

THE JOURNAL

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after he has title he can do what he pleases with it. So long as the law is in operation no blame can attach to the individual who profits by it, but the interests of the people as a whole demand its repeal at once.

A farmer near Fort Snelling, crased by the effect of the bad weather on his crops, hung himself. If there is anything that will test a man's strength, it is to go thru a farmer's experience in a bad year, with ruin at the end, after alternating periods of hope and despair.

Who Will Intervene? A St. Petersburg cable states that the Novoe Vremya of that city, which reflects the mind of the government when it has a mind, and puts forth feelers for European contemplation, demands active intervention in Macedonia, but intervention toned down to attaching officers of all the foreign powers to Turkish repressive expeditions, authorized to restrain the barbarous fighting instincts of the Turks and Albanians and secure some recognition of the rules of modern warfare in the suppression of the Macedonian revolt.

At the same time Russia and Austria have issued a note declaring that, if Turkey and Bulgaria come to blows, they will not support either, but will hold both responsible. The Bulgarians in their note announce that they are firm in their purpose of mobilizing against Turkey, if the powers do not intervene. The British government has been appealed to by the bishops of the established church to fulfill its Christian duty and stop the deadly work of the Turks in Macedonia. Neither the Russo-Austrian note, nor the proposition of the Novoe Vremya, nor the appeals of the English bishops, nor the offers of the Bulgarian bishops are likely to have any pacific effect.

It may be recalled that twenty-seven years ago, when the Turks were butchering the Bulgarians with hideous ferocity, at the instance of England a conference of the powers was held at Constantinople and demands were made upon the sultan for administrative reform and he refused squarely to comply. Lord Salisbury stated afterward in the house of lords that the conference failed because the powers utterly failed to "instill any common sense into the heads of the Turks." Russia then asked the powers: "What are you going to do about it?" The powers did nothing, and Russia alone demanded reforms of the Turk and the latter defied her, the czar's troops invaded Turkey in April, 1877, and in ten months crossed the Balkans and stood in sight of Constantinople, dictating terms to the sultan which included the independence of Serbia, Rumania and Montenegro; limited autonomy for Bosnia and Herzegovina and for Crete and Turkey's Greek provinces, and Bulgaria was made a semi-independent principality, including Macedonia and its Bulgarian population. This treaty, England using her influence with other powers, succeeded in annulling, so forcing the Macedonians back into slavery and oppression of the Turk. This reversal was due to the jealousy of Russia, chiefly inherent in England, who is content to the policy of prodding the sultan to crush the insurrection as soon as possible and by all available means.

The Russian proposal to send army officers from each nation to see that the Turks conform with the rules of modern warfare when they are wrought up to fanatical bloodthirstiness, is an absurd proposition. The threat that Russia and Austria will hold Turkey and Bulgarians responsible for their actions, if they engage in war, amounts to little unless Russia is ready to repeat her program of 1877. Just now she wants a free hand to insure her grip upon Manchuria, where it is necessary to keep a large number of troops, also she has again promised evacuation next month after a fashion which means no evacuation whatever, and is now facing manifest opposition of the Anglo-Japanese alliance to the acceptance of China of the latest Russian build-up.

This menacing situation is hardly very encouraging to Russia, to deliberately engage in another half-a-billion war with Turkey with a prospect of engaging in the inevitable rough and tumble fight of the "concert of Europe" over the effects of the "stick man."

Every plan for amelioration of the Christian population of Turkey by the powers has failed because each power has been more interested in promoting and guarding its own interests than in helping these people, their mutual jealousies making them consentient to the enormous oppressions and diabolical cruelties inflicted upon these wretched populations. Not a province of European Turkey has ever been liberated from the oppressor except thru bloody war, and it is more than probable that, only thru the same tragical method, will what territory which remains to the Turk in Europe be freed from the shadow of the crescent flag.

