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The Chicago-Kent Bulletin

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF THE STUDENTS AND ALUMNI OF
CHICAGO-KENT COLLEGE OF LAW, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

VOL. 1., No. 3

CHICAGO, AUGUST 1, 1916.

PRICE FIVE CENTS



The Bulletin is slowly but surely getting on its feet. Daily we are in receipt of letters from far and near telling how gratefully the paper has been received and a majority of them enclosing checks for a year's subscription. If you have any suggestions the Editor would be only too glad to receive them. With the September issue we will enlarge the edition and each class and section will receive proper attention. The Alumni will also be taken care of, arrangements having been made to give all the space necessary to furnishing information as to the doings of former students.

We are always glad to receive news of interest concerning Kent men. Send in your items, not later than the 20th of the month.

NEEDED ALTERING.

"Do you believe circumstances alter cases?"

"I certainly do," said the lawyer.

"Then you've got to dig up a few circumstances that I can use or my case is lost."—Detroit Free Press.

NOTES.

Sessions start Sept. 11th. Make up your mind that this is going to be a year of earnest endeavor. Hard work now will make the Bar Exams. come easy.

Lowell Jackson Thomas, former instructor in Public Speaking at Kent, is spending the summer in Alaska getting material for his travelogues.

The Editor contemplates going back home to Ohio for a few weeks this month to rest up and get in good trim for the coming year.

Peregrine, writing from Texas, says, "the fight is on, but it is mostly against tarantulas, cockroaches and bedbugs."

Jack Leeming and Herb Hedman, former Kent men, joined the ranks of the benedicts lately. Hedman is secretary of The Hedman Bank Protector Company and Jack is practicing law in Denver.

Ambrose Benkhert can now hand out a little legal advice while selling bonds. He is now a duly licensed practitioner.

Over one-fourth of the successful applicants in the recent Bar Exams. were Kent men. Kent, as usual, kept up its record in getting her men over.

You public speakers should brush up and be ready for the fray. There will be some fireworks this year.

The Phi Delta Phis have had a group picture taken. Sykes is doing the work.

Frank Murnighan is going down to bathe in the placid waters of Lake Erie during August. We hear something about him leading a very popular north side young lady to the altar in the near future.

At any of the beaches you can find a host of Kent men, who for the present have forsaken the law to study other "lines."

Gus Kelly and Waddell Roy, the Gentlemen from Mississippi, are among the life savers at Chicago Beach.

It looks like a big year for Kent with the inquiries that are coming in. Chicago Kent's graduates are the best advertisement the school could have.

Chicago-Kent Bulletin

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AUGUST, 1916

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

Herewith we print a speech delivered by Harry Tiffany, the popular cashier of the Stock Yards Bank and a graduate of the class of '16, which he delivered at one of the dinners of the Public Speaking Class. There is a great deal of food for thought in it.

"My text tonight is taken from the book of ages and from the chapter of human experiences; a theme that had its inception with the advent of man and is as practical in our time as three meals a day; "honesty is the best policy."

You and I are on the threshold of our career. A few short months and we will have put behind us the pleasant associations of these years of study and youthful enthusiasm. Nine hundred more students will fill these halls and our places and crowd us on into the world of practicability. Thousands more will follow to contest on that field of modern activity.

Let us therefore for a moment seriously take stock of ourselves and lay down those principles upon which we will base our hope of success.

Is there a man in this shcool, who for three years has forgone the happier things of life to follow assiduously the dull grind and monotony of night after night of study, of relentless toil, and yet does not covet the laurels of success? I believe not. To realize our hopes and to insure those laurels could we adopt a better standard of thought and conduct than that maxim which is as old as the memory of man, "honesty is the best policy"? A hundred times a day it is put to the test and the result not only raises or lowers us in the eyes of our fellowmen, but governs the force of our own self respect. The pages of history are no oftener

adorned with the names of men and women of exceptional intellectual powers than they are with the names of those who were prompted by lofty motives and stood for high ideals.

Here in our own city today there are pitiable examples in the lives of men who in their earlier careers towered as leading minds in the profession which we have chosen. Men who in an hour of apparent expedience, chose temporary gain rather than permanent success, and now live in the sorrowful recollection of better days, and of times when they enjoyed the respect of their fellowmen.

