

JOHN BURT By **FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS**
 Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Moore's Doctrine," Etc.
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CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.
 "You've got him all right," roared Hawkins, grasping John Burt's hand. "I'm proud of you, my boy! I came to help you out, and now I find that you have turned the trick without me. Is there anything more you want?"
 "Yes," returned John.
 "Well, you'll get her. I'll back your granddaddy's judgment that she is waiting for you. Speaking of Peter Burt, how old did you say he is?"
 "Nearly ninety."
 "And you wish me to see him. Think I'll wait until he's a hundred," declared John Hawkins. "Joking aside, I'll go with you any day you say, and I'll be damned glad to meet the old man. Only I'll promise not to swear again in his presence."
 They talked for hours, and Hawkins listened with interest to the disclosures made by Sam Rounds concerning the Cosmopolitan Improvement Company.
 A messenger arrived with a sealed letter from the alderman, informing John Burt that the bribery money had been paid over or deposited. With the aid of the aldermen supposed to be purchased, Morris estimated a majority of four in favor of his new franchisees.
 He was so sure of speculative success that he had fixed the dinner party to General Carden, Jessie, Edith and Blake for Tuesday evening—the date of the council session when his ordinances would come up for final action. The news of his triumph should come to him while he was reveling in the charm of Jessie Carden's presence. The contemplation of this pleasure inspired Morris with a new idea.
 The dinner should celebrate his formal engagement to Jessie Carden! The more he pondered over this brilliant coup the more entrancing did it seem.
 His carriage drew up at the Bishop residence an hour before the time

barrassing, don't you see? I won't say anything more about—about marriage, but please go with us. Something may happen which you would like to hear about. You will go; won't you—Miss Carden?"
 Jessie yielded to this miserable entreaty, and a moment later General Carden entered the room and relieved an awkward situation. Jessie took small part in the conversation as the carriage rolled down the avenue, but Morris chatted gaily with Edith Hancock. He secretly nursed his anger, but Jessie noticed that he studiously ignored General Carden.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Sam Rounds Repents.

Cosmopolitan Improvement stock was strong and active during the session preceding the evening set for the special consideration of its franchisees. Brokers who acted for Arthur Morris stood on the floor of the exchange and bid up the stock and took all offerings. The price mounted steadily, but rapidly. There was heavy selling from some unknown source, and at the close enormous blocks came out. The rumor spread that James Blake was selling the stock. When his representatives stood in the excited mob and boldly proffered Cosmopolitan in thousand-share lots, the price sagged, but Morris's agents came to the rescue and it closed just below the top figure.
 A published poll of the council showed a majority in favor of the ordinances, and wise speculators predicted that in the expected boom of the morrow Blake would be severely punished. Blake denied himself to all callers. The transactions were recorded in the name of John Hawkins, and that gentleman spent all of his time with "Mr. Burton."
 Early in the day John sent for Blake.

"Mr. Hawkins and I have arranged

"Alderman Saboski?"
 "Aye," sounded a clear tenor.
 The gallery was again liberal in its approbation.
 "Alderman Rounds?" called the clerk.

A tall, awkward man rose and faced the chairman. His red hair was plastered over his forehead, and his hands seemed in the way. In one of them he held a package, and in the other some loose papers. He raised his eyes to the gallery and they twinkled as they rested for a moment on John Burt.

"Mr. President, I desire to explain my vote on these ordinances."

There was no objection. The Cosmopolitan partisans believed that Alderman Rounds had been won over to their side, and were willing he should attempt to explain the reasons for his change of heart.

"Mr. Chairman," began Alderman Rounds, placing his papers on the desk, and with his hands plunged in his pockets, "two years ago, when the original Cosmopolitan ordinance came up for passage, I voted an 'aye' against them. I was opposed to them," said so. When these bills were proposed I made a careful study of them. At first I was not in favor of them, but certain gentlemen presented the subject to me in a new light, and I agreed to vote for the passage of the ordinances now under consideration."
 The Cosmopolitan aldermen joined the claque in the applause which followed this declaration.

