

# BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

A little garden seed, well tilled,  
will produce a lot of backache.

One newspaper has had the audacity  
to wonder whether Count Bond was so  
much to blame, after all.

There are few people but have felt,  
at one time or another, that they could  
sit down and write a spring poem.

Prince Helle de Sagan says he never  
wants to see America again. But  
America said it about Helle first.

Married life may be quite a come-  
down to the Philadelphia couple mar-  
ried on top of the Washington monu-  
ment.

We believe the Chicago News when  
it says "there is always some man  
around who is willing to second any  
kind of a motion."

According to one statement Prince  
de Sagan is worth \$3,000,000, and an-  
other has him \$6,000,000 in debt. Per-  
haps they are both correct.

A Boston man is offering \$50, re-  
ward for a treatment that will cure a  
parrot of the habit of repeating pro-  
fanity. Why not try the ax?

The garden seed sent out by members  
of Congress will produce plenty of back-  
ache, if nothing else. Which is another  
lift for the druggists of the country.

That Cleveland judge who held it as-  
sault and battery to steal a kiss ap-  
pears to have been unnecessarily alarm-  
ed by the fact that this is leap year.

It may interest the man who reaches  
into an empty pocket now and then  
to know that the present per capita  
circulation in the United States is  
\$35.35.

"The unconscious habit of smiling  
promotes wrinkles," says the Sioux  
City Journal. But so does the habit of  
frowning. Must we keep a straight  
face all the time?

The law decides that a "family hotel"  
is not altogether a hotel. But no one  
would be so cruel as to trace the con-  
nection between such "select" hosteries  
and a mere boarding house.

A New Jersey woman has secured a  
divorce because her husband was in  
the habit of cutting another lady's  
corns. He should have taken the pre-  
caution to secure a diploma as a chirop-  
odist.

A Chicago scientist claims to have  
discovered that "the disturbance of the  
equilibrium of imponderable ether is  
not the agent of heat." It might be  
well to remember this when the ther-  
mometer gets busy this summer.

A New York man has been sentenced  
to serve a term in prison for perpet-  
rating election frauds. The jury that  
found him guilty recommended clemency,  
and 200 politicians wrote letters  
asking the judge to be lenient with  
him, which facts merely emphasize the  
courage exhibited by the public servant  
who happened to be on the bench.

Scholars have enjoyed making lists  
of the best hundred books, the best  
hundred pictures, the greatest hundred  
battles. Senator La Follette of Wis-  
consin recently made a list of the men  
who, in his opinion, control the finances  
of the country. Like other lists, it  
omits many distinguished Americans  
who think they are entitled to be in-  
cluded. There are several million of  
us who believe we have something to  
contribute to the wealth of the nation.

A cartoon in the Chicago News il-  
lustrates the cause of much of the failure  
of public business. Mr. Busyman is  
represented in one picture before a line  
of candidates for the position of office  
boy; he is considering their qualifica-  
tions carefully. In another picture he  
is buried in work at his desk. Behind  
him a disreputable person is saying, "I  
want to be alderman." "All right,"  
says Mr. Busyman, over his shoulder,  
"I'll vote for you if you'll get out and  
let me alone. I'm busy."

It is often said that the palmy days  
of travel by river are over, but this re-  
mark applies only temporarily to cer-  
tain streams that do not at this time  
afford the necessary conditions. Tak-  
ing the world as a whole, there is more  
journeying by water than ever before.  
The figure of last year's passenger  
traffic on the lakes show that 7,500,000  
passengers were carried out of Detroit  
by boat, 1,000,000 from Chicago, 530,  
000 from Milwaukee, over 400,000 each  
from Port Huron, Grand Haven and  
Marquette, with smaller ports getting a  
proportionate share. One feature to  
be noted is the exceptional safety of  
lake travel. Not a life was lost among  
the 7,500,000 persons who left Detroit  
by boat, and passenger casualties were  
few anywhere on the lakes. The ves-  
sels have increased in size until they  
are almost in the class of ocean liners.  
They offer roomy berths, cabins and  
promenade decks, with good fare on  
various plans, and the public comfort  
and enjoyment are carefully studied.  
Between some of the chief lake cities  
excursion steamers of the largest size  
run daily during the heated period as a  
means of refreshment to the crowded

population, keeping in motion on too  
water as long a time as possible.

