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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. 5

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 1, 1916.

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## Chicago-Kent Bulletin

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EDWARD J. VEASEY, JR. .... Editor  
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NOVEMBER, 1916

### THE BULLETIN.

There is one thing more than anything else needed to keep this sheet alive, and that is the interest of the students. The Freshman and Junior Classes are working with great results, while the Seniors are a bit slow in waking up to the good things that this paper can accomplish. Possibly this is due to the inactivity of the men who are supposed to secure the news items in the Senior Class. See to it that all items of interest are handed in to the reporter in your section. The "Bulletin" is a fixture with a circulation of 2,500, and will mean much to Chicago-Kent in the years to come. It is up to you to get at the wheel and push. The subscriptions have been coming in nicely but there are several students who as yet have not filled out blanks. See that you have subscribed before the first of the year rolls around. Any of the reporters will take your subscription. Daily we receive letters from men who have gone out of Chicago-Kent in the years gone by, congratulating us on The Bulletin. If it means much to them, it should mean more to you students here in school. Get together and boost.

### ALUMNI NOTES.

\*\*\*Elmer D. Brothers and Frank M. Fairfield, who have been office associates for the past twelve years, have just formed a partnership for the general practice of law, under the firm name of Brothers & Fairfield, at their old offices, 602, 39 S. LaSalle Street. Mr. Fairfield was born at Odell, Ill. He graduated from Kent College of Law in 1895, with the degree of LL. B., and from Chicago College of Law, with LL. B. in 1896. He was admitted to the bar in 1895. Since 1904 he has been associated with Mr. Brothers and Judge Charles M. Thomson, specializing in insurance and corporation law.—The National Corporation Reporter.

Michael Igoe and Guy Guernsey were elected from the 5th district for the State

Legislature. W. W. Wilson, Niels Juul and A. J. Sabath are three Kent men who were successful for Congress.

Among the successful candidates for election to the Superior and Municipal Court bench were many former Kent students, namely, Sabath, Caverly, Dolan, Cook, Stewart, Swanson and Barassa.

James J. McCauley, '16, has opened offices in South Chicago.

Maurice Kaplan, '16, has opened offices in the Unity Building.

Bliss, '16, is at the present time promoting a large Mortgage Loan Corporation.

I was in Supreme Court Friday, 13th, on matter involving "Resulting Trust" in real estate. Can you beat that date for the superstitious inclined?—Estella Akin, Class 1915.

A. Judson Benton, '13, is located at Puyallup, Wash., where he is practicing law.

Hugh R. Stewart, of Class of '93, elected to Municipal Court; James J. Kelly, of Class of '93, appointed attorney for the County Treasurer of Cook County; W. W. Wilson, of Class of '93, elected to Congress in the Third Illinois District.

Mr. James Stillwell, a Chicago-Kent graduate of '97, has resigned from the law firm of Loesch, Scofield & Loesch, to become Assistant General Counsel of the Pennsylvania Lines west of Pittsburgh, effective November 1, 1916.

Frank N. Moore, '93, is secretary of the Lawyers' Association of Illinois, with offices at 608 Unity Building.

Rex (Ellingwood) Beach, the American author, was born in Atwood, Mich., on September 1, 1877. His parents were Henry Walter and Eva Eunice Canfield Beach. Young Beach was educated at Rollins College in Winter Park, Fla., 1891 to 1896; Chicago College of Law, 1896 to 1897, and Kent College of Law at Chicago, 1899 to 1900. In 1907 he married Edith Crater. Beach has been a contributor to magazines. He is the author of *Pardners*, *The Spoilers*, *The Barrier*, *The Silver Horde*, *Going Some*, *The Ne'er Do Well*, *The Net* and *The Iron Trail*. With Paul Armstrong he produced the play, *Going Some*, and with James McArthur, the play called *The Spoilers*.

The item at the bottom of column 1, October 1, 1916, issue, has been brought to our attention. This statement, that Mrs. Spencer is the first instance of a married woman winning highest honors in any class in school, is inaccurate. Mrs. Bertha L. MacGregor received the Moran prize in 1914, Junior Class.

Several of the Chicago-Kent boys are journeying down to Springfield next month to take the bar exams, and we wish them all success.

