

In Memoriam.

HONORABLE EMMET SEAWELL

Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of California,
1923-1939.

HONORABLE WILLIAM HENRY LANGDON

Presiding Justice, District Court of Appeal, First Appellate District,
Division Two, 1919-1927; Associate Justice of the Supreme
Court of the State of California, 1927-1939.

At a special session of the Supreme Court, held on September 26, 1939, the following proceedings were had in honor of the memory of the late Associate Justice Emmet Seawell and the late Associate Justice William Henry Langdon.

Chief Justice Waste stated: "A special session of Court has convened today for the purpose of paying tribute to the justices whose vacant chairs you see here, chairs which were filled for many years by two of the most splendid men who have ever served the Supreme Court of California and the State and its people. The Bar Associations of the State and of the City and County of San Francisco have arranged a very short program commemorating the lives and services of these men."

Asked by the Chief Justice to assume the presentation of the program, Mr. Gerald H. Hagar, President of The State Bar of California, made the following remarks:

"Mr. Chief Justice Waste, members of the Supreme Court of California, and friends of Judge Langdon and Judge Seawell:

"The State Bar, the Bar Association of San Francisco, and the Bar Associations of Los Angeles and Alameda Counties, felt that it would be fitting to hold a memorial for Judge Emmet Seawell and Judge William Henry Langdon in these chambers, where they served so well in the course of their long and distinguished careers and their valuable contributions to the citizenry of this State. This memorial has been arranged by Mr. Hartley Peart, President of the

San Francisco Bar Association. Judge Rolfe L. Thompson, of the District Court of Appeal, Third Appellate District, and Judge Fletcher Cutler, of the San Francisco Bar and formerly of the Humboldt County Bar, will speak of the splendid work and life of Mr. Justice Seawell, and Mr. Willard F. Williamson, of the San Francisco Bar, and Judge Frank G. Finlayson, formerly of the Supreme Court of the State of California, will pay affectionate tribute to the memory of Mr. Justice Langdon.

Judge Rolfe L. Thompson then made the following address:

It is appropriate that the California State Bar, through Mr. Hartley F. Peart, President of the San Francisco Bar, has arranged this opportunity for us to pay our respects to the memory of those distinguished jurists and citizens, Justices Emmet Seawell and William H. Langdon, who relinquished their burden and departed this life at almost the same time.

Their purposes and achievements ran parallel in many respects. Each was true, brave, honest and capable. Each was loyal to his friends, his family, his country and his God. Each was courteous, generous and reliable. Each was zealous in behalf of human rights, civic integrity, and an impartial administration of the law. Realizing the eternal warfare between law and brute force, recognizing the vital importance of the judicial branch of our Government for the preservation of individual rights, they were ardent supporters of the American plan of government by law. They were wise in counsel and just in their decisions. They accorded to every lawyer a fair opportunity to present his cause. They were regarded by all as real men and learned jurists. We shall miss their genial smiles, their friendly presence and their tolerant advice. Our profession, the state and the nation has sustained an irreparable loss.

I gladly pay tribute to the character and achievements of these esteemed jurists, and acknowledge our debt to them for loyal, priceless service through several decades of critical times in the history of our commonwealth.

To some persons this occasion is a mere ceremonial. To others it is an opportunity for expressing sincere sorrow at the loss of friends, sympathy for the families and gratitude for the pleasure and profit of past association with men of real merit.

For nearly half a century I knew and admired Judge Seawell. We were neighbors, friends and colleagues on the bench at Santa Rosa. I cherish that friendship as among the greatest privileges I have enjoyed. We shared the pleasures, the sorrows, the triumphs and the tribulations of a relatively small community. Our families were congenial. For thirty years we lived as neighbors on opposite sides of the same street. Our children were associates in school from kindergarten to college. They have remained loyal friends and boon companions.

Judge Seawell was chivalrous, capable, honest and reliable. I never heard of his being charged with an unworthy act. He inherited sterling qualities from Cavalier ancestors in the deep South. He was gracious, cultured and courtly. From estimable parents who braved the dangers and the trials of the overland trail to California in the romantic pioneer days, he learned initiative, tenacity and resourcefulness. He was born at Yountville in Napa County in 1862 after their arrival in a caravan. Soon they passed through the Valley of the Moon to Santa Rosa, where I first met the Judge in 1892. As District Attorney of Sonoma County, he was then engaged in vigorously prosecuting Billy Bray for furnishing liquor to Indians. His honored father, who had served as a ranking officer in the Civil War, was then ably acting as a municipal judge of that community.

