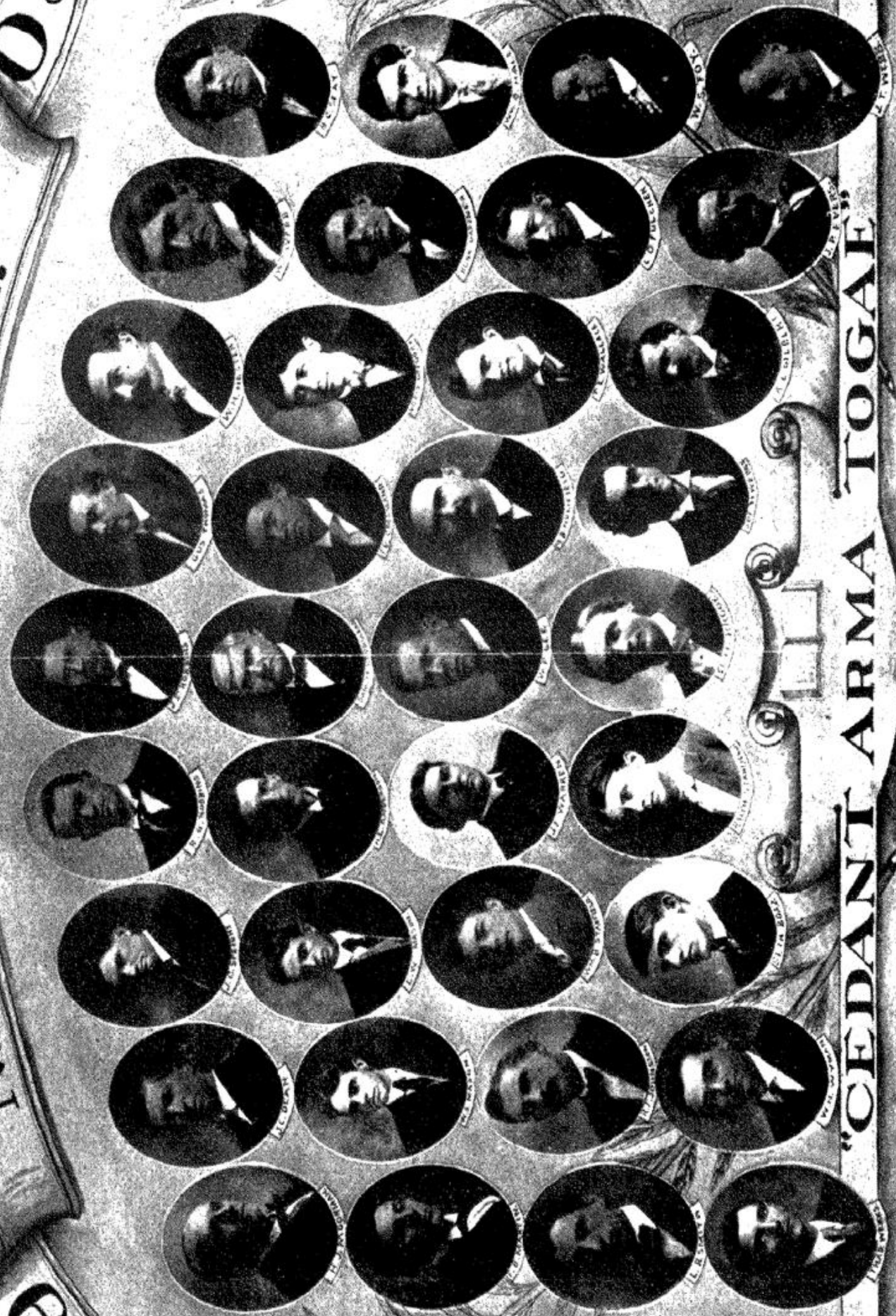


MAYFIELD BAR.

1908



“CEDANT ARMA TOGAE”

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The Mayfield Bar

—o—

By R. G. ROBBINS
(Of the Mayfield Bar)

—o—

AUTHOR OF

“Autobiography of R. G. Robbins,”

“Life of Leo,”

“Boys I Knew at West Kentucky College,”

“Pigeons,”

“Master Commissioners and Their Duties,”

“The Farmer’s Complaint, and other Stories,”

“Complete Works of R. G. Robbins,”

“A Two-Year-Old Doodle Bug,” etc.

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BY

R. G. ROBBINS

Westerfield-Bonte Company
Incorporated
Louisville, Kentucky



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Preface.

We have nothing of much importance to say here, but every book has to have its preface.

This was conceived and executed for the sole purpose of narrating the peculiarities of the Mayfield Bar, as they appeared to us, with perhaps some slight exaggerations.

It was done without the slightest provocation, and without the least hope of pecuniary remuneration.

December 1, 1910.

A. G. Robbins

*It is not so much to know the law as it is to
find a lawyer who knows it.*

(Apologies to Judge Sharswood.)

J. P. EVERS

James P. Evers is a little-bitty fellow with auburn hair, and the same kind of mustache, who is always smoking either a cob pipe or a cigar, except while in the presence of His Honor. He is a man who enjoys a joke as much as any man, which reminds us that he is the originator of the saying, "Some people have just as much sense as anybody," which was right bright in him.

He wins his cases with the Statutes and the Code, which some lawyers consider quite good authority.

He knew many of us before we got to be real good lawyers, and is possessed of a good memory in other respects as well. He threw a chair at us once because we squirted water on him, the same time we squirted it on Holifield, but there was a large post between us and the chair, and we are still here, but not squirting water.

* * *

JAMES T. WEBB

Judge Jas. T. Webb, ex-County Judge, is the step-father of Hon. R. E. Johnston, an uncle of Joe Weaks, and a brother of

W. J. Webb, all licensed lawyers at this bar. In fact, the Webb-Weeks-Johnston combination predominate at this bar in numbers. Judge Webb and his nephew, Joe Weeks, are partners, and they make a good team. What Uncle Jim don't know from experience Joe will assert with confidence he has read in the books, and so they have it all in the firm.

Judge Webb, mythology tells us, used to be called by some of his intimate associates "Old Yaller"; why we do not know. Then we have heard him called "Chancellor," and we plead ignorance of this also.

The Judge is a jolly, good fellow, and when he comes along down the street on a third Monday, or other big day, you can hear him holler "Howdy boys" across the square, and ask them, "What do you know about the new constitution?" He enjoys mingling with his fellow-countrymen, and generally finds out what their business is in town before he leaves them.

It is a pleasure to hear him laugh; firstly, because it seems to do him so much good; and, secondly, because it sounds so much like the jolly, whole-souled laugh of the "Gravel King."

Judge Webb speaks English, but does not

write it; in fact, the closest guess we have ever heard as to the language he employs in writing is that it is ancient Greek.

Judge Webb is so peculiar we don't hardly know how to tell about him, and will content ourselves with what we have already said.

* * *

GUS THOMAS

The next gentleman about whom we would "make a few remarks" is "what is commonly known as" Gus Thomas, but whose real and insurable name is William Augustus Thomas. He is a son of the soil, and by this expression we do not mean that his hands and face are *always* dirty, because they are not, but the idea we would convey is that he is one born and reared on a farm, where the "son" rises at four o'clock in the morning, and sometimes at half past three, and "sets" at seven or seven-thirty in the evening; where the dew sparkles brightest, and the birds sing the sweetest, and the cows go off the farthest (in Tennessee). He became possessed of a keen intuitive perception while roaming on "off days" and Saturday afternoons through the primeval forest, "where the wind thistled and the

wild fox dug his hole unscared." It was there that he used to kill toad frogs and murder snakes and learned to put himself both on the offensive and the defensive, which characteristic in after years was of so much benefit to him in defending assault and battery cases.