Many farmers are crossing the line  
of the United States into the western  
provinces of Canada. The movement  
has attracted widespread attention. It  
has been encouraged by systematic  
work of publicity and promotion. The  
boomer has used all sorts of advertis-  
ing devices to emphasize the advan-  
tages of the new country. That his  
services have been effective is undoubted.  
If Canadian figures are reliable several  
hundred thousand people have  
moved from the United States to these  
provinces since 1900. There is a steady  
movement of population in the other  
direction also. New England is fill-  
ing up with immigrants from Canada.  
They are crowding the mill towns and  
are also occupying the farms once owned  
by the descendants of Pilgrim and  
Puritan. The old towns show the loss  
of names once common and the pres-  
ence of families of entirely different  
origin. These Canadian-French settlers  
are changing rural conditions in New  
England completely. The fact of their  
steady increase is as apparent and, in  
a way, as striking as is that of the  
other migration in the Northwest.  
There is another movement from Can-  
ada of men of business instincts rather  
than of agricultural or industrial ten-  
dencies. How great the volume of  
this steady flow is uncertain. But it is  
a matter of common observation that  
many Canadian clerks are at work in  
the United States. Only a casual glance  
is needed to show that a good propo-  
tion of these follow up their migration  
to the South by seeking American citi-  
zenship. The outflow of population is  
more spectacular than the inflow. It  
causes alarm in the minds of many be-  
cause it is the same sort of movement  
that accomplished so much in the de-  
velopment of the United States. The  
"west" in changing localities was  
largely built up by settlers from the  
"east," this latter term also being a  
movable one. Because of the knowledge  
of this splendid citizenship which is  
being lost Americans regret the resis-  
tance shown for new lands is carrying  
the pioneers across the border into  
Canada. It is the regret manifested  
by Gov. Morris when speaking of the  
western opposition to the Louisiana  
purchase. He pictured the exuberant  
population of the Eastern States flow-  
ing in a steady stream into the west-  
ern wilderness. He declared that if  
that country were neglected or permit-  
ted to pass into the hands of a for-  
eign power the fairest hope of posterity  
would be destroyed. The loss of  
good American stock is to be regretted.  
But the movement means progress. It  
means harmonious relationships be-  
tween the North-western States and the  
Canadian Northwest. It means devel-  
opment of a new region by splendid  
citizens. It means betterment of con-  
ditions by those whose fathers and grand-  
fathers sought the same thing by west-  
ern migration. In this instance the  
United States loses as the older States  
lost before.

## PNEUMONIA.

Fresh Air is the Best Cure as Well  
as the Best Preventive.

The most effective weapon with  
which to fight pneumonia is fresh air,  
real fresh air, and lots of it.

The fact that pneumonia might be  
called simply a shutting off of oxygen  
shows how important it is to give the  
patient plenty of air. In one large New  
York hospital sufferers from the dis-  
ease are carried to the roof and kept  
there day and night. When your child  
grows ill, move it to the largest and  
sunniest room in the house and open  
the windows. If it is too cold for that,  
have another room near by into which  
the patient may be moved at least three  
times a day to permit a thorough ven-  
tilation of the sick room. All unneces-  
sary furniture and all pictures, hang-  
ings and other impediments should be  
taken out of both rooms.

An attack of pneumonia begins in a  
manner which suggests a very bad cold.  
The patient has a chill and a fever and  
suffers from pains in the side. A cough  
soon appears, and the breath becomes  
short and quick. The valiant battle of  
the overworked heart is indicated by a  
quick pulse and flushed cheeks. Soon  
there are signs of great exhaustion,  
with headache, sleeplessness and  
(sometimes) delirium.

