

ready and willing to help her accomplish her mission. A very strong scene follows in which the girl finds that her lover is the author of the exposure. The facts of the case are thus in part unfolded.

BRAND: Judith, when this Lansing Iron Case first broke home, I saw straight off that there was one of the slicked—well, that there was a big story in it. I didn't know your father was involved in this at first. I just followed the path, and when I saw where it was leading me, I wanted to turn back, because of you, but I couldn't.

JUDITH: But it isn't loyal of you, it wasn't like you—to attack him suddenly in this way. It's almost as if you struck him from behind.

BRAND: Oh, no, he knew. I told him what I should have to write. Now, let me try to explain. I think I can make you understand. You see, the Lansing Iron Company, owned a lot of valuable properties—see ranges, machinery, railway trackage, etc. If it had been managed half-way it would now be a wealth producing business, but some of our speculators down town were trying to get hold of it to gamble with.

They finally got it by juggling it into receivership which they never could have done if a United States judge had not been willing to exceed his functions. That judge was your father. Since the works shut down the men are out of employment, and the gamblers have got rich, because the company's gone broke. That's just what happened, and that's all I said.

JUDITH: But it is impossible that you should understand the legal points of a case because you're a layman. A jurist would know a judge has got to decide according to the law, no matter what the consequences.

BRAND: But, dear, the law is chaos in case like these. A judge can work the magic any way he pleases.

JUDITH: (In anger) Wheeler, you don't know what you are saying. Why, the law is civilization, and you tear it down with a word. You are talking like an anarchist.

BRAND: Well, I simply recorded the facts as they were.

Judith denies that they were facts. The editor explains that he was not writing against her father, but a federal judge, who has prostituted his office. But Judith refuses to accept his point of view.

JUDITH: Wheeler, I came here, thinking only of my father, but I suddenly find myself facing a much more serious question—not what kind of a man he is, but what kind of a man you are.

BRAND: Judith, if you only knew the truth, all of it, things I can't tell you, you'd be with me heart and soul in what I am trying to do.

JUDITH: You wouldn't do anything deliberately to hurt me, would you?

BRAND: Whatever I've done, or whatever I may do, I love you.

JUDITH: And you're more to me than my father, but, for my sake, you mustn't work against him. How could we ever be happy together, if you did? You'll do this for me, Wheeler—just this. I want you to carry out your ideals, and live up to your high purposes, in every other way, but you must not attack him. Promise me that you will never do it again. Won't you promise me that? And you'll retract that you had this morning? You'll do this for me—just this!

BRAND: Judith, it's the truth, and knowing that, would you have me retract it?

JUDITH: Yes.

In the end the girl finds she cannot move her lover and taking off her engagement ring lays it on the desk, telling him she will not wear it again until he comes to his senses.

Capital to the Rescue

Since the judge's daughter has failed, capitalism next attempts to put on the screws. Dupuy, the newspaper lobbyist, enters and in the name of advertisers whose patronage the preceding year brought in \$30,000 demands that nothing further should be printed against the recalcitrant judge.

DUPUY: My clients have very high regard for the Judge. Your story grossly misrepresents him.

McHENRY: Yes, I suppose so.

DUPUY: This growing tendency to bring our judiciary into disrespect is a dangerous symptom of the unrest beneath the surface. The Federal bench is the ultimate bulwark.

McHENRY: Oh, capital is distress. I know all about that.

DUPUY: There was no occasion for that remark.

McHENRY: No offence. Well, we'll have nothing more about Bartelmy. Will that satisfy you clients?

No, that will not satisfy them. The fearless writer must be discharged. The editor remonstrates, as Brand is the ablest man on the paper. The lobbyist reminds the editor that he cannot live without advertising, and that he has been instructed to make an example of the author. Finally he agrees to the editor's proposition to give Brand one more chance, if he will promise the lobbyist to be good in the future. Brand enters.

McHENRY: Mr. Brand, there is a kick being made by the representatives of big advertisers on the Bartelmy story of this morning.

BRAND: Yes, sir, I suppose so.

