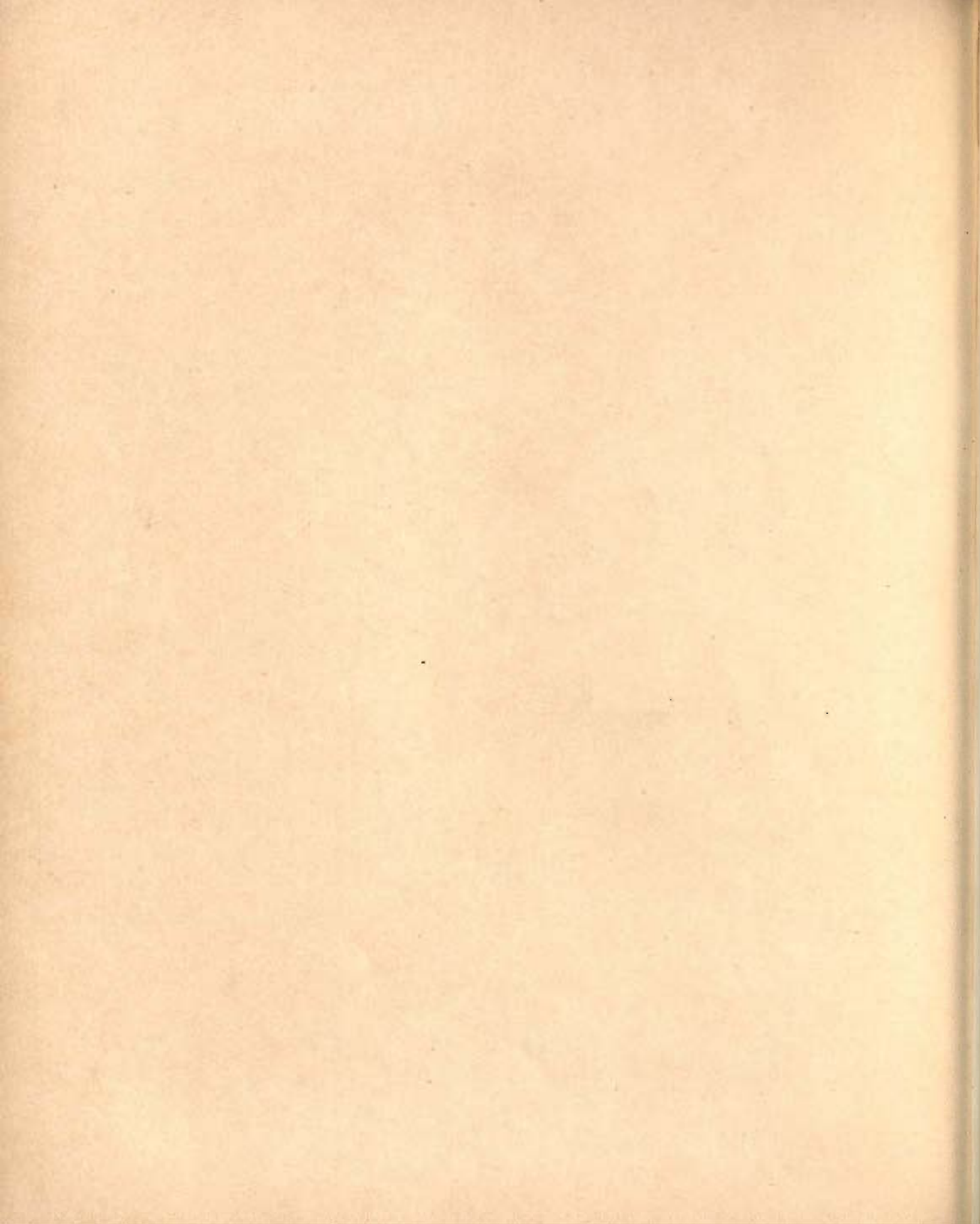


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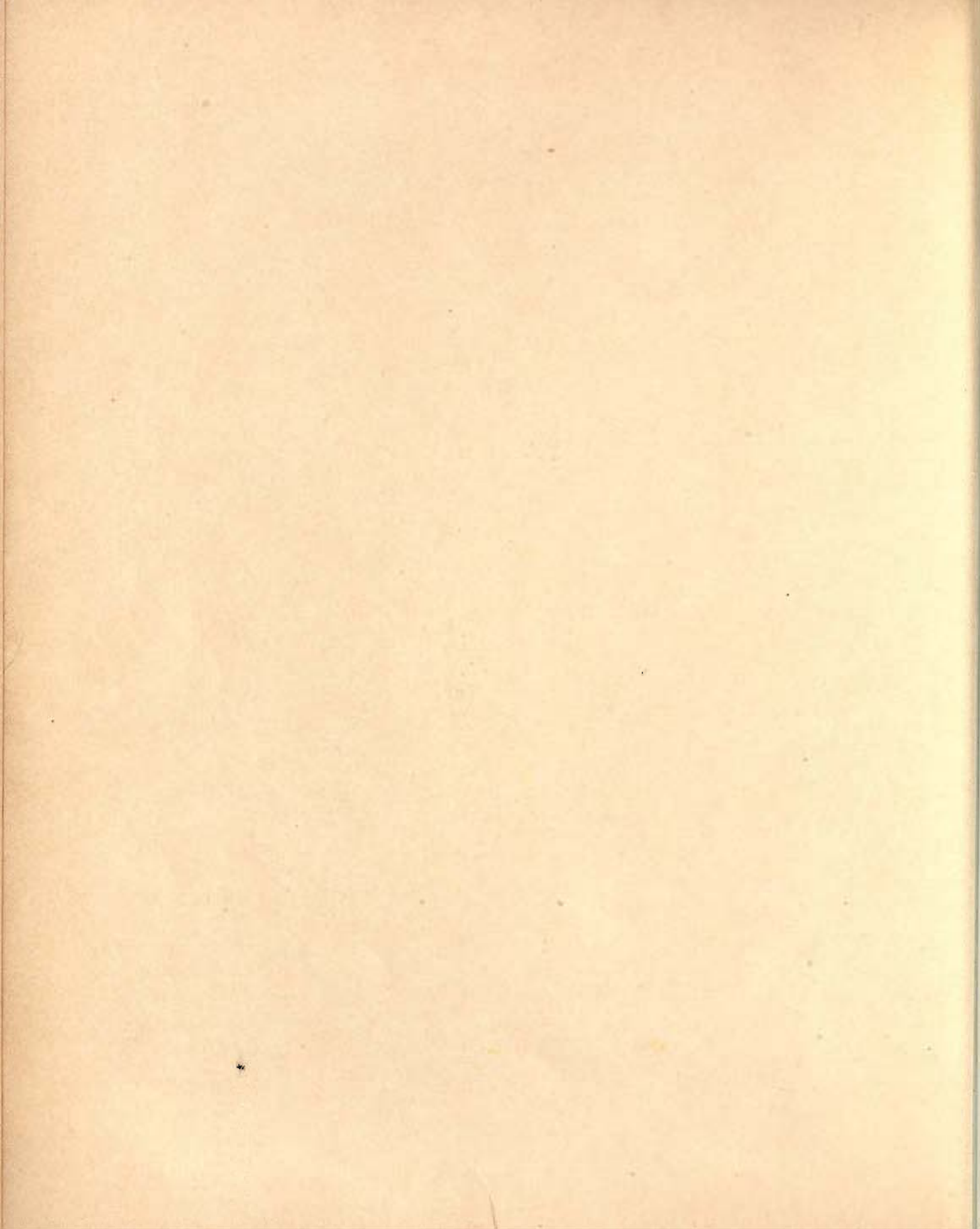
MOLARS.

1902











Toast to the Classes of 1902



Come, ye sons of Maryland, fill up your glasses,
Come drink to the health of the class of all classes.
Come, Doctors, Dentists and Lawyers, to you it is up
To drink us down with a social cup.

Here's to the past and present, and here's to the future, too;
Here's to the Maroon and Black, and here's to 1902;
Here's to our class altogether, and here's to each separate man;
Here's to you—head of a family—and here's to you—coming clan.

Preface



AS the solitary reflector of the happenings of student life, and the only undergraduate publication at the University of Maryland, "BONES, MOLARS AND BRIEFS, 1902," makes its appearance.

The sole recorder of the customs and deeds of our Alma Mater, we earnestly beg for it the hearty consideration of all interested in our University. It is with no small degree of pride that now we may present to our friends, the student body and alumni in general, a book which reflects credit on this, our time-honored and illustrious old Southern school.

We have endeavored in this book to depart somewhat from the trodden paths of former years, laying aside time-worn conventionalities and stereotyped forms. In this we are open to your criticism. The Editors have spared neither time nor expense to make the literary and artistic portions of the book up to the highest point of excellence, which, if in part achieved, they feel that they have not labored in vain.

No one better than they appreciate the faults scattered throughout their work, but we beg of you to be lenient. The criticisms of our friends we don't mind; for those of our enemies (if there be such), we don't care. We are not without cherishing, however, the fond hope that our efforts have met with your approval.

We wish here to express our thanks and utmost appreciation of our numerous friends for their assistance in the preparation of both the artistic and literary material for the Annual.

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The Maryland Girl.



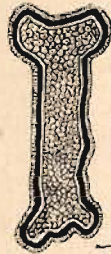
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LAW DEPARTMENT.





CLASS 1902



Motto—*Justitia Juris Anima*

Yell

Ge-hee, Ge-haw, Ge-haw, haw, haw
Gold and Blue, Nineteen-Two,
U. M. Law.

