

LESSON OF THE NATIVITY

Dr. Talmage Says On That Christmas Night God Honored Motherhood

A Tribute to Science—Most Famous Night in History.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The discourse of Dr. Talmage is full of the nativity and appropriate for the holidays; text, Luke 2:16. "And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger."

The black window shutters of a December night were thrown open, and some of the best singers of a world where they all were stood there and singing back to the drapery of a cloud, chanting a peace anthem until all the echoes of hill and valley applauded and endorsed the hallicuhth chorus. Come, come, let us adore thee, Emmanuel, come to us and give us life. The scene was as though we had never before worshipped at the manger. Here is a Madonna worth looking at. I wonder not that the most frequent name in all lands and in all Christian countries is Mary. And there are Marys in palaces and Marys in cabins, and though German and French and Italian and Spanish and English pronounce it differently, they are all namesakes of the one whom we find on a bed of straw, with her pale face against the wall, and her hands clasped in prayer. All the great painters have tried, on canvas, to present Mary and her child and the incidents of that most famous night in the world's history. Raphael and the different masters, celebrated the different masterpieces, celebrated the different masterpieces. Ghiberti surpassed themselves in the adoration of the Magi. Correggio nearly made more than his Madonna to become immortal. The "Madonna of the Lily," by Leonardo da Vinci, will kindle the admiration of all ages. But all the galleries of Dresden forgot when they think of the manger room that gallery containing the "Sistine Madonna." Yet all of them were copies of St. Matthew's Madonna and Luke's Madonna, the Sacred Madonna, the Madonna of the Milk. We had put into our hands when we were infants, and that we hope to have under our heads when we die.

Behold, in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into that Bethlehem barn without going past the oxen, the mules and the asses. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the manger. And well might they kneel! Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that He should, during the first few days and nights of His life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts, whose moans and plaints and howlings have been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs? Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a hen's nest, not a dove's nest, not a pig's path, not a herd freezing in the poorly built cow-pen, not a freight car in summer time bringing the bees to market without water, though the dumb males of agony, not a surgeon's witnessing the struggles of fox or rabbit or pigeon or dog in the horrors of vivisection but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable surrounded by brutes.

Standing then, as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night, with an infant Christ on the one side and a host of unnumbered creatures of God on the other, I cry: Look out how you strike the rowl into that horse's side; take off that curb bit from that bleeding mouth; remove that saddle from that raw back; shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food; forget not to put water into the cage of that caged bird; throw some straw upon those birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency; arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for two; do not let those boys who are torturing a cat or transfixing butterfly and grasshopper; drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle and under her wings there may be three or four musicians of the sky in training. In your families and in your schools teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown; and in the marvelous Bible picture of the nativity, while you point out to them the angel, show them also the camel, and while they hear the celestial chant let them also hear the cow's moan.

Behold also in this Bible scene how on that Christmas night God honored childhood. Childhood was to be honored by that advent. He must have a child's light limbs and a child's dimpled hand and a child's beaming eye and a child's flexion hair, and babyhood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mighty God! May the reflection of that one child's face be seen in all infants to come. Enough have all these fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house. A throne, a crown, a scepter, a kingdom under their feet, and a crown, and you strike him across the head, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be central and a thousand years will not stop the echo and re-echo. Do not say, "It is only a child." Rather say, "It is only an immortal." It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive you and outlive me and ages quadrillional. God has infinite resources, and He can give presents of great value, but when He wants to give the richest possible gift to honor a child, He looks around all the worlds and all the universe and then gives a child. Yes, in all ages God has honored childhood. He makes almost every picture of the nativity there be a child either playing on the floor or looking through the window or seated on the lap gazing into the face of the mother. It was a child in Naaman's kitchen that told the great Syrian warrior where he might go and get cured of the leprosy which at his seventh plunge in the Jordan was left at the bottom of the river. It was to the cradle of leaves in which a child was laid, rocked by the Nile, that God called the attention of history. It was a sick child that evoked Christ's curative sympathies. It was a child that Christ sat in the midst of the squabbling disciples to teach the lesson of humility. A child decided Waterloo, showing the army of Blucher how it could take a short cut through the fields when, if the old road had been followed, the Prussian general would have come up too late to save the destinies of Europe. It was a child that decided Gettysburg, he having overheard two Confederate generals in a conversation in which they decided to march for Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg, and this reported to Governor Curtin, the Federal forces started to meet their opponents at Gettysburg. And today the child is to settle all the great battles, make all the laws, settle all the destinies and usher in the world's salvation or destruction. Men, women, nations, all earth and all heaven, behold the child!

