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Harvey's Fire

BY LULU JOHNSTON.

Under the winter moon the snow gleamed as brilliantly as if some giant hand had sprinkled powdered diamonds upon the smooth white crust. Here and there gaunt, naked trees spread black shadows, and the lines of fence blocked the glittering expanse into regular squares.

But the beauty of a perfect night was lost on Harvey Grantley as he stood in the library window peering through the frosted glass.

Harvey saw only the big house on the hill, with its lights gleaming through the great windows. The owners of that house, Burden Porter, had a fancy for leaving the curtains up so that the lights might stream out unchecked by holland shade or damask fabric.

He liked to see the place ablaze with light at night, and the suggestion of cheer warmed his heart as he approached it in the winter evenings. And the Porter house was at the very top of the hill, where it could be seen for miles around.

Tonight the brilliant lights brought no suggestion of warmth and cheer to Harvey. Indeed he did not notice the lights save to wonder in which room Amy might be.

The chances were that she was in the music room, from which shone the softer lights of shaded lamps. She might be sitting there playing softly to herself the old airs that she loved so well. He, too, loved to sit quietly, listening to the old melodies and enjoying the glint of lamplight on the brown hair and the soft warmth of flesh tones.

But that was all over now. Never again would he sit there in the music room. The old songs that she loved to croon would no longer bring him pleasure. They could only serve now to recall the happy days of the past, for he and Amy had quarreled and parted with the vow that the other must be the first to ask pardon.

He was certain that he would never acknowledge a fault of which he was not conscious, and he knew equally well that it would be idle to expect her to speak first.

He looked out across the fields and vaguely planned to go on a trip. He did not know where he wanted to go, but it should be where he would never even hear of Brookfield again. He could never live on there, passing Amy every day and never speaking.

In a sudden frame of anger he declared he was glad it was all over. He was glad that he was free to go whither he might. But his eyes turned longingly toward the house on the hill even as he mentally recited his declaration of independence.

And as he looked there came a flash of blinding light, followed by a rosy glare, and presently a cloud of smoke drifted above the house gleaming white as it soared into the moonlight above the shadow of the roof. A fire had been started, probably by the explosion of a lamp.

With no thought of the quarrel, Harvey caught up his hat and coat and dashed out of the house. There was a short cut across the fields, and he made for the gap in the hedge through which he was accustomed to slip. It cut half a mile off the trip to the house, and he could cover the distance in five minutes, though it was a steep climb in places.

As he ran he thought of a thousand possible accidents, but always Amy was the central figure in the tableau of horror. He could see her wrapped in flaming oil soaked garments. He could see the whole house ablaze through the explosion of the boiler that fed the heating system, with Amy cowering at the top of the blazing stairway.

His active brain devised a hundred horrors as he rushed blindly on. A clump of firs cut off his view of the house, and he could see nothing above the dark shadows of the grove. The crust was hard and slippery. More than once he went crashing to his knees, only to pick himself up and hurry onward. He had almost gained the thicket of firs and was climbing through the last tangle of brush against the fence when a dainty form emerged from the shadows and came toward him.

For an instant his blood chilled as he thought that this perhaps might be Amy's

ghost. The quarrel had made a deep impression upon his sensitive imagination, and the idea did not seem absurd to his overwrought mind, but as the figure advanced he could see that this was no creation of the spirit, but substantial flesh and blood.

"Thank God you are safe!" he cried. "Are you going for help?"

"I am going skating, and I don't need any help, thank you," was the saucy response, tempered by a rippling laugh.

"But the house is on fire," expostulated Harvey.

"Not at all," declared Amy. "What gave you that idea?"

She eyed him sharply and moved away. His face was scratched and bleeding, his hat was tilted at a most rakish angle, and his wild look and labored breathing testified to his mental excitement.

"I saw the flash of an explosion and the glare of flames, and I hurried to your relief," explained Harvey.

"Then you do care," cried Amy, "in spite of what you said this afternoon?"

"I had forgotten this afternoon," he answered simply. "I only knew that you were in danger."

