

## 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 78, as compared with 2,494 last 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 392 appears. As to matrimonial cases, the total now awaiting hearing is 369, compared with more than 1,000 last Trinity, and nearly 8,000 in 1921. About four or five of these cases are undefended.

late General H. Suttie Gough, who alleges misconduct between his wife and Baron Maurice de Rothschild and Bernard Neidecker. Mrs. Russell 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 Road, 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 Lourdes has arisen at Lisieux, about 20 miles from Trouville, where multitudes of pilgrims attend every year, including thousands from Catholic centres in England.

Wonderful miracles are attributed to a recently-beatified 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 exterior decoration, Francis I. is said to have stopped, and, later Charlotte Corday.

Sportsman.  
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 sportsman, though the army stores are choked with them, rotting away for nothing. I hear whisper of a serious Scottish emigrant 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 sporrans, may help the movement. It was a remark with just a genial Rabalaisian 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 fish 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 little 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 by that enterprising 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 Obdiah.

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, it is said, has taken his seat in the royal box, as the signal to get the show going, a stout naval captain in full uniform came bounding with seamanlike alacrity up the steps. His foot caught in the rug 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 exercise man alive to the sacred mystery 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 squires at Westminster. His huge Falstaffian bulk, handsome head with side-tufts of whisker, shining monocle, big farmer's hands, slow scholarly eloquence, 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 squire 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 broncosaurus—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 bank points out to me that in a month a representative list of about 400 investments shows a capital loss of only just under 1 per cent. This may not sound very much, but to a man with shares nominally valued at \$50,000—a very average holding for a successful



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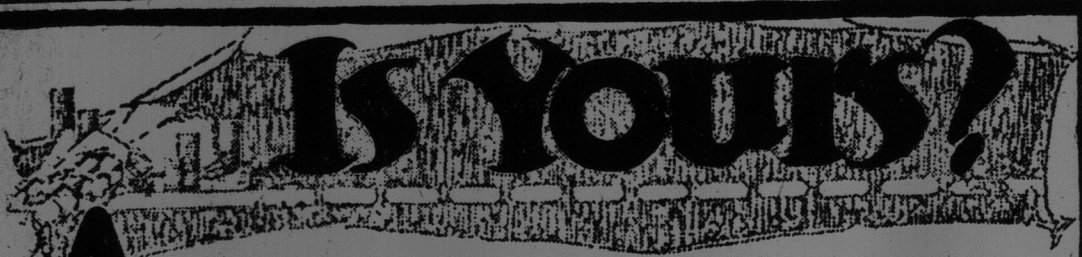
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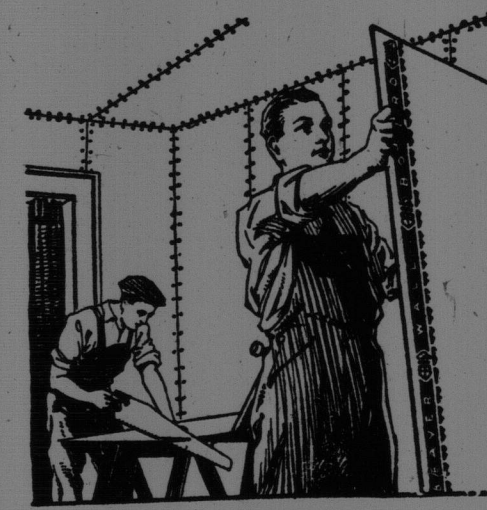
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