

Someone is always taking the joy out of life. When, now, under the influence of the seductive tango, one-step, and hesitation, many of our grey-beards are undergoing a process of rejuvenation, along comes a court decision that puts an age limit upon dancing. At thirty-five, say two learned Judges of the Court of Special Sessions, at Jamaica, L.I., a man should cease to dance. This empirical pronouncement was made on the hearing of a charge against a man of thirty-five, lodged by his wife, that he neglected her at home, while he sought the delights of the dance halls. The chief justice of the court, however, who is over thirty-five, disagrees with his associates, handing down a dissenting opinion to the effect that a man should cease to dance only when his joints lose their flexibility, and when dancing fails to add to the pleasure of his life and to the gayety of nations. This is sound doctrine, and will be gratefully received by the white-haired devotees of the terpsichorean art. That age should not, of itself, exclude one from the dancing floor is a proposition that finds strong support in ancient as well as modern times. Socrates, for example, learned to dance when he was past sixty. And no facetious reference is here intended to the merry dance that the shrewish Xanthippe was wont to lead him. A modern instance showing that age does not always wither is the case of the aged couple at South Norwalk, Conn., who in celebrating their golden wedding participated enthusiastically in dancing the fox trot. *Verbum sap.* Judges should hesitate before laying down a rule of limitation in this matter that is bound to be upset in the court of public opinion.--*Law Notes.*

A London solicitor, who has joined the 1st Sportsman's Battalion, Royal Fusiliers, has received the following congratulatory telegram from an old client:--

"Accept my congratulations on your gallantry in joining the Sportsman's Battalion. Anyway, you know how to *charge*."