

# THE FOURTH ESTATE

Novelized by  
**FREDERICK R. TOOMBS**

From the Great Play  
of the Same Name by  
Joseph Medill Patter-  
son and Harriet Ford.

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## CHAPTER IV.

**T**HE description 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 dreamy solitude of the sylvan dells 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 Dolan, 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

chairman of the Street Railway Workers' union warmly shook his hand. Denny 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 acute 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, it was 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 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 Bartelmy between you." A great grin 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 Bartelmy, this morning," he started to McHenry.

"Have another tomorrow and strong er." 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 craniums of them both at this moment would have revealed the same thought to be pre-dominating: "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.

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 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 Bartelmy 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 faced the three men, his surprise increasing as he saw from the attitudes of McHenry and Dupuy that a new, 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 Bartelmy article, have you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

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

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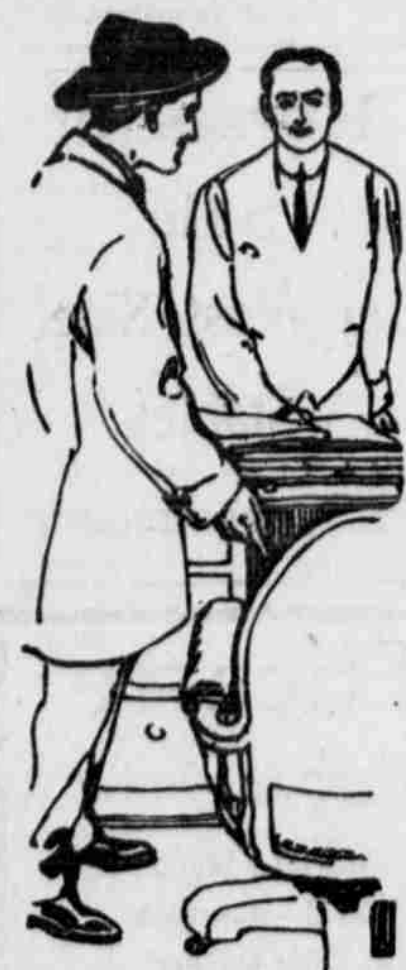
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"From now on you sit here."

he caused the blood to rush almost blindingly into the head of the young reporter when he swung around, 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."

(To Be Continued.)

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

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 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, stimulating 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 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

"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 him. "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

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