

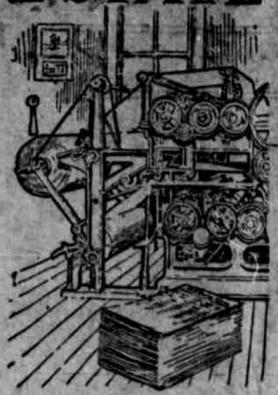


THE FOURTH ESTATE

Novelized by
**FREDERICK
R. TOOMBS**

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

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HARRIET FORD.



In "The Fourth Estate" the effectiveness of newspapers in fearlessly exposing political and judicial corruption and the safeguard they are to the public are interestingly and convincingly set forth. A young, earnest newspaper writer and editor is the central figure, and his battles with a dishonest United States judge against big odds and against the cunningly underhanded machinations of the lawyer lobbyist Dupuy form one of the most valuable as well as most entertaining pieces of fiction of the day. That the false judge's daughter, the reigning beauty in the fashionable life of a leading city, should play a sensational part in this gripping story of strong honest men and of strong dishonest men, fighting each other in a war of dollars, evidences the romantic possibilities of the narrative. This is a story of today's America, a fact story torn out of life's book, dealing with the most vital issues that confront every one of us. Romance and humor vie with stirring action for supremacy in this instructive and fascinating novel, which teaches that the path of duty is the path to love and happiness and that in success, nobly won, lie rewards of greater and more lasting value than a triumph ignobly and more easily gained.

could do what you have done against my father, against my family—her voice began to break again—"against me, I would not have believed it. And you have not told me that you will cease your attack."

Brand thought to palliate her. He seated himself on a corner of the managing editor's desk and bent toward her as she sat in a chair near him.

"Now, Judith, let me try to explain," he said entreatingly. "I think I can make you understand. You see, the Lansing Iron company owned a lot of valuable properties—orange groves, machinery, railroad trackage, etc. If it had been managed halfway 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 wanted to milk it, as the saying is, by watering it. They did have a stock market battle or two, which profited nobody but the lawyers on both sides. But they finally got it by juggling it into a 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," he went on strongly, "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."

"But it wasn't your facts, I tell you. It was your insinuation that was false."

"Not insinuation—interpretation."

"But it wasn't true—it wasn't true."

"Oh, yes, it was true, and more."

Judith verged on the hysterical again.

"If you loved me as you pretend to, no matter if you thought it true or not, you could not have written that article."

"Can't you see that I wasn't writing about your father, but about a United States judge who?"

She moved farther away from him.

"That's splitting hairs, Wheeler."

He walked to her side.

"Judith, please—please don't let's quarrel about this."

The girl turned to him impudently.

"Oh, Wheeler, we were on the verge of it, weren't we? He cast his arms around her. "You're sorry, aren't you?" She looked fondly into his face. "And you will take back that article, won't you?"

"You mustn't ask me to do that; I can't," she said, looking at her earnestly.

"You can't?"

"No."

Judith drew away from him a step or two. She surveyed him coldly.

"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 are you?"

Brand was deeply cut by her manner and her language.

"Judith, if you only knew the truth, all of it, I can't tell you, you'd be without heart and soul in what I'm

trying to do."

He caught her in his arms again.

"Whatever I've done or whatever I may do I love you," he insisted passionately.

Judith showed equal fervor as she said:

"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'll never do it again. Won't you promise me that? And you'll retract that article you had this morning. You'll do this for me, just this?"

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

"Yes."

"I can't."

Judith began to take off the engagement ring Brand had given her.

"You don't mean to do that?" he cried in amazement.

"I most certainly do."

He was almost frantic. He grasped her hand.

"I won't let you mean it. I can't let you go without your ring. You may be Judge Bartelmy's daughter, but you are going to be my wife. You've worn my ring for a month, and you must wear it forever."

The girl passed his passionate appeal by without heeding it. She tossed back her pretty head defiantly, snatched the ring from her finger and threw it on the managing editor's desk.

"I'll not wear it again," she exclaimed resolutely, "unless—unless you come to your senses." So expressing herself, she strolled majestically across the room.

"Judith," called Brand in desperation, fearing that she was about to leave him.

"Will you do what I ask?" she queried inquisitively.

"I cannot," he answered simply.

The judge's daughter tossed her head independently, caught her skirt in her hand, turned her back swiftly on Brand and walked indignantly from the room.

