

BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON

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

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SYNOPSIS.

Elam Harnish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 20th birthday with a crowd of miners at the Circle City. The dance leads to heavy gambling, in which over \$500,000 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 Circle City and is now ready to join his friends in a dash to the new gold fields. Feeding that gold will be found in the upper 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 on 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. They are forced to return their stealings and Harnish goes back to San Francisco where he meets his fate in Dede Mason, a pretty stenographer. He makes large investments and gets into the political ring. For a rest he goes to the country. Daylight gets deeper into big finance in San Francisco, but often the longing for the simple life nearly overcomes him. Dede Mason buys a horse and Daylight meets her in her saddle trip. One day he asks Dede to go with him on one more ride, his purpose being to ask her to marry him, and then to wander away, she trying to analyze her feelings.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

But through it all ran the golden thread of love. At first he had been content just to ride with Dede and to be on comradely terms with her; but the desire and the need for her increased. The more he knew of her, the higher was his appraisal. Had she been reserved and haughty with him, or been merely a giggling, stammering creature of a woman, it would have been different. Instead, she amazed him with her simplicity and wholesomeness, with her great store of comradeliness. The latter was the unexpected. He had never looked upon woman in that way. Woman, the toy; woman, the harp; woman, the necessary wife and mother of the race's offspring—all this had been his expectation and understanding of woman. But woman, the comrade and playfellow and joyfellow—this was what Dede had surprised him in. And the more she became worth while, the more ardently his love burned, unconsciously shading his voice with caresses, and with equal unconsciousness flaring up signal fires in his eyes. Nor was she blind to it, yet, like many women before her, she thought to play with the pretty fire and escape the consequent conflagration.

"Winter will soon be coming on," she said regretfully, and with provocation, one day, "and then there won't be any more riding."

"But I must see you in the winter just the same," he cried hastily.

She shook her head.

"I've been pretty good," he declared.

"I leave it to you if I haven't. It's been pretty hard, too. I can tell you. You just think it over. Not once have I said a word about love to you, and me loving you all the time. That's going some for a man that's used to having his own way. I'm somewhat of a rusher when it comes to traveling. I reckon I'd rush God Almighty if it came to a race over the ice. And yet I didn't rush you. I guess this fact is an indication of how much I do love you. Of course I want you to marry me. Have I said a word about it, though? Nary a chirp, nary a flutter. I've been quiet and good, though it's almost made me sick at times, this keeping quiet. I haven't asked you to marry me. I'm not asking you now. Oh, not but what you satisfy me. I sure know you're the wife for me. But how about myself? Do you know me well enough to know your own mind?" He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know, and I ain't going to take chances on it now. You've got to know for sure whether you think you could get along with me or not, and I'm playing a slow conservative game. I ain't a-going to lose for overlooking my hand."

"This was love-making of a sort beyond Dede's experience. Nor had she ever heard of anything like it.

"So you see," he urged, "just for a square deal we've got to see some more of each other this winter. Most likely your mind ain't made up yet."

"But it is," she interrupted. "I wouldn't dare permit myself to care for you. Happiness, for me, would not lie that way. I like you, Mr. Harnish, and all that, but it can never be more than that."

"It's because you don't like my way of living," he charged, thinking in his own mind of the sensational joy-rides and general profligacy with which the newspapers had credited him—thinking this, and wondering whether or not, in maiden modesty, she would disclaim knowledge of it.

To his surprise, her answer was flat and uncompromising.

"No, I don't."

"I know I've been brash on some of those rides that got into the papers," he began his defence, "and that I've

been traveling with a lively crowd—"

"I don't mean that," she said.

"though I know about it, too, and can't say that I like it. But it is your life in general, your business. There are women in the world who could marry a man like you and be happy, but I couldn't. And the more I cared for such a man, the more unhappy I should be. You see, my unhappiness, in turn, would tend to make him unhappy. I should make a mistake, and he would make an equal mistake, though his would not be so hard on him because he would still have his business."

