

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 rug 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 her.

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 and Nan are engaged. Harriet Woodman is studying music. Stuart takes Nan 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 sees Stuart, but he does not know it. One year passes. Stuart becomes district attorney. He investigates criminal trusts. He 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 Trust company, which is in trouble. Woodman needs money badly.

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

The mob attacks Stuart and injures him slightly. Nan sees it and reveals her love. Bivens piles \$50,000,000 on a table and calls Stuart to see the money to rescue rumors of his financial weakness.

Stuart is tempted to join Bivens as his confidential man. He accepts an invitation to visit the Bivens house and is rebuffed by Nan.

At a meeting of the discontented, at which Bivens is denounced, a bomb thrower is killed by his own missile. Woodman decides to continue his fight against Bivens.

Stuart's plea with Bivens for Woodman is in vain, and the lawyer refuses to join the millionaire's plans. Woodman is made guilty and Stuart, who has resigned as district attorney, defends him.

Sentence is suspended. Bivens is ill. In his absence, Stuart accompanies Nan and Nan on a duck hunting trip to Virginia, although Stuart fears Nan's absence may tempt him beyond his wits.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Parting of the Ways.

THE two weeks which followed the Bivens ball were the happiest Harriet Woodman had known since Nan's dowry had fallen across her life. Every moment was crowded with the work of preparing for her trip, except a few hours she could not refuse Stuart, who had suddenly wanted to the fact of something beautiful was going of his life.

Harriet watched him with keen joy deep in her heart a secret hope that the day she called he refused to go with her to the pier.

"Why, Jim, you must come with me," she protested.

"No, I can't, little pal. Goodbye."

She watched the cab roll down Fourth street toward the pier while a great sea of loneliness overwhelmed him.

That night the doctor was not at home. Stuart rapped on his door next morning and got no answer. The girl said had spent the night out—she didn't know where.

Stuart was about to leave for his office when the doctor entered. His bloodshot eyes were sunken deep behind his lids, his face haggard and his shoulders drooped. Stuart knew he was trapped the streets all night in a sort of hopeless misery.

Stuart took his outstretched hand and led him into the library. "I wish you tramped the streets; the house is very lonely."

"I never knew what loneliness meant until now. The big hand fell in a sort of despair."

Stuart pressed his hand. "I understand. I'm younger than you, doctor, but I, too, have walked that lonely street. You're all in; you must go to bed and sleep."

When Stuart returned early from his office in the afternoon he found a group of foreign women and children dining beside the stoop. A pale, elfin-looking boy of ten, whose face appeared to be five years older, sat on the step crying.

"That's the matter, kiddie?" he asked kindly.

"I want to see doctor—me mudder's. She'll croak before mornin' if he don't come—dey all wants him." He pointed his dirty little hand toward the street. "He ain't come around no more this week. The god says we can't see no more."

"He's asleep."

"I'll tell him you're here. The doctor been ill himself."

Stuart urged the doctor to go at once to his patients. The work he loved and restore his spirits. He was dumfounded at the answer he received.

"No, no! I'm in no mood to work. I can't help them. I'd poison and kill

them all, feeling as I do today. A physician can't heal the sick unless there's healing in his own soul. I'd bring death, not life, into their homes. Tell them to go away!"

Stuart emptied his pockets of all the money he had in a desperate effort to break their disappointment.

"The doctor's too ill to see you now," he explained. "He sent this money for you and hopes it will help you over the worst until he can come."

He divided the money among them, and they looked at it with dull disappointment. They were glad to get it, but what they needed more than money was the hope and strength of their friend's presence.

"Doctor," Stuart began gently, "I've known you for about fifteen years. You're the only father I've had in this big town, and you've been a good one. You've been acting strangely for the past two weeks. You're in trouble."

"The greatest trouble that can come to any human soul," was the bitter answer. "But," he paused, and his eyes stared at the ceiling as he groaned. "I've got to hear it. What's the use to whine?"

Stuart stepped close and slipped his arm about the stalwart figure. His voice was tender.

"Come, doctor; you're not fooling me. I've known you too long. There's only one man on earth for whom I'd do as much as I would for you—my own gray-haired father down south. Come now; tell me what's the trouble?"

Stuart could feel the big form sway and tremble under the stress of over-

whelm emotion, and his arm pressed a little closer. And then the tension suddenly broke.

