

# 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 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 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, and 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 reaps a 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.

## CHAPTER VII.

In no blaze of glory did Burning Daylight descend upon San Francisco. Not only had he been forgotten, but the Klondike along with him. The world was interested in other things, and the Alaskan adventure, like the Spanish War, was an old story. He settled down in St. Francis Hotel, was interviewed by the cub-reporters on the hotel-run, and received brief paragraphs of notice for twenty-four hours.

Several months passed in San Francisco, during which time he studied the game and its rules, and prepared himself to take a hand.

Tiring of being merely an onlooker, he ran up to Nevada, where the new gold-mining boom was fairly started. "Just to try a flutter," as he phrased it to himself. The flutter on the Tonopah Stock Exchange lasted just ten days, during which time his smashing, wild-bull game played ducks and drakes with the more stereotyped gamblers, and at the end of which time, having gambled Florida into his fist, he let go for a net profit of half a million. Whereupon, smacking his lips, he departed for San Francisco and the St. Francis Hotel. It tasted good, and his hunger for the game became more acute.

And once more the papers sensationalized him. BURNING DAYLIGHT was a big-letter headline again. Interviewers flocked about him. Old files of magazines and newspapers were searched through, and the romantic and historic Elam Harnish, Adventurer of the Frost, King of the Klondike, and Father of the Sour-doughs, strode upon the breakfast table of a million homes along with the toast and breakfast foods. Even before his elected time, he was forcibly launched into the game. Financiers and promoters, and all the fetsam and jetsam of the sea of speculation surged upon the shores of his eleven millions. In self-defence he was compelled to open offices. He dabbed in little things at first—"stalling for time," as he explained it to Holdsworthy, a friend he had made at the Alta-Pacific Club. Daylight himself was a member of the club, and Holdsworthy had proposed him. And it was well that Daylight played closely at first, for he was astounded by the multitudes of sharks—"ground-sharks," he called them—that flocked about him. He saw through their schemes readily enough, and even marveled that such numbers of them could find sufficient prey to keep them going. Their rascality and general dubiousness was so transparent that he could not understand how any one could be taken in by them.

So it was that he resolved to leave the little men, the Holdsworths, alone; and, while he met them in good fellowship, he chummed with none, and formed no deep friendships. He did not dislike the little men, the men of the Alta-Pacific, for instance. He merely did not elect to choose them for partners in the big game in which he intended to play. What this big game was, even he did not know. He was waiting to find it. And in the meantime he played small hands, investing in several arid-lands reclamation projects and keeping his eyes open for the big chance when it should come along.

And then he met John Dowsett, the great John Dowsett. It was the first big magnate Daylight had met face to face, and he was pleased and charmed. There was such a kindly humanness about the man, such a genial democraticness, that Daylight found it hard to realize that this was the John Dowsett, president of a string of banks, insurance manipulator, reputed ally of the Heutenants of Standard Oil, and known ally of the Guggenhammers. Nor did his looks belie his reputation and his manner. Physically, he guaranteed all that Daylight knew of him. Despite his sixty years and snow-white hair, his hand-shake was firmly hearty, and he showed no signs of decrepitude, walking with a quick, snappy step, making all movements definitely and decisively.

It was not long afterward that Daylight came on to New York. A letter from John Dowsett had been the cause—a simple little typewritten letter of several lines. But Daylight had thrilled as he read it. The last sentences seemed gorged with mystery. "Our Mr. Howison will call upon you at your hotel. He is to be trusted. We must not be seen together. You will understand after we have had our talk." Daylight conked the words over and over. That was it. The big game had arrived, and it looked as if he were being invited to sit in and take a hand. Surely, for no other reason would one man so promptly invite another man to make a journey across the continent.

They met—thanks to "our" Mr. Howison—on the Hudson, in a mag-

nificent country home. Daylight, according to instructions, arrived in a private motor car which had been furnished him. Dowsett was already there, and another man whom Daylight recognized before the introduction was begun. It was Nathaniel Letton, and none other. Daylight had seen his face a score of times in the magazines and newspapers, and read about his standing in the financial world, and about his endowed University of Daratona. He, likewise, struck Daylight as a man of power, though he was puzzled in that he could find no likeness to Dowsett. Except in the matter of cleanliness—a cleanliness that seemed to go down to the deepest fibers of him—Nathaniel Letton was unlike the other in every particular. Thin to emaciation, he seemed a cold flame of a man. Not more than fifty, thatched with a sparse growth of iron-gray hair, he looked several times the age of Dowsett.

