The Chicago-Kent Bulletin

Published Monthly by The Chicago-Kent Bulletin Association
Chicago

EDWARD J. VEASEY, Jr., Editor
Room 822, 39 So. La Salle Street

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
G. B. DURAND, '18

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.

Price Five Cents

Chicago-Kent 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 400, which should grow to Chicago-Kent in the years to come. It is up to you to get at the wheel and push. The students who have been开户 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 end 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 name of Brothers & Fairfield, at their old offices, 602, 39 S. La Salle 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 L.L. B. in 1896. He was admitted to the bar in 1895. Since 1904 he has been associated with Mr. Brothers and Judge Charles M. Thomp- son, specializing in insurance and corporation law.—The National Corporation Review.

Michael Igoe and Guy Guernsey were elected from the 5th district for the State Legislature. W. W. Wilson, Niels Juel 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 former Kent students, namely, Sabath, Caverly, Dolan, Cook, Stewart, Swanson and Bal- raske.

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 Payuapuh, Wash., where he is practicing law.

Hugh R. Stewart, of Class of '93, elected to Municipal Court; James I. 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 Green, Schield & Loechel 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 at Atwood, Mich., on September 9th. His parents were Henry Walter and Eva Eunice Canfield Beach. Young Beach was educated at South Collins Park, Fla., 1891 to 1896; Chicago College of Law, 1896 to 1897, and Kent College of Law Class of '97. In 1897 he married Edith Crater. Beach has been a contributor to magazines. He is the author of Partners, The Spenders, The Bar- rier, The Silver Horde, Going Some, The Nee or 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 Spenders.

The item at the bottom of column 1, October 1, 1916, issue, has been brought to our attention. The 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 Morris 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.

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

W. C. Thomas, Junior, was elected member of Senatorial Committee of the Thirty-fourth Eighth Ward. Thomas will be out for State Representative next primary, it is limited.

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, he extended from the Pecos River to New Mexico, more than 400 miles, and from the Rio Grande to the Canadian River, nearly 400 miles. The law provided for appeals, but “Judge” Bean told all litigants that his name was the law,” that when he rendered a decision in a case it was final. His name was a terror to the evil-doers of the border territory.

On one occasion a young couple appeared before Bean and informed him that they wanted to be married.

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 clas your hands. By the power that was vested in me when I married this man and woman I now declare them di- vorced. Unclasp your hands; you are divorced.”

Judge W. T. Falvey, presided over the District Court at El Paso. He 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 perform divorces. Bean replied in a curt note to the effect that if he had the authority to perform divorces he would not do so to unin- marry them.

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

Bean lived in the border village of Vinagarro, 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 Vinagarro, 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 El Paso to get a glimpse of “Judge” Bean. 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 Vinagarro to Langtry—and Langtry it is still to this day. And there- after in order that passengers might be given an opportunity of seeing him, all through trains stop at Langtry for thirty minutes. It brought a big business to his saloon, and occasionally it de- veloped a court case that brought in good revenue.

Bean owned a pet bear which he kept

Continued on page 2
FRESHMEN NOTES.

We know some few Freshmen who are doing quite well. 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.

In this 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 eves. Mr. Thompson and his attorney-like glasses. 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 Ils can hardly be improved upon. The Elementary Laws should enable us to escape many of the pitfalls which yawn in the path of the beginner.

Now that the election is over, we must not sit down complacently and forget everything. Each one of us should continue to push the class and its officers. The election is composed of men of distinction 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 cooperation 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 education to be gained. This fact must not be lost sight of. It ought to be an incentive towards co-operation. So, I ask you hyogenes; make it a point to find out when the next meeting of the Freshman Class is going to take place and keep that fact in mind that you are as necessary to our success as any member of the class, that you are going to take your place in the doing of your classmates, and I am sure that the next eight months will be a revelation to all of us.

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 cases, and, in addition, when any of the students desire, they can prepare one of the cases and bring it to 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 good 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—

Helmgen's modesty.
Miss Berg's smile.
Litttlejohn's absence.
Porter's politics.

Our bailiffs.

One of our number threw the first sec-
tion into consternation by stating that if one gained admission into a house by means of the intimate knowledge of a certain Mr. Berger, he was guilty of burglary. Berger made a killing on the election. We have it that he "cleaned up" nearly a thousand on Wilson and Home.

We understand he is to "treat" the "Fresh-
mens" on the result.

Well, the elections are over. Peace reigns (at least we hope so) in the hearts of Wilson, Hughes and the Kent Fresh-
mens, and sincerely hope that the excitement has not aroused a passion for it that will entangle which many of our members may feel that future class meetings will be without interest to all.

It is perhaps not entirely unwise to 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 is concerned. The 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 cooperation 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.

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H. H. ROVEn.

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 night."

"Some article that you have worn, Some garment, will remain That 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 you, Ed. 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 man.

Never admit by your speech, your appearance, your gait, your manner that there is a wall in your brain or any weakness. 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 there is a reason why 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 bears you 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: "Is this your lawyer, uncle?"

"Ah, I got none, judge," said the negro.

"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 it?"

"Well, Ah'll tell you, judge," said the old man confidentially. "Ah wants ter' en' my 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. Let me ask you to consider the following facts: The patient had a blow on the head."

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

LEGAL DEFINITION by a Layman.

The perplexing question of the difference between a "surety" and a "guaran-
tor," 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 bondman. He was asked if he knew the difference between a "surety" and a "guaran-
tor."

