my came to him and clung to him. The inspiration in doing a strong man's work for the public good enthused the spirit of Wheeler Brand, captured his soul. The steady light burned once more in his eyes. He shook himself together—fastened his old time grip on himself. As for Judith, he would do his duty, and he would win her yet.

When the managing editor of the Advance re-entered his office and walked briskly toward his desk he found Wheeler Brand looking eagerly over a notebook which, quite unknown to McHenry, contained the data for an article on the Lansing iron case even more damaging to Judge Bartelmy than the one already printed.

"Well, did you settle it?" asked McHenry.

Brand looked up and started toward the door.

"Yes, sir," he answered, and he was gone.

At this juncture Downs, the city editor, came into the managing editor's room. He addressed McHenry rapidly.

"Water main burst on Morton street; drowned seven dago kids in the basement of a tenement; mothers, scrubwomen, gone out to work and locked them in; water rising." He drew close to the desk. "Children, climbing stairs to escape, found huddled in each other's arms on top step, drowned! All but the youngest hanging on to a string of beads; must have died praying!"

The managing editor's face immediately lightened, and he pounced his desk enthusiastically.

"Good! Good! By glory, that's a dandy! That saves our lives! Now we'll have a paper tomorrow! We'll go the limit on this. Did you send a photographer?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

McHenry seized the office telephone.

"Night editor! Oh, hello! Cut three columns more out of those shavings. We've got a live one. Seven dago kids drowned. First time they ever saw water in their lives. Run three columns!" He hung up the receiver and turned to the city editor.

"Put in three leads and make it stick out like a sore thumb. And, say, put in a black faced bulletin saying the Advance will receive subscriptions for their families."

Durkin entered with a bundle of proofs.

"And, say, Downs," added McHenry "print in bold faced type that the Advance will start the subscription with $100."

"Mr. Dupuy is downstairs," announced Durkin.

The managing editor could not suppress a sour expression which crept across his face. "Dupuy, eh?" he grunted half audibly. "Wonder what he wants around here now? He's a regular buttinski."

McHenry knew Dupuy in a business way, knew he was counsel for several of the big mercantile establishments which advertised in the Advance and that the lawyer had represented various corporations at the state capital. "Well, I suppose I'll have to see him," he finally resolved. "Show Mr. Dupuy in," he called to the boy.

"Good evening," was Dupuy's greeting to McHenry as he entered and placed his overcoat on a chair.

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

"McHenry," began Dupuy decidedly,

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 disrespect 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 stirred 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

"It's no joke, McHenry."

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 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 his 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."

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. Comes from good enough people, 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 weigh just what significance the demand of Dupuy had. He directed his glance at him fixedly, 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 glared 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, indorsing 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 patter—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, "we only ask you in 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 again, in which case 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 if 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 a 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 meaningly 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 'scooping' the town on a big story," said the managing editor.

"Oh, pshaw!" 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 o' mitts on 'im like Jim Jeffries. Gee, but I'll bet Nolan is there with th' 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 varieties of people who sought 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, laughing 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 poise 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 just outside. I wanted them to see

"YES; IT WAS THE STREET CAR STRIKE, AND YOU AND JUDGE BARTELMY SENT JERRY DOLAN TO JAIL."

me take possession." His voice vibrated 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, divorces 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.

"Oh, yes! What I want to see is the reporters reporting."

When Mrs. Nolan, Phyllis and Sylvester had departed in the wake of the boy who had answered McHenry's ring, Dupuy rose and made a signal to McHenry behind Nolan's back that he wanted to meet the owner. The managing editor beckoned him over.

"I'd like to read that somebody else was happy."

"Mr. Nolan," he said, inclining toward the proprietor of the Advance, "this is Mr. Dupuy."

Dupuy bowed, again trying to fix in his mind the occasion on which, somehow, somewhere in his busy past he had met Michael Nolan. He extended his hand, saying, "I am glad to meet you, Mr. Nolan."

The newspaper publisher pierced Dupuy with a glance which, to say the least, was searching. He crouched toward him and compressed his brows as though to render his sight more certain, more penetrating. He had half extended his own hand to grasp Dupuy's. Suddenly, with a half smothered oath, he drew it violently back.

"My God," he exclaimed, "it is Ed Dupuy!"

He continued to stare at the lawyer. After a moment a faint smile appeared.

"Ed Dupuy, that's funny," he continued—"that's awful funny. Well, don't it beat all? Don't you remember me, Ed?"

Dupuy couldn't place him as yet.

"Why—ah, Mr. Nolan! Yes, it must have been. Let's see. Wasn't it Monte Carlo two winters ago?" he ventured.

"No, Ed, no; it wasn't Monte Carlo two winters ago. It was here in this town twelve summers ago. Remember now?"

"Twelve summers ago—twelve summers ago?" Dupuy reflected.

"The street car strike," reminded Nolan.

"Oh, yes, the street car strike!" added Dupuy. Now he began to remember. He began to remember the part he, as the Consolidated Traction company's counsel, played in that war between capital and labor, and somewhere in it all he realized that a face something like the one before him had come to his knowledge; also the name "Nolan" had a familiar ring. "Nolan, Nolan!" he repeated to himself. No, it was "Dolan," he reassured himself; that had been the name of the man he had crushed and driven from the kin of men. Yes, that was it. "Dolan," and that man was a broken down

Jerry Dolan, the agitator

and outer when Dupuy last heard of him.

