

SAYS PIGS ARE CLEANLY

OHIO MAN SAYS THESE PACHY- DERMS ARE MUCH MALIGNED

One of the Traditions of the Nursery and Its Most Effective Simile Seems Destined to Vanish Before Searchlight of Modern Inquiry—Mr. West's Model Pens.

The searchlight of modern investigation and modern observation is remorseless. Yesterday we were informed that Washington never figured in the cherry-tree episode. Today those in authority insist that the pig is neat. Tomorrow—well, one shudders to think what the morrow will bring forth.

In the case of the pig, however, some apology certainly seems due the animal. For centuries he has been maligned. In the nursery he has been held up as an object of loathing.

"No clean little boy," from time immemorial have remarked well intentioned but mistaken nurses, "will care to look or act like a nasty pig."

"Thus horror of the pig's mode of life, regarded at his manners, have been early instilled in the minds of the youth of the land. And with what result? Why, the animal throughout his life has had the dust of suspicion pointed at him. But now comes Mr. West, of Ohio. "The pig," says Mr. West, with emotion, "has never had a chance."

But Mr. West has not only preached. He has practiced and results have vindicated the character of the pig. He has placed the refinements of life in reach of the pig. Today Mr. West's pigs are the pride of Clark county. They revel in a spotless pen. Their Sunday bath—alas, they have not reached that stage where the daily tub is necessary to their peace of mind—is an event looked forward to. Their meals are dainty feasts, daintily served. Mr. West deems it only credit for these encouraging results. "It was in the pig," he insists.

But the pig's gain is the world's loss. In "dirty as a pig" it had a most effective simile which truth will now compel it to discard. However, the world is not churlish. It will not begrudge the pig its vindication. And that vindication, though tardy, is complete.

SOCIAL.

Mrs. Abbie J. Clapp has issued invitations for a tea tomorrow afternoon in honor of Mrs. Wetherbee, of New York and Mrs. Lillian J. Townes, of Duluth, who are her guests.

Mrs. H. T. Quinlan, of Ashland avenue, will entertain for Mrs. O'Connor and Miss Sweeney, of Harvard, Ill.

Mrs. J. G. Higbee, of Western avenue, entertains this afternoon in honor of Mrs. Chislett, of Chicago; Mrs. Henry A. Castle and the Misses Castle, who have recently returned from Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Frank N. Maas Lincoln avenue, will give a porch picnic party next week in honor of her guests, Miss Buck and Miss Brady.

Mrs. J. W. Straight will entertain a house party at the week end in honor of Miss Charlotte Dure, of Hallock.

A reception will be given this afternoon at St. Joseph's academy for the visitors to the Catholic summer school.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Ray gave a reception last evening to celebrate the twelfth anniversary of their wedding. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. Campbell, Miss Gray, the Misses Harper, Mrs. Barnacle, Mrs. Painter and Mrs. W. C. Edwards.

Mrs. Frank Bingham, of Dayton avenue, will give a reception tomorrow afternoon.

Mrs. J. C. Hill, of Virginia avenue, will entertain tomorrow evening in honor of Miss Geer, of Hartford, Conn.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

The members of St. Mary's Episcopal church choir left yesterday for a fortnight's outing at Chicago lake.

The Pleasure club gave an excursion last evening on the J. J. Hill.

The Junior Pioneers gave a picnic yesterday at Leips' park.

Epiphany mission gives an ice cream

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social this evening at the residence of W. S. Reed, Hamline, 1316 Van Buren avenue.

The ladies of the Olivet M. E. church will give a reception at the residence of Mrs. Corser, 886 Randolph street, this evening.

Mrs. J. H. Hintermister, of Highwood, will entertain the members of the Hamilton Whist club this afternoon.

Mrs. J. T. Stewart, of Laurel avenue, will entertain the members of the Neighborhood club this afternoon.

PERSONALS.

Miss Annie Castle will return from Mexico this week.

Miss Ruth Smart, of Des Moines, is visiting her father at the Argyle apartments.

James Castle will return from Mexico this week.

Miss Pendergast, of Ashland avenue, is in the East.

Miss Beniteau, of Nina avenue, has returned from Duluth.

Mrs. John Ghiblin and Miss Tessie Ghiblin, of Waverly, Minn., are visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. V. O'Connor, of Fuller street.

Miss Aggie Fitzgerald, of Ashland avenue, is at Madison Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. John Clarke have returned from Duluth.

W. G. Carling will leave on Sunday for Berlin, Germany.

Miss Julia Donnelly has returned from Duluth.

Mrs. E. M. Flood, of Spokane, is visiting her son, H. W. Lyons, of College avenue.

