

BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON

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

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SYNOPSIS.

Flam Harrish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 40th birthday with a crowd of miners at the Circle City Tivoli. The dance leads to heavy gambling, in which over \$100,000 is staked. Harrish loses his money and his mine but wins the mail contract. He starts on his mad 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 Harrish 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, and amid the bewildering complications of high finance, Daylight finds that he has been led to invest his eleven millions in a manipulated scheme. He goes to New York, and confronting his disloyal partners with a revolver, he threatens to kill them if his money is not returned.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

A long session of three hours followed. The deciding factor was not the big automatic pistol, but the certitude that Daylight would use it. Not alone were the three men convinced of this, but Daylight himself was convinced. He was firmly resolved to kill the men if his money was not forthcoming. It was not an easy matter, on the spur of the moment, to raise ten millions in paper currency, and there were vexatious delays. A dozen times Mr. Howson and the head clerk were summoned into the room. On these occasions the pistol lay on Daylight's lap, covered carefully by a newspaper, while he was usually engaged in rolling or lighting his brown-paper cigarette. But in the end, the thing was accomplished. A suit-case was brought up by one of the clerks from the waiting motor-car, and Daylight snapped it shut on the last package of bills. He paused at the door to make his final remarks.

"There's three several things I sure want to tell you-all. When I get outside this door, you-all'll be set free to set, and I just want to warn you-all about what to do. In the first place, no warrants for my arrest—savee? This money's mine, and I ain't robbed you of it. If it gets out how you gave me the double cross and how I done you back again, the laugh'll be on you, and it'll be sure an almighty big laugh. You-all can't afford that laugh. Besides, having got back my stake that you-all robbed me of, if you arrest me and try to rob me a second time I'll go gunning for you-all, and I'll sure get you. No little fraud cat shrimps like you-all can skin Burning Daylight. If you win you lose, and there'll sure be some several unexpected funerals around this burg. Just look me in the eye, and you-all'll savee I mean business. Them stumps and receipts on the table is all yours. Good day."

As the door shut behind him, Nathaniel Letton sprang for the telephone, and Dowsett intercepted him.

"What are you going to do?" Dowsett demanded.

"The police. It's downright robbery. I won't stand it. I tell you I won't stand it."

Dowsett smiled grimly, but at the same time bore the slender financier back and down into his chair.

"We'll talk it over," he said; and in Leon Guggenhammer he found an anxious ally.

And nothing ever came of it. The thing remained a secret with the three men. Nor did Daylight ever give the secret away, though that afternoon, leaning back in his stateroom on the Twentieth Century, his shoes off, and feet on a chair, he chuckled long and heartily. New York remained forever puzzled over the affair; nor could it hit upon a rational explanation. By all rights, Burning Daylight should have gone broke, yet it was known that he immediately reappeared in San Francisco possessing an apparently unimpaired capital. This was evidenced by the magnitude of the enterprises he engaged in, such as, for instance, Panama Mail, by sheer weight of money and fighting power wresting the control away from Sheffy and selling out in two months to the Harriman interests at a rumored enormous advance.

CHAPTER X.

Back in San Francisco, Daylight quickly added to his reputation. In ways it was not an enviable reputation. Men were afraid of him. He became known as a fighter, a fiend, a tiger. His play was a ripping and smashing one, and no one knew where or how his next blow would fall. The element of surprise was large. He balked on the unexpected, and, fresh from the wild North, his mind not operating in stereotyped channels, he was able in unusual degree to devise new tricks and stratagems. And once he won the advantage, he pressed it remorselessly. "As relentless as a

Red Indian," was said of him, and it was said truly.

He was a free lance, and had no friendly business associations. Such alliances as were formed from time to time were purely affairs of expediency, and he regarded his allies as men who would give him the double-cross or ruin him if a profitable chance presented. In spite of this point of view, he was faithful to his allies. But he was faithful just as long as they were and no longer. The treason had to come from them, and then it was "Ware Daylight."

The business men and financiers of the Pacific coast never forgot the lesson of Charles Klinkner and the California & Altamont Trust Company. Klinkner was the president. In partnership with Daylight, the pair raided the San Jose Interurban. The powerful Lake Power & Electric Lighting corporation came to the rescue, and Klinkner, seeing what he thought was the opportunity, went over to the enemy in the thick of the pitched battle. Daylight lost three millions before he was done with it, and before he was done with it he saw the California & Altamont Trust Company hopelessly wrecked, and Charles Klinkner a suicide in a felon's cell.

