

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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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Judith Bartelmy, society woman, goes to the office of the Daily Advance to protest against a story which had severely criticised her father, a judge of the United States court. She discovers that the author of the article was Wheeler Brand, a brilliant young writer whom she had promised to marry. He refuses to cease attacking her father. II—Judith discards her engagement ring. Dupuy, a lawyer, representing big advertisers, calls and demands Brand's discharge, as his clients are friends of Judge Bartelmy.

CHAPTER III.

THE managing editor again began to weigh just what significance the demand of Dupuy had. He directed his glance at him fixedly, and a long pause ensued after the lawyer lobbyist's abrupt demand that Wheeler Brand be discharged from the Advance.

New Retail Firm.

The Clinton Grocery & Seed Co. is the name of a new retail firm which is preparing to begin business at once in the Grier building on South street, opposite the city hall, in the store room vacated by the Johnston Automobile Company which has moved to the building on Main avenue recently vacated by the Albion Grocery Company. The firm is composed of Mr. T. L. Clinton and Mr. E. N. Lineberger, both long residents of Gastonia. Mr. Lineberger has been engaged in the retail merchandise business in Gastonia most of the time for the past twenty years or more.

Officers Elected.

At the regular meeting of the Gastonia Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, held Wednesday, the following officers were elected for 1910: Honorary President, Mrs. Thomas Lee Craig; President, Mrs. D. A. Garrison; 1st Vice-President, Miss Lowry Shuford; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. H. B. Moore; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. Y. Warren; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. C. Davis; Treasurer, Mrs. John C. Moore; Registrar, Mrs. D. M. Jones; Chaplain, Mrs. D. R. La Far; Custodian, Mrs. H. M. Edleman. It was also decided at this meeting to invite the veterans of the county to meet at the opera house as usual on Wednesday, January 19th, for a celebration of Lee's birthday. There will be a program of speaking and music and a light luncheon will be served to the veterans. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance of veterans from all parts of the county.

Retrenchment.

Exchange.
"Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is duty,—please stop my—whiskey? Oh, no, times are not hard enough for that. But there is something else that costs me a large amount every year which I wish to have. Please stop my—ribbons, jewelry, ornaments and trinkets? No, no, not those, but I must retrench somewhere. Please stop my—tobacco, snuff, cigars? No, not these at all, but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction. Please stop my—tea, coffee and unhealthy luxuries? No, no, not these. I must think of something else. Ah! I have it now. My paper costs a dollar a year. Please stop my paper, that will carry me through the panic easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy, especially in brains."

Many "Last Survivors."

Lincoln County Times, 11th.
It is announced from Winston that Mr. D. A. Kanipe, of the revenue service, with headquarters at Winston just now, is the sole survivor of the Custer Indian massacre. The Times remembers of half a dozen "last survivors" of this massacre who have died within the past ten years. As there were only three to start on, and as there seems from this item to still be one alive, we are inclined to think that they must each have had nine lives.

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 Bartelmy story of this morning."

"Yes, sir; I suppose so," Brand looked up and saw 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 patter—a world of live and let live. We must be very careful before imputing 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 \$40 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," he suggested. "He's a crank."

Wheeler Brand was amazed at the way in which McHenry allowed Dupuy to influence him.

"Does he give you orders?" he asked meaningly of the managing editor.

"Yes, my boy; 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 Bartelmy; he'll 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 Bartelmy 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 'scooping' 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 o' mitts on 'im like Jim Jeffries. Gee, but I'll bet Nolan is there with th' 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 emergencies 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 anxiousness 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

"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 sign 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 pierced Dupuy with a glance which, to say the least, was searching. He crouched 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.



"I'd like to read that somebody else was happy."



"YES; IT WAS THE STREET CAR STRIKE, AND YOU AND JUDGE BARTELMY SENT JERRY DOLAN TO JAIL."

me take possession." His voice was tinged with pride. He stepped to the door. "Come in, mother," he called gaily. 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, mercy, them stairs!" exclaimed the mother, 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." She laughed.

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

"Still I'd like to read once in awhile that somebody else was happy, at least for a little while."

"No, Ed, no; it wasn't Monte Carlo two winters ago. It was here in this town twelve summers ago. Remember now?"

"Twelve summers ago—twelve summers ago?" Dupuy reflected.

"The street car strike," reminded Nolan.

"Oh, yes, the street car strike!" added Dupuy. Now he began to remember. He began to remember the part he, as the Consolidated Traction company's counsel, played in that war between capital and labor, and somewhere in it all he realized that a face 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 he had crushed and driven from the kin of men. Yes, that was it, "Dolan," and that man was a broken down and outer when Dupuy last heard of him.

Nolan saw that Dupuy was non-plussed, and he laughed as he said:

"Yes, it was the street car strike, and you and Judge Bartelmy sent Jerry Dolan to jail for contempt, and that broke the strike after it'd been won."

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

Nolan drew a deep breath and, clenching 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 would a cannon shot in the dreary solitude of the sylvan della of Arcady. Dupuy felt 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 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



"I'M JERRY DOLAN—BACK IN TOWN TO PAY MY RESPECTS TO MY FRIENDS AND—MY ENEMIES."

new employer say in a voice that pulsed 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 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 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 acutest 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 impudently 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 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-

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