During all of this period the blood  
is waging a tremendous war upon the  
invading germs. If it is destined to  
lose, the exhaustion will grow more and  
more marked, and the patient will die.  
But if it is destined to win, there will  
come a time—it will be between the  
fifth and the tenth day—when the  
patient will suddenly seem brighter. The  
temperature will fall, the breathing will  
be more regular, and the violent jump-  
ing of the pulse will cease. When this  
happens, it is a sign that the battle is  
won.—Delineator.

## Couldn't Do It.

"A father should be the friend and  
companion of his son," said Mrs. Cor-  
nwall, who had been reading a maga-  
zine.

"Mandy," answered the farmer,  
"you're askin' too much. There's no  
use of askin' a man at my time o' life  
to let his hair grow out over his fore-  
head like a back porch an' go around  
in clothes that ain't mates, hollerin'  
'rah! rah! rah!'"—Washington Star.

## Arranging Matters.

"Here is a map of the route we shall  
take."  
"Did you make two of them?"  
"No; what for?"  
"So papa will be able to overtake us  
and forgive us!"—Houston Post.

# The Firm of Girdlestone

BY  
A. CONAN DOYLE

## CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

She went down the avenue and had a  
few words with the sentry there. She  
felt no bitterness against him now—on  
the contrary, she could afford to laugh  
at his peculiarities. He was in a very  
bad humor on account of domestic dif-  
ficulties. His wife had been abusing him,  
and had ended by assaulting him. "She  
used to argue first and then fetch the  
poker," he said ruefully, "but now it's  
the poker first and there ain't no argu-  
ment at all."

Kate looked at his savage face and  
burly figure, and thought what a very  
courageous woman his wife must be.  
"It's all 'cause the fisher lassies won't  
lemme alone," he explained with a leer.  
"She don't like it, knock me sideways if  
she do! It ain't my fault, though, I al-  
ders had a kind o' a fetchin' way wi'  
women."

"Did you post my note?" asked Kate.  
"Yes; in course I did," he answered.  
"It'll be in Lannon now, most like." His  
one eye moved about in such a very shifty  
way as he spoke that she was convinced  
that he was telling a lie. She could not  
be sufficiently thankful that she had some-  
thing else to rely upon besides the old  
scoundrel's assurances.

There was nothing to be seen down the  
lane except a single cart with a loutish  
young man walking at the horse's head.  
She had a horror of the country folk since  
her encounter with the two bumpkins  
upon the Sunday. She therefore slipped  
away from the gate and went through  
the wood to the shed, which she mounted.  
On the other side of the wall there was  
standing a little boy in buttons, so rigid  
and motionless that he might be one of  
Madame Tussaud's figures, were it not for  
his eyes, which were rolling about in ev-  
ery direction, and which finally fixed  
themselves on Kate's face.

"Good-mornin', miss," said this appari-  
tion.

"Good-mornin'," she answered. "I  
think I saw you with Mrs. Scully yester-  
day?"

"Yes, miss. Missus, she told me to wait  
here and never to move until I seed you.  
She said as you were here for high on an  
hour."

"Your mistress is an angel," Kate said  
enthusiastically, "and you are a very good  
little boy."

"Indeed, you've hit it about the mis-  
sus," said the youth, in a hoarse whisper,  
nodding his head to emphasize his re-  
marks. "She's got a heart as is big  
enough for three."

Kate could not help smiling at the en-  
thusiasm with which the little fellow  
spoke.

"You seem fond of her," she said.  
"I'd be a bad 'un if I wasn't." She took  
me out of the work's without character  
or nothing, and she's a-eductin' of me.  
She sent me 'ere with a message."

"What was it?"  
"She said as how she had written in-  
stead o' electro-telegraphing, 'cause she  
had so much to say she couldn't fit it all  
on a telegraph."

"I thought that would be so," Kate  
said.

