

The Oxford Group

FROM a newspaper point of view there is no better copy than intimate personal exposures of almost any kind; better if they make the nerves tingle a little. For that sort of thing, papers in search of circulation have all their tentacles out. One of the baronial papers in London's chain of dailies recently made a great hit by the exclusive story of the autobiography of a woman of fashion who just escaped conviction by a jury after the killing of her paramour; another countered by serving up the posthumous "confessions" of the slain man, a worthless character by all accounts, including his own. During a series of unsavory disclosures in the Northcliffe papers some years ago by another woman acquitted of being accessory to a murder, Punch depicted the newspaper peer standing in a vast area of filth and shouting to some spectators, "Throw me another penny and I shall wallow in it." Only some papers are reckless as to what fresh wounds they may lacerate for the appetite of their readers; Montreal papers walk circumspectly round the confines of this slough, but the most respectable papers know the business value of personal gossip.

Choice of Reading

IT was interesting, therefore, to note the indifference manifested by the local press when men and women, some of them prominent, poured forth their innermost souls. For the most part these confessions got short shrift, until noting the departure of the visitors, a very sympathetic account appeared in the Montreal Star. Why this belated recognition of an episode of exceptional interest? It cannot be that, as was thought of the apostles, the observers think their talk silly. The papers have great space for frivolity. Here is a great double column heading given to some one who believes the Jews came westward to Palestine from America, curiously, by way of Egypt. Here is another "display" showing how Mr. Bernard Shaw's printer, very prudently we think, accounts Shaw the greatest man on earth; and so on. It cannot be that these people's story is not interesting. More than one great auditorium was dangerously crowded night after night. It cannot be that their mission is too insignificant to find a place amid a basketful of trifles, seeing that to use the words of a certain damsel of old: "These men are the servants of the most