

OPPORTUNITIES OF COLLEGE FOR YOUTH

JUDGE CHARLES B. BELLINGER SPEAKS OF THE LAW AS A CAREER

This is the fourth in the series of interviews dealing with the opportunities which various professions and vocations offer to the youth of today. The fifth article, which will be published next Sunday, will be an interview with L. Samuel on life insurance as a vocation for young men.

WHAT is the most important mental quality for a lawyer? I asked Judge C. B. Bellinger the question, and the man who presides over the United States Courts for the District of Oregon hesitated not at all to make reply.

"Judgment," he said decidedly, "good judgment."

So brief was the answer that I felt like asking if that were all. I must have looked the query, for the Judge proceeded to answer it.

"Good judgment," said he, "is that quality of mind which enables a man to estimate things at their value. The lawyer must know the legal effect of a given state of facts—the application to be made of legal principles to the case in hand. A learned man knows the law; if he is a wise one, he knows how to apply it. Such a man will have ability of statement, the faculty of presenting his case clearly, without confusing or obscuring its salient points. I should say that such a man, with habits of industry, tact and good moral character, will, unless overtaken by some calamitous circumstance, succeed at the bar."

From these abstract fields Judge Bellinger returned to answer concrete questions.

"Would you advise your son to go into it?" I asked him, "providing, of course, that he did not seem to be unfitted in some way for it?"

"I think not," said the Judge. "I should think it better that his own inclination decide the question for him. Ordinarily I think it well for a young man to study law as something useful to him in any of the vocations he may follow. To illustrate: It would, I am sure, be of great advantage to lawyers and doctors if each class could take a course in the other school."

How to Become a Lawyer.

"Suppose," I said to the Judge, "that you were a young man firmly determined to become a lawyer, how would you go about it?"

"Am I supposed to be the son of rich parents, or poor?" inquired Judge Bellinger.

"Let's begin on the rich but honest young man."

"Then," said Judge Bellinger, "I would go to a good law school."

"How long would it take you to complete your studies there?"

"It depends on the school. The course in some schools is completed in two years, in others it requires three, and possibly in one Eastern university it may take four. The general tendency is to lengthen the course of study."

"How much would this law school course cost?"

"That also differs in different schools. In Oregon the course is two years. The tuition fees are \$60 a year, and the necessary books and other expenses may bring the total cost for two years up to some \$200. I do not think that any other

state has a cheaper course, and in many it costs much more."

"It seems to cost far less to make lawyers than it does to make doctors," I suggested. "A physician was quoted the other day as saying that \$4000 would be a fair estimate of what it would cost a father to make a doctor out of the average young man."

"I do not know how that is," replied the Judge. "But it is probable that the physician's estimate includes the student's cost of living while pursuing his studies, while the lawyer's estimate is merely for tuition and books. It is possible, furthermore, that the estimate of \$4000 is intended to cover the expense of a course of lectures in one or more foreign schools of medicine. It is, I believe, quite the thing in these days for graduates of medicine in this country to go abroad for further study. I know of no other explanation of the question suggested."

"When the course in a law school has been completed is the student a lawyer?"

"Not until he has passed the examinations of the Supreme Court; and then he is a lawyer only to the same extent that a graduate of a medical college is a doctor."

Case of the Poor Young Man.

Having traveled with the rich young man from the period when he wears long red ribbons in his buttonhole at a football game and bows himself hoarse with enthusiasm at the victory of his high school debating team, to the time when he appears for examination at the bar of the Supreme Court, and having left him there a full-fledged lawyer, I returned to

Charles Byron Bellinger was born in Magnolia, Ill., in 1859. He moved with his parents to Oregon in 1867. He was educated at Willamette University, but did not graduate. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1883. He served in the Modoc campaign in the Lewis and Clark territory, was clerk and official reporter of the Supreme Court of Oregon from 1874 to 1878. He was appointed Judge of the State Circuit Court in 1878, and served two years. In 1889 he was appointed United States District Judge for the District of Oregon, and still holds this position.

one of the young men whose parents were probably honest and certainly poor.

