

The Fourth Estate

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Judith Bartelmy, society woman, goes to the office of the Daily Advance to protest against a story which had severely criticised her father, a judge of the United States court. She discovers that the author of the article was Wheeler Brand, a brilliant young writer whom she had promised to marry. He refuses to cease attacking her father. II—Judith discards her engagement ring. Dupuy, a lawyer, representing big advertisers, calls and demands Brand's discharge, as his clients are friends of Judge Bartelmy. III—Brand is discharged by the managing editor, for the paper, longed owned by an insurance company, had been friendly to corporations. Michael Nolan, who buys the paper, comes in the office and finds Dupuy to be an old enemy of his. IV—Nolan calls for Brand and makes him managing editor. V—Brand tells Nolan and his socially ambitious family that the dishonest judge, Bartelmy, and his unsuspecting daughter have taken them up socially so as to try to induce Nolan not to attack the judge in his newspaper. VI—Dupuy aids Bartelmy in endeavoring to have Brand and the Advance avoid attacking the judge regarding a tricky opinion he has rendered in the Lansing Iron case. "Every man has his price, even Brand," says Dupuy. VII—Nolan says if Brand will trap Bartelmy in the act of offering him a bribe to keep silent that the Advance will print the story in full. VIII—Bartelmy agrees to pay Brand \$10,000 to keep quiet about the Lansing Iron case. IX—Brand lays the trap for Bartelmy. X—Bartelmy arrives at the Advance office to pay Brand the \$10,000.

CHAPTER XI.

BARTELMY, now that he had taken the dual 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.

Brand was waiting for the judge to do the same. It was the newspaper man who spoke first, after the two had seated themselves. He was anxious to get the matter over with as quickly as possible, for he well knew that, in spite of all his precautions, affairs in a newspaper office are so uncertain that an interruption of an unexpected nature might occur to ruin the entire plan.

"Mr. Dupuy was here a short time ago," he ventured.

Judge Bartelmy proceeded to explain the appearance of the lawyer lobbyist in the affair. While it was plain to Brand that the judge had sent Dupuy as a go-between so that it would be impossible to connect Bartelmy with the payment of any money as a bribe, the jurist did not propose to acknowledge that such had been his laudable purpose. He gave an entirely different reason.

"Yes, I know," he said. "He found me at the opera with my daughter. I hoped, Mr. Brand, that by allowing me to act through him you would spare me this last humiliation."

"Would it not be safer for you if no third party knew of your transaction with me?" suggested Brand.

The judge pitted the colossal ignorance of this amateur in trickery. Did not he know that in the superior spheres of crooked practices it became necessary to employ third persons on many occasions to put through matters of this sort? And he was a newspaper man of years of experience too. No, this peculiar young man would never blush supplying the judge with surprises; of that Bartelmy was positive. Perhaps it might be in order to observe at this point that, while Brand of course could not know that these thoughts were passing through his visitor's mind, he at the same time would have been ready to confess that he was going to provide several more surprises for the jurist. But there are different varieties of surprises.

"Dupuy is in my confidence," the judge pronounced with an air of finality.

"He's not in mine," responded the managing editor.

"You're mistaken in him. I know him intimately."

"Oh, the pity of it," exclaimed Brand, "that you should be intimately acquainted with such a man as Dupuy!"

Bartelmy could not restrain a sarcastic smile at the editor's sneer at Dupuy.

"Mr. Brand," he said quickly, "your moral reflections at this juncture impart a certain quaint humor to the situation."

"I am afraid that is the trouble with me. My humor is nearly always unintentional." Brand sighed as though sorry for himself.

The judge began to show signs of nervousness.

"Well, shall we get on with it?" the editor asked him.

"Yes, I must rejoin my daughter. She's waiting for me at the opera. She was very anxious that I should not come here tonight. It was curious—her persistency in the matter."

Brand drew his chair closer to the desk—closer to the telephone.

"Let us get to business," he said. The judge went on talking about his daughter.

"She displays an unusual, I should say an extraordinary, curiosity as to my mission here," he said. "My daughter would have made a great cross-examiner if she had been a man."

"We're wasting time, judge." Now it was Brand who was becoming impatient.

"Am I to understand that the payment of this sum"—Bartelmy began.

Brand raised his voice to a high pitch.

"Ten thousand dollars?" he said.

"Yes," agreed Bartelmy cautiously.

"Am I to understand that it—ah—wipes out of your recollection not only the incident of which you were speaking, but also as to"—He paused.

Brand helped the would be briber to complete his sentence.

"You mean your secret interview last night with Dupuy and the attorney for the Lansing?"