He was born amid plenteous originality, fostered by home-made experience, and reared in the tall timber, where the speech of man was extravagant and, like his hair, became quite lengthy.

He spent many hours picking cockelburrs from the mane and tail of the old family nag, and from the shaggy dog's tail, and thus laid a foundation which, in his practice of the law, enabled him to see the knotty points in a case.

"Now, in the first and foremost place," Gus, as everybody calls him (and this includes his wife), used to work on this "aforesaid" farm sometimes. He raised corn, tobacco, gourds and "Cain." He was quite expert in biting the heads off worms in the tobacco patch, and equally as skillful a carpenter, and once "built a house all by himself. Yes, sir-ee. And it was just as good a house, if not better than his father, or Uncle Fon, or, we might say, any of

the rest of the fellers living around in that settlement had in those days."

One day he suddenly came to that point in life when he decided "to get out and do something for himself," so he took a little money, some clothes that he thought would fit when he got fatter, and a clean handkerchief, and boarded the train "right down here at Fulton," and went "way off up yonder to Valparaiso. You know that is up there in Indiana, up there on the— well, it's on that railroad that runs down here by— well, anyway, it runs through Valparaiso," and he stayed there a while and studied law.

He tells us he "just knocked the sox off those fellers up there when it come to arguing law." After completing his course "up there," he returned to the little berg of Fulton, in the State of Kentucky, bordering on the State of Tennessee, with one railroad, and an overflowing creek, running through the town, and "hung out his shingle," which perhaps read:

"GUS THOMAS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Special attention paid to the collection of claims, settling of all kinds of estates, including those of dead persons, winding up of affairs, writing mortgages, wills, and everything but checks." : : : : : : : :

We say perhaps, because we do not know for certain. We are only guessing at this, judging from his later "verbosity of speech and numerosity of words."

He afterward came to Mayfield and entered upon the practice of his chosen profession, and is now a partner of Judge J. E. Robbins and R. G. Robbins, the firm representing the Illinois Central Railroad Company in the counties of the First Judicial District.

He is married, has a wife, of course, and a daughter; has a mother-in-law, and lives with her. Wonderful, you say? Well, books are not written about ordinary people.

He has never held but three offices in all his public career since I knew him, and they were only fairly supplied with chairs and tables.

When the Standard Oil Company was fined \$29,000,000 for divers and sundry offenses Mr. Thomas was listening to some men discussing the case. One man had begun to express his views, when Mr. Thomas interrupted him by saying: "Oh, well, now, let me tell you one thing. In the first and foremost place, you know—well—my goodness alive, if they don't fine this great big willopus-wallopus of a concern, it won't be

a thousand years before this very same identical thing will be stretching out its claws from the very doors of heaven, and grabbing up all our hard-earned dollars, and even walking right down the streets, and carrying off our little infant baby children."

Once he was defending a peddler for selling wares without a license. In his argument to the jury he said, *inter alia*: "Why, gentlemen, this very feller right here was not violating the law. He was just simply itinerating around."

One day Mr. Thomas had gone into the trial of a case, and after nearly all the evidence had been introduced, he came over to the office for some authorities. Judge Robbins asked him how he was getting along and he replied: "Well, sir, I'll tell you right now, they are going to swamp me from who laid the rails. They are over there swearing like buzzards. I am going to be set out on a sandbar as soon as the jury comes in."

He went back to the courthouse, finished the evidence and presented his authorities, and the case was decided in his favor. Returning to the office, he was asked how he came out. "Oh, my goodness alive, I won

hands down. I knew all the time I had 'em skinned all over the board."

He was not very self-confident, nor did he have the utmost confidence in others, and if you told him such and such a thing was a fact, he would shake his head, look scared, and say: "Well, now, I don't know so much *about* those."

Take, for instance, motion hour in the Circuit Court before His Honor, Judge R. J. Bugg. The judge is asking the attorneys if they have any motions. Mr. Thomas is sitting in a split-bottom chair, his feet set pigeon-toed on the bottom rung, his knees pointing outward and heavenward, stroking his thirteen stubby goatees, as he quietly, but safely, shifts his quid of homemade from the west jaw to the east.

Judge Bugg: "Mr. Thomas, have you any motions?"

Gus: "Why, yes, sir." (Rising and looking about the court room, his face in a deep study.) "That is, uh, I haven't any motions or anything of that sort this morning, but before the court adjourns, perhaps tomorrow, or next day, or, at any rate, some day this week, I desire to file a general demurrer to the answer in a case I have got here, and would like for Your Honor—"

The Judge: "Well, I am asking you if you have any motions now?"

Gus: "No, sir; but I was just telling you that—"

The Judge: "Mr. Foy, any motions this morning?" And Mr. Thomas sits down and resumes his comfortable attitude on the bottom round of the "aforesaid" split-bottom chair.

One day Mr. Thomas was out hunting with some fellows in the bottom. He wandered off by himself, and got lost. After a little while the other members of his party heard such a bombardment in another part of the woods they thought evidently Gus was killing squirrels by the "barrel." They would hear a couple of shots, and then in a few minutes two more shots. This kept up for several minutes, and they started in the direction whence the reports came. They went along cautiously, and soon found out the cause of the shooting. Mr. Thomas did not know where he was, and was shooting to attract attention. He would stick his gun down toward the ground and fire both barrels, and then, raising up, on his tip-toes, would listen for a few minutes, then "boom, boom," he would shoot some more, and listen again. One of the fellows hollered

to him, and said: "Gus, what is all this shooting about?" He looked around rather sheepishly and said: "Why, hello." Then he recovered his equanimity, and continued: "Well, sir, just go around on the other side of that tree there with your gun. There is a million squirrels up that very tree yonder, and they are all on the other side. I have been shooting at them here for an hour." Another one of the party walked up to where Gus was, and pointing to the holes in the ground made by the shots from his gun, inquired what made them. Then Mr. Thomas smiled, and stroked his goatees, but made no answer, and the joke was on him.

He considers himself the champion squirrel hunter in Kentucky, and we believe he *has* killed one or two.

The last one: One night after supper, Mr. Thomas, his wife and his wife's mother were discussing some proposition, and Mr. Thomas found it expedient to side with his mother-in-law. That night, after he and his wife had retired, she told him she regretted very much that he should take sides against her on any proposition. "Why, Gus," she said, "you ought to take sides with your wife against any one." "No, sir-ree,"

he replied, "when I'm right, and I know I'm right, I wouldn't take sides with anybody, not even Jno. W. God."

* * *

R. E. JOHNSTON

The subject of this sketch is a home product, having been reared in this community, as we are told, and after having attended West Kentucky College for a while, was admitted to the bar, and began to seek the nomination for that always-to-be-sought-after position, the Legislature. We remember reading a book once about some fellow going to the Legislature, the title of which book was not very euphonious, but we will not be so unkind as to compare Mr. Johnston to him, because there is no comparison.

Our first recollection of him was when at the college the older boys used to "make the welkin ring" with the strains of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," and we thought from the way our friend Johnston was starting out, by this time he would have been president of our land.

