

SLACKER TIMES IN BRITISH COURTS

Remarkable Slump in Litigation for Trinity Sittings

London vs. Paris in Gayety — New Shrine in France — Lord Chaplin's Death Snaps Link With the Olden Days.

(From Our Own Correspondent) London, June 6—A very remarkable up in litigation is the principal feature of the Trinity Law sittings, which have begun. The aggregate of cases of all kinds is 78, as compared with 2,494 last year and 4,954 at Trinity, 1921. The

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falling off is mainly in King's Bench actions and matrimonial suits. Two years ago the Common Law judges were faced by the appalling total of 1,258 actions. Twelve months later the number had fallen to 602, and this year the comfortable figure of 352 appears. As to matrimonial cases, the total now awaiting hearing is 369, compared with more than 1,000 last Trinity, and nearly 3,000 in 1921. About four or five of these cases are undefended. Still divorce is likely to provide the most interesting output of the law courts during the sittings from the public standpoint. The famous Sidbotham case is to be retried; Mrs. Bevan, wife of Gerard Lee Bevan, a convicted financier, is one of the petitioners, and another is the son of the

late General H. Sutlej Gough, who alleges misconduct between his wife and Baron Maurice de Rothschild and Bernard Neidecker. Mrs. Russel has set down an appeal from the decree pronounced against her, and further interest in the case of Dr. Marie Stopes vs. Dr. Halliday G. Sutherland will be revived by an appeal of the plaintiff.

Rival Gay Cities. In London beginning to supersede Paris as Europe's "Gay City?" Many entertainment magnates and hoteliers believe so. American visitors are declaring that there is "more to do" in London than in Paris. They complain particularly that the pleasure quarter of Paris—Montmartre—is a "preserve" for British and American visitors; that French people never go there, and consequently the gaiety is forced, in addition to the prices being shockingly stiff. London, on the other hand, has no Montmartre. If a visitor goes to dance or to see a cabaret show at the Savoy or Queen's Roof, or the Grafton Galleries or some such place, he finds himself among merry-making Londoners, and sees all sorts of interesting people, from the King's sons downwards, enjoying themselves. So in Paris now they are starting a campaign for the restoration of the With the great revival of the faith

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In France since the war, a new Louisa has arisen at Lisieux, about 20 miles from Toul, where multitudes of pilgrims attend every year, including thousands from Catholic centres in England.

Wonderful miracles are attributed to a recently-blessed nun, "the Little Flower of Jesus," who died in the Lisieux Carmelite nunnery twenty-six years ago, and whose two sisters are at this day resident sisters there. Among the almost innumerable tributes to "the Little Flower," recognising her miraculous intercession, is displayed the name of Foch. It was in Lisieux Cathedral, now attached to the Baveux Diocese, that the bishop who condemned Joan of Arc was buried and preserved under glass are the vestments worn by Thomas A. Beckett when he celebrated mass at Lisieux during his exile by Henry II. With them is the napkin used to staunch his wounds when he was assassinated. At Salamander House in Lisieux, so-called from its ornate decorations, Francis I. is said to have stopped, and, later Charlotte Cordray.

Sporans. There is a patriotic fire smouldering in Scotland that may suddenly burst into flames whose crackling will put the wind right up the War Office. Even during the war, when the sheer terror inspired by the fighting repute of the Jacks made a killed battalion worth nearly two in the line, there was talk of abolishing the garb of Old Gaul, on the ground that it was dangerous in mustard gas. And since the war the War Office has pursued a subtle policy. By depriving the Highland regiments of essential parts of their dress, temporarily dropped during the war, they are endeavoring to break the tradition gradually. Only with great difficulty did the Highlanders at Olympia secure sporans, though at the army stores are choked with them, rotting away for nothing. I hear whisper of a serious Scottish emeute to get the full Highland dress restored to the immortal Jack battalions, and, according to report, a remark made by the King, when the killed battalions were marching past, without sporans, may help the movement. It was a remark with just a genial Rabalalsian touch in it—directed, not at the wearers of the kilts, but against the War Office.

A Fishmonger's Romance. Sixty years ago, when good Queen Victoria was in the plenitude of her powers and land in the neighborhood of Belgrave could be bought at a reasonable figure, a small fishmonger opened business near the still incomplete Eccleston Square. To establish himself he offered to supply the new big houses with fish on a novel plan. For a shilling a day he would undertake to supply the household with sufficient for two or three people, on condition that they left the choice of fish to him. A good many customers were attracted by the scheme, and became subscribers. He bought in the market whatever they were cheap and his clients received generous measure, together with a pleasant uncertainty as to what the fish would be. Very soon his business grew so much that he could take no more customers on these terms, but he continued to keep his contract with the existing households. The original head of the business has long joined the great majority, but the firm kept up the tradition, and the last "shilling a day" customer, an old lady of title over eighty, died only recently. She had patronised the new man when a young bride, and received fish on the original terms right up to the day of her death, including the war period of soaring prices and shortage.

