

THE ROOT OF EVIL

BY THOMAS DIXON



Copyright, 1911, by Thomas Dixon

SYNOPSIS

Stuart, southern lawyer in New York, is in love with Nan Primrose. His friend, Dr. Woodman, who has a young daughter, is threatened with the loss of his drug business by Bivens, whom he befriended years before. Stuart visits the Primroses.

Nan wants Stuart to accept a place with Bivens' chemical trust. He dislikes Bivens' methods and refuses. Bivens can win him.

Bivens is in love with Nan. Stuart refuses the offer, and Nan breaks her engagement with the lawyer. Bivens asks Woodman to enter the trust.

"Well, when I hint at such a thing to your modern organizing friend that these enormous profits for the few must be paid out of the poverty of the many—against whom the strong and cunning are thus combining—a simple answer is always ready, 'Business is business,' which translated is the old cry that the first murderer shrieked to the face of his questioner, 'Am I my brother's keeper? I saw murder on those black bead eyes of Bivens' tonight. Do you think he would hesitate to close a factory to increase a dividend if he knew that act would result in the death of its employees from weakness and hunger? Not for a minute. He hesitates only at a violation of the letter of the criminal code."

"But if you sell your business to these men and retire will you necessarily share in their wrongdoing?" "In a very real and tragic sense, yes. I am a coward. I give up the fight. I have been both a soldier and a merchant. Why should not trade have its heroes as well as war? Why shouldn't he be just as ready to die as a merchant or my people as I was on the field of battle? I am just passing through this world once. There are some things I simply must do as I pass. They can't wait, and the thing that has begun to rattle me is this modern craze for money, money, money, at all hazards, fair or foul means. I must fight it. Must. Good food, decent clothes, a home, pure air, a great love—these are any human being needs. No human being should have less. I will not strike down my fellow man to get more for myself while one human being on earth wants as much."

"You'll never know," Stuart said, with deep emotion, "how much I owe you in my own life. You have always been an inspiration to me."

The patient gray eyes smiled. "I'm glad to hear that tonight, my boy, for, strange as it may seem to you, I've been whistling to keep up my courage. I've a sickening foreboding of failure. But, after all, can a man who is right?" "I don't believe it," was the ringing answer which leaped to Stuart's lips. "I've had to face a crisis like this recently. I was beginning to hesitate to think of a compromise. You've helped me."

"Good luck, my boy," was the cheery answer. "I was a poor soldier tonight myself until the little wassel told me, 'obvious lie, and I took courage. pretended to have come in a mood of generosity, his offer of settlement inured by love.'" "The devil must have laughed," So did I—especially when he told me that he was engaged to be married."

Engaged—to-be-married? Stuart made a supreme effort to appear indifferent. "To whom?" "To Miss Nan Primrose, a young lady haven't the honor of knowing, and he is lying audaciously to say that he is at her suggestion."

Stuart tried to speak and his tongue refused to move. In a stupor of blind pain he slowly fumbled his way up his room, entered and threw himself across the bed without undressing. It was one thing to preach, another to be the thing itself alone in the darkness.

den in the night, the girl exclaimed:

"What a lovely little place!" A gardener who was watering some flowers on a sign from Stuart hastened up the gravel walk and opened the door.

Every window commanded entrancing views of the bay and ocean. Every ship entering or leaving the harbor of New York must pass close and could be seen for miles going to sea.

When Stuart finally led Nan out on the broad veranda of the second floor she was in a flutter of excitement over the perfection of its details.

"I think it's wonderful, Jim!" she exclaimed, with enthusiasm. "I've never seen anything more nearly perfect. Whose is it?"

Stuart looked into her dark eyes with desperate yearning. "It's yours, Nan!" "Mine?"

"Yes, dear; this is my secret. I've been building this home for you the past year. I've put all the little money my father gave me with every dollar I could save. It's paid for, and here's the key. I meant to ask you out here to fix our wedding day. I ask you now. Forget the nightmare of the past two weeks, and remember only that we love each other."

Her lips quivered for just an instant, and her hand gripped the rail of the veranda.