"She wrote to Major—Major—him as  
is a follerin' of her. She said as she had  
no doubt as he'd be down to-day, and she  
was to keep up your spirits and let her  
know by me if any one was a wexin' you."

"No, no. Not at all," Kate answered,  
smiling again. "You can tell her that my  
guardian has been much kinder to-day.  
I am full of hope now. Give her my  
warmest thanks for her kindness."

"All right, miss. Say, that chap at the  
gate hasn't been giving you no cheek, has  
he—him with the game eye?"

"No, no, John."  
John looked at her suspiciously. "If he  
hasn't it's all right," he said, "but I  
think as you're one of them as don't com-  
plain if you can 'elp it." He opened his  
hand and showed a great jagged flint  
which he carried. "I'd ha' knocked his  
other peeper out with this," he said,  
"blowed if I wouldn't."

"Don't do anything of the sort, John.  
But run home like a good little boy."  
"All right, miss. Good-by to ye!"

Kate watched him stroll down the lane.  
He paused at the bottom as if irresolute,  
and then she was relieved to see him throw  
the stone over into a turnip field, and  
walk rapidly off in the opposite direction  
to the Priory gates.

## CHAPTER XX.

Late in the afternoon Ezra arrived at  
the Priory. From one of the passage  
windows Kate saw him driving up, the  
avenue in a high dogcart. There was a  
broad-shouldered, red-bearded man sit-  
ting beside him, and the ostler from the Flying  
Bull was perched behind. Kate had roused  
of the window on hearing the sound  
of wheels, with some dim expectation that  
her friends had come sooner than she  
anticipated. A glance, however, showed  
her that the hope was vain. From behind  
a curtain she watched them alight and  
come into the house, while the trap wheel-  
ed round and rattled off for Bedsworth  
again.

She went slowly back to her room, won-  
dering what friend this could be whom  
Ezra had brought with him. She had not-  
iced that he was roughly clad, presenting  
a contrast to the young merchant, who  
was vulgarly spruce in his attire. Evi-  
dently he intended to pass the night at  
the Priory, since they had let the trap  
go back to the village. She was glad that  
he had come, for his presence would act  
as a restraint upon the Girdlestons.

As the long afternoon stole away she  
became more and more impatient and ex-  
plained. She had been sewing in her

room, but she found that she could no  
longer keep her attention on the stitches.  
She paced nervously up and down the lit-  
tle apartment. In the room beneath she  
could hear the dull, muffled sound of men's  
voices in a long continuous monotone,  
broken only by the interposition now and  
again of one voice which was so deep  
and loud that it reminded her of the growl  
of a beast of prey. This must belong to  
the red-bearded stranger. Kate wondered  
what it could be that they were talking  
over so earnestly. City affairs, no doubt,  
or other business matters of importance.  
She remembered having once heard it re-  
marked that many of the richest men on  
"Change were eccentric and slovenly in  
their dress, so the newcomer might be a  
more important person than she seemed.

She had determined to remain in her  
room all the afternoon to avoid Ezra, but  
her restlessness was so great that she felt  
feverish and hot. The fresh air, she  
thought, would have a reviving effect up-  
on her. She slipped down the staircase,  
treating as lightly as possible, not to dis-  
turb the gentlemen in the refectory. They  
appeared to hear her, however, for there  
was a dead silence until after she had  
passed.

She went out on to the little lawn  
while lay in front of the old house. There  
were some flower beds scattered about  
on it, but they were overgrown with weeds  
and in the last stage of neglect. She  
amused herself by attempting to improve  
the condition of one of them, and kneel-  
ing down beside it she pulled up a num-  
ber of the weeds which covered it. There  
was a withered rose bush in the center,  
so she pulled up that also, and succeeded  
in imparting some degree of order among  
the few plants which remained. She  
worked with unnatural energy, pausing  
every now and again to glance down the  
dark avenue, or to listen intently to any  
chance sound which might catch her ear.

