

12 WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

course that "Are we growing less spiritual?" rubbish must be stopped in the next number. [*Turning casually.*] What's going on outside?

Kendrick [*ignoring the question*]. Yes, and supposing he asks me what's to take its place?

Sir C. It's his business to find out. [*Handing paper to Kendrick.*]

Kendrick. But what sort of thing?

Sir C. Well, now. Here's a good idea. What's the series called?

Kendrick. "Problems of the Day."

Sir C. What about this, then: "Ought curates to receive presents from lady-parishioners?"

Kendrick [*enthusiastic*]. By Jove! That's a great idea, that is! I wish you had a bit more time to spare, Sir Charles. [*Nods his head approvingly.*]

Sir C. [*pleased with himself*]. That ought to give him a start, anyhow.

Fran. Wor. [*off*]. Open that door, or you are a doomed boy. This dagger is tipped with a deadly poison.

Sir C. What in the name of—— [*Goes quietly to door, back, and opens it. The figures of Francis Worgan and a Page-boy are seen. A slight pause.*]

Francis [*entering, a sword-cane in his hand, very quietly*]. How d'ye do, Charlie? [*A pause.*]

Sir C. How do, Frank? [*They shake hands.*]
Excuse me, will you, Kendrick?