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

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CHAPTER V.

YEAH passed since the event-A ful night for Wheeler Brand when Nolan made him managing editor of the Advance. In these months Brand made a 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 rivels 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 tirring events had not forgotten Judge Bartelmy. In fact, certain activities of that estimable individual were just now under close scrutiny by the one time reporter, who, if he could be prevalled 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 in terest by the public. The young editor's suit for the hand of Judith Bar teimy might be said, since we are dealing with a judge's family, to be 10 state quo. She was still waiting for him "to become sane," as she had ex pressed berself to him. A girl of lofty rinciples 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 ber father's side in the tous case of "JUDGE BAR-TELMY VERSUS THE PEOPLE. WHEELER BRAND AND THE AD-VANCE."

She was loyal to ber 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 ordeni and heal two breaking bearts.

Today we hud Wheeler Brand pro ceeding toward the inxurious Noian home on a fashionable residential thoroughfare to visit the proprietor of the paper to hand him a statement of the

the second time we've gone to all this Oh, Gueneviere, how sweet my dear! per's all right," ventured Nolan trouble and expense for nothing and My spirit soars in dreams denied, nobody, and if you'll take my advice it Worlds beyond worlds with thee, my will be the last.' bride-"Mamma, Pitcher will bear," the girl "I don't like that much." he anprotested.

nounced when he had finished. The mother bit a grape from the "Bride! Is it necessary to put that in bunch. She deposited the skin and writing? Resides, it don't sound as if stones in a Sevres vase on the marble wrote it. Now, does it, Powow, old chap? Fess up." "Phyills, what did you have to pay "I hope it doesn't sound as if I wrote

that musician ?" she asked. "Well, his price is a thousand dollars.

"Good graclous" "But I got him for \$750. I promised the Advance would belp him" "Seven fifty for playing twice. I'd

rather hear the band." Mrs. Nolan bit off another grape. "You don't understand, mamma. Everybody's wild over that violinist." "It seems there wasn't nobody wild

enough to come here." "There wasn't 'anybody,'" spoke

Phyllis, correcting her mother. "Well, was there?" retorted the

mother as she dropped the grape skin in another vase.

"Oh, dear." Phyllis walled disconsolately as she seated herself before a small stand, "don't rub it in, mamma! I cap't help it."

"Now, who's blaming you, child?" consoled the mother. "There, don't ery. I'm not so disappointed about myself, but I can't bear to see you anubbed right and left. You are good enough to go with any of these people. and you shall too. It's that newspaper that's at the bottom of it. People won't have it, or us because of it, and I mean to tell your father so too. And that's why these 'at homes' is no

good." "Are no good, mamma," tearfully. "Well, are they? It would have been better to put your \$750 into suffraretting. That's what gets you in with

the right people-not that I care to a poet." vote, but I don't want the men to say I can't.' Sylvester Dolan interrupted the con-

versation between mother and daughter by appearing before them with his bosom friend, Max Powell, who helieved himself to have the makings of master poet. It was with deepest pride that the Nolan son presented Powell, long haired, sallow faced and wedly dressed, to his mother and sister Sallow faced? indeed, his countenance had that sickly greenish yeslow bue that comes from long de-



soothingly. "You've got another guess, Michael. Nobody reads it but shopgiris, who spend a penny for the Advance and EMPLOYMENT AND another for a stick of gum and haug on to a strap with one hand and the Advance with the other while they re BUSINESSCHANCES

house to rent. For sale-Tent house and furnitue; a fine buy.

and sought after girls in New York. For sale-5-room cottage \$1343. She's the only one of her set who has For sale-5-room bung tow, \$2350. been at all nice to me. Isn't that so, For sale-2 lots on Oakdals avenue.

> For rent-9-room and 6-room bouse, Wanted-Three "anch hands. Wanted-Two dining room girls, Wanted-Two cooks for boarding

> > Wanted-Two gic's at once; no house

Wanted-Four women for general housework.

Big fistic carnival evening Febru-

Wanted-Woodchoppers, \$2.50 per cord

For sale-Horse 4 years old For sale-One team.

For sale-4-room house, half acre \$1250.

For sale-7-room house, . 1-16 acre, \$2500.

For sale-5 acres near Phoenix. \$750.

For sale-5 acres, \$600. For sale-2 acres, close in, 1-50.