Judge Seawell was well educated and highly trained. He graduated in 1890 from the Pacific Methodist College of Santa Rosa, an educational institution of high standing. He enhanced his scholarly attainments by serving an apprenticeship setting type and pulling the lever of an old Washington press under the tutelage of Mr. Robert Thompson, Editor of the Press-Democrat, and author of many valuable historic sketches of pioneer California. The judge loved good literature and possessed considerable dramatic ability. He was patriotic and eloquent. He was saturated in the history of California and the United States. He served with distinction as President of the Native Sons of the Golden West. He was a prominent figure on every occasion when monuments were established in the Bear Flag county commemorating important historical events. He was a native Californian worthy of the fame of this matchless state.

Judge Seawell became a prominent attorney whose reputation extended beyond the borders of his native state. He

successfully conducted many cases of unusual importance. I frequently tried lawsuits with him, against him and before him. As an adversary he was fair and tolerant, but vigorous and resourceful. He briefed his cases and drew his pleadings carefully. He marshalled his evidence and presented his cause with remarkable force and skill. He was clear, dramatic and convincing in his arguments. He rarely lost a case because he exercised caution in selecting only those which he deemed to be meritorious.

In 1902, he was elected Judge of the Superior Court of Sonoma County, which position he filled with distinction for twenty years. He was elected as a member of the Supreme Court of California in 1922, on which bench he rendered signal service for nearly seventeen years, until his sudden death, which occurred July 7, 1939. He died "in the harness," as he wished to go. As Acting Chief Justice in the last session of the Supreme Court at Sacramento, he came into my office to draft me for service, as a gesture of friendship. As he stood by my desk, warning me against the danger of overwork, he said with earnestness, "These are man-killing jobs." I mentioned the sudden death of our mutual friend, Mr. Justice Hart, who, while working at his desk at night, without warning fell from his chair and soon passed away. Judge Seawell emphatically declared: "That is exactly the way I want to go, when my time comes." His desire was fulfilled. He was afflicted while the court was in session, and without a word walked from the courtroom to his chambers where he expired in a few moments. We may indeed say he was faithful to his obligations to the last brief moments before his death.

Judge Seawell contributed hundreds of opinions to the fabric of California law, many of which have been considered masterpieces. At least they are clear, scholarly and logical. He was zealous to fulfill the purpose of the law to obtain justice. He therefore dared to challenge precedents which seemed to obstruct that object. He used to facetiously say precedents were fine things with which to bolster up an opinion, when the author has first decided what the law is, or should be. When the length of an opinion was criticized he good-naturedly replied that it took longer to write a short opinion than a long one. "A long case", said he,

“sometimes requires a long opinion to cover the contested issues.” Then he added with a twinkle of his black eyes, “An opinion is never too long for the lawyer who wins, but the shortest opinion is too long for the one who loses.”

He often asserted that the Supreme Court was unduly burdened by rearguments of causes in multitudes of petitions for hearings in that court. These petitions, said he, were intended to correct inconsistencies in decisions, or flagrant errors in the law, but they frequently become a new method of securing another trial of the issues after a case has been once determined. He believed appeals were too numerous and too easy to procure. He asserted that the legal principles involved in many appeals in this State have been previously determined scores of times and that such appeals were not warranted. He believed an appellant should be required to procure a certificate of probable cause for an appeal from a qualified magistrate or the Supreme Court itself before it be allowed and that it should then be limited to meritorious issues. He declared that one impartial trial is all that a man is entitled to, and that most original trials are substantially fair and impartial.

Judge Seawell was a lover of nature. He enjoyed hunting and fishing. He was a true sportsman in the highest sense. If you would know the real character of an individual you must associate with him next to nature; you should fish, hunt and camp with him. In former days, when the air was laden with spicy fragrance of the fir, I followed the back trails through brush-choked forests over steep mountains and down deep gulches in the rugged coast country of historic Sonoma County, in search of the elusive buck. Arising from a bed of balsam boughs in the gray dawn of morning, with inspiring hope of reward, we battled all day against the stubborn opposition of a tangled wilderness, wearily dragging ourselves back to camp in the twilight of evening when the black curtain of night converted gnarled and scraggly tree trunks into weird shapes of hobgoblins and elfs. Weary to the point of exhaustion, I watched the genial judge cheerfully preparing a sumptuous meal for which I patiently waited with ravenous appetite, tantalized by the fumes of sizzling bacon and eggs, crisp browned trout or juicy venison, after which we sat beside the glowing camp-fire, and I listened to his dramatic recitation of favorite

poems or thrilling stories of adventure while we enjoyed the pungent odor of a pipeful of tobacco.

