

THE STRIKE.

An Incident of London Life.

"Ted, you won't go out to-night, will you?"

"Why not, mother? I must." "My boy, pray don't go! We are nearly starving. I feel as if I can't hold out much longer. I'm so weak. Look at our poor home what it has come to! Look at the empty cupboard, and I haven't a copper to get a meal! For your sake I have borne up, but I'm breaking down fast!"

Ted Drummond, to whom this piteous appeal was made by his dear old mother, was a brawny, hard-working man of thirty-five years, and was, up till six weeks ago, in constant employment at Thomas Lucas' Yard, on the southern side of the muddy Thames. Ted was looked upon by his mates as a clever, intelligent fellow; he read the newspapers regularly, and could, as they put it, "spout a bit" on "Equality and Fraternity, and the Rights of the British Workman." Work in the yard had become slack through the keen competition of other firms, and Mr. Thomas Lucas had intimated to his men his intention, by force of circumstances, to reduce their wages. The men had in consequence struck, and things were at a deadlock. Meetings had been held at the Maggie Arms, and fiery speeches delivered by the leaders to hold firm together, and the day was theirs. Ted Drummond was considered now the hero of the hour; his advice was looked upon as worthy of following, and they must succeed if they still carried out his plans, by picketing the yard and standing out solidly.

"Times may be hard with some of us!" he exclaimed, "but there is sunshine ahead. There was never any great cause won yet without some sacrifice, and that which is not worth suffering a little for is not worth having at all."

Such telling remarks went down well with the men, who would listen and cheer lustily as they quaffed another pint with "Success to the cause!" Ted's position therefore rendered it impossible to shrink from going ahead to the end, for had he not done so he would have been showing the white feather, and become a traitor to his comrades. Yet he was deeply fond of his old mother; she had tenderly cared for him from a child, and although he was now a man of middle age she still called him "her boy," for he had never married or thought of doing so.

"Ted, my child," again earnestly pleaded Mrs. Drummond; "don't go, there's a good boy! Why keep out on this terrible strike? Half a loaf is better than utter starvation, and look what we have undergone already through privation. The men have been out of the yard without work for six weeks now with no prospect of a settlement. Mr. Lucas says he can't pay them more. Why don't they give in and accept his terms for the present till times are better? Don't go out to the meeting to-night. For God's sake don't Ted, for I feel so bad!" And she fell upon his shoulder and sobbed bitterly.

"Mother!" replied the sturdy toiler, summoning up his best efforts, and choking down the lump which rose in his throat; "Mother, the day is as good as won! Lucas can't keep at it but a few hours longer. The fellows are confident of victory, for there are rumours afloat that the gov'nor has decided to grant the men's demands and start them again. What about that, eh? There! there! there! keep on your pecker, mother, don't lose heart; the end is near, another day will do it!" And raising her head, and flinging his cap upon his own, he hurried out with a forced smile to the meeting of the men.

Could Ted Drummond have drawn the veil aside and beheld Mr. Thomas Lucas in his suburban villa at Kennington Park, how differently he would have thought.

"Ethel, my dear," said the aforesaid employer to his beautiful daughter, as he sat running his fingers through his locks of silver grey in an agitated manner. "Ethel, I feel that I cannot endure this state of things much longer. Six weeks have elapsed since my men turned out on strike, and they still seem determined to be masters of the situation. You know the reverses I have had. I cannot accede to their demands. I have explained my affairs as much as I should do to them, but they discredit me. My position is becoming alarming, my liabilities are heavy, I am almost ruined by continued depression and loss." And he stared with a wild look at his lovely daughter.

"Oh! papa, you mustn't despond like that. There is sure to be a turn in the tide directly. How can these poor fellows hold out with no support coming in for their wives and families? Don't despair, papa." And she walked round to his armchair and kissed him tenderly.

"Despair, my dear! Were it not for the image of your dear-departed mother that I see in you, I should have broken down long since." And he rose and paced the room, which seemed too hot for his fevered brain to bear.

There was a short pause in the conversation, and then Mr. Lucas said—"Come Ethel, it is near your time for retiring to rest. Leave me alone to sit and consider over my plan of action."

Ethel Lucas with a tender smile approached her father and smoothed his silken hair. She half hesitated to leave him, for his manner of late was rather strange. "Bear up, papa," said she, kissing his pallid cheek, "bear up, papa, for my sake. The men are sure to return to work directly, and all may be flourishing again." Then after another kiss, she left the dear old parent with "Good-night and God bless you!"

