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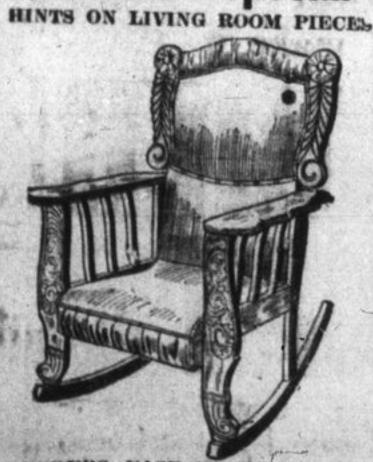
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ESTATE

Novelized by FREDERICK R. TOOMBS

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

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"Helio! Tell Mr. Dupuy I'm busy!" he cried after taking the message. Send him in. That's all, See that they take care of Downs. Dillon, will you?"

The night editor nodded in the affirmative and gazed rather curiously at Brand as he went out.

Dupuy came into Brand's office with a most circumspect and deferential air. Dressed in evening clothes, carrying his silk hat in his hand and with a boutonniere of hothouse violets in his lapel, he gave every indication of being the society figure that his name and wealth had made possible for him. The lawyer lobbyist walked directly

to the desk at which Brand was seated. In reply to the managing editor's salutation he bowed stiffly and leaned forward over the desk.

puy spoke. He was trying to put his wants to. If Bartelmy or Dupuy gets opening words in the most judicious | held of him after I've shown my hand language, and well he might hesitate there'll be the merry d-I to pay, when one considers the nature of his and if they find him they might suc

"The gentleman who was coming to stick; I wonder if Nolan will stick." h see you tonight," at last he said care- kept repeating over and over to himself fully, "has had to go to the opera with his daughter. He has asked me to

An expression of complete bewilderment spread over the other's face. "A gentleman? What gentleman?"

Dupuy was momentarily nonplused. "Why, the gentleman who-ah, with whom you made an appointment for 9 o'clock this evening-here-at your of-

Brand still refused to show his hand. "I should be very glad to hear what you have to say, Mr. Dupuy, but, frankly, I don't know what you are driving at."

The visitor was annoyed. He was positive that Bartelmy would not send him on a wild goose errand. Surely the judge and Brand had come to terms regarding the silence of the Advance as to the Lansing Iron case decision. The editor was playing with him now, he knew-dangling him on a verbal hook to tantalize him.

"Oh, come, you know who I mean-Bartelmy!" snapped the judge's despi-

"Judge Bartelary?" exclaimed Brand Dupuy produced a card, which the editor glanced at.

"What's this?" he asked. Then he read: "'Dupuy will represent me.' In

He started to put the card in his

"Perhaps you would better let me have that so I can return it to him.' Dupuy reached eagerly for the card, which Brand slowly extended to him. "This refers to that transaction of which you and he were speaking this afternoon," continued the lawyer. Brand laughed loudly.

"Well. Dupuy, I'm a poor hand a guessing riddles. I give it up. What's

The lawyer became impatient. "The transaction involving the-abthe investment-of a certain-sum of money," he explained haltingly. "A business deal I was going into with the judge?" in amazement.

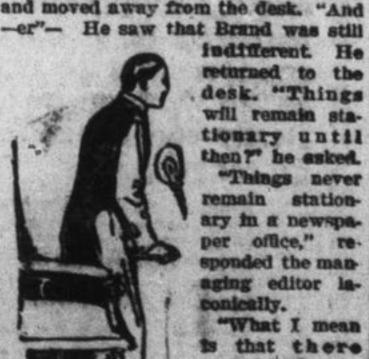
"Precisely." "If I had any business with the judge, Dupay, I would prefer to do i with the judge."