In the course of her work she chanced  
to look at the Priory. The refectory  
faced the lawn, and at the window of it  
there stood the three men looking out at  
her. The Girdlestons were nodding their  
heads, as though they were pointing her  
out to the third man, who stood between  
them. He was looking at her with an  
expression of interest. Kate thought as  
she returned his gaze that she had never  
seen a more savage and brutal face. He  
was flushed and laughing, while Ezra be-  
side him appeared to be pale and anxious.  
They all, when they saw that she noticed  
them, stepped precipitately back from the  
window. She had only a momentary  
glance at them, and yet the three faces,  
the strange, fierce red one, and the two  
hard familiar pale ones which flanked it,  
remained vividly impressed upon her mem-  
ory.

Girdlestone had been so pleased at the  
early appearance of his two allies, and the  
prospect of settling the matter once for  
all, that he received them with a cordial-  
ity which was foreign to his nature.

"Always punctual, my dear son, and  
always to be relied upon," he said. "You  
are a model to our young business men.  
As to you, Mr. Burt," he continued, "I  
am delighted to see you at the Priory,  
much as I regret the sad necessity which  
has brought you down."

"Talk it over afterwards," said Ezra,  
shortly. "Burt and I have had no lunch-  
son yet."

"I am near starved," the other growl-  
ed, throwing himself into a chair. Ezra  
had been careful to keep him from drink  
on the way down, and he was now sober,  
or as nearly sober as a brain saturated  
with liquor could ever be.

Girdlestone called for Mrs. Jorrocks,  
who laid the cloth. Ezra appeared to  
have a poor appetite, but Burt ate voraci-  
ously. When the meal was finished  
Ezra drew a chair up to the fire, and his  
father did the same, after ordering the old  
woman out of the room, and carefully  
closing the door behind her.

"You have spoken to our friend here  
about the business?" Girdlestone asked,  
nodding his head in the direction of Burt.

"Yes, I have made it all clear."  
"Five hundred pounds down, and a free  
passage to Africa," said Burt.

"An energetic man like you can do a  
great deal in the colonies with five hun-  
dred pounds," Girdlestone remarked.

"What I do with it is nothing to you,  
gov'nor," Burt remarked surlily. "I does  
the job, you pays the money, and there's  
an end as far as you are concerned."

"Quite so," the merchant said in a con-  
ciliatory voice. "You are free to do what  
you like with the money."

"Without axin' your leave," growled  
Burt. "He was a man of such a turbulent  
and quarrelsome disposition that he was  
always ready to go out of his way to make  
himself disagreeable."

"The question is how it is to be done,"  
interposed Ezra. "You've got some plan  
in your head, I suppose," he said to his  
father. "It's high time the thing was  
carried through, or we shall have to put  
up the shutters in Fenchurch street."

His father shivered at the very thought.  
"Anything rather than that," he said.  
"It will precious soon come to that."

"What's the matter with your lip? It  
seems to be swollen."  
"I had a turn with that fellow Dims-  
dale," Ezra answered, putting his hand  
up to his mouth to hide the disfigurement.  
"He followed us to the station and we  
had to beat him off, but I think I left  
my marks upon him."

"He played some hokey-pokey business  
on me," said Burt. "He tripped me in  
some new-fangled way, and nigh knocked  
the breath out of me. I don't fall as  
light as I used."

"He did not succeed in tracing you?"  
Girdlestone asked uneasily. "There is no  
chance of his turning up here, and spoiling  
the whole business?"

"Not in the least," said Ezra confident-  
ly. "He was in the hands of a policeman  
when I saw him last."

"That is well. Now I should like, be-  
fore we go further, to say a few words  
to Mr. Burt as to what has led up to  
this. I wish you to understand," he said,  
"that this is no sudden determination of  
ours, but that events have led up to it in  
such a way that it was impossible to avoid  
it. Our commercial honor and integrity  
are more precious to us than anything  
else, and we have both agreed that we  
are ready to sacrifice anything rather  
than lose it. Unfortunately, our affairs  
have become somewhat involved, and it  
was absolutely necessary that the firm  
should have a sum of money promptly  
in order to extricate itself from its diffi-  
culties. This sum we endeavored to get  
through a daring speculation in diamonds,  
which was, though I say it, ingeniously  
planned and cleverly carried, and which

would have succeeded admirably had it  
not been for an unfortunate chance."

