REFUTATION OF THE ARGUMENTS OF A MODERN MALTHUS.

In Almost Every Country There is Food to Spare-Why Malthus' Doctrine is no Longer Plaus ble-The Earth's Food Producing Capabilities.

The current number of The Forum contains a sprightly acticle by Thomas W. Knox, entitled "Standing Room Only." It shows that several countries in the world contain so many people that they can scarcely walk about without jostling each other. For example, the statement is made that Java has 398 in habitants to the square mile, Japan 234, Italy 216, Belgium 481, and the Netherlands 312. The author then states that there is hardly a country whose population is diminishing, while that of most countries is increasing with wonderful if not with alarming rapidity. This increase of population is largely due to the absence of wars and better sanitary con-

Mr. Knox thinks that it is time to study the philosophy of Malthus, who held that population, unchecked, increased in geometrical ratio, while foot can only be made to increase in arithmetical ratio. He also argues that checks on population are absolutely necessary, and claims advantages for war, pestilence, famine and most of the destructive vices. He states that few of the countries in which there is "standing room only" can produce food enough for the inhabitants, and shows by official census tables that the number of these countries is increasing very rapidly. He predicts that our own will be added to the list of overpopulated countries in no very distant future. At present few of the original thirteen states produce food enough to supply all the inhabitants. The line that divides the states that do not pro-duce food enough for the people from those that do is constantly moving farther west,

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM. This modern Malthus has no cause for alarm. In almost every country in the world there is food enough and to spare. In nearly every land food producers are discouraged by overproduction. At one time farmers found no fault with prices, but complained because they could raise but little. Now they complain of low prices, and find fault because so much is produced. English papers state that there was never a time in the history of the country when a day's wages would purchase so much food. During last year sugar sold for a penny a pound, and many farmers used it as a condiment or food for cattle and pigs. Fresh herrings sold in London markets for a halfpenny each, and the poorest laborers ato white bread, oranges and bananas.

During several months small fruits were so cheap that they commanded only a nominal price, and some farmers and gardeners used them to fertilize their land. One vessel brought 40,000 carcasses of frozen mutton from one of the Palkland islands, where it was bought for a penny a pound. Two steamship companies paid a penny a bushel for the privilege of carrying wheat in bags from American to English ports, so that the grain of civilization was cheaper in Liverpool than in Baltimore. The price of farm products is so low in Great Britain that the owners of several large estates declare that they can realize more from them as game preserves than as cultivated farms.

The truth is, the doctrine of Malthus is an exploded humbug. It was a plausible theory at the time he wrote, but the introduction of machinery on farms, the use of steam in agriculture, the improvement in breeds of animals, the utilization of products formerly wasted, the new methods of preserving fruits. vegetables, meat and fish, and last, but most, increased speed of vessels and the low rates for carrying all kinds of articles intended for food, have produced a revolution and destroyed the philosophy of the pessimist of the dinner table. We hear of coal famines and water famines, but there are no food famine, anywhere, and there is no prospect of any.

FOOD PRODUCING CAPABILITIES. We have hardly begun to test the food producing capabilities of the earth. A German traveler declares that Siberia is capable of producing grain enough to supply all western Europe with bread. An English authority states that wheat was worth but ten cents a bushel in the interior of Asiatic Turkey last year, and that many farmers did not find it profitable to harvest their fields. The island of Hayti is capable of producing enough gams and bananas to feed 20,000,000 people. Hardly any portion of Africa except the narrow val-ley of the Nile has been brought under culti-vation. But an insignificant part of Australia has been devoted to the production of 400d. South America, in the opinion of Humboldt, is the grand division of the earth capable of producing the most food; still a large portion of it remains unexplored, and no good farming is done in the parts that have been longest settled. It could be made not only the granary but the stock yard for supplying Europe with food. Wild cattle are almost as plentiful there as rabbits are in Australia, and thousands of them are killed every year for their hides and tallow. Sheep are raised with scarcely any care, and pigs turned into the forests become fat on nuts and wild fruit. No believer in Malthusian philosophy ever visited South America.

