

# 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 30th birthday with a crowd of rioters at the Circle City Tivoli. The dance leads to heavy gambling, in which over \$50,000 is staked. Harnish loses his money and his nine but wins the mail contract. He starts on his mail trip with dogs and sleds, 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 for the new gold fields. Deciding 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 throws away his gold and Daylight recovers 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.

## CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Then the grin died away, and his face grew bleak and serious. Leaving out his interests in the several Western reclamation projects (which were still assessing heavily), he was a ruined man. But harder hit than this was his pride. He had been so easy. They had goldbricked him, and he had nothing to show for it. The simplest farmer would have had documents, while he had nothing but a gentleman's agreement, and a verbal one at that. Gentleman's agreement! He snorted over it. John Dowsett's voice, just as he had heard it in the telephone receiver, sounded in his ears the words, "On my honor as a gentleman." They were sneak-thieves and swindlers, that was what they were, and they had given him the double-cross. The newspapers were right. He had come to New York to be trimmed, and Messrs. Dowsett, Letton and Guggenhammer had done it. He was a little fish, and they had played with him ten days—ample time in which to swallow him, along with his eleven millions. Of course, they had been unloading on him all the time, and now they were buying Ward Valley back for a song ere the market righted itself.

And Daylight sat and consumed cocktails and saw back in his life to Alaska, and lived over the grim years in which he had battled for his eleven millions. For awhile murder ate at his heart, and wild ideas and sketchy plans of killing his betrayers flashed through his mind. Daylight unlocked his grip and took out his automatic pistol—a big Colt's 44. He released the safety catch with his thumb, and, operating the sliding outer barrel, ran the contents of the clip through the mechanism. The eight cartridges slid out in a stream. He refilled the clip, threw a cartridge into the chamber, and with the trigger at full cock, thrust up the safety ratchet. He shoved the weapon into the side pocket of his coat, ordered another Martini, and resumed his seat.

At ten o'clock he arose and pored over the city directory. Then he put on his shoes, took a cab, and departed.



"Now It's My Deal, and I'm Going to See if I Can Hold Them Four Aces."

Into the night. Twice he changed cabs, and finally fetched up at the night office of a detective agency. He superintended the thing himself, laid down money in advance in profuse quantities, selected the six men he needed, and gave them their instructions. Never, for so simple a task, had they been so well paid. For to each in addition to office charges, he gave a five-hundred-dollar bill, with the promise of another if he succeeded. Some time next day, he was convinced, if not sooner, his three silent partners would come together. To each one two of his detectives were to be attached. Time and place was all he wanted to learn.

"Stop at nothing, boys," were his final instructions. "I must have this information. Whatever you do,

whatever happens, I'll see you through."

Returning to his hotel, he changed cabs as before, went up to his room, and with one more cocktail for a night cap, went to bed and to sleep. In the morning he dressed and shaved, ordered breakfast and the newspapers sent up, and waited. But he did not drink. By nine o'clock his telephone began to ring and the reports to come in. Nathaniel Letton was taking the train at Tarrytown. John Dowsett was coming down by the subway. Leon Guggenhammer had not stirred yet, though he was assuredly within. And in this fashion, with a map of the city spread out before him, Daylight followed the movements of his three men as they drew together. Nathaniel Letton was at his office in the Mutual-Solander Building. Next arrived Guggenhammer. Dowsett was still in his own office. But at eleven came the word that he also had arrived, and several minutes later Daylight was in a hired motor-car and speeding for the Mutual-Solander Building.

## CHAPTER IX.

Nathaniel Letton was talking when the door opened; he ceased, and with his two companions gazed with controlled perturbation at Burning Daylight striding into the room. The free, swinging movements of the trail-traveler were unconsciously exaggerated in that stride of his. In truth, it seemed to him that he felt the trail beneath his feet.

"Howdy, gentlemen, howdy," he remarked, ignoring the unnatural calm with which they greeted his entrance. He shook hands with them in turn, striding from one to another and gripping their hands so heartily that Nathaniel Letton could not forbear to wince. Daylight flung himself into a massive chair and sprawled lazily, with an appearance of fatigue. The leather grip he had brought into the room he dropped carelessly beside him on the floor.

"I've sure been going some," he sighed. "We sure trimmed them beautifully. It was real slick. And the beauty of the play never dawned on me till the very end. It was pure and simple knock-down and drag-out. And the way they fell for it was amazin'."