"Business!" Daylight gasped.

"What's wrong with my business? I play fair and square. There's nothing underhand about it, which can't be said of most businesses, whether of the big corporations or of the cheating, lying, little corner grocery men. I play the straight rules of the game, and I don't have to lie or cheat or break my word."

"Don't you see," he went on, "the whole game is a gamble. Everybody gambles in one way or another. The farmer gambles against the weather and the market on his crops. So does the United States Steel Corporation. The business of lots of men is straight robbery of the poor people. But I've never made that my business. You know that. I've always gone after the robbers."

"I missed my point," she admitted.

"Wait a minute."

And for a space they rode in silence.

"I see it more clearly than I can state it, but it's something like this. There is legitimate work, and there's work that—well, that isn't legitimate. The farmer works the soil and produces grain. He's making something that is good for humanity. He actually, in a way, creates something, the grain that will fill the mouths of the hungry."

"And then the railroads and market-triggers and the rest proceed to rob him of that same grain," Daylight broke in.

"There ain't much difference between playing halfway robber like the railroad hauling that farmer's wheat to market, and playing all robber and robbing the robbers like I do. And, besides, halfway robbery is too slow a game for me to sit in. You don't win quick enough for me."

"But what do you want to win for?" Dede demanded. "You have millions and millions, already; why can't you do good with all your money?"

Daylight laughed.

"Doing good with your money! Ain't it funny, to go around with brass knuckles and a big club breaking folks' heads and taking their money away from them until I've got a pile, and then, repenting of my ways, going around and bandaging up the heads of the other robbers are breaking?"

I leave it to you. That's what doing good with money amounts to. Every once in a while some robber turns soft-hearted and takes to driving an ambulance. That's what Carnegie did. He smashed heads in pitched battles at Homestead, regular wholesale head-breaker he was, held up the suckers for a few hundred million, and now he goes around dribbling it back to them. Funny? I leave it to you."

He rolled a cigarette and watched her half curiously, half amusedly. His replies and harsh generalizations of a harsh school were disconcerting, and she came back to her earlier position.

"I can't argue with you, and you know that. No matter how right a woman is, men have such a way about them—well, what they say sounds most convincing, and yet the woman is still certain they are wrong. But there is one thing, the creative joy; and it's a higher joy than mere gambling. Haven't you ever made things yourself—a log cabin up in the Yukon, or a canoe, or raft, or something? And don't you remember how satisfied you were, how good you felt, while you were doing it and after you had it done?"

While she spoke his memory was busy with the associations she recalled. He saw the deserted flat on the river bank by the Klondike, and he saw the log cabins and warehouses spring up, and all the log structures he had built, and his sawmills working night and day on three shifts.

"Why, dog-gone it, Miss Mason, you're right—in a way. I've built hundreds of houses up there, and I remember I was proud and glad to see them go up. I'm proud now, when I remember them. And there was Ophir—the most God-forsaken moose-pasture of a creek you ever laid eyes on. I made that into the big Ophir. Why, I ran the water in there from the Rinkabilly, eighty miles away. They all said I couldn't, but I did it, and I did it by myself. The dam and the flume cost me four million. But you should have seen that Ophir—power plants, electric lights, and hundreds of men on the pay-roll, working night and day. I guess I do get an inkling of what you mean by making



"I Like You, Mr. Harnish, and That Is All."

a thing. I made Ophir, and she was a hummer."

"And you won something there that was more than mere money," Dede encouraged. "Now do you know what I would do if I had lots of money and simply had to go on playing at business? Take all the southerly and westerly slope of these bare hills. I'd buy them in and plant eucalyptus on them. I'd do it for the joy of doing it anyway; but suppose I had that gambling twist in me which you talk about, why, I'd do it just the same and make money out of the trees. And there's my other point again. Instead of raising the price of coal without adding an ounce of coal to the market supply, I'd be making thousands and thousands of cords of firewood—making something where nothing was before. And everybody who ever crossed on the forries would look up at these forested hills and be made glad. Who was made glad by your adding four dollars a ton to Rock Wells?"