By selecting breeds of animals that mature

early, and constantly supplying them with suitable food, steers are made to weigh as much when they are thirty months old as they formerly did at twice that age. By the gen-eral introduction of the silo the beef and atton production of this country could be mutton production of this country could be doubled, even if no more land was devoted to raising fodder crops. Our countryman, Seth Green, originated the expression "water farming," and demonstrated that an acre of water was capable of producing as much food as an acre of land. Experiments show that German earp can be raised at about half the price of the cheapest meat, and the prospect is that most of our small lakes and artificial ponds will soon be utilized for the production of food the same as they are in China and Japan. Food producers everywhere are crying for Food producers everywhere are crying for more mouths to feed, so that they can get a better price for what they raise. But the pect is that the cost of nearly every kind food will continue to decline, even if the mation of the earth is doubled.—Chicage

The Low in Michigan.

Advance agents of theatrical companies have to be cautious how they bill Michigan owns. The law of the state is very particu sowns. The law of the state is very particular as to the kind of pictures displayed, and reads: "No sign, picture, painting, or other representation of murder, assessmation, stabbing, fighting, or any personal violence, or of the commission of any crime, shall be posted, under penalty of fine or imprisonment." Even the picture of Virginius in the forum is forbidden.—New York Sun.

A Nemarkable Operation.

A very remarkable operation has just been gerformed by Mr. Keetley, at the West London hospital. A child was brought in, having a large mole covering nearly the whole of its cheek. He transplanted the mole by exchange. That is, he removed the mole from the cheek to the arm, and planted flesh from the arm on the cheek. Everything succeeded perfectly.—Boston Transcript.

JACKSON'S VICTORY.

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

On the Plains of Chalmette-A Troop of Panie Stricken Fugitives-"No Food for Cowards"-Bread and Meat for

At 7 o'clock the battle began, and the roar of the artillery, with the discharges of musketry, was almost as distinctly heard as if in our immediate neighborhood. There was not the slightest noise in the apparently dead city. It held its breath in awful suspense. There was not a human being to be seen moving in the streets. We, the two boys and the ladies of the household, petrified into absolute silence by the apprehensions of the moment, stood on the balcony until 9:30, when the firing gradually ceased. But still we continued to remain on the same spot; for what was to happen? Were our defenders retreating, pursued by the enemy? These were hours of anxiety never to be forgotten. About 11 o'clock the oppresive silence in the city was broken by the furiously rapid gallop of a horseman, shouting as loud a he could: "Vic-tory! victory!" He turned from Chartres street into Dumaine and from Dumaine into Royal, still shouting "Victory!" The voice had become hoarse, and yet no human voice that I ever afterward heard was fraught with more sweet music. That night we went to bed with thankful hearts. The two boys soon slept soundly, as boys sleep, with that blissful unconcern which appertains to their age. But I doubt if our kind hostess and her daughters closed their eyes, for they had husbands, brothers, sons on the battle field, and they did not know at what cost to them the victory had been achieved.

In the morning of the preceding day the famous battle of the 8th was fought on the plains of Chalmette, four miles below the city. In a bee line the distance must have been very short between the field of action and the Bore plantation, six miles above New Or-leans by the windings of the river, for the furious cannonading and the discharge of musketry were prodigiously distinct. The ladies of the family, pale with the natural emotions of fear produced by the dangers of the situation, were grouped in the broad gallery in front of the house. No man was visible, for the only one who had remained at home (on account of his age) had when the battle began ascended with slow but firm steps a flight of stairs which led to the top of e portico. At every volley of artillery or susketry I flung myself on the floor, exclaiming: "Ten Englishmen killed!" "Twenty Englishmen flat on the ground!" and so on. I continued rejoicing in the fancied destruc-tion of our invaders notwithstanding the remonstrances of my poor mother, in whose alarm I very little participated. The battle had not yet ended when my grandfather Bore came down from his post of observation with the same measured step and the same self possession with which he had ascended and said to his daughters, who anxiously interrogated his looks: "Dismiss your fears, the