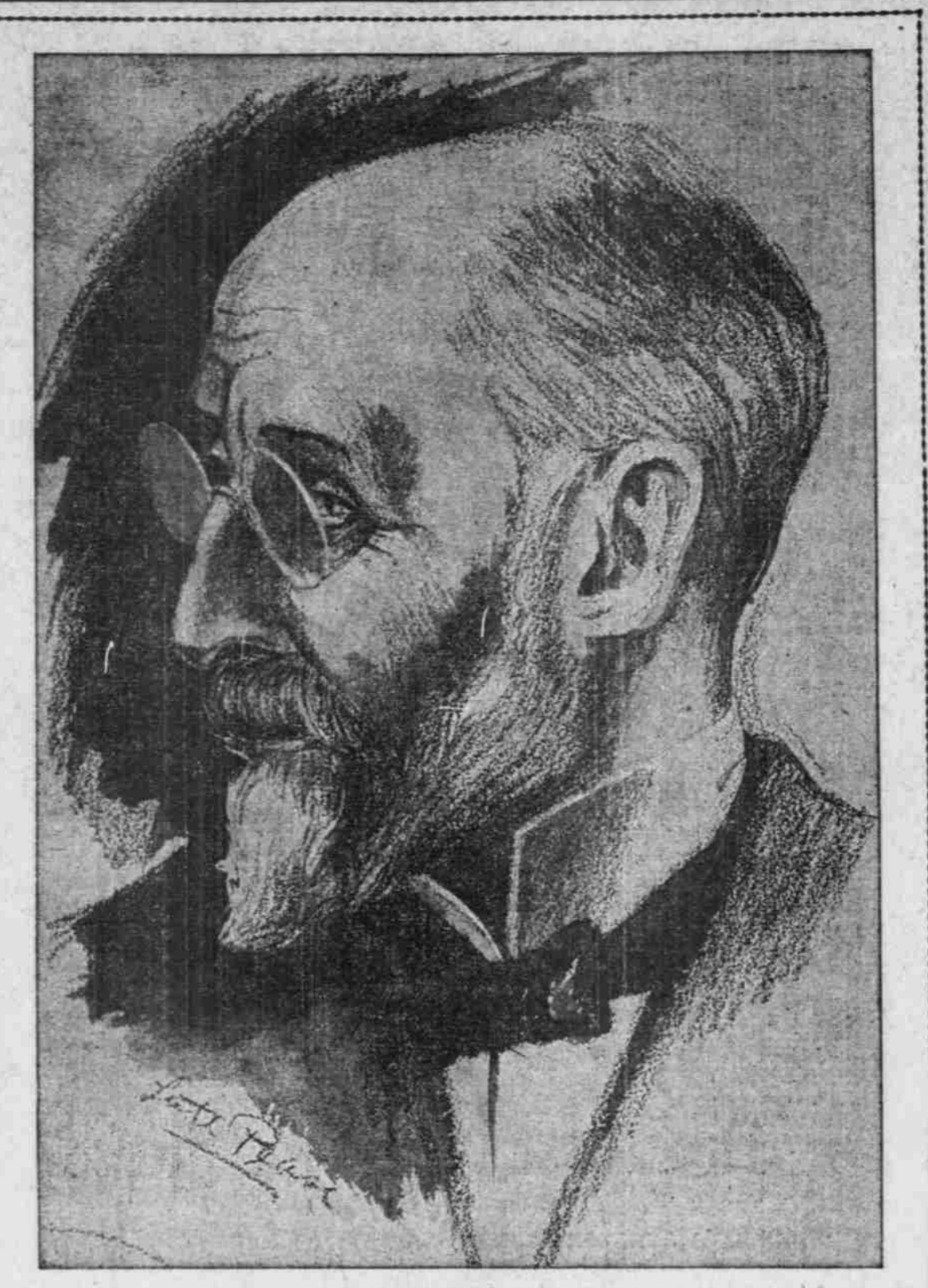
"How about him?" I asked. "How does he become a lawyer, if he hasn't got money to go to a law school?"

