STORY OF DU MAURIER'S LIFE

Author of "Trilby" Talks of His Early Trials and Later Successes.

HIS PLEASANT HOME AND FAMILY IN LONDON

The Plot of "Trilby," Once Offered to Henry James, Turns Out to Be the Fad of the Year—Now Engaged on a New Novel.

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As I crossed Hampstead heath I passed a group of devout people, to whom, standing among them, a Salvation army girl, with an inspired face, was preaching with ardent fervor. I did not stay to listen to her, for George du Maurier had appointed me to meet him at his house at 3 on that Sunday afternoon. But as I went my way I heard the words: "Never you envy even those who seem most to be envied in this world, for in even the happiest life * * *" and that was all.

Du Maurier's house is in a quiet little street that leads from the open heath down to the township of Hampstead, a street of few houses and of high walls, with trees everywhere and an air of seclusion and quiet over all. As one enters the house one notices on the wall to the left, just after the threshold is crossed, the original of one of Du Maurier's drawings in Punch, a drawing concerning two "millionairesses," with the text written beneath the picture in careful, almost lithographic penmanship.

"That was where I received my training in literature," said Du Maurier. "So Anstey pointed out to me the other day when I told him how surprised I was at the success of my books, considering that I had never written before. 'Never written!' he cried out. 'Why, my dear Du Maurier, you have been writing all your life, and the best of writing practice at that. Those little dialogues of yours which week after week you have fitted to your drawings in Punch have prepared you admirably. It was precise writing, and gave you conciseness and repartee and appositiveness, and the best qualities of the writer of fiction.' And," added Du Maurier, "I believe Anstey was quite right, now that I come to think of it."

DU MAURIER IN HIS STUDY.

It was in his study that Du Maurier received me, a large room on the first floor, with a square bay window overlooking the quiet street on the right and a large window almost reaching to the ceiling, and looking in the direction of the hearth, facing the door.

A luxurious room it was, with thick carpets and inviting arm chairs, the walls covered with stamped leather and hung with many of the master's drawings in quiet frames. In one corner a water color portrait by Du Maurier of Canon Ainger, and from the same brush the picture of a lady with a violin on the wall to the left of the decorative fireplace, from over which, in the place of honor, another smaller model of the

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

armless Venus looks down. To the right is a grand piano, and elsewhere other furniture of noticeable style, and curtains, screens and ornaments. A beautiful room, in fact, and within it is none of the litter of the man of letters or of the painter.

DU MAURIER'S FAMILY HISTORY.

It was here that I first saw Du Maurier, a quiet man of no great stature, who at the first sight of him impresses one as a man who has suffered greatly, haunted by some evil dream or disturbing apprehension. His welcome is genial and kindly, but he does not smile, even when he is saying a clever and smile-provoking thing.

"My full name is George Louis Pamela Busson du Maurier, but we were of very small nobility. My name Pamela was given to me in souvenir of the great friendship between my father's sister and the duchess de Pamela, who was the wife of the Portuguese ambassador to France. Our real family name is Busson, the du Maurier comes from the chateau le Maurier, built some time in the fifteenth century, and still standing in Anjou or Maine, but a brewery today. It belonged to our cousins, the Auberys, who wore the title du Maurier, and an Aubrey du Maurier who distinguished himself in that century was Louis of that name, who was French ambassador to Holland, and was well liked of the great king. The Auberys and the Bussons married and intermarried, and I cannot quite say, without referring to family papers—at present at my bank—when the Bussons assumed the territorial name of du Maurier, but my grandfather's name was Robert Mathurin Busson du Maurier, and his name is always followed in the papers which refer to him by the title 'Gentilhomme Verrier,' gentleman glassblower. For, until the revolution, glassblowing was a monopoly of the 'gentilhommes,' that is to say, that no commoner might engage in this industry, at that time considered an art.

PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE.

"My father was a small renter, whose income was derived from our glass works in Anjou. He was born in England, for his father had fled to England to escape the guillotine when the revolution broke out, and they returned to France in 1816. My grandmother was a bourgeoise. Her name was Bruaire, and she descended from Jean Bart, the admiral.

"My mother was an Englishwoman and was married to my father at the British embassy at Paris, and I was born in Paris on March 6, 1834, in a little house in the Champs Elysees. It bore the number 80. It was afterward sold by my father, and has since been pulled down. I often look at the spot when I am in Paris and am walking through the Champs Elysees, and what I most regret at such times are the pine trees which in my childhood used to be there—very different from the miserable stumpy avenue of today. It is a disillusion which comes upon me with equal force at each new visit, for I remember the trees, and the trees only.