He possesses many characteristics of a good lawyer, one of which is that he always knows he is right in a lawsuit before the

final decision, and then if perchance the decision should be adverse to him, he will tell you that he was just making the best fight he could for his client, and told him all the time that he could not win. We admire him for doing the best he can for his clients, but it is our unbiased opinion that a lawyer should tell his client that he can not win his case just a little earlier in the game.

Mr. Johnston is a Notary Public, duly and regularly commissioned by His Excellency, the Governor of Kentucky, with full and complete power and authority to swear witnesses, acknowledge deeds and mortgages, and to attest any and perhaps all official documents which, by the very nature of them, must cross the border and go into some foreign State. We feel proud to know that the Governor of this great Commonwealth has seen fit to bestow upon him such a remunerative and exalted position, as that of Notary Public, and we know that he is amply qualified to fulfill all the duties pertaining to the office.

Mr. Johnston is most frequently seen crossing the street from his office to the courthouse with a short cigar in his mouth, and a few papers in his hands, as he quickly and solemnly takes short but certain steps,

placing only the toe of his foot upon the ground, as he glides along rythmically, smoothly and with no undue detonation upon the earth's surface.

Mr. Johnston is a specialist in filing reports as guardian *ad litem*, and really seems to enjoy the practice.

Also he is a Woodman, and orates considerably whenever opportunity offers upon the mysteries and intricacies of the order.

We could say more about him, but we must be on our way.

* * *

A. L. GILBERT

Albert Gilbert is our City Attorney, and self-constituted legal adviser to our Most Worthy City Council. There is nothing peculiar about Gilbert, because he is always in dead earnest. Recently the Council ordered him to institute suits against certain property owners for whom side walks had been built. Gilbert immediately arose, and in stentorian tones deliberately and emphatically told them that he desired them to understand that in no event would he be responsible for the costs of the actions. Of course, we don't blame him for letting them know his true position at the outset, because

we wouldn't want to be paying a lot of costs for somebody else.

Gilbert is a fine-looking fellow, with a heavy suit of hair, and dark brown eyes, and especially when his mustache is long. It gives him a distinguished appearance, so necessary to a professional man, that can be obtained in no other way. He has a loud clear voice, and when he walks into the courtroom, swinging his hat by the brim, he can be heard greeting the various citizens who happen to be sitting in the room, and sometimes he laughs aloud, so he can be heard through the entire room.

Recently, while Judge W. M. Reed, of Paducah, Ky., was acting as Special Judge, in the absence of Judge R. J. Bugg, Gilbert was very persistent in calling up several cases in which the city of Mayfield was interested, and finally, after many rebuffs, arose and with a sickly smile, said: "Judge, Your Honor please, I don't want to worry the court, but—" Whereupon Judge Reed interrupted by saying, "Well, you're doing it anyway," and he returned Gilbert's smile.

But with all his faults, we like Gilbert. He never did anything to bother us, and we are just telling you these things because they happen to come into our mind while we

are at leisure, which is a thing we don't have much of.

* * *

J. E. WARREN

Joe, as his wife calls him in public, used to go to school at the same time that we did, but not educating himself to be a bookist, and being a "great deal older," he resigned his position as student in West Kentucky College, and entered upon the practice of law, in our little city. Joe was raised near Boaz, and for many years, way back yonder, subsisted mainly upon country ham and fried chicken. Even now he frequently goes back to the old homestead not only to recall memories of happy days spent in his boyhood, but also to see if the same good, old fashion of ham and eggs is still prevailing.

We went with him once to the scenes of his birth, and later attended the cleaning of a graveyard, and we found, besides his old friends, much ham and eggs and chicken, and the further fact that Joe is akin to most of the people in that section of the country. This, of course, gave him a wide acquaintance, and as we would pass along the public highway, he took great pleasure in pointing out where his Aunt Susan, or his Uncle

Jeremiah lived, with explanatory remarks about early instances of his life, supplementing all with a short history of the age and surroundings of the dwellings and barns. We enjoyed it, too, including the ham and chicken.

We also passed the site where, as he told us: "he made himself what he is now," a little two-by-four school house, near Folsomdale, over which his august presence cast a most effective spell while "books was took up," and where day in and day out he instilled into them of the surrounding country, the principles of readin,' 'ritin' and 'rithmetic.

In these parts also he suffered and felt his first pangs of a schoolboy's love, and, as he told us, with tear-stained cheeks, of his experiences, and even showed us stumps and fences where he had once sat with the object of his affections, we could hardly refrain from tears ourself, so pathetic did it appear to us.

In the language of Gus Thomas, Joe is "right smart of a lawyer, he is," but somehow we have a presentiment (if that is the word) that he has found it out, for he has even had the nerve to our own knowledge, at times, to attempt to argue propositions

of law before a learned judge, and to try to convince His Honor that his views are correct.

Joe is not the most aggressive person in the world, but we have heard that his wife (he being married at this writing) is blessed with a most magnificent quantity of hirsute adornment, of vermilion hue, and we "kinder" believe in signs.

There is nothing peculiar about Joe, except his walk, and his actions, and some of his looks, and as we are trying merely to describe peculiarities in this edition, we will "slack ahead" for the present.

* * *

W. B. STANFIELD

Will Stanfield, as his father calls him; Willie, as his mother calls him; Bill, as the boys call him; and Wee-ul, as his wife calls him, is a little-bitty, sawed-off sucker, with an extra large head on his rather delicate shoulders. We have heard, and without betraying any secrets, we will say from close relations, that he is a very bright, intelligent young man, and well grounded in the principles of jurisprudence, for a man of his age and ability. Will and we went to school together, but he was attracted by the fame

and glory of the court room, and was holding himself in readiness to try his first case, long before we knew what the rule in Shelley's case was.

Will is what the street Arabs call a "cutter," which means, in their own language, that he is a "slick duck." We use this term in its most reverent meaning, for we intend by so doing to compliment him.

Will recently had a land suit, involving the rights of a widow with children, to the homeplace. The attorney for the opposing side we have forgotten. Anyway, after he had delivered himself of a most delightful and self-satisfying expose of the issues in the case, he was followed by Will, who spoke something like this:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: I am almost moved to tears (here he began to blink his eyes rapidly, twitch his mouth, and imitate salty tears) when I contemplate even in my feeble way the injustice and the outrage about to be perpetrated upon this good woman. Turn her out of this old home, where she has lived for years; where she has given birth to and reared her happy family of five sweet little children; turn this good woman out into the cold, dreary

world to make a living for these dear little ones?

“Gentlemen, as we look at the old fence, and go through the fallen gate, into the weed-grown yard, and up on the rotting doorsteps of this rickety old homeplace, we have feelings not far from sorrowful. When we contemplate such a step as the distinguished gentleman on the other side would have you make, we become sad and gloomy. If you do, gentlemen, there is nothing for this poor old woman to do. She can only rise in the morning, cook and eat her scanty meal of bacon and bread, and taking her children by the hand, fall upon her straw-stuffed bed, and weep until her heart almost breaks from sorrow. Then, as she steps to the mantle, and takes down the old family clock, which has ticked in that same place for twenty years, and by which her dear husband and little ones have lived throughout the days, she kisses it, and leaves with her ragged little ones, to go out in the cold, strange world, alone and fatherless, without even a ray of hope for the morrow, and with nothing to appease the hunger of the little ones.”