Colors—Gold and Blue

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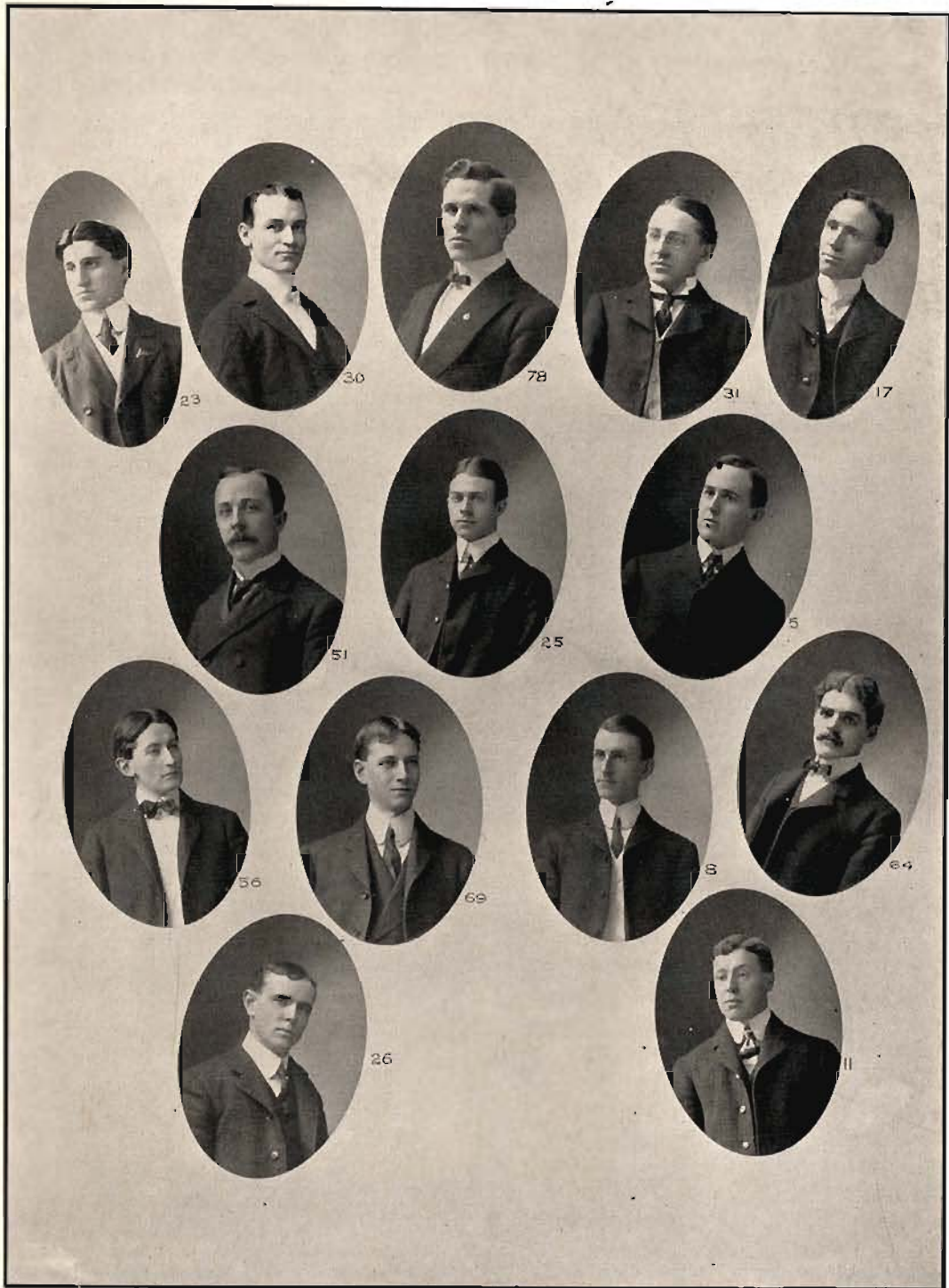
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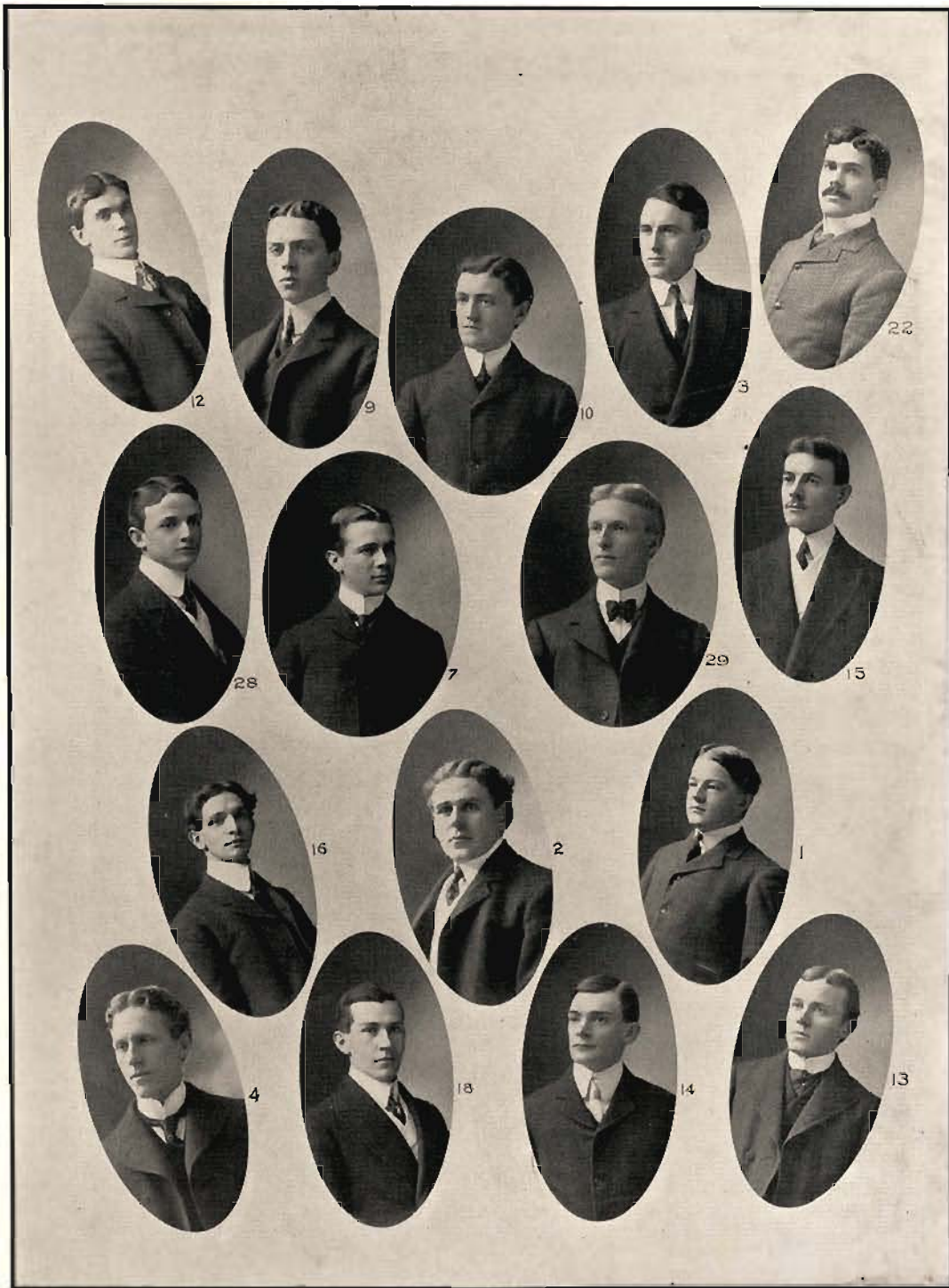
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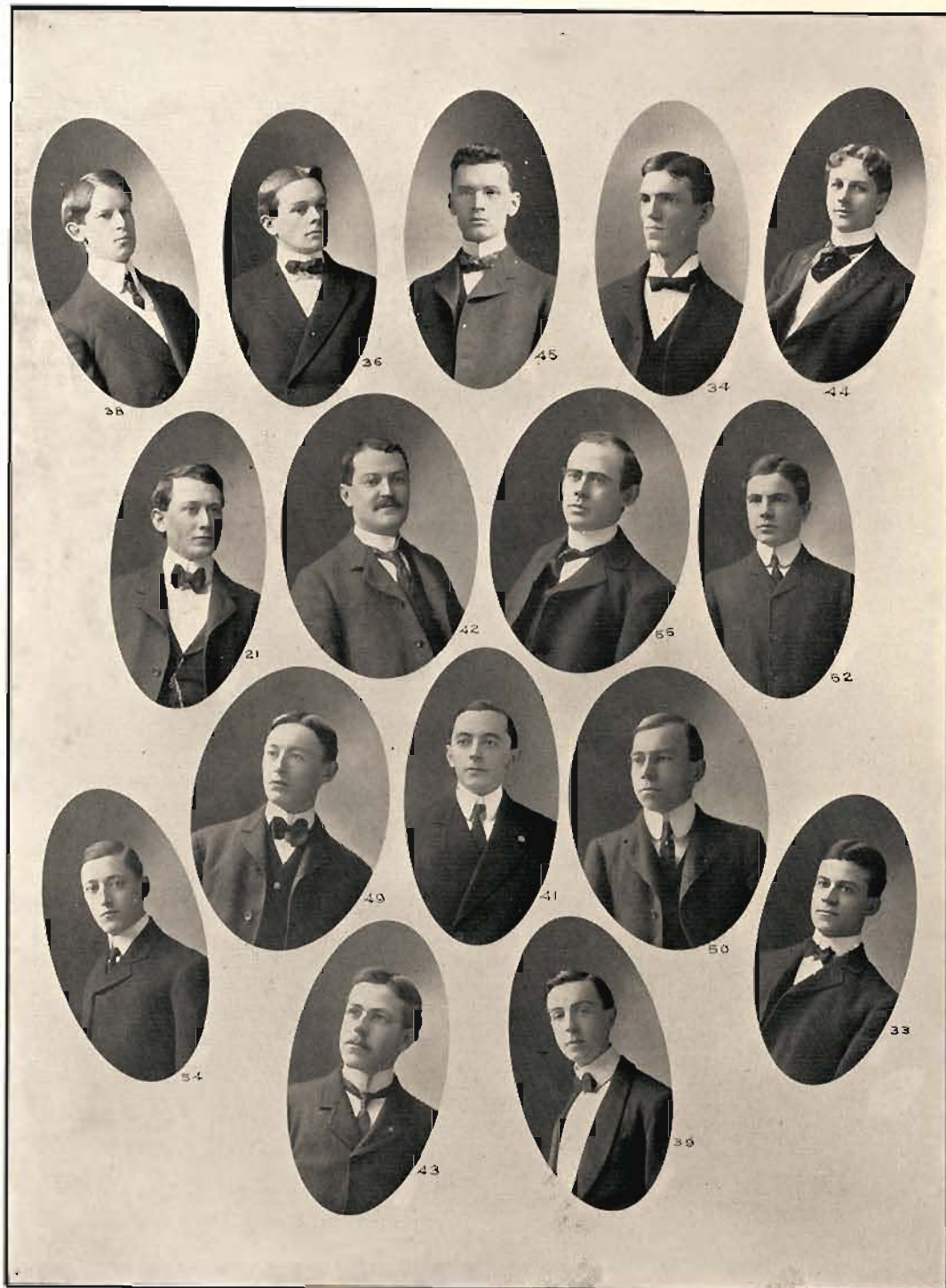
Class Officers, 1902