Guy Guernsey was chairman of the big Roosevelt meeting held recently at the Stockyards pavilion.

Vic. Browne, former Kent man, is back in Chicago after a sojourn in Washington, D. C.

F. E. Eckert, '15, has opened law offices at Woodstock, Ill., and is doing well.

W. C. Thomas, Junior year, was elected member of Senatorial Committee in the Thirteenth District of the Eighth Ward. Thomas will be out for State Representative next primary, it is hinted.

Miss Wells gave an excellent suffrage talk the other evening. She asked for criticism and Mr. Owen Young obliged.

### "THE LAW WEST OF THE PECOS."

For more than forty years Roy Bean was the "law west of the Pecos," as justice of the peace, whose district extended from the Pecos River to New Mexico, more than 300 miles, and from the Rio Grande to the Panhandle, nearly 400 miles. The law provided for appeals, but "Judge" Bean told all litigants that his "word was the law;" that when he rendered a decision in a case it was final. His name was a terror to the evildoer of the border territory.

On one occasion a young couple appeared before Bean and informed him that they would like to be divorced.

Bean inquired: "It 'pears to me I married you folks a short time ago; didn't I?"

"You're right, judge."

"What's the matter; ain't you-all satisfied?"

The couple told him they were not.

"All right," said Bean. "Now, stand up and clasp hands. By the power that was vested in me when I married this man and woman I now declare them divorced. Unclasp your hands; you are divorced."

Judge W. T. Falvey, who presided over the District Court at El Paso, heard of this divorce proceeding several weeks after it had taken place. He wrote a strong letter to "Judge" Bean, advising him that he had no authority to grant divorces. Bean replied in a curt note to the effect that if he had the authority to marry a couple he had authority to unmarry them.

"I run my court on common-sense principles," he told Judge Falvey.

Bean lived in the border village of Vinagaroon, and was proprietor of the only saloon in the place. Back of the bar was an elevated chair, in which he sat while holding "court." Shortly after the Southern Pacific railroad was built through Vinagaroon, Bean was honored with a visit from Lily Langtry, the actress, on her way from New Orleans to Los Angeles. Having heard of Roy Bean, she had the railroad officials hold the train an hour at the frontier village.

"Judge" Bean held a special session of court in her honor, and was so impressed with her beauty and loveliness that he immediately changed the name of the town from Vinagaroon to Langtry—and Langtry it is still to this day. And thereafter in order that passengers might be given an opportunity of seeing him, all through trains stopped at Langtry for thirty minutes. It brought a big business to his saloon, and occasionally it developed a court case that brought in good revenue.

Bean owned a pet bear which he kept

Continued on page 3



## FRESHMEN NOTES.

We know some few Freshmen who are actually *thinking* these days. With Torts, Sales, Contracts, Criminal Law and possibly other subjects such as *Girl* to tax one's mind, even larger allowances of gray matter might be somewhat muddled.

If the court please, we wish to cite the following well-known cases in support of our contention that the Second Section is composed of men of distinction and prominence:

Mr. Murphy with his vast expanse of vest.

Mr. Thompson and his attorney-like glasses.

Mr. Washburg and his mustache (?).

Mr. MacGraham with his fog-horn.

For a concentrated and beneficial dose of law, the mixture of ethics, practice, procedure, rules, rudiments, and advice given us by Judges Neeley and Iles could hardly be equalled. Those lectures on Elementary Laws should enable us to escape many of the pitfalls which yawn in the path of every beginner.

Now that the election is over, we must not sit down complacently and forget everything. Each one of us should consider himself a "booster's committee of one" and push the class and its officers.

Mr. Walter Johnson was very peacefully sleeping during the Criminal Law session on last Tuesday evening. It was not very peaceful for those in the immediate neighborhood, however. His "snoring" did not harmonize with the one that was speaking.

## JUDGE WELCH'S MOOT COURT.

Judge Welch has inaugurated a Moot Court in his classes on Sales, that is attracting a great deal of attention. The procedure of a regular court is observed in the conduct of the classes, and, in addition, when any of the students desire, they can prepare one of the cases and bring it up for trial. This is a very unique method and the principles that are discussed in this way are never forgotten.

