

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 ca on 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 sides 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.

CHAPTER IX

The Storm Breaks.

THE sensation which the district attorney sprang in the sudden indictment of the president of the Ironclads company was profound and far-reaching. The day before the indictment was presented to the grand jury stocks began to tumble without any apparent cause.

When the warrant for the arrest of the great man had been served, and he was admitted to bail to await his coming trial, there was a feeble rally in the market, but the rats quickly began to desert a sinking ship. The president under indictment had ceased to be a power. There was a wild scramble of his associates who were equally guilty to save their own skins. The press, which at first denounced Stuart, now boldly demanded the merciless prosecution of all the guilty, and they hailed the brilliant young district attorney as the coming man.

For six consecutive days stocks had fallen with scarcely an hour's temporary rally. Every effort of the bull operators, who had ruled the market for the two years past, to stem the tide was futile. Below the surface, in the silent depths of growing suspicion and fear, an army of sappers and miners under the eye of one man were flinging at the foundations of the business world—the faith of man in his fellow man.

Each day there was a crash, and each day the little financier and his unscrupulous allies marked a new victim. In the midst of the campaign for the destruction of public credit which Bivens and his associates, the Allied Bankers, were conducting with such profound secrecy and such remarkable results, when their profits had piled up into millions, a bomb was suddenly exploded under their own headquarters.

The Van Dam Trust company was put under the ban of the New York clearing house. The act was a breach of faith, utterly unwarranted by any known law of the game. But it was done.

When the president of the company walked quietly into Bivens' office and made the announcement for a moment the little dark man completely lost his nerve. Cold beads of sweat started from his swarthy forehead.

"There's no mistake. It's a blow below the belt, but it's a knockout for the moment. They know we are solvent, two dollars for one. But they know we have \$90,000,000 on deposit, and we have some big enemies. They know that the group we have supported have smashed this market, and they've set out to fight the devil with fire. They're determined to force a showdown and see how much real money is behind us. We can pull through if we stand together."

Bivens sprang to his feet, exclaiming fiercely: "Until hell freezes over!" The banker smiled feebly for the first time in a week. "Then it's all right, Mr. Bivens. We'll pull through. They'll start a run on us tomorrow. Five millions in cash will meet it, and we'll win hands down. We have powerful friends. Our only sin is our association with your group. We must have that five millions in the safe before the doors

are opened tomorrow."

"You shall have it," was the firm answer.

With a cheerful pressure of the hand the president of the Van Dam Trust company left, and Bivens called his secretary.

"We turn the market tomorrow—orders to all our men. Knock the bottom out of it until the noon hour, then turn and send it skyward with a bound."

When Dr. Woodman returned home that night from one of his endless tramps among the poor Harriet opened the door.

Something about the expression of his face startled her. For the first time in her life she saw in his gaunt lines the shadow of despair.

"What is it, papa, dear?" she asked tenderly, slipping an arm about his neck as she drew him down into his favorite chair.

"What, child?" he responded vaguely. "You look utterly worn out. Tell me what's the matter. I'm no longer a child. I'm a woman now—strong and well and brave. Let me help you."

"You do help me, baby!" he laughed, with an effort at his old time joyous spirit. "Every time I touch your little hand you give me new life. Some day your voice will thrill thousands as it now thrills my heart. You'll win fame and wealth for your father. You shall care for him in old age. I'm not miserable. I've really had a good day. I've spent the whole afternoon superintending the distributing of flowers among the hospitals. I saved a kid's life with a flower. His father used to work for me in the old days. They asked me to come to see him. There was no hope. He had been given up to die. I gave him a fragrant white pink. His thin, feverish fingers grasped it eagerly. In all his life he had never held a flower in his hand before. He pressed it to his lips, his soul thrilled at its sweet odor, and the little third spirit came staggering back from the mists of eternity just to see what it meant. He will live."

The girl's arms slipped around his neck in a tightening hold, and she pressed her cheek against his a moment in silence.

"Papa, dear, it's no use trying to deceive me. I've the right to know what is troubling you. I'm not a child. You must tell me."

"Why, it's nothing much, dearie," he answered gently. "I'm worried a little about money. I've a note due at the bank, and they've called on me unexpectedly to meet it. But I'll manage somehow."

