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—OF—
DENTAL SURGERY.

TERRA MARIAE

VOLUME III



PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND
1907

*"Lives of Great Men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the Sands of Time."*

—Longfellow.

~~3096~~



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WITHDRAWN
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DENTAL SURGERY.

DEDICATION.

To

Our most illustrious Faculties of the University of Maryland

The many and distinguished Alumni

and

The Centennial Celebration of the foundation of this University

This book is respectfully dedicated.

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PREFACE.



THE CIRCUMSTANCES under which this volume of the *TERRA MARÆ* is edited differ from those surrounding all previous editions of this Annual. This year the University of Maryland passes the One Hundredth Milestone on the course of her honored career. And so the Editors of this book desire that it shall be distinctively a Centennial Issue.

It shall be our purpose to contrast the work, conditions, and aim of the University as it is today with the University as it was in "ye olden days." Hence those who scan these pages will not find this edition merely a picture of University life, but will find also herein depicted some of the advanced changes in the various departments of our institution.

TERRA MARÆ, 1907, then will find a welcome at the hands of the many who have toiled, day after day, within these honored walls for that prize, so laboriously won and so highly appreciated—the Diploma. And so we feel confident that any Alumnus who takes time to read (and we believe all will) these pages will feel that such time has been spent pleasantly and profitably. And ere he has perused the contents herein, he will be viewing the many pictures hanging on memory's wall, and in fancy he will be again passing through the old historic halls of Alma Mater, and like a flash these words will illuminate his vision—"Thou art a noble institution."

It has been said that "books are schools." In many respects it is true. At least it is hardly possible for one to secure a more natural picture, in all its phases, than is portrayed in the average College Annual. With this idea—the portrayal of College Life—in mind, this book is published. It is hoped that it may interest not only those who have been privileged to experience such a life, but likewise any who may be desirous to drink at the fount of professional life; and last, but not least, to invite the attention of those persons who are interested in the history and progress of an honored and worthy educational centre.

Perhaps within these covers will be found ideas, some savoring of sweetness and vice versa, to the present students of our University. If such is so, we ask you, readers, not to take everything that is said too much in earnest. If you happen to be a target for our non-professional humor and feel that you are "hit" hard, then carry your mark gracefully,

and remember the other fellow may be in the same half-sad, half-happy plight; feel there is nothing said but in jovial comradeship, and bear in mind we all are "good fellows together."

As an Editorial Board we wish to offer no apologies for anything that may be considered a defect in this book. Yet we do feel that we have the right to ask you to consider the many difficulties that have hampered us as an amateur staff; remember, also, it is no trifling task to procure the necessary amount of fit material for these pages. With such consideration on your part, kind reader, we expect only fair and lenient criticism. Again, remember that this Annual is not supposed to represent only the fertile minds of those chosen as Editors, rather it is to be the product of the student body. Hence it can only be of merit in proportion to their effort.

We wish to extend our most hearty thanks for and appreciation of much valuable material from friends not directly connected with the Staff.

As Editors, we are wiser today than we were yesterday. Naturally we feel we could edit another volume better than we have this one, which is our first and also our last.

This edition of *TERRA MARLÆ* is now public property. Our results are at your mercy. If we have failed or succeeded to interest you is not for us to judge, but for you to say. In either instance, our only excuse for having undertaken what was almost an endless—and sometimes a thankless—task, is "College Spirit" born of loving gratitude to our Alma Mater—the University of Maryland.

THE EDITORS.



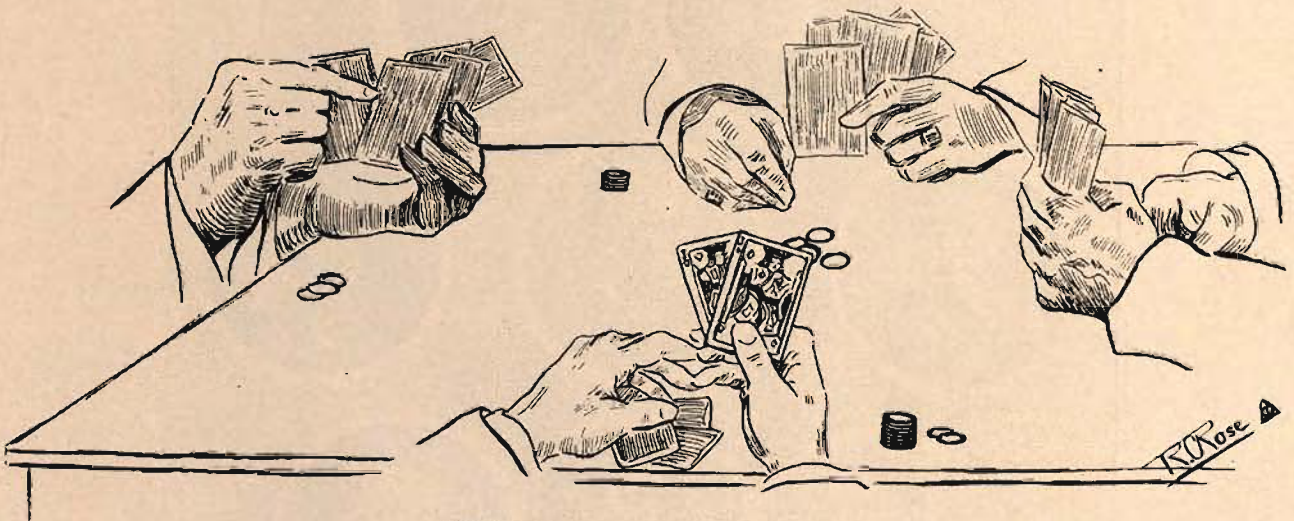
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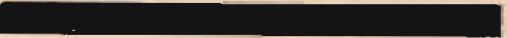


IN MEMORIAM

THOMAS S. BAER

Who by his gentle patience and noble character endeared himself to all who knew him. By the law students of the University of Maryland, who enjoyed the privilege of studying under his able instruction, his memory is revered and adored.

Requiescat in pace



Senior Class.



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Senior Class Roll.



ANTHONY, HENRY DELANO, ΦΣΚ.

Chestertown, Md.

"With just enough of learning to misquote."
Age 28, Weight 140, Height 5.8½.

BAILEY, STUART MEADE.

Baltimore, Md.

"But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it had, with greater ease,
And, with its everlasting clack
Set all men's ears upon the rack."

Age 27, Weight 140, Height 5.8.



BEACHLEY, HARRY EDGAR.

Hagerstown, Md.

"A statesman, who can side with every faction,
And yet most subtly can entwist himself
When he hath wrought the business up to
danger."

Age 24, Weight 160, Height 5.10.



BEALMEAR, CLEVELAND ROBINSON.

Baltimore, Md.

"If you should bait a steel trap with a ten-cent piece and place it within six inches of his mouth, you would catch his soul."

Age 22, Weight 142, Height 5.8½.

BLAKE, EVERETT LUMPKIN.

Baltimore, Md.

"I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing."

Age 21, Weight 158, Height 5.10.



COOK, VICTOR IGNATIUS.

Baltimore, Md.

"Slave of the sheepskin law book;
What to him are Plato and the swing of
Pleiades?"

Age 20, Weight 173, Height 6.¾. Sergeant-at-Arms '06-'07.

CORDRAY, CHARLES MCKENDREE.

Baltimore, Md.

"He is so full of pleasing anecdote,
So rich, so gay, so poignant in his wit,
Time vanishes before him as he speaks."

Age 28, Weight 135, Height 5.8. Triangle Club.



DEEN, WILLIAM BREWSTER.

Fowling Creek, Md.

"Up from the tall and uncut pines he came
On learning bent;
Has learned his age and height, his weight and
name,
And is content.

Age 22, Weight 137½, Height 5.9.

DEWERS, GERRIET.

Baltimore, Md.

"If I but owned thee, I would save my corn
From the invasions of the greedy crow;
I'd stand thee in my field at early morn,
And watch the horrid creatures come and go."

Age 28, Weight 142, Height 5.10. Baltimore
City College, '99.





DRYDEN, THOMAS PRICE, KΣ.

Baltimore, Md.

"He spent his days in riot most uncouth,
And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of night."

Age 21, Weight 155, Height 5.11. Triangle Club.
Class Executive Committee, Executive Commit-
tee Athletic Association, Manager Polo Team.

DUNN, THOMAS MEUX BENSON.

Baltimore, Md.

"One whom the music of his own tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony."

Age 35, Weight 132, Height 5.9 $\frac{3}{4}$. Executive
Committee.



ECKARD, NORMAN RAY, A.B.

Baltimore, Md.

"If by your *hairs* your *sins* should numbered be,
Angels in Heaven were not more pure than
thee."

Age 34, Weight 125, Height 5.6 $\frac{1}{4}$. Western
Maryland College.

ELLIOTT, JOHN HABERSHAM, BΘΠ.

Beaufort, S. C.

"A merrier man,
Within the limits of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Age 26, Weight 136, Height, 5.11.



EPPLER, GEORGE LOUIS, B. S., ΦΔΘ.

Cumberland, Md.

"Yet do I fear thy nature; it is too full of the milk
of human kindness."

Age 24, Weight 137, Height 5.6½. Triangles
Club. President '04-'05, President '06-'07.

FEARS, CHARLES CRAIG.

Milton, Va.

"Here's
Mr. Fears,
Whose picture to the right appears,
Old in experience, young in years,
Whose presence stimulates and cheers
When he is loaded to the ears
With Beers."

Age 25, Weight 146, Height 5.10.





FORRESTER, HERBERT CHRISTIAN.

Baltimore, Md.

"And all her looks a calm disclose
Of innocence and truth."

Age 20, Weight 140, Height 6. Baltimore City
College, '04.

FREENY, BENJAMIN LEONIDAS.

Salisbury, Md.

"His speeches to an hour-glass,
Do some resemblance show;
Because the longer time they run,—
The shallower they grow."

Age 21, Weight 160, Height, 5.11.



GAREY, THOMAS FREDERICK, JR., A.B., ΦΣΚ.

Baltimore, Md.

"Before us stands Adonis, clothed in all the glory
of his manly beauty."

Age 24, Weight 175, Height 5.11. Washington
College.

GOLDMAN, L. EDWIN, A.B., ΦBK.

Baltimore, Md.

"Command a mirror hither—straight."

Age 23, Weight 160, Height 5.9. Johns Hopkins '05.



GRISWOLD, ROBERTSON, A.B.

Baltimore, Md.

"It is wonderful to think how near conceit is to insanity; and yet how many folks are suffered to go free, and foaming with it."

Age 23, Weight 138, Height 6.2. Johns Hopkins '05.

HAMBLETON, HENRY WARFIELD.

Easton, Md.

"The babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp."

Age 22, Weight 150, Height 5.10.





HAMILTON, WILLIAM HOWARD, ΦΚΣ.

Baltimore, Md.

"I am a second Alexander, come
To wrench the world from its appointed course."

Age 29, Weight 150, Height 5.11.

HAYDON, JOHN JOSEPH, ΦΚΣ.

Frederick, Md.

"Enjoy the honey dews of slumber.
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men,
Wherefore thou sleep'st so soundly."

Age 22, Weight 169, Height 5.10½. Triangle
Club. Treasurer '05-'06. Historian '06-'07. Ex-
ecutive Committee.



HERBERT, GEORGE FRANK.

Baltimore, Md.

I pray thee, do not disagree with me; it only
serves to show your colossal ignorance.

Age 21, Weight 145, Height 5.6

JONES, JOHN LAWRENCE.

Baltimore, Md.

"For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor power of speech,
To stir men's blood."

Age 21, Weight 128, Height 5.10.