In the trials thus far discussed, some very alarming facts have been brought out relating to the age and business affiliations of some of our members. For example, one of our number was selling meat in 1806, in Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Linstrum has been making an excellent clerk in the first section.

## PERSONALS.

Had you noticed—  
Holmgren's modesty.  
Miss Berg's smile.  
Littlejohn's absence.  
Forrest's logic.  
Our bailiffs.

One of our number threw the first section into consternation by stating that if one gained admission into a house by means of the intimate knowledge of a butler or maid, he is guilty of burglary.

Berger made a killing on the election. We have it that he "cleaned up" nearly a thousand on Wilson and Hoyne. We understand he is to "treat" the "Freshmen" on the result.

Well, the elections are over. Peace reigns (at least we hope so) in the hearts of Wilson, Hughes and the Kent Freshman class. We have had exciting times, and sincerely hope that the excitement has not aroused a passion for it that will endure, and without which many of our members may feel that future class meetings will be without interest to all. It is those who may entertain such a thought that these words may be of more than passing interest.

To begin with, harmony is essential. Without it, we may as well forget our class organization as far as accomplishing anything goes. Past differences must be forgotten, the get-together spirit must prevail and co-operation from all must be had if we are to leave behind a record that will make next year's Junior Class one toward which the class of 1920 will look to with envy and endeavor to emulate.

At the last meeting of the class several committees were appointed, and it is to the Entertainment Committee that we look for a big boost towards a successful year. As a member of that committee, I can promise that many surprises are in store, the kind that will make you all sit up and take notice; the qualifications being that we must have the co-operation of all the members to help us carry out our plans. If this is granted (and I am confident that it will), then our efforts toward the aim of the entire class will be given material help.

I remember, not long ago, that one of our present instructors imparted the information that a successful class organization meant much to each member of it, not only in the fun derived, but in the pursuit of his studies. This fact must not be lost sight of. It ought to be an incentive towards co-operation.

So, I ask, let bygones be bygones; make it a point to find out when the next meeting of the Freshman Class takes place, make up your mind that *you* are as necessary to our success as any member of the class, that you are going to take pride and aid in the doings of your classmates, and I am sure that the next eight months will be a revelation to all of us. H. H. KOVEN.

## TO PRESIDENT ED. BURKE

## Upon the Loss of His Hat.

It seems as though success and fame  
Are reached when others cry,  
"Oh, give me, please, a lock of hair  
That I may have you nigh."

"Some article that you have worn,  
Some garment that you use;  
I'll cherish it, upon my oath,  
Oh, please do not refuse."

If such is what determines fame  
And indicates success,  
It's won by Mr. Edwin Burke  
We willingly confess.

For one departed with his garb  
As he in study sat;  
And he, in consequence thereof,  
Went home without a hat.

Precaution and preparedness  
Arise through circumstance,  
For now Burke guards his drapery  
Lest he may lose his ———.

—R. F. Bracke.

## BE A WINNER.

What the world is always looking for is the winner, the man who is victory organized. It believes in and follows the conqueror. It is astonishing what faith we all put in the habitual winner, the man who has the reputation of succeeding in whatever he undertakes; of getting things done and putting great enterprises through with vigor and dispatch. In some mysterious way, as it seems to us, obstacles get out of the way of such a character.

Never admit by your speech, your appearance, your gait, your manner that there is anything wrong with you. Hold up your head. Walk erect, look everybody in the face. No matter how poor

you may be, whether you are jobless, homeless, friendless even, show the world that you respect yourself, and that, no matter how hard the way, you are marching on to victory.

Thinking of yourself as habitually lucky will tend to make you so, just as thinking of yourself as habitually unlucky and always talking about your failures and your cruel fate will tend to make you unlucky. The attitude of mind which your thoughts produce is a real force which builds or tears down. The habit of always seeing yourself as a fortunate individual, the feeling grateful just for being alive, for being allowed to live on this beautiful earth, will put your mind in a creative, productive attitude.

We should all go through life as though we were sent here to lift, to help, to boost, and not to depress and discourage and so discredit the plan of the Creator. Our conduct should show that we are on this earth to play a magnificent part in life's drama, to go up continually, never to go down.

