

The Bowes Street House

How It Came by Its Repairs

By LENORE E. CHANEY
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While Gilder bent eagerly over the quarterly report his agent sat back and watched him uneasily.

He was a big man—this agent—faultlessly dressed and bearing an air of ease and conscious well being very soothing to the senses. Faultless, too, was his manner toward his superiors—suave, deferent, but not too deferent.

Ah, that is a very great thing—to acquire a manner like that. If Gilder smiled, Burson radiated pleasure; if Gilder frowned, Burson breathed a deprecating regret, and yet he never roused the savage desire to kick that a more suppliant and cringing servant might have done.

For Burson respected himself, in a very modest and unobtrusive way, and thus held respect in his better. But for all that he often experienced troublesome days, and one glance at Mr. Gilder's lean face had conveyed clearly to Burson that this was going to be one of the most troublesome of them all.

"Ahem!" Gilder shut his spectacle case with a snap and glared at his agent. "I see profits far below normal again, sir. I notice in the Bowes street house alone the bill for plumbing is over \$300 for the past year."

"I have been wanting to speak to you about the Bowes street place," began Burson, extracting a letter from the file at his elbow. "You see, Mr. Gilder, the Bowes street plumbing is in pretty bad condition; there's been quite a little agitation recently in some of the papers about an epidemic of typhoid down there, and this morning I got this letter from the head of the social settlement in the district."

"Lot of nonsense," was Gilder's only comment as he tossed the letter down half read.

"But you see they threaten a health board investigation."

"You ought to know as well as anybody, Burson, how little we have to fear from the board of health."

"Yes, I know they have been very kind."

"The point is what are you going to do to bring up this credit balance? At the present rate of decline another year or two may see the balance on the other side altogether," said Gilder.

Burson faced himself for a battle, though his manner was as suave, as gracious as ever.

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Gilder, that I can't see any way of stopping the leak unless you are prepared to spend a lump sum on new plumbing. In the Bowes street place alone a thousand dollars ought to be spent immediately. A great many of the tenements remain empty simply because they are not habitable, even for the sort of people who live in that section. We cannot reduce the rents without establishing a very bad precedent, and of course I could not put in any very extensive repairs without consulting you."

"Extensive repairs," ejaculated Gilder, now thoroughly aroused. "For heaven's sake, Burson, one would imagine you were letting on Fifth Avenue instead of slum tenements! You are dealing with a class that has no business to expect luxuries. It's scum—plain scum, demanding new and up-to-date plumbing in its dens."

"Of course what you say is true," agreed Burson, "but times are changing everywhere, and I can assure you, sir, the people in the tenements now are not the sort we had there ten years ago. It grows increasingly difficult to deal with them, and in this Bowes street house especially we've had no end of trouble."

"One of my men was pitched down the steps only last week by a burly giant who declared he wouldn't pay his rent until the leak from the floor above was stopped. Of course we set him out, but it's had a very bad effect on the others, especially as the typhoid is very bad in the house, and the settlement workers have led them to believe it's entirely due to the pipes."

"More likely it's due to their own dirt and filth," snapped Gilder, pacing wrathfully up and down. "But I look to you, Burson, to straighten this out. That's what I pay you for, and I expect you to do it."

"I have been doing my best. I intend to go down there myself this afternoon and look the house over. I am having a plumber meet me there to submit estimates."

At the word "estimates" a sudden gleam of suspicion lit in Gilder's eyes. "Estimates—graff! Ahah!"

"I think I'll just go down with you, Burson, and we'll look it over together."

Burson's dismay was evident.

"Oh, Mr. Gilder, I'm sure you wouldn't like that! You've no idea how filthy and vile the streets and people are down there. It wouldn't do at all to go in your car. In the present state of things, and I'm sure you wouldn't relish the ride on the street cars."

"This served, of course, to fix the idea only the more firmly in Mr. Gilder's mind. He would certainly go; of that Burson might be certain.

Once having made the resolution he forged calmly ahead, but before he had traveled half the distance from the

WINNING A DECORATION

The Tradesman Got the Grand Cross and King Peter the Reward.

An interesting story is going the rounds about King Peter of Serbia. A French tradesman who had amassed a great fortune wanted very badly to get hold of some decoration to wear on his breast, and after some financial maneuvering he managed to secure a Serbian cross of something or other. He was immensely proud of this cross and instead of having it set with the usual inferior quality of brilliants he had it set with diamonds of the first water.

Soon afterward he visited Serbia, and, as in duty bound, he called on King Peter to thank him for the order. He wore, of course, his magnificent cross, and King Peter, who knows something about jewels, immediately fixed his eyes on it. He himself was wearing the grand cross of the order set with rather poor brilliants, and the moment his visitor came within reach he exclaimed: "But what is this? I gave orders that you should have the grand cross. The cross alone is not worthy of you. Here, you shall wear mine."

Before the other could protest Peter had changed the cross for the grand cross, substituting the inferior jewels for the splendid diamonds on the breast of the other! As a matter of fact, of course, he had never heard of his visitor before, the decoration having been arranged by his minister—London Tablet.

SQUARE OF THE CIRCLE

For All Ordinary Mechanical Work the Formula 3.1416 is Used.

The ratio of the length of the circumference of a circle to its diameter, sought during many thousands of years, has never been discovered. It has been known for decades of centuries, away back to the Aryans and the Egyptians—or rather to the new Egyptian pyramid of Sphinx builders; and the circumference of a circle is three and a fraction times longer than its diameter.