"But I am his plenipotentiary." "Mhm, mhm!" grunted Brand negaare rather unreasonable,

Brand." A wearied and hopeless look began to show in the lawyer's visage. The young editor noted this and resolved to temporize with and exasperate this man whom he despised above all others, even above Bartelmy himself. Bartelmy, believed Brand, even if he was a scoundrel, actually had superior mental ability, was a brilliant thinker and acted boldly in many of his dishonest transactions on the bench. But Dupuy-be was to Brand the banger-on, the skulker, the vandal jackal that devoured corpses in the night that braver animals had fought and killed by day. His eyes blinked in the light, dld Dupuy's. It was in the underground runways that he coursed the swiftest. And as these thoughts sped through his brain the editor looked

away absently. Dupuy came bot on his trail. "Shall I make an appointment with him for you, say, tomorrow morning?" he anxiously queried of the newspaper

"I don't care." "Then I'll do it?" he said decidedly and moved away from the desk. "And



what you are talking about." "Can we let it go over for one day?"

> sonally? "Of course I don't. I don't insist on anything." "How much time have we got?"

"He knows all about that." Dupuy was immeasurably relieved at this last remark. It was the first time that Brand had indicated that

> "Mr. Brand, I can almost assure you firmly.

> Bartelmy and he had had an engage-

speedily strode away. 'The telephone Gueneviere McKenzie." bell sounded. Brand bent over quickly. "Hello! Who-oh, yes, Mr. Nolan. and you'll be squeezed to death before out and get her a small part now?" we get to press. You promised me this chance. You want to know what's going on? Well, where will you be? Triple 3 Plaza. Get off the wire, Miss on us. I'll call you up later."

CHAPTER X

receiver with an anxious expression on his face. "Nolan must keep away from this," he muttered tensely. "Let him take a train Several moments elapsed before Du- or go to sleep or bury himself if he ceed in coaxing- I wonder if Nolan will The noise of voices raised in indiguation broke in upon him from the outer

> nut," some one cried; "he's always out, always when I come. The editor glanced around and saw Sylvester Notan leading in his friend

hall at his right. "Oh, that's a chest-

Powell, the poet, "You're not out, are you, old man?" asked young Nolan of Brand. "Who's that fly duck that tried to keep me from coming in?"

"I'm sorry, Nolan; I'm very busy tonight, and you'll have to excuse me. I'm very busy." "Brandy, old boy, I came in on busi-

ness. Want to get a job for my friend Powell here. He's a poet." He dragged the wan eyed rhymester up to Brand's desk. The editor looked Powell over.

"We don't carry poets on the pay rolls," be grunted. "But just look at this one.

wow, let Mr. Brand see your ode to the opening of the Omaha exposition. He went in the competition with this." Powell handed the peem to Brand. "And I see he came out with it,"

snorted the newspaper man. "Yes, sir," agreed Powell faintly. "People haven't time for poetry," commented Brand.

"That's what I've been trying to tell Powow," put in Sylvester. "He was born after his time.' "How would you like to be a report-

er?" asked the editor. Powell's eyes gleamed with a sickly color that showed that he was en-

"A reporter? Oh, yes, sir!" he said. Brand took down the phone. "Hello! Give me night city editor. please. Hello! That you? I've got cub here named Powell. Please give

him a week's trial. Report to city ed. | tire scheme, "Don't break the connec-"Where is he, sir?" asked Powell,

bewildered. "You're a reporter now. Find out." "Yes, sir." He started toward the hall door.

"Over here, Powow!" cried Sylvester, leading him in the opposite direc-

Joe Dillon now added to the managing editor's troubles by again coming into the office. "Thank you, Mr. Brand," he began,

"Could you spare me a little car fare?" mind now," he said. "Say, Joe, go out with that cub tonight. It will give



Sylvester Nolan. Mr. Dillon broke me the newspaper owner's son.

Sylvester drew a ponderous wad oills from his pocket and offered the You want to handle my friend Powow with gloves," advised Sylvester "He's just full of temperament."

The old newspaper man indignantly refused the money which young Nolan "I don't know what you are talking held out to him and plunged out of the

> The poet stood a mute witness the proceedings. "Go after him?" commanded Brand. "Thank you, sir," and Powell darted

frightenedly after Dillon. "Who is that old joker?" asked Syl vester of the editor. "He was the best reporter that the

Advance ever had." "What's the matter with him?" "Booze."

