

# THE FOURTH ESTATE

Novelized by  
**FREDERICK R. TOOMBS**

From the Great Play  
of the Same Name by  
Joseph Medill Patter-  
son and Harriet Ford.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.  
Chapter I—Judith Bartelmy, so-  
ciety woman, goes into 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 Wheel-  
er Brand, a brilliant young writer, whom  
she had promised to marry. He re-  
fuses to cease attacking her father.  
Chapter 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 Bar-  
telmy.

### CHAPTER III

THE managing editor again be-  
gan to weigh just what signif-  
icance the demand of Dupuy  
had. He directed his glance  
at him fixedly, and a long pause en-  
sued after the lawyer lobbyist's abrupt  
demand that Wheeler Brand be dis-  
charged from the Advance.

Dupuy returned McHenry's stare,  
and his discerning eye and brain en-  
abled him to read the workings of Mc-  
Henry's mind. He felt instinctively  
as he glared at McHenry that he had  
the managing editor "on the run."  
During the period of the insurance  
company's ownership there had been  
no doubt that the decision of the man-  
aging editor of the Advance would  
have been in favor of Dupuy and his  
demand for the discharge of Wheeler  
Brand. And the lawyer, like McHenry,  
knew nothing of the new owner that  
would change the attitude of the pa-  
per.

Dupuy was right in his estimate of  
McHenry's weakness. The lawyer lob-  
byist was playing in rare fortune, in-  
deed, to discover in his opponent a  
man who dared not stand for the  
right. He well knew that he would  
not find the same sort of man in a  
position of importance in many other  
newspapers of the land. Well, too, did  
he know "the power of the press"  
throughout all America, for he had  
learned at bitter cost that it was the  
foe of all the Ed Dupuys and all those  
that employed them to serve their  
ends.

Finally McHenry spoke in answer to  
Dupuy's demand.

"Let us give Brand one more  
chance!" protested McHenry. "I'll put  
him on baseball or water front. Come  
now."

"I will be candid with you. I was  
instructed to make an example of  
somebody for this morning's story.  
Perhaps, though, a good hunting over  
might do for this time. Call him in  
now. It's his last chance."

A boy entered.

"Ask Mr. Brand to step in."

"I'd rather take a flogging than do  
this," protested McHenry.

Dupuy was unsympathetic.

"Well, he's only got himself to  
thank!" he snorted.

Wheeler Brand came in.

"Mr. Brand," began the managing  
editor, "there is a kick being made on  
the Bartelmy story of this morning."

"Yes, sir; I suppose so," Brand looked  
up and saw Dupuy, and the reporter's  
face showed that he understood.

"I forward the kick to you, forwarding  
it O. K.," said McHenry. "In other  
words, the kick goes."

"Why, what?"

"This is a practical world," inter-  
posed Dupuy.

Brand grew bitter, for well he knew  
the practices of Dupuy.

"Oh, yes; I know the patter—a world  
of live and let live. We must be very  
careful before imputing motives, eh,  
Mr. Dupuy? Does not the good book  
say, 'Let him that is without sin among  
you cast the first stone—at United  
States judges?'"

"Wheeler, Wheeler," cried McHenry,  
"we only ask you in to talk it over  
calmly."

"That man has hit me in the dark  
before," exclaimed Brand. "This is  
the first time that he has come into the  
light."

"I desire to say that my clients," put  
in Dupuy, "like a great many other of  
the—ah—subscribers—to this paper,  
were disappointed at what they con-  
ceived to be an unwarrantable attack  
full of insinuations about one of the  
most distinguished members of the  
United States bench, and they wish  
merely as readers of the paper to ex-  
press the hope that nothing of the sort  
will occur again, in which case they  
are willing to overlook this morning's  
article entirely—to, in fact, regard it  
merely as a mistake, a mistake made  
without malice."

"You mean I am to have another  
chance to hold my job if I'm not good  
from now on?" asked Brand.