The visitor raised his hand warningly at Brand's loud tones, as though to counsel caution.

"Yes, yes."

"Lansing Iron corporation?" continued Brand, bending close to the telephone.

"Yes. Will this sum, paid in hand, induce you to forget—ah—not only that incident, but also various other matters to which the Advance seems to have taken exception in the past?"

Brand bank back in his chair.

"You mean you want us to let up on you all around?"

"Precisely."

"Then that's understood."

"You will make a memorandum for me in writing to that effect—a receipt, so to speak?"

He pushed a pad toward the managing editor.

"All right—certainly," agreed Brand, taking up a pen.

The judge began to congratulate himself on the ease with which he was handling the young man.

"This is—ah—more businesslike," he said.

But Brand gave him another shock when he said:

"Yes; I'll draw it up in duplicate. Each of us will keep a copy—signed."



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"Nine thousand dollars," said Brand. "Ten thousand dollars," the judge countered.

"Is that correct?" he queried of the editor.

"Ten thousand dollars, correct," was the reply. "That will wipe the slate clean between us."

Brand held out his hand to take the money.

The judge picked up the pile of bills, compressed them with his hands and extended the money across the desk.

"Take it, Brand," he said.

As the false judge said these words and stood with the money in his hands and held it out to the editor a loud explosion thrilled every nerve fiber in his body. A blinding glare of light filled the room, and the air was filled with the choking gaseous fumes of the smoke of the powder used by photographers in making flashlights.

A pang of terror shot through the craven heart of the would be briber. He started back in his alarm, his eyes almost blinded by the unexpected flood of light that had subsided as quickly as it had come.

"My God! What is that?" he cried, rubbing the back of one of his hands across his eyes.

Wheeler Brand, who had risen in his place at his desk when the judge had finished counting the money, set his face into hard, unyielding lines as the judge besought him to speak, to explain. He had won. He had completely at his mercy this cold, crafty betrayer of the public trust he had sworn to hold sacred. And it was with unmistakable triumph in his voice that he gave the reply that was to be imprinted on the brain of the false judge as long as he was to live—a reply that would haunt him while awake and awake him when he slept:

"It is a picture of you in stripes, Judge Bartelmy," he announced.

The judge, realizing that he had been tricked—that he had been photographed in the very act of handing bribe money to the managing editor of the Advance—displayed rare presence of mind for a man whose complete social and professional ruin had become suddenly imminent. He rushed across the room at the point where the flash occurred, hoping to obtain hold of the camera and destroy the plate. Owing to the pall of smoke he had been unable to see just in what manner the camera had been arranged. But when he reached the side of the room there was no camera to be seen, only a round hole extending through the partition into the next room and from which the camera had been re-

a hand to hand struggle with the young athletic editor for possession of the money. Besides, he must see Nolan—must see him at once. That was the most important matter to which he should now attend.

He walked deliberately to the closet and secured his hat and coat. He turned the key and went out of the door leading to the outer hall.

As the judge disappeared Wheeler Brand sank heavily into his chair. He



"You count the money, judge."

[To Be Continued.]

THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL.

Col. S. A. Jones Recounts Some of the Benefits That Will Accrue to North Carolina from the Proposed New Railroad—With a Seaport Outlet at Southport Rates Would be Properly Adjusted.

To the Editor of The Gazette:

Kindly allow me space in your valuable paper for a little communication about the South Atlantic Trans-Continental Railroad, as the time is approaching for the people to vote on the road.

Many people are asking what difference there will be when it is constructed, from it and other roads in the State.

First. Its purpose is to stop discrimination in freight rates against Western North Carolina, excessive rates, known of all men to be charged by the one road monopolizing the commerce of Western Carolina; and we are sometimes made to feel our friends in Eastern Carolina hardly realize that these remote mountain counties are an integral part of the State.

Second. Its purpose is to establish a rate basing port at Southport, N. C., that will meet the requirements of the Interstate Commerce Law, which when done, will stop discrimination in freight rates against all North Carolina points in favor of Virginia and South Carolina points, and give cheaper rates on coal, and feed from the West, to grow and manufacture our cotton, our tobacco, our timber and mine and market our minerals.

Third. The law is so drawn that it will protect the State and the counties by veto power in the hands of the Governor, the Chairman of the Corporation Commission and the Auditor of the State, to prevent this road from squandering one dollar of its income, or creating any debt after it is constructed, of any character to absorb any of its income not approved by the State Directors.

Fourth. For it is to be built in a way that every county through which it passes can subscribe for its stock, and in a way in no manner to increase their taxes one penny, but leave a surplus every year in the county treasury, and not one bond the county votes is to be delivered until the mile of road it represents is completed and accepted by the State Directors ready for taxation.