Notice also that in this Bible night scene God honored science. Who are the three wise men kneeling before the Divine Infant? Not hoars, not ignoramus, but Caspar, Balthasar and Melchior men who knew all that was to be known. They were the Isaac Newtons and Herschels and Faradays of their time. Their science was the forerunner of our sublime chemistry, their astrology the mother of our magnificent astronomy, and when I see these scientists bowing before the beautiful babe I see the prophecy of the time when all the telescopes and microscopes, and all the Leyden jars, and all the electric batteries, and all the observatories, and all the universities shall bow to Jesus. It is much that way already. Where is the college class not having morning prayers, thus loving at the manger? Who have been the greatest physicians? Omitting the names of the living lest we should be reviled, have we not had among them Christian men like James W. Simpson and Rush and Valentine Mott and Abercrombie and Abernethy? Who have been our greatest scientists? Joseph Henry, who lived and died in the faith of the manger, and Agassiz, who, standing with his students among the Alps, took off his hat and said, "Young man, before we start to study geology, let us go to the manger to the God who made the rocks." All geology got its start before the manger. All astronomy got its start in the manger. All chemistry got its start in the manger. All physics got its start in the manger. All medicine got its start in the manger. All science got its start in the manger.

night that God honored the birds. Come in, shepherd boys, to Bethlehem and see the child. "No," they say; "we are not dressed good enough to come in." "Yes, you are," says the angel. "But come in, for the night and the dew and the brambles have made enough work with their apparel, but none has a better right to come in than you. They ought to have the privilege of that Christmas night. The first announcement of a Saviour's birth was made to those men in the fields. There were wise men, but all up and down the road and Jerusalem snoring in deep sleep, and there were salaried officers of government who, hearing of it afterward, may have thought that they ought to have had the first news of such a great event, some one dismounting from a swift camel at their door and knocking till at some sentinel's question, "Who comes there?" the great ones of the palace might have been told of the celestial arrival. No; the shepherds heard the first two bars of the music, the first in the manger, and the last in the subject matter. "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men!" Ah, yes, the fields were honored!

The old shepherd with plaid and crook have for the most part vanished, but we have grazing on our United States pasture fields and prairie about \$2,000,000 sheep, and all the shepherds of the world, the shepherds of my text, and all those who toil in fields, all vine dressers, all orchardists, all husbandmen. Not only that Christmas night, but all the time, the fields, the history God has been honoring the fields. Nearly all the messiahs of reform and literature and eloquence and law and henceforth more numerous. To the fields! Martin Luther from the fields. Before this world is right the overflowing populations of our crowded cities will have to be taken to the fields. Instead of ten to one, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten to one, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more bronzed cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when He woke up the shepherds at the midnight anthem, and He will, while the world lasts, continue to honor the fields. To the fields! The crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem khan, it was a prophecy of the time when thrasher's flail and farmer's plow and woodman's axe and ox's yoke and sheep binder's rake shall surrender to the God who made the country, as man made the town.

Behold, in the second place, that Christmas night God honored motherhood. Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Saviour to Bethlehem without the help of the Virgin Mary. To the fields! Martin Luther from the fields. Before this world is right the overflowing populations of our crowded cities will have to be taken to the fields. Instead of ten to one, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten to one, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more bronzed cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when He woke up the shepherds at the midnight anthem, and He will, while the world lasts, continue to honor the fields. To the fields! The crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem khan, it was a prophecy of the time when thrasher's flail and farmer's plow and woodman's axe and ox's yoke and sheep binder's rake shall surrender to the God who made the country, as man made the town.

Behold, in the third place, that Christmas night God honored motherhood. Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Saviour to Bethlehem without the help of the Virgin Mary. To the fields! Martin Luther from the fields. Before this world is right the overflowing populations of our crowded cities will have to be taken to the fields. Instead of ten to one, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten to one, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more bronzed cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when He woke up the shepherds at the midnight anthem, and He will, while the world lasts, continue to honor the fields. To the fields! The crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem khan, it was a prophecy of the time when thrasher's flail and farmer's plow and woodman's axe and ox's yoke and sheep binder's rake shall surrender to the God who made the country, as man made the town.

