

BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

BURNING DAYLIGHT—Elam Harnish is introduced to the reader as he enters a Circle City dance hall, saloon and gambling house like the whirlwind that he is. Essentially a man's man, Burning Daylight visits, as a rule, the women who frequent the dance hall. But he is afraid to be even civil to a woman, because he dreads the idea of being mastered by anybody or anything, and to surrender to a woman means, in his mind, that he is conquered. Drink leads to boasting, and in the turmoil that follows Burning Daylight shows his amazing muscular strength. He wins all the tests and downs all the giants that come before him. Then comes a poker game—the greatest ever played in the Klondike. Burning Daylight's luck deserts him at the end, and he rises from the table penniless—worse than broke. The indomitable courage of this master among men shows itself. He declares himself in readiness to accomplish an impossible task—to run the mail to Dyea and back with a dog team and an Indian. After overcoming what to the ordinary man would prove insurmountable difficulties he reaches his goal, and returns to Circle City a winner. Without rest this amazing man makes a wild night of it. He outdances men and women, too; wins at roulette, and then, still learning lumber or any recreation, starts at daylight with three partners and a dog team, for the newest gold strike in the upper country along the Stewart. Then comes the battle for gold. Strife after strife he explored. Daylight sees himself the dominant figure along the Yukon and in the golden Dawson. Discouraged frequently, he refuses to allow life's loaded dice to beat him, and in the end comes victory—and millions. He is at length a great mine owner—and an almighty big pig his. Daylight leaves the Yukon behind for new fields of endeavor. His departure is an event of great importance, and as the vessel swings clear this all conquering man weeps—a little. In San Francisco Daylight sweeps all before him. Money comes so easily that he feels the call of Wall Street. He goes to New York and is "done" to the tune of \$100,000. This, however, he recovers by means of his automatic pistol and a display of his old time courage. Wall street, he finds, is not for him. So he returns to the Golden Gate, where he becomes a financial Robin Hood. His fortune increases massively and he lives a hard, cruel life. All of a sudden Dede Mason enters his ken and she sets his heart on winning her. But his strong hearted girl will have none of him. So the game of love goes on. Constant association with Daylight and admiration for his persistence begin finally to impress Dede Mason, and one day they have a heart to heart talk. In which she practically "takes the hide out" of the man. She tells him flatly she does not like his life and his business, but after a tame defence of his methods he resolves on associates, proceeds to carry it out. Daylight has, meantime, doubled his fortune, but Dede Mason, who possesses the more distant seems twice, but is refused. He does not give up—that is what is amiss, she tells him he has to change his life. Whereupon she tells him he has to change his life, and in living the wrong kind of life, and, in short, how he is taking on unhealthy fears is becoming harsh and cruel and brutalized and degraded. And Daylight listens, amazed.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

"I would dearly like to marry you, 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. You would not be free for me. Your money possesses you, taking your time, your thoughts, your energy, everything; bidding you go here and go there, do this and do that. Don't you see? Perhaps it's pure silliness, but I feel that I can love much, give much, give all. And in return, though I don't want all, I want much—and I want much more than your money would permit you to give me. "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 traveller 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. "Please, please forgive me for hurting you. You wanted straight talk and I am giving it to you. All these last years you have been living unnaturally. You, a man of the open, have been cooping yourself up in cities, with all that that means. You are not the same man at all and your money is destroying you. You are becoming something different, something not so healthy, not so clean, not so nice. Your money and your 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 know more about the most insignificant parts of you than I. You have become harsh and cruel. And I know. Remember, I have studied you six days a week, month after month, year after year, and I think you can possibly love me do you love this bust in your heart and thoughts, but it is there in your face. It has put its lines there. I have watched them come and grow. Your money and the life it compels you to lead has done all this. You are being brutalized and degraded. And this process can only go on and on until you are hopelessly destroyed." "He attempted to interrupt, but she stopped him, herself breathless and her voice trembling. "No, no, let me finish utterly. I have done nothing, but think, think all these months, ever since you came riding with me, and now that I have begun to speak I am going to speak all that I have in me. 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 know of all this. The cruelty is not only my own. 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. "Remember—the meaning of marriage to me is not to get a man's money to spend it. I want the man. You say you want me. And suppose I consented, but gave you only one-hundredth part of me. Suppose there was something else in my life that took the other ninety-nine parts, and furthermore, that ruined my figure, that put poches under my eyes and crow's feet in the corners, that made me unattractive to look upon and that made my spirit unbeau-



