

BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON

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SYNOPSIS.

Eliaz 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 with the mail, appears at the Tivoli and is now ready to join his friends in a dash to the new gold fields. Deciding that gold will be found in the up-river district Harnish buys two tons of flour, which he declares will be worth its weight in gold, but when he arrives with his flour he finds the big flat desolate. A comrade discovers gold and Daylight reaps a rich harvest.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Back in Dawson, though he remained true to his word and never touched hand to pick and shovel, he worked as hard as ever in his life. He had a thousand tons in the fire, and they kept him busy. Heavy as were his expenses, he won more heavily. He took lays, bought half shares, shared with the men he grub-staked, and made personal locations. Day and night his dogs were ready, and he owned the fastest teams; so that when a stampede to a new discovery was on, it was Burning Daylight to the fore through the longest, coldest nights till he blazed his stakes next to Discovery. In one way or another (to say nothing of the many worthless creeks) he came into possession of properties on the good creeks, such as Sulphur, Dominion, Excelsior, Slatash, Cristo, Alhambra, and Doolittle. The thousands he poured out flowed back in tens of thousands.

Dawson grew rapidly that winter of 1896. Money poured in on Daylight from the sale of town lots. He promptly invested it where it would gather more. In fact, he played the dangerous game of pyramiding, and no more perilous pyramiding than in a placer camp could be imagined. But he played with his eyes wide open.

Corner lots in desirable locations sold that winter for ten to thirty thousand dollars. Daylight sent word out over the trails and passes for the newcomers to bring down log-rails, and, as a result, the summer of 1897 saw his saw mills working day and night, on three shifts, and still he had logs left over with which to build cabins. These cabins, land included, sold at from one to several thousand dollars. Two-story log buildings, in the business part of town, brought him from forty to fifty thousand dollars apiece. These fresh accretions of capital were immediately invested in other ventures. He turned gold over and over, until everything that he touched seemed to turn to gold.

With the summer rush from the Outside came special correspondents for the big newspapers and magazines, and on and on, using unlimited space, they wrote Daylight up; so that, so far as the world was concerned, Daylight loomed the largest figure in Alaska. Of course, after several months, the world became interested in the Spanish War, and forgot all about him; but in the Klondike itself Daylight still remained the most prominent figure.

CHAPTER VI.

It was held by the thousands of hero-worshipping cheechagos that Daylight was a man absolutely without fear. But Bettles and Dan MacDonald and other sourdoughs shook their heads and laughed as they mentioned women. And they were right. He had always been afraid of them from the time, himself a lad of seventeen, when Queen Anne, of Juneau, made open and ridiculous love to him. For that matter, he never had known women. Born in a mining-camp where there were rare and mysterious, having no sisters, his mother dying while he was an infant, he had never been in contact with them.

But it was left to the Virgin to give him his final fright. She was found one morning dead in her cabin. A shot through the head had done it, and she had left no message, no explanation. Then came the talk. Some wit, voicing public opinion, called it a case of too much Daylight. She had killed herself because of him. Everybody knew this, and said so. The correspondents wrote it up, and once more Burning Daylight, King of the Klondike, was sensationally featured in the Sunday supplements of the United States. The Virgin had straightened up, so the feature-stories ran, and correctly so. Never had she entered a Dawson City dance-hall. When she first arrived from Circle City, she had earned her living by washing clothes. Next she had bought a sewing-machine and made men's drill parkas, fur caps, and moosehide mittens. Then she had gone as a clerk into the First Yukon Bank. All this, and more, was known and told, though one and all were agreed that Daylight, while the cause, had been the innocent cause of her untimely end.

And the worst of it was that Daylight knew it was true. Always would he remember that last night he had seen her. He had thought nothing of it at the time; but, looking back, he was haunted by every little thing that had happened. In the light of the tragic event, he could understand everything—her quietness, that calm certitude as if all vexing questions of living had been smoothed out and were gone, and that certain sinister sweetness about all that she had said and done that had been almost maternal. He remembered the way she had looked at him, how she had laughed when he mentioned Mickey Donah's mine, how she had looked at Skookum

lightly joyous, while at the same time it had lacked its old-time robustness. Not that she had been grave or subdued. On the contrary, she had been so patently content, so filled with peace. She had fooled him, fool that he was. He had even thought that night that her feeling for him had passed, and he had taken delight in the thought, and caught visions of the satisfying future friendship that would be theirs with this perturbing love out of the way.

