CHANGE IN DEMOCRATIC PLANS.

Special Committee Recommends to Full Committee Important Changes in the Party Organization-A Legalized Primary Law is Predict-

A special from Raleigh to yesterday's Charlotte Observer says:

The special committee of the Democratic State committee adjourn ed late tonight. Chairman Eller said it had decided to recommend to the full State committee, which he will call to meet in about thirty days, important changes in the party's plan of organization so as to provide for holding precinct meetings on a common day and the same conventions. Some of the committee feel that the solution of the question will be the enactment of a legalized primary law, but this will be for the whole committee to recommend if it seems proper, as, of course, it requires legislative action. The other great change in the plan of organization which the special the adoption of the direct primary plan as the county executive committee may determine, endeavoring and when it is perfected the report to the whole committee will be

Why Not Boycott Waste? New York World.

Commenting on some phases of American life at the close of his recent visit to this country, Sir Thomas Lipton, who is himself a dealer in groceries and provisions, and therefore presumably interested in their consumption, said the thing he could not get used to was the great waste at American tables. This he had noted alike in the home, the hosel and the restaurant. Enormous quantities of food were carried from kitchen to table, to be toyed with more or less and then sent back useless and destined to the garbage pail. For himself he remarked he could never bring himself to send his plate away with "leavings" on it. The waste of meat struck him as particularly reprehensible. A living creature had to be deprived of its life to furnish a food for man of which man made the scantiest Huge steaks were served out of which only the tender spots were cut. The question of nutrition gave way entirely to taste or whim. No soil could forever produce food enough to permit such waste.

This observation will readily be confirmed by every observer of American habit. Desire and needs are kept as far apart as possible in the average mind. A boycott of waste would work a greater reform in the cost of American living than any other step that could be taken.

His Own Estimate.

Catholic Standard and Times.

"I'll give you a position as clerk to start with," said the merchant, "and pay you what you are worth. Is that satisfactory?"

"Oh perfectly," replied the college graduate, "but-er-do you think the firm can afford it?"

Fixed Ratio.

Puck.

Actor (on the road: "I suppose you have no idea what the size of our house will be tonight? It varles, doesn't it?"

Native: "Well, you kin generally tell purty accurately by dividing the number of people in the company by two."

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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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I .- Judith Bartelmy, society woman, goes to the office of the Daily Advance to protest against 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 saving of considerable time in setting 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 dicharged 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 ambitlous family that the dishonest judge, Bartelmy, and his unsuspecting daughter have taken them up socially so as to try to induce Nolan not to system as to primaries and county 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 committee will recommend will be 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 to meet conditions. The special Iron case. IX-Brand lays the trap committee has not fully completed for Bartelmy. X-Bartelmy arrives its work, but will continue it at home at the Advance office to pay Brand the \$10.000. XI-Brand, aided by three reporters. takes a flashlight photograph of Bartelmy offering the \$10,000 bribe money and obtains by a most ingenious telephone trick an accurate record of the judge's words

as he counted out the money.

MIDNIGHT in the rooms of a leading daily name. city is not a time when peaceful slumber is in order for those who are concerned in the busi-

ness of producing the paper. It is the time when trained brains and trained hands are exerted to the extreme limit of their capacity to get the very latest news into shape, into type, into the press, into the mail wagons, and "on the street."

And it is in the composing room where the brunt of the battle is borne in the final hours in which is completed the record of a world's doings and undoings for a day. Masses of "copy" swirl upward in the tubes or are carried in by boys from the city editorial room. The typesetting machines click, click, click, in unceasing monotony, and the proofreaders scan columns of "green proofs" with a rapidity, when under pressure, that would amaze the uninitiated observer. The "makeun" men cluster around the cumbersome tables or "stones" on which the forms are made up, lifting in the metal lines of type here, making corrections or shifting cuts there and locking the forms to be shunted into the stereotype room, where the paper matrices will be made. When the matrix is placed in the casting box the molten stereotype metal is poured in, and within a very few minutes the cylindrical plates, hardened quickly in the casting box by the pouring of cold water into the jacket, are locked on the cylinders of the gigantic duodecuple

