

# BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE WILD," "WHITE FANG," "MARTIN EDEN," ETC.

(Copyright, 1910, by the New York Herald Company.)  
(Copyright, 1910, by the MacMillan Company.)

## SYNOPSIS.

Elam Harnish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 50th birthday with a crowd of miners at the Circle City Hotel. The dance leads to heavy gambling, in which over \$100,000 is staked. Harnish loses his money and his mine but wins the mail contract. He starts on his mail trip with dogs and sledges, telling his friends that he will be in the big Yukon gold strike at the start. Burning Daylight makes a sensational rapid run across country with the mail, appears at the Tivoli and is now ready to join his friends in a dash to the new gold fields. Deciding that gold will be found in the up-river district Harnish buys two tons of flour, which he declares will be worth its weight in gold, but when he arrives with his flour he finds the big flat desolate. A comrade discovers gold and Daylight reaps a rich harvest. He goes to Dawson, becomes the most prominent figure in the Klondike and defeats a combination of capitalists in a vast mining deal. He returns to civilization.

## CHAPTER VII.

In no blaze of glory did Burning Daylight descend upon San Francisco. Not only had he been forgotten, but the Klondike along with him. The world was interested in other things, and the Alaskan adventure, like the Spanish War, was an old story. He settled down in St. Francis Hotel, was interviewed by the cub-reporters on the hotel-run, and received brief paragraphs of notice for twenty-four hours.

Several months passed in San Francisco, during which time he studied the game and its rules, and prepared himself to take a hand.

Tiring of being merely an onlooker, he ran up to Nevada, where the new gold-mining boom was fairly started—"just to try a flutter," as he phrased it to himself. The flutter on the Tonopah Stock Exchange lasted just ten days, during which time his smashing, wild-bull game played ducks and drakes with the more stereotyped gamblers, and at the end of which time, having gambled Florida into his fist, he let go for a net profit of half a million. Whereupon, smacking his lips, he departed for San Francisco and the St. Francis Hotel. It tasted good, and his hunger for the game became more acute.

And once more the papers sensationalized him. BURNING DAYLIGHT was a big-letter headline again. Interviewers flocked about him. Old files of magazines and newspapers were searched through, and the romantic and historic Elam Harnish, Adventurer of the Frost, King of the Klondike, and Father of the Sour-doughs, strode upon the breakfast table of a million homes along with the toast and breakfast foods. Even before his elected time, he was forcibly launched into the game. Financiers and promoters, and all the fotsam and jetsam of the sea of speculation surged upon the shores of his eleven millions. In self-defence he was compelled to open offices. He dabbled in little things at first—"stalling for time," as he explained it to Holdsworth, a friend he had made at the Alta-Pacific Club. Daylight himself was a member of the club, and Holdsworth had proposed him. And it was well that Daylight played closely at first, for he was astounded by the multitudes of sharks—"ground-sharks," he called them—that flocked about him. He saw through their schemes readily enough, and even marveled that such numbers of them could find sufficient prey to keep them going. Their rascality and general dubiousness was so transparent that he could not understand how any one could be taken in by them.

So it was that he resolved to leave the little men, the Holdsworths, alone; and, while he met them in good fellowship, he chummed with none, and formed no deep friendships. He did not dislike the little men, the men of the Alta-Pacific, for instance. He merely did not elect to choose them for partners in the big game in which he intended to play. What this big game was, even he did not know. He was waiting to find it. And in the meantime he played small hands, investing in several arid-lands reclamation projects and keeping his eyes open for the big chance when it should come along.

And then he met John Dowsett, the great John Dowsett. It was the first big magnate Daylight had met face to face, and he was pleased and charmed. There was such a kindly humanness about the man, such a genial democraticness, that Daylight found it hard to realize that this was the John Dowsett, president of a string of banks, insurance manipulator, reputed ally of the lieutenants of Standard Oil, and known ally of the Guggenhammers. Nor did his looks belie his reputation and his manner. Physically, he guaranteed all that Daylight knew of him. Despite his sixty years and snow-white hair, his hand-shake was firmly hearty, and he showed no signs of decrepitude, walking with a quick, snappy step, making all movements definitely and decisively.

