

JOHN BURT

By **FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS**

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe'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 in 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?"

"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 seven aldermen supposed to be purchased, Morris estimated a majority of four in favor of his new franchise.

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 ordinance 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 franchise. 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 ordinance, 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' spoke against them. I was opposed to them an' 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, an' I agreed to vote for the passage of the ordinance 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."

LONDON:

A PAGAN CITY.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

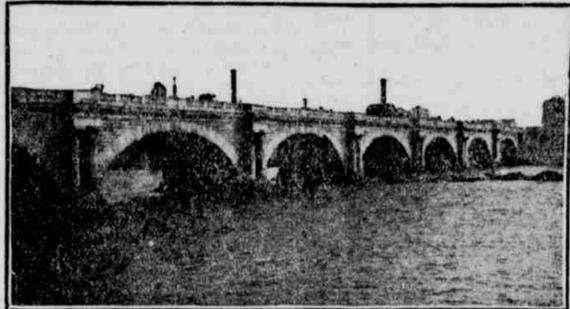
It was an old subject for discussion, this pagan London, long before Archdeacon Sinclair revived the problem at St. Sepulchre's church recently. "Church or chapel," he said, "are only attended by about 18 per cent of London's population. That means that four-fifths of the people do not worship God at all."

Many clergymen ascribe the decline in London's church-going to a weakening of religious belief. But there is no reason to take so pessimistic a view. There are many other causes which affect Sunday attendance, causes which directly arise from the growth of our vast city, from the strenuous competition in modern business, from

existence by leaving shattered nerves as a legacy for those who serve it faithfully.

Sunday! What a blessed name it is to London. It is a day of rest, but not in its religious significance. To rest from labor is to leave the smoky old town and fly to the country for a breath of fresh air that can give stamina and endurance to the body for another week of toil.

And thus it is that Sunday trains pour forth their golfers, that Sunday roads throb with motors by the hundreds and cycles by the thousand. Those who cannot afford such trips do the best they can for their tired bodies by staying in bed until noon.



Waterloo Bridge.

the nerve fag and brain fag of the workers, and from alterations in the manners and customs of all classes of society.

The village church was the center of the village life a half century ago; and in many parts of the country it remains in this respect unchanged. The chapel shared, and still shares, its position. The children are taught their religion in the Sunday schools by whatever branch of the Christian creed these establishments are conducted and maintained. They grow up to associate Sunday with the old place of worship, to reverence those who lead and conduct its services. Few, even of the youngest, are absent, for the parents, should they stay at home themselves, like to get the children away for the morning.

As in youth, so in the riper middle age. The church and chapel become the meeting ground of the villagers, separated by scattered farms and lonely cottages during the working week. They gather before the doors after service, greeting each other and saluting those above them in station. Should a well-known figure be absent, it is understood that he is ill, and inquiries are made concerning him.

The squire and his family regularly attend. They may be modern enough in their views, careless enough in their religious observances when in London for the season. But on their own land, among their own people, they fill the great pews under the ancestral coat-of-arms just as their forebears filled it, for an example, if for nothing else.

Are there sports to be held, the clergyman is on the committee. There are suppers for the bellringers, excursions for the choir, treats for the Sunday school; there are mothers' meetings and clothing clubs. The Non-conformists hold their social gatherings and concerts. Church and chapel still remain the hub of the social wheel in rural England.

Are they so in town? The question would be laughable were not the answer a subject for regret to many of us.

London is a mass of humanity pitched-forked together by a careless fate. To speak unpalatable truth, there is no city in the world that possesses less of a corporate entity. What percent-

How can you get these people into church? It is a problem that no bench of bishops can answer. It would almost seem that you must first reform the system under which we live. Yet if we give more leisure through the week, less ardor to commercial and professional existence, how are we to hold our own as a nation against America or Germany?

There can never be that reverence and affection for a London church that the country people feel for the gray old house of God perched upon the hill and ringed about with whispering elms and melancholy yews. Their fathers and grandfathers were married there, and now lie buried there under the waving grass of that peaceful acre.