This fraction has been sought by computers in every great nation from prehistoric times. Within modern times it has been computed with accuracy and by enormous labor in Germany out to 635 decimal places with no end—there is always a remainder to be reckoned.

But all of this work was useless, because high mathematics has shown that the string of figures will never come to an end in any finite number of figures. And as these men cannot think of infinity they made the symbol of infinity and stopped wasting time many years ago.

The circumference of a circle is 3.14159265 plus longer than its diameter. But in all ordinary mechanics, as in factories, machine shops and the like, the number 3.1416 is used. Thus the difference between lengths of circumferences of locomotive drive wheels or any other made by using one or the other of these values could not be detected mechanically without micrometric measurement.—New York American.

COACHES AND AUTO

Here the Transporter, which is the latest thing in automobile travel, is compared with the horse-drawn carriage. It is pointed out that the horse-drawn carriage is a very slow mode of transport, and that the automobile is a much more convenient and comfortable mode of transport.

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Helping the Poor

Longfellow, the great poet, was noted for his kindness to children, and this extended to all little folks, whether of his family or not.

There was one little boy of whom he was very fond and who came often to see him. One day the child looked earnestly at the long row of books in the library and at length asked, "Have you 'Jack the Giant Killer'?"

Longfellow was obliged to confess that his great library did not contain that repented volume. The little fellow looked very sorry and presently slipped down from the peak of his knees and went away. But the next morning Longfellow saw him coming up the walk with something tightly clasped in his little fist. The child had brought 2 cents with which Longfellow was to buy a "Jack the Giant Killer" of his own.

Change of Doctors

"Oh, yes," she remarked in reply to her incredulous friend's question, "I changed doctors quite a long time ago, before last Christmas, in fact."

"But I thought you had such confidence in Dr. Healem?"

"Oh, so I did. But he's getting so frightfully old fashioned, you know; doesn't move with the times and that sort of thing at all. Perhaps you remember me telling you how terribly I felt the cold last winter?"

"Yes."

"Well, I went to Dr. Healem about it, and he told me to wear flannel. Flannel, if you please!"

"Yes."

"So I went to Dr. Nicely. He suggested seal skin"—Tacoma Tribune.

Unpleasant to Have Around

"Are you still engaged to Mr. Briggs?"

"No, I broke it off last week. I was afraid to marry him. He knows too much. I gave him some ribbon to match. He found it in the first store he went to, and he bought it for 2 cents below the regular price."

Parental Severity

The children of two centuries ago fell on stern times, if one may believe that the spirit of family life was accurately expressed by an excellent mother of that day who said, without humorous intent, that her children "loved her as sinners dread death."

There is little doubt that parental severity at that date was as rigorous as this anecdote indicates. It is said that when little Andrew Hillis, afterward lieutenant governor of New York, objected to being whipped by his father, Mr. Gilbert Hillis, frowned.

"Let Mr. Andrew have boiled mutton for breakfast," commanded the stern parent, "cold mutton for dinner, and cold mutton for supper till he has learned to like it."

His Company

Mark Twain, meeting Charles Guthrie, a prominent British lawyer, in Vienna asked him if he smoked.

"Sometimes when I am in bad company," was the reply.

After a pause came a second question, "You're a lawyer, aren't you, Mr. Guthrie?"

"I am, Mr. Clemens."

"Ah, then, Mr. Guthrie, you must be a very heavy smoker?"

Fishbone in the Throat

To remove a fishbone from the throat swallow a raw egg and follow, if possible, by eating plenty of mashed potatoes. The egg will carry the bone into the stomach, and the potatoes will prevent it from doing any injury there.

Philosophical

"Dear Charles," said Mrs. Filmgill, "used to send me alimony every month without a murmur."

"Yes," replied Miss Coynesse; "he says it's a great comfort to turn over a bunch of money to you without an argument because it isn't more."—Washington Star.

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Proof Positive

Mrs. Gaddy—So you don't believe me, Mrs. Earl, when I tell you my nose is kept to the grindstone? Mrs. Pertino, I don't, Mrs. Gaddy, for if it was you couldn't have time to keep poking it in everybody else's business.—Baltimore American.

Waiting Up For Him

"Oh, mamma, will you tell me a fairy tale, please?"

"Oh, wait until your father comes home; he'll tell us both one."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Poor Place

"And you say you are most starved to death in your last position?" said the kind housewife. "What position was it?"

"I was treasurer of a poets' union, mum," replied the dusty wayfarer, with a deep sigh.—Exchange.

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Russia's Baltic Ports

Four out of the five great ports of Russia—Petrograd (formerly St. Petersburg), Revel, Libau and Riga—are situated on the Baltic sea. Of these only Libau is an open port all the year round, the others being ice bound from four to five months each year.

Clever Cows

"Much butter is imported from Denmark," wrote a schoolgirl, "because Danish cows have greater enterprise and superior technical education to ours."—London Standard.

Accuse Not Nature; she Hates Dogs

Accuse not nature; she hates dogs her part; do thou but think.—John Milton.

Filling the Anteroom

Why should wiser complaints, when husbands read the morning paper at the breakfast table, stress reading with a full seat?—Little Rock Gazette.

Skeptical

"I have dyspepsia, but you never heard me growl about it."

"Never growl about it? Well, then, you haven't got it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Regret Is a Dangerous Thing

Regret is a dangerous thing. Let a little one go beyond and it will lead you into a world of trouble. You know it now. Beware! Beware! Beware! Beware! Beware!

What Did You Say?

"What did you say, Mr. Smith?"

"I said, 'I am a very heavy smoker.'"

"-Detective from Chicago."

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