Minnesota Politics. The latest scheme cooked up by the anti-administration organs is by Minneapolis to support Van Bant for governor, and then to elect Minn. senator in place of Clapp, elevating Ray Jones to the governorship. This is about the roughest yet, the nation now expects, as a regular thing, party campaign books, compiled by experts capable of twisting obstinate facts in the proper direction to sustain partisan theories, when such work is needed. The campaign book is an essential quadrantal literary production. It is usually dry reading, except to stumpers and others who want to get the most effective figures, the campaign committees can assemble. In the 1898 and 1900 campaigns the campaign books were supplemented by various "political" "settlers," embodied in somewhat humorous stories about the standards and other disputed matters, which seemed to take with the public, indeed, the campaign books can be made much more attractive than they are. The book of the party in power ought to be accurate and unassailable in its statements of facts. The opposition will play fast and loose with facts and waive responsibility. It considers its business to be the exposure of legislative blunders and diplomatic blunders, and if they are hard to find, to invent them and other things. The opposition finds it necessary, frequently, to use the services of committees of experts in the art of inventing administrative peccadilloes. This isn't very nice, but it is a necessary evil, and seems to be a political literary necessity.

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THE HISTORY AND USE OF HYMNS AND HYMN TUNES. By David B. Reed, D. D., author of "The Preparation of the Hymn Book," etc. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell company, Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Price \$1.50. Dr. Reed was formerly pastor of the House of Hope Presbyterian church in St. Paul and is now a professor in the Western theological seminary. In this volume he treats the subject of hymnology, a subject which has of late years, in a manner far more attractive than have other writers on the subject. After a brief discussion of the ancient pagan and Christian hymns, he reviews the early Christian hymn literature, which was voluminous, and is echoed to-day in the singing of the Gloria in Excelsis, the Te Deum, the Credo, the Benedictus and the Trisagion. He also reviews the hymn literature of the Middle Ages, and the hymn literature of the Reformation, and the hymn literature of the present day. He also reviews the hymn literature of the present day, and the hymn literature of the future.

AT THE THEATERS. Metropolitan-Haverly's Mastodon Minstrel. They have the straight "wool," the red lips, the china eyes, the sooty features that distinguish the "China" minstrel from the genuine negro. But the company now known as Haverly's Mastodon Minstrel, are no more in search of twentieth century improvements than they have lost the comic charms of the plantation "darker" and the charms, as well of the old-time imitation. What the present Haverly's Mastodon Minstrel, can do to determine. They aren't "cullid pussions," they are by no means "illy abner" than the "China" minstrel. They have not only "laid down" the shovels and the hoes, but they have cast aside the banjo and the "bones." They have not only "laid down" the banjo and the "bones," but they have cast aside the banjo and the "bones." They have not only "laid down" the banjo and the "bones," but they have cast aside the banjo and the "bones."

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BREADTH OF COURTESY. Philadelphia Ledger. It was on a Spruce street car. All the seats were occupied. At Broad street the car stopped for a moment, and a woman got on. Not seeing any vacant seats she clung to a strap right in front of a rather thin man, who was tightly wedged in between the seats. When the man's innate politeness could not let him see a lady stand, but it was out of the question that she should occupy the small space he was filling. However, he was equal to the occasion. With a look at his neighbors and half rising, he said: 'I'll be one of two to get up and give this lady a seat!'

"TIM" HEALY'S TALL HAT. The appearance of "Tim" Healy in the house of commons wearing a new silk hat brought out the fact that he had worn since the fight on the home rule bill, his high hat was smashed, Mr. Healy had worn a high hat sent him by the corporation of Alexandria, and he had a new one made, and wore it to its utmost limits. Last week he was forced to buy a new title, and he has a new one made, and wore it to its utmost limits. Last week he was forced to buy a new title, and he has a new one made, and wore it to its utmost limits.

THE SECRET. I have a secret; how shall I bring it home to my dear friends? Say it or sing it? Shoe it or sing it? So it may outrun and outstep me? More: coocon web whence it broke free? Only one secret can save from disaster, Only one magic is that of the Master. Set it to music; give it a tune. Tune the brook sings you, tune the breeze brings you. Tune that the cumbrous dance to in June.

JUVENILE TREATISE ON ANATOMY. Philadelphia Inquirer. The study of anatomy, recently introduced in the public schools, may be a good thing in some instances, but it was very aptly thrown away on a certain boy whose essay on the human body was read at an examination not long ago. "This is what he has discovered after a careful perusal of the text-books: 'The human body consists of the head, thorax, abdomen and legs. The head contains the brain in case there are any. The thorax contains the heart and lungs, also the liver and lights. The abdomen contains the bowels, of which there are five—e. i. o. u. and sometimes w and y. The legs extend from the abdomen to the feet, and have hinges at the top and middle to enable a fellow to sit when standing or to stand when sitting.'"

