

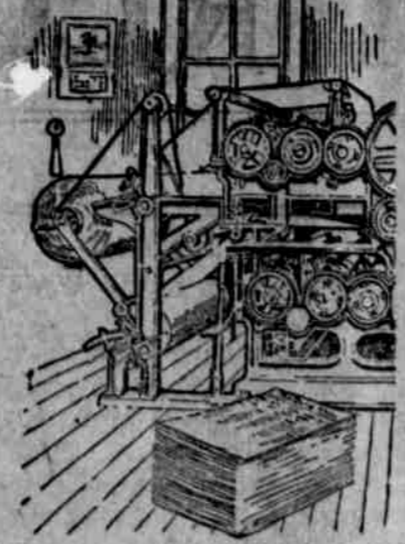
THE FOURTH ESTATE



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.



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.

know, I'm beginning to think that the judge is not all bad. Mind you, I'm not forgetting our scores, but—be seated himself—"did you ever think of it, perhaps we haven't all the facts of that affair? Some things have happened. Are you sure that he's so all-fired wrong?"

"Mr. Nolan, the bait hasn't been told about Judge Bartelmy," cried Brand.

"Well, this is getting to be a pretty serious affair. We can't be too sure about our facts."

"Mr. Nolan, Judge Bartelmy is not only a dishonest judge, but he seems to have a destructive influence on every one near him. He's corrupt and corrupting, not only in his public but in his private life."

"Wasn't wasn't it his daughter that you were engaged to?"

"Yes, it was, and he's using her just as he did her mother before her."

"You amaze me. What do you mean?"

Brand took a deep breath.

"Why, he surrounded her mother with machine politicians and shady financiers and crooked lawyers. He sent her to the state capital when he wanted to be senator, but it was impossible; to Washington when he wanted to be minister to France, and she failed, and again when he wanted to be judge, and she succeeded, and when she found out that he was using his judicial office to steal and that she had only been a lobbyist for his rotten schemes—"

"Well?"

"Well, it killed her, Mr. Nolan, and now he's using his daughter in the same way. He's filling his house with corporation deals like Dupuy. He sends her here to muzzle you by working on your wife and daughter. He hates me, but he would let her marry me to have his enemy in the family and make him silent."

"Why don't you go to the girl and tell her?" suggested the newspaper owner.

"About her mother and why she died?"

"Well, perhaps not. But I hope you won't follow the Bartelmy story any further. I'll be just as well pleased."

"I've got to follow it, Mr. Nolan. I can't stop," ejaculated Brand. "I've got the goods on him now. I've got a story that will drive him off the bench when we print it."

"Want?" half rising.

"True; every word of it." Brand paced nervously across the room.

"For God's sake, Wheeler, don't go off at half cock," cried Nolan.

"Half cock! Why, I tell you I've got the facts. I've been working on it for months."

"Now, listen to me. You're a young man. In spite of what you say about him I know that in his public life he's might well thought of by some of the most prominent men in this city, and—"

"—weakly—well, if they believe in him I don't see—"

"—why?"

"Will nothing convince you?" excitedly. "If he should offer me a bribe to kill this story would you acknowledge then that he's a crook?"

"Why, yes, of course I would."

"Will you set me print that story in my own way and promise not to interfere?"

"Yes. But the girl, Nolan reminded him—"how do you think she'll feel if you print that story?"

But Brand was not to be swerved from his purpose.

"It can't be helped. I've got to go on. Somehow you know the thought comes to me that perhaps it all may turn out for the best."

"Well, I hope so," commented the newspaper owner, "but, man alive, this story's hot!"

He was forced to cease abruptly, for Judge Bartelmy and Ed Dupuy entered the drawing room and drew near.

the story Brand wanted to write and the effect that was to be made to detect the judge in offering a money bribe they would have exhibited less of the easy assurance that marked their re-entrance into the drawing room.

"Mr. Nolan, I'm afraid I must be going," said Bartelmy. "I hope to see you at my house soon, and you, too, Wheeler."

Nolan rose from his chair.

"Judge, can you spare me a few moments?" put in Brand resolutely.

The judge gave a look of surprise.

"Certainly, my boy; certainly. Will you excuse me?" turning to Nolan.

Nolan, surprised at the readiness of Brand to begin on the plan to entrap Bartelmy, readily assented and proceeded into the library with Dupuy.

"Well, Wheeler, what can I do for you?" asked Judith's father.