tiful. Would you be satisfied with that one-hundredth part of me? Yet that is all you are offering me of yourself. Do you wonder that I won't marry you—that I can't?" "Daylight was to see if she were quite done, and she went on again. "It isn't that I am selfish. After all, love is giving, not receiving. But I see so clearly that all my giving could not do you any good. You are like a sick man. You don't play business like other men. You play it heart and soul and all of you. No matter what you believed and intended, a wife would be only a brief diversion. There is that magnanimous Bob eating his head off in the stable. You would buy me a beautiful mansion and leave me in it to jawn my head off or cry my eyes out because of my helplessness and inability to save you. This disease of business would be corroding you and marring you all the time. You play it as you have played everything else, as in Alaska you played the life of the trail. Nobody could be permitted to travel as fast and as far as you, to work as hard or endure as much. You hold back nothing; you put all you've got into whatever you are doing." "Limit is the sky," he grunted affirmation. "But if you would only play the lover-husband, that way?" Her voice faltered and stopped and a blush showed in her wet cheeks as her eyes fell before his. "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 come, but the mist-like squalls were more frequent. Daylight was openly perplexed and he was still perplexed when he began to speak. "I'm stumped. I'm up a tree. I'm clean fabergated, Miss Mason—or Dede, because I love to call you that name. I'm free to confess there's a mighty big heap in what you say. As I understand it, your conclusion is that you'd marry me if I hadn't a cent and if I wasn't getting fat. No, no, I'm not joking. I acknowledge the corn, and that's just my way of boiling the matter down and summing it up. If I hadn't a cent and if I was living a healthy life with all the time in the world to love you and be your hand instead of being awash to my back teeth in business and all the rest—why, you'd marry me. "That's all as clear as print and you're correcter than I ever guessed before. You've opened my eyes a few. But I'm stuck. What can I do? My business has sure roped, thrown and branded me,

I'm tied head and foot and I can't get up and meander over green pastures. I'm like the man that got the bear by the tail—I can't get up. And I want you and I've got to let you go to you. "I don't know what to do, but something's sure got to happen. I can't lose you. I just can't. And I'm not going to. Why, you're running business a close second right now. Business never kept me awake nights. "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 one 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 that brickyard. 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 living in the country. I'd be a better man here than in the city. 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?" She did not answer, though all the body of her seemed to urge consent. "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. "But I'd have to be out ploughing once in a while," he warned, "or driving to town to get the grub." "But there wouldn't be the office, at any rate, and no man to see, and men to see without end. But it isn't all foolish and impossible, and we'll have to be starting back now if we're to escape the rain." 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. "It's darn pretty country up there at Glen Ellen," he said meditatively. "I wish you could see it." At the edge of the grove he suggested that it might be better for them to part there. "It's your neighborhood and folks is liable to talk." But she insisted that he accompany her as far as the house. "I can't ask you in," she said, extending her hand at the foot of the steps.

The wind was humming wildly in sharply recurrent gusts, but still the rain held off. "Do you know," he said, "taking it by and large, it's the happiest day of my life?" "The wind was humming wildly in sharply recurrent gusts, but still the rain held off. "Do you know," he said, "taking it by and large, it's the happiest day of my life?" He took off his hat and the wind ruffled and twisted his black hair as he went on solemnly. "And I'm sure grateful to God or whoever or whatever is responsible for your being on this earth. For you do like me bespa. It's been my joy to hear you say so to-day. It's— He left the thought arrested and his face assumed the familiar whimsical expression as he murmured, "Dede, Dede, we've just got to get married. It's the only way, and trust to luck for it's coming out right." But the tears were threatening to rise in her eyes again as she shook her head, then turned and went up the steps. CHAPTER XXXIII. WHEN the ferry system began to run and the line between Oakland and San Francisco was demonstrated to be cut in half the use of Daylight's terrific expenditure started to run. 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 being sold and business properties in the heart of Oakland. All this tended to a steady appreciation in 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. In a small way other men were following his lead, buying and selling land and putting up the improvement work. But this was to be expected, and the small fortunes they were making at his expense did not irritate him. There was an exception, however. One, Simon Dolliver, with money to go in with and with cunning and courage to back it up, had fair to become a several times millionaire at Daylight's expense. Dolliver, too, pyramided, playing quickly and accurately and keeping his money turning over and over. More than once Daylight found him in the way, as he himself had got in the way of the others when they first set their eyes on Ophir Creek. 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. The engineering difficulties were great, the dredging and filling a cyclopean task. The main item of piling was anything but

