

THE FOURTH ESTATE

Novelized by
FREDERICK R. TOOMBS
From the Great Play of the Same Name by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford.

Copyright, 1909, by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford.

CHAPTER V.

A YEAR passed since the eventful 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 rivals 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 stirring 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 prevailed 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 interest by the public. The young editor's suit for the hand of Judith Bartelmy might be said, since we are dealing with a judge's family, to be in statu quo. She was still waiting for him "to become sane," as she had expressed herself to him. A girl of lofty principles 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 her father's side in the momentous case of "JUDGE BARTELMY 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 had Wheeler Brand proceeding toward the luxurious Nolan home on a fashionable residential thoroughfare to visit the proprietor of the paper to hand him a statement of the Advance's progress, to discuss matters of editorial policy and to confer regarding a certain development concerning Judge Bartelmy.

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 passed her by. 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 pretentious 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 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 discouragingly, "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 gone to all this trouble and expense for nothing and nobody, and if you'll take my advice it will be the last."

"Mamma, Pitcher will hear," the girl protested.

The mother bit a grape from the bunch. She deposited the skin and stones in a Sevres vase on the marble mantel.

"Phyllis, what did you have to pay that musician?" she asked.

"Well, his price is a thousand dollars."

"Good gracious!"

"But I got him for \$750. I promised the Advance would help 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 wailed disconsolately as she seated herself before a small stand, "don't rub it in, mamma; I can't help it."

"Now, who's blaming you, child?" consoled the mother. "There, don't cry. I'm not so disappointed about myself, but I can't bear to see you snubbed 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 suffragette. That's what gets you in with the right people—not that I care to vote, but I don't want the men to say I can't."

Sylvester Nolan interrupted the conversation between mother and daughter by appearing before them with his bosom friend, Max Powell, who believed himself to have the makings of a master poet. It was with deepest pride that the Nolan son presented Powell, long haired, sallow faced and scowling dressed, to his mother and sister. Sallow faced; indeed, his countenance had that sickly greenish yellow hue that comes from long de-

Oh, Guenevere, how sweet my dear! My spirit soars in dreams denied. Worlds beyond worlds with thee, my bride—

"I don't like that much," he announced when he had finished. "Bride? Is it necessary to put that in writing? Besides, it doesn't sound as if I wrote it. Now, does it, Powow, old chap? Fess up."

"I hope it doesn't sound as if I wrote it."

"I thought you'd see it. Now, change that and it's a knockout drop. Can't you change it now? And I'll send it to the little girl tonight on a bed of orchids. Make it something beginning with 'ruby lips'—you know the sort of guff—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, Sylvester glanced over the shoulder of the rising young genius, who read aloud these inspiring words:

*So bright and beaming are thine eyes
The very stars wink in surprise.
Thy hair so like the dusky night,
Thy skin so vibrant with delight,
I thrill unto my finger tips.
Oh, ruby, ruby—rough lips!*

Powell literally writhed in agony as he listened to the doggerel.

"It's great!" cried Sylvester ecstatically. "And now come get your tea. Gee, I'd like to take a crack at being a poet!"

The two conspirators hurried into the dining room as Wheeler Brand and the owner of the Advance came into the drawing room.

"You're right, Wheeler; 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 worse all over him. But look at that. He held 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 else up his sleeve now," remarked Nolan. "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 here. Maybe he wants to fire you again." The newspaper owner looked up at Brand and laughed heartily.

Mrs. Nolan and Phyllis re-entered the drawing room, and Brand became the especial object of their attention.

The mother desired to have him print the list of her invited guests who had never attended the reception. Phyllis requested him to print a story about the violinist and was vastly annoyed when Brand informed her that the subject was a matter for the musical editor to attend to.

"And there's something else, Mr. 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 oversight. 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 icehouses shouldn't throw hot water."

"We have no policy in the Loris case," remarked Brand in defense. "We merely print the facts."

"Facts?" Mrs. Nolan cried. "That paper upsets me for the whole day every morning."

"There now, mother; I guess the pa-

per's all right," ventured Nolan soothingly.

"You've got another guess, Michael. Nobody reads it but shopgirls, who spend a penny for the Advance and another for a stick of gum and hang on to a strap with one hand and the Advance with the other while they're wagging their jaws all the way down to work. That's all that reads it!" She paused for breath, then went on: "And I must say I think it's scandalous the way you attack Judge Bartelmy every little while."

"Yes," contributed Phyllis, "and his daughter's one of the most exclusive and sought after girls in New York. She's the only one of her set who has been at all nice to me. Isn't that so, mamma?"

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

"Oh," suggested Brand, thinking to soothe his employer's wife, "she probably knows that you have absolutely nothing to do with the policy of the Advance."

"Is that so?" ejaculated Mrs. Nolan indignantly. "They certainly are very kind hearted people to act the way they do in the face of that paper."

"Judge Bartelmy is first and last a politician," explained Brand.

Michael Nolan bent forward intently. The conversation had now reached a point where he realized an issue of vital importance to himself and to the Advance had been touched on.

"Well, I suppose he has been coddling up to us a little," he began, then paused.