The young man stepped close to the other and faced him squarely.

"Judge, how about your latest decision in the Lansing Iron case today?" he asked.

Bartelmy started back in surprise.

"It was in accordance with the statutes and the constitution," he finally said.

"The supreme court of the United States was at variance with you in a similar case," advised Brand.

"Sir," indignantly, "I decline to discuss out of court questions relating to my conduct on the bench."

The judge moved as though to go.

"You weren't so particular this morning."

Bartelmy began to lose his confident, easy pose.

"I fail to comprehend you," he answered.

"Early this morning, between 1 o'clock and 3," went on the unrelenting editor.

The judge turned his head to one side and tugged nervously at his gray beard.

"A reporter for the Advance saw you come out of your house at four minutes to 1 and walk to a house on Washington avenue that belongs to the attorney for the Lansing Iron corporation."

Bartelmy turned his back on Brand, a furtive look coming into his eyes as he did so.

"You knocked at the servants' door, judge," continued the editor. "This man admitted you. One hour and fifty-seven minutes later you left that house by the same door and returned home rapidly on foot. You kept your coat collar turned up, and, contrary to your usual custom, you wore a slouched hat pulled down over your eyes. Half an hour later Dupuy came out of the same house. Ten hours later you handed down your decision reversing on a technicality the judgment of the lower court in the Lansing Iron case and freeing out the small stockholders in favor of the insiders, as usual. Those, Judge Bartelmy, are my facts."

Bartelmy made a desperate effort to retain his self control and to command his ability to think clearly and effectively in this dire emergency. At last he spoke after minutely scrutinizing the accusing figure of Brand before him.

"It's easily explained, Mr. Brand," he said in honeyed tones. "It's a lie; that is all it is. Your reporter lied."

"I was the reporter," exclaimed the accused in a supremely contemptuous manner, and as he spoke he wondered and marveled that such a man as the betrayer, Bartelmy, could be the father of such a girl as Judith—Judith, whom he was even now, he was convinced, putting away from his arms and his love for all time.

The false judge paled. His mouth became parched. Had he not leaned against a chair for support it is likely that his knees would not have retained enough strength to hold him up. The jig was up. Plainly the end was in sight. Indeed, it had already arrived unless—unless— Yes, there was one possible way out—if Brand would listen to the proposal. Listen? Every man had his price. Dupuy had told him so. He knew it anyway, and Brand was poor. He was ambitious too. Ah, reasoned the false judge, that is a dangerous combination—poverty and ambition. Few could ever come off honestly; few ever had, ever would. And I am rich—

"Well, what do you propose to do?" he asked of Brand, putting it up to the other man to lead the conversation at this point, just as a clever tactician should.

"That depends," answered Brand doubtfully, a trifle weakly, slinking thoughtfully into a chair beside a table.

Bartelmy detected at once the note of doubt and weakness in Brand's reply and questioned to himself what it might portend.

"On what?" asked the judge carefully, trying to analyze the mental processes of his opponent, who stared at

"I was the reporter, Judge Bartelmy," him across the table.

Brand spoke deliberately, in low voice.

"On whether you're willing to meet me halfway."

Bartelmy's hopes immediately surged high. Ha, as plain a bid for a price as he had ever heard, and he had heard them before. He gazed, reassured, at the young man's earnest face. Ha, how skillful he was, this young Brand. How he had deceived every one! Yes, he was just like some of the other reformers the judge had met—just like some of his political friends who started to clean up certain conditions, only to be retained to let them exist as they were. But Brand was the cleverest one of the lot by far, and probably he was to divide the proceeds of this bribe with Nolan. Oh, they were a cunning pair! Had even fooled Dupuy, who thought them dangerous. And what a son-in-law Brand would make! Yes, he could have Judith; he was worthy to possess the reigning beauty of a great city. No argument to himself the false judge, and he said:

"Of course I am willing to meet you halfway, but it all depends on whether we understand each other."

"Your decision was doubtless of some value to you, and if I am willing to keep silent about its antecedent circumstances then—"

Bartelmy looked the judge in the eye expectantly.

Bartelmy felt relieved. He congratulated himself on the fact that his judgment had been correct.

"Yes; you"—he halted.

"Why?" Brand paused.

"Well?" queried the judge irritably.

"I haven't like to go there, Mr. Brand."

"That's up to you, judge. But if you don't come the story goes to press to-night. Well?" with a rising inflection.

