

# 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 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 uses 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 XI

### The Lamp of Aladdin.

THE clouds of the panic slowly lifted and the sun began to shine. A fearless officer of the law had struck a blow for justice that marked the beginning of a new era of national life. Slowly but surely the prices of stocks began to mount.

Incidentally a corner in wheat was suddenly developed, and the price of bread rose 20 per cent. Bivens was found to be the mysterious power behind the deal, and before the old timers in the wheat pit could marshal their forces to crush him he closed out his holdings at a profit of five millions.

The little financier awoke next morning to find himself the most famous man in America. His picture now appeared everywhere and all sorts of writers began to weave marvelous stories of his achievements.

Nan was insisting again that he make Stuart an offer to become his associate in business.

"I'm sure he will consider your offer now."

Bivens looked at her a moment curiously and she turned her eyes away.

"Why do you think he has changed his attitude toward me?"

"From something he said. That mob has written a question mark before his life."

"By George!" he exclaimed, his black eyes sparkling. "It may be possible."

"You'll try?" Nan asked eagerly.

"I'll not try—I'll do it."

"I've an enemy somewhere among the fallen," Bivens went on musingly, "who is dying hard. In spite of the fact that I have unlimited resources, this man is constantly circulating reports about the soundness of my finances. He uses the telephone principally and he has started two runs on my bank within the past month. Another is pending. I'm going to ask Jim to preside over an investigation of my resources in the presence of a dozen newspaper reporters."

Nan stooped and kissed him.

When Stuart reached Bivens' new offices in Wall street he was amazed at their size and magnificence. The first impression was one of dazzling splendor. The huge reception hall was trimmed from floor to dome in onyx and gold.

Stuart nodded to a group of reporters waiting for the chance of a word with the great man. "Looks like a full house, doesn't it?" he said.

"They've been here for hours," said a reporter. "There are a senator, three members of the house of representatives, an ambassador, the governor of a Chinese province, a Japanese prince and a dozen big politicians from as many states, to say nothing of the small fry."

"Well, I have an appointment with Mr. Bivens at this hour."

"Really!" the reporter gasped. "Then for heaven's sake give me a chance at you five minutes before the other fellows. Remember now, I saw you first!"

He was still pleading when Stuart smilingly drew away and followed one of Bivens' secretaries.

Bivens came forward to greet him with outstretched hands.

"I needn't say I am glad to see you, Jim. How do you like my new quarters?"

"Absolutely stunning. I had no idea you cultivated such ceremonial splendors in your business."

"Yes, I like it," the financier admitted thoughtfully. "I don't mind confessing to you on the sly that it was Nan's idea at first, but I took to it like a duck to water."

In spite of Stuart's contempt for the mere possession of money, in spite of his traditional contempt for Bivens' antecedents, character and business methods, he found himself unconsciously paying homage to the power the little, dark, swarthy figure today incarnated. Bivens had become more difficult of approach and carried himself with quiet, conscious pride.

Stuart was scarcely prepared for the hearty, old-fashioned cordial way in which he went about the business for which he had asked him to come.

"Now, Jim, this is your day; those fellows out there in the reception hall can wait. You and I must have the thing out—man to man, heart to heart. You can talk plainly and I'll answer squarely."

"I've got a proposition to make to you, so big you've got to hear it, so big you can't get away from it, because you're not a fool. You're a man of genius. There is no height to which you cannot climb when once your feet are on the ladder. And I'm going to put them there."

The assurance in Bivens' voice and the contagious enthusiasm with which he spoke impressed Stuart.

Bivens was quick to recognize it and strike at once.

"Before I present my plans I want to show you that I can make good my word. I have caused these reporters to be sent here today for the purpose of giving the widest publicity to the facts about my fortune. Another run has been planned tomorrow on one of my banks. I have placed my money and securities in the next room, so arranged that you can verify my statements, and at the proper moment I shall ask these reporters into the place and let them see with their own eyes. There can be no more rumors in Wall street about my financial status. Come in here."

Bivens led the way into the room beyond, which was the meeting place of the directors of his many corporations.

Stuart had scarcely passed the door when he stopped, struck dumb with amazement. In the center of the great office was a sight that held him spell-bound. An immense vermilion wood table, six feet wide and fifty feet in length filled the center. On it the wizard had placed his fortune of ninety millions of dollars. Twenty millions were in gold, its heavy weight sustained by extra stanchions. The coin, apparently all new from the national mint, was carefully arranged around the edges of the table in a solid bulk two feet high.

Behind this gleaming yellow pile of gold he had placed his stocks and bonds—each pile showing on its top layer the rich green, gold or purple colors of its issue, each pile marked with a tag which showed its total amount. The effect was stunning.

