

THE JOURNAL

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A PITIFUL SPECTACLE

It is a pitiful spectacle that Mayor Ames makes of himself as he sits there in his refuge of West Baden and talks about the corruption in the Minneapolis police force and tries to lay the whole scandal to the private shortcomings of a few policemen and the efforts of his enemies to defame him.

A LESSON FROM VILAS

Republicans will do well to study Wm. F. Vilas' pronouncement on the duty of democracy. The former senator and secretary of the interior is an able man and he has a facile command of stimulating English.

The county will ask the board of tax levy for \$120,000 less this year than last. Now watch the other departments of local government hustle to increase their appropriations by an equal amount.

MR. STEVENS' NEW PLAN

In the current number of "Opportunity," published at St. Paul, Congressman F. C. Stevens presents in brief form the best statement of the existing condition and prospects of the American merchant marine that we have seen.

It is rather strange that wireless telegraphy is not already in successful practical use on the great lakes. Until it can be successfully applied over great distances, it seems as if the very best opening for it is in connection with navigation of the great lakes, where the vessels are never more than seventy-five

IN A NUTSHELL.... The Alaskan Boundary Dispute.

So closely related has the Alaskan boundary question been to that of reciprocity with Canada and so great has been the public interest in Alaska ever since the gold discoveries of recent years that the questions of the interpretation of the definition of the boundary and its actual establishment have commanded great popular interest in the United States.

Another New Party? Is it possible that we are to have another new political party? It is reported from New York that there has been a conference at Manhattan Beach in which ex-Senator R. F. Pettigrew, Senator Dubois of Idaho and Professor Droppers of South Dakota and Hon. George Shibley of Washington were the conspicuous conferees.

First—Pay a generous compensation for mails actually carried across the seas. Foreign mails are now a source of profit. They need not be an item of expense even by large mail payments for actual service.

Second—Pay adequate sums for proper construction of steamships so they can be instantly used as passenger and freight transports, supply steamers and cruisers for the national defense. This is the English system and only makes extra payments for corresponding extra cost of construction and for freight space destroyed by naval requirements.

Third—Pay adequate sums to American seamen so they can be enrolled into the naval reserves and report annually.

Fourth—Pay small sums for establishment of lines of steamers with regular communication to ports where such lines would not be established without this encouragement. Such payments to be for short periods, not renewable, and conditioned upon carriage of export cargoes.

Fifth—Pay small sums to single vessels for foreign voyages to ports to where no regular communication exists, conditioned upon carriage of full export cargoes.

All parties in the United States are agreed that it is wise to pay generously for the ocean transportation of mails by American steamers. Foreign mails now yield the government a good revenue, and liberal payments can be made for moving them without taxing the people a cent.

Such a provision would tend to give us a number of swift and powerful ships on the main routes that would make excellent auxiliary cruisers in time of war.

Senator McLaughlin is altogether too sensitive. He refuses a place on the court of claims because some newspapers accused him of taking it as pay for treachery. The senator is the victim of South Carolina snobism and is entitled to something that will lift up his name up into modern times.

To Americans the use of the word "windings" in the treaty is conclusive evidence that the line is to follow the indentations of the coast instead of its general trend. The very purpose of the Russians in creating the "panhandle" shows that to be the case.

Russia to-day sustains the position of the United States, and all the maps of the world's mapmakers, including those of England and Canada, show the boundary as the United States has always supposed it was.

Even the British admiralty chart, corrected up to April, 1898, giving the northwest coast of America from Cape Corrientes, Mexico, to Kodiak Island, recognizes the American definition of the boundary. In fact, that definition was the definition of the whole world until the discovery of gold in the Klondike in 1896 made it extremely advantageous for Canada to get possession of the head of Lynn canal, and thus come into possession of the entire route to the gold fields from Skagway.

The present modus vivendi establishes the actual frontier considerably inside of the American claims, but still wholly excludes the British from the ocean or any inlet of it.

While Americans regard the American position as to the Alaskan boundary as impregnable they appreciate the importance to Canadians of a port in Alaskan waters; and the concession to such a port, or even the actual cession of a port and its hinterland, is a subject for legal discussion whenever Canada and the United States get around to an earnest consideration of the whole question of reciprocity.

