











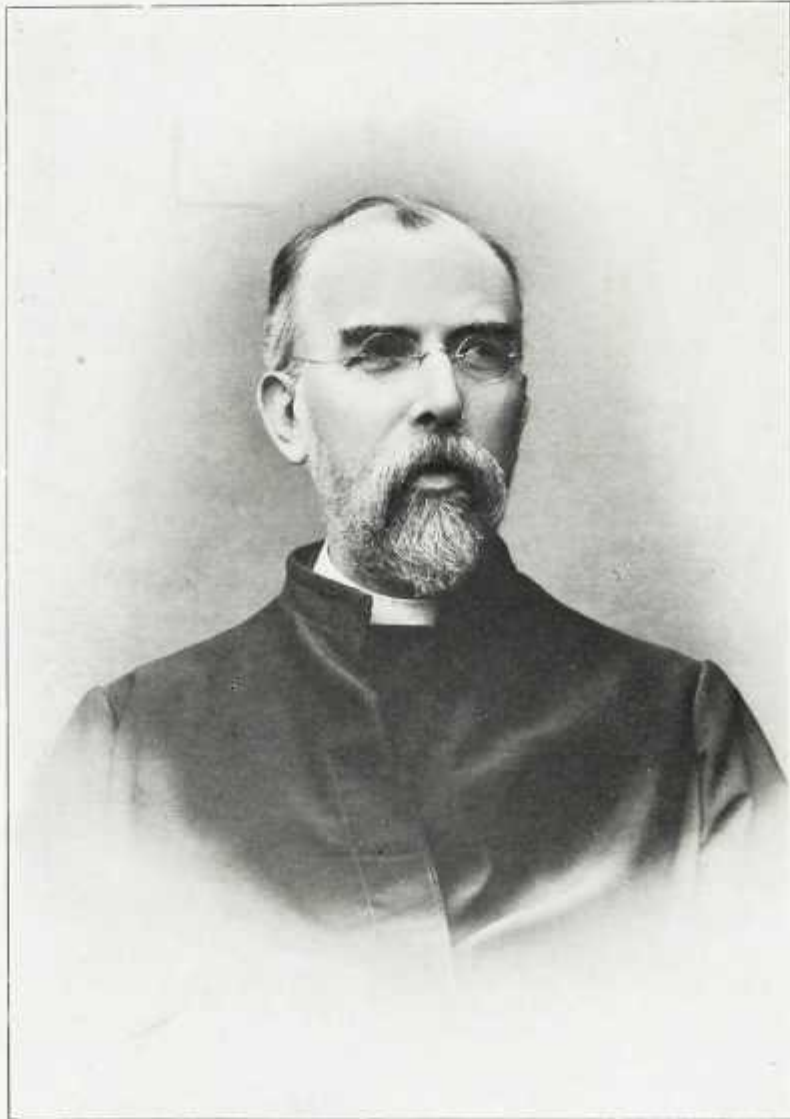


# The Domesday Booke



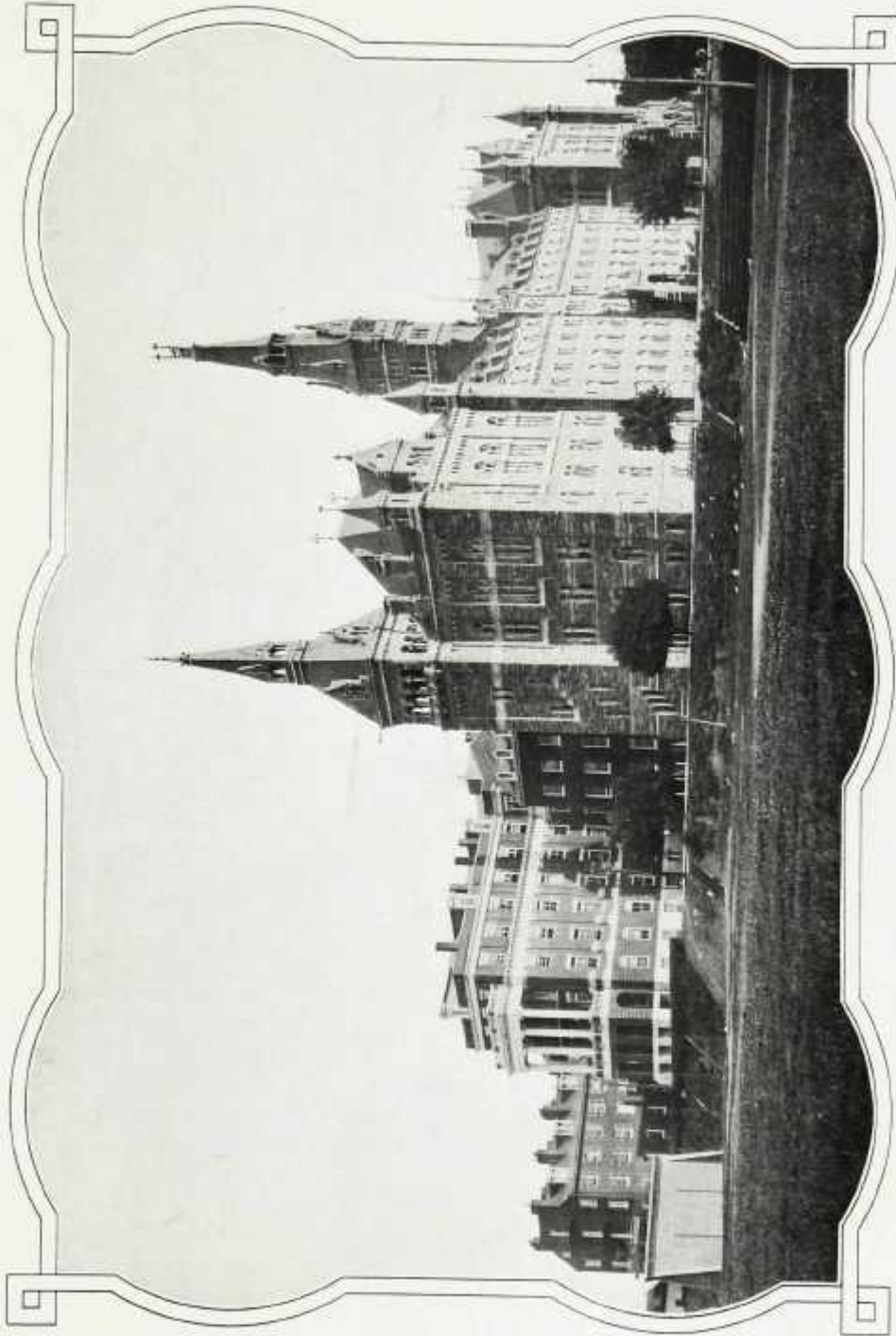
Georgetown University

SCHOOL OF LAW  
CLASS 1910

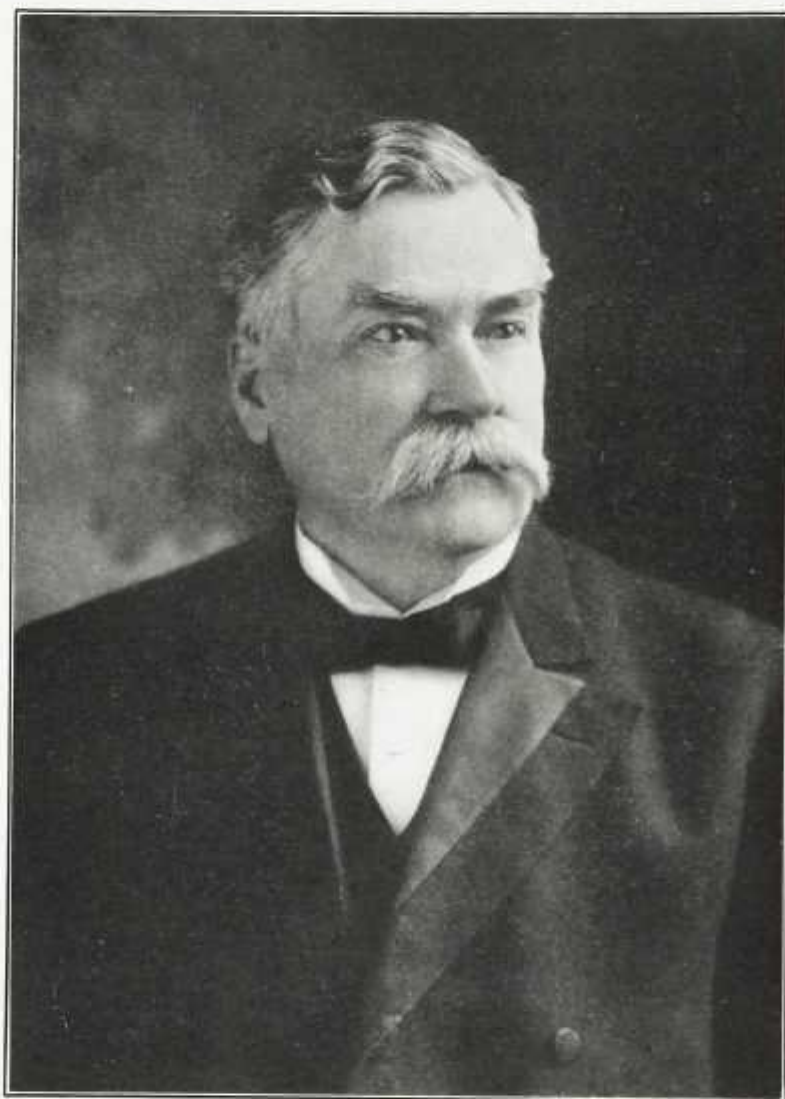


Rev. JOSEPH HIMMEL, S. J.  
President Georgetown University





COLLEGE BUILDINGS (VIEW FROM SOUTHEAST)



# Dedication

TO

**The Honorable Seth Shepard, LL.D.**

CHIEF JUSTICE  
COURT OF APPEALS OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

## IN REMEMBRANCE

of years made fruitful through his kindly interest and unfailing friendship;

## IN GRATITUDE

for his unselfish efforts in our behalf, and for the untiring zeal displayed in his masterly exposition of the great principles of Equity and Constitutional Law,

## THE SENIOR CLASS

respectfully dedicates this, *The Domesday Booke* for 1910, with every mark of affection and loyalty.

GREETING



ABaker  
Jan 4-4-1904

## Greeting



THE EDITORS present this, the third number of the Domesday Booke. Published with the hope that it will be a little memento of three happy years spent together as friends and classmates at the Georgetown School of Law, may it receive the approbation of those for whom it is intended. May it fulfill the trust confided by the Class of 1910 in those who have labored for its success. May it serve to perpetuate the memories of hours spent together; of gatherings enjoyed in common; of friends that proved true.

# The Class of Nineteen-Ten

## *And Its Intentions*

High soars your hope, old Blue and Gray, all troubles cast behind!  
See Nineteen Ten, your latest born, the truest of their kind!  
Your colors ever raised on high, they higher still will raise,  
While all the universe resounds so loudly with your praise.

Of David, a most learned man, the story is not new,  
How he with but a single stone the mighty giant slew.  
'Tis ever thus: when brains and brawn in roar of battle meet,  
The clever man a victor stands, while brawn falls in defeat.

To gather our array of brains the earth was sorely tried—  
But deeds are far the better proof than all the boasts of pride;  
To save, then, time and argument, we grant that we are great,  
And were we not so meek and shy, we'd other things relate.

We now are pondering long and deep on evils we're to mend,  
They are so grave and weighty that but few can comprehend.  
Now is the time for action, and this plan we have evolved:  
"The country's welfare to promote," should straightway be resolved.

Our time-worn Constitution, so like an old and withered leaf,  
We revise but by inserting some bright, crystal words and brief:  
For "We, the people," we will write: "The mighty Trusts we join  
To form a more substantial clan to regulate the coin."

'Tis clear to us that Congress has an all too-powerful sway,  
And from the President the "veto" we would take away.  
Therefore, when'er a law is passed, to determine what is just,  
It shall, of course, be submitted for approval by the Trust.

Forsooth more changes will be made: We'll just go down the line;  
But to recount all we intend would take of time a mine.  
And sure we don't make promises that we can't bring to perfection;  
For, understand, we make no boast, nor do we seek election.

The canker of this broad, free land is of political hue—  
Not to the pny tariff, but to the graft is vigilance due.  
We do not want free silver, nor the Big Stick do we wield,  
For the people long, alas! too long 'neath golden bricks have kneeled.

Our "Political Club" is formed, and when the next campaign rolls 'round,  
A platform strong will drafted be whose equal can't be found;  
The tariff then will be revised, and wages will increase,  
Likewise all labor troubles will, from then, forever cease.

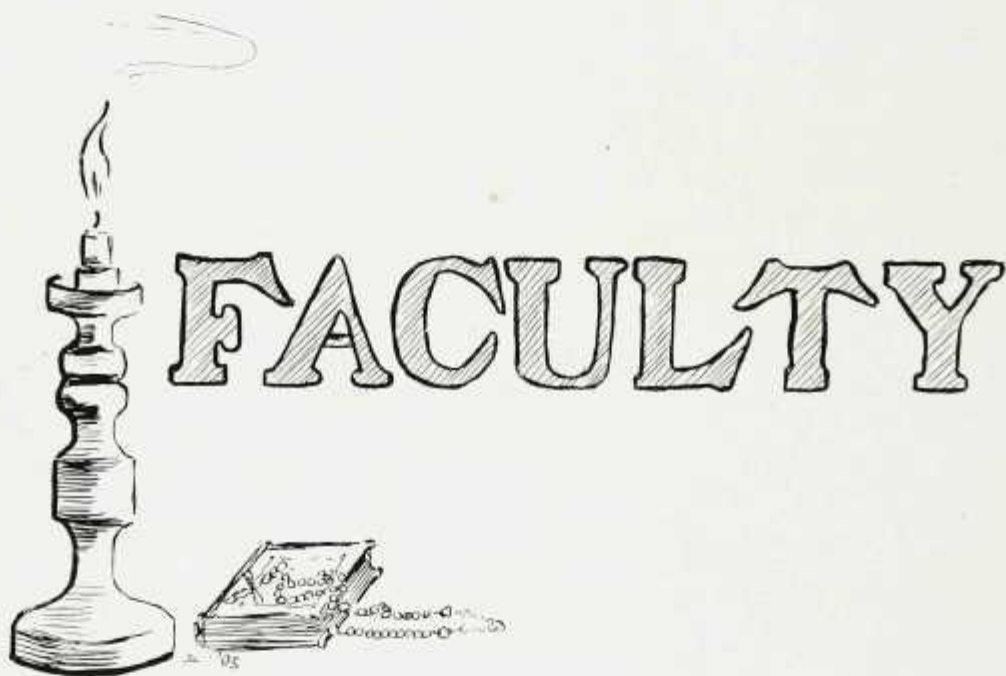
We haven't time to linger, nor disclose in full our view,  
For hosts of ills confront us, in our land and others, too.  
And as we are so broad of mind, to us the earth seems small,  
So then we'll delve beneath the earth, when duty sounds her call.

And, Georgetown, in conclusion now, we make this one request,  
That you place our names and pictures far and high above the rest;  
So that those who come after, when on them their eyes are cast,  
To go and emulate our work may feel their hearts beat fast.

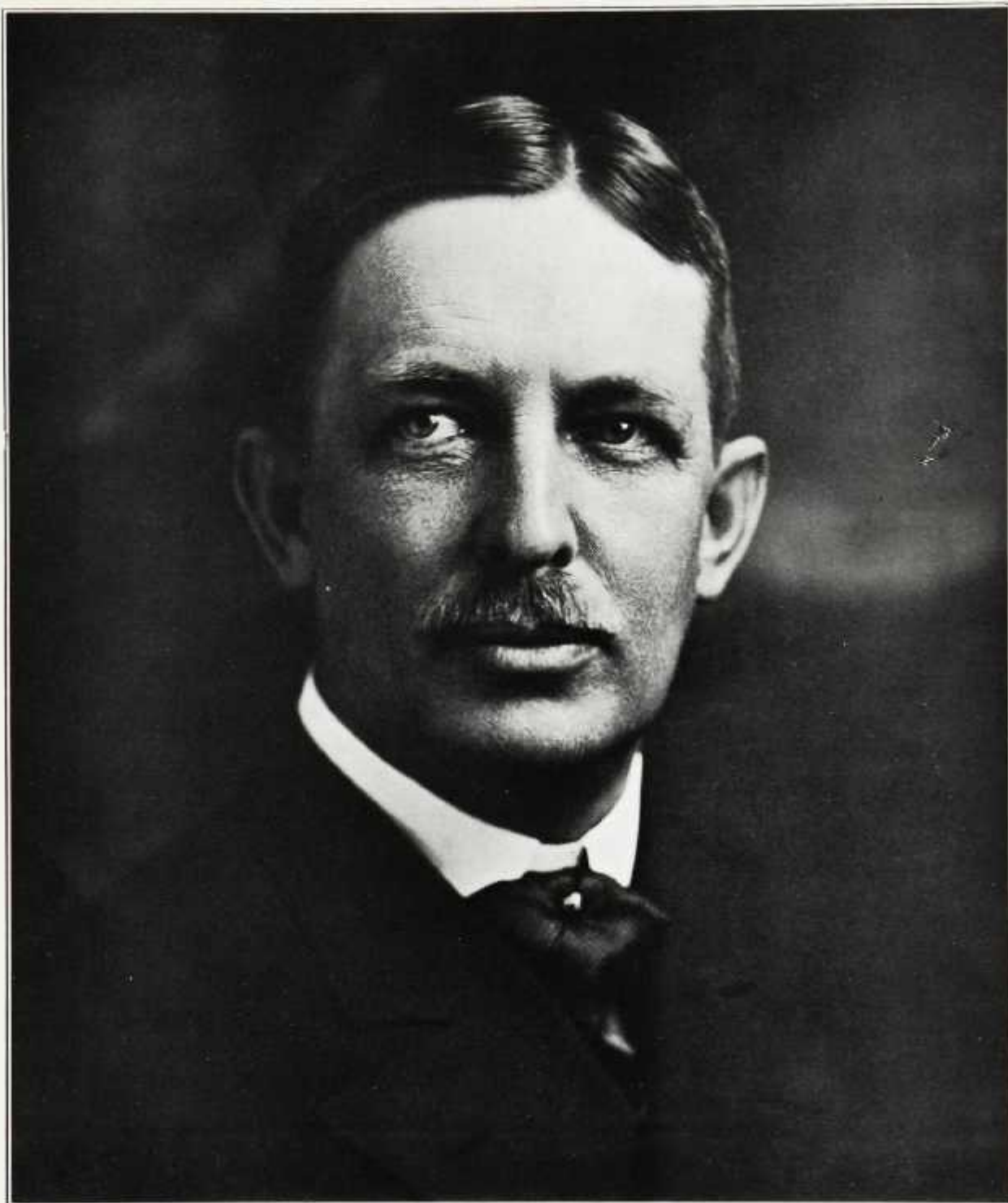
L. F. W.

HOW DRY WE ARE, HOW DRY WE  
ARE - NOBODY KNOWS HOW DRY  
WE ARE.

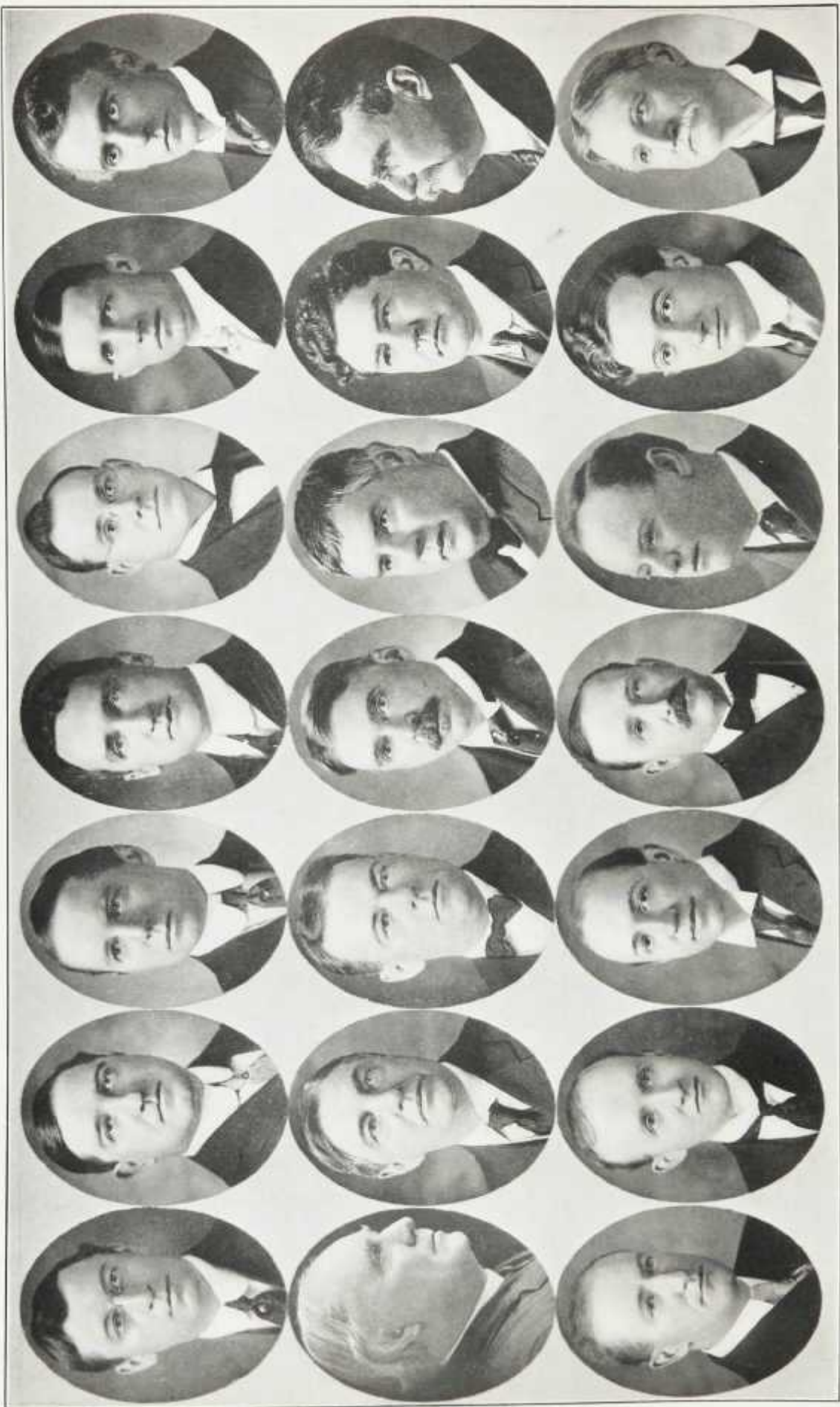








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Chief Justice Supreme Court of the District of Columbia  
Dean of the Faculty, Lecturer on Common Law Pleading and Practice, and Equity Pleading and Practice



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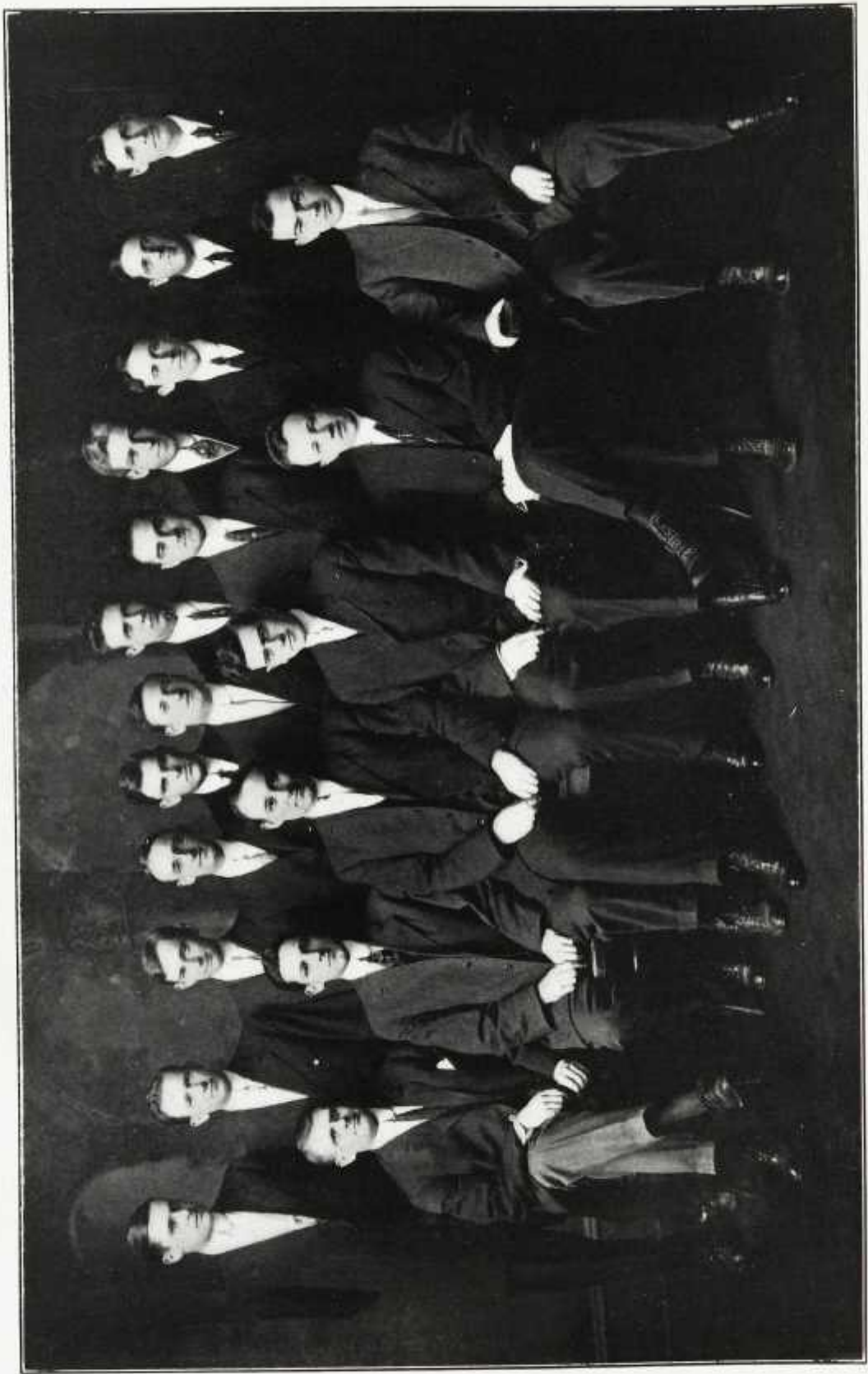
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# SENIOR HISTORY

JOHN E. SHERIDAN 1902



## Class History



To write a chronicle of the events that have transpired during three years, affecting a class so cosmopolitan in its makeup and so generously endowed with talents as the Class of 1910, is a task of herculean endeavor. We trace our first acquaintance with the Law School to the time we presented ourselves to Cross-Examiner Watkins and answered his searching questions as to our age, residence, education, pedigree, family, condition in life (married or single), and so on ad infinitum. If satisfactory, we separated ourselves from our matriculation fee, and were told "You are enrolled." On the opening night, after a few extra touches to our toilette, we presented ourselves in the main "talking" room, hid ourselves in the rear seats and behind the radiators, as "freshies" are wont to do, and listened to what we thought were the finest perorations ever delivered, rendered by the members of our distinguished Faculty, and the annual letter of the Hon. Charles A. Douglass. We were told by the Dean that henceforth and hereafter "No Smoking" would be the motto of the School. Then was introduced the most mighty Daniel W. Baker, Lecturer on the Law of Real Estate and the true and only discoverer of the Rule in Shelley's case. He narrated with all his well-known humor how in his summer vacation, in passing near a desert, he had been reminded of the aforementioned Rule. This was met with uproarious laughter by the "cowboys" (a Bakerian term) of the School, excluding, of course, the "freshies." We were naturally mystified, not as yet having met Mr. Shelley or his Rule. In the course of a few weeks we were accorded this proud distinction. Suffice it to say we then appreciated the joke and its "dryness." Then Fr. Conway, with his classic utterance "that over the door of every Government office, for every law student who perchance might enter, were written the words, 'All ye who enter here, leave all hope behind.'" Those of us who were employed by Uncle Sam, while agreeing that this was the rule, vowed we would be exceptions. There were other speeches, and good ones, too, but time will not permit mention of them.