McHENRY: I forward the kick to you, endorsing it O. K. In other words the kick goes.

DUPUY: This is a practical world.

BRAND: (bitterly) Oh, yes, I know the patten. "A world of life and let live." We must be careful before imputing motives.

DUPUY: I desire to say that my clients, like a great many others of the—ah—subscribers—

to this paper, where disappointment at what they conceived to be an exaggerated attack full of inaccuracies 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 will occur again, in which case they are willing to overlook this morning's article entirely. In fact, regard it as merely a mistake, a mistake without malice.

Brand indignantly refuses to be muzzle for forty dollars a week, and asks the editor if Dupuy gives him his orders. McHENRY replies, "Yes, my boy, he does."

DUPUY: Oh, go west and grow up with the country. For I'm telling you straight—that you can't get a job on the newspaper in this town. Try it—try it, and see.

McHENRY: Sorry old man, if I didn't have a family, I'd go with you.

DUPUY: If it wasn't for men having families, there'd be a revolution.

Nolan enters and is obsequiously greeted by Dupuy, when introduced as the new proprietor of The Advance. But Nolan soon lets Dupuy know that he has seen him before. Twelve years ago, he tells him, there was a strike in New York, and it was won, when suddenly Dupuy succeeded in getting Bartelmy to act. The leader of the strike, Jerry Dolan, was thrown into jail for contempt of court, and the strike failed. Afterwards, wherever Jerry went, he found he had been blacklisted. So he changed his name to Michael Nolan. Dupuy wants to let by-gones be by-gones, but Nolan feels differently and compliments McHENRY on the exposure of Judge Bartelmy. When he finds that the man who wrote the article had just been discharged he sends for him and makes him managing editor in McHENRY's place, and promises to stand by him in a thorough exposure of the corrupt judge.

A Year Later

A year is supposed to elapse before the curtain rises on Act II. The scene represents the drawing-room in the Nolan mansion. Hundreds of invitations have been sent out; expensive musicians have been employed and an expensive banquet been prepared, but no one has come. Mrs. Nolan and her daughter are in despair. It is all because of the paper, they say, which under Wheeler Brand's direction has been unusually successful financially, but the "interests" are its deadly foes and the Nolans are exiled from the social world. Later Nolan enters with Brand who has brought the financial showing of the paper for the year.

NOLAN: You're right, Wheeler, you're right. This is a better showing than I had for. Look in your stockings next Christmas; there'll be something for you. When I got into the newspaper business, Brand, they told me that it was the beginning of my funk, that it sucked ten fortunes down for every one I built, and so middling men ever went into it and came out again without teeth marks all over him, but look at that (holding up report), I'm richer for going in, twice as much advertising as last year at this time.

BRAND: The big advertisers never pull their ads, so long as they are getting returns for them. Look at Dupuy. Remember how he threatened us, and how his clients took their ads. out for two months?

NOLAN: Yes, but they put them back again, BRAND: Why, because they need us more than we need them.

Nolan tells Brand that Dupuy is to come that afternoon to see him, so he has something up his sleeve.

The appearance of Brand occasions an outburst of remonstrance by mother and daughter, because of the yellow character of the paper, which has prevented their getting into society. Only Judge Bartelmy and his daughter has noticed them socially and yet, The Advance continues to hound the judge. Brand explains why the judge is cultivating Mr. Nolan.

BRAND: Judge Bartelmy is first and last a politician. Bartelmy handles people better than any man in town. He has studied The Advance and—I will be frank with you—discovered its weakness. He knows he can't reach you through your cupidity of political ambition, because you lack those qualities. He now realizes that his only hope of influencing you lies in an appeal to—

NOLAN: Well?

BRAND: Your family's social desires. (Phyllis rises). That's the reason he's taking you up.

NOLAN: Come, come, Wheeler.

MRS. NOLAN: Michael, are you going to let this young man ruin the whole of us?

Judith and Judge Bartelmy enter later, the daughter remonstrating with her father for coming. The Nolans are of no service to the Judge, she insists.

JUDITH: But I wish them to be; and we're getting on—we're getting on.