And as he sat down, self-satisfied, apparently much distressed, and about to shed

tears himself, but inwardly with a happy heart, the jury wiped their eyes, and filed out to render their verdict in favor of his client. Hence, Will is called a "cutter."

He is an expert authority on telephones and farmers' associations. He is a member of all of them, and can tell you the price of lug tobacco in Berlin, Germany, on the 31st day of next June. He can give you the connections you will need to talk from Pant'er Creek to the Panama Canal, and knows the names of all the central girls enroute.

His wife thinks he is the smartest man in town, and the best lawyer. In fact, she told us confidently that if she hadn't thought so, she would have married another man here in town, whose name I will not call.

But Will has a brother Ralph, who is peculiar, too, and we can't afford to spend all our time in one family, so we will take up Ralph a little later.

* * *

W. J. WEBB

We do not know anything much to say about Mr. Webb's peculiarities, because they are hard to describe. The most striking peculiarity he has is that he always gets

mad when he gets beat in a lawsuit, which is to say that he is not always in a good humor. He is never found on the wrong side of a case until after the jury has returned its verdict, or the judge has rendered his decision, and then he says they didn't pay any attention to the facts or the law of the case, and he will appeal the case, which is a lawyer's privilege.

Mr. Webb, technically perhaps, is not very musically inclined, but we have heard that he plays the fiddle, but that no matter what his connection with any given case is, he absolutely and steadfastly refuses to play *second* fiddle.

Whenever he comes into your office, the first thing he does is to look over all your papers and documents lying on your desk, and then sits down, and proceeds to write all over everything in reach, not being particular whether it is a law book or a polished table top.

Fearing that we have already said enough, we will now desist from further participation.

JOE H. WEAKS

Joe Weaks is our ex-County Attorney. He is a long, tall, slim, hungry-looking sort of fellow, always in a good humor, with his hands in his pockets most of the time. Joe reminds us of the fellow named Long, who married a girl by the name of Long. The first year they didn't get along (a Long) at all, but the second year they did. (Laughter.)

Joe is tolerably truthful in most things, but when you ask him how he is, he will invariably say, "Oh, I'm fat," when a single glance at him would prove that his statements are "false, and that he knew them to be false when he uttered them," with apologies to Townsend on Slander.

The two foremost pictures that hang in Joe's Hall of Fame are those of Blackstone and Uncle Jim.

Joe is more perfectly at ease in the court room when he is sauntering around, looking for a vacant chair, with both of his hands stuck in his back pockets, and in this attitude he is a most imposing figure among the legal lights of the Mayfield Bar.

JOSEPHUS EWING ROBBINS

This man is our father, and naturally we must do our best on him. When we were little we were taught, or rather we believed, that he was the greatest man in the world, knew more than anybody else, was the best-looking man in town, and could do anything, and answer any question that we might ask him. We would not, for the world, cause him the slightest pain, at this stage of life, by writing here that our opinion has somewhat changed as to the latter accomplishment.

He is an older man than we, and more experienced in the law, and we give his opinions much consideration, for this reason, if for no other.

Judge Robbins was born among the hills of old Graves County, and after the death of his father, which occurred while he was yet very young, he taught school, and supported his widowed mother and only sister. Later he moved to Mayfield, and was elected Surveyor of Graves County, which position he held for one term. He was married in 1879 to our mother, and some four years thereafter, your humble servant, we, the author, moved to this country, and located

in Mayfield, taking up our abode with our father and mother within two blocks of the courthouse. It was here that we uttered our first sound, and raised our voice loudly and vehemently, with much inarticulate gesticulation, prolonged vociferations and infantile screams. It was about this time that we met Judge Robbins, and with all modesty we feel constrained to say that we perhaps know him better than any other member of the Mayfield Bar, excluding ourself.

He was elected County Judge of this county once, and the—after the people had forgotten about that, he ran for Circuit Judge, and was elected.

He was also nominated for Representative in the General Assembly of Kentucky by the Democrats, and made the race for the election against his half brother, Curg Willingham, a Populist; while at the same time his other half-brother, Bob Willingham was making the race for Senator on the Republican ticket. He argued that he was the right man, because he had two half-brothers in the race, and it took two halves to make a whole, and he was elected.

He used to practice being Judge on us, and when the author of this literary gem

would pound the filling out of his younger brother, the Judge would listen to only one side (his) and then he would administer justice, without any undue amount of mercy upon us. When he became Judge in earnest, he learned to hear both sides of a case before deciding the WRONG way.

He is left-handed, learned to write first with his left hand, and is still trying to learn to write with his right hand. We once took a course in Greek, and can now read his handwriting fairly well, which is as much as he can do when it gets cold.

When he was in the Legislature, Gus Thomas informs us he got only one bill through, and HE sent that up there to him.

He has been a candidate for the Court of Appeals once or twice, and once or twice, by appointment, has sat as Judge of that court in special cases, and by appointment from Governor Beckham tried Caleb Powers for the assassination of Governor William Goebel, and refused to sit at a subsequent trial of the case.

He has donated to all the churches in Graves County, and in some of the other counties, has bought dresses for a great many little young Americans, whose parents were so kind as to name them Joe, and has

done many other things to win the hearts and votes of his constituency. We sometimes feel that some people are of the opinion that this same spirit is a thing handed down from father to son.

Once, when he was a boy, he and his half brother went down to the stable lot, undressed themselves, and put the two pairs of pants on a young colt, using one pair for the front legs and the other pair for the hind legs. The colt got away from them, and while watching colt and "breeches" disappear in the distance, his mother came around the corner of the stable, and without any further notice or preparation, proceeded to administer a sound thrashing to the two.

Once, while he was on the bench as Circuit Judge, it is said of him, that an ignorant negro was testifying about some trivial matter, and in answer to a question by his attorney, the negro mumbled his answer, so that the Judge did not hear him, and he thereupon asked the witness: "What did you say?" The negro replied: "YOU heard what I said." The Judge turned to the Clerk and said: "Mr. Clerk, let the witness be fined five dollars." The negro turned around to the Judge quickly and said:

“What did you say, Judge?” and was answered with “YOU heard what I said.”

Pete Seay is authority for the following anecdote told on Judge Robbins: Pete’s client was on the witness stand, testifying to a certain conversation, and was asked about it. Finally he blurted out: “Well, the upstart of the whole thing was he offered me a dollar to swear a lie.” Judge Robbins insinuatingly remarked, “It’s a wonder you hadn’t done it,” thereby almost precipitating a fight in the court room.

He has some peculiarities, like playing with his pocket knife or gold ring, twitching his mustache with his hand, and fingering his cuff buttons. While speaking, very frequently he grabs up one corner of his coat, and wads it up in his hand. When sitting in the court room he very frequently pats his foot on the floor or takes his knife or a mallet and hammers on the table or desk top.

Some people say we are just like him. We suppose they mean we resemble him in looks and manner, too, and since he has peculiarities, it naturally follows that we would have them, too, and it is a well-known fact that people can not see their own faults,

so we must admit our inability to proceed farther.

* * *

F. B. MARTIN

Flavious is strictly a ladies' man, and they all like him, even the babies with the soiled nose and dirty linen. The girls call him Shug, which, we are told, is a derivative of the word "sugar," meaning "sweet." Recently he was arguing a motion before John Feland, Special Judge, and after some moments, the Judge, who was about to decide against him, asked him if he thought his position was right. Flavious promptly replied it wasn't a matter of right; it was a matter of law, and he had the law all on his side, and the Judge thereupon flopped over to his side of the case.

