

The Root of Evil

By THOMAS DIXON

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SYNOPSIS

Stuart, southern lawyer in New York, is in love with Nan. Her father, Woodman, who has a young daughter, is threatened with the loss of his business by Bivens, whom he has known for years. Stuart visits the man.

Stuart wants to accept a place with Woodman's chemical trust. He dislikes Bivens' methods and refuses. Bivens cautions him.

Bivens is in love with Nan. Stuart reminds the offer, and Nan breaks her engagement with the lawyer. Bivens asks Stuart to enter the trust.

Bivens 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 she says she is in love with him.

Stuart becomes Mrs. Bivens. Harriet is Stuart, but he does not know it. Years pass. Stuart becomes district attorney. He investigates criminal trusts and 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 trust. Bivens promises to aid the Van Trust company, which is in trouble. Woodman needs money badly.

Stuart's stock market slump engineered Bivens, Woodman and many others all. The trust company falls because of the stock market. Stuart, at command of the money king, like his word. Stuart faces his critics, and Bivens' bank.

Stuart is mobbed and Stuart and Bivens are badly. Nan sees it and reveals her name. Bivens piles \$30,000,000 on a table and calls Stuart to see the money to remove 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 repudiated by Nan.

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

Stuart's plea with Bivens for Woodman's name, and the lawyer refuses to join the millionaire's plan. Woodman is guilty and Stuart, who has been a district attorney, defends him.

Sentence is suspended. Bivens is ill, and his insistence, Stuart accompanies him and Nan on a duck hunting trip to the river, although Stuart fears Nan's sentence may tempt him beyond his strength.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Plea For Justice.

STUART was not surprised to receive notice from Bivens' lawyers that they would demand sentence on Woodman within ten days. The financier was present with two great lawyers who smilingly assured him that he need have no fear as to the result. Yet the little man was uneasy. He fidgeted in his seat and watched Stuart's calm, serious face with dread.

"Don't worry," the senior counsel assured him with confidence. "The old judge is a terror to every criminal in New York."

In spite of all assurance, Bivens' nervousness increased as the hour grew near for the case to be called. He looked at his watch, fuming over the fact that Nan was late. He wished her to see Stuart and find out what he had to say. A woman could do such things better than a man. He looked at the window anxiously and saw the shadow of his big French limousine waiting in the corner. He hurried to his steps to meet his wife.

"Nan, for heaven's sake see Jim before this case is called and find out what he's going to say to that judge."

"I'll do my best. I'll send my card and ask him to see me at once."

"Good. When he returns to the courtroom wait and I'll come out."

Bivens went back to his seat beside his lawyers and watched the court officer speak to Stuart.

He frowned and hesitated, rose and slowly followed the man.

Nan seized his hand.

"Oh, Jim, I'm so worried. Cal says you are going to make a desperate fight against him this morning."

"I'm going to make the usual plea or mercy for an old broken man—my friend. I'm going to fight for his life as I would for my own."

"Please don't do or say anything to-day to cause a break. I couldn't endure it. You don't know how much your friendly words mean to me. Your words are the brightest spots in my life. What are you going to say? Are you going to attack Cal? You don't have to do that, Jim. Promise me you won't for my sake."

"I'm going to do my level best for my old friend, Nan," he answered with a haggard determination. "You needn't worry about your husband. He has the hide of a rhinoceros, and nothing I can say will get under his skin."

"If any other man said it, no, but from you it will cut deeper than you can realize. You are the one man who can hurt him beyond forgiveness, because you're the one man on earth for whom he really cares."

"I'm sorry. I'm fighting for my old friend's life. He wouldn't live in a

prison a year. And I'm fighting for the life of his little girl, who loves and believes in him as she believes in the goodness of God. If her father is branded a felon it will kill her."

He turned abruptly and left her. In a moment Bivens came out and led his wife to a seat which had been reserved near his.

One of the things which had increased Bivens' nervousness was the fact that the judge ignored his presence in the courtroom. He had been accustomed to deference from judges. This judge was a man with red blood in his veins, a man of intense personal likes and dislikes and a fearless dispenser of what he believed to be even handed justice under the law.