Letton made a dry sound in his throat. Dowsett sat quietly and waited, while Leon Guggenhammer struggled into articulation.

"You certainly have raised Cain," he said.

Daylight's black eyes flashed in a pleasant way.

"Didn't I, though!" he proclaimed, jubilantly. "And didn't we fool 'em! I was teetotally surprised. I never dreamed they would be that easy."

"And now," he went on, not permitting the pause to grow awkward, "we all might as well have an accounting. I'm pullin' West this afternoon on that blamed Twentieth Century." He tugged at his grip, got it open, and dipped into it with both his hands. "But don't forget, boys, when you-all want me to hornswozzle Wall Street another flutter, all you-all have to do is whisper the word. I'll sure be right there with the goods."

His hands emerged, clutching a great mass of stubs, check-books, and brokers' receipts. These he deposited in a heap on the big table, and dipping again, he fished out the stragglers and added them to the pile. He consulted a slip of paper, drawn from his coat pocket and read aloud:

"Ten million twenty-seven thousand and forty-two dollars and sixty-eight cents is my figurin' on my expense. Of course that-all's taken from the winnings before we-all get to figurin' on the whack-up. Where's your figures? It must a' been a mighty big clean-up."

The three men looked their bewilderment at one another. The man was a bigger fool than they had imagined, or else he was playing a game which they could not divine.

Nathaniel Letton moistened his lips and spoke up.

"It will take some hours yet, Mr. Harnish, before the full accounting can be made. Mr. Howison is at work upon it now. We—ah—as you say, it has been a gratifying clean-up. Suppose we have lunch together and talk it over. I'll have the clerks work through the noon hour so that you will have ample time to catch your train."

Dowsett and Guggenhammer manifested a relief that was almost obvious. The situation was clearing. It was disconcerting, under the circumstances, to be pent in the same room with that heavy-muscled, Indian-like man whom they had robbed. They remembered unpleasantly the many stories of his strength and recklessness. If Letton could only put him off long enough for them to escape into the polished world outside the office door, all would be well; and Daylight showed all the signs of being put off.

"I'm real glad to hear that," he said. "I must have to miss that train, and you-all have done me proud, gentle-



For a While Murder Ate at His Heart.

men, letting me in on this deal. I just do appreciate it without being able to express my feelings. But I am sure almighty curious, and I'd like terrible to know, Mr. Letton, what your figures of our winning is. Can you-all give me a rough estimate?"

Nathaniel Letton did not look appealingly at his two friends, but in the brief pause they felt that appeal pass over from him. Dowsett, of sterner mold than the others, began to divine that the Klondiker was playing. But the other two were still under the blandishment of his child-like innocence.

"It is extremely—er—difficult," Leon Guggenhammer began. "You see, Ward Valley has fluctuated so, er—"

"That no estimate can possibly be made in advance," Letton supplemented.

"Approximate it, approximate it," Daylight counseled, cheerfully. "It don't hurt if you-all are a million out one side or the other. The figures'll straighten that up. But I'm that curious I'm just itching all over. What d'ye say?"

"Why continue to play at cross purposes?" Dowsett demanded abruptly and coldly. "Let us have the explanation here and now. Mr. Harnish is laboring under a false impression, and he should be set straight."

By this time Letton was stiffened by the attitude Dowsett had taken, and his answer was prompt and definite.

"I fear you are under a misapprehension, Mr. Harnish. There are no winnings to be divided with you. Now don't get excited, I beg of you. I have but to press this button."

Far from excited, Daylight had all the seeming of being stunned. He looked at Dowsett and murmured:

"It was your deal, all right, and you-all dole them right, too. Well, I ain't kicking. I'm like the player in that poker game. It was your deal, and you-all had a right to do your best. And you done it—cleaned me out slick-er'n a whistle."

He gazed at the heap on the table with an air of stupefaction.

"And that-all ain't worth the paper it's written on. God dast it, you-all can sure deal 'em 'round when you get a chance. Oh, no, I ain't a-kicking. It was your deal, and you-all certainly done me, and a man ain't half a man that squeals on another man's deal. And now the hand is played out, and the cards are on the table, and the deal's over, but—"

His hand, dipping swiftly into his inside breast pocket, appeared with the big Colt's automatic.