Wheeler Brand, dazed, heart sick and discouraged and torn by the emotions that welled within him, leaned helplessly against the desk. After all, he reasoned, what did it all matter? There were lots of evil men in the world, always had been, always would be. What harm would it do if one dishonest judge were allowed to go unmolested, even if he happened to be a United States judge? Surely there were other dishonest judges, and he could not drive all of them off the bench—no, indeed. And, moreover, this thankless task he had shouldered would if he succeeded rob him of the girl he loved. It would rob him of the love of the girl who loved him.

Then the thought of the enthusiasm that had buoyed him as he wrote the story that had exposed Judge Bartelmy came to him and clung to him. The inspiration in doing a strong man's work for the public good enthused the spirit of Wheeler Brand, captured his soul. The steady light burned once more in his eyes. He shook himself together—fastened his old time grip on himself. As for Judith, he would do his duty, and he would win her yet.

When the managing editor of the Advance re-entered his office and walked briskly toward his desk he found Wheeler Brand looking eagerly over a notebook which, quite unknown to McHenry, contained the data for an article on the Lansing Iron case even more damaging to Judge Bartelmy than the one already printed.

"Well, did you settle it?" asked McHenry.

Brand looked up and started toward the door.

"Yes, sir," he answered, and he was gone.

At this juncture Downs, the city editor, came into the managing editor's room. He addressed McHenry rapidly.

"Water main burst on Morton street; drowned seven dago kids in the basement of a tenement; mothers, scrub-women, gone out to work and locked them in; water rising. He drew close to the desk. "Children, climbing stairs to escape, found huddled in each other's arms on top step, drowned! At the youngest hanging on to a string of beads; must have died praying!"

The managing editor's face immediately lightened, and he pounded his desk enthusiastically.

"Good! Good! By glory, that's a dandy! That saves our lives! Now we'll have a paper tomorrow. We'll go the limit on this. Did you send a photographer?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

McHenry seized the office telephone.

"Night editor! Oh, hello! On three columns more out of those shavings. We've got a five one. Seven dago kids

drowned. First time they ever saw water in their lives. Run three columns!" He hung up the receiver and turned to the city editor.

"Put in three leads and make it stick out like a sore thumb. And, say, put in a black faced bulletin saying the Advance will receive subscriptions for their families."

Durkin entered with a bundle of proofs.

"And, say, Downs," added McHenry, "print in bold faced type that the Advance will start the subscription with \$100."

"Mr. Dupuy is downstairs," announced Durkin.

The managing editor could not suppress a sour expression which crept across his face. "Dupuy, eh?" he grunted half audibly. "Wonder what he wants around here now? He's a regular buttinskil."

McHenry knew Dupuy in a business way, knew he was counsel for several of the big mercantile establishments which advertised in the Advance and that the lawyer had represented various corporations at the state capital.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to see him," he finally resolved. "Show Mr. Dupuy in," he called to the boy.

"Good evening," was Dupuy's greeting to McHenry as he entered and placed his overcoat on a chair.

"Good evening, Mr. Dupuy. What can I do for you?" The visitor seated himself at the right of McHenry's desk.

"McHenry," began Dupuy decidedly,



Mr. Dupuy sees downstairs.

"somebody on your paper has been making bad breaks lately, particularly the one this morning."

"What one this morning?"

"The Judge Bartelmy story, of course."

"Help!" sang out McHenry. "I've been getting that all day."

"It's no joke, McHenry," snapped Dupuy.

"It was a mistake," responded the managing editor.

"Mistake! Who was responsible for it?" leaning forward.

"Oh, it just slipped through in the rush."

"Tell that to the marines," retorted Dupuy sarcastically. He paused. "Who slipped it through?"

There was another pause.

McHenry began to assert himself.

"Excuse me, Dupuy," he asked pointedly. "But how does the Bartelmy story affect you?"

"Some of my clients have a very high regard for the judge. Your story grossly misrepresents him."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"This growing tendency to bring our judiciary into disrespect is a dangerous symptom of the unrest beneath the surface," spoke Dupuy pompously.

"The federal bench is the ultimate bulwark."

McHenry laughed.

"Oh, capital in distress! Yes, I know all about that."

Dupuy stared indignantly.

"There was no occasion for that remark," he shot forth tartly.

McHenry saw that Dupuy was very much in earnest, and the management of the Advance, as he had previously known it—representatives of an insurance company—would have desired to gratify the wishes of the powerful interests behind Dupuy. So far as the new owner was concerned, the managing editor could not tell what his attitude would be in the matter, but he had received no instructions as yet to

change the policy of the paper. Plainly the course of wisdom, he reasoned, would be to act toward Dupuy as he had acted in the past, when the insurance company had insisted that the paper be operated on a purely commercial basis. Yes, he would deal carefully with Dupuy—that is, with Dupuy's clients.