And then, when he stood at the door, cap in hand, and said good night. It had struck him at the time as a funny and embarrassing thing, her bending over his hand and kissing it. He had felt like a fool, but he shivered now when he looked back on it and felt again the touch of her lips on his hand. She was saying good-by, an eternal good-by, and he had never guessed. At that very moment, and for all the moments of the evening, coolly and deliberately, as he well knew her way, she had been resolved to die. If he had only known it! Untouched by the contagious malady himself, nevertheless he would have married her if he had had the slightest inkling of what she contemplated. And yet he knew, furthermore, that hers was a certain stiff-necked pride that would not have permitted her to accept marriage as an act of philanthropy. There had really been no sav-

And, gazing down on the smoky inferno of crude effort, Daylight outlined the new game he would play, a game in which the Guggenhammers and the rest would have to reckon with him. But along with the delight in the new conception came a weariness. He was tired of the long Arctic years, and he was curious about the Outside—the great world of which he had heard other men talk and of which he was as ignorant as a child. There were games out there to play. It was a larger table, and there was no reason why he with his millions should not sit in and take a hand. So it was, that afternoon on Skookum Hill, that he resolved to play this last best Klondike hand and pull for the Outside. It took time, however. He put trusted agents to work on the beds of great rivers, and on the creeks where they began to buy he likewise bought. Wherever they tried to corner a worked-out creek, they found him standing in the way, owning blocks of claims or artfully scattered claims that put all their plans to naught.

Followed wars, truces, compromises, victories, and defeats. By 1898, sixty thousand men were on the Klondike, and all their fortunes and affairs rocked back and forth and were affected by the battles Daylight fought. And more and more the taste for the larger game urged in Daylight's mouth. Here he was already locked in grapples with the great Guggenhammers, and winning, fiercely winning. Possibly the severest struggle was waged on Ophir, the vertex of moose-pastures, whose low-grade dirt was valuable only because of its vastness. The ownership of a block of seven claims in the heart of it gave Daylight his

and conduct cost nearer four. Nor did he stop with this. Electric power plants were installed, and his workings were lighted as well as run by electricity. Other sourdoughs, who had struck it rich in excess of all their dreams, shook their heads gloomily, warned him that he would go broke, and declined to invest in so extravagant a venture. But Daylight smiled, and sold out the remainder of his town-site holdings. He sold at the right time, at the height of the placer boom. When he prophesied to his old cronies, in the Moosehorn Saloon, that within five years town lots in Dawson could not be given away, while the cabins would be chopped up for firewood, he was laughed at roundly, and he found ere that time. But he went ahead, when his need for lumber was finished, selling out his sawmills as well. Likewise, he began to get rid of his scattered holdings on the various creeks, and without thanks to any one he finished his conduit, built his dredges, imported his machinery, and made the gold of Ophir immediately accessible. And so, who five years before had crossed over the divide from Indian River and threaded the silent wilderness, his dogs packing Indian fashion, himself living Indian fashion on straight moose meat, now heard the boarse whistles calling his hundreds of laborers to work, and watched them toil under the white glare of the arc-lamps.

But having done the thing, he was ready to depart. And when he let the word go out, the Guggenhammers vied with the English concerns and with a new French company in bidding for Ophir and all its plant. The Guggenhammers bid highest, and the price they paid netted Daylight a clean million. It was current rumor that he was worth anywhere from twenty to thirty millions. But he alone knew just how he stood, and that, with his last claim sold and the table swept clean of his winnings, he had hidden his hunch to the tune of just a trifle over eleven millions.

His departure was a thing that passed into the history of the Yukon along with his other deeds. All the Yukon was his guest, Dawson the seat of the festivity. On that one last night no man's dust save his own was good. Drinks were not to be purchased. Every saloon ran open, with extra relays of exhausted bartenders, and the drinks were given away. A man who refused this hospitality, and persisted in paying, found a dozen fights on his hands. The vertex cheechagos rose up to defend the name of Daylight from such insult. And through it all, on moonless feet, moved Daylight, hell-roaring Burning Daylight, overspilling with good nature and camaraderie, howling his wolf howl and claiming the night as his, bending men's arms down on the bars, performing feats of strength, his bronzed face flushed with drink, his black eyes flashing, clad in overalls and blanket coat, his ear-flaps dangling and his gauntleted mittens swinging from the cord across the shoulders. But this time it was neither an ante nor a stake that he threw away, but a mere marker in the game that he who held so many markers would not miss.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AS IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS.