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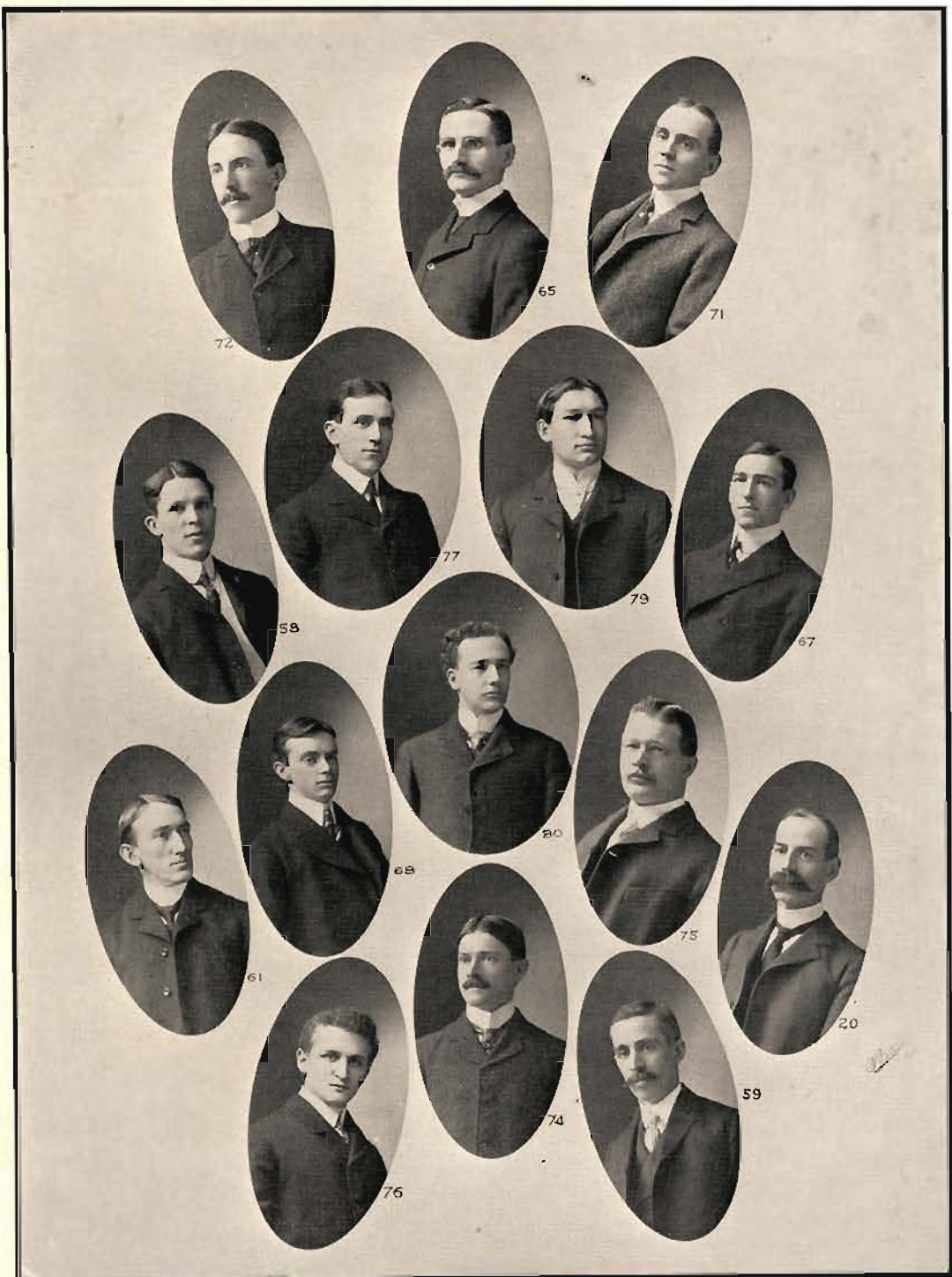
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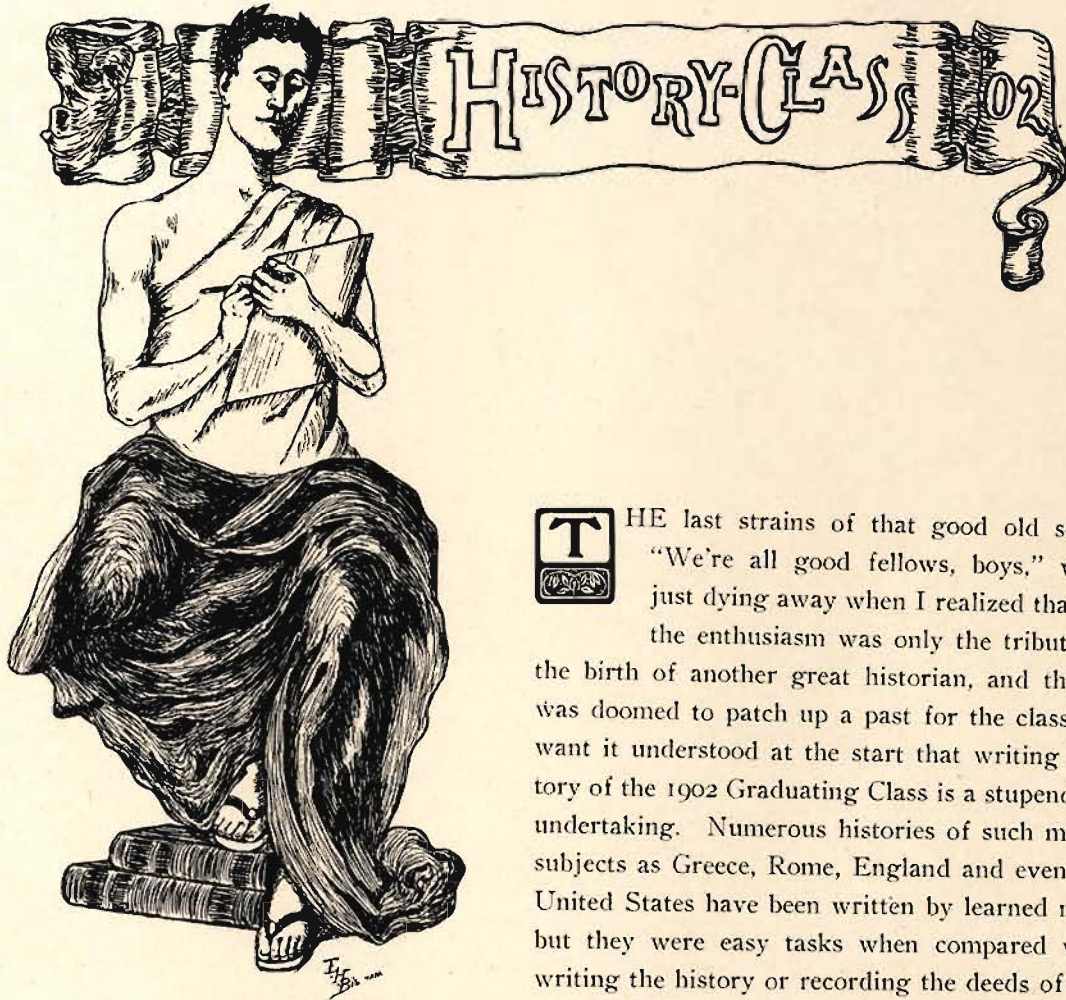
Class Members, 1902



Class Members, 1902



Class Members, 1902



THE last strains of that good old song, "We're all good fellows, boys," were just dying away when I realized that all the enthusiasm was only the tribute to the birth of another great historian, and that I was doomed to patch up a past for the class. I want it understood at the start that writing history of the 1902 Graduating Class is a stupendous undertaking. Numerous histories of such minor subjects as Greece, Rome, England and even the United States have been written by learned men, but they were easy tasks when compared with writing the history or recording the deeds of our class. It requires a vast amount of thinking even to ascertain what deeds are worth recording.

How was the historian elected? Well, no one who has not attended one of our elections has the slightest idea of the manner in which we elect our officers; in fact, we scarcely know ourselves. Our class election was certainly a thing of beauty. What harmony! what good feeling! It seemed almost like a lovefeast. After the nineteenth ballot had been taken, and it seemed impossible to elect a President, a long, lean, lanky, hungry-looking sort of a fellow, who had been doing most of the talking for the Moslems, arose and said: "Gentlemen, we must have a historian and a prophet, in order that we may have the class book ready for the printer." The next question for that dignified body of parliamentarians to decide was, who must they elect for those two most important positions? The Irish being very fine prophets, in regard to everything excepting their own country, one of that witty nation was taken for that place, so my friend O'Ferrall, who is 6½

feet tall, wears a No. 12½ shoe, while 6½ is the number that is within his hat, was the member chosen for the position of prophet, which fact has been troubling him ever since. As to the historian, the class feeling that they could not part the Big Two, even in misery, elected me historian.

But to return to the real subject in question. There is a charge against Dudley and Finch that must be cleared up. Is it true that when they entered the University, they, having been informed that the Secretary's name was Kent, went down to the St. Paul street office, and, after making a most profound bow to the venerable old man, which surprised him not a little, expressed to him the great honor they felt in being presented to the renowned author of the "Commentaries." Now, this is a breach of legal ethics that the Union will not stand for, so please correct the mistake at once.

The members of the Free-Beer Parade, Ray Carpenter, leader, the social that put Mr. Poe's quiz "on the bum," I understand are going to have their annual banquet soon. If they will take a well-informed man's advice, they will disband at once, as the police department has warrants out for their arrest as anarchists.

It was on Christmas afternoon, I think, that John Brady started out alone for a walk, in order that he might enjoy the free Baltimore air. He was wrapped in deep thought of the coming evidence examination, when a very attractive girl loomed up before him. Being very gallant by nature, and the hour being late, he at once thought of seeing her home. Walking up to her like an old stager, he bowed, and much to my surprise he then walked rapidly on in apparent disgust. Did I hear you ask why he did such a trick? Well, her charming face was black!

During the Christmas holidays the members of the class from the country as usual went home. Buster Boyd borrowed all the old clothes he could, even down to a pair of shoestrings, and caught the last train for Cumberland. He said he didn't really care so much about going home, but then, as he would save two weeks' laundry bills, he thought it would be worth while.

Chris. Wattenscheidt, otherwise known as "My drowsy babe, the sweet singer of Israel," tried his best to form a glee club to help along the singing of the Free-Beer Social, but the best he could do was to get Galloway and Cox to blow two very large and juicy tin horns.

Listen to this tale of woe from Whiskerville: After the second examination of the intermediate year, our friend Bispham, who had received about 95 per cent. in the examination on mercantile law, and thinking it ought to have been a perfect mark, enlisted Ing and Ecker, two of the best talkers, and went to his Honor, the Judge, and claimed the necessary 5 per cent. on the first question. The Judge, after looking over said question, marked him up the extra 5 per cent., but not being quite satisfied, recounted the whole examination, with the result that poor Bispham received only 67 per cent., instead of 95 per cent.

