

1927

Legal Lore

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Repository Citation

Kaethe Brauninger, *Legal Lore*, 11 Marq. L. Rev. 179 (1927).

Available at: <https://scholarship.law.marquette.edu/mulr/vol11/iss3/18>

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LEGAL LORE

The Wisconsin Spirit

Chief Justice Winslow:

"To invent a rule for determining what the 'same transaction' means, and when a cause of action shall be deemed to 'arise out' of it, and what the 'same subject of action' means, and when transactions are to be deemed connected with it, has taxed the ingenuity of many learned judges, and I do not deem it necessary to make the effort to find a solution to these questions."—*Wiles v. Suydam*, 64 N. Y. 173.

"The well known allusion to that unfortunate class of people who rush in where 'angels fear to tread' may occur to the irreverent mind at this point, but we feel compelled to proceed with our investigations nevertheless." 143 Wis. 564.

Literature and the Law

Chauncey M. Depew:

Law is a jealous mistress, and yet great lawyers have found rest and recreation in literature. They have risen from the dry and exacting labors of the office or the court to give fancy and imagination an excursion into the realms of fiction and fancy.

In this spirit we proffer our readers surcease from the weighty thought that has gone before, in the following charming poem:

Youth's Dreams

I see the fleecy clouds in heaven's blue sky dreamily sailing by,
Tuned with the shades of sunset's glimmering gold.
I see the glowing hopes of Youth portrayed undaunted, undismayed,
Young hopes of Youth, the dreams that ne'er grow old.

Some years pass by; rose tinted, again I see the sky with soft clouds sailing by—
A background beautified by dark, gold-selvaged pines.
They are the symbols of Youth's dreams yet unfulfilled—though not unthrilled—
Dreams more desirous made through obstacles undefined.

More years roll past; the clouds' gold-broidered hue and skies' bright blue
Have faded—have left but traces of what once they were.
On Youth's horizon, too, quite unawares the Age of Cares
Had come in place and dimmed its bright ideals.

And time goes on; the clouds in sombre, solemn gray pursue their way
And leave no traces in a self-same dusk.
So, too, unwittingly is Youth's ideal in all its weal
Forgotten, and cares of Age gain progress, one by one.

But e'en again, at times aft rainy hours the rainbow towers
With its prophetic meaning o'er the earth.
Also, again, may dreams of Youth return, and hopes that burn
In Age's bosom awaken to new birth.

KAETHE BRAUNINGER.