"He can read law in the office of a law firm for a certain number of years—three years in Oregon—and then apply to the Supreme Court for admission to the bar. The court will set aside a day, usually at the beginning of the term, when applicants will be examined. The examination in this state includes only legal subjects, but every applicant for examination must present either a certificate of study in some college, or a certificate that he has read law three years with some firm, or a diploma of some reputable law school. Certain affidavits as to character and time of study must also be presented. Then, if all goes well, the applicant is admitted to the bar and is entitled to practice in all the courts of the state. As a matter of courtesy, a certificate issued in one state is usually recognized by the courts of

other states and admits an attorney to practice without further examination."

"Fine," said I, "but how does the poor young man get the opportunity to read law in the office of a law firm?"

"He applies for the position as he would



JUDGE C. B. BELLINGER

in any other line of business," said Judge Bellinger. "Such places are not hard to get."

I asked what possible use to a large law firm an untrained young man could be.

"What is he given to do?" I said.

"The idea with which students are taken into a law office, as a general thing, is not that of use to the firm, but of opportunity to the student. There is little, if any, service of particular value that such a student can render. Formerly stu-

dents were very servicable as copyists of legal papers, and this was a good school in which to become acquainted with legal forms and with rules of pleading and practice. Now, with the advent of the stenographer and typewriter, all this is changed."

"And what salary does such a young man get?"

"He doesn't get any," said Judge Bellinger calmly, as though it would be a simple and a better plan for a poor young man to get along without such a distracting element as an income.

"How does the poor young man live, then, while he is studying?" I inquired.

Students Must Support Themselves.

"He should have some other means of livelihood. The prevalence of lawyers does not go to the length of hiring young fellows to read law. Of course, if the student is a stenographer, he can very often command a good salary. But as a general thing he obtains only his instruction. Most of the large firms have several students."

"Then Judge Bellinger summarized the situation:

"There are more ways to become a lawyer than there are to become a physician. A young man may go to a law school and then be admitted to the bar after a course of study varying from two to four years, at a cost varying from \$60 to \$200 a year, including board and lodging. Or he may read law with an established firm for three years."

"Which is the best method?"

"I think a young man should get all the information he can," said the Judge, "definitely evading the point, but many of our most successful lawyers are graduates of law offices."

Process of Getting Into Business.

Here, then, we had the process of making a lawyer; a process, it would seem, which is somewhat shorter, much less costly, requiring less exacting technical education than the making of a physician. It remained only to find out how the newly-hatched lawyer proceeded to prey upon the public.

"How does a lawyer get into business?" I asked, with much badness and directness.

"Often he never does," said the Judge. "As a matter of fact, many of the men who are admitted to the bar never practice, or abandon the profession to engage in other business."

Judge Bellinger rooted out an ancient-looking tome from his bookshelves. "Look at my old class," he commanded. "We were admitted to the bar in 1862, and in only four of us continued to practice law for any length of time. One became a preacher, a good preacher. Another went as partner on a steamboat; he was blown up later. Another went into the real estate and insurance business. I forgot what happened to the other two. I think we were a fairly typical class. It's just a question of adaptability. Many men find out that they cannot adapt themselves to the practice, after they have been admitted to the bar. They are not in love with their profession, and you know it is said that the law is a jealous mistress."

But I was unenlightened as to how lawyers began their predatory careers. I altered my original question a little to fit the situation:

"How do lawyers who continue to practice obtain their first business?"

"Sometimes they start in the employ of

the firm with which they studied. Most of them get into business through other lawyers, who need assistance or who have some chronic job on hand that they want to get rid of, and who take in promising young fellows, who look as though they might be capable and useful. These young lawyers are in this way introduced to the practice. If they prove industrious, and attentive to what is given them, and their habits are good, they will create confidence among their older brethren, and acquire competence in themselves, and it will be only a question of time when they will form a partnership with some established lawyer or launch out singly for themselves."

