THE JOURNAL

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A Commercial War?

It is thought that Russia will retalliate and impose the maximum duty on our iron and steel, because Secretary Gage has imposed the countervailing duty on her beet sugar under the tariff law, which imposes an extra duty of one-tenth of one cent a pound on sugars imported from a country which pays a direct or indirect bounty on sugar exported. It would, of course, be unfair to relieve Russia of this duty while it is applied to other beet sugar producing countries. Russia has been for twenty years trying to produce enough beet sugar to supply her home demand. She has now 268 refineries and 1,191,240 acres of land under beet culture, the value of the product per acre being from $12.50 to $23. The exports of beet sugar have about doubled in the last ten years, and there is no doubt that, in the course of a few years, the Russian sugar surplus will prove as much an embarrassment as those of Germany and France to those countries.

It is rumored that Russia, Germany and France will begin a tariff war to shut our products of all kinds out of their borders. They are consumed with jealousy because of the market conquests we have made during the past quarter of a century, but Germany, where the movement against us has been most strenuous, is discovering that, while she labors to shut out our breadstuffs and meat, her people cannot produce enough of these necessaries to supply the home needs. As to Russia she has the assurance to think that by threatening to raise the duties on our iron and steel products, she could get us to set aside our tariff in her favor. Russia has been buying a considerable amount of railway material and machinery from us during the past ten or twelve years and she needs an increasingly large supply of this material as she is preparing to outfit herself as a great manufacturing power and is striving to compete with us in cotton as well as in wheat. But neither Russia nor Germany nor France is able to close the door of trade to us. We are crowding them in all their foreign markets and in their home markets American goods have such a hold that dealers tear the American labels off and substitute their own and sell them for their own.

Our foreign trade is in no imminent danger from the European threats. If the president's reciprocity policy were pushed by his own party, the gain to that trade would be very great, but the party has, with strange obstinacy, neglected the ratification of the treaties negotiated by Commissioner Kasson with such fidelity to our commercial interests. France, for instance, has made the most liberal commercial concessions, exceeding, indeed, our concessions to her. The opposition to these treaties is opposition to the commercial, agricultural and manufacturing interests of this country.

Mr. Bryan's Commoner at least has the virtue of consistency. It continues to be as uninteresting as it was at first.

Let Them Remember

The recent celebration of John Marshall day brought out various manifestations of sentiment, among which one of the most interesting was the following example of logic from Georgia:

Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 5.—A note of protest against the celebration was sounded by John W. Aiken, former president of the Georgia Bar Association, who gave out an open letter in which he says:

"When the Georgia supreme court marches into the hall of representatives to lend its presence to the glorification of this eminent nationalist, let Chief Justice Simmons, an old hickory democrat, who slept on tented field and field untented under the stars and bars, remember that according to John Marshall his neck should have graced the halter; let Mr. Justice Lumpkin remember that, according to John Marshall, his distinguished kinsman, the first Georgia chief justice, and his able associates were all mistaken in their masterly deliverance in the noted case of Paddleford, Fay & Co.; let Mr. Justice Little remember that, according to John Marshall, his life-time conception of the constitution is an airy dream; let Mr. Justice Fish remember that, according to John Marshall, the theory held by himself and his kinsman as to where allegiance first lay in 1861 is all erroneous; let Mr. Justice Lewis remember that, according to John Marshall, the brilliant family of which he came have all along been mistaken in their political thought; let Mr. Justice Coms remember that, according to John Marshall, his illustrious father, who represented the south so nobly in federal councils, and his distinguished uncle, who sacrificed his life at bloody Fredericksburg, were technical rebels.

"In speaking for the American Bar Association let Mr. Burton Smith remember that, according to John Marshall, his firstborn's grandsire, the noble Gordon, committed treason every time his stainless sword leaped from its untarnished scabbard. If Marshallism is right, then Lee should have been hanged, Jefferson Davis legally deserved the scaffold, and every Confederate soldier, from Manassas to Appomattox, was in law a rebel deserving death."

Mr. Aiken employs very blunt language in stating his points; but his use of harsh words may be excused if he was himself one of the erring brothers, as seems probable. His warning is, however, timely. It is well that the undisputed facts of our national history should be remembered, not only on "John Marshall day," but on "Abraham Lincoln day" and "George Washington day," "Andrew Jackson day," and every other patriotic anniversary.

Mr. Aiken might well urge his friends and neighbors to remember also the origin of the principles which Marshall's decisions enforced. Let them remember that Washington and his fellow-members of the convention of 1787, in submitting the constitution to the people said that "in all our deliberations we kept steadily in view the consolidation of the union," and that all parties then understood this object, George Clinton and others opposing the constitution because they did not wish the government in that form to be "rendered perpetual."

