

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 50th birthday with a crowd of miners at the Circle City Hotel. The dance leads to heavy gambling, in which over \$100,000 is staked. Harnish loses his money and his mine but wins the mail contract. He starts on his mail trip with dogs and sledges, telling his friends that he will be in the big Yukon gold strike at the start. Burning Daylight makes a sensational rapid run across country with the mail, appears at the Tivoli and is ready to join his friends in a dash to the 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 fat desolate. A comrade discovers gold and Daylight reaps a rich harvest. He goes to Dawson, becomes the most prominent figure in the Klondike and defeats a combination of capitalists in a vast mining deal. He returns to civilization, and amid the bewildering complications of high finance, Daylight finds that he has been led to invest his 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 gold-bricked 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 sneek-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 nightcap, 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 drift. By nine o'clock his telephone began to ring and the reports to come in. Nathaniel Letton was taking the bath at Terraviva. John Dowsett was coming down by the subway. Leon Guggenhammer had not stirred, not a wink, though he was normally within a few minutes of his room.

the city spread out before him, Daylight followed the movements of his three men as they drew together. Nathaniel Letton was at his offices in the Mutual-Solander Building. Next arrived Guggenhammer. Dowsett was still in his own offices. 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 swung himself into a massive chair and sprawled lastly, 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 horns-woggle 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 this heavy-muscled, Indian-like man whom they had robbed. They regarded him with a mixture of respect and of their strength and recklessness. If Letton could only put him off long enough for them to escape into the polluted 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 don't want to miss that train, and you-all have done me proud, gentlemen, 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 better 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 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'ya say?"

"Why continue to play at cross purposes?" Dowsett demanded abruptly and coldly. "Let us have the explanation here and now. Mr. Harnish is to-



For a While Murder Ate at His Heart.

boring 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 stung. 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'll dole out my explanation of 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—savee? Ain't afraid of God, devil, death, nor destruction. Them's my four aces, and they sure cover 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 parson. 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—savee? 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 I'll get out of the room except feet first."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Better Than Book Learning

Kentucky Mountaineer Preferred as Teacher Because He Could Lick Biggest Boy in School.

The colonel had gone up into the Kentucky mountains from the blue grass in command of a sawmill, and as soon as he had sawmilled his forces in that field he began to maneuver in the matter of improving the people about his camp. What they needed most were better schools and he determined to take a hand in the selection of a proper teacher. To this end he called in one from his own section who had a college education, but no mountain experience. When he proposed this blue grass nurtured young man to the mountaineer trustees there was unanimous opposition in favor of one of their own kind, who had been teaching the school for some time, though his education was of the most limited kind.

"But," argued the colonel, "your man doesn't have the first rudiments of an education and the pupils might as well have no teacher at all."

"He's done better than anybody else ever done, colonel," replied the chairman of the board.

"That may be, but none of them has been educated properly to teach. My man has been through college and is

superior to any teacher in the county."

The chairman didn't want any trouble with the colonel, nor did he want to yield his point.

"Maybe he's just what you say he is, colonel," he said persuasively, "and it ain't for us to doubt that he has a powerful sight of book larnin', but, colonel, we have saw him and we have saw our man, and I want say for this board of trustees that your man can't lick the biggest boy in school and our'n kin, and that counts for a heap sight more in this neck up woods than book larnin'."

The colonel's candidate retired to the blue grass whence he came.

Original Suffragette.

Mrs. Johanna Meyer, the first Danish woman to speak from a platform in behalf of woman suffrage, attended the Universal Races 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.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

STRONG AID FOR TEMPERANCE

Emperor William of Germany and Other Members of Royalty in Europe Favor Total Abstinence.

An interesting trio of facts has recently attracted the notice not only of temperance workers everywhere, but of the general public as well, showing the growing attitude of royalty toward drink and the liquor traffic in Europe.