"If you were an attorney who had just been admitted to practice," I said to the Judge, "and you were to rent an office in a good office building in Portland, and have it nicely furnished, and have C. B. Bellinger, Attorney-at-law, painted on the door, and you sat in the office day after day, would you ever get a client?"

Patience is a Necessity.

"Oh, yes. It might be a long time, but all things come to him who waits. The young lawyer must bide his time. His must wait for clients; they will not wait for him. It is a saying among the fraternity, that if a lawyer keeps his office his office will keep him. This is the only prescribed method to get business. It is a hard way, but it is the only way. One among the most successful lawyers in this city told me some years since that there were many months after he first opened his office when his earnings did not exceed \$2 per month. I should say that it took him some courage to stand that. What is called 'tick' may set the young lawyer on his prosperous way."

"How is a lawyer lucky?" I asked.

"Just as men are lucky in all the walks of life, if what seems to be luck is in fact so. I do not mean that stroke of fortune that always comes to the deserving, and generally despairing young lawyer, who is found in fiction and quite often in the popular mind. It gets into the great cases, probably his first case, generally the case of the widow or orphan, or both, wins it, and has established his fame and achieved a fortune in the space of an hour, more or less. That never happens in real life. Here a young attorney may think himself lucky if the opportunity comes to him to show that he is punctual and painstaking in attending to any matter, however small, that has been entrusted to him (the man who is careful in little things will not be careless in large ones); that he can safely be relied upon in whatever he undertakes. The man who has the opportunity to show himself capable, prompt and faithful in his business, and who improves that opportunity, will not be long in waiting for business."

Criminal Practice Not Advisable.

"Should a young lawyer seek criminal cases?"

"The criminal law is not an inviting field of practice. As a rule, neither reputation nor money are gained in it now-a-days."

I asked how a young lawyer or a stranger might obtain a civil practice.

"If I could definitely answer that question," Judge Bellinger assured me, "I would be the most popular man in town, among a great many lawyers, young and old, present and prospective. Many good men quit the profession because they cannot answer it."

A. C.

The Sunday Oregonian's Selected Fiction by Famous Authors.

Darby O'Gill and the Good People

BY HERMIONE TEMPLETON

ALTHOUGH only one living man of his name was left in the world among them, still, any well-informed person in Ireland can tell you that the abode of the Good People is in the hollow heart of the great mountain Slieve-na-mon. That same one man was Darby O'Gill, a cousin of my other mother.

Right and left, generation after generation, the fairies had stolen pigs, young children, old women, young men, cows, chickens, of butter from other people, but had never bothered any of our kind, or kin until, for some mysterious reason, they squired on Darby, and took the eldest of his three foine pigs.

The next week a second pig went the same way. The third week not a thing had Darby left for the Balmorobe fair. You may easily think how sore and sorry the poor man was, and how Bridget, his wife, and the children carried on. The rent was due, and all left was to sell the cow, Rosie, to pay it. Rosie was the apple of his eye; he admired and raved about the pig, but he loved Rosie.

Worst luck of all was yet to come. On the morning when Darby went for the cow to bring her into market, bad news to the hoof was there; but in her place only a wisp of dirty straw to mock him. Millie murmured: "What a howler!" and creaking and cursing did Darby bring back the house.

"Fairly or unfairly, ghost or goblin, devil or dead, who took Rosie'll rue the day," he says.

With those wild words he bellowed in the direction of Slieve-na-mon. All day long he climbed like an ant over the hill, looking for hole or cave through which he could get at the prison of Rosie. At times he struck the rocks with his blackhorn, crying out challenge.