Flavious has done everything from sleeping in his clothes to selling "didy" pins in a dry goods store. He hails from the berg of Cuba, where he has roamed the hills and fields on many occasions, and where, under the tutelage of the neighbor boys he became quite an expert wrestler, and could throw any boy in the vicinity.

Shug and we used to go to school together,

and one day while Miss Eugenia Parham was "keeping chapel," Shug took some bells and began to ring them under his desk, meanwhile appearing to be engaged in deep study. Miss Parham asked several of the boys who was the origin of the noise, but got no admissions from them, and finally she came to Flavious, and not desiring to offend him by even suggesting that he was the guilty party, she asked him if he knew who it was. He replied: "No, Miss Parham, I do not. It wasn't me, I have been studying; and, besides, I realize that I haven't much time to go to school, and I am employing my time to the best advantage." Which, of course, was not true.

In the last primary election in Graves County Shug made the race for the nomination for County Attorney against the incumbent M. B. Holifield, and made a fine showing, but failed to poll the requisite number of votes for the nomination, and Holy was elected.

Shug is General Manager of Camp Pumpkin Center, Mayfield's most elaborate country club; he is a Woodman and some other things he got into while he was making his race.

There is nothing funny about Shug, ex-

cept the way he acts, and, of course, we can't put that down on paper.

* * *

S. H. CROSSLAND

Hon. S. H. Crossland is a relic of Mayfield's most successful criminal lawyers, being a son of Hon. Edw. Crossland, of Civil Ware fame. He is also well known as the father of Cas and Ed Crossland, the latter of whom was County Judge of Graves County. He has perhaps been practicing law at this bar as long as any other member of it.

He has some peculiar expressions, and while we are describing the peculiarities of the Mayfield Bar, we must not omit his. "Clap-trap" is an expression he used with much effect in criminal cases. In fact, he has used it with so much success that some of our younger attorneys are often heard using the same expression, at the same time trying vehemently with arms, legs and body to impress upon the jury its real meaning.

When strongly provoked Mr. Crossland will sometimes say "damn it," or "dod durn it," and use other words of similar import.

He was once Commonwealth's Attorney of the First Judicial District, before our day,

but we are told he made a good one.

One little story from his son Cas and we will close. Over at Wickliffe a case was being tried and a large number of ladies were present in the court room. Cas and some other lawyers were across the street, while the argument was going on, and presently a number of the ladies began to leave the courthouse. Some one asked who was speaking, and Cas replied: "I don't know; it must be pap; I see all the women are leaving."

* * *

BARNEY CLARENCE SEAY

We started to leave out Pete Seay, but everybody would have asked, "Why didn't you put Pete in?" So we will try, in our feeble and humble way to tell you something of his peculiarities.

Some people call him "Mr. Seay," some "Pete," some "Peter," some "Barney Clarence," and some, like Mike Redd, "Peter de Seay." Some people think Pete is a great impersonator (whatever that means) and a wag, humorist, and wit, be we don't. Ever since he imitated our actions when we had our first case, we have never liked him,

somehow. We have tried to outlive this feeling, but every time we think of it it takes all the ginger out of us. You see, it was like this: We were examining one of Pete's witnesses, and asked him what the defendant said to him on a certain occasion in issue, and Pete jumped up and objected. We insisted that the question be answered, and Pete renewed his objections. The jury retired, and we argued *pro* and *con* for an hour and fifteen minutes before the learned Judge, and, at the end of the time, His Honor decided in our favor, to-wit: that the witness might answer the question. We asked it again: "What did he say?" The witness answered: "He didn't say anything."

One day he was defending a negro for robbery, and had instructed his client to cry whenever he struck the table with his fist. Pete was warming up to his argument and thoughtlessly struck the table before he was ready, whereupon the negro began to weep and wail. Pete was confused, and the Judge thundered at the negro to know what he meant by such demonstrations. Pete's client meekly told His Honor he had been instructed to cry every time his lawyer struck the table. Whereupon Pete took ad-

vantage of the remark, and said to the jury: "Gentlemen, you see the candor and innocence of this man. He couldn't commit a crime. Take the case."

Pete has attained considerable notoriety and newspaper advertising as a criminal lawyer at this bar. We had never heard of his doing anything to bring about such a reputation, and were at a loss to understand it, until one day we accidentally found the real, true reason. Pete went home one day and told his wife that he was a great man, a fine lawyer and, above all things, one of the greatest advocates at the bar when it came to defending persons charged with crime. His wife heard and believed and told his children; his children, hearing, believed, and told their playmates; their playmates told their parents, and pretty soon it became generally known that Pete Seay was a great lawyer. Then we understood.

One more: When Pete was new at the business, unthoughtful and careless perhaps about his professional ethics, some one concluded that he perhaps had been wronged by him in a case, and proceeded to tell us what he thought of him. We listened, and then our informer branched off into a tirade against another member of the Mayfield

Bar, against whom he had a similar grudge. He was calling him a shyster, and a demagogue, and many other things, which one would not appreciate to his face. He talked so incessantly that we could not find time to interject one word. (This was at a time when the expression "P. C." was going the rounds among the boys on the street.) Our talker had not heard it, evidently, for when we ventured to interrupt him in his discourse upon the object of his fury, by saying, "Why, he was a regular 'P. C.,'" he blurted out, "Oh, my God! he was worse than any Pete Seay you ever saw."

* * *

VORIS GREGORY

Borix, as he is familiarly called by some of his intimate friends, was flagged in the last race in this county for County Judge, which wasn't our fault, because we voted for him as often as they would permit us to do. We never did like to see more than one fellow run for an office, because nearly every time when this is the case somebody gets beat, and we dislike to disappoint, although it rests with the other fellow.

Voris has surveyed every farm in this county, except ours, a thing we haven't

done, either. He is a prominent Woodman, and makes speeches all over the county, and one time went way off up yonder to Louisville, and told a lot of city fellows how his team could roll logs out here at West Plains. They all listened to it, and said it was fine talking, and had it put in the paper the next day, and when we read about it we felt proud to think that once this eloquent man had been our partner in a store, selling corn-silk cigarettes for pins and matches.

It is told of Voris that once he went up in a balloon with a celebrated aeronaut (probably this was while he was in Louisville at the Woodman celebration), and as Voris combines the pleasures of journalism to a certain extent with his practice, it seemed to him a fine opportunity. After the balloon had gotten into the clouds Voris fell out. The balloonist was horror-stricken, and descended to earth, only to find Voris sitting placidly on the ground, writing an article on "How it feels to fall from a balloon." He had fallen on his cheek.

Voris is peculiar in this respect: He always thinks his side of a case is the right one. His physician once advised him concerning his health, and told him if he would always keep in good health to lie on the

right side. Voris told us that was a fool bit of advice, because every lawyer thinks his side is right.

These jokes are not ours, and if you don't think they are funny, don't blame us. We don't think they are funny, either; in fact, we know they are not, but it would be funny if we didn't say anything about Voris more than we have, and we decided to put them in.

* * *

B. GARDNER

Bunk Gardner, or Judge Ge-ardner, as he is called by those who happen to know that he is Chief Justice of the Mayfield Police Court, is a good-looking, slim, wiry, well-dressed and friendly young man, besides being one of our most successful ladies' men, although he is yet a bachelor. Rumor has it, however—but then we are about to digress.