Behold, in the fourth place, that Christmas night God honored motherhood. Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Saviour to Bethlehem without the help of the Virgin Mary. To the fields! Martin Luther from the fields. Before this world is right the overflowing populations of our crowded cities will have to be taken to the fields. Instead of ten to one, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten to one, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more bronzed cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when He woke up the shepherds at the midnight anthem, and He will, while the world lasts, continue to honor the fields. To the fields! The crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem khan, it was a prophecy of the time when thrasher's flail and farmer's plow and woodman's axe and ox's yoke and sheep binder's rake shall surrender to the God who made the country, as man made the town.

Behold, in the fifth place, that Christmas night God honored motherhood. Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Saviour to Bethlehem without the help of the Virgin Mary. To the fields! Martin Luther from the fields. Before this world is right the overflowing populations of our crowded cities will have to be taken to the fields. Instead of ten to one, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten to one, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more bronzed cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when He woke up the shepherds at the midnight anthem, and He will, while the world lasts, continue to honor the fields. To the fields! The crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem khan, it was a prophecy of the time when thrasher's flail and farmer's plow and woodman's axe and ox's yoke and sheep binder's rake shall surrender to the God who made the country, as man made the town.

Behold, in the sixth place, that Christmas night God honored motherhood. Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Saviour to Bethlehem without the help of the Virgin Mary. To the fields! Martin Luther from the fields. Before this world is right the overflowing populations of our crowded cities will have to be taken to the fields. Instead of ten to one, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten to one, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more bronzed cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when He woke up the shepherds at the midnight anthem, and He will, while the world lasts, continue to honor the fields. To the fields! The crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem khan, it was a prophecy of the time when thrasher's flail and farmer's plow and woodman's axe and ox's yoke and sheep binder's rake shall surrender to the God who made the country, as man made the town.

As It Will Be

"This," said the artist, "is a battle scene—time, say, the year 2000 A. D. The defending force is on the extreme right of the canvas—" "I can't see them," observed his friend. "Certainly not; they are strongly entrenched. "Can't see any entrenchments." "Of course you can't. The entrenchments are skillfully concealed from view. "I should think you'd show some big guns or something." "Nonsense! The guns are disappearing guns, and they have disappeared." "Well, how about the attacking force?" "Over here on the left—all under cover. You can't expect them to expose themselves to the spectator any more than to the enemy." "Well, your picture is a mere landscape." "Yes; but I take it that's how a battle will look in 2000."

Looked Worse Than She Felt. She was richly but inconspicuously dressed, and would have attracted no particular attention as she stood on the corner the other day had not her face, under a white veil, been wreathed in a series of remarkable contortions. Several persons paused to watch her "make faces," and then came a feminine acquaintance. "Why!" exclaimed the newcomer. "The facial contortions ceased and were replaced by a smile. "With me? Nothing." "But you looked as if you were suffering terribly." "Never felt better." "But your face—you were twisting it into all sorts of shapes." The lady standing at the corner laughed and held out her hands, in each of which was a parcel. "I was only trying," she said, "to work the edge of my veil down under my chin."

An Eyewitness. A young lawyer went down into Virginia with the month to attend a trial in his native county. It was essential to prove that bitter enmity had existed between a defendant and plaintiff—if plaintiff is the proper term to apply to the gentleman who had had a generous handful of birdshot distributed into his person. A witness, who was quite blind, testified in detail as to a quarrel between the two. "Then Lew grabbed up a chair and broke it over Jim's head," he said. "How do you know that?" asked the lawyer who was conducting the cross-examination. "I was an eye-witness to it," remarked the blind man. "An eye-witness?" repeated the lawyer, doubtfully. "Yes," said the blind man. "I was a piece of the leg hit me in the right eye. I certainly was an eye-witness."

Old Maids and Old Bachelors. There is an old saying that a woman is no older than she looks and a man no older than he feels, and the age at which bachelors and old maids generally become old depends very much upon themselves. Though, as a matter of fact, people bring upon themselves the appellation of "old bachelor" and "old maid." The man or woman who possesses a well-regulated mind, a kind, pleasing disposition, sympathy with the sufferings of others, and fertility to support reason is never referred to as an "old bachelor" or "old maid."

Reflections of a Bachelor. We have to climb up to prosperity; adversity will climb to us. The many times you tell the woman you love that she looks pretty don't count as much as the one time you fail to tell her. One of the things which puzzle a man is that a mother will fret more over catching her boy smoking than catching him in a lie. An engagement isn't of much satisfaction to the average girl unless it makes her friends think she is better off than they are.

