

# 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 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 save 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.

Stuart's revelations aid in bringing on a crisis. Bivens promises to aid the Van Dam Trust company, which is in trouble. Woodman needs money badly.

In the stock market slump engineered by Bivens, Woodman and many others lose all. The trust company fails because Bivens, at command of the money king, breaks his word. Stuart faces his critics in front of Bivens' bank.

## CHAPTER X.

### At the King's Command.

BIVENS' plan would have gone through without a hitch but for one thing. He had overlooked the fact that the kingdom of Mammon in America has a king and that the present ruler is very much alive. A man of few words, of iron will, of fiery temper, of keen intellect, proud, ambitious, resourceful, bold, successful, a giant in physique and a giant in personality.

It happens that his majesty is an old-time Wall street banker, with inherited traditions about banks and the way their funds should be handled. He had long held a pet aversion. The Van Dam Trust company had become an offense to his nostrils. It had built a huge palace far up town and its president had attempted to set up a court of his own. He had gathered about him a following, among them an ex-president of the United States. Gold had poured into the treasury of the great marble palace in a constant stream until its deposits had reached the unprecedented sum of \$90,000,000, a sum greater than the royal bank itself could boast.

When the king heard the first rumor of the fact that the Van Dam Trust was backing the schemes of the Allied Bankers in their sensational raid on the market his big nostrils suddenly dilated.

At last he had them just where he wanted them. He signed the death warrant of the bank and handed it to his executioner without a word of comment. And then a most curious thing happened. The king summoned to his presence a little, dark, swarthy man.

When Bivens received this order to appear at court he was dumfounded. He had long worshipped and feared the king with due reverence and always spoke his name with awe. To be actually called into his august presence in such a crisis was an undreamed-of honor. He hastened into the royal presence with beating heart. The sovereign glanced up with quick energy.

"Mr. Bivens, I believe?"

"The little man bowed low.

"I hear that you are about to aid the Van Dam Trust with four millions in cash?"

Bivens smiled with pride.

"My secretary will deliver the money to the bank within an hour."

The king suddenly wheeled in his big armchair, raised his eyebrows and fixed the little man with a stare that rose the blood in his veins. When he spoke at length his tones were smooth as velvet.

"If I may give you a suggestion, Mr. Bivens, I would venture to say that the Van Dam Trust company is beyond aid. The larger interests of the nation require the elimination of this institution and its associates."

"I have heard good reports of you, and I wish to save you from the disaster about to befall the gentlemen who have been conducting the present campaign in Wall street. If your sec-

retary will report to me at once with the four millions you have set aside for the Van Dam company I shall be pleased to place your name on my executive council in the big movement we begin today. The other gentlemen whom I have thus honored are now waiting for me in the adjoining room. They represent a banking power that is resistless at the present moment.

"When the Van Dam Trust closes its doors today a temporary panic will follow. We will give the gentlemen who started this excitement a taste of their own medicine, render a service to the nation and incidentally, of course, earn an honest dollar or two for ourselves. I trust I have your hearty support in this program?"

Bivens again bowed low.

"My hearty support and my profoundest gratitude."

"I'll expect your secretary with your check for four millions within thirty minutes."

The king waved a friendly gesture of dismissal, and the little dark figure tremblingly withdrew. He had been ordered to stab his associates.

Without a moment's hesitation he gave the cruel orders that sent them hurrying over the precipice.

When the president of the Van Dam Trust company failed to receive the promised millions from Bivens he called his telephone and, receiving no answer, sprang into his automobile and dashed downtown to the little main office.

When the clerk at the door informed him that Mr. Bivens could not be seen by any one, he drove back to the palatial house of his bank, smiled sadly at the mob in front of its huge pillars, ordered its bronze doors closed, walked around the corner to his home, locked himself in his room and blew his brains out.

For a week the panic held the financial world in the grip of death. A dozen banks had closed their doors and a score of men who had long boasted their courage among men had died the death of cowards when put to the test.

One of the most curious results of the panic was the revulsion of popular feeling against the daring and honest young officer of the law who had rendered the greatest service to the people wrought by any public servant in a generation. He was hailed as the arch traitor of the people, the man who had used his high office to produce a panic and carve a fortune out of the ruin of millions whose deposits were tied up in banks that might never again open their doors.

Stuart, stung to desperation by their infamous charges, attempted at first to repel them. He stopped at last in disgust and maintained afterward a dignified silence.

From the first day of the run Bivens had laughed in the face of the crowd that besieged the door of his big Broadway bank. He stood on top of the granite steps and shouted in their faces:

"Come on, you dirty cowards! I've got your money inside waiting for you, every dollar of it—100 cents on the dollar!"

The crowd made no reply. They merely moved up in line in stolid silence a little closer to the door. Each day this line had grown longer. Bivens was not worrying. The king had spoken. The folly of these people in their insane efforts to wreck Bivens' bank was making impossible a return to normal business.

Stuart determined to face this crowd and have it out with them. He believed that a bold appeal to their reason would silence his critics and allay their insane fears. He told Bivens of his purpose over the telephone, and the financier protested vigorously:

"Don't do it, Jim, I beg of you," he pleaded. "It will be a waste of breath. Besides, you risk your life."

