

BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON
AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE WILD,"
"WHITE FRIG," "MARTIN EDEN," ETC.

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SYNOPSIS.

Eliaz Harnish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 50th birthday with a party 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 Circle City and is now 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 his weight in gold, but when he arrives with his flour he finds the big flat desolate. A comrade discovers gold and Daylight receives 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 duped by a scheme. He goes to New York, and confronting his disloyal partner, he returns to Dawson, 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 saddle trip. One day he asks Dede to go with him on one more ride, his purpose being to marry her 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 company. He is in San Francisco that she marries him and yet hopes to win her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When the ferry system began to run, and the time between Oakland and San Francisco was demonstrated to be cut in half, the tide of Daylight's terrific expenditure started to turn. Not that it really did turn, for he promptly went into further investments. Thousands of lots in his residence tracts were sold, and thousands of homes were being built. Factory sites also were selling, and business properties in the heart of Oakland. All this tended to a steady appreciation in the value of Daylight's huge holdings. But, as of old, he had his hunch and was riding it. Already he had begun borrowing from the banks. The magnificent profits he made on the land he sold were turned into more land, into more development; and instead of paying off old loans, he contracted new ones. As he had pyramided in Dawson City, he now pyramided in Oakland; but he did it with the knowledge that it was a stable enterprise rather than a risky placer-mining boom.

Work on Daylight's dock system went on apace; yet it was one of those enterprises that consumed money dreadfully and that could not be accomplished as quickly as a ferry system. Not content with manufacturing electricity for his street railways in the old-fashioned way, in power-houses, Daylight organized the Sierra and Salvador Power Company. This immediately assumed large proportions. Crossing the San Joaquin Valley on the way from the mountains, and plunging through the Contra Costa hills, there were many towns, and even a robust city, that could be supplied with power, also with light; and it became a great-and-house-lighting project as well. As soon as the purchase of power sites in the Sierras was rushed through, the survey parties were out and building operations begun. And so it went. There were a thousand ways into which he poured unceasing streams of money.

In the spring of the year the Great Panic came on. The first warning was when the banks began calling in their unprotected loans. Daylight promptly paid the first of several of his personal notes that were presented; then he divined that these demands but indicated the way the wind was going to blow, and that one of those terrific financial storms he had heard about was soon to sweep over the United States. How terrific this particular storm was to be he did not anticipate. Nevertheless, he took every precaution in his power and had no anxiety about his weathering it out.

And in the end, when early summer was on, everything began to mend. Came a day when Daylight did the unprecedented. He left the office an hour earlier than usual, and for the reason that for the first time since the panic there was not an item of work waiting to be done. He dropped into Hegan's private office, before leaving, for a chat, and as he stood up to go, he said:

"Hegan, we're all hunkadory. We're pulling out of the financial pawnshop in fine shape, and we'll get out without leaving one unredempted pledge behind. The worst is over, and the end is in sight. Just tight rein for a couple more weeks, just a bit of a pinch or a flurry or so now and then, and we can let go and spit on our hands."

For once he varied his programme. Instead of going directly to his hotel, he started on a round of the bars and cafes, drinking a cocktail here and a cocktail there, and two or three when he encountered a man he knew. It was after an hour or so of this that he dropped into the bar of the Parthenon for one last drink before going to dinner. By this time all his being was pleasantly warmed by the alcohol, and he was in the most genial and best of spirits. At the corner of the bar several young men were up to the old trick of seeing their elbows and attempting to turn each other's hands down. One stout, bearded young man, who was a little above, had made a mistake. He had seen a man

him, in answer to his query. "He's the heavy-hammer thrower at the U. C. Broke all records this year, and the world's record on top of it. He's a husky all right all right."

Daylight nodded and went over to him, placing his own arm in opposition.

"I'd like to go you a flutter, son, on that proposition," he said.

The young man laughed and locked hands with him; and to Daylight's astonishment it was his own hand that was forced down on the bar.

"Hold on," he muttered. "Just one more flutter. I reckon I wasn't just ready that time."

Again the hands locked. It happened quickly. The offensive attack of Daylight's muscles slipped instantly into defence, and, resisting vainly, his hand was forced over and down. Daylight was dazed. It had been no trick. The skill was equal, or, if anything, the superior skill had been his.