JOYCE, CHARLES NEWMAN, A.B., ΦΚΣ,

Baltimore, Md.

You can lead an ass to knowledge,
But you cannot make him think.

Age 33, Weight 145, Height 5.9. University of
Virginia.

KAUFMAN, LAWRENCE S.

Baltimore, Md.

When by a jury one is tried,
Twelve of his equals are implied;
Then Kaufman might attempt in vain,
This sacred privilege to obtain,
Since human nature ne'er on earth—
Gave to twelve equal rascals birth.

Age 21, Weight 145, Height, 5.7½





KELLMAN, HARRY T.

Baltimore, Md.

"If he had wings he'd make a noble buzzard."
Age 22, Weight 130, Height 5.5½.

KING, HERBERT.

Baltimore, Md.

"Man's work is from sun to sun,
But the 'Boner's' work is never done."
Age 22, Weight 160, Height 5.11. Baltimore
City College.



LEIMKUHLER, GEORGE HENRY, A.B.

Baltimore, Md.

"Whence and what are thou, execrable shape?"
Age 27, Weight 150, Height 5.10½. Loyola Col-
lege.

LEITH, CLARENCE MILTON, ΦΚΣ.

Vienna, Va.

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."
Age 22, Weight 145, Height 5.10. Triangle
Club. President '05-'06.



LILLY, AUSTIN JENKINS, ΦΚΣ.

Baltimore, Md.

"I'd rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."

Age 23, Weight 138, Height 5.9. Triangle Club.
Poet '04-'05, Poet '05-'06, Poet '06-'07. Asso-
ciate Editor *Terra Maria*.

McCENEY, GEORGE PATTERSON.

Laurel, Md.

"And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."
Age 27, Weight 155, Height 5.10½.





MARINE, ALFRED STENGLE.

Brookview, Md.

"There is a pleasure in being mad
Which none but madmen know."

Age 30, Weight 158, Height 5.7.

OWENS, JOHN EDWARD.

Baltimore, Md.

"Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words
without knowledge?"

Age 24, Weight 175, Height 5.8.



PARDEE, JOHN EVERLY GROVE, A.B.

Dover, Del.

"Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves."

Age 25, Weight 145, Height 5.7. Delaware Col-
lege '03.

PERKINS, LOUIS CLIFTON,

Baltimore, Md.

"He has, I know not what,
Of greatness in his looks and of high fate,
That almost awes me."

Age 24, Weight 150, Height 5.9½.



PIELERT, HARRY PHILIP.

Bengies, Md.

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity
Finer than the staple of his argument."

Age 34, Weight 145, Height 5.8.

PITCHER, NATHAN PUMPHREY, A.B.

Baltimore, Md.

"Fair nature's sweet simplicity
With elegance refined."

Age 23, Weight 128, Height 5.7. Johns Hop-
kins University '05.





PRINCE, CHARLES LEMUEL, JR., KΣ.

Baltimore, Md.

"Behold sharp-toothed unkindness like a vulture
here!

Avoid the furious beast—
If he may have his 'Grind' he never cares
At whose expense—nor friend nor patron
spares."

Age 22, Weight 150, Height 5.6. Triangle Club.
Prophet '05-'06. Editor *Terra Marie*.

REYNOLDS, EDWARD PATRICK.

Baltimore, Md.

"The rabble gather 'round the man of news
And listen with their mouths wide open."

Age ? Weight ? Height ?



ROME, MORRIS ALBERT.

Baltimore, Md.

"Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and
seas;

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs."

Age 21, Weight 157, Height 5.9.

ROSE, RICHARD CONTEE, KΣ.

Baltimore, Md.

"His thoughts,
Are combinations of disjointed things—
And forms, impalpable and unperceived
By others' sight, familiar were to his."

Age 21, Weight 135, Height 5.6. Triangle Club.
Treasurer Athletic Association '06-'07. Assistant
Manager Polo Team '06-'07. Associate Edi-
tor *Terra Maria*.



ROSS, DAVID SCARLETT.

Brunswick, Ga.

"A man may smile and smile, and be a villain."

Age 20, Weight 160, Height 5.9.

ROWE, JOHN ISAAC.

Baltimore, Md.

"There is either liquor in his pate or money in his
purse when he looks merrily."

Age 21, Weight 150, Height 5.11½.





SCHINDLER, WILLIAM THEODORE, JR.

Baltimore, Md.

"Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything."

Age 23, Weight 131, Height 5.5.

SCHMIDT, CHARLES V. W.

Baltimore, Md.

"Bites his lip as who should say there were wit
in his head; and so there is; but it lies as
coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not
show with knocking."

Age 30, Weight 140, Height 5.7.



SHRIVER, MARK OWINGS, JR., A.B.

Baltimore, Md.

"Here Nature in her glass—the wanton elf—
Sits gravely making faces at herself.
And while she scans each clumsy feature o'er
Repeats the blunders that she made before."

Age 23, Weight 137, Height 5.7. Loyo'a Col-
lege '02. Executive Committee.

SULLIVAN, DANIEL STEPHEN.

Baltimore, Md.

"Wax to receive and marble to retain."

Age 30, Weight 135, Height 5.5.



SULLIVAN, JOHN CARROLL, B.S.

Baltimore, Md.

"That he's ne'er known to change his mind
Is surely nothing strange;
For no one yet could ever find
He'd any mind to change."

Age 23, Weight 140, Height 5.7. Calvert Hall
College. Prophet '06-'07.

THOMPSON, ROBESON LEA.

Baltimore, Md.

"He cannot flatter!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth."

Age 21, Weight 154, Height 5.11. Historian
'05-'06.





TROEGER, ANDREW HERBERT.

Baltimore, Md.

"A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a
Vapor at the best."

Age 22, Weight 120, Height 5.6½. Baltimore
City College '04.

WEBSTER, LLOYD, B.S., ΦΚΨ.

East New Market, Md.

"Is this the thing the good Lord made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land?"

Age 24, Weight 148, Height 5.8. Bucknell Uni-
versity.



WELLS, WALTER IGNATIUS.

Hampstead, Md.

"He boasts about the truth, I've heard,
And vows he'd never break it.
Of course, a man *must* keep his word
When nobody will take it."

Age 22, Weight 140, Height 5.6

WHITE, EMMET WALLACE, KΣ.

Allendale, Md.

"A child, infirm of purpose and of feeling, blown
about by every breath, shaken by a sigh and
melted by a tear."

Age 20, Weight 145, Height 5.11½. Triangle
Club Sergeant-at-Arms '05-'06



WILCOX, HOWARD CRUETT.

Baltimore, Md.

"Who knows himself a braggart
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass."

Age 21, Weight 128, Height 5.8. Baltimore City
College '04. Prophet '04-'05. Secretary '05-'06.

WILLIAMS, RAYMOND SANDERSON, A.B.,

Baltimore, Md.

"Come hither, ye that press your beds of down
and sleep not.
See him sweating o'er his bread before he
eats it."

Age 23, Weight 150, Height 5.6½. Princeton.
Executive Committee.





WILSON, WILBUR VANCE, Ph.B., ΦΚΣ.

Cumberland, Md.

'I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the alcohol that's in me should set Hell on fire.'

Age 23, Weight 130, Height 5.5. Dickerson College.

WOOD, WILLIAM APPOLD.

Catonsville, Md.

"Methinks thou wert ill named; thy body's substance
Included in the name, doth mar its meaning.
Had but thy *head* been named, then it were different."

Age 19, Weight 120, Height 5.5½.



YOUNG, ELDRIDGE HOOD.

Baltimore, Md.

"You know, my friends, with what a brave carouse
I made a second marriage in mine house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my bed,
And took the daughter of the vine to spouse."

Age 20, Weight 150, Height 6.

FINLEY, CHARLES BEATTY, JR., A.B.,

Elkton, Md.

"Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid miscreant!!"

Age 27, Weight 160, Height 5.8½. Princeton.



BAKER, J. EMORY.

Fairplay, Md.

"He does nothing but frown; he is full of unman-
nerly sadness in his youth."

Age 21, Weight 135, Height 5.10.

BAYLESS, WILLIAM SILVER, BΘΠ.

Baltimore, Md.

"He'll keep a secret well, or I'm deceived
For what he says will never be believed."

Age 23, Weight 175, Height 5.10.

BOYCE, W. GRAHAM, A.B., AΔΦ.

Baltimore, Md.

"A learned gentleman, who will rescue your estate
from the hands of your enemies, and keep it
for himself."

Age 21. Weight 156, Height 5.11.

BUCK, WALTER HOOPER.

Baltimore, Md.

"Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster?"

Age 28, Weight 130, Height 5.7.

CATOR, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, ΔΦ.

Baltimore, Md.

"Like the oyster, he maintaineth the silence of
dignified reserve."

Age 23, Weight 133, Height 5.9.

CLARK, JAMES, A.B., ΦΣΚ.

Ellicott City, Md.

"I do begin to perceive (?) that I am made
an ass."

Age 22, Weight 160, Height 5.11. St. John's.
Vice-president '06-'07.

DENHARD, EMIL RUDOLPH.

Baltimore, Md.

"Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind oppressed."

Age 24, Weight 148, Height 5.11.

DINNEEN, HENRY HOUSTON.

Baltimore, Md.

"None but a Fool is always right."

Age 20, Weight 156, Height 6½.

EHLEN, FRANK SNOWDEN.

Baltimore, Md.

"Affectation is a greater enemy to the face than
smallpox."

Age 24, Weight 180, Height 6.2.

HANS, EVAN DONOVAN, ΚΣ.

Baltimore, Md.

"Oh! as the bee upon the flower, I hang
Upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue."

Age 21, Weight 167, Height 6.

MUDD, JOHN FRANCIS, B.A.

Bryantown, Md.

'A wretched soul, bruised with adversity.'

Age 22, Weight 185, Height 6.2. St. John's.

SEAL, GEORGE MURRAY, ΦΚΣ.

Baltimore, Md.

"So hath he conquered all the devil's art
Of 'Advertisement,' that his skill can paint
A lie more radiant than the fairest truth;
Makes Hell attractive; deserts bloom; and makes
Insurance seem as sure as it is not."

Age 25, Weight 160, Height 5.10.

SMITH, LE ROY.

Snow Hill, Md.

"This is some fellow, who, having been praised
for bluntness, doth affect a saucy roughness."
"Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf

Age 28, Weight 185, Height, 5.8½.

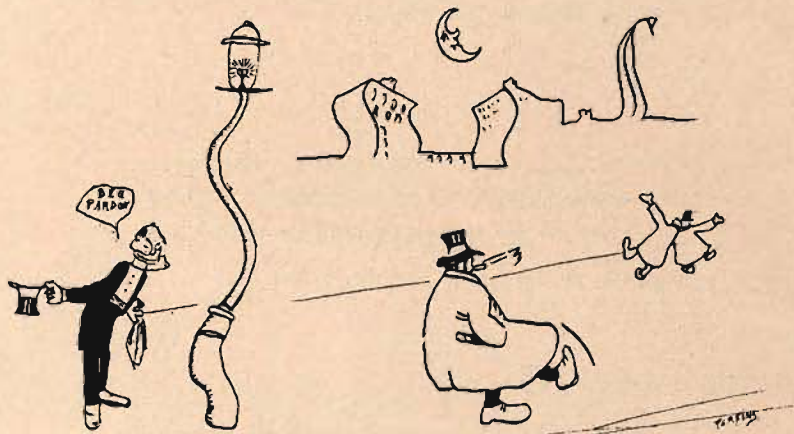
STANSBURY, BENJAMIN ALPHEUS, A.B., A.M.

Hampstead, Md.