"Mr. Chairman," continued Sam Rounds, assuming an easy attitude in the aisle, "I don't suppose there's any one in this honorable body likes money better'n I do. When I began to make money tradin' in hoes back in Massachusetts it was like pourin' kerosene oil on a red-hot stove. The more I got the more I wanted, an' as some of you know I've done pretty fairly middlin' well."

Sam Rounds reached out and picked a small package from the table and looked at it longingly. Alderman Hendricks turned in his chair and gazed uneasily at the speaker. There was something in his manner which caused a hush to fall on the assembly.
 "Mr. Chairman," said Alderman Rounds, slowly unwrapping the package as he continued, "money is the greatest argument in the world. Logic is a fine thing, but money beats logic. I admire the man who has the gift of eloquence, like my honorable colleague from my ward, but money can give eloquence a handicap an' beat it every time. Money—"

"Mr. Chairman," interrupted Alderman Hendricks, "we desire to proceed with this vote—much as we are charmed by my colleague's trite reflections about money as an abstract proposition. The question before the board is the disposition of these ordinances. I demand that the alderman record his vote."
 "Alderman Rounds has the floor," decided the chairman.
 "Thank you, I'll not take up much of your time," said Sam Rounds. "As I was sayin', I'm uncommonly fond of money, an' when the president of the Cosmopolitan Improvement company came to my place of business an' said he would pay me ten thousand dollars for my vote in favor of these ordinances, I just went plumb off my center, an' told him I would consider it. I couldn't see anything else in the world but that figure 'one' with four ciphers after it, an' a dollar mark in front of it. Mr. Chairman, you never had to work hard or trade for a livin', an' you can't realize how I felt when he placed this here package in my hand."

Sam tore away the wrapping and disclosed a layer of crisp banknotes. Every eye in the room was fixed on the speaker as he stepped forward and laid them on the chairman's table. Dazed and demoralized, no member of the opposition dared interrupt.
 (To be continued.)

Mr. Hillyer's Burglar Alarm.

Mr. Hillyer was a heavy sleeper. He was a man, also, with a chronic fear of burglars. It was these two things that led him to have the window of his sleeping room equipped with a burglar alarm of the latest and most approved description.

A few mornings after the device had been installed he came down to breakfast with a grin on his face.

"I had a funny dream last night," he said. "I dreamed that a burglar raised my window and the alarm went off, but he didn't seem to mind it. He rummaged the bureau drawers, found my watch and pocketbook and slipped out the way he came in. By the way," he added, "I forgot to bring down my watch and pocketbook. I'll go and get them."

He went upstairs and returned in a moment with an entirely different look on his face. The watch and pocketbook were gone. It had not been a dream.—Youth's Companion.

When His Head Swelled.

As illustrative of the exhilarating effects of liquor, Alderman Hammond Odell tells the story of a switchman who took a drink and felt that he ought to be section boss. He took another and said, "I ought to be a division superintendent." He took two or three more and felt that he ought to be general manager of the railroad. Then he took two or three more and thought he should be president of the road.

In a few minutes the fast express was approaching. The switchman raised aloft his red lamp and brought the train came to a standstill.
 "What is the trouble?" inquired the conductor.
 The switchman slowly pulled out his watch and said, "You are two minutes late. Don't let this happen again."

Boys and Girls

To-Day.
 We shall do so much in the years to come.
 But what have we done to-day?
 We shall give out gold in a princely sum.
 But what did we give to-day?
 We shall lift the heart and dry the tear.
 We shall plant a hope in the place of fear.
 We shall speak with words of love and cheer.
 But what have we done to-day?
 We shall be so kind in the after while,
 But what have we been to-day?
 We shall bring to each lonely life a smile.
 But what have we brought to-day?
 We shall give to truth a grander birth,
 And to steadfast faith a deeper worth.
 We shall feed the hungering souls of earth.
 But whom have we fed to-day?
 —Nixon Waterman.