One day in the early history of this commonwealth, a great concourse of people followed Stephen A. Douglass out to the fair grounds at Springfield, to listen to the leading orator of their state. Rounds of applause from a thousand throats evidenced their pride in the "Little Giant," as they loved to call him. One who stood with the crowd and heard him that day was a plain country lawyer who had served one term in Congress and won the nickname of "Honest Abe." And as he listened he pondered upon the great theme of his life, the ideal in government to which he was true; the inalienable rights of man. You all know the story of those debates that followed between that political demigod proclaiming the popular thoughts of his day, and that homely philosopher of the people, preaching a creed which they were ultimately to accept. He championed a cause he believed in when few would follow, but his simple justice and honesty of purpose made him indispensable at the helm of our government when the darkest hour of the Republic approached and it seemed that the structure which our forefathers had reared was to crumble to the earth.

Should we not therefore, fellow students, above all things else, carry with us in the practice of our profession, that fundamental principle of right and wrong, which enabled that pioneer lawyer of long ago to reap a reward of praise and honor, such as has come to few men since the dawn of time. "Honesty is the best policy."

REASONABLY SAFE.

In Memphis, a colored man was on trial for felony. The judge asked him if he desired the appointment of a lawyer to defend him.

"No, sah," said Sambo, "I'se gwine to throw myse'f on de ignorance ob de cou't."—Puck.

A FEW MORE SIDELIGHTS ON THE JUNIOR SMOKER.

Where, oh where! Where, ah, where, is that ringing, bass-toned chorus which was wont to reverberate through the resounding corridors of Kent—"WE WANT TEDDY"? Accept our sympathies, fellow mourners;—so did we.

Politics, we admit, are usually dry; but after the soaking they got here in Chicago, no one dares make such an accusation now. We have, therefore, without fear and without trembling, allowed the above observations to ooze from our saturated brain.

At a business meeting following aforesaid smoker a motion was made, seconded and duly carried, changing the spelling from "smoker" to "smackher." Details of the vote and reasons therefor may be secured from the Chairman of the delegation from the Class of '16 who graced the affair.

A close and attentive listener might have gathered that a social assembly of jovial comrades in convivial mood, by some phenomenal aura, creates an atmospheric condition conducive to elemental changes so infallible in its result that production of fair weather thereby is a practical certainty—

"— With a Stein-n-n on the
Ta-b-u-l,

And good che-e-e-r in the Heart."

In sympathetic agony, we burst the button-hole of our collar when the barber-shop tenor "took" the high "Che-e-e-r."

Another popular ballad, of touching pathos and inspiring sentiment: Hurrah! for PICKETT—He's a darn fine man!

(etc., ad infinitum)

"Racity."

I placed on the stand an old negro man to sustain the reputation of a young negro woman.

"Uncle Rube, do you know the reputation of Mariana for truth and veracity in the community in which she lives?"

"Yas, sir; her repitation for truth is good, but I can't say so much for her racity."

"What is her reputation for veracity?"

"I must tell de truth; that nigger's repitation for racity is bad."

"Do you know what veracity means?"

"Yas, sir; I think I does. By racity I means a woman that ain't go no stationary husband, but who runs around atter other men."

Jno. E. Mitchell.

HOPE FOR THE YOUNG LAWYER.

The authorities of Harvard College have been conducting a systematic investigation of the success attained by graduates in the various walks of life, and as a result report that ten years after graduation the average lawyer earns more than the doctor.

The Harvard graduates from those two departments were asked to give their earnings for five years from graduation and for ten years from graduation. The investigators reported, that at the end of the five-year period conditions were most discouraging for both the young doctor and the young lawyer, as the earnings of each were very small, but if they stuck to it for ten years, the doctor, at the end of that time, would be earning on an average, \$3,789 a year, and the lawyer \$5,325 a year.

These figures, which represent the most thorough investigation yet made of the subject, ought to cheer the briefless barrister through the period of depression. Lawyers, and educators in other parts of the country express the opinion that the figures given by the Harvard investigators hold good as to graduates of other institutions. But there will be a few lawyers whose sentiments will accord with those of the man who learned for the first time the per capita wealth of the United States.

To an old darky haled before him a southern judge put this question: "Why did you burn your house down just after getting it insured?"

Whereupon the darky replied:

"Yo' honah, a pore man like me can't afford to have a house and insurance at the same time."

MERELY SEEMS LONGER.

"Observation and experience do not show that, other things being equal, a married man lives longer than a single man."—Per Weaver, C. J., in *Nicoll v. Sweet*, 163 Iowa 694.

A SMALL POINT.

Barrister's Wife—"So your client was acquitted of murder. On what grounds?"

Barrister—"Insanity. We proved that his father once spent two years in an asylum."

Barrister's Wife—"But he didn't, did he?"