Dupuy once more became complacent.

"Such, I believe, is Mr. McHenry's  
decision," he announced calmly.

"You certainly have your gall, Du-  
puy," cried Brand in menacing tones,  
"to think you can muzzle me for \$10 a

week. I've paid more than that for the  
privilege of fighting you."

The lawyer turned quickly to the  
managing editor.

"You better let him go, McHenry,"  
he suggested. "He's a crank."

Wheeler Brand was amazed at the  
way in which McHenry allowed Du-  
puy to influence him.

"Does he give you orders?" he asked  
meaningfully of the managing editor.

"Yes, my boy; he does, and I accept  
your resignation."

The reporter was by no means  
daunted by his discharge.

"I'm sorry for you," he cried, inclin-  
ing toward McHenry.

Dupuy laughed significantly.

"Reserve your sympathy for your-  
self, young man," he advised the  
young newspaper writer.

"Reserve your sympathy for Bar-  
telmy; he'll need it before long," was  
his cutting retort.

"Oh! Is that so?" sneered Dupuy.

"Go west and grow up with the  
country, for if you hang around here to  
hurt Bartelmy don't forget that criminal  
libel is punishable with arrest."

"Sorry, old man," spoke McHenry  
kindly. "If I didn't have a family I'd  
go west with you."

"If it wasn't for men having fami-  
lies," put in Dupuy philosophically,  
"there'd be a revolution."

Brand straightened up and, with a  
contemptuous expression on his face,  
started toward the door.

"You've got more heart than sense,  
McHenry," was the parting shot  
which he hurled at the managing edi-  
tor.

"Pretty tough on a reporter to fire  
him for 'scooping' the town on a big  
story," said the managing editor.

"Oh, pshaw!" granted Dupuy.

A boy entered with a card. Dupuy  
crossed to a chair and picked up his  
overcoat.

"Mr. Nolan, sir," the lad announced,  
with an amusing grimace. "He's the  
new boss, and he's got a couple of  
miffs on 'im like Jim Jeffries. Gee,  
but I'll bet Nolan is there with th'  
wallop, all right!"

hallway was heard to exclaim breath-  
lessly, "I refuse to climb another step."

McHenry turned inquiringly, where-  
upon Nolan explained: "My family's  
just outside. I wanted them to see  
me take possession." His voice was  
tinged with pride. He stepped to the  
door. "Come in, mother," he called  
gayly. Mrs. Nolan, a tall, well pro-  
portioned brunette, attired in the cost-  
liest of imported garments, entered  
the managing editor's office with a  
pronounced flourish, followed by the  
two Nolan children, Sylvester and  
Phyllis—the son about twenty-two  
years old and the daughter probably  
a year or two younger. "Oh, mercy,  
them stairs!" exclaimed the mother,  
endeavoring to catch her breath. No-  
lan presented his wife and son to Mc-  
Henry. Mrs. Nolan called to Phyllis  
to draw near. "This is my daughter,  
Phyllis," she said. "She went to Bryn  
Mawr." Phyllis and the managing edi-  
tor exchanged greetings. "My son,  
Sylvester," went on the mother proud-

## WOMAN owes it to her- self, her family and pos- terity to be beautiful—well kept teeth lend an added charm of beauty to the face

# Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

cleanses, preserves and beauti-  
fies the teeth, prevents tooth  
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and fragrance to the breath.