"And you came to my aid," she said softly, but her voice grew sharper as she added, "And did you purpose waiting until I cried for help and spoke first before you rescued me?"

"I told you that I had forgotten that," he said reproachfully. "I did speak first, didn't I?"

"You did," she admitted, "and for that I shall tell you what the fire was. It was a combination of flashlight and red fire. It was Teddy trying an experiment for those private theatricals the boys of the school are getting up. It was a realistic fire effect, even to the smoke. There was too much of that. We had to open all the windows, and I am going out skating to keep warm."

"And I have had all my excitement for nothing?" he asked ruefully.

"As usual," retorted Amy, "just as I told you this afternoon."

"I admit it," said Harvey humbly. "May I come skating with you?"

"The ice is fine," was the ambiguous reply. "I hate to put on my own skates."

"I'll get my skates and be at the lake by the time you are," was the joyful response as Harvey went rushing down the hill again.

For a moment Amy leaned against the fence and watched the hurrying figure. She was very fond of Harvey in spite of his impetuosity, and a smile played about her lips as she slowly made her way toward the lake.

Harvey was already there, skating up and down impatiently, and as she came down the bank he knelt to adjust her skates.

"I'm sorry that I was such a fool this afternoon," he said humbly as he tugged at the straps.

"I'm sorry you were too was the uncompromising reply.

"If you had been burned to death," he went on with a shudder, "I never should forgive myself. It's taught me a lesson."

"I'm glad it has," said Amy. Then something in his utter humility of speech touched her.

"Will you keep a secret if I tell you?" she demanded. Harvey nodded.

"I was coming to ask you if you wanted to go skating when I met you," confessed Amy.

Harvey looked up, hope illuminating his face. The red lips were very near his own, so forgiveness was sealed with a kiss.

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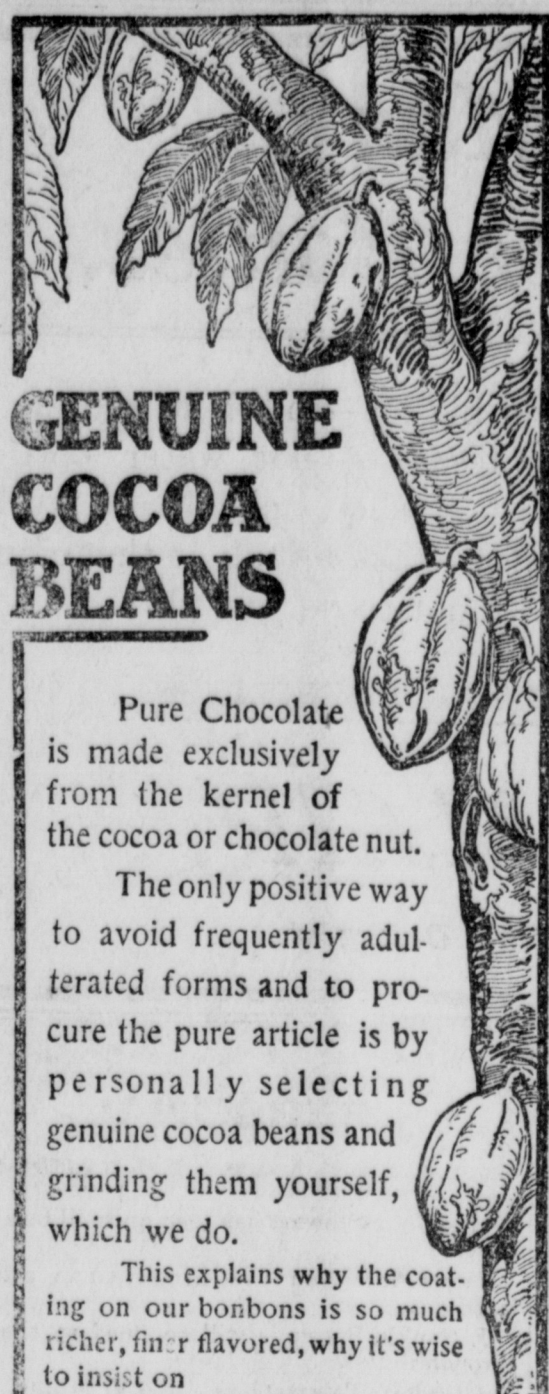
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Teaching That Boy of Yours.