Fifth. The construction of this road secures the State a National harbor and U. S. Government coaling station at Southport. It insures a South American mail line from Southport. In doing this, it frees North Carolina from being the only State in the Union, fronting on the Atlantic coast, or the Gulf of Mexico, with no seaport open doing business with foreign countries, to establish a port under the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Law. If the people would carefully read the forty-two page book, seventy thousand copies of which have been sent to the voters of the counties across the State through which it passes, they will find every possible legal protection the State could provide, and that one of the soundest institutions on the American continent stands ready to file the required evidence, acceptable to the Governor and the Council of State of North

Carolina, and they will build this road if these eastern counties will join Tennessee and the western counties when it has been clearly shown to them, that it doesn't cost a county through which the line will pass, one penny of increased tax, but brings a surplus into the county treasury every year above every penny that the county is asked to vote to rid this State of unjust discrimination and free the State from transportation monopoly by land and by sea.

Sixth. Every western county through which it is to pass has voted solid for the bonds. None of the eastern counties have yet voted, and the call for these ten counties were signed by nearly one thousand of the leading business men of those counties, and the calls will be made and the elections held, beginning in February or March. And we have a standing offer of one hundred and fifty dollars for any man that will publish a just, a right and a sound public reason why any county should not vote for the bonds, that reason to be determined as sound by three men that have served this State as State officers. We will name one, the other party one, and those two the third. We have furnished books to every voter, and hope they are reading them, and will name their opposition if they have any, and name a committee to pass on it.

The Raleigh Observer has labored, perhaps, as no other paper in this State has labored, to stop discrimination and the unjust monopoly of our commerce. A thing that is known to have been going on every since Interstate Commerce Law was put in practice.

A discrimination of a character so open and publically evident that the law machinery of this State and its Legislatures have been in a turmoil and still in a turmoil over this unjust discrimination, maintained under the discrimination of the Interstate Commerce Law, which has been fought in the lower courts of the State and in the higher courts, and before the Interstate Commerce Commission itself, and before the United States Supreme court, and the State has lost in every count.

Every State paper knows that this injustice that is being done to North Carolina is not being done against any other State in this Southland, and that it is being done under the legal provisions of the Interstate Commerce Law, because this State has no seaport open doing an ocean commerce with a land commerce in connection therewith, that meets the requirements of a rate basing port under the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Law.

This is why I have been able to command the attention and get action by our State Legislature and that of other States to co-operate with us in this common sense practical piece of work of justice to stop the wrong, and we can see how any man not ruled by these old lines of road that hold the ironclad monopoly of our commerce can afford to oppose the road.

The Transcontinental Railroad, under the machinery of the law under which it is to be constructed and the method of the State control as it now stands, with the unanimous co-operation of the counties clear across the State will accomplish the desired end. There are no rake offs, no speculating scheme connected with the work, no pets to be taken care of, not a salary to a high officer will be paid until the State Directors determine and agree what his pay shall be. Not a single thing connected with it that has not had the widest possible publicity, and is open to the calcium light examination of every intelligent man in the State.

It is known State-wide that Wilmington employed the best legal ability that could be had and spent nearly \$10,000, to try to stop this discrimination by law, it is known that the Corporation Commission has tried, and it is known that the State Legislature directed the best legal talent possible be employed and that thousands of dollars were spent to try to stop it by law and that they all failed.

And the public reason is known to all men that read the great daily papers, that they failed because North Carolina has no seaport open, with a great line of railroad from the great West or from anywhere else to it, with established relations for permanent ocean commerce that would entitle it to bring our State's commerce in interstate freight rates under the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Law.

The South Atlantic Trans-Continental Railroad when built as now provided under State control will accomplish this end without a shadow of a doubt as it is purely legal in its operation.

I have been accused of being a dreamer. I may be, but this work is no piece of optimism or enthusiasm. It is a plain, practical, commonsense law proposition, that is being opposed, and naturally so, and not illegal by other lines of road running

north and south clear across the State. And by every ocean boat on the South Atlantic coast, with a long haul across the State's ocean front.

None of them are violating the law, they are only taking the advantage of an unjust law that has given them, and every man in this State that loves money better than his State would do the same thing with the same kind of laws protecting him. Some of the roads that are engaged in discriminations, your paper knows, are the very roads that are now in possession of the monopoly, that this State built with convict labor and public aid, that cost this State many millions of dollars, lost because there was no law on the State Statute Books that protected the State against the majority stockholders wrecking the road if they so desired, and no veto power in the hands of the executive officers of the State to protect the State and the county stockholders against the majority stockholders wrecking the road to get rid of the public stock by issuing fictitious interest drawing securities.