A HOUSEHOLD OF MANY REMOVALS.

"We stayed three years in Belgium, and when I was 5 years old I went with my parents to London, where my father took a house which a year later was taken by Charles Dickens, 1 Devonshire terrace, Marylebone road.

"We only stayed a year in Devonshire terrace, for my father grew very poor. He was a man of scientific tastes and lost his money in inventions which never came to anything. So we had to wander forth again, and this time went to Boulogne, and there we lived in a beautiful house at the top of the Grande Rue. I had sunny hours there and was very happy. It is a part of my life which I shall describe in one of my books.

"Much of my childhood is related in 'Peter Ibbetson.' My favorite book was the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' and next 'Robinson Crusoe.' I used to devour these books.

"I was a late speaker. My parents must have thought me dumb. And one day I surprised them all by coming out with a long sentence. It was: 'Papa est alle chez le boucher sour acheter de la viande pour Maman,' and so astonished everybody.

"We used to speak both French and English at home, and I was brought up in both languages.

"From Boulogne we went to Paris. I went to school at the age of 13 to the Pension Froussard, in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. I am ashamed to say that I did not distinguish myself at school. I shall write my school life in my new novel, 'The Martian.' At the age of 17 I went up for my 'bachot,' my baccalaureate degree at the Sorbonne, and was plucked for my written Latin version. It is true that my nose began to bleed during the examination, and that upset me, and, beside, the professor who was in charge of the room had got an idea into his head that I had smuggled a 'crib' in, and kept watching me so carefully that I got nervous and flurried. My poor mother was very vexed with me for my failure, for we were very poor at that time and it was important that I should do well. My father was then in England, and shortly after my discomfiture he wrote for me to join him there. We had not informed him of my failure, and I felt very miserable as I crossed, because I thought he would be very angry with me. He met me at the landing at London Bridge, and at the sight of my utterly woe-begone face guessed the truth and burst out into a roar of laughter. I think that this roar of laughter gave me the greatest pleasure I ever experienced in all my life.

DU MAURIER A SCIENTIST.

"My father then never reproached me for my failure in the bachot examination, indeed, never once alluded to it. He had made up his mind that I was intended for a scientist and determined to make me one. So he put me as a pupil at the Birkbeck chemical laboratory of University college, where I studied chemistry under Dr. Williamson. I am afraid that I was a most unsatisfactory pupil, for I took no interest at all in the work, and spent almost all my time in drawing caricatures.

AMBITIOUS TO BE A MUSICIAN.

"My ambition at that time was to go in for music and singing, but my father objected very strongly in this wish of mine, and invariably discouraged it. My father, I must tell you, possessed himself the sweetest, most beautiful voice that I have ever heard, and if he had taken up singing as a profession would most certainly have been the greatest singer of his time. Indeed, in his youth he had studied music for some time at the Paris Conservatoire, but his family objected to his following the profession, for they were legitimists and strong Catholics, and you know in what contempt the stage was held at the beginning of this century. We were all musical in our family—my father, my sister, the sister who married Clement Scott, a most gifted pianiste, and then myself. I was at that time crazy about music and used to practice my voice wherever and whenever I could, even on the top of omnibuses. I remember one night we were crossing Smithfield market together and I was talking to my father about music. 'I am sure that I could become a singer,' I said, 'and if you like I will prove it to you. I have my tuning fork in my pocket. Shall I show you my A?'

"'Yes,' said my father, 'I should like to hear your idea of an A.' So I sang the note. My father laughed. 'Do you call that an A? Let me show you how to sing it.' And then there rang out a note of music, low and sweet at the outset and swelling as it went till it seemed to fill all Smithfield with divine melody.

"My poor father, I may add, as I am speaking of his musical powers, died—in my arms—as he was singing one of Count de Segur's drinking songs. He left this world almost with music on his lips.

ADOPTS ART AS A PROFESSION.

