McHenry rang for the boy, Durkin,

and on his belated arrival sent him to

summon the city editor. "What you

got?" saluted McHenry as the editor

Downs, the city editor, went straight

"Are you going to use that follow up

"Double divorce.

partners."

taken from Moore. "All the same, the

judicial ermine is getting rather solled

these days. It makes me sore to think

of what they're pulling off on the

federal bench. He's bad all through,

that Bartelmy. Whose story is it-

"By heaven, he is a newspaper man.

"That's why he won't last in this of

"Yep," supplemented the city editor

McHenry's face took on a resigned

expression as he said: "Well, we'll

have to pass it up." He paused. "It's

He laid aside the proof sheet and re-

sumed his perusal of the schedule of

articles intended to be used in the

"How about divorces?" McHenry

"The Sarrup divorce is up again.

McHenry drew a few lines on one

of the photos and rang for the boy.

"Bring me an artist, Durkin," he or-

"Here," spoke up the managing ed-

itor, "take these corespondents and

run 'em with the two you had yester-

day, but fix those up different. Put a

hat on one and the other in low neck,

and put Sarrup himself in the middle

with a dado of hearts around." Mc-

Henry changed his mind. "No: make

it a big question mark of cupids and

the caption 'Which of These Women

Does This Man Love?' Yes, and frame

"Yes, sir," responded the artist,

"Hey!" he cried. "Make that 'Which

of These Beautiful Women Does This

The artist bowed in acquiescence

McHenry took up another photo-

"Ha, what a beauty!" he said en-

thusiastically. "What's she been do-

"She is Judith Bartelmy, the judge's

"High society all there as usual; I

Bartelmys are an old family, and

they've held on to some of their

money. Here, Downs," he went on,

"play her up for two-no, three col-

umns. Maybe it will square it with

the judge for what we did to him in

the paper this morning. You explain

"The new boss, Nolan, is coming

"Wonder where we'll all be working

next week?" was the city editor's re-

ply over his shoulder as he quickly

The boy came in and laid a card on

"Miss Judith Bartelmy!" exclaimed

"By the way," interjected McHenry

ieliberately, "this girl, Judith Bartel-

my, isn't she engaged to Wheeler

(To' be Continued.)

NAME ARBITRATORS.

Greece and Turkey Attempt Settle-

ment of Differences.

ment of an arbitrator to settle the

tries in the event of the negotiations.

which are now going on at Smyrna,

A Greco-Turkish commission is en-

wiss government has officially

ceded to the request made by

McHenry as he glanced at it. "Well

what do you think of that, Moore?"

the managing editor's desk.

"It's a kick sure, and"-

down to look us over tonight," added

suppose?" mused McHenry.

daughter. She gave a reception to-

in his wife too. Three columns."

starting away with the photos.

Man Love?"

and escaped.

to an artist."

McHenry.

failing.

"All right."

made his exit.

But McHenry called him back.

dered. The artist soon appeared.

Two new corespondents named." He

pointed them out among the photos.

asked suddenly, raising his head to

"Yep," responded the city editor.

fice," put in Moore sarcastically.

likely to be libelous,"

next morning's paper.

the city editor.

They exchanged

story about Judge Bartelmy throwing

the Lansing Iron

company into a

receivership?" he

"I dunno. Any

kicks on this

morning's story?"

"I should say

yes - telephone

McHenry turn-

ed and pounded

the desk with his

"If they kicked

on that they'd get

our jobs on this."

He pointed at the

proof of the new

Bartelmy story

which he had

Brand's?"

going all day."

Princess St. hone 720. Prompt Delivery.

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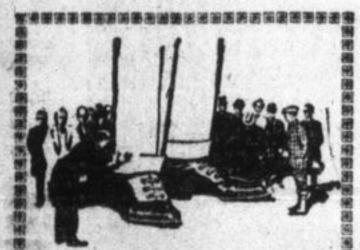
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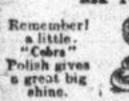
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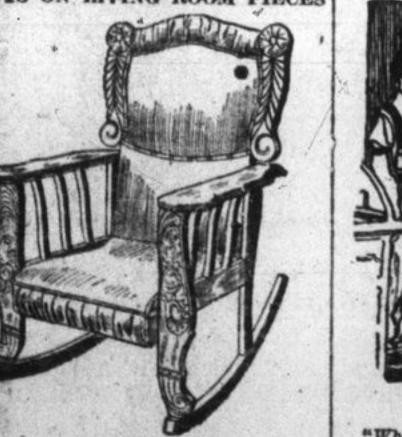
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In "The Fourth Estate" the effectiveness of newspapers in fearlessly exposing political and judicial corruption and the safeguard they are to the public are interestingly and convincingly set forth. A young, earnest newspaper writer and editor is the central figure, and his battles with a dishonest United States judge against big odds and against the cunningly underhanded machinations of the lawyer lobbyist Dupuy form one of the most valuable as well as most entertaining pieces of fiction of the day. That the false judge's daughter, the reigning beauty in the fashionable life of a leading city, should play a sensational part in this gripping story of strong honest men and of strong dishonest men, fighting each other in a war of dollars, evidences the romantic possibilities of the narrative. This is a story of today's America, a fact story torn out of life's book, dealing with the most vital issues that confront every one of us. Romance and humor vie with stirring action for supremacy in this instructive and fascinating novel, which teaches that the path of duty is the path to love and happiness and that in success, nobly won, lie rewards of greater and more lasting value than in a triumph ignobly and more easily gained.