"No offense meant," explained McHenry. "Well, we'll have nothing more about Bartelmy. Will that satisfy your people?"

"Thank you, McHenry. That will be eminently satisfactory both to them and to me as their legal adviser."

"All right; that settles that."

"Oh, not quite," said Dupuy, raising his hand warningly. "There's one more point. Who was responsible for the story?"

"Oh, let's pass that."

But Dupuy could not be turned aside. McHenry had begun to give way to him, and the lawyer intended to follow up his advantage.

"Very well; it's up to you," he said. "But I want you to realize, whatever happens, there is no personal animosity in the matter."

"What do you mean by 'whatever happens'?" asked the managing editor quickly.

The visitor was a living picture of complacency.

"How much advertising did you get from our concern last year?"

The managing editor began to discern more clearly the hidden club in Dupuy's words and demands.

"Oh, I can't say as to that."

"About \$2500 worth, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I should think so," admitted McHenry.

"Well, there's the answer," exclaimed Dupuy triumphantly. "As a matter of business, McHenry, if you are not friendly to my clients, why, you can hardly expect them to be friendly to you, and I shall explain to the new proprietor of the Advance, Mr. Nolan, the reasons for the sudden drop in his advertising. He is a rich man, and he probably will not like to know that he is in the way of losing a good deal of money to further a radical propaganda which he probably abhors. Come, McHenry, for your own sake be reasonable. Who wrote the story? Surely you are not going to consider a mere reporter in a waiter so vital to our interests. Who was it?"

McHenry surrendered.

"A young fellow named Wheeler Brand."

Dupuy rose and towered above McHenry as he sat at his desk.

"I thought so. I only wanted to make sure," he said. "He's a dangerous type. Comes from good enough people, but ambitious to get into the limelight by stirring up the mob. Thought he might have learned sense by now, but it seems he hasn't. Guess he never will; these fanatics never do."

"We consider him the best investigator in town," warmly, in praise of Brand.

"He's entirely too zealous. Do you catch me?" asked Dupuy, leaning over McHenry and gazing significantly into his eyes.

The managing editor caught Dupuy's meaning and stared at him blankly in his surprise.

"You don't mean—"

Dupuy smiled coldly.

"Yes—I mean—get rid of him!"

CHAPTER III.

THE managing editor again began to weigh just what significance the demand of Dupuy had. He directed his glance at him fixedly, and a long pause ensued after the lawyer lobbyist's abrupt demand that Wheeler Brand be discharged from the Advance.

Dupuy returned McHenry's stare, and his discerning eye and brain enabled him to read the workings of McHenry's mind. He felt instinctively as he stared at McHenry that he had the managing editor "on the run."

During the period of the insurance company's ownership there had been no doubt that the decision of the managing editor of the Advance would have been in favor of Dupuy and his demand for the discharge of Wheeler Brand. And the lawyer, like McHenry, knew nothing of the new owner that would change the attitude of the paper.

Dupuy was right in his estimate of McHenry's weakness. The lawyer lobbyist was playing in rare fortune, indeed, to discover in his opponent a man who dared not stand for the right. He well knew that he would not find the same sort of man in a

position of importance in many other newspapers of the kind. Well, too, did he know the power of the press throughout all America, for he had learned at bitter cost that it was the foe of all the Ed Dupuys and all those that employed them to serve their ends.

Finally McHenry spoke in answer to Dupuy's demand.

"Let us give Brand one more chance," protested McHenry. "I'll put him on furlough or water front. Come, now."

"I will be candid with you. I was instructed to make an example of somebody for this morning's story. Perhaps, though, a good handling over might do for this time. Call him in now. It's his last chance."

A boy entered.

"Ask Mr. Brand to step in."

"I'd rather take a licking than do this," protested McHenry.

Dupuy was unsympathetic.

"Well, he's only got himself to thank," he snorted.

Wheeler Brand came in.

"Mr. Brand," began the managing editor, "there is a klick being made on the Bartelmy story of this morning."

"Yes, sir; I suppose so," Brand looked up and saw Dupuy, and the reporter's face showed that he understood.

"I forward the klick to you, indorsing it O. K.," said McHenry. "In other words, the klick goes."

"Why, what?"

"This is a practical world," interposed Dupuy.

Brand grew bitter, for well he knew the practices of Dupuy.

