

# THE ROOT OF EVIL

BY THOMAS DIXON



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## 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 disdains 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 sues 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 leaves Stuart, but he does not know it. Five 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.

## CHAPTER VIII. A Straight Tip.

NAN received the announcement of Bivens' failure to settle Woodman's suit with a grim resolution to win now, at all hazards. The sensational reports of Stuart's action against the big financiers had given her quick mind the cue to a new line of stratagem. She began cautiously.

"You are not going to give up a thing I've set my heart on merely because old Woodman's a fool, are you?" she asked her husband, with a touch of scorn. "Jim Stuart is the best friend you ever had. He has become one of the most famous men in America. I want him at our next entertainment."

"The thing that puzzles me," Bivens broke in, "is why he will not come to the house. When I meet him down town he's always friendly."

Nan's lips quivered with a queer little smile.

"Will he succeed in this action against these men?"

"No; he can't get the facts. If he could he'd shake the foundations of the financial world."

"Why not give the facts to him?"

"I had thought of that, but it might bring on a panic."

"What have you to lose by it?"

"Nothing, but a panic's a dangerous thing to monkey with."

"It couldn't injure Stuart?" his wife asked cautiously.

"No. It couldn't hurt him. On the other hand, I might make him the unconscious instrument of a great personal vengeance, double my fortune and possibly land Jim in the White House."

"You must do it, dear!" his wife cried, trembling with suppressed excitement.

"It's playing with dynamite."

"It's worth the risk to double your fortune. Do it for my sake!"

Nan leaned close and pressed her husband's hand while her dark eyes found their way into his heart.

"I'll do it," he said with firm accent. "I'll phone him at once."

When Stuart sat down with Bivens in one of the magnificent private dining rooms of his millionaire club two days later he was struck with the perfection of the financier's dress and the easy elegance of his manners.

"Nan has surely done wonders with some pretty crude material!" he mused. He recalled Nan's diary with grim amusement.

It took two years to thoroughly break him so that she could always be sure that his nails were trimmed and his clothes in perfect style. He had long since ceased to struggle and had found much happiness of late years in vying with her in the perfection of his personal appearance.

When the dinner was finished Bivens dismissed the waiter, lighted one of his huge cigars and drew from a morocco case which he had placed beside his chair a typewritten manuscript. He turned its leaves thoughtfully a moment and handed them to Stuart.

"There's a document, Jim, that cost me \$10,000 to prepare; for whose suppression \$1,000,000 would be paid and no questions asked."

"But why this generosity on your part, Cal?"

"I have anticipated that question. I answer it fully and frankly. There is

enough dynamite at that document to blow up half of Wall Street and land somebody in the White House."

"And many in the morgue?"

"And some in the penitentiary. I've watched your work the past nine years with genuine pride, Jim. You've said a lot of hard things about rich malefactors, but you've never touched me."

"No. I think you're too shrewd to be caught in that class, Cal."

"I pride myself that I am. It's only the clumsy fool who gets tangled in the criminal law. But a lot of them have done it—big fellows whose names fill the world with noise. I've taken the pains to put into that typewritten document the names, the dates, the places, the deeds, the names of the witnesses and all the essential facts. Do what you please with it. If you do what I think you will, some men who are wearing purple and fine linen will be wearing stripes before another year and you will be the biggest man in New York."

"And your motive?"

"Perhaps I wish to get even with some men who have done me a dirty trick or two, and perhaps incidentally in the excitement which will follow this exposure of fraud and crime I may make an honest penny. Is that enough?"

"Quite."

"And you'll make the attack at once?"

Stuart glanced rapidly through the first page of the document, and his eyes began to dance with excitement.

"The only favor I ask," Bivens added, "is twenty-four hours' notice before you act."

"I'll let you know."

Stuart rose quickly, placed the document in his inside pocket and hurried home.

The deeper the young lawyer probed into the mass of corruption Bivens had placed in his hands the more profound became his surprise. That men whose names were the synonyms of honesty and fair dealing, men interested with the management of companies whose assets represented the savings of millions of poor men, the sole defense of millions of helpless women and children—that these trusted leaders of the world were habitually prostituting their trusts for personal gain, staggered belief.

He delayed action and began a careful, patient, thorough investigation. As it proceeded his amazement increased. He found that Bivens had only scratched the surface of the truth.

New York, the financial center of the nation, had gone mad with the insane passion for money at all hazards—by all means, fair or foul. The nation was on the tidal wave of the most wonderful industrial boom in its history. The price of stocks had reached fabulous heights and still soared to greater heights. Millions were springing up, like mushrooms, in a night.

