

# JOHN BURT

By **FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS**

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.  
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## CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

"When I made my start tradin' hosses I was tickled to death if I sold a boss an' made twenty dollars' profit. That ten thousand dollars meant the sellin' of more than five hundred losses, an' all I had to do was to reach out an' take it. An' I gazed at that money an' thought how it would look in my bank book, an' I said to him, 'Mr. Morris, an' I'm your man.' An' then, seein' how easy it was to make money here in this city council, I made a deal with him by which I was to buy up six other aldermen an' turn 'em over to him, same as if they were a lot of hosses or bags of potatoes. Then we drew up an agreement to vote for the ordinances an' gave it to Mr. Morris. Here, Mr. Chairman, is the duly certified copy of that contract. Part of the money was in cash an' the rest in a certified check, an' I have brought it here for your inspection. You will note that it is signed by Mr. Arthur Morris and drawn on his bank."

"Now, Mr. Chairman, an' members of this honorable body," said Sam, turning and facing his astonished listeners, "I want to say to you that I have changed my mind about voting for these ordinances. My lawyer tells me I don't have to keep this agreement with Mr. Morris, an' I'm goin' to sacrifice that ten thousand dollars an' the ten thousand more which would have been mine when these ordinances pass. Acting on the advice of my lawyer, I therefore turns this money over to you, with the certified check an' the agreement we signed. Thankin' you for your kind attention to this explanation, I votes 'no.'"

A scene of wildest confusion followed. Half of the members were on their feet demanding recognition. The chairman pounded his gavel into slivers in a vain attempt to restore order. The storm gradually subsided, and Alderman Hendricks secured recognition from the chair.

"In view of the remarkable state-

into pieces. He knew the purport of the message which had caused the precipitate departure of Arthur Morris, but he did not disclose it.

"Some important Wall street matter, I suppose," he ventured, in answer to the questioning surprise of Jessie and Edith.

"His expression positively frightened me!" said Edith. "Did you notice how white he turned when he read that note? It must have been something awful! Perhaps his father is dead?"

The impending overthrow of Morris fed the flames of James Blake's impatience. According to the falsehood he had told John Burt, Jessie was due to arrive in New York in a few days. He saw a thousand chances for the exposure of his duplicity to one for its success. Only in Jessie's presence did his hopes surmount his fears. He invented innumerable schemes and dismissed them one by one. One chance remained—an immediate proposal, its urbesitating acceptance, and a hasty marriage. He would carry the citadel of her heart by storm, and bear her away in the confusion and turmoil of the coming battle.

"Women have been won in a day," he mused, "and by knights less well armed than myself. I'll propose to-morrow night! She must accept me—she will accept me. Then, an immediate marriage and a trip to Europe. Why should that not win? It's got to win; I'll make it win."

Thus argued James Blake during a lull in the conversation. This was worthy of his reckless nature. He could not turn back. The smoke of burning bridges was behind him; the spoils of conquered love awaited his onward march.

"It seems impossible that I have known you only a week," he said, raising his eyes and looking tenderly into Jessie's face. "I feel as if I'd been acquainted with you for years, and not for a few brief days."

against L. & O. to-morrow morning." The voice was calm, but it held a note of triumph and of quiet confidence. It hinted at no suspicion, and Blake drew a long breath of relief as he thought of his third escape.

He shuddered to think of what would have happened had Gen. Carden postponed his departure from the dining room by a few minutes. He pictured John Burt entering the room, his steady gaze fixed first on himself and then on Jessie Carden. So vivid was the imaginary picture that he felt all the horror of the situation.

"This is my last speculative campaign," said John. "For years I have been a gold-grubbing and money-making machine, and I hope my better instincts have survived the strain. We shall triumph to-morrow, and when it is ended you shall be, in fact as well as in name, the head of the firm of James Blake & Company. I can retire from active participation in its affairs as quietly as I entered, and you have fairly won whatever of prestige at teaches to the name."

Before Blake could find words to reply, the carriage stopped in front of his apartment. They entered and found Hawkins awaiting them.

"I'm making myself at home, Blake," he said. "I've kept your man busy getting cigars and refreshments. Let's get down to business, gentlemen. It's past midnight, and we'll need all the sleep we can get."

For nearly two hours they worked at the plans for the battle which was to come. At times Blake was absorbed in the discussion, again his mind wandered to the woman he would buy at the price of his honor.

Then he thought of John Burt's princely pledge, and like a flash there came to him an impulse which thrilled his very soul with a happiness in which were throbs of poignant pain.

