

# BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON

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

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## SYNOPSIS.

Eliam Harnish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 20th birthday with a crowd of miners at the Circle City Tivoli. The dance leads to heavy gambling.

## CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"I still got that bunch," Kearns fingered his cards a long time. "And I'll play it, but you've got to know how I stand. There's my steamer, the Bella—worth twenty thousand if she's worth an ounce. There's Sixty-Mile with five thousand in stock on the shelves. And you know I got a saw-mill coming in. It's at Linderman now, and the scow is building. Am I good?"

"Dig in; you're sure good," was Daylight's answer. "And while we're about it, I may mention casual that I got twenty thousand in Mac's safe, there, and there's twenty thousand more in the ground on Moosehide. You know the ground, Campbell. Is that all in the dirt?"

"There sure is, Daylight."

"How much does it cost now?" Kearns asked.

"Two thousand to see."

"We'll sure bump you if you all come in," Daylight warned him.

"It's an almighty good bunch," Kearns said, adding his slip to the growing heap. "I can feel her crawl in up and down my back."

"I ain't got a bunch, but I got a tolerable good hand," Campbell announced, as he slid in his slip; "but it's not a raising hand."

"Mine is," Daylight paused and wrote. "I see that thousand and raise her the same old thousand."

The Virgin, standing behind him, then did what a man's best friend was not privileged to do. Reaching over Daylight's shoulder, she picked up his hand and read it, at the same time shielding the faces of the cards close to his chest. What she saw were three queens and a pair of eights, but nobody guessed what she saw. Every player's eyes were on her face as she scanned the cards, but no sign did she give. She laid the hand face down again on the table and slowly the lingering eyes withdrew from her, having learned nothing.

MacDonald smiled benevolently. "I see you, Daylight, and I bump this time for two thousand. How's that bunch, Jack?"

"Still a-crawling, Mac. You got me now, but that bunch is a rip-roarer persuadin' sort of a critter, and it's my plain duty to ride it. I call for three thousand. And I got another bunch, Daylight's going to call, too."

"He sure is," Daylight agreed, after Campbell had thrown up his hand. "He knows where he's up against it, and he plays accordin'." I see that two thousand, and then I'll see the draw."

In a dead silence, save for the low voices of the three players, the draw was made. Thirty-four thousand dollars were already in the pot, and the play possibly not half over. To the Virgin's amazement, Daylight held up his three queens, discarding his eights and calling for two cards. And this time not even she dared look at what he had drawn. She knew her limit of control. Nor did he look. The two new cards lay face down on the table where they had been dealt to him.

"Got enough," was the reply.

"You can draw if you want to, you know," Kearns warned him.

"Nope; this'll do me."

Kearns himself drew two cards, but did not look at them. Still Harnish let his cards lie.

"I never bet in the teeth of a pat hand," he said slowly, looking at the saloon keeper. "You all start her rolling, Mac."

MacDonald counted his cards carefully, to make doubly sure it was not a foul hand, wrote a sum on a paper slip, and slid it into the pot, with the simple utterance:

"Five thousand."

Kearns, with every eye upon him, looked at his two-card draw, counted the other three to dispel any doubt of holding more than five cards, and wrote on a betting slip.

"I see you, Mac," he said, "and I raise her a little thousand just so as to keep Daylight out."

The concentrated gaze shifted to Daylight. He likewise examined his draw and counted his five cards.

"I see that six thousand, and I raise her five thousand. . . . Just to try and keep you out, Jack."

"And I raise you five thousand just to lead a hand at keeping Jack out," MacDonald said in turn.

His voice was slightly husky and strained, and a nervous twitch in the corner of his mouth followed speech.

Kearns was pale, and those who looked on noted that his hand trembled as he wrote his slip. But his voice was unchanged.

"I lift her along for five thousand," he said.

Daylight was now in the center. The kerosene lamps above flung his lights from the rash of sweat on his forehead. The bronze of his cheeks was darkened by the accession of blood. His black eyes glittered and his nostrils were distended and eager. They were large nostrils, tokening his descent from savage ancestors who had survived by virtue of deep lungs and generous air-passages. Yet, unlike MacDonald, his voice was firm and customary, and, unlike Kearns his hand did not tremble when he wrote.