Couldn't Find It. "Lounges!" echoed the salesman. "Yes, ma'm. This way, please. What kind of lounge would you like?" "I'd like one," said the sharpfeatured woman, "that can get right up and kick a man out of doors when he comes home and throws himself down on it with his muddy feet, and grows and scolds because he has to wait about two minutes for his supper. That's the kind I'd like, but I'll have to take what I can get, I reckon. What's the price of this one with the green cover?"

Why Syrup of Figs is the best family laxative. It is pure. It is gentle. It is pleasant. It is efficacious. It is not expensive. It is good for children. It is excellent for ladies. It is convenient for business men. It is perfectly safe under all circumstances. It is used by millions of families the world over. It stands highest, as a laxative, with physicians. If you use it you have the best laxative produces.

Frostrate With Rheumatic Fever Six Times Within Twenty Years.

This was the case of Mr. Ed. Wiltshire, of Landaown Terrace, Calne, Wis., who, during this time, suffered the most intense agony. He writes: "I heartily endorse the testimonials which you publish of St. Jacobs Oil as a pain killer, for I have been a sufferer from rheumatism and kindred complaints at different times during the last twenty years. I have been laid prostrate with rheumatic fever six times during that period, therefore I consider I know something about rheumatism. During all of these twenty years I have tried various advertised rheumatic remedies, oils, ointments and embrocations. None of them gave me much relief, but when I tried St. Jacobs Oil I found quite different results. It eased the pain almost immediately, and has done for me what all other remedies put together never began to do. "I could give you several cases that have been cured, which have come under my notice, and through my recommendation; also one of toothache, one of facies and one of sore throat. "I have recommended St. Jacobs Oil and shall continue to do so by every means in my power, as I consider you deserving of every support."

With All a Happy New Year. Happiness that comes with good health is given to all who use Nature's gift, Gardell Tea. This Herb Cure cleanses the system, purifies the blood and removes the cause of disease. Australia has more than 1000 newspapers. How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. P. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known P. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him. West & Taylor, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. WALDISO, KINCAID & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The cost of painting the Tower Bridge, London, is \$25,000. A Christmas Dinner That Was Not Eaten Because of Indigestion! This sorry tale would not have been told if the system had been regulated and the digestion perfected by the use of Nature's remedy, Gardell Tea. This wonderful Herb medicine cures all forms of stomach, liver and bowel derangements, cleanses the system, purifies the blood and lays the foundation for long life and continued good health. A friend in need is a friend—who usually wants to borrow a five.

Each package of PREPARED FADERS DYE colors either Silk, Wool or Cotton perfectly at one boiling. Sold by all druggists. Grade crossings in Europe are unknown. Most things grow smaller as they are transported across debts. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle. It takes a wise man to get others financially interested in a fool scheme. Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Avenue, N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1903. The man who knows the least shows it the most.

Don't Get Peace Assured. Wife—"And so you get your life insured for my benefit. That's lovely." Husband—"Yes, my dear; but just remember, if you drive me to suicide you won't get a cent."

Small crops, unsalable vegetables, result from want of Potash. Vegetables are especially fond of Potash. Write for our free pamphlets. GERMAN KALI WORKS, 95 Nassau St., New York.

Why Syrup of Figs is the best family laxative. It is pure. It is gentle. It is pleasant. It is efficacious. It is not expensive. It is good for children. It is excellent for ladies. It is convenient for business men. It is perfectly safe under all circumstances. It is used by millions of families the world over. It stands highest, as a laxative, with physicians. If you use it you have the best laxative produces.

Mother of Great Men.

Schumann's mother was gifted with musical ability. Chopin's mother, like himself, was very delicate. Gounod's mother was fond of painting and music. Spohr's mother was an excellent judge of music but no musician. Milton's mother often alluded to his mother in the most affectionate terms. Wordsworth's mother had a character as peculiar as that of her gifted son. Raleigh said that he owed all to his politeness of deportment to his mother. Goethe pays several tributes in his writings to the character of his mother. Haydn dictated one of his most important instrumental compositions to his mother. Sydney Smith's mother was a clever conversationalist, and very quick at repartee. Giddon's mother was passionately fond of reading, and encouraged her son to follow her example. Charles Darwin's mother had a decided taste for all branches of natural history.

How He Escaped. "Papa," said the little one who is always asking puzzling questions, "are there wise women as well as wise men?" "I believe there are, my son," was the reply. "Well, does a wise man know more than a wise woman?" "He may," answered the father; "in fact, I guess he generally does, but if he's wise and wants peace he's mighty careful not to let her know it." Then, as his wife was about to speak he hastily added: "I am not a wise man, my boy; I have just demonstrated that by my words."