Judge Gardner examined us for two hours once very rigidly just before we got our license to practice law, and we have always felt very grateful to him for the interest he showed in us, and for his kindness in thoroughly instilling into us those lessons which afterward were of so much use before the Examiners of the Calloway

Circuit Court, and which carried us safely through, so that we returned home with full power and authority from the powers that were to indulge in the practice of the law to our heart's content.

Bunk used to sell clothing, and perhaps other articles of commercial value before he entered upon the practice of his chosen profession. He has been in time what might be called a one-horse politician, and has been elected twice or three times as Police Judge.

Bunk enjoys a good meal, and has gotten together some tolerably nice little speeches, with some fairly good jokes in them, and whenever anybody has a supper, or a banquet is given by any lodge or other order, Bunk is generally asked to make a speech. He never refuses, but merely goes to his repertoire of speeches, and picks out one that he hasn't made for several weeks, and gets it off in his best style, and when he cracks an old chestnut he looks very dignified, and serious, in order that the unsuspecting guests may not learn that it is not of recent origin.

Judge Gardner is an expert and a granted authority on two legal subjects: wheat and whiskey. He claims to have all the law

on the subject of wheat folded away in the pigeon hole of his desk, and calmly and with much self-satisfaction asserts that this is absolutely all the law upon the subject in the United States. As to whiskey, he says he knows not only the greater part of the law on this subject, but is intimately acquainted with every decision that has ever been rendered, and with every section, chapter, article and clause of the entire law upon the subject, and is now only waiting for the next Legislature to meet, so he can get the latest acts.

In closing our remarks about Bunk we feel constrained to use the words of the poet, and, by the way, we have forgotten the words, and even the name of the poet has slipped from us.

* * *

W. P. LEE

The subject of this sketch was born, or at least lived, before he moved to Mayfield, in the county of Marshall, at Benton, and served as County Judge of that little county. Later he moved to Mayfield, and was elected County Judge of Graves County. Judge Lee has done a great many things since he was born. He was a Texas ranchman for

a while, drove cattle to a log wagon, and had a good yoke, he tells us, that could pull anything loose at both ends. The Judge is a good pistol shot, even to this day, and can hit the bull's eye four out of five times with an army colt. He is quite an experienced horseman also, and delights to pull the ribbons over the back of a thoroughbred. Besides this, he takes a big interest in literature, and enjoys reading funny jokes, like "Who hit Billie Patterson," etc.

Judge Lee has some peculiarities, and this is a thing we have started out to say about everybody in this book, but a while back he hit a fellow just because he called him a liar, and we feel somewhat hampered by this fond remembrance, and may not be able to say just what we would like to.

Judge Lee is a typical lawyer. Firstly, he makes a good appearance; secondly, he is dignified. Why, a person can tell he was once a Judge at first sight. When in the court room, waiting for a case to be tried, his favorite attitude is to lean back in a split-bottom chair, put one foot on the bottom rung, and cross his other leg over the first, which by a slight turn of his foot will give him a most magnificent and broadside view of the sole of that shoe. The Judge

possesses, first of all, dignity, almost personified, politeness to all, and especially to ladies, and a jolly disposition, and the faculty of telling a joke.

* * *

R. N. STANFIELD

Ralph Stanfield is a, or rather "the" brother of Will Stanfield. Ralph has sense, too, just like Will, but he don't brag about it very much. He is quite unassuming, and apparently very studious at times. Ralph is older than we are, and when we used to go to school he delighted to crook his finger at us, which made us cry, and shed angry tears, which, in turn, caused a very cordial dislike on our part toward him, but we have learned him better now, and we are beginning to like Ralph. We know him, but some who do not, think him a mystery. They say: "What great sorrow is he laboring under, that he looks so serious and sober? Surely some great trouble has befallen him at some period in his early life. Why doesn't he relax and come out of his shell, so to speak, and be one of the boys?" But they simply do not know him, for he is one of the boys "away from home."

O. HOUSTON BROOKS

He is our Representative in the General Assembly of the State of Kentucky, having served two terms in that distinguished body. He is an ex-school teacher, and is now engaged in the practice of law in this beautiful city.

The only peculiarity of which we know that Brooks is guilty is that he really wanted to go to the Legislature. It was more peculiar that he should want to return at the next session, which the people were kind enough to let him do.

Brooks used to be a partner of the Hon. Seth Boaz, of Boaz. We went to see Brooks one time while he was in the Legislature, and after searching for several hours, finally located him in a committee room, where the committee on "Eliminating the Squeal from the Hog" was holding a very excited secret session, he being chairman of the committee. We sent in our card, and some forty-five minutes afterward were surprised to see Brooks come out of the room with a large manuscript in his hands and walk hurriedly toward us. We shook hands with him, and started a conversation about the new Capitol, but he regretfully told us

he was then engaged in a very important meeting of the aforesaid committee, and that it would be impossible for him to be with us for some time. We waited around in the hotel for two or three hours, and finally started to hunt him up again, and found him addressing a delegation of ladies on the question, "What was George Washington's wife's grandmother's cat named?" We gave up hope of seeing our Representative, and while we had some very important measures, we wanted him to get through, still we realized that the problems he was then engaged upon were of far more importance to the people of the State, and we caught the next train and came home. A member of the Legislature is an exceedingly busy man, and we very earnestly insist upon the next Assembly passing a bill increasing the salary three fold, so as to make it commensurate with the work done.

Brooks is a Woodman, and while he does not roll logs, he makes them speeches, and tells them all about Jeffersonian Democracy, and Bryan, and the tariff, and has a real nice little talk upon "The Conservation of Natural Resources."

Brooks parts his silken locks in the middle, and sometimes walks with a slim, slen-

der cane, which seems peculiar to us, as things seem.

* * *

W. H. WYMAN

Will Wyman is a bachelor lawyer at this bar, which fact works a hardship on him, because he has to pay taxes on \$250 more property than some of us who are married. But we suppose this is offset by the baby clothes and paregoric some of us have to buy, which makes us all come out about even in the end.

Will is at his best when he is called upon to take an acknowledgment of some person who lives a half mile from his office. He will rush upstairs, into his office, and seize his blank deed, stick a pen behind his ear, and take an ink bottle in the other hand, and away he will go taking steps about six feet at a time, keeping all the time a most serious and thoughtful expression on his face. If you hail him, he will holler back at you that he is too busy to see you just now.

But we don't blame him for this, for a man who is capable of good deeds is a desirable citizen.

Will also lends money sometimes, and is

not very particular about how the loan is secured, just so it is made as good as a national bank note. We tried to borrow \$50 from him once, and offered to put up \$50 in gold to secure the loan, but he said we would have to put up \$60 so as to make him safe. But, then, that is business, that is, and a man ought to be business-like.

Will eats dinner at evelen o'clock and gets back to his office while all the other lawyers are at their dinner. This is quite a convenience to the Bar, and is appreciated by most of them, because lots of people come in just at noon to get important business transacted, and if nobody was in his office, they would have to wait, and possibly not even stay at all.

Will is a neighbor of ours, and wakes us up every morning calling hogs, and keeping the calf away from the cow while she is being milked, but then we ought perhaps to get up earlier, and we wouldn't be bothered so.

With the exception of the objections above referred to, Will is all right.

