

THE ADVANCE

Copyright, 1909, by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford.

THE FOURTH ESTATE

Novelized by
FREDERICK R. TOOMBS

From the Great Play of the Same Name by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford.

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[Continued from Last Week.]

"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 my to go," 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 \$20,000 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. Come from good enough parents, 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 at his hand. He directed his glance at him steadily, and a long pause ensued after the lawyer's abrupt demand that Wheeler Brand be discharged from the Advance.

(First publication Dec. 14 1909.)
Citation for Hearing on Final Account and for Distribution.

ESTATE OF MARGARETHA DAMEROW, State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, In Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of Margaretha Damerow, late of the County of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota, deceased.

The State of Minnesota to all persons interested in the final account and distribution of the estate of said deceased, do hereby give notice that the probate court, having filed in this court the final account of the administration of the estate of said deceased, together with his petition praying for the adjustment and allowance of said final account and for distribution of the residue of said estate to the persons therein entitled; therefore, you and each of you, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any you have, before this court, at a probate court room in the County of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota, on the 15th day of January, 1910, at one o'clock p. m., why said petition should not be granted.

Witness, The Judge of said Court, and the Seal of said Court, this 14th day of December, 1909.

L. E. COVILL, Judge of Probate, Attorney for Petitioner, Atwater, Minn.

[First publication Dec. 22-4.]

Order Limiting Time to File Claims, and for Hearing Thereon.

ESTATE OF ANTHONY SANDS, AND ANTHONY SANDS, Executor.

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, In Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of Anthony Sands, also known as Anthony Sand and Anthony Sand, deceased.

Letters of administration this day having been granted to Jacob O. Kloster.

It is Ordered, that the time within which all creditors of the above named estate may present claims against his estate in this court, be, and the same hereby is, limited to six months from and after the date hereof, and that Monday the 27th day of June, 1910, at one o'clock p. m., in the Probate Court Room at the Court House at Atwater, Minn., be, and the same hereby is, fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing upon, and the examination, adjustment and allowance of such claims as shall be presented within the time aforesaid.

Let notice hereof be given by the publication of this order in The Wilmar Tribune as provided by law.

Dated December 18th, 1909.

A. F. NORDIN, Judge of Probate, Attorney for Petitioner, Wilmar, Minn.

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 Barthelemy story of this morning."

"Yes, sir, I suppose so," Brand looked up and at 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 patten—a world of it—and let live. We must be very careful before implying 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 \$10 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," suggested Wheeler Brand.

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, sir, 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 Barthelemy, if you 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 Barthelemy 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 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 of mits on 'im like Jim Jeffries. Gee, but I'll bet Nolan is there with the 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 emergency 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 anxiety 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 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, mother, those stairs!" exclaimed the merciful, 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."

"Oh, you wouldn't want to read every day that Mr. and Mrs. Jones were living happily together. You're only interested when they're unhappy."

"Still I'd like to read once in a while 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.

"Yes, it was the street car strike, and you and Judge Barthelemy sent Jerry Dolan to jail."

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"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.

"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 greeted Dupuy with a glance which, to say the least, was searching. He crunched 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.

"Yes, it was the street car strike, and you and Judge Barthelemy sent Jerry Dolan to jail."

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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 dreary solitude of the sylvan delg 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 some 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 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 the cent 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 pri-

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.

"Yes, sir."

"What's his name?"

"Wheeler Brand."

"What did he resign for?"

"Some of the big advertisers forced him to," admitted McHenry calmly.

A look of understanding flitted across Nolan's face. He shifted his glance from McHenry to Dupuy. "Then, with a significant smile, he said: "I see you are still on the job, Ed Dupuy."

"Well, it's business," began the lobbyist defiantly. But Nolan would not listen to him. Thoughts vastly more important than conjecture as to Dupuy's motives now crowded his brain.

"Where is Brand now?" he asked sternly of McHenry.

"I think he is in the local room now, sir," pointing to the door at his left. The new proprietor strode impulsively to the doorway and called at the top pitch of his powerful voice: "Wheeler Brand! Wheeler Brand!"

As he had hurried from the managing editor's room after his dismissal from the Advance Wheeler Brand struggled valiantly against a wave of discouragement that assailed him and for a moment or two threatened to overwhelm. "Discharged for 'beating' the town on the story of the year," he muttered. "Well, I'll try to get on across the street," he concluded, "across the street" meaning the Grandstand, the bitter rival of the Advance. He went to one of the long oak tables in the city room, where he seated himself next to Hilgins, the leading police reporter of the paper, and began nervously to finish the story of a new bank merger on which he had been working when summoned by McHenry. When he finished he laid the pages of copy on the city editor's desk. He dragged a chair to a window, sat down and gazed moodily down at the crowds of people hurrying along the street below.

