

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 cautions 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.

Woodman will not yield and saves Bivens' company. The promoter tells the doctor he and Nan are engaged. Harriet Woodman is studying music. Stuart takes Nan for a day in the country.

Stuart pleads with Nan to give up Bivens, but the spell of millions is on her and she yields to it.

Nan becomes Mrs. Bivens. Harriet loves Stuart, but he does not know it. Nine years pass. Stuart becomes district attorney. He investigates criminal trusts. Nan asks him to call.

Stuart wants Woodman to end his suit against Bivens, but the doctor stands firm. Bivens aids Stuart in his investigation of crooked financiers.

The doctor had slowly returned to the little freckled face with its crown of golden hair, and the deep brown eyes overflowed with tears for just a moment. She brushed them away before he raised his head, so that he never knew.

"I'm so sorry, Jim," she said simply. "I understand now."

"It's very sweet to have you share this ugly secret of my life, little pal. It will help me."

"And you are sorry you ever knew her, Jim?"

"No, I'm not sorry. I've grown to see that there's just one thing in the world that's really big—big as God is big—the man who has attained a character. I haven't lived at all yet. I'm just beginning to see what it means to live. Until now I've thought only of myself. A new light has illumined the way. Now—I'm going to live for others. From today I shall ask nothing for myself, and I can never be disappointed again."

Harriet looked up quickly. "Would it please you, Jim, if I should make a great singer?"

"More than I can tell you, dear. Your voice is a divine gift. I envy you its power."

Her eyes were shining with a great purpose.

"I know that it means years and years of patient work, but I'll do it," she cried.

When the last echo of his footstep in the hall above died away and his door had closed the little golden head bowed low in a passionate tender prayer:

"God help me to keep my secret and yet to love and help him always!"

CHAPTER VII. An Old Perfume.

FOR nine years Stuart had refused to see or speak to Nan. He met Bivens as a matter of course, but always downtown during business hours or at one of his clubs. For the first year Nan had resented his attitude in angry pride and remained silent. And then she began to do a curious thing which had grown to be a part of his inmost life. For the past eight years she had written a brief daily diary recording her doings, thoughts and memories which she mailed to him every Sunday night. She asked no reply and he gave none. No names appeared in its story and no name was signed to the dainty sheets of paper which always bore the perfume of wild strawberries. But the man who read them in silence knew and understood.

The letter from her he held today was not an unsigned sheet of her diary. It was a direct, personal appeal, tender and beautiful in its sincerity. She begged him to forget the past because she needed his friendship and advice, and asked that he come to see her at once.

This letter was his first temptation to break the resolution by which he had lived for years.

He rose and paced the room with fury as he began to realize how desperate was his desire to go.

"Have I fought all these years for nothing?" he cried.

The thing that drew him with all but resistless power was the deeper meaning between the lines. He knew that each day the incompleteness of her life had been borne in upon her

and crushed my business by a conspiracy of organized blackmail."

"Oh, come, come, doctor, talk common sense! You were not ruined by blackmail. You were crushed by a law of progress as resistless as the law of gravity."

"If the law of gravity is unjust it will be abolished. I can't compromise



"The last tribunal will give you nothing."

with Bivens. I refuse his generosity. I'll take only what the last tribunal of the people shall give me—justice."

"The last tribunal of the people will give you nothing," the lawyer said emphatically.

"I'll stand or fall with it. I make common cause with the people. I know that Bivens is a power now. He chooses judges, defies the law, bribes legislatures and city councils and imagines that he rules the nation. But the Napoleons of finance today will be wearing stripes in Sing Sing tomorrow. A despotism of money cannot be fastened on the people of America. Only a few years ago a great millionaire who lived in a palace on Fifth Avenue boldly said to a newspaper reporter, 'The public be damned! Times have changed. The millionaires have begun to buy the newspapers and beg for public favor. We are walking on the crust of a volcano of public wrath. I am content to live and fight for the right, win or lose, and play my little part in this mighty drama.'"

"I had hoped you were tired of fighting a losing battle."

"I'll fight this battle to a finish and I'll win. If God lives I'll win—I'm so sure of it, my boy."

The doctor paused and his eyes flashed.

"I'm so sure of it that I'm not only going to refuse this bribe from Bivens, but my answer will be a harder blow. I'm going to begin another bigger and more important suit for the dissolution of the American chemical trust."

Stuart slipped his arm around the older man with a movement of instinctive tenderness.

"Look here, doctor, I've lived in your home for fourteen years and I've grown to love you as my own father. You must listen to me now. I can give you no time to your suit. I am just entering on a great struggle for the people. Tremendous issues are at stake."

"You'll go down a wreck if you fail."

"Perhaps, but it's my duty."

"Good boy!" the older man cried, seizing Stuart's hand. "You can't fail. That's why I'm going to risk all in my fight."

"But the cases are not the same."