"Too bad! Well, a fellow ought to that my client will keep his appoint- learn to control himself," remarked ment." The lawyer's voice rang out Sylvester pompously. "Now, Brandy, old boy, I want to ask you just one The editor nodded carelessly toward more favor tonight, in reference to a the speaker, who spun on his heel and little actress friend of mine, Miss "Oh-come-don't"-

"Run her picture in a prominent No, sir, not yet, but I think we'll have place, won't you?" Sylvester banded him landed all right in about half an | Brand a photo. "Miss Gueneviere Mchour. Please don't worry about it. Kenzie. Don't you know her? She's It'll be all right. Just go away and in the second row at the Tyroll, and hide somewhere, for they'll be doing it's a darn shame. I've got a libretto the baby act as quick as I trap him, for her later on. Can't you help her "I'm afraid that is hardly in my

"You'd be doing a favor to the show, for she's good enough to be a Stowe. Yes, Mr. Nolan, they cut in prima donna. She's been kept back by jealousy. Told me so herself. When will you have it in-tomorrow?"

"I scarcely think we can do that sort of thing in the Advance. We don't print pictures of chorus girls unless there's some good story about them-lost jewels, barred from a botel on account of a dog, divorce or"-Sylvester broke in relievedly, "Oh, she's been divorced!" "Has she! When?"

"Last year." "That's dead. Wait till her next

She doesn't go in." "Why-why-won't you do it?" stammered the young man, who, deeply appreciating the fact that he was his father's son-yes, indeed-failed to comprehend how any employee on the Advance could refuse him anything. "She's the cutest little girl you ever saw, you old gazoot. You stick to me,

and I'll give you an interest in this paper some day. Why, she was "That all may

be." responded Brand, rising to end the conversation, "but the Ad vance doesn't is sue passes to the stage entrance." Sylvester's jaw fell in his astonunexpected blow and after a mo ment, after vair

ishment at this ly endeavoring to He inserted the point find appropriate

of the lead pencil words for a reply; he went out of the room. Brand was impatient because of the precious time that had been wasted, He had work to do and little time in which to do it, and it was the most important work he had ever done in

He sent the office boy to bring the two reporters, Howard and Jett Speaking to Miss Stowe, the "central" of the Advance's private telephone system, he said: "Do not put anybody else on this wire until you hear from me, no matter how long it takes. Understand? Connect this phone with editorial room 4 and have it connected until I tell you. Now be sure about this. Understand? Again he repeated. as it concerned the success of his ention until I tell you myself."

The two reporters came in. "Now, boys, understand what I want you to do. You've got to take, word for word, a conversation I'm going to have here. Go in room 4. You, Jeff, take the receiver."

"Yes, sir." "And you, Howard, take the extension. Thus you will each hear what is said. Keep it glued to your best ear and take down every word you hear tonight between Judge Bartelmy and me. The judge will sit in the chair at Brand tossed him a quarter. "Never | the right of my desk. I will be in my own chair. The telephone will thus be midway between us. Whatever words he and I say will be said almost directly over the mouthpiece of the phone Now, you see what I am going to do"-Brand took a lead pencil from his pocket and began a proceeding which the two reporters, accustomed as they were in their business to ingenious strategy, failed at first to understand. Then the scheme dawned on them

Brand took the telephone receiver from the book, and the metal arm immediately snapped upward, establishing the connection. Then he inserted the point of the lead pencil in the small aperture under the little metal arm or hook and deliberately broke it off. The tiny wedge thus beld up the hook. Brand now hung up the receiver, and the pencil point prevented the weight of the receiver from bearing the book down and breaking the connection. The connection was made continuous without the slightest indication that such was the case. Every word now spoken within a reasonable distance of the mouthpiece would be conveyed to the telephone and the extension telephone Jeff were to be stationed. They had of the telephone. stenographers' pads with them, on which they were each to take down

the conversation in shorthand. "This phone will be open all the time that Bartelmy is here," announced Brand. "Go in there, Howard, and see if you can hear Jeff and me talking. Sit over here, Jeff." He pointed to the chair at his right. Howard went out "Now, Jeff, take down this and take down what you say to me," continued

Brand turned to Jeff and began to talk in a natural tone of voice. "Jeff, you know I think the dog in his auto northward. Is that your opinion?"