"My poor father died in 1856, and at the age of 22 I returned to Paris and went to live with my mother in the Rue Paradis Poissonniere. We were very poor, and very dull and dismal it was. However, it was not long before I entered upon what was the best time of my life. That is, when having decided to follow art as a profession, I entered Gleyre's studio to study drawing and painting. Those were my joyous Quartier Latin days, spent in the charming society of Poynter, Whistler, Armstrong, Lamont and others. I have described Gleyre's studio in 'Trilby.' For Gleyre I had a great admiration and at that time thought his 'Illusions Perdue' a veritable masterpiece, though I hardly think so now. My happy Quartier Latin life only lasted one year, for in 1857 we went to Antwerp, and here I worked at the Antwerp academy under De Keyser and Van Lerius. And it was on a day in Van Lerius' studio that the great tragedy of my life occurred."

THE LOSS OF ONE OF HIS EYES.

The voice of Du Maurier, who till then had been chatting with animation, suddenly fell, and over the face came an indefinable expression of mingled terror and anger and sorrow.

"I was drawing from a model, when suddenly the girl's head seemed to me to dwindle to the size of a walnut. I clapped my hand over my left eye. Had I been mistaken? I could see as well as ever. But when in its turn I covered my right eye I learned what had happened. My left eye had failed me, it might be altogether lost. It was so sudden a blow that I was as thunderstruck. Seeing my dismay, Van Lerius came up and asked me what might be the matter, and when I told him he said that it was nothing, that he had had that himself and so on. And a doctor whom I anxiously consulted that same day comforted me and said that the accident was a passing one. However, my eye grew worse and worse and the fear of total blindness beset me constantly."

It was with a movement akin to a shudder that Du Maurier spoke those words, and my mind went back to what I had heard from the girl preacher as I crossed the heath, as in the same low tones and with the same indefinable expression he continued:

"That was the most tragic event of my life. It has poisoned all my existence."

Du Maurier, as though to shake off a troubling obsession, rose from his chair and walked about the room, cigarette in hand.

"In the spring of 1859 we heard of a great specialist who lived in Dusseldorf, and we went to see him. He examined my eyes and he said that though the left eye was certainly lost, I had no reason to fear losing the other, but that I must be very careful and not drink beer and not eat cheese and so on. It was comforting to know that I was not to be blind, but I have never quite shaken off the terror of that apprehension.

MAKING HIS OWN WAY IN LIFE.

"In the following year I felt that the time had come for me to earn my own living, and so one day I asked my mother to give me £10 to enable me to go to London, and told her that I should never ask her for any more money. She did not want to let me go, and as to never asking for money, she begged me not to make any such resolution.

"My first lodging in London was in Newman street, where I shared rooms with Whistler. I afterward moved to rooms in Earl's terrace, in the house where Walter Pater died. I began contributing to Once a Week and to Punch very soon after my arrival in London, and shockingly bad my drawing was at that time. My first drawing in Punch appeared in June, 1860, and represented Whistler and myself going into a photographer's studio. I was married in 1863, and my wife and I never knew financial troubles. My only trouble has been my fear about my eyes. Apart from that I have been very happy.

"Most of the jokes in Punch are of my own, but a good many are sent to me, which I twist and turn into form. Postlethwaite, Bunthorne, Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns, Sir Gorgeous Miglas, and the other characters associated with my drawings are all my own creations.

DU MAURIER'S INTERESTING FRIENDS.

"I have made many interesting friends during my long life in London, and the lectures which I have delivered all over England contain many anecdotes about them.

"Leech was, of course, one of my intimates, my master, I may say, for to some extent my work was modelled on his. I spent the autumn of the year which preceded the death of him at Whitby. He was not very funny, but was kind, amiable, and genial, a delightful man.

"I shall never forget the scene at his funeral. Dean Hole was officiating, and as the first sod fell with a sounding thud on the coffin of our dear dead friend, Millais, who was standing on the edge of the grave, burst out sobbing. It was a signal, for the moment after each man in that great concourse of mourners was sobbing also. It was a memorable sight."

OFFERED HENRY JAMES TRILBY PLOT.

Then, going on to speak of his literary work, Du Maurier said: "Nobody more than myself was surprised at the great success of my novels. I never expected anything of the sort. I did not know that I could write. I had no idea that I had any experiences worth recording. The circumstances under which I came to write are curious. I was walking one evening with Henry James up and down the Hight street in Bayswater. James said that he had great difficulty in finding plots for his stories. 'Plots,' I exclaimed. 'I am full of plots,' and I went on to tell him the plot of 'Trilby.' 'But you ought to write that story,' said James. 'I can't write,' I said, 'I have never written. If you like the plot so much you may take it.' But James would not take it. He said it was too valuable a present and that I must write the story myself.