Mr. Lucas sat alone and agitated. The hour was not yet late, for his pet child always retired early and rose the same. It was quite apparent that the state of affairs at the yard was preying heavily upon his mind.

"I cannot endure this awful state of things," he muttered to himself. "My poor head seems nigh distracted. Were it not for that dear girl of mine whose loving disposition keeps me up—there, there, there—"

And he snapped his fingers and pulled nervously at his beard. After a few minutes Mr. Lucas walked from the room, took a hat from the peg, and sallied forth into the street, telling the butler he should not be long. Hailing a "bus," he mounted to the top, thinking the "blow" would prove refreshing and beneficial. He shortly afterwards found himself at Boreugh, where he alighted, strolling along, he scarcely knew whither, up one turning and down another, merely walking for walking's sake, muttering at

times of the calamity befallen him, and unheeding the passers by. Turning up a short street to the left he came suddenly upon the Thames. The Thames! Yes, there it flowed swiftly before his eyes—the river which had borne him so much wealth upon its bosom in rosy times! The stream which had sung music in his ears as he sat in his office watching the laden lighters making for the yard. But now to him it was a "slough of despond," whose inky blackness seemed to be well in keeping with the gloomy forebodings of his unbinged mind. Thoughts of the yard, his daughter, his men, his ruin flashed madly through his brain.

"Aye, the river!" he cried fiendishly, as throwing his hat upon the ground, he rushed to the brink.

Instantly he was grasped by a big fellow, one of three who had come upon the scene. "Hold, man! What are you doing—suicide!" said the workman, as he held the old gentleman tightly. "For Heaven's sake hold him, Joe," he continued to his mates.

Mr. Lucas stared wildly at his deliverer. "By Jove! It's the gov'nor!" cried Ted Drummond in dismay, and nigh letting go his hold as he realized the awful situation. "What on earth is he doing here at this time of night?"

By a strange coincidence Drummond and his two companions were just returning from the Maggie Arms, where the meeting had been held, and had finished up with the "weak-kneed" resolution to go in on the following Monday on the employer's terms, unless he gave way in the meantime, when they would start immediately.

Mr. Lucas stared strangely at the three men, and failed to recognize either of them.

"Let us walk him over here quietly," suggested one in an undertone. "We don't want a police job to be made of this; nobody saw what he was up to but us chaps. Poor old bloke, something is wrong with him, but we can soon bring him round."

Ted Drummond took his master by the arm, and the four walked across to a small public-house, where a little weak brandy and water was administered to the "strange" man, who was provided with a seat in the parlour.

"Poor old gentleman! he has come over very faint," said Drummond, endeavoring to throw one or two idling enquirers of the seat who peeped in at the door. "He is coming round a bit already."

After resting a few moments and sipping the stimulant, Mr. Lucas revived and became quite rational again.

"Whatever is the meaning of this, Mr. Lucas?" asked Ted, in a somewhat sympathetic tone.

The old gentleman looked up in surprise at the mention of his name, and for the first time recognized Drummond as one of the workmen of the yard.

"You know me?" he asked faintly. "Yes, yes—I see, I see. Why it's Drummond from the yard, sure!"

And he hesitated, feeling greatly embarrassed at the awkward predicament he was placed in with his own employes.

This, however, was no time for vain excuses, and, coming straight to the point, he continued in earnest tones:

"Men, you have saved by life, perhaps unfortunately, for I am nigh a ruined man. I have contracts to fulfill at the yard, which is closed through this terrible strike. I have explained how matters stand. If the men accept the reduction I will raise their money later on when times are brighter."

And he put his hand to his burning head as though the old subject was too much to talk about.

"But we heard, sir," responded Ted, "that you were about to give in to our terms and start us directly."

"It's false. Nothing of the kind," replied the employer surprised. "I am nigh bankrupt and find it impossible. Were I in a position I would willingly do so; I have always dealt fairly with my workmen. Now, Drummond, I believe you have great influence with your mates. They would, I feel assured, follow your advice. Come in to work again, I say. Start again and I'll never forget you!"

Drummond exchanged glances with his companions, who were listening attentively then rising to his feet, he exclaimed:

"Mr. Lucas, sir, I believe your words. We'll call a meeting of the men to-morrow, and ask them to start work on your reduction for the present. Give us a day's grace, and I believe we can promise you a start."