E. F. A. BITTNER, 208 Taylor & Phipps Building. Phones Ita'

E. F. A. BITTNER, 208 Taylor & Phipps Blg. Phone 4141

GILT EDGE **INVESTMENTS**

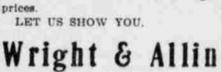
14-acre orchard, 7 acres Newtown, 4 acres Spitzenberg, 3 acres mixed orchard, in full bearing; nice 6-room house; electric lights; phone; one mile from Oakdale pavement; \$12,-000, half cash, rest easy payments. 83 1-3 acres, 3 1-2 miles from Medford; 26 acres in pears and apples and some bearing apricots; fine soil;

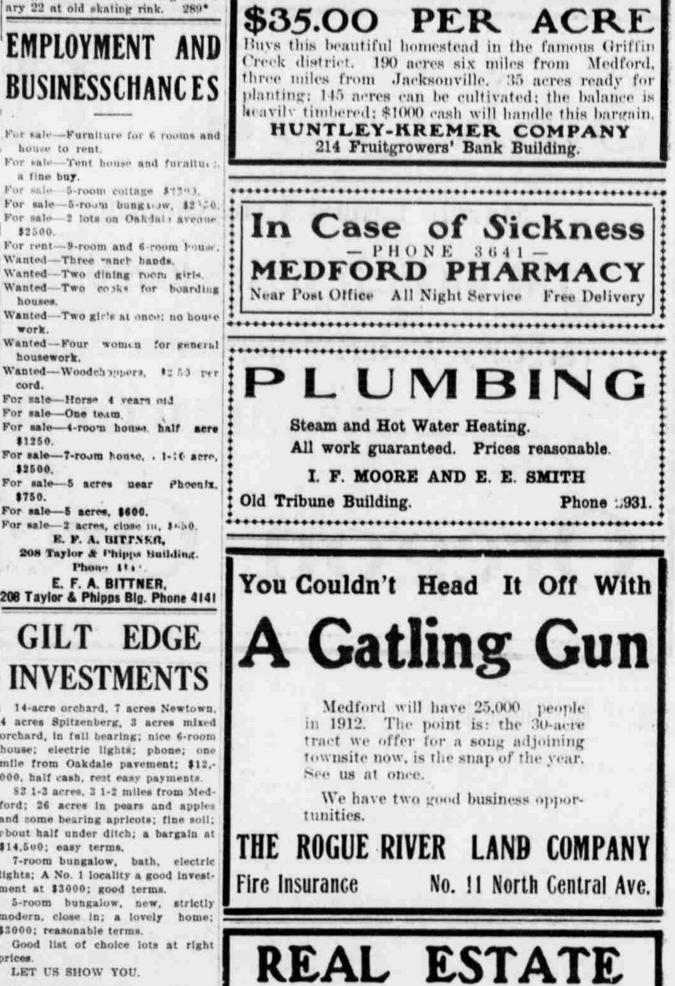
about half under ditch; a bargain at 7-room bungalow, bath, electric

lights; A No. 1 locality a good investment at \$3000; good terms. 5-room bungalow, new, strictly

modern, close in; a lovely home; \$3000; reasonable terms. Good list of choice lots at right

prices LET US SHOW YOU.





-and then here and there 'eyes like night, full of delight,' something on that order.' Powell sat and wrote for a few minutes. "Here." he finally said. Ruby. ruby-rougey Svivester glanc-14 DA ed over the

chids. Make it

something begin-

bing with 'ruby

lips'-you know

the sort of guff

for us.

shoulder of the rising young genius, who read aloud these inspiring words: So bright and beaming are thine eyes The very stars twink in surprise. Thy hair so like the dusky night, Thy aiss so vibrant with delight, I thrill unto my finger tips.

Oh, ruby, ruby-rougey lips! Powell literally writhed in agony as he listened to the doggerel. "It's great?" cried Sylvester ecstatic-

"And now come get your tea. ally. Gee, I'd like to take a crack at being The two conspirators burried into

the dining room as Wheeler Brand and the owner of the Advance came into the drawing room,

"You're right, Wheeter; you're right." Nolan was saying "This is a better showing than I hoped for. Look in your stocking next Christmas. There'll be something for you. When I got into the newspaper business, Brand, they told me it was the beginning of my finish, that it sucked ten fortunes down for every one it built and no middle aged man ever went into it and came out again without teeth marks all over him. But look at that." He beld up a typewritten statement. "I'm

richer for going in-twice as much advertising as last year at this time." Nolan seated himself on a settee. "The big advertisers never pull their ads, so long as they are getting returns from them." put in Brand. "Look at Dupuy. Remember how he threatened us and how his clients took their ads. out for two months?"

"Yes, but they put them back again." "Why? Because they need us more than we need them," Brand laughed. "Well, he's got something eise up his spoken the truth. sleeve now," remarked Noian. "He telephoned that he would come to see

me this afternoon." "Are you going to see him?" Brand

asked curiously. "I thought I might as well. He'll be for the boxing contest. here. Maybe he wants to fire you igain." The newspaper owner looked

to work. That's all that reads it? She paused for breath, then went on, "And I must say I think it's scandauous the way you attack Judge Bar-"I thought you'd see it. Now, change telmy every little while ' that and it's a knockout drop. Can't "Yes," contributed Phyllis, "and his you change it daughter's one of the most exclusive now? And I'll send it to the little girl tonight op a bed of or-

\$2500.

houses

soothe his employer's wife, "she probably knows that you have absolutely

"Is that so?" einculated Mrs. Noian

kind hearted people to act the way they do in the face of that paper."

colitician," explained Brand. Michael Nolan bent forward intentiy.