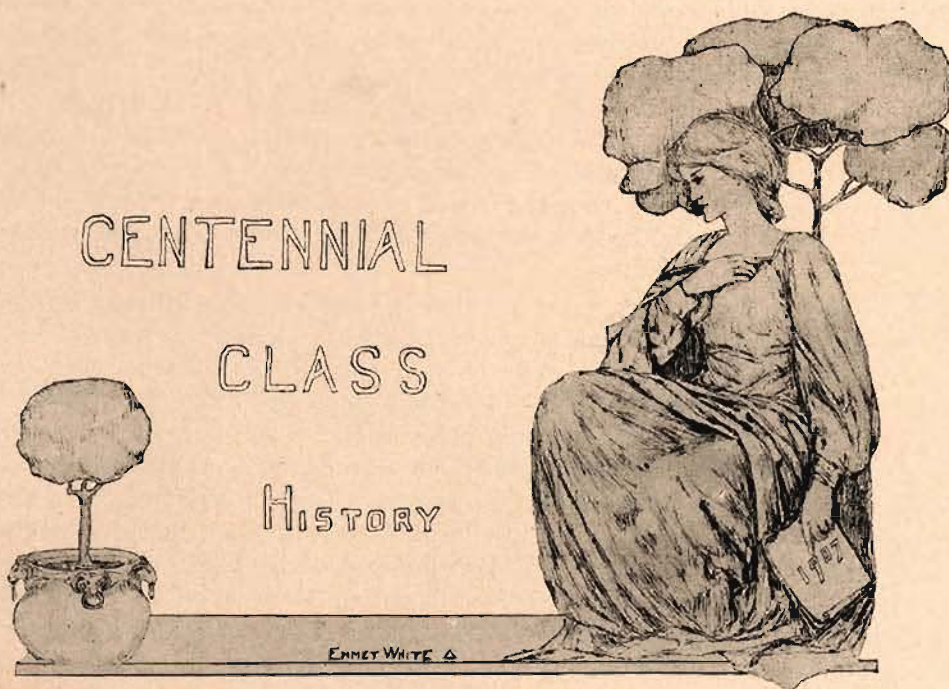
There is no shape more horrible than this."

Age 26, Weight 148, Height 5.8¾.





"THE RETURNS"



TO RELATE a true and full history of the great and illustrious Class of 1907 is a task that I dare not attempt. Space and time will not permit, to say nothing of ability and other little et ceteras scarcely worth mentioning. For those who feel a really deep interest in our career as students at the U. of M., and who earnestly desire to hear of our thrilling adventures and deeds of valor as "under-classmen," I can do no better than refer them to the most admirable work of MR. HAMMOND, *Terra Mariae*, MCMV, Vol. 1, page 325, wherein will be found set forth in the most pleasing style the more important events of our first year; and also to that great work of MR. THOMPSON, *Terra Mariae*, MCMVI, Vol. 2, page 130, where is related with MR. THOMPSON'S usual cleverness and wit the principal features of that, our second year. Having thus covered the first two years with admirable brevity, it falls to my lot to proceed more in detail with our third and last.

The opening of the year 1906-'07 found us, with few exceptions, back again, ready, but by no means willing, to resume our work as learned and serious Seniors. WHITE was one of the exceptions. Poor chap, he should have been named "Peter Peaceful." But Fortune, the contrary jade, is no respecter of the doctrine of the "fittest," and just the day before, while EMMER was filling the dangerous and difficult role of "Edward Ejector," he was falsely, fraudulently, wantonly, brutally, and with malice *prepense*, assaulted and beaten by a band of ungentlemanly trespassers, so that he nearly suffered the loss of his nose. Wherefore we were deprived of his company for ten long days. We also missed the sweet, (mel)odious voice of WILLIAMS, T. C., who, in previous years, had become famous for asking ques-

tions in order to display his knowledge,—to say nothing of his asininity. It was he who made the phenomenal run for President in his first year; had it not been for some friend who kindly stopped him, he would have been running yet.

On our entrance into the lecture hall, a great surprise greeted us, to wit: The Faculty, in an unparalleled burst of generosity, had had the panelling repainted a beautiful amber (?) hue, and the walls delicately retouched with whitewash. Our hearts melted within us at the sight, and while we were at first inclined to view this unaccustomed extravagance as a dangerous precedent, in the end we surrendered to gratitude pure and simple. But, oh the wonder of it!

There were many other changes, too. The Library was clean, and there was not a book out of place,—a condition quite unusual, which continued for almost a week. We missed the fair, innocent face of MORGAN, who made himself famous as Librarian last year, and got a poem written about himself. But his place was soon worthily filled—shall we say competently? BEACHLEY for a while kept the place in fine order; but, alas! there are more amusing and enticing places than the Library in close proximity to the University. It might be added, parenthetically, that BEACHLEY and his quondam assistant, EPPER, deserve at least two poems. Most of the men looked the same as usual, except that they had lost that worried, haggard look, so in evidence last May, brought on by hard study. A number of them, too, showed by their brown complexions that they had been off at some seashore, or otherwise enjoying the vacation in good outdoor sports. But amid these slight changes, many things wore the same old familiar look (including the Captain), and we greeted them as old friends.

Primarily, this is a history. But, after all, what is "the history of a class?" There is little appeal to anyone in the history of a "class," as such. Such a history would or should be, cold, austere, impersonal; the winding-sheet of all that is filled with the joy of life;—and that is not what we want. Rather do we want the ragged edges of "personality" under the jesting guise of which may be discerned the warm, pulsing blood of the *Man*, the Individual. Therein lies the making of true history, not of the Class, but of the people. And we will try to let you, dear reader, sum up for yourself the history of the class as a body, from the bits of history taken from the active, daily life of some of us. If you can glimpse the Class of 1907 as it really is, or was, from these sidelights on a few lucky (?) members, then will our task as Historian have been fulfilled, if not worthily, at least in all willingness.

Therefore: It is a known fact that BILLINGSLEY was the first man asleep this year, for the Poet whispered in my ear: "Behold, he sleepeth,"—and I beheld. BILLINGSLEY, no doubt, enjoyed his nap, and I might also say that the Poet was a close second.

One night, feeling rather restless and in no mood for study, I wandered over to LILLY's room, expecting to find him hard at work on International Law; instead, he was sitting on the bed vigorously flipping a quarter into the air. When I inquired as to the cause of such flippancy, he said, in very solemn tones: "It's just this: Heads, I push a Blue Pencil;—Tails, I carry a Green Bag." I at length talked him out of his serious humor, and persuaded him to invest his quarter at "GORDON'S."

We were all greatly pleased with our new course, "Jurisprudence," until we heard that

there was to be an examination on it. At that very moment it ceased to be a pleasure and became work. Under this heading, PROF. DONALDSON discussed men and their customs and habits from Adam to date (including, of course, everything but the Peach). He dwelt with much length on the primeval man of the caves, and talked learnedly of Mastodons, sabre-toothed Tigers, and all sorts of ferocious wild beasts, but of all "the Fighting Man was the Unit."

One Friday afternoon during one of his lectures, I was deeply interested and was taking voluminous notes. Suddenly I was interrupted by WELLS, who sat next to me. As he seized my arm and cried: "Save me, save me, the sabre-toothed tiger is about to devour me," he presented a pitiable picture of fright. I shook him and woke him up, and soon convinced him that it was only a "Day-mare."

The Moot Court did a rushing business for about three weeks. In one case ROME argued that he had all the Law on his side, and declared himself surprised when his learned brother on the other side attempted to contest the case. Therefore he asked the Court for \$5,000 worth of damages, and was much discouraged and chagrined when he did not get a cent,—not even a smell, think of that!

SHRIVER put his case quite forcibly before "Criminal" CHESNUT, sitting as a Court of Equity; and during his harangue whispers could be heard, "A future J. P. P." Had he chewed soap and foamed at the mouth, his success would have been complete.

HANS distinguished himself in his case. But it was too bad that in his excitement he forgot where Venice was located. Lucky for him that no one mentioned roller skates, for it is certain that he would have dropped everything and run post haste to the "Garage."

When ROSE was asked why he did not argue his case more strongly, he said: "It's against my principles; I just naturally can't even talk against booze."

One day during a quiz on International Law, LEITH, who was probably dreaming of the fair fields of Virginia, was unexpectedly called. STOCKBRIDGE put the question something like this: "MR. LEITH, is the enemy in time of war allowed to wear the uniforms of the opposing belligerent, in order to conceal his movements?"

LEITH (straightening up): "Oh, yes, sir; all is fair in love and war."

STOCKBRIDGE: "I see you are not well versed in the latter subject."

He then turned his attack on YOUNG. "MR. YOUNG, distinguish the cases 'Atherton vs. Atherton,' and 'Haddock vs. Haddock.' DEACON, looking very blank,—“Indeed, Judge, I never knew they had any trouble.”

In one of the quizzes on Evidence, MR. POE asked GAITHER a question and received this answer: "I have it in my mind, MR. POE, but I can't get it out." Some time later, during a quiz on Jurisprudence, MR. DONALDSON, after calling a number of names, came to KELLMAN, who bravely answered up. "Now, MR. KELLMAN, give me, in your own language, Sir Henry Main's theory." The Class was utterly astounded when he answered in English.

Several weeks before the mid-year exams., SULLIVAN, WILCOX, and DUNN were holding a heart-to-heart talk on Evidence, when one of them (immaterial which one) made the following remark: "I've got it now. I'll just kill those exams., and I'll make a noise like a hundred:—for I'll put my answers under a *videlicet*, and then I won't have to prove what I say."

About this time, CORDRAY, better known as LORD MANSFIELD, was giving, free of charge (for he is a most generous fellow) lectures on "How to pass Jurisprudence." The substance of his lecture was this: "Boys, there are three things you must know to pass Jurisprudence; first, Sir Henry Main's Theory; second, the Fighting Man; and third and most important of all, the two elements of human nature. With these firmly rooted in your brain, there will be no danger of flunking."

The Class owes a great debt to PARDEE, MUDD, and WILSON, who together thrashed out the fiercest question in Conflict of Laws,—the exterritorial effect of a decree of divorce. They at length decided, "That a man can have a wife in every State, and a divorce in every State, from all his wives not domiciled within that State. So that, whatever State he happens to be in, he will have a wife without the trouble and expense of carrying one with him, and still is not subject to indictment for Polygamy." They also state that South Carolina is an exception to the rule. PARDEE wrote a dissenting opinion of much length and great depth, based upon Public Policy.

We come now to a transformation scene,—our first Senior Smoker. The Lecture Hall, that we left in the afternoon, a hall of learning and serious study, is now a place of festivity and revelry. Those sacred tables, used only for supporting learned writings, are now defiled and polluted with kegs, bottles, glasses and various other things. Oh, Desecration! Would that I could find the perpetrator, that I might,—shake his hand and commend his most excellent taste. Needless to say, we had a royal good time. Toasts and speeches were made by such eminent orators as ANTHONY, LORD MANSFIELD, DONOHUE, and others.

After the mid-year exams., that nightmarish stumbling block in the ways of the student's imagined progress, there was much weeping and gnashing of teeth (especially *sabre-teeth*); and great was the anxiety of the poor Seniors until JUDGE STOCKBRIDGE turned in his marks.

Our new acquisition, MR. ROSE, started the second term with a lightning lecture on Federal Procedure, giving us a bewildering example of how much one man can say in one hour if he really tries. It is the general opinion that JUDGE STOCKBRIDGE must now give way to this speedy and more formidable speaker,—who, by the way, remarks how well the Class sleeps during his lectures.