HOW HIS NOVELS WERE WRITTEN.

"Well, on reaching home that night I set to work, and by the next morning I had written the first two numbers of 'Peter Ibbetson.' It seemed to flow from my pen without effort in a full stream. But I thought it must be poor stuff, and I determined to look for an omen to learn whether any success would attend this new departure. So I walked out into the garden, and the very first thing that I saw was a large wheelbarrow, and that comforted me and reassured me, for, as you will remember, there is a wheelbarrow in the first chapter of 'Peter Ibbetson.'

"Some time later I was dining with Osgood and he said: 'I hear, Du Maurier, that you are writing stories,' and asked me to let him see something. So 'Peter Ibbetson' was sent over to America and was accepted at once. Then 'Trilby' followed, and the 'boom' came, a boom which surprised me immensely, for I never book myself au serieux as a novelist. Indeed, this 'boom' rather distresses me when I reflect that Thackeray never had a 'boom.'"

He works at irregular intervals and in such moments as he can snatch from his Punch works. "For," he says, "I am taking more pains than ever over my drawing." And so saying he fetched an album, in which he showed me the elaborate preparation in the way of studies and sketches which was the preliminary to a cartoon which will appear in a week or two in his paper. One figure, from a female model, had been drawn several times. There was here the infinite capacity for taking pains. "My best time for writing is just after lunch. My writing is frequently interrupted, and I walk about the studio and smoke and then back to the MS. once more. Afterward I revise, very carefully now, for I am taking great pains with my new book. 'The Martians' is to be a very long book, and I cannot say when it will be finished."

A MAN AT HIS BEST AFTER 40.

Over the fire in the comfortable room, whither we went to have tea at Mrs. Du Maurier's request, the conversation touched on many things. "Every book which is worth anything," said Du Maurier, "has had its original life." And again, "I think that the best years in a man's life are after he is 40. So Trollope used to say. Does Daudet say so, too? A man at 40 has ceased to hunt the moon. I would add that in order to enjoy life after 40 it is perhaps necessary to have achieved, before reaching that age, at least some success." He spoke of the letters he had been receiving since the "boom," and said that on an average he received five letters a day from America of a flattering description. "Some of my correspondents, however, don't give a man his 'due,'" he remarked, with a shadow of a smile.

The day on which he is able to devote most time to writing is Thursday. "C'est mon grand jour." On Wednesdays he is engaged with a model; a female model comes every Friday.

It is characteristic of the man that he should work with such renewed application at his old craft, in spite of the fact that circumstances have thrown wide open to him the gates of a new career.

He reminds one as to physique and in certain manifestations of a very nervous temperament of another giant worker, whose name is Emile Zola.

But he is altogether original and himself, a strong and striking individuality, a man altogether deserving of his past and present good fortune.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

NEW FADS IN JEWELRY.

Rhinestones and garnets are introduced in the stock collars with stunning effect.

Center pieces for the dinner table are now the most exquisite hand embroidery.

Five o'clock tea china is so dainty and exquisite that one is apprehensive in using it.

Latest designs in candle shades for dinner are impossible swallows and butterflies.

The court plaster patch on china or cheek has been revived by modern "grand dames."

Gentlemen forget that leather "spats" originated in England among "mslu'd'e" grooms.

Circulars should be sent out to make it known to all that draping pictures with scarfs are entirely out of date.

It is noted that many opera glasses in feminine hands have a bow of bright-colored ribbon fastened to the top.

Somehow or other people who expect slang and inelegant expression from the masculine-attired girl are not disappointed.

Foot ball souvenir spoons are the latest. The bowl is a foot ball, and the article is, perhaps, more ornamental than useful.

High combs, more or less Spanish, are woven in the back hair; also on side of the head, or anywhere likely to be seen.

TODAY is the 10th—and eighteen days from now we move to the northeast corner of 16th and Douglas Streets. We don't move up there with any of the shoes now on hand.—We prefer to create a name for ourselves by giving you the greatest Shoe bargains in America at

Cartwright's 'Moval Sale of Fine Shoes

It costs a big pile of money to move a stock of Shoes even that short distance, besides considerable annoyance. We are knocking off the prices, allowing for annoyance and moving expense, so that you can get a good pair of shoes awful cheap of us tomorrow.