ing. Dupuy rose and made a signal to  
McHenry behind Nolan's back that he  
wanted to meet the owner. The man-  
aging editor beckoned him over.  
"Mr. Nolan," he said, inclining to-  
ward the proprietor of the Ad-  
vance. "This is  
Mr. Dupuy."  
Dupuy bowed,  
again trying to  
fix in his mind  
the occasion on  
which, somehow,  
somehow, in his  
busy past he had  
met Michael No-  
lan. He exten-  
ded his hand,  
saying, "I am  
glad to meet  
you, Mr. Nolan."  
The newspaper  
publisher pierced  
Dupuy with a  
glance which, to  
say the least, was  
searching. He  
crouched toward  
him and compressed  
his brows as though  
to render his sight  
more certain, more  
penetrating. He  
had half extended  
his own hand to  
grasp Dupuy's. Sudden-  
ly, with a half  
smothered oath,  
he drew it violently  
back.  
"My God," he  
exclaimed, "it is  
Ed Dupuy!"  
He continued to  
stare at the lawyer.  
After a moment a  
faint smile appeared.  
"Ed Dupuy, that's  
funny," he contin-  
ued—"that's awful  
funny. Well, don't  
it beat all? Don't  
you remember  
me, Ed?"  
Dupuy couldn't  
place him as yet.  
"Why—ah, Mr. No-  
lan! Yes, it must  
have been. Let's  
see. Wasn't it Monte  
Carlo two winters  
ago?" he ventured.  
"No, Ed, no; it  
wasn't Monte Carlo  
two winters ago. It  
was here in this  
town twelve sum-  
mers ago. Remember  
now?"  
"Twelve summers  
ago—twelve sum-  
mers ago?" Dupuy  
reflected.  
"The street car  
strike," reminded  
Nolan.  
"Oh, yes, the street  
car strike!" added  
Dupuy. Now he  
began to remember.  
He began to re-  
member the part  
he, as the Consoli-  
dated Traction com-  
pany's counsel, played  
in that war between  
capital and labor, and  
somewhere in it all  
he realized that a  
face something like  
the one before him  
had come to his  
knowledge; also the  
name "Nolan" had  
a familiar ring. "No-  
lan, Nolan!" he  
repeated to himself.  
No, it was "Dolan,"  
he reassured him-  
self; that had been  
the name of the man  
he had crushed and  
driven from the  
kin of men. Yes,  
that was it, "Do-  
lan," and that man  
was a broken down  
and outer when  
Dupuy last heard  
of him.  
Nolan saw that  
Dupuy was not  
plused, and he  
laughed as he  
said:  
"Yes, it was  
the street car  
strike, and you  
and Judge Bar-  
telmy between you  
sent Jerry Dolan  
to jail for contempt,  
and that broke the  
strike after it'd  
been won."  
"He was a dan-  
gerous agitator,"  
proclaimed Dupuy,  
directing an in-  
terested glance at  
the new owner.  
Nolan drew a  
deep breath and,  
clenching his fists  
at his sides, re-  
plied to his arch  
foe of twelve years  
before:  
"He'll be a more  
dangerous agitator  
tomorrow. I'm  
Jerry Dolan!"  
(To be Continued.)



"I'd like to read that  
somebody else was  
happy."

## ROOSEVELT PARTY COMING HOME

(UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.)  
(By a Staff Correspondent.)

Gondokoro, Soudan, Feb. 18.—  
With the departure of the Roosevelt  
party down the Nile, the journey of  
the great hunter, "Bwana Tumbo,"  
through the wilds of East Africa  
closed today.

The story of the "portly master,"  
replete with stirring incident and full  
of admiring praise for his prowess as  
a mighty hunter will now take its  
place in the lore of the natives who  
worship him as a king from a fore-  
ign land.  
It is probable that there will be  
several little side trips for hunting  
on the way to Khartoum, but these  
will be of little comparative impor-  
tance, and it was not expected that any  
big game will be found.

The members of the party, all of  
whom are well and apparently have  
thrived on the outdoor life in the  
jungle, consider that the big hunt is  
over. Therefore, it is possible to  
give the result of the expedition, in  
respect to the game killed by Col.  
Roosevelt and his son, Kermit, which,  
aside from birds and reptiles taken  
by the naturalists, include practi-  
cally all of the game killed by the party.