It seems almost a decade now since we bashfully elbowed our way into the middle hall the next night to hear our first lecture. Some with notebooks large enough to last a year, some not quite large enough, and others none at all. But the aforesaid Charles A. spoke so eloquently, entranced were we, and unable to put pencil to paper. Of Mr. Colbert, with his succinct talks on personal property (and especially that "review" lecture); Judge Gould, the prince of story tellers, and his instructive and entertaining lectures on Contracts; Judge Wright, with his fine distinctions between embezzlement and breach of trust, and, may we add, that "peach" of an examination on Criminal Law; of all the other Professors and Quiz Masters, I beg the Dean's pardon, "Recitation" Masters, we hold none but the friendliest and most grateful feelings, and it is with regret that we cannot name each one in turn, but as this is supposed to be a chronicle of the Class, the good and "bad" qualities of its members, we must hasten to our task.

After considerable haggling we finally arranged for a Class Smoker, in order to get "better acquainted," as the saying goes. It proved such a success that it was decided to hold another gathering after lecture one evening, and at the psychological moment someone suggested a class election. After several hair-raising nominating speeches and ballot taken it was announced that "Jawn" T. Sullivan, of the great and glorious Commonwealth of Connecticut, was elected. As

is usual with all freshman classes, nothing much was done in the way of class business. The wise ones at the Bar tell us that a student does not really learn any law at Law School, but only how to find it, when occasion demands. It can be said that during our first year we spent the time in learning how to study the law and in "getting acquainted."

On our return at the beginning of the second year we felt as though we were neither "fish nor fowl." We were not Seniors, nor still were we Juniors. Puffed up and encouraged by the law we had learned and the experience we had gained the previous year, we seemed determined to make good our anomalous position by worrying some of the dignity out of the Seniors and instilling some into the Freshmen. It was not many weeks before a very portentous class meeting was called to elect officers. As we then knew each other better, things took on a livelier hue; someone even whispered the word "politics," and after an exciting and heart-breaking race "Mort" Burdick, of the primeval town of Adam—s, of the glorious Commonwealth of Massachusetts, was chosen our leader. Things went fast and furious this year, under the guidance of the energetic Burdick. We had about seventeen smokers and other social functions, collided with Real Estate for the second time, were put on speaking terms with the intricacies of the "logie" of the law, and might we add, the "bane" of the law student, Common Law Pleading, with its *absque hoc*s and *de injurias*, until at the end of the second term some of our precocious ones really thought they could converse in Latin. Evidence and Equity followed, and when we had passed our final examinations in May we really opined to ourselves on the quiet, that we knew "some" law. Notwithstanding all the law we crammed into our craniums in those eight months, we found time to hold innumerable class meetings, at every one of which some one of our many "orators" would explode and rent the air about matters, immaterial, irrelevant and inconsequential, only to be interrupted by another firebrand, who would object to such frivolities as a waste of time, and he himself would then proceed to give vent to his utterances, just as immaterial, irrelevant and inconsequential as the first. But they were all good-natured and harmless; the gleam of good-fellowship shone through them all. We accordingly parted in May, as we had met in October, the best of friends, all just a little puffed up by the knowledge we had acquired of not only the substantive law, but, as Mr. McNamara, the "golden-haired, silver-tongued orator," told us, the "adjective law" as well.

It is difficult to describe the feeling of exultation that possessed us on our return at the beginning of the third year. The word "Senior" was stamped on our brows, as it were, and the members of the lower classes were now to "look up" to us; that is, in theory; in practice, we "looked up" to them, as our lecture room was on the first and theirs on the second and third floors. Besides repeating several subjects of the previous year and taking other important ones for the first time, we were introduced to the subject of our most ardent dreams, the Moot Court, presided over by Judges O'Donoghue and Easby-Smith. The eloquence and learning of different counsel cannot be described; they had to be heard to be appreciated. We were now, each one of us, full-fledged lawyers, without the beastly inconvenience of taking one of those insufferable Bar Exams, that are served out to embryonic lawyers by the Bar Examiners, with our old friend, D. W. B., the chief offender, with his parol demurrers and pleas *puis darreign continuance*.

It has been heretofore mentioned that at the second year election someone whispered the word "politics." By the time our third class election rolled around it was not necessary to mention that horrible word, the air was impregnated with it. The lecture hall on that eventful night presented the appearance of two great rival political organizations drawn up in battle array. Eloquent and soul-stirring were the nominating speeches; everyone was on the *qui vive* awaiting the outcome with an air of expectancy. When the motion to close the nominations was carried, three of our young hopefuls were in the race: Desmond J. O'Neil, from far-away Montana; Abner R. Neff, of Pennsylvania, and Earl John Mohn, from the Smoky City. Falling for the moment into



the vernacular of the gentlemen who follow the "ponies," at the first quarter the Gentleman from Montana dropped out. The race continued neck and neck as they passed the half; the three-quarters; on the homestretch first one, then the other would surge ahead, until, finally, he of the Smoky City crossed the line ahead of his opponent by a margin of one vote.

Immediately after election Big Chief Mohn spread his plans to make it our banner year. A Smoker having been held shortly before election, nothing was pulled off in the hilarious line until our Smoker at the end of the year. The first measure of the new administration was to supply the members with class jewelry. The designs, artistic in their makeup, certainly reflected great credit upon the aesthetic qualities of the class, negating the idea that we were only concerned in the acquisition of a legal education in order that we might mass up for ourselves a goodly portion of what someone has called "filthy lucre." Everyone being served with the aforementioned personal adornments, the Senior Prom. was next in line, at which we were given the opportunity of displaying our latest acquisitions.

To our lecturers during this year we extend our sincerest apologies and congratulations; for if ever men had questions sprung on them, with lightning-like rapidity, involving doctrines of Personal Property, down through the line to Corporations, and if ever men answered those questions with greater skill and patience than our own lecturers, we have certainly never met them.

Besides becoming better acquainted with the two Chief Justices, and plunging into the experiment of the case system for Pleading, with Mr. Wilson, our new District Attorney, which experiment we might say, in passing, was highly successful, due to Mr. Wilson's tact and ability, we met for the first time the eighth wonder of the world—the man who has the science of the law down so fine that he can roll the most abstract principles into pellets and, by taking one after every meal for three months, you are sure to pass the Bar or any other examination that the ingenuity of man can conceive. After Mr. Boyd had been with us but a short time we decided that all the good things we had heard about him had not been one whit exaggerated.

Last, but by no means least, at the end of the year we held our final blowout, or grand farewell, at which, as someone opined, "a large time was had." The motto of the evening, as unanimously adopted, was "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we will have to pay for it." After a most delightful evening spent following out our motto, to the best of our ability, and listening to words of friendly advice from the lips of our Professors, a rousing Hoya for everybody at Georgetown, and then one for everybody in the world, "lest some — fool take offense," we wound up the social part of our three years grind, departing for our respective homes at—well, as this Book will go into our respective homes, never mind the hour.

It is regrettable, indeed, that we have been forced to omit mention of many interesting and "characteristic" happenings of the class during the three years; that we have been too cramped for space to dilate upon the propensities and talents of the individual members. But we can at least sum up briefly the general characteristics and qualities of the class as a whole. The members of the Class of 1910 of Georgetown Law School will never be surpassed in honesty and sincerity of purpose, indefatigable labor and heroic self-sacrifice. No one knows, nor perhaps ever will know, of the sacrifices made, of the striving and toiling under extreme adverse circumstances, of the hours stolen from sleep, of the laboring and study while others played. Not infrequently have our classmates, fatigued by their daily labors—labors that perhaps would have exhausted the strength of men less courageous—been obliged to literally "drag" themselves to the lecture hall, to remain several hours, then back to their rooms and their books, to apply themselves for several hours more to the most difficult and intricate propositions of the law, never waivering until their tasks were finished. Our burdens have been lightened to some extent by the pleasant and agree-

able association in the school. But it was hard, notwithstanding. And what is to be the result of all these privations and sacrifices? It is written that time spent in honest labor is never lost. So the hours we have labored, the sacrifices we have undergone, are not lost to us. The result and reward may not be near at hand; in the legal profession rewards are not bestowed immediately as a result of a man's labor. But they come in time, when we least expect, and when we are better able to enjoy and reap the fruits of our privations of former years, and better is the reward for the waiting. Without infringing on the territory of the Class Prophet, it can be said, with all earnestness, the reward is sure to come; our work and sacrifices will bear fruit; our time and labor will be returned to us a thousand fold, and in after years when we look back upon our years spent with Alma Mater, the dark side, if you may call it such, will be obliterated by the brilliancy of the Star of Success, and we will only think of those three years as the time we were engaged in the very pleasant and agreeable task of laying the foundation for the grand superstructure we have since erected on it, an intimate and thorough knowledge of the science of the Law, which has won for us the title "leaders" of the greatest profession the mind of man has ever conceived.

In the words of Little Tim,

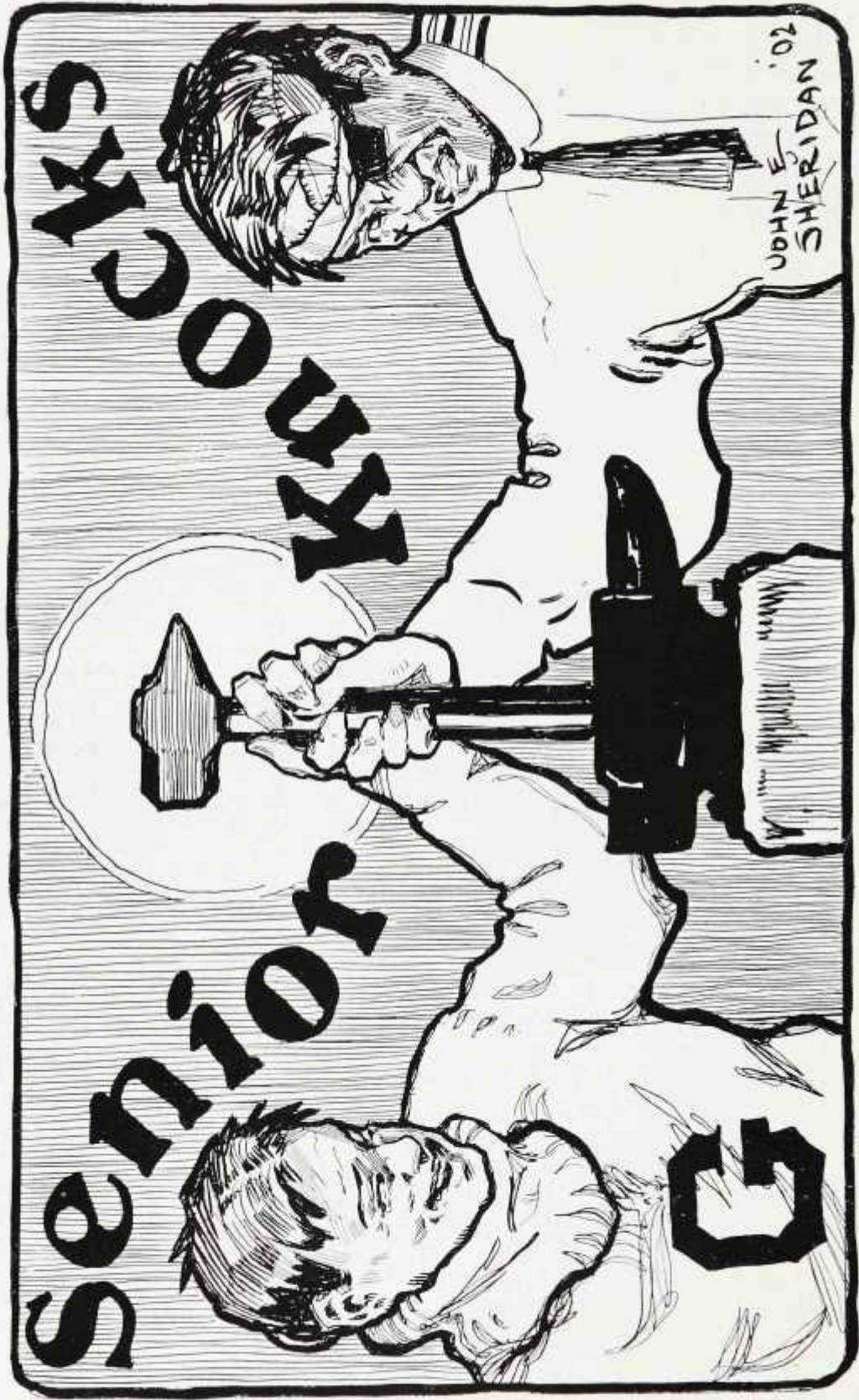
"May God bless us, everyone."

LEO A. ROVER.





THE LAW SCHOOL





WILLIAM W. ADAMS,

New Rochelle, N. Y.

The bearer of this illustrious surname, though a purely local product, hails now from that little hamlet "Just Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway," where it's all right in the daytime, but it certainly gets dark at night. He knows a thing or two about the "Gay White Way," however, at that. Filled with the spirit of the Empire State, his "bug" is the consolidation of equity and law in Federal practice and throughout the yet unconverted States; though he admits that if the country insists that he accept the chair of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, his patriotic spirit would not allow him to oppose the will of the people. Bill says that being the Alpha of a law class is no stage joke; for, recitations, like other things, persistently begin at the beginning, and generally leave off before the end.

WILLIAM B. AHLGREN,

Big Rapids, Mich.

This bright-eyed chap with the flaxen hair is incidentally from Michigan, and primarily from Big Rapids—a pretty little city of the far North, where the girls have rosy cheeks and—well, it's said the boys don't mind playing "Heavy, Heavy Hangs Over Your Head," once in a while. Ahlgy has an incurable hankering for Constitutional Law, and devours Cooley like a gallery kid going after Huckleberry Finn. Next in his heart's affection is his camera. Photographs everything and everybody that will stand for it—and a few sitting down. He became so disgusted when, in the Moot Court, a witness called a movable lens an adjustable aperature that he couldn't eat breakfast the next morning.



JOHN C. ALEXANDER, ΣΧΦ

Duluth, Minn.

"Herr Fritz Kleinschmidt," the German student. Behold this recent acquisition from the Fatherland. That soaring forehead and those locks, beginning somewhere and ending——. See each hair in its appointed place. The class authority and expert witness on storage batteries, and ameters. Composer of "Me und der rest uf der Chermins." Possessor of a subdued smile was Fritz until his little tilt with Daniel, the Mighty. "Oh, you Germany." Since then he has become one of the "also silents" and no more does his guttural tones disturb the silence of our discussions on *Patch vs. White et al.*



HERBERT L. ANDERSON,

Xenia, Ill.

Herby was born in the Egypt of America, in that town of Southern Illinois the very name of which stands for hospitality of host. As special agent in the Bureau of Corporations, he keeps a constant lookout for the protection of his Uncle Sam's great interests, and studies law between looks. He is also otherwise engaged in some of his wee spare moments nowadays; for, 'twas just last September he concluded:

"What fate imposes, men must needs abide;  
It boots not to resist both wind and tide."

So now he's married.

LOUIS L. ANSART, B. S.,

State College, Pennsylvania.

Did you ever see a confirmed seeker of scientific abstrusities afflicted with the smiletus? In other words, did you ever see the junction point of an ingrowing smile and an outgrowing B. S. L. L. B.—that is, the exact point of contact of the two forces? If not, then gaze rapturously upon the likeness hereon next adjacent, for such is the face there beholden. Though of a mild and pleasant demeanor, perfectly tame and harmless under normal conditions, his recitation room etiquette is but little short of disgraceful. Upon one occasion he displayed such willful and wanton disregard of class ethics by reciting most loudly while his fellow colleague (Mr. Willis) was reading an evening newspaper, that it became necessary for Professor Baker to reprimand him severely for his lack of civility. But the smile stayed put.



FRED J. BAILEY, A. B.,

Wells River, Vt.



This lad with the basso profundo voice developed an oratorical foundation calling pigs in the maple sugar country and bee hunting with the Green Mountain boys. Fritzie professes a particular love and affection for common law pleading, but it is in the laws of domestic relations that he has shown with the greatest brilliancy, for, 'tis said, in answer to the question, "What is marriage?" he replied, "Marriage is a contract based upon a condition precedent." It is plain that he keeps to his books both in prayer and recitations. Yes? No?



HENRY A. BAKER,  
Shepherdstown, W. Va.

Some twenty-five years ago, out in a little sheep-raising community now noted on the map by a small round dot, there came into the light of the world a brown-eyed, chubby, impetuous little chap with a destiny—yes, with a destiny, for he says so himself, even now. His earliest actions indicated that he was born to be great; for he out-yelled any kid in the neighborhood, showing that he intended to make himself heard in the world. Strong and commanding of voice and will, it mattered but little that he was not tall and imposing of stature. Next to his passion for El Toros and the W. W. & S. Club, Henry's affections go out most strongly for the law of corporations. He says, with much conviction, that, to his mind, a corporation, save himself, is the greatest legal entity ever invented.

HARRY A. L. BARKER,  
Washington, D. C.

About 'steen and five years ago there appeared amongst the good people of the Capital City a bright little dimple-checked masculine face, the original of the one here shown. And what a face it was! The girls kissed it; the boys caressed it; the old maids fairly chewed it. But that was many years ago, and time makes great changes. Harry became a shining light when he laid down dictum in the laws of contract for which the bar and bench will no doubt be grateful. Says that the correct theory is that an infant should be held liable on his promise to marry, because it is a necessary of life.



HUGH W. BARR,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Committee on Intercollegiate Debates (2). Smoker Committee (2).  
Class Secretary (3). Chairman Senior Prom. Committee (3).  
Editor of Debates, Domesday Booke (3).

*"And he himself was tall and thin,  
With lips where smiles went out and in."*—ANON.



Uncle Joe, sit up and take notice! Behold the man who would strip you of your greatest reputation—the man who can smoke fifty of the blackest Havana blasting fuses one after the other without batting an eyelash or spitting a spat. The champion "hustler" of the class. What boots it that the matter is small, the good of the class is the thing. It took Barr some time to decide upon the study of law—he's past 23 now—but he made no mistake. How could he afford to let that voice, sweet and mellow, go to waste! There is some speculation as to whether it was his ability to look serious and talk serious, or his knowledge of the law that did it, but the fact remains that Hughey got through his Moot Court cases as if they were cases of b—r (no, not beer; bottled water).



S. EDWARD BEACH,

Alexandria, Va.

Smoker Committee (2). President Debating Society (3).

The ballast of the class. The man who has ideals higher than pretzels and winnewursts. The noble cause of labor was the first love of this black-browed apostle from the ancient city of mortmain. It is even reported that he is now writing a book to be entitled "Why Gompers *et al.* Are Not in Contempt." Whether this is true or not, if your knowledge of injunctions is not on the square, take a tip and go not to Beach with your argument. Married early—most men do—and counts it a lucky move.

JOHN J. BECKMAN,

Indianapolis, Ind.

Varsity Football (2).

This easy-going, deep-thinking Hoosier is a man of modern and progressive ideas. Believes in system in all things. Has divided himself into two departments for better administration; one known as the eating department and the other the sleeping department. Both are in perfect working order. He takes it to be a principle rule of life that "No man can be truly wise on an empty stomach." It is no great wonder, therefore, that his favorite legal study is bankruptcy, of which course it is stated upon good authority he attended nearly all of one lecture.



FRANK J. BERGIN,

Columbus, Ohio.

Member of the successful law firm of Bergin & Rondeau. Makes a specialty of filing objections to every bit of evidence put in by the opposing counsel, regardless of its character or purpose. Does not believe in confining himself to any one branch of study, for, Frank says, "Variety alone gives joy; the sweetest meats the soonest cloy." Frank is trying to keep it quiet, but we believe we have the straight tip. Watch for the cards.







JOHNSTON V. BEST,

New York, N. Y.

Another one of those among us, small of stature, but great in wisdom. A handsome youth, with a dainty, pink color in his smooth cheeks. Adored by the fair, whose society he has been known to occasionally desert to pursue the well-worn path laid out by Blackstone *et al.* His principal distinction is based on the ground of being accustomed to hold wet towels about the head of high-brow Wentz when the latter is wrestling with some deep dissertation of Coke on Littleton, or other light reading.

LEON A. BLOCK,

Washington, D. C.

If an infant buys a ring and gives it to a third party, can he rescind the contract and recover the ring? Can he? Or must he keep his—, well what's the consideration, anyway? After the above question put to Professor Baker by our embryo financier and dealer in duckpin alleys, Chinese laundries, shoeshining parlors, etc., we expected something real newsy and exciting from an interview with our "proud" Leon A. But never a word spoke he concerning social aspirations—or complications, but plead the constitutional privilege. In the application of the Fabian Policy to Moot Court work, Block is the real "it," but in the realm of frenzied finance it will be a funny thing if he doesn't make J. Pierpont look like a mud pie in a March rain ere the lapse of many years. Block is never later than 7.31 for lectures.



ALFRED E. BOBST,

Ames, Iowa.

A charter member of the Modern Order of Perpetual Smilers, and a representative in good standing of the Bright Eyes Club. His recitations are classics for clearness. He brings out the points of his argument as accurately and logically as our ancient and beloved investigator of the relations and properties of magnitudes, Euclid; and his recitations are quite as entertaining. Convincing evidence of a remarkably analytical mind was shown in a recitation in pleading, if reports are true. Upon being asked when a plea in abatement is used, 'tis said he promptly replied, "To remove a nuisance."





JOHN M. BOWEN,

Boston, Mass.

This possessor of the unique and singular hobby of "growling" hails from the home of baked beans and brown bread. When the sheepskins are distributed, says "it's back to Back Bay for muh." Likes contracts—especially one based upon a good consideration. Has Hammon served with his meals, and can digest it a la mode, French fried, fricaseed or hashed brown. Is also long on legal ethics. Makes it a rule to study some new ethical principle each week. His latest is the keeping of privileged communications. And last, but not least, he's a fan, which squares him with the whole world, for no man can be really bad who is a true fan.

GEORGE CALVERT BOWIE, ΔΧ

Prince George's County, Md.

Class Vice-President (2).

A dimpled cherubim, with an iridescent, ever-present smile that plays over his chubby features like ripples moved by gentle zephyrs on the bosom of a frog pond. Withal, a sweet youth, but, unfortunately, the tail end of a long line of distinguished ancestors, the best part of him, like the potato, being underground. Of course, he believes that "breed is better than pasture." He has to. The pasture is mighty poor on the sand dunes of Prince George's County. "He comes from a good family, and his name is in the Bowie book." Did anyone order a taxi?



J. STEWART BRAND,

Roanoke, Va.

Brand, A-1, to be sure; guaranteed under the Dr. Wiley act and found to be otherwise O. K. Stewart has gained a lasting reputation for attentiveness. Like the Sphinx of Egypt, he sits calmly, serenely, with a look of immobility, as if for ages so accustomed, and, without sign of life, breathes deeply of the legal atmosphere exhaled by the Profs, et al. Once he spoke. 'Twas a recitation in evidence, and his accounting was a statement showing exhaustive research in the science of finance. He assured Professor Baker that it is "fiscally" impossible to vary the terms of a written instrument by "pay-roll" evidence. O! Shekles, where are my copecks?