Bivens approached the table softly and reverently, as a priest approaches the high altar, and touched the gold with the tips of his slender little fingers.

"I've just begun"—

"You've just begun?" Stuart interrupted laughingly.

"Yes, you'll understand what I mean before I've finished the day's work."

"But why?" the young lawyer asked passionately. "Such a purpose seems to me in view of this stunning revelation the sheerest insanity. Life, the one priceless thing we possess, is too short. I can see you shoveling coal through all eternity!"

"But I happen to be going to the other place," Bivens broke in good naturedly.

Stuart looked at the pile of gold a moment and then at Bivens and said slowly:

"Well, if you do get those, Cal, there's one thing certain, the angels will all have to sleep with their pocket-books under their pillows."

Bivens' eyes sparkled and a smile played about the hard lines of his mouth. In spite of its doubtful as-

sure he enjoyed the tribute to his financial genius beneath the banter of his friend's joke. With a gesture of conscious dignity he turned to the table and quietly said:

"You will find on this table exactly \$90,000,000. Within an hour you can examine each division of coin, stocks and bonds and bear witness to the truth of my assertions. I'm going to close that door and leave you here for an hour."

"Alone with all that?"

"Oh, there's only one way out," Bivens laughed—"through my little reception room, and I'll be there. I'll meet some of the gentlemen who are wait-

ing. When you are satisfied of the accuracy of my account, just tap on my door and I'll join you immediately. Do the inspection carefully. It's of grave importance. I shall call on you as a witness by and by before that group of newspaper men."

When Stuart had satisfied himself of the accuracy of the count, he stood gazing at the queer looking piles of yellow metal and richly tinted paper, stunned by the attempt to realize the enormous power over men which it represented. When the huge pile should thrill with life at the touch of the deft fingers of the master who could grasp its stunning force in human affairs, who could tell its possibilities?

The age of materialism had dawned, and the new age knew but one god, whose temple was the market place. A wave of bitterness swept his spirit, and for the first time he questioned for the briefest moment whether he had missed the way in life. Only for a moment, and then the feeling passed, and in its place slowly rose a sense of angry resentment against Bivens and all his tribe. When the little swarthy figure suddenly appeared in the doorway his soul was in arms for the struggle he knew coming.

"Well, you found I've not made a mistake?"

"No. To put it mildly, you will not be forced to apply to the charity bureau for any outside help this year."

"You have counted \$90,000,000 there. As I told you awhile ago, I've just begun. I've schemes on foot that circle the globe. I've made up my mind to



On It the Wizard Had Placed His Fortune of Ninety Millions.

nave you with me. We won't discuss terms now—that's a mere detail—the thing is for us to get at the differences between us. Now say the meanest and hardest things you can think. I understand."

"My opinion, Cal, of your business methods are known to every one. They say that the warriors of the Dakota Indians used to eat the heart of a fallen foe to increase their courage. Your business methods haven't made much progress beyond this stage, so far as I can see."

Bivens stroked his silken beard with a nervous, puzzled movement and said:

"The passion for money, money for its own sake, right or wrong, is the motive power of the modern world. That's why I laugh at my critics and sneer at threats. I am secure because I've built my career on the biggest fact of the century."

"But," Stuart broke in, "you don't live. You are engaged in an endless fight, desperate, cruel, mercenary—for what?"

"The game, man, the game!"

"Game? What game? To crush and kill for the mere sake of doing it, as a sheep killing dog strangles fifty lambs in a night for the fun of hearing them bleat?"

"But, Jim," the little financier protested, "I don't make men as they are, nor did I make conditions."

"You are a wrecker and not a builder."

"But is that true?" Bivens interrupted eagerly. "I'm organizing the industries of the world. I have furthered the progress of humanity."

"Yes, in a way you have. And if the price of goods continues to rise for another ten years as it has during the past ten under your organizing the human race will be compelled to make still further progress. They will have to move to another planet. Nobody but a millionaire can live on this one. A day of reckoning is bound to come. But a millionaire dies every day. Nobody knows. Nobody cares. Is such a life at its best worth living? And yours is never at its best. You can't eat much. You don't sleep well and you can't live beyond fifty-five."

"Don't talk nonsense, Jim; I'll live

as long as you."

"And yet you turn pale when I speak of death."

Bivens suddenly drew his watch and spoke with quick, nervous energy:

"I must call those reporters and get rid of them as soon as possible."

He gave the order, and in a few moments walked back into the room followed by the newspaper men, a half dozen young fellows with clean cut, eager faces. Not one of them showed a pencil or a note book, but not a feature of the startling exhibition escaped their intelligence. Every eye flashed with piercing light, every nerve quivered with sensitive impressions.