It was not long afterward that Daylight came on to New York. A letter from John Dowsett had been the cause—a simple little typewritten letter of several lines. But Daylight

had thrilled as he read it. The bald sentences seemed gorged with mystery. "Our Mr. Howison will call upon you at your hotel. He is to be trusted. We must not be seen together. You will understand after we have had our talk." Daylight conked the words over and over. That was it. The big game had arrived, and it looked as if he were being invited to sit in and take a hand. Surely, for no other reason would one man so peremptorily invite another man to make a journey across the continent.

They met—thanks to "our" Mr. Howison—up the Hudson, in a magnificent country home. Daylight, according to instructions, arrived in a private motor car which had been furnished him. Dowsett was already there, and another man whom Daylight recognized before the introduction was begun. It was Nathaniel Letton, and none other. Daylight had seen his face a score of times in the magazines and newspapers, and read about his standing in the financial world, and about his endowed University of Daratona. He, likewise, struck Daylight as a man of power, though he was puzzled in that he could find no likeness to Dowsett. Except in the matter of cleanness—a cleanness that seemed to go down to the deepest fibers of him—Nathaniel Letton was unlike the other in every particular. Thin to emaciation, he seemed a cold flame of a man. Not more than fifty, thatched with a sparse growth of iron-gray hair, he looked several times the age of Dowsett.

They drank—that is, Nathaniel Letton took mineral water served

"They will never dream you are with us," Guggenhammer interjected, as the outlining of the matter drew to a close, his handsome Jewish eyes flashing enthusiastically. "They'll think you are raiding on your own in proper buccaneer style."

"Of course, you understand, Mr. Harnish, the absolute need for keeping our alliance in the dark," Nathaniel Letton warned, gravely.

Daylight nodded his head. "And you also understand," Letton went on, "that the result can only be productive of good. The thing is legitimate and right, and the only ones who may be hurt are the stock gamblers themselves. It is not an attempt to smash the market. As you see yourself, you are to bull the market. The honest investor will be the gainer."

"Yes, that's the very thing," Dowsett said. "The commercial need for copper is continually increasing. Ward Valley Copper, and all that it stands for—practically one-quarter of the world's supply, as I have shown you—is a big thing, how big, even we can scarcely estimate. Our arrangements are made. We have plenty of capital ourselves, and yet we want more. Also, there is too much Ward Valley out to suit our present plans. Thus we will kill both birds with one stone. Not only will you bull Ward Valley, but you will at the same time gather Ward Valley in. This will be of inestimable advantage to us, while you and all of us will profit by it as well. And as Mr. Letton has pointed out, the thing is legitimate and square. On the eighteenth the directors meet, and, instead of the customary dividend, a double dividend will be declared."

"There will be all sorts of rumors on the street," Dowsett warned Daylight, "but do not let them frighten you. These rumors may even originate with us. You can see how and why clearly. But rumors are to be

the North, had come to New York. What had he come for? To trim the New Yorkers as he had trimmed the Tonopah crowd in Nevada?

They were prepared for him to play, and, when heavy buying of Ward Valley began, it was quickly decided that he was the operator. Financial gossip buzzed and hummed. He was after the Guggenhammers once more. The story of Ophir was told over again and sensationalized until even Daylight scarcely recognized it. Still, it was all grist to his mill. The stock gamblers were clearly befuddled. Each day he increased his buying, and so eager were the sellers that Ward Valley rose but slowly. A wildly exciting time was his during the week preceding Thursday the eighteenth. Not only was he gambling as he had never gambled before, but he was gambling at the biggest table in the world for stakes so large that even the case-hardened habitués of that table were compelled to sit up. In spite of the unlimited selling, his persistent buying compelled Ward Valley steadily to rise, and as Thursday approached, the situation became acute. Something had to smash. How much Ward Valley was this Klondike gambler going to buy? How much could he buy? What was the Ward Valley crowd doing all this time? Daylight appreciated interviews with them that appeared—interviews delightfully placid and non-committal. Leon Guggenhammer even hazarded the opinion that this Northland Croesus might possibly be making a mistake. But not that they cared, John Dowsett explained. "It is purely gambling from beginning to end," were Nathaniel Letton's words; "and we refuse to have anything to do with it or to take notice of it in any way."