"—"

Judith Bartelmy entered.

"Will you come now, papa?" she asked.

"Just a moment, my dear. I intended to ask Dupuy to dine with us."

"Oh, can't you take him to the club?" she pouted.

"That wouldn't be convenient, my dear. You know we're going to the opera."

He stepped back toward the library. "Mr. Brand, I'll see you again before you leave."

There was a moment's embarrassed silence between Judith and Wheeler Brand as the judge disappeared.

"How do you do, Mr. Brand?" she finally asked.

"How do you do, Miss Bartelmy?" His manner was awkward and strained.

"A moment of embarrassed silence."

"I haven't seen you all winter." She placed her hands on the back of a chair near a settee.

"No; I haven't been anywhere. I've been kept pretty close at work." He paused. "Won't you sit down?"

She moved to the left and occupied the settee. After a few moments of silence she said:

"It's strange I haven't seen you all winter. I suppose it will be another hundred years before I see you again."

Brand looked intently at her.

"It won't be if you wish to see me any sooner, Judith," and, thus speaking, he leaned over the back of the settee toward the girl he loved.

"Why, of course I wish—er— You were having a talk with father when I came in, weren't you?"

"Yes," rising and stepping back from her.

"Wheeler, come here," the girl asked wistfully. "I want to talk to you."

He moved to a chair close by her side.

"Aren't you beginning to realize that you may have been a bit headstrong?" she said tenderly, looking into his eyes. "I'm afraid you are getting too very deep. Your friends, most of them, have been patient with you so far, but there's a limit, you know, and you'll lose them."

"I'm sorry."

"Oh, Wheeler"—she was intensely in earnest—"is it worth while to let them go just for an idea?"

"A man must act according to his light, Judith."

"And a woman according to hers."

"I haven't seen you all winter." She placed her hands on the back of a chair near a settee.

"No; I haven't been anywhere. I've been kept pretty close at work." He paused. "Won't you sit down?"

She moved to the left and occupied the settee. After a few moments of silence she said:

"It's strange I haven't seen you all winter. I suppose it will be another hundred years before I see you again."

Brand looked intently at her.

"It won't be if you wish to see me any sooner, Judith," and, thus speaking, he leaned over the back of the settee toward the girl he loved.

"Why, of course I wish—er— You were having a talk with father when I came in, weren't you?"

"Yes," rising and stepping back from her.

"Wheeler, come here," the girl asked wistfully. "I want to talk to you."

He moved to a chair close by her side.

"Aren't you beginning to realize that you may have been a bit headstrong?" she said tenderly, looking into his eyes. "I'm afraid you are getting too very deep. Your friends, most of them, have been patient with you so far, but there's a limit, you know, and you'll lose them."

"I'm sorry."

"Oh, Wheeler"—she was intensely in earnest—"is it worth while to let them go just for an idea?"

"A man must act according to his light, Judith."

"And a woman according to hers."

know I don't care anything about this social snuff for myself. It don't fit into my life, but remember I've got a family, and nothing comes ahead of them. Mother and I may have a jangle now and then; but, after all, we have been side partners for a good many years. And my girl, there ain't a finer educated or a prettier girl in New York, and she ought to be able to go anywhere, but she can't in this town—this cold man's town. Then, of course, there's Sylvester. I know he ain't as bright as he might be, and I've spent—well, more than twice your salary trying to get him through freshman year at Harvard, and I couldn't, but still he's my son, and if he wants to run around with these other sports, why not? I can afford it, and I guess the kid's got to sow his wild oats any way. My wife and children ought to be happy with the money I've got, and, as I figure it, if I join this Oak Door club I can help them to get what they want. Do you follow me, Brand?"

"Yes; I understand," sighed Brand.

"At first you took up the side of the people, and you are continuing at it. But you and your family have become ambitious, or, at least, so far as you are concerned, you are ambitious for them. When you begin to associate familiarly with rich men as their friends you'll soon find yourself playing golf or billiards with one, drinking whisky with another, and your son will marry the daughter of a third. You will forget all about the people. Your paper will become decadent and feeble. The circulation will dry up." He paused for breath and added warningly in strong tones, "The Advance is now at its zenith, but its decline begins the very day that you are elected to the Oak Door club."

Nolan reached over and seized Brand by the shoulder.

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

"Don't!" exclaimed the young editor. "Well, that's exactly what I've done. I gave up the girl I loved, who had promised to be my wife, so that I might write the truth." In spite of the emotion which his words had aroused in him Brand's voice never faltered as he spoke.