JOHN C. BRENNAN,

Madison, Wis.

Being born in Wisconsin, reared in the same spot, and blown into Washington at a tender age is enough, perhaps, to ruin the capabilities of a man of ordinary discretion. But Jack—it never feased him. With a heart as big as Halley's comet, and a face as radiant as its light-shedding tail, he is truly a "Hale fellow well met." Just the sort of chap to have around when everything goes dead wrong and the world gets its back up at you every time you move. And on a bright day, when the good fellows get together—well, you can't afford to do without Jack. As an expert on how to run a trolley car, though, Jack must be counted as a failure. Sitting as a witness in the Moot Court, he testified that the motorman collected fares up the center of the car. Now, they probably do stop the cars and collect the fares in Madison; but we have conductors in the District of Columbia.

SOL BROMSON,

Providence, R. I.

Business Manager of the Domesday Booke.

And here is the Pierpont of the Class, the financier of the Booke; the man who has figured in the wee hours of the morning and then gone out all day as the printer's devil. Nothing too small for Brome, just so long as it was connected with the Booke. Made a hit the first year he was in our midst by questioning the constitutionality of O'Mara's nominees; was unanimously elected chairman of the perilous meeting in which we finally elected our First Year officers. An exterior as uninviting and frigid as the North Pole, with a heart as true and warm as the equator sun—this is Sol, our popular classmate. An athlete and candidate for the crew until one day Coach "Pat" Dempsey wagered he was a "Wearer of the Green." Sol clapped three years of steady, consistent work by three months of even more steady work toward the success of this, our last effort. Knew every page by heart, did Bromson. Good luck to you, old Business Manager!



BERNARD G. BROWN,

Williamsburg, W. Va.

The influence of boyhood days, picking blackberries and robbing birds' nests in the wilds of Greenbrier County, have impressed upon our Bernard G. an air of wholesome rural plainness. Nor was it effaced by a subsequent sojourn at Marshall College and a stop at the West Virginia University. Those same early influences, no doubt, may be counted the destiny that has shaped his ends—the convergent ends of combined law and real estate. Though of an age some degrees beyond college yells and freshman hilarity, Bernard was on hand at the class smokers, and, it is reported, warmed up after a few Hoyas into a first-class noise artist. Ambitious to build up a large real estate business. Watch him, he'll get there.





WILLIAM E. BROWN,

Jasper, Ind.

Another handsome Hoosier. Many handsome men come from Indiana—the handsomer the sooner. Bill run a swift race for the position of class Adonis, and would have won easily if his sleeping department had stayed in good working order and his stock of Martha Washington's and Lowney's hadn't run out. In Brown's early days out in Jasper he had his neighbors much wrought up concerning Newton's laws of gravitation. It appeared that a stronger force than that which caused the apple to fall to earth was operating upon Bill in exactly the opposite direction. But, fearing that he might forever upset the time-honored theories of the aforesaid philosopher, he changed his diet and stopped at six feet two. It is plainly evident that it takes a great deal of candy to keep so much man sweet and handsome.

MORTON H. BURDICK,

Adams, Mass.

Class President (2). Vice-President (1). Manager Basketball Team (3). Class Yell Committee (3).

Though one of the most popular members of the class, Morton is, without doubt, the toughest proposition of them all when it comes to writing a fitting sketch for the Domesday Booke. To chronicle his work in building class history we've not the space. To describe him as he is we lack the talent. To forecast his future we've not the nerve. So there we are. He's a jolly good fellow whom to know you must meet. If you think, when you've done so, you can describe your recollection of the incident in this allotted space—well, you'd have had no trouble getting a job on the staff. His hobby is talking, and he almost generally says something. Yes, he's a member of the Board—the handsome chap with much pompadour in the second row. Just had to have him to make the group class up with the proper tone. Burdick's work as manager of the Basketball Team this season will be appreciatively remembered by all his friends.



LOUIS J. CAMPBELL,

La Crosse, Wis.



A cable has just been received from our special correspondent to the effect that the official observer has just noted a faint smile on the countenance of Louis J., but the rumor is, as yet, unverified. Once a school teacher, he conceived the idea that "there are lots of things our teacher doesn't know," so, in order to make himself a living refutation of the saying, he hied himself to Georgetown. Louis is a deep student and one who believes that "in infants levity is a prettiness, in men a shameful defect, and in old age a monstrous folly." Says he has no particular place in view for the practice of his profession, but will drop anchor wherever there is room for another shingle.



FRANCIS W. CASSIDY,

Adams, Mass.

This quiet-looking gentleman with the broad forehead and wise look not only hails from New England, but is proud of it, as is evidenced by the many autographs upon his desk and the arms of the chairs in the classroom. It has often been remarked that Cass is practicing his signature so as to see how it will look when he becomes Chief Justice. Cassidy has very proficiently fulfilled the office of Librarian during the past year, and, although like the "Proverbial Policeman" in one respect, that is, that he is never around when wanted, he has done all that is expected of that worthy personage. Cass was some pumpkins in Moot Court work, and in spite of his argument, it is said, convinced the court that he had some law on his side.

DANIEL E. CLARKE,

King George County, Virginia.

"Judge, y'onor, I am from Virginia, suh, and, taking this as a general proposition, it would be contrary to all the practice in my experience for the kote to hold otherwise in this case." Such was the incontrovertible argument of this man of many periods and exclamation points, as he waived his lanky arms in emphasis and brought his head forward with a jerk at the end of each sentence. But the court was not convinced. A dumb lot, these judges, anyway, says Daniel E. No, he's not related to our friend, Wm. L., Jr. At least, he will not admit it. William's knowledge of criminal law is too meager to justify the claim, no doubt. Daniel has more progressive, more modern ideas. Says the writ of precedendo should be divided into the writ of proce and the writ of dendo. Just what difference in the law of pleading such a change would make he refused to explain.



GIRARD M. COHEN,

Savannah, Ga.

Vice-President Debating Society (3).  
Associate Editor Domesday Booke (3).

He's from Georgia, and his friends insist it is no discredit to the land of peaches, coco-cola and near-beer. As a debater and embryonic combination of Asher Hinds and Uncle Joe he's a crackerjack. Certain it is La Follette *et al.* must look to their laurels as holders of the long-distance talking record when this aspirant to forensic honors of Webster and Calhoun enters the Senatorial chamber. Forsooth the man whose eloquence can convince a hard-hearted and canny-headed judge of Moot Court that the term "saloon," though elsewhere referring to the place where elbows are crooked for the fluid that cheers, in sunny Georgia means a place where ice cream and soft drinks are served, may well become the American Burke or Fox.





NATHAN C. COHEN,

Minneapolis, Minn.

This gentleman of the eternal smile, this member of the "Amen Corner" and examiner of butter churns and alarm clocks in Uncle Sam's Patent Office, is the only living authority on the momentous question, "Should a tailor be paid if the patron dies?" Nathan caused our overworked Editor a few extra gray hairs by suddenly disappearing at the call of National Bank *vs.* John Doe, Adm., and then appearing in company with Daniel on Negotiable Instruments *et al.* just in time to hear Judge O'Donoghue's decision.

JOHN T. COLFER,

Terre Haute, Ind.

Member of the famous law partnership of Raby & Colfer, plaintiffs in error in the case of Douglas *v.* Lincoln, which will determine the question for all time to come as to whether Congress can exceed its constitutional powers in the District of Columbia. This handsome Hoosier has but little time for recitations and other annoying routine. But when exams roll 'round he's there with the necessary. Just how he does it is the subject of much conjecture. Those who have seen him devouring his three "squares" say it's his digestion. No one doubts that, as in taking nourishment much depends upon one's ability in that respect, and John's fondness for the American brand (Decennial Edition) is doubtless admissible as cumulative evidence that digestion's what does the deed.



JAMES E. COLLIFLOWER, A. B.,

Washington, D. C.

Varsity Basketball Team (1, 2, 3).

This worthy is a winner of many valorous victories of athletic strife. What has placed him in high esteem with the faculty, however, is the fact that he combines that rare mixture of top-notch athlete and prize-chaser student. He now wears the degrees of A. B. and B. B., and those who know him "take judicial notice" of the fact that he will add an LL. B. in June. Jim has played with the quint since his junior year. Fought with them for the Inter-collegiate Championship of the South last year, and was on the job this season at the winning of the South Atlantic Championship of the A. A. U. Future sons of Georgetown will be grateful, too, for his efforts in preserving basketball as one of the university's recognized sports.





### JOSEPH P. COOK,

Washington, D. C.

Behold the kind and angelic countenance of another member of the "We Don't Patronize" organization. Little is known of him. When seen by a reporter for the Domesday Booke he refused to talk. It is rumored that he is a descendant of the elusive North Pole faker. During his third year at Georgetown he has been as hard to find as his illustrious namesake. Cook advocates several reforms in the law school, one of which is the abolishment of tuition fees; another the doing away with lectures and recitations. Has been seen in frequent conferences with Block on this subject. His habits do not, however, seem to interfere with his getting by—at least, we are unable to testify that any red ink has appeared as yet, on his papers. Marvelous, but true.

### MARTIN W. COOKEROW,

Centralia, Ill.

History records the birth of this sweet-smiling youth at Centralia, Illinois, but there is no authentic record of the date. His preliminary educational stunts were performed at schools in his native State. He then conceived the idea of becoming a marshal, and hied himself to Georgetown to vex the faculty—strange as it may seem, in view of the popularity of the chanticleer—with his never-yet-correctly-pronounced cognomen. Cookerow is a member of the "We Don't Patronize" Club, so far as third-year lectures are concerned. It is reported that he started the movement to boycott Baker's elucidations of Thayer. His hobbies are baseball and "kiddos," as his attendance at school would indicate. Despite his efforts to avoid classmates, Martin has endeared himself to all his fellows, and we prophesy for him a future bright in many spots.



### BLAINE COPPINGER, A. B.,

Washington, D. C.

'Tis said his full name is James Gillespie Blaine Coppinger. It's too much for his classmates, who have reduced it to "Cop." But not so with Blaine. With him, the longer the better. If Marathons were word-races, he'd be the only runner. Talks so fast that no human being yet discovered has been able to follow or understand him. Quiz masters never dispute his statements or question the correctness of his legal views, but simply give him credit for a *prima facie* case on presumption. Coppinger is a son of a great soldier and a grandson of a great statesman. Was reared within the shadow of the Capitol's dome, having annexed an A. B. on College Hill before changing his diet to legal lore. Is especially designed for a student, and if he is able to divorce Cuddy will, perhaps, finish his education abroad and accept a chair in some famous university.





FRANK M. CUDDY,

Baltimore, Md.

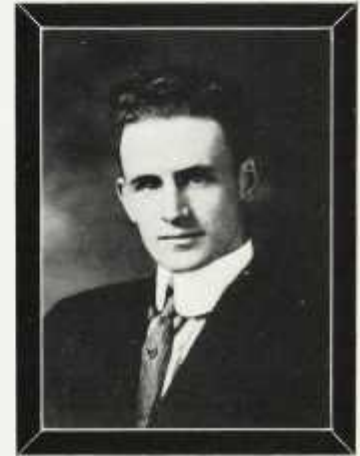
We have here a fatherly gray-haired individual from the Monumental City. He talks with true local accent of his part of the country, but, with a little practice, it becomes intelligible. Makes more notes of lectures than any man in the class, and, singularly enough, uses them during quiz. Strong on asking wooden questions. In great demand to sing, which he does gratis, and really reached high "C" once. Always there when the ladies go by. Frank is a judge.

JOHN L. CURRAN, A. B.,

Providence, R. I.

Class Secretary (1).

This "grad" of Brown is from the home of George Washington, Jr., the Yankee Prince, *ad infinitum*, and says that, while he thinks his Irish George to be all right, he's a prophet without honor in his own country. Curran is an excellent good fellow, a true sport and a fair student. Mixes without reaction or commotion—just seems to slide in right without your noticing it. Believes in the aphorism "If education interferes with your business, give up your business," but is now managing to keep on speaking terms with both. Also inventor of the thirteenth equity maxim, "It's a bum judge that never writes a dissenting opinion."



MAURY CURTIS, ΦΑΔ

Warrenton, Va.

Life's journey was easy, happy and propitious for Curtis till one lamentable day this promising swain was seized with an unquenchable thirst for Blackstone, Ames, Perry, Clarke, *et al.*, and an insatiable desire to drink at these fountains of legal enlightenment. 'Twas then that the "Old Man" lost a good farm hand; but, remembering the glorious work of another countryman of Virginia, of the Rail Splitter of Illinois and (may we add) the Farmer of Nebraska, we are constrained to admit that great things are grown on the farm. Curtis showed marked signs of great business ability when, being asked in a recitation "If your client were sued by an outlaw or an alien enemy, what would you do?" he replied, "Employ a good lawyer."





DONALD A. DELASHMUTT,

Frederick, Md.

Smoker Committee (3).

The champion swimmer of the class is this quiet-looking acquisition from Maryland. "Dad" attended Charlotte Hall (no, not a seminary, a military academy) in his infancy, and then came to reside at the Y. M. C. A. Runs the Quartermaster-General's Office at the War Department part of the day and teaches juveniles of the "Y" to swim during the remaining leisure hours.

HENRY F. DOLAN,

Parkersburg, W. Va.

Class Critic, Domesday Booke (3).

This handsome fellow, a deep student of psychology, has given us many straight talks on things as they are, and not what they appear to be. He has a store of knowledge and practical experience, which ought to play him in good stead in the practice of law. Is a big, good-natured, sympathetic clearing-house for those with the heart bowed down, and many are the hard-luck stories he must give ear to. We are indebted to him for some good hard work in making this book a success.



J. COTTER DUGAN,

Celina, Ohio.



Did you ever hear of Celina? No. Well, then, you've never met Dugan. Born in Bellefontain, which is also in the Buckeye State, Dugan moved to Celina at the tender age of two, and that part of him most needed in pursuing a law course is still living there. It has been suggested that Cotter's course at the Ohio Northern University must have been theology. His knowledge of that great principle of equity which "considers that as done which ought to be done," is, no doubt, responsible for the rumor. Dugan stated, with no little show of piety, in a recitation on equity jurisprudence, that "Conversion is the changing of one's religious belief." Recollection of the blunder has caused him to decide on a P.-G., after which he will return to Celina.



CLYDE C. DUNNINGTON,

Nevada City, Cal.

As a connoisseur of sartorial craftsmanship, Clyde is in a class by himself. As an inventor of modes, he would make the original Beau Brummel look like a tramp. Born in a pretty little city of the Occident, where it's always springtime and beard hills never fall due, and where, but for earthquakes and cooleys, life would be one continual round of sunshine, Dunnington still shows traces of the influence of pleasant environments in his formative days. If his efforts in the legal field show results in keeping with his success in the field of romance and social adventure, we predict no "starvation period" for "Dunny."

JOHN W. DYKES,

Yonkers, N. Y.

Long on knowledge of animus revocandi, John W. has laid down new rules of evidence in *re*, a testator's intention to revoke his will which, no doubt, will some day become as famous as the work of our beloved Shelly. Says that evidence of intention may be shown by statements made at any time, and that the *res gestae* has nothing to do with determining a man's intent. Wonder what kind of a will Jack had in mind—good or bad? Was he thinking of Professor Baker's definition of the *res gestae* as told at the smoker? Dykes is purely human, and, as such, has some of the weaknesses of man. Known as the human interrogation point. Authority on the science of asking questions.

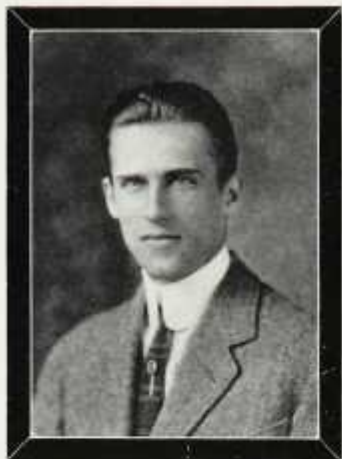


FRANK L. EARNSHAW, ΦΑΔ

Earnshaw, W. Va.

The fame and popularity of this lad is attested by the fact that, though but a youth as yet, the place of his birth is named after him. You may not find it on the larger maps, but it's there, all right—right inside of Wetzel County. Frank was soon picked up by Uncle Sam as a likely assistant in his department of oleomargarine and benzoate of soda. It is not known that Frank handles these particular items, but he's there with Uncle Samuel, just the same. Is undecided whether to practice law in the D. C. or to go back home and run for Congress.





KEITH W. EDWARDS, ΦΑΔ

O'Neill, Neb.

Keith entered his appearance in the second year of the 1910 class, after a prolonged absence from his native heath, and after a first year at Creighton University. Though a local product, he has been the subject of interstate and international commerce for several years, living, for varying periods, in Michigan, Nebraska, Connecticut, Virginia, Dominion of Canada and Panama. Is a member of the "Alligator Club" and candidate for position of T. R. II, having served apprenticeship among the deer, bear, wolves, chickens, ducks, etc., of Canada, Michigan and Nebraska.

HERMAN FELTER,

Louisville, Ky.

Born in the Empire State, and reared in Kentucky, this gentle-hearted classmate, the essence of quietness, this cornerstone of unobtrusiveness, desiring to study law, jumped from the Pacific, where he was laboring to upbuild Uncle Sam's Navy, to the Atlantic Coast, where he is now anchored in that news-producing Bureau of Interstate Commerce. 'Tis sad to relate, however, that Herr Felter's jumping capacity did not cease here. He is now having the law laid down both at home and in class, this quiet, unassuming, peace-seeking Herman.



EARL R. FIELDS,

Bay City, Mich.

Associate Art Editor, Domesday Book (3).

Behold the only gentleman who refused to have his picture taken with the illustrious Board of Editors. Bob says he was asleep when the announcement was made. We think his artistic temperament prevented him. Never mind, Bob, we have you here, at any rate, and perhaps once is enough. The next time we will add a class smoker, and then you will be in the front row.





HARRY W. FINNEY,

Washington, D. C.

One-time student of George Washington Law School (but say this in a whisper, he's rather sensitive), Harry is a corking good fellow, level-headed, and clean as a new pin. But, he's ambitious. He wants to be a lawyer—a real live lawyer (now, don't laugh; he means it), not a mere attorney. Hence he severed his connections with the G. W. U. and came to old Georgetown, where he was given a hearty welcome. He certainly is one more hurdler when it comes to jumping quizzes, and his favorite greeting is "Did he call me last night?" Harry is an enthusiastic Benedict, and if his legal arguments were as strong as his matrimonial ones are convincing, there is no doubt but that he would soon be sleeping peacefully on the Supreme Bench.

CLARENCE G. FISHER,

Rochester, N. Y.

*"A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch.  
A living dead man."—SHAKESPEARE.*

All hail to the human wonder—one who has brought up "The Man With the Wee Small Voice!" Has been known to keep the class delighted by his ingenuous remarks. Carries on his courtships by mental telepathy, believing that words are not only superfluous, but also inadequate. "Fish" expects to show the people of Rochester something in the way of legal arguments, and we see the "Rochester Sponge" getting out an extra. An expert at solitaire.



THOMAS R. FITZGERALD,

Washington, D. C.



The florid-faced one from the city where you can't vote; friend and disciple of rubicund Mac; fickle to the extreme, if the ladies are to be believed, and a regular heart-breaker; although not yet admitted, he has all the suits he can handle, having started an up-to-date tailoring establishment just to keep his mind occupied. The most noted thing Tom did at Georgetown was to coin the famous phrase, that will endure forever, viz: "The two wrongs to real property are trespass and coverture." His favorite summer resort is "Injun" Head, Md. That probably accounts for some of his pronunciations, such as "pay-roll" evidence.



JAMES E. FITZ-GIBBON,

Washington, D. C.

Stop! Look! Listen! Behold the smiling countenance of him who holds at his finger tips the heartstrings of many an unsuspecting lassie—the man who possesses the photos of more good-looking girls than half of the artists in town. "Jim" was in his glory at the Inaugural Ball, where he was mistaken for the Duke of Alexandria; but he has never been able to understand why Holliday failed to introduce him nor the reason Jim Sherman sat behind a pillar. Can't kid you, "Fitz," old boy!

J. LEWISTON FLANAGAN,

Mechanicville, N. Y.

The fellow that never speaks until he is spoken to—and then never says more than is necessary; he holds the Marathon record in Mr. Atkins' quiz, having held forth one night for 17½ minutes. Like all quiet fellows, he has a girl, and from the look on his face when he drops "her" letter in the box we would say he is not as quiet in everything as he is at Law School. Senior member of the Swedish law firm of Flanagan, Quinn & Kelly.



JOHN A. FLYNN, A. B.,

Providence, R. I.

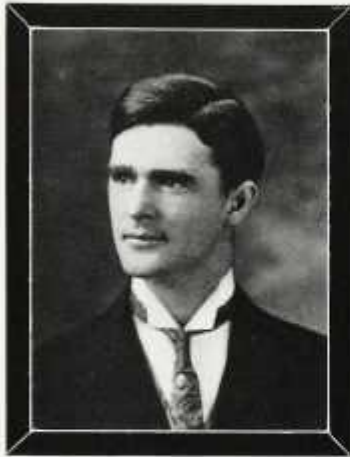


And here is our old "college chump," smiling and happy "Jack," who, besides taking a prominent part in the doings of our illustrious class, finds time to sport upon the green of Forbes Field and cavort around first base for Fred Clarke and his inimitable band of buccaners. There is nothing "Jack" enjoys more than to get into a wordy combat with "Brother Bill" over some "technical" legal point, and next to this comes his natural propensity for "kidding the natives." When engaged in this exciting pastime his face remains immobile and the vanquished is always allowed to depart feeling that "Jack" has realized his defeat.

WILLIAM S. FLYNN, A. B.,

Providence, R. I.

Smoker Committee (3).



"Bill" is a product of the lively city of Providence, which apprenticed him to a four years' course at Holy Cross College, where he annexed his A. B. Flushed with success, he, in company with "my brother Jack," came to conquer Georgetown. '10 knows the result. When his courage is screwed to the sticking point he will discourse on any subject from the most sublime even to the law. His cronies of the K street bunch of jurists have endured his recitations, jokes and clog-dancing for three full years; yet, in spite of the pain caused thereby, the stamp of approval has been put upon him. Kelleher asserts his knowledge of the law is only exceeded by his fund of wit and humor, and is upheld by Foster therein. "Bill" is still wondering whether there is any hidden meaning in Kel's apparent compliment, but at last accounts had not instituted any suit. After graduation "Bill" intends to return to Providence, where it is predicted he will at some future day rule the destinies of the State.

DANIEL R. FORBES, A. B.

Clinton, Iowa.

Prom. Committee (3). Associate Art Editor, *Domesday Booke* (3).

"Dan" Forbes, a versatile genius, was born at Clinton, a small Iowa town, which prior to this time had escaped even the notice of the Geological Survey. He excels in many things: as an athlete, walked to Baltimore in record time; as a diplomat, attended G. U. and G. W. U. at the same time and made good at both; as an artist and law student, evolved a new theory, believes all cases resolvable into chemical formulae, and advocates the use of retort and crucible in solving legal propositions, by which method, with exact science, he can separate mixed questions of law and fact, and, by an acid test, detect an error in the record.



WALTER C. FOSTER, A. B.,

Alexandria, Va.



The University of Pennsylvania is responsible for Foster's escape and subsequent wandering into our midst. He is atoning for past misdeeds by voluntarily living in Alexandria, where it is rumored he is leading a quiet and studious life. Every evening after lecture or quiz he can be seen hustling for the Black Diamond Express for this well-known cemetery. He is Kelleher's law partner in Moot Court, where his fervent eloquence has been practically wasted on the desert air. To hear him argue a question of law is to be convinced. As to what, ask Bill Flynn. Proof of the serious turn of his mind is found in the fact that he almost invariably takes his cane out for a walk on Sunday afternoons. At the close of this year "Fos" will fight hard to win a commanding place in Virginia's Hall of Fame.



MORTON E. FRANK,

Lander, Wyo.

Have you ever beheld the Class of 1910 *in toto*? Have you ever beheld them sitting one hundred and fifty strong, shoulder to shoulder? No? Then you cannot fully appreciate the title of Class Dude, which, although belonging to Mort by divine right, was made more sure by the vote of his fellow classmen. An admirer of Beau Brummel and the man who, in flowery language, made the nominating speech for the gentleman from Montana at the last class elections. Shades of Cicero and "Marse Henry"! How could they have been so hard-hearted as to have sat coolly by and elected another man!

EDWIN S. FRENCH,

Manistee, Mich.

This dignified gentleman is a disgrace to his name. Never known to gesticulate, never known to get hysterical, never known to use anything as soft and as polite as "Mon Dieu." Note that lower jaw. Should it not be "McFrench"? Real evidence? Bosh! Then, what about this: "The Home Plate is a misnomer, for whoever heard of it breaking?" Should his name not be "McFrench"?



GEORGE R. FRYE,

Parsons, Kans.

Class Treasurer (1).



The human chameleon, whose nomenclature changes before the approaching danger of Professor Wilson and his Pleading questions; Rex, true to his name, is the King of the "next to the last row," always having on his right side the German student. They say he is at present "doing" a local Patent Attorney, so that when he is admitted he won't have any trouble getting his patent renewed (a la Wright, Justice). Last year he was a close second to Block in tardiness in coming to lectures, but this year Rex has never been later than 7.29, leaving the fruits of victory to Leon A.



ELMON A. GENESTE, ΣΝΦ

Washington, D. C.

