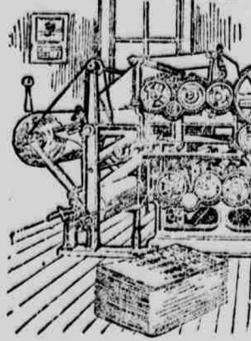


THE FOURTH ESTATE

Novelized by
**FREDERICK
R. TOOMBS**

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

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MEDILL PATTERSON AND
HARRIET FORD.



momentous case of "JUDGE BARTELYM 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 residential thoroughfare to visit the proprietor of the paper to land him a statement of the Advance's progress, to discuss matters of editorial policy and to confer regarding a certain development concerning Judge Bartelym.

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 was pleased for her. 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 ambitions as well as those of his daughter. The fortune he had plucked from Nevada's flinty bosom enabled him to be generous, and he smiled approvingly on every new 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 proscriptions and embettlements 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 angle wood from 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 pretty pink and white face. The music of a string orchestra stationed in the conservatory ceased, she addressed a servant who stood at attention at a door at the right which led to the dining room. "Pitcher," she said discouragedly, "I don't think any one else will come, so tell the musicians they can go."

"Yes, Miss Phyllis."

At this point Mrs. Nolan came storming in, carrying a huge bunch of hot-house grapes in her hand. "Pitcher, I noticed those caterer men are drinking all the champagne, and I want it stopped," she ordered loudly. "Pitcher bowed and went out. "If our guests won't come here to drink it, at least we will drink it ourselves," Mrs. Nolan announced to Phyllis. "Well, we have done it—sent out 400 cards, and who's been here that anybody wants to see? This is the second time we've got to all this trouble and expense for nothing and nobody, and if you'll take my advice it will be the last."

"Ma'ma, Pitcher will hear," the girl protested. "The mother lit a grape from the bunch. She deposited the skin and stones in a Sevres vase on the marble mantel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE NORTH CAROLINA REMAINS. (From the New York Sun.) Spring stir in Tarheelia. The too long frozen bosom of the Mecklenburg school of poets warms and beats again. We who have honored and loved so long that glory of a glorious State, who spoke too bitter words, perhaps, sending our fondles home down, we hail and hiss the moon and radiant Muse. Henceforth North Carolina is to be as renowned for her poets as she has been for furniture.

"I seen the moon dum up the sky. And at twelve he was so high; I walked by Stodie, who in my arm by my side she talked so warm. "The wind he did not blow. In nature all did sweetly flow. The birds they did sing so sweet. As I did walk by Stodie's feet.

"Oh, Meem as nix, my Saddle dear, We walk alone, now do not fear; We speak in the tone of love, As do the squab to their dove."

By the side of the hill of love and moonshine, so tender, so simple, so full we dare to put the successful realism of a poem, "The Donkey Is Dead," contributed to the Charlotte News and Observer by the Bishop Perry and Francis James Child of North Carolina. There is room here for but three stanzas, yet they are enough to show the clear, firm outline, the masterly objectiveness, the heaven-grazing height to which the humble subject is raised:

"The donkey is dead!" came over the hill the phrelogist's cry. On a clear, cold morning like the field zone, "The donkey is dead; with sorrow he said, And she died it is true, of being overfed. "All day long she stood in her stall With nothing to do, with nothing to haul, As the boys passed by in playful mood, They would toss her bits of extra food. "So after many days it came to pass That for too much corn and too little grass, She finally lost the power of locomotion In spite of hard rubbing and every kind of lotion."

In Theocritus, in William Earnes of Dorsetshire, even in General Sainbo Bowers of Akyeam, are there many such touches of nature or of art?

Something that you ought to be wearing by tomorrow is probably advertised in today's paper.

FARMERS' BUSIEST DAY

Moving Pictures Show Methods of Farmer Scientists.

Dairy School Banquet—State Cow Testing Association Formed—Mason S. Stone and Agricultural Experts Speak in Evening.

Thursday was one of the most interesting days of farmers' week. Beside the regular schedule of lectures, addresses and demonstrations, morning, afternoon and evening, plans for a State cow testing organization were considered and the first annual banquet of the Vermont Dairy School Alumni association was given at Alumni Hall.