It was not his dismissal from the staff which chiefly concerned him. He was certain of obtaining another position. In fact, his reputation along Newspaper row was such, and he felt justifiable pride at the thought, that he would be at work within two-

minutes after leaving the Advance office if he so desired. But what did occupy his mind to the exclusion of almost everything else was the consideration of what view Judith Barthelemy would take when she heard the news of his dismissal. She had warned him that he was sacrificing his future in his attacks on the powers that be. Undoubtedly now she would be convinced, as some of his friends had already endeavored to convince her, that, after all, he was a fanatic, an impractical dreamer, who could not accomplish his ambition to right what he believed to be great wrongs, who could not, moreover, escape summary dismissal from his paper. But he must go on. He would go on. He would go that very night to a newspaper that would not suppress or qualify the truth, one that would not distort facts nor misrepresent a situation in order to deceive the public, to which it was its duty to give the truth. Yes, and he would show the big thieves of the city that even if they managed to remain superior to the law at least they could not remain superior to public opinion. The time had come when—

"Wheeler Brand! Wheeler Brand!" The voice of Nolan came to his ears above the ticking of the telegraph instruments and the clicking of typewriter keys. Brand started from his seat. He did not recognize the voice, nor did any one else in the smoky city room, as curious upraised faces around him testified. It came from the managing editor's room, however, so he hastened to respond, wondering what it could mean.

Brand entered McHenry's office and facing the three men, his surprise increased as he saw from the attitudes of McHenry and Dupuy that a huge, rawboned, bronzed faced stranger apparently dominated the situation.

"Yes?" said Brand inquiringly to the stranger, whom he placed as the owner of the voice, because he knew it had not been McHenry's or Dupuy's.

"I am Nolan, the new owner," greeted the stranger.

Brand stepped forward and offered his hand, which Nolan grasped.

"How do you do, Mr. Nolan?" the reporter greeted him, endeavoring to figure just what the mysterious proceeding portended.

Nolan went straight to the point.

"So you've been fired for that Barthelemy article, have you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

Nolan turned and shot a triumphant glare at McHenry and Dupuy. Then

he caused the blood to rush almost blindingly into the head of the young reporter, when he swung around and grasped Brand's arm, drew him over to the managing editor's chair, beside which that official was standing, and said, "Well, I've got another job for you." Nolan put both hands on Brand's shoulders and by main strength forced him down heavily into the chair. "From now on you sit here," he announced. "You're managing editor now."

CHAPTER V.

A YEAR passed since the eventful night for Wheeler Brand when Nolan made him managing editor of the Advance. In these months Brand made showing with the paper that was never dreamed of by the owners preceding as being within the range of possibility. Made absolute master of the paper and consequently dictator of its policy, the young man set a pace that the paper's rivals found difficult to equal, much less to outstrip. His exposure of the scandals in the exclusive world of high life insurance finance has thus far proved the most vital reform of his administration. As a result of this crusade, which drove a half dozen leading officials from almost as many companies, the president of the United States stated publicly that "the vast life insurance business of this country is now on the soundest financial basis it has ever had."

But Wheeler Brand in the press of stirring events had not forgotten Judge Barthelemy. In fact, certain activities of that estimable individual were just now under close scrutiny by the one time reporter, who, if he could be prevailed on to speak concerning it,

might possibly observe that the judge was very soon to have an opportunity to make a few explanations which would be received with undoubted interest by the public. The young editor's suit for the hand of Judith Barthelemy might be said, since she is dealing with a judge's family, to be in statu quo. She was still waiting for him "to become sane," as she had expressed herself to him. A girl of lofty principles and of decided strength of character, she could not see his duty from his viewpoint. Perhaps it was all quite natural, quite womanly, quite daughterly, that she should subscribe absolutely to her father's side in the momentous case of "JUDGE BARTHELEMY VERSUS THE PEOPLE, WHEELER BRAND AND THE ADVANCE."

She was loyal to her father, and she was trying to be loyal to her lover, and the task was becoming more and more difficult. Yet she waited, and Wheeler Brand waited, and each prayed that the other would end the ordeal and heal two breaking hearts.

Today we find Wheeler Brand proceeding toward the luxurious Nolan home on a fashionable residence overlooking to visit the proprietor of the paper to hand him a statement of the Advance's progress, to discuss matters of editorial policy and to confer regarding a certain development concerning Judge Barthelemy.

At the Nolan home a reception had been announced, hundreds of invitations sent out, but the responses did not encourage Mrs. Nolan in her social aspirations. Society passed her by. That was the whole story in brief. Society, as usual, was ever so much pleased with itself and was too busy to include Mrs. Nolan, Phyllis and Sylvester in its diversions. The husband and father cared very little for society, had no time for it, but he fondly loved the courageous, warm hearted woman who had uncompromisingly shared with him the onerous hardships of his early days, and it was his desire to gratify her ambitious as well as those of his daughter. The fortune he had plucked from Nevada's flinty bosom enabled him to be generous, and she smiled approvingly on every extravagant extravagance of Mrs. Michael Nolan. Therefore if she was socially ambitious she must have her way and be allowed to carry on her campaign for recognition in whatever fashion she chose. Certainly the home he had established was a fitting vantage ground from which to wage a war of dollars against the precipitous embattlements with which the city's Four Hundred had encircled his camp. Palatial in size, the Nolan residence was equally palatial in its furnishings, and only the magic word from the magic lips of a single member of the magic realm of "the aristocracy" was necessary to send monogrammed coaches in long lines to the Nolan doors, to fill the costly rooms with distinguished faces, to fill to overflowing with happiness the yearning heart of Mrs. Michael Nolan.

But the word had not yet been spoken.

It was now late in the afternoon at the Nolan home. Phyllis walked across the drawing room, irritation plainly marking her