"You did?" exclaimed Nolan amazedly. "Well, my boy, I don't understand you. I couldn't do that," he confessed.

"Don't think that it was easy for me to do. I've thought of her every hour of every day since, but she—now his voice wavered—"well, she's forgotten, so it doesn't matter. Mr. Nolan, do you remember what it was that she brought us together?"

"Yes; that story about Judge Bartelmy, and it was a good one, and you've followed it up with a lot of good ones since. Why, Wheeler, there ain't a man in the country that can work up a series like you can. But, do you

know I don't care anything about this social snuff for myself. It don't fit into my life, but remember I've got a family, and nothing comes ahead of them. Mother and I may have a jangle now and then; but, after all, we have been side partners for a good many years. And my girl, there ain't a finer educated or a prettier girl in New York, and she ought to be able to go anywhere, but she can't in this town—this cold man's town. Then, of course, there's Sylvester. I know he ain't as bright as he might be, and I've spent—well, more than twice your salary trying to get him through freshman year at Harvard, and I couldn't, but still he's my son, and if he wants to run around with these other sports, why not? I can afford it, and I guess the kid's got to sow his wild oats any way. My wife and children ought to be happy with the money I've got, and, as I figure it, if I join this Oak Door club I can help them to get what they want. Do you follow me, Brand?"

"Yes; I understand," sighed Brand.

"At first you took up the side of the people, and you are continuing at it. But you and your family have become ambitious, or, at least, so far as you are concerned, you are ambitious for them. When you begin to associate familiarly with rich men as their friends you'll soon find yourself playing golf or billiards with one, drinking whisky with another, and your son will marry the daughter of a third. You will forget all about the people. Your paper will become decadent and feeble. The circulation will dry up." He paused for breath and added warningly in strong tones, "The Advance is now at its zenith, but its decline begins the very day that you are elected to the Oak Door club."

Nolan reached over and seized Brand by the shoulder.

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

"Don't!" exclaimed the young editor. "Well, that's exactly what I've done. I gave up the girl I loved, who had promised to be my wife, so that I might write the truth." In spite of the emotion which his words had aroused in him Brand's voice never faltered as he spoke.

"You did?" exclaimed Nolan amazedly. "Well, my boy, I don't understand you. I couldn't do that," he confessed.

"Don't think that it was easy for me to do. I've thought of her every hour of every day since, but she—now his voice wavered—"well, she's forgotten, so it doesn't matter. Mr. Nolan, do you remember what it was that she brought us together?"

"Yes; that story about Judge Bartelmy, and it was a good one, and you've followed it up with a lot of good ones since. Why, Wheeler, there ain't a man in the country that can work up a series like you can. But, do you

CHAPTER VIII.

THE abruptness with which Brand separated from Nolan as they appeared aroused the suspicions of both the judge and his lobbyist satellite. However, they little imagined the pronounced awkwardness of the conversation they had interrupted. In the mind of each ran the thought that the Advance's proprietor and his editor had been discussing the proposal to elect Nolan to the Oak Door club. Even if failure in this possible venture they would have considered a serious setback, but probably had they an intimation regarding

know I don't care anything about this social snuff for myself. It don't fit into my life, but remember I've got a family, and nothing comes ahead of them. Mother and I may have a jangle now and then; but, after all, we have been side partners for a good many years. And my girl, there ain't a finer educated or a prettier girl in New York, and she ought to be able to go anywhere, but she can't in this town—this cold man's town. Then, of course, there's Sylvester. I know he ain't as bright as he might be, and I've spent—well, more than twice your salary trying to get him through freshman year at Harvard, and I couldn't, but still he's my son, and if he wants to run around with these other sports, why not? I can afford it, and I guess the kid's got to sow his wild oats any way. My wife and children ought to be happy with the money I've got, and, as I figure it, if I join this Oak Door club I can help them to get what they want. Do you follow me, Brand?"

"Yes; I understand," sighed Brand.

"At first you took up the side of the people, and you are continuing at it. But you and your family have become ambitious, or, at least, so far as you are concerned, you are ambitious for them. When you begin to associate familiarly with rich men as their friends you'll soon find yourself playing golf or billiards with one, drinking whisky with another, and your son will marry the daughter of a third. You will forget all about the people. Your paper will become decadent and feeble. The circulation will dry up." He paused for breath and added warningly in strong tones, "The Advance is now at its zenith, but its decline begins the very day that you are elected to the Oak Door club."