"I call for ten thousand," he said. "Not that I'm afraid of you all, Mac. It's that bunch of Jack's."

"I bump his bunch for five thousand but the same," said MacDonald. "I

had the best hand before the draw, and I still guess I got it."

"Mebbe this is a case where a bunch after the draw is better'n the bunch before," Kearns remarked; wherefore duty says, "Lift her, Jack, lift her," and so I lift her another five thousand."

Daylight leaned back in his chair and gazed up at the kerosene lamps while he computed aloud:

"I was in five thousand before the draw, and I saw and raised eleven thousand—that makes thirty. I'm only good for ten more." He leaned forward and looked at Kearns. "So I call for five thousand."

"You can raise if you want," Kearns answered. "Your dogs are good for five thousand in this game."

"Nary dawg. You all can win my dust and dirt, but nary one of my dawgs. I just call."

The saloon keeper finally spoke: "If anybody else wins, they'll have to take a mortgage on the Tivoli." The two other players nodded.

"So I call, too."

MacDonald added his slip for five thousand. Not one of them claimed the size of his hand. Simultaneously and in silence they faced their cards on the table, while a general tiptoeing and craning of necks took place among the onlookers. Daylight showed four queens and an ace; MacDonald four jacks and an ace, and Kearns four kings and a trey. Kearns reached forward with an encircling movement of his arm and drew the pot in to him, his arm shaking as he did so. Daylight picked the ace from his hand and tossed it over alongside MacDonald's ace, saying:

"That's what cheered me sleep. Mac. I knowed it was only kings that could beat me, and he had them."

"What did you all have?" he asked, all interest, turning to Campbell.

"Straight flush of four, open at both ends—a good drawing hand."

"You bet! You could a' made a straight, a straight flush or a flush out of it."

"That's what I thought," Campbell said, sadly. "It cost me six thousand before I quit."

"I wish you-all'd drawn," Daylight laughed. "Then I wouldn't a' caught that fourth queen. Now I've got to take Billy Rawlins' mall contract and mush for Dyea. What's the size of the killing, Jack?"

Kearns attempted to count the pot, but was too excited. Daylight drew it across to him, with firm fingers separating and stacking the markers and I O U's and with clear brain adding the sum.

"One hundred and twenty-seven thousand," he announced. "You all can sell out now, Jack, and head for home."

The winner smiled and nodded, but seemed incapable of speech.

"Name your snake-juice, you-all—the winner pays!" Daylight called out loudly to all about him, at the same time rising from his chair and catching the Virgin by the arm. "Come on for a reel, you-all dancers. The night's young yet, and it's Helen Breakfast and the mall contract for me in the morning. Here, you-all Rawlins, you—I hereby do take over that same contract, and I start for salt water at nine a. m.—savee? Come on, you-all! Where's that fiddler?"

## CHAPTER II.

It was Daylight's night. He was the center and the head of the revel, unquenchably joyous, a contagion of fun. In between dances he paid over to Kearns the twenty thousand in dust and transferred to him his Moosehide claim. Likewise he arranged the taking over of Billy Rawlins' mall contract, and made his preparations for the start. He dispatched a messenger to rout out Kama, his dog-driver—a Tananaw Indian, far-wandered from his tribal home in the service of the invading whites. Kama entered the Tivoli, tall, lean, muscular, and furred, the pick of his barbaric race and barbaric still, unshaken and unabashed by the revelers that rioted about him while Daylight gave his orders.

"Um," said Kama, tabbing his instructions on his fingers. "Get um letters from Rawlins. Load um on sled. Grub for Selkirk—you think um plenty dog-grub stop Selkirk?"

"Plenty dog-grub, Kama."

"Um. Bring sled this place nine um clock. Bring um snowshoes. No bring um tent. Mebbe bring um fy? um little fy?"

"No fy," Daylight answered decisively. "We travel light—savee? We carry plenty letters out, plenty letters back. You are strong man. Plenty cold, plenty travel, all right."

"Sure all right," Kama muttered, with resignation. "Much cold, no care. Um ready nine um clock."

He turned on his moccasined heel and walked out, imperturbable, sphinx-like, neither giving nor receiving greetings nor looking to right or left. The Virgin led Daylight away into a corner.

"Look here, Daylight," she said in a low voice, "you're busted."