So it was that Daylight became a

of alcoholic inhibition thwart his consciousness. The office became immediately a closed affair. It ceased to exist. In the afternoon, after lunch, it lived again for one or two hours, when, leaving it, he rebuilt the wall of inhibition. Of course, there were exceptions to this; and, such was the rigor of his discipline, that if he had a dinner or a conference before him in which, in a business way, he encountered enemies or allies and planned or prosecuted campaigns, he abstained from drinking. But the instant the business was settled, his everlasting call went out for a Martini, and for a double-Martini at that, in a long glass so as not to excite comment.

Into Daylight's life came Dede Mason. She came rather imperceptibly. He had accepted her impersonally along with the office furnishing, the office boy, Morrison, the chief, confidential, and only clerk, and all the rest of the accessories of a superman's gambling place of business. Had he been asked any time during the first months she was in his employ, he would have been unable to tell the color of her eyes. From the fact that she was a demi-brunette, there resided dimly in his subconsciousness a conception that she was a brunette. Likewise he had an idea that she was not thin, while there was an absence in his mind of any idea that she was fat. And how she dressed, he had no idea at all. He had no trained eye in such matters, nor was he interested. He took it for granted, in the lack of any impression to the contrary, that she was dressed somehow. He knew

Another time it was a book of Wells, "The Wheels of Chance."

"What's it all about?" Daylight asked.

"Oh, it's just a novel, a love-story."

She stopped, but he still stood waiting, and she felt it incumbent to go on. "It's about a little Cockney draper's assistant, who takes a vacation on his bicycle, and falls in with a young girl very much above him. Her mother is a popular writer and all that. And the situation is very curious, and sad, too, and tragic. Would you care to read it?"

"Does he get her?" Daylight demanded.

"No; that's the point of it. He wasn't—"

"And he doesn't get her, and you've read all them pages, hundreds of them, to find that out?" Daylight muttered in amazement.

Miss Mason was nettled as well as amused.

"But you read the mining and financial news by the hour," she retorted.

"But I sure get something out of that. It's business, and it's different. I get money out of it. What do you get out of books?"

"Points of view, new ideas, life."

"Not worth a cent cash."

"But life's worth more than cash," she argued.

"Oh, well," he said, with easy masculine tolerance, "so long as you enjoy it. That's what counts, I suppose; and there's no accounting for taste."

Despite his own superior point of view, he had an idea that she knew a lot, and he experienced a fleeting feeling like that of a barbarian face to face with the evidence of some tremendous culture. To Daylight culture was a worthless thing, and yet, somehow, he was vaguely troubled by a sense that there was more in culture than he imagined.

Again, on her desk, in passing, he noticed a book with which he was familiar. This time he did not stop, for he had recognized the cover. It was a magazine correspondent's book on the Klondike, and he knew that he and his photograph figured in it, and he knew, also, of a certain sensational chapter concerned with a woman's suicide, and with one "Too Much Daylight." After that he did not talk with her again about books. He imagined what erroneous conclusions she had drawn from that particular chapter, and it stung him the more in that they were undeserved. He pumped Morrison, the clerk, who had first to vent his personal grievance against Miss Mason before he could tell what little he knew of her.

"She comes from Siskiyou County. She's very nice to work with in the office, of course, but she's rather stuck on herself—exclusive, you know."

"How do you make that out?" Daylight queried.

"Well, she thinks too much of herself to associate with these she works with, in the office here, for instance. She won't have anything to do with a fellow, you see. I've asked her out repeatedly, to the theater and the chutes and such things. But nothing doing. Says she likes plenty of sleep, and can't stay up late, and has to go all the way to Berkeley—that's where she lives. But that's all hot air. She's running with the University boys, that's what she's doing. She needs lots of sleep, and can't go to the theater with me, but she can dance all hours with them. I've heard it pretty straight that she goes to all their hops and such things. Rather stylish and high-toned for a stenographer, I'd say. And she keeps a horse, too. She rides astride all over those hills out there. I saw her one Sunday myself. Oh, she's a high-flyer, and I wonder how she does it. Sixty-five a month don't go far. Then she has a sick brother, too."

"Live with her people?" Daylight asked.