All the seats were occupied in the trolley. A father and his little boy and several gentlemen were standing close together. Presently one of the seated passengers arose to go out, and, quick as a flash, the boy slipped in his place, leaving the father and the other men standing.

At that moment the father should have told the boy to get up and let one of the men sit down, and when he got home he should have said to him: "Now, John (not Johnny), when you are in a car don't snatch a seat when ladies or men of some years, and especially laboring men, are standing; and if you are occupying a seat, kindly offer it to them. This is a courtesy that looks well in a little boy. Your father and mother like to see it. Everybody likes to see it. They say what a nice father, or mother, or teacher that little boy must have! In this way you honor your father and your mother and yourself. So, after this, please remember and be courteous to your elders."




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Now, in saying this much, we are devoting the space of a great paper to a little home or personal duty. Is it not simply a slight, unrelated moral lesson that we trying to teach.

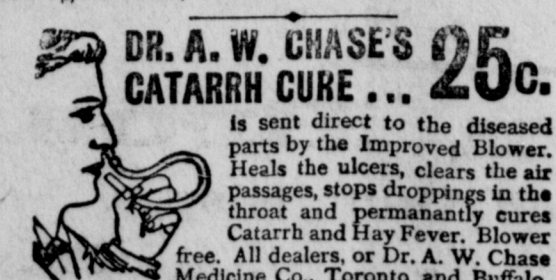
That little event was marking out the course of that boy's future life; and if allowed to go on, it would create a career that was self-seeking, selfish, crowding and pushing aside others to get at No. 1. It is such things that construct the dark side of character and make bad business, bad society, and bad politics.

It makes no difference how high a grade that boy gets in his text books at school, that little act of discourtesy and self-seeking will go far to neutralize his efficiency and to hang a mill-stone no his better aspirations. The manly spirit is to be put into the boy or he will not have it in after life. This is a leading public question. Millions of dollars are being spent for education and yet are leaving out the principal thing—the unselfishness and nobility of conduct.

How Long Should We Live.

Just at present everybody is tremendously interested in the discoveries that are being made with regard to the lengthening of life. A friend of the Note-book's keeps a supply on hand of the milk culture that is supposed by the great Russian scientist with the unpronounceable name indefinitely to prolong life. It is an awful business preparing it, but the washing and scalding of the little white curds are gone through with religiously.

In this connection, it is of interest to cull some facts about longevity from from a magazine article. Putting aside all Biblical stories, the longest recorded case of longevity is that of an agriculturist in Hungary, who lived from 1539 to 1724—just fifteen years short of the two century mark. Imagine a baby born this year who would live until 2093! What wonderful changes he would see! Other records show another Hungarian peasant who lived to be 172. A still more authentic case is that of a Norwegian called Drakenburg, who lived from 1626 to 1772. Then there was our better known Thomas Parr, who lived to be 152. Although none of these are women, yet it is a fact that women live longer than men. The dangers and weakening effects of maternity are probably offset by the quieter and more regular lives they lead. There are always more women centenarians than men. There is no doubt, that a non-alcoholic and abstemious diet, with plenty of fresh air and exercise does much to prolong life. If you would live as long as the Virginian lady, Mary Ramsay Wood, who died at the age of 120, remember that.



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How Some Millionaires Amuse Themselves.

Probably the most marked weakness of the multi-millionaire is a passion for horse flesh. Even Russell Sage, although he was content to carry his luncheon in his pocket and to travel to Wall street with his horse paid clerks, owned and drove some of the finest trotters in America; and John D. Rockefeller although he declares that he "cannot afford oysters," has horses in his stables worth every penny of \$100,000; while his son, John D., jr., when he can tear himself away from his beloved books and violin, is never so happy as when he is cantering in the park.