“Tell me,—were you ever nearer,
To the land of heart’s desire,
Than when you sat there smoking
With your feet up to the fire?”

I have fished with Judge Seawell in his happiest mood, along the turbulent Garcia and the singing tributaries of picturesque Russian River. We followed the meanderings of mountain streams beneath dense shade of overhanging trees; marveling at the beauty of wildflowers emerging from their hiding places beneath blankets of leaves; examining delicate fronds of graceful unfolding ferns; admiring the manifold coloring of nature’s garb; listening to the songs of birds and gurgling streams, clambering over boulders and peeking around sharp turns to drop a fly in a dark pool to lure a lurking trout. The Judge was always generous in granting to his associate the first shot at the vanishing form of a fleeing deer, or the first cast into a prospective pool. He was a true sportsman and a boon companion. He approved the sentiment expressed by Henry Van Dyke, when he said:

“Only an idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,
Where I may wade, through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream.

“Only a trout or two, to dart
From foaming pools, to try my art;
No more I’m wishing old-fashioned fishing,
But just a day on Nature’s heart.”

Judge Seawell’s labors on earth have ceased. He has been removed from our midst. Only memory of his genial personality and the record of his excellent work, remains. He has left a legacy of splendid achievements. He has upheld the high standards established by other distinguished jurists. His work was well done. His fame as a wise and just Judge is surpassed only by his reputation as a good and a great man. A multitude of sorrowing friends and associates are left to mourn his departure. He has penetrated the mystic veil that separates us from eternity. He has gone to join the vast army of relatives, friends and associates who have preceded him. He has solved the great problem of future

existence in which he had abounding faith. We shall miss his hearty greeting, his humorous stories, his wise counsel and his imperishable example. Long may his memory remain to cheer us along the remainder of our journey, and to inspire the ambitions of coming generations. We sincerely hope he has gone to a land where vexatious problems no longer burden; where special writs and petitions for hearings do not lie; and where he may be rewarded for a lifetime of loyal, priceless service.

“Death is only an old door
Hung in a garden wall;
On quiet hinges it swings at dusk
When whippoorwills call.

“Along the lintels are green leaves,
Beyond, the light lies still;
Very weary, but willing feet
Go over that sill.

“There is nothing to trouble the heart,
Nothing to fear at all;
For death is only an old door,
Hung in a garden wall.”

Judge Fletcher Cutler then made the following address: Mr. Chief Justice Waste, members of the Supreme Court, Judges of the District Court of Appeal, lawyers and friends.

We meet here within the walls of a room where lingers the echo of a softly spoken voice; the utterances of a juridical mind; the infectious humor of a kindly soul. Jurist, husband, father, citizen, friend, in each one of these stations of life Judge Seawell was an exemplar of dignity, nobility, fidelity, loyalty, and besprinkled over all was the golden touch of human sympathy.

He came to this Court fully equipped. He was reared in an atmosphere where there was formulated in his mind an ideal which was to become his mentor, his guide, during all the years to come. There was a contact with brother lawyers and members of the profession that left an impression upon his mind. In his own county there were at the bench and bar Jackson Temple, Albert Burnett, J. W. Oates, A. B. Ware, John T. Campbell, Thomas J. Geary; and in his neighboring county of Marin there were in turn Judges Lennon and Angellotti; and in Mendocino there were Judges Robert McGarvey, J. A. Cooper, J. M. Mannon, Thomas L. Crothers;

and from Humboldt there were Judges DeHaven, Hunter, Murray, Wilson and Gillett. These men were leaders of minds in their respective communities. They were men of clear vision and of penetrating knowledge of affairs and men. They were possessed of flexible minds, prepared to meet and stand the strain of changing conditions, and they were gifted with the victorious virtues of infinite patience, broadened tolerance, and an understanding of the necessities of humanity. And when he appeared before this Court, he looked upon the faces of Beatty, Harrison, Thornton, McFarland, Van Dyke, Searls, Garoutte, Temple, and because of his reverence for them he came to this Court with an appreciation of its traditions and a consciousness of his obligation and duty to all mankind. Here on yonder bench, dedicated to the pronouncement of the Master, "Fulfilment is the Intendment of all Law"; in the presence of his Associates, at the very climax of his career, in the fullness of his powers and the plenitude of his genius, the summons reached him unawares.

