BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON

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

"Dede Mason, I Want You, I Just Want You."

SYNOPSIS.

Elam Harnish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 30th 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 sledge, telling his friends that he will be in the big Yukon gold strike at the start. Burning Daylight makes a sensationally 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. 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, and confronting his disloyal partners with a revolver, he threatens to kill them if his money is not returned. They are cowed, return their stealings and Harnish goes back to San Francisco where he meets his fate in Dede Mason, a pretty stenographer. He makes large investments and gets into the political ring. For a rest he goes to the country. Daylight gets deeper into high finance in San Francisco, but often the longing for the simple life nearly overcomes him. Dede Mason buys a horse and Daylight meets her in her saddle trips. One day he asks Dede to go with him on one more ride, his purpose being to ask her to marry him and they canter away, she trying to analyze her feelings. Dede tells Daylight that her happiness could not lie with a money manipulator. Daylight undertakes to build up a great industrial community.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

She led the way through the door opening out of the hall to the right, and, once inside, he stood awkwardly rooted to the floor, gazing about him and at her and all the time trying not to gaze. In his perturbation he failed to hear and see her invitation to a seat.

"Won't you sit down?" she repeated.

"Look here," he said, in a voice that shook with passion, "there's one thing I won't do, and that's propose to you in the office. That's why I'm here. Dede Mason, I want you, I just want you."

So precipitate was he, that she had barely time to cry out her involuntary alarm and to step back, at the same time catching one of his hands as he attempted to gather her into his arms.

"Oh, I know I'm a sure enough fool," he said. "I—I guess I'll sit down. Don't be scairt, Miss Mason. I'm not real dangerous."

"I'm not afraid," she answered, with a smile, slipping down herself into a chair.

"It's funny," Daylight sighed, almost with regret; "here I am, strong enough to bend you around and tie knots in you. Here I am, used to having my will with man, beast or anything. And here I am sitting in this chair, as weak and helpless as a little lamb. You sure take the starch out of me."

"I—I wish you hadn't asked," she said softly.

"Mebbe it's best you should know a few things before you give me an answer," he went on, ignoring the fact that the answer had already been given. "I never went after a woman before in my life, all reports to the

His Arms Went About Her and Held Her Closely.

contrary notwithstanding. The stuff you read about me in the papers and books, about me being a lady-killer, is all wrong. There's not an iota of truth in it. I guess I've done more than my share of card-playing and whisky-drinking, but women I've let alone. There was a woman that killed herself, but I didn't know she wanted me that bad or else I'd have married her—not for love, but to keep her from killing herself. She was the best of the boiling, but I never gave her any encouragement. I'm telling you all this because you've read about it, and I want you to get it straight from me."

"I can't marry you," she said. "I like you a great deal, but—"

He waited a moment for her to complete the sentence, failing which, he went on himself.

"I haven't an exaggerated opinion of myself, so I know I ain't bragging when I say I'll make a pretty good husband. You could follow your own sweet will, and nothing would be too good for you. I'd give you everything your heart desired—"

"Except yourself," she interrupted suddenly, almost sharply. "Don't you see?" she hurried on. "I could have far easier married the Elam Harnish fresh from Klondike when I first laid eyes on him long ago, than marry you sitting before me now."

He shook his head slowly.

"That's one too many for me. The more you know and like a man the less you want to marry him. Familiarity breeds contempt—I guess that's what you mean."

"No, no," she cried, but before she could continue, a knock came on the door.

His eyes, quick with observation like an Indian's, darted about the room while she was out. The impression of warmth and comfort and beauty predominated, though he was unable to analyze it; while the simplicity delighted him—expensive simplicity, he decided, and most of it leftovers from the time her father went broke and died.

She re-entered the room, and as she crossed it to her chair, he admired the way she walked, while the bronze slippers were maddening.

"I'd like to ask you several questions," he began immediately. "Are you thinking of marrying somebody else?"

"There isn't anybody else. I don't know anybody I like well enough to marry. For that matter, I don't think I am a marrying woman. Office work seems to spoil me for that."