Mrs. J. Davega, of Bakersfield, Cal., is visiting Mrs. A. S. Kasten, of St. Anthony Park.

Miss M. E. Devlin has returned from Seattle.

Mrs. J. A. Ballard and Mrs. Jessup leave next week for the great lakes.

Col. and Miss Morton, of the Aberdeen, are visiting in Fargo.

Dr. and Mrs. Gustave Renz join a camping party next week at Perham.

Mrs. C. H. Way and Miss Way have gone to Port Arthur for a visit.

Mrs. J. P. McGrorty and Miss McGrorty are at Independence Lake for a month.

Miss May Squires, of Marshall avenue, is at Minnetonka.

Edwin Clapp, of Portland avenue, has left for Isle Royale.

Mrs. U. L. Lamprey and Miss Lamprey, of the Albion, leave next week for Minnetonka.

FAIR SMUGGLER FOILED.

Society Woman Is Forced to Give Up Pearl Necklace Purchased in Paris.

NEW YORK, July 23.—As a prominent young society woman of Philadelphia, stepped from the steamship Kron Prinz Wilhelm on its arrival here and greeted her husband, waiting on the pier, agents of the treasury department interrupted their conversation and took from the woman a pearl necklace reported worth \$20,000, which she had purchased in Paris and omitted from her declaration.

A special treasury agent has been in Paris and learned of the purchase of the necklace. He determined to return to New York on the same steamship with the purchaser. After the traveler had greeted her husband, the couple were asked to return to the women's storeroom. The agent asked for the necklace, and the woman, who wore it around her neck, under the dress collar, handed the pearls over.

Collector Stranahan may allow the payment of the duty of 80 per cent and deliver the necklace to its owner.

The latter said, however, he might decide to pay the duty and return the necklace to the Paris jeweler who sold it to his wife. The woman said she had no intention of evading payment, but wished to consult her husband about the purchase before declaring it to the customs officers.

American Girl Weds.

LONDON, July 23.—There was a fashionable gathering at St. George's church this afternoon to witness the marriage of Maj. Charles Hall, of the Oxfordshire light infantry, to Mrs. C. Albert Stevens, widow of C. Albert Stevens, of New York. Joseph H.

Choate, the United States ambassador, gave away the bride.

Mrs. Charles Albert Stevens was Miss May Brady, daughter of the late Judge John R. Brady. She was married Nov. 15, 1888, to Charles Albert Stevens, the millionaire son of Edwin Stevens, of Castle Point, Hoboken. C. A. Stevens died from pneumonia in New York March 23, 1901.

Mysterious Illness of Novice.

FLUSHING, L. I., July 23.—Leone Jeerde, for two years a novice at a convent here, is dead after a long and mysterious illness which had baffled medical science. An autopsy was performed, and in the region of the heart and piercing the pericardium was found a headless steel hatpin four and a quarter inches long, also headless.

The young woman had complained of pains in the stomach since 1896, but she died without having mentioned the cause of her illness.

A Luxurious Bath.

There are a good many things that make the "bath a luxury" at small cost, if one only knows what they are. A little borax softens the water and

makes it velvety. A little ammonia removes all perspiration. A handful of sea salt makes the water rather harsh, but is most invigorating. Bath bags are too cheap to mention, if they are home-made, says the New York Tribune. A yard of fine cut cheesecloth will make half a dozen or more. They should be filled with bran, powdered orrisroot and a few shavings of castile soap. They soften, soap and perfume the water, and used as a wash cloth leave a delicious sensation.

Sentiment in Kerchiefs.

A fastidious woman was recently heard to declare that the handkerchief is a thing of sentiment from which one may read not a little of its owner's character. "The daintily refined woman," she says, "always has a delicate, snowy bit of linen, edged with lace, or

Dainty Robe de Nuit.

One new nightgown, fresh from a Paris shop, will make the girl who can afford to buy or copy it dream dreams of herself. It is of snowy French lawn

the benefit of all the steam possible, the renovator being so shaped that the most perishable materials will not be injured by its use. Feathers, boas, wings, quilts, hats are each and all restored to freshness by the help of this little article, as well as lace, crepe, braids, velvet, ribbon and even chiffon. The directions are explicit and as simple as possible.

ARTISTIC FRENCH FICHU.

This dainty accessory to a stylish white chiffon, with insertions of lace, gathered gauze ribbon. The shoulders are finished with folds of plain bias chiffon. It can be appropriately worn

a narrow embroidered mesh, or with the finest and most fairylike of hand hemstitching, delicately perfumed, so that the perfume is almost elusive, and never to be recognized, and with a freshness about it as if it had never before been used."