"No, I'm old and played out—my life's sands are nearly run, I haven't much to risk—but such as I have I offer it freely to God and my country. I envy you the opportunity to make a greater sacrifice—and you advise me to compromise for a paltry sum of money a righteous cause merely to save my own skin. I'm proud of you—proud that you live in my house, proud that I've known and loved you, and tried to teach you the joy and the foolishness of throwing your life away!"

With a wave of his hand the stalwart figure of the old man passed out and left him brooding in sorrowful silence.

He seized his pen at last, set his face like flint and resolutely wrote his answer:

Dear Nan—Your letter is very kind. I'll be honest and tell you that it has stirred memories I've tried to kill and can't. I hate to say no, but I must. Sincerely, JIM.

On the night following Stuart worked late in his office developing his great case. He was disappointed in the final showing of the evidence to be presented to the grand jury. His facts were not as strong as he expected to make them.

At 10 o'clock he quit work and hurried home to refresh his tired spirit with Harriet's music. As he hurried up the steps he nearly collided with a handsome young fellow just emerging from the door. He was dressed well, and he had evidently been calling on some one—perhaps on Harriet!

Stuart let himself in softly and started at the sight of Harriet's smiling face in the parlor doorway. His worst fears were confirmed. She was dressed in a dainty evening gown and had evidently enjoyed her visitor.

Stuart pretended not to notice the fact and asked her to play. As he sat dreaming and watching the rhythmic movement of her delicate hands he began to realize at last that his little pal, stub nosed, red haired and freckled, had silently and mysteriously grown into a charming woman. She was twenty-four now, in the pride and glory of perfect young womanhood, and yet she had no lovers. He wondered why. Her music, of course. It had been the one absorbing passion of life. And her eyes had always sparkled with deep joy at his slightest word of praise. For the first time it had occurred to him as an immediate possibility that she might marry and their lives drift apart.

A sweet comradeship had grown between them. He resented the idea of a break in their relations. Yet why should he? What rights had he over her life? Absolutely none, of course. Who was that fellow? Where had he met him before?

He rose with a sudden frown. Sure as fate—the very boy—the tall, dreamy looking youngster who danced with her so many times that night ten years ago at her birthday party! She said he was too frail—that her prince must be strong. Well, confound him, he had got strong.

Stuart said, with a studied indifference:

"Tell me, little pal, who was that tall young fellow I ran into on the steps?"

"Why, don't you remember my frail young admirer of long ago?"

"Do you love him, girlie?"

"When I was very, very young, I thought I did. It makes me laugh now. It's wonderful how much we can outgrow, isn't it?"

"I just don't like him, and I don't want you to like him. You see, little pal, I'm your guardian."

"Are you?"

"Yes. And I'm giving you due legal notice that you have no right to marry without my consent—you promise to make me your confidant?"

A soft laugh, full of tenderness and joy, came from the girl as she turned her eyes upward for the first time:

"All right, guardie, I'll confer with you on that occasion."

(Continued in Tuesday's Issue.)

\$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.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

HONESDALE, WAYNE CO., PA., at the close of business, May 1, 1913.

RESOURCES

Reserve fund.....	\$47,773 10
Cash, specie and notes.....	209,010 49
Due from approved real estate agents.....	121,237 39
Legal securities at par.....	40,000 00
Nickel and cents.....	353 26
Checks and cash items.....	1,754 98
Due from Banks and Trust Co's, not reserve.....	8,348 72
Securities pledged for special deposits.....	5,000 00
Bills discounted.....	
Upon one name.....	\$ 81,200 85
Upon two or more names.....	325,214 91
Time loans with collateral.....	72,722 13
Loans on call with.....	138,276 34
Loans on call upon one name.....	1,475 00
Loans on call upon two or more names.....	41,150 00
Loans secured by bonds and mortgages.....	30,773 89
Bonds, Stocks, etc., Schedule D.....	1,790,978 88
Mortgages and judgments of record, Schedule D-2.....	328,189 04
Office Building and Fixtures.....	27,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	6,000 00
Furniture and Fixtures.....	2,000 00
Overdrafts.....	98
Miscellaneous Assets.....	400 30
	\$3,068,977 67

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in.....	\$ 200,000 00
Surplus Fund.....	525,000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....	50,550 67
Individual deposits subject to check.....	\$176,516 55
Individual Deposits, Time.....	2,287,810 90
Time certificates of deposit.....	238 78
Deposits, in Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.....	25,000 00
Deposits U. S. Postal.....	
Savings.....	175 91
Certified Checks.....	45 00
Cashier's check out/g.....	1,319 63
Due to banks and Trust Cos, not reserve.....	2,219 81
	\$3,068,977 67

State of Pennsylvania, County of Wayne, ss: I, H. Scott Salmon, Cashier of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed) H. S. SALMON, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of May 1913. (Signed) ROBERT A. SMITH, N. P. (Notarial Seal)

Correct—Attest: F. P. KIMBLE, J. C. COMBES, G. J. SMITH, } Directors.