"It strikes me that you're the most marryingest woman that ever made a man sit up and take notice. And now another question. You see, I've just got to locate the lay of the land. Is there anybody you like as much as you like me?"

But Dede had herself well in hand.

"That's unfair," she said. "And if you stop and consider, you will find that you are doing the very thing you disclaimed—namely, nagging. I refuse to answer any more of your questions. Let us talk about other things. How is Bob?"

Half an hour later, whirling along through the rain on Telegraph Avenue toward Oakland, Daylight smoked one of his brown-paper cigarettes and reviewed what had taken place. It was not at all bad, was his summing up, though there was much about it that was baffling. There was that liking him the more she knew him and at the same time wanting to marry him less. That was a puzzler.

Once again, on a rainy Sunday, weeks afterward, Daylight proposed to Dede. As on the first time, he restrained himself until his hunger for her overwhelmed him and swept him away in his red automobile to Berkeley. He left the machine several blocks away and proceeded to the house on foot. But Dede was out, the landlady's daughter told him, and added, on second thought, that she was walking in the hills. Furthermore, the young lady directed him where Dede's walk was most likely to extend. Daylight obeyed the girl's instructions, and soon the street he followed passed the last house and itself ceased where began the first steep slopes of the open hills. The air was damp with the on-coming of rain, for the storm had not yet burst, though the rising wind proclaimed its imminence. As far as he could see, there was no sign of Dede on the smooth, grassy hills. To the right, dipping down into a hollow and rising again, was a large, full-grown eucalyptus grove. Here all was noise and movement, the lofty, slender-trunked trees swaying back and forth in the wind and clashing their branches together. In the squalls, above all the minor noises of creaking and groaning, arose a deep thrumming note as of a mighty harp. Knowing Dede as he did, Daylight was confident that he would find her somewhere in this grove where the storm effects were so pronounced. And find her he did, across the hollow and on the exposed crest of the opposing slope where the gale smote its fiercest blows.

"It's the same old thing," he said. "I want you and I've come for you. You've just got to have me, Dede, for the more I think about it the more certain I am that you've got a sneaking liking for me that's something more than just ordinary liking. And you don't dast say that it isn't; now dast you?"

"Please, please," she begged. "We can never marry, so don't let us discuss it."

Daylight decided that action was more efficient than speech. So he stepped between her and the wind and drew her so that she stood close in the shelter of him. An unusually stiff squall blew about them and thrummed overhead in the tree-tops, and both paused to listen. A shower of flying leaves enveloped them, and hard on the heel of the wind came driving drops of rain. He looked down on her and on her hair, wind-blown about her face; and because of her closeness to him and of a fresher and more poignant realization of what she meant to him, he trembled so that she was aware of it in the hand that held hers. She suddenly leaned against him, bowing her head until it rested lightly upon his breast. And so they stood while another squall, with flying leaves and scattered drops of rain, rattled past. With equal suddenness she lifted her head and looked at him.

"Do you know," she said, "I prayed last night about you. I prayed that you would fail, that you would lose everything—everything."

Daylight stared his amazement at this cryptic utterance.

"That sure beats me. I always said I got out of my depth with women, and you've got me out of my depth now. Well, you've just got to explain, that's all."

His arms went around her and held her closely, and this time she did not resist. Her head was bowed, and he could not see her face, yet he had a premonition that she was crying. He had learned the virtue of silence, and he waited her will in the matter. Things had come to such a pass that she was bound to tell him something now. Of that he was confident.