Someone proposes Senator Spooner for vice president. Even the La-Follette people would be favorable for it. They might be willing to concede the vice-presidency has nothing to do with election and taxation reform in Wisconsin.

Excelsior word is done by Miss Laura McGilvray and Miss Viola Burton as society friends of Lady Jessica, and by Lloyd Carleton and Alfred Hudson as their respective husbands.

Richard Harding Davis has a bull dog so cross and ugly that it bit a piece out of a "brandy" when it landed in New York. It is doubtless one of the kind of dogs "that likes children," and likes them raw.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed. The Journal's twine story yesterday was an interesting note for the demagogue.

Mr. Pettigrew has decided that there is money enough in this country and so goes on Mr. Bryan's leasard list.

A new tetanus treatment has come into vogue in New York. Instead of boring a small hole in the skull and inserting the antitoxin, it is found equally fatal to inject small doses into the spinal cord between the second and third vertebrae of the lumbar region.

Mr. Tracy seems to have a positive genius for getting a full meal and then getting away.

Jonathan W. James of Rhode Island has a sure cure for rheumatism. Lightning struck James last week and the cure was complete. No doubt it didn't kill him either. At least he claims not.

When the Venetians found that the Campanile had really fallen, they fired the bells of the department in charge of state buildings. Say, why can't the Minneapolis city hall tower fall down!

Panama, July 22.—The sea fight off Panama between the Columbia gunboats Chucuito and Clapet and the insurgent gunboats Santa Rosa and Santa Rosa was a position on one side of Flamenco Island and the insurgent boats were ten miles distant on the other side. The fight was opened by shot and the casualties were found to be as follows: First, no one of the ships was hit, but George Santaluz of the Santa Rosa was helping increase the noise of battle, had his finger burned by the premature discharge of a cannon cracker.

There is a large number of artists at work near Mandota trying to put the scenery "into oil." Patiently they sit day after day, dabbing paint on little pieces of rough canvas in a studio which is a mere shack, but they have no general painting. They "there" had been busy to attend to the matter.

SAVE THE POOR-KILLER A JOB Chicago Post. It was right for Captain Hobson to save that young woman who jumped in the water just to have the honor of being rescued by the "hero," but there have been no general mourning. Had "there" had been busy to attend to the matter.

AMUSEMENTS

The Percy Howells in "The Liars."

Enthusiasm over the Percy Howells production of "The Liars" is well justified. The play is a smart society comedy by Henry Arthur Jones, and the manner of its playing is highly commendable. In fact, it has been many a long day since a summer audience at the Metropolitan has seen so smooth and meritorious a production as that presented at the opening this week.

"The Liars" seems with epigrams and smart cynicisms, many of them calculated merely to catch the eye, to be a highly amusing play of interesting incidents in the career of likeable people; and it pleases alike through the humor of its situations and the brilliancy of its dialogue.

There can be little but commendation for the work of the various members of the Howells company in this play. A better balanced performance has seldom been seen here, and it is a credit to the company that they have secured a play of such high quality.

Frederick Lewis, in "The Liars" as in "Catherine," plays the part of an unfortunate lover. He is an actor of unquestioned ability and his handling of the scene in which he tells Lady Jessica's husband the "whole truth," and announces his love for her at the same time that he declares her innocence, is a superbly masterful.

Excelsior word is done by Miss Laura McGilvray and Miss Viola Burton as society friends of Lady Jessica, and by Lloyd Carleton and Alfred Hudson as their respective husbands.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

HAVE TO FILL The executive committee of the democratic caucus met yesterday morning to select a chairman in whose hands the management of the campaign will fall.

HALVORSON MAY Senator Charles Halvorson of Dawson is not out of politics yet. He is not waiting for renomination as a republican, but is being solicited by democratic and populist friends to run as an independent candidate.

STREET INDORSERS

THE MERGER. Benjamin Bendish, according to current report, decided to run for the state senate as a merger candidate.