W. C. SPRY BEACHLAKE. AUCTIONEER HOLDS SALES ANYWHERE IN STATE.

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 southwesterly 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

FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1913, 2 P. M.

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

All that certain lot or parcel of land situated in the Township of South Canaan, county of Wayne and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the south-west corner of the lot or tract of land herein described; thence north forty-four degrees and two minutes west eight hundred and twenty feet to a beech tree corner; thence south forty-five degrees and fifty-one minutes west five hundred and seventy-three feet to a corner; thence north forty-three degrees and forty-three minutes west sixteen hundred and seventy-four feet to a corner in the center of the public road leading to South Canaan Corners; thence along said road north sixty-five degrees twenty-eight minutes east nine hundred and ninety-one feet; thence north sixty-one degrees east eight hundred and one feet to a corner in the center of the road; thence north sixty-nine degrees thirty-nine minutes east four hundred and thirty-seven feet to a corner in the center of the road; thence north sixty-seven degrees forty-eight minutes east seven hundred and nine feet to a corner in the center of the road; thence north sixty-three degrees thirty-one minutes east six hundred and three feet to the center of the road; thence south forty-three degrees fifty-six minutes east thirteen hundred and

fifty-six feet to a stones corner; thence south forty-seven degrees and thirteen minutes west nineteen hundred and twenty-five feet to a corner; thence south forty-four degrees forty-three minutes west eight hundred and fifty-five feet to the place of beginning. Containing one hundred and thirty-six and 85-100 acres, be the same more or less. Being the same land which Leslie M. Cease et al. by deed dated July 21, 1911, recorded in Wayne county D. B., No. 102, page 403, granted and conveyed to S. M. Hawke.

Upon said premises is a two-story frame dwelling house, barn and other out buildings, and a considerable portion of the land is improved.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of S. M. Hawke at the suit of Leslie Cease and Russell Cease, assignees. No. 89, June Term, 1911. Judgment, \$1200. Attorney, Simons.

ALSO

FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 2:30 P. M.

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Texas, county of Wayne and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the western side of the Cherry Ridge Turnpike twenty-five feet from the centre thereof at a stake and on the south side of alley No. 2, being a front eastward of five rods on said turnpike, and northward of eight rods on said alley and enclosed by lines at right angles with said turnpike and alley and containing one-fourth acre of land. Included with this land is the right and privilege of getting water from the spring on the lot north of the aforesaid property and west of the turnpike in quantity sufficient for one family's use. Being the same parcel of land which F. A. Doney et al. by deed dated February 6th, 1869, and recorded in Wayne County in Deed Book No. 36, page 69, granted and conveyed to Isaac R. Schenck. The said Isaac R. Schenck having died intestate January 28th, 1887, leaving to survive him a widow Rebecca B. Schenck and two children, W. P. Schenck and Giles G. Schenck. And the said Rebecca B. Schenck having since died, the sole title to the real estate above described became thereupon vested in the said W. P. Schenck and Giles G. Schenck. On the above described land, all of which is cleared, are one dwelling house, barn and out-buildings. Reserving, nevertheless, a lot on the southerly side thereof conveyed by the heirs of Isaac R. Schenck to John F. Seelig.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of W. P. Schenck and Giles G. Schenck at the suit of Homer Greene. No. 73, January Term, 1913. Debt, \$8,000. Attorney, Greene.

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

FRANK C. KIMBLE, Sheriff.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Judge of the several Courts of the County of Wayne has issued his precept for holding a Court of Quarter Sessions, Oyer and Terminer, and General Jail Delivery in and for said County, at the Court House, to begin on

MONDAY, JUNE 16, 1913,

to continue one week;

And directing that a Grand Jury for the Courts of Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer be summoned to meet on Monday, June 16, 1913, at 2 p. m.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner and Justices of the Peace, and Constables of the County of Wayne, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at said Court House, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said 9th day of June, 1913, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done, and those who are bound by recognizance or otherwise to prosecute the prisoners who are or shall be in the Jail of Wayne County, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be used.

Given under my hand, at Honesdale, this 21st day of May 1913, and in the 125th year of the Independence of the United States.

FRANK C. KIMBLE, Sheriff.

Honesdale, May 21, 1913. 42w4

The Largest Magazine in the World.

To-day's Magazine is the largest and best edited magazine published at 50c per year. Five cents per copy at all newsdealers. Every lady who appreciates a good magazine should send for a free sample copy and premium catalog. Address, Today's Magazine, Canton, Ohio. 14tf.

THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON COMPANY

Saratoga Springs - and - Lake George

Ten Days' Excursion

Saturday, August 2, 1913

Arrange Your Vacation Accordingly.