

BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON
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"WHITE FANG" "MARTIN EDEN," ETC.

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SYNOPSIS.

Elam Harnish, known all through Alaska as Burning Daylight, celebrates his 50th birthday with a crowd of miners at the Circle City Tivoli. 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 sleighs, telling his friends that he will be in the big Yukon gold strikes at the start. Burning Daylight makes a sensational return 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 rescues 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. They are cowed, return their holdings and Harnish goes back to San Francisco where he meets his fate in Dede Mason, a pretty stenographer. He makes large investments and goes into the political ring. For a rest he goes to the country. Daylight gets deeper into high 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 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 center away, she trying to analyze her captives. Dede tells Daylight that her happiness could not be with a money manipulator. Daylight undertakes to build up a great industrial community.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

She led the way through the door opening out of the hall to the right, and, once inside, he stood awkwardly rooted to the floor, gazing about him, and at her and all the time trying not to gaze. In his perturbation he failed to hear and see her invitation to a seat.

"Won't you sit down?" she repeated. "Look here," he said, in a voice that shook with passion, "there's one thing I won't do, and that's propose to you in the office. That's why I'm here. Dede Mason, I want you, I just want you."

So precipitate was he, that she had barely time to cry out her involuntary alarm and to step back, at the same time catching one of his hands as he attempted to gather her into his arms.

"Oh, I know I'm a sure enough fool," he said. "I-I guess I'll sit down. Don't be scared, Miss Mason. I'm not real dangerous."

"I'm not afraid," she answered, with a smile, slipping down herself into a chair.

"It's funny," Daylight sighed, almost with regret; "here I am, strong enough to bend you around and the knots in you. Here I am, used to having my will with man, beast or anything. And here I am sitting in this chair, as weak and helpless as a little lamb. You sure take the starch out of me."

"I-I wish you hadn't asked," she said softly.

"Mebbe it's best you should know a few things before you give me an answer," he went on, ignoring the fact that the answer had already been given. "I never went after a woman before in my life. All reports to the



His Arms Went About Her and Held Her Closely.

contrary notwithstanding. The stuff you read about me in the papers and books, about me being a lady-killer, is all wrong. There's not a lot of truth in it. I guess I've done more than my share of card-playing and whiskey-drinking, but women I've let alone. There was a woman that killed herself, but I didn't know she wanted me that bad or else I'd have married her—not for love, but to keep her from killing herself. She was the best of the bolting, but I never gave her any encouragement. I'm telling you all this because you've read about it, and I want you to get it straight from me.

"I can't marry you," she said. "I like you a great deal, but—" He waited a moment for her to complete the sentence, failing which, he went on himself.

"I haven't an exaggerated opinion of myself, so I know I ain't bragging when I say I'll make a pretty good husband. You could follow your own sweet will, and nothing would be too good for you. I'd give you everything your heart desired."

"Except yourself," she interrupted suddenly, almost sharply. "Don't you see?" she hurried on. "I could have far easier married the Elam Harnish fresh from Klondike when I first laid eyes on him long ago, than marry you sitting before me now."

He shook his head slowly.

"That's one for me. The more you know and like a man the less you want to marry him. Familiarity breeds contempt—I guess that's what you mean."

"No, no," she cried, but before she could continue, a knock came on the door.

His eyes, quick with observation like an Indian's, darted about the room while she was out. The impression of warmth and comfort and beauty predominated, though he was unable to analyze it; while the simplicity delighted him—expensive simplicity, he decided, and most of it left-overs from the time her father went broke and died.

She re-entered the room, and as she crossed it to her chair, he admired the way she walked, while the bronze slippers were maddening.

"I'd like to ask you several questions," he began immediately. "Are you thinking of marrying somebody else?"

"There isn't anybody else. I don't know anybody I like well enough to marry. For that matter, I don't think I'm a marrying woman. Office work seems to spoil me for that."

"It strikes me that you're the most marryingest woman that ever made a man sit up and take notice. And now another question. You see, I've just got to locate the lay of the land. Is there anybody you like as much as you like me?"