The doctor sank into a chair and looked up with a helpless stare.

"Yes, Jim, I will. I'll tell you." And he related his experiences in the Bivens mansion, ending with:

"I stole—a case—of—jewels!"

Stuart sprang to his feet, with an exclamation of horror.

"You—did—what?"

"Yes," the doctor went on hoarsely. "I stole a case of his jewels and sent my girl abroad. I'm going to plead guilty now and go to prison. I shall never again lift my head in the haunts of men."

Stuart sobbed in anguish.

"You see, boy, I failed when put to the test. It doesn't make any difference about my reputation. Character only counts, and I'm a thief."

"Shut up!" Stuart cried fiercely, seizing his arm. "Don't say that again and don't talk so loudly. Whatever you did you were insane when you did it."

"Maybe it was a mistake. I don't know. I couldn't think then. I only know now that life is impossible any more, and I'm ready to go. You can send me to prison at once, Jim. I'm glad you are the district attorney."

"But I'm not. I resigned my office this morning to go into business for myself. I had only another month to serve. You're not going to prison if I can help it."

"But I don't want you to help it. It's the only place to go now—you see, boy, I can't live with myself any more! Besides I'm old and played out; the world don't need me any longer."

"Well, I need you," Stuart broke in. "and you're not going to give up this fight as long as I'm here."

"I'm a failure; it's no use."

"But you've forgotten some things," the younger man said tenderly. "You've helped to make my life what it is—you haven't failed in that. You gave your blood to your country when she needed it—you didn't fail in that. You have forgotten the thousands you have helped, the hope and cheer and inspiration that passed into their lives through yours. We'll go to Bivens' house tonight. We'll tell him the truth. We'll return the value of his jewels. I'll get the money to make good what you owe him"—His voice broke. "Oh, why, why, why didn't you let me know? I've influence with Bivens. He will drop the matter and no one on earth will know save we three."

"But you don't understand, Jim," the broken man protested, feebly. "I tell you I've given up. I can't take your money, I can't pay. I tell you I've given up. I can't take your money. I can't pay it back."

"You can pay it back, too, if you like. Harriet will be earning thousands of dollars in a few years. Her success is sure."

A faint smile lighted the father's face.

"Her success is sure, isn't it?" he

asked with the eagerness of a child. And then the smile slowly faded.

"But I shall not be here to see it." "Yes, you will. I'm running your affairs now, and you've got to do what I say. Get ready. We are going to see Bivens."

Bivens refused point blank at first to see Woodman and ordered his servant to put him out of the house and ask Stuart to remain for a conference.

Stuart drew from his case a card and wrote a message to Nan:

Impetuous that I see Cal at once in the presence of my friend on a matter of grave importance. Please send him down. He is stubborn.

Bivens came in a few minutes, shook hands cordially with Stuart and ignored Woodman.

"I want to see you alone with the doctor," the young lawyer began, "where we cannot possibly be overheard."

"I have nothing to say to this man, but for your sake all right. Come up to the library."

Once in the room and the door closed the doctor sank listlessly into a chair, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. His deep, sunken, bloodshot eyes were turned within. The outer world no longer made any impression.

Stuart began:

"Cal, you and I have been friends since boyhood. I'm going to ask my first favor of you tonight."

"For yourself, all right. You've got the answer before you ask it. If you've come to ask me to settle with old Woodman for any imaginary claim he has, you're wasting your breath. I won't hear it. So cut it!"

"I'm not asking you to settle any old imaginary claim," the young lawyer went on rapidly, "but a new one that can only appeal to the best that's in you. Let it be enough to say that the torture you inflicted on Woodman and the sights he saw in your house drove him insane. Hungry, wretched, in despair over his misfortunes and the promise he had given his daughter, whom he loved better than life, in a moment of madness he took a case of your jewels."

"He took that case of jewels?" Bivens asked with excitement.

"The little financier broke into a peal of laughter, walked over to the chair where the doctor sat, thrust his hands into his pockets and continued to laugh.

"So that's what you meant by laughing and sneering in my face as you left that night, you hypocrite!"

Stuart suddenly gripped Bivens and spun him around in his tracks.

"That will do now! The doctor is my friend. I won't stand for this."