The address made a short time ago by the Emperor William to the German students urging them to abolish beer-drinking bouts in their societies, roused widespread interest in the cause of temperance in Germany and attracted the attention of leaders in the movement in other countries. Still later, in opening the new naval academy at Mewrick, the Emperor William read an order-in-council laying stress upon the qualifications necessary to naval officers, and later speaking extemporaneously made a plea for temperance on the part of the cadets.

In his temperance talk he cautioned the cadets against excessive drinking, which he said undermined the nerves, and the strenuous naval service of today required strong nerves. He counseled total abstinence, and added impressively that "the nation which in the future used the smallest amount of alcohol would march at the head of the column on the fields of art and war."

Quite recently also, the king of Belgium attended an anti-alcoholic manifestation organized by the United Belgian Temperance societies. He listened with attention to eloquent addresses by the Catholic primate of Belgium, Monsignor Mercier, and the great French barrister, Monsieur Henry Robert. But by his own presence he did more for the popularization of teetotalism than the most eloquent speeches, as was remarked by Monsieur Robert.

Some weeks ago the future king of Sweden, Prince Gustavus, was the chief speaker in a meeting organized by Swedish Good Templars. He was pleased to take the lead in the temperance cause, he declared, and with such royal patronage it is easy to picture the rapid spread of the reform during the coming reign of this Scandinavian ruler.

A trade union secretary has the following pointed paragraph set forth in notes commenting on labor conditions in general: "A class of workmen who figure somewhat frequently on the unemployed list are the tippers. There is no room for dram-drinkers in the workshop of the present day. The drunken workman is rigidly kept on the outside of the workshop gates, because his presence inside is a danger both to himself and others, and the tippler will soon be sent to keep him company for the same reason.

"Much is being said in certain quarters concerning the effects of intoxicating drink on the question of unemployment. No one who is acquainted with the conditions of workshop life would contend for a moment that drink has any appreciable effect on the volume of unemployment, but it is an important factor in determining who are to be employed. Other things being equal, the non-drinking, non-sporting workman has by far a better chance of finding employment, and of keeping it, than his tipping or sporting fellow."

LIQUOR AND LIFE INSURANCE

Total Abstainers in New York Company Each Year Draw Increased Dividends.

Dr. G. H. Heald, in a recent issue of "Life and Health," mentions a striking instance of the benefits of total abstinence in the matter of life insurance.

A certain life insurance company doing business in New York, he states, has since 1900 kept a separate record of abstainers insured in the total abstinence department of the company. These total abstinence policies each year draw increased dividends, which materially reduce the cost of insurance.

It may be explained that many insurance companies issue annual dividends or refunds based upon the actual gains of the companies, resulting from the fact that the actual mortality is less than the calculated mortality shown in the tables. In the temperance department of this company, as in others, it is found that the dividend or amount returned to the policyholders is considerably larger than in the general department, because the actual mortality in that department is less proportionately than in the general department.

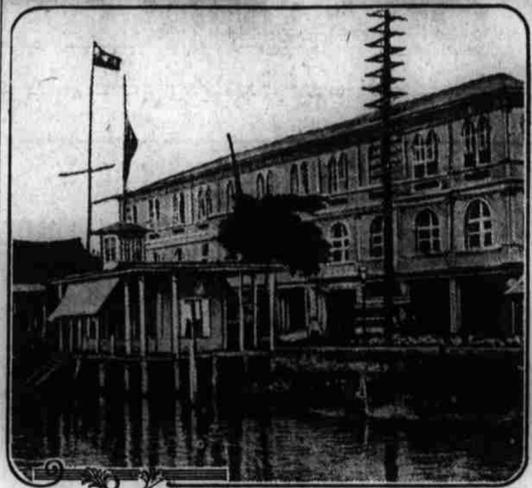
Scientific Study.

The Swedish government has been asked by the Bureau International Centre for Alcoholism, whose headquarters are at Lausanne, to aid in the founding in Sweden of an International Institute for the scientific study of alcoholism and its prevention. An address handed to the prime minister states that Sweden seem specially designed, by her long and successful combat against alcoholism as a national danger, to take the initiative in the foundation of such an institute, and to guide its future labors. The document is signed by 159 specialists on the subject from all countries of Europe.