But Dede had herself well in hand. "That's unfair," she said. "And if you stop and consider, you will find that you are doing the very thing you disclaimed—namely, nagging. I refuse to answer any more of your questions. Let us talk about other things. How is Dede?"

Half an hour later, whirling along through the rain on Telegraph Avenue toward Oakland, Daylight smoked one of his brown-paper cigarettes and reviewed what had taken place. It was not at all bad, was his summing up, though there was much about it that was baffling. There was that liking him the more she knew him and at the same time wanting to marry him less. That was a puzzle.

Once again, on a rainy Sunday, weeks afterward, Daylight proposed to Dede. As on the first time, he restrained himself until his hunger for her overwhelmed him and swept him away in his red automobile to Berkeley. He left the machine several blocks away and proceeded to the house on foot. But Dede was out, the landlady's daughter told him, and added, on second thought, that she was walking in the hills. Furthermore, the young lady directed him where Dede's walk was most likely to extend.

Daylight obeyed the girl's instructions, and soon the street he followed passed the last house and itself ceased where began the first steep slopes of the open hills. The air was damp with the on-coming of rain, for the storm had not yet burst, though the rising wind proclaimed its imminence. As far as he could see, there was no sign of Dede on the smooth, grassy hills. To the right, dipping down into a hollow and rising again, was a large, full-grown eucalyptus grove. Here all was noise and movement, the lofty, slender-trunked trees swaying back and forth in the wind and clashing their branches together. In the squalls, above all the minor noises of cracking and groaning, arose a deep thrumming note as of a mighty harp. Knowing Dede as he did, Daylight was confident that she would find her somewhere in this grove where the storm effects were so pronounced. And find her he did, across the hollow and on the exposed crest of the opposing slope where the gale snote its fiercest blows.

"It's the same old thing," he said. "I want you and I've come for you. You've just got to have me, Dede, for the more I think about it the more certain I am that you've got a sneaking liking for me that's something more than just ordinary liking. And you don't dare say that it isn't; now, dast you?"

"Please, please," she begged. "We can never marry, so don't let us discuss it."

Daylight decided that action was more efficient than speech. So he stepped between her and the wind and drew her so that she stood close in the shelter of him. An unusually stiff squall blew about them and

Tim Sullivan's Land Tax

Big Politician Has Scheme to Reduce Congestion in New York Tenement Districts.

Big Tim Sullivan has been looking about a bit in his Bowery kingdom, and as a consequence the brainiest man in Tammany has hammered out a land tax system, which he believes will reduce the congestion in the tenement districts, a New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star writes. "People in my district sleep three and four to the room," said he, "and many of the rooms have never had a ray of sunlight in them. They have to live that way because the rent is so high. The tenement owner who is willing to tear down his old building and put up a new one, with sunlight in every window and a bath in every flat, is afraid to do so, because he knows that his taxes would go skyrocketing up. The poor devils who rent his flats would in the end pay for that higher rate of taxation. Every eighth child born in New York city dies be-



"Dede Mason, I Want You, I Just Want You."

thrummed overhead in the tree-tops, and both paused to listen. A shower of flying leaves enveloped them, and hard on the heel of the wind came driving drops of rain. He looked down on her and on her hair, wind-blown about her face; and because of her closeness to him and of a fresher and more poignant realization of what she meant to him, he trembled so that she was aware of it in the hand that held hers. She suddenly leaned against him, bowing her head until it rested lightly upon his breast. And so they stood while another squall, with flying leaves and scattered drops of rain, rattled past. With equal suddenness she lifted her head and looked at him.

"Do you know," she said, "I prayed last night about you. I prayed that you would fall, that you would lose everything—everything."

Daylight stared at his amazement at this cryptic utterance.

"That sure beats me. I always said I got out of my depth with women, and you've got me out of my depth now. Well, you've just got to explain that, that's all."

His arms went around her and held her closely, and this time she did not resist. Her head was bowed, and he could not see her face, yet he had a premonition that she was crying. He had learned the virtue of silence, and he waited her will in the matter.