Three distinct sets of lectures and demonstrations were given Thursday morning and afternoon under the general leads of dairying, horticulture and forestry. The dairying series consisted of the following lectures: "Dairy Farm Management" by L. B. Dodge, "Breeding Farm Animals" by Prof. J. W. Sanborn, "Milk Bacteria" by Prof. H. A. Eason, "What Shall I Do with the Cow I've Got?" by Prof. H. M. Washburn.

The afternoon P. W. Wiggin delivered an address at two o'clock on the subject which was "Does It Pay to Test One's Cows?" Of the two demonstrations which were scheduled at three o'clock only one was given, "Judging Dairy Cows" by C. M. Winslow, the Guernsey was judged by Dr. F. A. Rich and the Jersey by Prof. R. M. Washburn.

The addresses of Messrs. Dodge and Wiggin are given below in abstract.

MR. DODGE. A New England dairy farm is less profitable than they should be mainly: 1. Because of grass land mismanagement, insufficient crop rotation, and abuse of permanent meadows and pastures. 2. Because manure is unintelligently used.

Representative New England dairymen have corrected these faults. A successful Vermont cropping system comprises: 1. The short rotating of all available corn land: 1-4 to 1-3 in corn (silage and grain); 2. 1-4 to 1-3 in small grain (hay and grain); 3. residue clover or clover mixed hay.

Care of permanent hay land by: (a) Frequent light top dressing with manure. (b) Addition of light clover seeding to sod. (c) Occasional reseedling and reseeding when possible, preferably in midsummer without hay crop loss.

Care of permanent pasture by: (a) Occasional top dressing (manure or chemicals). (b) Avoiding over grazing and too early spring grazing. 4. Light usage of manure (10 or 12 spreader loads per acre) thus making possible: (a) Larger usage thereof by crop and leached wastage. (b) The manuring of a larger area annually. (c) A shorter rotation, the manure being supplemented by clover sod on which to raise corn.

These methods result in: 1. More dairy roughage per acre. 2. More protein raised at home (early cut hay, clover hay, additional home grown concentrates) and hence: (a) Less expenditure for purchased concentrates; a profit on raising as well as on feeding grain. 4. A more even distribution of labor throughout the year instead of more help in haying.

MR. WIGGIN. Reasons: It is the only way to detect the Star Bacterium. A cow in Vermont cannot be profitably kept if she produces less than 20 lbs. of butter fat. The dairy cows of the United States average only 12 lbs. per year. How many like this in your herd? It enables a man to get two lbs. of cream where he got one before. To get two cows into the hide of one, lightens labor, lessens feed bills, increases profit, it saves valuable time and feed because a man would certainly be a poorer spender who would care for and feed an unprofitable cow. It elevates dairymen from the humdrum of milking to the rank of a profession, a science, a business conducted on safe, conservative business principles.

It prompts the better care of stock, better feeding methods, better results, hence greater profits. It is the only sure way to cut out the robber and the thief, imprison the man who steals. It would be a money maker to condense and destroy the cow which is permitted to rob her owner 300 days in the year. Testing picks her out. It enables you to discover if your separator is skimming clean. It helps you to keep tabs on the creamery men's tests. It increases the value of every cow, heifer, and calf you have for sale. Its greatest advantage may be that it gets men to thinking and thinking along right lines.

PROOF FROM OUR HERD. COW No. Butter Fat Butter Fat Gain.

1	220	30	100
2	220	30	100
3	220	30	100
4	220	30	100
5	220	30	100
6	220	30	100
7	220	30	100
8	220	30	100
9	220	30	100
10	220	30	100
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41	220	30	100
42	220	30	100
43	220	30	100
44	220	30	100
45	220	30	100
46	220	30	100
47	220	30	100
48	220	30	100
49	220	30	100
50	220	30	100
Average per cow 1900	24	124	
1900	17	125	
1900	17	125	

HORTICULTURE. The horticulture series consisted of "The Home Vegetable Garden" by Prof. M. B. Cummings, "Hot Beds and Cold Frames" by J. W. Wallington, "Home Decoration" by S. Hargraves and "Plant Propagation" by Professor Cummings. The last address of the series follows in abstract:

PLANT PROPAGATION. In the multiplication of species there is an expectation that offspring will resemble parent. Our expectations are seldom fully realized. Propagation by seed is productive of much variation; varieties of fruit almost never come true; varieties of flowers and seeds will generally do so. In view of the former fact, vegetative propagation is adapted to fruits. There are two methods of selecting plants for propagation work:

1. Indiscriminate selection; 2. Discriminate selection. The first is more common, the latter more intelligent. In perpetuation by seeds the parental characteristics are noted; but in vegetative multiplication there is much neglect on this point. Plants are very variable in relation to size, quality, and productiveness. It is, therefore, assumed that percentage determine value of offspring. Some examples: 1. In potato selection, take tubers from high yielding hills, for hill not tuber is the unit. 2. With tree fruits, take clones from productive and good quality branches or trees. 3. Among bush fruits, yield, quality, and season should be basis for selection. 4. With strawberries, pedigree plants are much preferred. Conclusion. Quality, productiveness, size and color seem to be transmissible. In propagation work it is necessary to know the performance record of plants for several seasons. Knowing this we may proceed with intelligence and profit.

FORESTRY. The series of lectures on forestry continued the following: "Vermont Trees" by State Forester A. F. Hawes and Henry Hall, "Nursery Planting" by Mr. Hall, "The Improvement of the Forest and Wood Lot" and "Timber Estimation," both by Mr. Hawes. The demonstration in forest and nursery management which was scheduled for the afternoon was not given. The principal address by Mr. Hawes was, in brief, as follows:

THE IMPROVEMENT OF FOREST AND WOOD LOT. Thinning consists of removing a certain number of trees from the woods for the purpose of improving the growth and character of remaining trees and is one of the chief measures recommended by the forester. Pruning is the removal of branches and in forestry work is seldom recommended. Trees are dependent upon soil for minerals which are taken up in the form of solutions. Supply of water is more apt to be short than minerals. Some trees as pines can thrive on dry and sandier soils than others, such as maple and beech. Best indication of quality of soil for tree growth as to mineral and water content is height growth of tree. Figures in Penn. show average growth of white pine in 50 years, 45 feet on best soil; 20 feet poorest soil; and 40 feet on medium soil. For forests of average trees, the soil is usually on poor soil that on good soil, as trees are smaller. So number of trees per acre at any age and correct spacing of trees varies with species and soil.

The minerals from the soil are combined with carbon from the atmosphere by the action of sunlight on chlorophyll of the leaves. Trees vary in their demands for light. A tree in open with unlimited supply of moisture and light will make faster diameter growth than tree in forest because limbs extend to ground. The log of this tree will be very knotty and much larger at base than top. Tree grown in the forest is obliged to make good height growth at first in order to gain light. The lower branches are killed off by competition, resulting in logs free from knots. The wood material is deposited in top of tree making the log cylindrical form. Main height growth is made in first part of tree's life. In fully stocked forests struggle for existence is so severe that many trees are killed. Not only will one-half the trees be killed out within thirty years, but remaining trees have smaller development on account of struggle that they would have if properly thinned at right period. Light thinning should be made whenever the wood to be removed has a sale value. Poorer kinds of trees and bad specimens are killed. Not only will one-third to one-fourth of standing wood. Frequent light thinning are preferable to infrequent heavy thinning.

Pruning of live limbs of conifers cannot be advised resulting thick knot is worse than knot from live limbs. If trees are to be cut, they should be cut when young natural pruning will take place. In dense stands of pine, spruce, cedar dead limbs often persist on the trunks and there can be no objection to knocking these off with club, although little benefit from it. It is not profitable to prune hardwoods but can be done without damage to trees, preferably in summer.

DAIRYMEN'S BANQUET. At 8:30 about 25 former students of the Vermont Dairy School gathered at Alumni hall for the annual meeting and banquet. B. D. White of the dairy division of the United States department of agriculture, Professor Washburn and Dean Hills were guests of the association, and each made a short address. Each member said a few words as to his work since he had left the school.

The Vermont Dairy School was started at the University in 1891 and sessions have been held each winter since, barring the two or three years prior to the erection of Morrill hall. Nearly 500 students have enrolled.