No one made answer—at least, not just then, but at night, as he turned, hungry and footsore, toward home, who should he meet up with on the crossroads but the old fairy doctor, Sheelah Maguire; well known was she as a spy for the Good People. She spoke to him by the collar and pulled his head close, whispered:

"When the cock crows the Good People must be safe at home. After cock-crow they have no power to help or to hurt and every mortal eye can see them plain."

It was dark night when Darby stretched himself on the ground in Hagan's meadow, the yellow rim of the moon just tipped the edge of the hills.

the long, sweet grass, the first taste he had of it since he was a boy. With a leap Darby was behind her, his stick falling sharply on her flanks. The ingratitude of that cow almost broke his heart. Rosie turned and fled with a vicious lunge, her two horns aimed at his breast. There was no suppler boy in the parish than Darby, and well for him it was so, for the mad rush she made he had time to get his arms about the last time heavy on his legs and ended his days right there.

As it was, our hero sprang to one side. As Rosie passed his hand gripped her tail. When one of the O'Gills takes hold of a thing he hangs on like a bull-terrier. Now began a race, the like of which was never heard of before or since. Ten jumps to the second and a hundred feet to the jump. Rosie's tail standing straight up in the air, firm as an iron bar. Darby floating straight out behind, a thousand furious fairies flying a short distance after filling the air with wild commands and threatenings.

Suddenly the sky opened for a crash of lightning, the air was lit, and a roar of thunder that turned out of their beds every man, woman and child in four corners. Flash after flash came the lightning hitting on every side of our hero. If it wasn't for fear of hurting Rosie, the fairies would certainly have killed Darby.

As the cow turned into the long, narrow valley, the air was lit, and a roar of thunder that turned out of their beds every man, woman and child in four corners. Flash after flash came the lightning hitting on every side of our hero. If it wasn't for fear of hurting Rosie, the fairies would certainly have killed Darby.

When Rosie stopped so stiff were all the fairies that they were great trouble in loosening themselves to come down. He landed among a lot of angry-faced little people, each no higher than your hand, every one wearing a green velvet cloak with a red cap, and in every cap was stuck a white owl's feather.

"We'll take him to the King," says a red-whiskered man. "What he'll do to the murtherin' spalpeen'll be good and plenty!"

With that they marched our bould Darby, a prisoner, down the long passage, and every second great wisp of lighter and colder of little people.

Sometimes, though, he met with human beings like himself, only the black charm on them, they having been stolen at some time or other by the Good People. He saw some of them there from every parish in Ireland, both commoners and gentry. Each was laughing, talking and diverting himself with another, but the eddies he saw could see small cobblers making brogues, tinkers mending pans, tailors sewing cloth, smiths hammering horseshoes, and every one merrily by his trade, making a diversion out of work.

Down near the center of the mountain was a room twenty times higher and broader than the biggest church in the world. As they drew near this room there arose the sound of a reel played on bagpipes. The music was so bewitching that Darby, who was the bravest fellow that ever danced in all Ireland, could hardly make his feet behave themselves.

of the room sat cold Brian Connors, King of the Fairies, blowing on the bagpipes. The little King, with a gold crown on his head, wearing a beautiful green velvet coat and red knee breeches, sat with his legs crossed, beating time with his foot to the music.

There were many from Darby's own parish; and what was his surprise to see there Maureen McGilbane, his own wife's sister, whom he had supposed resting daintily in her own grave in holy ground these three years.

As I told you before, I tell you again, Darby was the finest reel dancer in all Ireland, and he came from a family of dancers, though I say it who shouldn't, as he was my mother's own cousin.

Three things in the world could arouse a man's anger, and Darby was one of them. The first was a woman who would not dance with him. The second was a man who would not dance with him. The third was a woman who would not dance with him.

At these words Maureen gave a terrible shriek.

"Cried man," she cried, "don't you know that to say pious words to one of the Good People, or to one under their black charm, is like cutting him with a knife?"

The next night she came to Darby again. "What's yourself now," she says, "for tonight they're goin' to lave the door of the mountain open to try you; and if you stir two steps outside they'll put the coathair on you," she says.