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

"I think that definition qualifies the-winner, if a man is an expert in the court. "Proceed with the examination."
JUNIOR NOTES.

Leslie Junkerman has been one of the staunch supporters of the Public Speaking Club. Unfortunately, he has missed an opportunity to lend encouragement to both his presence and his eloquence. His seat was empty 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.

Harry Egan, as chairman of the Election 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 throughout our campus, was chosen secretary of the Junior Class, after a roll call. The battle din of the Somme would be like a whisper compared to the crash of thunders that would reverberate through our ventilators.

A class year-book might seem a proposition, but there is "still plenty of time.

This is a remarkable year for the Class Relations Committee.

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

The evening class is perfectly classed, 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.

The first dinner of the Public Speaking Class was a success in every respect. We were eagerly invited to the meal. All were invited. Come early and hear the speakers of the evening picture conditions in our city and our situation.

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 his candidacy. He sought especially to have Chicago-Kent College well represented in the great Republican primary election.

If you wish to know how well he succeeded ask Mr. Allen Gilbert was in the parade.

Blackwood, who as a Freshman, well deserves the name of Blackstone, is somewhat of a bashful fellow this year. It is necessary now to take a look in his direction from time to time to make sure that he is in the procession.

Moffin refers to the dean as a farmer, but this was only by way of illustrating his pun.

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 Alma Mater trim Wahash. Taylor, '18, a Wahash Grad, was with him, and Mac made life miserable.

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

Collin made a great rate 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 physiognomies with well known creams in order to appear real devilish when they sit for their class picture.

Kelly quiet, but hopeful. We understand he is now in the brokerage game.

Good luck, Kelly, even tho' Mississipi went Democratic.

"THE LAW WEST OF THE PECOS." (The Chicago-Kent Bulletin, page 1)

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

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

"Judge" Bean set out the bottle. "Some fellow will 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 man quickly drained 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 instead of to get stronger, who 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 barroom and took his seat behind the counter.

He 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 $10, making in all $20, which together with the $1 that you owed for the bottle of beer makes $20. The money has been paid it to the treasurer of this honorable court. The prisoner is now discharged, and, say, young man, you had better run for the law-abiding element."

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 a丝毫 which he used for a gavel and rapped upon the bar.

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" out of his 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 splendidly for the law-abiding element. Unless the offense was of a very grave character the prisoner was not taken to or Sam Rayburn for punishment with minor violators of the law in his own way. In the yard was a deep-set groove, into which a defiant young man alighted from the train and strolled into the barroom. "Such is typical Western habitation, this, don't you know," he said to Bean, who was standing behind the pine bar, his shirt and trousers all long, his white beard tucked into the bosom of his woolen shirt.

"If you expect to get change back, ought to..."
PUBLIC SPEAKING CLASS.

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

This year will begin with a 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 the pastors of our classes.

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 speaks ahead, somewhat behind the ordinary pace, but she always sticks to the end of the last sentence.

Blaner has developed considerable oratorial ability. It is believed that Socialism has made him alert and intense in his expression.

Engerman’s remarks always hold our attention.

Holmes seemed to please his audience of the last class. 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 intelligently this time.

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 of the evening. Ten of the members of the class, 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.

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

Towney, one of the new men, is a comer, just like Prof. Welch.

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

Epstein gave us some impressions of election night in “Joe Weeber” style.

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

Leitzell talks on anything on a minute’s notice.

Judge (to man arrested for drunkenness) “Williams, what’s 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 our regular speed and go off on a roundabout, 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 particular, how to start out with the very first thing to be done is to take care of a case that is on the call. You have to receive specific orders 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 covered with memoranda and notes to be taken care of immediately. So back to the courthouse you go probably to get the greater part of the afternoon there, looking up various cases, etc., Upon returning to the office you start out about the most difficult task of the day, the way they do not have in a law office for law clerks, you put the various things on your desk, referring to them, and in the evening these books, with all their history, are given to 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 you 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 this employment. It prepares us for the obstacles which we will have to overcome when we get out into the profession. The greatest practitioner at the bar, with nothing but our sheepskin and the knowledge of the law we picked up, can be imitated and then again it not only assists us in our class studies but also gives us the practical experience which would have to be gained if we intend to practice law.

John L. Smith, ’18

How Is This One Just Now?


Hughes, Little & Seawell.

HUMOROUS VERDICTS.

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

Uncommonly intelligent are the coroners in Missoula, Montana. They did a fine thing in Warren County, in that State, returned a verdict several years ago which reads: “The defendant was charged with having delivered to a certain person for some disease or other disease unknown to the jury.”

Another verdict equally as solemn reads as follows: “We are of A Pinion that the Deed met with Us from Violent Infraction of the Arm, procured from Unean Cause.”

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 jury retired, and after a few moments’ consultation returned and rendered the following: “We, the following, do hereby reserve to the effect 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 a very humorous way directed a jury: “You 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 nineteenth 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 complaint known as “battered stomach,” took and carried away from his neighbor’s pen a shoat, valued at one dollar and a half and with the owner imparted to the jury the same to his own use. But, unfortunately, he was detected, and in the course of time was tried. The jury were not out long before they returned with a verdict of “guilty of hog stealing” in first 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 just a bit of the law, with a bright countenance and a sly wink, as much as to say, “boys, I understand a thing or two,” overruled the verdict. It was handed in to the clerk, who read the following: “We, the jury, unanimously found the defendant guilty in this sum of 1 dollar and 1⁄2 in favor of the hog.” —G. E. E.