It seems to be "meed," declares Editor-Cannibal of the Ivanhoe Times. "Sittas comes home from Granite Falls shouting for Volstead. The Granite Falls Tribune comes out this week shouting for Volstead, which indicates that Sittas has received the reward he sought, namely: Volstead's support in Yellow Medicine county, and that the two factions with their common enemy now dwell in peace and harmony together."

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Their Physician

By ROY RICHARDSON

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"Do it again, Uncle Bill!" he cried. "It's lots of fun." Uncle Bill did not seem to hear. He was looking wistfully out of the window, and Bobby looked, too, but saw nothing.

"Let's play ping-pong," Bobby suggested. "You're not big enough yet. Guess again, or I'll ping-pong you!" "Let's tell stories," ventured Bobby. "All right, old sport. You begin."

"We'll" drawled the youngster in the slangy rote, climbing into Uncle Bill's lap, "once on a time, w'y, they wasn't any little boys 'n' little girls, 'n' pretty soon they was Cain 'n' Abel."

"What's that?" asked Bobby. "Did Miss Josephine ever kiss you?" "Little boys shouldn't ask questions," was the quick reply, and a soft cheek was drawn close to a rougher one.

"Yes, little boy, she did." "Well, but didn't she make you all well?" "No." "You hurt yourself?" "Yes." "Where—in your knee?" "No." "In your stomach?" "There or thereabouts."

"Did it hurt much?" "I say, Bobby," exclaimed Uncle Bill, with more than his usual earnestness, "let me talk of something else. You are a very little boy, and you ask questions that are painful. I don't—"

"Does it hurt you yet?" queried Bobby, thinking of stomachs. "Yes. Now, Bobby, if I—"

"Why don't you go 'n' see Miss Josephine? She'll—"

"Why?" "Oh, because. What a lot of question you can ask. And how little you know, Bobby." "I know the 'two's' in multiplication table, anyway—so, now, Miss Josephine taught me yesterday. See? I wrote it down on my small jacket, where was a pocket, and proudly drew forth an assortment of documents.

"There it is," he announced, after a careful search for a scrap of paper on Uncle Bill's knee. "It's the 'two's,'" he remarked, indicating a tippy column of hieroglyphics, the only legible characters in which was the letter 'x.' "That means 'two' times 'two' equals 'four.' A very interesting exhibit," observed Uncle Bill. "What is that letter you have with the—the 'two's'?" "No, no, no, the picture card, the letter—the 'x' in the blue envelope. Let me see it. What do not boys have in their pockets? Why, bless me, it's four."

"W'y, w'y, Uncle Bill," stammered Bobby in a sudden epasm. "w'y, I forgot! Miss Josephine gave me that for you. She said to bring it right straight to you. Uncle Bill, what makes your eyes so big 'n' shiny? Oh, Uncle Bill! Don't—don't hug me so! You're hurtin' me awful!"

"Am—old man?" Uncle Bill said in a queer voice. "Tell me, Bobby, when Miss Josephine kissed you, how did you feel?" "All nice," answered Bobby, with self-satisfaction. Uncle Bill hugged his nephew again.

"Did that hurt you, Bobby?" he asked. "No, the chair, the chair, the chair!" "Then you get an umbrella, Bobby, just as quickly as ever you can, and I'll take you on my back, and we'll run over and see if Miss Josephine can make us feel all nice again, as you call it."

"Are you going, too, Uncle Bill?" "Yes." "Right now?" "The sooner the better."

"Yes," said the childish philosopher sagely, "when you hurt anywhere, it's best to get it cured right away."

It is related by Mrs. Terton in her book on hospital experience that there was once at her cottage a young man, a student who suffered from intense depression, more correctly characterized as acute melancholia. The nurse tried to arouse him in every way and amuse him, but he refused to respond to her efforts.

A Girl Who Wrote. By Alan Dale. New York: Quill & Warner, 23 Park Row. Price 15c.

The girl who wrote in this case was Miss Sallie Sydenham, who had become seasoned to the excursions of morning journalism, which means work in the afternoon, in the gloaming, at midnight and in the coming of dawn.



"WHEN YOU'RE HURT ANYWHERE, IT'S BEST TO GET IT CURED RIGHT AWAY."