

mind—that the profession is overcrowded already. This could not be so when every man who is qualified is allowed to become a member as “of course.”

Nowadays it is common ground that a very high percentage of educated and intelligent women have to support or help to support themselves, and there are many of such women who are admirably qualified by nature as well as by education to embellish, and, I venture to think, enhance the value of the profession of a solicitor in the eyes of the public as well as of their brother and sister members.—*London Law Journal*.

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Humour is more than a mere plaything to relieve the tension of the brain. But even when it does that it has performed a service for the public speaker that is incalculable. The tension of the minds of an audience and, especially of a jury, is nothing more than the natural resistance of every mind to accepting another's point of view until convinced either by the irresistible logic of the other's reasoning or confidence in his personality. When this tension becomes very severe the adroit speaker stops the fountain of his eloquence and the heavy pressure of his logic, he causes his face to relax, his personality sends forth a warm and familiar glow, and he proceeds to “tell a little story.” His auditors are quickly receptive, the facial muscles come to repose and they begin to “fellowship,” unconsciously it may be, with the speaker. This fellowship begets confidence and confidence breaks down the instinctive resistance of the speaker's arguments and these arguments are then accepted at their face value. This, in short, is the psychological effect of a good story on the minds of an ordinary company of auditors. It is, indeed, a most powerful aid to the wise public speaker if used with discretion. Of course, if used too frequently it loses its freshness like everything else in life does, and, therefore, loses its effect.—*Central Law Journal*.

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SOLOMON MODERNIZED.—A Georgia magistrate was perplexed by the conflicting claims of two negro women for a baby, each contending that she was the mother of it. The Judge remembered Solomon, and, drawing a bowie knife from his boot, declared that he would give half to each. The women were shocked, but had no doubt of the authority and purpose of the Judge to make the proposed compromise. “Don't do that, boss,” they both screamed, in unison. “You can keep it yourself.”