Let them remember that this constitution was the logical outcome of the declaration of independence, in which "one people" made, unitedly, one announcement that they were free and independent. Let them remember that the people of no one state did the same, or anything similar.

Let them remember the words of the representatives of Virginia, when ratifying the constitution, that the powers granted under the constitution are derived from the people of the United States; that James Madison said: "The constitution requires an adoption in toto and forever"; and that this was the view of the conventions which ratified it.

Let them remember the decisions of the courts of the country; that of the supreme court, in 1793, that the people of the United States constitute a nation; that to this people passed the former sovereignty of the King of Great Britain over the country; that this people had established the constitution, and by it had made the national government supreme over the state; also, that of the same court in 1795, that the central government, after the declaration of independence, was a national government with the announcement that the states did not then profess to be individaully sovereign; also that of the same court in 1829, delivered by Judge Washington, a Virginian, holding that "for all national purposes embraced by the federal constitution, the states and the citizens thereof are one, united under the same sovereign authority."

Let them remember that Chief Justice Taney, a Marylander, in 1848, judicially declared that "for all the great purposes for which the federal government was formed, we are one people, with one common country."

Let them remember that in 1823, at the outset of South Carolina's threatened resistance to the laws of congress, Judge Johnson, a South Carolinan, sitting in the federal court, repudiated as an attack upon the soverignty of the United States the idea that South Carolina was a sovereign state when she adopted the constitution.

Let them remember that the question of the allegiance of citizens was decided in the highest court in South Carolina in 1834, the court denying that by the declaration of independence South Carolina became a sovereign, and declaring that the allegiance of all her citizens was due, and always had been, to the United States, and that this was not even doubted before the constitution of 1787 was adopted.

Let them remember that all these judicial opinions had been delivered before 1861, and by various eminent judges earlier than and contemporary with Marshall; and that not from Marshall alone, but from all these carefully considered judgments and opinions were the rules of law derived which Mr. Aiken by implication avers that his neighbors violated.

Let them remember how deficient was their early education in not correctly informing them of the true character of the government which protected them, and let them see that their grandchildren and their grandchildren's children shall be more wisely instructed so that they will readily appreciate the services of Marshall and his compeers to their country.

The park board have laid a few restrictions upon the use of parkways for freighting purposes, and the teamsters have concluded to abolish the park board. They claim the American citizen's right to go where he pleases and do as he pleases regardless of rules and regulations. As far as we can see we can't see what the teamsters are kicking about. They seem to have been doing that all the time, leaving their little souvenirs of blocks of wood, chunks of ice, building stone and other gentle reminders of their previous passage for the benefit of wheelmen and others on dark nights. Possibly the teamsters are right. It might be a good thing to abolish the park board and substitute something for it that will protect the parkways from such improper uses and compel the teamsters to confine their heavy wagons to roads intended for that kind of traffic.

Some of the advantages of an occasional change of administration in state affairs may be inferred from the condition of things in South Dakota. Governor Lee went out of office after filling the air with all kinds of charges against republican superintendents and boards of managers in charge of state institutions before he came into office. He has made his charges so strong and so sweeping that the republican legislature is bound to investigate. The charges may prove to be without foundation, as Lee himself is without much foundation, but the investigation will do no harm. It will either vindicate innocent men, or it will expose abuses and make them much less likely to be repeated, and both are desirable.

The readers of The Journal will find in our Duluth correspondence to-day on the first page, altogether the best, most intelligible and satisfactory statement yet published of the big deal which absorbs Carnegie's immense iron and steel interests, the circumstances which led up to the transaction, why Carnegie was so completely master of the situation and the general condition of the industry after this deal is consummated. The writer of this letter is peculiarly well equipped to discuss the matter and his article shows that he is familiar with the subject.

Mayor Ames says he has taken Dr. Shutter into political partnership. We haven't heard anything about it from Dr. Shutter, but we would advise the doctor if he goes into it to make the partnership in the form of a stock company or a mutual association, as there is likely to be a good deal of political responsibility assumed by the head of the firm. Possibly, however, Dr. Shutter may not have agreed to this arrangement. We can quite readily accept his statement to the contrary.

A Victim of the Hen.

William Perkins of Essex, Conn., took his best girl sleigh riding at the first fall of snow. The cutter had been standing idle in the barn for several months and Mr. Perkins did not know that a setting hen of strong personal convictions had stolen her nest under the seat, until the lady yelled like a Commanche Indian charged with wood alcohol, and leaped four feet into the air and out into a snow drift. The horses added to William's discomfort by running away and the "setting" of eggs was smashed. It seems that the hen became excited and had picked at the lady's ankles. The lady was too mad to accept Mr. Perkins' apologies and the engagement is off.

In affairs of the heart, the sitting hen, like the small brother, is something to be watched out for. It takes a very little thing sometimes to change the whole current of one's life history.

