EIGHT

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

Ed Dupuy burst excitedly in upon and unclinched his hands, not daring them, and as the typesetters were be- to look McHenry squarely in the face. ginning to become distracted from The night editor began to guess what their work owing to the unusual situa- was passing through Brand's mind. tion Brand began to fear that this new intruder would prove the final demoralizer of the entire night shift.

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

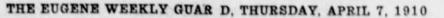
"Yes, quite right. We do go to press very soon," cried Brand confidently, "and I know Michael Nolan is the man who will order it done."

"Michael," cried Mrs. Nolan at the longer. And McHenry well knew that top of her voice, which rose sharply such an act would not only bring about 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 heard the stormy scene, lived a part of it herself huddled in the managing editor's office. She felt that Nolan would not let the story be used from what she had heard, and she could not suppress a pung 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 he 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.



away."

The girl's face and eyes were aglow with the effects of the nervous strain judge. under which she labored on that epoch making and epoch breaking night before the startled night shift of the Advance.

"Wheeler, you're not going to use that picture?" she pleaded. "Take the form away," again order-

"No, no; don't send it! Wait, whit!" She threw herself over the inky form, ed yours. her arms outstretched.

Brand tried to draw her away. "Judith, please!" he protested. "They can't have"- She was hys-

terical. "Go to lunch, boys," ordered Brand to the typesetters.

"We'll miss the mall," protested Mc-Henry. "I don't care. Go to lunch."

The compositors ceased work at the linotypes and, wondering and whispering, slowly filed out. "Judith," Brand besought her, "won't

you" "Listen to me, Wheeler," she broke

the newspaper writer, the newspaper in. "I know everything. Father has editor and the newspaper owner as told me everything about-his-guilt. well. You are right in this case." His You understand what it means to mevoice rose to majestic heights. "Wheel- what he is to me. You must spare

"Judith, it's impossible." "But it is the human thing to do. force. It is the strong arm of the Oh, forget these ideals. Be just a Right standing against the evil arm of man-a man who loves a woman and the Wrong. So we must not falter. protects her. You do love me, I know, We must not delay. Show the big in spite of everything that you've

Nolan turned quickly away and hastened out and down into the street. picked up a bundle of proofs.

we'll put them down!" Brand's discharge from the Advance,

"Yes, I love you!" he cried fervently. "And Wheeler, dear, I've not changed." she told him fondly. "I can see A warm glow of enthusiasm spread how right you mean to be in what over the face of Wheeler Brand as he you are trying to do, but in this you

are wrong. Whatever my father may "We'll show them up!" he cried ex- have done, his intentions were honest. ultantly. "We'll show them up, and He had been involved by others and when he tried to extricate himself it was too late. They, not he, were guilty. It was for their sakes, not his own, that he offered you that money, so you see you are wrong. Why, Wheeler, if you belonged to me and committed a crime I would die to shield you from the penalty."

Brand answered her quickly, "That is wrong reasoning."

"No, no; it is right. That must always be," she cried. "It is like-like a law of life. Can't you see that too? I belong to you. Yes, I belong to you, and you should shield me. You must feel toward my father as he were your own because he is mine. It's not possible that you would do this thing to your own father. Think of him that way-your own father! You'll not regret it. I'll make it up to you with all my love for all the rest of life! Wheeler, say you will do what I ask." She broke down completely and sobbed brokenly, leaning across the form "Oh, say you will do what I ask!" Brand tried to raise her, but she clung to him frenzledly. "Judith, for God's sake, don't!" he

said. "Yes, yes; you must, you shall!" She Judge Bartelmy, the power of men Mr. Brand?" he asked,

eds I become your accomplice; I be- "Yes," he answered the judge. tray my trust just as you have betray-

Bartelmy raised his hand deprecatingly. Brand, however, drew a deep breath and went resolutely on. He spoke to both the girl and the judge.

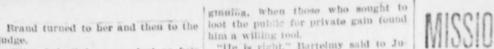
"Judith, if at the cost of my life I it gladly. But even that would do no

ways despise yourself for having caused me to fail. Can't you see you and I are nothing in all this? The individual does not exist, only the cause. Judge Bartelmy, that story goes to press." he ried, raising his eyes to meet those of Judith's father.