"As I was saying, the old deal's finished. Now it's my deal, and I'm a-going to see if I can hold them four aces—"

"Take your hand away, you whited sepulchre!" he cried sharply.

Nathaniel Letton's hand, creeping toward the push-button on the desk, was abruptly arrested.

"Change cars," Daylight commanded. "Take that chair over there, you gangrene-livered skunk. Jump, or I'll make you leak till folks'll think your father was a water hydrant and your

mother a sprinkling-cart. You-all move your chair alongside, Guggenhammer; and you-all Dowsett, sit right there, while I just irrelevantly explain the virtues of this here automatic. She's loaded for big game and she goes off eight times. She's a sure hummer when she gets started.

"Preliminary remarks being over, I now proceed to deal. Remember, I ain't making no remarks about your deal. You done your darndest, and it was all right. But this is my deal, and it's up to me to do my darndest. In the first place, you-all know me. I'm Burning Daylight—savvee? Ain't afraid of God, devil, death, nor destruction. Them's my four aces, and they sure copper your bets. Look at that there living skeleton. Letton, you're sure afraid to die. Your bones is all rattling together you're that scared. And look at that fat Jew there. This little weapon's sure put the fear of God in his heart. He's yellow as a sick persimmon. Dowsett, you're a cool one. You-all ain't batted an eye nor turned a hair. That's because you're great on arithmetic. And that makes you-all dead easy in this deal of mine. You're sitting there and adding two and two together, and you-all know I sure got you skinned. You know me, and that I ain't afraid of nothing. And you-all adds up all your money and knows you ain't a-going to die if you can help it."

"I'll see you hanged," was Dowsett's retort.

"Not by a damned sight. When the fun starts, you're the first I plug. I'll hang all right, but you-all won't live to see it. You-all die here and now while I'll die subject to the law's delay—savvee? Being dead, with grass growing out of your carcasses, you won't know when I hang, but I'll sure have the pleasure a long time of knowing you-all beat me to it."

"You surely won't kill us?" Letton asked in a queer, thin voice.

Daylight shook his head.

"It's sure too expensive. You-all ain't worth it. I'd sooner have my chips back. And I guess you-all'd sooner give my chips back than go to the dead-house."

A long silence followed.

"Well, I've done dealt. It's up to you-all to play. But while you're deliberating, I want to give you-all warning: if that door opens and any one of you cusses lets on there's anything unusual, right here and then I sure start plugging. They ain't a soul'll get out of the room except feet first."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Original Suffragette.

Mrs. Johanne Meyer, the first Danish woman to speak from a platform in behalf of woman suffrage, attended the Universal Race congress recently held in London as the delegate to the Peace Society of Copenhagen. As soon as the congress closed Mrs. Meyer began an inquiry in behalf of the Danish government to ascertain the effect that social and political work in England had had on women. In 1870 Mrs. Meyer founded the first organization for the betterment of women in Denmark.

### CLINGS TO WALL OF CANYON

Government Road in the Yellowstone Park is a Triumph of Engineering Skill.

United States government engineers have performed feats equal to those of the ancient Roman engineers in road building, a recent example of which may be found in the Yellowstone National park, where the government is spending millions of dollars in highway and other improvements. The illustration shows a road which on concrete piers hangs to the side of the Golden Gate canyon as it



Concrete Yellowstone Road.

winds and twines its way in to the park. It is a triumph of engineering skill.

The government has entire control of the park. All new roads opened and the repairs and maintenance of old roads and trails are entirely dependent upon congressional appropriations. The roads are now in very fine condition, a great deal of work and expense having recently been put upon them, and steel and concrete bridges have almost entirely replaced wooden ones. Prominent among the improvements is the construction of the fine lava arch entrance at Gardiner, at a cost of \$10,000; the new concrete viaduct at Golden Gate, costing \$10,300, to replace the old timber trestle; and the erection of a very fine concrete and steel bridge of artistic design across the Yellowstone river and rapids, just above the upper fall of the Yellowstone at the Grand canyon, at the expense of \$20,000.

Fort Yellowstone, the military post in the park at Mammoth Hot Springs. Here, also, are the headquarters of the United States engineer in charge of the park improvements, and the United States commissioner. Mammoth Hot Springs is thus the capital of the park. In recent years this place has been greatly improved. A rearrangement of roads, new buildings, concrete sidewalks, a new waterworks and an irrigation system and a consequent carpeting of grass on the old white plaza in front of the hotel and officers' quarters, has metamorphosed the locality. Mammoth Hot Springs is the largest and most important place in the park. Here all authority centers; it is the heart from which pulsate the currents of life which permeate the park.