It is true that WOOD was up before the Faculty, charged with high treason. For thrice did he try to usurp the throne of Equity, and it was only by main force that MR. GORTER regained his post. WOOD filed a plea that it was a joke. The Class is open to conviction; but ———??—!!

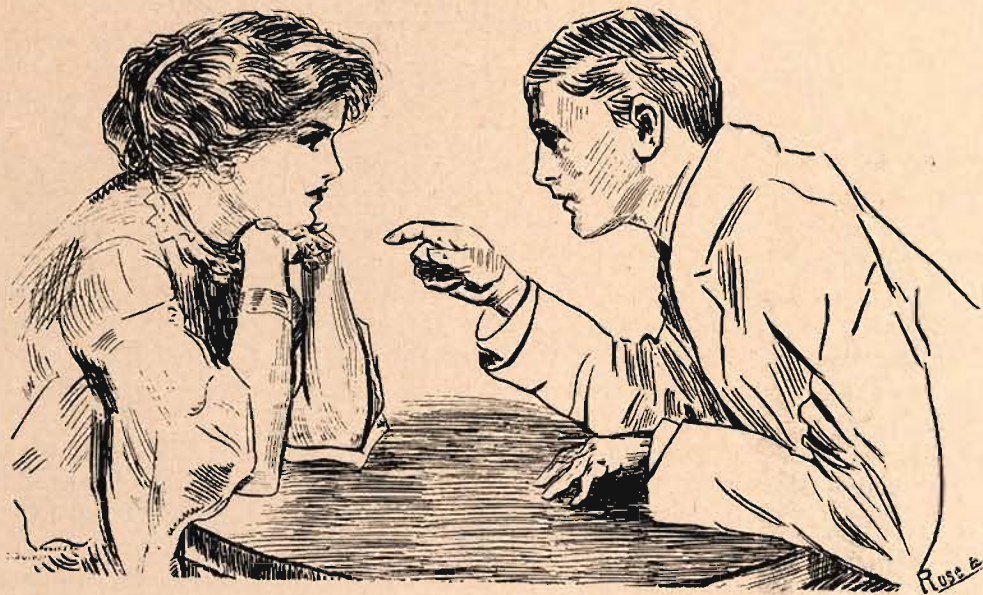
It was announced a short time ago that PRINCE, LEITH, EPPLER, DRYDEN, WHITE, ROWE, and some others, had formed a Dramatic Society, and that their rendition of the appalling catastrophe, entitled "The Mystery of the Juniors' Smoker, or Who Stole the Beer," was a howling success.

FINLEY, having passed the State Board, felt that he could not do justice to his feelings of joy, alone. So he gave a Smoker to the Class, which was greatly appreciated, and immensely enjoyed. And, on account of such generosity, he becomes famous, and will go down through the annals of Time, a great man, and his praises will be sung forever.

PRINCE, another one of the chosen few who took the Bar exam. before graduation, immediately upon learning the result, purchased a handsome pair of kid gloves, and went out to celebrate the joyous occasion in a fitting manner. We will not attempt to say where he went, but we have a suspicion that he passed a good many city bar exams. on his way_____

There are a number of events concerning a number of men that have been omitted by special request, and for other reasons. Then, too, in the pleasure of chronicling such events, howsoever famous they may be, one is likely to draw out the thread of one's verbosity finer than the staple of one's historical fund.

So I shall conclude by thanking my readers for their kind attention and by wishing that good fortune will attend all those who are mentioned herein, as they leave the old Alma Mater and enter upon life's great struggle.





TO KNOW OR NOT TO KNOW.

HOW to draw aside the veil or mist which separates the former from the latter, or the present from the future, so as to more clearly foretell what is in store for each individual member of this distinguished Class, was a most perplexing question for the Prophet of the Class of 1907.

The attempt to acquit myself of this task by means of astrology was of no avail, for they, being a class of individual stars, did only negative the effect of the stars upon them. Whilst in this dilemma and worn out from excessive study (?), I fell into a sound sleep and awoke to find—not that I had slept a few hours, but many years, and that startling changes had taken place.

I started out to see the town, and also the boys. The first I had the pleasure of meeting was my friend PIELERT. I started in to ask him a series of questions as to the whereabouts of our old classmates, and was agreeably surprised to learn that he had kept a record of their wanderings, to which record I readily betook myself.

Imagine my surprise to learn therein that the leading newspaper of the city was edited by no less a personage than PRINCE. Another interesting feature of the paper was the splendid cartoon work of ROSE, LEITH and WHITE. CHARLES told me that they all gave up the profession of law for that of journalism—not that they were unsuccessful in the practice of law, for from the constant use of PIELERT's notes they had been very successful, but that they cared more for the good they could accomplish through the medium of the press than for any money they could receive from any other source.

I next perchanced to meet WALTER BUCK, of the firm of BUCK, THOMPSON & WILLIAMS, who insisted that I should come over to see their sumptuously furnished offices, and they were indeed as he had described them. While I was there WILLIAMS and THOMPSON were discussing a case that was to be tried that day before JUDGE REYNOLDS. This would naturally make it interesting, but my interest was intensified upon learning that the opposing counsel was the firm of DUNN, COOK and ECKARD.

In the office of the latter firm there were a number of books published by the firm of DRYDEN & HANS, among the most prominent of which were FEARS' Constitutional Law, DINNEEN on International Law, and KING'S Testamentary Law in Maryland, comprising twenty volumes, and citing practically every Maryland case on this interesting subject.

When JUDGE REYNOLDS' Court was reached we were agreeably surprised to see that ED. had taken care of his old friends by appointing DEWERS and NELSON bailiffs and WOODS the Court crier. WOODS seemed delighted to know that he could attract attention and at the same time have the pleasure of hearing himself talk.

CLARK and WADE BROWN were the leading lawyers of Howard county; CLARK was making a specialty of Corporation Law, and BROWN of Criminal Law, and of course it is needless to state that BROWN was much the busier man.

C. R. P. BROWN had opened up an office and had one case—the suit-case he always carried. He guarded this very carefully, as he did not want to lose his first and only case.

BEACHLEY and LEGGE had opened up law offices in Hagerstown and were doing (everybody) very nicely; BEACHLEY was somewhat of a politician, being the State's Attorney for Washington county, while LEGGE attended strictly to his profession.

EPPLER had formed a partnership with WILSON, and they had started the practice of their profession in that flourishing (?) town of Cumberland. EPPLER was the business agent of the firm, while WILSON performed the legal duties. EPPLER had introduced an innovation in the profession by giving to his clients trading stamps in the form of champagne checks, or, more accurately, beer checks, and it seemed to have the desired effect.

HAMILTON had given up law and returned to his first love and was the President of a successful bank, having as tellers ANTHONY and BAILEY. HOWARD told me he kept them, as it was very hard to get honest men.

TROEGER had given up law, and was the President of a Trust Company; he rather preferred to trust a trust company than to trust to law—for his existence. BLAKE and BEALMEAR were the managers of the real estate department of this company; BLAKE had become an expert at this immovable, deriving his experience during his course at the U. of M.

The name of U. of M. reminds me that COPELAND was lecturing on International Law, and on hearing that and for old time's sake I decided to visit once more the scene of so many happy days. As I entered COPELAND was explaining to the Class that this was a very changeable subject, and judging by the appearance of some familiar faces, the subject was, indeed, more changeable than some of the members of the Class. After the lecture on International Law I stayed to hear CORDRAY's lecture on Jurisprudence (an interesting subject and an interesting lecturer). CORDRAY spent the hour lecturing to the Class on the primitive man, and the fact that the primitive man was the head of the family, which at that

time seemed rather hard to believe, for the reign of the woman was supreme, and how we all longed for the good old days—when everybody worked but father. Before leaving I decided to visit the Library; one of the most useful of the new additions I noticed to be KELLMAN on Conflict of Laws. After perusing the same, I came to realize the philosophy of the saying, "Are you a single man or are you married?"

GOLDMAN and GAITHER had gone into politics, each taking a turn at representing their districts in Congress. It was a put-up job, but as they were both good men, no one seemed to object. SHRIVER had also gone into politics, and was advocating some much-needed reforms. MARK had also taken care of his friends by having BAYLESS and GAREY appointed to the beauty squad, for such splendid specimens of manhood were few and far between.

"DEACON" YOUNG had become an ardent advocate of socialism, had written several books on this subject, controlled a socialistic newspaper, and was superintendent of a Sunday School, and by the way he was reaping in gold, was doing everything but practicing the radical methods that he preached. JUDGE had control of a humorous magazine, and he was deservedly successful, for JOHN had that rare gift of humor that is found in but few men, and it was gratifying to note that he was giving the public the benefit of it. At JOHN's suggestion we decided to take a trip to one of the shore resorts. On boarding the car we found the conductor to be our friend OWENS, who informed us that JACK HAYDON was the general manager of the company, and that several of the boys were conductors on the road, including ROSS and ROWE.

On alighting from the car at our destination we were attracted by an unseemly noise which we at once recognized to be the voice of ROME—ROME was the barker for a variety show that was being managed by the DONAHUE BROS. We found KAUFMAN to be the door-keeper; so, of course, no tickets were necessary; HERBERT ushered us to our places (the best seats in the house), and just as we were making ourselves comfortable PARDEE announced a song by MESSRS. MARINE and FOWLER, composed by LILLY, the famous composer. The next number was a powerful one-act melodrama, the principals of which were WELLS, DENHARD, SCHINDLER, and SCHMIDT; SCHMIDT taking the part of the villain. Just as we were about to applaud some of SCHMIDT's splendid acting I awoke to find I was still back in 1907 and SCHMIDT was still arguing his memorable (for length) case in the moot-court.





INTERMEDIATE CLASS.

INTERMEDIATE CLASS.

OFFICERS.

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BENJ. L. FREENY.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	HENRY H. DINNEEN.....	<i>Prophet</i>
WILLIAM D. ROYCROFT.....	<i>Secretary</i>	S. M. BAILEY.....	<i>Historian</i>
T. NORVIN BARTLETT.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	H. F. BREMER.....	<i>Poet</i>