"If I'd seen it four weeks ago, Jim, I really don't see how I could have resisted it, but now—she shook her head and laughed—"now it's too late."

"My God! Don't say that, Nan!" he pleaded. "It's never too late to do right. You know that I love you. You know that you love me."

"But I've discovered," she went on, with bantering, half challenging frankness, "that I love luxury too. I never knew how deeply and passionately before!" She paused a moment, looking toward Sea Gate. "Isn't that the anchorage of the Atlantic Yacht club?"

"Yes," he answered impatiently. "Then that's Mr. Bivens' yacht, the big, ugly black one lying close inshore with steam up. He told me he would send her into drydock today. He was talking last night of a wedding cruise in her to the Mediterranean. I confess, Jim, that I want to shine, to succeed and dazzle and reign. This is perhaps the one chance of my life."

"Do you hold yourself so cheap?" "You can't realize how much the power of millions means to a woman who chafes at the limitations the world puts on her sex. It's too late!"

"Don't, don't say it, Nan!" "Why not be frank? This little cottage is a gem, I admit. But I've seen a splendid palace set in flowers and gleaming with subdued light. Soft music steals through its halls mingled with the laughter of throngs who love and admire me. Its banquet tables are laden with the costliest delicacies, while liveried servants hurry to and fro with plates and goblets of gold."

Stuart seized her arm with fierce strength that hurt. "You shall not do this hideous thing. You are mine, I tell you, and I am bigger than money. I have the power to think, to create ideas, to create beauty—the power that makes the world. I expect to have all the money we shall need. In the years to come we shall be rich whether we seek it or not. But the sweetest days of all life will be those in which we fight side by side the first battles of life in youth and poverty when we shall count the pennies and save with care for the little ones God may send us."

"But life is short, Jim. I can have things now. He has already promised them—a palace in town, another by the sea, a great castle in the heart of the blue southern mountains we used to watch as children and armies of servants to do my bidding. I can live now."

"And you call these trappings and finery life?" "I want them."

"My God, Nan, haven't you a soul? Hasn't the life within no meaning for you? To me such luxury is sheer insanity. The possibilities of personal luxury have been exhausted thousands of years ago. It's commonplace, vulgar and contemptible. If you wish for power why choose the lowest of all its forms? The way you are entering is worn bare by the feet of millions of forgotten fools whose bodies worms have eaten. Not one of them lives today even in a footnote of history."

"And yet, Jim, you know as well as I do that money is the sign of success and power; its absence, of failure and weakness. If you make a mistake in your career you can correct it and begin again. Being a woman, I cannot, for marriage is my only career. A mistake now would be to me fatal."

"And you are making the one tragic mistake no repentance can undo. The deliberate choice of evil, knowing it to be evil. Your heart is mine—mine, I tell you! Do you deny it?"

Again he seized her hand, gripped it fiercely and looked into her eyes with tender, searching gaze.

Nan looked away. "Oh, Nan, dear, believe me!" he pleaded. "You can't deny this voice within the soul and live. Happiness is inside, not outside, dear."

The lover paused a moment, overcome with his emotion, and he knew by the quick rising and falling of the girl's breast that a battle was raging.

Quick to see his advantage, he drew her gently inside.

"See, Nan, there are no cheap imitations in here, no vulgar ornaments which mean nothing. This home will be a real one because it will have a soul. There can be no coarse or menial baubles within its walls because its work shall be glorified by the old immortal song of love and life."

Stuart leaned close and spoke in a low tense voice: "And it will always be beautiful, Nan, because it will be penetrated with the touch of your hand. Every piece

of furniture will glow with that radiance. Gold and precious stones can have no such luster. See, here I have planned to place your piano. There will be no music on earth like the songs those throbbing strings shall make to my soul when they quiver beneath the touch of your hand."

The lover slipped his arm gently around the girl's yielding form, her head drooped on his shoulder, the great dark eyes blinded with tears. For a moment he held her in silence, broken only by a deep sob. His hand touched her hair with the tenderest gesture as he whispered:

"We can only know a few real friends in this world, dearest. But one great love comes to any human soul, and life is all too short to lose a single day."