James R. Keene has owned some of the finest race horses in the world in his time, is known as a great turf enthusiast on both sides of the Atlantic, and, with Cap and Bells, won the English Oaks a few years ago, Alfred Vanderbilt has a perfect mania for horses; his racing and breeding stable, called the Ring, in Rhode Island, is probably the most splendidly equipped in the world, and the horses he has taken over to England are said to be worth at least \$400,000. He has a formidable rival, however, in Mr. Winans, who owns over a hundred horses, which have won prizes all over Europe, and several of which are valued in four figures; and in Mr. Armour whose park and road teams are said to be unrivalled.

It is said that three out of four of the wealthiest men in America today make a hobby—and a profitable one, too—of farming. Each is a specialist, and is more proud of his achievement in his particular line—whether growing corn or breeding cattle, horses or pigs—than of his millions. Theodore A. Havemeyer has long been recognized as among the most successful dairy farmers in the States. His farm, which covers three thousand acres, cost him \$300,000, and is said to yield a net annual profit little under \$25,000.

James J. Hill, the great "Railway Dictator," has a farm of 5,000 acres at North Oaks, Minnesota, on which he has collected the finest breeds of horses and cattle from all parts of the world. Curiously enough, Mr. Harriman, Mr. Hill's great rival, indulges in the same hobby.

Another favorite pastime of the American Croesus is yachting, a sport in which Mr. Iselin has long cut a conspicuous figure, the great financier having been one of the most successful defenders of the coveted "Cup," both with his own vessel and in conjunction with his fellow members of the New York Yacht Club. Pierpont Morgan is also a great yachtsman, while Gordon Bennett, who was the first owner to cross the Atlantic in a sailing yacht, has owned a small fleet of fine racing boats, and has captured many prizes.

Mr. Whitney owns a vast tract of forest in the Adirondacks—a tract over 33,000 acres in area—stock from end to end with game, in which he loves to hunt the moose, elk and buffalo, when he is not bringing down pheasants, grouse and partridge by the hundreds. Mr. Flint, the "Rubber King," adds big game hunting, to his passion for yachting, and there are few sporting districts, from the Rockies to the plain of South America, where he has not captured heavy bags.

Rich golf enthusiasts are Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie; while Julius Fleischmann is an enthusiastic lover of baseball.

These are but a few of the multi-millionaires who take a delight in outdoor sports and recreations. There are many other hobbies which take a less robust, though an even more extravagant form. S. S. Murchison and lavished millions of dollars in the decoration and furnishing of his palatial house. Commodore Geary spent \$100,000 on a staircase in his Fifth avenue mansion. Mr. Morgan has for years made a hobby of collecting the rarest art treasures of the world.

W. A. Clark, the "Copper King of Mon-

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tain," has spent fabulous sums in his collection of pictures, for which his agents have ransacked Europe; and C. B. Rous's the "blind millionaire," has found probably the greatest pleasure of his darkened life in filling his beautiful house in Fifth avenue with costly paintings and sculpture.

Among out-of-way hobbies, engine-driving takes a prominent place. Several millionaires, including George J. Gould, J. J. Astor and E. H. Green, ranking among the best drivers in the United States.

Took Two.

In a Scottish town a commercial traveller who called upon a tradesman at long intervals made a visit at Christmas time. "Here's a box of cigars," he said to the tradesman, "and I hope you'll enjoy them."

"Na, na!" replied the trader; "I couldn't tak' them—I never dae business that way."

"Tut, tut—nonsense, sir," exclaimed the traveler; "It's just a Christmas box."

"Na, na, mon! I never tak anything for naething."

"Well, well—give me a shilling for the box," said the traveler, "if that will ease your conscience."

"Ay, ay! Weel, let me see," said the honest shopkeeper, running his eye over the silver he took from his pocket. "I see I've got a florin here—I'll tak' two boxes."

Mrs. Goldberg.—Today is little Ikey's birthday; say shall we give him?

Mr. Goldberg.—Let him clean de windows today, and vatch the cars go by.

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