## No Spoils to Share.

An old negro was charged with chicken stealing, and the judge said:

"Where's your lawyer, uncle?"

"Ain't got none, jedge."

"But you ought to have one," returned the Court. "I'll assign one to defend you."

"No, sah, no sah, please don't do dat," begged the defendant.

"Why not?" persisted the judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"

"Well, Ah'll tell yo', jedge," said the old man confidentially. "Ah wants ter enj'y dem chickens mahself."—Ladies' Home Journal.

## A Quick Diagnosis.

A youthful physician had been summoned as a witness in a case which depended on technical evidence, and opposing counsel in cross-examination asked several sarcastic questions about the knowledge and skill of so young a doctor.

"Are you," he asked, "entirely familiar with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"Yes."

"Then I should like to ask your opinion of a hypothetical case. Were my learned friend, Mr. Banks, and myself to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Mr. Banks might."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

## Legal Definition by a Layman.

The perplexing question of the difference between a "surety" and a "guarantor," which is so puzzling to the layman who goes to court, was clearly defined in Judge Shortall's court yesterday.

J. Wilkendorff of Woodland was on the witness stand. The suit on trial was to enforce payment by a bondsman. He was asked if he knew the difference between a "surety" and a "guarantor."

"Yes," he said; "a surety is something you are sure of, and a guarantor is something that you ain't."

"I think that definition qualifies the witness as an expert," said the court. "Proceed with the examination."

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## JUNIOR NOTES.

Leslie Junkerman has been one of the staunch supporters of the Public Speaking Class since its inception. He has never missed an opportunity to lend encouragement, both by his presence and his eloquence. His success then at the banquet October 20th was no surprise to those who have been closely associated with him.

Miss Levin, our kindly ex-secretary, has retired from the glare of public life.

Grunewald has an earnestness of manner that is quite agreeable.

Harry Egan, as chairman of the Entertainment Committee, measures up well to his job. It is some job, though, as Bro. Wiseman can testify.

Jefferys and DuRand have two characteristics in common with Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson, viz., length and breadth.

When old North East Wind, Esq., wafts gently on Boul. Mich. he roars through our recitation room. If ever a real gale blows in from the big waters, the battle din of the Somme would be like the tapping of Poe's Raven compared to the crash of thunders that would reverberate through our ventilators.

It is not incumbent on any member of the class to subscribe to The Bulletin in compensation for any notice he may receive in its pages. How embarrassing it would be though if all your classmates read in this column some interesting item concerning yourself, of which you were unaware because you were not a subscriber.

Read The Bulletin—learn things about yourself you never knew before.

Agay, debonair, blithesome, gay; Agay lad indeed. Just a hint of Chesterfield and Sen. Jim Ham. Lewis makes him a most pleasing and amiable companion and classmate.

A class year-book might seem a big undertaking and we admit there would be lots of work connected therewith, but our class has been so far one of peculiar achievement, and it is a worthy distinction that should remain with us.

President Budd has not yet indicated his profound knowledge of parliamentary law, but there is still plenty of time.

Gordon I. DuRand should do well on the Class Relations Committee. If he does not locate Section No. 2 its members should have no difficulty in finding him. He is easily distinguished in any crowd.

After a heated campaign, the class election is over and Isaac D. Budd, erstwhile sober, sedate and serene private citizen, also we might add, determined candidate, is now the president of this promising class. Peterson was chosen vice-president, a tribute to his clear-ringing voice and pleasing composure while calling the roll. Miss Barclay, without opposition, was chosen secretary, and Dr. Austin was easily elected treasurer. Some of the class members may still be speculating on how Budd accomplished the feat but that is easily understood—just ask him.

Everybody has a right to contribute to The Bulletin. If we do not say enough about you, speak for yourself, John.

Kramer believes with Mr. Higgins that it is well to stop while still the going is good.

A new doctrine, hereafter to be known as "Cypress," has been put forth by a member of the Junior Class. Whether or not this has reference to the lumber trust we cannot say.

The presidential election being, happily, a thing of the past, the class has settled down to business with a vim.

Voight, however, is still in doubt as to the result. He will wait for the official returns.

Common Law Pleading, Real Property, Equity and Evidence. This is the menu for the Junior Class. And ye editor asks for news. There is none.