Strength, sheer strength, had done it. He called for the drinks, and, still dazed and pondering, held up his own arm and looked at it as at some new strange thing. He did not know this arm. It certainly was not the arm he had carried around with him all the years. The old arm? Why, it would have been play to turn down that young husky's. But this arm—he continued to look at it with such dubious perplexity as to bring a roar of laughter from the young men.

This laughter aroused him. He joined in it at first, and then his face slowly grew grave. He leaned toward the hammer-thrower.

"Son," he said, "let me whisper a secret. Get out of here and quit drinking before you begin."

The young fellow flushed angrily, but Daylight held steadily on.

"You listen to your dad, and let

The hand that had made the Circle City giants wince! And a kid from college, with a laugh on his face, had put it down—twice! Dede was right. He was not the same man. The situation would bear more serious looking into than he had ever given it. But this was not the time. In the morning, after a good sleep, he would give it consideration.

CHAPTER XIX.

Daylight awoke with the familiar parched mouth and lips and throat, took a long drink of water from the pitcher beside his bed, and gathered up the train of thought where he had left it the night before. He reviewed the easement of the financial strain. Things were mending at last. While the going was still rough, the greatest dangers were already past.

His mind moved on to the incident at the corner of the bar of the Parthenon, when the young athlete had turned his hand down. He was no longer stunned by the event, but he was shocked and grieved, as only a strong man can be, at this passing of his strength. He had always looked upon this strength of his as permanent, and here, for years, it had been steadily ebbing from him. As he had diagnosed it, he had come in from under the stars to roost in the coops of cities. He had almost forgotten how to walk. He had lifted up his feet and been ridden around in automobiles, cabs and carriages, and electric cars. He had not exercised, and he had dry-rotted his muscles with alcohol. And was it worth it? What did all his money mean after all? Dede was right. It could buy him no more than one bed at a time, and at the same time it had made him the abject of slaves. It tied him fast. Which was better? he asked himself. All this was Dede's own thought. It was what he had meant when she prayed he would go broke. He held up his offending right arm. It wasn't the same old arm. Of course she could not love that arm and that body as she had loved the strong, clean arm

refuse to marry a money-slave with a whisky-rotted carcass.

He got out of bed and looked at himself in the long mirror on the wardrobe door. He wasn't pretty. The old-time lean cheeks were gone. These were heavy, seeming to hang down by



His Arms Went Out and Around Her.

the register another name, that of Freddie Gebhard, the rich American, who heeded not the fibes of the newspapers, but persistently followed the professional beauty from one engagement to another and sought to win her.

It was only a few years later that the hotel burned with a frightful loss of life. Outwardly the original Southern hotel presented the same appearance as the present structure. But when it caught fire it burned like tinder.

Phelim O'Toole and Mike Hester were the heroes of that fire. They rescued dozens of guests who were caught on upper floors.

The new building was completed in 1880, and from the opening it was one of the most fashionable hotels in the West. The lesson learned from the burning of the old building and the large loss of life attending it resulted in the new building being absolutely fireproof. It was subjected to the most drastic tests and withstood them all.

The Southern hotel was rebuilt on the site of the original Southern hotel, erected in 1865.

Before the old building was destroyed by fire the night of April 11, 1877, it was the most pretentious caravansary here. It sheltered many notable

it was there, in the early '70s, that the Grand Duke Alexis was entertained when he visited America as the royal representative of the Russian government.

While the Southern was sheltering a temporary home for Lydia Thompson and a bevy of her famed English blondes, who had created a sensation in America after making a conquest of the old world.

Lydia and her cohorts were disporting themselves at the Olympic, then, as now, just across the street.

A grand banquet was spread by the grand duke's orders, and after feeding the blondes Alexis decorated the fair Lydia with a regal bracelet that was the talk of the town.

All St. Louis eyes were centered on the Southern on the occasion of the first visit to this city of Lily Langtry, whose beauty had captivated the Prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII.

No sooner had the luggage of the Jersey Lily been deposited in her palatial suite than there appeared on

Dede was the first he called up. "Don't come to the office this morning," he said. "I'm coming out to see you for a moment."