Two sons of poor but honest farmers, struggling to get a little information at the university, were fined $10 each for stealing signs to decorate their rooms. People who tack up signs near our higher institutions of learning ought to know enough to use railroad spikes and hire a policeman for each sign.

You scorn to-day, O lady fair,
This ratty valentine—
This chestnut of the punctured hearts
That grandma thought so fine!
'Way back in eighteen forty-one
'Twas stale—this stilted phraze—
And in this century 'tis a crime
That merits thirty days.

The doctors at Havana claim to have proved beyond a doubt that the mosquito is the bird that disseminates the yellow fever. If you see a mosquito with a yellow flag flying, hit him with a hammer at once.

They "located" De Wet in South Africa—at least Major Crewe did, but De Wet, like the sick cow, "blew first." He had a bigger force than Crewe, so Crewe reports, and the Englishman "lost his face" and one big gun.

Steve Brodie, the bridge jumper, who died of consumption recently, left an estate of $100,000. Mr. Brodie obtained fame and fortune at one bound.

An Ohio millionaire is moving out of the state because of the tax imposed on him. An easier way than that of emigration is to have "influoence."

There is no mention of the Sampson-Schley controversy in the Cuban constitution. That constitution ought to be adopted at once.

California has produced a seedless lemon, similar to the navel orange. Now for a stoneless olive. No cottonseed need apply.

Allegheny City girls have laid down a law barring cigarette dudes. It is now sweetheart vs. tobacco heart.

Many people would be willing to see some self-appointed Mrs. Nation touch up with an ax the congressional restaurants.

Mr. Hanna (in re ship subsidy bill)—And this is their boasted gratichude!!

AMUSEMENTS

Frederick Warde in "Hamlet" at the Bijou.

The record for fine audiences at the Bijou continues. Frederick Warde was greeted by a great audience at the matinee performance of "The Duke's Jester," and in the evening an overflow house welcomed his appearance as the melancholy Dane.

Mr. Warde's Hamlet is to be commended, and, "looking before and after," it is not easy to recall a player at present essaying the role who better realizes the noble prince of Denmark. There will always be as many conceptions of Hamlet as there are scholars to express them, but the critics who witness Frederick Warde's clean-cut interpretation of the role must be impressed with the actor's scholarship and preparation. Mr. Warde appears to realize that human quality in Hamlet which induced an eminent critic to observe, "We are all actual or potential Hamlets." This is true, from Mr. Warde's view-point of the character.

Hamlet's procrastination, which exercised such an irresistible fascination for him, is finely indicated by Mr. Warde's reading. As Goethe said in his wonderful review of the character, "Shakspere meant to show the effect of a great action laid upon a soul incapable of performing it." Mr. Warde's portrayal appears to be conceived in this spirit. He is never the resolute man of action that many actors have depicted in their anxiety to meet the expectations of the role. The actor's reading of the immortal soliloquies was admirable.

The company appeared to better advantage than at any time during the engagement.

—W. A. D.

Foyer Chat.

Petite Alice Nielsen, the American comic opera prima donna, who has in two brief seasons attained fame and fortune by her sprightly acting, delightful singing and youthful beauty in the title roles of her popular operas, "The Fortune Teller" and "The Singing Girl," will be heard here, with her large and excellent supporting organization, to-night and for the remainder of the week at the Metropolitan opera-house. The offering this evening will be "The Singing Girl," by Victor Herbert, Harry B. Smith and Stanislaus Stange. This opera, new to Minneapolis, was Miss Nielsen's piece de resistance last season, and met with wonderful success. It is considered Victor Herbert's masterpiece, and the story of the libretto is whimsical and interesting. "The Singing Girl" will be the bill to-night and to-morrow night, and "The Fortune Teller" will be revived at the performances on Saturday afternoon and evening.

There are few theater-goers familiar with great plays who have not had a strong desire to see Sardou's "Theodora, or Her Last Race," the masterpiece of the most famous living playwright. The chance comes next week at the Metropolitan, when the great dramatic sensation will be presented by Mrs. Clarence M. Brune and an organization of over 100 people, including E. L. Sneader, Clarence M. Brune and John Sturgeon. The production and cast will be the same as that which scored such a hit at New York and Boston. The personal triumph scored by Mrs. Brune in the title role and extraordinarily favorable comments on the elaborateness of the production, the four-horse Roman standing race and a dozen other thrilling and sensational features serve to make this engagement an occasion of unusual interest.

The engagement at the Bijou the current week of Frederick Warde promises to be one of the most successful of the season. The appearance of this distinguished player at popular prices is an event in itself, and the opportunity to witness high-class Shakspereian productions at bargain rates is a worthy departure. Mr. Warde's repertory the present week includes four of his most popular creations. "The Duke's Jester," the new romantic comedy by Espy Williams, which made such a hit on the occasion of its presentation Sunday night, will be the bill for to-night's performance. For Friday night "Richelieu," Lord Lytton's historical play in five acts, will be repeated. For Saturday night Mr. Warde and his company will present "Othello," Mr. Warde appearing as Iago instead of Othello, and Mr. Bentley as Othello. For the Saturday matinee, "Hamlet" will be given.