The man at the corner of the down town alley was selling some kind of cement.

It was worth 25 cents a bottle, as he explained to his bearers, but in order to introduce it he was making a special price of one dime, good for this particular occasion only, and he guaranteed satisfaction or money refunded.

"Will it mend broken china?" inquired a lean, undersized man in the crowd.

"It will mend anything but a broken promise or a ruined character. Say, my friend, here's a couple of sticks of wood, fastened together at the ends. If you break them apart I'll make you a present of a bottle."

Carelessly the undersized man took the joined sticks in his hand.

Then he gave them a sudden, violent wrench. He didn't break apart. It is saddening to have to spoil a story in this manner, but sometimes, in the interests of historical accuracy, it has to be done.

He Planned His Own Death

How Sir William Hankford 500 Years Ago Evaded Law Against Committing Suicide.

Suicides often adopt ingenious methods, but the art of the felo de se seems not to have advanced materially during the centuries. The modern case of a heavily insured broker who on a fabled hunting trip stood bare-legged in a quagmire for hours and wilfully contracted a fatal pneumonia is matched in cleverness by one 500 years old.

The following facts are well vouched for, and indeed were never questioned, says the Green Bag. Sir William Hankford, a judge of the king's bench in the reigns of Edward III, Henry IV, Henry V and Henry VI, and at the time of his death chief justice of England, was a man of melancholy temperament.

He seems to have contemplated suicide the greater part of his long life and during his later years the idea became a fixed purpose. The act was of peculiarly serious consequences in those days for the reason that the law treated it as a capital crime. The offender was buried at the cross roads, with a stake driven through his body, and all his goods and property were forfeited to the crown, to the utter ruin of his family.

Hankford made good use of his wit and succeeded in accomplishing his purpose without incurring either unpleasant penalty. He gave open instructions to his gamekeeper, who had been troubled with poachers in the deer preserve, to challenge all trespassers in the future and to shoot to kill if they would not stand and give an account.

One dark night he purposely crossed the keeper's path, and upon challenge made motions of resistance and escape. The faithful servant, failing to recognize his master, followed instruction to the letter, as was expected of him, and Sir William fell dead in his tracks. The whole truth of the affair was common knowledge, but it was impossible to establish a case of suicide by legal proof. The servant was protected by his instructions. Hankford had honorable burial and his estate passed to those whose interests as heirs he had so wisely considered.

The Remedy at Hand.

"Is this the kind of weather you generally have out here in Oregon?" inquired the dyspeptic easterner.

"This is about the kind we've had all summer," said the hotel clerk.

"Why don't you use the recall on it?"

CHINESE AT THE RED CROSS CONFERENCE



AMONG the foreign delegations that attended the recent International Red Cross conference in Washington one of the most interesting was that from China, here photographed. They are, from left to right, back row: Mr. Lo, Dr. John C. Ferguson, Dr. T. Theodore Wong, Mrs. Yung Kwai, Mrs. Henry K. Chang, Miss Alice Chang and Miss Lillie Chang.

CUBA'S WICKED CITY

Havana is Most Wide Open Place on Island.

Night Scenes Depicted in the Theaters and Parks and on the Prado in One of World's Richest Towns—Lottery is Held.

Havana, Cuba.—They say good Americans when they die go to Paris, but "live" Americans go to Havana. Havana, gay, wicked, wide open, it is the one city today to be shunned or visited, according to one's point of view. Several cities have come to be called the wickedest city—Reno, Nev., Port Said and Irkutsk, Siberia, for instance. They are wicked cities, but their wickedness is of a sordid variety. Havana is wicked and gay. And five hours from the United States.