What have we here? 'Tis Elmon, but another product of Washington, "the city beautiful, upon which the Yankees dote, where the people all talk politics, but none of them can vote." Before becoming firmly rooted in the back row of our lecture halls, this gay Lothario attended numerous military academies, from one of which he was finally graduated with the degree of S. S. (Sharp Shooter), specializing with the wad and rubber band. Has a wonderful voice, which has been likened to the noise caused by the opening and closing of a radiator. Has used it to advantage in the display of his extraordinary ability to answer (?) in quiz without first reading the assignment.

EDWARD COLVILLE GRIFFITH, ΔΧ

Oak Grove, Va.

"Grif" is a chubby little fellow, of unfailing good humor, whom we really believe to have attended at least half of the lectures at the "college." The fair sex think he is a perfect dear, but "Grif," we are sorry to say, is a fickle youth. Daily changes of affection are perfectly excusable in anyone, but "Grif" is so susceptible that he falls in love and out again even between dances. What makes his society particularly enjoyable, however, is his great depth of thought and the gems of speech to which he is constantly giving utterance. "*Furninstance*," it is related that "Grif" in elucidating a knotty and intricate proposition of law, was heard to say: "Ah, that puts a new phase on the aspect."



GEORGE L. HEALY,

West Newton, Mass.

Smoker Committee (2). Varsity B. B. Team (3).

The lightweight champion of the class. The man with the cherubim smile and the kindly word. Holder of a squatter's right to a comfortable chair in the back row. Member of the Club, whose motto is "The more comfortable one's position the more law learned." Georgie never says much about the law, until after the exam. He then holds forth in the main corridor, and has been made defendant by Mr. Watkins in an action for the recovery of damages for wearing out a portion of the aforesaid floor space.







S. DAVID HENKEL,

Wilmington, Del.

This remarkable youth, whose classic (not to say classy) features are herewith reproduced, was born in the Old Dominion State and raised everywhere, but as to the particular spot of his nativity we are still in doubt. Unlike the case of Homer, seven cities frantically deny being his birthplace. Wherever that interesting event occurred, it is definitely settled that with his very first breath he began to talk volubly and with great fluency—a practice continued even to the present day, with occasional stoppages for meals and sleep. The photograph herewith reproduced is remarkable for the fact that he remained silent for one-tenth of a second while the photographer pressed a button.

EDWARD J. HILTON,

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Among the Western "bunch" may be found Edward J., one of the type who undoubtedly suggested the professorial compliment that the Class of 1910 gave peculiar promise. Query: Define peculiar. Born in the unorthodox land of promise, Eddie reached the zenith of his glory in the delivery of his now famous philippic against class politics, etc., etc. The oceans of the East and the oceans of the West; the icebergs of the North and the warm winds of the South were all included in his stirring denunciation. But, alas, it was all to no avail. One more Demosthenes to the bad. And now we think our silvery tongue orator is training his guns in another direction, where the heart is softer and the ear more attentive.



JOHN EDWIN HOLLIDAY, ΔΧ

Kirkwood, Ill.

Chairman Smoker Committee (3). Varsity Football (1).



In spite of the fact that John wears a disguise of attenuated English butler side-whiskers and a poker-face expression, he nevertheless occupies a position of some eminence among those who have manifested almost human intelligence during the "halycon" days of our sojourn in the classic halls of Georgetown. Born and raised in Illinois, during a sojourn in Alabama they taught him that pie was not au fait for breakfast. As John prides himself on being au fait, he now pretends to enjoy corn pone and spurns the pie and crullers so dear to his native State. His chief claim to distinction among us is founded on his witty (sic) observations while presiding at the Second Year Smoker. Rumor has it, however, that he was seen surreptitiously consulting between efforts an antiquated edition of Joe Miller's Joke Book.



JOHN H. HOWELL, JR.,

Washington, D. C.

Gentle readers of the fair sex, behold this winsome countenance of our classmate. Look at him good, well and long, and then take warning. Harden your hearts. Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, oh, no! Nothing has been known to have ever changed that angelic smile. Lectures on Pleading, examinations on Real Property, inquisitorial quizzes—all go down to defeat before that gentle, that peace-inspiring smile. We have warned you, girls.

EVERETT A. JOHNSON, ΦΑΔΔ

Pendleton, Ore.

A late arrival, who modestly refuses to give his history. Diligent search, however, has revealed the skeleton. Who would dream that this youth was the son of a Methodist minister; this pirate of fair hearts, this man who believes that being a member of the bar (Oregon) is no reason why more LL. B.'s should not be captured. It is whispered that this product of the West came to Georgetown "to drink deeper of the Pierian Springs." What about that inviting tip of a friendly little game of solo just around the corner? Did he take it? He did not.



HERMAN WILLIAM KAGE,

Petoskey, Mich.



Can't you see the Kaiserlic influence suggested by the first name of this product of Michigan? And why? Have you ever heard of it? Ask Kage. Carries around him a map of his native State with a large pin point in red. The "villain" has, in addition to the aforesaid qualities, the reputation of a "ladykiller" and a debater. With them "he's just a dear." Why, his regular lecture topic is "Co-educationalism." His audience never quite knows what he is talking about, but what "goes with it" is great. Kage wants more room to practice in, and hence states he will travel westward. "Gluck Auf," Herman.

GEORGE E. KELLEHER, A. B.,

Providence, R. I.

Class Treasurer (3).



"Kel" is another of the Providence brand. Pocketing his A. B. from Brown University, "Kel" entered Harvard Law, but later showed his intelligence by joining us in our second year. His hobby is to propound questions to the K street circle in their legal seances, though Foster claims it is done with the single purpose of "making the course difficult." As custodian of the funds of the class, "Kel" has had his hands full owing to the onerous duties incident thereto, but, nevertheless, under this burden he has borne up well. In spite of the fact that heretofore he has had a decided penchant for traveling, "Kel" expects to settle down in some promising spot in Maine where the ducats grow fastest and where his invaluable services are most needed.

LEO J. KELLY,

Rockville, Conn.

Sergeant-at-Arms (2-3). Varsity Crew (1-3).

"Has anybody here seen Kelly?" Then behold the Herculean frame of our mighty Sergeant-at-Arms, Leo the giant-killer, the stentorian tones of whose voice will long reverberate through the old lecture halls to arouse from their lethargy the classes of Common Law Pleading that are to come. In his spare moments he takes to the river and exercises the aforesaid voice in the interest of his Alma Mater's Varsity Crew, and Leo is some coxswain! As a student the class can boast of none more earnest, and the thorough manner in which the firm of Kelly & Quinn handled its Moot Court work brought forth high praise from the Bench.



GEORGE P. KIMMEL,

Leavenworth, Kan.

The tall and slender one from the Sun Flower State; a constant patron of bald-headed row, where he sits with the Boy Prodigy on his right hand, paying the strictest attention to the words of wisdom that drop from the lips of our lecturers; in fact, so rapt is his attention that, although he has never made a note nor bought a book while at school, he can split more hairs than the most technical pleader. Never known to ask more than ten questions in one night, his usual pose being while "quizzing," three locks of hair hanging in apparent negligence over his right eye, one hand in his pocket, the other raised aloof, gesticulating therewith, his voice a dreamy whisper, probably so the other fellows can't benefit by his "original" questions. We don't know where he is going to practice, although he has threatened several places. If we were only aware of the habitat of the original of that picture he brings to class we would then know definitely.





CARL C. KING,

Sebree, Ky.

Class Critic, Domesday Booke (3).

This magnificent fellow left his old Kentucky home to come to Washington to help his Uncle Sam, when he thought he would like to become acquainted with the law. Of extreme fancy and keen perception, he has within him the right kind of stuff for making life worth living. Is a great smoker and match borrower. We predict great things for him, because he is ambitious and never satisfied unless doing something worth while. To his capacity for hustling is due, in great part, the success of this book.

ROBERT J. KINNINGHAM,

Danville, Ill.

"The lean and hungry look" that gave Cæsar so much concern does not worry him. When the corpulent gentleman from Illinois is not going up, he is going down. A hard worker between bells. Has been accused of knowing some law, but he denies the charge. Yet "he is a hale fellow well met." Is reputed to be the author of several valuable publications, the more important of which are "How to Dispose of Useless Fortunes," "Seven Nights Over One Stein," and "Why Is a Legal Education?"



THOMAS EDSON KNODE,

Winnebago, Minn.



Knode is a mighty good fellow, but, oh! what a name! The quiz masters have a choice assortment of pronunciations—never the same way twice—among them "Node," "Key-node," "Kay-node," and particularly "Noddy," the last evidently being derived from an observation of the gentleman's demeanor in class on divers and sundry occasions. Knode might at least publish a pronouncing dictionary to accompany his signature. He is particularly proud of his head of glossy black hair, and we are informed that he sleeps with a dear little skull cap on, so that his locks might be trained to lie back nicely on his noble head.



EUGENE LANDERS,

Upper Lisle, N. Y.

Hails from the place that lisle hosiery made famous and intends to make his old town still more famous some day by his achievements in the legal profession; a fellow of infinite modesty and bashfulness; when asked about himself, his visage takes on a hue that rivals the color of McDonnell's red tie. The only night he ever missed at school in three years was last Christmas; but as it happened we had holiday, you can't count that against him. Was never known to smoke, drink or swear, or stop smiling, nor do anything else that law students are supposed to do. Shame on you, Eugene!

GEARY W. LEWIS,

Washington, D. C.

Smoker Committee (1); Smoker Committee (2);  
Assistant Manager, Domesday Booke (3).

A happy-go-lucky, ambitious classmate, Geary is always on the job when he has anything to do. His pastime lately has been collecting the "dough" for the price of the Booke, and he has been working overtime. He has some law of his own, but usually gives in after reading the text books. We wonder if he will every get over that "bum" he exploded in the second year. If he does, we won't. He would like to get you in a plot to get real property cheap. Nothing doing. Strong on smokers and knows how to run one. Expects to live in the Capital City. What's the attraction?



WILLIAM F. LYMAN,

Denver, Colo.

Class Smoker (1).

This product of Colorado became locally famous when he captured a cash prize offered by the Governor of his native State. "Wilyum" has become famous in our midst for the great love and attachment shown to Miss Briar Wood. 'Tis a wonder to us how he can separate himself long enough to attend lectures. A believer in high standards, we advise Lyman to hang his shingle near Pike's Peak.





LOUIS C. MARKS,

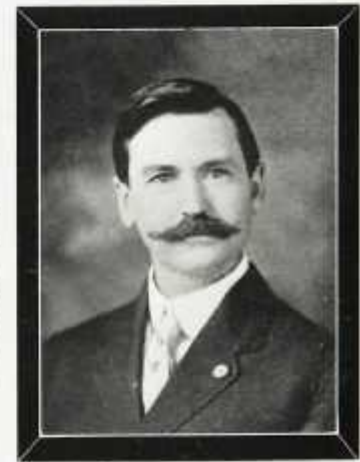
Washington, D. C.

A quiet man, whose gentleness attracts on first acquaintance, his unfailing courtesy causes longer acquaintance to always result in friendship. Has cared little for fussing, having mightier things to conquer than a woman's heart and more honor to gain than a woman's smile. We have not yet seen the time when Mark's temper had the upper hand. Takes all things with calmness and composure, and, with his modesty, this makes him a most companionable fellow. Very seldom is he absent from class. Louis tackles Postal Law every day, and we will not be surprised to find him some day attorney for the Postoffice Department.

CHARLES T. MAXEY,

Blackwell, Okla.

The man with the green shade. The quiet, the smiling, the studious superlative. One of the old guard. Always on time, always near the front. Never speaks, and yet his presence felt. Authority on and persistent user of the principle that a smile, even in a lawyer, will go a long way toward influencing the judge, the jury and the witnesses. With a few others organized the elderly and dignified society of the "Also Shaved," whose motto is never say "Going, Going, Gone."



ALBERT E. McCARTY,

Lewiston, Maine.

President Rifle Club, 1909 (2). Treasurer Rifle Club, 1910 (3). Committee on Public Debates (3). Committee on Class Yells (3).



Mack has become intimately acquainted with everyone in the class through the medium of petitions, soliciting funds for class smokers, debates, memorials, etc.; also, naturally a politician, it is second nature with him to call a fellow by his first name after once meeting him and shaking hands with him at every opportunity afterwards. Being one of the greatest parliamentarians we have, he has saved the class from the breakers many times by a "motion to adjourn." He tried to add laurels to the university by organizing a rifle club, of which he was the first president, but the greatest success it achieved was the election of officers. In the first two years he took part in "boisterous deliberations" of the "bench" in the back row, but during this last year we have only heard from him during recitations. Mack expects to expound the law as it is taught in Georgetown to the people of Maine.



THOMAS M. E. McCUE, ΔX

Long Branch, N. J.

Thomas the Silent, "whose tongue affords no symptom of his mind." Yes, girls, he does look like an Irish King, and he is so handsome. Talks like a Gallaudet quarterback. During the few short years of his life he has generated more silence than have the mummies of Cheops, Rameses and all the Ptolomies throughout the countless ages of their immurement in the Pyramids. To associate with him is like standing beside the roar of Niagara Falls—in winter.

JOHN J. McDONNELL,

Bloomington, Del.

A Delaware peach, and excessively proud of the fact. We never saw a Delaware peach with a ruddy fuzz on it before, but then Mac is probably the only specimen of his kind. His favorite diversion is rifle shooting, but he is also loaded with legal propositions, which he fires off at every opportunity, though nobody ever pays any attention to his weighty dissertations. May set the world on fire, if not by words, then by his hirsute adornment.



WILLIAM B. McFARLAND,

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

A tall, fearless, determined Irishman from the Wild and Woolly West, who wins a friend in everybody he meets. Started out in college by making football teams, and is still making them. Believes in the old proverb: "If you don't succeed at first, try, try again." A good plugger, and always there when "exams" come around. If you want to know anything about wills thirty years ago, just ask Mac. Desires to be an Apollo, and has enough athletic paraphernalia in his room to stock a gym. There will be no more riots in Coeur d'Alene, for Mac is a peaceful and lovable fellow and will act as mediator.





WILLIAM J. MILLARD,

Houston, Texas.

The mildest-mannered man that ever came from the land of Chile Con Carne and Hot Tomales. The sleeping beauty. Known as "William the Quiet." Never heard saying an unnecessary word, taking an unnecessary step, or studying an unnecessary case. Believes in the conservation of human energy, and holds within the deep recesses of his bottomless silence the answer to the question of "What became of the other vote?"

EARL JOHN MOHN, 4X

Pittsburg, Pa.

President Senior Class. Associate Editor. Winner of Mallory Medal (2). Prom. Committee (3). Varsity Football Team (1). Varsity Relay Team (1).

Behold within the limits of our vision comes our illustrious President, whose "each particular hair doth stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine" No, kind friends, judge not by appearances! This outward shell conceals a cultured soul, whose philosophical outbursts rival the dissertations of Bacon; whose ambition and energetic efforts o'ershadow the endeavors of the Peerless One, and whose success as an after-dinner speaker has relegated Chauncey M. to the ranks of the "also present." As a performer upon the many fields of college activities this light, born of the Pittsburg smoke, has been awarded first prize.



BENJAMIN J. D. MOLONEY,

Lowell, Mass.

Class Secretary (2). Senior Prom. Committee (3).  
Secretary Debating Society (3).



A fine, thoroughbred Irishman from the "ould sod," and is proud of it. Brought with him from old "Mass" the original New England twang. In his first year took to athletics, but was not of the lasting quality, especially when he saw what excitement could be generated in an election of class officers. Has established a reputation as secretary. A member of the "back" row contingent, and is always on top at the smokers. "Mul" says the Bar Exam. in Massachusetts looks good, so he will take the limited just as soon as he attaches that "pigskin."





JOHN T. MONEY,  
Lewinsville, Pa.  
President Debating Society (2).  
Advisory Board, Domesday Booke (3).

This husky, energetic seven-footer from the hills of neighboring 'Ginia, besides attending law school, raising a family and lecturing on "Finance," has found time to define just what a "crowded" car is and become a professional booster of the Western States, knowing just how many apples are grown in each orchard each year, how many miles of railroad track in each State, and the proportion between the number of young lawyers and the population. Money is always in an argument on some knotty legal question, his pet being, When is a railway company liable for the acts of its conductors? Dissents from every decision that was ever rendered, and winds up every discussion by saying, with a wave of the hand, "By Jimminy, I can't see how that is right."

NICHOLAS G. MORGAN,  
Salt Lake, Utah.  
Secretary Debating Society (2).

With a name like this, made famous in the early days by Sir Henry, and in the present by J. Pierpont, "Nick" has a reputation to live up to, and one has only to gaze upon his inspiring countenance and to hear the words of wisdom fall from his lips to lose all fear that his deeds will not be overshadowed by those of the celebrated captains of industry named. Jointly liable with his colleague, Mr. Mohm, for capturing the guileless Fitz-Gibbons as their supposedly star witness. We regret being unable to describe their feelings after the cross-examination of Leo O'Rourke. Next time, "Nick," scribble the dates on the cuff of your witness.



W. AUBREY MUDD,  
Waldorf, Md.

Class Vice-President (3). Barristers' Club.

This auburn-haired Charles County politician, farmer and near-lawyer, philosopher, fashion plate and Grand Knight of the Duckpin Alley, besides picking up a little law here and there during his three years' sojourn in Washington, found time to take unto himself a wife, and since that happy event there reposes upon his countenance a broad and inviting grin where before there was a more or less perpetual frown, a substantial refutation of the Baconian theory that "a man finds himself seven years older the day after he marries."





W. GRIFFIN MUDD, ΦΑΔ

La Plata, Md.

Class Prophet, Domesday Booke (3).

"Griff," the learned prophet and seer. He who has lost his hair writing of his classmates "in futuro." The man who fell from an hundred and fifty story skyscraper and then sat up and composed ten legal pages on the intricate subject of "What the Class of 1910 Will Be Doing in 1950." Great sticker is Griff for precedents. Lord High and Past Grand Master of the noble Order of Technical Objectors. Friend and boon companion of Endlick on Interpretations of Statutes. The one safe rule to follow is "strict construction." Whenever it is necessary to railroad anything through, a condition precedent thereto is the appointment of a committee to bind, gag and cage this noble son of a noble sire.

ABNER R. NEFF, ΔΤΔ

Erie, Pa.

Chairman Advisory Board, Domesday Booke (3).

Neff is a rotund, innocent-looking person, with a merry twinkle in his eye and the glad hand for everyone. When not engaged in the elusive pursuit of legal knowledge—and there is no apparent reason to believe that he has spent much time therein—he has principally amused himself with class politics. When deep, dank and mysterious plots and machinations were afoot, it was only necessary to keep an eye on Neff and when a show-down came there would be uncovered this same innocent and jovial person. He escaped the trials and tribulations of the Senior Class Presidency by one vote, but we understand is serenely happy now, since observing the gray hairs upspringing in Mohn's pompadour.



JAMES J. O'HARA,

Boston, Mass.

Jim hails from the city of culture and baked beans. Is distinguished by a small, sweet voice, a pleasant smile, and a genteel manner. His recitations are always greeted with yells of "Louder!" "Louder!" This makes him hot and he "louds-up" so the quiz master can nearly hear him. The lack of stentorian power is a bully thing for Jim; the quiz master never can tell just what he does know, so he gets the benefit of the doubt. The "gallery" is very alluring to Jim when a bunch of show girls is in town. If the show is bad in form, he files a "special" demurrer; but if the defect is in substance, he makes it "general"; *absque hoc*, that Jim is a good critic.



DESMOND J. O'NEIL, ΦΑΑ

Glendive, Mont.

Class Treasurer (2).

Westward the course of empire takes the Irish. We would not have missed Desmond for a copper mine, and we are glad that a course in law brought him eastward. With the affability of a tip-seeking garcon this young person has also the happy faculty of combining hard work with enjoyment, which is the quintessence of alchemy. His "exam" papers on Partnership bespeak a great future for him in mercantile law. He put it in black and white that a "limited partnership" is one where the number of persons composing a partnership is previously agreed upon, and which number cannot be increased without the consent of all parties. We wonder what an ordinary partnership is!

LEO W. O'ROURKE, A. M.,

Amnendale, Minn.

Varsity Football Team (2).

Si's first peep o' day was at St. Paul, ten miles east of Minneapolis, Minn., but spent his youthful days in the bustling town of Amnendale, whence he came to delve into the intricacies of the law. Is the biggest man in the class; is as modest as he is big, with a heart the bigness of his modesty. Was some pumpkins on the Varsity Football Team. If "trial by battle" were still in vogue, Si's trials and tribulations would, perhaps, have never been and his marks in court practice would be soaring "*ad coelum*."



BENJAMIN H. PARKER,

Washington, D. C.

This serious young man is as mild-mannered as he is grave looking. A hard worker, a fine chap, but very reserved and not much on mingling. Is a good student and has the wonderful knack of knowing how to mind his own business—which is very commendable. We all like Ben, and are sorry he belongs to the reserves; we should like to know him better.





J. STANLEY PAYNE,

Washington, D. C.

"Is this the gallant, gay Lothario?" Is this that smiling adherent to social affairs, J. Stanley? He who trips the light fantastic between lectures and midnight oil? The truth is out. None more graceful in the dance, and, ah! he has that glide which seldom ladies resist. Lothario moved to hold commencement in Convention Hall. "Alas, he is too young! Time cures all things."

HUGH S. PETTIS, ΦΑΑ

Washington, D. C.

Associate Art Editor, *Domesday Booke*. Smoker Committee (1).

Born in Kentucky, but has since been naturalized. A bachelor, but not hopeless, as he says he'll try anything once. A user of tobacco in its different forms. Drinks ginger ale, and is a Bearcat. Hugh is a jolly good fellow; strong for the honor system, and hates cribbers worse than vermin. His specialty is bluffing the professors. His early training in physics didn't help him much in the study of law, as he is constantly and consistently getting the two mixed. His diction is emphatic, particularly so during an attack of hay fever, but if you want to "start something" ask him if he ever tried a case in Judge Easby-Smith's court—then side-step the fireworks.



WILLIAM F. POWELL,

Washington, D. C.

This solemn-looking, wise old owl is particularly fortunate in being able to veil his face in expressions of profound thought and impenetrable wisdom. Is a navigator of note, and if invited to take a ride in your motor boat he is very annoying telling you how to run the sparker. Used to sing in a church choir, but the girl went back on him; now he sleeps on Sundays. His silent, thoughtful reserve suggests great possibilities—as a farmer.





ROBERT E. PRICE, ΔX

Washington, D. C.

Price, better known as "Bobby," was very unfortunately born in dear old "Lunnon," which we don't blame him for, however, as we understand he could not help it, though he admits he was present on that occasion. He forsook the error of his ways at an early period in his career, and while he occasionally lapses into a "My word, old chap," he is almost wholly reformed. Is somewhat of a scientific farmer, and is gaining prominence in the agricultural branch of the Government by advocating the salt method of catching birds to the eradication of potato bugs.

FRED A. QUINN,

Oil City, Pa.

He of the auburn locks from "He" City, Pa.; boon companion of Kelly, the lawyer-actor-coxswain. Fred has the face of a cherub, but the heart of a man. Favorite occupation, "courting," when not studying. Besides learning some law during his stay in Washington, he has also learned how to smoke, under the tutelage of Flanagan. Is a specialist on Bankruptcy—from a theoretical point—and knows every detail of the suit by William Penn, his ancestor, against Lord Baltimore. Says the only thing he regrets in his life is that he wasn't living at the time of the aforementioned litigation to help out "Father Willyum."



ST. GEORGE RABY, JR.,

Washington, D. C.

Chief Art Editor, Domesday Booke.

Messrs. Berryman and Davenport, look to your laurels. Mr. McCutcheon, prepare for the worst, for before you reposes in all his splendor the lawyer-caricaturist of this illustrious class, the man whose mind conceived and whose pen did execute most of the Domesday drawings. For three years we have tried to place the responsibility of that "St. George" on some poor unsuspecting person, but after great search and toil we are forced to admit our utter inability to solve this perplexing problem. Why did they do it? Why?





FREDERICK J. RICE,

Washington, D. C.

Smoker Committee (2). Varsity Basketball (2). Track (1).

Gaze upon the heroic countenance of our one best athlete, the fellow who tossed the basketball head and shoulders over every collegiate player in the country. Besides furnishing the denizens of Capitol Hill with fuel, Fred studies law, captained our basketball team, runs on our track team and visits the northwest section of our city every night and three times on Sunday. Why don't you move northwest, Fred, and save car fare?

ALBERT B. RIDGWAY, A. B., ΦΑΔ

Chevy Chase, Md.

Editor-in-Chief Domesday Booke.

The Big Smoke of this Booke. Little did we know when we elected Albert editor-in-chief that we were choosing a lineal descendant of Albertus Magnus, but such is the fact. The many difficulties surrounding the getting up of this Booke were done away with a wave of his hand and a toss of his wavy black hair. He has moved two inches over the District line into Maryland, to take away the stigma of political *non compos*. Spends his time when not astride a fiery charger paying punctilious attention to a certain young lady. Having heard that it is going to happen soon, here's luck and happiness to both of you. Albert won several dozen prizes for oratory while yet in his teens, and while at Law School has studiously refused to make a set speech for us, but every night after lecture for the past six months this Adonis would take the floor and in stentorian tones descant for thirty or forty minutes on the fond recollections of Alma Mater (whoever she is) that will harken back to us in after years from a perusal of the Domesday Booke. A born poet, and when not digging into some intricate legal problem takes a recreation by reading Justinian, Coke on Littleton, or some other light novel.



FRANCIS DeSALES ROACH, A. B.,

Washington, D. C.

Varsity Football Team (1).

This brave youth, the innocent cause of a renowned saint's name being hooked with that of a member of the zoological family classified under entomology, began crawling in the Federal municipality designated by Congress as the seat of government. Hardly did our Little Boy Blue lay aside his tin horn when he leaped into the turbulence of that sea which Neptune never knew and over which Hymen is forever weeping. Francis is so very busy at home nowadays that outside of the lecture halls we see little of him. Is remembered, however, as a winsome, clean-cut, straightforward chap, chock full of ambition. His classic elucidation of that famous rule of law which has endeared a Mr. Shelley to the hearts of thousands of law students is about as perspicuous as the celebrated hypothesis framed by Laplace.





