

**THE FOURTH ESTATE**  
Novelized by  
**FREDERICK R. TOOMBS**  
From the Great Play of the Same Name by  
Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford.

CHAPTER XIII.

**B**RAND, busily engaged in writing the caption for the cut that was to reveal Bartelmy in his true light, was interrupted once more—this time by the entrance of the greasyhued face of the 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 hands and his knees shook in his horror at what he had learned.  
“Oh, yessir—a terrible sight! I shall drop-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 Bartelmy and Dupuy might in some way persuade Nolan to order the sensational bribery story killed, this many sided young man found the time to bother with the fantastic young poet reporter and his fantastic first article.  
“Madeline Jenks, eh?” commented Brand, turning over the pages. “Well, the first place you mention her name is on page 2.”  
He plucked off the first two pages and threw them on the floor. Powell winced painfully at the massacre of his first reporter’s 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 hands and gazed plaintively at the ceiling.  
“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 while.  
“Put that next. Here, Madeline Jenks,” Brand began to write, “an inmate of 243½ West Pearl street. What did she do?”  
“She destroyed herself utterly!” the new reporter wailed.  
Brand went on writing.  
“Is she dead?”  
“Yes, sir.”  
“Shot and killed herself—when?”  
“Tonight at 9 o’clock.”  
Brand wrote on.  
“Last 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 her,” 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 of the self possession that marked 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 allurements of her exquisite features, and the low cut neck of her sleeveless gown completed a picture of feminine loveliness 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’re my only hope,” he 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, which father says is a horrible lie.”



“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.  
McHenry 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 side boded no good to Brand and his story.  
Nolan paused in front of the form without looking at the contents at first.  
“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. Nolan 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 demoralizer 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 should 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 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 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. 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 fall 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 he might take.”  
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 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 see how I can kill it,” the managing editor said, rubbing his hand over the face of the form.  
“That’s the best first page ever made up in America,” said McHenry, with justifiable professional pride.  
Brand was inconsolable.  
“I’ve been working ten years for just this thing,” he said, “something so plain that even children would see what the big thieves are doing.”  
“You go home!” Brand suddenly ordered McHenry.  
“What?” was the surprised exclamation.  
“I said go home!”  
Brand’s face was beginning to twitch nervously. He stood in the middle of the composing room, under the flooding white glare from a sixty-four candle power electric light, and clinched and unclenched his hands, not daring to look McHenry squarely in the face. The night editor began to guess what was passing through Brand’s mind.  
“Yes, but,” he began to protest—  
“but!”  
Brand cut him short, saying agitatedly:  
“I am still managing editor.”  
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 longer. And McHenry well knew that such an act would not only bring about Brand’s discharge from the Advance, 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 circumstances.  
“Why, man,” he exclaimed questioningly, “you’re surely not going to run this story?”  
Before Brand could give an answer to this last question, even if he had intended to do so, Nolan broke in on the pair.  
“Mr. Nolan,” began Brand, “you have heard the whole story of this miserable affair, both sides of it—Bartelmy’s and my own, from our own lips. Whatever defense or explanation Bartelmy gave you I don’t know. But, so far as I am concerned, I told you the facts and the truth. You must know that by this time. You must believe it. Therefore why do you or how in heaven’s name can you hesitate?”  
Michael Nolan’s face shone with the light of determination.  
“Wheeler, my boy,” he said, “I have learned much from you. I have needed contact with such a man as you. I have led a rough life for most of my career. When I rose to be chairman of the Street Railway Workers’ union I did so simply through my ruggedness of character, my ability to master men. Then I was driven out into the world, an outcast, and became a day laborer in the mines. When the day came that I owned my own mine it was again a case of fight, fight, FIGHT, 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 opportunity to study or even become familiar with the important questions and the problems that confront the men that guide the policy of newspapers.”  
Nolan drew close to Brand and placed his hand affectionately on the young editor’s shoulder.

“But you, Wheeler—you have taught me much about these big issues that I did not know, and you have shown to me the high ideals that should guide the newspaper writer, the newspaper editor and the newspaper owner as well. You are right in this case.” His voice rose to majestic heights. “Wheeler Brand, I have learned from you that the Advance is more than a newspaper. It is the strong arm of the Right standing against the evil arm of the Wrong. So we must not falter. We must not delay. Show the thieves up, Wheeler. Let the story go to press.”  
Nolan turned quickly away and hastened out and down into the street.  
A warm glow of enthusiasm spread over the face of Wheeler Brand as he picked up a bundle of proofs.  
“We’ll show them up!” he cried exultantly. “We’ll show them up, and we’ll put them down!”

(To Be Continued.)

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ors, by virtue of an order of the county court of Jackson county, Oregon, duly and regularly given and made and entered of record on the 28th day of January, 1910, will on or after the 5th day of March, 1910, offer for sale and sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand, the undivided two-thirty-fifths (2-35) interest of said minors in and to the following described real property, situated in the county of Jackson and state of Oregon, to-wit:  
The south half (1-2) of section

sixteen (16) and the southeast quarter (1-4) of section seventeen (17), in township thirty-seven (37) south of range one (1) west of the Willamette meridian.  
Dated Medford, Oregon, February 4, 1910.  
J. N. HOCKERSMITH, Guardian of the Person and Estate of Charles Lloyd Hockersmith and Ivan Henry Hockersmith, minors.  
W. E. PHIPPS, Attorney.  
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