"No, not entirely. Hence and hereafter we complain of such a miraculous egotism of generality and solecism of peaceful garments and cold

Brand struck a blow on the desk. "On the contrary, it was unquestionable and with nasty justice, miscalled



"One can never be too careful about matters of this kind."

namby-pamby-got it?" cried the editor, bending over the mouthpiece, "Come in, Howard!

Howard hurried into the room, "Compare your notes, boys," structed the managing editor. They held the records side by side and quickly glanced over them.

"They are almost exactly the same,"

A smile of satisfaction spread over Brand's face. "All right. Now chase back to troom

they exclaimed in unison.

4, both of you! The office boy brought Brand ascard. He took it, and as he glanced at'it his eyes narrowed down into little sparks "He's on time," he murmured. "Very

well. Durkin," he ordered, "show him in, and, Durkin, remember, don't let any one else in under any circum-A half a minute later Judge Bartelmy stood in the doorway. He nodded

briefly to Brand, and his eyes swept

around the entire room before heisten-

ped in. Slowly he proceeded in front of Brand's desk. "Good evening, judge," said the sed-

"Good evening, Mr. Brand." "Let me take your things. I'll hang them up," offered Brand. Just as Du-

puy had been, Bartelmy was in evening dress. He took off his white kid gloves and put them in his pocketiand then handed his hat and coat to the editor. Brand opened the door of a closet at the right hand side of the room and hung the judge's things therein. He closed the door. Bartelmy stepped to the closet, opened the door and peered sharply into its four corners, even fumbling behind his long coat, to make sure that no witnessawas lurking there to spy on him.

"Oh, that's the way you feel!" commented Brand, "I'll show you over the place. But you shouldn't worry."

Bartelmy coughed nervously. "One can never be too careful about matters of this kind, Brand, I should think that you would have learned that much by this time."

"This is my first experience of this kind," said Brand.

"Of course it is," answered Bartelmy, with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice. "It always is 'the first time.' But you are assuredly very lucky indeed, Brand, to do so very well at your first try at-at"-"Come, look over the place, and let's

get through with it," put in the editor. He crossed and locked the door through which the judge had entered. Then he led his visitor over to the door on the opposite side of the room opening into a hallway which extended to various rooms. He pointed to the room directly across the hall. "It's quite dark, you see," he said. "This is where a couple of editorial writers sit. They go home nights, lucky dogs, not being newspaper men," Bartelmy was quick enough to catch the ironical

opinions of the paper. Brand drew the judge back into his office and locked the door behind him. "Now we are alone, absolutely alone," commented Brand significantly. He led the way to his desk and pointed out to the judge the chair at the right hand side. Brand dropped

comment of the busy managing editor

on the scholarly men who wrote the

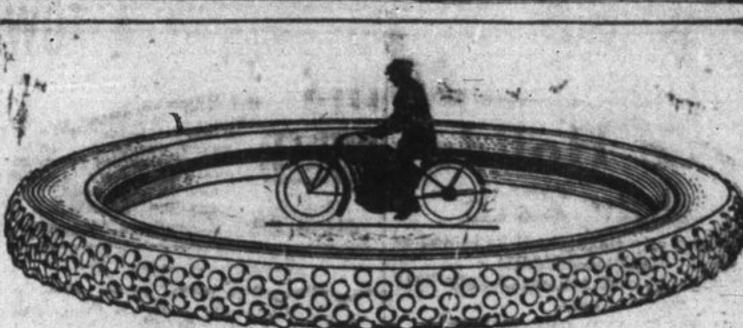
into his chair. "Have a seat, judge," he said Judge Bartelmy drew the chair indicated even closer to the managing editor's desk and seated himself in it. He leaned forward toward Brand and rested his elbow on the desk. His in editorial room 4, where Howard and | face was within ten or twelve inches

CHAPTER XL.

ARTELMY, now that he had taken the final and extremely distasteful plunge and had come to the office of the Advance, waited for Brand to make the opening remarks about the particular object of his visit.

(To Be Continued.)

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