

our duties. Everybody has a missionary task for us to perform. The university professor wants us to devote ourselves to the spread of "culture," and grows furious when we are led astray into a split infinitive or a sensational story about a vulgar murder. The religionist thinks that our columns ought to be always available for the spread of his particular gospel and the controverting of all others. The humanitarian complains because we devote so little space to the routine proceedings of the Soup-Ticket Guild or the Home for Friendless Cats. The foreign missionary wonders why we are so little interested in the condition of the natives of Uganda. The imperialist is distressed because we do not print long cables, at twenty-five cents a word, about events in Australia, which country ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent. of our readers have never seen and know nothing about. And finally, and most irritating of all, the stickler for literal veracity impeaches us because we use a fictive imagination to invest the bare record of a police-court case with life and humanity, and because, when we have announced that a thousand people have been killed by a tornado in Texas, we do not come out the next day and explain in type of the same flamboyancy that the real number was only one hundred and forty-three.

My friend the cheese man has discovered by this time that his public likes a certain flavour and a certain aroma in its cheese, and regardless of his personal tastes on the subject he gives it to them. I myself and my colleagues have discovered that the public likes its massacres in round thousands rather than in small and exact figures, that it desires to have its rather jaded and incapable imagination relieved of all possible trouble and to be supplied with ready-imagined stories concerning the events of the day, that it wants to hear about the things and places it knows and not about the things and places it does not know, that it is interested in religions only when they are fighting, that it has a passion for murders, and that it is utterly insensible to the monstrosity of a split infinitive. We have ascertained by the