"I remember," said Burt.  
"Of course. You were there at the  
time. We were able to struggle along for  
some time after this on money which we  
borrowed and on the profits of our Afri-  
can trade. The time came, however,  
when the borrowed money was to be re-  
paid, and once again the firm was in dan-  
ger. It was then that we first thought of  
turning the scale in our favor, could we  
lay our hands upon it. It was scarcely  
two months by which we could  
touch a penny of it. One was by marry-  
ing her to my son; the other was by the  
young lady's death. Do you follow me?"

Burt nodded his shaggy head.  
"This being so, we did all that we could  
to arrange a marriage. Without flattery  
I may say that no girl was ever approach-  
ed in a more delicate and honorable way  
than she was by my son, Ezra. I, for my  
part, brought all my influence to bear  
upon her in order to induce her to meet  
his advances in a proper spirit. In spite  
of our efforts, she rejected him in the  
most decided way, and gave us to under-  
stand that it was hopeless to attempt to  
make her change her mind."

"Someone else, maybe," suggested Burt.  
"The man who put you on your back  
at the station," said Ezra.

"Ha! I'll pay him for that," the navy  
growled viciously.

"A human life, Mr. Burt," continued  
Girdlestone, "is a sacred thing, but a hu-  
man life, when weighed against the exist-  
ence of a great firm for which the exist-  
ence of their means of livelihood, is a small  
consideration indeed. When the fate of  
Miss Harston is put against the fate of  
the great commercial house of Girdle-  
stone, it is evident which must go to the  
wall. Our house has for nearly forty  
years been a bright spot in the darkness.  
If it should fall now it would be a stum-  
bling block and a scandal. You see, there-  
fore, that greater interests are at stake  
than the mere dress of this world. Hav-  
ing seen that this sad necessity might  
arise, I had made every arrangement some  
time before. This building is, as you  
may have observed in your drive, situated  
in a lonely and secluded part of the coun-  
try. It is walled round, too, in such a  
manner that any one residing here is  
practically a prisoner. I removed the  
lady so suddenly that no one can possibly  
know where she has gone to, and I have  
spread such reports as to her condition  
that no one down here would be surprised  
to hear of her decease."

"But there is bound to be an inquiry.  
How about a medical certificate?" asked  
Ezra.

"I shall insist upon a coroner's in-  
quest," his father answered.

"An inquest? Are you mad?"  
"When you have heard me I think that  
you will come to just the opposite con-  
clusion. I think that I have hit upon a  
scheme which is really neat—neat in its  
simplicity." He rubbed his hands togeth-  
er, and showed his long yellow fangs in  
his enjoyment of his own astuteness.

Burt and Ezra leaned forward to listen,  
while the old man sank his voice to a  
whisper.

"They think that she is insane," he  
said.

"There's a small door in the boundary  
wall which leads out to the railway line."  
"Well, what of that?"

"Suppose that door to be left open,  
would it be an impossible thing for a  
crazy woman to slip out through it, and  
to be run over by the ten o'clock ex-  
press?"

"If she would only get in the way of  
it."  
"You don't quite catch my idea yet.  
Suppose that this express ran over the  
dead body of a woman, would there be  
anything to prove afterwards that she  
was dead, and not alive at the time of  
the accident? Do you think that it would  
ever occur to any one's mind that the ex-  
press had run over a dead body?"

"I see your meaning," said his son  
thoughtfully. "You would settle her and  
then put her there."  
(To be continued.)

