

is the meat in the cocoanut. The plain business or working man, who never invoked the aid of the court before, is of course mystified by it all. He enters to have a square deal and play a fair game in the issue, but is amazed to find that the judicial opinion, known as his trial judgment, merely marks the close of chapter number one, to be followed too often by a dozen sequent chapters, in which the trial judgment is by divided courts reversed, then affirmed, again reversed and again affirmed, perhaps later varied, and at long last restored. Running this costly technical gamut of drearily dragging appeals, wherein time is *not* of the essence, the plain bread-winner, victor after years of litigation, is cynical enough to think that "the winner is the loser" in time and money. He fights the forensic jockey, the trained court gladiator, the "chronic litigant," who keeps court machinery bristling with scores of such causes, carried by keen annually-retained counsel from term to term and from law district