

for his troubled waters, "its sensational and ugly but no worse than lots of my divorce stories."

"Martin," he said in a tone that made me forget to light my pipe, "I know Mrs. Barrett, she is Persley's sister."

My curse was ready then and I let it go. "Does Kensington know?"

"Yes, that's why he is using it or trying to, he wants to get even with Persley for quoting and at me for that old DeForest "story" grudge. He knows who Mrs. Barrett is and he knows that I am one of her friends."

Of course you wont use the thing, you'll "get through?"

"I don't know yet but—." The ambulance bell cut our talk short. I went out with the surgeon and left "Billy" and his problem.

It was indeed a problem. In spite of his fiery resolves to leave, I knew he was in a tight place for Billy was "on the outs" with "old man Ferand" of the reporters agency and although MacLaren was an A No. 1 reporter it would be hard to find a place with Ferand and his far reaching influence against him.

Back in the office at one o'clock that morning there was h—to pay. Such a time we had never experienced. Kensington opened the flood gates of his foulest profanity and we were all inundated. But we laughed, quite covertly to be sure, it would be worth ones place to let him see us, but it was splendid to see his rage at its height. He was helpless, MacLaren had not turned up and it was too late to send another man out on the story. I would have enjoyed the situation more, however, if I had known how Billy was solving the problem. Strong as was his manly sense of honor, I feared the outcome. When the question of a livelihood is placed against the supressing of a true though scandalous story, the soul of a reporter, never too strong, is apt to fall. Time passed all too slowly that morning, each "form" was held by the pressmen as long as possible waiting for MacLaren's story. As each was clicked shut I felt more relieved. I had that creepy feeling that Billy might walk in at any moment with the story but he never came.