Not many blocks away another conference was in progress. Staid bank directors and financiers associated with Arthur Morris had been aroused from their slumbers and were assembled in his rooms. Bewildered by the moment by the unexpected blow, Morris took measures for defense with a vigor which was keyed by a sense of imminent danger. His suspicion that James Blake was the cause of his defeat became a certainty when a reporter informed him that Blake and Samuel L. Rounds were boyhood companions, and that the latter had been seen in Blake's offices.

The east was crimsoned with sunlight before the conference ended. The weary men of money left Morris' rooms and sought a few hours of rest before facing the ordeal of the day. For mutual protection they had formed a pool; had pledged themselves to support the market against the expected onslaught of Blake's millions.

Why were these masked millions drawn up in battle array? Why did men of vast affairs wait with drawn faces and bated breaths the hour when the clash of opposing fortunes should sound the signal for merciless conflict?

Because of a woman—a woman pure as an opening bud and gentle as the dew which kisses it.

Why had James Blake proved false to the man who unselfishly befriended him? Why had he sought to repay loyalty with perfidy?

Because of a woman—a woman whose loving heart was incapable of deceit.

(To be continued.)

## Red Hair's Triumph.

Fashion changes even in the color of a woman's hair. Twenty years ago hair with a reddish tinge was called "carrots"; now titian-colored locks are reckoned a definite beauty, and are possessed by several of the most popular women in London.

In an old book written by the late Mrs. Haweis, entitled "The Art of Beauty," there is a clever chapter on "Visible and Invisible Girls," in which the first word was said in favor of the long-neglected red-haired sisterhood. And they were seriously advised to dress in the pre-Raphaelite style.

Now how strange it all seems! Time changes all things. At last week's private view of Mr. Reginald Pannett's "Sketches of the Women of To-day," a charming lady of much Parisian chic was cleverly pictured with red hair, attired in a rose-red gown, and the effect was perfect. The bright-haired beauty has come to her own.—M. A. P.

## Landsmen Best Naval Gunners.

Three of the best marksmen in the United States navy, curiously enough, hail from far inland Oklahoma. One is C. W. Johnson, who made the world's record with the huge 16-inch gun recently installed at Fort Wright, on Fisher's Island, New York harbor. J. W. Creitz, of the new battleship Maine, made eight shots in a minute with a 6-inch gun and hit the target eight times at 1,600 yards, the ship meantime going twelve knots an hour. Bart Barnes, a son of ex-Gov. Barnes, of Oklahoma, is now a first lieutenant in the navy, but previous to his promotion he made an excellent record at the target. He is now on duty at Panama.

## A Family Fire Drill.

A family fire drill occasionally, where there are little children, is an excellent plan. Provide them with a wool dressing gown and slippers to keep near the bed, and teach them at the first alarm of fire to slip them on, throw a blanket or rug over head and shoulders, and if possible tie a wet handkerchief, preferably silk, over their mouths and then take the most direct way out.

Teach them how to put out a small fire with rugs or blankets, stopping direct draughts by closing doors or windows, and, above all, to keep cool and collected.

# Boys and Girls

**Baby.**  
Wee tow-headed baby,  
Like a butter ball,  
Half inclined to laughter,  
Half inclined to squall,  
Dimples in your elbows,  
Dimple in your chin;  
Looks like God had made you  
To put dimples in!

Looks like God had made you,  
Roly poly boy,  
With your mouth a-pucker  
Eyes a-dance with joy,  
Just to carry dimples,  
What—have you a pain?  
Dear, such twisty faces  
Are a sign of rain.

Half a laugh, half crying,  
Don't know what to do,  
Guzzling, sobbing, sighing,  
Tell you, baby, you  
Stick like that to mother  
Always when in doubt—  
All the years of your life,  
And you can't lose out.

—Houston Post.

## Parlor Magic.

To fill with smoke two apparently empty bottles—Rinse out one bottle with hartshorn and another bottle with spirits of salts; next, bring the bottles together, mouth to mouth; both will at once be filled with white vapors. The vapors in question are composed of sal ammoniac—a solid body, generated by the union of two invisible gases.

To obtain fire from water—Throw a small quantity of potassium on the surface of a little water in a basin. Immediately a rose-colored flame will be produced. Any chemist will supply the quantity for several of these experiments for a very small sum.