The old gentleman, with a gleam of hope in his eyes, appeared wonderfully refreshed at this unexpected offer.

"Drummond, will you advise them to come in?" he said. "I will explain my position clearly to them. Pray don't mention under what sad circumstances we have met."

"Mr. Lucas, I will persuade them, was the reply, to which his mates murmured concurrence.

The old gentleman having now greatly recovered, the party left, two of them taking a "bus" with their master for Kennington Park for it was quite clear to each that it was unsafe to leave him alone even now.

Drummond, knowing the gov'nor to be in good hands, hurried homewards excitedly with the news.

"Things have come to a crisis now," he muttered to himself. "This will surprise mother. Still it's all for the best, I suppose. I think we shall do right in going in. I couldn't stand it much longer. I shall call a meeting of the men to-morrow and put it before them plainly."

Hurrying down his street he perceived the welcome light in the window, which told him his dear old mother was waiting up for him, as usual.

Turning his key in the front door and letting himself into the house, he rushed through, and bursting into the room and flourishing his cap, excitedly exclaimed:

"Hurrah! mother! The struggle's all over! It's all over! We shall go in to work to-morrow, for Mr. Lu—Great Heavens! Mercy! No, no, no!—cold—dead!" And he staggered back against the wall.

Yes, too true! The "struggle" was all over. The sacrifice was made, for there lay his mother in her old-fashioned chair where she had waited in vain his coming, with the empty cupboard-doors flung wide open bearing silent witness.

Extraordinary qualities are possessed by the River Tinto, in Spain. It hardens and petrifies the sand of its bed: and if a stone falls in the stream, and slights upon another, in a few months they unite and become one stone. Fish cannot live in its waters.

IN ICELAND.

Talk of Wholesale Emigration to North America.

The Population is Now Only 70,000 and is Decreasing, but Still the Inhabitants Maintain That No Other Country Can Compare With Theirs—The Country Not so Bad as Its Name Indicates.

Reports of distress in Iceland are again current, and are again coupled with a rumour that the entire population of the island will presently emigrate in a body to some portion of the North American continent. The former reports are probably only too true. For a number of years the prosperity of the ancient province has been waning. There has been a succession of unfavorable seasons, and the fisheries have not been as productive as of old. Then, too, many of the strong and lusty men have emigrated, reducing seriously the working force of the community. The population of the island has for some time been decreasing. Still there are nearly 70,000 people remaining, and there is not on the surface of the globe a more intensely loyal and patriotic people. They are really Chauvinistic. They will not for a moment concede that any other land can compare with theirs in attractiveness.

Iceland, in fact, is not by any means so forbidding a country as its name implies. It is no more a land of ice than Greenland is a land of verdure. The 50 and 60 degrees below zero registered every winter in the North-West Territory and Assiniboia, and even the 35 and 40 below experienced in Montana and Northern Dakota are unheard of in Iceland. Neither is the other extreme felt, of great heat, such as these very regions of North America endure. No Icelandic knows what a temperature of a hundred in the shade is. There are no sudden fluctuations or great changes. The climate is remarkably equable. A variation of 30 degrees in a month is probably not on record in the island. The climate is due, of course, to the same cause that produces a similar effect in the British Isles, namely, the Gulf Stream. This great ocean current washes the southern and western shores of Iceland, and secures it a mild winter and a balmy summer.

CLIMATE EQUABLE AND HEALTHY.

There are glaciers in the island, of course, but they form no icebergs. The sea around the island is never frozen, nor indeed is any floating ice, in flocks or bergs, ever seen save on rare occasions on the northern coast. Now and then, in summer, prolonged storms will carry floating ice across from the Greenland coast and drive it upon the northern shore of Iceland, together with the cold fog and rain. In this way polar bears are also sometimes landed on the island. On the other hand, the winters are so mild that thunderstorms often occur in them. In fact most of the thunderstorms in Iceland are in the winter months.