They drank—that is, Nathaniel Letton took mineral water served by the smoothly operating machine of a lackey who inhabited the place, while Dowsett took Scotch and soda and Daylight a cocktail. Leon Guggenhammer arrived in the midst of the drink, and ordered Scotch. Daylight studied him curiously. This was one of the great Guggenhammer family; a younger one, but nevertheless one of the crowd with which he had locked grapples in the North. Nor did Leon Guggenhammer fail to mention cognizance of that old affair. He complimented Daylight on his pro-



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gress. The echoes of Ophir came down to us, you know. And I must say, Mr. Daylight—er, Mr. Harnish, that you whipped us roundly in that affair."

Leon Guggenhammer was young and fat. Not a day more than thirty, his face, save for the adumbrated puff sacks under the eyes, was as smooth and lineless as a boy's. The talk soon centered down to business. Dowsett broached the plan, aided by an occasional remark from the other two, while Daylight asked questions. Whatever the proposition was, he was going into it with his eyes open. And they filled his eyes with the practical vision of what he had in mind.

"They will never dream you are with us," Guggenhammer interjected, as the outlining of the matter drew to a close, his handsome Jewish eyes flashing enthusiastically. "They'll think you are raiding on your own in proper buccaneer style."

"Of course, you understand, Mr. Harnish, the absolute need for keeping our alliance in the dark," Nathaniel Letton warned, gravely.

Daylight nodded his head.

"And you also understand," Letton went on, "that the result can only be productive of good. The thing is legitimate and right, and the only ones who may be hurt are the stock gamblers themselves. It is not an attempt to smash the market. As you see yourself, you are to buy the market. The honest investor will be the gainer."

"Yes, that's the very thing," Dowsett said. "The commercial need for copper is continually increasing. Ward Valley Copper, and all that it stands for—practically one-quarter of the world's supply, as I have shown you—are scarcely estimated. Our arrangements are made. We have plenty of capital ourselves, and yet we want more. Also, there is too much Ward Valley

out to suit our present plans. Thus we kill both birds with one stone. Not only will you buy Ward Valley, but you will at the same time gather Ward Valley in. This will be of inestimable advantage to us, while you and all of us will profit by it as well. And as Mr. Letton has pointed out, the thing is legitimate and square. On the eighteenth the directors meet, and, instead of the customary dividend, a double dividend will be declared."

"There will be all sorts of rumors on the street," Dowsett warned Daylight, "but do not let them frighten you. These rumors may even originate with us. You can see how and why clearly. But rumors are to be no concern of yours. You are on the inside. All you have to do is buy, buy, buy, and keep on buying to the last stroke, when the directors declare the double dividend. Ward Valley will jump so that it won't be feasible to buy after that."

"And one other thing, Mr. Harnish," Guggenhammer said, "if you exceed your available cash, or the amount you care to invest in the venture, don't fail immediately to call on us. Remember, we are behind you."

"Yes, we are behind you," Dowsett repeated.

Nathaniel Letton nodded his head in affirmation.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Back at his hotel, though nearly two in the morning, he found the reporters waiting to interview him. Next morning there were more. And thus, with blare of paper trumpet, was he received by New York. Once more, with beating of tom-toms and wild hulla-balloo, his picturesque figure strode across the printed sheet. The King of the Klondike, the hero of the Arctic,

eager were the sellers that Ward Valley rose but slowly. A wildly exciting time was his during the week preceding Thursday the eighteenth. Not only was he gambling as he had never gambled before, but he was gambling at the biggest table in the world for stakes so large that even the case-hardened habitués of that table were compelled to sit up. In spite of the unlimited selling, his persistent buying compelled Ward Valley steadily to rise, and as Thursday approached, the situation became acute. Something had to be done. How much would Ward Valley be this Klondike game being going to buy? How much could he buy? What was the Ward Valley crowd doing all this time? Daylight appreciated interviews with them that appeared—interviews delightfully placid and non-committal. Leon Guggenhammer even hazarded the opinion that this Northland Croesus might possibly be making a mistake. But not that they cared, John Dowsett explained. "It is purely gambling from beginning to end," were Nathaniel Letton's words; "and we refuse to have anything to do with it or to take notice of it in any way."