"I would dearly like to marry you," she faltered, "but I am afraid. I am proud and humble at the same time that a man like you should care for me. But you have too much money. There's where my abominable common sense steps in. Even if we did marry, you could never be my man—my lover and my husband. You would be your money's man. I know I am a foolish woman, but I want my man for myself. And your money destroys you; it makes you less and less nice. I am not ashamed to say that I love you, because I shall never marry you. And I loved you much when I did not know you at all, when you first came down from Alaska and I first went into the office. You were my hero. You were the Burning Daylight of the gold-diggings, the daring traveler and miner. And you looked it. I don't see how any woman could have looked at you without loving you—then. But you don't look it now. You, a man of the open, have been cooping yourself up in the cities with all that that means. You are becoming something different, something not so healthy, not so clean, not so nice. Your money and your way of life are doing it. You know it. You haven't the same body now that you had then. You are putting on flesh, and it is not healthy flesh. You are kind and genial with me, I know, but you are not kind and genial to all the world as you were then. You have become harsh and cruel. I do love you, but I cannot marry you and destroy love. You are growing into a thing that I must in the end despise. You can't help it. More than you can possibly love me, do you love this business game. This business—and it's all perfectly useless, so far as you are concerned—claims all of you. I sometimes think it would be easier to share you equitably with another woman than to share you with this business. I might have half of you, at any rate. But this business would claim, not half of you, but nine-tenths of you, or ninety-nine hundredths. You hold back nothing; you put all you've got into whatever you are doing—"

"Limit is the sky," he grunted grim affirmation.

"But if you would only play the lover-husband that way. And now I won't say another word," she added. "I've delivered a whole sermon."

She rested now, frankly and fairly, in the shelter of his arms, and both were oblivious to the gale that rushed past them in quicker and stronger blasts. The big downpour of rain had not yet come, but the mist-like squalls were more frequent. Daylight was openly perplexed, and he was still perplexed when he began to speak.

"You've left me no argument. I know I'm not the same man that came from Alaska. I couldn't hit the trail with the dogs as I did in them days. I'm soft in my muscles, and my mind's gone hard. I used to respect men. I despise them now. You see, I spent all my life in the open, and I reckon I'm an open-air man. Why, I've got the prettiest little ranch you ever laid eyes on up in Glen Ellen. That's where I got stuck for the brick-yard. You recollect handling the correspondence. I only laid eyes on the ranch that one time, and I so fell in love with it that I bought it there and then. I just rode around the hills, and was happy as a kid out of school. I'd be a better man living in the country. The city doesn't make me better. You're plumb right there. I know it. But suppose your prayer should be answered and I'd go clean broke and have to work for day's wages? Suppose I had nothing left but that little ranch, and was satisfied to grow a few chickens and scratch a living somehow—would you marry me then, Dede?"

"Why, we'd be together all the time!" she cried.

Then was the moment, among the trees, ere they began the descent of the hill, that Daylight might have drawn her closely to him and kissed her once. But he was too perplexed with the new thoughts she had put into his head to take advantage of the situation. He merely caught her by the arm and helped her over the rougher footing. At the edge of the grove he suggested that it might be better for them to part there, but she insisted that he accompany her as far as the house.

"Do you know," he said, "taking it by and large, it's the happiest day of my life, Dede, Dede, we've just got to get married. It's the only way, and trust to luck for it's coming out all right."

But the tears were threatening to rise in her eyes again, as she shook her head and turned and went up the steps.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tim Sullivan's Land Tax

Big Politician Has Scheme to Reduce Congestion in New York Tenement Districts.

Big Tim Sullivan has been looking about a bit in his Bowery kingdom, and as a consequence the brainiest man in Tammany has hammered out a land tax system, which he believes will reduce the congestion in the tenement districts, a New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star writes. "People in my district sleep three and four to the room," said he, "and many of the rooms have never had a ray of sunlight in them. They have to live that way because the rent is so high. The tenement owner who is willing to tear down his old building and put up a new one, with sunlight in every window and a bath in every flat, is afraid to do so, because he knows that his taxes would go skallyhooting up. The poor devils who rent his flats would in the end pay for that higher rate of taxation. Every eighth child born in New York city dies because its mother has to go to work or starve. At the same time there are 40,000 acres of good land lying idle within the city limits."

Therefore Sullivan has a plan to cut the taxes on improved real estate, and increase the taxes on vacant property. He figures that owners would have either to build on their land—which would relieve the downtown congestion—or go to farming it, which would indirectly have the same effect. "A watch dog on a farm lives better than many of my constituents," he declares, "and yet, after an experience of a lifetime down there, I have yet to find the equal of the families on the streets near the Bowery for industry and economy and courage. Maybe my land tax plan is Bowery political economy, as has been charged. I like it all the better for that fact. The Bowery has had to put up with Fifth avenue political economy for a good while."