He called up others. He ordered his motorcar. To Jones he gave instructions for the forwarding of Bob and Wolf to Glen Ellen. Hegan he surprised by asking him to look up the deed of the Glen Ellen ranch and make out a new one in Dede Mason's name. "Who?" Hegan demanded. "Dede Mason." Daylight replied imperturbably—"the 'phone must be indistinct this morning. D-e-d-e M-a-s-o-n. Got it?"

Half an hour later he was flying out to Berkeley. For the first time the big red car halted directly before the house. Dede offered to receive him in the parlor, but he shook his head and nodded toward her rooms.

"In there," he said. "No other place would suit."

As the door closed, his arms went out and around her. Then he stood with his hands on her shoulders and looking down into her face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"We're Pulling Out of the Financial Pawnshop in Fine Shape."

him say a few. I'm a young man myself, only I ain't. Let me tell you, several years ago for me to turn your hand down would have been like committing assault and battery on a kindergarten."

Slosson looked his incredulity, while the other grinned and clustered around Daylight encouragingly.

"Son, I ain't given to preaching. This is the first time I ever come to the penitent form, and you put me there yourself—hard. I've seen a few in my time, and I ain't fastidious so as you can notice it. But let me tell you right now that I'm worth the devil alone knows how many millions, and that I'd sure give it all, right here on the bar, to turn down your hand. Which means I'd give the whole shooting match just to be back where I was before I quit sleeping under the stars and come into the hen-coops of cities to drink cocktails and lift up my feet and ride. Son, that's what's the matter with me, and that's the way I feel about it. The game ain't worth the candle. You just take care of yourself, and roll my advice over once in a while. Good night."

He turned and lurched out of the place, the moral effect of his utterance largely spoiled by the fact that he was so potently full while he uttered it.

Still in a daze, Daylight made to his hotel, accomplished his dinner, and prepared for bed.

"The damned young whippersnapper" he muttered. "Put my hand down on you please, my hand!"

He held up the offending member and came into the hen-coops where he was confined. It is supposed to

and body of years before. He didn't like that arm and body himself. A young whippersnapper had been able to take liberties with it. It had gone back on him. He sat up suddenly. No, he had gone back on it! He had gone back on himself. He had gone back on Dede. She was right, a thousand times right, and she had sense enough to know it, sense enough to

New Use for the Schools

Plan is Put Forward to Utilize Some of the Sixty Per Cent. Waste Time.

The American school plan is valued at more than \$1,000,000,000, and as used for school purposes alone utilizes but thirty-nine per cent. of the time which could be given to the needs of the community. This, according to the National Magazine, represents a total loss of school plants to the country of more than \$20,000,000 every year.

An active movement is now taking place to turn school property during the summer months into children's playgrounds and places of amusement and to make them the center of recreation, of political and social life. The same is in country places, where they serve many purposes, where they were for church services.

Evening schools, free lectures, indoor sports, ball games, etc., and educational meetings and gymnastic exercises are among the things suggested for which school plants should be utilized. It is supposed to

to have the schoolhouses opened every day of the week, Sundays included, so that the community may get the greatest possible benefit from them.

If this movement grows pupils will no longer find after vacation a musty smelling deserted building, but rather one which has been in use every day in the year by those who love to give the public every possible advantage of the buildings provided for public purposes.

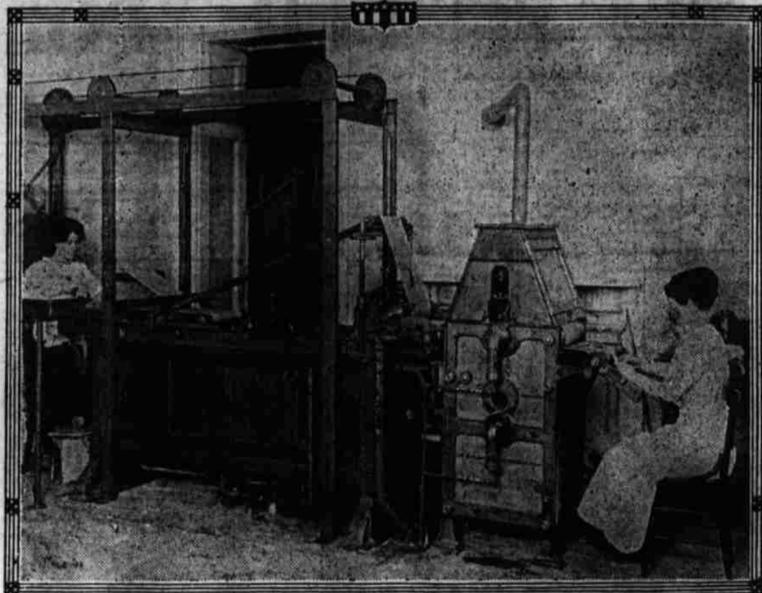
Other Things.
Briggs—There are still other things than money even in this dollar change age.