The young lawyer sat in silence beside the bowed form, awaiting his cue which the judge, at his request, had placed last. As the moment drew near for the plea his nerve tension grew intense. Waves of passionate emotion swept his heart. He waked from his day dream with a start, to hear the clerk read in quick tones:

"The people against Henry Woodman."

The judge looked at the dazed prisoner and said:

"What have you to say, Henry Woodman, why sentence should not be imposed upon you for the crime of which you stand convicted by your own plea?"

With a quick movement of his tall figure Stuart was on his feet, every nerve and muscle strung to the highest tension. Only the deep, tremulous notes of his voice betrayed his emotion.

"May it please your honor," he slowly began, "I wish to establish to the court before I say anything in behalf of my client, the important fact that he offered to make full restitution of the property taken, that he did this voluntarily before he was even suspected of the crime and that his offer was refused."

The judge lifted his gray eyebrows in surprise, and settled back into his seat with a low grunt.

"I make the fair inference therefore in the beginning," Stuart went on



"Two men are on trial, not one."

evenly, "that the prosecutor in the case is actuated solely by a desire for personal vengeance."

Stuart paused and Bivens moved uneasily in his seat.

"I speak today, your honor, in behalf of the man who crouches by my side overwhelmed with shame and grief and conscious dishonor because he took a paltry package of jewelry from a man who has never added one penny to the wealth of the world and yet has somehow gotten possession of one hundred million dollars from those who would not defend themselves from his strength and cunning. This man stands before you now with no shame in his soul, no tears on his cheeks, and with brazen effrontery demands vengeance on a weaker brother."

"Two men are on trial, not one. The majesty of the law has already been vindicated in the tear-stained plea that has been entered. Between these two men the court must decide."

"This millionaire who demands vengeance against this broken man today has an income greater than the combined crowned heads of Europe and wields a scepter mightier than czar or emperor. Why? He levies each year millions of taxes without consulting this court, the legislature or any man who walks the earth. He does this by a machine for printing paper tokens of value called stocks. The essence of theft is to take the property of another without giving a return. A green goods man sells printed paper for money. This mighty man also sells printed paper for money. What is the difference? Neither the green goods nor the bogus capital called watered stock represents a dollar in real value."

"This modern marauder whom we have enthroned as our ruler everywhere, from every one, seizes, tears and despoils the fruits of toil, has never added a penny to the wealth of humanity. And what do we find him doing? In the midst of poverty that means hunger and nakedness, disease and death, we have the shameful flaunting of insane luxury. And to what purpose? To challenge the envy of the vast and the foolish, to dazzle the minds of the poor and inflame the lusts of the criminal."

"Do we believe that such things are the decrees of a just and loving God who created this world? These things

are not the result of His law, but the results of the violation of law."

The speaker paused, drew close to the judge and then in low, impassioned tones told as if he were talking to a father the story of Woodman's life and the events which drove him to madness on the fatal night of his crime. In flashes of vivid eloquence he described the magnificent ball and drew in somber, heart-breaking contrast the desolation and despair of a proud and sensitive man made desperate by want and ruin, the man who had given his blood to his country and his daily life in an unselfish ministry to the homeless and friendless.

"I do not ask of your honor," he cried in ringing tones, "the repeal of the law against theft—thou shalt not steal! I only ask the suspension of its penalty on this heartbroken man until we can extend it to his oppressors as well, until its thunder shall also echo through the palaces of the rich—thou shalt not steal!"

"The man who has fallen was weak and poor. The man who demands his life is rich and powerful. I ask for a heartbroken man another chance. I ask this court to suspend all sentence against the poor bruised and bleeding spirit that lies in tears at our feet today."

The judge wheeled in his armchair, cleared his throat and looked out of the window to hide from the crowd a tear that had stolen down his furrowed cheek.

He turned at length to Bivens' lawyers and quietly asked:

"The state insists on the enforcement of sentence without mercy?"

"Absolutely," was the sharp answer. "This is your desire, Mr. Bivens?" the judge asked with some severity.

"Yes," the financier fiercely replied. "And yet you say that you are a Christian. Well, see to it. Your Master says:

"He that saith I love God and hateth his brother is a liar." Henry Woodman, stand up! The judgment of this court is that sentence in your case be suspended so long as you obey the law."