Things had come to such a pass that she was bound to tell him something now. Of that he was confident.

"I would dearly like to marry you," she faltered, "but I am afraid, I am proud and humble at the same time that a man like you should care for me. But you have too much money. There's where my abominable common sense steps in. Even if we did marry, you could never be my man—my lover and my husband. You would be your money's man. I know I am a foolish woman, but I want my man for myself. And your money destroys you; it makes you less and less nice. I am not ashamed to say that I love you, because I shall never marry you. And I loved you much when I did not know you at all, when you first came down from Alaska and I first went into the office. You were my hero. You were the Burning Daylight of the gold-diggings, the daring traveler and miner. And you looked it. I don't see how any woman could have looked at you without loving you—then. But you don't look it now. You, a man of the open, have been cooping yourself up in the cities

with all that that means. You are becoming something different, something not so healthy, not so clean, not so nice. Your money and your way of life are doing it. You know it. You have the same body now that you had then. You are putting on flesh, and it is not healthy flesh. You are kind and gentle with me, I know, but you are not kind and gentle to all the world as you were then. You have become harsh and cruel. I do love you, but I cannot marry you and destroy love. You are growing into a thing that I must in the end despise. You can't help it. More than you can possibly love me, do you love this business game. This business—and it's all perfectly useless, so far as you are concerned—claims all of you. I sometimes think it would be easier to share you equitably with another woman than to share you with this business. I might have half of you, at any rate. But this business would claim, not half of you, but nine-tenths of you, or ninety-nine hundredths. You hold back nothing; you put all you've got into whatever you are doing—"

"Limit is the sky," he grunted grim affirmation.

"But if you would only play the lover-husband that way. And now I won't say another word," she added. "I've delivered a whole sermon."

She rested now, frankly and fairly, in the shelter of his arms, and both were oblivious to the gale that rushed past them in quicker and stronger blasts. The big downpour of rain had not yet come, but the mist-like squalls were more frequent. Daylight was openly perplexed, and he was still perplexed when he began to speak.

"You've left me no argument. I know I'm not the same man that came from Alaska. I couldn't hit the trail with the dogs as I did in them days. I'm soft in my muscles, and my mind's gone hard. I used to respect men. I despise them now. You see, I spent all my life in the open, and I reckon I'm an open-air man. Why, I've got the prettiest little ranch you ever laid eyes on up in Glen Ellen. That's where I got stuck for the brick-yard. You recollect handling the correspondence. I only laid eyes on the ranch that one time, and I so fell in love with it that I bought it there and then. I just rode around the hills, and was happy as a kid out of school. I'd be a better man living in the country. The city doesn't make me better. You're plumb right there. I know it. But suppose your prayer should be answered and I'd go clean broke and have to work for day's wages? Suppose I had nothing left but that little ranch, and was satisfied to grow a few chickens and scratch a living somehow—would you marry me then, Dede?"

"Why, we'd be together all the time!" she cried.

Then was the moment, among the trees, ere they began the descent of the hill, that Daylight might have drawn her closely to him and kissed her once. But he was too perplexed with the new thoughts she had put into his head to take advantage of the situation. He merely caught her by the arm and helped her over the rougher footing. At the edge of the grove he suggested that it might be better for them to part there, but she insisted that he accompany her as far as the house.

"Do you know," he said, "taking it by and large, it's the happiest day of my life. Dede, Dede, we've just got to get married. It's the only way, and trust to luck for it's coming out all right."

But the tears were threatening to rise in her eyes again, as she shook her head and turned and went up the steps.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHY PEOPLE GO TO CANADA

Those who are wondering why the number of Americans going to Canada year by year increases in the rates that it does, would not be so surprised were they to accompany one of the numerous excursions that are being run under the auspices of the Government from several of the states, and remain with the settler until he gets onto the free homesteads, which, as stated by Speaker Champ Clark, in the U. S. senate the other day, comprises 160 acres of the most fertile soil and with remarkably easy settlement conditions. Then watch the results, whether it be on the free homestead of 160 acres or on land which he may purchase at from \$15, to \$20, per acre fully as good as the \$100, and \$150, per acre land of his native state, and which his means will not permit his purchasing. On the part of the members of the U. S. Senate and Congress there is nothing but praise for Canada. Canadian laws and Canadian lands although the reasonable desire is shown in their remarks, that they pass legislation, (which is very praiseworthy) that will make the land laws of the United States much easier.