Everybody has heard a great deal of the celebrated Siamese twins, but it is not generally known that we have that very couple in our class. Their names are Heyward Boyce and Rob Baer. I saw Boyce leave the lecture and go home in order to fix his hair like Bob. The last time I saw them, they were having their first quarrel, because they realized it would not be exactly agreeable for them to love the same girl.

Miller Wingert stopped me not long ago and asked me what I intended to say about him. When I told him I did not intend to mention him at all, he said, "Well, you have my permission to tell them that I have been in the pen for robbing chicken coops," and later added, that he reason was, he had gone broke making free-silver speeches.

I saw in yesterday's paper that O'Neill, Dickerson and Ing had formed a partnership for the purpose of editing a book on "How Not to Be a President." The book ought to have a wide circulation, especially to the undergraduates of the University.

It will grieve the class to hear that the law firm of Demarco and Kennedy, known as the "Defenders of the Faith," has been dissolved. Kennedy informed me that as Justice Poe had hoodooed him, he was going to Cuba, where his talents would be appreciated. Demarco, the Great, still lingers among us, but I understand he is going to emigrate to Locust Point to practice among his Italians. I am of the opinion that the city ought to interfere, on the ground of humanity, to keep these two great barristers among us.

There is one member of the class who certainly ought to be given his quietus. I have reference to Manning. How in the world he finds time to say all he does, in such a short period, is a mystery to me. By the way, I saw Bird going up the street the other day with Manning, and would you believe it, Bird was doing most of the talking!

A very amusing thing happened to Alva Lamkin, the idol of the fair sex, the other day. He received an anonymous invitation to a swell reception, which fact certainly ought to have made him suspicious, but he put on his dress suit and went down in all his glory. Much to his surprise, the house was empty, and a much-to-be-feared sign—small-pox—was pasted on the door. Lamkin is still looking for the man who played the trick on him.

If a certain member of the class, whose name is Moore, does not stop calling on a certain young lady in East Baltimore, he will have to say good-bye to law and go into the ministry. A word to the wise is sufficient.

As to the rest of the class, they are all such good fellows, that I find it impossible to think of anything but good, and as we are not supposed to record any of the good deeds, I will have to close.





The Class, glorious throng, was sold,
 When from among its members bold,
 Chose its future deeds to foretell,
 A prophet, by name O'Ferrall.
 Fainting, raging, trembling ire,
 Did he the Editors then inspire
 By hurling on them a mass of rot,
 A disconnected, careless, rambling lot.
 Of stuff.

No sense, no fun
 Came from the pen of Ireland's son.
 Hence the editors must do their best
 To provide a substitute, lest
 A vacant place left in our book
 Subject us to the withering look
 Of the Class. Then do not frown
 Upon the words we now set down.

TO the editorial rooms strayed a prophet of the old school, and, observing the perplexity of the editors over the lack of a Class Prophecy, obligingly cast a horoscope of that motley crowd of Dutchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Poles, Hebrews, Englishmen and Americans, which is hereto appended:

A haze gathers slowly o'er me, darkness encompasses me round about, and, lo! a vision, a fiery furnace, and before the furnace stands the Devil. By the nape of the neck holds he a certain odoriferous youth of Irish breed. The Demon of Darkness in a voice of thunder recounts the sins of the

trembling victim, O'Ferrall, and says: "Thou breaker of trusts, thou neglecter of duty, to thee was assigned the task of prophesying the deeds of the Class of 1902, and what hast thou done? Thou hast murdered the King's English; thou hast been guilty of emitting from thy pen a scrambling, rambling conglomeration of words, with no connection, no sense, no humor and no foretelling. Hence, I fling thee and thine excuse for a prophecy into the fiery furnace, that hell fire may consume thee!"

Again I see a flaming of torches, a throng of people, and I hear in the distance the ranting of a nasal twang. Who is it thus offending my ears with a rambling discourse? It is Wingert, addressing a ward meeting in Hagerstown on "Why All the Crooks Should Hold the Reins of Government."

From the outskirts of the crowd is heard a voice crying "I object," and rushing frantically through the throng comes the ever-present Marchant, moving that a committee of one be appointed to assume the reins of government. Upsetting a cart of bananas in his wild rush towards the Speaker, a fight ensues with the owner, Demarco. To the aid of the latter comes a suspender and collar button vender, Pogorelskin by name. Finch, a street cleaner, with eyes upon the struggling dagos, decides this is a case of proxy, rather than personal service, hence his exit.

With kaleidoscopic quickness the vision changes, and behold! I see a man named Bird, emaciated, hollow, forlorn, pining, because his wind-bag has lost its supply of wind, and he can no longer give to those around him his delightful refreshment, to wit, "wind pudding and air sauce."

Behold a long-drawn-out ruffian, marching the streets of Kalamazoo with a sawed-off, hammered-down and whittled-to-a-fine-point youngster. These are Schermerhorn and Drake, advertising cough syrup, after having been drummed out of the law on account of excessive drinking of ginger ale.

Again, comes a vision of Dickerson sitting by his fireside with eighteen children of six divorced wives and six children of his remaining wife gathered around him.

Lo! another Irishman, having unsuccessfully tried to be elected to the office of State's Attorney, contentedly assorting mails in a street railway mail car. This is O'Neill.

A prison next passes along my horoscope, an immense and angry crowd before the gates clamoring for Motz, Mullkin, Boyd, Melvin, Wisner, Bridges, Marchant, Joyce, Applegarth, Henry and Wilson, a band of disappointed office-seekers, who have turned anarchists and are accused of plotting against the life of the President.

Pasco de San Vincente, San Juan, Puerto Rico, a brigandish-looking Spaniard with a bloody stiletto, standing over the body of a fallen victim. Who is this? Felipe del Valle, the avenging lover.

Manning and Johnson conduct a saloon at the corner of Greene and Lombard streets for the benefit of the future students of the University of Maryland, not forgetting, of course, the Professors, Johnson selling tracts as a side line at the door, while from within the stentorian voice of Manning can be heard quelling the disturbance at the bar. They have employed Galloway and Cox, dance artists, who appear in tights to amuse their customers.

Up the street come two tramps, Boyce and Baer (who have been brought to their present circumstances by too much free beer), in the hands of Hammond, now doing police duty in the third ward. Across the street stroll two sandwich men, in whose bulbous noses and protruding cheeks we can scarcely recognize the ingrowing physa-mahoganies of our former friends, Shipley and Pielert. They are advertising Anti-Lean for Lamkin and Ing, pork packers.

As my vision is about to fade, Lexington street looms before me, and where I had expected to see the many luxurious offices of the Class of 1902, there appears but one, with the following sign upon the door:

BRIDGES & PETHERBRIDGE,
Attorneys at Law.

A client is seen entering, and the office boy, Thompson, after bumming a cigarette, informs him that the firm are at present instructing a class of Maryland University students upon the elements of real property and evidence, respectively.

As it finally fades, there appears the rest of that intellectual class, headed by Dudley, Bisham and Embert, clamoring for recognition, but, alas! my horoscope has completed its circle.

Such is the future of that aggregation of humanity, aspiring to altitudes never to be reached, which constitutes the grand and glorious Class of 1902, a class the equal of which has never yet entered the revered portals of the University of Maryland.

THE BOARD OF EDITORS.



1825



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Class 1903



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LET me not speak of that first year, when the stern precepts of immemorial custom commanded us to stand in the background, and conceal our shining lights beneath the umbrageous shadow of numerous bushels; but now, just as the *lex non scripta* evolved from the heterogeneous conglomeration of custom and usage into the golden glory of a full-fledged statute, so also the Class of 1903, in *consimili casu*, emerges from the innocuous desuetude of unsophisticated laymen, and, kicking the bushel from off its light, shines forth resplendent, adorned with a goodly amount of legal maxims, whose effulgent scintillations are dimmed only by the woe-depicted physiognomies of those unfortunates to whom the examinations proved a case of *ultra vires*.

With what profound awe did we first peer beneath the dust-begrimed covers of Coke and Blackstone, wherein was concentrated the majesty, the subtlety and the abstruse technicalities of the Common Law, that most strange "expression of the highest right," that marvelous perfection of wisdom. But we, like the fabled Necessity, knew no law, and in our ignorance we found that bliss which, alas! has since departed from us under the ponderous weight of newly acquired knowledge, the fruitful source of much conflicting belief. Often have we learned to our sorrow the true import of the time-honored precept:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

And yet, notwithstanding in *extremo examinitis* even a minute portion of learning is better than none at all, whence the axiomatic and somewhat eclectic proposition, "There is a *great deal* to be said on both sides." (Brantly, vol. 1, page 22½.)

The Class of 1903 likewise enjoys in its corporate capacity the very enviable distinction of having been determined "obiter" from the desk by one of its learned expounders of judicial doctrine (according to the discriminating principles of the *lex mercatorum*) to be a class much

superior to its predecessors in looks, and as a seeming paradox to the fact that our most typical Apollo Belvideres are hold-overs from last year, we nevertheless appreciate the importance of our position, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Indeed, not since the pristine days of yore, when my son John and his sister Jane were joint tenants of "Cherry Grove," barricaded by the rule in Shelley's case, has such a variegated assortment of classic visages (dis)graced the halls of our Alma Mater and reveled amongst the prominent law reviews with which our magnificent and handsomely equipped library is so bountifully supplied. (Price, \$4.00 per revel. For further particulars, see catalogue.)

Through the narrow and harrowing fields of real property, through the unavoidable entanglements of domestic relations and the inextricable and wonderful difficulties of Peter Plaintiff and Daniel Defendant, of Theodosia Trueheart and Frederick Flytrack, the learned lawyer has wended his weary way, until he has at length arrived at that felicitous state or metaphysical condition, which was once the prime attribute of my Lord Coke's crude and yet scholarly conception of a corporate entity (not artificial *being*), to wit., when he has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned. So now from the pinnacle of his present accomplishments this embryonic legal light is able to discern in the dim vista of the future, as through a glass darkly, the approach of that delectable period when he shall be free from exams, when the delightful dogma of profert and oyer shall be a thing of the past, and when he shall be licensed to prey, damage feasant, upon the unsuspecting public.

"Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil."

This pleasing contemplation distends the mind with an inundation of pent-up pride. Horoscopic visions of receiverships and fees galore begin to crowd the brain of the Intermediate; the fatted calf, bediked in the habiliments of the United Railways and Electric Company, awaits our advent as advocates in the halls of justice. Lord Campbell, from out the dusty glooms of Westminster Abbey, regards with phantasmagorical approbation these defenders of widows and orphans, who, spurred on by the magic influence of contingent fees, demand redress for their suffering clients, down-trodden and oppressed and oftimes permanently injured by the gross and wanton negligence of the soulless corporation (*supra*), to which negligence, as of course, the plaintiff did not in anywise contribute. But let us not further contemplate this charming imagery, this picture frosted with all the delicacy of the winter king; it is a chimera, a fabrication of Morpheus, the somnambulent deity, to whose baneful and soporific influences, we were particularly susceptible in endeavoring to follow the incongruous intricacies of the law of insurance, in our intermittent efforts to more concisely apprehend some faint approximation of the true import of its evasive terms, stipulations and conditions.

