

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 25th 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 Circle City and is now ready to join his friends in a dash to the new gold fields. Deciding that gold will be found in the upper district, he declares will be worth its weight in gold, but when he arrives with his flour he finds the log flat desolate. A contractor 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 seven 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 cowed, return their scalings 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 high finance in San Francisco, but often longing for the simple life, nearly overcomes him. Dede Mason buys a horse and Daylight meets her in her saddle trips. One day he asks Dede to go with him on one more ride, his purpose being to ask her to marry him and they enter away, she trying to analyze her feelings. Dede tells Daylight that her happiness could not lie with a money manipulator. Daylight undertakes to build up a great industrial community. He is insistent that she marry him and yet hopes to win her. Daylight falls back into his old drinking ways. There is a flurry in the money market.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"Dede, if I tell you, flat and straight, that I'm going up to live on that ranch at Glen Ellen, that I ain't taking a cent with me, that I'm going to scratch for every bite I eat, and that I ain't going to play any card at the business game again, will you come along with me?"

She gave a glad little cry, and he nestled her in closely. But the next moment she had thrust herself out from him to the old position at arm's length.

"How is this possible? How can you leave your business? Has anything happened?"

"No, nothing's happened yet, but it's going to, blame quick. I've taken your preaching to heart, and I've come to the penitent form. I've taken my last drink. You're marrying a whisky-soak, but your husband won't be that. He's going to grow into another man so quick you won't know him. A couple of months from now, up there in Glen Ellen, you'll wake up some morning and find you've got a perfect stranger in the house with you, and you'll have to get introduced to him all over again. You'll say, 'I'm Mrs. Harnish, who are you?' And I'll say, 'I'm Elam Harnish's younger brother. I've just arrived from Alaska to attend the funeral.' 'What funeral?' you'll say. And I'll say, 'Why the funeral of that good-for-nothing, gambling, whisky-drinking Burning Daylight—the man that died of fatty degeneration of the heart from sitting in night and day at the business game.' 'Yes, ma'am, I'll say, he's sure a gone coon, but I've come to take his place and make you happy. And now, ma'am, if you'll allow me, I'll just measure down to the pasture and milk the cow while you're getting breakfast.'"

"But you haven't answered my questions," she reproached him, as she emerged, rosy and radiant, from the embrace that had accompanied the culmination of his narrative.

"Now just what do you want to know?" he asked.

"I want to know how all this is possible? How you are able to leave



"Dear Elam," She Whispered, "Dear Elam."

your business at a time like this? What you meant by saying that something was going to happen quickly?"

"Let's go and get married," he urged, at the whimsicality of his utterance

duplicate in his eyes. "I've been working like forty horses ever since this blamed panic set in, and all the time some of those ideas you'd given me were getting ready to sprout. Well, they sprouted this morning, that's all. I knew I wanted to ride in the hills with you just about thirty million times more than I wanted to go to the office. And I knew all the time it was impossible. And why? Because of the office. The office wouldn't let me. And then I made up my mind that I was to the dividing of the ways. One way led to the office. The other way led to Berkeley. And I took the Berkeley road. I'm never going to set foot in the office again. That's all gone, finished, over and done with, and I'm letting it slide clean to smash and then some. I'm wiping the slate clean. I'm letting it all go smash. When them thirty million dollars stood up to my face and said I couldn't go out with you in the hills today, I knew the time had come for me to put my foot down. And I'm putting it down. I've got you, and my strength to work for you, and that little ranch in Sonoma. That's all I want, and that's all I'm going to save out, along with Bob and Wolf, a suit case and a hundred and forty hair brushes. All the rest goes, and good riddance. It's that much junk."

A knock at the door interrupted him, and he was left to stare delightedly at the Crouched Venus and on around the room at Dede's dainty possessions, while she answered the telephone.

"It is Mr. Hegan," she said, on returning. "He is holding the line. He says it is important."

Daylight shook his head and smiled. "Please tell Mr. Hegan to hang up. I'm done with the office and I don't want to hear anything about anything."