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S. M. BAILEY.....	Baltimore, Md.	WM. H. HUDGINS.....	Baltimore, Md.
J. EMORY BAKER.....	Grimes, Md.	THOMAS HUGHES, JR., ΔΨ.....	Baltimore, Md.
F. H. BARCLAY.....	Baltimore, Md.	H. COURTNEY JENIFER, ΦΚΣ.....	Towson, Md.
T. MARVIN BARTLETT.....	Baltimore, Md.	C. N. JOYCE, ΦΚΣ.....	Baltimore, Md.
W. S. BAYLESS, ΒΘΠ.....	Baltimore, Md.	ELI S. KATTEN.....	Baltimore, Md.
L. P. BEAN.....	Inkerman, W. Va.	W. H. KLINESMITH.....	Baltimore, Md.
H. H. BESCHE.....	Baltimore, Md.	FRANK N. H. LANG.....	Baltimore, Md.
ALLEN S. BOWIE.....	Baltimore, Md.	G. W. LEGGE, JR.	Oakland, Md.
H. F. BREMER.....	Baltimore, Md.	WARREN V. G. LUDLAM.....	Baltimore, Md.
BENJ. F. CATOR, ΔΦ.....	Baltimore, Md.	F. N. MALDEIS.....	Baltimore, Md.
CHARLES CLAGETT.....	Upper Marlboro, Md.	CHARLES A. MARSHALL.....	St. Denis, Md.
HERBERT B. CLARK.....	Baltimore, Md.	EDMUND O. C. MOORE.....	Baltimore, Md.
LENNOX CLEMENS, ΦΚΣ.....	Govanstown, Md.	J. CALVIN MORGAN.....	Baltimore, Md.
GEO. T. COULSON, JR.....	Baltimore, Md.	G. RAY MUELLER.....	Baltimore, Md.
WM. J. COYNE.....	Baltimore, Md.	HENRY R. NEESON, KA.....	Baltimore, Md.
G. F. CUSHWA, ΦΚΣ.....	Hagerstown, Md.	WM. H. O'BRIEN.....	Baltimore, Md.
HENRY H. DINNEEN.....	Baltimore, Md.	WM. F. O'MARA.....	Halethorpe, Md.
E. ECKHARDT.....	Baltimore, Md.	C. S. OPIE.....	Baltimore, Md.
WALTER D. EISMAN.....	Baltimore, Md.	F. J. PINTNER.....	Baltimore, Md.
J. H. ELLIOTT, ΒΘΠ.....	Beaufort, S. C.	F. STONE POSEY.....	La Plata, Md.
C. CRAIG FEARS.....	Wilton, Va.	R. D. ROGERS, JR.....	Ellicott City, Md.
BERNARD J. FLYNN.....	Baltimore, Md.	WM. D. ROYCROFT.....	Baltimore, Md.
JOHN T. FORD, JR.....	Baltimore, Md.	W. H. SCHWATKA.....	Baltimore, Md.
A. P. FORSYTHE, JR.....	Hood's Mills, Md.	LEROY SMITH.....	Snow Hill, Md.
BENJ. L. FREENY.....	Salisbury, Md.	W. CONWELL SMITH.....	Baltimore, Md.
JOSEPH GAFFIN.....	Baltimore, Md.	STANLEY S. SPENCER.....	Emmorton, Md.
W. HOWARD GAHAN, ΦΚΣ.....	Baltimore, Md.	J. STANSBERG.....	Baltimore, Md.
SAMUEL GOLDSTONE.....	Baltimore, Md.	RICHARD TALBOTT.....	Ellicott City, Md.
MELVIN E. GRAHAM.....	Baltimore, Md.	BAYARD H. TAYLOR.....	Baltimore, Md.
W. H. GRANT.....	Ellicott City, Md.	J. ROYALL TIPPETT.....	Baltimore, Md.
ROBERTSON GRISWOLD.....	Baltimore, Md.	H. A. WARNER.....	Baltimore, Md.
ALBERT B. HALL.....	Rossville, Md.	MANNES E. WAXMAN.....	Baltimore, Md.
W. E. HARDMAN.....	Baltimore, Md.	BURDETTE B. WEBSTER.....	Baltimore, Md.
C. MORRIS HARRISON.....	Baltimore, Md.	J. P. WENCHEL.....	Baltimore, Md.
GEORGE HARTMAN.....	Phoenix, Md.	C. ROBERT WILSON, ΦΚΣ.....	Baltimore, Md.
WINFIELD B. HARWARD, ΚΣ.....	Fulford, Md.	A. S. WOLF.....	Richmond, Va.
CHARLES YAEGER.....	Baltimore, Md.		

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INTERMEDIATE CLASS OFFICERS



HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '08.



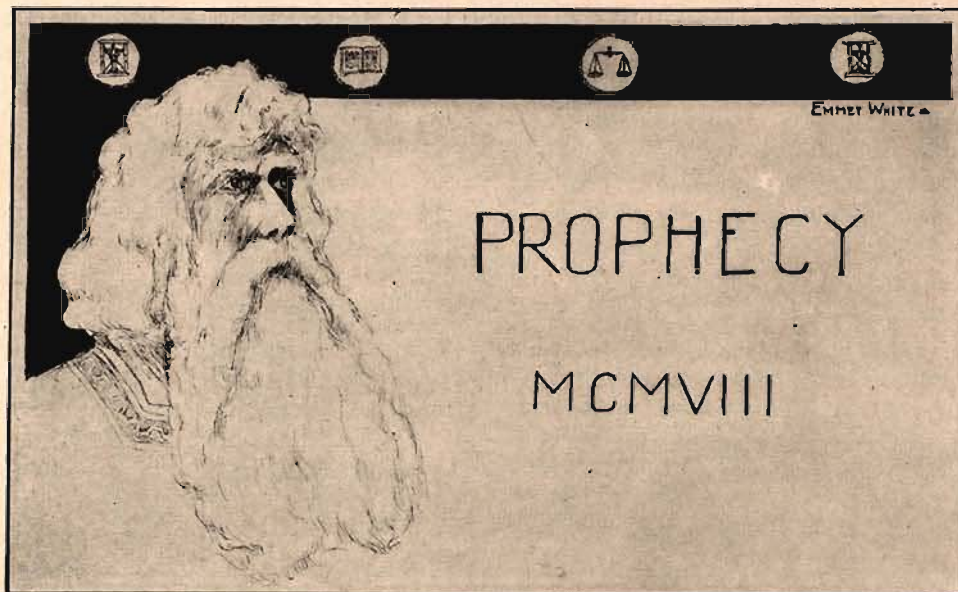
THE history of the Intermediate Class is an ephemeral one so far as its component members are concerned—born in the early fall, it lives but a few short months and dies in the month of roses. As a class entity, however, it goes on from year to year. It is a most essential part of our career as Students at the Law School, for 'tis only when we pass from the infant (Junior) Class to the Intermediate, the first stake, the first turning point, and commence to haul up to the finish of our triangular course, that we begin to realize just what it all means and our eyes open to the real work before us. And as the second turn gives us the base of the triangle, so is our intermediate year the base of our law course. Into it are crowded subjects of great importance to us when our race is run. It is safe to assert that half the work of a lawyer is taken up with Orphans' Court procedure, and yet, now that we have passed over the rich and verdant field of testamentary, how little we know of it and how helpless we should be if suddenly called upon to segregate specific from general legacies or to state whether a soldier in active service may dispose of his estate by nuncupative will, et cetera. And it is not the fault of the teacher nor yet the fault of the pupil. It is unquestionably a difficult subject to teach, and to some of us it seems but half the time is allotted that should be given to such an important branch of the law. But softly—the Historian must not stray from the beaten path assigned to him. It is not within his license to perform the work of the critic, and this digression was made only for the purpose of registering a kick that seems general.

The Class as a whole, has been astonishingly courteous to the professors, and no such "calling down" for unseemly conduct has blotted its history, as was the case when we were Juniors. The ghost of the dauntless and irrepressible DAWKINS stalks through the classroom, but is given the cold shoulder and told to "skidoo." We are too busy now to waste time pounding a hard, unyielding floor, when some chap goes out early for his mutton. Among themselves, the members of the Class have established a code of ethics that could be examined with a microscope without picking a flaw. In this epoch of muck-raking, the uniform repression shown by each member is worthy of note as indicating the morale of the Class and the excellent training we received in our youth from associate-professor bootjack. This augurs well for the next year's course in equity; and apropos—the Historian has noticed an amusing preparation for that subject. It is a well-known and time-honored maxim in equity, that "he who seeks equity must appear in court with clean hands," and the array of manicuring scissors and the grave concern with which many wart-grown, crooked and stubby fingers have been studied, must already have reached MR. GORTER'S ears. During the very beginning of our intermediate course, we were introduced to a flourishing lemon tree by MR. CHESNUT. It is safe to say that, despite his magical performances in horticulture, BURBANK has never yet evolved a lemon from a CHESNUT, and yet, when the curtain dropped on November 15 we had seen that very act. We have already cracked a bottle or two to the health of MR. FRANK, who so frankly and so generously passed us his notes on title—notes that produced harmony all around.

From MR. JAY PEE we heard a learned discourse of the rules of common law pleading, and incidentally much of the autobiography of our Cicero when he was a young and inexperienced attorney 'way back in the sixties and what he did to the other fellow. We all know the story of the lion that drifted into the British Museum and there saw the picture of Sampson cracking open the very jaws of that very lion's ancestor; and how the lion very wisely observed, that "'ad a lion painted the picture 'twould 'ave been the other way." Oh well, the opponents that MR. JOHNNY had those ancient days are doubtless making excuses to St. Peter for the way they slew the innocents, so we must take MR. P.'s word for it—and gladly we do so. The exam. on pleading was elemental, but the Historian and a few others lost their way and strayed from the fold.

And now the second stake is in sight. We have slept many times o'er bills and notes—we've been told who may be an agent and when a principal lacks principle. The grand old man of the Faculty once more has us under his care and protection and has already disclosed to us in our course in practice how to ring the Sheriff's door bell and get an answer even during business hours. We have sat enthralled before the throne of France and listened to a master mind unfold the wondrous, and to us, bewildering intricacies of corporation law; about which we shall know far more when we've taken the text-book, turned it upside down and gone over it from the end to the very beginning.

Beg pardon for this slip-slop—this doggerel, which the Historian has smuggled into this annual of classics, but each will have a chance to club him when he's sober.



OUR Prophet is a queer duck. One day last fall, while sleeping with his mouth open (as is usual with a number of the distinguished members of the Class of Naughty-eight) he, by mistake, and not by intent, he begs to assure you, swallowed one of the distinguished lecturer's talks on Title. The effect was more than he had bargained for, and a few moments later he was on a stretcher being rushed over to the bloody assizes of the University Hospital, a big building filled with nurses and corpses. While Chief Butcher SHIPLEY, aided by several of his Fellow-Carvers, was engaged in holding court on our Prophet's internal fee simple a panorama passed before his limpid eyes, which were filled with estates in fee tail and remainder and a horrible suspicion of Criminal Intent.

Drifting like a ship which has lost its bearings, floating this way and that, the spirit of our Prophet, thus submerged in Title and its suburban environments, was for the time being lost to the world. Then the panorama began; at first it took the form of a small cloud of dim, dark hue, with a slight glimmer of light perforating its center. Gradually the spot in the cloud grew larger and larger, and still larger and larger, until finally, as in a trance, the Prophet well realized the effect of an overdose of law.

As the cloud was dispelled before the fast-increasing circle of light which had apparently annihilated its center, the Prophet realized that he was the sole passenger on a raft of soap, floating on and on, driven by blasts of cigarette smoke against a soiled handkerchief sail, stuck on a burnt match-stick. As he passed down the river of soapsuds out onto the ocean of blueing, he realized that he was to be permitted a glance in the future, greater bliss than which none but a Senior had previously known in the history of the University of Maryland.

Closing his eyes in order to strengthen them for the ordeal which he felt was sure to come, the Prophet lay back and smoked an odorous cigar while waiting the advent of the events of the future. Then he opened his eyes, and observed for the first time that he was in the spectators' gallery of the United States Senate. Glancing at a newspaper which he held in his hand the Prophet was amazed to see that it was January 23, 1923. Glancing around in astonishment, he beheld several familiar figures, with an added paunch and a few additional whiskers, gracing the seats reserved for the Upper Ten in Congress assembled.

GEORGE HARTMAN was still there. Some of the Class may remember their distinguished President—the gentleman, who as a politician, was a great success. GEORGE was still savage and untamed and persisted in chewing a black cigar up to the point where sensible citizens usually apply the match. Rising in his seat, the ponderous statesman, who had succeeded J. F. C. TALBOTT as United States Senator from Maryland, moved that the Upper House adjourn to the cafe for the time being in order that they might have a drink on the prosperity of the country. As the Fathers of the Country slowly wended their way through the subterranean passage leading from the President's desk to the wet goods emporium in the cellar, HARTMAN slowly turned his head and winked sagely at the Prophet, who stood gazing on with feelings of mingled awe, amazement and envy. "I don't know much law," said GEORGE, *sotto-voce*, "but I certainly am h— on politics!"

"Whom do you represent?" whispered the Prophet, in a voice trembling with eagerness and apprehension.

"THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, the Democratic Machine, and the State of Maryland," retorted HARTMAN, with a broad grin, and saddened the Prophet turned away.

The Capitol faded, and with it the capitalists. Out of the mists of the future rose the great gray walls, gaunt with gangrene, of the State Penitentiary. Breaking stones with FRANCE's Corporation Law was the spirit-like form of a weazened man, wearing stripes, a Hebrew nose, and a pair of glasses. "Who are you?" whispered the Prophet, "bird or devil? Speak, I prithee!"

And as the gaunt and aged man lifted his countenance from his sorry job the Prophet saw at a glance that it was ABE HUMMEL's successor, whose face wore an antiquated grin that drew the skin back from his magnificent pearl-like teeth in a manner to make the most jealous envious. "Eli, Son of Moses, of the House of Abraham, surnamed KATTEN, speak thou, and let my strained feelings rest."

"Well," said the sad-faced son of Joshua, "I followed Jo FRANCE's advice, and repealed the 23rd Article of the Code and"—

"Well?"

"They sent me up for breaking the law, and said that they thought smashing stones was far better—they wanted to find out which was the toughest—FRANCE's logic, or cobblestones, and so I'm here to determine this question of *ultra vires*."

And the Prophet turned away, saddened, wondering who was more to be pitied—HARTMAN or KATTEN.

With palsied step, the Prophet continued on his way towards the land of cold and snow. Whither he knew not, but the panorama drew him on. As he passed in between the Golden Gates, he noted that St. Peter had shaved his beard, and had his pair parted in the middle.

"Who's coming?" he asked the Saint.

"A representative from the Devil's Print Shop, with a petition that we send GRANT down there to make Hell roar!"

"Why," said the Prophet, "I didn't know the GENERAL had ever gotten out of the Intermediate Class, much less into Heaven."

"Yep," said Peter, laconically, "he was boosted out of Purgatory; the Devil wouldn't stand his grin, and so we had to take him in."

At that moment the confab was interrupted by the appearance of JO GAFFIN, BEN CATOR, and BEN FREENY, ex-judges of the Cussed Court of Cross-Roads County.

"This is the delegation from the Eternal Regions," said Peter, with a laugh, "and GRANT's going to get a warm reception. Heaven GRANT that the Devil caters to FREENY's wants. Where's your petition?" he demanded.

"Our Official Printer has vamoosed," said FREENY, bowing low; "he's been elected to Congress, and is thereby a privileged character."

"But's that's hearsay," broke in CATOR, who thought he knew something of evidence.

"But it's an admission against his interest?" retorted FREENY—and—

"To H— with the Bunch, and take GRANT along!" shouted Peter, in semi-anger. "And say," he added, "burn his grin off before you send him back."

EXEUNT OMNES.

The panorama changed; "For Auld Lang Syne" was written in words of fire across the sky, and after chasing the rainbow to its terminus, the Prophet located the Official Printer of the Class, engaged in digging bones out of POE'S pleading with the aid of a mental pick and shovel. FRANK had long since ceased to bang the keyboard of a linotype machine and was engaged in practicing upon HAUGH for the purpose of qualifying as an expert witness. FRANK had been in the bughouse (University of Maryland) for two years as a physician and a patient, and was learning to tell whether a man is crazy because he flunks in Testametary, or whether it should be recorded as a mark of distinction.

Seated on a rock, the learned F. N. HOWE LANG was teaching his Class how to study law without opening a book. Arranged in a semi-circle about him were learned BREMER, the poet, who wrote "Will I Ever Graduate?" IKE WEINBERG, who sells one half-beer for five cents; "BILL" ROYCROFT, formerly an authority on how "Not to Kiss a School-Marm;" "SOLOMON GREENBERG" COULSON, who had been run out of Baltimore because of his too strong pull—on a bum cigar and a bent oar; "SHYSTER" WAXMAN, known to fame and the police as an ardent pleader that minors should be allowed to smoke cigarettes; and "STREW" BAILEY, possessor of a tin-can voice, an Apollo-like countenance, and a cleanly conscience, in re soap and towels. There were numerous others; but before the Prophet had time to notice them particularly the panorama had passed, and he found himself back on earth 'mid real estate and actions on the case.



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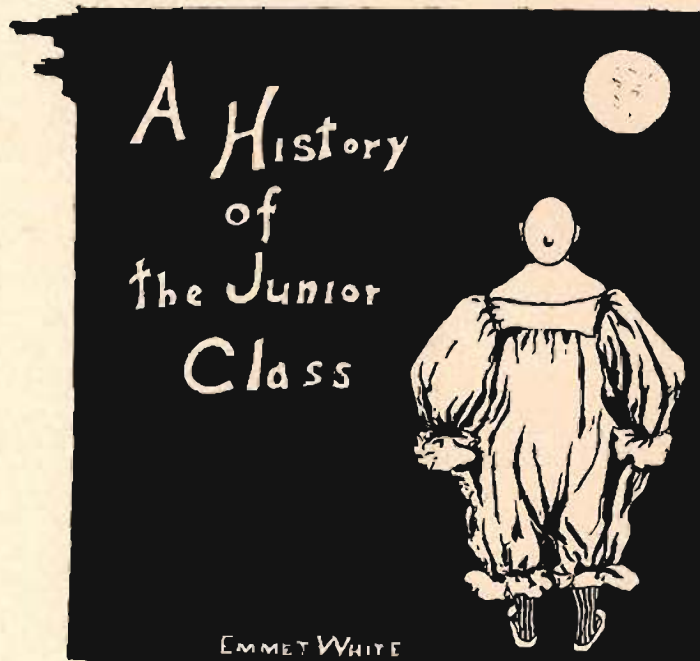
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IN THE turmoil and strife which awaits every ambitious, energetic young lawyer, it is certain that many moments will come when his mind, thirsting for refreshment, will revert to the happy, careless days of his early struggles with the Law. If he has been faithful, his profession will have brought him abundant success, and he may well call to mind the memories of that high-roofed, dingy lecture room, the rafters and joists of which have long since absorbed enough tobacco smoke and law to become humanly fanciful. Twice pleasant, indeed, is the slight task of recording a few incidents and chance remarks concerning those early impressions, both imaginative and true, that were not intended to be forgotten.

It might be both "logically relevant" and eminently "admissible" to introduce our testimony, crude and droll, early in these proceedings lest, through disinclination or inadvertence, the points of interest at issue be too long delayed to demand proper consideration.

The prospective law students of 1909, many in number, handsome in countenance, and exuberant in spirit, boldly crossed the threshold of their Jealous Mistress on the 24th of September, 1906. This day marks the starting point in many a career of greatness. The aforementioned lecture room, where tobacco smoke helps cure the freshness of idle youth and gives clearer insight to clouded brains, is the first stepping-stone to the temple where are fixed the "Seats of the Mighty." Doubtless the first impression conceived in the minds of most '09ers as they entered the *sanctum sanctorum*, and beheld the almost countless hosts

of law students preparing to worship at the shrine of Blackstone was one of doubt and misgiving, perhaps best expressed by the question:

*If all these lawyers practice with me,
Where in the thunder can I get my fee?*

When PROF. FRANCE began to hurl elementary chunks of learned legal lore our way we no longer had any time to fool along with *impressions*, as there seemed to be a cloudburst of *facts* coming upon us. Indeed, the genial Wiseacre of "Blackacre" only saved himself from a long mortality list by assuming a charitable attitude, and by ever wearing that comfortable air of assurance in our ability, that made us ashamed to flunk. It was a relief to listen to PROF. FRANCE'S lectures, as they seemed to spring from the well of his clear understanding, delightfully free of the savor of text-books.

Many calls having gone forth, the candidates for President of this Class finally managed to stir up enough enthusiasm to hold the election of officers. It soon developed that harmony's sweet bells were destined to "jangle out of tune," and that a state of chaos prevailed, from which not even the hysterical, voluminous, and volcanic eloquence of a CHARLIE CLAGGETT could bring peace, order, and organization. CHARLIE little realized that the day of crooked political bossism had passed, and that his ticket, conceived in iniquitous secrecy, could not live in the light of his classmates' intelligence, when borne into their presence stuffed with lemons branded B. C. C. As a result, the Usurping Ring fell like TROWBRIDGE'S goat, beneath the shocking blow of their own boomerang, and later arose a "sadder but wiser" institution.

No difficulty was experienced in getting a large gathering of loyal classmates to a Class Smoker (it should be called Class Booze, the term "Smoker" having almost lost its sense). All the wrangling of the cohorts of the two factions was forgotten in the wonders of Bacchus' cheering glass, and here the arms of war were laid aside, and the lion lay down beside the lamb in goodly fellowship. All that was needed to complete the love-feast was another eloquent eruption of Mt. CLAGGETT. Work again resumed, the Class began to hear warning voices, as of the night, whispering "O, ye of little faith, shrink not from *Crime* as of old, for do ye not hear on all sides that *once* to understand *Crime* as CHESNUT understands it brings joy to the Junior Camp forever; and rewards the labors of a few with the passing mark—seldom more?"

PROF. HARLAN broke his record in 1907 by relating a funny story at 6.15 P. M. on January 16. This unusual departure gave genuine pleasure, and the Historian was particularly charged to incorporate this historical fact in this record. Don't forget the date—it might happen again.

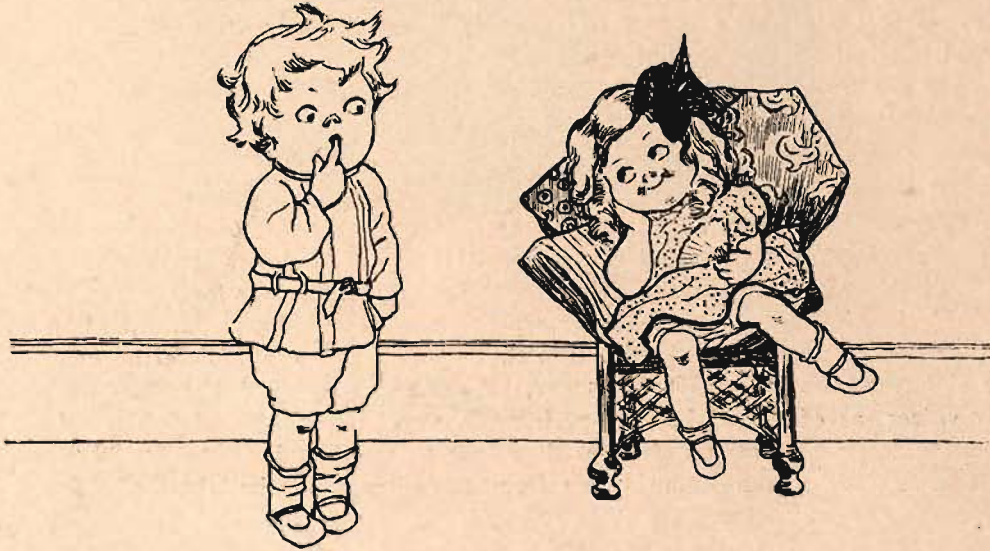
PROF. BRANTLY is supposed to have a new cigar this year; however there are old students who hold that it is the same old stogy. 1909 was very proud to have PROF. BRANTLY'S photograph taken with them, and hopes he can withstand the consequences.

As the sea-shell reflects the pearly rays of brilliant beauty to delighted eyes, so the University Law School reflects the peculiar beauty of its Faculty's influence in the success of its sons. Such men as BRANTLY, POE, STOCKBRIDGE, GORTER and the others lend a

charm to these hallowed walls, and fortunate, indeed, are the young men of their day who come into the uplifting sphere of their powerful minds. The prospect is most pleasing, and every man awaits with emotion the days when each Professor shall lecture directly to him.

