"Use every man after his desert,
And who shall 'scape a grinding?"

[Shakespeare.

Current Literature.

We desire to acknowledge the receipt of the following books, and to thank the publishers, authors, or whomsoever it may be that have kindly sent them to our reviewing table. We would take pleasure in recommending them, but we believe the authors' names will be sufficient guarantee of the excellence of their work.

"How Not to Edit an Annual." By James E. Gillis. A concise and spirited article on the possibilities of circulating reasonable questions in the Post and having them answered promptly. Of inestimable value to any desirous of publishing an annual next year. Already in the third edition.

A series of Lectures on "Woman Suffrage." By Miss Mary E. Miller; put in book form. A limited number only. Cannot be procured at news-stands; $1.87.

202

"The Man She Cared For." A novel full of thrilling experiences and intense situations. By Miss Isabelle Helmich.

"Wires and Ruby Tape; or, The Attainment of Office." A full exposition of the plans and methods, etc., by Chas. W. Lucas.


"Questions and Answers." By Chas. Pickler. A well selected list to put to Judge Moran during recitation. We know from observation the ability of the writer in this direction.

"Good Manners." The latest and best ideas on etiquette fully explained. Replete with valuable hints and suggestions culled from long experience in the usages of the best society. As a book of reference concerning the nicer and more rare points it is invaluable. By Miss Mildred E. Tremaine.

"Wilke's Rules of Order." Published by '97 & Co.

"Knowledge vs. Self-Esteem." A little literary gem, with portrait of author. By Edward L. Mann.

"The Only Complete and Reliable Guide to the Use of Slang." By Miss Nellie Carlin.


Note.—"The author speaks from extended experience, and we have no hesitation in endorsing every word."

203
Sketches of some Prominent Seniors.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Swears</th>
<th>Drinks</th>
<th>Smokes</th>
<th>Wants</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Michaud</td>
<td>Never</td>
<td>Never</td>
<td>Clay Pipe.</td>
<td>Fame.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sturgeon</td>
<td>When He Flunks.</td>
<td>Old Rye, Milk.</td>
<td>When Treated.</td>
<td>To Flunk, nix</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Hospital Department—Chicago College of Law.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Case</th>
<th>Patients</th>
<th>Disease</th>
<th>Treatment</th>
<th>Remarks</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>H. D. Meads.</td>
<td>Heart Trouble</td>
<td>Essence of Violets.</td>
<td>Incurable; will be sent elsewhere.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>Wm. Preston.</td>
<td>Swooning.</td>
<td>Mustard Plaster on the Heart.</td>
<td>Cure must be taken slowly.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"CHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT"
Can You Pick Them Out?

JUDGE—"Mr. Pl—ke, what kind of a plea would you make in an action against you for slander?"

Mr. Pl—ke—"A plea of self-defence."

JOHN M—D—"Well, your Honor, on that point I was reading an old English case which says that—"

MISS MUL—N—"They just act like a lot of kids."

FRANK ST—D—"Zwei beer, please."

WILLIAM MAS—N—"Your Honor, I h’aint no reader aloud."

ALB—T MOR—S—"I feel quite certain that I cannot give the exact words of the author."

MR. PR—LE—"That decision is against the fundamental principles of political economy."

MISS CAR—N—"I am surprised to hear a full grown man bring up that moss-grown story of Adam and Eve."

MR. RO—N—Y—"Will your Honor put the question in another form?"

MISS TR—M—NE—"No gentleman will smoke."
L. T. O'B—N—"What strange freak of nature do we see! The hair grows thick on his face instead of on the top of his head."

Ed. McC—nah—N—"Give him credit; he is a self-made man, and he adores his maker."

M—ran—"Of all my father's family I love myself the best."

Staff—d—"The girls all say I'm a rare jewel."

Edward M—shall—"Most of the eminent men in history have been of small stature."

Miss M—ll—n—"Beautiful, as sweet and young as beautiful."

Seniors—"They're with us not for long, except a paltry few."

----

Wanted.

A bodyguard and knives.

—The Precedent Board.

To see that joke about me.

—Bruce Powell.

To find a Debating Society man who hasn't a story to tell.

—Junior Class Committee.

Any Seniors wishing to have their brains photographed by the Roentgen process before examination, please apply to Secretary Barrett.

(Montgomery comes in to lecture fifteen minutes late. Great stamping of feet.) Professor—"Gentlemen, this seems to me like a great ado about nothing."
Mason—"Your Honor, can a void contract ever have any existence?"

A member of the junior class avers that while he was perfectly sober, he has seen Mr. Pratt in two widely separated places at the same time.

(McClanahan and Parker, debating.) McClanahan: "O, I wouldn't allow a mere flea to bother me."

——- "And I wouldn't be bothered by a man whose sole was small enough to dance a jig in the gizzard of a flea."
In Memoriam.

The night is not a cool September one, but as hot as ever tormented restless souls. In the saddle there, on his Victor, Palmer-tired wheel, is the Dying Junior, a Young Man, whose toil over the Hills and Mountains of learning, whose many miles of wheeling over the thorny and obscure paths of legal lore, have lost him the easy Grace of his boyhood days—have crooked his Nies and tired his limbs, and left the marks of care upon his face, which, once so gentle and rosy, is now Stern and White. His eyelids droop sleepily; that once Proud foot drops from the pedal, and—ah, the weirdness of Fate!—he is dreaming—dreaming. His fancy carries him back to the days of his youth, and he sees himself again in the old home where all was at his command—where no thoughts of uses and trusts, remainders and reversions ever tormented his self-conscious soul. His Head Burns with the fire of delirium, and in his delusion he touches the Bell on the handle-bar. Ah, it rings! "'Tis no Fake," he mutters. "I am at home and away from them—away from those demons that have hounded me these many months, whose mystic terms and inscrutable theories have tortured me by day and haunted me by night. 'Tis well." And he rings again, but there is no response. "Where are those lazy villains?" he groans. "Because I have but returned for my summer vacation, are they to treat me thus—neglect, abandon me? By St. George, no!" And he calls aloud, "Porter, Butler, Clarence, John." Not even the echo responds. "Ha! fine Stewards these; but I'm not so Green as before. I'll fire them everyone, drown them in the water Tank, so help me Coke. And 'tis but Wright. There are other persons ready to succeed them—the Carpenter and the Smith, or perchance the
sturdy Miller and the Fisher-boy will have their jobs. Yes, yes, there are others, and 'twas not always thus."

Utterly exhausted, he dismounts and lies him down to rest, to breathe his last Junior breath, and is gone. Yet his journey is only begun. He will rise again, and another year of harder pedaling will follow close in the wake of the one already gone, and still another must come before that coveted bauble, a degree, lies within his anxious grasp. But it is the verdict of Immutable Justice, the judgment of the human powers. "So mote it be." Peace to his ashes. Reincarnation comes, and Seniors and Posts are but other and necessary stages of the transition from Layman to Lawyer.

Bare your head in token of respect to this young man, as he comes forth next September, clad in Senior garb. And may his be the triumph, as he tears away the "Requiescat in Pace" from the formidable doors of the Junior tomb, and begins nine months more of incessant toil and study, at the last to consecrate his life to Law and Justice.

V. D. W.