

8 WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

*Private office of Sir Charles Worgan. Doors R., L., and back centre. Utmost possible richness of office furniture. Grand central desk, with dictaphone and telephone. Side tables, full of papers, correspondence, etc. Large date-calendar prominent. A red disk showing on wall at back. General air of orderliness and great activity. Sir Charles Worgan and Kendrick are opposite each other at central desk, with two piles of assorted magazines and journals on the desk. Kendrick is smoking a large cigar. Time, afternoon, November.*

*Kendrick.* Now then, there's this confounded *Sabbath Chimes!* [*picking up a periodical from the pile to his left hand*].

*Sir C.* Well, what's it doing?

*Kendrick* [*referring to a list of figures*]. Eighteen thousand.

*Sir C.* It's dropping, then.

*Kendrick.* Dropping? I should say it was! But it never was any real good. We bought it for a song and——

*Sir C.* [*interrupting him sharply*]. That's no reason! We bought the *Evening Courier* when its shares were at sixpence, and now it's earning a thousand pounds a week.

*Kendrick.* Yes, but the *Courier* isn't religious. You wouldn't call a halfpenny evening paper exactly religious, would you?