"Oh, yes; I know the patten—a world of live and let live. We must be very careful before imputing motives, eh, Mr. Dupuy? Does not the good book say, 'Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone—at United States judges'?"

"Wheeler, Wheeler," cried McHenry, "we only ask you in to talk it over calmly."

"That man has hit me in the dark before," exclaimed Brand. "This is the first time that he has come into the light."

"I desire to say that my clients," put in Dupuy, "like a great many other of the—eh—subscribers—to this paper, were disappointed at what they conceived to be an unwarrantable attack full of insinuations 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 of the sort will occur again, in which case they are willing to overlook this morning's article entirely—to, in fact, regard it merely as a mistake, a mistake made without malice."

"You mean I am to have another chance to hold my job if I'll be good from now on?" asked Brand.

Dupuy once more became complacent.

"Such, I believe, is Mr. McHenry's decision," he announced calmly.

"You certainly have your gall, Dupuy," cried Brand in menacing tones, "to think you can muzzle me for \$40 a week. I've paid more than that for the privilege of fighting you."

The lawyer turned quickly to the managing editor.

"You better let him go, McHenry," he suggested. "He's a crack."

Wheeler Brand was amazed at the way in which McHenry allowed Dupuy to influence him.

"Does he give you orders?" he asked meaningfully of the managing editor.

"Yes, my boy; he does, and I accept your resignation."

The reporter was by no means daunted by his discharge.

"I'm sorry for you," he cried, smiling toward McHenry.

Dupuy laughed significantly.

"Reserve your sympathy for your self, young man," he advised the young newspaper writer.

"Reserve your sympathy for Bartelmy; he'll need it before long," was his cutting retort.

"Oh, is that so?" sneered Dupuy. "Go west and grow up with the country, for if you hang around here to hurt Bartelmy don't forget that ritual libel is punishable with arrest."

"Sorry, old man," spoke McHenry kindly. "If I didn't have a family I'd go west with you."

"If it wasn't for men having families," put in Dupuy philosophically, "there'd be a reformation."

Brand straightened up and, with a contemptuous expression on his face, started toward the door.

"You've got more heart than sense, McHenry," was the parting shot which he hurled at the managing editor.

"Pretty tough on a reporter to fire him for 'scooping' the town on a big story," said the managing editor.

"Oh, what?" granted Dupuy.

A boy entered with a card. Dupuy crossed to a chair and picked up his overcoat.

"Mr. Nolan, sir," the lad announced, with an amusing grimace. "He's the new boss, and he's got a couple of mitts on 'im like Jim Jeffries. Gee, but I'll bet Nolan is there with 't' wallop, all right!"

Dupuy put his overcoat back on the chair. His luck was still holding good, he congratulated himself. Here was a chance to make the acquaintance of the new owner of the influential Advance, an opportunity to pave the way possibly to secure future favors from him for his clients when emergencies arose. Needless to say, emergencies frequently arose to disturb the peace of mind of the varieties of people who sought the versatile aid of Mr. Ed Dupuy. He turned to face McHenry and said:

"Oh, the new owner! I'd like to meet him. If you don't object I'll wait." Dupuy seated himself at the extreme left hand corner of the office close to the rack containing files of the daily papers. He took down a file

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AMERICAN SHORTHAND & BUSINESS COLLEGE, Durham, N. C.

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY.

Effective Sept. 13th, 1908, and subject to change without notice. Trains will leave Durham as follows:

No. 238-10.35 A. M. connecting at Henderson with No. 38 which will arrive at Portsmouth-Norfolk at 5:40 P. M., resuming connection at Weldon with A. C. L. for Eastern Carolina points and at Portsmouth-Norfolk with Steamship lines for Washington, Baltimore, Cape Charles, New York and Boston. This will also connect at Henderson with No. 66 for Richmond, Washington and New York.

No. 241 will arrive in Durham at 4:30 P. M.

No. 221 will arrive in Durham at 10:05 A. M.

No. 222 will leave Durham at 6.00 P. M.

The Durham & Southern train No. 41 leaving Durham at 3.15 P. M. and arriving at Apex at 4:25 P. M. connects with Seaboard No. 41 and 43 for Charlotte, Wilmington, Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis and point West and Columbia, Savannah, Jacksonville, and all Florida points.

For Time-tables, rates and information desired apply to F. W. Woodward, Union Ticket Agent, or R. L. Montgomery, Agent, "Phone No. 11, or write to—

C. H. GATTIS,
TRAVELER'S OFFICE,
Raleigh, N. C.