Nolan reached over and seized Brand by the shoulder.

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

"Don't!" exclaimed the young editor. "Well, that's exactly what I've done. I gave up the girl I loved, who had promised to be my wife, so that I might write the truth." In spite of the emotion which his words had aroused in him Brand's voice never faltered as he spoke.

"You did?" exclaimed Nolan amazedly. "Well, my boy, I don't understand you. I couldn't do that," he confessed.

"Don't think that it was easy for me to do. I've thought of her every hour of every day since, but she—now his voice wavered—"well, she's forgotten, so it doesn't matter. Mr. Nolan, do you remember what it was that she brought us together?"

"Yes; that story about Judge Bartelmy, and it was a good one, and you've followed it up with a lot of good ones since. Why, Wheeler, there ain't a man in the country that can work up a series like you can. But, do you



"HOW ABOUT \$10,000?" ASKED THE JUDGE.

"There you are," responded Brand simply, his eyes meeting those of the jurist.

Bartelmy glanced cautiously at the editor, seeking for signs of deception of a trap, but he found them not.

"Mr. Brand, what do you want?" he asked sharply.

"What's it worth to you?"

"I would prefer you to set the figure."

"No."

"How about \$10,000?" asked the judge.

"Yes," agreed Brand, rising—"in cash tonight."

"Rather short notice for such a sum," protestingly. "Where shall I see you?"

"At my office."

"Your office—the Advance? No, no; I prefer you to come to my chambers about noon tomorrow. We shall be quite private there."

"I can't wait that long for it, Judge. I've got to have it tonight."

"Oh, is it something of that sort? Well, then, come to my house after dinner."

"But I've got to be at my office," insisted the jurist.

Perhaps you don't realize it, but that's what I've been trying to do. You know I've been alone a great deal of my life. I've had more responsibility than most girls. I've had to decide things for myself and the younger ones and do the best I could for all of us."

"Yes, I know that. There's nobody like you, Judith."

"I'm glad if you think that."

"I'll always think that, Judith," he exclaimed passionately. "And I'll always feel all that I've lost."

"Haven't you brought it on yourself?" she asked quickly.

Brand seized both her hands, and in a tempest of emotion, long suppressed he rose and bent over her.

"Oh, dearest, can't we have this moment?"—he was aroused to a pitch she had never seen him reach before—"even if we never have another, with out thinking of anything except—except each other?" He seated himself close to her.

"Wheeler, I've a little story I want to tell you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Marlin

12 Gauge Repeating Shotgun

The 12 gauge Marlin repeater is a gun of perfect proportions, and has one-third less parts than any other repeater. It handles quickly, works smoothly and shoots close and hard.

The Marlin solid top prevents powder and gases blowing back; the side ejection of shells allows instant repeat shots; the closed-in breechblock keeps out all rain, snow and dirt, and the dirt, leaves, twigs and sand that clog up other repeaters.

All 12-gauge Marlin repeaters have double extractors that pull any shell, and the automatic recoil buffer safety lock makes them the safest breech-loading guns built.

Marlin 12 gauge repeaters in three distinct models, many grades and styles, fully described in our 24-page catalog. Free for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co., 42 Willow Street, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

REAPER REVOLVING

HEAVY WIRE SINGLE WIRE

DE KALB ILL. KANSAS CITY MO.

Union Lock Poultry Fence

FOR SALE BY TAYLOR PHIPPS Co., Durham, N. C.

Free Scholarships

ABSOLUTELY FREE—One unlimited scholarship good for either of our complete courses, to the first one from each town in North Carolina entering with us on, or before, September 10, 1909, provided they bring ONE pay student to enter with us at the same time. Railroad fare paid—Positions guaranteed.

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

SEABOARD

AIR LINE RAILWAY.

Effective Sept. 1, 1908, and subject to change without notice. Trains will leave Durham as follows:

No. 238-10.35 P. M.	connecting with No. 38 Portsmouth, resuming with A. C. Colina points at Portsmouth, Washington, New York, and Boston.
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 train No. 41 leaving Durham at 3:15 P. M. and arriving at Apex at 4:25 P. M. connecting with Seaboard for Charleston, Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, West and Columbia, Jacksonville, and points.	

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

C. H. GATTS, Traveling Passenger Agent, Raleigh, N. C.