

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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CHAPTER VI.

NOLAN faced Brand. "Come, come, Wheeler," he said. "Let's drop the subject now."

"Mr. Brand, you are forgetting your place," contributed Phyllis.

"Michael," insisted Mrs. Nolan, "are you going to let this young man run the whole of us? I, for one, am glad Judge Bartelmy has taken us up, and if it wasn't for the way Mr. Brand runs wild with that paper—her voice broke—"others might." She crossed to the door at the left. "Here we've squandered money right and left and nobody would have anything to do with us. I declare I was happier poor. At least when I asked anybody to eat then they came. Look at that table in there"—she pointed—"groaning with good things to eat, and there's \$100 for both house grapes, and nobody's touched 'em." She picked up a bunch of grapes from a stand and began to eat them.

"Mother," laughed the husband good naturedly. "I've seen you get away with three bunches all by yourself."

"Well, I felt it was my duty not to let them go to waste." She burst into tears. "Come on, Phyllis," she managed to say, and the heartbroken mother and daughter went from the room.

"You mustn't mind what mother says," Nolan said to Brand. "She's been kind of lonely since she came back to New York."

The editor's heart swelled with sympathy for the woman whose ambitions for herself and her daughter had caused the bitterest pain that injured pride can give. He saw that it would be difficult for her to learn that social position in a big city can be won only by skillful maneuvering, the ability to do which Mrs. Nolan apparently did not possess.

"Oh, I understand," he answered feelingly.

Brand and Nolan went into the library to smoke. Hardly had they disappeared when Pitcher entered the drawing room as an escort for Judge Bartelmy and his daughter Judith. Brand had not erred a few minutes previous when in the same room he had pronounced the judge to be the best "handler of people" in the city. The conversation which ensued between the jurist and his daughter as they awaited their hostess well illustrated his reasons for accepting, with his daughter, Mrs. Nolan's invitation. When Pitcher had gone in search of Mrs. Nolan it was the girl who first spoke.

"Father," she said, "I want you to know that I've been to five teas this



"This doesn't come under the head of social duties."

afternoon. I'm doing you a great favor to come to this one."

"Yes, my dear: I appreciate it, but social duties—"

The girl laughed shortly.

"Now, this doesn't come under the head of social duties."

"Oh, yes," the judge answered quickly, "if you view society in its broader sense. Beyond your little world is a larger one where caste is of small consequence and where all men should be of service to each other."

"But the Nolans—they certainly haven't been of service to you?" questioned the girl.

He glanced sharply at Judith.

"But I wish them to be, and we're getting on—we're getting on."

"Their paper keeps going for you just as much as ever, father. I don't suppose one ought to mind it, but I do."

"Judith, Nolans have lived in every age in every country," pronounced the jurist. "He's a composite of aristocrat and autocrat. Eventually the autocrat in him will triumph, and now he's bounding old institutions, for instance, represent to him the judiciary, and he attacks me. No consequence whatever, but I'm here in defense of the United States, 1890-9. My cause is the cause of my countrymen. I tell you, Judith, I know the breed. I know how

to get the venom out of his fangs. Diplomacy, my dear diplomacy!" Judith became enthusiastic.

"Father, I believe you would have been a great prime minister in the 'old days!'"

The judge straightened up, smiling piously at his daughter's complimentary estimate of him. "Hardly that, hardly that," he protested. He became reflective. "They were freebie old men, for a thousand years courteously moving kings and their armies like pawns on a chessboard. They were always very tactful, Judith, those princes of the past."

"Oh," she admitted, "you never fail to illustrate your point, whatever it is."

"Just imagine," said her father, "what one of those old fellows would do in this case."

"Yes, I suppose you're right, and in the end you'll make these people see how wrong they've been about you."

"Oh, yes!" he went on confidently. "As they become accustomed to their prosperity you will find that the demagogues of their paper will be modified and ultimately vanish." He seated himself near his daughter.

"That would be a terrible blow for Wheeler, wouldn't it?" she suddenly asked.

"Wheeler? Oh, Wheeler! He's an entirely different type—the idealist, the fanatical idealist. I'm sorry, I always liked the boy. His heart's all right, but his head's all wrong, and I hope he's merely passing through a phase."

"I don't think you quite understand Wheeler, father," responded Judith, rising.

He took hold of the girl's hands.

"Oh, yes, I do! Just now he has lost himself in a labyrinth, and it will take an Ariadne to lead him out. I believe the right woman might bring him to reason." He paused significantly. Judith lowered her eyes from his. "I forgive him any annoyance he may have caused me, and I hope you will forgive him too. I want you and Wheeler to be friends again and, like the princess in the fairy stories, live happily ever after." He patted her fondly on the shoulder.

Mrs. Nolan entered the room and, aglow with excitement, greeted her guests.