The first dinner of the Public Speaking Class was a success in every respect. We are eagerly awaiting the next. All are invited. Come early and hear the speakers of the evening picture conditions in our city which demand attention.

The professor, after giving his last lecture on Substantive Law, said: "The examination questions are now at the printers. Is there any question you would like to ask?" There was a silence in the class-room, when a young man shouted from the rear: "Question? What is the name of the printer?"

Mr. Allen Gilbert, of the Junior Class, is somewhat of a politician. All of his time and most of his energy, was spent in furthering Mr. Hughes' candidacy. He sought especially to have Chicago-Kent College well represented in the great Republican parade November 4th. If you wish to know how well he succeeded ask him. Mr. Allen Gilbert was in the parade.

Blackwood, who as a Freshman, well deserved the name of Blackstone, is somewhat more reserved this year. It is necessary now to take a look in his direction from time to time to make sure that he is still with us.

Morris Cohen referred to the dean as a farmer, but this was only by way of illustrating in Equity.

## SENIOR NOTES.

Jimmie Bristol proved to be the popular choice of the majority of the students in the third year, and we prophesy a remarkable year for the Seniors with Jimmy as president. The balance of the class officers are high class timbre who will accomplish things. Committees have not as yet been appointed.

George Henry Joseph McCaffrey, the quiet little fellow from the South Side, recently journeyed to Notre Dame to see the sons of his Alma Mater trim Wabash. Taylor, '18, a Wabash Grad, was with him, and Mac made life miserable.

Jack Pedderson always has that same smile and handclasp wherever you meet him.

Cohn made a great race for the office of President of the Senior year, but the odds were against him. The best thing of all is that he is a good loser.

It will only be a question of a month or two now, until the members of the Senior class will be massaging their physiographies with well known creams in order to appear real devilish when they sit for their class picture.

Kelly still has his mustache. We understand he is now in the brokerage game. Good luck, Kelly, even tho' Mississippi went Democratic.

## "THE LAW WEST OF THE PECOS."

Continued from page 1

chained to a post in the open space between the railroad and the saloon. This bear was a beer guzzler, and many of the visitors bought bottles of beer just to see the bear drink it—\$1 a bottle.

One day a fashionable young man alighted from the train and strolled into the barroom.

"Such a typical Western habitation, this is, don't you know," he said to Bean, who was standing behind the pine board bar, his sleeves rolled up and his long, white beard tucked into the bosom of his woolen shirt.

"Name your pisen; you ain't got long to stay," was the business-like rejoinder of Bean.

"Well, now really, I hadn't thought of imbibing, but I am sure the indulgence in one bottle of beer will not be materially detrimental to my physical or moral being."

"Judge" Bean set out the bottle.

"My dear fellow, will you please oblige me with a glass," suggested the traveler.

"Drink out of the bottle or let it alone," replied Bean.

"It's a beastly way of doing it, but I suppose I must," and the fellow managed to drain the bottle in true Western style.

He dropped a \$20 gold piece upon the bar. Bean swept it into the cash box.

"I am waiting for my change," the traveler ventured to remark.

"You don't get no change; any galoot who comes in and puts down a \$20 gold piece in payment for a bottle of beer and expects to get change back, ought to have a guardian."

The visitor began to storm over the loss of his money. "Judge" Bean quietly and impressively assumed his judicial role. He mounted steps leading to the chair, took his seat upon the "bench," drew forth an empty beer bottle which he used for a gavel and rapped upon the bar.

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Know ye by all these presents this honorable court is now in session."

He lifted from a shelf the well-worn volume of the statutes of Texas of ancient date.

"Young man, you are under arrest," he said, directing his remark to the now thoroughly cowed stranger, who a moment before had been clamoring for his change. "You are charged with disorderly conduct. I find you guilty and assess against you a penalty of \$10 and costs. The costs amount to \$9, making in all \$19, which together with the \$1 that you owed for the bottle of beer makes \$20. The money had been paid into the treasury of this honorable court. The prisoner is now discharged, and, say, young man, you had better run for that train; it is about to pull out."

While the Southern Pacific high bridge across the Pecos River was being built, a workman fell from the structure and was killed. "Judge" Bean was called to hold the inquest. He searched the body and found a pistol and \$40 in money. He fined the dead man \$40 for carrying concealed weapons.