Two months had passed since Bivens placed in the district attorney's hands the document which was destined to make sad history in the annals of the metropolis. Stuart felt that the time had come to act. It was his solemn duty to the people.

He sat in his private office in one of the great skyscrapers downtown holding in his hand a list of the men he was about to ask the grand jury to indict for crimes which would send them to prison, exile and dishonored death.

"I've got to do it—fast!" he said. "Before I do, I'm going to know one or two things beyond the shadow of a doubt."

He called his telephone and made an appointment to call at once on Bivens.

The financier extended his delicate hand and with a cordial smile led Stuart to a seat beside his desk. The only sign he betrayed of deep emotion was the ice like coldness of his slender fingers.

"Well, Jim, you've completed your very thorough investigation?"

"How did you know I was making a thorough investigation?"

"I make it my business to know things which vitally interest me. You found my facts accurate, and you are ready to strifle?"

"When I have confirmed some statements you have made in your story concerning the private life of these men. How do you know the accuracy of the facts you state in a single line, for instance, about the private life and habits of the president of a certain trust company?"

"You don't suppose I would make a statement like that unless I know it to be true?"

"How did you discover it?"

"very stumpy."

Bivens stepped to one of the great steel safes and drew out a manuscript notebook of some 300 pages of typewritten matter. On the back of the morocco cover was printed in plain gold lettering: "The Private Life of No. 500."

He handed the volume to Stuart, closed the safe and resumed his seat.

"You may take that book with you, Jim," he said quietly. "I trust to your honor not to reveal its contents except in the discharge of your sworn duty as an officer of the law. You will find in it the record of the distinguished president's private life for the past ten years without the omission of a single event of any importance."

Stuart glanced through the book with amazement.

"How did you come into possession of such facts?"

"No trouble at all," was the easy answer. "It only requires a little money and a little patience and a little care in selecting the right men for the right job. Any man in the business world who thinks he can do as he pleases in this town will wake some morning with a decided jolt. The war for financial supremacy has developed a secret service which approaches perfection. Not only do I systematically watch my employees until I know every crook and turn of their lives, but I watch with even greater care the heads of every rival firm in every department of the industrial world where my interests touch theirs."

"I not only watch the heads of firms; I watch their trusted assistants and confidential men. In that big safe a thousand secrets lie locked whose revelation would furnish matter enough to run the yellow journals for the next five years. Modern business is war, the fiercest and most cruel the world has ever known. It is of greater importance to a modern captain of industry to know the plans of his enemy than it ever was to the commanding general of an opposing army."

"I see," Stuart responded thoughtfully.

"There are men down there in the street now," Bivens went on dreamily, "who are wearing silk hats today for whom the prison tailor is cutting a suit. I have their records in that silent little steel clad room. It's a pitiful thing, but it's life."

"The scariest thing in New York today, Jim, is the man who can't be bought and sold. The thing that's beyond price in the business world is character—combined with brains. That's why I made you the offer I did once upon a time to come in with me. There are positions today in New York with a salary of half a million a year waiting for men who can fill them. If I could find one man of the highest order of creative and executive ability who would stand by me in my enterprises I could be the richest man in the world in ten years."

Stuart lifted his eyes from the record he was casually scanning and smiled into Bivens' dark, serious face.

The look silenced the speaker. The little man knew instinctively that Stuart was at that moment weighing his own life and character by the merciless standard he had set up for others. Judged by conventional laws, he had nothing to fear. He was a faithful member of his church. He gave liberally to its work and gave generously to a hundred worthy charities. He loved his wife with old fashioned loyalty and tenderness and grieved that she was childless. He stood by his friends and fought his enemies, asking no quarter and giving none.

Yet in his heart of hearts he knew that, however loftily he might disparage at present about "character," "honor," "integrity" and "fair dealing," he had stolen the formula from his big hearted employer, Woodman, with which he had laid the foundation of his fortune. It was the first half million that came hard. It was this first half million that bore the stain of shame.

His other questionable acts on which the fate of millions had often hung he had no difficulty in justifying. Business was war.

Bivens waited for Stuart to speak. The moment was one big with fate. Stuart was about to reach a decision that would make history. No one knew so well its importance as the keen intellect that gleamed behind the little black eyes watching with tireless patience. Below he could hear the roar of the city's life. Men bought and sold with no fear of tomorrow. Yet a single word from the lips of the tall, clean shaven young officer of the law and a storm would break which might tear from the foundations institutions on whose solidity modern civilization seemed to rest.