AQUILA TURNER ROBINSON, JR., ΔX

Brandywine, Md.

This gentleman, with the somewhat common last name—more than overbalanced, however, by the impressiveness of the handle to it—has much to entitle him to a prominent place in our gallery of celebrities. For instance, his distinguished air and his perennial smile; his ability and industry in the collection of pictures; but, above all, his success with the ladies. At odd moments he has studied law, and has gained some slight knowledge thereof; but in the psychology of *femina* he is an authority. He has distributed his favors with impartiality; and now, when the time approaches for his departure from our fair city, nearer the surface come the tears of the broken-hearted dear ones soon to be left behind, while hearts gladden and faces lighten among the sylvan haunts of Brandywine.

FRED P. RONDEAU,

Milwaukee, Wis.

Our pen falters; we are perplexed. We know not where or how to begin. To do him justice would mean to write a three years' history of the class, which is not our province; besides, we are crowded for space. The other great event of the epoch is Halley's comet, but no more so than Rondy. They are contemporaneous. Never will we look upon his like again. To him the law is as a nightmare. It assumes fantastical shapes that cannot be dispelled. Of all his flashes of brilliancy, the brightest was the mixing of freehold estates with professional ethics. He told the quiz master that a base fee was one unenforceable on account of the illegality of the consideration. He has out-Schlitzed Schlitz, and Milwaukee is hereafter to be known as the place made renowned by Rondy.



FRANK MORSE ROOSA, ΔX

Kingston, N. Y.

First Honor (1). Second Honor (2). Associate Editor Domesday Booke (3). Smoker Committee (2).



Lady-in-waiting at the Department of Justice, and author of the epic, "Me and the Attorney-General." He is dapper always, and very, very pert; but when he sallies forth upon a fussing bee, clad in the conventional "long and high," then, indeed, there is something in the subtle elegance of his demeanor that implies "a precision, a polish and a sparkling which is spirited yet delicate." Someone has said that his intellectual poise and the hard-won laurels resting on his brow explain the secret of his success among the fair; but slender whispers that this Chanticleer of ours calls forth the smiles of beauty from their fragrant bowers by the throaty ease with which he crows "Rings on my fingers and bells on my toes."



LEO A. ROVER, B. S.,

Washington, D. C.

Class Historian, Domesday Booke (3), Smoker Committee (2).

Habitat, District of Columbia; docile when not molested, but is a courageous and ferocious adversary when attacked. Learned feats of oratory when a cub. During three years' membership and active participation in debates in the Debating Society made use of the expression "it is a consummation devoutly to be wished" but once, which, it is believed, is the record for the same duration of time for any collegiate debater in America. Has many excellent qualities which are not ostentatiously displayed. Is quiet, studious, ambitious, and puts his whole spirit into all that he undertakes. Favorite study: Domestic Relations. Harken! "Marriage is not a contract, nor is it a legal status," orates Leo, "but it is, mark you, a psychological correlation consequent upon preordination." Phew! Leo must be augmenting his studies on the outside.

WILLIAM D. RYAN, JR.,

Kansas City, Mo.

A big noise from the Cannon State is Ryan. How he must have shaken the foundations of the little burg of Springfield with his youthful oratorical outbursts, heard as far off as Chicago! He has talked his way through his classes and into the hearts of his classmates, not to mention that of THE young lady. Ryan has made good both at the Law School and at G. W. U., where he had the nerve to carry several subjects while studying law. If as successful as a politician as he has been in the law and in love, he has Taft's job cinched.



JOHN SACKS,

Washington, D. C.



Johnnie, who made his first mud cakes in the District of Columbia, is a quiet youth whose system seems impregnated with hook-worms; hates study, and likewise anything else that is separated from indolence. Cannot for the life of him understand why exams are included in the curriculum. But, nevertheless, they seem to spur him on wonderously just prior to their holding. When the smoke clears he emerges serenely and unscathed, which only proves that when the occasion demands it he will be Johnnie on the spot. His sweet tooth one day caused him to confuse gastronomies with the law. In a conversation with a group of the fellows he blurted out that he thought "Cooley on Torts" was a dissertation on pastry. Yes, sir.





### LESTER L. SARGENT.

Haverhill, Mass.

Yes, he is a member of our class, this possessor of a perpetual smile, the kind that doesn't rub off. Smiles if you talk to him, smiles if you don't. Smiles in "exams," smiles at lectures, smiles everywhere and at all times. Presiding officer of the Smilers' Club. Sargent is also one of the members of that bunch whose duty it is to repress all undignified merriment on the part of his numerous classmates by playing the heavy quiet part. Author of "How to Talk Without Making a Sound."

### BOYD C. SHARITZ.

Huntington, W. Va.

Treasurer Debating Society (3).

Boyd spent his happy childhood down on the farm in Cabell County, West Virginia, but when a lad of five removed with his parents to Huntington, a steamboat landing on the Ohio River. Is a little nervous, but a hard worker. Is full of confidential advice and will dispense it free of charge. Likes everybody and everybody likes him. Is treasurer of the Senior Debating Society—a very light job. Boyd has within him the making of a thundering good trial lawyer. One day he shook the building to its foundation by asking a witness under cross-examination in Moot Court whether the blasting of the rocks was done by "violence." O, feathers; blow away!



### FRENCH C. SIMPSON.

Alexandria, Va.

French is a humorist of the Mark Twain calibre, but so different that you can tell immediately it's not Mark. Imagines himself a great punster and will bore you if he gets a chance. Is a lover of theatricals and a frequenter at the Academy of Music. Knows the history of the stage from its earliest times and is intimately acquainted (in his mind) with the leading stars of today. His military bearing is the result of a lieutenancy in Company H of the High School Cadets. French knows a thing or two, and he knows he knows it, and we are afraid that too many knows will spoil the broth.





WILLIAM H. SMITH, ΦΑΔ

Livingston, Mont.

Bill was born in a tepee in the Crow Indian Agency, and is the solitary representative in the Senior Law Class of the great American family whose name has graced the pages of history ever since Captain John fell a victim to the wiles of the beautiful Pocahontas. However that may be, Bill doesn't belong to the finny family, and if a copper-hued damsel gets a string on Bill there will have to be a big allotment on the hook. He bemoans the absence of a representative of the other great family—the Joneses—to keep him company. Has a light and airy disposition and is chock full of spirit. He made our flesh creep one day with his ghostly definition of a corporation. He said it was something that could move and do things, but coul'n't be felt.

JOHN F. SMITHERS,

Providence, R. I.

John came to us last fall from the University of Michigan, and more than once has demonstrated the efficient training of that institution when called upon to elucidate some abstruse point of the law. He is strong on conservation, having recently allied himself with the organization of the erstwhile United States Chief Forrester. But his efforts are not confined to conserving solely the national resources, and the way he conserves his own energy proves that he is an authority on that subject. When told that Halley's comet was traveling at a rate of sixteen million miles a second, he merely asked, "As fast as that?" and fell into a state of coma. But he's all right, and we are all for him. He has a yearly contract with the Stetson Hat Company. A Georgetown man through and through.



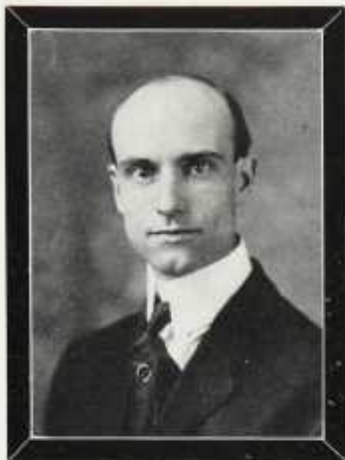
J. JULIAN SOUTHERLAND, ΦΑΔ

Wilmington, N. C.

Smoker Committee (3).

This good-looking tarheel is in his natural element when in the midst of good fellows. Is a ladies' man, but doesn't overdo it. His apparent supernatural ability to answer *verbatim et literatim* the questions propounded at recitations makes those present green with jealousy. The sunbonnet-over-the-back-fence conversationalists have it that the aforesaid ability comprehends an omnipresent quiz book with the knack of keeping just one question ahead preparatory to being called upon. Be this as it may, we stick to the presumption of innocence and will stay stuck until the presumption is removed by more than chatter-box hearsay. We also take judicial notice of J. Julian's fine stage presence. Evidently living up to the reputation of the Statistical Page, eh, Jules?





ALFRED V. SWANBERG,

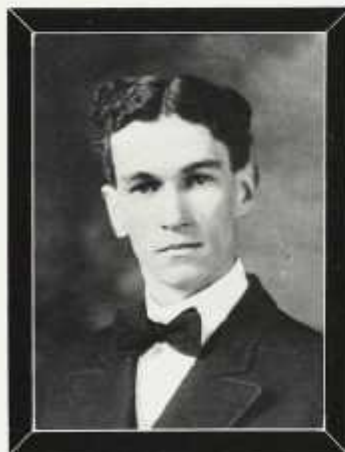
Kalispell, Mont.

Swannie, sometimes known as "Citation Al," descended upon us like night from out of mysterious Kalispell, an enchanted city of the State where the Copper Trust is king. Is it subtlety that makes him charming and fascinating? We trow not, and won't be exorcised. Begone Kali! A fig for thy spells! Swannie earned his sobriquet with pad and pencil getting the citations, which he always looked up (?). (Note—The question mark is inserted advisedly, because of his showing in recitations and Moot Court, as well as his habit of taking the time limit to complete exams.)

BENJAMIN L. TEPPER,

Woodbine, N. J.

This quiet, studious and ingenuous youth, disentangled from the tendrils of Woodbine, in the State of Dummy Directors, brought with him an air of innocence as fragrant as the flower that gave its name to the vine-clad village whence he came. Guiltless of the boast of heraldry, this sweet-faced boy told the quiz master, when we were ploughing through Real Property, that in modern English tenures free and common socage carried with it fealty as well as knight-service, and holders were known as Knights of the Garter. Some wag yelled, "Turn the hose on him!"



HUGH C. TODD,

Colfax, Wash.

The Boy Legislator, who thrilled the legislative halls of the State of Washington with his fiery denunciation of predatory wealth, and is soon to hold forth in the National Congress, shoulder to shoulder with Jonathan Bourne in an effort to make this a government by the "peepul" by promoting the spread of the Initiative, Referendum, etc. Rumor has it that although but a short time in the District, he has already entered into an irrevocable contract with one of our fair ones; at any rate, he always escorts "her" to the different debates, in which he has been such a prominent factor.



FRED PIERSON TROTT,

Baring, Maine.

Fred is in our midst from Baring, Maine. We never heard of such a place until we saw Fred. "It's the coming metropolis of the St. Croix," quoth he, but as none of us knew what he meant, silence was golden. Fred is making the course at a Maud S. gait, out-distancing all his classmates, except the prize winners and a hundred or so others. Fred (*lex loci*, Maine), is not much of a mixer, and believed for a long time that a "plea in bar" was a sort of a blind tiger affair. Whoa!

EDWIN A. UPTON,

Magnolia, Ark.

Chairman Smoker Committee (1):

This Arkansas Traveler is plodding his way quietly and peaceably, drinking deep of the law as he passes along. His phlegmatic temperament has made of him a day-dreamer, and sometimes it is with great difficulty that he is aroused from his reveries. Is a good fellow and a favorite with all who know him. If there is not within him the making of a great lawyer, we predict a brilliant future for him in bibliography. One day when the class was considering the Early English Tenures, in response to a question from the quizzer as to the origin of the Domesday Booke, "Up," with a show of no little pride, said it originated right here in this law school, and that it is issued each year by the senior class.  $\frac{1}{2}$  editors are very thankful to "Up" for this official recognition.



HENRY M. VANCE,

Muskogee, Okla.



Henry hails from the promising, fast-growing State whose Constitution was lately written by "cornfield lawyers." Is the bulkiest man in the class and is endowed with an extra amount of that good-nature which is proverbial with fat men. He gets into his seat with the nimbleness of the elephant and without regard to the toes of the early-comers. Is long on the police power of States, as was demonstrated by his enunciation of widows' rights with reference to dower. When asked what was the meaning of "widow's quarantine," he told the quizzer that in olden times when there were no boards of health to hamper the movements of people, it was the custom that when a married man died of a contagious disease to quarantine his widow for a reasonable period to prevent the spread thereof.

CARL GREGORY VILSACK, ΔX

Pittsburg, Pa.

Varsity Football Team (1).

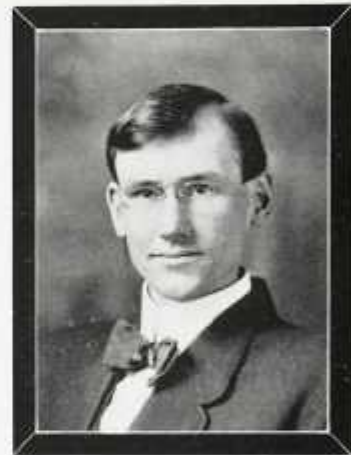


Behold: Dutch, the Duke of Pittsburg, Hero of Many a Charity Ball and Grand Knight of the Opera Glasses. Although somewhat of a deep student, is a firm supporter of the old adage, "Never let your studies interfere with your regular college course." There is a Dutch proverb which says, "Take it easy and you will live long." Though Carl says he is German, which we don't believe, he has managed to obey the admonition astonishingly well. Nevertheless, Dutch has risen superior to this and become an ardent sentimentalist and hero worshiper. His ideals are lofty. He gazes in admiration upon those flickering tapers that burn brightly for a fleeting moment before the bar or upon the bench of his country, but he is yet to be convinced that the "Mighty" Hans Wagner is not the "greatest Roman of them all."

CHARLES BERNARD WAITE,

Muskogee, Okla.

History tells us that Columbus discovered America, but it is silent as to who discovered this legal genius. His long suit is remaining silent until called upon to render a decision, when he explodes with a volley of logic and law which is so convincing that all attempts to overrule him have thus far proved futile. Seldom it is that two such great legal lights as he and his brother are found in the same family, and still more seldom is it to have them graduate in the same class. We understand that the firm name is to be "Waite & Waite," but we sincerely trust that is not prophetic of their experience in securing a client.



STANLEY S. WAITE,

Muskogee, Okla.

Stanley is the most modest output of Georgetown, yet, singularly enough, an unchallenged authority on the law of Personal Property. His modesty is of the kind that fascinates, and but for his rigid adherence to the early common law doctrine that there can be no estates in Personal Property, it would be quite difficult to understand how he has remained free from an entangling alliance with the opposite sex. It is reasonably safe to predict, however, that those shy brown eyes will some day induce some progressive maiden to convert him to the more modern doctrine that estates in personal property can be holden, and she will then become absolute owner of a life estate in personal property. Bearing the name of Stanley, it was only natural that he should possess the inherent tendency for exploration, so, instead of traveling through morasses and jungles, he decided to exploit and search into the masses and intricacies of the law, and we feel sure that in this endeavor he will even outrival his worthy predecessor, though in a different field.





CHARLES A. WALLS,

Lonoke, Ark.

Associate Editor Domesday Booke (3).

"Jackie," alias "Jeff," alias "Senator" Walls, the optimistic member of the Editorial Staff. The man who threatens to become a walking encyclopedia. "Senator" Walls was given to the Editors, it is our firm belief, to give balance and dignity to an otherwise irrepressible bunch of ink spillers and paste users. His one ambition is to teach the people of Arkansas that the Jeff Davis of today was not the President of the Confederacy. Go it, Jack!

ROBERT WATSON,

Lowell, Mass.

Advisory Board, Domesday Booke (3).

The heaviest frost that ever on a pumpkin fell could not chill the spirit of our dauntless hero, who is here from Massachusetts to get acquainted with the law and the Washington girls. Is a near-politician, with emphasis on the near. Always there with the glad hand and soft soap. Is bright in spots, but is no leopard. Radiates in the law of testamentary papers. In the exam on Wills he answered that a noncupative will was one revoked by burning. Holy caustics!



HERMAN T. WENTZ,

Patton, Pa.

First Honor (2). Advisory Board, Domesday Booke (3).

And now speak softly, because we are in an august presence. Wentz is a *prima facie* violation of the anti-trust law; a living monopoly in brains; and he is making a predatory excursion through the Law School, hoping to gobble everything in sight, while we, his humble associates, like far-away satellites in the blazing splendor of Mars, are relegated to innocuous desuetude. Wentz not only knows every principle of the law ever laid down, but he knows exactly where each can be found, and exactly what page it is on, and can repeat it in the precise words of the book. But, notwithstanding our inability to rival him in learning, our feelings are only those of admiration for a quiet, steady, likeable fellow, to whom we wish the success which industry deserves.





WEBSTER H. WILKINSON, ΦΑΔ

Washington, D. C.

Associate Editor Domesday Booke (3).

Behold this Western product! Note the broad expanse of brow, the classical features, and, withal, the intelligent expression. Should any aspiring female have any design upon this prize, we hereby give them warning that their aspirations are in vain, as another already claims a fee simple title to him and has the deed recorded. One of his greatest accomplishments is his ability to master the law by a sort of friction and absorption process, it seldom being necessary for him to purchase text books. We have dubbed him "Judge," and while the appellation may be somewhat premature, we feel confident that some day in the not far distant future he will have that honorable office conferred upon him.

STANLEY D. WILLIS, ΔΧ

Washington, D. C.

Vice-President (3).

First of all, this is the man who passed the bar exam, before he graduated, for which he is to be honored by all of us. Besides this mighty event, Stanley has become acquainted with more than half the class, is our first assistant Vice-President, and one of our best-looking men. He is a Washington boy, with hordes of good friends, and a good legal head, and there is sure to be fruit from his three year's hard work. We will be sending our sons to him some day when he is teaching Common Law Pleadings at Georgetown.



GEORGE M. WILMETH,

Prescott, Ariz.



This good-natured, unassuming young man with sun-kissed hair shook the alkali of the arid waste from his heels and trekked to Washington to become learned in the law. He wasn't long getting learned, however. In his first year in a recitation on Real Property he showed a decided leaning towards Domestic Relations. In defining the meaning of "lateral support" he said something about a juvenile court having original jurisdiction. The quiz master having asked him if he understood the question, George replied that he did, but whether he really knew the answer or not will never be known, as the bell rang in the midst of the hilarity caused by George's originality, and the world thus lost an enunciation of a great new legal principle.



HARRY A. WILLSON,

Point Rocks, N. Y.

Behold in him the product of the Empire State. A cunning, sweet brunette, whose numerous "Marceels are with him for life, in spite of his vigorous efforts to smooth them out." Has decided opinions upon everything, but, unlike others of that ilk, is not obstinate, and is open to conviction. Harry started out by being a Sunday School teacher, but forsook it to make a name for himself in the profession of Law. Can be seen nightly buying candy, some for himself and some for the other party. He is some dresser and Harry Lehr can see his finish. Is a great beau—and makes a tremendous hit without trying. All in all, he is unassuming and a friend to everybody.

THOMAS B. WILSON,

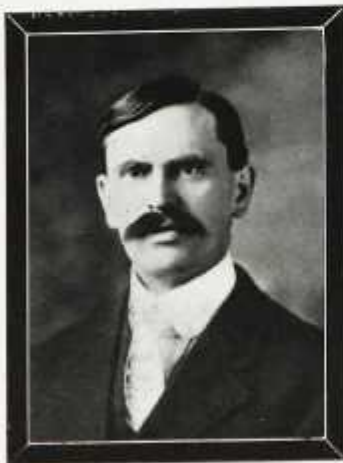
Pittsburg, Pa.

This pleasant-countenanced and fine-looking chap is the friend of all and the enemy of none. Everyone exchanges a pleasant word with Tom for a smile. His amphibious nature is displayed when disporting in the swimming pool, and when it comes to aquatic feats he is there with bells on. His sunny disposition is sure to make him many friends, and we predict a successful career for him in the law.



CHARLES T. WINDLE, M. Pedg.,

Southampton, Pa.



Not being able to withstand the low murmur of his pupils conning over their lessons, and wishing to do more conning himself, this erst-while Ichabod Crane sought the quietness and tranquillity of our lecture halls in which to consummate his desires. We don't know that he does much reading at home, but we do know that he is constantly at it during the lectures. Is a quiet but lovable man and keeps much to himself. Undoubtedly had an early military training—he will not bid you the time of day unless saluted first. If his misstatement of the impediments to entrance into the marriage relation reached Mrs. W.'s ears, it's a good bet that he didn't read during the particular lecture that followed. One day, when being quizzed on Domestic Relations, he elucidated the great thought that marriage was one of the impediments to mental capacity.





EDWARD R. WITMAN, ΣΧΦ

Washington, D. C.

Dear old Eddie had to shorten his honeymoon in order to get back to Washington for the Senior Prom. More than this, it is common knowledge that he once gave up a vocal lesson to attend quiz. This marvelous nightingale has often charmed us with a discourse on the divine influence of scientific singing and warned us of the evil effects of class smokers, but, strange to relate, his classmates all seem to have a legal residence in Missouri on such occasions

IRVING R. WIXON,

Dennisport, Mass.

Class Poet, Domesday Booke (3).

Wick's ancestors settled in the Old Bay State via the Mayflower (or some subsequent ship), of which fact he is very proud. His boyhood days were spent romping over the hillocks of Dennisport indulging in his favorite sport of dodging school houses. Our poet laureate is tall and lanky; has beautiful silver-threaded Marceels, and spends much time before the mirror. Has a host of friends because of his constant good-nature and ready sympathy. As a freshman Wick showed unmistakable signs of the making of a great constitutional lawyer, when, in reply to a question, he told us, with no little gusto, that "Trial by jury is an inherent right, guaranteed us by the greatest instrument ever written, the Declaration of Independence."



ROBERT AUGUSTUS YOUNG,

Chattanooga, Tenn.

According to the gossips of the neighborhood, Gus was a handsome and precocious child. This may have been, but time works many changes, and no vestige remains to bear the worthies out. He has a bad case of "diplomania" and is going to take a special course in international law to cure it. Is ambitious to be minister extraordinary and plenipotentiary to Dahomey. Worships at the shrine of Terpsichore, and permits himself to believe the girls struck on him. Takes to an argument like a bee to white clover; whether right or wrong, never can he be convinced. Was compelled to amend his declaration three times in a moot case, and should have been the fourth, but His Honor, straining the quality of mercy, permitted him to go to trial.





VIEW FROM VIRGINIA SHORE

## The Law and the Lawyer

(CLASS OF 1910.)

### Law:

A subject deep and broad and sane,  
To its mandates all must yield;  
Those who evade it find it vain—  
'Tis both a sword and a shield.

Two laws there are—the one divine,  
And one compiled by man;  
Both just—though stern—and superfine,  
No dallying with their ban.

Though born when man rememb'reth not,  
They've never ceased to grow;  
And so 'twill be till all things rot  
On this fair earth below.

### Lawyer:

The lawyer who would take this trust  
And keep the record clear,  
Must be a man, both wise and just,  
One whom all men revere.

To duty loyal, with purpose true,  
An aim to do what's right;  
A character that all may view—  
One which will bear the light.

L. F. W.



# Class Prophecy

*"The best of prophets of the Future is the Past."*—BYRON.



WARE of my unprophetic abilities, I prophesy; not an astrologer, I read the stars; a stranger to the impenetrable realms of the future, I declare of the things that are to come. Thus irresolute and contradictory of mind and of speech, I stand, ranting and jabbering, by the side of my crudely constructed and equipped machine of aviation, fitted up for purposes of exploration. A gentle breeze upspringing, the Ship's wings go a-fluttering. A whirring sound is heard, and I am off to that as yet unexplored land that lies across the dark Atlantic of time. In the atmospheric sea of the ethereal regions to which I ascend, I see many strange sea monsters, gaping, chuckling, munching and grinning at me, with their pleasant visages contorted into the wildest and most ridiculous grimaces. Here I see a very beautiful mermaid, with gleaming cerulean blue-gray eyes, there I behold an ox-like sea-calf hoarsely croaking the Hoya, and again there crosses my vision a jubilant school of happy fish, headed by a jaunty sea-lion that flourished above his bewhiskered countenance a great banner, across whose flaunting face was broadly written "GEORGETOWN, 40; VIRGINIA, 0." All of which strange phenomena make me think that things mythological and things future have commingled, and that things mythological were not mere creations of imaginative minds, but possessed real existence, and still exist, but have merely ascended, like smoke, to the upper strata of the atmosphere. Look! Lo! What's that? Crash! All's up! My ship goes a-smashing into the east horn of the crescent moon. Its wings are torn to tatters, the propeller ceases to buzz, and I, in lieu thereof, go a-buzzing, headlong, downward, at the rate of one hundred miles per half second, until I land, a congested heap, quite uncomfortably, believe me, upon the top of a one hundred and fifty story skyscraper in New York, as it is in the year 1950, in futuro. I gathered together the remanants of my mangled body, and sheepishly crawled around the edge of the roof, through a window, and fell down an elevator shaft to the basement below, and thereupon groped my way to the street above.

After I had regained my equilibrium and adjusted the deranged parts of my intracranial mechanism, I took a brief survey of the surrounding stretch of asphalt and the mass of pedestrians that had gathered around me. What could that gigantic stature there be—that towering object bedecked in blue and brass? Could it be human, or was it a skilfully contrived automaton, faking humanity? I was miserable. Quietude then crept soothingly over my perturbed mentality as I remembered our herculean sergeant-at-arms, giant Leo Kelley, who, having gained all that could be gained in legal intelligence, had ceased the pursuit of the law, and was now preserving it in his brass-button capacity. A flurry of the people, a jangle of bells, a rattling of wheels, and Fire Department No. 6 passed before me after the manner of a hurricane, a confused blur, headed by Ridgway, whom, with difficulty, I could discern madly chauffeuring the newly invented machine of extinguishment, the motor fire engine, away to a fire that spread a ruddy glare over the western sky.