To give a party a ghostly appearance—Take half a pint of spirits and, having warmed it, put a handful of salt with it into a basin; then set it on fire, and it will have the effect of making every person look hideous. This feat must be performed in a room.

To make a card jump out of the pack—Take a pack of cards and let any one draw any card that he may choose and afterward put it in the pack, but so that you may know where to find it at pleasure; then take a piece of wax and put it under the thumb nail of your hand and fasten a hair to your thumb and the other end of the hair to the card; then spread the pack of cards upon the table and say "Come forth!" and the card will jump out of the pack.

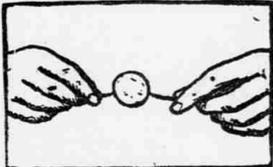
Magic breath—Half fill a glass tumbler with lime water; breathe into it frequently, at the same time stirring it with a piece of glass. The fluid, which before was perfectly transparent, will presently become quite white, and, if allowed to remain at rest, real chalk will be deposited.

To produce instantaneous light upon ice—Throw upon ice a small piece of potassium, and it will burst into a bright flame.

To light a lamp with a piece of ice—Attach a piece of potassium of the size of a small shot to the wick of a lamp; have also ready a piece of ice, with which, when you touch the potassium, the lamp will blaze immediately. To perform the experiment, place the lamp upon the table before the audience. Question the ladies as to what means they generally employ to light their lamps. If they answer in the usual way, you may respond that you know a much better plan. Raise the lamp, that they may perceive that it is not lighted; then take the ice and touch the potassium, which will blaze instantaneously. Advise the ladies to try the experiment at home when they wish to light their lamps.

## A Pin and Coin Trick.

Here is a very simple little trick, which looks not at all easy and quite as if the performer must be very skillful indeed. Take a silver coin, a quarter or a half dollar, and pick it up by placing the points of two pins,



## How to Hold the Coins.

one on either side of the coin's edge. You may hold the coin securely in this position if you press firmly with both pins.

Now, blow smartly against the upper edge of the coin, and it will fly around and around, revolving with great rapidity between the pins.

## Pretty Parlor Game.

From red or pink tissue paper cut large, medium and small rose leaves until you have enough to make an immense, full-blown rose that will fit in a large salad bowl. Arrange these to make the flower as perfect as possible. To as many of the leaves as there are guests tie the green baby ribbon, which must hang over the outside of the bowl. At the bottom of each leaf thus prepared fasten a slip of paper on which is written a prophecy of some kind. For instance, on one write "You will have a long, happy life;" on another, "You will soon go on a journey across water."

A pretty fancy is to have a ring fastened to one of them which will fall to the one who receives the slip of paper on which is written "All things that are good fall to you."

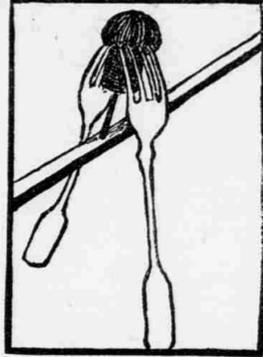
When these are all arranged each

guest takes one of the tiny ribbons hanging at the side of the bowl and they give a quick pull all together, which scatters the leaves in all directions, leaving them dangling in the hands of those who hold the ribbon at the other end.

The mottoes may be comic or sentimental. In either case they afford plenty of fun, as they must be read aloud.

## Making a Cork Walk.

Lots and lots of boys and girls have seen a match box, a horse fly, a stone fence, and even a board walk, but we are pretty sure that very few of you have ever seen a cork walk. Still, under certain circumstances, a



## Cork Walking Down the Board.

cork can walk, and this is the way to bring about that unusual spectacle. Get as large a cork as you can find, and stick side by side in one end a pair of flat-headed nails. Then get two forks and insert them, one in each side, near the other end of the cork, as shown in the picture.

Now get a strip of wood four or five feet long and about two inches wide, and make an inclined plane of it by piling books or boxes under one end. Place the cork on this, standing on its nail legs, with one fork hanging down on either side of the strip of wood. Start the fork swinging from side to side, and you will see the cork walk jerkily down the board, taking ridiculous stiff-legged little steps on its nail legs.

## Can You Spin the Egg Shell?

Here is a trick which will surprise the whole family.

The next time you eat a boiled egg moisten the rim—not merely the edge, but all the raised part—of your plate and place the empty egg shell on the wet surface.

The shell should be broken off evenly all the way around, so as to form a little cup.