It was Daylight's turn to be silent for a time while she waited an answer.

"Would you rather I did things like that?" he asked at last.

"It would be better for the world, and better for you," she answered non-committally.

CHAPTER XVI.

All week every one in the office knew that something new and big was afoot in Daylight's mind. On Sunday Dede learned all about it.

"I've been thinking a lot of our talk," he began, "and I've got an idea I'd like to give it a flutter. And I've got a proposition to make your hair stand up. It's what you call legitimate. It's the same time it's the gosh-darndest gamble a man ever went into. How about planting minutes wholesale, and making two minutes grow where one minute grew before? Oh, yes, and planting a few trees, too—say several million of them. You remember the quarry I made believe I was looking at? Well, I'm going to buy it. I'm going to buy these hills, too, clear from here around to Berkeley and down the other way to San Leandro. I own a lot of them already, for that matter. But now is the word. I'll be buying a long time to come before anything much is guessed about it, and I don't want the market to jump up out of sight. You see that hill over there. It's my hill running clear down its slopes through Piedmont and halfway along those rolling hills into Oakland. And it's nothing to all the things I'm going to buy."

He paused triumphantly.

"The ferry system between Oakland and San Francisco is the worst one-horse concern in the United States. You cross on it every day, six days in the week. That's say, twenty-five days a month, or three hundred a year. How long does it take you one way? Forty minutes, if you're lucky. I'm going to put you across in twenty minutes. If that ain't making two

minutes now where one grew before, knock off my head with little apples. I'll save you twenty minutes each way. That's forty minutes a day, times three hundred, equal to twelve thousand minutes a year, just for you, just for one person. Let's see: that's two hundred whole hours. Suppose I save two hundred hours a year for thousands of other folks—that's farming some, ain't it? Come on. Let's ride up that hill, and when I get you out on top where you can see something, I'll talk sense."

A small footpath dropped down to the dry bed of the canyon, which they crossed before they began the climb. The slope was steep and covered with matted brush and bushes, through which the horses slipped and lunged. Showers of twigs and leaves fell upon them, and predicament followed predicament, until they emerged on the hilltop the worse for wear but happy and excited. Here no trees obstructed the view. The particular hill on which they were, out-jutted from the regular line of the range, so that the sweep of their vision extended over three-quarters of the circle. Below, on the flat land bordering the bay, lay Oakland, and across the bay was San Francisco. Between the two cities they could see the white ferry-boats on the water. Around to their right was Berkeley, and to their left the scattered villages between Oakland and San Leandro. Directly in the foreground was Piedmont, with its desultory dwellings and patches of farming land, and from Piedmont the land rolled down in successive waves upon Oakland.

"Look at it," said Daylight, extending his arm in a sweeping gesture. "A hundred thousand people there and no reason there shouldn't be half a million. There's the chance to make five people grow where one grows now. Here's the scheme in a nutshell. Why don't more people live in Oakland? No good service with San Francisco, and, besides, Oakland is asleep. It's a whole lot better place to live in than San Francisco. Now, suppose I buy in all the street railways of Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, San Leandro and the rest—bring them under one head with a competent management? Suppose I cut the time to San Francisco one-half by building a big pier out there almost to Goat Island and establishing a ferry system with modern up-to-date boats? Why, folks will want to live over on this side. Very good. They'll need land on which to build. So, first I buy up the land. But the land's cheap now. Why? Because it's in the country, no electric roads, no quick communication, no body guessing that the electric roads are coming. I'll build the roads. That will make the land jump up. Then I'll sell the land as fast as the folks will want to buy because of the improved ferry system and transportation facilities.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Peace is the strongest force there is, but only a few have made the discovery.

SPENDING A FORTUNE TO TELL OTHERS HOW TO GAIN WEALTH

This is a story of how a comfortable little fortune was spent in three weeks: It wasn't squandered, and in its way that fortune put potential wealth into the hands of more than 155,000 persons in Chicago.