I then took a brief sojourn in Albany, and while there I visited the Court of Appeals. I was quite pleased to see that tribunal presided over by Judge Wentz, and the plaintiff in the case then being argued represented by Attorney Burdick. Justice Wentz was quite out of patience with Mr. Burdick, who was indefatigable in his elaboration of the minutiae of the law. "Mr. Burdick," howled Judge Wentz, "don't you take it for granted that the Court knows any law at all?"

"Well," drawled Burdick, sarcastically, "I did that in the lower Court, presided over by Justice Roosa, and I quite completely got left."

I then boarded the train for Washington, and dropped in Circuit Court No. 1, which, much to my satisfaction, was presided over by Justice Mohn. McCarty, one of the counsel in the case, was hysterically and frantically propounding nonsensical questions at Judge Mohn, and Judge Mohn was, accordingly, giving nonsensical answers. Meantime the courtroom was uproarious in laughter, which caused the aforesaid Attorney and Judge to feel quite confused and embarrassed. In a second it flashed across Judge Mohn's mind to throw a hot shot into Attorney McCarty, and thus regain, to an extent, some of his lost prestige. "See here," he thundered, and his fist came down with such force upon the table that a large ink-bottle, shaken from its place, fell with a crash to the floor, ink splattering in every direction. "I say, see here!" he resumed, with still greater vehemence, engendered by the still greater irritation caused by the ink-bottle's interruption, "I can tell you the law, sir; do you expect me to give you the brains to understand?" "Not very conveniently," retorted McCarty, cynically and calmly. At this juncture Judge Mohn became so irate that he peremptorily adjourned Court and fined Attorney McCarty two hundred dollars, the fruit of an entire year's practice.

Leaving the courtroom, I walked down the street and met Neff. He was busy; a prospective client was consulting him. I greeted him cordially and he returned the salutation with like grace. "Busy?" I inquired, as I approached. "Yes, but there's nothing confidential, and you may remain," he answered. With that we ceased shaking hands, and he continued talking with his client. "Now," said the prospective client, resuming the interrupted conversation, "this man has thus been in the wrongful possession of my tract of land, and he refuses to return the possession to me. What, Mr. Neff, do you advise me to do?" "Hem! Hem!" Neff cleared his throat. He then wrinkled his forehead in a vain attempt to look intellectual. "That 'ere case is a little involved. I—I must remit, I mean—pardon me—admit." It was evident that Neff was nervous; in fact, nonplussed. The prospective client in the meantime began to flidget and make wry faces, simultaneously clenching his fist in a threatening manner. Things were certainly looking badly for Neff. "I—I—revise—there I go again—I mean advise you"—(Neff was thoroughly up in the air and apparently was talking at random)—"to—a—bring an action of a—replevin for the recovery of the land." Here the prospective client became uncontrollable. Frantically shaking his fist in the air, he finally directed it towards Neff, who was quaking and quailing, and hit him a terrific blow. Neff rolled his eyes up to the firmament, then flopped together like a wet rag, and sank lifeless and limp to the ground. "Alas, poor Neff!" cried Rover, who had changed his legal to stage aspirations, and who, by the way, had arrived on the scene just a second after myself, "he made, forsooth, a bold bluff, but 'twas all in vain! 'Twas all in vain!" An ambulance was called, and Neff was hied away to the Emergency Hospital. Neff never went back to the practice of law, nev-er; he became a cuisine artist, and opening up a fashionable lunch-room on the Avenue, coined money.

While reading the morning *Post*, I noticed, much to my pleasure, that the editorial column was headed by the name of Barr, who had recently achieved the distinction of editor. I was happy to see this, since Barr had been a faithful worker in our Senior year at the Law School, but had veered off from the legal profession into another walk of life.

While perusing the paper a meteor fell out of the sky and descended quite disagreeably upon my pate, driving away what little consciousness I possessed. I regained, in toto *et ab initio*, my lost senses June 6th, 1910, and was elated to be back in the Land of Now. My unprophetic mind was restored, and I am, after my humble fashion, again rational. Facts of the past are prophets of the future, and, judging from those stubborn, unchangeable and implacable forerunners of the destinies of men, I venture to predict that the future of the Class of 1910 is most bright. Cer-

tainly there are men who promise to stand in the vanguard of the lawyers of this country. The great majority of our classmates have already trodden far upon the difficult path of life, and have pursued their legal studies unaided by the resources of a father, relative or friend. They have forged ahead in their career of law, dependent upon themselves, and using recreation time for purposes of study. Thus circumstanced, it is grit and determination that are the controlling factors, and with these elements widely present, it seems impossible to say that success will not be achieved. The men of our class have shown a marked interest in the study of the law, and as a consequence, have grasped the fundamental and underlying principles to a degree that portends a most favorable career. Representing our institution are men in the world today that occupy the highest positions that law can bestow. These are the greatest arguments of the progress of a school, and omens that unmistakably augur for her a favorable future. For three years pursuing assiduously the study of law, under the careful supervision and direction of a Faculty that is second to none, the Class of 1910 now stands upon the threshold that gives entrance to the legal world—a world of difficulties, of hustling and of jostling, of happiness, of sorrow, of the sunshine of success and the shadows of adversity. From this field what we shall glean depends upon the constancy of our efforts, the sincerity of our purpose, the depth of our zeal. We must be untiring and never slink away or wince at burdens. We must be ready to meet emergencies and to cope with the stress of immediate circumstances. We must not chafe beneath difficulties of long duration that weigh upon us and seem irremovable. We must hear the appeals of the distressed, and stand as barriers against the encroachments of the prosperous, the avaricious and the predatory. These and many others are the great problems that confront the lawyer, and with full prescience of all we should be firm in our tread, and proceed with unwavering and unflinching purpose along the course of life. The incessant and unwearying application of our class presages a surmounting of difficulties and the achievement of success. Other than my humble interpretation of present and past circumstances, I am no prophet, but for an honorable future, this I know and this I desire to say: There is a prerequisite that should never be forgotten—honor.

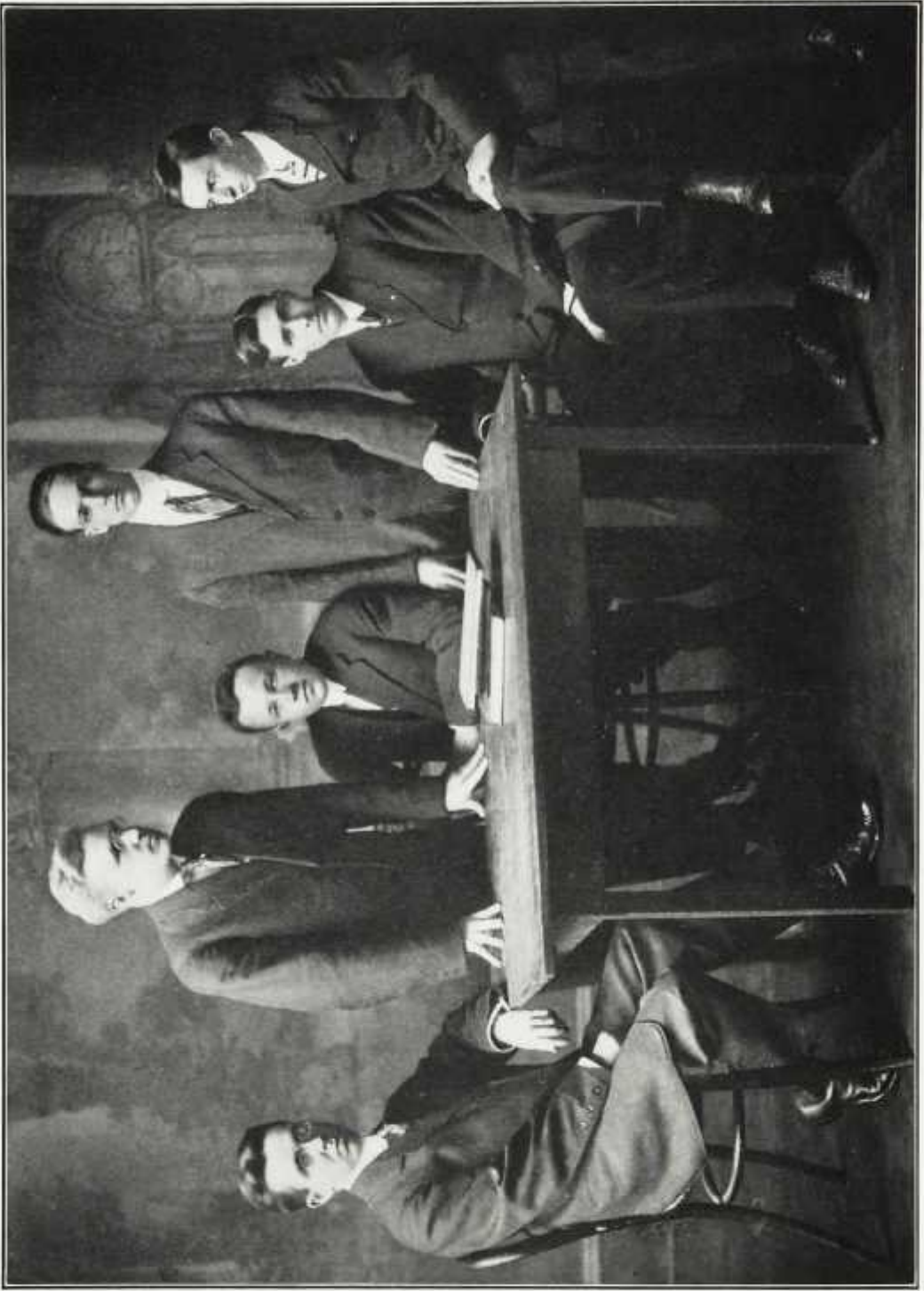
“Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;  
Take honour from me, and my life is done.”

Beneath all our efforts there should be one guiding and directing force—honor. There has never been a dishonorable man to achieve greatness. He may have won the transient applause of the people, the happiness of a fleeting popularity, or, indeed, he may live long in the memory of people and be considered of true greatness for many a year, but it can never be that his greatness is not tainted, or that the glamor of his appearances will not fade and the uncleanness and insincerity of his life be seen. Greatness is greatness, and so long as Truth is not a Liar, honor is the most valuable asset that a man can have. He without self-respect, a quality that only accompanies honor, no matter what his material riches, is the poorest wretch of all the world. We may stand in the way of the ever-flowing tide of Right, and wildly exclaim against its course, but in the end it will bear us down and swallow us up. We may dam up this stream of right, but behind the dam the waters rise, and there is created a still greater force, which, increasing and increasing, the dam is broken away, and the waters sweep violently a-down the course, carrying and overwhelming all that stands across its path. We may sneer in the fair face of Truth, strike Her to the ground, and trample upon her immaculate robes, but—

“Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.”

Fellow classmates, we cannot divine what the days to come will bring, but let us wish, one the other, all the Godspeed that can be vouchsafed, and let there be a ribbon of Blue and Gray, invisible and immaterial, but as strong as hoops of steel, extending out to future years and future places, binding us all together and to the old institution that sends us forth.

W. GRIFFIN MUDD.





# Committees

## Class Smokers

### FRESHMAN YEAR.

EDWIN A. UPTON, *Chairman.*

GEARY L. LEWIS,

WILLIAM F. LYMAN,

HUGH S. PETTIS,

ALBERT B. RIDGWAY.

### SENIOR YEAR.

JOHN E. HOLLIDAY, *Chairman.*

J. JULIAN SUTHERLAND,

JOHN T. MONEY,

WILLIAM S. FLYNN,

DONALD H. DELASHMUT.

### JUNIOR YEAR.

WILLIAM TOBIN, *Chairman.*

GEORGE L. HEALY,

FRED RICE,

FRANK M. ROOSA,

MORTON H. BURDICK,

ALBERT B. RIDGWAY.

### CLASS YELL COMMITTEE.

ALBERT E. MCCARTY, *Chairman.*

### SENIOR PROM. COMMITTEE.

HUGH W. BARR, *Chairman.*

EARL JOHN MOHN,

DANIEL R. FORBES,

BENJAMIN J. MALONEY.

## Officers of the Senior Class

PRESIDENT, EARL JOHN MOHN.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, W. AUDREY MUDD.

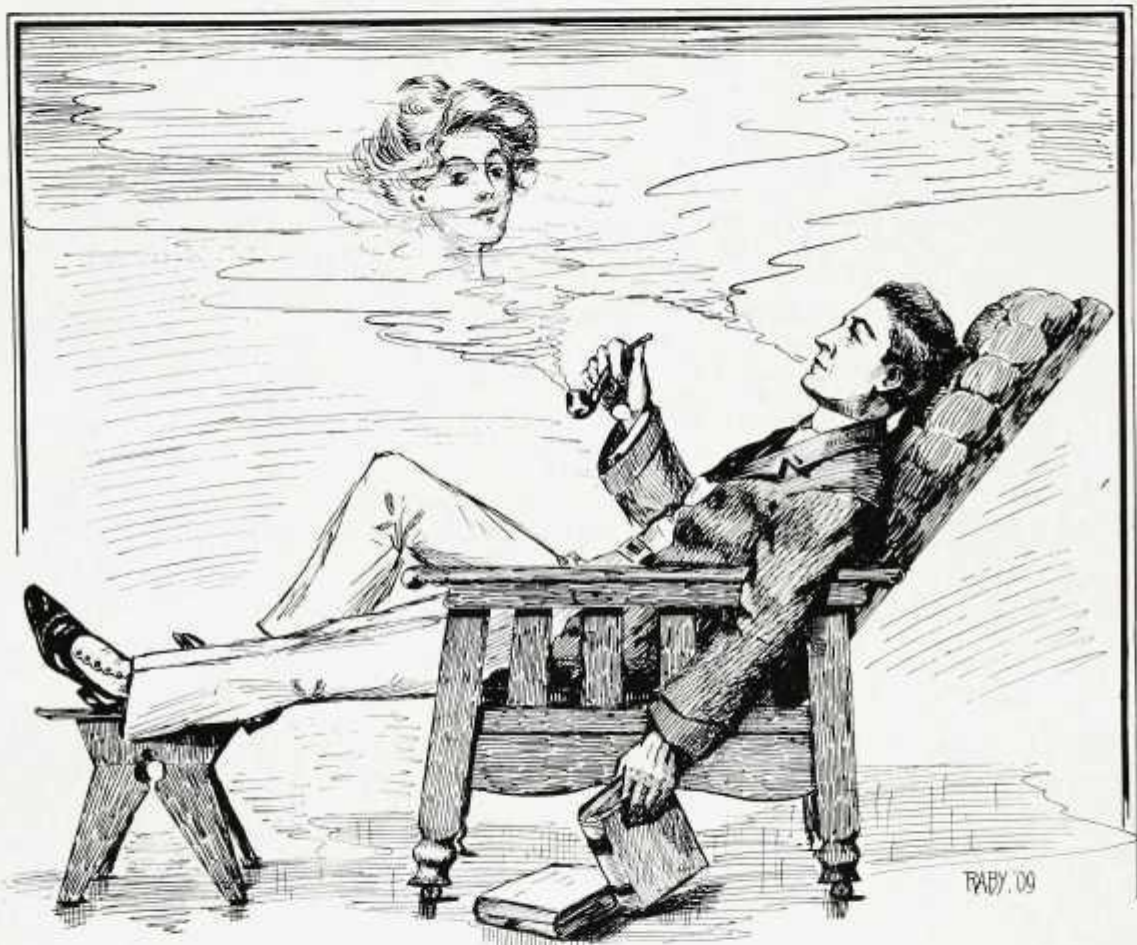
SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT, STANLEY D. WILLIS.

SECRETARY, HUGH WILLIAM BARR.

TREASURER, GEORGE E. KELLEHER.

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, LEO J. KELLY.





→ STUDYING LAW ←  
DOMESTIC RELATIONS

## Success

Did we the wisdom of the Lord possess,  
Or were the realms of thought revealed,  
Then might we strive to measure man's success,  
Which often lies from all concealed.

Ambition's goal—perchance in lowly sphere—  
When once attained is fairer far  
Than monarch's crown or pride of king and peer,  
Or heaven's brilliant evening star.

Because a man may be to fame unknown,  
Have naught for friend or foe to seek:  
Should we, for that, his work and worth disown  
And scorn his efforts when we speak?

If only that which on the surface lies—  
The sordid joy of touch and sight—  
Spells all the good for which a hero vies,  
Then are we in a wretched plight.

Too often do we judge of outward show,  
Unmindful of the gold beneath;  
Bestowing honor where it should not go,  
Granting the worthy an empty sheath.

So if in judgment on man's worth we sit,  
Before our sentence we have passed  
Let us recall the words so wisely writ:  
Those we place first mayhap are last.

I. F. W.



## Class Statistical Page

NOTE.—The following data was secured through secret individual ballots.

### MOST POPULAR BIRTHPLACE.

(1) District of Columbia. (2) Pennsylvania. (3) Massachusetts.

### AVERAGE AGE OF CLASS.

Oldest, 40 years. Average, 24 years. Youngest, 20 years.

### AVERAGE WEIGHT.

Heavyweight, 220 pounds. Average, 148½ pounds. Lightweight, 90 pounds.

### HEIGHT.

Tallest, 6 ft. 3 in. Average, 5 ft. 10 in. Shortest, 5 ft. 2 in.

### INTENDED VOCATIONS.

Law, 105. Getting money, 13. Social Reformer, 1.

### POLITICAL PREFERENCE.

Republicans, 45. Democrats, 42. Insurgents, 6. Prohibitionists, none.

Number who have received diplomas, 72.

Number who have received degrees, 25.

Number who have received third degree, 1.

Number who have received honors, 38.

Number who have received honors in futuro-aliter, 02.

### FAVORITE SPORT.

(1) Baseball, 85. (2) Football, 27. (3) Fishing, 12.

### FAVORITE STUDY IN LAW.

(1) Pleading. (2) Equity. (3) Constitutional Law.

### FAVORITE WASHINGTON NEWSPAPER.

Washington Post, 79. Washington Star, 20. Washington Herald, 15.

Club Fellows, 3.

### FAVORITE COLLEGE, OTHER THAN GEORGETOWN.

(1) Harvard. (2) Yale. (3) Princeton.

### FAVORITE ACTOR.

(1) E. H. Sothern. (2) David Warfield. (3) Forbes Robertson.

### FAVORITE ACTRESS.

(1) Julia Marlowe. (2) Maude Adams. (3) Billie Burke.

## Class Statistics—Continued

### FAVORITE AUTHOR.

(1) Rudyard Kipling. (2) Winston Churchill. (3) Roosevelt.

### CLASS DUDE.

Real Dude, Morton E. Frank, Wyoming. Almost Class Dude, Leon A. Block, Washington, D. C.  
Quasi Class Dude, Clyde C. Dunnington, California.

### MOST POPULAR MAN IN CLASS.

(1) Morton H. Burdick, Massachusetts. (2) Leo A. Rover, Washington, D. C. (3) Earl J. Mohn, Pennsylvania.

### HANDSOMEST MAN IN THE CLASS.

(1) William E. Brown, Indiana. (2) J. Julian Southerland, North Carolina. (3) Albert B. Ridgway, Maryland.

### BEST DEBATER.

(1) Leo A. Rover, Washington, D. C. (2) Hugh C. Todd, Washington. (3) William D. Ryan, Jr., Missouri.

### BEST ATHLETE.

(1) Fred Rice, Washington, D. C. (2) John A. Flynn, Providence, R. I. (3) James Cauliflower, Washington,  
District of Columbia.

Number married, 30. Unmarried, 80. Number engaged, 18. Number not engaged, 50. Not certain, 2.  
Stung, 1.

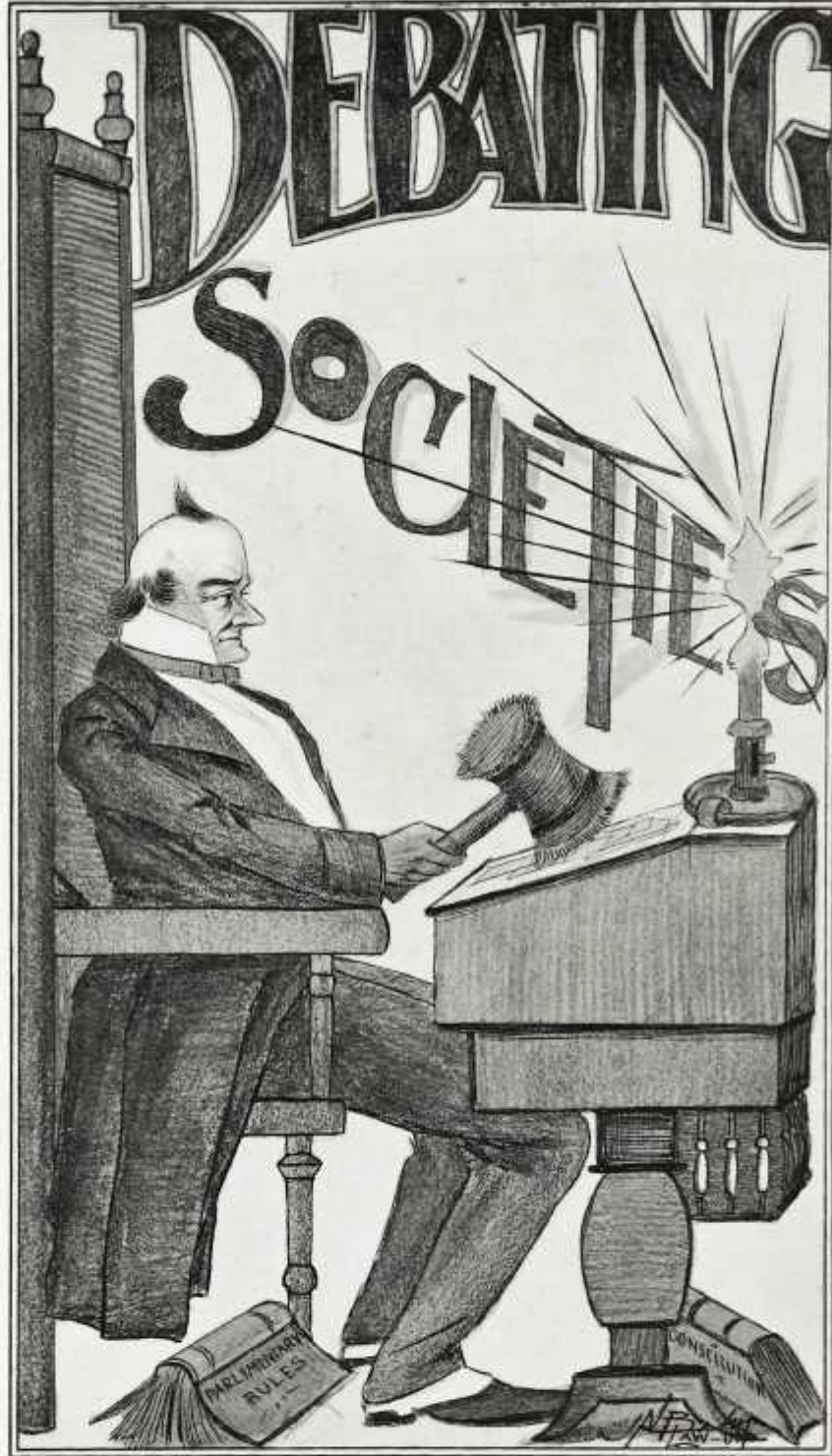
Smokers, 72. Non-smokers, 30. Smokers of good cigars, 5.

### SOME POPULAR HOBBIES.

(1) Theatre. (2) Politics. (3) Growling. (4) Eating and sleeping. (5) Teasing others. (6) "Cussing"  
Petty Departmental Chiefs. (7) Giving undue attention to minute details.

### SHOULD WOMEN VOTE.

Yes, 21. No, 95. Tremendous No, 1.



# Debating



FOUR years ago there were organized the Senior and Junior Debating Societies, the Post-Graduate and Third-Year Classes constituting the former, and the Second and First-Year Classes forming the latter. Before that time all the classes belonged to only one Society, but the increase of students brought about a change. The plan as now in operation is, indeed, a very good one, for it has served the purpose of making the rivalry which exists between the several classes such that the public debates held in Gaston Hall, between the two societies, show much and careful preparation, and deep interest is manifested.

On Saturday nights the members of the two societies gather in their respective rooms and there in a manner "that would make an old stager sit up and take notice" attempt to unravel the knotty public questions of the day. It is not an unusual sight to see one who conveys the impression of backwardness from his actions in class and quiz, get on his feet and with a stentorian voice and unlimited vocabulary, point to the cause of the high cost of living, or deliver a slap at woman suffrage, or take a fall out of the prohibition question by saying that its adoption is absolutely preposterous.

There is probably nothing more valuable to a young lawyer than to possess that quality, that ability to be prepared to address the Court at any moment during the trial. Debating is therefore a truly essential element in the study of law, and we regret that it is not a part of the regular course, but merely discretionary with the student. Prepared debates are all right in a way, the real fault being that it does not give time to the other members of the Society to speak. We could suggest a change which would be beneficial to all members of the societies, and that is the setting aside of one night in a month when the presiding officer should call on any member present and give him a subject when he rises and allow him five minutes for real extemporaneous speaking. It was intended to have this done during our last year, but the change of hours for lectures in the Spring term prevented it.