Now, if you hold the plate up and tip it slightly, the egg will not merely slide, but spin, along the rim, and by continually altering the inclination angle of the plate you can make the shell spin all the way around it. I do not mean that it will spin rapidly, like a top, but that as it goes around the plate it also revolves slowly about its own axis in the same direction.

Now this, you know, is just what the earth does in traveling around the sun, so here you have an easy and pretty lesson in astronomy at the breakfast table.

It is not exactly nice to muss with one's food, but in this case it may be allowable to make a dab of egg yolk in the center of the plate, with rays streaming out all around, to represent the sun.

## A Cat Angler.

Cats can be trained as easily as dogs, and form the same habit of following one about, says a writer. My big black Tom has gone everywhere with me since his kitten days, long tramps in the woods, coaching tours, picnics—no journey proves too hard for him. Once when we were starting on a fishing trip, I locked him up, quite securely as I thought, supposing, of course, that he would not enjoy the uncertain motion of the boat or the inevitable wetness of the surroundings. But at the last moment he came bounding down the wharf and serenely established himself on the cushions in the stern, evidently prepared to take fisherman's luck with the rest of us. He showed no sign of fear as long as we were around. He enjoyed the minnows that fell to his share, and since then the collection of rods and tackle is a sign for him to trot off happily to where the boats are moored.

He has now become quite an experienced sport, watching the water keenly for the ripples that tell of a "bite," and cocking his shiny black head excitedly on this side and that as the line grows taut and the rod curves in the struggle. His joy knows no bounds when the victim is landed at last, and he runs from one end to another, purring and rubbing his back against any projecting hand or foot, apparently in an ecstasy of congratulation. Some one frivolously suggested that in my black beauty rested the soul of a complete angler, and since then he has been "ike" to his numerous friends and acquaintances.

## A Bird Tragedy.

was sitting on the back veranda, sewing, one bright morning last

week," said a lady living in a second-story flat, "when something flew swiftly past me, almost within reach. Startled, I glanced up just in time to see a beautiful robin alight under the eaves of the house opposite. A long straw in his mouth showed me he was busily at work building a nest."

"As I sat watching, his mate hopped in sight from under the hidden roof, and seemed most interested in the building process, to which in the mean time the builder had added bits of wool and straw. Much pleased with his progress, my little friend hopped upon a branch of a maple tree close by and poured forth a short strain."

"Suddenly a small boy strolled along and, spying the bird, stepped into the road and gathered a few pebbles. Advancing stealthily, he crept closer to the little songster, and in breathless anxiety I watched him fling the stone. O, happy chance! A breath of air at that moment lifted the branch, and the stone went wide of its mark. The little nest builder, startled by the missile, flew off into the distance; but, after sailing in mid-air for a moment or two, he returned and lit upon a neighboring roof."

"Again the boy took aim, and again I awaited in breathless suspense; but this time the aim proved too true! There was a fluttering of little wings and all was still."

"Alas! thought I, for the snug little half-built nest under the eaves which was never to be completed, and alas! for the mother bird that would wait in vain for her mate's return."

## An Autograph Calendar.

The home made calendar is just now one of the holiday gifts which is in course of manufacture, and certainly there is no gift which is warranted to keep new all the year in the same way that the hand inscribed calendar is. To make this calendar it is first essential that 365—no, 366 (for 1904 is leap year)—slips of paper be cut of a uniform size—three inches wide by four inches long is a fair measurement—and then, after having an inked line drawn across one inch from the top edge, they are ready to inscribe. A line in red ink is suggested. The space above the line is reserved for the date, and may be added last, just before the slips are mounted into a block and cemented at both sides so that the owner may not anticipate the contents of the various leaves.

The leaves are now sent about to the various friends of the one for whom the calendar is intended, and each is invited to inscribe a leaf with an appropriate sentiment, either original or quoted, but in the person's own handwriting. As may be seen there are daily surprises all during the year for the recipient.

One of these autograph calendars is now in process of construction for a young fellow at college, and it is being made by the young girls of his social set at home. On some of the slips he will find a tiny photograph of the sender. On another a sketch of some significant subject; on another an allusion to some event in the past, a reminder of an occasion to cause him amusement. There is fine opportunity here for the display of originality, and by the time each girl has done her best, the calendar is sure to be filled.

This same calendar idea works up beautifully for a birthday gift, when it may begin with the birthday, no matter when it comes, and extend through the following year to the next birthday. If it is preferred, the slips of paper, instead of being mounted on a block and cemented, may be perforated with two round holes at the top and then mounted on the wooden back with wire hooks, the same that finds favor on many desks, enabling the owner to examine all at any time.