They looked at Bivens with peculiar awe. Stuart noted with a smile that not one of them spoke loudly in the presence of ninety millions of dollars. When Bivens led them out at last and returned to the room, he was in high spirits.

"Now, Jim," he began hastily, "if you have said all the bad things you can possibly think about me, we'll get down to business and I'll present the big proposition you can't resist."

(Continued in Tuesday's Issue.)

## ORGANIZATION OF D. A. R. PERFECTED SATURDAY.

Miss Harriet Rockwell, Regent, Entertains Wayne Chapter—Work of Organization Planned.

The organization of the Wayne Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was perfected on Saturday afternoon, June 7th, at the home of its regent, Miss Harriet Rockwell. The purpose of the organization and the plan of its work, notably that of studying and of preserving the history of Wayne county during the Revolutionary period, was discussed. The Chapter now has a membership of 24. But this number will be increased to 34 as soon as the eligibility of ten new applicants is verified by the National Society at Washington. The officers of the local Chapter are: Miss Harriet E. Rockwell, regent; Mrs. Fred B. Whitney, vice-regent; Miss Ethel Lee, recording secretary; Miss Charlotte Lane, corresponding secretary; Miss Bertha Lane, treasurer; Mrs. Homer Greene, historian; Miss S. Louise Hardenbergh, registrar; Mrs. Eben Clark, Chaplain. The board of managements consists of this official board together with three additional members as follows: Mrs. Eben Clark, Miss Marian Wilder and Miss Alice Birdsall. The standing committees, such as social, program and historical, were also appointed at this meeting. Valuable papers of research and data, for the use of the program and social committees, and for the historical records, were contributed by Miss Jennie Ball of the society and by Mrs. Lewis P. Cook of Hawley. A forceful and deeply interesting talk was given by the regent, Miss Harriet E. Rockwell, on the aims of the local chapter. She asked "that the democratic, patriotic and educational features of the local organization should be strengthened, rather than that of ancestral worship. Also that the ritual be used in its strongest sense." And in closing her impressive talk, urged "that the members work for efficiency and activity, so that the local chapter might have weight and dignity. For the time is not far distant when the D. A. R. will be one of the most important institutions of our country."

A resolution was passed making October 12th of this year the time limit for charter membership. The society meetings are to be held the first Saturday afternoon of each month except during July and August, but members may be taken into the society at any time by complying with the rules of the National organization, and applicants for membership may be made to the registrar of the local chapter. Mrs. Jacob S. Ames, a Hawley member, attended the meeting.

## CARDS IN CAPITOL PILLAR.

Deck Buried Eighty-one Years Ago Is Found at Jefferson City.

A deck of playing cards excellently preserved was taken from between two of the stones used in the construction of pillars which decorated the entrance of the old state capitol at Jefferson, Mo., which was destroyed by fire some time ago.

The pillars were constructed of sandstone blocks eighty-one years ago. The cards were found in a hole made to hold the heavy stones into place. There was no name or writing upon the cards.

## The New Laureate.

[With acknowledgment to A. C. Swinburne.]

Now who shall sing for Britain  
As English laureate,  
In rhythmic words, flame written,  
To bravely serve the state  
And bid her doff the ermine  
Of nestling moths and vermin,  
Her kingly garb of lies,  
Cast it aside forever,  
From dark tradition sever  
Her soul and bid it rise?

No weaking bard, time serving,  
Who'll, basely bidden, write  
False tributes, undeserving,  
Blind, groping in the night;  
To praise in rime disjointed  
Some ruler oft anointed,  
A ghost with tinselled head,  
And sing of royal wasall  
While thrall and serf and vassal  
Still vainly strive for bread.

But one with Milton's lyre,  
With pen to pierce each wrong,  
With Swinburne to inspire  
His red blood hosts of song,  
With rude but fearless diction  
Destroy the purple fiction  
Of medieval night,  
All ancient falsehoods scorning  
And hail the newer morning  
Of man's diviner right.

—Richard Linticum in New York World.

—Advertise in The Citizen.

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## NOTICE OF AMENDMENT OF CHARTER.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne County, 228 March Term, 1913.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said court on Friday, June 20th, 1913, at 2 o'clock p. m., under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations" approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the approval of certain amendments to the charter of Stalker Methodist Episcopal church changing the name of the said church to "Grace Methodist Episcopal Church" as set forth in the petition for the allowance of said amendment, filed in said court.

Mumford & Mumford, Solicitors. Honesdale, Pa., May 28, 1913. 44w4.

# STRUCK

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