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"Good evening, Mr. Dupuy. What can I do for you?" The visitor seated himself at the right of McHenry's desk.



Mr. Dupuy was downstairs.

"somebody on your paper has been making bad breaks lately, particularly the one this morning."
"What one this morning?"
"The Judge Bartelmy story, of course."
"Help!" sang out McHenry. "I've been getting that all day."
"It's no joke, McHenry," snapped Dupuy.
"It was a mistake," responded the managing editor.
"Mistake! Who was responsible for it?" leaning forward.
"Oh, it just slipped through in the rush."
"Tell that to the marines," retorted Dupuy sarcastically. He paused. "Who slipped it through?"
There was another pause. McHenry began to assert himself. "Excuse me, Dupuy," he asked pointedly. "But how does the Bartelmy story affect you?"
"Some of my clients have a very high regard for the judge. Your story grossly misrepresents him."
"Yes, I suppose so."

"This growing tendency to bring our judiciary into disrepute is a dangerous symptom of the unrest beneath the surface," spoke Dupuy pompously.
"The federal bench is the ultimate bulwark."
McHenry laughed.
"Oh, capital in distress! Yes, I know all about that."
Dupuy stared indignantly.
"There was no occasion for that remark," he shot forth tartly.
McHenry saw that Dupuy was very much in earnest, and the management of the Advance, as he had previously known it—representatives of an insurance company—would have desired to gratify the wishes of the powerful

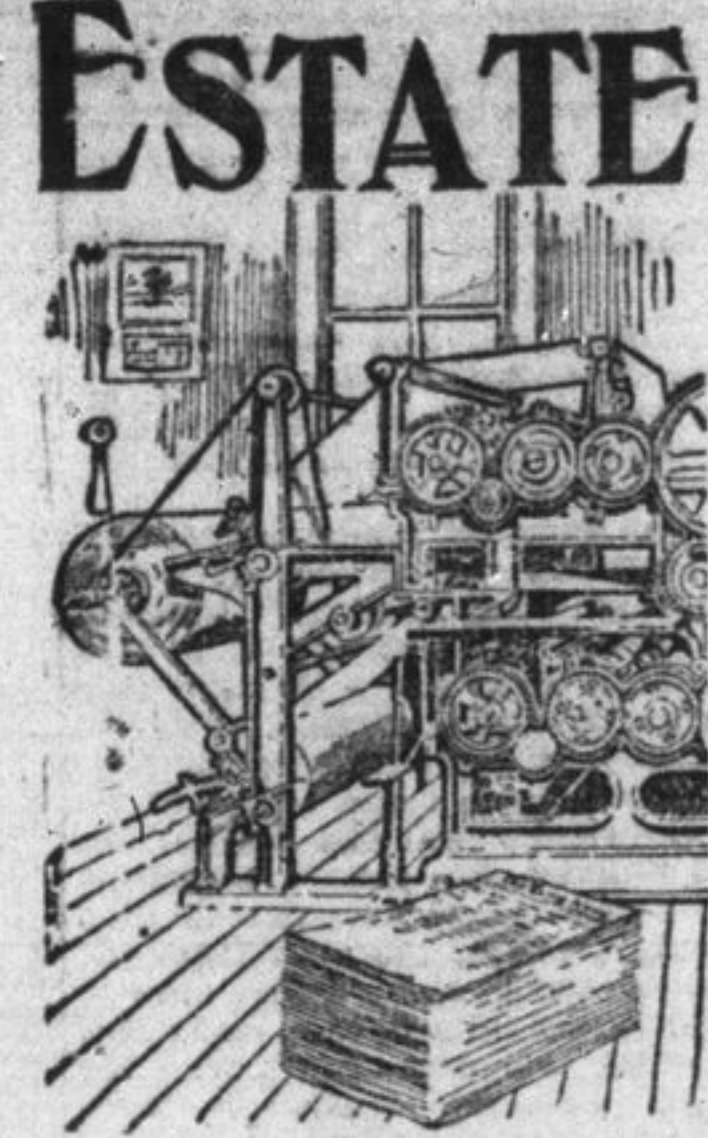
interests behind Dupuy. So far as the new owner was concerned, the managing editor could not tell what his attitude would be in the matter, but he had received no instructions as yet to change the policy of the paper. Plainly the course of wisdom, he reasoned, would be to act toward Dupuy as he

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FREDERICK R. TOOMBS

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had acted in the past, when the insurance company had insisted that the paper be operated on a purely commercial basis. Yes, he would deal carefully with Dupuy—that is, with Dupuy's clients.
"No offense meant," explained McHenry. "Well, we'll have nothing more about Bartelmy. Will that satisfy your people?"
"Thank you, McHenry. That will be eminently satisfactory both to them and to me as their legal adviser."
"All right; that settles that."
"Oh, not quite!" said Dupuy, raising his hand warningly. "There's one more point. Who was responsible for the story?"
"Oh, let's pass that!"
But Dupuy could not be turned aside. McHenry had begun to give way to him, and the lawyer intended to follow up his advantage.
"Very well; it's up to you," he said. "But I want you to realize, whatever happens, there is no personal animosity in the matter."
"What do you mean by whatever happens?" asked the managing editor quickly.
"The visitor was a living picture of complacency.
"How much advertising did you get from our concern last year?"
The managing editor began to discern more clearly the hidden club in