## A Tripod on a Tea Table.

Some time, when tea is late and the family is all about the table waiting



## The Tripod Complete.

you may surprise all by a very clever and at the same time simple and easy trick.

Take a napkin ring and through it pass three forks with the points upward and rest their handles on the table. Spread the tops of the forks apart and inside them place a plate or any round dish which will fit within the space they afford. This will surely lock the whole thing, and a heavy dish may be placed upon the plate without fear of its being broken.

## Champion Stalk of Rye.

There is on exhibition in Beverly, Mass., a stalk of rye measuring over seven feet from the roots to the tip. The rye was grown at Prides Crossing by Louis Larson.



"NO," HE SAID, RISING UNSTEADILY TO HIS FEET "IT'S GOING, GOOD NIGHT!"

ments made by my colleague," he said, "I move a postponement of the vote, and the appointment of a committee to investigate these curious charges."

There were vigorous protests, and the chair ruled that the vote must proceed. Each of the six aldermen associated with Sam Rounds substantiated the charges made, and deposited the bribery money with the chairman. Realizing that defeat was inevitable, all of the ringsters excepting Alderman Hendricks recorded their votes against the ordinances. A motion to adjourn was declared passed, and the excited mob poured into the corridors.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### The Love of a Man for a Woman.

It was not the fault of the chef or of the service that Arthur Morris did not enjoy his dinner. Jessie's beauty, which once charmed him, now inspired him with jealous rage. For Blake he felt unalloyed hatred, and for Gen. Carden a contempt which he did not try to conceal. He impatiently awaited the morning, when he hoped to crush James Blake to the extinguisher general. He prayed the news of the council's decision might be brought to him at dinner.

As he brooded a messenger boy approached and handed Morris an envelope.

"Ah! I presume this is it!" he exclaimed. He adjusted his monocle with elaborate care, broke the envelope and read:

"My Dear Morris: The Cosmopolitan franchises were defeated by a practically unanimous vote. Rounds and six others charge you with bribery. Rounds exhibited your certified check. Am on my way to the Hoffman House. Meet me there at once. Destroy this."

"H."

The note fell from the speculator's hand and fluttered to the floor. He stared wildly around, but no words came to his lips.

"Any answer, boss?" The piping voice of the messenger boy, as he stood, cap in hand, recalled him to earth.

"No," he said pushing his chair from the table and rising unsteadily to his feet. "I'm going. Good-night!"

"Forty-five cents, boss," demanded the messenger.

"Get out of the way, damn you! Pay this boy, Blake!" and he rushed for the dressing room.

Blake picked up the note and tore it

Millions of lovers have voiced the same discovery, and millions more will do it again.

You are singularly forgetful, laughed Jessie, "of our early acquaintance in Rocky Woods. That was not weeks, but years ago."

"I must give Mr. Morris credit for that bit of imagination," said Blake. "It has become a reality to me, and I can see you as you were back in those years, and picture you among the rocks and fields we knew so well: Do you go there this season, Miss Carden?"

"We leave on the Thursday evening boat," was the reply. "Nothing could have suited Blake better. He would tell John Burt that Jessie had postponed her departure from France. He then would plead ill health and join Jessie in Hingham, and their marriage and wedding trip should follow. The first cards had fallen in his favor, and he determined to press his advantage.

"May I call to-morrow evening, and not plead business with the general as a pretext?" he asked boldly. "I may not get another chance to see you before you leave. You see I'm already presuming on these years of friendship."

"Gen. Carden attends a banquet to-morrow evening, but Edith and I will be at home and we'll be delighted if you'll drop in to relieve the monotony," replied Jessie. "Uncle Tom plays a splendid hand at whist and you can take papa's place."

Blake's spirits mounted high as he hoped for the springs of his longing. The hour was late when he bade his fellow-guests good-night at the carriage door, and his being thrilled with the touch of her hand and the light of her smile at parting.

Blake strolled slowly up the avenue, in the direction of his apartments. He had not gone two squares when he met John Burt. In all the years in San Francisco and New York this was the first time they had met in a public thoroughfare. One of the horses hauling a wagon laden with stage settings had fallen and blocked the street.

Blake concealed his confusion by looking up and down the street for a carriage. He finally hailed a driver, and they were rapidly driven to his apartments.

"We must perfect our plans for to-morrow," said John. "The city council defeated the Cosmopolitan franchises to-night, and I shall move