Silently, swiftly, tenderly, he was returned to Him who doeth all things well, and while we stand in His presence in the deepest humility, as the messenger arrives for one who, by reason of his endowed capacity, stands preeminent among his fellows, you ask me "Why?" I ask you why it is that the varicolored flower of the bush, with its bursting petals, tolling its perfume upon the passing air, withers and passes into decay? Why does the carpeted green of the field, nature's offering for the sustenance of man, shrivel and return to Mother Earth? Why does the foliage of the tree, golden with autumn's tint, disappear? It is the scheme of the Universe. Life, Death, Resurrection. Judge Seawell, pronouncing a eulogy upon the passing of a dear friend, expressed that thought in a quotation from Browning:

"O, strong Son of God—Immortal Love
Whom we that cannot see thy face,
By Faith and Faith alone embrace,
Believing, where we cannot prove."

Because of our boyhood association, strengthened through the passing years, with all the lights and shadows of ambitious youth, a sturdy manhood, a ripening age in the glory of the sunset of life, with naught save the sweetest memories of the past, on behalf of the countless thousands who knew him

and loved him for what he was, I place upon memory's altar that bright-eyed flower of the brook, Hope's gentlest gem, the sweet forget-me-not.

Willard F. Williamson, Esq., then made the following address:

In the language of the poet, "No man knows on the morrow whether we two shall pass by or but one alone". We who have reached or passed the stage of life popularly known as middle age have been forced to a realization of the truth of this statement. For we have seen the unforgiving years take their toll from the companions of our youth, and the associates of our adult years. Those occupying high judicial positions cannot hope to escape this toll, but their passing marks a loss to the citizenry of the State and is to that extent different from the death of a layman or a lawyer. In our system of government a judge is somewhat removed from the general walks of life, and the people know him in a detached way as a member of the court whose dignity they respect, and to which they appeal in the fateful hours of life to mold opinion and by making justice come and dwell among men, to bring about a better state of society. The Supreme Court of California through its long history has recognized its high responsibility to preserve and protect that which is best in government and in a changing world, with changing ideas, to serve the public good not only when the sun is shining and the skies are blue, but when storms are come and human passions are aroused.

In their judicial lives the men whose memory we honor today upheld the traditions of this court and by their written word left the impress of their sterling character upon the judicial history of California. The great loss that the citizens of California suffered was fittingly expressed in the public press and by the impressive ceremonies attending their funerals. It is neither necessary nor within our power to add thereto at this time. But the void that was created in the ranks of the profession and among their legal associates is something that their fellow lawyers can most appreciate and therefore best express.

We are assembled here today in the theater of their activities as lawyers who knew them in our profession as well as intimates in our daily lives, and we can speak therefore as old friends and express our personal admiration and respect for them. I feel honored in the assignment, which is

to me a personal privilege, of expressing the sentiment of the Bar as to Justice William H. Langdon, and it is fitting to my mind that in the few remarks that I may make I should stress his human side as known to me and to others at the Bar.

He was born of the soil, a farmer's son, near the little village of Danville in the County of Contra Costa. He there received his common schooling, and in touch with nature developed the idealism that marked him throughout his life. "Happy the man who, through strength or through luck, can guide his whole life by the ideals of his youth—Happy, happy but rare". Justice Langdon was one of those rare men. At the early age of 18 he attended the State Normal School at San Jose, and after graduation taught school in San Leandro in Alameda County. His contact there was with young men and women—also the children of farmers. He knew and understood them and it was natural that in mingling with them he learned to know and appreciate their hopes, their fears, their pleasures and their troubles. This served to develop the second point of his character that I would stress today, namely his great human sympathy. He next taught school in Fresno at a time when that community was shedding its village clothes to become a city. From his association with the colorful members of that Bar he got his inspiration to study law. Still later he taught in the night schools of San Francisco, and here again he embraced the opportunity of being a companion, as well as the teacher, of young men who were striving for an education in the evenings after the stress of their day's work. He not only helped them and won their admiration and respect, but, as he often said, he garnered unto himself from that experience a rich understanding of the young men of his day.