JUDITH: Their paper keeps going for you as much as ever, I don't suppose one ought to mind it, but I do.

JUDGE: Judith, Nolans have lived in every age, in every country. He's a composite of anarchist and autocrat—eventually the autocrat in him will triumph. Just now he's bounding old institutions. For instance, represent to him the judiciary, and he attacks me—no consequence whatever, but I'm here in defence of the United

States bench. My cause is the cause of my colleagues. I tell you, Judith, I know the best— I know how to get the venom out of his fangs. Diplomacy, my dear, diplomacy—

It develops that Judith, though having nothing to do with Brand after the quarrel, has refused all other offers of marriage. Her old love still holds her heart, and the Judge urges her to cultivate Wheeler, assuring her that he has no grudge against him because of his mistaken ideas of duty. Dupuy enters and he urges the Judge to induce Nolan to join one of the most exclusive clubs. The Judge remonstrates.

DUPUY: That's our trump card. Every man has his price, even this young Brand if we could find out what it is.

Nolan enters followed by Wheeler Brand.

NOLAN: Judge, this is an unexpected honor. JUDGE: An honor to come. Believe me, Mr. Nolan, an honor to come.

The Judge affects to be delighted to see Wheeler Brand, and then follows a few lines that are admirable as illustrating the tactics of the corruptionists and great moral criminals who pose as the pillars of society and their apologists. These persons, when they find themselves in equivocal positions, are wont to assume an attitude of large tolerance. They would have the public believe they are broad-spirited, and condescend to refer to those who have exposed them, merely as persons who are radicals or who do not see as they do the "safe, sane and conservatives," and that that is their only offence. In this way they try to place themselves on a moral level with the reformers and to throw dust in the eyes of the public.

JUDGE: Under every system of free government, there have always been conservative and liberal parties whose leaders, while they differ perhaps in method, have been stimulated by an equal love of country.

BRAND: That is true, Judge Bartelmy, but, I can't concede that you belong to the conservative party.

JUDGE: (in surprise) But I don't understand you—

BRAND: Are you not seeking to introduce into our country, methods of government dreamed of by our forefathers?

JUDGE: (Laughing in agreeable tolerance) Oh, I had as much enthusiasm myself in my youth, but my legal training has forced upon me a certain unfortunate—exactitude of thought. But, come, come, we old lawyers have long since learned that we cannot carry our quarrels out of court. For instance, of a morning, my best friend Judge Culver, may be at drawn swords over some point of law, but the same evening probably, will find us both well-met, exchanging stories before a club fire.

NOLAN: Yes, Judge, that's life, that's life.

DUPUY: Half the laws of our country are framed up in clubs.

JUDGE: I wouldn't say that.

BRAND: Likewise the safest method of evading them.

JUDGE: That's neat, Wheeler. He scored off you that time, Dupuy. By the way, Mr. Nolan, Judge Culver and I usually dine two or three times a week at the Oak Door Club. We need you there. We should have a man in all our discussions of public questions. We should have a practical man of affairs, who knows what reformers like our young friend here, are really trying to get at. Shall I propose you for membership?

NOLAN: Really, Judge, that's more than I expected from you.

JUDGE: Not at all, not at all. I shall be delighted to put you up, and Dupuy will second me.

DUPUY: With pleasure.

Nolan is clearly flattered by the Judge's promise to get him into the exclusive club, but Wheeler Brand warns him that if he accepts he will find it impossible to longer remain true to the cause of clean and honest government and be loyal to the people's interest, when they conflict with the interest of privileged classes or the plutocracy.

NOLAN: Hold your horses, Wheeler. You know I don't care anything about this social stunt for myself. It doesn't fix into my life, but remember, I've got a family, and nothing comes ahead of them. Mother and I have had a jangle now and then, but after all, we have been close partners for a good many years; and my girl—there ain't a finer educated or prettier girl in New York, and the ought to be able to go anywhere, but she can't in this cold man's town. Do you follow me, Brand?