Wages—Good! That's just what I'm looking for. Let's grab them and form a trust.

Briggs—But I was referring to such things as a clear conscience and self-respect.

Wages—Doesn't matter at all. It will read all the better in the prospectus when we come to sell the stock.

NEW MONEY WASHING MACHINE FOR TREASURY



UNITED STATES bank notes are washed, starched and ironed as clean and smooth as linen by means of the machine here shown, the invention of Burgess Smith of the bureau of printing and engraving at Washington. The machine is being tested severely in the treasury and it is hoped it will be a great money-saver, for it costs \$11,300 to print a thousand new notes, while the old ones can be cleaned by this machine for 50 cents a thousand.

NOTED HOTEL ENDS

St. Louis Loses Landmark in Passing of the Southern.

Hostelry That Was Built Just After the Civil War and Has Housed Most Famous of Nation Goes Out of Business.

St. Louis, Mo.—The Southern hotel, the oldest place of its kind in St. Louis, and one of the best known in America, is no more.

The hotel has remained true to the tradition of its founders. It was designed as a hostelry of the first class and it has never been anything else.

The history of the Southern hotel is closely interwoven with that of St. Louis. Its fame is not confined to its own city, state and nation.

Its spacious lobby, its wide corridors, its commodious rooms, its luxurious furnishings and its air of aristocracy have been enjoyed and commented on by men and women from all nations.

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CUPID'S VICTIMS ARE ROUTED

Girl Flees From Mother's Grasp and the Would-Be Husband Follows—Couple Finally Lost in Throng.

Denver.—Although Cupid's aim had been perfect and his arrow had pierced the heart of pretty Margaret Ann Sample, his prize was stolen from him, or at least hidden for a while.

John Shortz had led the pretty Miss Sample through the portals of Magistrate Gavins' matrimonial chambers, and the magistrate was preparing to administer the "Unto death do us part" ceremony, when suddenly the doors swung back and a woman rushed in and shouted, "There's nothing doing, judge."

The woman was Mrs. Louise Crabtree, mother of the would-be bride. "Come here to me," said the woman to her daughter as she grasped her daughter's arm.

The daughter, whose tear-filled eyes showed the keenness of her disappointment, made a dash through the doorway of the chamber and was hotly pursued by young Shortz. The mother followed, but was soon outdistanced, and the couple was lost in the throng.

The woman then made the rounds of all offices of justice and cautioned them not to perform the ceremony as her daughter was too young.

TO CALL WOMEN "MADAME"

New Society Formed in Vienna Would Abolish Distinguishing Label of Married Portion of Sex.

Vienna.—A women's society has been formed here, under the presidency of Baroness de Kowarski, a Polish woman of note, with the object of bringing the title "madame" into universal use for women of all stations in life, married and unmarried.

CLIMBERS CAMP IN ROCKIES

Enthusiasts From Everywhere Join Alpine Club of Canada in Annual Gathering Near Banff.

Banff, Alta.—Mountain climbers from all parts of the Dominion, from Great Britain, continental Europe and the United States have been gathering for several days at the seventh annual camp of the Alpine Club of Canada, which has been pitched this year in the forest on the south side of Palliser's Vermilion Pass, main range of the Rocky Mountains, about eight miles from Castle and twenty-five miles southwest from Banff.