"And I may say to you, Henry Woodman, that my faith is profound that you will never appear in this court again. And if you ever need the help of a friend you'll find one if you come to me. You are a free man."

Stuart hurried the doctor out of the crowd. He had important work yet to do. He determined that no story of the scene should ever be printed in a New York paper. He would save Harriet that too.

As the court adjourned Bivens cursed his lawyers in a paroxysm of helpless rage. Then he suddenly threw his hand to his forehead, staggered and sank to the floor.

A doctor who was near rushed to his side and lifted his head into his wife's arms.

"What is it? Has he fainted, doctor?" she whispered, glancing toward the door through which Stuart had just passed.

"He has had a stroke of paralysis, madam, I fear," was the answer. Stuart's appeal to the New York papers in behalf of Harriet was successful. For a week he bought every morning and evening edition and read them eagerly. Not a line appeared to darken the life of his little girl.

Bivens' illness shook the financial world. The men who had professed their friendship most loudly to his face now sharpened their knives for his wounded body. Every stock with which his name was linked was the target of the most savage attacks. The tumbling of values in his securities carried down the whole market from five to six points in a single day.

The great palace that had a few nights before blazed with lights and echoed with music, laughter, song and dance and clinking glasses, stood dark and silent behind its bristling iron fence.

Within the darkened palace the doctors were supreme. In his great library they held consultation after consultation and secretly smiled when they thought of the figures they would write on his bills. They disagreed in details, but all agreed on the main conclusion—that the only hope was that he should quit work and play for several years.

When they made this solemn announcement to Bivens, he smiled for the first time. It was too good a joke. How could he play? He knew but one game, the big game of the man hunt! He told his doctors he would go to Europe and see if there were doctors over there who knew anything.

The shaking, miserable little figure staggered up the gangplank of a steamer. He made a brave show of strength to the reporters who swarmed about him for an interview and collapsed in the arms of his wife on reaching his stateroom.

He had forgotten his resentment on account of Woodman in the presence of the Great Terror, whose shadow had suddenly darkened the world.

The young lawyer had said goodbye to Nan with a sense of profound relief. From the bottom of his soul he thanked God she was going away.

(Continued in Friday's Issue.)

Not Original Sin. Adam heard them blame the cost of living on the middleman.

"The only thing they don't blame on the first man," he thankfully observed. —New York Sun.

Wise Mabel. Mother—Mabel, why do you take two pieces of cake? Mabel—Cause, ma, you told me not to ask twice for it.—Puck.

No day is long enough to waste any of it nursing a grudge.—Chicago News.

FIRES TORPEDOES FROM AEROPLANE

Naval Officer's Invention Is a Marvel of Ingenuity.

OFFICIALS ENTHUSIASTIC.

A Swoop From the Sky, and Missile Is Sent on Its Way, Dropping From Air Craft at High Speed—Naval Guns of Present Day Cannot Be Trailed on Aeroplane When Going Swiftly.

Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, until recently in command of the first division of the Atlantic fleet, now on duty as aid for operations in the navy department at Washington, has invented an apparatus which is believed to make possible the firing of submarine torpedoes from aeroplanes. The device can be fitted to any type of aeroplane. Naval officers who have seen the model in the patent office in Washington are enthusiastic over the possibilities of the Fiske invention as a means of defense.

The torpedo which the aeroplane attachment is designed to discharge may be of any of the standard types and is carried in clocks on the bottom or lower frame of the aeroplane. A strap connected with the aeroplane passes below the torpedo, holding it, and is then again connected with the operating part of the aeroplane proper. The torpedo is held rigidly in place, its bow pointing in the same direction as the airship. The projectile is released by a lever apparatus operated by the foot of the aviator, the torpedo falling horizontally out of the hocks into the water and then speeding on its way to the ship against which it is aimed.

How Torpedo Is Directed.

In directing and delivering the attack the naval aviator flies at a comparatively high altitude to a point about 1,500 yards distant from the target. He then swoops downward at a high rate of speed and as nearly vertically as possible until within ten or fifteen feet of the water, directing his flight so that on reaching the desired low elevation the bow of the torpedo bears on the target. The aviator then throws his lever which starts the propelling mechanism in the torpedo, after which the projectile drops into the water and thereafter performs its work.