During this time Daylight had several secret meetings with his partners—one with Leon Guggenhammer, one with John Dowsett, and two with Mr. Howison. Beyond congratulations, they really amounted to nothing; for, as he was informed, everything was going satisfactorily. But on Tuesday morning a rumor that was disconcerting came to Daylight's ears. It was also published in the Wall Street Journal, and it was to the effect, on apparently straight inside information, that on Thursday, when the directors of Ward Valley met, instead of the customary dividend being declared, an assessment would be levied. It was the first check Daylight had received. It came to him with a shock that if the thing were so he was a broken man. And it also came to him that all this colossal operating of his was being done on his own money. Dowsett, Guggenhammer and Letton were risking nothing. It was a panic, short-lived, it was true, but sharp enough while it lasted to make him remember Holdsworthy and the brick-yard, and to impel him to cancel all buying orders while he rushed to a telephone.

"Nothing in it—only a rumor," came Leon Guggenhammer's throaty voice in the receiver. "As you know," said Nathaniel Letton, "I am one of the directors, and I should certainly be aware of it were such action contemplated." And John Dowsett: "I warned you against just such rumors. There is not an iota of truth in it—certainly not. I tell you on my honor as a gentleman."

Heartily ashamed of himself for his temporary loss of nerve, Daylight returned to his task. The cessation of the stock market had turned the Stock Exchange into a bedlam, and down all the list of stocks the bears were smashing. Ward Valley, as the apex, received the brunt of the shock, and was already beginning to tumble. Daylight calmly doubled his buying orders. And all through Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday morning, he went on buying, while Ward Valley rose triumphantly higher. Still they sold, and still he bought, exceeding his power to buy many times over, when delivery was taken into account. What of that? On this day the double dividend would be declared, he assured himself. The pinch of delivery would be on the shorts. They would be making terms with him.

And then the thunderbolt struck. True to the rumor, Ward Valley levied the assessment. Daylight threw up his arms. He verified the report and quit. Not alone Ward Valley, but all securities were being hammered down by the triumphant bears. As for Ward Valley, Daylight did not even trouble to learn if it had fetched bottom or still tumbling. Not stunned, not even bewildered, while Wall Street went mad, Daylight withdrew from the field to think it over. After a short conference with his brokers, he proceeded to his hotel, on the way picking up the evening papers and glancing at the headlines. BURNING DAYLIGHT CLEANED OUT, he read; DAYLIGHT GETS HIS; ANOTHER WESTERNER FAILS TO FIND EASY MONEY.

He passed up to his rooms, ordered a Martini cocktail, took off his shoes, and sat down to think. After half an hour he roused himself to take the drink, and as he felt the liquor pass warmly through his body, his features relaxed into a slow, deliberate, yet genuine grin. He was laughing at himself.

"Buncoed, by gosh!" he muttered. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Costa Rican Is Dignified

He Loves Pomp and Ceremony and His Formal Banquets Are Distressingly Solemn.

"The Costa Rican loves pomp and ceremony. He plays with diplomacy, and from force of habit strikes a threatening attitude toward the head of the government, whoever he may be, but never carries it so far as to provoke a revolution, as is done in the sister republics."

"He is a perfect picture of the posing hero in the comic opera, never yet having been conquered by his enemy, but always on guard," writes a woman correspondent of Health Culture. "The old Spanish hideaways who warred with the Central American states did not consider the country around San Jose (reached then by a bridge path over the mountains) worth fighting for."

"So they left the natives in possession and the consequence is that the

peon, or barefooted native, driving his yoke or diminutive oxen, is nobody's slave. He owns his mule and cart, his little patio of land and farmhouse. The tax gatherer has no place there, therefore when you meet him reincarnated as the dignified merchant he is a most self-respecting citizen.

"A dinner of fifty covers, with three kinds of wine, was tendered a foreign diplomat during our stay at the Hotel Imperial. When they were all seated and the dinner well on we gained a cogn of vantage where we were not seen, and I aver that a woman's suffrage luncheon in New York city was a hilarious affair in comparison to it. Yet nearly every man present had been educated in Europe."

"At Christmas time, during the ten days of fete, they enter heartily into the spirit of the carnival, and then fold themselves away for the rest of the year."

## My Worst Blunder

FAMOUS "BONEHEAD" PLAYS ON MAJOR LEAGUE DIAMONDS

Explained by Leading Baseball Players to

HUGH S. FULLERTON

BY ED. KONETCHY,

First Baseman St. Louis Cardinals, Who is Considered by Many Experts as the Best First Baseman in the Game Today.

You may think it odd, but the fact is that I won a ball game by what I think was the worst mistake I ever made. Maybe I wouldn't admit that if it had lost the game, except to fellows I know well enough, but it was. Lots of times I read how someone makes a boneheaded play when I know it was a good play, and lots of times I read about them making good plays that are good plays only because they get away with them. Any play is a good play as long as it is a help toward winning a game, and any play is a rotten play if it loses a ball game. The fans want to win, and if you win



Ed. Konetchy.

they don't care a rap for the science of it. I'll tell them call me a bonehead every day if I can win ball games by it.