Barrister—"Yes. He was doctor there, but we had not time to bring that fact out."—Tit-Bits.

STARTING PRACTICE.

"Where you feel your honor grip, let that aye be your border."

Don't cultivate a chronic sense of humor, or tell funny stories before dinner. Many a man has laughed a practice away.

Instead of letting your man plead guilty, remember that nowadays a parole or commutation will answer the purpose. Fight it out.

Don't take a charity case, except to settle an estate for a poor widow. The writer having been engaged to incorporate a church, discovered that it had been incorporated twelve years before. How much good had that charity job done the lawyer whom they had forgotten? There is nothing in it.

Why wait to become familiar with the records until asked to investigate some matter in an afternoon? To learn **where** and **how**, trace out the subject of some newspaper story from one book to another, and from the papers filed to the minutes, etc. Half a dozen such searches will take you through all the offices and their documents, and prove entertaining.

Drinking is not as stylish as it used to be. Some clients are wary of a possibly garrulous tongue.

Accommodate the other lawyer; don't accommodate his client—nor talk to him.

If success would reward the labor, take the case. After you have lost some of your best cases, and won some of the worst, you will not refuse employment because victory seems improbable, if it be possible. It is a grim pleasure to go into court once in a while with nothing to lose and everything to gain, free to take chances throughout. When you ought to win, your client is timid and you become so. You can afford to do brilliant work in desperate cases; and to have taken long chances in time develops your confidence and your ingenuity.

Don't join clubs or lodges which you will seldom visit; your name on the roll will not help you. If you do join, get in and push.

Chaucer jokes about the lawyer "who seemed busier than he was." It is an old, old pretense which fools nobody. Your bank account and investments will be the best register of how busy you become; and more people will know the state of these than you dream of—for bankers are shrewish gossips in strictest confidence, you understand. Then to dress up an office like a horse and carriage in your early years may prove more suspicious than impressive. The most impressive circum-

stance will be your payment of all bills by return mail; short credit makes long friends. The moral of this entire paragraph is to be honest, thrifty and natural.

If you will practice law by ear, i. e., upon what other lawyers tell you, quit it before the cheapening habit becomes fixed. And never inquire until you can state all the facts tersely, have examined the statutes, and have tried to find a few decisions in point. For your attempt to interchange views will be less objectionable than mere sponging.

Don't pretend to political pull. If you enter politics, pretend the more to legal ability, that it may appear your success in politics came as a recognition of worth.

Never hesitate to inquire of court clerks about matters of office routine. The oldest practitioners do so, and why not, when each incumbent introduces improved (sic) methods.

It is often better to settle than to litigate too far. But learn not to talk compromise at the outset.

THE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

The ever delightful Mark Twain tells entertainingly of the adventures of a citizen penniless except for a million pound bank note. But it seems that a reasonable amount of adventure and some incidental profit may be had on a smaller capital. W. W. Jones tendered to the agent of the Louisville and Nashville R. Co. at Gulfport, Miss., a hundred dollar gold certificate and demanded a ticket to New Orleans. The agent was unable to make change, Jones boarded the train without a ticket, refused to pay the extra fare demanded because of that fact, and was ejected with ignominy and the aid of a negro porter. Reversing a judgment for the railroad company the Supreme Court of Mississippi said: "There is no question of the good faith of appellant, and surely we have fallen on uncertain times if a white gentleman with a pocket full of \$100 bills cannot buy first-class passage on a train operated by a common carrier doing both an interstate and intrastate business without paying a premium so to do, especially when he has transacted all business on hand and is destined for the attractive and cosmopolitan city of New Orleans. Such conduct on the part of the railway company comes near violating the constitutional guaranty accorded every citizen of the 'pursuit of happiness.'" While there have been several cases requiring a carrier to make change to a reasonable amount, apparently

no sum as large has heretofore been passed on. While the situation may appear somewhat academic to the average lawyer, it is not wholly devoid of possible interest.

NOTES

Francis O'Grady, former Kent man, is at present in New York City, being engaged as private secretary to one of the attaches of the Mexican Government.

Joseph Gabler, as soon as he found out he was successful in the Bar Ex., hiked from the luxurious surroundings of the Gladstone Hotel, where he lives, and beat it for the hills of North Dakota. Joe is fifteen miles from any postoffice and he does not intend to show up in Chicago until Fall.

We have had a letter from B. W. Tibbitt of the class of '97. He is at present located in Rama, Saskatchewan. He thinks the Bulletin the best ever.

G. E. Wire, '95, Librarian of Law Library of Worcester, Mass., drops us a line telling how much he enjoys the Bulletin. He asks to be remembered to his classmates.