It is the success of the American settler in Canada that attracts others, and when experiences such as the following are related to the friend "back home" it is any wonder that increased interest is aroused and a determination arrived at, to participate in the new-found way up in Canada that means wealth and health and all that accompanies it.

William Johnston, who formerly lived at Alexandria, Minn., settled in the Alberg District near Battle River and in writing to one of the Canadian Government agents, located in the United States says: "We have had no failures of crops during our nine years in Canada. I threshed 1208 bushels of wheat and 1083 bushels of oats in 1911, off my 160 acres. This is a beautiful country. I keep six good work horses and milk seven cows, getting good prices for butter and eggs. We get our coal for \$2.00 per ton at the mine, about one mile from the farm. Am about one and a half miles from a fine school. As for the cold weather it is much milder here than in Minnesota, where I lived for 21 years. Our well is 35 feet deep and we have fine water. Wild land is selling for \$18. to \$25. per acre. Improved farms are much higher. I am well satisfied with the country, and would not sell unless I got a big price, as we have all done well here."

Good reasons to account for the number going to Canada.

Something the Matter, Anyhow. Little Harold lives in Broad Ripple. His mother got him ready for bed one cold night, and to be sure he would be warm enough during the night she took extra precautions, relates the Indianapolis News. After she had put on his little fuzzy pajamas she tucked him carefully in between the wool blankets. Then to make doubly sure she got a hot water bottle for him—and the youngster was apparently as snug as could be, with only his little nose sticking out from beneath the covers. When his mother had finished the tucking-in job she turned down the light. Soon the entire family was in bed. But Harold is like most youngsters. He loves his mother, and wishes lots of attention. So in his child mind he figured out a way to get her to his bed.

"Mamma," he wailed. "I'm cold!" "Nonsense, son!" replied the mother, but she never made a move to go to his rescue.

The Little Boy tried the opposite. "Well, I'm too hot, then!" he yelled. The Mother's Chest. Bobby—This sailor must have been a bit of an acrobat. Mamma—Why, dear? Bobby—Because the book says, "Having lit his pipe, he sat down on his chest."—Sated Heart Review.

The Ideal. Mother—When he went to kiss you, why didn't you call me? Daughter—Why, ma, I never imagined that you wanted him to kiss you.

Why Should a Chicken Lay a Soft-Shelled Egg?

Because, Willie, the chicken don't know how to create a hard-shelled egg unless it has some food with lime in it.

So chicken-raisers often provide limestone gravel, broken oyster shells or some other form of lime.

Let the chicken wander free and it finds its own food and behaves sensibly.

Shut it up and feed stuff lacking lime and the eggs are soft-shelled.

Let's step from chickens to human beings.

Why is a child "backward" and why does a man or woman have nervous prostration or brain-fag? There may be a variety of reasons but one thing is certain.

If the food is deficient in Phosphate of Potash the gray matter in the nerve centres and brain cannot be rebuilt each day to make good the cells broken down by the activities of yesterday.

Phosphate of Potash is the most important element Nature demands to unite albumin and water to make gray matter.

Grape-Nuts food is heavy in Phosphate of Potash in a digestible form.

A chicken can't always select its own food, but a thoughtful man can select suitable food for his children, wife and himself.

"There's a Reason" for

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Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

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CASTORIA

Remarkable Bible Verses. The eighth verse of the third chapter of Zephaniah contains every letter, including the finals, of the Hebrew language, while one will find in the twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra every letter of the English alphabet except j. The verse reads as follows: "And I, even I, Axtaxares the King, do make a decree to all the treasures which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra the priest, the scribe of the law of the God of heaven, shall require of you, it be done speedily."—Youth's Companion.