"I'll give up my music, go to work and help you right away."

The father placed his hand gently over her lips, and the tears sprang into his eyes in spite of his effort to keep them back.

"Don't talk sacrilege, my child. Such words are blasphemy. God gave me a man's body for the coarse work of bread winning. He gave you the supreme gift, a voice that throbs with eloquence, a power that can lift and inspire the world."

"Promise me, dear—it's the one wish of my heart, the one thing worth working and struggling for—promise me that you will never stop until the training of your voice is complete; that no matter what happens you will obey me in this. It is my one command. You will obey me?"

"Yes, papa, I promise, if it will make you happy."

"It's the only thing I live for. All I ask is that you do your level best with the gift of God."

"I'll try, papa dear," was the quiet answer as she kissed him again and softly left the room.

Harriet had scarcely reached her room when Adams, the cashier of one of the allied banks, who owed the doctor for three months' rent, entered the library with quick, nervous tread.

"I've news, sir," he said excitedly. "I've a big tip on the stock market."

The older man granted contemptuously.

"Yes, that's what ails you, I know. You've been getting them for some time. That's why you owe me for your rooms. That's why there's something the matter with your accounts."

"I swear to you, doctor, my accounts are clean. I've bought a few stocks. I've made a little and lost a little. I've got the chance now I've been waiting for. I've a real piece of information from the big insiders who are going to make the market tomorrow. I got it from Bivens' private

secretary. The little weasel! His made millions on this break, and he has been selling the market short for two weeks. Tomorrow morning he is going to smash it for the last time and at noon throw his millions on the bull side. The market will go down three points on the break in the morning. It will jump five points in ten minutes when it turns the other way. There are stocks on the list that will recover ten points before the market closes."

"Bivens is going to do this?" the older man interrupted. "Then it's a trick. It's a lie. Take my advice and do just the opposite from what you understand. Bivens will sell out his partners in the deal."

"Man, he can't sell out!" the cashier insisted. "It's his own deal. He's in it for all he's worth!"

The doctor rose with sudden excitement. "Adams, this is the first time in my life I've ever been tempted to buy stocks. I'm in desperate need of money. I've a note for \$3,000 due. I've \$2,000 set aside to finish my little girl's musical studies. I've got to meet that note somehow, and I've got to have the money for her. It looks like a chance. I'll go in and watch the market tomorrow."

"If it don't act exactly as I say don't touch it. If it does, go in for all you're worth. If stocks start down as I say they will, sell short, cover at noon and they buy for a rise. Don't listen to fools—just buy, buy, buy! You can sell before the market closes and make \$20,000."

"I'll drop into a broker's office and watch the market open, anyway, Adams. Thank you."

The next day the more optimistic traders on the stock exchange expected a change in the market. Stocks had declined for two weeks with appalling swiftness and fatality. Every hour had marked the ruin of men hitherto bulwarks of solidity. Experienced men reasoned and reasoned from experience that there must be a turn somewhere. The bottom surely had been reached. The time for a rally had come.

Stuart slept late. He was up until 1 o'clock writing a reply to a peculiarly venomous attack on his integrity which a morning paper had printed. The writer had boldly accused him of being the hired tool of the group of financial cutthroats who were coining millions out of the ruin of others in the destruction of public faith.

His reply was simple, and his concluding paragraph was unanswerable except by an epithet.

"My business is the enforcement of justice. I am the servant of the people. If Wall street cannot stand the enforcement of law so much the worse for the street. It is no affair of mine."

Dr. Woodman hurried downtown to the office of a friend on Pine street, an old fashioned banker and broker whose

name had always stood for honesty and fair dealing and conservative business. It was half an hour before the stock exchange opened, but the dingy little office was packed with an excited crowd of customers.

The doctor followed old Dugro, the head of the firm, into his private office and asked his advice. He got it—sharp, short and to the point.

"Go home, doctor, and stay there. This market is no place for an amateur. It's all I can do to keep the wolf from my door in these days."

"But I've received some important information."

"Keep it dark," old Dugro scowled. "Don't tell it to your worst enemy. If you've got a dollar, nail it up and sleep on the box."

"But I've some information I think I'm going to act on and I want to open a small account with you."

"All right. I've warned you," was the grim answer. "I wish you good luck."