As for intercollegiate debating, it has not been so prosperous. In our first year the Class of 1910 was represented on the team that gave Notre Dame something more than it wished, and when the two universities met the next year our class was right there. True it is that the Sons of Indiana administered defeat to Georgetown's best, being the winner of the odd debate, yet we are proud of the capable manner in which the reasoners of Georgetown handled their side of the subject. During our Senior Year intercollegiate debating was marked by inactivity. It was not the fault of the committee, for efforts were made, but nothing materialized. One remedy is offered to prevent a recurrence. The committee on intercollegiate debates should arrange debates for a year ahead, so that when the next school year begins the preliminary work would be over. This would be a big help and keep Georgetown abreast with the other large universities.

The class is fortunate in possessing men who conceived the thought of obtaining aid in their future work by participating in debates, and let me mention Girard M. Cohen, John L. Curran, Herman Felter, Geary W. Lewis, William F. Lyman, Albert E. McCarty, Benjamin J. D. Moloney, Nicholas G. Morgan, W. Griffin Mudd, Boyd C. Sharitz, Benjamin L. Tepper, Hugh C. Todd, Robert A. Young and Leo A. Rover as those who were the staunch supporters of the

Society. "Lest we forget," there is one, though not with us in our Senior Year, but who contributed much to debating by his interest, ability and eloquence, whose name cannot be passed unmentioned. It is Thomas F. O'Mara.

Wielders of the gavel may come and go, but none will be found who were so successful in maintaining order or ruled on a question of parliamentary law with such readiness as were Ryan, Money and Beach.

Mr. Charles E. Roach, who was the Faculty member on debates during our first two years, was assigned to other duties the past year and thus forced to relinquish this work. Mr. James S. Easby-Smith was appointed his successor. Mr. Roach's assistance was fully appreciated, and we feel sure that Mr. Easby-Smith will be equally useful and successful.

HUGH W. BARR.

## Class Yell

*Oyez: nineteen ten: Oyez: ten:*

*Oyez: law school nineteen ten:*

*Georgetown.*



# The Year's Public Debates

## First Term

JANUARY 26, 1910.

QUESTION: *Resolved, That the citizens of the District of Columbia should have the right to vote for head or heads of their government and for representative or representatives in Congress, constitutionally granted."*

SENIOR SOCIETY—Negative:

CHESTER A. GWINN, '09, Missouri.  
HUGH C. TODD, '10, Washington.

JUNIOR SOCIETY—Affirmative:

JOSEPH A. ABBOTT, '11, Tennessee.  
NELSON W. MCKERNAN, '11, New York.

*Won by Negative.*

Best individual debaters selected—MR. TODD and MR. ABBOTT.

## Second Term

APRIL 15, 1910.

QUESTION: *Resolved, That women should have an equal right with men, subject to the same conditions and limitations, to vote on all public or political questions, whether national, state or municipal.*

SENIOR SOCIETY—Negative:

DANIEL C. MULLONEY, '09, Maine.  
GIRARD M. COHEN, '10, Georgia.

JUNIOR SOCIETY—Affirmative:

DONALD B. CREECY, '11, Maryland.  
KELL V. FITE, '11, Alabama.

*Won by Affirmative.*

Best individual debaters selected—MR. CREECY and MR. FITE.

## The Prize Debate

JUNE 3, 1910.

QUESTION: *Resolved, That the Federal Constitution should be amended so as to give the United States the power to levy an income tax.*

AFFIRMATIVE:

HUGH C. TODD, '10, Washington.  
KELL V. FITE, '11, Alabama.

NEGATIVE:

JOSEPH A. ABBOTT, '11, Tennessee.  
DONALD B. CREECY, '11, Maryland.

Cash prize of \$100 for the best debater in the Law School of Georgetown University awarded to \_\_\_\_\_

## COMMITTEE ON INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATES.

REV. ALOYSIUS P. BROSNAN, S. J., *Chairman.*  
MR. JAMES S. EASBY-SMITH, *Faculty Member.*

JOSEPH A. ABBOTT, '11, Tennessee.  
CHARLES ANGULO, '11, Cuba.  
EDWARD V. CARTER, '11, Washington.  
JOHN F. CROSBY, '12, Wisconsin.  
DANIEL C. MULLONEY, '09, Maine.

## COMMITTEE OF LAW SCHOOL PUBLIC DEBATES.

MR. JAMES S. EASBY-SMITH,  
*Of the Faculty.*

JAMES W. BURNS, '08, Michigan.  
ALBERT E. MCCARTY, '10, Maine,  
*Of the Senior Society.*

NELSON M. MCKERNAN, '11, New York.  
R. L. MOLONEY, '12, New York,  
*Of the Junior Society.*



# Delta Chi Fraternity

Chapter House, 1446 Rhode Island Avenue

## CHAPTER ROLL.

Cornell University,  
New York University,  
University of Minnesota,  
University of Michigan,  
Dickinson University,  
Chicago-Kent Law School.

University of Buffalo,  
Osgoode Hall of Toronto,  
Syracuse University,  
Union University,  
Ohio State University,  
University of Chicago,  
Georgetown University,

University of Pennsylvania,  
University of Virginia,  
Leland-Stanford University,  
University of Texas,  
University of Washington,  
University of Nebraska.

## FRATRES ACTIVI.

ROSWELL W. SNOW, '09, "A"  
EARL JOHN MOHN, '10, "B"  
JOHN E. HOLLIDAY, '10, "C"  
GEORGE CALVERT BOWIE, '10, "D"  
THOMAS E. MCCUE, '10, "E"  
CARL G. VILSACK, '10, "F"

JOSEPH F. ABBOTT, '11  
WILLOUGHBY BROWN, '12  
ERNEST CAMP, '12  
DONALD B. CREECY, '11  
WILLIAM EDGAR, '11  
STEWART ELLIOT, '11  
J. CARTER FORT, '11

E. COLVILLE GRIFFITH, '10  
WILLIAM HOLMES, '12  
GEORGE W. LANCASTER, '12  
DANIEL LEAHY, '11  
WALTER McFARLAND, '11  
HENRY E. MANGHUM, '11  
GOULD MENEPEE, '12

ROBERT PRICE, '10  
HUBBARD QUINTER, '12  
AQUILA T. ROBINSON, '10  
FRANK M. ROOSA, '10  
MURRAY SNYDER, '12  
GUSTAVUS B. SPENCE, '12  
STANLEY D. WILLIS, '10

## FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

MR. DANIEL W. BAKER,  
HON. HARRY M. CLARAUGH,

MR. CHARLES A. DOUGLAS,  
MR. J. NOTA MCGILL,

MR. STUART McNAMARA,  
MR. RICHARD J. WATKINS.

## FRATRES HONORARI.

HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN,  
HON. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU,

HON. JETER C. PRITCHARD,

HON. LAWRENCE O. MURRAY,  
MR. R. ROSS PERRY, JR.



# Phi Alpha Delta Fraternity

Chapter House, 1601 Sixteenth Street

## CHAPTER ROLL.

BENTON— <i>Kansas City Law School.</i>	HAY— <i>Western Reserve University.</i>
BLACKSTONE— <i>Chicago Kent College of Law.</i>	DAWSON— <i>University of Missouri.</i>
CALHOUN— <i>Yale University.</i>	MAGRUDER— <i>University of Illinois.</i>
CAMPBELL— <i>University of Michigan.</i>	MARSHALL— <i>University of Chicago.</i>
CAIN— <i>Illinois Wesleyan University.</i>	RYAN— <i>University of Wisconsin.</i>
CHASE— <i>Cincinnati Law School.</i>	RAPALLO— <i>New York University.</i>
FULLER— <i>Northwestern University.</i>	STORY— <i>Illinois College of Law.</i>
GARLAND— <i>University of Arkansas.</i>	TAFT— <i>Georgetown University.</i>
GREEN— <i>University of Kansas.</i>	WEBSTER— <i>Chicago Law School.</i>
HAMMOND— <i>University of Iowa.</i>	WILLIAMS— <i>University of Oregon.</i>

## FRATRES HONORARI.

THE HONORABLE WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT,  
*President of the United States.*

THE HONORABLE THOMAS H. CARTER,  
*United States Senator from Montana.*

JUDGE DANIEL THEW WRIGHT,  
*Associate Justice Supreme Court, District of Columbia.*

HONORABLE EDWIN BRUCE MOORE,  
*United States Commissioner of Patents.*

JUDGE EDWARD S. McCALMONT,  
*Referee in Bankruptcy.*

HONORABLE GIBBS L. BAKER,  
*Member of Washington Bar.*

PROFESSOR MICHAEL J. COLBERT,  
*Law Department, Georgetown University.*

PROFESSOR JESSE C. ADKINS,  
*Law Department, Georgetown University.*

PROFESSOR CHARLES E. ROACH,  
*Law Department, Georgetown University.*

## FRATRES ACTIVI.

T. G. BRADSHAW,  
SIDNEY BOURGEOIS,  
JO. BAILY BROWN,  
PERCY CAMPBELL,  
M. C. CORNELL,  
JOHN DOYLE CARMODY,  
C. E. CRUMP,  
MAURY CURTIS,  
JESSE F. DYER,  
KEITH EDWARDS,

FRANK L. EARNSHAW,  
S. O. HARGIS,  
EVERETT A. JOHNSON,  
JOHN R. LANG,  
LEO D. LOUGHRAN,  
GRIFFIN MUDD,  
D. J. O'NEIL,  
J. W. PETERS,  
HUGH S. PETTIS,  
ALBERT B. RIDGWAY,

RALPH SHERWOOD,  
W. J. LESTER SIS,  
WILL H. SMITH,  
J. JULIEN SOUTHERLAND,  
A. DONALD SPROWLS,  
J. EDWARD THOMAS,  
J. FILLMORE WARDER,  
W. H. WILKINSON,  
HOWARD P. WRIGHT,



# Sigma Nu Phi Fraternity

Chapter House, Thirteenth and L Sts.

## FRATRES HONORARI.

HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT,  
HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE,  
HON. SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER,  
HON. MELVILLE W. FULLER,

BRIG.-GEN. GEO. B. DAVIS,  
MR. RICHARD H. ALVEY,  
MR. WM. H. DENNIS,  
MR. JACKSON H. RALSTON.

## FRATRES ACTIVI IN GEORGEOPOLITANO.

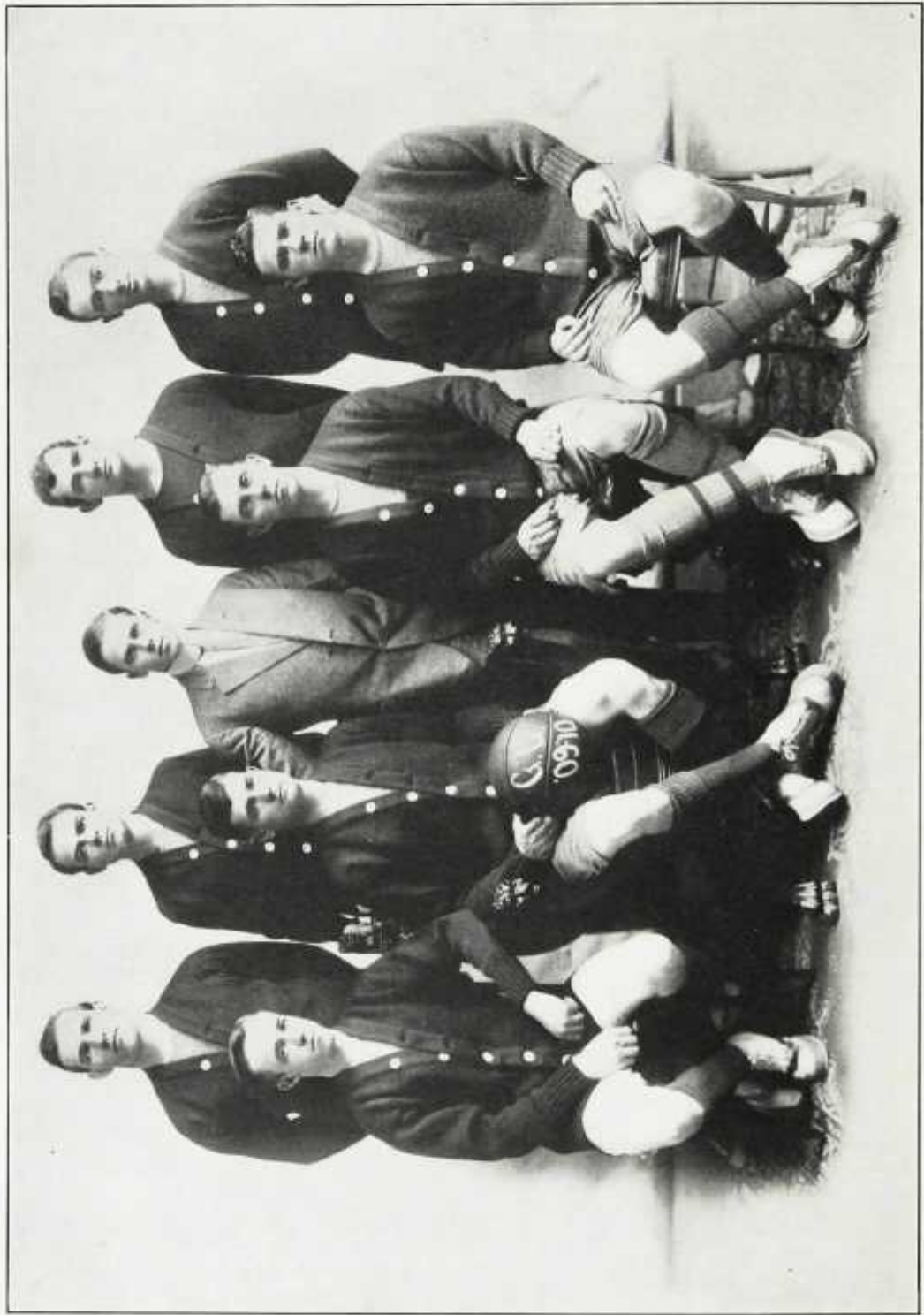
JOHN C. ALEXANDER,  
ELMON A. GENESTE,  
EDWARD R. WITMAN,

JOHN W. ALICOATE,  
J. C. HEMPHILL,  
J. H. McCUEN,

J. W. WHITNEY.



•AU REVOIR TO ALMA MATER•





# Basket Ball



RESUME of the record of the Varsity Basketball Team, while showing an almost equal number of victories and defeats, in no wise furnishes a true criterion of its strength, as most of the defeats were administered during the long Northern trip, when as many as two games were sometimes played on the same day.

In two well-played contests the Varsity won the undisputed Championship of the South Atlantic Division of the Amateur Athletic Union, from the Central Y. M. C. A., the then title holders, and aside from the Navy team, which never plays on a foreign court, Georgetown won the Southern Intercollegiate Championship, defeating such strong teams as the Baltimore Medical quint on two occasions, as well as administering a stinging defeat to the University of Virginia, at Washington, and losing by a single point at Charlottesville.

## MEMBERS OF THE TEAM.

M. H. BURDICK, Manager.	F. J. SCHLOSSER, Right Forward and Center.
A. D. SPROULS, Assistant Manager.	JOHN MARTIN, Left Forward.
JAMES E. COLLIFLOWER, Captain and Left Guard.	FRANK GIBSON, Left Forward.
GEORGE C. COLLIFLOWER, Right Guard.	GEORGE F. GOGGIN, Forward.
F. J. RICE, Center.	J. F. MONARCH, Guard.

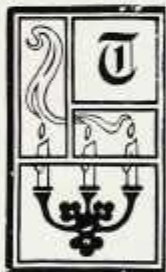
## SEASON'S SCORES.

At Washington .....	Georgetown, 25—15	Baltimore Medical.
At Brooklyn, N. Y. ....	Georgetown, 26—41	St. John's.
At New York .....	Georgetown, 11—21	Columbia.
At Newark, N. J. ....	Georgetown, 16—21	Seton Hall.
At New York .....	Georgetown, 16—31	New York University.
At Annapolis, Md. ....	Georgetown, 25—37	Navy.
At Washington .....	Georgetown, 32—20	University of Virginia.
At West Point, N. Y. ....	Georgetown, 17—48	West Point.
At Washington .....	Georgetown, 34—19	Central Y. M. C. A.
At Charlottesville, Va. ....	Georgetown, 26—27	University of Virginia.
At Baltimore, Md. ....	Georgetown, 32—17	Baltimore Medical.
At Washington .....	Georgetown, 19—12	Central Y. M. C. A.



"THE MOST IMPORTANT SUBJECT"

# SENIOR PROM



THE SENIOR PROM., held on the evening of April 13th, was a fitting climax to the movement inaugurated at the beginning of our Third Year by a Senior Smoker, namely, the amalgamation of the Senior Classes of the four departments of the University into one grand Society, for the purpose of bringing the students of all the departments into closer contact with one another and thus strengthen and perpetuate the "college spirit" that has made our Alma Mater so justly famous.

From the opening promenade, lead by our patronesses, the social elite of the Capital City, to the last strain of "Home, Sweet Home," this, the social event of the year at Georgetown, was one grand success, thus guaranteeing the success of similar functions in the future. It certainly reflected great credit on the committee in charge, the student body that attended, and the University as a whole.

The ballroom, decorated to meet the requirements of the most fastidious, the Blue and Gray predominating; the bevy of pretty girls; the "noble" appearance of our handsome stalwarts, with their Senior bands draped across their shirt fronts—all were sights pleasing to the eye and not soon to be forgotten.

From 8.30 to 1.00 in the neighborhood of 150 couples tripped the light fantastic to the accompaniment of dreamy music rendered by the Marine Band Orchestra. As the writer of this article is of the sterner sex, it is not practicable to attempt a description of the gowns worn by the fair sex. Whether they were all made of mousselin de soie or crepe de chene we know not, neither do we care. We simply know that they were, each and every one, simply gorgeous.

May the success of this Prom. be an incentive for those coming after us to labor hard to repeat next year our success of this year, thus knitting together the ties of friendship and good-fellowship between all the students of the University and unifying the four departments, all for the honor and praise of Alma Mater.

# Last Will and Testament

## Class of 1910

We, the Class of 1910, of the Georgetown Law School, of the District of Columbia, being of sound and disposing mind, memory and understanding, yet mindful of the fact that the time for departure is drawing near, and wishing those who are to follow in our footsteps to receive the benefits of our brilliant career while students of the aforesaid famous class, do hereby make and publish this, our last will and testament, in manner following, that is to say:

To the members of the Junior Class (those whose papers are too freely decorated with carmine, excepted) we give, devise and bequeath the sacred precincts of the Senior Classroom, to be held in trust for their successors, the Freshman Class, now living and those who may hereafter become its members. The comfort of this room can be greatly enhanced by reversing the Welsbach shades, the brilliant offspring of the "heat oppressed brain" of our quondam Art Editor, the canonized George. If they desire, the "Amen Corner" to the right of the Rostrum, can be continued. It will comfortably seat two score of human "Question Marks." If, however, there are any who desire less publicity and more comfort, we would advise a few seats in the back row. (Consult Messrs. McCarty, Dolan and Barr, Executive Committee of the "Gallery Gods.")

We need not remind you that this year will witness your advent into the pleasures of Moot Court. With eager eyes and beating hearts, you will read the statement of your first case. Sleepless nights you will spend preparing your perfect(?) pleadings; poetic imagination and unceasing patience will you practice coaching your star witnesses; innumerable citations and lengthy quotations will you gather for unsuspecting Judges O'Donoghue and Easby-Smith. On the eventful night, dressed in battle array and armed with the sinews of war, you will stalk majestically into the Court room. Your heart will burn with noble words to be used on the tender-hearted jury; on the tip of your tongue will repose the very essence of sarcasm for the judge who will dare say, "Objection sustained." Lo, your case is called. With a voice which you

fondly imagined rings with volume, you rise to address the Court, slightly nettled at the fact that, as yet, the Court has not even looked in your direction. Comforted, however, with the realization that the Judge is engrossed in an inspection of your perfect(?) pleadings, you struggle heroically on. Suddenly cold shivers run up and down your spinal column: the Court is looking at YOU. As though it was something contagious, your beautifully typewritten declaration is being held in mid-air. "Young man," thunders the Judge, "do you call this a declaration?" Without waiting for a reply, he turns his scathing glance toward your opposing counsel. "And you," he cries, "What do you mean by not demurring to such an apology for a pleading?" Silence. "For what do you think a demurrer was intended?" He yells. You moisten your lips. A little more silence. All eyes are riveted on the self-accusing, first born of your budding legal knowledge. The silence continues. Minutes pass. More moisture brought into play. Exasperated, finally, the Judge cries: "Case postponed. The gentlemen will kindly go home and, at least, read the rules of the Supreme Court." Mournfully, you will gather together your papers, your books, your citations, your shattered hopes, and catching the ear of the infant prodigy of your first pleading, creep silently out of court. Thus will end your "First Case." Be not disheartened. We all traveled the same path. A non suit is better than no suit (vide Judge Clarke, et al).

And now for the present Freshman, those who next year will be neither fish nor fowl.

To you who labor under an impression that, because of a years study, you are full fledged lawyers, we also give, devise and bequeath the pleasure of returning in October to find out how little law you really know. Strong in the knowledge that you know the law, you will wander back, glancing superciliously on every green "Freshie" and take your accustomed seat. We all know the feeling. We would advise, however, that you make no great resolutions in October. Restrain your natural desire to wade through Tiedeman as though it were a copy of "Frank Merriwell." The desire might die in its infancy.

Though you may not realize it, this year will be to many the most pleasant. What with having a mere speaking acquaintance with Mr. Shelley's Rule and the Statute of Frauds, your first year was indeed a lonely journey. Now you will make

the above-named gentleman your boon companion. You will eat, sleep and live with him. So warm will your affection grow that you will carry him around in your vest pocket. (Messrs. John Byrne & Co., have dressed him suitably for the occasion.) 'Tis whispered that some have been known to have grown so fond of this old gentleman that they could not even become separated during the two hours of examination; while others, more brave, were so heartbroken at the enforced separation that they made amends by spending another year in his company.

During this year you will wrestle with the never ceasing pleasures of Common Law Pleading, with its 'absque hocs' and 'de injurias,' with its Rules of Dicey and a thousand other rules; all of which you will burn the midnight oil and wear off the covers of 'Quizzers' learning by heart, only to straightway forget them amid the joys of a five cent picture show two hours after 'exam.'

The 'summa' of this year, however, will be the reintroduction to your old and beloved Professor, the mighty Daniel, he of Real Property fame, the despiser of 'Willy Boys' and dispenser of wit guaranteed to be 'first hand.' Gently he will whisper to you of the intricacies of 'hearsay' and 'dying declarations.'

And now of those who hold the heartstrings of our affections, the sleeping Cokes and aspiring Blackstones. They who during the dying days of September will walk nonchalantly down to pay Doctor Watkins a little preliminary visit. Having had their picture taken and having undergone successfully the 'Third Degree,' they present themselves exactly at 6.15 (marke you, 6.15 P. M.; a sure sign of vernal green, for whoever heard of a law student coming to class before 6.31, Block excepted) and innocently passing all the best seats plant themselves in the front rows in the main hall. With critical eyes they size up the men who for the next three years are to have the honor of advising them on the pleasant subjects of law, Civil and Criminal. (Poor Professors). With wise nods they agree with the Dean when he tells them that from appearances the Freshman Class promises to be a record one. Is he not plagiarizing their inmost thoughts? Hence it is that to the Freshman we give, devise and bequeath NOTHING. They will get what is coming to them without any effort on our part. Hungering for trouble they will rush into paths where we learned Seniors walked with abated breath. We might as well try to temper the winds as to try and advise such shining lights.

We might say, don't believe that you will learn all the mysteries, the sorrows and drawbacks of ''Domestic Relations'' by listening to Judge Gould in the ''attic.'' Such knowledge can only be secured by attending the lectures of ''Abe.'' ''Real Domestic Relations'' as delivered in the P. G. Classroom.

We might say, don't imagine Professor Colbert is an anti-suffragite because he states that, in the eyes of the law, women, infants and idiots are all classed in the same category; or that he is a pessimist when he teaches that a man cannot prevent a barrel of Anheuser from becoming a fixture when it is in the cellar of a rented house by attempting to empty same.

We might say, don't be misled when Professor Douglass, waving a bunch of keys in one hand and pounding the table with the other, states one evening, toward the close of his lecture on Elementary Law, that many have been the classes he has lectured to but none, absolutely, positively none, have come up to the high standard in brains, appearances, manners, etc., etc., etc., set by your class. He told us the same story, and being Freshies, we believed him. Did we not? We did NOT. You will further learn the ''Alpha and Omega'' of the Law to the tune of ''tinkling cymbals and sounding brass.''

We might say, don't be misled by the apparent originality and spontaniety of Judge Gould's good jokes in Contracts. Hearsay has it that the Judge has them all carefully annotated on the margin of his lecture notes.

We might say, all these ''don'ts,'' but what is the use? Were we not ourselves Freshies at one time? Did we not march into the main hall three years ago, over two hundred strong, believing that in our midst were numbered countless future Chief Justices? Would we have hearkened then to the advice of those fossils who constituted the Class of '08? WHO? We, who in our three years have never hearkened to anything for more than five consecutive minutes, listen to such twaddle? They couldn't tell us, the Class of 1910, anything. Hence we say what's the use, and restrain our natural desires at this serious moment of our being, realizing, as we do, that we are about to slip over the great divide and leave behind the world of friends and classmates made during these years, the memories of lectures and lecturers, and to pass into the great unknown up the hard ladder of success. It is natural that we compose this instrument with great care and consideration. We are proud of the great, the magnificent, the most wonderful



CONFESSION AND AVOIDANCE



record which the class of 1910 has so miraculously failed to obtain and it is more than natural that its perpetuation should command our last thoughts, so that when in three years you come to join us in the great beyond, your successors may resume the task which we are giving you of editing and publishing the Domesday Booke of Georgetown Law School.

