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There Ought to Be a Law

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Too many of our laws bear evidence of a lack of that attention to details which is essential to a wise system of legislation."

Those who are inclined to blush for the framers of our territorial legislation need only recall more recent legislation or else refer to the case upon which the Territorial Court relied for precedent to prevent this miscarriage of justice; and, by the way, the case that presented the precedent (12 Allen 155) corrected as bad a blunder by the Legislature of Massachusetts, "Where the Lowells speak only to the Cabots, and the Cabots speak only to God," or, as the late President Wilson once said (after a foreigner with an unpronounceable name had changed it to Cabot): "The land of the bean and the cod, where the Lowells do not speak to the Cabots, for the Cabots do not speak English, begob."

A bill just introduced in the Washington Legislature provides that the failure of the moving party to pay the incidental fee on change of venue in justice court within three days after such change is ordered shall constitute a waiver of such change.

"THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW"

By Strickland Gillilan

A fellow out in Steamboat Rock fell down and barked his shin.
 He nursed it and he cursed it with a grim and grisly grin,
 Then wrote and told his congressman about the stump that tripped him,
 And voiced the indignation that incontinently gripped him.
 The congressman got busy with a ream of legal-cap,
 (Though few of us had known that Steamboat Rock was on the map)
 He framed a law forbidding leaving stumps six inches high—
 It passed; and now 'tis one of those we all are governed by.

Full many a little citizen grows "all het up" and vocal
 O'er something superpiffing and superlatively local,
 And drives his representative (who yearns for reelection)
 To make a nation's law about some localized affection.
 We break a law an hour, on an average, I guess,
 For multitudes of laws produce a law-ignoring mess.
 Our country's bulky statute-books contain a million laws
 That, if enforced, would place us in constabulary claws.

'Tis safe to say that each of us, without one lone exception,
 Breaks every day a dozen laws of which he's no conception.
 There's scarcely any human deed that's natural or pleasant
 But that one day that self-same act has peev'd some paltry peasant
 Who promptly got his congressman to pass a law about it,
 That you and I in innocence or ignorance might flout it.
 For broth is not the only thing spoiled by too many cooks—
 'Twould do our country worlds of good to "thin" our statute books!