Americans are victorious." "But, father, how do you know it?" inquired

my mother.
"You forget, my dear child," replied M. de-Bore, with a calm smile, "that I have some military experience. My practiced ear has not been deceived, I am sure. The American guns have silenced the English guns. The

These words had hardly been spoken when, in the long avenue of pecan trees that led to the river, there appeared a troop of about a hundred men rushing toward the house. "The English! here come the English!" the simultaneous cry of the women. M. de Bore stretched himself up to his full height, shaded his eyes with his hand, and, after crowd, said, contemptuously:

"These men the English! bah!" They came rapidly to the piazza, about six feet high, on which we stood, and along which ran a wooden balustrade. M. de Bore did not understand one word of the language spoken by these unexpected visitors, whose ragamuffin appearance was no recommendation. But if they were bandits, it was com-

fortable to see that they all were unarmed.

"Who are they, and what do they want ?" inquired Mr. de Bore, surveying them evidently with no friendly eye. He was informed by one of his family that they were fugitives who reported that the Americans bad been completely routed, that they themselves were a portion of the defeated, and that they begged for food. The blood ran to the cheeks of the old soldier, his eyes flashed, and he shouted in French to the men: "You lie! The Americans are victorious. You have run away; you are cowards. Never shall it be said that I gave a hospitable welcome to dastardly fugitives from the battlefield. Hence, all of you, or I will call my negroes to drive you away." His words were not comprehended, but his indignant wrath was visible, and his pantomime was expreswas visible, and his pancomine was expres-sive. One of the beggarly crew seemed to apprehend his meaning, for he took off his hat and pointed with his index finger to a hole which looked as if made by a ball. He no doubt intended to intimate that he had faced danger, and that he was not as cowardly as supposed. In making this exhibition he had approached close to the piazza and held his hat aloft. The old gentleman retreated a few steps; then rushing back to the balustrade of the piazza, on which he leaned forward, and, looking down upon the suppliant below, shouted: "In thy hat! in thy hat!"—striking his breast violently—"there is where the ball should have been received, and not through thy hat, when probably thy back was turned to the enemy. No! no food for cowards. There is food in the British camp; go and get

He was superb at that moment, and turning his back upon the pitiful looking postulants, he kept up pacing the piazza like a chafed lion in a cage. My mother followed him a few feet behind, as he walked to and fro with a hurried step, and thus expostulated all the while:

"Father, they look so miserable."

"No! no food for cowards. I have said it."

"They seem to be so jaded and hungry."
"No! I say no!"
"Father, they are so wet and shivering with cold."
"No! no food for fugitives from the field of horse."

honor."

"But, father," continued my mother, in a piteous tone, "they may not have fled, after ail. Ferhaps they only retreated."

Grandfather, wheeling round with a smile on his lips, and with the usual expression of benevolence on his face, said: "Daughter. I am inflexible. No food shall I give to those wretches. But I am going away, and in my absence you may deal as you please with those heroes of retreat" (avec ces heros de la retraite). True to his word, he disappeared, and was not seen for the remainder of the day.

A DEATH BROKER.

BUSINESS WHICH REVERSES THE OPERATIONS OF LIFE INSURANCE.

Making Post Obit Investments, as They Are Called-Buying Legacies of People With Expectations-Benefits and Losses of the Business.

It was in a real estate broker's office on Court street, and the time was after dinner. The broker had just disposed of a big brick swell front house on Commonwealth avenue with as much ease and as little difficulty as you could sell a pint of peanuts at a cattle fair. He was a man of business, that broker was, and to use an expression which he delighted in, he liked to see things go at the first "crack."

I rather liked him, although I was not stuck" on him, for I was taught in my earlier and innocent days to be cautious in my dealings with the man who talked business as cold bloodedly to me as an Anarchist hurls a bomb at a czar of all the Russias.

"You buy legacies?" I remarked. Such a flat, stale and unprofitable remark, I thought, beside the vigorous and prolonged push which he gave to his alacritous vocab-

"Yes," he replied, "I make and have made a great many contingent investments—post obit investments some call them. You will perceive that my business is a novel one, in this country at least. It is of frequent occur rence in England for a young man who has been bequeathed a sum of money, or left some real estate, to sell his right to such property, the buyer, of course, not realizing his benefit until the death of some guardian, uncle, aunt or parent. Of course we take no chances on simple wills of living persons, as such persons may change their wills a dozen times before they go over the river. Where would we be if we did! We'd be in the river, and not afloat, you bet.

