

Journalism

Your journalist at the worst
is an artist in his way:
he daubs paint of this kind upon the lily
with a professional zeal; the more flagrant
(or, to use his own word, arresting)
the pigment, the happier is his soul.
Like the Babu he is trying all the while
to embellish our poor language,
to make it more floriferous, more poetical
— like the Babu for example who,
reporting his mother's death, wrote,
'Regret to inform you,
the hand that rocked the cradle
has kicked the bucket.'

**Arthur Quiller-Couch,
"V. Interlude: On Jargon"**