

**KING PHILIP OF
PRIMROSE STREET**

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King Philip of Primrose Street by Elizabeth L. Flint

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To
the memory of
PHILIP
who met accidental death
while this little story was
in preparation

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KING PHILIP OF PRIMROSE STREET

IT was New Year's morning, and as the bells in the steeples of the city were ringing to usher in the New Year, a little babe found its way into this old world of ours. A little babe, the sweetest thing that ever came to gladden human hearts and homes. This is no unusual event, but it was an unusual event for Primrose Street, which might well have been so named from its prim rows of houses which stood just so many feet from their neighbors, and whose lawns and gardens were always smooth and well kept because they were never trodden by little feet, there being not one child on the length of Primrose Street.

A trifle higher, socially and topographically, stood Evergreen Terrace, with its rows of tall spruce and arbor vitae trees,

its beautiful houses and sparkling fountains, one of which was reported to have borne a placard saying, "Dogs are requested not to wash in this fountain." This report, however, was never substantiated. The residents of the Terrace were people whose fortunes had been made and who were living in ease and comparative luxury where they could look down on Primrose Street and watch the effort of their neighbors as they struggled to reach a somewhat higher station.

Primrose Street might be said to be divided into three parts; the first part at the head of the street being composed of families whose names consisted of three or more syllables. There were the Fotheringills, the Van Osmons, the Underwoods and the St. Sylvesters. Toward the centre of the street the names, for the most part, could boast of but two syllables, while at the foot of the street they ended with plain John Blake.