The Bijou's offering the coming week, Fulgora's Stars, is one that will prove most enjoyable to all lovers of vaudeville. Mr. Fulgora has never brought a poor company to this city and his organization this year includes some of the most artistic and highest salaried acts of the European and American stage. The leading features are Kara, the great juggler; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sidman, in their delightful sketch, "Back Home"; Tom Lewis and Sam Ryan as "The Two Actors"; the Brothers Herne in a theosophical problem, "Substitution"; Polk and Kollins, premier banjo artists; the Four Huntings, eccentric acrobats; Zeb and Zarrow, trick bicyclists; and Edna Collins, phenomenal whistler.

THE NEW CAPITOL

New Paynesville Press—A solemn promise was made that Minnesota's new capitol building would not exceed the first appropriation, but now $2,000,000 additional is being asked for, and there is no telling how much more will be necessary before the building is ready for occupancy. Will some wise government ownership agitator please tell us what sort of a mess we would make of managing railroads, steamship lines, telegraph lines and great manufacturing plants when we can't put up a few buildings without allowing every one who is connected with the task to get a big rake-off?

Elk River News—The state capitol commission wants $1,000,000 more to complete the new capitol in proper manner. It makes no difference that the commission solemnly promised to complete the structure for $2,000,000 when the bill creating it was first passed; they have "discovered" that the people want everything first-class, and in order to complete it along the lines started, they must have another million.

A Pointer.

Anoka Union.

Ramsey county for an example. Cast a democratic majority if you want all the fat positions.

New York Daily Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL,
No. 21 Park Row.

Disgusted With British Workmen.

Feb. 14.—Among the Lucania's passengers for Liverpool was Sir Charles Ross, an English capitalist, who spent two months here looking, as he said, for a manufacturing site. He is the head of a large tool and cutlery establishment which is anxious to try American labor. Sir Charles expressed himself rather forcibly as tired of the "holiday" practices and other weaknesses of the average British workman. He would not discuss the result of his visit, although a friend who saw him off at the pier intimated that a deal for the purchase of land for manufacturing purposes had been practically closed.

Want Seats in All Cars.

Tired of standing in crowded cars, members of the Women's Reform Club are lobbying for a bill which, if passed, will compel New York street railroads to give either seats to passengers or lower fares. The bill provides that passengers without seats shall be taxed but 2 cents, the additional 3 cents being paid if a seat is afterward secured. The club has expressed itself as "terribly in earnest." To be frank, the average New Yorker is not given to surrendering his seat in a street car, usually putting comfort before gallantry, and this fact is rather irritating to the opposite sex.

Oyster Trust Threatened.

Imitation being the sincerest form of flattery, it follows that J. Pierpont Morgan has been paid a high compliment by the "oyster shuckers." These are the planters and growers of succulent bivalves along the Atlantic coast. Time was when the oyster business in this town proved a paying one. Sharp rivalry had the usual result, however, and it became hard work to make even a living. Now the "shuckers" are arranging to pool issues on a "community of interest" basis. It is proposed to acquire control of all beds in this vicinity and have the syndicate limit production, control exports and fix prices.

Famous Ax for Mrs. Nation.

Official tender has been made to Mrs. Carrie Nation of the famous Gleason battle ax, a weapon known throughout the length and breadth of New York and Long Island. Patrick Gleason, ex-mayor of Long Island City, was presented by his constituents with a formidable combination of polished steel and ash some years ago. In his prime Mr. Gleason was a great ax wielder and chopped down fences erected by corporations in defiance of the law. An ax was likewise his favorite weapon to obtain entrance to "joints" which had broken the Long Island statutes. This particular trophy was purchased at a good round price. Patrick has guarded it like the apple of his eye. Sympathizing with Mrs. Nation, however, he wrote her yesterday, advising her that a campaign here would require plenty of ginger and something heavier than a hatchet. His battle ax, he said, was at her disposal. If Mrs. Nation accepts, the trophy will be escorted with solemn state and reverence to the railroad station and presented to the Kansas crusader on her arrival. It is warranted to break down any side door in Manhattan.

Death Grip on the Pay Roll.

"It is easier to hang a murderer than it is to dismiss a New York policeman and keep him from getting his job back through the courts." That statement was made to-day by a disgusted member of the board of police commissioners who had been investigating a few cases where patrolmen had been dropped and afterwards reinstated. "In the last year," continued this commissioner, "we have had to pay out $130,000 in back salaries to men who have been reinstated by the courts. Not a single man in uniform fears dismissal. It is only a long vacation on full pay."