The historian here feels himself obliged to apologize for the non-appearance of the class poem, which sad omission may be ascribed to the unaccountable diffidence of the demure youth, upon whom it was incumbent, *virtuti officii*, to concoct the aforesaid poetical ebullition, wherein to sing the praises of the redoubtable members of 1903. But, although duly served with a subpoena by the sergeant-at-arms, yet nevertheless, against the peace, government and dignity of the State, and contrary to the statute in such cases made and provided, he has wilfully, wickedly and of his malice aforethought (*alias prepensed*) wholly disregarded the potent mandate of this all-powerful and most puissant tribunal, whereof he now stands in contempt.

But what boots it to prate longer of this and other innumerable difficulties that beset the paths of our collegiate existence? They have been oft repeated and are well known, and established even as universal usage. Suffice it to say that the Class of 1903, by their infallible prognostications of its present status, will most certainly sweep out a circle upon the paths of glory, and ringing down the glittering corridors of everlasting fame, burn undiminished in a halo of brilliancy.

All of which is respectfully submitted by your complainant.



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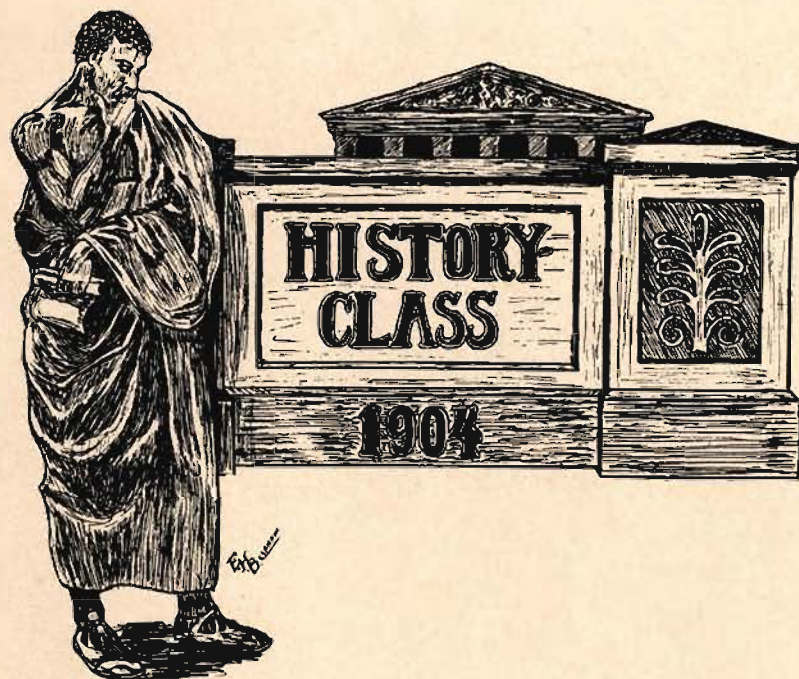
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ON the first day of October, in the first year of the twentieth century, there assembled a notable gathering. This assembling occurred in an imposing edifice on the north side of Lombard street, between Greene and Paca; and the gathering aforesaid, being the first of its kind, in point of time, in the new century, gave excellent promise of being the first of its kind in brilliancy, intellect and legal knowledge also. The imposing edifice before mentioned was the Law Building of the University of Maryland, and, needless to say, the gathering was the glorious Class of 1904.

Never before—at least, “the memory of man runneth not to the contrary”—has such learned talent been collected in one class. There were two or three Ph. D.’s, while the number of A. M.’s, A. B.’s and B. S.’s, not to speak of A. S. S.’s, would in itself fill a volume. In fact, we had graduates of every grade of institution of learning in the country, from the Kindergarten to Princeton University.

All this brilliancy began to scintillate most wondrously when, under the fatherly guidance of “Joe” France, our youthful intellects were started on their course thro’ the dark and devious windings of the law. Symptoms of our latent ability began to appear the first day. One of our honored Ph. D.’s gave to our instructor, to his evident astonishment and our admiration, the fine points of constitutional law, and even recited some of the United States Constitution. A little later in the course, another member of the class, being greatly aggrieved that he was not called on to recite as often as he could wish, and in order to bring himself more prominently before the Professor’s notice, suggested that some mistake had been made in his name on the roll. But the

real climax was reached one afternoon when one of our number made the positive and unhesitating assertion that a man could take to wife, without let or hindrance, his widow's sister. This new discovery in the field of legal knowledge was greeted with tremendous applause, and acted for the edification no less of Mr. France than of the class. Other occurrences of a like nature happened from time to time, but none displaying such striking originality of thought.

Meanwhile, the elements of legal training were rapidly being instilled into our heads. Among other things, we found that every canine has the "natural, inherent and inalienable" right to at least one chew from the calf of the innocent pedestrian. A more practical point of law for each of us personally was discovered in the domain of domestic relations. There we found that, when contemplating entering upon the estate of holy matrimony, we would save the license fee by having the bans published.

At last Mr. France, finding that we had learned all that could be learned of the law in general, and that all that remained, in order to make us prominent members of the bar, was a little specialization in different directions, handed us over to Judge Harlan and Mr. Gans.

Just at this point one of the marked incidents of our career happened. On the 22d of November, when Mr. France was taking leave of us, Mr. McDorman, a justly noted member of our class, arose and addressed our retiring preceptor in a flow of burning oratory, which will long be remembered by those who heard it.

Now, under Judge Harlan, in the realm of domestic relations, we began to get a true insight into the troubles of married life. How to get married, and how to stay after getting there, began to appear very difficult problems to settle. What with the stumbling blocks of "strictly void" and "strictly voidable" marriages, and "those neither strictly void nor strictly voidable," and divorces "a vinculo" and "a mensa" for causes "prevenient" and "supervening," it seemed as if the course of married life, like that of true love, was pretty rocky.

At this time also, Mr. Gans began instructing us particularly in criminal law. We learned how, promoted entirely by our humanitarian motives, we could get all such harmless and inoffensive characters, known generally as "criminals," from the harsh and cruel clutches of the law.

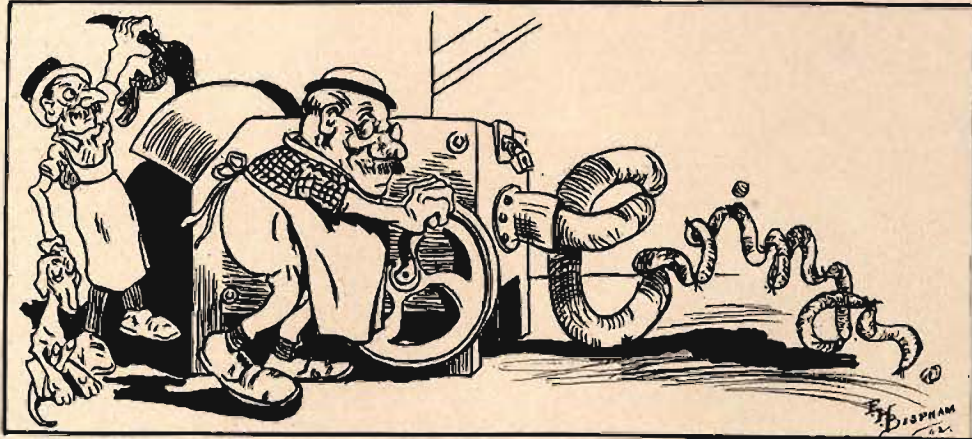
Then came the class elections. Borne aloft upon the wings of his own oratory, Mr. McDorman finally alighted, with our unanimous consent, in the president's chair. Mr. J. E. Tyler, A. B., Johns Hopkins, 1901, was elected vice-president; Mr. S. T. Mason was elected secretary, and Mr. J. L. Winslow was elected treasurer.

Then came the Christmas holidays, and when the class reunited after them, upon the 2d of January, we began to perceive breakers ahead. The semi-annual set-to with the Faculty loomed up directly before us. But with its distinguished array of officials at its head, the Class of 1904 enters this struggle confident of victory without any serious casualties.

P. S.—Here the historian's gas supply was cut off, so a continuation of this "calorificated atmosphere" will have to be postponed until the next issue of BONES, MOLARS AND BRIEFS.



Law Faculty



HANCOCK :

"Behold the child, by nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

—Pope.

SPENCER :

"Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The great Spenser, fancies pleasing sun."

—Thompson.

BIRD :

"Sweet grapes do not grow on thistles, nor great thoughts spring
from a shallow brain."

MARCHANT :

"Fearfully wise he shakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread."

—Churchill.

DEEN :

"If a head is well balanced, it doesn't take a high collar to support it."

HENRY :

"Neat and timely dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new-reaped
Showed like a stubble land at harvest home."

—Shakespeare.

MULLIKEN :

"'Tis a pity wine should be so deleterious,
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious."

—Byron.

DICKERSON :

“He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of woman’s will.”

—*Tuke.*

JOYCE :

“Hark! hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry ‘Cock-a-doodle-doo.’”

—*Shakespeare.*

MEDDERS :

“A wise physician, skill’d our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.”

—*Pope.*

PIELERT :

“Beauty’s akin to death.”

—*Bailley.*

DUDLEY :

“The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape.”

—*Shakespeare.*

ECKER :

“Grac’d as thou art with all the pow’r of words,
So known, so honor’d, at the House of Lords.”

—*Pope.*

MELVIN :

“How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!”

—*Longfellow.*

MOTZ :

A youth demure, tall and slim,
A voice that’s weak and a skinny limb.

BOYD :

A fuzzy head of rust-colored hair,
A jovial face and nonchalant air.

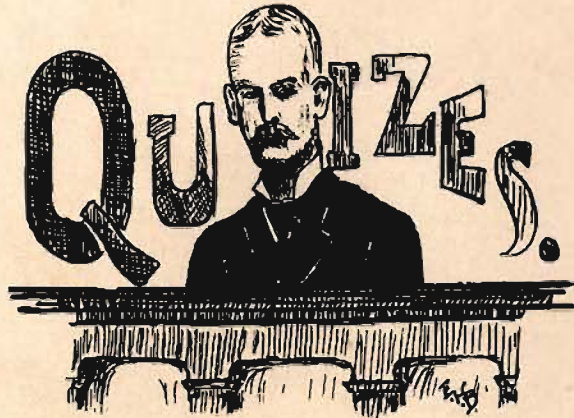
EMBERT :

A ward politician, who knows the ropes.