New Jersey Skin Troubles. Can't resist Tettrina. "I have been troubled with Eczema four years. Tettrina has done me so much good that I gladly recommend it. Send another box."—W. C. Fuller, Seminole Cottage, Sea Cliff, N. J., 50c. a box by mail from J. T. Shurtzline, Savannah, Ga., if your druggist don't keep it. Belfast is Ireland's richest and most populous city. A married man's love doesn't grow cold so long as his breakfasts are kept warm.

Best For the Flowers. No matter what zils you, headaches to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascaire help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascaire Candy Caltaride, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations. When a man is dropped for non-payment of dues he is generally broke. A Good Way to Begin 1903. Cleanse the system, purify the blood and regulate the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels with the Herb medicine, Gardell Tea, insuring health and happiness for the New Year. The feminine surplus in Massachusetts is 70,388. FIT'S permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Elin's Great Nerve Restorer. 21 trial bottles and treatise free. Dr. H. B. Kinsie, Ltd., 251 Arch St., Phila., Pa. There are three telephone circuits between New York City and Atlanta.

Winchester "NEW RIVAL" FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS. outshoot all other black powder shells, because they are made better and loaded by exact machinery with the standard brands of powder, shot and wadding. Try them and you will be convinced. ALL REPUTABLE DEALERS KEEP THEM.

\$2000.00 PER DAY GIVEN AWAY! VALUABLE INFORMATION. The offer in our Premium Booklet expiring January 2, 1903, is hereby. R. J. Reynolds' 8 oz., Strawberry, R. J. R., Schnapps, Golden Crown, Reynolds' Sun Cured, Brown & Bro.'s Mahogany, Speckled Beauty, Apple Jack, Man's Pride, Early Bird, P. H. Hanes & Co.'s Natural Leaf, Cutter and O. N. T.

To appreciate our offer, these facts should be considered: That we are giving \$2000.00 per day for tags, to fix the memory of chewers on our trade marks placed on tobaccos, to identify our best efforts to please chewers, and prevent them from being deceived by imitations. Full descriptions of Presents offered for our tags will be furnished upon request to R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WASHINGTON-SALEM, N. C.

The Beet Sugar Industry.

A most important article giving Messrs. Oxnard's and Cutting's views on the beet sugar industry in this country appeared on the editorial page of the New York Evening Post of December 12 last, and as every household in the land is interested in sugar the article will be of universal interest. THE BEET SUGAR INDUSTRY. The Evening Post bids the heartiest welcome to every American industry that can stand on its own bottom and make its way without leaning on the poor rates. Among these self-supporting industries we are glad to know, is the production of beet sugar. At all events, it was such two years ago. We publish elsewhere a letter written in 1896, and signed by Mr. Oxnard and Mr. Cutting, the chiefs of this industry on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, showing that this was the happy condition of the trade at that time. If parties masquerading as beet sugar producers are besieging the President and Congress at this moment, and pretending that they will be ruined if Cuban sugar is admitted for six months at half the present rates of duty their false pretences ought to be exposed.

The letter of Messrs. Oxnard and Cutting was probably written for the purpose of inducing the farmers of the Mississippi Valley to go more largely into the cultivation of beets for the sugar factories. This was a laudable motive for telling the truth and showing the large profits which awaited both the beet grower and the manufacturer if the industry were persevering and intelligently prosecuted. To this end it was pointed out that farmers could clear \$65 per acre by cultivating beets, and might even make \$100. But in order to assure the cultivator that he would not be exposed to reverses by possible changes in the tariff, they proceeded to show that the industry stood in no need of protection. The beet sugar industry, these gentlemen say, "stands on as firm a basis as any business in the country." They point out the fact—a very important one—that their product comes out as a finished article, refined and granulated. It is not, like cane sugar grown in the West India Islands, a black and offensive paste, which must be carried in wagons to the seaboard and thence by ships to the United States, where, after another handling, it is put through a costly refinery, and then shipped by rail to the consumer, who may possibly be in Nebraska, alongside a beet sugar factory, which turns out the refined and granulated article at one fell swoop. Indeed, the advantages of the producer of beet sugar for supplying the domestic consumption are very great. We have no doubt that Messrs. Oxnard and Cutting are within bounds when they say that "sugar can be produced here cheaper than it can be in Europe." The reasons for this are that—