The camp site is at an altitude of 5,300 feet above sea level and amid highly picturesque surroundings. By its side is a rushing glacier torrent, the initial source of Vermilion river. The pass is hemmed in by snow-capped peaks. To the east rise Storm Mountain and Mount Ball; to the west Boom Lake Mountain and Mount Whympere. Prospectors' Valley, in which flows Tokum Creek, gives access to a traverse of a wide snow field to the southern faces of six of the ten peaks forming that part of the range.

It is expected that a number of alpinists will avail themselves of the opportunity to graduate as full-fledged members of the club by ascending to the required height of at least 10,000 feet above sea level. Storm Mountain, the lowest and most accessible of the peaks, is 10,309 feet and its conquest will be accepted as a graduating test.

Vienna.—Women dressed in clothing which reveals or slightly conceals the shoulders and arms, or who wear tight-fitting skirts, will be barred from confirmation, either as spectators or as godparents to children, according to Patriarch Cardinal Cavallari, who preached a sermon recently which has set all the society women of this city into a flutter of excitement.

Taking as his text St. Peter's words on feminine apparel, the cardinal attacked "immodest, uncouth fashions," saying in part:

"The extravagance of women's dress has reached such a point today that even men—I do not speak of Christians, but ordinary men of the street—feel disgusted."

"How can respectable women appear in public when thus arrayed? For my part I will not permit women so bedecked to attend confirmation, either as spectators or as godparents to children. I possess the right to exclude any and every person who thus shows a want of respect for the holy sacrament."

SAVES HER BABY WITH ROPE

Descent Easy Enough, but the Return is One of Extreme Difficulty.

Sheridan, Wyo.—Standing for hours in cold water at the bottom of a deep cistern and racking brain and body to escape and save the life of her little two-year-old baby, for whose sake she had descended, was the experience of Mrs. A. W. Frazier, a rancher's wife, residing on Buffalo creek, 30 miles from Sheridan.

The story of the mother's heroism and devotion came to light when mother and child were brought to Sheridan for medical treatment.

While at home with her child, miles from the nearest neighbor, the baby fell into the cistern while at play. The mother followed instantly, dropping to the bottom of the well by a rope fastened to the top, and finally succeeded in rescuing the child and herself by climbing the rope and hauling the child up after her.

"Dead" Woman Sues Him

Separated More Than Eight Years, Couple Meet in Court—Spouse Remarried and Had Family.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Separated from his first wife eight and one-half years ago, James Kynoch of a street, Kensington, believed she was dead until he found himself facing her in the Central police court, where she charged him with nonsupport. Several years ago, it developed, Kynoch married a second time and is now living with his second wife and child.

The peculiar situation was disclosed when Magistrate MacFarland asked the woman, "How long has it been since he gave anything for your support?"

"About ten years," replied Mrs. Kynoch.

"What!" exclaimed the magistrate, and thereupon the story was unfolded. Kynoch declared that his first wife left him about two weeks after their marriage, and although he searched diligently for her, all trace of her was lost. Believing her dead, he married another woman several years later.

Mrs. Kynoch's experience seemed to have been similar to that of her husband. She said that she left her husband and went to Wilmington, where she worked for several years, after which she came to this city, where she learned that her husband was living and married to a second wife. Thereupon she procured a warrant for his arrest. Mrs. Kynoch refused to have her husband arrested for bigamy, and said that she did not want to send him to jail. All she asked, she declared, was his support. Magistrate MacFarland held him in \$500 bail for court.

OLD SMELTER IS TREASURE

Metal So Far Taken From Debris Worth \$42,000—Smelters Expect \$25,000 More.

Kansas City.—Gold, silver and other valuable metals from an old smelter dump at Argentine, Kan., a suburb of Kansas City, have yielded \$42,000 in the last 15 months.

The site is now occupied by a structural steel company. Officers of the steel company said they believed \$25,000 more in metal was in the dump.

Bids \$10,000 for a Pistol.
London.—An American collector has offered \$10,000 for Dick Turpin's pistol, recently discovered during the dismantling of the historic Globe room of the Redoubt Inn at Banbury. At present the ownership of the pistol is in dispute as between the owner of the building, the Duke and the purchasers of the building where it had been concealed.

The most venerable morality is just being torn in pieces.