WHAT A BOY CAN DO

These are some of the things a boy can do:

He can shout so loud the air turns blue; He can make all sounds of beast and bird; And a thousand more they never heard.

He can grow or cackle, chirp or cluck; He can fool the rooster, hen or duck; And can cock the dog or lamb or cow, And eat herself can't beat his "meow."

He has sounds that are ruffled, striped, or plain; He can thunder by like a railway train; Stop at the stations a breath and pass; And march away as a street parade.

He has all of his powers in such command; He can run right into a full brass band; With all of the instruments ever played; And march away as a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill if he's wide awake and is keeping still; But earth would be—God bless their noise!

A dull old place if there were no boys. —Nixon Waldman in the Christian Era-Deavor World.

A MAN'S WAY.

Ask me not this; To take from thee a single kiss, Then go, forgetful of the store; Thy lips conceal, beg for more.

Yet bid me slake Mine utmost thirst and so awake, Lady, no longer should I see Dawn, noontide, evening clothed in thee.

Truth that it still Drink down things every charm and show I, like other men, would go.

But smelt thou art Shyness personified, my heart Runs pit-pat underneath thy feet And each grudging kiss becomes more sweet.

Come, Springtime, say! How hast thou known so well the way To hold me knotted to a thread When hopes would fall to bind instead?

Thou wilt not fall? Still, in the fervor of thine eyes, Scorch me with kindled wickeries.

MENU FOR FRIDAY.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit Mash. Whipped Cream. Dried Beef and Scrambled Eggs. Cucumbers. Coffee.

LUNCH.

Eggs a la Buckingham. Tomatoes Stuffed with Sweetbread Salad. Cold Coffee.

DINNER.

Fruit Soup. Boiled Mutton. Capers Sauce. New Peas. String Beans. Boiled Rice.

Pineapple Sherbet. Coffee.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Sold by druggists.

RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm St., N. Y.

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SUNSTROKE INSURANCE

When the summer's heat gets about 90 degrees, you are liable to be sunstruck any time you are out in the sun, unless you take the proper precautions. Several years ago, the writer of this, who has spent much of his life in the tropics, thought he was safe from sunstroke. One day he collapsed, remained unconscious for five hours, and at times his life was despaired of. As a matter of fact, any person whose stomach and bowels are in bad shape in the summer time, is liable to be sunstruck in temperature that would be harmless under normal conditions. That's all there is to it. Stomach and bowels full of fermenting refuse that forms acids and gases, raise the heat of the body and blood many degrees. Scientists have found that natives of the South Sea Islands, living on laxative fruit, bananas, coconuts, bread-fruit, have a temperature 20 degrees lower than that of white men who are careless about their food or their bowels. It has been found in years of experience, that a CASCARET Candy Cathartic taken at bed-time every night will keep the body clean and cool inside all day, and forms a safe and thoroughly reliable form of sunstroke insurance.



Best for the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. is guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sample and booklet free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York. 649

AFRICAN PYGMIES ARE BRAVE AND FIERCE

Esteemed as Mercenaries by Negroes Near Whom They Live.

Male members of the Akkas, a tribe of pygmies in Africa, never exceed four and a half feet in height. These little men live chiefly by the chase, using bows, arrows and lances with great dexterity, and slaying such large animals as elephants, baboons and chimpanzees with comparative ease. They are much esteemed as soldiers by the negroes among whom they dwell and whom they frequently serve as mercenaries. They are in the habit of exchanging the products of the chase with their negro neighbors for arrows and lances, but use no other implements, a sharp arrow fulfilling the purpose of a knife. They possess no vessels of any description, drinking water from the streams in the hollow of the hand. Although they will eat almost any animal substance, inclusive of locusts and white ants, they have the saving virtue that they are not cannibals, and they never use salt. Their only method of capturing fish is by damming off some portion of a stream or pool and then laboriously hauling out the water until the fish are left in the mud.

A new book on Uganda relates that a young elephant captured by his party became in two days as tame as a dog. It would follow him into his house and touch and smell all the articles in it. It was fed with a bone and almost at once learned to take the bottle in its trunk, put it into its mouth and suck the contents. The baboons he considers a link between human brains and those of the common monkey. They could easily be taught to become sentinels and could be made useful about a house in many ways. He also noticed the female chimpanzees were extremely jealous of the native women if they went near the male chimpanzees. He noted the tribe of Africans who were quite keen on the idea of training both elephants and zebras. Unfortunately, the young animals when caught could not survive in captivity, and soon died.

Chicago Daily News.

They Are in Mud.

Eugene F. Ware, the new commissioner of pensions, who, over the name of "Ironquill," long ago established his reputation as a wit and writer of verse,

has been much interested for years in the condition of roads in his adopted state of Kansas.