Agriculturally, however, the climate of Iceland is less favorable than that of Manitoba. The summer is cooler, and vegetation therefore matures less rapidly. For that reason it is impossible to grow any grain there, save a species of oats. Corn, wheat, and rye are out of the question. The contents of the vegetable garden are also limited. Tomatoes and pumpkins, for example, cannot be grown, nor are fruit trees and grape vines to be seen. The chief garden products are potatoes, cabbages, carrots, and turnips, all of which grow in great luxuriance, and are of excellent quality; The only tree is the birch, which reaches a height of only ten feet. But the chief crop is grass. The moist climate favours its growth, and the island is thus abundantly supplied with both pasture and meadow lands. These sustain great flocks of horned sheep, and herds of cattle and ponies of all of which great numbers are annually exported to Scotland and elsewhere. Fish, wool, tallow, feathers, sulphur, eider down, and shark oil are also important items of foreign trade.

THE WAR SCARE.

The Standing Armies of Europe—Billions of Men Ready for War.

They heated and out of town term is approaching; consequently newspaper correspondents, being too languid to hunt for news and facts, are drawing upon that ever-abundant spring, their imaginations, for matter wherewith to satisfy the craving of their readers. A spark with them speedily produces a blaze. Under the provocation of the rejection by the Reichstag of his army bill, Emperor William spoke somewhat strongly, not to be it noted of a foreign power, but of his own people as represented in their parliament. This was sufficient and now we are, according to the English letter-writing section of the press, on the verge of a flare-up that shall set all Europe ablaze. France and Germany are to spring at each other's throats and while England aids Germany Russia is to support France. Austria and Italy will probably join in with England and Germany, meantime Turkey and the smaller nations will watch with interest the big powers mutilating one the other and exhausting their resources. This in brief is the picture these gentlemen of pen and pencil depict, but they can rest assured that diplomacy will be strained to the utmost before their fitful imagination finds justification in a latter-day realization. Still the thought that such a conflict is possible is sufficient to attract attention to the statistics of military strength recently compiled by Captain Molard, a professor of St. Cyr military college in France. The figures, it should be remarked, include the reserves as well as the standing armies. The list of States is headed by France with an estimated force of 2,500,000 men. Next comes Russia with 2,451,000, followed by Germany with 2,417,000, Italy with 1,514,000, and Austria-Hungary with 1,050,000. Then comes Turkey with 700,000, England with 342,000, Spain with 350,000, and various lesser powers with forces aggregating 1,289,000. Adding together these figures, we reach the enormous total of 12,563,000 men as the present estimated military force of Europe, and even this immense military establishment does not come up to European ideas of what armies should be. Captain Molard estimates that the military force of Europe will be doubled within the next seven years, and that in 1900 the figures will be about as follows: Germany, 5,000,000 men; France, 4,350,000; Russia, 4,000,000; Italy, 2,230,000; Austria-Hungary, 1,900,000; Turkey, 1,150,000; Spain, 800,000; England, 602,000;

and various other powers, 2,382,000. The sum of these large figures is 22,420,000, which indicates, if Captain Molard's estimates are accurate, that the military force of Europe will be increased within seven years by nearly 10,000,000 men.

England, it will be seen, is numerically weaker than even Spain, but Russia, Germany nor France have the available resources behind them that Britain has. Still Capt. Molard has given her the benefit of all the army in sight, as what statisticians say, as is proved, by a blue book recently issued in London giving figures regarding the army from 1873 to 1892. From this it appears that the average effective strength of the regular army last year was 213,540, composed as follows: Household cavalry, 1,318; cavalry of the line, 18,837; royal artillery, horse, 3,740; field, 14,308; mountain, 1,277; garrison, including corps of ordnance artificers, 16,536; royal engineers, 7,458; foot guards, 5,949; infantry of the line, 133,110; colonial corps, 4,387; army service corps, 3,492; ordnance store corps, 830; corps of armorers, 317; medical staff corps, 2,432. The average number of officers was 7,653, and of sergeants, 13,331. The troops were distributed thus: At home, 106,115; colonies and Egypt, 34,240; India, 73,185. The strength in the army in 1873 was 188,379. The effective strength of all arms increased from 203,163 on the first day of 1892 to 209,283 on Jan. 1 of this year. Of the recruits 2,450 were long-service men, while 2,108 joined for three years and 37,101 for seven years on the short-service system. Thirty-two thousand and ninety-four were raised in England, 3,567 in Scotland, and 3,860 in Ireland. Fifteen thousand five hundred and seventy-eight recruits were rejected by medical officer and 3,822 after attestation as unfit for service with the colors. A table of ages shows that 1,305 recruits were under 17. The majority were between 18 and 19. Those over 20 years of age composed less than a third of the whole number.