Dupuy's words and demands.
"Oh, I can't say as to that."
"About \$30,000 worth, wasn't it?"
"Yes, I should think so," admitted McHenry.
"Well, there's the answer," exclaimed Dupuy triumphantly. "As a matter of business, McHenry, if you are not friendly to my clients, why, you can hardly expect them to be friendly to you, and I shall explain to the new proprietor of the Advance, Mr. Nolan, the reasons for the sudden drop in its advertising. He is a rich man, and he probably will not like to know that he is in the way of losing a good deal of money to further a radical propaganda which he probably abhors. Come, McHenry, for your own sake be reasonable. Who wrote the story? Surely you are not going to consider a mere reporter in a matter so vital to our interests. Who was it?"
McHenry surrendered.
"A young fellow named Wheeler Brand."



"It's no joke, McHenry."

Dupuy rose and towered above McHenry as he sat at his desk.
"I thought so. I only wanted to make sure," he said. "He's a dangerous type, but ambitious to get into the limelight by stirring up the mob. Thought he might have learned sense by now, but it seems he hasn't. Guess he never will; these fanatics never do."
"We consider him the best investigator in town," warmly, in praise of Brand.
"He's entirely too zealous. Do you catch me?" asked Dupuy, leaning over McHenry and gazing significantly into his eyes.
The managing editor caught Dupuy's meaning and stared at him blankly in his surprise.
"You don't mean—"
Dupuy smiled coldly.
"Yes—I mean—get rid of him!"

CHAPTER III
THE managing editor again began to watch just what significance the demand of Dupuy had. He directed his glance at him steadily, and a long pause ensued after the lawyer lobbyist's abrupt demand that Wheeler Brand be discharged from the Advance.
Dupuy returned McHenry's stare, and his discerning eye and brain enabled him to read the workings of McHenry's mind. He felt instinctively as he gazed at McHenry that he had the managing editor "on the run," during the period of the insurance

company's ownership there had been no doubt that the decision of the managing editor of the Advance would have been in favor of Dupuy and his demand for the discharge of Wheeler Brand. And the lawyer, like McHenry, knew nothing of the new owner that would change the attitude of the paper.
Dupuy was right in his estimate of McHenry's weakness. The lawyer lobbyist was playing in rare fortune, indeed, to discover in his opponent a man who dared not stand for the right. He well knew that he would not find the same sort of man in a position of importance in many other newspapers of the land. Well, too, did he know "the power of the press" throughout all America, for he had learned at bitter cost that it was the foe of all the Ed Dupuys and all those that employed them to serve their ends.
Finally McHenry spoke in answer to Dupuy's demand.
"Let us give Brand one more chance," protested McHenry. "I'll put him on baseball or water front. Come, now."
"I will be candid with you. I was instructed to make an example of somebody for this morning's story. Perhaps, though, a good hauling over might do for this time. Call him in now. It's his last chance."
A boy entered.
"Ask Mr. Brand to step in."
"I'd rather take a licking than do this," protested McHenry.
Dupuy was unsympathetic.
"Well, he's only got himself to thank!" he snorted.
Wheeler Brand came in.
"Mr. Brand," began the managing editor, "there is a kick being made on the Bartelmy story of this morning."
"Yes, sir; I suppose so," Brand looked up and saw Dupuy, and the reporter's face showed that he understood.
"I forward the kick to you, informing it O. K.," said McHenry. "In other words, the kick goes."
"Why, what?"
"This is a practical world," interposed Dupuy.
Brand grew bitter, for well he knew the practices of Dupuy.
"Oh, yes; I know the practice—a world of live and let live. We must be very careful before imputing motives, eh, Mr. Dupuy? Does not the good book say, 'Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone—at United States judges.'"
"Wheeler, Wheeler," cried McHenry, "do not ask you to talk it over calmly!"
"That man has hit me in the dark before," exclaimed Brand. "This is the first time that he has come into the light."
"I desire to say that my clients," put in Dupuy, "like a great many other of the—ah—subscribers—to this paper, were disappointed at what they conceived to be an unwarrantable attack full of insinuations about one of the most distinguished members of the United States bench, and they wish merely as readers of the paper to express the hope that nothing of the sort will occur in the future. In such cases they are willing to overlook this morning's article entirely—to, in fact, regard it merely as a mistake, a mistake made without malice."
"You mean I am to have another chance to hold my job? I'll be good from now on!" asked Brand.
Dupuy once more became complacent.
"Such, I believe, is Mr. McHenry's decision," he announced calmly.
"You certainly have your gall, Dupuy," cried Brand in menacing tones, "to think you can muzzle me for \$40-