SETH BOAZ

Seth Boaz is the only man who has ever had the nerve to locate in Mayfield from the berg of Boaz, Ky., and engage in the practice of law. He not only did this, but he soon afterward married a good looking girl from Boaz. He comes to town in a buggy from Boaz, driven by a horse from Boaz. He practices law in Boaz, and his Sundays he spends in Boaz. He knows everybody in Boaz, and, if we are not mistaken, his baby is named Boaz. Mr. Seth Boaz, from Boaz, is a clever fellow. Seth always needs a shave, but never gets one unless he is going to Boaz. His folks live in Boaz, and he was educated in Boaz, and when he came to Mayfield he left Boaz. There is nothing peculiar about Seth, except that he left Boaz.

* * *

W. S. FOY

Foy, as the other lawyers call him, was a country boy for about twenty-one years at the beginning of his life, and lived at some point, the exact location of which we do not at this time know. Of course, no doubt he used to go in swimming and doubtless

could swim better than any of the other boys, because of his superabundance of adipose tissue, which enabled him to keep afloat while the others were sinking. When we look at Foy we are reminded of those pathetic little lines, "Jack Spratt could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean," etc. He is nearly a perfect cube, as far as dimensions are concerned.

Mr. Foy taught school before his admission to the bar, and also made one or more races for County Superintendent. We did know how many, but lost count several years ago. He had a habit or mania, or perhaps it was an outcropping bit of egotism on his part—he delighted to sign his name to all writings, whether legal or otherwise, "W. S. Foy, Atty." We glean from this that he was a man who strove to be accurate, and did not wish to mislead people as to the true significance of such an appellation.

Mr. Foy is all right, he is. He always wears a broad smile on his face, and a number ten watch chain encircled upon his heaving bosom (some people do not call it this) and in all our acquaintance with him we have found him to be obliging, courteous and affable, and we really like him.

Let us suppose for a moment we are in the Circuit Court room of Graves County while Judge Bugg is calling over the equity docket for the last time. He comes to the case of Johnson v. Johnson, a negro divorce case, in which Mr. Foy represents the plaintiff. Judge Bugg asks Mr. Foy: "Well, Mr. Foy, here is this case. What do you want done with it?"

Mr. Foy looks around the court room quickly, but furtively, slowly rises to a standing posture, clears his throat a time or two in quick succession, pulls at both sleeves impatiently, and in an almost unintelligible monotone, addresses the Court: "Your Honor, please, my client, the plaintiff in this case, says the defendant promised to pay this thing off before court adjourns, and Jim Brown, a half brother of this woman, told her this morning that he heard the reason it hadn't been done was because he failed to collect a note that was owing him for a cow he sold last winter, and I don't know what else to do in this case unless Your Honor will pass it for a little while so we can give him a chance to collect that note, and settle it off. My client is here now ready for him to pay it."

During all of this time J. P. Evers, the

sandy-haired humorist of Sixth and Broadway, is watching intently the speaking attorney, and with pipe smouldering from its half-burned tobacco, he breathes deeply and wheezily, the while, and when the speaker has concluded his remarks, he smiles half audibly and half to himself.

* * *

H. J. MOORMAN

Mr. Moorman, as we have called him for about twenty years, is a neighbor of ours, and we have often gone over to his house and destroyed a new crop of kittens for Miss Sackie, his wife. In fact, we used to be kitten killer for the neighborhood.

Mr. Moorman has a wife and three daughters, the two older ones having married members of the Mayfield Bar. He has been County Attorney of Graves County, Commonwealth's Attorney of the First Judicial District, and has only recently been defeated for Circuit Judge. He is a member of the firm of Moorman & Warren, the junior member of which is his son-in-law. He used to be quite an efficient guitar player, and we always enjoyed watching him pat his heel while playing the "Fall of Sebastopol" on his guitar. In fact, when he

would reach the closing strains the house would fairly shake with musical vibrations and "hoof beats."

For peculiarities, we will say he is like some of the rest of us—he has some. He used to own an old gray horse named Bud, which shed his gray hair at all seasons of the year. You see, old Bud was peculiar, too. Mr. Moorman believes in detail, and uses many words in talking and speaking. We had always heard the saying: "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink," but we hardly recognized it when Mr. Moorman told us very confidently one day that "You may, forsooth, coerce the prancing steed near to the rippling brook, but you can not, nay, it is almost impossible, to induce him to lower his shapely head and partake of the cooling draught."

One day his wife was telling us a story about a man trying to break in their home, and said she heard him rattling at the door about fifteen minutes after one o'clock at night. Mr. Moorman interrupted by suggesting that it was only fourteen minutes after one o'clock when the noise was first heard.

While Commonwealth's Attorney he would frequently ask the witness to tell just

“whereabouts this accident occurred at,” and in arguing the case to the jury he repeatedly said “cheek by jowl,” and would tell them “this case is without a parallel anywhere on God’s green earth.”

We have heard that Mr. Moorman sometimes required “spunk powders,” and if asked concerning some disputed point, he would say he did not exactly know what should be done. Later, if some one else professed to give with absolute certainty the true remedy, he would say, “That is exactly what I thought about the matter.”

If he happened to meet some person whom he did not know, but who recognized him, he would say, “Why, hello; I am glad to see you. How did you leave all the folks?” One day a man of that kind walked into his office, and after greeting Mr. Moorman, he asked him to write a deed for him. Mr. Moorman was in a quandary—he did not know his client’s name, but he thought to get out of his dilemma by asking: “Let’s see. How do you spell your name?” The man replied, as if surprised: “J-o-n-e-s.”

J. C. SPEIGHT

The subject of this sketch is a partner of Hon. J. C. Dean, both of whom formerly lived in Clinton, Ky. Mr. Speight is a Democrat by birth, but is now a Republican by choice. He was nominated by the Republicans for Secretary of State at one time, but they failed to make good, and he was defeated. Mr. Speight is a scholarly man, has taught school, and was a good teacher. He is polished, cultured and eloquent in his speeches. He enjoys a good joke, and tells one with much ability.

Mr. Speight is apparently in a good humor all the time, and many people who do not know him very well think he is always smiling, but he is not always. He has a habit of making his face appear to be smiling, when it really is not, and hence the popular delusion.

He is not as active perhaps as "Shug" Martin, or some of the other fellows, and this leads some people to believe that his energy is on the wane, and to attribute his slow, clumsy gait to certain disinclinations on his part, but we are satisfied that he is simply taking things calmly and coolly, rather than trying to hasten through life

without fully enjoying its many blessings.

Mr. Speight is married, has a wife, daughter and some boys. He walks home generally, but if offered a ride, will take it rather than disappoint you.

He is a member of the Methodist Church, and attends services frequently, as we verily believe.

* * *

J. C. DEAN

Judge Dean came to Mayfield from Clinton, Hickman County, Ky., where he had been admitted to the bar of that little city, and where he had been elected County Judge, and had served in that position for four years. After having served as County Judge of Hickman County four years, Judge Dean aspired to be a lawyer, and therefore moved to Mayfield, and announced "ready." He formed a partnership with Hon. J. C. Speight, a former Clinton lawyer, but who has since become a very active member of the Republican party in Kentucky, and especially in the first district of Kentucky.

Judge Dean, were he a woman, would be "charming, cultured and accomplished," and indeed, being a man like he, of course, is,

he sings with his voice and plays the violin or fiddle. We do not know whether he is a classical musician or whether he simply warbles "meetin' tunes," and plays breakdowns on the fiddle, but we are told that he is a "cracker-jack" any way you take him.

The Judge is a ladies' man "from who laid the rails" (with apologies to Gus Thomas) and has many nice young (?) ladies holding their heart strings to keep them from beating too fast.