BOYCE :

“It is not my crimes, but my virtues that have destroyed me.”

—*Cicero.*



QUIZ ON INTERNATIONAL LAW.

Judge Stockbridge—"Mr. Bridges, what is a *levee en masse*?"

Henry Percival Bridges—Why, Judge, that is—ahem—that is something to do with a ship."

QUIZ ON REAL PROPERTY.

Mr. Baer—"Mr. Melvin, what are the necessary elements of dower?"

Ridgely P. Melvin (after naming them all)—"Oh, yes, the death of the husband."

QUIZ ON MERCANTILE LAW.

Judge Ritchie—"Mr. Thomas, must or not the sacrifice be voluntary to constitute general average?"

Harry T. Thomas—(Disturbed in his slumber, gives a groan.)

Judge Ritchie—Very good, indeed, Mr. Thomas. I'm glad you remembered it."

QUIZ ON ELEMENTARY LAW.

Mr. France—"Mr. H., are dogs property?"

Mr. H.—"No, sir."

Mr. France—"Well, suppose your dog strayed away and somebody took care of him for two years, could you reclaim him?"

Mr. H.—"No, sir."

Mr. France—"Would that be the case with your baby?"

Mr. H.—"No, sir."

Mr. France—"Why not?"

Mr. H.—"The baby would be your offspring, and the dog might not be."

QUIZ ON DAMAGES.

Mr. Poe—"Mr. Bird, what are the various kinds of damages?"

Bird—"Compensatory damages and punitive damages."

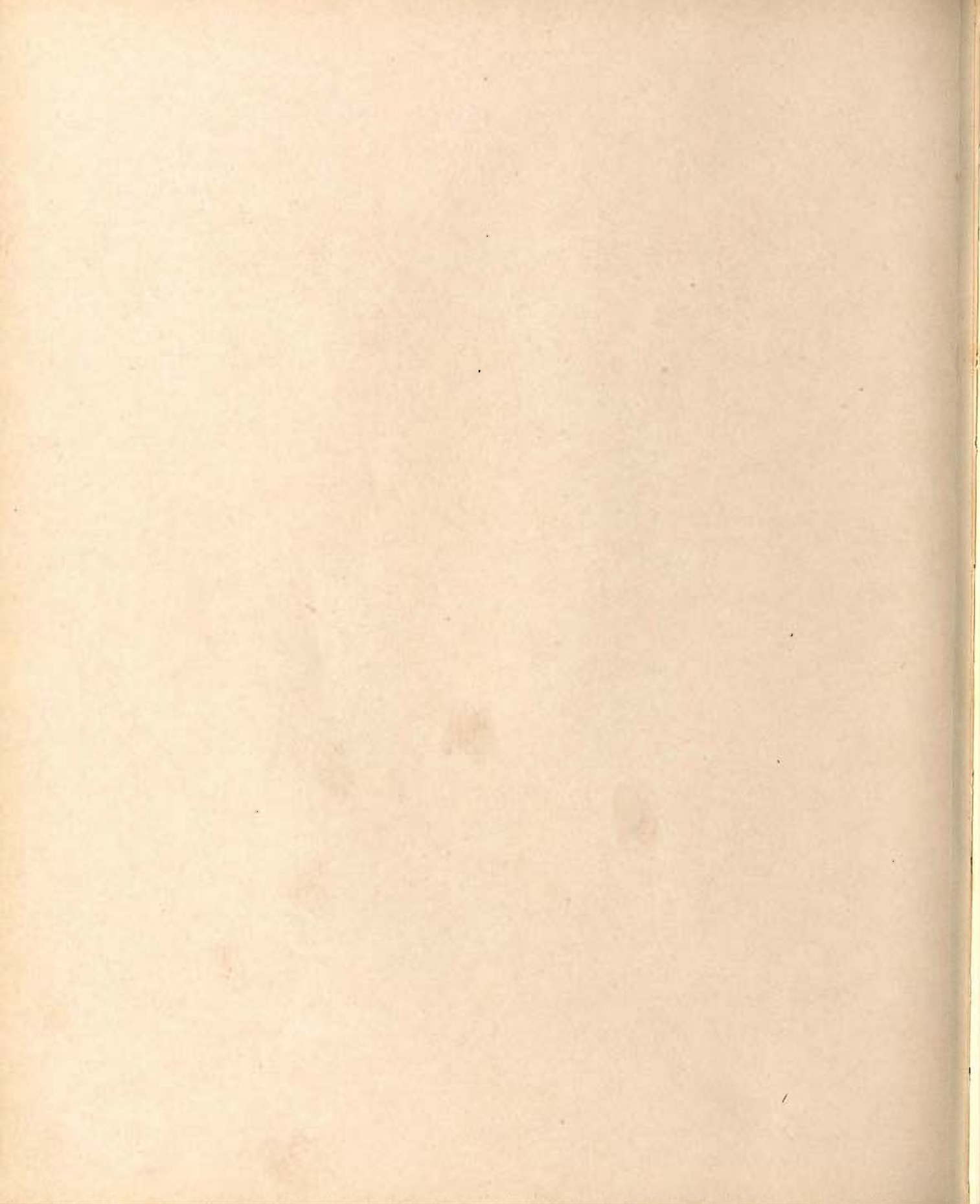
Mr. Poe—"What is another name for punitive damages?"

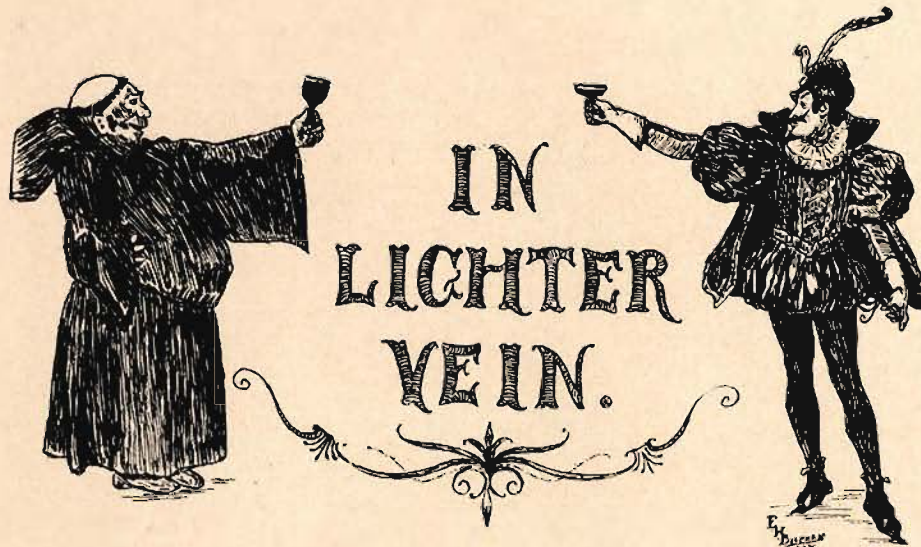
Bird—"Let me see, ahem—ahem"—

Mr. Poe—"Suppose you take a boy over your knee, and apply the switch"—

Mr. Bird—"Oh, yes; that is smart money."







Cherry Grove

(By a Student of Title.)

When from my toils I fain would rest
And weariness forget,
When thoughts of sorrow I would shun
And feelings of regret,
I hie me to the lecture room,
And carelessly I rove
With Mr. Baer amidst the shades
Of charming Cherry Grove.

And when we've wandered there awhile,
I sit me down and sleep
A sound and peaceful slumber,
Most refreshing and most deep;
And when he hurls his questions,
Like the thunderbolts of Jove,
I stir me in my slumber,
And answer "Cherry Grove."

Oh! often have I roamed with him
Within that blest domain,
Oft have I found there balm for woe
And solace for my pain;
And when I die "The News" shall say:
"At his request they drove
His last remains to rest in peace
In pleasant Cherry Grove.

LINDSAY C. SPENCER.

The Craven

(A Fragment. Dedicated to John P. Poe.)

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a weirdly curious volume of forgotten law—
While I nodded, nearly sleeping, suddenly there came a creeping
As of icy river leaping down my back-bone to excess.
"If," thought I, "upon the exam, I cannot this mess express.

Poe will soak me, nothing less."

And that exam, never fading; that there's no chance of evading,
Like some grim Plutonian Raven, racks my heart with many a guess.
And Poe's eyes have all the seeming of an evil genius dreaming,
How to make, with ghastly scheming, that exam, more pitiless;
And when he shall see my paper, compassed in such dire distress,

Poe will soak me, nothing less.





The (Poe's) Pose of a Maryland Law Student



Mr. Casey on "The University of Maryland"

(With Apologies to Mr. Dunne)



IS, Murphy, me son Mike is a gr-rate lawyer. He stood firrst in his class at th' Univrersity of Maryland, barrin' sivin or eight."

"An' what do they stody at that school, Casey?"

"Murphy, it's a long tale. Can ye follow me? Ye can? All right, then. Well, firrst th' stoodent is initiated in *Elymentary Law*. This is a agle's eye view, so to spake. They show him all th' thrubble that is to come, an' then say, 'Candydate, will ye continue?' Well, if he's fool enough to kape on, then comes *Criminal Law*. What is that? That, as th' name indicates, is th' law of criminals. It taches ye how to stale an' chate an' lie without bein' caught. Mike sez th' pennytensharees wud be empty if th' poor convichts had only had a chanst to stody Criminal Law. Well, next comes *Domestic Relations*"—

"Go slow, Casey; it sounds dangerous."