Forget the sorrows of yesterday and go after the joys of today.

Temperance

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

LESS DRINKING BY SOLDIERS

British Generals Agree That the Best Fighting Is Done by Soldiers Who are Abstainers.

The changes that a century has wrought in respect to the use of strong liquor were illustrated during the recent meeting here of the Royal Army Temperance association, which now has 67,433 members, of whom 38,405 are in the Indian army, says a London correspondent of the New York Sun.

According to the figures presented there are now 28,380 total abstainers in the British army and 2,795 in the temperance section. Earl Roberts said a great change had come over the mortality of the army in India since the days when it was the custom to provide every soldier with "a tot of arrack" every morning.

Earl Curzon recalled that in 1812, when the peninsular war was in progress, the duke of Wellington's force was "a drinking if not a drunken army." The idea then was that the hard drinking man was the best fighting man and there was a direct ratio between whisky consumed and courage displayed. The duke himself while extolling the bravery of his men deplored their drunkenness and social vices.

Nowadays all recognize that the old idea was a ludicrous fallacy. Every general who had commanded troops in the last quarter of a century would say that the best marching army and the best fighting army was a sober army.

CONSUMERS WALKED IN REAR

Liquor Men's Parade Is Headed by Wholesalers on Horses and Distillers in Carriages.

Two old pals met on the street.

"I saw you in the liquor men's parade, Tuesday," said one of them.

"Oh, yes."

"Now you tell me about it. Who were those fellows in front on horses?"

"Why they were the wholesalers."

"Well, who were those fellows in carriages—the fellows in plug hats, smoking big black cigars?"

"They were the distillers and brewers."

"Who were those men walking—the ones with white plug hats, white coats and gold-headed canes?"

"They were the retailers."

"Who were those fellows that brought up in the rear?"

"Fellows with cauliflower noses and fringe on their pants—the crowd I was with?"

"Yes."

"Oh, they were the customers."—Denver Post.

LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN KANSAS

Man Who Sells Intoxicants Is an Outlaw and Lands in Jail or in the State Penitentiary.

In speaking of the liquor traffic in Kansas, Hon. F. D. Coburn, secretary of the department of agriculture of Kansas, said:

Those who have homes in Kansas live in a state where the man who sells intoxicants, thereby encouraging drunkenness, poverty, crime and the making of more drunkards out of the rising generation, is an outlaw, and when convicted, lands in jail or on the rockpile, and if found guilty a second time, goes to the state penitentiary.

The youth of Kansas has his eye fixed far above the horizon of the saloon, and you can raise your boy in Kansas without the temptation of the saloon, its ally, the gambling house and dens of shame, which in every part of the world are the haunts and plotting places of assassins, hold-up men and professional criminals generally.

Eliminate the Bar.

"The elimination of the American bar would prove the greatest step against intemperance in the United States," declared Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, the noted Jewish rabbi and scholar, in an address in Chicago recently. "If there is any institution in any land that is offensive," says the doctor, "it is the American bar. It is an American invention that has been adopted by no other country."

Endearing Names.

That must be a discredited thing if its own friends cannot speak of it with respect. What do drinking men and patrons of the bar call alcoholic liquors? Booze, bug-juice, rat poison, ten-rod lightning, embalming fluid, hell's broth, kill-me-quick, and red-eye!

A Harmless Jug.

Dr. Tying met an emigrant going west. On one of the wagons there hung a jug with the bottom knocked out. "What is that?" asked the doctor. "Why, it is my Taylor jug," said the man. "And what is a Taylor jug?" asked the doctor again. "I had a son in General Taylor's army in Mexico, and the general always told him to carry his whisky jug with a hole in the bottom, and that's it. It is the best invention I ever met with for hard drinkers."

Better Use for His Head.

I am a total abstainer from alcoholic liquors. I always felt that I had a better use for my head.—Thomas Edison.