In Paris the "night life," gay restaurants and dances are for English and American tourists. In Havana the "gay life" is for the natives. Its wickedness is part of its life. Everything in Havana is wide open, says the Milwaukee Sentinel. And of its fifty-seven varieties of wickedness the mildest is gambling. Gambling houses in Havana are open to both men and women. All that is necessary is a bank roll. Roulette, faro, and hazard and good American poker are at hand. Jal Alai, the popular Spanish game of skill, on which such big sums were won and lost, no longer

flourishes, but it is scarcely missed. Burbridge's Miramar hotel is a temple of chance when one can woo the fickle goddess as she can be wooed nowhere in America. And, what is more, it is fashionable to do so.

Even as one sips his chocolate in the morning the daily round has its beginning. A half dozen peddlers of lottery tickets interrupt the meal. The lottery in Cuba is run by the government and there are drawings every three months for enormous prizes. The first prize is \$100,000.

But it is not until after dark that Havana takes on its air of gaiety. Then the Prado and the Malacan and the various parks become a fairland of lights. A band plays at the Malacan, as the boulevard along the ocean front is called. All Havana emerges from its cool and comfortable stone houses ready for a night of pleasure.

The cafes are crowded, there is a constant stream of automobiles and carriages up and down the boulevards. The sidewalks are filled with people hurrying to the theaters. They are nearly all dressed in the height of fashion. Havana is one of the richest cities in the world. Its styles come direct from Paris. The only cheap things are tobacco and matches.

At eight o'clock performances begin in a dozen theaters. At the Payret grand opera is sung by a company of artists headed by Constantino of the Metropolitan forces. At the Albus a Spanish opera company from the City of Mexico is singing "The Chocolate

Soldier" and "The Count of Luxembourg." At the Marti farce comedy reigns.

In the moving picture and variety theaters one finds real wickedness. The "grizzly bear," "the bunny hug" or "most compared with the dances shown on the stages of the variety theaters, where the public is admitted for 25 and 50 cents. The little plays are beyond description and the actresses wear very scanty attire.

At midnight Central park, which is in the heart of the city, is crowded and filled with life as Broadway and Forty-second street before the theaters swallow up the crowds. The cafes are filled with people, but instead of eating lobsters and draining cold bottles they eat ice cream and sip soft drinks. There is very little drinking of alcoholic liquors in Havana.

The second floor is one big gambling room, and it is thronged nightly by scores of American visitors as well as rich Spaniards.

Verdigris Kills Collector.

London.—A remarkable cause was assigned for the death of Abraham Robinson at the inquest which was held at East Ham. Robinson was a collector employed by the Gas Light & Coke company, his duty being to visit about a hundred houses a day and collect the coppers from the penny-in-the-slot gas meters. Dr. Feeley, who attended him, said that he died from chronic metallic poisoning. Many of the coins in the meters were covered with verdigris and his fingers were unusually green at the end of the day. He had a habit of curling his long moustache with his fingers and this assisted in the absorption of the poison.

DOCTOR MOVED MAN'S BRAIN

Delicate Operation Performed at Baltimore Probably Will Save Sight of an Ohio Citizen.

Baltimore.—An operation that probably never has been equaled in delicacy or skill has been performed by Dr. Harvey Cushing, brain specialist of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in which a portion of the minor brain, known as the pituitary, was shaved aside and replaced after a quantity of the foreign fluid had been removed. The foreign fluid had been removed, is on the road to recovery. He is Harry Edmonson of Columbus, O.

An X-ray photograph revealed the fluid and to draw periods were attributed. The fluid could not be drained before first drilling a tiny hole just behind the left ear, leading to the cavity. Then, before the fluid could be drawn off, the pituitary had to be removed or directed to one side, for it blocked the flow. To loosen the little ball would be fatal to the patient, but at last the nerves were moved to one side, drawing the small body after them and leaving an opening for the fluid to escape.

Finds Skull With Arrow in It.

Rapid City, S. D.—H. E. Lee, of the Northwest Taxidermy, has added another treasure to his big collection of Indian relics. It is the skull of an Arickara Indian, with a steel arrow point in one of the eye sockets, showing the manner by which the Indian met his death. The skull was dug up with the bones of fourteen other Indians on the east bank of the Missouri river.

Negro Race Has Billion in U. S.

Return of Colored People to Dark Continent is Impossible Owing to Material Progress Made by Them, it is Announced.