Brand drew a deep breath, stood up erect in the middle of the drawing room and daringly explained the situation to the owner of the paper.

"Bartelmy handles people better than any man in town," he declared, "he has studied the Advance, dissected its position and I will be frank with you—discovered its weaknesses. The news he can't reach you through your quality of political ambition because you are those qualities. He now realizes that his only hope of influencing us lies in an appeal to— He hesitated.

"Well," asked Mrs. Nolan ominously, "Brand found the courage to complete the sentence."

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

Mrs. Nolan gave a scream of wrath. Nolan himself, regretting that the unpleasant scene had occurred, rose from the settee and advanced to calm the ruffled waters, but his face was clouded. His serious expression indicated 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 spoken the truth.

(To Be Continued.)

Get your ticket at Haskins' early for the boxing contest. 289*

C. Hansen. Tom Moffat. We make any kind and style of windows. We carry glass of any size on hand.

Medford Sash & Door Co.

FOR SALE

\$12,525—Eleven acres in Comice pears, 10 years old, nine acres in Bartlett and Anjou pears, 1 to 3 years old; close in; good soil. Terms.

\$12,000—Eleven acres in Comice and Bose pears, 14 years old. These trees are in full bearing and will pay a good income on the price asked.

\$24,000—Thirty-two acres in Bose and Anjou pears; trees are from 4 to 7 years of age. Complete set of buildings. Close in.

\$7000—Thirty-five acres of black sticky, three miles from Medford, all under the ditch and can be irrigated.

\$13,000—Thirty-two acres, close to Medford; eight acres in Newtowns and Spitzenbergs 5 to 7 years of age; 14 acres in alfalfa; three acres in peaches; two acres in berries; irrigated; buildings.

\$13,000—Twenty acres; 16 acres in 7-year-old Newtowns and balance in 3-year-old Bartlett pears; no buildings.

\$7500—Ten acres, all planted to Newtown and Spitzenberg apples, 7 to 11 years old.

\$14,000—Thirty-five acres; buildings; exceptionally fine place for a home; twelve acres in apples and pears 3 years old; about an acre of bearing orchard; 11 acres in alfalfa; all fine deep free soil.

\$150 to \$200 per acre—Stewart acre tracts; two miles from Medford; tracts are from 10 to 25 acres in size. Fine building spots on all; can all be irrigated; cheapest tracts in the Medford neighborhood; easy terms.

\$300 per acre—Finest five and ten-acre orchard and garden tracts in the valley; easy terms.

\$35,000—270 acres; buildings; 26 acres in bearing—Spitz, Newtowns and Comice pears about 60 acres in one and two-year-old apples and pears; fine orchard land.

SELLING AGENTS FOR SNOWY BUTTE ORCHARD TRACTS.

W. T. YORK & CO

Big fistic carnival evening February 22 at old skating rink. 289*

EMPLOYMENT AND BUSINESS CHANCES

For sale—Furniture for 6 rooms and house to rent.

For sale—Tent house and furniture, a fine buy.

For sale—5-room cottage \$300.

For sale—5-room bungalow, \$2500.

For sale—2 lots on Oakland avenue, \$2500.

For rent—9-room and 6-room house.

Wanted—Three ranch hands.

Wanted—Two dining room girls.

Wanted—Two cooks for boarding houses.

Wanted—Two girls at once; no house work.

Wanted—Four women for general housework.

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, 1-1/2 acre, \$2500.

For sale—5 acres near Phoenix, \$750.

For sale—5 acres, \$600.

For sale—2 acres, close in, \$400.

E. F. A. BITTNER, 208 Taylor & Phipps Building. Phone 411.

E. F. A. BITTNER, 208 Taylor & Phipps Bldg. 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 Oakland pavement; \$12,000, half cash, rest easy payments.

\$2 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 \$14,500; easy terms.

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.

Wright & Allin

128 East Main Street.

\$35.00 PER ACRE

Buy this beautiful homestead in the famous Griffin Creek district. 190 acres six miles from Medford, three miles from Jacksonville, 35 acres ready for planting; 145 acres can be cultivated; the balance is heavily timbered; \$1000 cash will handle this bargain.

HUNTLEY-KREMER COMPANY
214 Fruitgrowers' Bank Building.

In Case of Sickness

—PHONE 3641—
MEDFORD PHARMACY
Near Post Office All Night Service Free Delivery

PLUMBING

Steam and Hot Water Heating.
All work guaranteed. Prices reasonable.

I. F. MOORE AND E. E. SMITH
Old Tribune Building. Phone 4931.

You Couldn't Head It Off With

A Gatling Gun

Medford will have 25,000 people in 1912. The point is: the 30-acre tract we offer for a song adjoining townsite now, is the snap of the year. See us at once.

We have two good business opportunities.

THE ROGUE RIVER LAND COMPANY

Fire Insurance No. 11 North Central Ave.

REAL ESTATE

Farm Land Timber Land
Orchard Land City Lots
Residences Orchards and Mining Claims

Medford Realty Co

Room 10, Jackson County Bank Building

Best Groceries

At Prices Strictly in Keeping with the Quality of Our Stock which is Unexcelled

A Trial will Convince You

Allen & Reagan

The Square Deal Grocers