A minute later she was back again. "He refuses to hang up. He told me to tell you that Unwin is in the office now, waiting to see you, and Harrison, too. Mr. Hegan said that Grimshaw and Hodgkins are in trouble. That it looks as if they are going to break. And he said something about protection."

It was startling information. Both Unwin and Harrison represented big banking corporations, and Daylight knew that if the house of Grimshaw and Hodgkins went it would precipitate a number of failures and start a flurry of serious dimensions. But Daylight smiled, and shook his head.

He caught her by the hand and drew her to him.

"You let Hegan hang on to that line till he's tired. We can't be wasting a second on him on a day like this."

"But I know something of the fight you have been making," Dede contended. "If you stop now, all the work you have done, everything, will be destroyed. You have no right to do it. You can't do it."

Daylight was obdurate. He shook his head and smiled tantalizingly. "Nothing will be destroyed, Dede, nothing. You don't understand this business game. It's done on paper. All I stand for is paper. I've got the paper for thousands of acres of land. All right. Burn up the paper, and burn me along with it. The land remains, don't it? Nothing is going to be lost—not one pile out of the docks, not one railroad spike, not one ounce of steam out of the gauge of a ferry-boat. The cars will go on running, whether I hold the paper or somebody else holds it."

By this time Hegan had arrived in an automobile. The honk of it came in through the open window, and they saw it stop alongside the big red machine. In the car were Unwin and Harrison, while Jones sat with the chauffeur.

"I'll see Hegan," Daylight told Dede. "There's no need for the rest. They can wait in the machine."

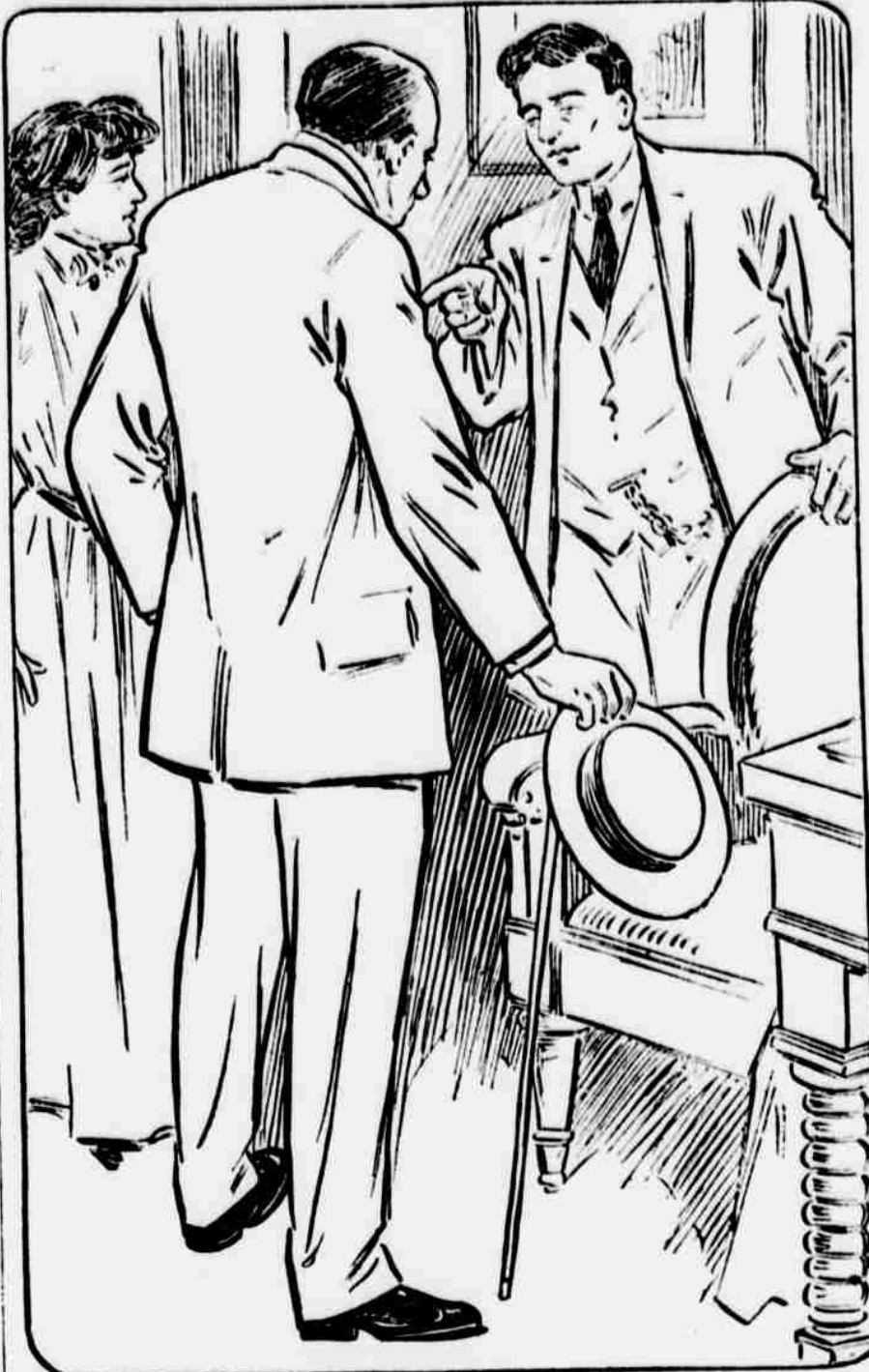
"Is he drunk?" Hegan whispered to Dede at the door.