Those fine hand-turned shoes, in common sense and oxford lasts, that are in sizes 2½'s to 4's only; we make a desperate effort to close them all out. Come early, for they will not last long **95c**

$1.95 tomorrow will buy shoes that you have never paid less than $4.00 for. They are made on the new Chicago, Philadelphia and opera lasts and are beauties **$1.95**

25 misses' enamel calf lace—a very pretty shoe—our regular price, $2.50; to add more fuel to the hottest shoe sale ever recorded in this city, we will sell this shoe without recourse—made by P. Cox Shoe Co., Rochester, at.... **$1.50**

45 pairs misses' calf lace and button spring heel, made by P. Cox Shoe Co., Rochester; never was known to be sold for less than $2.50, except at this grand shoe 'moval sale. We will close the entire lot at..... **$1.50**

150 pairs child's pebble goat heavy half double sole Cramer's shoes, that our selling price in sizes 8½ to 10½ was $1.50. At this priceless moving sale they must get out..... **$1.05**

60 pairs children's and misses' fine grain button shoes, made by P. Cox Shoe Co., and sold by us at $1.50 to $2.00. We will sell until gone—and they won't last long—all widths and sizes, at **$1.10**

100 pairs child's kid and straight goat button; the sizes and widths are not exactly regular, but they are Cramer's goods, that sold from $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00. They will move at this moving sale at..... **85c**

We have still quite a number of those $4.00, $5.00 and $6.00 welt shoes, in small sizes, that we are closing out at **95c**

60 pairs of ladies' patent leather vamp, cloth top button shoes, medium opera toe; regular sizes. A very dressy shoe; former price, $5.00..... **$2.50**

Those men's French calf full cork sole, bals, that we have always sold for $6, are more than appreciated at **$4.00**

Men's patent leathers—on a fine French calf—the kind we always sold for $6.50 and more, Lennox toe, are now **$3.60**

129 pairs men's enamel calf shoes, needle toe and Harvard toe; former price, $6.00. We can't move them, so they go at..... **$4.00**

114 pairs men's winter tan shoes, double sole, painted tan; former price $5.00; just to make you happy we'll sell them till they're gone..... **$3.50**

122 pairs men's French calf patent leather narrow toe, Piccadilly last, all widths and sizes. Former price $6.50; just to give you an idea how much we prefer money to shoes, we'll sell all this month at..... **$3.75**

We have a few dozen pairs of ladies' warm nullifiers that formerly sold for $2, they are fur trimmed, but for all that they are **$1.00**

We also have a number of matron's warm, fur trimmed slippers that for merly sold at $1.50, for we now sell them at half price, **75c**

Only a few of the Red Romeo slippers, warm and nice, that we used to sell for $2, but now they are **$1.25**

T. P. CARTWRIGHT & CO., 1415 Douglas St. Yet.

Going to move to 16th and Douglas Street March 1st.
Must sell all their shoes before they move.

POPULATION OF THE WORLD

What it is at Present, and What it Promises to Be.

A VALUABLE STATISTICAL COMPILATION

The World's Gain Estimated at Five Millions a Year—Effect on Continents and Nations—Comparative Smallness in Bulk.

(Copyright, 1895, by John Holt Schooling.)

The population of the world has been given by various statisticians as follows:

In 1874, according to Behm and Wagner, 1,391,000,000.

In 1878, according to Levasseur, 1,439,000,000.

In 1883, according to Behm and Wagner, 1,434,000,000.

In 1886, according to Levasseur, 1,483,000,000.

In 1891, according to Wagner and Supan, 1,480,000,000.

The last estimate may be regarded as sufficiently trustworthy as a working basis; Messrs. Wagner and Supan have earned a just reputation for painstaking and thorough work, and, moreover, this estimate of the German savants has been established to more than one-half its bulk (i. e., to 57 per cent of the 1,480,000,000) upon the actual result of recent censuses.

In dealing with this large population we have to deal with big figures and a good many of them. For example:

	Population.
Asia	825,951,000
Europe	357,379,000
Africa	163,253,000
America	121,713,000
In Oceanic Islands and Polar regions	7,500,000
Australia	3,230,000
The world	1,473,729,000

Here is another way to obtain a clear idea of how the world's population is split up. Thus, for every 1,000 persons in the world, there are:

In Asia	558 persons
In Europe	242 persons
In Africa	111 persons
In America	82 persons
In Oceanic Islands and Polar regions	5 persons
In Australia	2 persons
The world	1,000 persons

THE DISTRIBUTION OF POPULATION.