Old Masters Under Suspicion.

Art dealers regard with doubt the alleged consignment of "twelve old masters" to a New York agent, which were confiscated by the customs officials. A vigorous use of the cables and a little search among foreign art dealers are said to reveal the whereabouts of several famous pictures now alleged to be held up for duty at the public stores. Botticelli's "Holy Family" was included in the inventory of this confiscated group. In a list of his paintings this work is put down as hanging in the Pitti palace, Florence. "I wouldn't touch an 'old master' with a forty-foot pole," declared one dealer to-day.

SO SAY WE ALL OF US

Fairmont News—Abolish the whole fee system, as applied to state offices, and put every office on a salary basis, is a good enough slogan for any legislature.

Renville Record—The movement to place the oil inspectorship upon a salaried basis meets with hearty approval from all the state.

Winona Republican—Whether Mr. Hurd's bill is the best that it is possible to frame to meet the present emergency we do not pretend to say. It is at least founded upon common sense and common justice. Such reform as it proposes ought to be carried out by the republicans in the present legislature without any hesitancy. The existing scandal, heretofore winked at and tolerated by both political parties, should be abolished promptly and forever.

Fairmont News—The appointment of Fred Schiffman as oil inspector, judging by the tone of the country papers, is not being unanimously hailed as the salvation of the party.

Elbow Lake Herald—Just because John Lind's hired man drew such a fat salary and contributed liberally to the campaign fund of the fusion forces is no reason why Schiffman should be allowed to do the same thing for the republican. It's wrong; it's an injustice; it's an outrage.

Cambridge Press—We are getting too lavish in the expenditure of campaign funds, that very often are diverted to improper channels and are "grafted" by chronic political pirates. There is not one good argument that can be advanced by a single member of the Minnesota legislature in favor of the present fat fees of the state oil inspector.

THIS IS NO JOSH.

Granite Falls Journal—Just as soon as he gets time to tackle the matter you may be reasonably sure Jake Jacobson will make his voice heard again in the gross earnings tax business. He is only waiting to get his second wind.

Red Wing Republican—New legislator, to the man with a bill or an idea: "Let's go and see Jake about it."

Sacred Heart Journal—"Jake" Jacobson of Lac qui Parle county will go after the railroads of the state again at the present session by introducing a bill to have the gross earnings tax increased. Jacobson may get the laugh from some people, but he certainly has a way of going after things for the common people that every one must admire.

OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS

State Officers.

To the Editor of The Journal:

Are the district judges of Minnesota state or county officers? —C. A. N.

They are state officers. The district courts are part of the judicial system of the state, and judges are paid in part by the state, although elected on local or county tickets. Vacancies are filled by appointment by the governor.

Wine at the White House.

To the Editor of The Journal:

Is wine used on the president's table, either in private or on state occasions? It is claimed by some that it has been discarded altogether ever since Mrs. Hayes presided as mistress of the White House. —W. C. T. U.

The Journal understands that wine is served on the president's table on state occasions, and that this has been the rule under all the presidents since President Hayes. It is probably not often found there on private occasions under the present administration.

Communicating With Mars.

To the Editor of The Journal:

Noting the late experiments of Tesla in regard to signaling the planet Mars, does he claim to be the discoverer of this means of communicating with the unknown world? —W. L.

Probably does. He claims everything in sight. That he has really had any communication is not believed and remains to be proven.

YOKED WITH SATIN

Ancient Customs at the Marriage of the Spanish Princess.

THIRTEEN COINS FOR THE BRIDE

Ceremony at Madrid To-day Is the Simple Service of the Catholic Church.

Madrid, Feb. 14.—In the chapel of the Royal palace, in the presence of the royal family and the aristocracy and officialdom of Spain, Dona Maria de las Mercedes de Bourbon y Hapsburg, Princess of the Asturias, was to-day wedded to Prince Charles Bourbon.

The bridal party assembled at 10:30 in the private apartments of the queen, Maria Christina. The party of the bridegroom gathered in the apartments of the Infanta Dona Isabella. The bridegroom's party emerged first and proceeded to the chapel, immediately followed by the bride's cortege. The bride and bridegroom kneeled at the steps leading to the altar, thus remaining throughout the low mass, which was said by Cardinal Sancha. There was no singing, though the organ performed solemn sacred selections, including one written for the occasion by Zubicurre.

Quaint Customs.

As the bride and bridegroom knelt, a white satin-bordered veil, three yards long and half a yard wide, was spread over the head and shoulders of the bride, reaching over the shoulders of the bridegroom, but leaving his head uncovered, and a white satin ribbon, called a yoke, was tied about the necks of the couple, the knot being made between them, signifying their union.

After the mass the simple Catholic ritual of marriage was read. The ceremony did not differ from that uniting the most humble of that faith, except that the ritual was read from a specially printed book in Spanish.