copies of a paper per second, all printed, pasted, folded and counted. Midnight in the offices of the Advance on the night that Judge Bartelmy's photograph was taken with \$10. 000 of bribe money in his hands found the staff of the paper in all departments working as probably they had never worked before, except on election night. The story required considerable time for preparation. The notes of Howard and Jeff, the two reporters who recorded the conversation of Brand and Bartelmy, had to be translated from shorthand into English. Then an introduction and a head had to be written, and the art department had to break all previous records in turning out a cut made from the photograph resulting from

press and ready to whirl off over 100

the flashlight. In the composing room men were working like galley slaves to get the great Bartelmy exposure story into type and into the forms. The composing room in the Advance building was a "double decker"-i, e., a second story had been built in the rear part of the room to accommodate the proofreaders. This second story was really but a half story, extending out over a portion of the composing room, and the walls were partitions, the lower half of wood and the upper half of

zlass windows. On the lower floor the linotype machines were set in rows. A steam table loomed on one side. On another table, an ironbound one, rested the galleys containing matter for the night's edition of the paper. At the extreme left of the room a wooden partition shut off the small office that the managing editor used at night when he superintended the makeup proceedings. A door opened into this small room from the outer hall, close to a door opening from the hall into the composing room itself. At the opposite end of the compartment a door opened into the composing room. In his small inclosure Brand, the managing editor, had a desk and a telephone. Adjoining the partition, which shut him off from the composing room and on the outside of it, was a desk used by the copy cutters, who cut the pages of manuscript-after they had been pasted together-into "takes." A take is one of the sections into which a story is cut, so that several compositors can work on different parts of the same story simultaneously, resulting in the

The typesetting machines elicked off rapidly the words, sentences and paragraphs of the Bartelmy "beat" and the other stories which had to be crowded into the "mail edition," Brand was in his little room at the right. reading the proof of the introduction of the account of the accusation of the United States judge, which introduction be had chosen to write himself, McHenry, the deposed managing editor and now Brand's assistant, was at the forms with the makeup men.

A boy rushed in with a cut for Mc-Henry. The busy editor squinted at it and waved the boy to one side.

"Why do they send us this baied bay when we've got a live one?" he said disgustedly.

Downs came in from the city room. "That Clinton street fire is getting better every minute," he said to Mc-Henry. "We ought to have at least four columns on it."

McHenry glared at the speaker. "Are you crazy, man?" he exclaimed.

"Do you think we use rubber type? You'll have to keep it in three." Downs was dissatistied.

"All right. This shop is going to the d-i," be answered, shaking his head negatively. He went out of the composing room.

McHenry went over to one of the makeup stones.

"Where are the cuts for the Chicago and Bryan jump beads? I can't find them anywhere," he asked.

"Here they are," answered one of the makeup meu.

"All right. They go there." He pointed to a space in one of the forms as a boy banded him another cut. Mc-Henry beid it up to the light and hurried into Brand's office with it. He iaid it proudly on the managing editor's desk.

"That's a wonder, Mac!" pronounced Brand. McHenry agreed.

"Yes; you can almost count the money in old Bartelmy's hand!" be exclaimed, and he peered closely once more at the metal slab.

Brand meditated a moment. "I'm going to change the makeup on

that page," be decided. "Put this cut at the top of the page, so that when the papers are folded on the newsstands every one that passes by will see Bartelmy offering a bribe of \$10,-000 to suppress the truth about himself. is your story all up yet?" "Yes. It's in the form."

"Then go finish it off and send it down to the stereotyping room." McHenry turned away.

"Won't this make the Patriot sick?" be said as be left. "They'd give the shirts off their backs to beat us on a story like this or to keep us from doing it to them."