Open-Air Dancing. Society has formed the habit of expecting something novel in the entertainments given at the surprising hostess, Mrs. Benjamin Guinness. Even so they are likely to be surprised by the wonders of an open-air ballet which she is organising at her picturesque house at Ascot. I need give away only two secrets. On the lake will be a platform whereon dancers will trip their dainty steps. Before they reach the platform they will be seen approaching from the surrounding woodlands and then along an artistic causeway built over the water. Moreover, there is to be a ballet performed by the season's debutantes.

The Young Obadiah. Whose name carries farthest to the four corners of the earth? The question was the subject of discussion in a club smokeroom, and the rival claims of Lloyd George, Kipling, Harry Lauder, Jack Hobbs, and Charlie Chaplin were duly canvassed. Eventually the palm was awarded to the last-named, because the films have carried his personality to the farthest outposts of the earth, but it was agreed that Hobbs probably ran him close. Hobbs, by the way, is immensely interested just now in the cricketing progress of his young son, Jack Hobbs, Jr., is the cease he put up a comfortable little score of 59 not out.

At The Tourney. There were two delightful little flappers, pretty as dolls and smart as mannequins, who thoroughly enjoyed their little selves at the Military Tournament on the private view day. They were seated just by the carpeted gangway leading up to the royal box, and immediately level with their seats the carpet was badly rucked in the middle of the steps. Before Lord Derby appeared to take his seat in the royal box, as the signal to get the show going, a stout naval captain in full uni-

form came bounding with seaman-like alacrity up the steps. His foot caught in the ruck and down he came, sprawling ridiculously on his face. It was a really broad comedy act, and while the flappers tittered joyously, I heard the naval officer apostrophising the carpet in a way that would have made Boatswain Chucks blush.

The Finale. A moment later the same insidious pitfall trapped a full-blooded staff-major. He crashed hopelessly, sword between his legs, boots and spurs pointing all ways. He, too, apostrophised the carpet in a way that would almost have shocked a 1917 battery mule in Flanders. The grand finale was a Major-General. The flappers nudged each other as he hove in sight. Up the steps he tripped full of hope and glory, and down he came, just at the same spot, full of oaths. A most amusing prelude to the real show—for any serviceman alive to the sacred majesty of red tabs on a full dress parade like Olympia.

One of the Olden Times. Lord Chaplin's death has, indeed, snapped a link with old times. He belonged to the age when sportsmen were statesmen and statesmen were giants. He was the last of the old squire class in England. His huge Falstaffian bulk, handsome head with side-tufts of whisker, shining monocle, big farmer's hands, slow scholarly diction, and ineffable gracious dignity advertised the Old Guard. And what a career he had! All the world knows the story of his engagement, how the lady eloped on the wedding eve with a nobleman who was waiting at one door of Swan and Edgars while the squire waited at the other, and how the successful suitor was ruined by the squire's historic horse, Hermit, winning the Derby at long odds. Chaplin made a colossal fortune that afternoon, gave away tens of thousands to racing chums on Epsom Downs, and never turned a hair. He was an important figure in more than one ministry, had the farmers at his feet, was reputed the best cross-country rider of his day, and never missed his gallop in the flow during the season. He combined the country squire's life with that of the real man about town. He never understood the value of money and was as generous as he was forgetful. And now the handsome old boy, who was familiar with statesmen whose names to us are merely historic memories, has gone, too. His world vanished long ago. He lingered like a social bronosaurus—but a thoroughbred of rare mettle to the last.

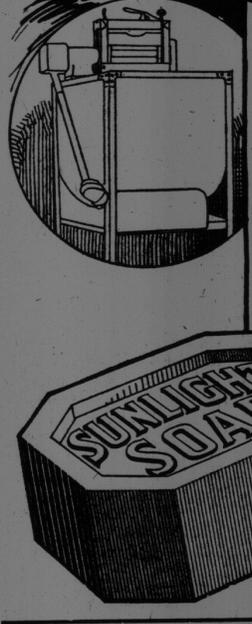
Shares Worth Less. For about eight weeks before Bonar Law's resignation Lloyd's underwriters were doing a fairly regular business in insurance against this contingency. That insurance of this kind is needed is now proved by the general depreciation in the value of securities following the short political crisis. A banker points out to me that in a month a representative list of about 400 investment shares has been un lucky. The decline in value has been very general. Bank and brewery shares are among the few that have appreciated. The



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