"I'll be there when the bank opens at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning," was the firm answer.

When Stuart appeared the next morning a roar of rage swept the crowd. Howls, curses, catcalls, hisses, boos and yells were hurled into his face. It was a new experience in Stuart's life. He flushed red, stood for a moment surveying the mob with growing anger and lifted his hand for silence.

The answer was a storm of hisses. Apparently he hadn't a friend in all the swaying mass of howling maniacs. He drew his heavy brows down over his eyes and the square jaws ground together with silent determination.

With a sudden impulse he threw his right hand high above his head and his voice boomed over the crowd in a peal of command. The effect was electrical.

A painful hush followed.

"Gentlemen!"

He paused and his next words were spoken in intense silence.

"My answer to the extraordinary greeting you have given me this morning is simple. I am not working for your approval. I work for my own approval, because I must in obedience to the call within me. Long ago in my life I gave up ambition and ceased to ask anything for myself. You cannot destroy my career because I cherish none. The scene you are enacting here this morning is a disgrace to humanity. You have surrendered to the unmeaning fear that drives a herd of swine over a precipice. You have, by an act of will, joined in a movement to paralyze the motive power of the world—faith! There is but one thing that runs this earth of ours for a single day—faith in one another."

"You are scrambling here for a few dollars in this bank. What can you do with it when you draw it out? There is not enough cash in the world to transact a single day's business. Business is run on credit—faith. The business of a bank is to keep money moving and make it do the world's work. You are attempting to stop the work by the destruction of its faith."

Suddenly a man who had quietly pushed his way through the crowd sprang on the step before the speaker and thrust a revolver into his face.

A cry of horror swept the crowd, as Stuart paused, turned pale and looked steadily down the flashing barrel into the madman's eyes.

"Who started this work of destruction?" the man cried. "You—you—do you hear me? And I've been commanded by God Almighty to end this trouble by ending you!"

As Stuart held the glittering eyes levelled at him across the blue black barrel he could see the man's nervous and uncertain finger twitching at the trigger. With a sudden panther like spring he leaped across the five feet which separated him from the man who held the revolver. His left hand gripped the weapon and threw it into the air as it was fired, while his right hand closed on the throat of his assailant. With his knee against the man's breast he hurled him down the steps, wrenched the revolver from his hand and with a single blow knocked him into insensibility.

The spell was broken. The mob that hated him saw their chance. A yell of rage swept them, and a dozen men sprang toward him with curses. For a moment he held his own, when suddenly a well directed blow from behind knocked him down. In blind fury he felt the smash of blows on his face and head. A stream of blood was trickling down his forehead and its salty taste penetrated his mouth.

A sudden crash from space seemed to send the world into a mass of flaming splinters and the light faded. He heard the soft rustle of silk and felt the pressure of a woman's lips on his. Surely he must be dead, was the first thought that flashed through his mind. And then from somewhere far away in space came Nan's voice low and tense:

"Come back, Jim, dear, I've something to tell you. You can't die, you shall not die until I've told you!"

He opened his eyes and found Nan bending over him. His hand rested on her soft arm, and his head lay pillowed on her breast.

"Why, Nan, it's you! What's happened? What on earth are you doing here?"

He looked about the room and saw that he was in the inner office of the president of the bank, alone with Bivens' wife. He was lying on the big leather couch.

"I heard that you were going to speak this morning. I wanted to hear you and came. I arrived just as you began and managed to get into the bank. I saw that man try to kill you, Jim, and that crowd of wild beasts trampling you to death. Two detectives pulled you out and dragged you into the bank."

A doctor entered and quickly dressed Stuart's wounds, and turned to Nan.

"He'll be all right in a week or so, Mrs. Bivens, provided he doesn't insist on breaking the run on another bank by the spell of his eloquence. I hope you can persuade him not to try that again."

"I think I'm fully persuaded, doctor," Stuart answered grimly. "I've seen a great light today."

When the doctor had gone and Nan was left alone with Stuart an embarrassed silence fell between them.

She was quietly wondering if he were fully unconscious when she was sobbing and saying some very foolish things. Above all, she was wondering whether he knew that she had kissed him.

When her car stopped at South Washington square and Stuart insisted on scrambling out alone, she held his hand tight a moment and spoke with trembling earnestness:

"You will see me now, Jim, and be friends?"

He answered promptly.

"Yes, Nan, I will. The world is never going to be quite the same place for me after today. There was one moment this morning in which I think I lived a thousand years."

A hot flush stole over the woman's beautiful face as she looked steadily into his eyes and quietly asked:

"What moment was that?"

"The moment I looked down that gun barrel, saw the stupid hate in that fool's eyes and felt the throb of the insane desire to kill in the people behind him, the people for whom I've been giving my life a joyous sacrifice."

Nan smiled a sigh of relief.

"Oh, I see. Well, you've made me

very happy with your promise. I know you will keep your word."

He pressed her hand firmly.

"You are more beautiful than ever, Nan. Yes, I'll keep my word. Goodbye until I call."