As McHenry went out of the door into the composing room Sylvester Noian dashed into Brand's room from the hall through the other door. The lad was plainly excited, his face showing an amount of animation that, for him, was a decided novelty. His eyes flashed and his breath came in short gasps, indicating that he had been burrying.

"Where's my father, Mr. Brand? Where is he?" he gasped.

Brand suspected something of the Notan son's errand.

"I'm afraid you'll have to find him," was the only information he chose to impart.

Young Nolan drew close to the desk at which the managing editor was working.

"Judge Bartelmy wants him," be exclaimed. "The judge, the judge! Don't you understand?"

"Does he?" asked Brand with utmost unconcern.

Sylvester grew impatient at his father's employee who dared assume indifference toward his father's only son. "I want to know where he is," he demanded.

"Well, I can't tell you." Brand rose and stepped away, with Sylvester following him.

"I understand that you are going to publish something about the judge that's beyond the limit," said the son. "Possibly."



"That cut is a wonder. Mac!"

snapped Sylvester. "In the absence of my father I forbid it. Do you hear?" Brand took up a bundle of proofs and moved to the door.

"I'm afraid I can't take orders from you," he said, and he stepped calmly out into the composing room.

Sylvester, nonplused, looked about uncertainly for a moment. Then, with a sudden thought, he went to the tele-

He placed the receiver at his ear. "Hello! Hello! I'm Mr. Sylvester Nolan. Get me the house on the wire, please." An office boy entered. "What do you mean by trying to prevent me from coming up here?" asked young "My orders." "You're discharged." The boy grin-

ned amusedly and burried out. "Hello! Hello!" continued Sylvester at the telephone. "Is this you, mother? I want to speak to father. I'm at the Advance office. Hell's breaking loose here, and I want him to come down quick. Isn't he there? Where is be? Expecting him any minute? Oh!



Downs and Brand entered the little room. There is a big

fire in Clinton

street," the for-

mer said. "Mc-Henry won't give me room, but I've

got to have it." "That's it. The good stuff always comes in bunches," said Brand, showing his disgust. "What else you got?" "Your cub. Powell, just came in with a prose poem on a dance hall suicide." "Let's see it." 'The managing editor

looked at the story, smiling broadly as he did so, "Send him in." The voice of Edward Dupuy was beard outside.

"Is Mr. Brand in there?" "Here; you can't go in there." a voice was heard in warning, and Brand looked up.

"Oh, yes, I can," was the cool response, and Dupuy walked in. "Brand,



"Get out or I'll throw you out!"

you print that picture of Judge Bartelmy and your paper's as good as dead," be threatened.

Brand smiled. "Oh, we'll try to struggle on."

"The whole thing was a dirty piece of trickery, and we can prove it." "Go ahead and prove it."

"We'll prove it was a faked picture," snarled the lawyer.

"What are you going to do?"

"Never mind what we'll do." Dupuy now delivered the prize threat that he had saved for use in the last extremity, should it arise, and be was justified in assuming that it had arisen.

"A temporary injunction would certainly issue in a case like this," he said sternly. "I'll get one and close your shop.

"Sure! That's the thing! Get Bartelmy to issue one," suggested the managing editor sarcastically.

"I will and put a stop to your game! This muck raking mania is sweeping the country like a disease, breeding madmen everywhere. Brand, this is your finish." He shook his fist vio-

Brand jumped up in anger and strode toward the lawyer lobbyist.

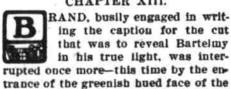
"Now, you get out of here or I'll throw you out?" he announced botly. "You will, will you? You just wait!" Dupuy backed slowly out of the doorway.

Brand hastened out into the composing room.

"Mac, they're beginning to squirm already!" be cried. "We'll make them squirm more in

the morning," responded the night editor significantly.