"No; hasn't got any. They were well to do, I've heard. They must have been, or that brother or hers couldn't have gone to the University of California. Her father had a big cattle-ranch, but he got to fooling with mines or something, and went broke before he died. Her mother died long before that. Her brother must cost a lot of money. He was a husky once, played football, was great on hunting and being out in the mountains and such things. He got his accident breaking horses, and then rheumatism or something got into him. One leg is shorter than the other, and withered up some. He has to walk on crutches. I saw her out with him once—crossing the ferry. The doctors have been experimenting on him for years, and he's in the French Hospital now, I think."

All of which side-lights on Miss Mason went to increase Daylight's interest in her. Yet, much as he desired, he failed to get acquainted with her. He had thoughts of asking her to luncheon, but his was the innate civility of the frontiersman, and the thoughts never came to anything. He knew a self-respecting, square-dealing man was not supposed to take his stenographer to luncheon. Such things did happen, he knew, for he heard the chaffing gossip of the club; but he did not think much of such men and felt sorry for the girls.

"You like reading, Miss Mason?" he said, laying the book down.

"Oh, yes," was the answer; "very much."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Cocktails Served as an Inhibition.

successful financier. He did not go in for swindling the workers. Not only did he not have the heart for it, but it did not strike him as a sporting proposition. The workers were so easy, so stupid. It was more like slaughtering fat, hand-reared pheasants on the English preserves he had read about. The sport, to him, was in wlaying the successful robbers and taking their spoils from them. The grim Yukon life had failed to make Daylight hard. It required civilization to produce this result. In the fierce, savage game he now played, his habitual gentility imperceptibly slipped away from him, as did his lazy Western drawl.

He still had recrudescences of gentility, but they were largely periodical and forced, and they were usually due to the cocktails he took prior to meals. In the North he had drunk deeply and at irregular intervals; but now his drinking became systematic and disciplined. It was an unconscious development, but it was based upon physical and mental conditions. The cocktails served as an inhibition. Without reasoning or thinking about it, the strain of the office, which was essentially due to the daring and audacity of his ventures, required check or cessation; and he found, through the weeks and months, that the cocktails supplied this very thing. They constituted a stone wall. He never drank during the morning, nor in office hours; but the instant he left the office he proceeded to rear this wall

FIGHTS POSTAGE INCREASE

American Newspaper Publishers' Association Committee Attacks Plan to Double Rates.

Washington.—A warm attack on Hitchcock's plan to increase the second-class postage rates is contained in a bulletin just issued by the postal committee of the American Newspaper Publishers' association. Don C. Seltz of the New York World is chairman of the committee. The bulletin says:

"The extent to which the post office department does not carry second-class matter is well revealed in the following abstract of inquiry of publishers conducted by house committee on expenditures in the post office department (William A. Ashbrook, chairman) concerning the volume, weight and handling of the output of publications entered as mail matter of the second-class for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1911:

"Inquiry was made of all publishers, approximating thirty thousand, of which nearly seventeen thousand are weekly publications.

"More than ten thousand returns were received, embracing sixty-six plus per cent. of all tonnage of publications.

"The publications reporting represent an annual output of more than six and one-half billion copies, the weight of which was one and three-quarter billion pounds.

"These publications delivered by mail in such period weighed 633,012,902 pounds.

"They delivered by their own carriers, newsboys, and news companies 840,468,574 pounds, of which an unascertained percentage was carried to destination by express and other rail shipments outside the mail. They delivered by express, 202,729,510 pounds, and by other rail shipments 121,491,748 pounds. The rate by express and rail varies from 1/4 to 1 cent per pound, but the bulk of these shipments went at a rate of 1/4 to 1/2 cent per pound.

"The post office for the year ending June 30, 1911, handled 951,091,669, and excluding one-half million pounds free in county matter, it received one cent per pound."

"All this goes to add to the absurdity of the proposed Hitchcock legislation doubling the second-class rate from one to two cents per pound, and limiting the 'privilege' to publications that carry as much reading matter as they do advertising.

"The proposition was stupid enough when the postal deficit reached \$17,000,000 two years ago. It becomes preposterous in face of a surplus.

"What business has a transportation corporation, which is all the post office is, to prescribe how a business shall be conducted?"

"Newspapers cannot afford to expand their columns beyond the call of the day's news, nor can they be expected to control the requirements of their advertisers who have a right to reach the public as copiously as they care to.