The advantages of the Fiske invention are that the torpedo is held firmly to the airship and practically becomes a part of it, so that the directing of the aeroplane toward the target also directs the torpedo. It is suspended in the position which it assumes in the water—that is, horizontal—and retains that position after being released. The releasing device is under the control of the aviator at all times.

The advantage of approaching the target at a relatively high elevation and then rapidly descending to a lower one before releasing the torpedo is, supposing the target to be a battleship, that it is practically impossible with present day naval guns to hit an object falling from a great height owing to the resulting change in range and the consequent elevation of the guns.

Advantages of Invention.

The advantages obtained by proceeding to within about 1,500 yards of the enemy are that the chances of the torpedo getting home are increased and the aeroplane is able to carry torpedoes of lighter than ordinary weight since torpedoes designed for long ranges are much heavier than those fired at shorter distances.

While the Fiske invention is attracting the attention of naval officers here and abroad, there comes news of still another wonderful invention, the object of which is to protect war vessels from torpedo attack. This invention is of German origin. It is an "illuminated shell" loaded with calcium carbide. The shell is fired in the usual way.

On striking the water the shell sinks a few feet, and the water, entering the shell through apertures, sets up chemical action which generates gas, the resulting buoyancy driving the shell back to the surface, after which the gas is automatically ignited, shedding an equal light over a large area. The light is equal to 3,000 candle power and will burn for an hour. The object of the inventor is to surround a battleship at night with these illuminated shells, thus rendering practically impossible the unobserved approach of torpedo craft of all types.

POSTAL SAVINGS IN BONDS.

More Than \$1,116,000 Invested by Depositors This Year.

A check for \$1,116,890 has been sent to the treasurer of the United States by Postmaster General Burleson in payment for postal savings bonds to that amount, which had been applied for by postal savings depositors in the various states.

This is the fifth issue of postal savings bonds. The amount applied for at this time shows an increase of \$41,000 over the preceding issue, made on Jan. 1 last.

Nearly nine-tenths of the bonds were requested in registered form, indicating that the purchasers desired them as a permanent investment.

SHIPS JUST LIKE A VILLAGE.

Strange Little Worlds Are the South Pacific Ocean Steamers.

In the morning (how strange at sea) I was awakened by the bleating of a lamb and by a lusty cockcrow. The Royal Mail steamers of the west coast are a strange little world. Built for an ocean where storms are unknown, they combine certain comforts not to be found on much more pretentious boats.

Their saloons and cabins are exceptionally large and open directly upon the promenade decks that stretch the entire length of the ship, there being, properly speaking, no steerage and no second class. The natives and others who cannot afford the first class ticket travel in the "cubierta," as it is called, a deck at the stern roofed with canvas, but otherwise open, where in picturesque confusion, surrounded by bags and bundles, they lol in hammocks or lie wrapped in shawls.

Toward this deck the hencoop faces—a big two story affair, partly filled with ripening fruits, bananas, oranges and the like and partly with chickens, ducks and other forlorn looking fowl, fattening for the table. Between decks stand your beef and mutton on the hoof, gazing mournfully up at you as you look down the hatchways.

Upon this homelike boat, quiet and contented, with no unseemly hurry, you meander down the coast at ten knots. The air is soft as a caress, and for at least eight months of the year the sea is as placid as a mountain lake, a glassy mirror reflecting an azure sky.—Ernest Plexotto in Scribner's Magazine.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces, except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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. Guckes, H. M. Long and Jacob Resch, 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 29, 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 and 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.

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. Cheston 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 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto for the charter of an intended corporation to be called Narrowburg 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 Narrowburg, 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.

READ, GILL & LINN.

FASHION HINT

By JUDIC CHOLLET

The simple frock in empire style is always a good one for tiny folk. This one combines a straight skirt with a plain body portion. The combination of flouncing with all over embroidery



CHILD'S EMPIRE DRESS.

is pretty, or one of the Dresden dimities would be an attractive fabric.

For the two-year-old size the dress will require two and one-quarter yards of material twenty-seven inches wide and one and three-eighths yards of beading or one and one-half yards of plain material thirty-six inches wide.

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