We were playing the Chicago club early in 1911, and fighting them out of their feet in the series. I think it was the third game of the series. It was a fierce fight all the way, as every game of the series was, and the score was close when we came down to the end. We were tied, and neither had scored many runs, but late in the game Chicago got a runner to second base with one out, and we were battling to keep them from scoring the winning run. Hofman was at bat and I was watching closely to see what our pitcher was handing up to him, and playing a little bit closer to the bag than usual because of Hofman's speed in coming down to first. He hit the ball a mile a minute, almost over the corner of the base, and as I saw it coming I knew it was up to me to stop that ball or the game was gone. It didn't look as if anyone had a chance to reach the ball, but I jumped over and made a slap at it with my mitt. The ball jumped up just in time to hit the edge of the mitt hard, and I knew I had blocked its force and that it was only a base hit instead of the triple it would have been had it passed the mitt. I really didn't know where the ball was, but saw it rolling slowly back of me into right field.

That far I had made a nice play and a lucky stop. I jumped after the ball, and in doing so I must have lost my head. I knew the runner was certain to beat the ball to first. He was ahead of Salles, who was coming over to cover first, when I picked up the ball, and there wasn't a chance to catch him. My play, without doubt, was to get that ball back to the plate to prevent the running from second trying to score, and if I could hold him at third, which ought to have been easy, we still would have a chance to cut off the runner at the plate or to try for a double play. I was so anxious and rattled that I leaped on the ball and cut loose at full speed to first. Salles was covering as fast as he could, but the way I threw he couldn't have caught the ball any more than he could catch a cannon ball. The ball went past him like a flash, struck the dirt, bounded straight into the catcher's hands, and the runner who was trying to score from second was out by ten feet at the plate.

It took us a long time to win that game. We tied in eleven innings that day, and when we tried to play it off, and we finally won it late in September.

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To Reimburse Bassett. Evansville business interests will reimburse President Bassett of the Kitty League for the \$1,000 he paid to clear territorial rights and put the Evansville club in the Kitty league under local ownership.

Maurice Rath With Cleveland. Maurice Rath, who is playing such phenomenal ball for Gullahan's speedy White Sox, is the youngster who went to Cleveland in Connie Mack's trade for Bris Lord, and who was later released to Baltimore.

## PENNANT-WINNING PLAYS

By IRWIN M. HOWE, Official Statistician of the American League

### "DOC" WHITE OUTGUESSED BY BARRY

WHEN a pitcher of much renown uses all his wit, brains and skill through a long, hot battle of 12 innings against the champions of his league, and victory is finally snatched away because he has been outguessed, he may be excused if for a moment he rails at fate—and Jack Barry. Such was the case with "Doc" White, the famous southpaw of the Chicago White Sox, on a memorable Sunday afternoon in August, 1911, while it cannot be said that the pennant race hinged on the result of this game, the outcome was still in doubt. The redoubtable



Jack Barry.

Tigers were only a length or so behind the Athletics, with no thought of yielding the prize. To maintain their slight advantage until they could reach Detroit was the consuming desire of the Mackmen.

By the time the first inning was completed the Athletics realized that if they were to win, every resource at their command would be required. In the sixth round the big twirler Plank disengaged so emphatically with the umpire he was removed from the picture, and Morgan took his place. The shadowy southpaw of the Chicago team was weaving his mystic curves around and over the plate in such effective fashion that four of his opponents reached first base in nine innings, and third was a region entirely unexplored. Morgan's task, therefore, seemed heavy, but he proved to be very effective. He escaped in the tenth, when, through an error of judgment on the part of the Chicago manager and the good right arm of Briscoe Lord, the Sox failed to score the winning run.

Thus they went into the thirteenth round with the score a tie, no runs on either side. Here White finally weakened and gave the visitors an opening. Baker opened with a safe drive. Murphy sacrificed him to second, and when Dougherty muffed McInnes' drive he reached third. Then came Barry. Having twice baffled the White Sox during the afternoon he now gave an exhibition of inside ball as it should be played. With Baker on

third, McInnes on second, and one out, the nimble witted youngster set his trap. The tring shadow in the center of the diamond floated the first and over the inside corner of the plate for a strike. Barry swung fiercely—and missed. The next pitch was a fast one. Baker tore for home with the pitcher's swing, the ball rolled down the grass so beautifully placed that Baker scored, McInnes reached second and Barry first before the astonished White reached the ball.