We see that more than one-half of the world's population live in Asia, and nearly one-quarter in Europe; that about one-ninth of the people live in Africa, and just under one-twelfth in America (North, Central and South combined), and that the aggregate populations of the Oceanic islands, Polar regions and Australia account for only seven persons out of every 1,000 people in the world.

If asked to guess at the distribution of the world's population nine people out of ten would probably place Asia first, Europe second, America third. But we see that Africa takes the third place instead of, it being occupied by America. This is mainly due to the north tropical zone of Africa, which is larger than the whole of the United States, contains 42,000,000 more people, and which is also more densely populated. To this population of the north tropical zone of Africa 60,000,000 are contributed by the Soudan and Upper Guinea only—a number which nearly equals the 63,000,000 of the United States of America enumerated at their census of 1890.

Now let us compare the sizes of these continents, etc., whose populations we have briefly glanced at:

	Square Miles.
Asia	17,044,000
America	14,861,000
Africa	11,277,000
Europe	3,757,000
Australia	2,972,000
Oceanic Islands and Polar regions	2,464,000
The world	52,315,000

POPULATION WITH REFERENCE TO AREA.

The following figures help us to appreciate the sizes of the six divisions of the world. For every 1,000 square miles of land area in the world there are:

In Asia	326 sq. miles
In America	283 sq. miles
In Africa	215 sq. miles
In Europe	72 sq. miles
In Australia	57 sq. miles
Oceanic islands and Polar regions	47 sq. miles
The world	1,000 sq. miles

Thus, nearly one-third of the earth is in Asia, which also possesses more than one-half the population; more than one-quarter of the earth went to make America, and over one-fifth for Africa. Europe contains only one-fourteenth part of the world's area, although she has nearly one-quarter of the population, and Australia contains one-eighteenth part. The last division on our list takes the "shillings from the guineas," being a twenty-oneth part of the world's area.

DENSITY OF POPULATION.

Having now a fairly definite mental conception of the distribution of the world's population and of its area, we may turn to the interesting feature of density of population in various parts of the world:

In Europe is	7 acres
In Asia is	13 acres
In Africa is	44 acres
In America is	78 acres
In Oceanic islands and Polar regions	210 acres
In Australia is	589 acres
In the world is	23 acres

This way of looking at the facts concerning density of population shows us that there is still ample room in the world for all of us, wherever we may chance to be located. The overcrowding of which we hear so much disappears when we take an extended view of the facts, which seem to invite us to spread ourselves out more than we do.

THE FUTURE.

Here are the results of some calculations I have very carefully made as regards the future growth of the population of the world, and as to the year A. D., when our descendants will have so increased in number that there will then be only one acre for each person in the world, instead of the twenty-three acres mentioned above.

As a preliminary I went into all the available facts upon which to compute the annual rate of increase in the world's population, and finally I determined that the rate of increase might be taken at 5 per 1,000 persons per annum; this means that for every 1,000,000 persons living in 1891 there were:

In 1892	1,005,000 persons
In 1893	1,010,025 persons
In 1894	1,015,075 persons
In 1895	1,020,150 persons

etc., etc.

And the results for the future population of the world work out thus:

In 1891 there were 1,480,000,000 persons.
In 1900 there will be 1,548,000,000 persons.
In 1950 there will be 1,986,000,000 persons.
In 2000 there will be 2,548,000,000 persons.
In 2030 there will be 2,960,000,000 persons.
In 2100 there will be 4,197,000,000 persons.
In 2200 there will be 6,910,000,000 persons.
In 2300 there will be 11,379,000,000 persons.
In 2400 there will be 18,738,000,000 persons.
In 2516 there will be 33,418,000,000 persons.
In 2517 there will be 33,586,000,000 persons.

These figures show us, for example, that in A. D. 2030 the 1891 population will have doubled itself and will have taken 139 years to do it in. The population of the United Kingdom has doubled itself in eighty years; and the population of England and Wales in fifty-seven years; but we should be quite wide of the mark if we applied our own rate of annual increase to the population of the world—for our rate of increase is above the average. In France, for example, the increase of population is very slow; in fact, but for the attractions it offers foreigners as a residence its population would of late years have shown a falling off, because, while the births decrease, the deaths increase.