This road is absolutely protected by public law in a charter prepared by some of the ablest men of the State, from the possibility of any such thing occurring to this road no matter who holds the majority of the stock. And we hope your good paper will look carefully into this work and say a good word to help, for it is the people's road and the people's work. Here is what men holding the highest positions in the State think about this road:

Gov. Charles B. Aycock, who was governor when the first steps were taken for this work says: "I believe it a great enterprise and will be of great benefit to the State, and I hope it will succeed."

His successor, Gov. R. B. Glenn, says in his letter of Oct. 23, on page twelve in the book sent to every voter in the counties: "I have given my unqualified approval to your railroad and authorize you to use it."

And your State Auditor, that good and noble man, Dr. Dixon, says in his letter on page 33 in the book: "It is the best proposition that has ever been laid before the Legislature of North Carolina, and this State should secure every share of stock possible in the road. And I will do all in my power to aid you in this great laudable and public enterprise."

On September 9, 1909, our present, efficient and able governor, W. W. Kitchin, says: "In reply to your letter of September 6, 1909, I beg to say that I approve your purpose to make Southport the terminus of the South Atlantic Trans-Continental Railroad Company, believing that it will vastly magnify the importance of that port, and greatly benefit the people of North Carolina. I also approve your purpose of building this road from Waynesville, or some point in Tennessee by way of Waynesville to Southport, and while the task before you is an arduous one, I trust that your efforts will prove successful."

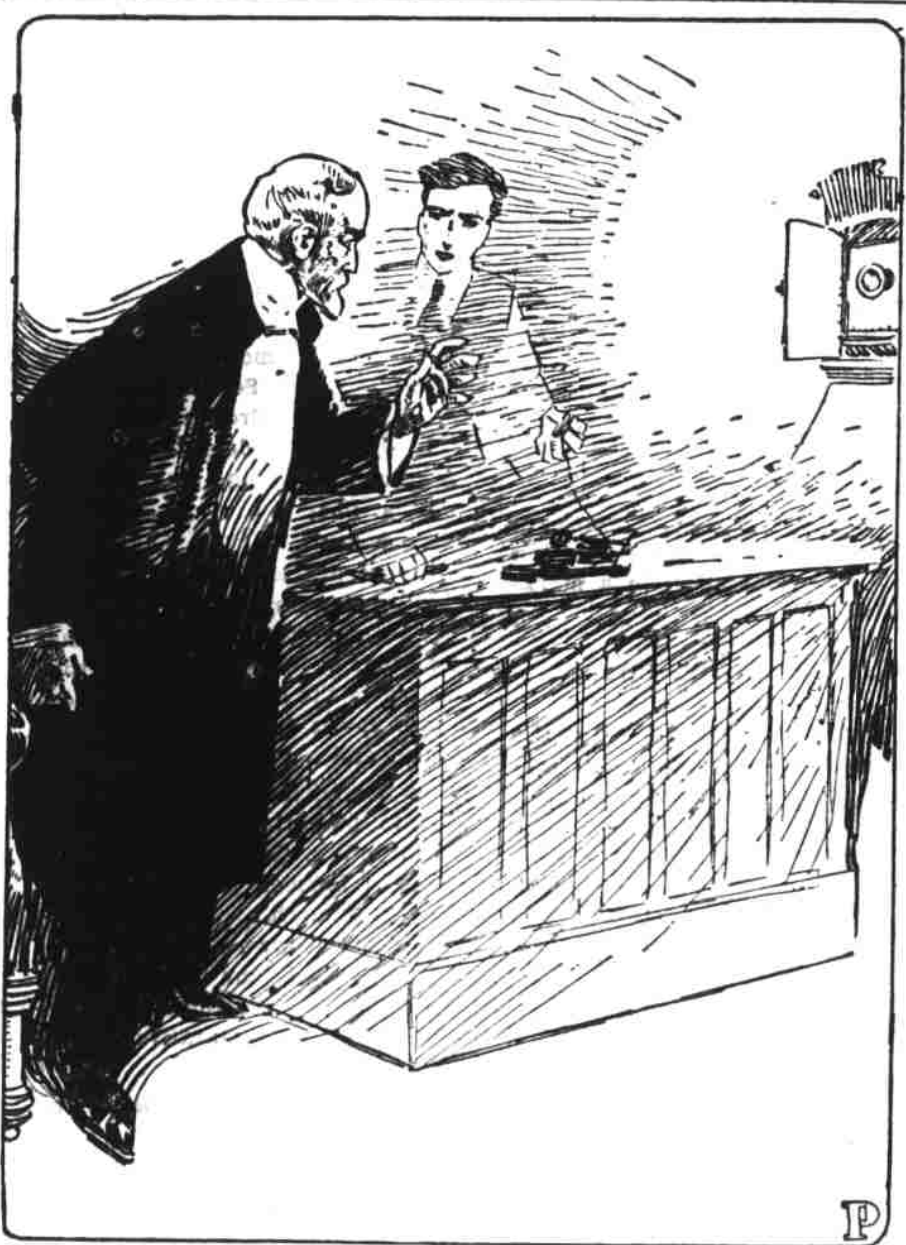
I wired several of the members of the Council of State of North Carolina on November 23, 1909, asking them, "What will the Trans-Continental Railroad under State control, completed to Southport be worth to North Carolina?"