They asked the question, "What is a base fee?" in a recent bar examination, and an exceptionally bright student wrote that "It is the lowest possible fee that a lawyer is allowed to charge."

Professor McClannahan's lectures on Bills and Notes and Suretyship sure did help a lot in the recent Bar Exam. Seventeen questions on these subjects were asked. Any one who misses McClannahan's lectures loses about the best there is in the third year work.

Owen Young has returned from a trip home to Winona, Ill.

The Catalogues for the year are out. Call or write the office.

The Daily News of July 17th has the following to say of Tom Cochrane, '15, who is with the Militia in Texas:

Col. Foreman has received instructions from Maj.-Gen. Funston that he can recruit his regiment up to 1,400 men under the new act and he hopes to do it. He also can appoint a new lieutenant for the machine gun troop. It is generally believed that Top Sergeant Thomas Cochrane, one of the most popular men in the outfit, also a splendid soldier, will

receive the commission. "Smiling Tommy," as he is generally called, went six years without missing a drill. He holds several military medals.

Phi Alpha Delts had a picnic recently at Great Lakes Naval Station. There was a big turnout and as usual it was real time.

Phi Delta Phis are holding weekly luncheons at the Breevort. Keeping up the good spirit during the hot weather.

Walter Meyer is spending a month or two in Nebraska. He reports it very "dry."

William J. Sheridan, '15, announces his withdrawal as a candidate for Representative, but states that he will be a candidate for Alderman from the Thirty-fifth Ward next spring.

CO-OPERATING WITH THE PRESS

One of the chief duties of a bar association is to keep our legal household clean, not alone the cellar, but parlors as well. The fellow higher up in a profession, who strays from the paths of duty, is a dangerous menace and should receive the same treatment as the ambulance chaser and that detestable thing who advertises for or otherwise seeks divorce cases.

The church-going merchant is caught putting sand in his sugar once in a while, just as the honest farmer gets the better of his neighbor in a horse trade; the doctor has been known to remove the appendix when the fee to him was not large enough to warrant him in merely anchoring a floating kidney. Some souls are bound to be lost even in Billy Sunday's reign; incurable ailments of the flesh must go unhealed; many business men are certain to hit the financial rocks and go into bankruptcy while others must land in the penitentiary, where they belong.

Are we to be singled out as greater failures than numbers of other great professions? The preacher cannot always save souls from hell. The physician cannot always save the body from physical damnation. The lawyer cannot always save a man's business from hell and damnation. Lawyers are not too proud to fight; we are at the same time too honorable to refuse to co-operate with others in the correction of evils. Let's join with the press in a fair spirit, and wage war together against common enemies.

When Jack Cade, in King Henry VI's time, proposed to reform lawyers, his first step was to kill all lawyers. Men cannot live without lawyers and they cannot die without them comfortably, if they leave anything behind.

None of us disguise our dislike for muckraking and yellow journalism, particularly but to fair criticism we offer no objection. To protect us from unfair criticism we seek no halo save that of an approving conscience.

As in the early history of our government, so today the lawyers molds and shapes its destiny. He bears the burden of government. In ancient times, as today, the lawyer sold his learning that he might eat, and, unlike the lily of the field, he must toil, he must spin, yet withal, he oft-times is found no better clothed than one of these.

To fully regain public confidence which an approving conscience merits, we must, it seems, continue our spirit of forbearance toward all criticism, not in the spirit of turning the other cheek, by any means, nor by attempting to smite our enemies' hip and thigh, but we must be clean in our profession; our records be like unto that of Caesar's wife. It is up to us to urge legislation that by uniformity throughout the nation would tend to prove an efficient remedy for certain growing evils of our time.

ADMITTED

That brisk young Julius Jay Van Zar
Quite recently passed the bar;
He knew what jacitation meant,
And all the twists of Shelley's Rule;
To him the canons of descent
Were A. B. C.—he was no fool.
Of deodands and heriots
And purpesture and gavelkind,
And frankalmoigne, he knew just
lots;
He had the details well in mind.
But when I ordered him one day
To draw and file a Divorce Bill,
He asked me what it ought to say
And where the Circuit Court might
be;
And when he had to garnishee
John Jenkins Jones of Oyster Hill,
He said the laws of garnishment
He knew; but Lord what should he
do?

So now the office boy is sent,
When there's a case to hurry
through,
Yet Julius Jay was not a fool,
He knew what jacitation meant
And all the twists of Shelley's Rule.

Mitchell Dawson.