Has Its Troubles.

The most disconsolate fellow that walks the beach is the hermit crab whose shell has become too snug for comfort. If it were his own, as the clam's, it would grow with his growth, and always be a perfect fit; but to the hermit there comes often a "moving day," when a new house must be sought. Discouraging work it is, too. Most of the doors at which he knocks are slammed in his face. A tweak from a larger pincer than his own will often satisfy him that the shell he considers "distinctly possible," and hopefully ventures to explore, is already occupied by a near but coldly unsympathetic relative.

Finding no empty shell of suitable size, the hermit may be driven to ask a brother hermit to vacate in his favor. The proposition is spurned indignantly, and a fight ensues. The battle is the stronger. Often the attacking party has considerable trouble in cleaning out the shell, having to pick his adversary out in bits. A periwinkle or a whelk may be attacked in a like manner by a hermit who is hard pressed and has taken a fancy to that particular shell. If the householder be feeble, the conquest is easy. If lusty, he holds the fort.

A Water Treadmill.

The men who work in the great logging camps in the West and North-west, where miles and miles of great logs are floated down the rivers to sawmills below, have a peculiar sport. They grow so at home on slippery, shifting logs rolling and tossing about in the swift current that they



can leap from one to another and ride on them like circus performers while directing their course around a bend or bad place in the river. These "loggers" make a specialty of standing on a log and making it roll, first forward, then backward, by leaning one way or the other, and standing on the log nearest the direction they wish it to roll. They can even make the log roll through the water like a wheel or hoop rolling over the ground.

Sometime when you are "in swimming" or bathing find a good sized log, put it in the water, and try to stand on it. You will be surprised to find how difficult it is to do this, and the first time you try it the log will probably roll over at once and dump you in the water. But you will very soon get the knack of it, and then you will find that by standing with your feet on one of the sloping sides of the log you can make it turn in that direction, and by moving your feet just as fast as the log moves you can not only keep your upright position, but can make the log move through the water. Try it.

Origin of Names of Dogs.

There are not many boys or girls, or grown folks, either, for that matter, who know how the breed names of dogs first came into common use.

For instance, the spaniel is so-called because the first types of this beautiful and intelligent animal arrived in England from Spain and were called Spanish dogs.

The beautiful Blenheim spaniel is named after Blenheim palace, where that dog first was made fashionable in the time of the great Marlborough. The King Charles, as might be guessed, owes its name to the merry monarch.

The skye terrier was originally bred in the Isle of Skye, and the Scotch terrier, of course, in Scotland.

Many other dogs show the original piece of their breeding or development by their names, such as the Great Dane, the Newfoundland, Siberian bloodhound, and so on.

The mastiff means "house-dog," no doubt because of his great strength and size and ability to guard the home.
 Poodle means "waddle," although

these pretty little pets of to-day don't seem to partake of any ancestral clumsiness.

Pindertoy.
 Scissors and a pin only needed. This prattling parrot if cut out and fastened together with a pin will make a very attractive toy. If you push the



pin firmly into a cork or the end of a stick and paste the pieces on an old visiting card before the pieces are cut out, this pindertoy will last longer.

A Wingless Bird.

Far away on the other side of the world, in New Zealand, there is a most curious species of bird, which has neither wings nor a tail. What do you think of that? There are very few of these strange creatures left, even on their native island, but their cousins, the ki-wis, are still numerous in Australia. The ki-wi gets its name from its peculiar cry, which sounds like "ki-wi, ki-wi."

The learned name of this bird is apteryx. It has feathers that resemble coarse hairs, and has a long bill, by which it secures its food easily. It lives on insects and worms, which it catches on the ground in its nightly rambles, for this bird only goes abroad at night and hides during the day. In size it is about as large as a goose, the feathers on its head being short, but those on the body increasing in length. Altogether, it is a queer-looking creature, and as it has so little means of defending itself, it falls an easy prey to larger and stronger beasts.

A Cat's Revenge.