POPULATION AND ACRES.

I may also point out that the above figures show us that between A. D. 2516 and A. D. 2517—621 years later than this present year, 1895—there will be in the world as many people as there are acres, there being 33,482,000 acres of land, a number, which, as we see, falls between the last two numbers in the above column.

DISTRIBUTION OF POPULATION.

For every 1,000 persons in Europe there are:

In European Russia	262 persons
In the German empire	139 persons
In Austria-Hungary	116 persons
In France	107 persons
In Great Britain and Ireland	106 persons
In Italy	84 persons
In Spain	48 persons
In Belgium	17 persons
In other parts of Europe	121 persons
Europe	1,000 persons

The eight countries named are those which contain the largest populations. Turkey, without Bulgaria, has fewer people than Belgium, and, moreover, Belgium is a very industrious and worthy little country, and more entitled to a place than Turkey; so Turkey may be included in other parts of Europe.

As there are 640 acres in a square mile, we see that the inhabitants of Belgium have each of them, upon the average, very little more than one acre of space. Belgium is essentially a manufacturing country—it simply has not the room for extensive agricultural industries. In every available hole and corner the Belgians busy themselves with agriculture—and although agriculture is carried on with much industry, the Belgians are largely dependent upon foreign supplies for their food.

THE POPULATION OF ASIA.

After Europe comes Asia in point of interest—old Asia, older even than Europe in its quaint manners and fashions of men and things. But how incomparable with western Europe is Asia of the nineteenth century! Asia is for the main part (China), hopelessly conservative, and we have had a recent illustration of how modern progress may enable a little nation like the Japanese empire to get the better of an old nation nearly nine times as populous. The Chinaman shows to us the abuse of conservatism in the east as plainly as we have seen the abuse of liberalism in the west.

We see the distribution of Asia's population rather significantly in the following figures. For every thousand persons in Asia there are:

In China proper	424 persons
In British India	337 persons
In the Japanese empire	337 persons
In the East Indian islands	48 persons
In French India	23 persons
In Corea	13 persons
In Siam	11 persons
In British Burmah	9 persons
In Persia	9 persons
In Russian Central Asia and Turkestan	9 persons
In Siberia	5 persons
In Afghanistan	5 persons
In Ceylon	4 persons
In Arabia	3 persons
In other parts of Asia	52 persons
Asia	1,000 persons

British India is the only division of Asia that as regards population comes anywhere near China, and these two divisions combined absorb more than three-quarters of the whole of Asia's people. The quality of the Japanese stands out in favorable contrast with the quality of the Chinese when we note that there are in Asia 424 Chinamen for every forty-eight Japs.

THE WORLD'S POPULATION IN BULK.

And now let us see what a really insignificant body is this population of the world. For example, every living person could be contained in a square common less than twenty-two miles each way; each person of the 1,480,000,000 could have a square yard to stand on; and A. A. Chase or some other expert cyclist could be left outside with his machine and ride round the square containing the world's population in about three and one-half hours for the eighty-seven and one-half miles of the boundary fence. Or the 1,480,000,000 persons could each occupy a square yard of standing room in Bedfordshire and then fill up only two-thirds of that county. They could be tucked away down in Radnorshire by a little squeezing, and leave all the rest of the world empty. Even the Isle of Man would hold nearly one-half of the world's population at one person to the square yard.

A fact like this serves to illustrate the really trifling importance of the world's population en masse, and, incidentally, the utter insignificance of the individuals who compose it.

J. HOYT SCHOOLING, F. R. S. S.

IMPIETIES.

Rev. Mr. Bedell, who used to preach Methodist doctrine in Calhoun county, says the Atlanta Constitution, was what is called "a jack of all trades." While he was living at Newton it is related of him that a young runaway couple seeking to get married came to the ferry at that place and called for the ferryman, when Bedell responded to their call and put them across the river. While doing so the young man inquired for a blacksmith, as he wanted some repairs made on his buggy. Bedell replied:

"I am a blacksmith and will repair it."

The young man next inquired for a hotel to stop at. Bedell replied:

"Come with me; I keep the hotel and will entertain you."

The next inquiry was for the clerk of the court of ordinary in order to procure a marriage license. Bedell answered:

"I am the clerk and can issue you a license."

He finally inquired for a minister to perform the marriage ceremony. The man of many occupations was again equal to the emergency, and informed the would-be bridegroom:

"I am a minister and will perform the ceremony for you!"