He is a very sentimental gentleman, and can sit in the moonlight, or in the dim light of a half-lighted parlor for hours, and tell his fair young hostess that his love for her is, oh, so fervent! that his heart beats pitty-pat every time he even thinks of her; that the angels in heaven are not purer or sweeter or more charmingly divine than is she to whom he is addressing himself. Then doubtless he recalls the fact that "man, born of woman, is of few days, and little persimmons," and remains yet a while longer in single blessedness.

We would suggest to the other lawyers of the Mayfield Bar that if, at any time, they have a knotty problem, which they would have unraveled, they would do well to approach Judge Dean, and ask him for a

solution. No doubt, he will say: "Well, let me see. It appears to me at first thought that I decided that very question while I was County Judge of Hickman County," and you should then listen to the remarks following this statement. If he does not answer your question, he will, in the course of his remarks, perhaps tell you, whether you knew it or not that "law is a mighty rule of action, prescribed by the supreme power in a State, commanding what is right, and forbidding what is wrong," and ask you if that is your understanding of the term; or he may tell you that "murder consists in the taking of a human life, it matters not whether male or female, rich or poor, with malice aforethought, either express or implied."

The Judge has a peculiarity, as indeed most of us have, and that is when addressing a jury, he does not address them as they sit in the jury box, but addresses an imaginary jury, sitting in an imaginary jury box, about the level of the horizon.

Let's see how he files a demurrer. He rises, looks vaguely at nothing, away off yonder in distant space somewhere, and says: "Your Honor, please, I desire to file a demurrer to the plaintiff's petition in this

case—(then he squints his eye, and presses his lips firmly together)—because—(then he glances at the ceiling as if about to have a thought)—as we state therein, it does not state facts sufficient in law to constitute a cause of action against this plaintiff, under the facts, and the law of this Commonwealth, and we have signed it as attorneys for the plaintiff. With the Court's permission I desire to file this," and still looking very vaguely, he slowly and apparently very reluctantly hands the demurrer to the Clerk, and returns to his seat.

Judge Dean is a Democrat, and a good fellow. He has always seemed to like us, and we hope he still likes us, because we just had to say what we have about him, because we are writing a book.

* * *

M. B. HOLIFIELD

Bertrie Holifield, as the lawyers generally call him, was a physician by birth, and by inclination, and a lawyer by adoption and profession. His father was a doctor of the old school, and in the early days was very successful in treating superstitious whites, and negroes, who would not be cured except

by the use of some "hoodoo" or almost supernatural remedy.

Bertrie had a desire to be a physician, and a good one, too, but on account of a defective hearing, he gave up this desire. He tells us when he left home he did not know whether he would go to medical college or law school, but decided upon the latter course, by the time the train had stopped.

Holy, as we call him, was Assistant County Attorney under Hon. T. L. Wallace for several years, and then ran for City Attorney and was elected. In 1908 he ran for the nomination for County Attorney of Graves County and was nominated over Flavious B. Martin, his only opponent at the close of the campaign.

Mr. Holifield won great distinction as City Attorney, prosecuting the violators of the local option laws, and became known to this class of offenders as a "holy terror." In fact, it was frequently said among them that Holifield would give them a "double dose of concentrated hell" if they were brought before him. He became very expert, too, in the detection of spirituous, vinous or malt liquors, no matter how bottled or labeled, and could generally tell at

first sight of a bottle whether it was against the law to sell its contents.

If we were to say anything concerning Holy's early history we would begin by announcing to our readers that he was born in the grand old State of Kentucky, county of Graves, and for a number of years whiled away the hours in the vicinity of Pryorsburg, Ky., a region where the hills and hollows are plentiful, and the green grass grows all around. Perhaps as he wandered up and down these hills, through these hollows, and across these little brooks and creeks dry-shod, and beheld the beneficence of the Creator of all things, and admired his handiwork along his pathway, he was seized with an inspiration, which took hold of him even as a strong man would seize a little one, and caused him to be impatient to don the robes of Blackstone, and to expound to the rustic litigants of that section the principles of equity and jurisprudence.

Holy had one characteristic. We told him a very funny joke as we thought, one day, and he listened attentively and respectfully, but at the conclusion he did not even smile. He left our office, and when about half way across the street, suddenly threw up his hands and burst into a most

heartly laugh. We rushed to the door, thinking he had been shot, but found to our utter surprise that he was simply enjoying the joke we told him. He had just thought of our point. This made us feel bad, because we really tried to make it plain enough to be seen without such delay.

We forgot to say that he is married, and consequently (if this is not the proper word, please excuse us) he is growing bald on the upper surface of his cranium.

Holy is a great Holy, and everybody who knows him likes and respects him for his honesty, energy and ability.

He is of a very inquisitive turn of mind. One summer we had a bucket of ice water in the hallway of the courthouse, so arranged that when a person caught hold of the dipper, and tried to drink, we would turn a small magneto and shock him with electricity. Holy drank, and got shocked, and not understanding how it was done, or who did it, he drank again, just to find out about the thing—and he got shocked again.

T. L. WALLACE

This gentleman is an ex-County Attorney, and one of the dressiest men at the bar. This is peculiar, because he has been married several years, and has a wife and two children.

He is a fine campaigner, and when making a race for office, as he did several times, his broad, pleasing smile would put a 'possum to shame, and his handshake would give you a rigour three weeks afterward. We almost forgot to write about Mr. Wallace, because he is not very peculiar. He enjoys breaking up sham trials, and once threw a book at a fellow who was arguing such a case, and even hollered, "Put him out," which caused the young lawyer to become very much enraged, and afterward to treat the crowd to apples and oranges.

He is a close rival of the Hon. W. M. Wyman in filing reports of Guardians *ad litem*, and Non-resident Attorneys, and it would do you good to see him at motion hour approach the Judge, and in his most pleasing style produce from his neatly-creased trousers the coveted paper, and as solemnly and graciously pass it to the Clerk.

Mr. Wallace is a songster, too, and is second only to Judge Dean. When he sings deep bass, it is a pleasure to watch his Adam's apple, as it fluctuates up and down, under the strain of its volume of music.

But with all his peculiarities, we like him still.

* * *

W. H. HESTER

Mr. Hester is acknowledged to be the Chesterfield of this bar, and some think him the best looking. He was recently Commonwealth's Attorney, and during that time raised his voice in many an argument in behalf of the great Commonwealth, whose laws he valiantly upheld and defended.

He can tell you all about Plato's Apology, Socrates' speech before the senators of Rome or Greece, or wherever it was; can give you Anthony's oration over the dead body of Caesar, and can quote from the works of the blind Milton with perfect ease. He is an eloquent speaker, and sometimes, like Daedalus, soars to the skies, only to be melted and fall back. He is a farmer lawyer and enjoys the simple life.

He is not so peculiar as he is curious.

T. J. MURPHEY

Mr. Murphey is a lawyer with whose peculiarities we are not very familiar. He enjoys a good smoke from a cob pipe and cane stem. He has a way of stroking his mustache when the Judge has overruled his demurrer, which is but another method of reconciling himself to the court's ruling. Other attorneys have other and different ways of accomplishing this result.

Mr. Murphey is a good surveyor, and used to be County Surveyor of this county. He has also surveyed a large part of it in running for office, a habit he formed many years ago.

If we think of anything more to say about Mr. Murphey, we will add a postscript.

FINIS.