"The sugar industry is, after all, merely an agricultural one. We can understand Europe in all other crops, and sugar is no exception." It follows as naturally as the making of flour from wheat. If we can produce wheat cheaper than Europe, then naturally we can produce flour cheaper, as we do. But the writers of the letter do not depend upon a priori reasoning to prove that they can make sugar at a profit without tariff protection. They point to the fact that under the McKinley tariff of 1890, when sugar was free of duty, the price of the article was four cents per pound. Yet a net profit of \$3 per ton was made by the beet sugar factories under these conditions—not counting any bounty on the home production of sugar. They boast that they made this profit while working under absolute free trade, and they have a right to be proud of such result of their skill and industry. Many beet sugar factories had been started in bygone years, back in the sixties and seventies of the nineteenth century, and had failed, because the producers did not understand the business. Since then great progress has been made, both here and abroad, in the cultivation and manipulation of the beet. What was impossible thirty years ago is now entirely feasible. The industry is already on a solid footing during basis. There are factories in the United States, these gentlemen tell us in their letter, capable of producing 350,000 tons of beets per year, and making a profit of \$3 per ton.

It is not, like cane sugar grown in the West India Islands, a black and offensive paste, which must be carried in wagons to the seaboard and thence by ships to the United States, where, after another handling, it is put through a costly refinery, and then shipped by rail to the consumer, who may possibly be in Nebraska, alongside a beet sugar factory, which turns out the refined and granulated article at one fell swoop. Indeed, the advantages of the producer of beet sugar for supplying the domestic consumption are very great. We have no doubt that Messrs. Oxnard and Cutting are within bounds when they say that "sugar can be produced here cheaper than it can be in Europe." The reasons for this are that—

It follows as naturally as the making of flour from wheat. If we can produce wheat cheaper than Europe, then naturally we can produce flour cheaper, as we do. But the writers of the letter do not depend upon a priori reasoning to prove that they can make sugar at a profit without tariff protection. They point to the fact that under the McKinley tariff of 1890, when sugar was free of duty, the price of the article was four cents per pound. Yet a net profit of \$3 per ton was made by the beet sugar factories under these conditions—not counting any bounty on the home production of sugar. They boast that they made this profit while working under absolute free trade, and they have a right to be proud of such result of their skill and industry. Many beet sugar factories had been started in bygone years, back in the sixties and seventies of the nineteenth century, and had failed, because the producers did not understand the business. Since then great progress has been made, both here and abroad, in the cultivation and manipulation of the beet. What was impossible thirty years ago is now entirely feasible. The industry is already on a solid footing during basis. There are factories in the United States, these gentlemen tell us in their letter, capable of producing 350,000 tons of beets per year, and making a profit of \$3 per ton.

It follows as naturally as the making of flour from wheat. If we can produce wheat cheaper than Europe, then naturally we can produce flour cheaper, as we do. But the writers of the letter do not depend upon a priori reasoning to prove that they can make sugar at a profit without tariff protection. They point to the fact that under the McKinley tariff of 1890, when sugar was free of duty, the price of the article was four cents per pound. Yet a net profit of \$3 per ton was made by the beet sugar factories under these conditions—not counting any bounty on the home production of sugar. They boast that they made this profit while working under absolute free trade, and they have a right to be proud of such result of their skill and industry. Many beet sugar factories had been started in bygone years, back in the sixties and seventies of the nineteenth century, and had failed, because the producers did not understand the business. Since then great progress has been made, both here and abroad, in the cultivation and manipulation of the beet. What was impossible thirty years ago is now entirely feasible. The industry is already on a solid footing during basis. There are factories in the United States, these gentlemen tell us in their letter, capable of producing 350,000 tons of beets per year, and making a profit of \$3 per ton.

It follows as naturally as the making of flour from wheat. If we can produce wheat cheaper than Europe, then naturally we can produce flour cheaper, as we do. But the writers of the letter do not depend upon a priori reasoning to prove that they can make sugar at a profit without tariff protection. They point to the fact that under the McKinley tariff of 1890, when sugar was free of duty, the price of the article was four cents per pound. Yet a net profit of \$3 per ton was made by the beet sugar factories under these conditions—not counting any bounty on the home production of sugar. They boast that they made this profit while working under absolute free trade, and they have a right to be proud of such result of their skill and industry. Many beet sugar factories had been started in bygone years, back in the sixties and seventies of the nineteenth century, and had failed, because the producers did not understand the business. Since then great progress has been made, both here and abroad, in the cultivation and manipulation of the beet. What was impossible thirty years ago is now entirely feasible. The industry is already on a solid footing during basis. There are factories in the United States, these gentlemen tell us in their letter, capable of producing 350,000 tons of beets per year, and making a profit of \$3 per ton.