CHAPTER XIII.



poet reporter, Powell. "You sent for me, sir?" asked the new scribe.

"So you've covered a suicide?" said Brand.

"Powow's" eyes rolled wildly. He clasped his bands and his knees shook in his horror at what he had learned. "Oh, yessir-a terrible sight! I shall dre-e-e-a-m of it, sir! It would take a Dante to write of it. Oh, I"-

"What was this girl's name?" asked Brand in matter of fact tones. "Madeline."

"Madeline what?" "Her last name," the poet asked dazedly. "I guess I don't remember. Oh, yes, it was Jenks-Madeline

Jenks!" He spoke feverishly. Brand picked up the poet's first newspaper story and began to read it. In spite of the high pressure of events that night in the Advance office. in spite of his ever present fear that Bar-

telmy and Dupuy might in some way persuade Noian to order the sensational bribery story killed, this many sided young man found the time to bother with the factastic young poet reporter and his fantastic first grticle.

"Madeline Jenks, eh?" commented Brand, turning over the pages, "Well, the first place you mention her name is on page 3."

He plucked off the first two pages and threw them on the floor. Powell winced painfully at the massacre of his first reportorial offspring. "Begin there," said Brand. Powell lunged downward to rescue his first two pages, but Brand kicked them away from him. "Where'd she live?" he

next asked. Powell clasped his bands and gazed plaintively at the celling.

"Over a chop suey cafe, sir." "Number and street?"

"Two forty-three and a half West Pearl street." Brand threw away two more pages,

Powell watching him anxiously the "Put that next. Here. Madeline Jenks," Brand began to write, "an in-

mate of 2431/2 West Pearl street. What did she do?"

"She destroyed herself utterly!" the new reporter walled.

Brand went on writing. "Is she dead?"

"Yes, sir."

"Shot and killed herself-when?" "Tonight at 9 o'clock." Brand wrote on.

"Lust night at 9 o'clock. Why?" Powell answered very intensely: "Oh, she could no longer face the ghastliness of her existence. She knew

she"-"She was weary of life in the

streets." "I don't blame ber," Brand commented to himself. He turned to Powell. "There's your story. Thirty words-you had 3,000. And remember the story of the creation was told in

600 words." Powell picked up the pages of his story which Brand had discarded and

walked dejectedly away. "Mac," Brand ordered, "here's a dance hall suicide. Put it with local

brevities, will you?" Had Brand at this moment been able to see through the wall that separated the composing room from the hall he would have witnessed a sight that would have deprived him of some or the self possession that murked his present demeanor. A figure clad in an elaborate evening gown crept softly up the stairway, stood irresolutely at the landing and then turned into the managing editor's office. Judith Bartelmy probably never looked more beautiful in her life than she did that night. A flush of excitement enhanced the soft allurement of her exquisite features, and the low cut neck of her sleeveless gown completed a picture of feminine leveliness that, innocently enough on her part, was admirably adapted to the purpose Judge Bartelmy had in his unprincipled mind when he sent her to the Advance office. "You are my only hope," be had told her after Dupuy had at first failed to locate Nolan. "You must go and plead with Wheeler Brand or else I am ruined. Your father will be ruined absolutely." At the sight of her father's emotion and yielding to the fervent pleadings of her only living parent she had willingly consented to undertake the mission. Unpleasant though she knew it would be, she believed it her duty to stand by in his hour of dire need the father whom she loved.

the father whom she did not know. As she entered the office and paused in conjecture as to just how she would proceed she heard footsteps hurriedly ascending the stairs, and, withdrawing into a shadow in a corner, she saw Michael Nolan and Mrs. Nolan cross the hall and disappear into the composing room.

"Thank heaven!" she murmured fervently. "They will stop this story,



Remember the story of the creation was

told in 600 words. has since said so from the depths of his soul-the shock that went through him when he saw Nolan, accompanied by his wife, making their way toward him on that memorable night.