Following is a record of the ac-  
complishments of the former presi-  
dent, and a list of the game he has  
bagged:

- Rhinoceri, 18, including 3 white  
ones; elephants, 9; lions, 7; giraffes,  
10; wildbeestes, 4; Thompson's gaz-  
elles, 1; hippopotami, 4; buffaloes,  
8; taptirs, 5; elands, 4; ostrich, 1;  
leopard, 1; hartbeeste, 1; python, 1;  
bohr, 1; impalla, 1; waterbuck, 1;  
zebra, 1; oryx, 1; bushback, 1;  
oribi, 1; kob, 1.

Kermit Roosevelt made the follow-  
ing record:  
Lions, 11; elephants 2; rhinoceri,  
3; bongos, 2; sabres, 3; buffaloes,  
4; giraffes, 3; hippopotamus, 1; chee-  
tachs, 3; popis, 3; monkeys, 2; wild-  
beestes, 1; elands, 1; leopard, 1.

These lists are made up of the more  
important items of the bag. Most of  
the animals included in the sum-  
mary either will be sent to America  
or are on their way there for exhibi-  
tion in the Smithsonian Institution  
at Washington, the Museum of Nat-  
ural History of New York and other  
museums.

No schedule has been arranged for  
the trip through Egypt, and it is im-  
possible to state when the party will  
arrive at Khartoum.

The trip from here to Khartoum  
probably will be made in two weeks,  
but the progress will be made accord-  
ing to the pleasure of Colonel Roose-  
velt, who may decide to stop over at  
some point of interest. It is thought  
quite probably that Khartoum will  
not be reached before March 5.

## A THREE CENT FARE

(UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.)  
Cleveland, O., Feb. 18.—After a  
fight begun 15 years ago, and waged  
at different times by former Mayor  
Tom L. Johnson, 3-cent fares will  
hereafter prevail in this city.

A new franchise, placing the street  
car system under the supervision of  
the city was approved in a referend-  
um election yesterday by a majority  
of \$100.

The Cleveland Trolley Company  
must furnish the city with car service  
at cost, plus 6 per cent return to  
holders of stock in the concern.

## TEACHERS PROHIBITED FROM GAMBLING

(UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.)  
El Paso, Tex., Feb. 18.—Follow-  
ing a report made to the school board  
that teachers in the public schools,  
including women, had been betting  
on horse races and indulging in gam-  
bling at card games, a rule went into  
effect today that any teacher found  
frequenting the Jaurez race track, or  
playing any games of chance, would  
be summarily dismissed from their  
positions.

The resolution was passed at the  
suggestion of W. L. Peabody, chair-  
man of the board, who stated that he  
knew of a number of cases where  
teachers had been gambling.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the  
Most Popular Because It Is  
the Best.

"I have sold Chamberlain's Cough  
Remedy for the past eight years and  
medicines on the market. For babies  
and young children there is  
nothing better in the line of cough  
syrups," says Paul Allen, Plain  
Dealing, La. This remedy not only  
finds it to be one of the best selling  
cures the coughs, colds and croup  
so common among young children  
but is pleasant and safe for them to  
take. For sale by all druggists.

Read The Journal Want Ads.

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## Cured by Lydia E. Pink- ham's Vegetable Compound



Park Rapids, Minn.—"I was sick for  
years while passing  
through the Change  
of Life and was  
hardly able to be  
around. After tak-  
ing six bottles of  
Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Com-  
pound I gained 20  
pounds, am now  
able to do my own  
work and feel  
well."—Mrs. Ed.  
LA DOU, Park Rap-  
ids, Minn.

Brookville, Ohio.—"I was irregular  
and extremely nervous. A neighbor  
recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound to me and I have  
become regular and my nerves are  
much better."—Mrs. R. KINNINGSON,  
Brookville, Ohio.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-  
pound, made from native roots and  
herbs, contains no narcotic or harm-  
ful drugs, and to-day holds the record  
for the largest number of actual cures  
of female diseases we know of, and  
thousands of voluntary testimonials  
are on file in the Pinkham Laboratory  
at Lynn, Mass., from women who have  
been cured from almost every form  
of female complaints, inflammation,  
ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors,  
irregularities, periodic pains, backache,  
indigestion and nervous prostration.  
Every suffering woman owes it to her-  
self to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-  
table Compound a trial.