Stuart faced the little dark man with a dangerous gleam in his eye.

"Well, what did you come for? To ask me to give him a pension for robbing me of a case of jewels? I've accused every drunken servant in the county of the act."

"I only ask that you allow me to return the value of your jewels and drop the whole affair."

"Can the district attorney of the county of New York compound a felony?"

"I resigned my office this morning."

Bivens tried to seize Stuart's hand, forgetting for a moment the jewels in the bigger announcement which meant the acceptance of his offer.

Stuart waved aside the extended hand with a gesture of annoyance.

"You'll drop this case, of course, at my request?"

Bivens looked at the bowed figure and replied quickly:

"I will not."

"I told you I'd make good the amount tomorrow morning."

"What the devil do you suppose I want with your money? Five thousand dollars is no more to me than 5 cents to the average man."

He paused, laughed and again stared at the bowed figure.

"I've waited a long time, old man, but I've got you now."

The doctor never lifted his head or moved a muscle.

"You are not going to prosecute him?" Stuart asked incredulously.

"As soon as I can telephone for an officer."

"Look here, Cal, you've just asked me to share your affairs."

"Not this one."

"Then to hell with you and all your affairs! I'll fight you to the last ditch!"

Bivens looked at him in amazement. "What! For this old fool you'd reject my offer?"

"Yes."

"It's a joke! I see you doing it. Defend him if you like. I'll have good lawyers. I'll enjoy the little scrap. A fight between us in public just now will be all the better for my first big plans. I'll send him to Sing Sing if it costs me a million!"

Stuart lifted the doctor from his seat and faced Bivens with a look of defiance. "You needn't trouble for a warrant. He pleads guilty. Your lawyers can fix the day for his sentence and I want you to be there."

"I'll be there, don't you worry!"

(Continued in Friday's Issue.)

A Slow Card Player.

"That maid reminds me of you when you first started in to play cards, dear," said the husband at the table when the girl was a long time bringing in the birds for dinner.

"Why so?" inquired the wife.

"She's delaying the game."—Yonkers Statesman.

Exhibit.

Eve—So now he has a breach of promise on his hands, and the woman is showing letters of his saying he'd do all sorts of things for her.

Wye—Sort of promissory note, eh?

Eve—Yes, with the accent on the "sorry."—Boston Transcript.

Crop Improvement
Robbing the Soil Should be a Crime in Law As It is a Crime in Fact.

YIELDS IN KANSAS.

What the Community Spirit, Inspired by Farmers' Clubs and County Farm Bureaus, is Doing for a Great State.

[National Crop Improvement Service.] While a large yield of better grain is the primary object of the Crop Improvement Committee of the Council of Grain Exchanges, it is gratifying to know that when the community spirit is aroused in any locality all of the things which make life worth living are given a great impetus.

As great as scientific agriculture may be, it is secondary to the improvement of rural life conditions, which means better homes, better schools, better roads, and all of the things which add to the comfort and happiness of mankind.

In reporting the wonderful development of Kansas, Prof. J. H. Miller, superintendent of College Extension Division, Kansas State Agricultural College, says:

"While the Crop Improvement Committee has been chiefly concerned about the improvement of wheat in this state, we have been going on improving all the other things.

"In 1907 Kansas had 600,000 acres of alfalfa, and today they have 1,000,000 acres.

"Only a few years since there were only about half a dozen men here growing well-bred corn for sale. Today in every county in the state there are six to fifteen men who are growing for sale the well-known varieties, and the corn yield has been increasing.

"A matter of great importance in Kansas has been the increase in sorghums. Seven years ago there were only about 1,000,000 acres in Kansas in crops of kafir, milo and sweet sorghums; the report of 1912 showed 2,318,769 acres of the three. This year there will be planted, approximately, 8,250,000 acres of the three.

"The cash returns for milk in Kansas will be about three times as much this year as in 1905, and about twice as much for butter. In 1905 there was only one pure-bred herd of Holsteins in the state, and not one pure-bred Jersey herd. Today there are about 50 pure-bred Holstein herds, with stock for sale, and about 20 pure-bred Jersey herds, with stock for sale. During the last two years more than 100 cars of high-grade Holsteins and Jerseys have been brought into the state and sold.