"Hush—hush, Jim!" the girl cried in anguish. "Don't say any more, please."

"Tell me that it's all right, dear," he urged. "You know you cannot leave me now. You know that you love me and that your love is a deathless thing."

"Yes, yes; I know," she gasped. "But I'm going to marry him. I can't help it. The spell of his millions is on me, and I can't shake it off."

With a determined effort she drew herself from his embrace and in hard, cold tones continued:

"No, Jim; you must face the truth. I am going to marry this man, and the most horrible thing I can say about myself is that, deeply as I love you, I know I shall be content with the splendid career that will be mine. I shall never regret my marriage."

The lover looked at her in a dazed way, as if unable to grasp the meaning of her words.

"But you can't do this vile thing. Since the world began I know that



"The spell of his millions is on me."

vain, weak, ignorant women have sold themselves to men they could not love for money, rank and luxury. But you are not of that breed, Nan. You are the typical American girl. You represent women whose hearts have been pure, whose lives have been clean, who have kept burning in the hearts of men the great faiths of the soul. Respect for women has been one of the foundations of our moral life. The woman who sells herself to buy bread stands higher in the moral world than you!" He hesitated.

"Go on, Jim; say the worst. And still I'm going to do it." (Continued in Tuesday's Issue.)

WOE FOR LAZY HUSBANDS.

No More Voluntary Loafing Under New Washington Law.

It is expected that many a fishing trip will be broken up, and the interests of certain men in outdoor sports generally lessened throughout the state of Washington when the new law against lazy husbands goes into effect June 14.

The husband who won't work and can work and has work offered to him may be haled to court by his injured spouse and there sentenced to hard labor at any job that will produce \$1.50 a day, the wage going to his family.

Under the former law the wife's only recourse was to have her husband sent to prison, and while he was there perhaps she had to earn a living, go hungry or become dependent on charity. Many women, according to court officials, show an inclination to begin proceedings at the earliest possible date.

\$100 REWARD, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.—By virtue of process issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne county, and State of Pennsylvania, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied on and will expose to public sale, at the Court House in Honesdale on

FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 2 P. M.

All the defendant's right, title and interest in the following described property—viz:

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land, situate in the Township of Manchester, county of Wayne, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING for a corner at the northeasterly corner of land belonging to E. K. Barnes, and commonly called the Cole Flat, on the bank of the Delaware River; thence in a southerly direction along the easterly side of the Cole Flat lot and the H. Lerons lot, let the distance be more or less, to a corner in the line of land formerly belonging to Robert Halsey, and now belonging to Erastus Lord estate; thence in a somewhat southeasterly direction along the said Erastus Lord estate to a corner of the C. G. Armstrong lot, let the distance be more or less; thence in a somewhat northeasterly direction along the line of lands belonging to C. G. Armstrong and Kenney Brothers to the Delaware River, let the distance be more or less; thence up the Delaware River to the place of beginning.

CONTAINING one hundred forty (one hundred forty) acres, more or less, and commonly called the Gore lot. Being the same property conveyed by William M. Kellam et ux. and Coe F. Young et ux. to George Gould, by deed dated the 9th day of February, 1904, and recorded in the office for the recording of deeds in and for Wayne county in deed book No. 92, page 128, and being the same land that George Gould and wife by their deed dated the 18th day of July, 1910, recorded in Wayne county deed book No. 101, page 191, granted and conveyed to Gould Lumber Company.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of The Gould Lumber Company at the suit of First National Bank of Hancock, N. Y. Judgment, \$3,000. No. 23 Jan. Term, 1912. Attorney McCarty.

TAKE NOTICE—All bids and costs must be paid on day of sale or deeds will not be acknowledged.

FRANK C. KIMBLE, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.—By virtue of process issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne county, and State of Pennsylvania, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied on and will expose to public sale, at the Court House in Honesdale, on

THURSDAY, MAY 29, AT 2 P. M.