Books and Authors. The political campaign literature of this country has always been "mighty interesting reading," during the past century. The nation now expects, as a regular thing, party campaign books, compiled by experts capable of twisting obstinate facts in the proper direction to sustain partisan theories, when such work is needed. The campaign book is an essential quadrantal literary production. It is usually dry reading, except to stumpers and others who want to get the most effective figures, the campaign committees can assemble. In the 1898 and 1900 campaigns the campaign books were supplemented by various "political" "settlers," embodied in somewhat humorous stories about the standards and other disputed matters, which seemed to take with the public, indeed, the campaign books can be made much more attractive than they are. The book of the party in power ought to be accurate and unassailable in its statements of facts. The opposition will play fast and loose with facts and waive responsibility. It considers its business to be the exposure of legislative blunders and diplomatic blunders, and if they are hard to find, to invent them and other things. The opposition finds it necessary, frequently, to use the services of committees of experts in the art of inventing administrative peccadilloes. This isn't very nice, but it is a necessary evil, and seems to be a political literary necessity.

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Casually Observed. The Langley airship is suffering from cold feet. The Turkish eleven went right thru the Macedonians' center for 700 yards. A new blackberry is causing some comment in the southwest. It is yellow when it is green and white when it is black. Hold on there—hold on—what's the matter with you on second thought, those are the exact facts.

Mount Morris, Ill. has a paper that keeps right up with the news, letting the people know when there is something doing in town. Take the case of Charlie Wisard. It is interesting to the people of Mount Morris and the Mount Morris index knows it. Hence the following item: There is bound to be a wedding next winter in these parts. It is Charlie Wisard's wedding in the morning, three nights out of every week, and when there is a wedding, you know you think this little item is of importance. Charlie thinks otherwise—and so does Elizabeth. So also does Mount Morris. In fact, the index is more correct in Mount Morris than would a declaration of war between Turkey and Britain. The index is not wrong. The growing circulation of the Mount Morris Index shows that it is. And when Charlie asks again, Elizabeth says: "Oh, Charlie, you see what the index said about you? Isn't it dreadful?" And Charlie replies with great boldness: "Don't care what it says. If it gave an account of our marriage it would suit me to a finish."

When the editor of the Annandale Advocate-Post went out chickening the other day, his pup flushed a flock of turkeys about two points off the lee bow of a farmer's barn, scattered a few eggs and nearly barked a lung out at a gopher hole. The editor did not become discouraged. A little further on he fired four shots at two birds and got two tail feathers. Then he struck several fields where there was no burning, the slow side of the gun was not so accurate as we believed them. Then we came to a large open field and the dog fell into them, and we saw them emigrate about a mile. We got several more birds, but they were not so fat as the ones before noon but did not shed any blood only in skinning a knee trying to kick several times. Later on Mr. Satterlee's report tells of the death of nine chickens by shot-polluting his property. The Annandale is a beautiful state of doing owing to the prevalence of farmers' boys in the neighborhood with dead chickens for sale.

DEARIE ASKS A FEW QUESTIONS. Chicago News. "Dearie!" said young Mrs. Winston tenderly, as her husband smoked silently on the veranda, "tell me—do you think you ever have married anybody but me, ever?" "Never," said Winston. "Oh, but you would," said young Mrs. Winston positively. "Now think, dearie, not Margery Catlin?" "Never." "But you used to go about with her a lot?" "You know you did. Not Halle Marston?" "Not on your life." "But you sing about Halle to-day and I have my doubts." "Not—Laura Greenleaf, dearie?" "What's been stuffing you with ghost stories?" "Never mind that. Would you?" "Not while I could run." "But this person was very positive and ought to know." "That's where I'm strong, too. I ought to know." "I know that you used to play golf with her." "Not quite; she played with me." "And she took you driving times without number and drove too. What were you doing all that time?" "She had a horse, my dear, and preferred to sing about Halle to-day and I have my doubts. 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