## Greatest Concrete Bridge.

The largest concrete bridge in the  
world has just received the finishing  
touches at Washington, says the New  
York Sun. The Connecticut avenue  
bridge, as it is known, spans the deep  
gorge of Rock creek, not fifteen min-  
utes by trolley from the center of the  
city.

The structure is remarkable for sev-  
eral reasons. In the first place, it is  
built entirely of concrete without being  
re-enforced with steel.

It is 1,421 feet long, with a 52-foot  
roadway and a walk on either side.  
The floor of the bridge is 136 feet  
above the ground. There are several  
150-foot arches and two narrow ones  
of 82 feet.

Work was begun about seven years  
ago on the foundations, though the  
plans had already taken about two  
years to complete. The work halted  
owing to the failure of Congress to  
appropriate enough money to com-  
plete it.

But about three years ago the neces-  
sary bills went through and a really  
beautiful bridge is now the result. The  
cost was a million dollars.

## The New Times.

The new times in Georgia—  
No skies that wear a frown,  
And when the trouble strikes us  
We'll dance the trouble down.

## The Old Times Forgotten.

Though now their story's told,  
New times bring all the happiness  
The arms of you can hold!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

## A Special Brand.

Brown—I want to thank you again  
for that cigar you gave me yesterday.  
I enjoyed it immensely.

Green—I'm glad you liked it. By  
the way, I have another of the same  
brand if you care to smoke.

Brown—No, thank you. I didn't  
smoke the other one. I have a grudge  
against Jones, so I gave it to him.

He who can move his ears can usual-  
ly make his hair stand on end.

## BUSY PART OF MANHATTAN.

In One Block of New York Are 4,000  
Factory Workers.

There is congestion of industries and  
factories, as well as congestion of popu-  
lation in New York, says the Sun.  
The committee on congestion of popu-  
lation has been making interesting  
study from the records of the depart-  
ment of labor of the state of the loca-  
tion of factories and the number of  
factories and workers to the acre in  
the assembly districts of Manhattan.

The significant fact was brought out  
that 12 per cent of the factories and  
11.7 per cent of the workers are packed  
into 1.3 per cent of the area of  
Manhattan in the sixth assembly dis-  
trict, with its 186 acres, bounded by  
East 4th street, 3d avenue, St. Mark's  
place, 2d avenue, 2d street, 1st avenue,  
Houston, Eldridge, Stanton, Chrystie,  
Division streets, Bowery, Canal street  
and Broadway.

This assembly district immediately  
adjoins the 8th and 10th assembly dis-  
tricts, which are the most densely popu-  
lated of any in Manhattan, with over  
640 people to the acre.

Manhattan has 19,500 factories and  
841,856 workers in these factories, with  
an acreage of 14,038. The Bronx has  
642 factories only and 18,143 workers  
sprinkled through its area of 26,017  
acres, less than one worker to the  
acre, as against twenty-four to the  
acre in Manhattan.

The department of labor gives the  
following number of factories and em-  
ployees in the other boroughs of Great-  
er New York: Brooklyn, 4,500 factories,  
422 factories, with 20,180 employees;  
Richmond, 173 factories, with 7,084  
employees.

It is when one makes a dividing line  
between upper and lower Manhattan  
at 14th street that the true significance  
of the crowding of factories in lower  
Manhattan is evidenced, for in this  
area, roughly cut off at 14th street,  
325,000 workers are located in about  
2,700 acres.

As the acre of density is the block  
crossed by West Houston, Prince and  
Crosby streets and Broadway, with 97  
per cent of its site covered with build-  
ings, a density of 1,210 workers to the  
acre, and with a total of 4,000 people  
working in the block during 1906, the  
year for which all the data are taken.  
A large proportion of the buildings in  
this block are twelve stories high.

Another fact of significance is that  
in this block the assessed value of  
land, according to the report of the de-  
partment of taxes and assessment, was  
\$1,123,848, or \$25.68 a square foot.

Does it pay to manufacture where  
land costs this rate? Who pays the  
additional rent on the land, and could  
factories easily remove to other bor-  
oughs?