To Work Side by Side.

The strike at Hull, in England, which has lasted for some months and has necessitated the employment of the military to suppress violence, has ended in exactly the same manner as the yet more famous and more widely spread Australian strikes of 1891 and 1892—the unionists are utterly beaten in their attempt to enforce a discrimination against non-union men. In no other countries is labor so well organized as in Australia and in England, and in no other country has labor such natural advantages in a war with capital as in Australia, but in both countries the best concerted efforts to institute an impossible condition have failed. "Impossible condition" are the only fit words to use in regard to the objects of the strikes at Hull and in Australia. You cannot have a government of the people by the people and a government of the people by a minority of the people in one country and at the same time. An attempt to exclude non-union men from employment is an attempt to govern by a minority, for the unionists are a minority. An attempt to force men into membership with unions is an attempt to force a majority to comply with the wishes of a minority. Either attempt is toward a condition that is impossible in a free country. The outcome of the Hull affair is that those union men who went on strike simply because they would not consent to work with non-union men will be allowed to resume work at the docks "as soon as places are vacant for them." They will not be discriminated against because of their zeal for unionism, but the non-union men who have taken the places that they voluntarily vacated will not be discharged to enable them to return to work. No walking delegate is to be allowed to visit the docks or ship yards during work hours, nor is any union man to wear any hand or uniform indicative of his membership during work hours. Union men and non-union men are to work side by side, receiving the same wages and enjoying the same liberty to go in search of better jobs. Employer and employed enter into an agreement that employers shall not order a general lockout nor the employed go on a general strike without a notice of twenty-one days given by the one to the other. This almost inevitably insures a thorough arbitration of differences and thus tends toward making either strikes or lockouts impossible. The outcome could not have been otherwise. So long as non-union men are a majority of wage-earning people, so long will they be in possession of "certain inalienable rights" from which no minority can oust them. When the unionists are a majority they can govern; not till then.

Four Interesting Items.

In England there is an organization known as the Rural District Nursing Association. The nurses are in training two years at a cost of \$250. Each nurse has a salary of \$125 to \$150, with board and lodging, and a donkey cart in which to go the rounds of a district of 2,000 to 3,000 inhabitants.

At an evening party it was remarked that nobody could draw two things at once. Sir Edwin Landseer replied that he thought he could, and taking a pencil in each hand, he drew simultaneously and without hesitation with the right hand the profile of a stag's head and all its antlers complete, and with the left hand a lovely horse's head. The acts of draughtsmanship were strictly simultaneous and not alternate, and the drawing by the left hand was as good as that by the right.

"La Famille Francaise" is an insurance company, the ingenious invention of some excellent gentlemen who wish to augment the notoriously low rate of increase of the population of France and add to their own incomes. They propose in return for a proportionate payment, either at one time or in annual premiums, to secure for any female child insured in their company either a fixed sum, not over \$400, when she shall become a mother, or a dowry of not over \$2,500 when she shall marry, or an annual sum for education.

Attention is called to the fact that apples stored in cellars or elsewhere are invariably covered with mold or mildew—often invisible, but just as real. This mold consists mostly of microscopic plants, including numerous species of fungi, all of which are more or less poisonous. Physicians say they have traced cases of diphtheria in children to the use of moldy apples. Mothers are in the habit of giving little children apples to play with, and the babies try to eat them. In such cases the mold should be carefully removed from the apples.

WILD BEASTS ESCAPE.

Wreck of a Circus Train—Tigers and Lions Set Free—Lives Lost.

TYRONE, Pa., May 31.—A special train on the Tyrone and Clearfield railroad, Penn., composed of Walter Mains' circus cars, got beyond the control of the trainmen the other morning and rushed down the mountain. At Vail station the train was wrecked and animals, men and broken cars were piled up together. Several tigers and lions escaped, and only after the greatest exertion were they recaptured and then not until one of the tigers had killed several domestic animals in the neighborhood. Five men were killed outright and 12 or 14 others badly wounded, some fatally. The circus is a complete wreck and it will take several days to get the property together. Those killed are: William Henry, brakeman, of Tyrone; Frank Brain, of Annapolis; William Muterby, of East Liberty, Pa.; John Slayer, of Houtzdale, Pa., and an unknown man called "Barney."