If you want special advice write  
Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it.  
It is free and always helpful.

Piles Cured in 5 to 14 Days.  
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to  
cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleed-  
ing or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14  
days or money refunded. 50c

So Pure It's Good  
—For catarrh, hay fever, coughs,  
sore throat, gives instant relief  
and cure. Write us or get  
Sample Free  
At over 5,000 drug stores. Always  
keep handy 5c or 50c sanitary  
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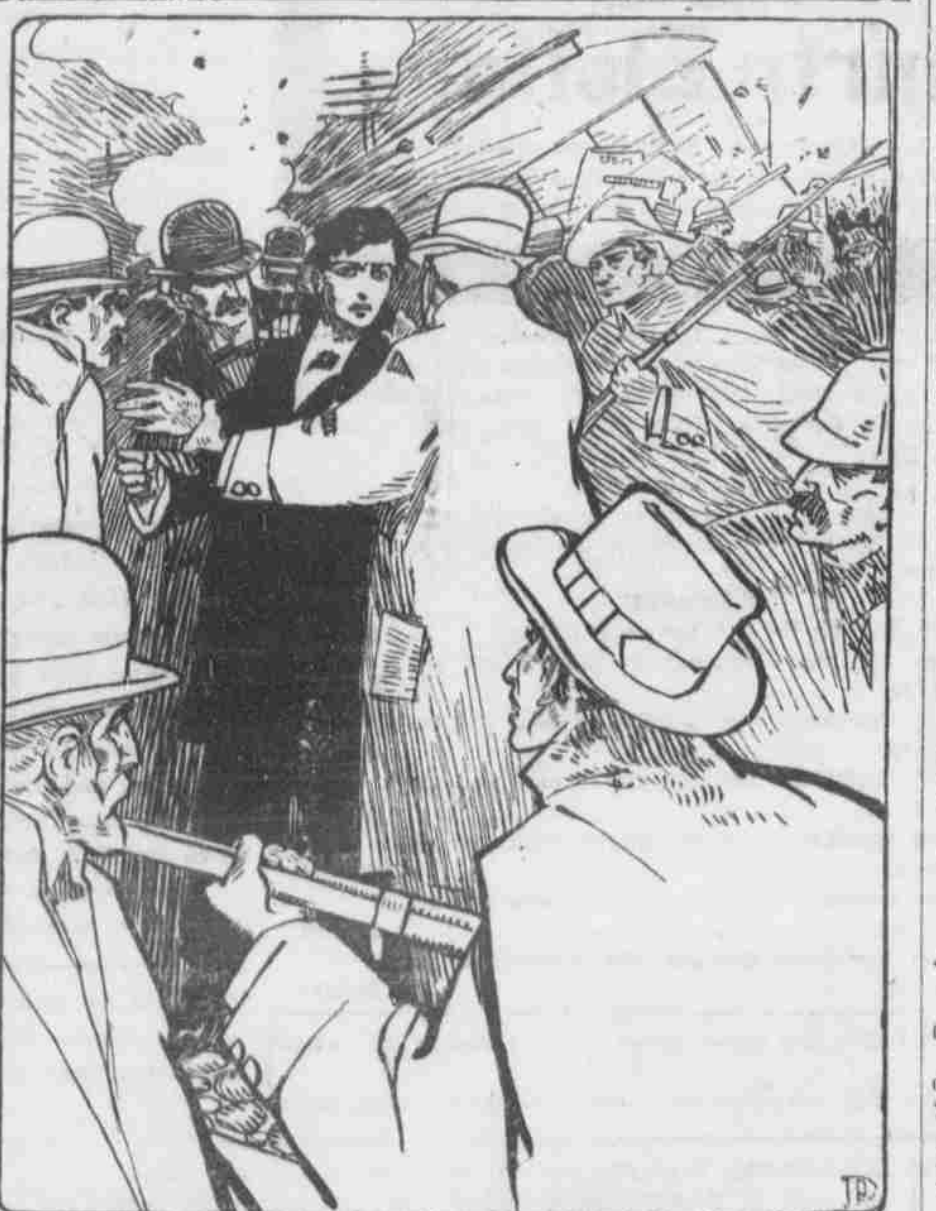
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extreme peg-top or convention-  
al style, all sizes and prices,  
making a special discount this  
week of twenty per cent.