CHAPTER I

Burke said there were three estates in parliament, but in the reporters' gallery yonder there sat a Fourth Estate more important far then they all.-Carlyle.

HE silence in the managing editor's room of the Daily Advance was abruptly broken by the entrance of Ross Mc-Henry through a private door. His eighteen years of active newspaper work in a career extending from cub reporterhood to his present important office had drilled into him the necessity, even the habit, of constant action, quick thought, keen and accurate perception and readiness for emergencies. He hastily threw off his coat, glanced at several papers laid on his desk while he was out at dinner and seated himself in his managerial chair. He wrote a few rapid words on a pad of paper at his right hand as he pushed a button with his left to summon an

"Any one here while I was gone?" McHenry queried sharply as the boy

"Yes, sir. Woman whose boy was pinched wants to keep it out of th' paper. Been outside two hours. She's sittin' outside an' bawls an' bawls an' "Tell her we're printing a newspa-

per and I've left for the night." "Then there was a few phone calls. We handled 'em all 'cept th' last. He

ed Nolan, an' he

wanted ter see McHenry immediately became interested. "What'd you tell him?" he

asked, rising. "That you was to th' theayter." The managing editor picked up a Congressional Directory and shied it forcibly at the lad.

"Well, next time, young man, you tell him I've just stepped down to the night editor's room. Nolan; remember

his name-Nolan. He's the new owner." "Cheese it, another owner. Nobody keeps us long, do they?" "No," responded McHenry laconically. "Like certain other fuxuries, no-

body keeps us long. We're too expensive, Durkin." The boy grinned and hurried away to summon the night editor at McHenry's command and to dispose of the

"bawling" woman. McHenry seated himself and turned to the ever ready telephone at the

"Hello, Miss Stowel Get me Mr Nolan-Mr. Michael Nolan-on (Fire right away." As the managing editor hung up one receiver Moore, the night editor, entered carrying a bundle of galley proofs in his left hand, a schedule in

Novelized by

From the Great Play of the Same Name by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford.

FREDERICK

R. TOOMBS

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"Well, Moore, what have you got for part 1?" asked McHenry. The night editor repeated rapidly in a dead flat monotonous voice:

"Thirty-five columns of ads. Telegraph editor's hollering for twenty columns. He just got a couple of nice flashes-one from Pittsburg about a man eloping with his daughter-in-law; very fine people. Another first class murder from St. Louis. Local has twenty-six scheduled, sports are very neavy, bowling, fights, checkers, and Kentucky's shut down on racing; they want two pages. We've got a tip that Morgan has the asthma. Steel will probably open soft on Monday."

McHenry took down the telephone receiver and held it expectantly at his ear. He took the proofs from Moore's hand and pegan looking them over. They contained important articles which had been set up, but which he had not previously seen.

"Hello, there's a live one," be suddenly exclaimed, glancing over one of



the sheets. "Bill, I'd like to run that one. Senator Deering dead yet?"

"No, not yet." The managing editor was disgusted. "Pshaw?" be exclaimed. "I'll bet the old codger dies for the afternoon papers. We're having rotten luck lately."

The telephone rang. "Hello! Who's this?" cried McHenry savagely. But his voice changed abruptly to its most sugary tones.

"Oh. Mr. Nolan, this is Mr. McHenry. Yes; why, the boy said I'd gone to the theater. He's new to newspaper offices. Yes, indeed. He doesn't know we newspaper men have little time for theaters-no, indeed-ha, hai I was downstairs in the press room all the time-yes, indeed; trouble with the roller on cylinder 5 of the color press, and I happen to have a bit of a mechanical turn of mind-yes, indeed. Anything I can do for you, sir? Hope we may have the pleasure of showing you over the office-your office-pretty soon. Yes, sir. Tonight? Yes, any time. We're always here. Yes, sir.

Thank you." He hung up the receiver and re- day," answered Downs, the city edverted to his natural voice. "It's the new boss, Moore, 'S coming down to-

"I wonder if that means more changes?" observed the night editor as he filled his pipe. McHenry sighed.

"Ain't a man who gets into this business a sucker?" The night editor smiled grimly.

"Wonder what kind of a joke is this Nolan anyway?" he asked. The night editor's brow wrinkled.

"All I know is that he's a Colorade miner with a hill of ore all his own." He glanced over the night editor's schedule. "What is this T-T-golf or "Taft-both; golf 2 down-conference

with Aldrich." McHenry snorted. "Gosh, the White House is dead since Teddy left!" He pointed to the schedule. "What's this? Baltimore, one col-

"Double divorce. They exchanged "Good people?" "Not much."