Warning Against Alcohol.

The health committee of the Sheffield (England) city council is about to issue large posters warning citizens against alcohol. "Alcohol (it says) is a luxury and not a necessity, and its abuse is a most terrible danger to personal health, to family happiness, and to national prosperity." It is stated that Gotch, Hochschild, P. G. Selous, Victor Trumper, Burgess, Beaumont, and E. F. Weston, all renowned total abstinence for athletes. The poster is signed by the lord mayor and the town clerk, and the medical officer of health.

Best-Hole of the Pacific



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, GUAYAQUIL.

Run your finger down the eightieth parallel of longitude west. Pause at the equator and note a small dot about two degrees south of the intersection of the two lines. The name attached to the dot, if the map be large enough, will be Guayaquil, Ecuador.

Only those who have visited Guayaquil or who have noted recent Ecuadorian news dispatches have any idea of the sanitary conditions existing there. Ecuador, according to magazine writers and travelers who have touched merely on the higher portions of the country, has a climate "second to none in the world."

But it is not because of its climate that the attention of the United States has been called to Guayaquil, nor is it because of the death of the tuberculous patients that the hand of the state department is upraised to fall on Ecuador.

It is because, according to health authorities who have visited the city, Guayaquil is the most unhealthful, the most unclean and the least sanitary port in the world.

It is because of the danger that yellow fever, bubonic plague and leprosy—all of which live and thrive in unwhashed Guayaquil—may spread to Panama and through the canal to the gulf ports and eastern cities of the United States.

It is because a United States naval officer, Commander Levi C. Bertolotto of the gunboat Yorktown, was stricken with yellow fever while in the performance of his duty in Guayaquil a few months ago and died within two days, while 11 of his men fell from the same cause.

And, finally, it is because Guayaquil is in the hands of one of the best organized, most rapacious and utterly unscrupulous " Tweed rings" which ever dominated and all but throttled an entire country while menacing the commerce of the world for their private gain.

Only Promises.

The parental eye of the United States government has long been on Guayaquil. Twenty years ago reports from this port indicated a disregard for sanitation and health regulations which threatened seriously to disrupt commerce, and the United States then intimated that something must be done to clean up the port or a more rigid order would be issued. The Ecuadorian authorities, after promising to comply with the international health code, allowed the matter to lapse, and the American government, for some unexplained reason, took no further action.

Another outcry against Guayaquil filth was made in 1902, when yellow fever claimed Thomas Nast, the American cartoonist, then consul general of Ecuador, who, despite elaborate precautions against the yellow scourge, contracted the disease and died within a few days. Again the municipal and federal authorities promised to clean up "the pesthole of the Pacific"—and again they failed to do so.

An indication of the Ecuadorian lack of appreciation for the dangers of yellow fever may be obtained from the message sent Secretary of State Root upon the occasion of his visit to South America a few years after Nast's death. Guayaquil was at first included in the Root Itinerary, but the secretary, being informed of the lack of sanitary precautions there, canceled his engagement. The Guayaquil authorities, upon learning the reason for the secretary's action, wrote him "regretting that a few cases of yellow fever, sporadic, should prevent Secretary Root from visiting the premier port of Ecuador."

The death from yellow fever of Dr. William M. Wightman, U. S. P. H., and M. H. S., stationed at Guayaquil, again caused an outcry against insanitary conditions there, particularly since Doctor Wightman was supposed to have been immune to the disease.

Ever since the Panama canal project has become an established fact health officers in the canal zone have made repeated demands for the sanitation of Guayaquil, but the recent death of Commander Bertolotto, the secretary of the United States, and the state department has determined that Guayaquil must be cleaned before the opening of the Panama canal, otherwise drastic action sufficient to cut off Ecuadorian commerce from the outside world will be taken and Guayaquil will be practically starved into submission. Always Afflicted With Yellow Fever.