## Woolen Mill Store



"YES; IT WAS THE STREET CAR STRIKE, AND YOU AND JUDGE  
BARTELMY SENT JERRY DOLAN TO JAIL."

Dupuy put his overcoat back on the  
chair. His luck was still holding good,  
he congratulated himself. Here was a  
chance to make the acquaintance of  
the new owner of the influential Ad-  
vance, an opportunity to pave the  
way for him for his clients when em-  
ergencies arose. Needless to say, em-  
ergencies frequently arose to disturb  
the peace of mind of the varieties of  
people who sought the versatile aid  
of Mr. Ed Dupuy. He turned to face  
McHenry and said:  
"Oh, the new owner! I'd like to  
meet him. If you don't object I'll  
wait." Dupuy seated himself at the  
extreme left hand corner of the office  
close to the rack containing files of  
the daily papers. He took down a file  
and began to read. McHenry, laugh-  
ing at the patent anxiousness of the  
lawyer to meet Nolan, put on his coat.  
A heavy step was heard, and the  
bulky form of the new owner of the  
Advance stood before the managing  
editor.

"I am Mr. McHenry," explained the  
latter.

"I am Mike Nolan," the newcomer  
remarked bluntly.

At the sound of the big man's big  
voice Dupuy, whom Nolan had not  
noticed in the corner, stirred and turned  
his head to gain a better view of  
him. There was something familiar  
in the ring of that voice. There was  
something familiar in the features  
and the poise of Mr. Mike Nolan. Surely  
he had met him somewhere. He  
pondered and pondered and finally  
gave up the problem in disgust.

"This is a nice looking place you've  
got here," he remarked to McHenry.

"That you've got, sir."

A feminine voice from the outer

ly, "went to Harvard."

"Oh, you're a Harvard man!" spoke  
McHenry to Sylvester. "What class?"

The son, togged in the latest fresh-  
man effects in the line of sporty  
clothes and drawing on an unlighted  
cigarette, replied, "1909, 1910, 1911."

Mrs. Nolan pointed at a pile of pa-  
pers lying on a small desk. "I don't  
see how you ever get time to read 'em  
all," she addressed McHenry.

"Oh, I read fifty or sixty a day.  
We've got to know what the other fel-  
lows are doing."

"That's just like me," she responded  
smoothly. "I always like to know  
what everybody else is doing, too," she  
went on. "I think what journalism  
needs is a soft feminine, refining influ-  
ence. It seems you don't publish any-  
thing now but crime, divorces and peo-  
ple's troubles." She laughed.

"Oh, son wouldn't want to read ev-  
ery day that Mr. and Mrs. James  
Jones were living happily together.  
You're only interested when they're  
unhappy."

"Still I'd like to read once in a while  
that somebody else was happy, at least  
for a little while."

It was McHenry's turn to laugh.

"Would you like to look over the  
plant, Mrs. Nolan?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! What I want to see is the  
reporters reporting."

When Mrs. Nolan, Phyllis and Syl-  
vester had departed in the wake of  
the boy who had answered McHenry's

### LABOR PARTY

Jerry Dolan, the agi-  
tator.

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