

10 WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

I've had with the *Billiard Ball* alone, to say nothing of putting the *Racecourse* on its legs. I can't attend to everything, Sir Charles.

*Sir C. [still fuming].* "Are we growing less spiritual?" As if anybody cared a tuppenny curse whether we are growing less spiritual or not! No wonder the thing's dropping! What does the Reverend Mr. Haliburton get?

*Kendrick.* Fifty pounds a month.

*Sir C.* Does he imagine he's going to earn fifty pounds a month, *here*, by asking the British public if it's growing less spiritual? Sack the fool. Where did you pick him up?

*Kendrick.* Religious Tract Society. Fished him out myself.

*Sir C.* Well, you'd better return him with thanks.

*Kendrick.* That's all very fine. Where shall we find some one to take his place? It isn't the first starving curate that comes along who will be able to run Haliburton's department. He's a worker.

*Sir C.* What's the good of his being a worker if he's never got the hang of our style? [*Holding out periodical.*] Look at it!

*Kendrick.* I'm not defending him. I'm only saying that to find ideas for *Sabbath Chimes*, *The Sunday Comrade*, *The Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Record*, *Sunday Tales*, *The Sunday School Teacher's Friend*, and *Golden Words*, is none so