Recently R. W. Richardson, secretary of the National Good Roads association, who is preparing to take a good roads construction train across the continent, said to Mr. Ware:

"How do the farmers in Kansas stand on the road question?"

"Up to their knees," was the reply.—Los Angeles Herald.

Just Opened for Defense.

At the funeral of a lawyer of state reputation, who lived and practiced in a town not far from Philadelphia,

and who was known among his friends thereabouts as an unbeliever, an eminent gentleman from Philadelphia reached the house after the minister had begun the sermon. Not knowing how far the service had progressed, he accosted a well-known Quaker of the town, who was a friend of the deceased, and who was noted for his great sense of humor, and leaning over his shoulder, asked in a whisper:

"What part of the services have they reached?"

"To which the Quaker, without a smile replied:

"Just opened for the defense."—Philadelphia Times.

PICTURE PUZZLE.



Find the owner of this fine estate and his dog.

Solution for yesterday's puzzle: One is in front of the horse; the other over Washington's left shoulder.

The Globe's Daily Short Story

Pericles.

By J. LOVERING.

The foundations of the Burden fortunes had come out of Goud and Curry away back in the early '50s, and on this foundation "Old Ike" Burden had raised a substantial monument that in passing through the hands of his son Johnny had, if not increased in size, been very tastefully ornamented.

After the death of his wife, Johnny, now the Hon. Jonathan Burden, had devoted himself to the education of his daughter Adelaide. After her escape from the hands of her preceptors, at the age of twenty, father and daughter had spent five years in travel, visiting a few of the known points of interest in the better part of the world. Then the Hon. J. Burden had peacefully departed this life leaving all his worldly possessions to his daughter.

So it was when this story opens through Miss Burden's ever busy brain as she sat idly chipping the rock beside her with the odd-looking little hammer she had. Perhaps and what is more probable—she was thinking of one or the other of her new hobbies—geology and children. Of the two, children—and the raggeder and dirtier apparently the better—held the first place in Miss Adelaide Burden's heart.

"Say! you ain't respecting, be ye?" Miss Burden prided herself on her nerves. So it was when this abrupt question was fired into her solitude, they merely raised her eyes slowly till she met those of the speaker. Then she started, and for a moment fixed her eyes on the better part of the world.

"The angel, minus the wings, now came around the rock and took up its stand in front of her, resting its feet on a very dirty little boy of twelve or thirteen.

"I didn't know," explained the boy, "I see ye had lot of specimens and ye was hackin' at their outcrop like ye was."

Miss Burden's answer was to take one of the grimy little hands in hers and draw the boy down on the rock beside her, where with one arm around him she nestled him close against her. The boy viewed this performance with wondering eyes and offered no resistance to the caress.

Once snugly ensconced, Miss Burden said: "Now tell me your name—mine is Adelaide Burden."

"Mine's Pericles Finerty. Where'd you live?"

"Where do I live? Most anywhere." At this the boy turned as solemn, questioning look upon her, then remarked, gravely: "Now you're kiddin'."

"No, I'm not, really," protested Miss Burden.

"Well, then, what'er mean by that?" Miss Burden smiled.

"It is this way," she explained. "I have little money and no relatives and like to travel, so that really I have no home."

The boy's blue eyes opened wider still, and they fairly sparkled as he said:

"By Jove! ain't that great?" Then, seeing the surprised look on her face, he said: "Say, that ain't sweet, is it?"

"Oh, no, that's not sweeting. But what makes you say that?"

"Oh, dad says no gent'man swears

in the presence of a lady, and that swearin' is a useless sort of vice."

"Does your father ever swear?"

"Oh, lots, but he says it's only cause when you're in Philistia do as Philistines do."

"This was too much for Miss Burden's gravity, and she laughed long and loud, the boy's high falsetto joining in until the rocks rang with the music.

"Say!" said the boy, suddenly, "ju want some zirkins?"

"Zircon crystals?"

"Yes, I know where they're some dandies."

"Yes, I would like to get some."

"All right, come on; 'tain't far."

"Now tell about yourself," she questioned, as they climbed the steep hillside. "Where do you live?"

"Up there," with a nod up the canyon.

"With your father and mother?"

"Mother's dead. Dad an' I 'bach it."

"What is your father, a miner?" she persisted.

The boy did not answer, and the glimpse she caught of his face showed it hard and set in an ugly, defiant scowl.

Miss Burden saw she was treading on dangerous ground and at once changed her tactics. Taking a base advantage of her sex she said: "Don't go so the rocks rang with the music. I can't climb like you can. I must rest a moment, and she sank down on the rock apparently completely exhausted.