In the old pews they sat as children, fretful under the eye of the clerk as the sermon droned into tedium; there were they married, and at the ancient font their first-born were christened. The greatest joys and deepest sorrows of their lives are bound up with the village church and its graveyard. And as it is with them, so has it been with their forebears through the generations.

But in London we change too quickly. From one parish to another we flit with no regret for broken associations. Where were you christened, where married? Almost will some of the true-bred cockneys forget. Where will be your burial? Some well-kept, dismal park, where you will lie with thousands of the other forgotten dead, who in ten years have none left to lay a wreath upon the marble slab above them, or to stand and think upon their memory.

In the village those who knew the good man or gentle-hearted woman whose tombstone rises beside the walk to the church door will speak of them for many years, even pointing out their graves to the children, that they, too, may remember some one who did his duty in the little community in which he dwelt for a while.

The clergy of all denominations are working harder in our greatest cities than ever before. It is not their fault that pews stand empty of a morning. But the parishioners have lost touch with churches and chapels. The great sea of London has swallowed them up. When old ties and



Fountain, Trafalgar Square.

age of its people record their vote in a county council election? It is absurdly small. There are thousands of thousands who do not know what parish they live in, nor do they trouble to inquire.

As competition grows keener so do working hours lengthen and leisure hours decrease for all classes. To the professional and commercial men has come a new disease—brain fag. Society, apparently inspired by the custom of the times, endeavors to emulate the rush and whirl of a workaday

life. When we discuss the religious aspect of this great question, let these facts be also remembered.

TORTURING PAIN.

Half This Man's Sufferings Would Have Killed Many a Person, But Doan's Cured Him.



A. C. Sprague, stock dealer, of Normal, Ill., writes: "For two whole years I was doing nothing but buying medicines to cure my kidneys. I do not think that any man ever suffered as I did and lived. The pain in my back was so bad that I could not sleep at night. I could not ride a horse, and sometimes was unable even to ride in a car. My condition was critical when I sent for Doan's Kidney Pills. I used three boxes and they cured me. Now I can go anywhere and do as much as anybody. I sleep well and feel no discomfort at all."

A TRIAL FREE—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price 50c.

Grilled Lion Steaks Delicious.
An explorer who has often by compulsion eaten the flesh of animals not generally used as human food says that grilled lion steaks are delicious and much superior to those of the tiger; that the flesh of the rhinoceros, properly prepared, has all the good qualities of pork; that the trunk and feet of young elephants resemble veal, and that stewed boa constrictor is a splendid substitute for rabbit.

For Your Perfect Comfort
At St. Louis Exposition, which is very severe upon the feet, remember to take along a box or two of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, a powder for Hot, Tired, Aching, Swollen, Sweating Feet. 30,000 testimonials of cures. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. DON'T ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE.

BABY BORN TO FORTUNE.

John Nicholas Brown, 4 Years Old, Worth \$10,000,000.

John Nicholas Brown of Rhode Island is only 4 years old, but he is rated worth \$10,000,000. His fortune came from his father and an uncle. In equal amounts, before he was 3 months old. Young Brown has three palatial residences, a yacht, is always attended by a physician and has a retinue of ten servants. He lives on a sterilized milk chiefly and has more care bestowed upon him than a royal prince. He is weighed morning and night on special scales and is groomed in the most luxurious manner. The youngster's fortune consists in stock in great cotton mills in New England. His mother was a Miss Dresser, sister of Mrs. George Vanderbilt.

Lives a Primitive Life.
Paterson, N. J., has brought to view at various times no small number of eccentric persons. The latest freak in that community makes his breakfast of a cucumber, his luncheon of a carrot, a turnip or a raw potato, and eats a few nuts for supper. He never touches flesh or fish, wears very little clothing, and sleeps out of doors, except when rain is falling. He looks strong and well, and asserts that he never feels an ache or a pain. The possibilities of human perversity are unaccountable.