Bartelmy saw that



his last card. It was his flighest And somewhere down in the shiv trump, but it had failed to win. What ering, rearing hull a gount faced, hol Judith could not do he surely, under low eyed man lay on the suffron hued the existing circumstances, could not velvet cushions of a narrow couch a Nolan, the only man who could the side of a invurious stateroom do.



"He is right," Bartelmy said to Ju-"Why, he's lied to you just as he's lied all his life. He told you he was dith. "He has told you the truth totrying to shield others. He lied. He night-the absolute truth." He looked never shielded any one but himself. at his watch. "Six hours, did you say.

like you must be destroyed. When Brand had gathered Judith in his justice is corrupted the nation rots. If arms. She sighed contentedly as she ed Brand, his voice almost failing Justice is corrupted the nation rots. If hid her head upop his shoulder, him,

Judge Bartelmy stood watching the united couple for a moment before he turned and walked away, muttering as he went: "Six hours. One may

travel far in these days in that time."

could spare you this grief I would do through the giant seas that swept over her bows, out of the freezing night, out good. You would always despise me of the cold northeast. The captain and for falling when my test came and al- the first officer, lashed to opposite ends of the lofty bridge, choked in the flying spume of wind riven midocean. Somewhere a deep toned bell told of the hour in the sallors' accustomed fashion. From somewhere out of the depths of the vast groaning fabric tumbled the men of the watch who were now to go on duty to relieve

their storm beaten fellows.



feet. Every one in that high and dry atmosphere has more or less trouble with dandroff and my daughter's scalp became so encruated with it that I was alarmed for fear she would lose all her hair, which was very heavy. After spanding between five and aix dollars or various remedies, in desperation 1 sought a cake of Cuticurs Scap and a sox of Cuticurs Ointment. After rubbing the Cuticurs Ointment thoroughly into the rocts of the hair, I gently combed the crust of dandruff free from the scalp, and then gave her head a therough shampoo with the Cuticura S-ap. This left the scalp beautifully clean and free from dandruff, and after the hair was dry I again rubbed the clean and free from dandruff, and after the hair was dry, I again rubbed the Cuticura Cintment, this time sparingly? into the rots, and I am happy to say that the Cuticura Remedies were a complete success. My troubles with dandruff were ever, although for a long time afterward I used the Cuticura Outment as at first, after shampeoing, which toot the scale and roots of the which kept the scalp and roots of the hair most. I have used successfully Cuticura Remodica for so-called the Culcular formonies for so-called milk-crust on baby's head, and have never found anything to equal them. You are at liberty to publish this letter, for 1 do sincercly believe that the Cul-cura Remedies are a blessing to man-kind. Mrs. J. A. Darling, 310 Fifth St. Carthage, Ohio, Jan. 20, 1908.

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and not anow, and you have shown to me the high ideals that should guide Brand's face was beginning to twitch nervously. He stood in the middle of ing white glare from a sixty-four can-

FOURTH ESTATE

Novelized by

FREDERICK

R. TOOMBS

From the Great Play

of the Same Name

by Joseph Medill

Patterson and Har-

riet Ford. @ Ø

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MEDILL PATTERSON AND HARRIET FORD.

"I said go home!"

"I am still managing editor."

"but"-

東

dle power electric light, and clinched er Brand, I have learned from you that him for me!" the Advance is more than a newspaper. It is a great, throbbing, potential "Yes, but," he began to protest-Brand cut him short, saying agitat-

thieves up, Wheeler. Let the story go done." to press."

McHenry now realized plainly that the intensely earnest Brand had decided to run the story that very night regardless of Nolan's attitude. It would be an easy matter, as Nolan, of course,

would not remain at the office much

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 anxlous."

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 minself. And there are other steps he might take."

His voice rose bigher, and he worked bimself into a frenzy of earnestness. He stood before the little group gathpred around the ink black form and continued his impassioned words:

"You know I thought we were going to be absolutely unmuzzled here. You were a free man. Poverty couldn't frighten you, and you had seen both sides of life. You promised to back me up, no matter what it cost, so long as we printed the truth, but at the first big test you fail me."

Mrs. Nolan was on the point of becoming hysterical in her agitation. "Michael, Michael"- she began.

