

"And then?"

"The stereotypes will be cast from my moulds—sent to the machine-room, bolted on the cylinders of the rotary presses, and the first copy of the paper—ah!"

"Will land you in penitentiary, Mr. Haraldson."

"Will go up to the night editor. That's all right. I'll fix him."

"And the second copy goes to the foreman of the machine minders."

"To be glanced at as a proof of the press work—that's all right."

"But all the editorial staff get their copies."

"No. That's not allowed now. Didn't you know? Our special news used to leak into country papers. Now the staff go straight home to bed. Where's your boy?"

"Wonderful!" cried the foreman, carried away by the perfection of the plot even in detail, "and yet," his face became clouded again, "my wife—my children—what's to become of them?"

"After to-morrow we will start a new paper that shall tell the truth—will that provide for you?"

"You will provide for—but you——"

"You doubt my word," said Brand. "Can you trust Father Jared?"

"I can't do it! I can't do it! Mr. Haraldson, this treachery—I've always tried to be an honest man."

"Be honest, then," said Brand, impatiently. "You call yourself a Socialist. Who claims your duty first? The capitalist?"

"The people."

"And Clewston-Gault is the enemy of the people."