"It cannot be assumed that such legislation will ever get by congress. But publishers are requested to fight the theory that the right to send their output by mail is a 'privilege.' The figures show it is not.

"The post office is a badly managed business. That is all. We should fight its detraction, its censorship and its inefficiency."

Impacticable Suggestion.

Robert Henri, the artist, was talking at a tea at Sherry's, in New York, about the Latin quarter.

"In the Latin Quarter," he said, "in little streets off the Boulevard des Capucines, I got a good dinner for 15 cents—and even at that there's many a Latin Quarterite goes dinnerless."

Mr. Henri smiled and sighed.

"One spring afternoon," he resumed, "as I was sketching the horses of the green bronze fountain in the Luxembourg Gardens, a youth stopped and talked awhile.

"The spring sunshine on the youth's coat brought out all its shabbiness mercilessly, and I ventured to hint:

"Look here, old chap, why don't you have that coat turned?"

"He smoothed the shabby sleeves ruefully.

"I would," he said, "if it had three sides."

The Connoisseur.

Joseph E. Widener, being congratulated at the Ritz-Carlton in New York on the excellence of his father's pictures, smiled and said:

"Yes, my father has been a discreet collector. He is not like the New York millionaire whom Sargent visited.

"Sargent was taken by this millionaire through a huge gallery of dubious Rembrandts, Titians, Raphaels and Murillos.

"Mr. Sargent," the millionaire said, gazing pompously at the long lines of vast, dingy canvases, "I have decided to leave my pictures to some public institution. What institution would you suggest?"

"I suggest," said Mr. Sargent, "an institution for the blind."

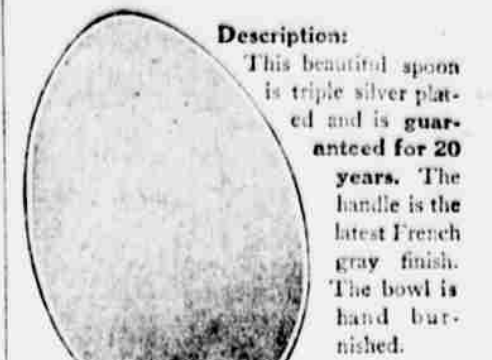
Turn to Wooden Flooring.

The use of wooden flooring is on the increase in Italy, taking the place of the former extensive demand for marble, tiling and cement. Oak, larch and pitch pine are mostly adopted, and but little, if any maple, birch or beech has been brought to the market.

What Was in Her Heart.

"Tell me," he sighed—"tell me, beautiful maiden, what is in your heart?" The girl gave him a look of icy disdain, and then vouchsafed the monosyllable, "Blood!"

Free with Mother's Oats



Description:

This beautiful spoon is triple silver plated and is guaranteed for 20 years. The handle is the latest French gray finish. The bowl is hand burnished.

This advertisement is good for 10 coupons—cut this out and send to us with only 2 more coupons taken from two packages of Mother's Oats and we will send this beautiful 20-year guaranteed spoon free. Only one advertisement accepted from each customer as 10 coupons.

This advertisement will not appear again. Buy two packages of Mother's Oats and secure a sample spoon FREE. Address

Mother's Oats, Chicago

SHE KNEW.



Visitor (examining picture in dining room)—Is that picture one of the old masters?
Hostess—Yes; that's a picture of our cook.

Millions for Anti-Tuberculosis Work.

Money to the amount of over \$14,500,000 was spent in anti-tuberculosis work during the year 1911, according to the third annual statement of expenditures in the war against consumption issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The statement is based largely on reports received from anti-tuberculosis agencies in all parts of the United States.

By far the largest item of expense was that for treatment in sanatoria and hospitals, and for the erection of institutions of this kind, over \$11,800,000 being spent for this purpose alone. Dispensaries for the examination and treatment of tuberculosis spent \$850,000, and associations and committees in their educational campaign against tuberculosis spent \$500,000. The remaining \$1,300,000 was spent for treatment in open-air schools, prisons and hospitals for the insane, and also for the work of state and local boards of health against tuberculosis.

A Pioneer.

"Why was Jonah thrown overboard?"
"I'm not sure, but I've always thought he was the first man to rock a boat."

If a woman still has faith in her husband after reading what the opposition says of him when running for office, her loyalty is the real thing.



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