All the defendant's right, title, and interest in the following described property—viz:

All those three certain lots or parcels of land situate in the township of Damascus, county of Wayne and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

The first, beginning in the north line of land conveyed to Z. & P. Wilcox at a heap of stones south-west corner of lands conveyed to Z. & P. Wilcox; thence south seventy-seven degrees west eighty-four and seven-tenths rods to a corner; thence north one hundred six and one-half rods to a stones corner; thence east eighty-two and one-half rods to a corner; and thence south eighty-seven and one-half rods to the place of

beginning. Containing fifty acres being the same more or less. Being the same land which Samuel H. Skinner by deed dated May 7, 1904, and recorded in Wayne County in D. B., No. 92, page 464, granted and conveyed to John G. Skinner.

The second—Beginning at a heap of stones the south-western corner of land conveyed by F. Stewardson and L. Smith to E. B. Keesler; thence by lands formerly of Nathan Mitchell north eighty degrees west thirty-two rods to a hemlock corner; thence by lands formerly of Z. & P. Wilcox south seventy-seven degrees west seventy-three degrees west seventy-three and one-half rods to a stones corner; thence by land formerly of John Torrey north eighty-seven and one-half rods to stone corner; thence east one hundred and three and one-tenth rods to stones corner in the western line of land formerly of E. B. Keesler; thence along said line south seventy-six and six-tenths rods to the place of beginning. Containing fifty acres be the same more or less.

The Third—Beginning at a stake and stones at the south-east corner of Jesse O. Mosier's lot, thence east thirty-eight and one-tenth rods to a stake and stones; thence north one hundred and five rods to a stake and stones on a level spot of ground about two rods west of a ledge of rocks; thence west thirty-eight and one-tenth rods to a stake and stones and thence south one hundred and five rods to the place of beginning. Containing twenty-five acres of land be the same more or less. The second and third piece above described being same land which Delia C. Haynes by deed dated July 3, 1906, and recorded in Wayne County in Deed Book No. 96, page 210, granted and conveyed to John G. Skinner.

On said premises is a house and two barns.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of John G. Skinner, at the suit of Daniel L. Brown, No. 31, June Term, 1911. Judgment, \$1,125. Attorneys, Kimble & Hanlan.

TAKE NOTICE—All bids and costs must be paid on day of sale or deeds will not be acknowledged.

FRANK C. KIMBLE, Sheriff.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the accountants herein named have settled their respective accounts in the office of the Register of Wills of Wayne County, Pa., and that the same will be presented at the Orphans' Court of said county for confirmation, at the Court House in Honesdale, on the third Monday of June next—viz:

First and final account of J. C. Burcher, administrator of the estate of Thomas L. Burcher, Damascus.

First and final account of Frank L. Bedell, administrator of the estate of Helen J. Bedell, Dyberry.

First and final account of Jane Loercher, administratrix of the estate of John Loercher, Honesdale.

First and final account of Homer Greene, administrator of the estate of Charles H. Mills, Lake.

First and final account of Charles J. Stevens, administrator of William F. Stevens, Sterling.

First and final account of John W. Hazleton, administrator of the estate of Angeline H. Masters, Sterling.

First and final account of Helen K. Robacker now intermarried with O. W. Megargel, administratrix of the estate of Mary Robacker, Sterling.

First and final account of Minnie Townsend, executrix of the estate of Lee Calvin Smith, Lake.

W. B. LESHNER, Recorder.

4013.

—Try our Cent-A-Word Column.

Lice Kill Profits
Experienced poultry raisers know that poultry lice reduce profits. Poultry can never do well when tormented with lice. Lousy hens won't lay; lousy chickens can't grow.

Pratt's Powdered Lice Killer
exterminates lice. It does the work thoroughly, quickly and at slight cost. 25c and 50c per package.

"Your Money Back if It Fails"
Use it for all kinds of poultry, and the productivity of your hens will be largely increased.

ERK BROS., Honesdale, Pa.

THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON COMPANY

Saratoga Springs

and

Lake George

Ten Days' Excursion

Saturday, August 2, 1913

Arrange Your Vacation Accordingly.