We hereby constitute and appoint 'Abe' to be the executor of this, our last will and testament, and direct that he be required to give surety upon his official bond.

In testimony whereof we have hereunto subscribed our name and affixed our seal Friday, the thirteenth day of May, nineteen hundred and ten.

SENIOR CLASS 

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the above named testators as and for their last will and testament in the presence of us, who at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

ALBERT B. RIDGWAY,  
Attorney.

BILLY BLACKSTONE,  
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HEARSAY THAYER.





AFTER THE BANQUET

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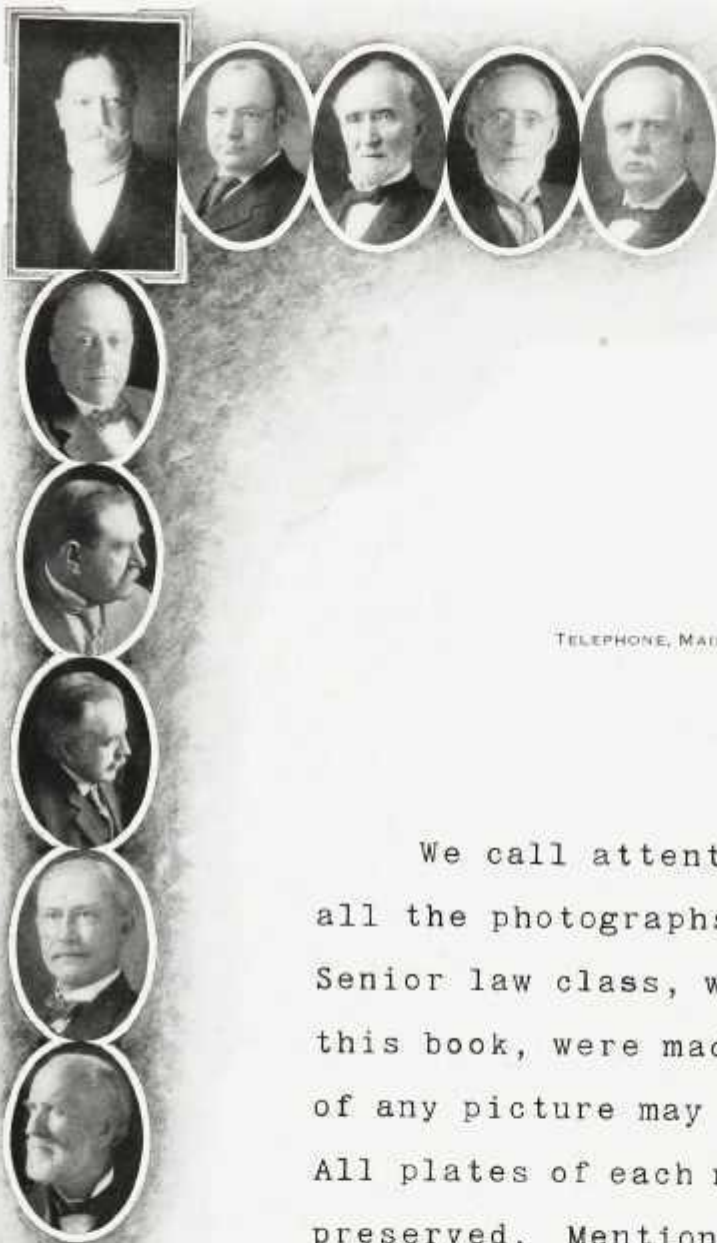
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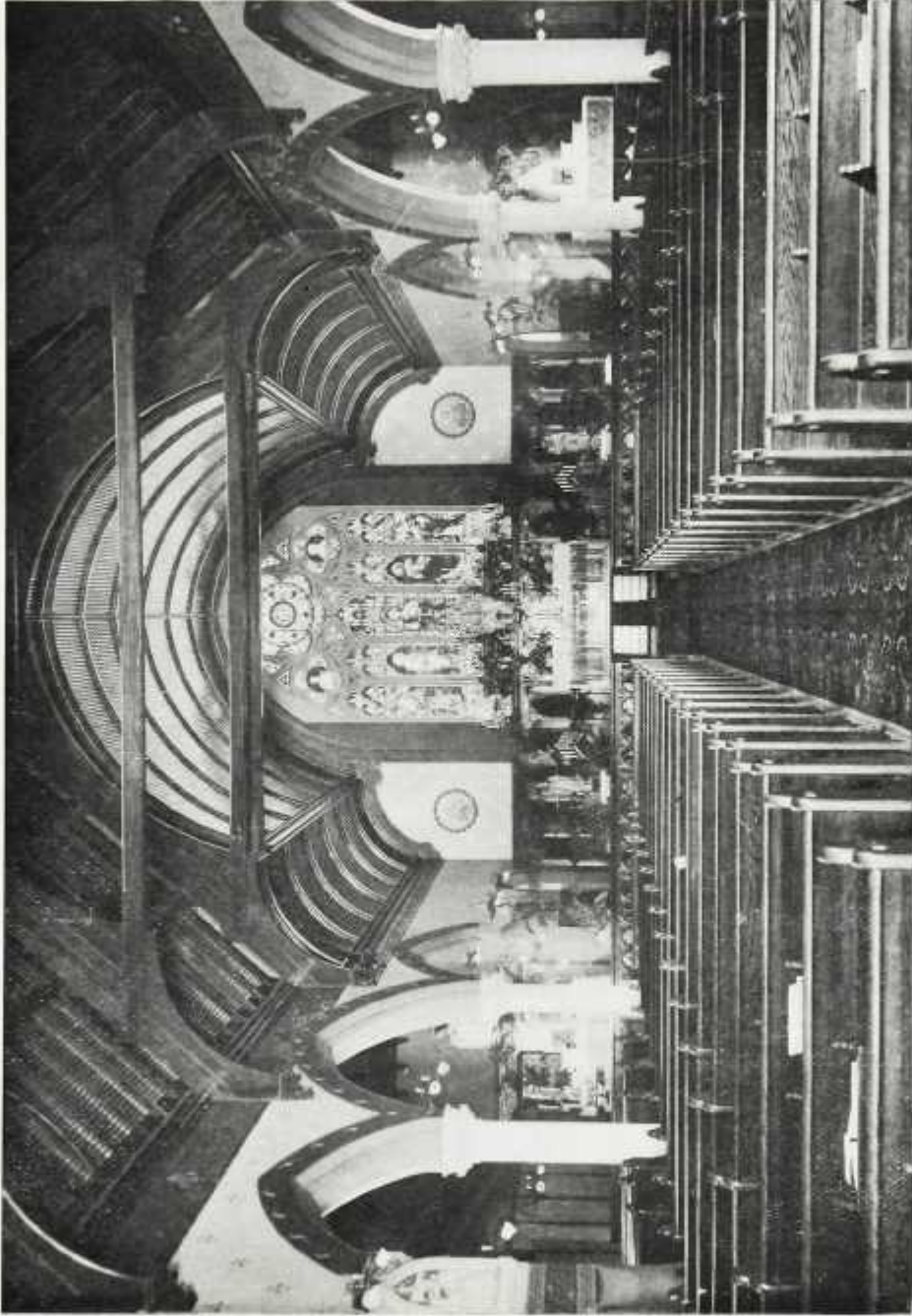
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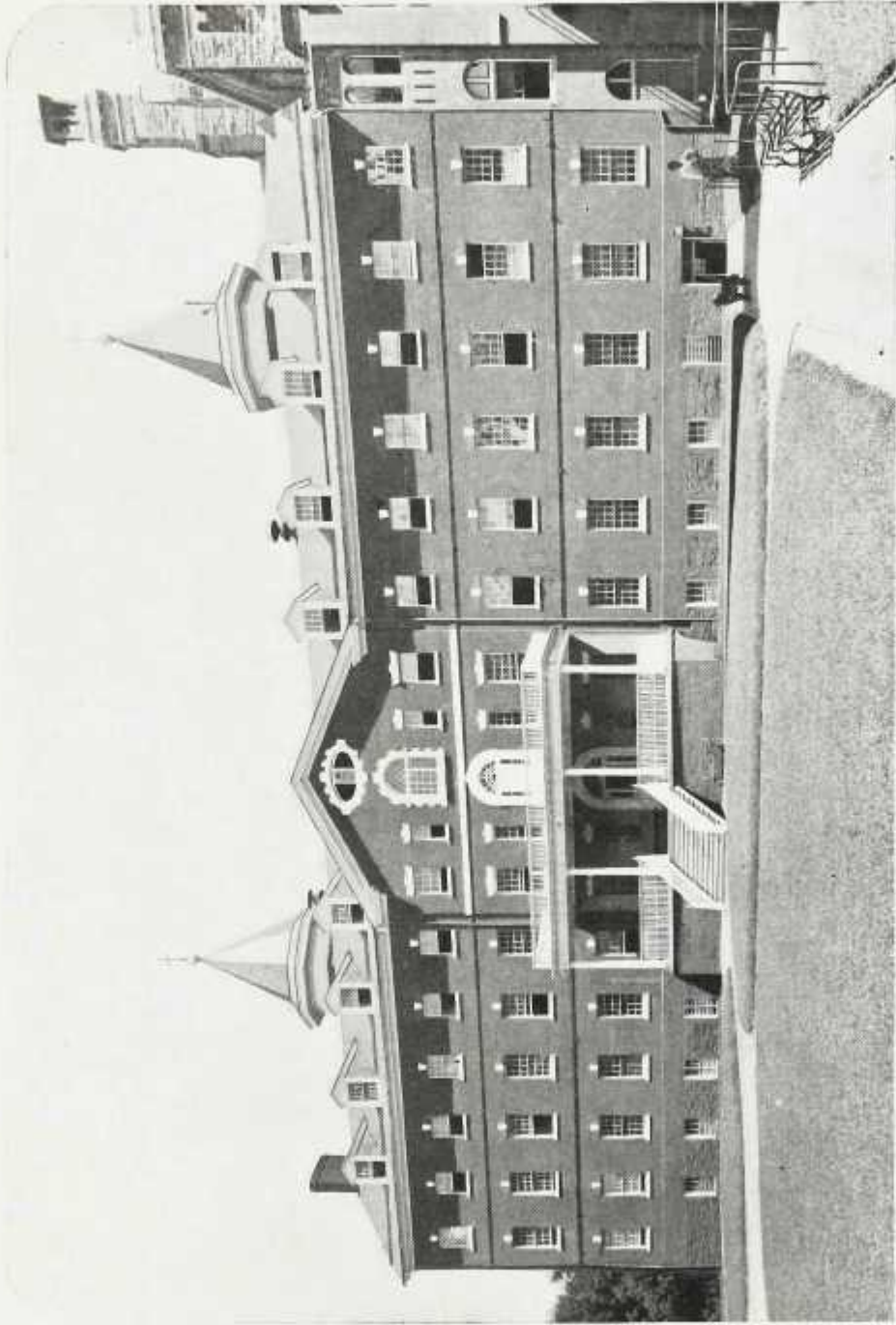
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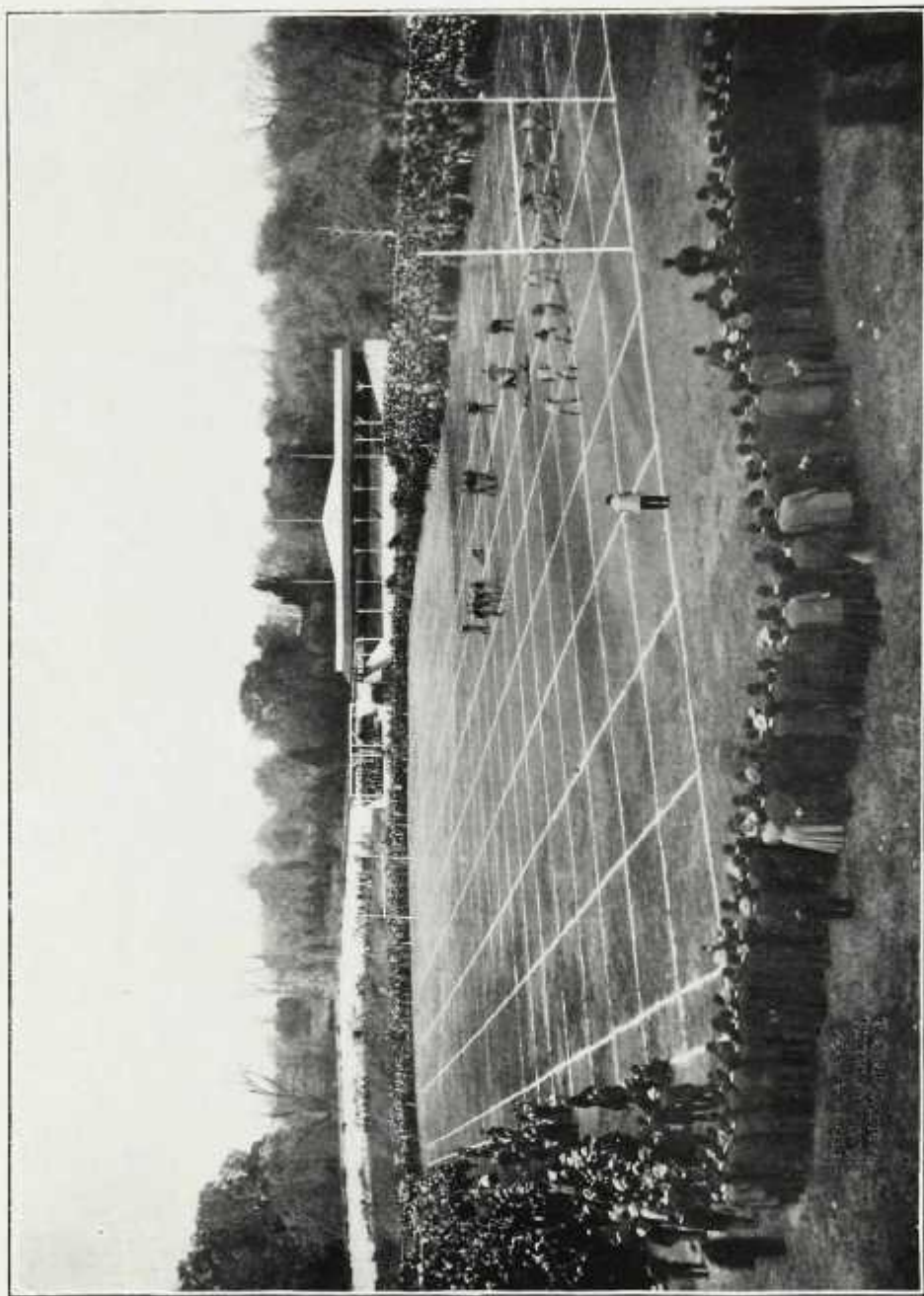
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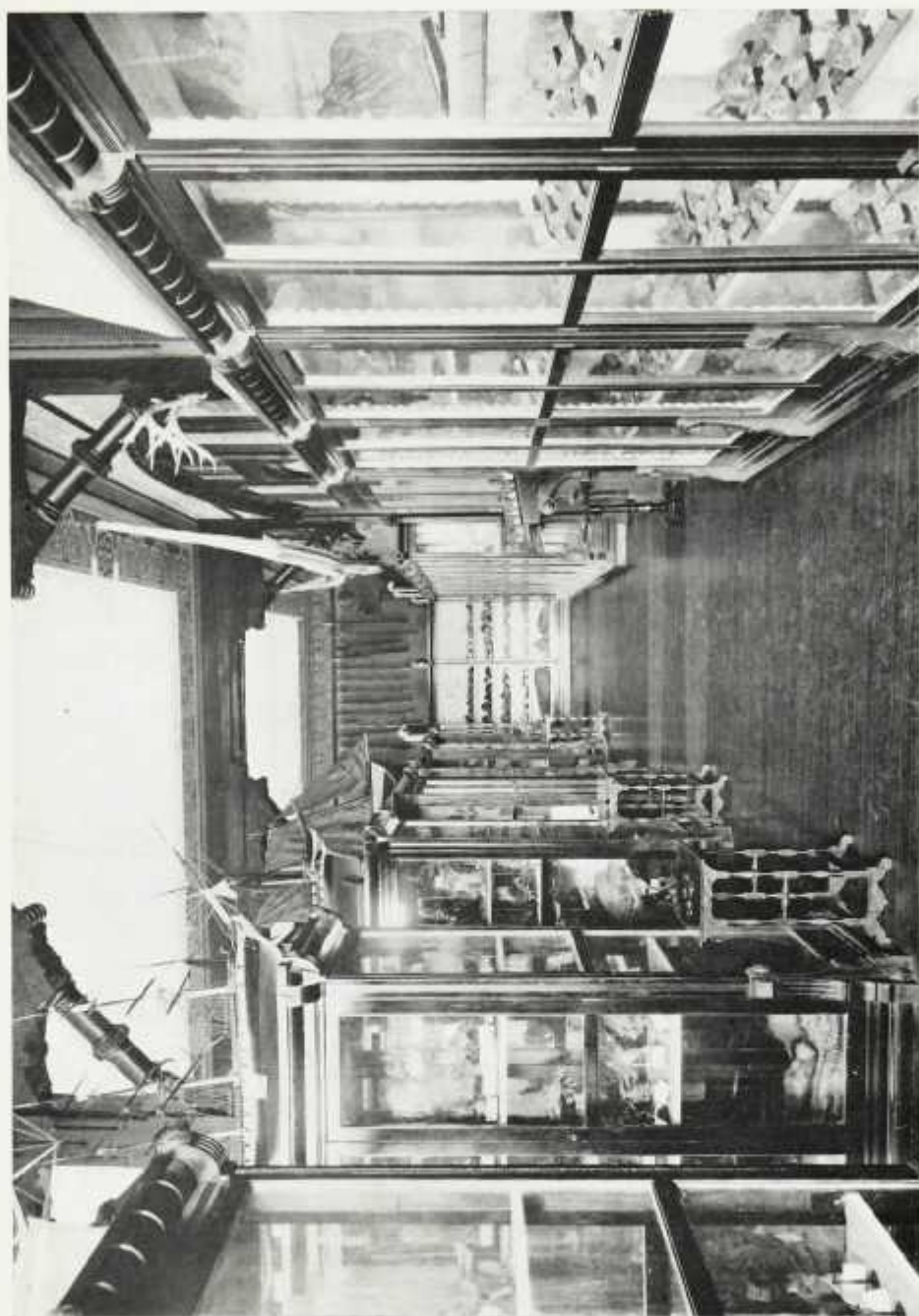
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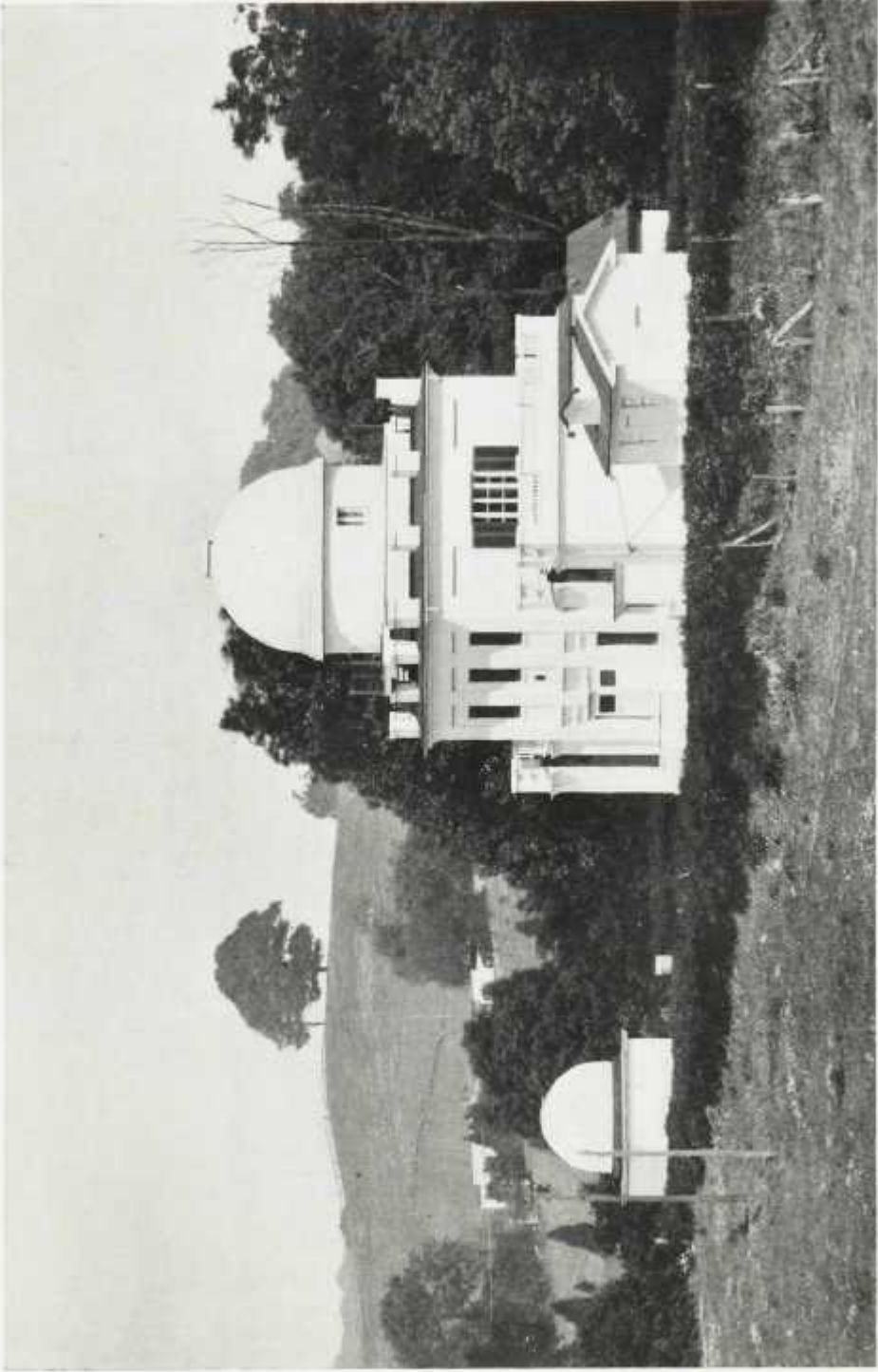
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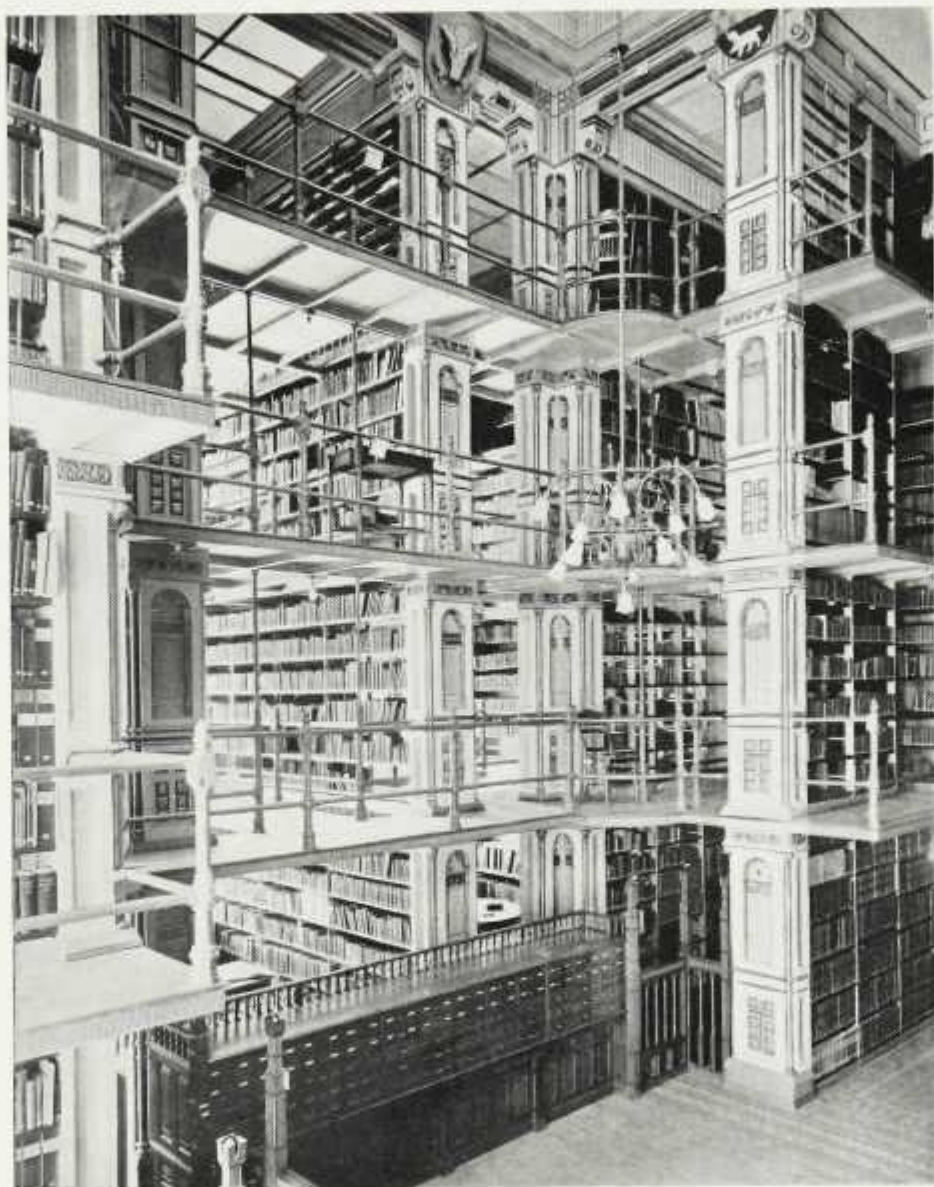
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