During this time Daylight had several secret meetings with his partners—one with Leon Guggenhammer, one with John Dowsett, and two with Mr. Howison. Beyond congratulations, they really amounted to nothing; for, as he was informed, everything was going satisfactorily. But on Tuesday morning a rumor that was disconcerting came to Daylight's ears. It was also published in the Wall Street Journal, and it was to the effect, on apparently straight inside information, that on Thursday, when the directors of Ward Valley met, instead of the customary dividend being declared, an assessment would be levied. It was the first check Daylight had received. It came to him with a shock that if the thing were so he was a broken man. And it also came to him that all this colossal operating of his was being done on his own money. Dowsett, Guggenhammer and Letton were risking nothing. It was a panic, short-lived, it was true, but sharp enough while it lasted to make him remember Holdsworth and the brick-yard, and to impel him to cancel all buying orders while he rushed to a telephone.

"Nothing in it—only a rumor," came Leon Guggenhammer's throaty voice in the receiver. "As you know," said Nathaniel Letton, "I am one of the directors, and I should certainly be aware of it were such action contemplated." And John Dowsett: "I warned you against just such rumors. There is not an iota of truth in it—certainly not. I tell you on my honor as a gentleman."

Heartily ashamed of himself for his temporary loss of nerve, Daylight returned to his task. The cessation of buying had turned the Stock Exchange into a bedlam, and down all the line of stocks the bears were smashing. Ward Valley, as the apex, received the brunt of the shock, and was already beginning to tumble. Daylight calmly doubled his buying orders. And all through Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday morning, he went on buying, while Ward Valley rose triumphantly higher. Still they sold, and still he bought, exceeding his power to buy many times over, when delivery was taken into account. What of that? On this day the double dividend would be declared, he assured himself. The pinch of delivery would be on the shorts. They would be making terms with him.

And then the thunderbolt struck. True to the rumor, Ward Valley levied the assessment. Daylight threw up his arms. He verified the report and quit. Not alone Ward Valley, but all securities were being hammered down by the triumphant bears. As for Ward Valley, Daylight did not even trouble to learn if it had fetched bottom or was still tumbling. Not stunned, not even bewildered, while Wall Street went mad, Daylight withdrew from the field to think it over. After a short conference with his brokers, he proceeded to his hotel, on the way picking up the evening papers and glancing at the head-lines. BURNING DAYLIGHT CLEANED OUT, he read; DAYLIGHT GETS HIS; ANOTHER WESTERNER FAILS TO FIND EASY MONEY.

He passed up to his rooms, ordered a Martini cocktail, took off his shoes, and sat down to think. After half an hour he roused himself to take the drink, and as he felt the liquor pass warmly through his body, his features relaxed into a slow, deliberate, yet genuine grin. He was laughing at himself.

"Buncoed, by gosh!" he muttered. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Onlooker  
by WILBUR D. NESBIT  
LAUGH AT  
HIS JOKES



If you always laugh at the other man's joke  
You'll win great popularity,  
So laugh at his jest till you almost choke—  
It is a gentle charity,  
And then you'll find as you go through life  
Thus spreading your frivolity,  
That you'll be famed as a man who's rife  
With ever-brimming jollity.

It matters not if his joke be chaff  
And not so very humorous,  
Remember this, that the folk who laugh  
Are not so very numerous.  
And, oh, my boy, if the man be great  
And his joke be Joe-Millery,  
Then laugh yourself to a paroxysm state  
Though you'd prefer a pillory.

If you always laugh at the other man's jest  
With wild and long hilarity,  
He'll say he knew you had long possessed  
That most impressive rarity  
A sense of what is the gist of wit  
And humorous analysis—  
Then come again with an ancient bit  
That has senile paralysis!

Scored at Last.  
"Jones said to me—"  
The man began to tell it, but instantly his wife interrupted him with a remark of her own, which introduced some comment from her sister, who was at the table. When silence came, the man began again.