True Till Death.

His companions bent over him with pitiful earnestness, and stared beseechingly into his waxen features. Again came the flutter of the eyelids, but this time his will mastered approaching death. His lips weakly struggled to execute his last command, and the friends bent closer to hear the faltering whisper. "I am—gone? Yes—er—I know. Go to Milly. Tell her—er—I did with—her name on—my lips; that I—er—have loved—her—alone—er—always. And Beattie—tell—er—tell Beattie the same thing."—London Weekly Telegraph.

Nothing Lost.

"Mr. Chairman!" said the orator, who had already occupied the platform for twenty minutes, amid many interjections from the audience. "Mr. Chairman! May I appeal on a point of order? There is really so much desultory conversation going on in parts of the hall that it is impossible for me to hear a word I am saying."

Voice from the Back of the Hall—Don't be down-hearted; you're not missing much!

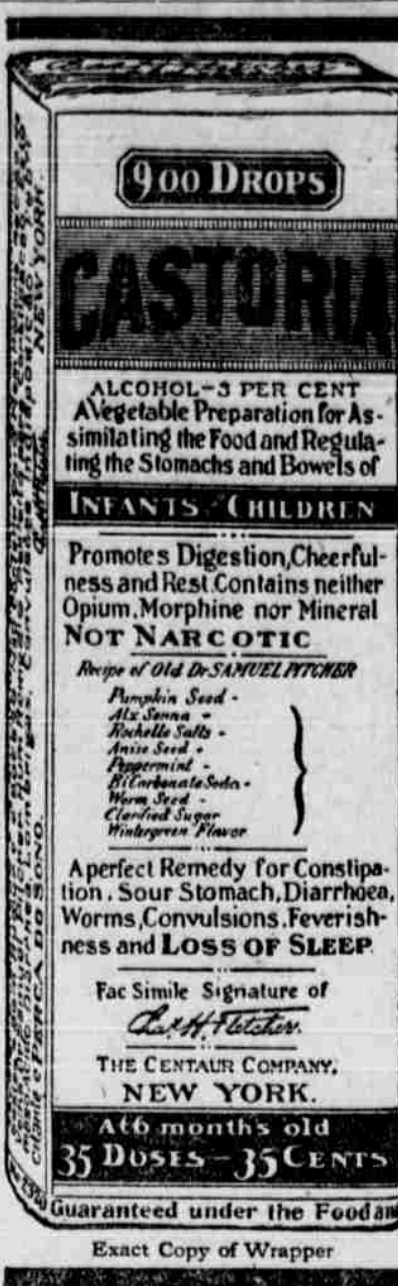
Some Are So By Nature.

A certain young man who prided himself on a brusqueness that he mistook for wit, met an eminent, but touchy, sculptor at a studio supper. "So you're the chap," he said, on being introduced, "that makes mud heads?"

"Not all of them," the sculptor replied, quietly.—Youth's Companion.

Widows oft rush in where young girls fear to tread.

It must be some satisfaction to sailors to know that buoys will be buoy.



DUTCH VIEW.



First Dutch Comedian—Necessity was der murder of convention.

Second Dutch Comedian—Yaw—and invitation is der sincerest flattery.

Out.

Years had passed, the political equality of the sexes were fait accompli, and a certain candidate for the presidency had but now been knocked, in a dignified manner, into a cocked hat.

Her humiliation was complete. But although she declined to talk for publication, her friends were less reticent.

Hats of that shape," they protested, with much feeling, "went out ages ago."—Puck.

Logical.

The car labored heavily over wet and deeply scarred roads.

"Have you any idea where we are?" asked Blinks.

"No," said Garraway, "though the roads suggest we are near either Waterville or Rutland—I don't know which."—Harper's Weekly.

Corner in Wealth.

"I am opposed to the concentration of wealth."

"I am with you. These parlor car porters ought to be made to give up some of their money."

Fiat Hunters' Geography.

"Where is Van Dieman's Land?"

"The van demon's land? Gosh, it's anywhere in this country, on the first of May!"