A gentleman who was very fond of fishing, and who usually caught a good lot of fish, frequently promised his next door neighbor to give him part of his catch, but never fulfilled the promise. The cat of the next door neighbor evidently overheard the promise and thought the fisherman ought to be made to keep his word, for one day when the people of both houses had gone out for a little while she sneaked into the fisherman's house, took two fine large trout he had just caught and laid them on the kitchen table of her own mistress. This lady returning and finding them there, supposed that her neighbor had at last kept his promise, so she proceeded to clean and cook the fish for the next meal, thanking him, when she next saw him for his generosity. The fisherman is now trying to find some secret method of killing the cat.

Butterflies of the Sea.

If you visit any of the seaside towns south of Cape Cod perhaps you will be so fortunate as to see a flock of sea butterflies flitting through the blue water on some fair day. You certainly will pick up some of their empty houses on the beach.

These shade from pure white, through buff, lemon, orange and coffee color to dark brown. You can make many pretty souvenirs with them.

These "butterflies" are not butterflies at all, however, but are molluscs,

being nothing more nor less than scallops.

The "butterflies" live among the eel grass, and by rapidly opening and shutting the two halves of their shells and thus squirting out the water, they can dart swiftly through the sea.

The shells are prettily fringed and each "butterfly" has thirty silvery blue eyes, but with all of these he can scarcely see as much as we can with our two.

Ways of Eating in China.

American boys and girls would find some difficulty in eating in China. Each guest is supplied with a bowl and chopsticks, and there are bowls placed in the middle of the table containing food. Every one helps with his own chopsticks, and it is good manners to pick out the most attractive looking morsels and plant them in your neighbor's bowl. It is rather surprising to a stranger to find his bowl being filled in this way.

Chopsticks are about as thick as a pencil, and both are held in one hand. The Chinese contrive to pick up their meat, hold it to their mouths, and nibble at it. But the unskillful will probably have the humiliation of dropping it into their laps or on to the floor.

Guessing Colors.

If mother has asked you not to get dirty after you are dressed for a drive and you do not know just what to do to amuse yourself, get some one to play the following little game with you. It is very simple, but will help the time to pass pleasantly:

"I see a color you don't see," says one.

"What color may it be?" asks the other.

"It may be pink (or some color in the room)," says the first inquirer. Then begins the questioning. Is it the paper? The ribbon on your hair? The pink in the doll's dress? And so on until happily the guesses mention the exact article of pink that has been chosen. The successful guesser then takes her turn at saying "I see a color that you don't see."

When Jumbo Gave a Sneeze.

With mere men, a sneeze is an every-day affair, but not so with "my lord the elephant," for it is very rarely indeed that an elephant sneezes, and when he does all the Oriental races consider it a very good omen, and feel sure that some special good fortune is about to happen.

The famous Jumbo's sneeze is said to have been like the bursting of a boiler, and it created quite a panic among the crowds of sightseers—people running in all directions, many not knowing what had happened, but imagining some tremendous disaster had occurred.

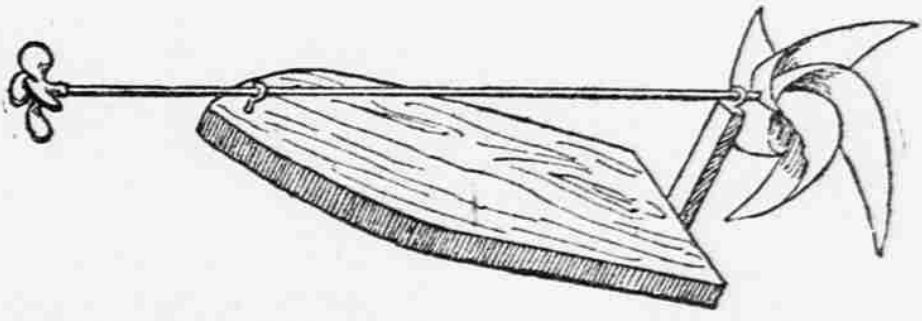
How Old Is He?