Nolan saw that Dupuy was nonplused, and he laughed as he said:

"Yes, it was the street car strike, and you and Judge Bartelmy between you sent Jerry Dolan to jail for contempt, and that broke the strike after it'd been won."

"He was a dangerous agitator," was Dolan," pronounced Dupuy, directing an interested glance at the new owner.

Nolan drew a deep breath and, clinching his fists at his sides, replied to his arch foe of twelve years before:

"He'll be a more dangerous agitator from now on. *I'm Jerry Dolan!*"

CHAPTER IV.

THE declaration of the new owner of the Advance that he was no less a personage than the blacklist victim of years back created the sensation that would a cannon shot in the dreamy solitude of the sylvan dells of Arcady.

Dupuy fell back as though struck by a violent blow. And, indeed, he and his interests would have every reason to believe, he now knew full well, that they had in all truth a new enemy to combat, an enemy that would cost them dearly if he were to be vanquished.

"You—you are Jerry Dolan, and you own the Advance!" the lawyer cried chokingly. "What are we coming to next?" he finally managed to say after a desperate effort to calm himself.

Jerry Nolan, for none other than the old time strike leader it was, enriched by his mining operations in the rock ribbed Nevada hills, thrilled with the realization that he was now in a position to strike terror into the hearts and souls of those who had attempted to destroy him and his loved ones. He knew that he had in his power the men who had almost succeeded in their designs against him twelve years before.

McHenry, at first even more puzzled than Dupuy and who was bending forward, with an expression of deepest interest and concern implanted on his features, began to understand the situation more clearly when he heard his new employer say in a voice that pulsated with determination:

"Yes, Ed Dupuy, I am Jerry Dolan, and I am back in the old town to pay my respects to my friends and—and"—his voice shook—"to my enemies."

The whole truth now dawned upon the amazed McHenry and also upon Dupuy, who had been dealing with men long enough to know that his only successful pose at the present momentous time would be a conciliatory one. He must at all hazards smooth over this dangerous factor in the city's affairs, the returned Jerry Dolan, and persuade him that he was now his friend.

"Well, well," Dupuy began ingratiatingly, simulating a sickly smile, "this is a most interesting meeting—most interesting, indeed." He laughed as loudly as the nervously contracting muscles of his throat would permit. "But it is time now to let bygones be bygones, eh, Mr.—er—ah"— He again thrust forward the hand that the newspaper proprietor had refused to grasp.

"Nolan," answered the newcomer in his deep, strong voice, "N-o-l-a-n, with an 'N' and not a 'D' on the front end of it. That's my name now. I had to change it." He stopped abruptly and again directed his dark eyes menacingly on the face of the man opposite him. After a few moments he continued: "You see, Ed Dupuy, I was blacklisted as Dolan. Likely you'll remember that too."

Nolan reached out and, seizing Dupuy's hand, held it firmly. McHenry, at one side, witnessed with a distinct shock what he understood as Nolan's sudden resolve to, as Dupuy had suggested, let "bygones be bygones," else why should he shake hands with the man? Dupuy also felt a thrill of pleasure, even of triumph, as the one time chairman of the Street Railway Workers' union warmly shook his hand. Dupuy smiled and, bowing pleasantly, essayed to withdraw his hand from Nolan's grip and step away. But his smile turned to a wrinkled contraction of his facial muscles, indicating acutest pain. The giant hand of the ex-striker, ex-miner, was closing with crushing force around the lawyer lobbyist's fingers and knuckles. It did not cease to crush, try as Dupuy might to wrest his hand free. At the moment when he felt that he must scream in his pain or else cringingly plead for mercy Nolan's grip partially relaxed, and he swung Dupuy to one side. A grim smile made its way into the furrows, won by suffering and privation in the Nevada mining camps and desolate gold regions, that marked Nolan's visage.

"You see, I'm stronger than you now, Ed Dupuy, just as you was stronger than me twelve years ago—you and Bartelmy between you." A great sigh escaped him as he finished.

Dupuy, now having freed his hand, rubbed it smartly with the other to restore the circulation to the flattened veins. He wheeled away to pick up his overcoat.

Nolan now addressed McHenry, who had seated himself at his desk.

"You're the managing editor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I just want to tell you that that was a true article you had about that old hypocrite, Judge Bartelmy, this morning," he stated to McHenry. "Have another tomorrow and stronger." Another idea came to him, and he added, "Who was it got up that one today?"

Dupuy felt that he must come to McHenry's rescue.

"A young man who has since resigned," he interjected for the managing editor. Both McHenry and Dupuy were growing uneasy at the trend of Nolan's thoughts and words. A glimpse into the craniums of them both at this moment would have revealed the same thought to be predominating: "What is he driving at?"

Nolan appeared distinctly surprised at two things—first, that the writer of the story had resigned; second, that Dupuy should be so familiar with the matter. He took a step toward the latter.

"Resigned?" he asked in reverberating tones. "How do you know?" Before Dupuy could answer Nolan wheeled on McHenry. "Is it so, what Dupuy says?" he asked of the managing editor.

[CONTINUED.]