In 1906 he became the District Attorney of San Francisco and in that capacity served the people of this city and the state during the troublous times that marked the famous graft prosecutions. Those of us who lived through those days know the conflicts and bitterness that were engendered by those prosecutions and how sharply, and almost fiercely, the lines were drawn between the several factions. To the credit of Justice Langdon it has always been recognized that he went through that crisis undaunted in his loyalty and unaffected by the public clamor. It may be truly said that he proved himself one who could "walk with crowds and

keep his virtue, or talk with kings nor lose the common touch”.

He went out of office with the respect of all factions and was appointed by Governor Hiram Johnson as the Superior Judge of Stanislaus County. He was next elevated to the District Court of Appeal in the first district. From there he came to this court and his subsequent election, almost without opposition, attests to the fact that the voters of California, without regard to party, recognized his worth and his title to preferment. Throughout his long judicial career, Justice Langdon kept his faith that while the court should be a court of law, it should also be a court of justice. This faith was natural to a man who on occasion expressed the thought, springing always from his human sympathy that criminals are mostly men who, for one reason or another have lost the full benefit of their youth. No mere legalist was speaking there—no judge aloof from the actualities of life, disdaining the faults of other men, or formulating a rule of conduct which failed to take into account the vicissitudes of life and the temptations of the market place. He was steadfast in his sympathies and in the belief that no matter how far the drift had been from the conventional path, or how rough the sea, so long as the benign light of the lighthouse was visible many a life-boat would beat back to shore. This belief will, I think, explain why, upon occasion, he was willing to dissent from his associates on the Bench in extending a ray of hope to a convicted criminal. He could see every decimal of promise in God’s vilest child. Though steadfast in his convictions, he was never unreasonable or opinionated. He never claimed to be an oracle voicing the dictates of some vague divinity. To the contrary he viewed the law as a structure made by the hands of generations of judges, each posing as a pupil, but in fact a builder, contributing his few bricks and his little mortar, oftentimes under the illusion that he was adding nothing to the structure of the law. But the members of this court, and we as lawyers know better.

All of us knew him as a justice of this court, and appeared before him. Some of us knew him intimately and worked with him in close association. Others have seen him and listened to him at a distance. But all who ever had contact with him felt the charm of his quiet smile, noted the spirit of the idealist shining from his eyes and sensed the humanity,

the force and the honesty of his character. These are some of the attributes that touched and inspired us all, and left us better for having known him.

Judge Frank G. Finlayson then made the following address:

May It Please the Court:

In the full flush and vigor of his maturity a man is spurred by ambition to reach his goal, as he struggles for fame and position. It is well that this is so. For the ambition which drives one to seek the bubble reputation may carry him to heights where, if he will, he can render useful service to his fellowmen. As the mellowing years go by, however, he attains to a broader vision, his outlook on life becomes less and less personal and the quest of fame turns to a quiet search of opportunity to serve his fellows. And when Death lays its gentle hand upon his fevered brow and summons him from the heat and burden of the day, fame and renown count for but little. It is then the man, not the position to which he attained, that truly counts. So today it is the man, William Henry Langdon, who but recently walked with us and shared our cares and burdens, of whom I shall speak, not forgetting, however, that the man, in the innermost of his being, necessarily is reflected in his deeds and in his achievements.

William Henry Langdon was born on a ranch in Alameda County, where he farmed as a boy and young man. He received his early education in the public schools of this state. He attended the San Jose State Normal School, from which he graduated in 1892. During the following ten years he served as schoolteacher in the public schools of Fresno, San Leandro and San Francisco, and as superintendent of schools in San Francisco from 1902 to 1905. While serving as schoolteacher he studied law, and in 1896 was admitted to the Bar. Ten years later he was elected District Attorney of San Francisco, and it was not long before he loomed large in the public eye by reason of his successful handling of what has come to be known as the "graft prosecutions". In 1914 he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court for Stanislaus County, which position he filled with distinction until 1919 when he was appointed Presiding Justice of Division Two of the District Court of Appeal for the First Appellate District. He served in this capacity until 1926, when the people, showing their continued confi-

dence in him, elected him Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of California, which honored place he held until his untimely death on the 10th day of August, 1939.