Wedding rings were exchanged of great value and unique workmanship.

Another custom observed was giving coins to the bride by the bridegroom, thirteen gold coins, each weighing an ounce, of the coinage bearing the bust of Felipe, the first Spanish Bourbon monarch. They were the same used at the wedding of Queen Isabel II., the grandmother of the bride.

Companion, Not Slave.

The cardinal primate pronounced a short discourse, exhorting the wife to love and obey her husband, and the husband to love and cherish his wife, adding: "I give thee a companion, not a slave." He bestowed the papal and his own benediction.

Arm in arm the couple left the chapel, followed by a single cortege, the two family parties merging into one. They went to the apartments of the queen regent, where a record of the marriage was entered in a special civil register. A wedding breakfast was served in the state dining-room.

The princess and the now prince of the Asturias will occupy apartments in the palace. It is not intended tha they shall take a wedding journey at present.

No Disturbances.

The thousands of spectators in the neighborhood of the palace and filling the south grand court within the railings were orderly. They were watched by detachments of cavalry. The city is absolutely calm, but there are no decorations and no flags or bunting displayed except on official buildings. The people are attired in festival dress.

DEMAND FOR STEEL

Consumption Is on a Large Scale, Says the Iron Trade Review.

BUYING IN IMPORTANT LINES

Building Requirements in Chicago Are Expected to Break Records—Bessemer Higher.

Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 14.—The Iron Trade Review this week says:

The working out of the Morgan master stroke of high finance at New York is responsible for some hesitancy in the iron trade, but even so, the volume of current business is good, and there is promise of greater activity for the near future. On the heels of the recent buying of 150,000 tons of bessemer iron by the Carnegie company, it is reported that that interest is again in the market for a large block for delivery in the first half of the year. Estimates of the amount under inquiry range from 50,000 tons to 150,000 tons. Merchant furnacemen had been quoting higher prices before this inquiry came into the market, and $13.25 at Valley furnace is now said to be minimum for standard bessemer. The bessemer iron market is now likely to go higher.

Next to this important development in bessemer iron, the firmness in the steel billets is attracting attention. Sales of 20,000 tons of bessemer and 10,000 tons of open hearth billets were made in the Chicago district, much of this tonnage being at prices above the pool basis. In the Pittsburg district a scarcity of steel billets and sheet bars for the general market is reported, and special carbon billets have brought as high as $1 a ton more than the agreed price.

The consumption of steel is on a scale unequaled since the height of the boom in 1899. New contracts in finished material have not been large in the past week, but the full operation of mills indicates that further buying in important lines will not be long delayed. At Chicago the expectation is that building requirements will exceed those of any previous year, the final settlement of the stubborn construction trade troubles paving the way for a vast amount of delayed work. Structural mills are feeling the initial impulse of what promises to be a record tonnage, and with some of them specifications and new orders are already in excess of shipments.

GUN'S FOR CONGRESSMEN

GEN. RASSIEUR MAKES THREATS

Commander Charges Them With Being Disloyal to the Grand Army of the Republic.

Boston, Feb. 14.—In his address to the Massachusetts Grand Army of the Republic, General Rassieur, the commander-in-chief, national body, charged congressmen members of the Grand Army with being disloyal to the organization in the matter of legislation. He said:

They think they know better than you what you want. If a comrade is false to his obligation, we had better know it now, when we are strong, than when we are too weak to have any influence.

OCTOGENARIAN WEDS.

New York Sun Special Service.

Seattle, Wash., Feb. 14.—Judge Nicholas W. Battle, aged 84 years, a famous lawyer and soldier, and Miss Jessie McKellan, aged 34, a schoolteacher of Missoula, Mont, were married here.

UNIQUE SOCIETY AT LA CROSSE.

Special to The Journal.

La Crosse, Wis., Feb. 14.—Several young ladies have organized a club for the betterment of their young men friends. They have decided they will have nothing to do with the young man who smokes or drinks or uses obscene language. The new organization is the direct outgrowth of the Young Men's Self-Culture club, an organization for betterment. The young ladies have elected the following officers: President, Bessie Donalton; vice president, Alta Anderson; secretary, May Chrust; treasurer, Irma Gage.

VALENTINE OF KEOKUK

BY CICELY ALLEN.

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"We're literally cleaned out—never had such a season in the history of the firm. Now, what I want is a stock of suits, cloaks and waists, suitable for a grand clearing sale directly after the holidays. Every article must be a seller!"

Helen Gorman, cloak and suit model for Rosenquest, Baumann & Co., glanced up from the stack of price cards she was marking. Crossing the salesroom with Mr. Baumann was a rather good-looking young man. His glance was alert and seeemed to take in the entire room. He wore a neat fitting tweed suit, and a Fedora hat was pushed back from his forehead.