Kansas City, Mo.—Disfranchise the negro and send him back to Africa? Absurd. Impossible. More than a billion dollars' worth of United States real estate which he owns in his own name in the United States is not easily to be taken from him. Besides, the negro is not an African—he is an American. "African" is a misnomer. Why try to send him to a country which is not his own?

So says Dr. J. R. Hawkins of North Carolina, secretary and commissioner of education for the African Methodist Episcopal church, a delegate to the general conference, at the Allen chapel. Dr. Hawkins has made a study of the business status of his race in connection with his regular work as one of their foremost educators.

"It probably will startle the world when it realizes that we have acquired in the last 50 years over \$1,000,000,000 in real estate," Dr. Hawkins said.

"And that is only the beginning of the rapid forward march which the negro is making as a business man. The negro could not help being a business man. He was surrounded with it in the years of his slavery. He was taught how to drive a bargain in horses or real estate, even if his master didn't teach him how to read and write.

"There are 400 self-supporting newspapers, daily and weekly, owned and published by negroes in the United States; 3,000 physicians have been graduated from negro and white schools and are now practicing among their people; 2,000 lawyers have been admitted to the bar in the United States courts of justice and 380 authors are found among our race.

"We own 41 schools and colleges, representing an investment of \$38,000,000, and \$45,000,000 has been spent in church property for negroes. Negro men own and control 51 banks which are prosperous and flourishing, and \$650,000 has been invested in negro libraries. And it is significant that in the southern negroes own 180,000 farms on which 50 years ago they toiled to the crack of the slave driver's whip.

"The negro is a born American and he feels it is his country. Africa has no call for him. It is as a fair tale to him. Pestilence and disease are not uncommon in Africa, but America nurtures him and makes him strong and he likes it and intends to stay in it. That doctrine is being taught our 1,650,000 children in the public schools.

"The negro does not ask for any special legislation in his favor. He is willing to take his chance and is confident that he can bear his own burden as well as the white man. And toward that end we are striving to educate our ignorant poor, make healthy the weak and to help more negroes to own their own homes and farms."

Beauty is Called Habit

Judge Rules Woman's Clothes Assume Fixed Standard as Result of Expenditures Allowed Her.

New York.—Beauty as a habit may become the slogan of this year's June brides, if an opinion concurred in by a majority of the judges of the appellate division of the supreme court here receives general notice, since it is held that the character and quantity of clothing a married woman is in the habit of wearing fixes the standard which the husband must sustain should be for any reason here an attack of parsimony after the honeymoon.

The question arose in a suit brought by a tailor to recover a bill for \$565 incurred by the wife of a New York merchant said to have an income of \$4,500 a year. Testimony introduced at the trial showed that at the time the contested articles were bought the wife's wardrobe contained 30 dresses, and suits, a dozen hats,

fifty pairs of silk stockings, three dozen pairs of gloves, two dozen pairs of shoes, ten pairs of silk equestrian tights and additional clothing sufficient to fill a number of trunks.

The justice who wrote the majority opinion of the court contended that the wardrobe was such as had been established as a habit by the wife, with her husband's knowledge, and that if the matter were laid before a jury the latter might so find. A nice point was raised in regard to the items of the \$564 purchase, which included two coats and three additional suits, as to whether these were actual necessities.

Tailors testifying as experts declared that the extra clothing was an actual need, since the styles changed twice a year, and the suits could be worn only three or four months. Through a mere technicality the habit theory is left in doubt, since the court found in favor of the husband because the extra clothing was

charged to the wife by the tailor, and not to the husband.

TRIPLETS CAUSE OF DIVORCE

Mother Died and Matrimonial Bureau Brides Fled in Terror Upon Seeing Husband's Family.

Trenton, N. J.—Israel Sahn, who gained notoriety some time ago, by naming triplets sons for Roosevelt, Taft and Cortelyou, has instituted divorce proceedings against his wife.

Shortly after the birth of the triplets the mother died and friends of Sahn induced him to seek another wife in order that the children might have a mother. Through the matrimonial bureau Sahn became acquainted with a young Austrian, named Yetta Meiter.

Returning from her honeymoon to the New Brunswick home of her husband, the bride was confronted with the triplets and six other children and immediately fled in terror. Mrs. Sahn has not lived with her husband since, hence the divorce proceedings.