The Worcester (Mass.) Gazette tells a story of the Rev. Dr. Bancroft, father of George Bancroft, the historian, and once pastor of the First Unitarian church of Worcester. A carpenter was commissioned to make two tablets on which the ten commandments were to be painted. The carpenter made the tablets of knotty boards, perhaps not realizing their use. When Dr. Bancroft directed the painter not to let the knots show, the man, who was a waggish character of the day, painted the ten commandments and carefully left spaces where the nots ought to stand. Dr. Bancroft had a sense of humor, and it is believed he laughed, or perhaps smiled, and then told the painter he had misunderstood him and had better restore the nots.

The "sermonette" is a recent fad in pulpit circles, says the Chicago Tribune. Evening services are supposed to be rendered more attractive by the advertisement that "sermonettes" instead of sermons will be preached. In a little social coterie the other night the new term was discussed.

"Do tell me," said a clever girl, "what a sermonette is."

"Why," answered the-man-who-always-knows-it-all, "it is a small sermon."

"O, I see," commented the girl, "and it is the ingenious device of some 'preacherette,' I suppose."

Heardso—Do you think it hurts a church member to go to the theater? Saidso—That depends on the individual; some wouldn't be hurt even by amateur theatricals.

Mrs. Youngsport—What a fine delivery the new minister has. Mr. Youngsport—Yes, he ought to have. He was crack pitcher on the university ball team for three years.

CONNUBIALITIES.

Priscilla (just arrived)—Are there any men here? Phyllis—Oh, there are a few apologies for men. Priscilla—Well, if an apology is offered to me, I shall accept it.

Married Man—Why don't you get married, Miss Perkins? You are getting to look like a "back number!"—you will soon be an old maid. Miss Perkins—If I were as easy to please as your wife was I would have been married long ago.

King Alexander of Servia wants to marry the Princess Sibylle of Hesse, but old Mr. and Mrs. Hesse, or whatever their name is, wish to wait two years to see if the king is a smart enough Alex to keep his throne. Mr. and Mrs. Hesse know their business.

Judge Otis of the St. Paul district court has rendered a decision that a man is legally responsible for the damages done by his wife's unruly tongue. Under this decision a well known St. Paul citizen has been held liable for $5,000 for gossip traced back to his wife.

Mrs. B—I can't see what's your objection to young Mr. Goodly. Everybody speaks well of him. Miss B (pathetically)—Mamma, surely you wouldn't wish me to marry a man that I would never have a right to scold.

Editor's Wife—Who wrote this beautiful article on "How to Manage a Wife?" Editor—Young Jones. Editor's Wife—Why, I didn't know he was married. Editor—He isn't.

Mr. Moneybags (to married daughter)—Of course every one says that Jack married you for money. Daughter—Why, father, that's ridiculous. I haven't any money—it all went to pay Jack's debts.

Judge Pryor of the New York court of common pleas, commenting upon the unusual number of divorce cases which are constantly coming before the court now, said that the marriage ritual should be changed in this state so as to read, "husband and wife until death or divorce do us part."

There have been two veritable bombshells exploded in New York society recently in the shape of clerical matrimonial engagements. That of Rev. Henry Mottet of Holy Communion to Miss Gallup, niece of Mrs. Sylvanus Reed, absolutely paralyzed society. Holy Communion was Mrs. John Jacob Astor, sr.'s, church, and is attended by many fashionables. None of the clergymen who have hitherto occupied its pulpit were married. It being thus without precedent for the rector to take unto himself a wife, there has been a great fuss and splutter. Rev. Dr. Walpole Warren of Holy Trinity is about to wed a beautiful blonde widow, a Mrs. Browning, daughter of Henry C. Kuhnhardt. This is the clergyman about whom the question of contract labor was raised.

First Letter Carriers.

It is not clear that the letter carriers were regularly employed before 1753, when tradition tells us that Benjamin Franklin, the new postmaster general, employed them in Philadelphia, and possibly in New York. The earliest evidence I have is of 1762, when the Philadelphia postmaster advertised that his "boy" had run away, and that patrons must call for their letters at the postoffice. The Postal Journal of Hugh Finlay, a storehouse of sound information, tells us that Boston had no letter carrier in 1773. Of New York, he says that "soon after the arrival of a mail the letters are quickly delivered by a runner," which means messenger or letter carrier.