She shook her head and showed him in.

"Good morning, Larry," was Daylight's greeting. "Sit down and rest your feet. You sure seem to be in a flutter."

"I am," the little Irishman snapped back. "Grimshaw and Hodgkins are going to smash if something isn't done quick. Why didn't you come to the office? What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," Daylight drawled lazily. "Except let them smash. I guess. I've had no dealings with Grimshaw and Hodgkins. I don't owe them anything. Besides, I'm going to smash myself. Look here, Larry, you know me. You know when I make up my mind I mean it. Well, I've sure made up my mind. I'm tired of the whole game. I'm letting go of it as fast as I can, and a smash is the quickest way to let go. All you've got to do is to protect yourself and all our friends. Now you listen to me while I tell you what to do. Everything is in good shape to do it. Nobody must get hurt. Everybody that stood by me must come through without damage. All the back



"Use a Different Tone of Voice, or You'll Be Heading for a Hospital."

wages and salaries must be paid pronto. All the money I've switched away from the water company, the street cars, and the ferries must be switched back. And you won't get hurt yourself none. Every company you got stock in will come through."

"What have you done to him?" Hegan snarled at Dede.

"Hold on there, Larry." For the first time Daylight's voice was sharp, while all the old lines of cruelty in his face stood forth. "Miss Mason is going to be my wife, and while I don't mind your talking to her all you want, you've got to use a different tone of voice or you'll be heading for a hospital, which will sure be an unexpected sort of smash. And let me tell you one other thing. This is all my doing. She says I'm crazy, too."

Dede stepped forward where she confronted the two men.

"Wait," she said. "I want to say something. Elam, if you do this insane thing, I won't marry you. I refuse to marry you."

Hegan, in spite of his misery, gave her a quick, grateful look.

"I'll take my chance on that," Daylight said. "And now, Larry, you'd better be going. I'll be at the hotel in a little while, and since I'm not going to step into the office again, bring all papers to sign and the rest over to my rooms. And you can get me on the phone there any time. This smash is going through. Savvy? I'm quit and done."

He turned to Dede as soon as Hegan was gone, and took her by the hand.

"And now, little woman, you needn't come to the office any more. Consider yourself discharged."

"I'd cry, if I thought it would do any good," she threatened.

"In which case I reckon I'd have to hold you in my arms some more and sort of soothe you down," he threatened back.

As he stood at the top of the steps, leaving, she said:—

"You needn't send those men. There will be no packing, because I am not going to marry you."