"There, mother, you go home with Sylvester. He's waiting outside for you. After all, this is a man's job we've got here. I am the head of the family, and I will settle this matter in my own way," he said sternly. "You must not attempt further to interfere."

He led her out of the room. Brand spoke to McHenry.

"Did you hear, Mac?" he asked. "He won't decide to run it."

'It's tough, old man-it's tough!" "This is such a live thing I don't

& ? how I can kill it," the managing editor suff), subblag his hand over the fore of the form

limits the best first page ever made my is America," said McHenry, with justifier le professional pride.

leand whe incomplable. "I've been working ten years for fust this thing." he said, "something

so phin that ere, children would see what the big this of the doing." "You so home!" around suddenly or

denied Meffeury. "What?" was the surprised exclama-

SHE THREW HERSELF OVER THE INKY FORM

B

"Yes."

"Yos."

few minutes,"

"What were those instructions? Is

"I am not at liberty to discuss with

add for your information that the

story will be on the press in a very

CHAPTER X'V.

RAND and McHenry began

eagerly to inspect the final

proofs of the Barteliny story.

Two figures suddenly stood

but that it would as well injure his reputation in other newspaper offices. where obedience to one's superior, as in any well regulated organization, is a man's first duty under all circum-1.0 stances.

"Why, man," he exclaimed questionin the doorway of the composing room. ingly, "you're surely not going to run Ed Dupuy's telephone call was beginthis story?" ning to show results. Judge Bartelmy

Before Brand could give an answer and Judith, ready for a last effort to to this last question, even if he had inprevent the publication of the contended to do so, Nolan broke in on the demnatory article, quite unobserved, glanced to where Brand and his assopair.

"Mr. Nolan," began Brand, "you ciate editor were at work. "Don't have heard the whole story of this come in yet. Wait a few moments,' miserable affair, both sides of it-Barwhispered the judge. The girl slipped telmy's and my own, from our own down the hall into the managing edi-Hps. Whatever defense or explanation tor's little office, the coign of vantage Bartelmy gave you I don't know. But, from which she had previously been so far as I am concerned, I told you able to hear all that took place in the the facts and the truth. You must composing room. Bartelmy proceeded know that by this time. You must bedirectly to the form before which the lieve it. Therefore why do you or two editors were working, and Brand how in heaven's name can you hesisaw that he must undergo another un-

tate?" Michael Nolan's face shone with the began to whirl off his story. He light of determination.

"Wheeler, my boy," he said, "I have learned much from you. I have needed judge. contact with such a man as you. 1 have led a rough life for most of my here tonight?" asked Bartelmy. career. When I rose to be chairman of the Street Railway Workers' union I did so simply through my ruggedabout this story?" ness of character, my ability to master men. Then I was driven out into the world, an outcast, and became a day the story to be printed?" laborer in the mines. When the day came that I owned my own mine it any outside person the communications was again a case of fight, fight, FIGHT, I receive from the owner, but I will

for the lawless claim jumpers threatened me above ground, and the lawless floods assailed me below ground. So in the life I led I did not get the

pers."

At this latest declaration of Brand's opportunity to study or even become Judith could restrain herself no longer. familiar with the important questions She rushed through the doorway, and the problems that confront the across the grimy floor, regardless of men that guide the policy of newspa- the flowing train of her silk gown. Brand rubbed the back of his hand

Nolan drew close to Brand and across his eyes as though they were placed his hand affectionately on the deceiving him. young editor's shoulder.

"Good God, it is Judith!" he exclaim-"But you, Wheeler-you have taught ed. Then he turned to his assistant me much about those big issues that 1 "Here, Mac, hurry-take this form

save him if he would, had gone, he was fully dressed in spite of the la knew not where.

ward his daughter. "Brand, that story is my obituary," he said in low tones.

"Oh, no," was the response in sgddened voice. "Men like you don't finish that way. You'll have about six hours, judge, before that story is read by the public."