"Oh, ye mane that black eye Mrs. Murphy gave ye th' day after Pat's wake! Well, that ain't a circumstanst to th' black eye Judge Harlan gives the stoodents durin' exam. wake! Why, Murphy; they say that this Domestic Relations is worse than a fight. It's a slaughter. After that if he is able, th' stoodent has prop'rty, rale, personal an' mixt—principally mixt. Rale prop'rty consists of a night mare of uses, thrusts an' devises, followed by a mornin' of dades an' head-akes. It's a gr-rate day for th' stoodent when 'me son Jawn' is buried deep in 'Cherry Grove' an' 'Frog-Bottom' sinks into th' bowels of th' earth. *Conthtracts* is another stody, and th' stoodent larns that sich an' sich wud be th' law if Judge Smith of Idyho hadn't differed from Judge Jones of Calyfor-nia, who had been over-ruled by th' Supreme Coort, five to four, in th' firrst round, an' four to five in th' second. Then comes *Pleadin'* an' *Practis*. Pleadin' gets them that survive rale prop'rty. Jest when th' stoodent has learned what a spechal demurrer is, long comes some act of Queen Elyzabeth or th' Maryland Legislatur', or both, an' sez that there ain't no spechal demurrer. An'

when exams come, Mr. Poe wants to know that if A sold a mule to B, an' if B gets near th' bizness end of that mule, an' if th' spechal demurrer is abolyshed, an' if there are sivin kinds of travers, then is B's funeral a departure or a varyance? An' if ye say that it's a departure, begob, it's a varyance, an' if ye say a varyance it's a departure, an' if ye say both, it ain't naither. What is Practis? Well, it's asier than Pleadin', and' as me frind Julius Cæsar wud say, 'Let that be its epitaf!' But, as tempus is fuggitting, Murphy, we must hither. *Testymetary Law, Conveyancin'* (stealin'), *Insurance* (swindlin'), and *Jurysprudence*, if any jury is prudent, we must pass over, or flunk. *Corpyrashun Law* comes next, an' taches them that believe in thrusts, 'coz they are in 'em, an' them that don't believe in thrusts, 'coz they ain't in 'em, that human natur' is th' same, whether in a billion-air or a wud-be billion-air. Then comes *Bills and Notes*, an' th' stoodent that knows all th' subject, but hain't stodied puzzles, flunks, an' th' stoodent that don't know th' subject, but has stodied puzzles, passes. Sich is fate. *Patents and Mercanteel Law* wind up intermediate year—th' year when th' stoodent is between th' divil an' th' deep bloo sea. Th' noble Seenyer starts with *Ividence*, not realizin' what he's got hold of. What is ividence? Well, if O'Flynn hits O'Harrity over th' head with a ax, th' law says that that is ividence that O'Harrity didn't die of th' small-pox. The *rees gesti* pint to that result. Well, after payin' *Damages* ye come to *International Law* an' *Conflicts*, an' th' man that understands conflicts is at wanst presoomed to be insane, an' like Hooligan's goat, th' presoomption is irrebuttable. *Admiralty* is th' stody which taught me fri'nd George Dooley how to lick th' Spanyards while takin' brekfust off Manilla. Me fri'nd George's admiralty must be different from th' admiralty some of the gr-rate admirals now stody. He wasn't taught to fight battles over th' horizon, nor how to interpret two opposite despatches sent by th' gr-r-r-ate Navy Department at th' same time, an' that time about two months late. *Constitutional Law*, as Jedge Harlan larnedly proves, is th' law of th' Constitution, which th' Supreme Coourt sez has wan foot in th' grave an' th' other cavoortin' from Cuby to th' Phillipeens an' from th' Phillipeens to Porty Rico, tryin' to follow th' flag, while it is becomin' cross-ied watchin' the agle turnin' flip-flops in two contynents. After this, *Legal Ethics* comes, an' th' wud-be lawyer is taught that it is better to let th' undertaker be th' ambylance chaser, as it is more in his line."

"Spakin' of ambylances, Casey, ain't the stoodent near th' end of his stodies?"

"Yis, but that's th' thrubble. You see, Murphy, th' diplomy is tied to th' top of a ladder. Why, I don't know, but all th' gr-rate writers an' potes say that th' stoodent must climb that ladder to get th' diplomy. Mebbe they want to tache him to be a good hod-carryer, at any rate. Well, jest as he is near th' top an' is ready to grab th' diplomy, Jedge Phelps hangs out th' sivinteenth stoory and ketches him by th' foot, and sez, 'Not yit; as me fri'nd Bill Shakespere sez, "There's some *Equity* stirrin'!"' An' begob, Murphy, that equity is wor-rse than stirrin'! It is th' liveliest corpse ye ever saw. It not only stirs, but it kicks an' does tight-rope walkin' up there on th' sivinteenth story, an' ather it or th' stoodent must tumble. But if th' stoodent is a better tight-rope walker than equity, at last he gits wan hand on that diplomy—providin' he hez prevyusly written a thesus on "The Rights an' 'Asements of an' Hones' Man in th' Streets of Baltimore.'"

"Well, Casey, what does the stoodent do when he gits his diplomy?"

"Faith, Murphy, he hires an' offis, an' bein' undisturbed by fackulty an' clyents, he begins to stody law."

Love's Kiss



What is Love's kiss?
I will spoil it in telling;
The next life in this;
What is Love's kiss?

A fountain of bliss
From Paradise welling;
What is Love's kiss?
I will spoil it in telling.

What is Love's tear?
Ah, the lovers who ask it!
A gem bright and clear;
What is Love's tear?

A pearl wafted here,
Dropped from out Cupid's casket;
What is Love's tear?
Ah! the lovers who ask it.



BOONETS.

Applegarth from the Eastern Sho' came,
Where his papa is known to fame;
And he says: "Y-y-you bet
I-I-I'll equal him yet,
Tho' my voice h-h-hangs fire, I'm game."

Though Smith is a common name,
One Smith is all we can claim,
The Smith of red socks
And shattered crocks
And spilt water that brought him to shame.

Demarco has harbored a grudge
'Gainst exclusion, and says, with a nudge:
"I will give-a, you bet-a
Full justice, peanut-a
To the man with the monk when I'm Judge."

I, Alec. Pogorelskin,
Thought that with such a name, 'twas no sin
To turn anarchist,
Give the Bear's tail a twist,
So here in the U. S. ich bin.

There's Alex. Van Rensselaer Schermerhorn,
The longest man that ever was born,
With the longest name
Of Netherland fame,
With a pointed chin and face unshorn.

Wingert's a young politician,
Who has the highest ambition,
Of Gorman he rants
Till his listener pants,
And changes at once his position.

Bispham's the man with the beard,
By all who see him 'tis feared,
That though he's a liar,
The beard will catch fire,
And leave him all scarred and seared.

Bridges is a modest young man,
Who from the country-side ran;
To the city he went
In pursuit of his bent,
Which is to do whome'er he can.

A precocious youngster is "Dick,"
Of Lexington street beaux the pick,
For the salesladies cry,
As they catch his bright eye,
Oh, isn't dear Dickie a brick?

O'Neill is a man from Glengarry,
Who married a wife named Mary,
He's as green as his name,
For from Ireland he came,
In America a while to tarry.

Del Valle's a knight of old Spain,
Who has shaken off tyranny's chain,
Caramba! cries he,
Just hasten and see
Don Quixote in me, come again.

Of course, we can't forget Ing,
He'd never forgive such a thing,
His waistband is wide,
And his hatband beside,
But a jolly good fellow is Ing.

If your memory you will rake
For a man who'll take the cake,
As a man that's short
But of a jolly sort,
You'll surely think of Drake.



Poe's Alphabet

A is for Andrew Appellant, who goes to the Court of Appeals,
B is for Benjamin Breakvow, about whom poor Jane squeals.

C is for Charles Consignor, who ships via B. and O.,
D is for Daniel Defendant, who constitutes most of the show.

E is for Edward Executor—his testator's gone to heaven,
F is for Frederick Father, whose children number eleven.

G is for George Guarantor, who oft gets it right in the neck,
H is for Henry Husband, his wife is Harriet Henpeck.

I is for Isaac Infant, who is called the youthful phenom,
J is for poor Jane Jilted, to whom Benjamin must pay a big sum.

K is for Kathryn Kindred, whose relatives live over the seas,
L is for Learned Lawyer, who gathereth in the fees.

M is for Mabel Mandamus, great fear she doth inspire,
N is for Nathan Non-resident, whom attachments greatly tire.

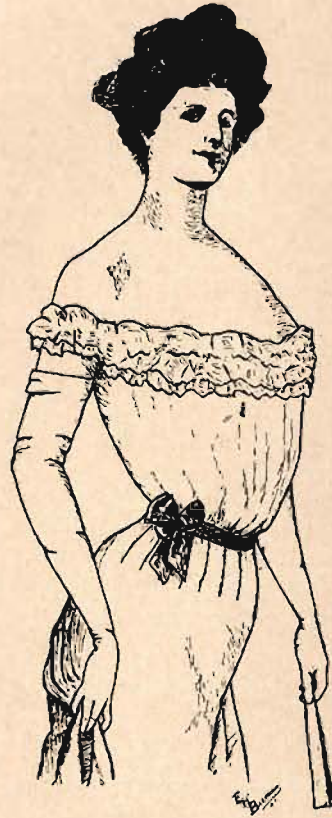
O is for Oliver Owner, whose farm is called "Growing Gupra,"
P is for Peter Plaintiff, who's the enemy of Daniel-supra.

Q is for Quintus Question, who's after Albert Answer,
R is for Richard Replevin, who says "Keep it, you can't Sir."

S is for Samuel Seller, they record his deeds every day,
T is for Thomas Tenant, who sometimes can not pay.

U is for Ulrich Uncle, next of kin to Nellie Niece,
V is for Victor Vendor, whom Isaac can seldom fleece.

W is for William Witness, whom the subpoena maketh to go,
X is for Xerxes Xaminer—well that beats John P. Poe.



A Summer Idyl

Summer, lovely, serene,
Breathing of incense sweet,
Touching the trees with green,
Making a fairy scene;
Beauty and joy complete.

O, for the green-wood screen,
O, for some cool retreat,
Far from the torrid street,
Summer!

There, from thy breast I'd glean,
Flowers to crown my Queen,
Garlands to lay at her feet;
There, I would love, unseen,
Hid in thy shade discreet,
Summer!

The Ballad of the Shyster

There are roses in June,
There are snowdrops in May;
And the birds sing in tune,
While the donkey doth bray,
But I think you will say,
'Tis a fact evident,
That, of every queer jay,
The Shyster's the Gent.

If the Man in the Moon
E'er should happen to stray
On a moonbeam, rough hewn,
And slip down by the way,
Oh, the Shyster would pray,
'Till he gained his consent,
Damage suits to essay;
Oh, the Shyster's the Gent.

Oh, he prowls late and soon,
Both by night and by day,
And from midnight 'till noon
On the search for his prey.
Are you knocked by a dray?
From a car get a dent?
To make every one pay,
Oh, the Shyster's the Gent.

Envoy.
Judge, ah, do not say nay
If I follow my bent,
And my clients waylay;
For the Shyster's the Gent.



The Student's Toast

Drink—the balm for all our sorrow
Is this dancing, sparkling wine,
Made for pleasure, yours and mine.
Banish Earth's fantastic horror,
Joyous wine knows no tomorrow;
Bacchus kissed this soothing vine—
Drink.

Drink the maiden's eyes that borrow
Diamonds from this cup divine;
Drink the song that knows no morrow—
Beauty, Song and Wine—
Drink.



IN a recent argument before the petit jury of the County of Anne Arundel, State of Maryland, one of the "stars" of the bar, who had recently been admitted, and who was a graduate of the University of Maryland, Law Department, made the atmosphere a solid mass with eloquence and the following:

May it please the Court—Gentlemen of the Jury—You sit in that box as the great reservoir of human liberty, Spartan fame and Grecian polytheism. You are to swing the great flail of justice and electricity over this immense community, in hydraulic majesty, and conjugal superfluity. You are the great triumphal arch on which evaporates the even scales of justice and numerical computation. You are to ascend the great and deep arena of nature and dispose of my client with equiponderating concatenation, in reference to his future velocity and reverberating momentum.