That Thomas followed with a double, scoring two runs, was merely an incident. The Barry play, which means the instant grasping of a situation and perfect execution, had won. The margin of the leaders was maintained. Another world's pennant had been brought a trifle nearer.

By IRWIN M. HOWE, Official Statistician of the American League

### HOW NED HANLON HELPED WIN DETROIT'S ONLY WORLD'S PENNANT

HERE and there among the crowds that during the last five years have been amazed and delighted by the performances of Tyrus Cobb could be found many old time patrons of the game. These graybeards took pleasure in comparing the southerner with one of his predecessors, a fleet outfielder, who led a team of world's champions for Detroit when the present day "Peach" was a mere blossom. A man celebrated in his youth as a player, in later years as a manager, president and capitalist—Ned Hanlon, in 1887 captain and center fielder of the "Sluggers" of Detroit, the greatest band of fence breakers that ever drove a pitcher from the slab.

In Detroit it is not considered strange if, after the casual spectator has exclaimed in astonishment at some spectacular play, one of the above mentioned charter members of the Rooters' society seizes the opportunity to regale his neighbor with a Hanlon story; possibly the one told here, that saved a game and helped to win the only world's championship pennant that has ever been flung to the breeze in the City of the Straits.

In 1887 Detroit won the National league flag and the St. Louis Browns, under the leadership of Comiskey, took the American association bunting for the third time in succession. The Browns were the title holders, having won the honors from Anson's Chicago team the year before.

The first and second games of the Detroit-Browns series were played in St. Louis, each team winning one. The third contest opened in Detroit on October 12, with excitement among the fans running high. Carruthers and Bushong were in the points for the Browns, while Hanlon split his Pretzel battery, Getzin and Gansel, and sent Charlie Bennett behind the bat. St. Louis scored a run in the second inning, and so well did easy going, handsome Bob Carruthers work that not until the eighth round could Detroit with a team batting average of .347 for the National league season, tie it up.

They went through the next three innings dead and neck. In the twelfth with any fair luck and without Ned Hanlon in opposition, the Browns would have won. With one down, Carruthers hit far to right, but big Sam Thompson was planted in just the right spot, and hauled it in. Fouts then came up and drove a liner high over second, which was meant for a home run. The nervous and now silent crowd despairingly watched Hanlon in a mad chase to overtake the flying missile. By a tremendous leap he succeeded, and the roars of jubilation shook the stand. The game was saved. Detroit pushed over a run in the next inning and won. The following day the world's championship was assured.

Had any fan of that time suggested however mildly that any mere fielder could in the future take the place then held by Captain Hanlon in the affections of Detroit, he would instantly have become an object of interest to the doctors.

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### USE EXPOSITION PARK AGAIN

Historical Baseball Grounds in Pittsburgh Being Occupied by New United States League.

The United States organization is the fourth baseball league to use Exposition park for its games in Pittsburgh. The first was the old Allegheny club of the American Association. The Alleghenys first played their games at Union park, but in 1882, under the management of A. G. Pratt, they shifted to Exposition field, and used those grounds also during the season of 1883, but in 1884 they went back to Union park and remained there until they passed out of existence after the season of 1886. Pittsburgh was admitted to the National league in 1887, but

the new club did not at first use Exposition park, selecting Recreation park instead. Exposition field was not to be kept off the map for long, however, and it came back into prominence again in 1890, when the Brotherhood or Players' league was formed. The Pittsburgh team of the new league made Exposition park its home field, and this appeared to establish the place, for when the Players' league passed out after one year's existence the National league team was shifted from Recreation to Exposition, and continued to use the latter for nearly nineteen full seasons, playing there from the opening of the season of 1891 until June 29, 1909, when it removed to Forbes field. From that time until now Exposition park has not been the scene of any professional league games.

Rieger is Happy. Elmer Rieger is the happiest man on the St. Paul club. The tall pitcher who for weeks had been living in the fear that his throwing arm was "dead" is recovering rapidly from the effects of the knifeless treatment given the injured arm by "Bonesetter" Reese, and Manager Kelley plans to try out the Californian at an early date.

Ping Bodie's Loud Suit. Ping Bodie, the Sox slinger, is attracting a lot of attention with a stop-

look-linen suit which he is wearing. The garment is of material similar to that used in awnings. Bodie has been notified not to wear it in the dining room, as it interferes with the service, and Ping is forced to wear his tuxedo at meal time.

A St. Louis critic says the Washingtons are strictly a Walter Johnson team, which leads a Washington writer to reply that the St. Louis man hasn't seen Foster, Groom, et al., yet.