Judith, too, was ready to admit that her last and culminating effort had been in vain. Wearled and unstrung. she raised herself from the fatal form that was to besmirch the name and the father that had been her source of pride. She crossed over toward her father, who stood silent and despairingly in the shadow of one of the linotype machines.

of your life forever. I am sorry it had to end like this-all our plans, all our hopes"-

that she had spent with Wheeler. building air castles for their future when they would be man and wife, came over her. It swept down the wall of reserve and determination with which she had deemed it necessary to a great God. Can't you see this thing surround herself. She halted and gazed steadfastly into her father's face. Slowly she raised her hands and pressed them against her cheeks as though horror stricken. Then she

Wheeler Brand, and, bending tensely

toward him, she searched his strong young face as best her tear dimmed in his behalf, and he had felt that not eyes would let her. He returned her

Judge Bartelmy saw the girl's strugthe girl he loved. At his daughter's gle to decide between the father who had dishonored her name and the lover who meant a life of happiness. purity, success and inspiration. He trated girl with his walking stick.

was wise enough in the ways of the "Human, human, Judge Bartelmy!" world to know that again was Brand he exclaimed. "You are true to yourto prove a victor over him.

self to the end. You bring your daugh-The girl stood immovable a moment. ter here so that by torturing me with Then she extended her arm toward the sight of her suffering you may esher lover. Judith Bartelmy had made cape the penalty of your thievery. I her choice.

was willing she should think me heart-The judge's features showed but litless to spare her the greater pain of tle of the storm into which his emoknowing you as you are. But now you tions had been plunged. His years of bring her here in her innocence to repracticed self control had come to peat to me your lies. You're degradhis aid and enabled him to face the ing her, dragging her down to your ruin of his career and his life and his own level, just as you did her mother name without the frenzied demonstrabefore her. If she lets you go on using tion in which most men in his position would have indulged. To the Judith raised her head amazedly. last he was the cool, polished, suave "What are you saying?" she asked. hypocrite that he had been in the he-

ness of the hour and of the fact that And it was now press time. All was he was steeping-just as he had been over. Bartelmy took a single step to- the night before. He tossed uneasily Sometimes he thrust his hands out

"Six hours, did you say, Mr. Brandt

convulsively as though to ward off

threatening danger. He began to tal

incoherently. The ship rolled, and a

tray containing dishes and an evenin

ture. He turned his face to the wal

and tried in vain to close his eyes in

Judgment had been pronounced in

the case of "JUDGE BARTELMY

VERSUS THE PEOPLE, WHEELEP

THE END.

BRAND AND THE ADVANCE."

leep.



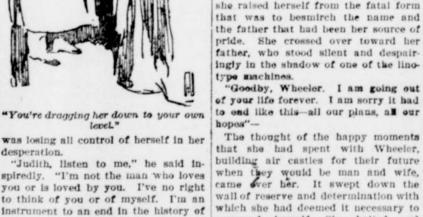


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meal that had gone untouched crashed to the floor. "The press-the printing press-has started." he muttered dis Painless Dentistry jointedly as the sound of the breaking dishes penetrated into his wearled brain. His hand instinctively crept under one of the cushions. It grasped and for a moment fumbled with a blue steel object, which it drew weakly forth-a revolver. The shock of the cold steel roused the sleeper. He opened his eyes and gazed fascinatedly Bolar Cros at the instrument of death. With a 22k Bridge Test cry of terror he relaxed his fingers. ald Fillings and the object dropped to the floor. He groaned the groan of a lost soul in illver Fillin/2.50 the anguish of its never ceasing tor 5.00

> 7.50 GUARANTEED P Co. ise. D, OREGON BIL PORS



was losing all control of herself in her desperation.

"Judith, listen to me," he said inspiredly. "I'm not the man who loves you or is loved by you. I've no right to think of you or of myself. I'm an instrument to an end in the history of as I do?"

level."

"I can't reason. I can't argue. can only feel."

The judge had drawn a few steps turned, rushed impulsively back to away from the pair during the scene pleasant encounter before the presses between them. He viewed with calculating satisfaction the battle that glanced impatiently at the clock and his daughter was waging so valiantly raised his brows questioningly to the even the young stole Brand could re. gaze unflinchingly.

"Mr. Brand, has Mr. Nolan been sist this powerful and final appeal of last outcry he drew near to the editor. "Have you received instructions "Brand, are you human?" he demanded strongly, pointing to the pros-

her it will be with her eyes open.'