### OLDER THAN UNITED STATES

Stones Used to Mark Mason and Dixon's Line Were Brought From England.

Pittsburg, Pa.—The name "Mason and Dixon's Line" has been popularly applied to the whole division line between free and slave soil, but properly it belongs only to the south boundary of Pennsylvania, surveyed by



Marks a Boundary Line.

Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon 1763-67.

For over 100 years this line was a "bone of contention," and England finally sent Mason and Dixon to the colonies to make an official survey which was to be final.

At the end of every fifth mile of this line a stone, brought from England, was placed, engraved on one side with the coat of arms of Lord Baltimore, and on the other with those of the Penna; while the intermediate miles were marked by smaller stones, 16 inches square and 18 inches high, bearing a large letter M on one side and P on the other. The line is 280 miles long.

### Father's Joy Unabated.

Guthrie, Okla.—At sixty-four years of age, W. W. Elam, a farmer living east of Blanchard, Okla., is the father of his twenty-fourth child, which made its appearance at his home a few days ago. The mother of the child is Elam's third wife. Of his twenty-four children, eighteen are living. Elam has spent his entire life on the farm. This places Elam at the head of his class in Oklahoma.

## A HEALTHY, HAPPY OLD AGE

May be promoted by those who gently cleanse the system, now and then, when in need of a laxative remedy, by taking a desertspoonful of the ever refreshing, wholesome and truly beneficial Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which is the only family laxative generally approved by the most eminent physicians, because it acts in a natural, strengthening way and warms and tones up the internal organs without weakening them. It is equally beneficial for the very young and the middle aged, as it is always efficient and free from all harmful ingredients. To get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine, bearing the name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package.

W. N. U. LINCOLN, NO. 1-1912.

### ONE WAY OUT OF IT.



The Deacon—You shouldn't fly your kite on Sunday.

The Boy—Oh! well, de kite's made out a religious paper.

### Expensive Possession.

A small applicant for Christmas cheer was being interviewed by the charity worker.

"What is your father?" asked the latter.

"E's me father."

"Yes, but what is he?"

"Oh! 'E's me stepfather."

"Yes, yes, but what does he do?"

Does he sweep chimneys or drive busses, or what?"

"O-o-w!" exclaims the small applicant, with dawdling light of comprehension. "No, 'e ain't done nothin' since we've 'ad 'im."—London Answers.

### Think of It!

Two brothers, each of whom is nearly six feet and a half tall, were one day introduced by an acquaintance to a young lady. As she sat gazing up at the pair of giants in wonder and awe, she exclaimed:

"Great heavens! Suppose there had been only one of you!"

### In Chicago.

"Did her husband die or resign?"

"I believe he merely failed of re-election."

The modern woman gets next to the latest wrinkle with a massage machine.

### TIED DOWN.

20 Years' Slavery—How She Got Freedom.

A dyspepsia veteran who writes from one of England's charming rural homes to tell how she won victory in her 20 years' fight, naturally exults in her triumph over the tea and coffee habit:

"I feel it a duty to tell you," she says, "how much good Postum has done me. I am grateful, but also desire to let others who may be suffering as I did, know of the delightful method by which I was relieved."

"I had suffered for 20 years from dyspepsia, and the giddiness that usually accompanies that painful ailment, and which frequently prostrated me. I never drank much coffee, and cocoa and even milk did not agree with my impaired digestion, so I used tea, exclusively, till about a year ago, when I found in a package of Grape-Nuts the little book, 'The Road to Wellville.'"

"After a careful reading of the booklet I was curious to try Postum and sent for a package. I enjoyed it from the first, and at once gave up tea in its favor."

"I began to feel better very soon. My giddiness left me after the first few days' use of Postum, and my stomach became stronger so rapidly that it was not long till I was able (as I still am) to take milk and many other articles of food of which I was formerly compelled to deny myself. I have proved the truth of your statement that Postum 'makes good, red blood.'"

"I have become very enthusiastic over the merits of my new table beverage, and during the past few months, have conducted a Postum propaganda among my neighbors which has brought benefit to many, and I shall continue to tell my friends of the 'better way' in which I rejoice." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.