small. A good average pile, by the time it was delivered on the ground, cost a twenty-dollar gold piece and these piles were used in unending thousands. All accessible groves of mature pines were used, as well as great rafters of pine piles were towed down the coast with manufacturing the electricity for houses. Daylight organized the Sierra and San Francisco Power Company. This immediately assumed large proportions, covering the San Joaquin Valley on the Contra Costa hills, there were many fine groves, and even with light that could be plucked through the trees, and it became a street 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 began. And so it went. There were a thousand men But it was all so sound and legitimate that Daylight, born gambler that he was and with his clear vision, could not play softly and safely. It was a big opportunity, and to him there was only one way to play it and that was the big way. Nor did he have any confidential adviser, Larry Hogan, who was somewhat of a veto the wilder notions of borrow heavily from the banks and trust companies, but on several of his corporations he was consulted, and retained none of them. He did this gradually, however, and retained none of them. Among the companies in which he allowed the investing public to join were the Golden Gate Dock Company, the Recreation Parks Company, the United Water Works, the Electrical Shipbuilding Company and the Sierra and San Francisco Power Company. Nevertheless between himself and Dede he retained the controlling shares in all of these enterprises. His affair with Dede Mason only seemed to trouble him. While delaying to grapple with the strange problem he presented, his desire for her continued to grow. In his gambler's mind this conclusion was that Luck had dealt him the most remarkable card in the deck and that for years he had overlooked it. Love was the card and it beat them all. Love was the king card and he was the fifth ace, the joker in a game of tenderfoot poker. It was the opening card, and he could not see that opening yet. The present game would have to play to some sort of a conclusion first. Yet he could not shake from his brain and even the warm recollection of those bronze slimmers that he had seen in his gambler's room. Once again, on a rainy Sunday, he telephoned that he was coming. And, as has happened ever since man first looked upon woman, he called her again in the solitude of his room, and she answered him in the woman's secret weakness to yield. Not that it was Daylight's was abjectly to beg and entreat. On the contrary, he was masterful in whatever he did, but he had a trick of whistling that Dede found harder to resist than the pines of a smelter. It was not a happy scene in its outcome for Dede. In the throes of her own desire, desperate with weakness and of the severe time that her judgment battling her weakness, cried out: "You urge me to try a chance, to marry you now and trust to luck for it to come out right. And this is a gamble you say. Very well, let me gamble. Take a coin and toss it in the air. If it comes heads I'll marry you. If it doesn't you are forever to leave me alone and never mention marriage again." A fire of mingled love and passion of gambling came into Daylight's eyes. Involuntarily his hand started for his pocket for the coin. Then it stopped and the light in his eyes was troubled. "Go on," she ordered sharply. "The delay or I may change my mind and you will lose the chance." "Little woman," his smiles were humorous, but there was no humor in their meaning. His thought was as solemn as his voice. "Little woman, I'd gamble all the way from Creation to the day of judgment; I'd gamble a golden harp against another man's hair; I'd toss for pennies on the front steps of the New Jerusalem or set up a fair layout just outside the Pearly Gates, but I'll be ever so damn glad if I'll gamble on love. Love's too big to me to take a chance on. Love's got to be a sure thing, and between you and me it is a sure thing. If the odds was a hundred to one on my winning this tip, just the same, nary flip." 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 several of his personal notes that were presented; then he divined that these demands had 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. He was standing fast and holding up his power, and had no anxiety about his weathering it out. Money grew tighter. Beginning with the crash of several of the greatest Eastern banking houses, the tightness spread, until every bank in the country was calling in its credits. Daylight was caught, and caught because of the fact that for the first time he had been playing the legitimate business game. In the old days such a panic, with the accompanying extreme shrinkage in values, would have been a golden harvest time for him. As it was, he watched the gamblers, who had been the cause of prosperity and made preparations for the slump, get out from under and safely scurrying to cover or proceeding to reap a double harvest. Nothing remained for him but to stand fast and hold up. He saw the situation clearly. When the banks demanded that he pay his loans, he knew that the banks were in a sore need of the money. But he was in a sore need of collateral which they held. It would do them no good, in such a tumbling of values was no time to sell. His more collateral, yet it was worthless as such a moment when the one unceasing cry was money, money. Finding him obtuse, the banks demanded more collateral, and as the money piling tightened they asked for two and even three times as much as had been originally accepted. Sometimes Daylight yielded to these demands, but more often not, and always battling fiercely. He fought as with clay behind a crumbling wall. All portions of the wall were menaced, and he went around constantly strengthening the weakest parts with clay. This clay was money, and was applied, not here and there, but all over, as fast as it was needed, but only when it was direly needed. The strength of his position lay in the Yerba Buena Ferry Company, the Consolidated Street Railways and the United Water Company. Though people were no longer buying residence lots and factory and business sites, they were compelled to ride on his cars and ferryboats and to consume his water. When all the financial world was clamoring for money, and perishing through lack of it, the first of each month many thousands of dollars poured into his coffers from the water rates, and each day ten thousand dollars in dimes and nickels came in from his street railways and ferries. Cash was what was wanted, and had he had the use of all this steady river of cash all would have been well with him. As it was, he had to fight continually for a portion of it. Improvement work proceeded and only absolutely essential repairs were made. His fiercest fight was with the operating expenses, and this was a fight that never ended. There was never any let up in his turning the thumb screws and tightening the economy. 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MAYOR GAYNOR OFFER

A SHEEP WITH W OF SEVEN SH

New York, Jan. 31.—Mayor Gay moved today an offer from Uno York Zoo with something decided in sheep. Toppertwin writes that captured a sheep in Mexico with two in its wool and although two sheared the animal the colors remain fast.

The mayor will refer the letter authorities of the Bronx Zoological.

To prepare bread crumbs most by the bread in the oven after the most chopper, sift and put away.

When the head of a batpin cut it is a bit of glass, porcelain or wood, insert it in the ornament, and it will