"The Kansas farmers, business and professional men have two hundred million dollars on deposit in the state and national banks of Kansas, there being 916 state banks and 212 national banks. This is the largest deposit the state has ever known. The state banks have a reserve of 30 per cent and the national banks 33 per cent."

PRACTICAL FARM CREDITS.

The County Silo Committee is Becoming More Popular Every Day.

[National Crop Improvement Service.] In a number of counties the bankers are offering to finance all silos recommended by the County Silo Committee for the first year without interest, and for the second year at a low rate. This puts the subject of rural credits on a very substantial foundation.

The bankers have always claimed that if the farmers would put their work upon a business basis, and spend their money for permanent improvements that they will finance such projects at the same rate that the merchants enjoy for like accommodations.

YOUR BOY PARTNER.

[National Crop Improvement Service.] If boys liked to milk cows as well as they like to play ball—but they don't. Do you know why? It is because the boy has no interest in the results of milking. If you want to keep your boy on the farm, take him into partnership, and he will help you build up your business, and be ready to succeed you by the time you are ready to quit.

A COUNTY ROAD CLUB.

[National Crop Improvement Service.] The history of the 365 Day Road Club, Carthage, Missouri, should be known by every road committee in every County Farm Bureau.

Mr. J. D. Clarkson, the wide-awake president of that club, says: "Many bad roads are only good road material wrongly placed. Under our present system the big fat dollar that goes into the collector's office the fall looks like '30 cents' when you meet it on the road next spring."

IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

West Central Minnesota has adopted the following song as a battle cry:

West Central Minnesota
Oh, it's good enough for me
I'll raise my corn and feed my stock
On clover hay, and I'll never knock
West Central Minnesota
Oh, it's here I love to be
It's the best place on the face of earth
Minnesota for me.

SEEKS NEW LINCOLN HOLIDAY.

Illinois Senator Would Set Apart Anniversary of Gettysburg Address.

The fiftieth anniversary of the delivery of Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg speech will be a national holiday if President Wilson accepts the idea in a resolution recently offered in the Illinois senate by Hugh S. Magill, Jr.

"We respectfully petition his excellency Woodrow Wilson, president of the United States," reads the Magill resolution, "to set apart by proclamation Wednesday, Nov. 19, 1913, as a day of national thanksgiving and dedication that we as a nation may dedicate ourselves more wholly to the great tasks remaining before us."

In the preamble it is set forth that Springfield, Ill., the home of Lincoln, is a fitting place to start this movement.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania and to the Water Supply Commission of Pennsylvania on Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of July, 1913, by J. R. Guekes, H. M. Long and Jacob Reeh, Jr., 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 22, 1874, and the supplements thereto for the charter of an intended corporation to be called Manchester Water Supply Company, the character and object of which are the supply, storage or transportation of water power for commercial and manufacturing purposes in the Township of Manchester, County of Wayne, State of Pennsylvania, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

53e03. READ, GILL & LINN.

FASHION HINT

By JUDIC CHOLLET

This illustration shows a very attractive semiprincess frock which gives the Norfolk idea that is so smart this season. The blouse is just a simple one with set-in sleeves that may be finished either full length or elbow



NORFOLK FROCK.

style and with a sailor collar. The box plaits are applied on each side at both front and back over indicated lines, and these plaits extend below the waist line and are attached to the skirt at about hip depth.

For the sixteen-year-old size the dress will require six and one-quarter yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, with three-quarters of a yard twenty-seven inches wide for the trimming.

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NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania and to the Water Supply Commission of Pennsylvania on Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of July, 1913, by J. R. Guekes, H. M. Long and Jacob Reeh, Jr., 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 22, 1874, and the supplements thereto for the charter of an intended corporation to be called Manchester Water Supply Company, the character and object of which are the supply, storage or transportation of water power for commercial and manufacturing purposes in the Township of Manchester, County of Wayne, State of Pennsylvania, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

53e03. READ, GILL & LINN.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania and to the Water Supply Commission of Pennsylvania on Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of July, 1913, by George H. Stein, Bruce A. Metzger and Alex. R. Chaston 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 22, 1874, and the supplements thereto for the charter of an intended corporation to be called Narrowsburg Water Supply Company, the character and object of which are the supply, storage or transportation of water and water power for commercial and manufacturing purposes in the Township of Damascus, County of Wayne, State of Pennsylvania, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

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