McHeury was speaking when they entered.

"There is your first page, Brand," he was saying, "and it sends Bartelmy to state prison.

The managing editor gazed approvingly at the appearance of the page of type and the cut in the form as it lay exposed on one of the stones under a shaded electric light. He looked up to congratulate McHenry on the manner in which he had completed the makeup of the page when his jaw suddenly fell. His eyes took on an amazed stare. He was looking straight over the night editor's shoulder. McHenry

caught Brand's expression and whirled about. Then he, too, saw the owner of the Advance and his wife draw near. The triumphant air with which the wife and mother sailed along by his aide boded no good to Brand and his story.

Nolan paused in front of the form without looking at the contents at

"Wheeler." he said kindly, "I've been notified about this story, and I think



"He thinks he's a great reformer and knows it all.".

it best that I read it carefully myself. analyze it and learn all the circumstances under which it was procured before I allow it to go to press. That is a task which cannot be done in the short time that remains before press time, so we had best let it go over until tomorrow-delay it one day. That won't hurt the story any."

Mrs. Noian clutched at the ex-miner's

arm and cried shrilly: "Now, now, Michael, that's not your usual way to explain things to one of your employees. Order him to destroy all this miserable stuff about the judge at once. Don't hesitate like this. Think what it means to me, to the children, to us," she pleaded.

"There, there, mother; you keep out of this," said Nolan kindly, yet firmly. "I'm trying to do the best I can for you. It's because of you that I'm here

now. But you see"-Ed Dupuy burst excitedly in upon them, and as the typesetters were beginning to become distracted from their work owing to the unusual situation Brand began to fear that this new intruder would prove the final demor-

alizer of the entire night shift. "Mr. Nolan," cried Dupuy, "we haven't a minute to lose! They are almost ready to go to press," He looked intently at the newspaper owner.

"Yes, quite right. We do go to press very soon," cried Brand confidently, "and I know Michael Nolan is the man who will order it done."

"Michael," cried Mrs. Nolan at the top of her voice, which rose sharply over the din of the typesetting machines, "are you going to stand for this? Mr. Brand acts as if he owned the Advance and treats you as if you were the office boy. He thinks he's a great reformer and knows it all. We other people have a right to our opinions, too, and I don't see why you and your family should be made to suffer on account of him as we have had to ever since you took him up."

Judith Bartelmy beard the stormy scene, lived a part of it berself huddled in the managing editor's office. She felt that Nolan would not let the story be used from what she bad heard, and she could not suppress a pang of pain that pierced her heart at what she believed to be the fanatical vindictiveness of Wheeler Brand against her father. Yet she was a true woman, and she could not, in spite of her loyalty to her parent, avoid feeling a touch of pride at his strength of character, his determination, at the sacrifices be had made, to accomplish what he believed, even if

foolishly, to be his duty. "They don't need me," she finally muttered, and, gathering up her costly skirts, she tripped daintily across the paper strewn floor, out into the hall

and down to her carriage. Nolan dropped his head in thought when his wife had finished her tirade. He paced up and down nervously. He looked at the clock, then at the form with its accusing contents, then at Brand, then at his wife.

"I'll go and telephone Judge Bartelmy," put in Dupuy. "He'll be anxious."

The lawyer took himself off. Brand saw the danger of delay. He doubted if any man would be able to successfully withstand the pressure that Bartelmy and Nolan's family would be able to bring to bear on the

owner in another twenty-four hours. "No, no!" he exclaimed to Nolan. "You would fail me again. I have tried to prove this judge's guilt to the people, but I fear I have only succeeded in proving it to his daughter. A day's delay would be fatal, I know. At least Bartelmy could get another judge to issue an injunction against us even if he would not dare to do it himself. And there are other steps

His voice rose higher, and he worked himself into a frenzy of earnestness. He stood before the little group gathered around the ink black form and

he might take."

continued his impassioned words: "You know I thought we were going