"Judge Bartelmy, I hope you haven't been waiting long?" she inquired anxiously.

"Not at all."

"It is so good of you to come."

"Oh, I wouldn't permit anything to keep us away," he replied. "I've just had the pleasure of adjourning a rather important conference to be here."

This confession filled the fluttering heart of Mrs. Nolan with pure ecstasy. She could barely contain herself as she in turn greeted Judith Bartelmy.

Pitcher announced another name that appeared in the social register.

"Mr. Dupuy," he announced. He had come to keep his appointment with Nolan.

"How do you do, Mr. Dupuy?" greeted the hostess, shaking hands warmly with him. "Here's Judge Bartelmy. He's just adjourned a most important conference to come to our tea. Pitcher, tell Mr. Nolan the judge and Mr. Dupuy are waiting. Say the judge has just adjourned his court to come. Miss Bartelmy, Phyllis will be so delighted to see you."

She grasped Judith's arm and led her to a door, speaking rapidly as she did so. "Phyllis wants to show you her new gown Quinlan brought over from Paris. Very smart effect, but \$450, and you could hold it in the palm of your two hands—a rag."

"An amusing character, our hostess," commented Bartelmy dryly to Dupuy.

"Yes, she seems very appreciative of your daughter's visit."

"Well," decisively, "she certainly ought to be."

"I suppose we shall see it in the Advance tomorrow," suggested Dupuy.

"Oh, of course," Bartelmy laughed amusedly.

"By the way," remarked Dupuy, "did you see the evening paper?"

A serious look came into Bartelmy's face as he said:

"I glanced over them on my way up town, and their accounts of my decision this morning are not at all objectionable."

"No blood drawn," said Dupuy reassuringly. "A little surprising, too, for the Lausing iron people have been in pretty bad odor with the public ever since the receivership matter last year."

"That was the beginning of all these attacks upon me. I hope the morning papers will treat me fairly."

"Oh, there will be no trouble about them. They have not investigated the matter thoroughly enough yet, of course, excepting the Advance. But you did just the right thing today to bring Miss Judith."

Bartelmy was showing not the slightest hesitancy at using his beautiful and accomplished daughter as a decoy in his plottings. In the first place, he desired that she should marry Wheeler Brand, hoping that the young reformer's zeal against him would disappear; secondly, by prevailing on her to pay attention socially to the Nolan family he was confident that the owner of the Advance would capitulate and become his friend. As for Judith, she little comprehended the entire significance of her father's attitude, and if she had, her frank, genuine nature, which revolted at trickery and deceit, would not have permitted her to continue to do his bidding. She admired and loved her father.

She knew that her mother before her had aided her father in his work and ambitious to a considerable extent, and now that her mother was no longer alive she felt it her duty to fill her place in every possible way. After all, she had only a young woman's knowledge of the ways of men in the business and professional world, and she could discern in the attacks on her father nothing beyond what he himself had taught her to believe—that they were the efforts of envious men

or ignorant reformers or misguided fanatics who assailed him entirely without just cause. However, it would seem that the judge would in

lobbyist's remark that he had done "just the right thing to bring Miss Judith today," he replied with his characteristic coolness.



"HIS ONLY HOPE LIES IN AN APPEAL TO YOUR FAMILY'S SOCIAL DESIRES."

any event have attempted to conceal from others his motives for procuring the presence of Judith at the Nolan home on this day. It would seem, no matter how low he had sunk, that he would have denied that he had ever employed her unsuspectingly as a decoy on other occasions. That was the least this father could do for his daughter. But he made no attempt to protect her reputation, at any rate to Dupuy, for in answer to the lawyer

"Oh, in matters of this kind my daughter is of the greatest help to me." After a moment he continued, "I don't at all like your idea, Dupuy, of my proposing this man Nolan at the club."

"That's our trump card," insisted the other. "Every man has his price—even this young Brand if we could only find out what it is."

(To Be Continued.)

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA PIG IRON IN DEMAND

Forty-Ton Trial Order Is Given Redding Foundry—If Satisfactory, More Will Be Ordered.

REDDING, Feb. 23.—Heroult pig iron is specified to be used in making 40 tons of castings in a Redding foundry to fill an order for the Dupont powder works at Hercules, Cal. Shasta county pig iron, made by the electric process smelter at Heroult-on-the-Pit, is said to be the best in the world for making castings. That is the opinion of I. J. Johnson, manager of the Northern California engineering works in this city, which has received the 40-ton order from the Hercules powder works. This order is to be duplicated, too, if the work of the local foundry is found to be satisfactory. Shasta county pig iron is therefore attracting attention in the state at large, and it is believed that it will not be long until the merits of the Heroult product will be appreciated throughout the country.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

At the Nash—J. W. Frinch, O. R. McLean, W. P. Smith, J. M. Shamberlain, Portland; W. P. Taylor, North Yakima; Fred E. Goodall, North Yakima; F. G. Harrison, Cincinnati; C. H. Smith, Galice; Walter Moore, Medford; R. E. Newhall, Minneapolis; William von der Hellen, Eagle Point; D. A. Donelson, Portland; B. Rotony, San Francisco; T. H. Bracken, Beloit; E. I. Ingle, J. C. Biggin, Maurice Winter, Portland; B. F. Driver, Los Angeles.