Surprisingly when Darby took his walk down the passage after supper, as he did every night, there the side of the mountain lay wide open and so in a night. The temptation to make one rush was great; but he only looked out a minute, and went whistling down the passage, knowing well that a hundred hidden eyes were on him the while. For a dozen nights after it was the same.

At another time Maureen said: "The King himself is going to try you hard the day, so beware!" She had no sooner said the words than Darby was called for and went up to the King. "Darby, my sowl," says the King, in a southern way, "have this night of it! A better never was brewed; it's the last we'll have for many a day. I'm going to set you free, Darby O'Gill, that's what I am."

"You're a wise man, besides being the height of good company," says he, "an it's sorry I am you didn't take my word, for then we would have you always, at last till the Day of Judgment, when—but that's nather here nor there! Howsom-ever, we'll bother you about it no more."

From that day they thrated him as one of their own.

It was nearly five months after that Maureen plucked Darby by the coat and led him off to a lonely spot.

"I've got the word," she says. "Have you, faith! What is it?" says Darby, all of a tingle.

Then she whispered a word so blasphemous, so irraggly that Darby blessed himself. When Maureen saw him making the sign, she fell down in a fit, the holy emblem hurt her so, poor child.

Three hours after this he would Darby was sitting at his own fireside talking to Bridget and the children. The neighbors were hurrying to him down every road and through every field, carrying armfuls of holly bushes, as he had sent word for them to do. He knew well he'd have fierce and savage visitors before morning.

After they had come with the holly he had them make a circle of it so thick around the house that a fly couldn't walk through without touching a twig or leaf. But that was not all. They made a second ring of holly outside the first, so that the house sat in two great wreaths, one wreath around the other. The outside ring was much the bigger, and left a good space between it and the first, with room for ever so many people to stand there.

It was like the inner ring, except for a little gap, left open as though by accident, where the fairies could walk in.

But it wasn't an accident at all, only the wise plan of Maureen's; for near by this little gap, in the outside wreath, lay a sprig of holly with a bit of twine tied to it. Then the twine ran along up to Darby's house, and in through the window, where its end lay convenient to the door. In a second Maureen was standing inside the door, her both arms about Bob's neck and her head on his collar-bone.

so people, young an' some of them old, drew over an' stood beside the priest. Of them had spent years with the fairies. The relatives thought them dead and buried. They were the lost ones from that parish, the poor crathurs—'thrumblin' an' wondherin' an' afear'd to go to their homes."

Darby told him what had happened.

"To God bless him," says the priest, "you could have got out every poor presoner that's locked in Slieve-na-mon, let alone those from this parish."

One could have scraped with a knife the surplus off Darby's face.

"Would your reverence have me let out the Corkonians, the Connaught men and the Fardowns, I ask ye?" he says, hotly, "Whin' inside, many's the good home and finds that Jim has married the Widow Hogan, ye'll say I let out too many, even of this parish, I'm thinkin'."

"But," says the priest, "ye might have got two hundred pounds for each of us."

"If aich had two hundred pounds, what comfort would I have in being rich?" asked Darby again. "To enjoy well being rich there should be plenty of poor," says Darby.

"God forgive ye, ye selfish man!" says Father Cassidy.

"There's another reason besides," says Darby, "I never got better than my friend Her threatement that I had from the Good People. An' the devil a hair of their heads I'd hurt more than need be," he says.

Some way or other the King heard of this saying, and so was mightily pleased that the next night a jug of the finest poteen was left at Darby's door.

After that, many a winter night, when the snow lay so heavy that no neighbor was stirrin', and when Bridget and the children were in bed, Darby sat by the fire, a noggin of hot punch in his hand, arising an' getting news of the whole world. A little man with a gold crown on his head, a green cloak on his back and an owl foot over the other, sat ferns him by the hearth. (Copyright by McClure, Phillips & Co.)