The world has a hundred inventions to his credit, some of which have an economic bearing that runs into the tens of millions. What would the United States have lost if Edison had been a tippler?

Bismarck on Beer.

Bismarck declared: "Beer makes one stupid, lazy and impotent."

FARM of WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD

HOUSE ON FOUNDATION OF WASHINGTON'S HOME

CHERRIES are ripe on the farm where George Washington passed his boyhood, where he cut down the cherry tree, broke the neck of the untamed colt and threw a silver dollar across the river—so run the olden stories perpetuated by the venerable Parson Weems. This farm is on the Rappahannock river, opposite the colonial town of Fredericksburg, Va. The farm is in Stafford county, the town is Spottsylvania. The farm is much reduced in size, but that which is still called the Washington farm contains 160 acres, surrounding the site of the old Washington dwelling house, on the foundation of which has been built the house shown in the picture. People who live roundabout will point out where the historic cherry tree stood and assure one that the present cherry trees are descended from the trees that grew there when Washington was a child. They will point out the pasture where the unruly colt was killed and the spot where young Washington hurled the coin across the river. Though these feats are apocryphal, yet each was easily possible. Many a child has hacked a cherished tree or shrub. Many a colt has been maimed or killed in breaking. A good baseball thrower could send the sphere across the Rappahannock at that point, though the river is somewhat narrower now than it was then.

Record Incomplete.

Because of the incompleteness of the land records of Stafford county, there is no continuity of title of this land from the time the Washingtons bought it. There is a proposition that this farm be taken over by one of the ancestral patriotic societies. It was not long after Washington's birth, on the Pope's Creek farm on the Potomac river in Westmoreland county, Virginia, that Washington's parents, his elder half-brother Lawrence, and perhaps his eldest half-brother Augustine, also removed to the farm across from Fredericksburg, a city named for Prince Frederick, the father of George III. The date of the removal of the Washingtons from the Potomac to the Rappahannock farm is uncertain, but was between 1735 and 1740. The Rappahannock farm had for several years been owned by Augustine Washington (the father) and being close to a city, while his other holdings were distant from one, it is judged that the Washingtons wished a taste of urban life. This farm has been called variously "Pine Grove" and the "Ferry Farm," the latter name being due to the farm being opposite the lower Fredericksburg ferry. Whether George Washington knew this place as Pine Grove is questionable. In this connection it is worth recalling that George Washington never knew his birthplace as Wakefield, yet all the books set it down that he was born at Wakefield.

George Washington's father died April 12, 1743, leaving large landed possessions. The old home farm on the lower oPtomac he bequeathed to his eldest son Augustine. To his son Lawrence he left the farm on the Potomac between Dogue creek and Hunting creek, which Lawrence subsequently called Mount Vernon. To George, when he should become of age, he bequeathed the Rappahannock farm. Of this Fredericksburg farm Washington Irving, who visited all the Washington places in Virginia, says:

Meadow His Playground.

"Not long after the birth of George his father removed to an estate in Stafford county. The house was similar in style to the one on Bridge's creek (or Pope's creek), and stood on rising ground overlooking a meadow which was his playground and the scenes of his early athletic sports. But this home, like that in which he was born, has disappeared; the site is only to be traced by fragments of bricks, china and earthenwars."

This house was occupied by Mary Washington until it was destroyed by fire at a time after George had change his place of living to his half-brother's home, Mount Vernon. After the fire Mrs. Washington moved into a small frame cottage in Fredericksburg, in which she died on August 25, 1789. This cottage is standing, and is owned and utilized as a museum by the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities.

The Ferry farm originally contained 2,000 acres, and on this land Burnside conducted most of his operations against the Confederates in Fredericksburg and the low range of hills behind the town. After more than a century of transfers and subdivision the home seat came into possession of F. H. Corson, who erected a house on the foundation of the old Washington house. The site of the older house was cleared, the cellar re-excavated and the stone cellar walls used as a foundation. In digging out the old cellar large quantities of pottery, house hold utensils, earthen jugs and the like were found. A few years ago the property came into possession of the present owner, J. B. Colbert, who conducts the George Washington Stock Farm—raising cattle and hogs.