"Higher's a kite," he began.

"I've eight thousand in Mac's safe," she began.

But Daylight interrupted. The apron-string loomed near and he shied like an unbroken colt.

"It don't matter," he said. "Busted I came into the world, busted I go out, and I've been busted most of the time since I arrived. Come on; let's wait."

"But, listen," she urged. "My money's doing nothing. I could lend it to you—a grub-stake," she added,



"She's a Comin', Fellows, Gold From the Grass Roots Down, a Hundred Dollars to the Pan."

hurriedly, at sight of the alarm in his face.

"Nobody grub-stakes me," was the answer. "I stake myself, and when I make a killing it's sure all mine. No thank you, old girl. Much obliged. I'll get my stake by running the mall out and in." With a sudden well-assumed ebullience of spirits he drew her toward the dancing-floor, and as they swung around and around in a waltz she pondered on the iron heart of the man who held her in his arms and resisted all her wiles.

At six the next morning, scorching with whiskey, yet ever himself, he stood at the bar putting every man's hand down. The way of it was that two men faced each other across a corner, their right elbows resting on the bar, their right hands gripped together, while each strove to press the other's hand down. Man after man came against him, but no man put his hand down, even Old Henderson and French Louis falling despite their hugeness.

"The winner pays!" Daylight cried. "Surge along you-all! This way to the snake-room!"

"I'm busted higher'n a kite, and I'm bittin' the trail for Dyea."

"Goin' out?" some one called.

A spasm of anger wrought on his face for a flashing instant, but in the next good humor was back again.

"I know you-all are only pokin' fun asking such a question," he said with a smile. "Of course I ain't going out."

"Take the oath again, Daylight," the same voice cried.

"I sure will. I first come over Chilcoot in '82. I went out over the Pass in a fall blizzard, with a rag of a shirt and a cup of raw flour. I got my grub-stake in Juneau that winter, and in the spring I went out over the Pass once more. And once more the famine drew me out. Next spring I went in again, and I swore then that I'd never come out till I made my stake. Well, I ain't made it, and here I am. And I ain't going out now. I get the mall and I come right back. I won't stop the night at Dyea. I'll hit up Chilcoot soon as I change the dogs and get the mall and grub. And so I swear once more. I'll never hit for the Outside till I make my pile. And I tell you-all, here and now, it's got to be an almighty big pile. I'll be real conservative, and put the bottom notch

at a million. And for not an ounce less'n that will I go out of the country. I tell you-all I got a bunch. There's a big strike coming on the Yukon, and it's just about due. I don't mean no ornery Moosehide, Birch creek kind of a strike. I mean a real rip-roarer hair-raiser. Nothing can stop her, and she'll come up river. There's where you-all'll track my moccasins in the near future if you all want to find me—somewhere in the country around Stewart river, Indian river and Klondike river. When I get back with the mall, I'll head that way so fast you-all won't see my trail for smoke. She's a-comin', fellows, a hundred dollars to the pan, and a stampede in from the Outside fifty thousand strong."

"If I was you, Daylight, I wouldn't mush today," Joe Hines counseled, coming in from consulting the spirit thermometer outside the door. "We're in for a good cold snap. It's sixty-two below now, and still goin' down. Better wait till she breaks."

Daylight laughed, and the old sour-doughs around him laughed.

"It's a thousand miles to Dyea," Bettles announced, climbing on the chair and supporting his swaying body by an arm passed around Daylight's neck. "It's a thousand miles, I'm saying, an' most of the trail unbroken, but I bet any cheebaquo—anything he wants—that Daylight makes Dyea in thirty days."

"That's an average of over thirty-three miles a day," Doc Watson warned, "and I've traveled some myself. A blizzard on Chilcoot would tie him up for a week."

"Yep," Bettles retorted, "an' Daylight'll do the second thousand back again on end in thirty days more, and I got five thousand dollars that says so, and damn the blizzards."

To emphasize his remarks, he pulled out a gold sack the size of a bologna sausage and thumped it down on the bar. Doc Watson thumped his own sack alongside.

"Hold on!" Daylight cried. "Bettles' right, and I want in on this. 'I bet five hundred that sixty days from now I pull up at the Tivoli door with the Dyea mall."