BRAND: Yes, I understand, there's the history of newspapers. They start when their owners are poor and take the side of the people, and so they build up a large circulation, and presently as a result, advertising. That makes them rich, and they begin, most naturally, to associate with other rich men—they play golf with one and drink whiskey with another, and their son marries a daughter of the third. They forget all about their people and then, their circulation dries up, their advertising, and their paper becomes despised and feeble. The Advance is now at its zenith, but its decline begins the very day you are elected to the Oak Door Club.

NOLAN: Wheeler, you're a decent sort of fellow. I like you and the things you've made the paper stand for, but you don't know what it means to put the people you love on the altar for the sake of these—these general principles.

BRAND: Don't! Well, that's what I have done. I gave up the girl I loved, who had promised to be my wife, so that I might write the truth.

Nolan argues that Judge is not so black as he is painted. Wheeler declares that the half has not yet been told, and finally Nolan pledges the editor to give him a free hand if he can prove that Judge is the corruptionist that Brand declares him to be. The young editor then undertakes to prove that the Judge will offer him a bribe to suppress a story in regard to a very malodorous decision. The editor shows the Judge that he was tracked to the house of the attorney for the iron company during the night and that after remaining two hours he reversed the decision of the lower court in a technicality. The decision would freeze out the little stockholders. Brand then intimates that this will be a part of the broadside in The Advance if the Judge does not find it to his advantage to suppress it. The Judge in a panic offers ten thousand dollars if all facts are suppressed, and Wheeler will drop the fight against him. The editor stipulates that he shall bring the money in person that night to the Advance Office.

We are now in the presence of one thing in the play where the exigencies imposed by time and the necessity of presenting a great fact in a dramatic manner lead to an improbable if not impossible situation. The author of the drama wants to drive home the fact that under similar circumstances the "safe, sane and conservative" big men, like the sugar trust officials, for example, and any other men in important stations who are corrupt, if caught, and with prison staring them in the face, will probably agree to a bribe for silence. A newspaper gentleman, who has been managing editor for three daily papers, but who is not now in the business accompanied me to the play. He instantly exclaimed:

"That does not ring true. No Judge would lay himself open to be trapped in that manner. He might buy up all the commercial paper in the banks and then put on the screws, or proceed in one of a number of other ways, but he would not take chances like that."

On the other hand it must be remembered that the Judge is given no alternative. The time limit is set. The editor will not yield either in time or place. The Judge, as it later develops, sends Dupuy to do the work, but failing finds there is nothing left but to comply, if he wishes to avoid the dangerous exposure, which would probably mean prison for him.

That the general purpose of the dramatist in impressing these very important facts upon the minds of the auditor is successful and what the author intended, was clearly shown by the intense interest of the audience and the tremendous applause that followed the trapping of the corrupt jurist. The people view the story in a large way unlike the carping conventional critics who are more bent on finding flaws than on recognizing great and vital truths that run counter to the wishes of their masters. The people yield to the witching spell of the playwright and in so doing they are right. The stage has its limitations. Only a transcendent genius can work out his plot in the space of three hours' time so that every element of probability shall be present, the characters be natural and human and at the same time some tremendous and vital truths in a convincing way. Most playwrights feel at times that it is necessary to sacrifice in a measure the demands of realism and probability in order to present their master truths in a dramatic and telling manner.

Before leaving Nolan's house, after he had arranged with the Judge to come to the office before ten o'clock, Brand meets Judith and a touching love scene ensues, in which she wistfully tells him that she has not seen him all winter, and it has been a hundred years to her. She tells him that his friends have been very patient with him, but he will lose them if he persists. He expresses his regret, and she replies:

"Oh Wheeler, it is worth while to let them go just for an idea!"

BRAND: A man must act according to his light, Judith.

JUDITH: And a woman to hers. Perhaps you don't realize it but that's what I have been trying to do. I've a little story I want to tell you. Once upon a time there was a girl, and she rather liked a somewhat gloomy young man. But one night, something happened, and then they didn't speak for a long time. But there were other young men and one of them had asked to call to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock. He was very serious about it. You see the girl has been waiting so long that she is beginning to be afraid after that—er—Oh, Wheeler, why don't you drop it all? It's not too late.