

you think you will go to Heaven?" The mother replied: "I hope so." "Oh, mother," said the girl, "I *do* hope so; I would feel so conspicuous going along the streets of Heaven and everybody saying, there goes the little girl whose mother is in Hell." It feels uncomfortable to be conspicuous, even though you are in Heaven.

I am not going to speak to you about the courts of any particular State. I shall not speak of the courts of Iowa. With your judges and other lawyers I am making acquaintance for the first time. (Mark—I never say judges and lawyers; I say, judges and *other* lawyers—the distinction is substantial.) Your decisions, indeed, are brought before me from time to time for their persuasive effect. I am not going to speak of the judges of Missouri, where I have the pleasure of knowing a number of them; nor of the State of New York, nor any State which is sure Teddy or sure Taft, or Democratic. I shall speak of that State which everybody knows the name of, although it tries hard to remain unknown; and respecting its retiring modesty, I shall speak of it as the State of "Weiss-nicht-wo", as our German friends say.

I have had occasion more than once to visit the courts of that State and have noted their procedure—or failure to proceed—and have been alternately filled with admiration and astonishment, given alternately material for instruction and amazement. The courts of this country are not wholly unlike my own. It is true that the judges of this particular State of which I am speaking are not dressed in suit of solemn black; they have no gown of formal cut; they have no bands of lawn or snowy linen. If they wear a gown, nine chances out of ten, they spoil the effect by tying it with two strings across the chest or by putting a black tie above it. They are not addressed by the bar as "Your Lordship" or "My Lord". It is: "May it please the Court", or "Your Honor"; or sometimes, indeed, "Now, say." It reminds one of the American Bishop who had spent some years in England, and being a Bishop, he was greeted there as "My Lord" and "Your Lordship", till I fear he began to think he was of better clay than ordinary humanity. He came, however, to a sense of his true position when he got home and was met at the station by the hackman's "Hello Bish; got home, have you?"