"Miss Gorman, that last lot of homespuns, please."

For the next four hours, without rest or relaxation, Miss Gorman paced slowly back and forth, arrayed in cheviots and venetian cloths after the severest styles, in silks and satins, corded, tucked and furbelowed, in saucy Eton jackets and flowing "automobiles" and newmarkets, and last of all in a succession of brilliant-hued silk waists, all of which harmonized more or less with her somewhat negative beauty.

At last the ordeal was over. Mr. Baumann disappeared in the stockroom, smiling blandly. It was a rush order—terms cash. The buyer had asked permission to sit at one of the long, narrow tables and write a letter or two. The electric light gleamed full upon his strong, kindly face. His hat was pushed back to the very limit. He wrote rapidly with a fountain pen, and Helen Gorman decided that it was to some one for whom he cared. His face softened and a smile crept about his lips. Perhaps the letter was to his wife.

His letters finished, the man rose abruptly, snapping the cover on his fountain pen. He turned to see Miss Gorman adjusting her veil before one of the long mirrors.

"Poor girl, that sort of work must be dreadfully trying. I guess I'll——"

He slipped his hand into his pocket and felt for a roll of bills. Just then Miss Gorman faced him. Her clear gray eyes looking straight into his. Instinctively he loosened his grasp on the bills. Clearly this was not the style of girl who would take kindly to a tip.

"I'm afraid we pushed you a bit this afternoon. We really ought to have let you rest, but you did famously."

"Thank you. I am glad you were pleased. That is my business, you know."

He had taken off his hat, and was gravely regarding the tall, slender young woman who stood before him drawing on her gloves.

'I feel greatly indebted to you," he persisted. "It is so much better to see the garments trotted out on a graceful young woman than to buy them from shelves or a dummy. May I show my appreciation? Will you let—I mean, may I have the pleasure of your company to-night at the theater? Please don't say no—not yet," he continued, seeing refusal written on Helen's face. "I'm from the west, you know—Keokuk—and I'm lonesome in New York—don't know a soul. Mr. Baumann will say a good word for me, I'm sure. It would be a great favor if you'd go—and—I'm single."

He added the last words so seriously that Helen bit her lip. Then suddenly a flush dyed her cheeks, extending to the tips of her ears and the edge of her soft ribbon collar. The man from Keokuk saw and misinterpreted.

"Believe me, I shall consider it an honor, and—and, say, haven't you a mother who'd—er—chaperone us? I'd be delighted, I'm sure."

The flush faded and Helen smiled a trifle drearily.

"It's because of my mother that I can't go. You see, she's quite an invalid, and—I must stay with her."

She did not add that because of her gentle mother's invalidism she had no fancy waist for theater wear, nor that the simple tailor-made gown she wore to business was in reality the only street dress she owned. While she hesitated the man from Keokuk felt a sudden desire to see more of this young woman, who lookd well in every gown she tried on, and who apparently preferred the company of an invalid mother at home to that of a successful young merchant at Daly's.

"Well, say, I'll be in town all day to-morrow, and I hate Sunday in a strange town. May I some up to see you—and your mother?"

"Certainly," replied Helen, her discretion overcome by his breezy insistence. She gave him the address, and an instant later was lost in the shadows of the elevator.

The next afternoon the man from Keokuk called, bearing a box of roses that made Helen catch her breath. They must have cost a fabulous sum, she thought. The caller was wonderfully agreeable to Mrs. Gorman. He was soon telling her of his career in the vigorous west, from his start in the small store of a prairie town to the day he purchased an interest in the Boston store of Keokuk. And in turn he displayed a polite but frank interest in their tiny flat. He had read about New York band-boxes, he said, but he had never been in one before. And almost before Helen realized what was on foot, Mrs. Gorman was escorting the young westerner through their four-room apartment. He pronounced the folding bed a marvel of economy in space, and admired the denim cover Mrs. Gorman had made for it. Standing alone in the pantry—there was not room for both himself and his hostess—he gravely studied the array of doll-like shelves. With the dumb-waiter for carrying up coal and taking down ashes, he was frankly delighted.

When they returned to the parlor where Helen was luxuriously hiding her nose in a real American beauty, Mrs. Gorman remarked that they were a bit crowded, but it was much more pleasant than boarding. The man from Keokuk replied that he knew just how she felt. Whenever he received an invitation to partake of home-cooking, he indulged in an ecstasy of anticipation. And he did not add that such invitations were frequently forthcoming from clever mothers of pretty daughters in Keokuk.

Then Helen gasped. Her mother was actually inviting him to remain for tea. The invitation was utterly unconventional, but apparently it did not strike the westerner that way. He accepted eagerly, and heroically suppressed a wild desire to rush out after champagne, fried oysters and white grapes to grace the feast. He thoroughly enjoyed the little tea-cakes, the cold chicken and other simple dishes, which he felt sure Helen had helped to concoct. They sat long at the table, and longer still in the soft radiance of the parlor lamp. What at last their guest took his departure the two women dropped back in their chairs, looked at each other drolly, and then fell to laughing.