To begin at the beginning: When the third Chicago Land Show was being planned the Union and Southern Pacific railroad companies began to plan also how they could attract their share of the hundreds of thousands that would visit the show, to their territory. Many things were discussed—the first being the idea of booths in which to display the products grown along the lines of the railroads.

"That won't do," said Gerritt Fort and Charles S. Fen, passenger traffic managers of the Union and Southern Pacific railroads. "We've got to have something different this year. Last year we showed what our farmers can do. This year we want to show what all of us can do."

Plan to Spend a Fortune.

And right there began the plans for spending this fortune. After a dozen different suggestions had been thrashed out there was evolved the one used, that of having two moving picture palaces built into the Coliseum at Chicago and there showing stereopticon and moving pictures not only of farm life but of town and city life along the Union and Southern Pacific lines.

Twenty thousand dollars was the sum decided upon as necessary to make the display. The space at the Coliseum that was allotted to the railroads was put in the hands of a mov-

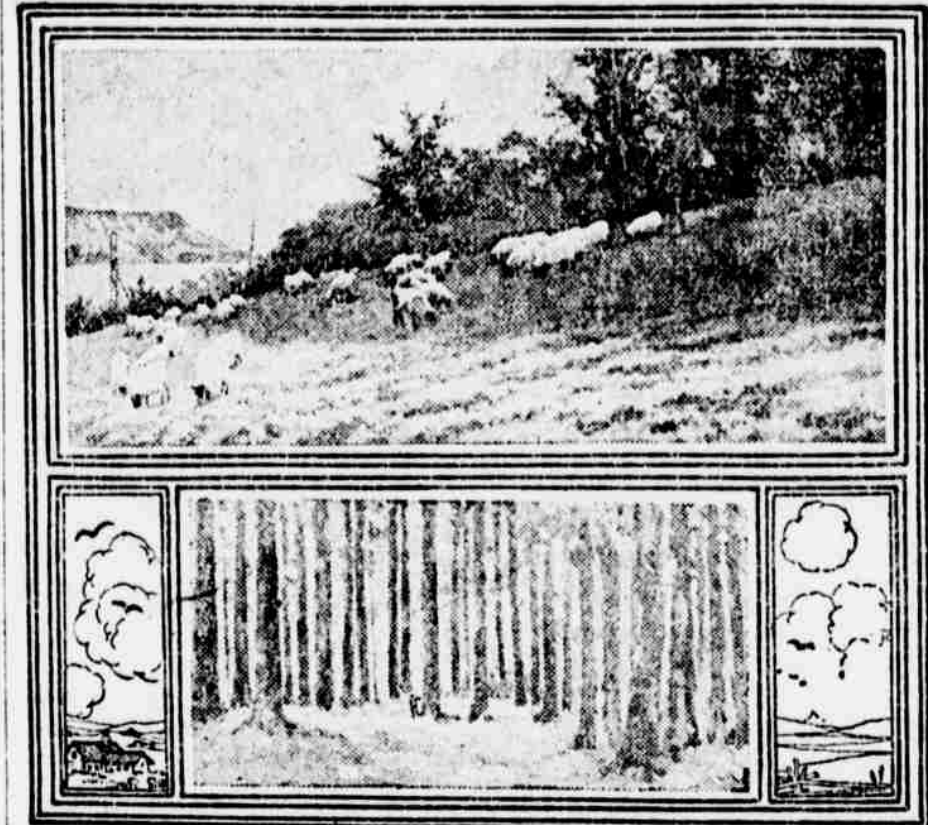
given in the two theaters in the 22 days the Land Show was open—or an average of 23 lectures a day. Thirty different men and women from different parts of the country sent out the call for their particular sections; each presenting in his or her own way the advantages to be derived from residing there.