"Jones said to me—"  
The sister-in-law broke in at once with a statement about one of the neighbors who was still wearing her last season's dress, and this led to a discussion of the fashions. When a lull came, the man started again:

"Jones said to me—"  
The wife immediately began telling her sister something she had forgotten to tell her that morning, and the man sat and waited until the telling was completed. Once more he assayed:

"Jones said to me—"  
The sister-in-law stopped him by beginning a vivacious account of a divorce suit that was about to be filed. The man now became somewhat peevish, and devoted himself to his dinner. At length his wife noticed his silence and said sweetly:

"Did you say that Mr. Jones told you something, dear?"  
"Yes, Jones said to me that he never could finish a sentence at home."

Retribution.  
Just as the young man with the rice on his hat and the bruise from an old shoe under his left ear is boarding the train a number of individuals make a rush for him, drag him through the station, tearing his clothing, trampling upon his hat, and finally hurling him into a waiting carriage.

"Stop!" says an officer. "What is the meaning of this?"  
"Say," says the spokesman of the kidnapers, "we are all married men, and this fellow has been the leader of the merry crowd that has plucked our trunks and otherwise made us feel like victims of the inquisition. We are just getting even with him—"

"That's enough," says the officer. "All I ask is that you take him to the edge of town and gag him so his yells won't be too loud."

This Busy World.  
Although most of us are complaining restlessly that there is nothing going on, there is a war, there are floods, there are strikes, big and little; fall openings; Taft's speeches; comment on Canada; the Harmon, Clark, Woodrow Wilson and other booms; the Lorimer investigation; fall hats; Cavallera; an ocean-to-ocean aeroplane race and a gambling investigation all happening simultaneously.

Yet one-half the world is wondering how to have its new bonnets trimmed and the other half is asking the clothes-cleaner if he can spruce up last winter's suits.

Henry's Falling.  
"Do not weep," they said to the mourning widow, "remember that Henry has gone to a land flowing with milk and honey."  
"I know," she sobbed. "I know. But poor Henry always was so careless about his rubbers."

Storm Note.  
Little Harold Hillside looked out of the window at the snowstorm last Monday morning and exclaimed, "Oh, look at the blister!"—Newark News.

## LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA, SECURES DRY FARMING CONGRESS FOR 1912.

The term, "dry farming" does not indicate all that might be implied. It does not mean a system of irrigation, but one where all the rain fall and precipitation is stored up and conserved in the soil, to be drawn upon by scientific and sane processes when it may be required to forward and increase the growth of grain.

In certain sections of the Canadian West as well as in the American West, there is a portion of the country in which the soil is the very best for the growing of cereals, but the geographical locations and relative position to the rain avenues, do not give the advantage that other parts possess in the matter of precipitation.

Agricultural science, however, has been making rapid progress during the past few years, and it is now ascertained that it is not altogether the number of inches of rain that is essential to the growing of crops, but its conservation, and that is the meaning of "dry farming." "Dry Farming" may well be applied to districts where there is a heavy rain fall and better results will follow. The education of the public into these new methods, not new exactly, but such as have had satisfactory demonstration, is not alone the purpose of these dry-farming Congresses. One idea is to bring into life and into operation the great areas of splendid land lying within what might be termed semi-arid, without placing them under the restrictive and expansive process of irrigation.

The Congresses are attended by thousands and they bring representatives from all parts of the world. The Province of Alberta, and also of Saskatchewan, has taken a vital interest in the Congresses which have been held in the past two or three years. The Province of Alberta has made provincial exhibits, districts have shown their products, and last year, several hundred dollars were taken in prizes; this year the Province of Alberta took prizes ten to one in excess of any state in the Union. Alberta has won eight out of twenty special cups, that province taking one, Lethbridge one, Arthur Perry six, and John Baxter, Edmonton, carrying off one sweepstakes. When it came to a matter of location for the Congress for 1912, the City of Lethbridge, which had put up a splendid fight for it, secured the Congress by a unanimous vote. It is expected that the Lethbridge Congress will be the largest yet held and will be the biggest convention in the history of Western Canada. In emphasizing his invitation to Lethbridge, one of the speakers said he had just received a telegram from Magrath (near Lethbridge) stating that of one thousand acres of wheat just thrashed Hethershaw and Bradshaw had thrashed 47,000 bushels.