Guayaquil is one of the most important ports on the western coast of South America. It has the only first class harbor in Ecuador, and because of this lack of competition the city refuses to worry about its sanitary condition.

According to the report of Chief Quarantine Officer J. C. Ferry, U. S. P. H., and M. H. S., Guayaquil is always afflicted with yellow fever, even in the dry season, when the

stegomyia (yellow fever) mosquitoes are fewest, the disease is to be found in some parts of the city. This is due to a great extent to the fact that only three streets are satisfactorily paved, and many depressions exist for the formation of pools, providing breeding places for the mosquitoes. Half of the city is forced to depend upon accumulated rain water for its water supply, while the other half, housing some 40,000 persons, is fed by an 11-inch main from Bucay, totally inadequate to carry enough water for the needs of the inhabitants. In addition to this, the barrels and tanks used for the collection of rain water are uncleaned and form excellent breeding places for the death dealing stegomyia.

Smallpox is also prevalent in Guayaquil, and as little is done to prevent its spread, it marches on practically unhindered. Patients are not isolated, little disinfection is attempted and general vaccination has never been tried.

"Leprosy," according to Doctor Parker's 1911 report, "is frequently seen about the streets of the city. Five cases of this disease are always reported on the bills of health for the information of health officers, but the actual number of cases is unknown and no attempt at segregation is made."

But it is not because of her yellow fever, smallpox or leprosy that the United States fears Guayaquil and is considering taking steps to close the port—it is because of the bubonic plague, which stalks unhampered through her streets.

Brought into Ecuador by Asiatic ships in 1907, the dreaded scourge of the Orient spread rapidly through the crowded, dirty city until people died by the hundreds. Dr. B. J. Lloyd, the American health officer then stationed at the Ecuadorian port, had obtained favor with the then president of Ecuador (General Eloy Alfaro, recently lynched by a drink crazed mob) by curing him of an apparently fatal attack of diabetes, and when the plague appeared in Guayaquil Doctor Lloyd immediately commenced an active campaign against it. He had long preached the doctrine of sanitation and hygiene to the Guayaquilans, and they had not heeded him. Now, with hundreds of deaths from plague occurring every month, they turned to the American physician in their extremity. General Alfaro himself contributed about \$10,000 a month from the government treasury to fight the plague, and after a five months' struggle Doctor Lloyd stamped out yellow fever to a minimum and had begun to make inroads upon the plague.

The Bitter End.

You have probably often heard a person say: "I will follow it to the bitter end" or something to that effect, but very few persons know that this is a nautical term and is borrowed from a ship's cable. If you have ever been on a big ship you must have noticed two big pieces of wood sticking up out of the deck forward, alongside each other. They sometimes have a windlass between them and they are used to secure the cable that goes to the anchor. These pieces of wood are called the bitts. When the ship comes to anchor and the cable is paid out all that part of it which is shaft or behind the bitts is called the bitter end of the cable. In a storm or in poor holding ground for anchors the more cable that is paid out the better the anchor will hold and when the captain is at all doubtful he pays out his cable to the bitter end sooner than risk any harm to his ship.

"Which is Pat?"

The Sunday school teacher was explaining to the class how the priests of olden times thought that, by torturing themselves, they became better men.

"There aren't any men at the present time so foolish as to think that any good will ever come from hurting themselves, are there?" she asked.

"Yes, Mr. Pat's one," piped up a little boy, "for every time he licks me he says it's for the best, but it hurts him as much as it does me. He's either an awful liar, or else he tortures himself something awful."

Making It Right.

Lady (at fashionable ball)—Do you know that ugly gentleman sitting opposite us?

Partner—That is my brother, madam.

Lady (in confusion)—Ah! I beg your pardon. I had not noticed the resemblance.—Dundee noticed.

Meat Eating in London.

The amount of meat consumed in London in 1913 showed an increase of only 14,000 tons in four years. Eighty per cent of the beef and mutton was imported from South America.