One of the original Washington houses is still standing on the farm at a distance of about a hundred yards from the house. The weather boarding of this structure has been renewed. It is a frame shanty, and the story goes that it was used as the office of the estate when the Washingtons lived there. When Corson bought the property it was scarred by Federal earthworks, among these being 13 rifle pits. These pits have been obliterated with the exception of one, which is preserved as a relic of the bloody days of '62.

FEW WITHOUT STAGE FRIGHT

Specialist in Nervous Diseases Gives Scientific Analysis of Much Dreaded Infliction.

Among nervous diseases may be included stage fright. A physician, who is a specialist in the former, has just been lecturing about the latter. He describes some acute forms of what French actors call "trac," one of the worst forms of which "produce a deviation of the mouth which it is impossible to overcome."

The sufferers "talk out one side of their mouths, and all their efforts to rid themselves of this nervous affection are fruitless." Their only remedy, one imagines, is to give up acting. The lecturer quoted also gives "twitching of the eye and feverish palsy of the hands" as being among the results of stage fright.

At the dress rehearsal of a play by Sardou an actress "violently scratched the hands of the actor with whom she was playing, saying, 'How nervous I feel.'"

She must have got over her nervousness since then, for the actress was Mlle. Blanche Dufresne, who for many years has acted with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

Two tenors are cited who have splendid voices at rehearsals, but could not get a note out on first nights—an unfortunate predicament for singers—and had to leave the stage. Even the famous Got knew the "trac."

The lecturer remembered his having had a total lapse of memory during the whole of an act of a new play at the Theatre Francais. But, while he could not recollect a single word of the dialogue, and took every word he spoke from the prompter, who gave him the text, he could fill in an attitude and gesture perfectly.

But the worst case on record of stage or platform fright was that of a lecturer of bygone days, or an intending lecturer, Alfred Assolant. He arrived, bowed, sat down with the manuscript of his lecture before him on the table, drank a glass of water, turned pale, blurted out: "No, thanks, I can't do it. I prefer to apologize," rose and fled.

The Schedule.

Husband (impatiently)—How long before Bridget will serve dinner?

Wife—One crash of china, two smells of burnt food, and three rings at the back-door bell.—Harper's Bazar.

A Hint.

"Papa, is it necessary to whip me?"

"You ought to know."

"Well, I sometimes think you don't realize how little good it does me."—Life.

Daniel's One Comfort.

At a luncheon in Chicago, Charles E. Kremer, the Chicago lawyer, was suddenly called on to make a few remarks, and after stating that he had not been told he would be asked to speak, he said: "When I came here realizing that I could eat my luncheon in peace, unworried and unruffled by the thought that I must make a speech, I felt like Daniel in the lion's den. Daniel, as he looked at the hungry, ferocious lions in front of him, realizing his danger and the short time he had to live, did not lose his sense of humor, possibly realizing that the hereafter was safe, and said to himself: 'There is one good thing about this meal, and that is I'll not have to make a speech when it's over.'"

Practice What You Preach.

"Papa, what the quickest way to get rich?"

"I can't tell. But I know the slowest way."

"What?"

"Being honest."

"I see. Well, dad, I'll be rich pretty soon if you'll quit licking me."

He Didn't Like Either.

"John, we must go back home instantly."

"There you go. Can't we start for a couple of days in the country without you worrying?"

"But we have come off and left the cat and the parrot with nothing to eat."

"Don't let that bother you. Maybe the cat will eat the parrot."

Would Keep Him Busy.

This is Mrs. Forbes-Robertson Hale's latest suffrage story:

"A negro woman was arguing and arguing with her husband, and when she had finished he said: 'Dinah, yo' talk don' affect me no mo' than a fleabite.'

"'Well, niggah,' she answered, 'I'se gawna keep yo' scratchin'.'"

Not a Dry Eye in the Company.

"Yes, my child, I was the first to present the great drama of 'Faust' before an American audience."

"What did you play?"

"I—ahem!—played the hose in the garden scene."—Life.