BENEFITS OF THE BUSINESS. "Let me give you an illustration of the benefits of this business. Only a few days ago a sailor chap steps in here. Says he, Tve just come ashore, having laid alongside one of Uncle Sam's guns for years. I haven't a nick, ye see, and a chap as would like to go with me to see Jake Kilrain and Joe Lannon maul each other give me the tip that I sell what right I has in the property left me and me brother by the old man. I can't get a pick until the ole woman dies, and although she's near 90, shiver me timbers if I don't think it'll be a big break before she goes aloft. So, ye see, I goes to me brother, and axes him wh he'll give me fur my share. He tells me that my share ain't worth a schooner of beer. I'm disheartened, d'ye see, until this chap as wants to see the fight-a feller as reads, he is, though he does booze-tells me that you could do me up. Now, if ye can, and does, I'm no tar if I don't drink yer health more'n wunst. Ye see, cap'n, we want to get a peep at the

"Questioning the fellow further, I was soured that his claim was solid, and I offered him \$500 for it at the first crack. He went away and soon returned with the information that his brother had abandoned the schoone of beer theory, and would give him \$1,000 in cold cash. I went the brother \$200 better,

however, and we closed the trade. "So, you see, I have not as yet received a copper in return for my expenditure, and won't until the sailor's mother died. Of course, the chances are against her living long enough to euchre me out of my investment. You must remember there are cases where the principal and compound interest of the sum advanced may in time exceed the sum realized in the end. You see, some old. women never die. What's to kill them? ing tea and eating toast, why shouldn't they live long enough to baffle me! Some dayfar away—they may dry up and blow off; then I have a show to make a dollar.

"You see this business is the reverse of life nsurance. While the life insurance man is interested in the prolongation of human life, the legacy buyer looks upon death as the messenger who unlocks the safety deposit vaults of Dives, and makes the heart of said legacy buyer happy. Thus the dark pall be-comes an immaculate wedding garment."

THE DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED. He went on: "I'll tell you another thing. It often happens that this contingent investas operates in favor of the one who takes the risk and the one who sells the legacy. Thus, to protect myself, I frequently get the life of the man in question insured for a sum equal to the expected legacy. So, if he dies before I get my legacy, why I am protected by the insurance. It has so happened that I get my share all right, while the man who is insured, or his family, is not left

"But I do wish I had those old ladies, good souls, off my hands. I've got three of them already, and may have more before winter thaws out in the lap of spring. However, I prefer them to some of the beats I come in contact with. You can't imagine the numer ous forces against which I am obliged to work sometimes. Dishonest legacy hunters, unscrupulous trustees and such. There is a wide scope for a man who wants to be crooked. Now, if I buy a legacy from a fellow there is nothing to prevent him from selling it again to some other man. courts in this state have decided that the investment belongs to the first purchaser. Therefore, if a fellow comes in here to offer me a legacy for sale, how do I know that he has not already sold it to somebody else?

"But you ought to see the array of cranks with whom I have to deal," he went on. "Why, they come here from all parts, from all classes and conditions, imagining that they have got some money tied up somewhere. Why, I had a woman come in here not long ago who told me that Jay Gould held \$500,000 in trust for her, and that she would sell it for two-thirds. Of course, she did not fool me. Then a colored woman, who claims to be Queen of Africa, and who speaks of her be Queen of Africa, and who speaks of her daughter as the princess, is a frequent caller. She says that she owns a gold mine or that she will own one when her father, who is 1,000 years old, dies. She says the mine is in the Congo country. I think it must exist in the great desert of Sahara; that is, in the only oaxis of her brain. Then there is a Chinaman who wants to sell me his interest in a tea field, which he says is thirty miles outside of Canton, China. His is a sad story. He declares that he was a merchant of respect and prominence in Canton, but, through a love of opium, neglected his business, which finally fell into the hands of creditors, with the exception of a certain fit A, which, by a Mongo lian law, as old as Confucius, still remains his, but which he cannot dispose of while living. He thinks he can sell it when he is dead. I don't believe it, He says he keeps a laundry now on Howard street."—Boston Globs.