It Banishes Flies.
Place in every room this mixture: Half a teaspoonful of white pepper, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, and one of cream, well mixed together. If cream is not available, use strong green tea well sweetened.

Couldn't.
Said he: "You're a peach. Fly with me?" She replied as she dashed his hope: "You're mistaken. A 'peach' did you say? Well, I'm not—I'm a cantaloupe."

AS EASY

Needs Only a Little Thinking.

The food of childhood often decides whether one is to grow up well nourished and healthy or weak and sickly from improper food.

It's just as easy to be one as the other provided we get a proper start. A wise physician like the Denver Doctor who knew about food, can accomplish wonders provided the patient is willing to help and will eat only proper food.

Speaking of this case the Mother said her little four year old boy was suffering from a peculiar derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys and his feet became so swollen he couldn't take a step. "We called a Doctor who said at once we must be very careful as to his diet as improper food was the only cause of his sickness. Sugar especially, he forbid."

"So the Dr. made up a diet and the principal food he prescribed was Grape-Nuts and the boy, who was very fond of sweet things took the Grape-Nuts readily without adding any sugar. (Dr. explained that the sweet in Grape-Nuts is not at all like cane or beet sugar but is the natural sweet of the grains.)"

"We saw big improvement inside a few days and now Grape-Nuts are almost his only food and he is once more a healthy, happy, rosy-cheeked youngster with every prospect to grow up into a strong healthy man." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The sweet of Grape-Nuts is the Nature-sweet known as Post Sugar, not digested in the liver like ordinary sugar, but pre-digested. Feed the youngsters a handful of Grape-Nuts when Nature demands sweet and prompts them to call for sugar.

There's a reason. Get the little book "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.



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 her 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 cannot marry you. You must respect this answer as final."

Her voice was low, but firm, and the 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 release you from it. Pray excuse me. General Carden will be with you presently."

"Don't go, I beg of you!" pleaded Morris, as Jessie turned to leave the room. "Your absence from the dinner would—well, it would be very em-

to attend to-night's session of the council," said John. "Will you join us, Jim?"

"I'd like to, but I have another engagement," replied Blake. "I'll try to drop in before the session is over."

Long before the chairman called the city fathers to order, the hall was cloudy with tobacco smoke. There was little that was impressive in the personnel of the municipal Solons, nor was their gathering marked by dignity. It is a sad reflection that the average city council is fairly representative of its constituents. It is the mirror of urban ignorance, deceit and cupidity; of the varying grades of venality, relieved by a sprinkling of upright, but too often impractical men. Righteousness enactments are wrung from such bodies only by fear of public indignation, and corrupt measures go down to defeat only when detection and punishment faces the purchasable majority.

John Burt and John Hawkins looked down at this motley crowd of civic statesmanship.

Various minor matters had been debated and decided when the chairman announced that the hour set for the consideration of the franchise of the Cosmopolitan Improvement company had arrived. A clerk read the ordinances, and each alderman was provided with a copy of them.

Alderman Hendricks arose and was recognized. He was the accredited champion of the Cosmopolitan franchise. He made an able presentation of the arguments in favor of the pending ordinance. He was empowered by his constituents to vote in their favor, he said. They promised a much-needed relief from the exactions of a grinding monopoly. Their sponsors were wealthy, reputable citizens whose words were as good as their bonds. There could be no intelligent, useful opposition to these measures, and so on to an eloquent peroration. It was a good speech, and worth all that was paid for it.

Others followed in a similar strain, though not so logically or grammatically. A well-drilled claque in the gallery applauded at proper intervals.

Other speeches were made, for and against the ordinance, and then Alderman Hendricks moved the previous question. It was carried, and the roll called ordered. The clerk, pencil in hand, began his monotonous task.

"First ward—Alderman Patrick?"
"A-aye, sor!" yelled a shrill voice. The claque applauded vigorously.