Governor's day at the Land Show was November 28, and on that day the Union-Southern Pacific companies threw open their theaters to the governors of ten western states, welcomed them there, and it was there that the messages of these states were told to Chicago. Other distinguished visitors were invited, and they also talked to thousands. On the special days of the states represented at the exposition the programs were given, as a usual thing, in one of these theaters.

Men stood at each door of the two theaters all day long with counters in their hands, and every person that entered was ticked off on the little watch-like machines they held. At the end of each day the total was taken from each and they were set back to zero again ready for the next day. In this way accurate count was kept of the 155,000 men, women and children who were told the message of the west.

Message Straight to Hearts.

"We found that we sent our message straight into the hearts of the land hungry," said an official of the railroads who was present during the land show. "They came into our little theaters with their eyes and feet



ing picture architect—a specialist in the designing and building of motion picture houses—and he was told to go ahead and build two of the best ones he ever planned.

The result more than repaid the planners. When the theaters were turned over to the railroads they were fully up to expectations. The entrances to foyer of the two was from the main body of the Coliseum and the two wide doorways were brilliantly lighted with electric signs. The foyer ran the full length of the Coliseum Annex and was wide. Under foot was a soft carpet, and on the walls were scenes of farm and home life in the west.

Theaters Are Resting Place.

The theaters themselves also were reached by two broad doorways each. Inside they were carpeted and fitted with comfortable wide armed opera chairs that furnished the grateful resting place to the thousands that had been "looking around" in the big Coliseum and standing about on the concrete floors until their feet ached. The walls of the theaters also were covered with paintings of western scenes. In addition to the farm scenes were views of several of the immense irrigation projects, and a number of the scenic wonders of the world.

The "cages" for the moving picture operators were fireproof, so that in case of accident no flame could reach out into the body of the house. The ceilings of the two halls were beamed and paneled and the interior decorations were equal to those of any theater in Chicago. In the front of each room was the platform on which the lecturers stood, and to the left of this was the screen on which the pictures were thrown. This was one huge sheet without seam to mark or mar it, and the reflections cast were as clear as it was possible to make them.

Five Hundred Lectures Given.
Five hundred and six lectures were

tired from the sights they had seen and the hard floor they had tramped. They sank down into our comfortable seats, rested their feet on our padded floor, and just listened. Then when the lights were lowered and the beautifully colored stereopticon pictures were thrown on the screen, their eyes were rested by the soft colors of the flowers, the waving grass and the handsome homes shown there. In the motion pictures they were shown the methods of farming, the scenic wonders of our lines, and the many cities which we reach. Altogether, I believe that we reached the people in this way better than we could in any other."

Thousands Get Literature.

As the throngs passed from the theaters after each lecture they were sent out through the front of the rooms, into a wide hallway between the auditoriums. On one side of this hallway was a long counter where literature descriptive of the Union-Southern Pacific territory was handed them and tens of thousands also registered their names and addresses. These will be turned over to the communities in the railroads' territory for their benefit in order that they may get into direct touch with persons seeking new homes.

The cost of space, fitting up and operating the two theaters was a heavy one, and at the end of the 22 days of the exposition the men behind the exhibit discovered that their little fortune of \$20,000 had been spent.

With the close of the land show workmen tore out all the handsome paintings, and the chairs and other comfortable fittings, and within a few hours nothing was left except that which the railroad men wanted—the memory, planted deep in the minds of tens of thousands of persons, of their part of the West and its opportunities.

Another Duty.

"You are my wife's social secretary?" he asks of the beautiful creature who is seated at the small desk in the study. "Yes, sir," she smiles. "I am supposed to take Mrs. Blirrup's place in as many social details as possible."

"Well—er—she doesn't seem to be coming downstairs this morning, and it has always been her custom to kiss me good-by when I start for the office."—Judge.

The true man is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious word, nor take an evil path to secure a good purpose.—Scott.

Most people look at trouble through a microscope.

Damp One.

Mrs. Suburbs—I'm going down cellar. Suburbs—Well, bon voyage.—Harper's Bazar.

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