THE EVENING SESSION. The evening session was one of especial interest, both because of the character of the addresses and because of the fact that moving pictures were used to illustrate one of them. Professor Hills said that last night was the first time that moving pictures had ever been used in New England for purposes of agricultural instruction. The evening began at eight o'clock with an address on agricultural schools by D. J. Crosby of the United States department of agriculture, Mason S. Stone, State superintendent of education followed with a brief talk and then came B. D. White, also of the United States department of agriculture, with the moving pictures and a running lecture on agricultural practices. Mr. Crosby said, in part:

AGRICULTURAL SCHOOLS. Instruction in agriculture is both educational and vocational. As an educational subject it is now taught in nearly 400 public high schools in 24 States an average of one and one-half years in each school. As a vocational subject it is taught in about 60 agricultural high schools or definitely secondary agricultural courses in colleges.

The limited time given to agriculture in the public high schools, the limited teaching force and equipment at these schools, and the consequent uncertain tenure of the subject are making it improbable that these schools shall ever succeed generally in giving effective instruction in the practice of agriculture. A real demand on the part of young men for instruction in the practice and business of agriculture led to the establishment of the Minnesota Agricultural school 21 years ago, and the success of this school has led to the establishment of many other similar schools since that time. Such schools now include those connected with agricultural colleges, those established in congressional or adapted to fruits, and county agricultural schools. The functions of separate agricultural

schools in a public school system may be briefly summarized as follows: 1. To stimulate the general introduction of agriculture into the ordinary high schools and in a general way to set the pace for and give impetus to secondary education in agriculture. 2. To aid in the preparation of teachers for rural schools. 3. To serve as vocational connecting schools between the public elementary schools and the agricultural colleges. 4. To serve as schools to which boys who have chosen to become farmers may elect to go for more thorough and intensive preparation for their life work than the ordinary public high schools can give. 5. To relieve the agricultural colleges of much of the secondary and short-course work they are now compelled to do. 6. To serve the farming communities more intimately and sympathetically than the agricultural colleges can do and more effectively than the public high schools can do. 7. These schools should be no limited in number as to serve relatively large districts—10 to 15 counties, and should have funds enough to maintain a relatively large faculty, and an adequate modern equipment. They should be kept strictly secondary and should make no pretense of doing collegiate work.

SUPERINTENDENT STONE. Mr. Stone said that nature has decreed Vermont to be a State of husbandry. The high schools of the State ought to support agriculture in their teaching. Mr. Stone mentioned some places in which such teaching has been tried with the highest degree of success and he advocated special schools of agricultural training separate from the regular high schools. The efficiency of young men and women trained in such schools would double the agricultural product of the State.

THE MOVING PICTURES. Several reels of pictures were shown. Mr. White giving running comment and explanation meanwhile. The operations of a successful dairy farm, the production of certified milk, farmers' cooperative elevators, the raising of seed grain by a selective process and the spraying of orchards were among the varied subjects of the pictures.

LaGrippe pains that pervade the entire system, LaGrippe coughs that rack and strain, are quickly cured by Foley's Honey and Tar. It mildly laxates, safe and certain in results. J. W. O'Sullivan, 24 Church street.

THE BALLADE OF LONGVED. There are some things I have to do. To keep my partner ever near; To neighbors every night or two. We go, a game of cards to play. She's always found to have her way. Her writing facts and romances; Her every whim I must obey. Last night she dragged me to a dance. I've eaten up the oyster stew. The Ladies Aid did not pay; At times I've accepted a paw. When I'd prefer to stay away. To comfort some and then would stray. And down the aisle we proudly pranced. These are the debts all husbands pay. Last night she dragged me to a dance. She says her pleasures are but few. Not always can she get away. Not always can she dress as new. Nor may she every night display. Her latest gown decollete. And she will not miss a chance. She does not see I'm growing gray. Last night she dragged me to a dance.

LENNON. Princes, if I yawn and stretch today, And act like one who's in a trance, At 5 a. m. I hit the hay. Last night she dragged me to a dance.