"I'm not a bit scared," he answered, and went down the steps.

CHAPTER XX.

Three days later, Daylight rode to Berkeley in his red car. It was for the last time, for on the morrow the big machine passed into another's possession. It had been a strenuous three days, for his smash had been the biggest the panic had precipitated in California. The papers had been filled with it, and a great cry of indignation had gone up from the very men who later found that Daylight had fully protected their interests. It was these facts, coming slowly to light, that gave rise to the widely repeated charge that Daylight had gone insane. It was the unanimous conviction among business men that no sane man could possibly behave in such fashion. On the other hand, neither his prolonged steady drinking nor his affair with Dede became public, so

the only conclusion attainable was that the wild financier from Alaska had gone lunatic. And Daylight had grinned and confirmed the suspicion by refusing to see the reporter. He halted the automobile before Dede's door, and met her with his same rushing tactics, enclosing her in his arms before a word could be uttered.

"I've done it," he announced. "You've seen the newspapers, of course. I'm plumb cleaned out, and I've just called around to find out what day you feel like starting for Glen Ellen. It'll have to be soon, for it's real expensive living in Oakland these days. My board at the hotel is only paid to the end of the week, and I can't afford to stay on after that. And beginning with tomorrow I've got to use the street cars, and they sure eat up the nickels."

He paused, and waited, and looked at her. Indecision and trouble showed on her face. Then the smile he knew so well began to grow on her lips and in her eyes, until she threw back her head and laughed in the old forthright boyish way.

"When are those men coming to pack for me?" she asked.

And again she laughed and simulated a vain attempt to escape his bear-like arms.

"Dear Elam," she whispered, "dear Elam." And of herself, for the first time, she kissed him.

"Now, I've got an idea," Daylight said. "We're running away from cities, and you have no kith nor kin, so it don't seem exactly right that we should start off by getting married in a city. So here's the idea: I'll run up to the ranch and get things in shape around the house and give the caretaker his walking papers. You follow me in a couple of days, coming on the morning train. I'll have the preacher fixed and waiting. And here's another idea. You bring your riding togs in a suit case. And as soon as the ceremony's over, you can go to the hotel and change. Then you come, and you find me waiting with a couple of horses, and we'll ride over the landscape so as you can see the prettiest parts of the ranch the first thing. And she's sure pretty, that ranch. And now that it's settled, I'll be waiting for you at the morning train day after tomorrow."

Dede blushed as she spoke. "You are such a hurricane."

"Well, ma'am," he drawled, "I sure hate to burn daylight. And you and I have burned a heap of daylight. We've been scandalously extravagant. We might have been married years ago."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Race Between Man and Horse.

At Dublin yesterday a large crowd witnessed a ten-mile race on a grass track between Michael Horan's trotting mare Kathleen and P. Fagan, the pedestrian.

Fagan received 18 minutes' allowance and covered three miles one furlong in that time. He was caught 700 yards from the tape and beaten by 300 yards in 53 minutes 58 seconds.—London Daily Mail.

COUNTY GETS MONEY

WYMORE FARMERS ON THE WAY TO CANADA.

NEWS FROM OVER THE STATE

What is Going on Here and There That is of Interest to the Readers Throughout Nebraska and Vicinity.

Freemont.—An inheritance tax aggregating \$6,097 will be paid into the treasury of Dodge county by the heirs of Mark M. Coad of Freemont, Lincoln and Wyoming. The total value of the property in the state has been figured out to be \$436,023. St. James orphanage in Omaha, to which Coad bequeathed the sum of \$28,000, will pay the largest tax.

Have Gone to Canada. Wymore.—Five farmers of this vicinity are on their way to Canada to begin farming either on rented land or land they have recently purchased. Each has a carload of machinery and personal effects. They are John Maw, Ralph Mount, Walter Earnhardt and Chas. Gates of Liberty, and Len Draper of Hoax.