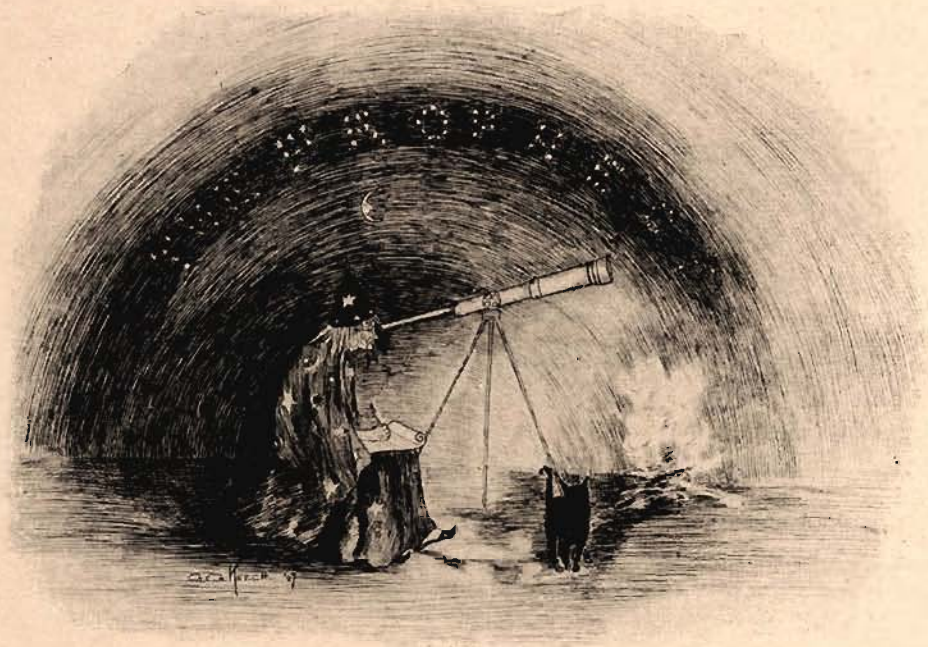
The days are gliding swiftly, and our first winter of law is past and with it the "winter of our discontent." The lovely spring approaches, bringing new ideas and brighter hopes. The dark days have given place to days of sunshine, gladness and flowers. Behold it is spring, and

"In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove,
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."



Rosie

"HIS FIRST CASE."



JUNIOR CLASS PROPHECY.



HAVING had the good fortune (?) to be elected Class Prophet for the Junior Class, I immediately looked up the articles which had been written by my predecessors. Some of these had extracted their knowledge of the future while in a comatose state (perhaps after a banquet), others had consulted Mind Readers, and a few had private methods not disclosed. I tried all of these sources and found them wanting, so I had to wait until some time after I graduated to write this unvarnished tale of the various walks of life in which I met some old classmates.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we may."

N. B.—I wish no one to be offended by any remarks in the following, as I want it to be understood that I do not stand sponsor for the vagaries of that fickle maid, Dame Fortune.

After having been a tenant by sufferance for six months, my landlord politely, but firmly, requested me to move. Thus I sold off the few books I had gotten together and said good-bye to Law. This was in the year 1915. I feel that this state of affairs was due to the fact that CURRAN, with his customary executive ability, had together with FISHER, INNERARITY, PALMISANO, WENCHEL and BURKE, perfected an organization, representative of all the

leading races, thus garnering all of the practice lying around loose. It will serve to show their power to mention that they had such men as LLOYD, WARNER, GLASS, HUTCHINS, KAUFMAN, and other such prodigies of learning, associated with them on a "contingent fee" basis.

I left for Philadelphia, where my employers were located, a few days after closing my office. The first thing after reaching there, I stopped in a tonsorial parlor, near the station. After settling back comfortably in the chair, the "first face" of all the Class confronted me. It was sweet ZECK, and he still had that unutterably wise look (which, however, was not a true index of his capabilities). His white suit looked very nice, and I could easily see that he was king among the manicurists about the shop. He had forgotten me and I thought, though sadly, that it was better so.

After locating my employers, I spent a few days in preparation and then started on a trip. The first place I struck was Jonesville, Pa. This was the typical country town, with the usual general store, one hotel with bar attached, church, etc. After registering, I found to my surprise my old friend JONES behind the bar. He called one of his boys to take charge, and we had a heart-to-heart talk on old times. He said he owned the hotel, the general store, was justice of the peace, sheriff, constable, and he was thinking of taking up the study of medicine, as he explained that it would come in handy in conjunction with his undertaking establishment. I forgot to say he was deacon and pillar of the church.

I stopped at Pittsburg for a week, reaching there late one afternoon, and not having much to do I strolled around downtown, as usual. I saw old WANT in a beer store. He was employed as Bouncer, and he said he handled "just the worst men who ever walked," in a sort of whiskey-tenor voice; so I left. Taking a car at the corner, I bought a paper and settled back to read. I saw in big black headlines, "Is District Attorney ROSE a Grafter?" and became very much interested in this article; so much so that the conductor finally said "fare, please," for the third time before I realized that he was addressing me. Upon looking up I saw the good-natured face of HOEN. We clinched, and after we broke away, he pointed out HARTMAN on the front of the car, gently turing the brake. HOEN explained that on account of their delicate constitutions both of them had been forced to take outdoor positions. He said ROSE was the same fellow who was in the Junior Class with all of us.

At Uniontown, Pa., I met GRANT, who had just recovered from an accident.

Walking down the street looking "onward and upward," as was his wont, he had completely *over*-looked an open grating, thus falling and sustaining some minor injuries. He told me that GRAHAM wanted to take his case against the owner of the premises, but it seems that GRANT was dubious as to his (GRAHAM's) ability. GRAHAM argued that he had graduated from U. of Md., and GRANT said that granting that was true, he himself had done the same thing, so that this fact was not conclusive evidence as to his ability.

I met BROWN in Connellsville the very next evening, and found that he was a successful farmer. He confided to me that it was wonderful, in his opinion, that more of our former classmates had not studied agricultural pursuits, for which they were probably better fitted, and stated that he had been compelled to refuse work to BRISCOE & WHITE that morning, on account of their lack of knowledge of even the simplest part of farming.

In Hagerstown I saw HINN in the station; he announced the departures and arrivals of the different trains, and also sold the Hagerstown Almanac. He seemed to be standing the severe mental strain incident to this position very well. I walked out as usual that night, and in front of a one-night-stand circus, who should I see but RUTH, who was roaring through a megaphone in a voice of thunder (I remember he always had a "base" voice). At intervals he would take the chance to talk with me, and told me that FORMAN was making good on the stage in melodrama, acting with success, such parts as Big-Hearted Jim, Chinatown Charlie, Jesse James, etc. I walked inside the tent, at RUTH's invitation, and was treated to an exhibition of weight-lifting, the equal of which I never again expect to see. A bar of iron weighing 300 lbs. was tossed around by some young Hercules as though it were but a straw. I asked RUTH who this young Sampson was, and, as he merely laughed, I again looked and recognized my old classmate, REQUARDT, who was taller, if possible, than before.

I arrived in Cumberland a day or so later, and being sadly in need of furnishings, went into a large department store. I must say that I was more than surprised to see BARTON; he certainly made a fine-looking floorwalker. I never saw a better one, especially in a small city. He greeted me cordially, and we had quite a conversation. He informed me that GARONZIK had returned to the land of sunshine and fruit—and garlic, where the Roman law holds sway. BARTON also said that LEWIS was suffering from an exaggerated ego. He did not think there was anything alarming in his condition, which had been superinduced by his election to the Cumberland City Council. I thought I had detected latent symptoms of this while he was in the Junior Class with me. That night I went to the theatre. The play was fairly good, but I was yawning, when suddenly ROSENSTEIN stood before my astonished eyes. He was billed as the "Original Hot-Air Artist." I watched him closely and he seemed nervous, but bravely began a tale which roasted the country rubes. A dead silence settled over the house. There was something ominous in this deathly quiet, and I vaguely felt the impending calamity. A murmuring now permeated the theatre, and as ROSENSTEIN reached the part in his story in which he began "The sod-busters and root-pullers," etc., a hoarse roar of rage burst from the gallery, and eggs, vegetables, and all sorts of movable articles beat a sickening tattoo on poor ROSENSTEIN's face and head. Gentle reader, let us take this as an example.

I then returned to Baltimore for a short time and found that BECK had gone into the furniture instalment business. He said that it ran in the family. He also said the two GOLDSTONE boys were in the clothing business, advertising as the "Goldstone Twins." I saw CLAGGETT while in Claiborne, and he was the typical county politician, and still referred to "What Papa Says"—we had better hopes of CLAGGETT than this.

Poor old GRESSETT was in trouble. It seems that he was fond of a certain young lady, knowing that there were some things which when discovered after a binding promise of marriage is given, are no defense, so in order to make certain he had nearly scalped the girl, in testing her hair, and she was blind in one eye as the result of his efforts to discover whether or not that member was the real goods. I felt very sorry for him.

I saw CHAMBERS while in a boiler factory on business. He was drawing up a contract

with the owner, and I asked him as best I could above the din how he could concentrate his thoughts. He said he was noise-proof, having been through the Junior year.

I went to Annapolis one day and by good luck met old WRIGHT, the same old serious, kindly chap. He informed me he was general counsel for a large corporation and that was what had brought him to Annapolis at this time of the year (it was while Legislature was in session). He told me that GRIFFIN was the Dean of the Honesdale School of Law for Women, and that MENGEL was conducting the course of Domestic Relations.

At the theatre the other evening I saw some University men who were clever clog dancers, and I wondered if they had learned to shuffle their feet in the Junior Class.

Other men I saw whose names I did not know. Some were high in the walks of business, some were professional men, and some were running elevators, but it is remarkable how few of them became good lawyers.

"Many are called, but few are chosen."



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R.C. Rose A

"THE STUDENT'S TOAST."

The Student's Toast.



HATH EVER LOVE ESCAPED NUMBERS!

Here's to Thee, Sweet:

I look upon the wine when it is red,
And in a moment I will toss it down
In honor of the only reigning Queen
Who never wore a crown.
For well, indeed, I know
A Queen thou art—
Thou reignest undisturbed
O'er my poor heart.

Here's to Thee, Dear:

The second glass of rosy-golden joy
Has gone as went the ruby wine above;
And like unto its fiery message is
The fire of my love:
For it is strong and true,
And thine alone—
Queen of my heart and soul,
My own, my own.

Here's to My Life:

Each precious drop bears witness to my love,
And thrills my heart, and brings before
mine eyes
The matchless One who makes my desert life
A Paradise—
I hold thee in mine arms,
With perfect bliss—
Canst feel upon thy lips
My lingering kiss?

Here's to Thee, Love:

The third glass drips a drop of scarlet blood,
Like to the blood that courses through each
vein;
It typifies the passion in my soul,
Aglow with pride and pain—
Pride that I love thee so,
O Heart's Delight!
Pain, that I cannot be
With thee tonight.

Here's to Thee, Pet:

So quickly has old Fairy-winged Time
Resolved himself into the careless Past,
My glass is empty—but my heart still holds
Thine image fast.
Just one more toast, Sweetheart—
As thou art mine,
I'll drink my soul to thee
In crimson wine.

AUSTIN JENKINS LILLY,



In The Good Old Days.



*Behind the Dawn of Ages,
Ere Time had sought to bring
Honor to Lords and Sages,
Old Sabre-Tooth was King.*

Hurrah for the Sabre-Tooth Tiger
Who lived on the banks of the Nile,
Or roamed by the devious Niger,
Where the Lady rode forth with the Smile.