More poems are taking Foley's Kidney Remedy every year. It is considered the most effective remedy for all kidney and bladder troubles; that medical science can devise. Foley's Kidney Remedy corrects irregularities, builds up the system, and restores lost vitality. J. W. O'Sullivan, 24 Church street.

THE LURE OF THE HEN. "Sixteen dollars for a hen!" And any one can get it. And sixteen thousand in a year. From chickens don't forget it! Keep 'em in your own back yard. I'll read it in a paper. Send a dollar for the book. (And learn the latest expert)

Buy some chickens for a hen. Hens, broodettes, and squabblers. And start right in to pluck the best. And gather in the shekels. Jutey broilers, fat and plump. Like mushrooms, in a minute. Worth their solid weight in gold. Why, Plumpkin! isn't it!

Sounds real true, I guess it is. He says he'll up and done it. And now he's asking to let me in. And show me how to run it. A tidy fortune, all in eggs. And mighty hard to touch it. I wish I was George Washington. And maybe I could back it. —Charles Irvin Junkin in Judge.

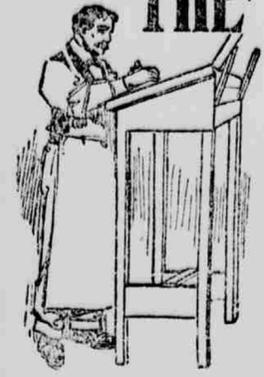
EPITOMIZED CONVERSATION. ACT I. The infant "is who speaks, If speech it may be called, And yet mine ear can only hear. One syllable that's bawled— "Wah-wah-wah!"

ACT II. He's grown a glorious trouble. He makes an ingenious fuss. And comfort seeks in trouble shriek. In accents sounding thus— "Ma! ma-ma!"

ACT III. Now he's a college student; His intellect is grown. (As we suppose). Ah, Heaven knows! He yells in student tones. "Bah-bah-bah!"

ACT IV. Now, after graduation, He's grown a humorist. And at the table he tells to folks He laughs himself—oh, list— "Ha-ha-ha!"

ACT V. Last act of all: Grown aged, A crinkled nose he has. At all the mirth and tears of earth He mutters savagely. "Bah! Bah! Bah!"



"Oh, yes, the street car strike" added Dupuy. Now he began to remember. He began to remember the fact that as the consolidated traction company's counsel, played in that way between capital and labor, and some where in it all he realized that a fact 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 who had crushed and driven from the life of men. Yes, that was it, "Dolan," and that man was broken down and out after when Dupuy last heard of him.

Nolan saw that Dupuy was nonplussed, and he laughed as he said: "Yes, it was the street car strike, and you and Judge Bartelym between you sent Jerry Dolan to jail for contempt, and that broke the strike after it'd been won."

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

Nolan drew a deep breath and, eliciting 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 blackest victim of years back created the sensation that 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 man 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 time 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 sticky smile, "this is most interesting meeting—most interesting, indeed." He laughed as loudly as the nervous contracting muscles of his throat would permit.

"But it is time now to let bygones be bygones, oh, 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, "No-o-h-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 keenest 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 shrieking 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 Bartelym 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 Bartelym, 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 crucians 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 you, what Dupuy says?" he asked of the managing editor.

"Yes, sir."

"What's his name?" "Wheeler Brand."

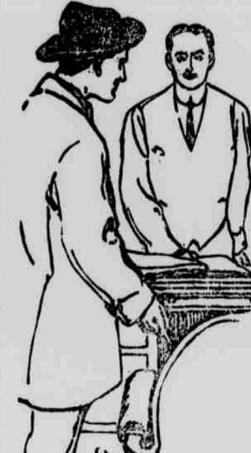
"What did he resign for?" "Some of the big advertisers forced him to," admitted McHenry calmly. A look of understanding flitted across Nolan's face. He shifted his glance from McHenry to Dupuy. Then, with a significant smile, he said: "I see you are still on the job, Ed Dupuy."

"Well, it's business"—began the lobbyist defiantly. But Nolan would not listen to him. Thoughts vastly more important than conjectures 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 Guardian, 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 Higgins, 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 story 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 twenty 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 Bartelym 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 nor 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 clacking 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 faced the three men, his surprise increasing as he saw from the attitudes of McHenry and Dupuy that a huge, r