At the Moore—L. A. Holebridge, Portland; G. Rotony, San Francisco; C. L. Powell, Hill; Mrs. L. J. Mirsche, Henly; T. J. McCord and wife, Westbury; J. A. Patterson, San Francisco; A. L. Briggs, Albany; L. A. McFarland, Sutherland; A. E. Wolverton, city; J. D. Summers and wife, Butte; Mrs. Jansen, Gold Hill; Phil Flood, E. A. Beals, Portland.

OFFICER FALLS VICTIM TO DEADLY SMALLPOX

PORT TOWNSEND, Wash., Feb. 23.—Ensign P. O. Griffiths of the cruiser Washington is dead today at the quarantine station, the first officer to fall a victim of the epidemic of smallpox on the Washington. Griffiths was 25 years old. His home was in California, his mother living at Palo Alto. He entered the navy in 1903. This is the fourth death on the cruiser. The yellow flag does not fly from the masthead of the Washington today, but the ship will remain at the station for a week to make sure the period of incubation is passed.

DESTROYS SLEEP.

Many Medford People Testify to This.

You can't sleep at night. With aches and pains of a bad back.

When you have to get up from urinary troubles.

All on account of the kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills bring peaceful slumber.

They cure all kidney ills.

G. L. Boone, 533 Grape street, Medford, Or., says: "The public statement I gave in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills in September, 1907, still holds good. I recommend this remedy in the hope of bringing it to the attention of other kidney sufferers. I was in bad shape with rheumatism at one time and despite all my efforts I was unable to get relief from pain and stiffness in the small of my back. My kidneys were also out of order and sometimes I had to get up at night to pass the secretions from these organs. When I had about given up hope of being cured someone told me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and I did so, procuring a supply at Haskins' drug store. I soon found that the claims made for them were true, for I had not used them long before my rheumatism began to disappear. As I continued taking this remedy, I steadily grew better and the contents of eight boxes restored me to good health."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

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14-acre orchard, 7 acres Newtown, 4 acres Spitzenberg, 3 acres mixed orchard, in full bearing; nice 6-room house; electric lights; phone; one mile from Oakdale pavement; \$12,000, half cash, rest easy payments.
83 1-3 acres, 3 1-2 miles from Medford; 26 acres in pears and apples and some bearing apricots; fine soil; about half under ditch; a bargain at \$14,500; easy terms.
7-room bungalow, bath, electric lights; A No. 1 locality a good investment at \$3000; good terms.
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Good list of choice lots at right prices.
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We make any kind and style of windows. We carry glass of any size on hand.
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FOR SALE
\$12,525—Eleven acres in Comice pears, 10 years old, nine acres in Bartlett and Anjou pears, 1 to 3 years old; close in; good soil. Terms.
\$12,000—Eleven acres in Comice and Bosc pears, 14 years old. These trees are in full bearing and will pay a good income on the price asked.
\$24,000—Thirty-two acres in Bosc and Anjou pears; trees are from 4 to 7 years of age. Complete set of buildings. Close in.
\$7000—Thirty-five acres of black sticky, three miles from Medford, all under the ditch and can be irrigated.
\$13,000—Thirty-two acres, close to Medford; eight acres in Newtowns and Spitzenbergs 5 to 7 years of age; 14 acres in alfalfa; three acres in peaches; two acres in berries; irrigated; buildings.
\$13,000—Twenty acres; 16 acres in 7-year-old Newtowns and balance in 3-year-old Bartlett pears; no buildings.
\$7500—Ten acres, all planted to Newtown and Spitzenberg apples, 7 to 11 years old.
\$14,000—Thirty-five acres; buildings; exceptionally fine place for a home; twelve acres in apples at d pears 3 years old; about an acre of bearing orchard; 11 acres in alfalfa; all fine deep free soil.
\$150 to \$200 per acre—Stewart acre tracts; two miles from Medford; tracts are from 10 to 25 acres in size. Fine building spots on all; can all be irrigated; cheapest tracts in the Medford neighborhood; easy terms.
\$300 per acre—Finest five and ten-acre orchard and garden tracts in the valley; easy terms.
\$35,000—270 acres; buildings; 26 acres in bearing — Spitz, Newtowns and Comice pears about 60 acres in one and two-year-old apples and pears; fine orchard land.
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