Literature sent out recently by the Canadian Government Agents, which will be sent postage free on application, tells of hundreds of splendid yields in all parts of Western Canada.

Her Credit Was Strained.  
A young country merchant who had something of a reputation for close figuring was especially attentive to the village schoolmarm. The young woman had a sweet tooth and was not at all retiring about making the fact known. Accordingly, she hinted to her admirer that a box of chocolates would be greatly appreciated on the occasion of his next visit. Later the suggestion was repeated and again duly heeded. The third time the subject was broached, however, the dispenser of sweets turned a deaf ear to the entreaty.

"I don't know about taking that girl any more candy," he confided to a companion next day. "She's owing me sixty cents for chocolates already."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Pantomime Code.  
James T. Fields of the firm of Ticknor & Fields wore a flowing beard, as many men of his time did. He was scrupulous in the care of it, and in the main managed it at the table with skill.

His wife was always on watch for him, too, when they went out to dinner together. They had a pantomime code and a few expressive spoken signals. Should a bread crumb catch in the floss Mrs. Fields would say:

"My dear, there's a gazelle in the garden."

Turkish Medicines.  
Old-fashioned physicians have plenty of reliable remedies for cholera. An agate in the pocket and a hyacinth on the neck are much esteemed, but the bone of a dead child carried in the pocket is nearly as efficacious. Cholera, we learn, is caused by the moon. Therefore drink decoctions of laurel while Mars or Mercury is in the ascendant, since these planets are unfriendly to the moon. We are glad to know this, as we have always had our doubts about the moon.

During the Spat.  
Wife (complainingly)—You're not like Mr. Knagg. They've been married 20 years, and Mrs. Knagg says her husband is so tender.

Hub—Tender! Well, he ought to be, after being in hot water that long.

Storm Note.  
Little Harold Hillside looked out of the window at the snowstorm last Monday morning and exclaimed, "Oh, look at the blister!"—Newark News.



"I Must Say, Mr. Harnish, That You Whipped Us Roundly in That Affair."

by the smoothly operating machine of a lackey who inhabited the place, while Dowsett took Scotch and soda and Daylight a cocktail. Leon Guggenhammer arrived in the midst of the drink, and ordered Scotch. Daylight studied him curiously. This was one of the great Guggenhammer family; a younger one, but nevertheless one of the crowd with which he had locked grapples in the North. Nor did Leon Guggenhammer fail to mention cognizance of that old affair. He complimented Daylight on his prowess—"The echoes of Ophir came down to us, you know. And I must say, Mr. Daylight—er, Mr. Harnish, that you whipped us roundly in that affair."

Leon Guggenhammer was young and fat. Not a day more than thirty, his face, save for the adumbrated puff sacks under the eyes, was as smooth and lineless as a boy's. The talk soon centered down to business. Dowsett broached the plan, aided by an occasional remark from the other two, while Daylight asked questions. Whatever the proposition was, he was going into it with his eyes open. And he filled his eyes with the practical vision of what he had in mind.

no concern of yours. You are on the inside. All you have to do is buy, buy, buy, and keep on buying to the last stroke, when the directors declare the double dividend. Ward Valley will jump so that it won't be feasible to buy after that."

"And one other thing, Mr. Harnish," Guggenhammer said, "if you exceed your available cash, or the amount you care to invest in the venture, don't fall immediately to call on us. Remember, we are behind you."

"Yes, we are behind you," Dowsett repeated.

Nathaniel Letton nodded his head in affirmation.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Back at his hotel, though nearly two in the morning, he found the reporters waiting to interview him. Next morning there were more. And thus, with blare of paper trumpet, was he received by New York. Once more, with beating of tom-toms and wild hulla-balloo, his picturesque figure strode across the printed sheet. The King of the Klondike, the hero of the Arctic, the thirty-million-dollar millionaire of