A skeptical roar went up, and a dozen men pulled out their sacks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## When Carving Was an Art

In Old Days the Slicing Was Suted to the importance of the Guest.

Carving was once a serious thing. The sixteenth century carver was a professional. He had to make the joint fit the guest. The size of his slices was the thing. Then he had to know his guests and cut accordingly.

A lora, for instance, at the table, and a pike was dished up whole. Smaller fry, and the pike came on in slices. The same procedure with pig. The rank of the diners decided whether it should appear at table in gold leaf or naked, whole or sliced. With bread, too, there was a difference.

New or three days old baked was at the discretion of the carver as he sized up the visitors. And as for the apportioning of the tidbits according to precedence there was no end. The old-time carver in fact was born and then made.

The eighteenth century was the day of the carving master. He taught his apprentices the art. Lady Mary Montagu, for instance, took three lessons a week "that she might be perfect on

her father's public days, when, in order to perform her functions without interruptions, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand."

The hostess carved while the host "pushed the bottle." She did more. She urged the guests to eat more and more, and was to her if she neglected a guest. The diner who was forced to help himself to a slice of anything nearly choked. These diners of the eighteenth century liked being pressed. And the hostess welcomed the end of the feast.—London Chronicle.

Not What You Pay.

"It isn't what you pay for clothes that makes you well dressed," said Mrs. Knicker.

And Mrs. Bocker remarked: "No, indeed; it's what you owe."

A Great Truth.

Plata may be had things, but courses in which the maidless housekeeper (olds upstairs with a baby on one arm and a bucket of coal on the other) worse

## NOTES From MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Groom your cows.

The silo is a time saver.

Attend to the horse's feet.

Grow strawberries for home use.

Let the young calves have plenty of sunlight.

We cannot longer raise paying apple crops unless we spray.

Seed grain of all kinds is scarce and high priced again this spring.

The cleanly dairyman keep the dirt out of the milk rather than strains it out.

Wash oil soap may be used to destroy lice, scale, insects and mealy-bugs.

Clover and grass seed always do best when they can be started to early growth.

Profitable beef production in the future means that better gains must be made.

In a gallon of 30 per cent cream there are two and one-half pounds of butter fat.

When butter refuses to "gather" the cream may be too sour or the temperature too low.

Lack of thorough cleansing of the separator is one cause of flavor in butter being off.

It is a good plan to give a cow a bucket of scalded bran as the first feed after calving.

The man who said it is all bosh to curry cows was either lazy or crazy. Get out your curry comb.

The shoe should fit the foot. Don't let the blacksmith cut bars or frogs to make the horse's foot fit the shoe.

Field mice been at the young trees? If the bark is gnawed to the wood the trees may be saved by bridge grafting.

Satisfactory results were obtained last year at the Kansas Agricultural college from the use of Kaffir as silage.

Potash, as a constituent of fertilizers, exists in a number of forms, but chiefly as chloride or muriate and as sulphate.

After starting to shed their hair in spring cows are very sensitive to sudden cold snaps. That is when stabling pays at night.

Clover and grass seed may be grown and a good stand secured, on out ground during the last of April and the first of May.

Narrow doors in the sheep barns are a mighty poor thing. Broken down hips and early dropped lambs are some of the results.

A colt wants to be kept eating and growing and exercising, and anything but fattening, as long as he has a time assigned him by nature to grow.

Any kind of fruit tree will die when planted in ground that is all the time saturated with water. The tile ditch is a necessity in some places.

Early peas may be followed by celery or cabbage or potatoes, followed by late beans or corn, thereby getting several crops from the same ground each year.

A horse must have feet and legs beside weight to be any good at heavy work. Flat bone in the cannons and large, round feet should be looked for in picking horses.

Just now is the time to get the start of the lice and a good first move is to thoroughly clean out the hen house then squirt some kerosene around pretty lively over the walls, roosts, and nest boxes.

Young mares will sometimes refuse to allow their foals to nurse at first. The mare may be tied in the stall and the colt helped to milk. As soon as it has sucked each teat the mother will usually allow it to continue.

It is a great mistake to breed a 1,500-pound mare to a 1,800-pound stallion. Sometimes the animals have the legs of a draft horse and the body of a roadster. We have seen these freaks with heads of a draft horse and bodies of a light roadster.