The conversation had now reached a point where he realized an issue of vital importance to himself and to the

Daused Brand drew a deep breath, stood up

tion to the owner of the paper.

the sentence.

"His only hope lies in an appeal-to your family's social desires"-Phyllis from het seat, ber cheeks red tune with anger-"and that's the only reason he has for taking you up."

Mrs. Noian gave a scream of wrath. pleasant scene had occurred, rose from the settee and advanced to caim the ruffled waters, but his face was cloud-

that he was deeply concerned over the frank statements of his managing editor, and one could instinctively feel that he was convinced that Brand had

(To Be Continued.)

Get your ticket at Haskins' early

"Yes, and why the paper should go for her father just as it does for every other prominent man in town 1 can't see. She must think it's very funny that such things should appear in the Advance after what she's done "Oh." suggested Brand, thinking to work.

nothing to do with the policy of the Advance!"

indignantly. "They certainly are very

"Judge Bartelmy is first and last a

Advance had been touched on, "Well, I suppose he has been cod-

dling up to us a ilitie." be began, then

erect in the middle of the drawing room and daringly explained the situa

Barteiny handles people better than any man in town," he declared. "He has studied the Advance, dissected its position and I will be trank with you discovered its weaknesses. He in w - ne can I reach you through your upidity of political ambition because

out as a those qualities. He now rea. izes that his only hope of influencing us thes in an appeal to"- He hesitated. "Well?" asked Mrs. Notan ominously.

Brand found the courage to complete

Nolan himself, regretting that the un \$14,500; easy terms.

ed. Its serious expression indicated

Advance's progress, to discuss matters of editorial policy and to confer regarding a certain development concerning Judge Harteimy. At the Noian nome a reception had

been announced, hundreds of invitatious sent out, but the responses did not encourage Mrs. Nolan in her soclai aspirations. Society passed her That was the whole story in by 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 uncomplainingly shared with him the operous 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 finty 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 precipitous embattlements with which the city's Four Hundred had encircled its 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 spo-

It was now late in the afternoon at the Nolan bome. Phyllis walked across the drawing room, irritation pininly 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 seu to the dining room. "Pitcher," she said discouragedly, "I

don't think any one eise will come, so tell the musicians they can go." "Yes, Miss Phyilis.

At this point Mrs. Nolan came storming in, carrying a huge bunch of hotuse grapes in her hand.

"Pircher, I noticed those caterer men are drinking all the champagne, and i want it stopped," she ordered loudly. Pitcher howed and went out.

"If our guests won't come here to drink it, at least we will drink it ourselves." Mrs Noian announced to Phyl-"Well we have done it-sent authorship." 400 cards, and who's been here that anybody wants to see? This is

"Nobody was wild enough to come here

vouring of the muses and long ab stinence from the devouring of food. "Hello, mamma" be cried enthusi astically. "Here's a friend of mine want you to know-Mr Powell, the poet."

"How do you do, Mr. Powell? You ook as if it would be easy for you to write poetry. Do you know, poetry just sets me wild!

Sylvester patted Powell on the back "Well, this ind's going to make a big noise in poetry some day. Phyllis, you must have heard of Powell. My sister, old man?"

"Won't you have a cup of tea. Mr Powell?" invited Mrs. Nolan, visibly impressed by the presence of a poet at her home,

Powell started confusedly to utter his thanks. He did not seem overdelighted at the offer.

Sylvester saw the difficulty. "Tea!" he exclaimed. "Absintb for Poweil!" Mrs. Noisn expressed her regret at not baving any absinth and left the room, followed by Phyllis, to arrange for something for Powell to eat. "Poor fellow! He looks hungry," she whispered to Phyllis,

Sylvester caught the poet by the

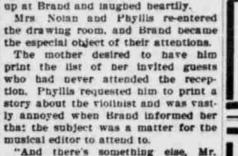
"One minute, Powow," he cautioned "Be sure you don't mention anything to the folks about my little actress friend. I don't want them to know that I am going to take a crack at uplifting the stuge. The little girl will be all right. She'll just make your libretto hum. She'll fill it with personality. Build up all those weak places. You know, Powow, there are some. Where's that poem for her? Finished yet?"

"Yes, it's here somewhere," fumbling in a pocket. "Have you made it amorous for the

little girl?" "Judge for yourself. Of course I tried

to write in your vein as well as I could. so that there would be no doubt to the

Sylvester read the lines:



Brand." A look of despair came into Brand's face. "Phyllis went to Miss Bartelmy's musicale the other day, and you didn't even include her name among those present," the mother said. "Why, I'm sorry. That was an overnight, I assure you. I suppose they made up the usual list in the office." "I hope it won't happen again." remarked Phyllis indignantly.

"Yes, and the way it's handling this Loris divorce case is all wrong." snapped Mrs. Nolan. "I know Mrs. Loris. She is no better than she should be, and people who live in icebouses shouldn't throw bot water."

"We have no policy in the Loris