The doctor drew his check for \$2,000 and smilingly took his place among the crowd before the board.

The ticker would tell the story in the first hour. If stocks should sell off three points before noon, he would know. He determined to put this to the test first. He would not sell the market short. He would be content with the big jump the market would make upward when it started.

As the noon hour drew near the doctor's heart was beating like a sledge hammer. Bivens' program had been carried out to the letter. Stocks had declined for the first hour a point, and in the second hour suddenly smashed

down two more points amid the wildest excitement on the exchange.

The moment to buy had come. The doctor was sure of it. Stocks had touched bottom. The big bear pool would turn bull in a moment and the whole market would rise by leaps and bounds.

He called old Dugro. "Buy for me now Amalgamated Copper, the market leader, for all I'm worth!"

The broker glared at him. "Buy! Buy in this market? Man, are you mad?"

"I said buy!" was the firm answer. "What's the limit?"

"Not a share without a stop loss order under it."

"Well, with the stop?"

"I'll buy you 400 shares on a four point stop."

"And when it goes up five points?" the doctor asked eagerly.

"I'll double your purchase and raise your stop, and every five points up I'll keep on until you are a millionaire!"

The old broker smiled contemptuously, but it was all lost on the doctor. "Do it quick."

The order was scarcely given before it was executed. Dugro handed the memorandum to Woodman with a grunt.

"It don't take long to get 'em today!" The words had scarcely left his lips when a hoarse cry rose from the crowd hanging over the ticker.

Copper had leaped upward a whole point between sales. A wild cheer swept the room. For ten minutes every stock on the list responded and began to climb.

The doctor's face was wreathed in smiles. Men began to talk and laugh and feel human for the first moment in two weeks.

Dugro grasped the doctor's hand, and his deep voice rang above the roar: "You're a mascot! You've broken the spell! For God's sake stay with us!"

Suddenly another cry came from the crowd at the ticker. The boy at the board sprang to the instrument with a single bound, his eyes blazing with excitement. His cry of "Down!" pierced every ear in the room with horror.

The panic had come. In ten minutes stocks tumbled five points, and the doctor's last dollar was swept into space, while the whole market plunged down, down, down into the abyss of ruin and despair.

Men no longer tried to conceal their emotion. Some wept, some cursed, some laughed; but the most pitiful sight of all was the man who could do neither, the man with white lips and the strange, hunted expression in his eyes who was looking death in the face for the first time.

A full quarter of an hour of the panic had spent itself before the dazed crowds in the broker's offices read the startling news that caused the big break. The ticker shrieked its message above the storm's din like a little laughing demon.

"The Van Dam Trust Company Has Closed Its Doors and Asked For the Appointment of a Receiver!"

Bivens had not kept his solemn pledge. The great bank had stood the run for two hours and closed its doors. And the work of destruction had just begun.

At 3 o'clock the doctor walked out of Dugro's office without a dollar. He felt almost happy by contrast with the fools he left shuffling over the floors of Dugro's office.

His own sense of loss was merely a blur. The revelation he had just had of the mad lust for money which had begun to possess all classes was yet so fresh and startling he could form no adequate conception of his own position.

It was not until he entered his own door and paused at the sound of Harriet's voice that he began to realize the enormity of the tragedy that had befallen him.

(Continued in Tuesday's Issue.)



"If you've got a dollar, nail it up."

name had always stood for honesty and fair dealing and conservative business. It was half an hour before the stock exchange opened, but the dingy little office was packed with an excited crowd of customers.

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. Keilam 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, from 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 County of Wayne be summoned to meet on Monday, June 9, 1913, at 2 p. m.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Corner 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 just.

Given under my hand, at Honesdale, this 21st day of May 1913, and in the 130th year of the Independence of the United States.

FRANK C. KIMBLE, Sheriff.

Honesdale, May 21, 1913. 42w4

The Largest Magazine in the World.

Today's Magazine is the largest and best edited magazine published at 50¢ 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. 14t.

THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON COMPANY

Saratoga Springs

and

Lake George

Ten Days' Excursion

Saturday, August 2, 1913

W. B. LESHER, Recorder.

40t3.

—The Citizen wants a good, lively correspondent in every village in Wayne county. Will you be one? Write this office for particulars.

Arrange Your Vacation Accordingly.