How old is a boy on his twelfth birthday? Twelve years old, of course, you will answer; but put on your thinking cap, and see if you don't find that answer wrong. We know that it is the usual way of expressing it, as, for example, when we say that a man becomes of age on his twenty-first birthday, but it is just as well to be right about these things and, as a matter of fact, a man becomes of age on his twenty-second birthday.

A boy, therefore, is not twelve, but eleven years old on his twelfth birthday. It is simply a matter of counting. His first birthday is the day he is born; his second birthday is the day he is one year old, and so on, until, on his twelfth birthday he is eleven years old, the age keeping one year behind the number of the birthday.

It would be different if we used the word "anniversary" instead of "birthday," for the first anniversary of the boy's birth comes one year after that event, the second anniversary two years after, and so forth.

THIS BOAT IS A PUZZLE.



It is very easy to see by looking at the picture just how this boat is made, but it is not so easy to tell what it will do. We will assume that the shaft works easily, without friction, and that a good strong wind blows steadily. Now, what will the boat do? Will it go forward, backward, or stand still?

It is not answered as easily as you may at first think. Who can tell what it will do?

Of course, the very easiest way to find out is to make a boat and try it. The only part that might give you any trouble is the propeller, or screw, and you can make one pretty easily. Get a piece of tin and cut out a circle, or a round piece about six inches in diameter. Now draw a pencil line across the circle, and another line

across the tin at right angles to the first, so that the circle will be divided into four equal parts. Get a heavy pair of scissors and cut along each of these lines to within half an inch of the center. You may easily bend back the pieces of tin so formed until they have the position shown in the picture. This screw can be nailed to the end of the shaft, or by punching a hole in the center of the tin you may run the shaft through it and fasten it by copper wire.

No matter what the boat will do, when made it will be well worth the trouble, for if it should stand still and refuse to go ahead even in a strong wind, then you will have something which will fool every one of your friends and raise many a laugh at their expense.



"DON'T YOU KNOW, AND PLEASE AN ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION," SAID "I CANNOT LEAD YOU!"

set for the dinner. He waited with impatience for Jessie, and was effusive in his greeting when she entered the drawing-room.

"You are more than prompt, Mr. Morris," she said, releasing his hand. "I have something to say to you, to ask you, Jessie. Are we likely to be disturbed here?"

"I think not. What weighty secret have you to disclose, Mr. Morris? Pray be seated."

The great house was silent, and the yellow light of the setting sun flooded the room. Jessie was superb as she calmly awaited the declaration her intuition told her was forthcoming. She could not find in her heart the slightest feeling of pity or sympathy for Arthur Morris.

"I have waited years for this moment," he said, dramatically. His face paled slightly, but he was not abashed. "From the hour I saw you in Hingham I have admired you, and now I ask you to be my wife. As you know, I think a great deal of you; more than I know how to tell you! The governor—dear old governor!—endorses my choice. Say you will have me, Jessie!"

He had not forgotten the peroration of his carefully prepared and oft-rehearsed proposal, and concluded by dropping clumsily to his knees. There was more of demand than of pleading in his manner.

Jessie Carden's eyes flashed as she looked down upon him.
 "Arise, Mr. Morris, and make an end to this scene!" she said, as she instinctively drew away from him. "I am not to marry you. You must respect my answer as final."

Her voice was low, but firm, and dark eyes held no gleam of hope. Morris struggled to his feet.

"You told me to wait two years for you, and I have waited!" he exclaimed, harshly. "This is a strange reward for my patience and for my kindness to your father!"

"I told you I would not marry within two years. I have kept my word. I made no other promise. I shall not discuss your business relations with General Carden. You certainly have not considered me a part of them. Since our dinner engagement promises no pleasure to either of us, I will leave you from it. Pray excuse me."

Jessie Carden will be with you presently.

"Gateo, I beg of you!" pleaded Gateo, and turned to leave the Evans. His absence from the dining-room... It would be very em-