The wild animals all got out from the cages. Two injured sacred oxen were killed to put them out of misery. A tiger killed a cow of Alfred Thomas, a farmer, whose wife was milking the cow at the time. Thomas killed the tiger with a rifle. Three lions escaped. One was captured immediately; another was lassoed and tied to a tree after biting the lassoer, Chambers, severely on the hand. The other lion is at large, but is the quietest of the three. A tiger, water buffalo, hyena, bear, alligators and a large collection of snakes got away but were captured. The elephants and camels were uninjured. A black panther, silver tiger, a lot of monkeys and valuable birds are at large. Almost every ring horse was killed.

"Why Grow Old?"

"Why grow old?" naively asks a writer in the Popular Science Monthly. He asserts that, whereas only 2,000 persons out of every million live 95 years, that age really should be reached by treble this number, and even six times as many if all the surroundings of life were as they should be. "Most of the diseases which destroy in early life are due to causes which ought not to exist, and in time, as sanitary science advances, will not exist. We know that already the improved sanitation of the country is bearing fruit, that the average life is lengthening year by year, that many diseases that carried off tens of thousands in the days of our grandfathers are almost harmless now." The writer quoted is Dr. Yorke-Davies, who says that old age can be put off to its furthest limits by storing up energy for it before middle age, taking plenty of exercise, refraining from stuffing oneself with food and doing plenty of work. "The human economy," he says, "will rust out before it will wear out, and there are more killed by idleness than by hard work." Yet more, although the Doctor doesn't say so, are killed by alternating overwork and idleness. A Japanese physician, a pupil of Dr. Koch, according to telegraphic reports, has discovered a modification of the Koch consumption cure which does all that was claimed in vain for the original German remedy. A marvelous tale is told of the cures effected in advanced stages of consumption by this physician, Kitamoto by name. Whether this is true or not—probably not—it is a fact that consumption is more under control than ever before. Cholera was kept out of the country by scientific means last year and doubtless will be this year. Small-pox no longer slays its tens of thousands, and the other plagues are far less dangerous than they were a generation or two ago. It really looks as if in a generation or two hence Methuselah could be modernized, though Dr. Yorke-Davies probably would hold out little hope of a man's living 969 years, however well he took care of himself.

Still Larger Strips.

Soon after the Campania's keel was laid there came a report that the White Star people had arranged for a still greater sensation, through a contract for a ship, to be named the Gigantic, and to be 700 feet long, or 80 feet longer than the Cunard boat. Since the latter has made such a brilliant performance of her promises, rumor has lengthened this mythical ship to 800 feet, and again she is said to be on the eve of construction. The story in another variation comes through Engineering, which states that two steamers are probable, to be 680 feet long, with three screws and 40,000 horse power. Even without truth in this particular report, we may count upon seeing some day a boat as big as any yet talked of, or perhaps bigger. When the first draft of this long, thin type, the Oceanic, the pioneer of the White Star line, came into port, old mariners shook their heads anxiously. It was contrary to reason that a body so long and slender could stand the enormous strain put upon it by the seas. Her back would break, and the criminal folly of her reckless builders would be sorrowfully recorded in some tremendous loss of life. The Oceanic is still travelling over the broad rollers of the Pacific; and the later craft for similar service have steadily grown in length. There is nothing in the limitations of material and in the knowledge of shaping it and putting it together to prevent the extension of ocean vessels to any length desired. They can be built as long as we wish, like tubes, until they exceed the ordinary wave lengths and rest upon several waves. Of course it is conceivable that before this gradual elongation reaches the 1,000-foot standard some new system of hull will be adopted, such as the cigar-shaped hull, for example, or the whaleback, which will produce steadiness with the ordinary dimensions. But, barring some such change, we are likely before long to see ships built to a size that will measure the entire facilities afforded by the harbors where they are designed to ply.

An Overcrowded English City.

In connection with the demonstrations of the unemployed, it may be of interest to point out that London is not the most overcrowded city of the country. Liverpool enjoys that unenviable distinction. In the thirty-three great towns from which the Registrar General receives weekly returns the average number of persons to the acre is thirty-four. In Liverpool, however, there are ninety-eight persons to the acre. In Plymouth there are fifty-eight. London comes third with fifty-seven. In no other town does the average reach fifty, but Brighton, Bristol, Bolton and Sunderland all have averages of more than forty persons to the acre. The average of Manchester is exactly forty.