

# 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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### CHAPTER III.

**T**HE managing editor again began to weigh just what significance the demand of Dupuy had. He directed his glance at him steadily, and a long pause ensued after the lawyer lobbyist's abrupt demand that Wheeler Brand be discharged from the Advance.

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."

"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."

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, pahaw!" 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 pose 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

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 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.

"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 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.

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

lan," and that man was a broken down and enter when Dupuy last heard of him.

Nolan saw that Dupuy was nonplused, and he laughed as he said:

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

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

Nolan drew a deep breath and, clinching his fists at his sides, replied to his arch foe of twelve years before: "He'll be a more dangerous agitator tom now on. 'I'm Jerry Dolan!'"

(To Be Continued.)

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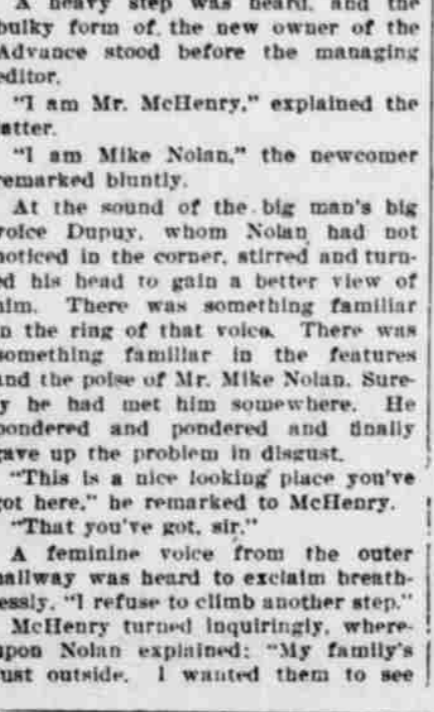
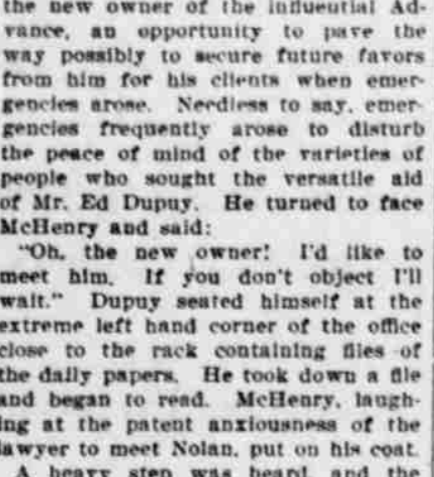
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"YES; IT WAS THE STREET CAR STRIKE, AND YOU AND JUDGE BARTELMY SENT JERRY DOLAN TO JAIL."

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, those 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 sporty effects in the line of freshy 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

"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. "Do-

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