Hurrah for his Pal, the Cave Dweller,
Who dwelt in his pal-ace of stone—
A happy-go-lucky old feller
Who dressed in his virtue alone.

Hurrah for the times when they flourished
Those golden old days of the past,
When Success meant a body well nourished,
And there was neither Culture nor Caste.

Old Cave Dweller fought if he dared to,
Or basked in the glorious sun;
He did *everything* that he cared to,
But *nothing* that *had* to be done.

While Sabre Tooth followed *his* pleasure!
He killed where he spotted his prey,
And dined in the fullest full measure,
And slept off his battue all day.

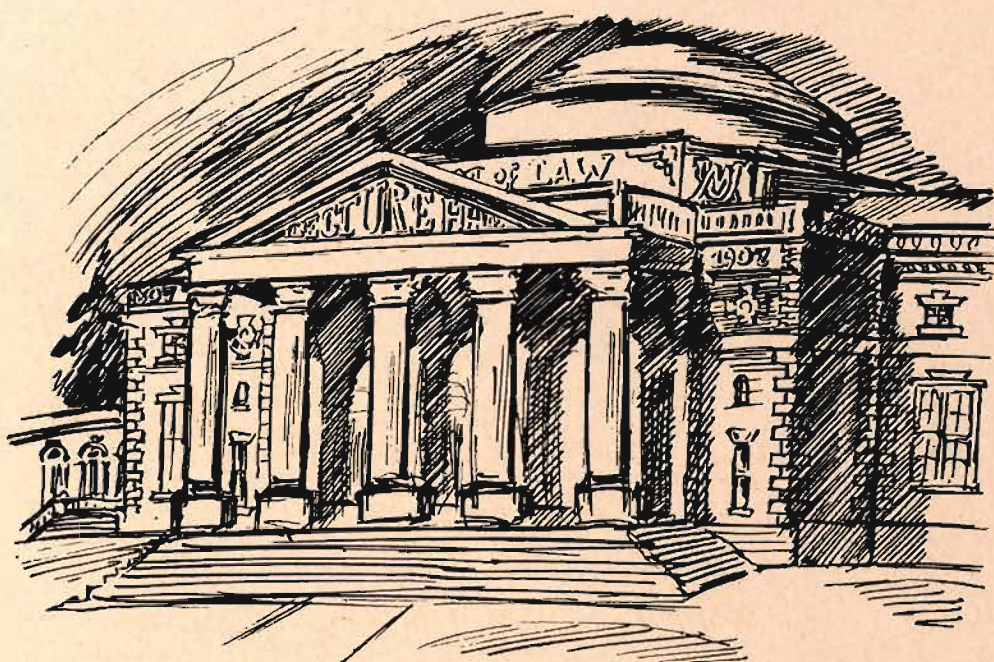
They never were forced to be Students,
(E'en though it were only in name);
And though they *began* Jurisprudence,
They did not *continue* the same.

They never read Pleading and Practice,
Or Equity, Title, and such;
Nor learned how to Argue—the fact is
They never learned anything much.

Ah! those were the happy conditions—
No Lawyer's career theirs to carve,
Nor Dentist's, nor Pharm's, nor Physician's,
To hang out their Shingles and starve.

So here's to the Sabre-Tooth Tiger,
And Primitive Man, in his prime,
Who lived by the tropical Niger
Before the Beginning of Time.

AUSTIN JENKINS LILLY,



GRATITUDE.

The Editor feels that he would, indeed, be a base ingrate if he were to allow this book to go to press without any appreciative comment upon the vast improvements which have been made in our palatial Lecture Hall since the last issue of *TERRA MARLE*. In voicing his appreciation of the generous achievements of a liberal Faculty, he feels that he utters the sentiments of the entire student body.

When, at the beginning of the school year which is just drawing to a close, we entered that hall of splendor and magnificence to resume our work, imagine our surprise open discovering that the grandeur of the surroundings had been increased by the lavish application of a fresh coat of whitewash!!

Sundry marks and scars upon the old walls had been thus obliterated, and we noticed their absence with sharp pangs of regret, because they were scars inflicted by many a flying missile in honorable warfare. They told many a story of heroic fight, of glorious victory and of ignominious defeat. We were, therefore, loath to part with them; but realizing that the sentimentalism of traditionary legends must fall before the all-powerful hand of progress, we girded up our loins and sustained our loss like men.

Now, however, when our loss has been forgotten and the flush of anger has passed from our cheeks, being able to think rationally upon the subject, we realize that our Faculty is straining every nerve to make us comfortable, and so enchantingly attractive have they made our surroundings that it is only with the greatest difficulty that the students can be persuaded to go home when the lectures are over.

We're From Hopkins.

∞



*We're from Hopkins, you know,
We're from Hopkins, you know,
And so, you understand, we find Old Mary-
land*

*A trifle, just a trifle, Slow.
Now don't get the impression that the whole
affair's a muss,
By our own avowed confession we mean no-
body but "Us."*

We're from old Hopkins College—
That's the reason why we show
Such a pleasant lack of knowledge
As to things that Students know.
What's the use of moss-grown learning
Hidden in the sheepskin books—
All the world today is turning
To the Intellect of Looks.

We can't help being wiser
Than the Men of Maryland;
For the Goldmine of the Miser
Has not done the work he planned.
What if it *was* his intention
That his gold should fashion Men;
It has met with contravention—
Will be contravened again.

We can't help being better
Than the men whom unkind Fate
Has bound with chain and fetter
To an A.-B.-less Estate.
Though we may feel sorry for them,
(Much the same we feel to you)
It's our Duty to ignore them,
It's our Duty, and we do.

Old Hopkins' mark's upon us,
Stamping us as Earthy-Earth,
And the Cant of Caste has won us
From our one-time manly worth.
What we don't know—we won't miss it!
Calm conceit has dimmed our eyes;
And—where Ignorance is Bliss, it
Is rank folly to be Wise.

AUSTIN JENKINS LILLY,

THE RETROGRESSIONAL.

God of the Questions asked of old,
Lord of Examination Time,
Beneath whose awe-ful hand we hold
Dominion over Truth sublime—
Lord God of Law, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

The Crammers and the Cramming cease,
Self-confidence and hope depart;
An awful fear hath murdered peace
And sent a chill to every heart—
Lord God of Law be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Far-called, our Learning melts away,
The flowers of thought within us fade;
Lo! all our Lore of yesterday,
Hath vanished, and we stand afraid—
Lord God of Law, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

If, drunk with thought of Luck, we claimed
Vast Knowledge (which we could not trust),
Such boastings as have often shamed
The lesser ones who bit the dust—
Judge of the Questions, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

For Sluggards who disdain Thy call;
For Pleasure's pomp and circumstance;
For shiftless Mind that pins its all
Upon the blind decree of Chance—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy Students, Lord!

AUSTIN JENKINS LILLY,

THE CASEWORM AND THE "SNAKE."

He came from the city college,
His brain brimful of knowledge;
But, by crowding, he made room for legal
lore.

The first of his new paces
Was to read up all the "cases"
That were always handed out to him galore.

From John P. Poe on Pleading
To something dense, misleading,
Like the Raven, he quoth "Forevermore."

He boned up on insurance
To the limit of endurance,
And reckoned perfect safety on that score.

But only one brief question
Contained a slight suggestion
Of the "cases" that instructors so adore.

Then came up Frank on Title
(Some call it "punk recital")
But not a case he'd ever seen before,

He mixed his Testamentary
With themes more elementary,
Till he craved his dear professor's ruby
gore.

So as his own solution
He made a resolution
As his worry-whitened, curly locks he tore.

To cease his mad grimaces,
Caused by reading dried-up "cases,"
And touch the musty volumes nevermore.

H. F. B.

A LEGAL LARCENY.

Behold it came to pass, that upon the twenty-seventh day of February, in the fading light of afternoon, seven dignified and sedate Seniors were seen walking up Greene street, carrying, with much effort and physical exertion, a mysterious article, the exact nature of which was unknown to all except these seven Seniors. There was much levity among them, as though something unusual were taking place. Those who beheld them on their dreary march, affrighted with their heavy burden, looked on with glances of suspicion, and yet did not dare to challenge them, or ask the questions which suggested themselves.

On went the sly, sagacious seven until at last they reached a house where they seemed to have a welcome. At any rate, they entered this house, and there deposited their questionable burden, with many a long-drawn sigh of relief.

Immediately upon their arrival at this friendly place of seclusion, the large, bulky object was unwrapped and lo and behold, a keg of liquid refreshments of a most delectably tempting nature was exposed to view. No time was lost in relieving the keg of its precious burden, and within an hour the condition of the aforesaid seven was such as I shall not attempt to describe, out of respect for the feelings of my readers.

After another hour had passed five of them had passed from the stage of excessive hilarity into one of somnolescent stupor. At this stage of the joyful proceedings there was a loud, insistent ring of the doorbell and in walked about fifty enraged Freshmen (also called, by the peculiar vernacular of the Law Department, Juniors). The furious Under Classmen demanded vociferously the return of their beverage, and all at once the Seniors realized what a horrible mistake (?) they had made.

It seems that these same Juniors had, with elaborate preparation, planned a banquet, and that the Seniors had, through mistake, walked off with the main feature of the banquet. Of course, there were many abject apologies and explanations, but as it was a physical impossibility to return the purloined stuff, the Juniors dejectedly took their leave, fifty sadder, but wiser men.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Some idea of the tautology of the legal formulæ may be gathered from the following specimen, wherein if a man wishes to give another an orange, instead of saying "I give you that orange," he must set forth his act and deed thus: "I give you, all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all right and advantages therein, with full power to bite, suck, cut or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instruments of what kind or nature soever, to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.

It hath reached the editorial ear that while Anthony was arguing his moot court case he was struck full in the face by a rotten egg. Pausing to wipe away the contents of the missile, he said calmly: "I have always contended that my opponent's arguments were very unsound."

The Editor, returning home one morning about eight o'clock, was met in the hall by his father. "Alas, my son," he said, "that you have been detained by another breakage of the press!" "Nay, not so," he replied, "neither has the press broken down nor have I been detained by getting out the Annual, but it was a small game of ten-cent ante which hindered me." Hearing which, the soul of George Washington turned over in its grave and muttered a silent benediction.

Extract from a letter received by the Editor last summer:

"The fish have quieted down a little in the river, and no longer crowd one another out on the banks and frighten the children. Still good fishing, however; so come and visit me.

"C. M. LEITH, *Vienna, Va.*"

A DEPARTURE IN THE PLEADINGS.

Circuit Court for Baltimore County, ss.:

And now comes Daniel Defendant, by Learned Lawyer, his attorney, and for plea says:

First, that his dog did not bite Peter Plaintiff, because it is a very good, tame dog, and never was known to bite.

In the second place, his dog did not bite Peter Plaintiff, because said dog was chained in the cellar at the time said Peter Plaintiff was bitten.

And in the third place, his dog did not bite Peter Plaintiff, because he never had a dog in the first place.

Fee-simple and a simple fee
And all the fees in tail
Are nothing when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—fe-male.

Never talk reason after Tea—it will then be Treason.

THE LAW.

A Maze of Mangled Mystery!
Beginning?—No, nor end.
A Tale of Tangled Twistery
No man may comprehend.

STILL, SCRATCHING.

There was a man in our town,
Who was so very wise
He jumped into a wedding ring
(*Married a Widow, by the way*)
And scratched out both his eyes.

And when he saw what he had done,
With all his might and main,
He hired Learned Lawyer,
(*The humble Author hereof*)
And scratched them in again.