"Fifty words 'll be enough. Dead heavy-stupid paper," grunted the maniging editor.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can-not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. I. Cheney for the last 15 years, and be- Greece and Turkey for the appointieve him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made differences between these two coun-

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testi- deavoring to reach a settlement on ledge. monials sent free. Price 75 cents per the emigration question and an ex-Take Hall's Family Pills for consti- change of property belonging so Greek poor, but it takes a rich man to se ation. bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Where Women Ride Astride or Walk Behind Husbands.

EGYPTIAN DONKEYS.

To see the Mayor and Corporation of London riding on donkeys would doubtless cause endless amusement. but this happens every day in Egypt. There the donkey is the chief beast of burden. Every farmer has at least two or three of them. and when he rides to his fields he rides with his friends on donkeys. He does not use a proper saddle, but has a couple of sacks strapped over the animal's . back. No reins are used, and stirrups are never thought

The donkeys are sometimes used in a most brutal fashion, for their riders guide them with a stick, hitting them on the left side of the head when they want them to go to the right, and vice versa. If the donkeys are not going fast enough some riders rub the rough end of a stick along the spine or prick them behind the neck with a needle fixed into the stick they use for guiding.

The Egyptian donkeys are usually much smaller than those used in England, but two men are often seen on one donkey. The writer has several times seen donkeys collapse and roll over as a second big man has mounted. Their legs often suffer through carrying heavy men when only a few months old.

When Egyptian women ride the donkeys they sit astride, and the young fellahah, or farmer's daughter, can go at a great speed. Most of the older women, however, are either too poor to afford one or too stout to balance on one.

It is a common sight to see a man riding on a donkey and his wife trotting behind, barefooted, and carrying an infant in her arms and a large basket on her head. The Egyptian farmer has no idea of women's rights. Besides carrying the farmer to and from his labor, the donkey has to carry bundles of bir seem or clover from the fields to the horses and buffaloes in the villages and towns, for grass and hay are almost unknown in Egypt.

When the donkey is not being worked it is roped to a peg in the ground and its two front feet are tied together, so that it cannot move more than two yards. It is the natives' despised friend.

Parnell's Love Story.

Of the several great political romances of the latter part of the nineteenth century there was none that gripped the British people like the love story of Charles Stewar: Parnell, the Irish leader. For nearly a quarter of a century this romance intrigue, or tragedy-for it is any or all of these according to the individual view of the observer or reader of history-has been more or less of an enigma. But the enigma is now solved by the publication of "Charles Stewart Parnell; His Love Story and Political Life." written by his widow,

Katherine O'Shea. The story which aroused such violent passions in the '80's stands forth in this book, nakedly revealed to the utmost detail. After having read it most people will find it difficult to decide into which category the story falls-whether it is the romance of a great man who sacrificed everything for the love of a woman, an extraordinary intrigue in which politics and love were strangely mingled, or a tragedy of thwarted political ambitions. In any case, it is the history of a very remarkable couple, whose lives were closely interwoven with the stormy events of the beginning of the fight for home

A Remarkable Sequence. A strange fatality seems to be connected with the office of the Mayor of Uitenhage in South Africa. Fourteen gentlemen have occupied that posttion, and thirteen are dead. No exmayor save one has lived for more than a year or so aft r vacating the civic chair, and the extraordinary thing is that twelve of the fourteen died on a Saturday and were buried on a Sunday. The late Mr. Ward passed away at Eea Point recently, on a Friday, and was therefore the only exception in this respect. But he, too, was the thirteenth out of the fourteen to be interred in Uiten-

hage on a Sunday. This curious fatality rather got on the nerve of the late Mr. T. W. Mills. ML.A., while Mayor of Uitenhage. and it was his custom to close his game of bridge at midnight on Saturday with the pious remark: "Well, thank God there's another Saturday safely over." He eventually retired from the council, entered Parliament contracted heart disease, died on a Saturday, and was buried on a Sunday .- Oudtshoorn Courant.

Mansion House Funds. Mansion House funds in London are not opened without a good deal of serious thought. It would never do to make such appeals to the people upon what one may call "ordinary" occasions of national mistortune. The Transvaal War Fund, which resulted in the colossal sum of \$6,659,300 being available for distribution among sufferers, marked an occasion of which there could be no doubt. The respons to the appeal alone proved this. It was the same with the Indian Famine Relief funds in 1870, 1897, and 1900. The three realized in all \$5,165,000. Besides this the Titanic Fund seems small, the total handed to the trustees being \$2,066,060. - Manchester Evening News.

Monkey Plays Billiards. Among the holiday attractions at the Anglo-American Exposition at Shepherd's Bush will be a monkey, which, among other attainments, can play billiards.

"Yacob Straus," as the monkey has been named, is an orangoutang, the only one ever trained to appear in Genevas Switzerland, July 15 .- The public, other noted monkey performers having been chimpansees. The animal goes through a performance on horizontal bars, cycles, smokes cigarette, and concludes by drinking a Manhattan cocktail.

> One ounce of hustle is sometimes worth more than a pound of know-There may be pleasures in being

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