"Well, Jim," Bivens said at length, "you are going to act?"

Stuart rose abruptly, his reply sharp and clear:

"Yes, I'm going to act."

"At once?"

"It's my duty."

Bivens grasped his hand.

"I congratulate you, Jim. You are going to do a big thing, one of the biggest things in our history. You are going to teach the mighty that the law is mightier. It ought to land you at the very top in politics or any other old place you'd like to climb."

"That's something which doesn't interest me yet, Cal. The thing that stuns me is that I've got to do so painful a thing. But my business is the enforcement of justice. There's one thing I still can't understand—why you of all men on earth should have put this information in my hands. The honor of the achievement, if good shall come to the country, is really yours, not mine."

"And you can't conceive of my acting for the country's good?"

Bivens' black eyes twinkled.

"Not by the wildest leap of my imagi-

ation."

The twinkle broadened into a smile as the lawyer continued:

"Your code is simple, Cal. There's no provision in it for disinterested effort for others. This time you've got me up a tree. You have rendered the people a great service. You have placed me under personal obligations. But how you are going to get anything out of it is beyond me."

"Oh, I'll have my reward, my boy."

Bivens answered jocularly, as his dainty fingers again stroked his beard, pressing his mustache back from the thin lips, "and I assure you it will not be purely spiritual."

The door had scarcely closed on Stuart when Bivens pressed the button which called his confidential secretary.

In a moment the man stood at his elbow with the tense erect bearing of an orderly on the field of battle. The quick nervous touch of the master's hand on that button had told to his sensitive ears the story of a coming life and death struggle. His words came with sharp, nervous energy:

"Yes, sir?"

"A meeting of the Allied Bankers here in thirty minutes. No telephone messages. A personal summons to each. They enter one at a time that no one on the outside sees them come."

(Continued in Friday's Issue.)

## GOVERNMENT TO SMASH TRUSTS

Erie Railroad and Other Alleged Offenders, to Undergo Trial at Washington.

(New York American.)

Washington, May 25.—Through several new suits, to be begun at once, the Government expects to effectively smash the Anthracite Coal trust. There will be at least three actions, it was learned today.

The Reading Company, the principal offender, will be attacked for alleged destruction of competition between several carriers and coal-producing companies through the acquisition, as a holding corporation of all the capital stock of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company and Central Railroad Company, of New Jersey, operating parallel and competing railroad lines; the Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron Company, and Lehigh & Wilkes-Barre Coal Company.

The Erie Railroad will be prosecuted for combining with the New York, Susquehanna & Western Railroad, a competitor, by the purchase of that road and bringing the two under one control and management. Also for forming an unlawful combination through the purchase of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, thereby acquiring the stock and control of the Erie and Wyoming Railroad Co., and of the Delaware Valley and Kingston Railroad, and defeating the projected construction of an independent line, the Delaware Valley and Kingston.

## STALKER AND BRAMAN.

We are having plenty of rain at present, and too cold for good growing weather.

An accident happened last Friday at Stalker when Frank Stanton, who is employed by R. J. and O. C. Stalker had the misfortune to break both bones in one leg. He was taking milk to the creamery when something gave way to the harness and the team a start and threw him and he was caught in the wheel. The team, however, was caught a short distance from where it happened with no more damage. Dr. Woolsey, of Hancock, was called and reduced the fracture.

Mrs. Ann Murray and son, Henry, and Frank Murray and family have all moved to Endicott.

Mrs. R. J. Stalker and son visited her parents at Lookout the latter part of the week.

An ice cream social was held at the Braman M. E. church last Saturday evening and was well attended. The proceeds were about nine dollars. Several from Stalker attended.

Della R. Dana was a caller at Mrs. H. R. Stalker's last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Coe Young spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jas. H. Minckler.

Russell Stalker and son Arthur of Peakville, visited relatives here last Sunday.

Joe and Emma Kelly made a business trip to Hankins last Tuesday.

Mrs. O. H. Braman, of Carthage, is visiting her parents here.

## State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, SS:

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. L. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

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Foster's Grain and Cotton Markets, Washington, D. C.

## 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 Wayne county in deed book No. 92, page 128, and being the same land that George Gould and wife by their deed dated the 15th 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

## 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 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, on the above described property, 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 9th, 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 recognition 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 1913th year of the Independence of the United States.

FRANK C. KIMBLE, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office  
Honesdale, May 21, 1913. } 42w4

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