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week. I've paid more than that for the privilege of fighting you."
The lawyer turned quickly to the managing editor.
"You better let him go, McHenry," he suggested. "He's a crank."
Wheeler Brand was amazed at the way in which McHenry allowed Dupuy to influence him.
"Does he give you orders?" he asked meaningfully of the managing editor.
"Yes, my boy; he does, and I accept your resignation."
The reporter was by no means daunted by his discharge.
"I'm sorry for you," he cried, inclining toward McHenry.
Dupuy laughed significantly.
"Reserve your sympathy for yourself, young man," he advised the young newspaper writer.
"Reserve your sympathy for Bartelmy; he'll need it before long," was his cutting retort.
"Oh! is that so?" sneered Dupuy. "Go west and grow up with the country, for if you hang around here to hurt Bartelmy don't forget that criminal libel is punishable with arrest."
"Sorry, old man," spoke McHenry kindly. "If I didn't have a family I'd go west with you."
"If it wasn't for men having families," put in Dupuy philosophically, "there'd be a revolution."
Brand straightened up and, with a contemptuous expression on his face, started toward the door.
"You've got more heart than sense, McHenry," was the parting shot which he hurled at the managing editor.
"Pretty tough on a reporter to fire him for 'scoping' the town on a libel story," said the managing editor.
"Oh,shaw!" grunted Dupuy.
A boy entered with a card. Dupuy crossed to a chair and picked up his overcoat.
"Mr. Nolan, sir," the lad announced, with an amusing grimace. "He's the new boss, and he's got a couple of mitts on 'im like Jim Jeffries. Gee, but I'll bet Nolan is there with 'is' wallop, all right!"
Dupuy put his overcoat back on the chair. His luck was still holding good, he congratulated himself. Here was a chance to make the acquaintance of the new owner of the influential Advance, an opportunity to pave the way possibly to secure future favors from him for his clients when emergencies arose. Needless to say, emergencies frequently arose to disturb the peace of mind of the versatile aid of Mr. Ed Dupuy. He turned to face McHenry and said:
"Oh, the new owner! I'd like to meet him. If you don't object I'll wait." Dupuy seated himself at the extreme left hand corner of the office close to the rack containing files of the daily papers. He took down a file and began to read. McHenry, hugging at the patent anxiousness of the lawyer to meet Nolan, put on his coat.
A heavy step was heard, and the bulky form of the new owner of the Advance stood before the managing editor.
"I am Mr. McHenry," explained the latter.
"I am Mike Nolan," the newcomer remarked bluntly.
At the sound of the big man's big voice Dupuy, whom Nolan had not noticed in the corner, stirred and turned his head to gain a better view of him. There was something familiar in the ring of that voice. There was something familiar in the features and the pose of Mr. Mike Nolan. Surely he had met him somewhere. He pondered and pondered and finally gave up the problem in disgust.
"This is a nice looking place you've got here," he remarked to McHenry.
"That you've got, sir."
A feminine voice from the outer hallway was heard to exclaim breathlessly, "I refuse to climb another step."
McHenry turned inquiringly, whereupon Nolan explained: "My family's 'tasteful' attitude. I wanted them to see me take possession." His voice was tinged with pride. He stepped to the door. "Come in, mother," he called gayly. Mrs. Nolan, a tall, well proportioned brunette, attired in the costliest of imported garments, entered the managing editor's office with a pronounced flourish, followed by the two Nolan children, Sylvester and Phyllis—the son about twenty-two years old and the daughter probably a year or two younger. "Oh, mercy, them stairs!" exclaimed the mother, endeavoring to catch her breath. Nolan presented his wife and son to McHenry. Mrs. Nolan called to Phyllis to draw near. "This is my daughter, Phyllis," she said. "She went to Bryn Mawr." Phyllis and the managing editor exchanged greetings. "My son, Sylvester," went on the mother proudly, "went to Harvard."
"Oh, you're a Harvard man!" spoke McHenry to Sylvester. "What class?"
The son, togged in the latest fashion effects in the line of sporty clothes and drawing on an unlighted cigarette, replied, "1909, 1910, 1911."
Mrs. Nolan pointed at a pile of papers lying on a small desk. "I don't see how you ever get time to read 'em all," she addressed McHenry.
"Oh, I read fifty or sixty a day. We've got to know what the other fellows are doing."
"That's just like me," she responded smoothly. "I always like to know what everybody else is doing, too," she went on. "I think what journalism needs is a soft feminine, refining influence. It seems you don't publish anything now but crime, divorcees and people's troubles." She laughed.
"Oh, you wouldn't want to read every day that Mr. and Mrs. James Jones were living happily together. You're only interested when they're unhappy."
"Still I'd like to read once in awhile that somebody else was happy, at least for a little while."
It was McHenry's turn to laugh.
"Would you like to look over the plant, Mrs. Nolan?" he asked.
(To be Continued.)

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