Time will not permit me to dwell at length upon our departed friend's many splendid qualities of mind and heart. There can, however, be no appreciation of him which stops with an appraisal of his intellectual powers and fails to note his spiritual and moral worth. Judge Langdon's predominant characteristic as I see it was his humanitarianism. The glow of his warm heart showed through all his activities and irradiated all his associations. To the young and inexperienced lawyer he was invariably courteous and considerate. Many such often came to see him in his chambers and discussed with him their problems. Patiently and sympathetically he listened and wisely he advised.

With him service in the Temple of Justice was not an austere performance to be carried on with the coldness of an unnatural aloofness. It was a human endeavor, to be pursued with a lofty purpose and a deep sympathy for those unfortunates who had stumbled and fallen as they struggled along life's thorny way. To the incorrigible and vicious criminal he was the stern judge; to the poor weakling who had taken his first misstep and in whose heart there still gleamed a faint spark of the divine fire, he tempered justice with mercy. But ever was he militant in his demand for righteousness.

Jurisprudence as envisioned by Mr. Justice Langdon was not the cold abstraction of the mere logician to be applied without regard to changes in social conditions or existing deficiencies. To him the administration of justice was a very practical matter. Always he sought to prevent Justice from becoming entangled and strangled in the finely spun webs of mere syllogistic reasoning. He fought for human rights; and justice, unqualified justice, was ever the passionate cry of his heart. His mind sought the philosophy of the law—the reason for the rule and not merely the rule itself. This intellectual tendency is well illustrated by the numerous references in his opinions to articles published in law reviews, written, as a rule, by experts who approach their problems objectively and philosophically.

The strength of a high court of review is the resultant of the interaction and cooperation of individual forces, and hence no learning or experience comes amiss to a justice of

this court. To its conferences are brought the wisdom of its members derived from their varied experience in different fields of activity. By reason of the variety and importance of his previous activities as farmer, schoolteacher, superintendent of schools, district attorney, trial judge and presiding justice of one of the state's district courts of appeal, Mr. Justice Langdon had in this respect an unusual equipment. The learning and industry of the judge was reinforced by a special knowledge of farm problems, gained in his youth and early manhood, and by a peculiarly keen insight into human nature gained as schoolmaster and later as district attorney during one of the most critical periods in the colorful history of this great city.

In the passing of William Henry Langdon the state has lost an able, high minded judge and many of us a gracious friend of most pleasing personality and engaging charm. It is with a deep sense of obligation and loss that we view the end of his labors in this court where his career was brought to the fullness of illustrious accomplishment. Inspired by his example we who walked with him along life's pathway shall presently return to our labors heartened by the thought that though Death has removed him from our midst the lesson of his life of devoted service shall abide with us as we also move with inescapable progress toward the inevitable end. Of him it may be truly said:

"To live in the hearts we leave behind
is not to die."

At the conclusion of the foregoing eulogies, the Chief Justice further remarked:

"It might be expected that some response should be made on behalf of the Court to these splendid addresses. The Chief Justice finds himself unable at this time to marshal any thoughts that would rise to the beauty and strength of these fine things that have been said about these two splendid associates who have so recently left us. My recollections of the past few weeks since these two brave men stepped out into the Unknown are so poignant that I could not bring myself to express coherently what I feel in a manner worthy of the love and affection which I had for each of them and which I realize they had for me. The Court is grateful to the President of the State Bar and to the other members who have practiced before Justices Seawell and Langdon, together

with the other members of the Court, for their thoughtfulness in bringing about this memorial today. We who are here on this occasion are fortunate in the selection of these gentlemen who have spoken so splendidly, for they share with us the blessing of a beautiful association with those who have gone before.

“We thank Mr. Hagar and his associates of the State Bar, and Mr. Peart, of the San Francisco Bar, and the others who have contributed their valuable time to bring about this service.

“In accordance with our custom, the clerk and the reporter will compile the minutes of the proceedings to appear in the regular minutes of the Court, and I take it that it is the will of the members of the Bar who have provided these addresses that they be preserved, printed and embodied in the bound copies of the reports of the Court.

“It is so ordered.”

Thereupon the court adjourned.