Selling Wooden Safes.

An agent for a safe company several months ago made sales in Bad Ax, Mich. A faw weeks ago an agent for another company came along, and, according to the local newspaper, by the aid of a jack knife and a gimlet proved to the safe buyers that their safes had a lining of wood, a filling of clay and a covering of thin sheet iron.—New York Sun.

The state of the s

In Leicester, England, in common with many other places, scolds were preserved in the museum of that town a "ucking chair," in which these wives were seated while undergoing the punishment. Rough music to the scolds was the custom of some

So recently as 1860, at a village in the South of England, when a man was shut out of his house by a termagant wife, the boys and young men dressed up an effigy of the woman, imprisoned it in the poud for a time, and then burned it before her door.

Brand, in his "History of Newcastle upon-Tyne," states that in the time of the Commonwealth scolds were punished with the "brank." In the museum Oxford one of these curious. atticles is now on exhibition in an excellent state of preservation. This "bark was a sugar-loated cap, made of iron hooping, with a cross at the top, and a flat piece projecting inward to lay upon the tongue. It was put upon the hands of the scolds. padlocked behind, and had a string annexed by which a man led them through the town.

This form of punishment appears more recent than the " cucking chair." The whirling was formerly a very common punishment for trifling offences by sutlers, brawling women and such offenders-a kind of circular wooden cage turning on a pivot, and when set in motion whirled around with such amaizing velocity that the deliquent soon becomes extremely

An old writer says of the same punishment : "The way of punishing scolding women is pleasant enough. They fasten an arm-chair to the end of two beams, twelve to fifteen feet long, and parallel to each other, so that these two pieces of wood, with their two ends, embrace the chair, which hangs between them upon a sort of axle; by which means it plays freely, and always remains in the natural horizontal position in which a chair should be that a person may sit conveniently in it whether you raise it up or let it dowr. They set up a post upon the bank of a poud or river, and over this pond they lay almost "in equili-Having passed through all the critical stages | bro" the two pieces of wood, at one of wemanhood, leading exemplary lives, re-tiring early and not arising too early, drink-end of which the chair hangs just over the water; they place the woman in this chair, and so plunge her into the water as often as the sentence directs, in order to cool her immoderate heat.

SMILES.

You can't have the last word with a chemist ; he always has a retort.

Birds in their little nest agree, they'd rather not fall out, you see The man who shoots off his month

not necessarily a son of a gun. Formerly the foolish virgins had no oil: now the foolish virgins are too

free with the kerosene. A fellow named Carney fell through a Philadelphia sidewalk last spring, and has become one of the suers of

the city. Where's the best place to get fat? asked a thin housekeeper of a neighbor. All over! was the unexpected

Do not marry for riches, my son but remember that the husband of an heiress is seldom obliged to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and build

Bagley-Have you heard Patti sing Home Sweet Home? Bailey-No, but I've heard the next thing to it. Bagley-What's that? Bailey-A Jersey mosquito's bum, sweet

The assertion that a man who would run a corner in food would pick pockets, is denied by the Pitteburg Dispatch, which gives as a resson for its opinion that the profits of picking pockets are too small.

Omaha mamma-Now, dear, you must invite one of your little friends in to share your candy.

Little Dot_I_guess I'll invite

Well, that will be nice.

Yer, candy makes her tooth ache n' she never cats much.-Omaha

Mrs. Blobson—What's that? Oh-orrors! The hotel afre! Mr. Blobson—Yes, come on. We've

Mrs. Blobson—But here I am in

my night-dress!

Mr. Blobson—Good enough! I'm
glad you've got out of your ball dress
into something decent.

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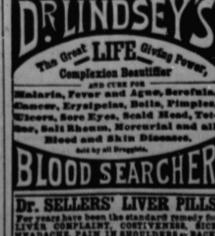
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