A white man in a railroad camp near Langtry shot and killed a Chinese cook, was arrested and taken before "Judge" Bean for preliminary examination. The evidence against the accused was conclusive. After both arguments, Bean took the "statute book" off its shelf and poured through its pages. Finally he closed the book, lifted his spectacles to his forehead and announced:

"I find nothing in the statutes of Texas making it unlawful for a white man to kill a Chinaman; the prisoner at the bar is discharged."

Notwithstanding many unique decisions, "Judge" Bean performed splendid service for the law-abiding element. Unless the offense was of a very grave character the prisoner was not taken to El Paso or San Antonio. Bean dealt with minor violators of the law in his own way. In the yard was a deep-set post, to which was attached an iron chain. In lieu of a jail he was wont to chain prisoners to this post. A week or two of punishment of this kind subdued the spirits of even the worst type of Mexican law-breakers.—"The Brief."



## PUBLIC SPEAKING CLASS.

Next dinner of the Public Speaking Class, Friday, November 24. A most interesting program has been arranged, some of our best talkers having been chosen for this occasion.

We are pleased to note as a regular attendant, Hackett, of the Junior year.

A great many Juniors who first became interested in the Public Speaking Class as Freshmen, are still regular attendants. This fact must be gratifying to Prof. Veasey.

The disciples of Marx are always with us.

The members of this class are evincing all the fervor of their kind. Every Friday night we are having speeches which, in expression of thought and style of delivery, are showing wonderful progress.

Goldsmith started a little late in this work, but he is into it right now.

Miss Rofsky speeds ahead, somewhat beyond the ordinary pace, but she always sticks to the end of the last sentence.

Blauner has developed considerable oratorical powers since last year. Socialism has made him alert and intense in his expression.

Handalman's remarks always hold our attention.

Holmes seemed to please his audience on his last appearance. He is one of those who improve with each new trial on the platform.

Miss Wells' manner is always refreshing.

Bacon, in his complaisant manner, talked glowingly of Ambition. You know what Brutus said about Caesar: "Because he was ambitious I slew him."

## .. PUBLIC SPEAKING NOTES.

Has Murphy deserted us since the election?

Hackett had "facts" on Socialism last Friday. That's the way to come—prepared.

Yablunky is always there with some good criticism.

The Public Speaking Class gives their monthly dinner Friday, November 24th, at the Russian Tea Room. Harry Tiffany, cashier of the Stockyards Savings Bank, and Prof. Ninian H. Welch are the special speakers for the evening. Ten other talks will be made by members of the class, the evening being given over to a discussion of "What Chicago Needs." The dinner will be served at 8:15 p. m.

Junckerman was "railroading" at one of the last sessions.

The Public Speaking Class intends to stage a joint debate with the Detroit College of Law. All of you would-be debaters take notice and prepare.

Westfall is always there with plenty of "pep."

We are to give a night over to the Socialist before long, so don't miss it.

Townely, one of the new men, is a comer. Just like Prof. Welch.

Blauner and Goodman are the main exploiters of relief for the downtrodden.

Flota is coming along in fine shape. Slow but sure.

Leitzell talks on anything on a minute's notice.

Epstein gave us some impressions of election night in "Joe Weber" style.

Write your Notes so that we can make out what they are.

Judge (to man arrested for drunkenness)—"What is your business?"

Prisoner—"Proofreader, your honor."

Judge—"Ah! I'll send you to the house of correction."

## THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A LAW CLERK.

As we progress in our study of the law there are some of us who forsake the commercial field of endeavor, with its practically large remuneration, for a position in a law office.

Now let us start with the early morning and go through a regular day's work in a law office. In all probability, the very first thing to be done is to take care of a case that is on the call. You receive specific instructions as to what is to be done with the case. The court may be a little grumpy that morning and the order you are asking for seems a little unreasonable to the court; he does not grant it and you get back to the office and try to explain how it happened. Will your employer say, "Well, that's all right." No! Nine out of ten he'll say, "Don't let it happen again. There's no reason at all why these things should happen."