"Well, really, isn't he too odd? You'd think he'd known us for years!" Helen gasped between paroxysms.

"Yes, but he is so genuine and so—nice. How he did enjoy his tea! I have heard that all westerners are like that—so free and easy, and—and alive."

"And he seems to think that everyone is as honest and respectable as himself. It's positively refreshing after coming in contact year in and year out with people always suspicious, always insincere." And Helen bent over to take another luxurious whiff of American beauty perfume.

The next morning Helen went back to her labors before the buyers of Rosenquest, Baumann & Co., and the man from Keokuk, after a tiresome day in the wholesale millinery section, plunged into a hack and barely caught the night express for Chicago. He had intended to bid her good-bye, but forgot his disappointment before he reached Pittsburg. By that time he had decorated numerous sheets of paper with advertisement copy, announcing that the Boston store, being heavily overstocked, would inaugurate a sale the like of which had never been seen in Keokuk. Yet, when certain packing boxes arrived from New York, he seemed once more to see a graceful, lithe figure promenading before him, glorifying the garments his clerks were hurriedly marking and placing on the shelves.

St. Valentine's Day, in New York, was nasty, gloomy and slimy—a breeder of grip and the "blues." Helen had donned garments innumerable for the edification of depressed and captious buyers. The day had been a failure, and when she found her mother tearfully fingering a box of girlish trinkets, she felt irritated.

"I just happened to think this was St. Valentine's Day, and here is every valentine your father ever sent me."

The elder woman touched with gentle fingers the yellowed paper lace, the glaring roses and misshapen cupids which adorned the messages from her boyish lover.

"Somehow, I don't think you girls have half the little pleasures we had in our time. How we watched for our valentines! But you've dropped all the good old customs."

As Helen went into the entry to hang up her wraps, she thought bitterly that it was useless to dream of customs old or new when one had to show off ready-made raiment six days in the week to buyers who were either distressingly exacting or persistently impertinent. Then the bell clanged shrilly, and she opened the door to receive a package bearing the stamp of a fashionable florist. While her mother peered curiously from the depths of her easy chair—it had been one of Mrs. Gorman's bad days—Helen untied the silver cord and held up a wicker box. Within lay the most perfect violets she had ever seen, and such masses of them. With a touch almost reverent she laid them in her mother's lap, and searched for the card. Who could have sent them?

But instead of a card, she drew forth a heavy, oblong envelop, bearing in the left-hand corner this practical legend: "If not delivered in five days return to the Boston store, Keokuk." Helen tore open the envelop and read these astonishing words:

"To the dearest girl in New York, or anywhere—

"I am coming on some time next month to buy summer goods. Will you wait for "Your Valentine?"

In her excitement, Mrs. Gorman, forgetting aches and pains, had hurried away for a vase. When she came back, Helen, with a smile on her lips, was slipping something white under her belt.

"And on his business letterhead, too! Isn't he the oddest fellow in the world—and the best?"

Then noting the perplexity in her mother's face, she said, gently:

"I take it all back, mother, dear. Girls in your days did not absorb all the pretty customs. The violets are a valentine from—the man in Keokuk."

CHANCE FOR CARNEGIE

Richard Mansfield Wants Him to Endow a Theater.

New York Sun Special Service

Chicago, Feb. 14.—Richard Mansfield declares for an endowed theater. Said he:

Mr. Carnegie announces his purpose to spread abroad each year some $15,000,000. He has plenty for all the libraries his soul may desire, and a little surplus besides. Might it not be brought home to him that in no way could he better minister to the elevation of humanity than by building and endowing a theater which should be all that men of artistic hopes have longed for and aspired to create?

The influence of the stage for good or bad rivals the influence of the church. I believe the influence is for the good. I would see it even better and greater. Into its care very largely is entrusted the precious heritage of our English speech, its purity, its diction, its pronunciation, its vocal beauty.

NORTH DAKOTA

LANGDON—Judge Kneeshaw will soon set the date for Murderer Barry's trial. Barry denies the report that he has received word of the death of his mother in Ontario.

HARVEY—The postoffice contest was settled last night by a vote of the republican patrons, at a meeting held for that purpose, resulting in the selection of Fred O. Brewster. The total number of votes cast was 215, of which Brewster received 114 on the first formal ballot.

For the weakness and prostration following grippe there is nothing so prompt and effective as One Minute Cough Cure.

CUBA MAY AGREE

Committee Is Expected to Confer With Governor Wood.

Havana, Feb. 14.—Probably a meeting will be arranged between Governor General Wood and the committee of the constitutional convention to consider