In reply I received the following telegram from State Treasurer Hon. B. R. Lacy: "A United States coaling station at Southport with South Atlantic Trans-Continental Railroad complete will be of inestimable value to North Carolina."

From the Hon. Secy. of State, J. Bryan Grimes, "Impossible to estimate the great industrial and commercial advantage of this railroad and coaling station."

From the Hon. Attorney General Bickett. "Wire just received. There would be millions in it for the State."

Respectfully,
S. A. JONES.



"IT IS A PICTURE OF YOU IN STRIPES, JUDGE BARTELMY."

"Ah—ha—ha!" The jurist leaned back and laughed. "You're a clever lad, Brand. Well, well; youth will be served." He pushed the pad away.

Brand glanced at the clock fixed in the wall opposite him.

"It's getting late, judge," he warned.

Bartelmy reached into the inside pocket of his evening dress coat and extracted an oblong package. Slipping off a rubber band that encircled it, he unwrapped the yellow paper and laid before him on the managing editor's desk a neat stack of crisp new bank bills, all of the \$500 denomination.

Bartelmy started to count the money, but he desisted and pushed the bills over toward Brand.

"Count it," he said.

"You count it."

The judge leaned forward and began the task. His head was within four or five inches of the mouthpiece of the telephone. He picked up the bills, one at a time, and as he counted them he laid them in another pile.

"Five hundred," he said—"one thousand, fifteen—two thousand, twenty-five—three thousand, thirty-five—four thousand, forty-five—five thousand. There is half of it," he remarked.

"Yes; that's \$5,000," assented Brand.

"Six thousand," said the judge, continuing with his task—"seven thousand, seventy-five—eight thousand."

"Eight thousand dollars," agreed Brand.

"Nine thousand," counted the judge.

moved. He stood and gazed in dismay. He knew now that he was at the mercy of Brand and the Advance to a degree that he hardly dared to estimate.

He turned around and walked back to the desk. Brand was still standing in his place, looking fixedly at the judge.

Bartelmy was not beaten yet. He knew that he would not be beaten until the Advance appeared in the streets spreading forth to all the world the story of his shame.

Shaking from head to foot in his rage, he pounded the desk and cried out:

"You have gone to all your trouble for nothing. I am going direct to Mr. Nolan's house, and in less than an hour you will receive orders to kill that story—that dastardly pack of lies you want to print!"

Brand smiled calmly. He gathered the \$10,000 in bills, which lay scattered on the desk where Bartelmy had thrown them when he dashed for the camera.

"I'll keep these as evidence," he said. "When they have served their purpose we will return them to you, or maybe we will send them to the minority stockholders in the Lansing Iron company. That's who the money probably belongs to."

Bartelmy accepted the situation with stoical composure for the time. He saw that he would have no chance in

HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM.

The cause of Rheumatism and kindred diseases is an excess of uric acid in the blood. To cure this terrible disease this acid must be expelled. Rheumatism is an internal disease and requires an internal remedy. Rubbing with Oils and Liniments will not cure, and affords only temporary relief at best.

Science has at last discovered a perfect and complete cure, which is called "Rheumacide." Tested in hundreds of cases, it has effected the most marvelous cures; we believe it will cure you. Rheumacide gets at the joints from the inside, sweeps the poisons out of the system, regulates the liver and kidneys and makes you well all over. Rheumacide strikes the roots of the disease and removes its cause. This splendid remedy is sold by druggists and dealers generally at 50c and \$1 a bottle. In tablet form at 25c and 50c a package. Trial bottle of tablets by mail on receipt of price 25c. Booklet free. Write to Bobbitt Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md. For sale in Gastonia by Adams Drug Co.