In selecting a walking plow turn it upside down and examine the frog the first thing you do. The frog is the foundation of the entire plow, the moldboard, share and landside all being bolted to the frog. Some frogs are cast iron and others are forged. It should be well made, of ample size and made to fit.

There are no more profitable animals on the farm than pigs and sheep, and years of experience and close observation have convinced many that pigs will do more toward raising a mortgage or lifting a man from dependence to independence than many an acre sown with wheat or oats or corn.

Pigs relish potatoes.

Cut back climbing roses.

Care for the farrowing sow.

Treat the young helters gently.

Groom your horses well and prevent skin diseases.

The dairyman can raise hogs cheaper than any one else.

Old and many young trees are infested with the woolly aphis.

Keeping the fingernails cut may save both milk and mortification.

Kerosene emulsion will kill plant lice more effectively than hellebore.

There is a big difference between a butterfly and a fly in the butter.

Be sure the little pigs have a nice dry place to stretch out in the warm sun.

Milk fever might often be prevented by a little attention to the cow before calving.

Remember that your orchard, especially the young trees, needs good cultivation.

The three important elements of plant food are nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium.

Alfalfa is the most wonderful of all cultivated plants, and the oldest one known to history.

There is no germ slayer better than an ounce of carbolic acid added to a pail of whitewash.

One of the chief advantages of feeding live stock on the farm is the maintenance of soil fertility.

It will take good farming to keep up and increase soil fertility without purchasing feed grown outside.

Teach the children to respect the dragon fly. This friend of ours kills flies and many other obnoxious insects.

If dusty hay is fed, sprinkle with water, and it will save the horse much annoyance; but better not feed it at all.

A box of ashes under a clump of shrubbery will be greatly appreciated by the hens in warm weather.

It is impossible to estimate the productiveness and value of a cow as it is to guess the exact number of bushels of corn a certain field will yield.

The right kind of a farm garden will keep the family during garden season with the help of the hens. It won't take many hens for this help, either.

A good crop for the orchard would be cowpeas—wide strips sown between the rows of trees. This would make good early hay and is also good for the soil.

While sheep will eat grain and any kind of grass and some kinds of weeds, they are, after all, dairy feeders, and the feed must be absolutely clean.

If you intend to raise sheep for wool buy rams and ewes that are bred for wool, and do not make the mistake of mixing mutton types with wool types.

The young pigs often become crooked in the legs, if kept on the hard floor too long, and this means that the pig, if a good breed, loses much of its value.

Weighing milk at stated intervals not only tells the owner which are his profitable cows, and which are robbers, but it stimulates rivalry between the milkers.

Alfalfa grows best on a deep, sandy loam underlaid by a loose and permeable subsoil. It will not grow if there is an excess of water in the soil. The land must be well drained.

English farmers do not hesitate to pay as high as \$100 for a pure bred sire ram. Do you imagine they would do this if they could get just as good results from a scrub at one-tenth the price?

The high producing dairy cow is an animal that follows in the wake of civilization. She never goes ahead. Conditions must be suitable before she can be of any value to the farmer.

If strawberry plants are dried out when received by express do not water them, for water on the foliage will quickly cause the crown to rot. Dip the roots in tepid water and lay them in a cool cellar for a few hours.

No matter what analysis may show regarding the goodness of different feeds, if stock do not take hold of it with a good appetite it will not do them much good. What they like and what their system craves is what they need to put on flesh and make milk. An old cow is a better judge of what is good for her than the chemist.

Kerosene emulsion is easy to make. Cut up half a pound of soap and boil in a gallon of water. Add two gallons of kerosene, while the water is hot, but remove the kettle from the fire before doing so, or you may not live to use the mixture. Churn briskly for five minutes. For spraying dilute this with seven or eight parts of water.

The earliest sweet corn may give you a few bites, but bites that will have to be taken with care. Very early sweet corn is apt to be destroyed by worms. When it comes in silk the first brood of moths that produces the worms are flying and they find no place that suits them better to deposit their eggs than on this early corn.

## Temperance

VICE IS CAUSE OF INEBRIETY

One of Effects of Excessive Use of Alcohol is Loss of Self-Control— Analogous to Insanity.