Such is your sedative and stimulating character. My client is only a man of domestic eccentricity and matrimonial configuration, not permitted, as are you gentlemen, to walk in the primeval and lowest vales of society; but he has to endure the red hot sun of the universe, on the heights of nobility and feudal eminence. He has a beautiful wife with horticultural propensities, that hen-pecks the remainder of his days with soothing and bewitching verbosity, that makes his pandemonium as cool as Tartarus.

He has a family of domestic children that gather around the fireplace of his peaceful homicide in tumultudinous consanguinity, and cry with screaming and rebounding pertinacity for bread, butter and molasses. Such is the glowing and overwhelming character and defeasance of my client who stands convicted before this court of oyer and terminer, and *lex non scripta*, by the persecuting pettifogger of this court, who is as much exterior to me as I am to the Judge, and you, gentlemen of the jury.

This borax of the law here has brought witnesses into this court who swear that my client stole a firkin of butter. Now, I say, every one of them swore to a lie, and the truth is concentrated within them. But if it is so, I justify the act on the ground that the butter was necessary for a public good, to tune his family into harmonious discord. But I take other mountainous and absquatulated grounds on this trial, and move a quash be laid upon this indictment.

Now, I will prove this by a learned expectoration of the principle of the law. Now, butter is made of grass, and it is laid down by St. Peter Pindar, in his principle of subterraneous law, that grass is *couchant and levant*, which in our obicular tongue means that grass is of a mild and free nature; consequently, my client had a right to grass and butter both.

To prove my second great principle, "let facts be submitted to a candid world." Now, butter is grease, and Greece is a foreign country, situated in the emaciated regions of Liberia and California; consequently, my client cannot be tried in this horizon, and is out of the benediction of this

court. I will now bring forward the *ultimatum respondentia*, and cap the great climax of logic by quoting an inconceivable principle of law, as laid down in Latin by Pothier, Hudibras, Blackstone, Hannibal and Sangrado. It is thus: *Hoec hoc morus multicaulis, a mensa et thoro, ruta бага centum*—which means in English that ninety-nine men are guilty where one is innocent. Now, it is your duty to convict ninety-nine men first; then you come to my client, who is innocent, and acquitted according to law. If the great principles of law shall be duly depreciated in this court, then the great north pole of liberty, that has stood so many years in pneumatic tallness, shading the republican regions of commerce and agriculture, will stand the wreck of the Spanish inquisition, the pirates of the hyperborean seas, and the marauders of the Aurora Bolivar! But, gentlemen of the jury, if you convict my client, his children will be doomed to pine away in a state of hopeless matrimony, and his beautiful wife will stand alone and delighted, like a dried up mullen-stalk in a sheep pasture.

LAMKIN, 1901.



When Johnson's Judge

When Johnson's Judge, a change we'll see
In courts of Law and Equity;
Lawyers will then do as they ought,
And swear no swears in quick retort,
But answer kindly, pleasantly.

No more shall Poe, so wittingly,
Speak of those things that should not be;
Millennium will come to court,
When Johnson's Judge.

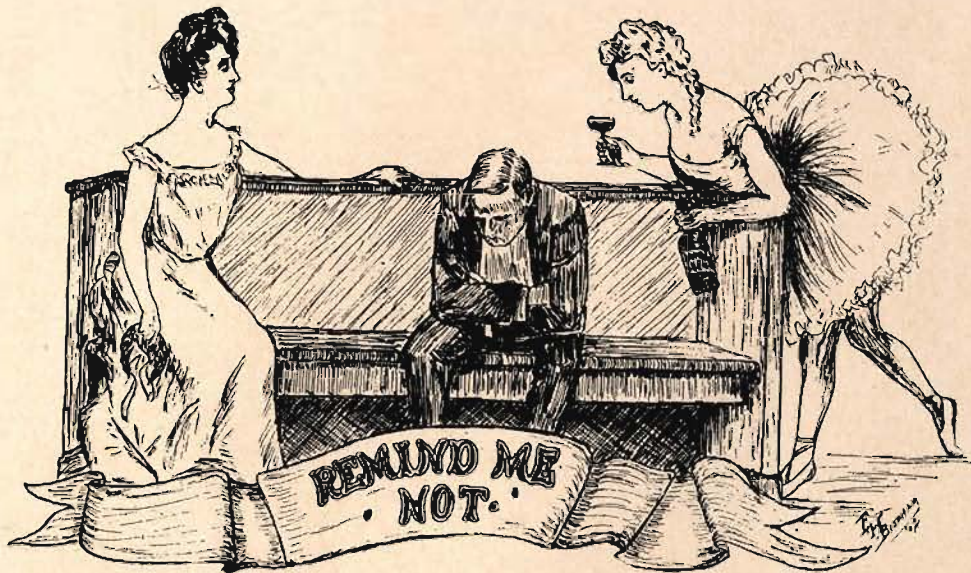
No more the Lawyers, woe is me,
Will clasp the gay seductive see—
gar; ne'er uncork the festive quart,
But eke to Sunday School consort—
Ah, life a goodly thing will be,
When Johnson's Judge.



When Dick Sets Out

When Dick sets out ye maids to kill,
Stand back, ye beaux, I say;
His eye it hath much fearful skill
That none may say him nay.
'Tis not his form, but eke his "way,"
That makes ye maidens thrill.
When Dick sets out ye maids to kill,
Stand back, ye beaux, I say.

Ye fairest maids smile at his will,
From Greene street unto Gay;
He smiles, they smile, both smile, until
He passes on his way.
When Dick sets out ye maids to kill,
Stand back, ye beaux, I say.



Remind me not of happy hours spent,
 Of days that all too quickly came and went,
 Of perfect nights, when 'neath the moonlight's gleam,
 The world seemed brighter than 'twill ever seem
 To me again, with cheerless mem'ries rent.

Of glances quickening behind lashes bent,
 Of words expressing but half what was meant,
 And hearts that fluttered in young love's sweet dream,
 Remind me not.

There was a time when each fond mem'ry lent
 Its jewel to my store of sweet content—
 But now, alas, of luckless bills that teem,
 Of "tickets" without the wherewith to redeem,
 (The signs that speak of summer sentiment,)
 Remind me not.



Betty

A flash of a silken ankle,
A trinkle of tiny feet,
A quick little rush
In the mud and the slush,
That's Betty crossing the street.

A staid little tailor-made figure,
Brows puckered into a frown,
Purse out of shape
With samples agape,
That's Betty shopping downtown.

Coat to her heels and a mannish hat
Cocked jauntily over her face,
Talking of stakes,
Conditions and fakes,
That's Betty watching a race.

Hands in meek suppliance folded,
Golden head fervidly bent,
Blue eyes cast down—
Sombre black gown,
That's Betty during Lent.

Shoulders of Parian marble,
Laces and jewels and all,
Tireless and gay—
Light as a fay,
That's Betty doing a ball.

Gasping for breath on the sofa,
Hair from its pins flying free,
A pile of crushed lace
And a dainty flushed face,
That's Betty along with me.





An Interruption

Campus Vitae

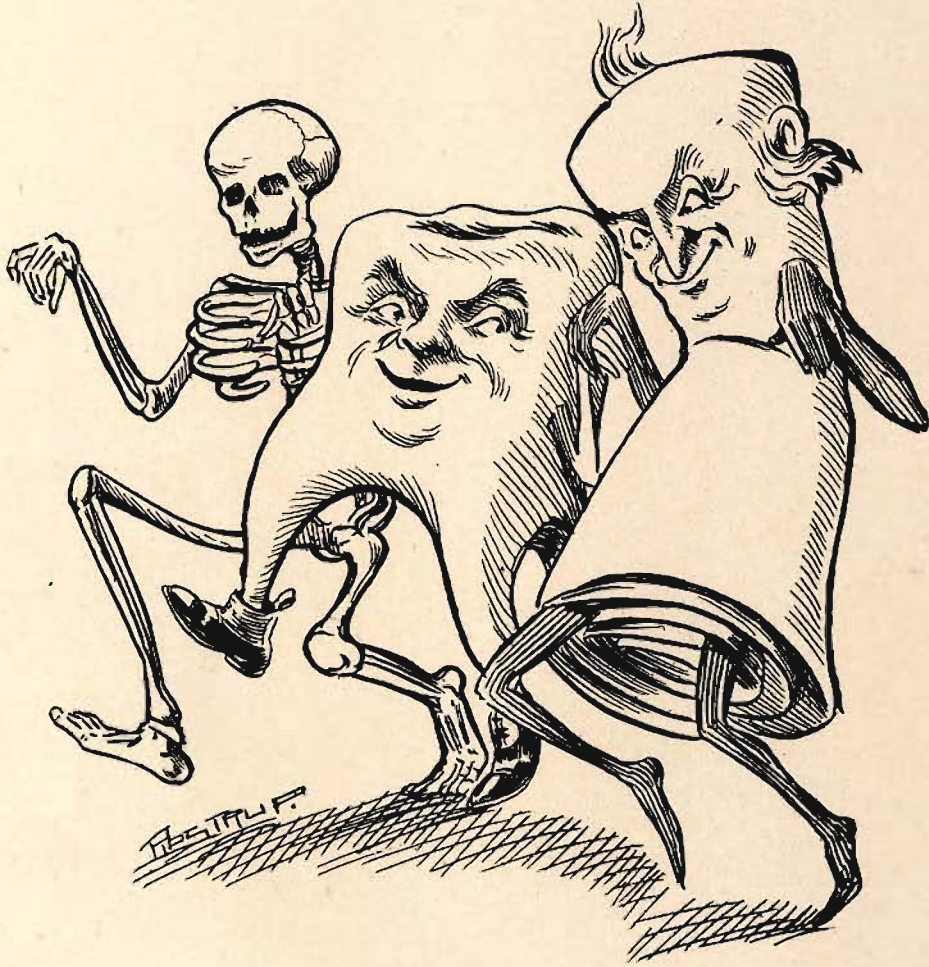
O, thou, Senior, wise and learned,
That full three years hast spent in toil,
Parting from thine Alma Mater,
Think not to find a verdant soil,

Awaiting but they magic touch
To bring forth her increase fourfold,
That whilst thou dost bask in the sun,
Will yield you rich returns of gold.

But, rather, think to find this life
A field by toilers worked of yore,
A field that of her yield hath given,
Alas, an unproductive store!

Without intense, untiring zeal,
With eye uplifted to the goal,
Think not to gain thy meed of joy,
And with work ended, rest of soul.





So falls the curtain on our learned gaiety.
We now go forth to prey upon the laity.