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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 began respect in his betters. 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 word 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!' 'Aha!' '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 traversed half the distance from the

street car to the entrance of the Bowes street house he had begun to realize some of the difficulties of which Burson had spoken. For one thing it was hot—the middle of September and the suns were almost overpowering. Hawkers with cans of lukewarm water, in which floated half cooked ears of green corn, others with slices of watermelon cut in the early morning and now covered with fish and flies, were everywhere in the dusty streets.

Added to these were the roar of the not distant elevated, the screaming of innumerable babies and the shrill whistles of gangs of street gamins, making a very inferno of dirt and confusion. Gilder was glad to turn into the comparative quiet of the Bowes street house. Once inside, Burson took the lead and began at once the tour of inspection. The house had been designed for a far better class of tenant than now found a haven within its walls. It had originally two suits of apartments of five rooms each on either side of the narrow hall which bisected the house. But long ago these five rooms had been divided so that now they formed three suits each—two of two rooms and a single room.

The single rooms, dirty and dark as they were, found ready occupancy, for the rent was but half that of the two roomed suits. But while nearly all of the single rooms were tenanted, many of the two room suits were empty. Gilder's reduced dividends were explained. They were making the last rounds on the top floor when they heard a voice far below hailing Mr. Burson. The strength and assurance of it spoke eloquently of a full dinner pail.

"Ah, that must be Mauders, the plumber," exclaimed Burson, hastening toward the dark and rickety stairway. "Pardon me the moment, Mr. Gilder. I'll bring him right up." Left to himself, Gilder started slowly toward the narrow window at the far end of the hall. Suddenly a door was swung open halfway down the hall, and the anxious face of one of the amateur nurses from the settlement peered out. At sight of Gilder her face cleared and she sprang forward. "Oh, sir, I am so glad to see you! My patient is very sick—typhoid. I must have help. The doctor is somewhere in the building, probably with Casey's little girl on the first floor. Bring him as quick as you can." Then as she realized the blank look on Gilder's face anxiety again puckered her smooth brow.

"Oh, you don't think you can find him? What shall I do? I must—I know! You stay here—keep very quiet—he's delirious and won't notice the change. Don't excite him whatever you do!" and before Gilder could voice his protest she had pushed him through the door and sped down the hall. Naused and highly indignant, Gilder looked about him. The work of the volunteers from the settlement was apparent here, for the room was far cleaner than any Gilder had seen in the house. The patient lay on one of the settlement hospital cots, which with a deal table and one chair formed the only furniture in the room. Gilder was a stranger to sickrooms, and a vagrant curiosity stirred him as his glance rested on the form of the sick man. In the dim light his features were barely distinguishable—his thin frame twitched restlessly under the light sheet.

Gilder half turned to go when suddenly the man sat bolt upright and stretched out his arms in the piteous appeal of childhood. "Daddy—daddy," he wailed. "Take me up, daddy; I am tired of my bed." An onlooker might have seen a curious change in Mr. Gilder during this scene. At the first word from the sick man's lips he had stopped, one foot extended toward the door. The trembling of his form grew until it was like a pulsing, and the muscles of his throat moved convulsively up and down. Little beads of perspiration that were not caused by the heat stood out upon his forehead—a great pounding was in his ears. Then he turned.

"Danny—Danny!" the whisper sound ed, loud and rasping in the little room. "Danny—it can't be you, Danny, boy—it can't be you! It's been a long time—you've changed, Danny. But your voice—it's just the same—just the same!" When the nurse and doctor hurried into the room a few moments later a strange sight met their eyes. Mr. Gilder, the great Mr. Gilder, whose wealth and eccentricities furnished as much copy for the Sunday supplements, was on his knees by the side of the tenement typhoid patient, and the face he turned toward them was tear stained and very old.

"Doctor—my son—he is very ill. My son—do you hear? The son of Baldwin Gilder. You must work hard—spare no expense—see how he clings to me—my poor Danny, come back to me like this! You think he will live—oh, I'm so glad—so glad!" Some time later Burson, with his plumber in tow, appeared at the doorway, properly shocked at sight of his aristocratic patron in the midst of such surroundings, but his surprise gave place to wonder at Mr. Gilder's first words—the voice was so strangely gentle.

"Ah, Burson, I cannot go with you now. I have more important matters here. I have found my son—yes, my son—lost these ten years. I shall not leave him—he needs me. You will have to look after the plumbing yourself. And Burson—we will put new pipes throughout the house—whatever is necessary for comfort and health. Never mind the expense. You see, Burson—my son is a tenant—that is, he was a tenant—in the Bowes street house."

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A Monstrosity Among Newspapers.
Those who object to the widespread newspaper may see the apotheosis of their bete noire in the museum at Aix-la-Chapelle, the only existing copy of the ill-fated Quatruple Constellation, published in New York in 1880. Happily this monstrosity did not survive the first issue, for its pages measure eight and one-half feet by six feet, and each contains thirteen columns forty-eight inches long. By way of comparison it may be mentioned that the smallest newspaper in the world is the Mexican El Telegrama, with pages four inches square.—London Chronicle.

Stoats Hunt in Packs.
In some years stoats appear to be more numerous than in others, and they are seen not in ones and twos, but in dozens, hunting together in small packs. Stoats will hunt together from scent and in full cry like a pack of hounds, one always keeping the line and followed closely by the others. This sight has been recorded by different observers who have also seen weasels hunting in the same way.

Valuable Services.
"I have indeed done a service," the orator declared. "I have given the people cause to think."
"That was something at least."
"Yes, oh, yes. But I have done a further service. I have told them just how to think."—Buffalo Express.

Hemorrhoids. who was writing a letter, looked up to inquire: "Is it ever permissible to apply gender to volcanoes?" "I don't know," Mrs. Hemorrhoids returned, "but if it is they are surely masculine."
"Why?"
"Because they sputter, grumble and smoke."—Youngstown Telegram.


Hats On.
It is customary in Quito when a visitor takes off his hat upon entering a room to beg him to put it on again, and, in the absence of permission, leave is generally requested. This, it is said, arises from apprehension that cold will be taken by remaining uncovered.


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