In an article on "Inebriety," published in the Outlook, the writer has this to say:

"Inebriety, though a disease, has been produced by vice and leads to crime."

"The appetites and passions should be under the control of the will, and so guided and directed by the reason as to promote physical, mental and moral health. When they are not thus under the control of the will and are not thus guided by the reason, the result is intemperance. There may be an intemperate eating, as well as an intemperate drinking; an intemperate use of coffee, as well as an intemperate use of beer or wine. Such yielding to the appetites, such allowing of them to escape from the control of the will and the reason, is a vice. Gluttony is as truly a vice as drunkenness, though not a vice which produces results either to the individual or to society. Gluttony is a sin and the glutton is a sinner. He is not to pity himself as a victim, but to condemn himself as a sinner. This self-condemnation is the first step toward reform. So drunkenness is a sin and the drunkard is a sinner. He also is not to pity himself as a victim, but to condemn himself as a sinner. This self-condemnation in his case, as in the case of the glutton, is the first step, and an indispensable step, toward real reform."

"But while intemperance in all its forms is a sin, the disease which it produces is not a sin. Gluttony may produce dyspepsia; dyspepsia is not a sin, though it may be a result of sin. Excessive drinking of tea may, and often does, produce serious nervous disease; nervous disease is not a sin, though it may be a result of sin. Excessive drinking of alcohol produces a disease known as inebriety; that disease is not a sin, although it is always a result of sin. One of the effects of this disease is a loss of self-control. He who is afflicted with this in its most serious form is as unable to control his appetites as a man afflicted with locomotor ataxia is to control his muscles. To put a man afflicted with this disease in jail until he has recovered from the immediate intoxication, and then send him out again into temptations which he is powerless to resist, is inexcusable folly. If a man has brought insanity upon himself by vice, we do not punish the insanity. We set ourselves to cure it. Inebriety is, in this respect, analogous to insanity. It is not to be punished; it is to be cured. This is none the less true because inebriety is almost always, as insanity is frequently, the result of vice. Society should distinguish between these three—vice, disease, crime—which it often confounds. The remedy for the vice of intemperance is largely moral and intellectual, or, in the broad sense of the term, character building. The remedy for the disease which that vice produces is partly moral and partly physical. For the crimes into which the vice often leads the intemperate person, society must, in self-protection, provide some form of punishment."

"But, in our judgment, punishment, whether for the vice which produces the disease or for the crime which follows, should always be reformatory, not vindictive, in its character. The distinction between sin and disease is not easy to draw. Jesus Christ habitually treated sin as a disease which he had come to cure. When he was condemned for associating with publicans and sinners, he replied that they which were whole needed not a physician, but they which were sick. It has been well said that, if drunkenness produces poverty, it is equally true that poverty produces drunkenness. How far the boy who has grown up in a family where there is no control of the appetites, who has inherited from the father and mother a diseased appetite, who lives in an atmosphere which intensifies the craving for stimulants, whose inadequate or improper food further intensifies that craving—how far he is a guilty person to be punished, how far a diseased person to be cured, is a question to which no definite and final answer can be given."

"What is true of drunkenness is true of other sins. They are partly the result of deliberate, intentional violation of law. They are partly the result of ignorance, ill-breeding, bad inheritance and almost irresistible social forces. Society has tried for many years the experiment of curing sin by punishing it. It is high time that society tried the experiment of curing crime by removing the causes which produce it and by treating the criminal as a diseased or insane person, to be sent to a hospital for remedial measures."

"We can put our whole philosophy on this subject in a sentence, thus: It should be the object of society, not to fit the punishment to the offense, but to the offender. Or, in another sentence, thus: The object of all punishment should be curative, not punitive; its object should be to punish crime only that it may cure crime, first in the individual, next in society."

"There is no offense to which this principle can be and should be more immediately and constantly applied than to the offense of drunkenness."

Booth on Liqueur Traffic.

When we compare Scotland's drink bill for 1902 with 1910 we are surprised at the enormous reduction within the period. In 1902 Scotland was spending on liquor £3 13s 3d per head, but in 1910 it had fallen to £2 13s 3d—10s less per head than in 1902. That is to say, Glasgow saved over £200,000, and Edinburgh over £200,000. None of that money went into the drink trade—Everybody's Month-