And the woman smiled in triumph.

(Continued in Friday's Issue.)

## POCKETS VERSUS HAND BAGS.

Real Reason of the Subjection of Woman to Man.

Civilized man finds it difficult to make his way through life without a dozen pockets. The ordinary walking suit has fifteen. Civilized woman makes her way through life without pockets, depending on a single bag carried in the hand. The professional humorists have never tired of commenting on woman's pocketless condition, but it is really no laughing matter.

Here is a sex difference which is something more than fashion, which goes to the very heart of the subjection of woman to man. If we accept Spencer's definition of the evolutionary process as consisting in progress from an indefinite homogeneity to a definite heterogeneity the superior position of man is at once established. His fifteen diversified pockets, each allocated to a separate use—watch, cigar case, pocketknife, purse, newspaper and package of garden seeds—need only be contrasted with the single reticule in which the female of the species stores away an unco-ordinated mass of handkerchiefs, toilet articles, car fare, press clippings, telephone addresses, dress goods samples, confectionery, memoranda and tradesmen's bills that have long been settled by check.

Strong in his pockets, man walks the earth free in the play of his upper limbs, whereas woman sacrifices the use of her right arm before venturing out in a world of street cars, motorcars, moving staircases, elevators and ticket booths.—New York Post.

No Wonder She Behaved.

"I believe," said the minister, with a twinkle in his eye, "that the saying that children and fools tell the truth" is true. The other day my wife and I were invited out to dinner. The children of the family were so remarkably well behaved that my wife remarked:

"What lovely, well behaved children yours are, Mrs. Brown?"

"Both Mr. and Mrs. Brown beamed at this approval of their offspring, when up piped little Mary, 'Well, pa said that if we didn't behave he'd knock our blocks off, didn't you, pa?'—Mothers' Magazine.

## Royal Informality.

At Cadix, Emperor William's model farm in West Prussia, where he loves to tramp about in rough clothes and high top boots, there is a certain blacksmith whose hand is never too grimy for his kaiser to shake. The Princess Victoria Luise from earliest years has shared her father's liking for the man's sterling qualities. One day the emperor and princess, in company with a high official, called at the smithy. As its owner turned from work to welcome them the kaiser introduced him as "a special friend of my daughter's."—Pictorial Review.

## Toasted Bugs.

An insect much resembling the June bug and found in great quantities in the high plains about Quito, capital of Ecuador, is toasted and eaten as a delicacy by the natives of that country. It is sold in the streets in the same manner as are chestnuts in the cities of this country. The roasted bugs taste very much like toasted bread.

## Not Well Pleas'd.

"I had to kill my dog this morning," said the boob.

"Was he mad?" asked the cheerful idiot.

"Well, he didn't seem any too well pleased," replied the boob.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## 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 William J. Stevens, administrator of Charles 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.

First and final account of Adam T. Van Driesen and Walter N. Cornell, administrators of the estate of Ella Gilon, Honesdale.

First and final account of Kate Billard, administratrix of the estate of George Billard, Cherry Ridge.

First and final account of Elizabeth C. Lawyer, administratrix of the estate of Fred E. Lawyer, Honesdale.

W. B. LESHNER, Recorder.

4013.

—Advertise in The Citizen.

## Wayne Common Pleas: Trial List

June Term, 1913.  
McDonnell vs. McDonnell.  
Clark vs. Thompson.  
Van Osdale vs. Blaine et al.  
Kordman vs. Denio et al.  
Town vs. Cortright & Son.  
Wilcox vs. Mumford.  
Carey vs. Township of Buckingham.  
Honesdale Milling Company vs. Kubach.  
Gerety vs. Columbian Protective Association.  
Congdon vs. Columbian Protective Association.  
Cromwell vs. Weed.  
Bregstein Bros vs. Ridgeway.  
De Groat vs. Brutsche.  
North Tonawanda Musical Instrument Works vs. Herbeck-Demer Company.  
Derrick vs. Cortright & Son.  
Hunkele vs. Brown.  
Miner vs. Miner.  
Shannon vs. Havens et al.  
W. J. BARNES, Clerk.

## APPRAISEMENTS.

Notice is given that appraisement of \$300 to the widows of the following named decedents have been filed in the Orphans' Court of Wayne county, and will be presented for approval on Monday, June 16, 1913—viz:

Chris. Lowe, Honesdale: Personal. F. W. Bunnell, Texas: Personal. John Griswold, Clinton: Personal. Loren Enslin, Lake: Personal. Geo. Billard, Cherry Ridge: Personal.

Charles McVey, Preston: Real and Personal.

David McLaughlin: Real and Personal.

Appraisement of real estate of Mary Farrell, widow of Matthew Farrell, Honesdale, under Act of Assembly of April 1, 1909.

W. J. BARNES, Clerk.



Future prices of Grain and Cotton are now being approximately estimated on the basis of future weather conditions. This is a new process for estimating future values. For information regarding this service address FOSTER'S WEATHER BUREAU, Washington, D.C.

—Advertise in The Citizen.

## 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 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 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 16th 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 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.

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

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