After returning to your office from court, where you have probably spent the greater part of the morning, you find your desk all littered with memoranda and notes to be taken care of immediately. So back to the courthouse you go probably to spend the greater part of the afternoon there, looking up various cases, etc. Upon returning to the office just about quitting time (which, by the way, they do not have in a law office for law clerks), you put the various things on your desk in order, preparing to leave, when a member of the firm comes to you and says, "James, I would like to have these books from the Law Library (which by their names you presume as being a heavy load). I must have them tonight; will you kindly get them for me before you go home? Thank you!" When Mr. So and So is asking you to do this you are thinking of the engagement you have at a certain time and it is then nearly that time. Do you tell the particular person you have an engagement and that somebody is waiting for you? Oh, no! You say, "Yes, sir, I'll get the books right away" if you think anything of your position. In the meantime you walk away in the direction of the Law Library boiling all over and mumbling to yourself, "Why didn't he tell me sooner; he always does this to stick me when I have an engagement." When you meet your friend after keeping him or her waiting, you tell them about it and they give you the "ha, ha!" Isn't it a glorious feeling—nit.

The law clerk of today who is employed in a small office does everything from filling ink-wells to preparing and filing law suits. For the small salary you receive they expect you to do all the detail work you can and as much as you can and all the running that's to be done for the office.

Now, after viewing the gloomy side, let us consider the benefits derived from being employed as a law clerk. It prepares us for the obstacles which we will have to overcome when we get out into the professional world amongst the great practitioners at the bar, with nothing but our sheepskin and the knowledge of the law we gathered while in college. And then again it not only assists us in our class studies but also gives us the practical experience which we would have to get after graduation, if we intend to practice law.

John L. Smith, '18.

## How Is This One Just Now?

Wilson v. Peace (Tenn.) 85 Southwestern Reporter, 31.

Hughes, Little & Seawell.

## HUMOROUS VERDICTS.

Many verdicts of a strange, curious, and humorous nature find birth, not infrequently, in coroner's juries and juries in the justice courts.

Uncommonly intelligent are the coroner's juries in Mississippi. Twelve men in Warren County, in that State, returned a verdict several years ago which read: "The deceased died by the will of God or some other disease unknown to the jury."

Another verdict equally as solemn reads as follows: "We are of A Pinion that the Deceat met with her death from Violent Infirmination of the Arm, produced from Unoan Cauz."

An old story, oft repeated, is that an English jury, in a criminal case, once brought in the following: "Guilty, with some little doubt as to whether he is the man."

Another is told of a Welsh jury, which reads: "We find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

A case was once tried in a certain county court, which involved the character of a bull. It was charged that the bull had gored and killed a valuable horse. After hearing the testimony, the jury retired, and after a few moments' consultation returned and rendered the following: "We, the jury, find a verdict in favor of the bull, and believe him to be a highly respectable animal." Thus, the bull was acquitted and plaintiff lost his case.

A Western judge is said to have once in the pioneer days addressed a jury: "You kin go out now and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used." When the jury returned, the verdict was read by the foreman, as follows: "Suicide in the ninth degree."

Most amusing of all is probably one from Alabama, where lived one Smith, who was peculiarly afflicted with a want of discrimination between his own things and those of other persons, or who, rather, was ignorant of the laws relating to meum et tuum. Now, once on a time, the said Smith, while laboring under a severe attack of the above-mentioned disease, and being further impelled by the vociferations of an empty stomach, went under the cover of night and feloniously took and carried away from his neighbor's pen a shoat, valued at one dollar and fifty cents, with the intention of appropriating the same to his own use. But, unfortunately, he was detected, and in due course of time was tried. The jury were not out long before they returned with a verdict of "guilty of hog stealin' in fust degree." The judge told them that their verdict was proper, except that they had omitted to assess the value of the property stolen, and to retire and bring in their verdict in "proper form." Again they retired, and pondered long and deeply over what he meant by "form." At last, old W. T., who had once been justice of the peace, with a bright countenance and a sly wink, as much as to say, "Look at me, boys; I understand a thing or two," wrote the verdict. It was handed in to the clerk. Judge of the amusement when the following was read: "We, the jury, pusilanimously find the defendant gilty in the sum of 1 dollar and a 1/2 in favor of the hog."—G. E. E.

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