Raising a College Fund. Tekamah.—Miss Helen Cornelius, "The Popcorn Girl" known all along the line of the Minneapolis & Omaha railroad, is a thirteen-year-old girl in the seventh grade at school here who is now raising a college fund which she may use a few years hence after she finishes high school. She already has \$100 to her credit in the bank.

Temple for Masonic Bodies. Lincoln.—Local Masonic orders have decided to erect a \$100,000 temple on the site of their present rooms, and construction work upon the building will begin just as soon as plans can be submitted and accepted.

Geneva.—Claude Ough camp No. 9, United Spanish War Veterans, has been organized here with nineteen charter members, and splendid prospects for growth.

NEWS FROM THE STATE HOUSE.

Governor Aldrich will deliver the memorial address to the old soldiers at Talmage on May 30.

The Lincoln Commercial club has been invited to send delegates to the conference at Washington in April to consider the establishment of a national board of trade.

J. A. Pipor, secretary of the state board of charities and corrections, says the greatest correctional need of Nebraska is a state reformatory for young convicts and a state parole officer to look after paroled convicts.

Land Commissioner Cowles has refused to approve a bill sent in from the Milford home for ten gallons of bed bug poison at \$2 per gallon. The state has been buying an insect exterminator for \$1.25 per gallon for other institutions.

It is understood at the capitol that an order will soon be made by Governor Aldrich to Warden Delahanty of the state penitentiary directing that women and girls shall not hereafter be admitted to Sunday services attended by the convicts.

The Nebraska state board of health has succeeded in renewing reciprocal relations with the South Dakota board, whereby physicians who are examined and licensed by the Nebraska board may be admitted to corresponding privileges in South Dakota without further examination.

The monthly report of State Treasurer George shows that there is \$120,748.68 of trust funds that are now uninvested. The balance in all funds on hand the first of February was \$686,630.27, and at the close of the month the balance was \$618,624.48. Of this amount, \$611,942.66 is on deposit in depository banks and \$6,681.82 is cash on hand.

The state board of public lands and buildings will buy a triangular piece of land about one-eighth of an acre adjoining the present lands of the state tubercular hospital at Kearney. The land will be purchased of F. M. Gilchrist and will give an almost square shape to the present holdings at that institution. By the purchase a frontage on the public highway is also obtained.

Governor Aldrich has appointed J. H. Riffe of Hastings a member of the state board of optometry to succeed Fritz Hoefler of Aurora. The appointment is to take effect July 1.

Dean Charles E. Bessey has been appointed chairman of the committee on education of the national conservation congress. Other members of the committee are President Alderman of the University of Virginia, President Craighead of the University of New Orleans, and State Superintendent Fairchild of Kansas.

Railway Commissioner Winnett spent several days at Lexington, where he took testimony in a complaint brought by citizens of the place against the Union Pacific railroad. It dealt with the practice of stopping trains on the second track from the depot and compelling passengers to get off on the far side. This was alleged to be a discrimination against Lexington, inasmuch as the company allows people to dismount on the near side or between the tracks, at Columbus, Grand Island, Fremont and elsewhere.

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Stingy Thing. She—Oh, I have no doubt you love me; but your love lacks the supreme touch—unselfishness.

He—What makes you say that? She—You admit it. You want me for yourself alone, you say.

Making Good. "Sire," expostulated Nero's confidential adviser, "what do you propose to do to rehabilitate this burning city of Rome so that its inhabitants will not hold the devastating conflagration against you?"

"Oh, fiddle!" retorted Nero. Which he did.

Retort to the Point. Dr. Mary Walker, who long dressed in men's attire, had been lecturing in a certain small country town. As she walked down the main street one afternoon an impudent urchin called after her:

"Say, are you the Mary that had a little lamb?"

"No," answered Dr. Walker, "but your mother had a little jackass."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Mixed Bed Orders. A local doctor once sent his man with a box of pills to a patient, and a hamper containing six live pullets to be left at the house of a friend. Unluckily the messenger bungled over his errand, and took the hamper to the patient and the pills to his master's friends. Imagine the consternation of the patient on receiving along with the fowls the following prescription:

"Two of these to be swallowed every half hour."

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