

Roland Gregory had been drinking somewhat that day, and he left the office of Mr. Graham in no pleasant mood. After visiting his club, where he fortified himself with a few more glasses, he wended his way to the Tribune office. Reginald saw him enter the door and knew at once what was the cause of his visit.

"Good-morning, Mr. Gregory," said the editor, pleasantly. "This is an unexpected pleasure to have you call on us. I hope you like Bronson's new paper."

"To h—— with your paper," replied the other, fiercely, standing in the middle of the office and glaring at Reginald.

"Sit down, Mr. Gregory," responded the editor, speaking in a pleasant tone of voice, although his eyes sparkled. "What can I do for you today?"

"What do you mean by sending a spy to my factory to sneak around and find out about my private affairs?" Roland Gregory spoke in evident anger.

"The business of your factory," replied the editor, looking the other straight in the face, "is not a private affair of your own. An institution which employs so many mothers and daughters is an institution of public interest and the public have a right to know the facts which have been published in regard to your factory."

"The public has nothing to do with my factory. D—— the public. I want to tell you that this thing has got to stop."

The excited spirit of the young manufacturer was arousing him to fury and his anger was increasing the