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THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1912

CHORES FOR THE BOY.
 The great loss of city boys is the loss of duties. Their spheres have been curtailed tremendously by the drawing of the city limit lines. When the boy lived on the farm or in the small town, he found plenty of things to do which were sport in the doing and only incidentally work, says the St. Paul Dispatch. He went abroad on his duties, performing his chores, and on the way he found rich treasure which he brought back with him, and stored up for a lifetime's use. Did he go after the evening cattle, he left the soft earth more up between his happy toes and experienced a sensation of the composition, yes, and the poetry of the soil which the city boy can never know, however much the bare feet to the asphalt. Every turn he made in his chores, in wood or field, in barnyard or stable, he found something to make it pleasure—work. It only the exercise of muscles. The country boy has his limitations, no doubt. The city boy has his advantages, if he only know how to take them. He has vastly more material in hand out of which to stimulate his imagination, to quicken his intelligence—if only he could retain, or his parents retain for him, some of the duties of old, some of the adventures which would give ballast to his life. This may be the day of the "division of labor," and the hired man of the furnace and the lawn may perhaps do his work more steadily and more explicitly than the boy of the house. But the boy should be considered as a unit, and parents should not make their lives so easy that they rob him of doing his immemorial chores.

At a meeting of the Linnean society of London, Prof. Poulsen presiding, a letter was read from Hierac Scherdlin, as follows: "For hundreds of years pigeons have nested on the spire of Strasbourg Cathedral. They increased so much that many attempts have been made to exterminate them, but in vain. During the last few years there has been a sudden and complete diminution in the number of these cathedral pigeons. I am of the opinion that this marvellous reduction is due to the asphaltizing of the streets round the cathedral. Between the stone sets of the pavement the pigeons were able to pick up food in quantity. In consequence of the asphaltizing and daily watering and cleaning of the places in the immediate neighborhood the birds have gone."

A woman in Pennsylvania is in jail because she married ten husbands in a vain endeavor to find a perfect one. In the meantime, the wife of the perfect one hunted was getting a divorce from one because she could not stand his perfection. It is impossible to please the woman.

Astronomers tell us that the Martian year lasts 730 days. When we look on the size of the average Martian coal bill we are thankful to be living on this little old earth.

The Georgia observer who says he saw a flock of robins that had been made drunk by eating berries failed to mention whether they were yellow or blue and pink.

Armor plate is like cheese, according to Hudson Maxim. This is the first time we have heard Andy Carnegie referred to as a cheese magnate.

That report of King George inventing a coal-burning cook stove was sprung just at the moment when it would make him most popular.

It is quite unnecessary to put the Chicago date line over the story that a woman physician prunes big feet as indicating big intellects.

The new Chinese government will be called the Ching Hwa Republic. But the irascible will probably call it the Chink Republic.

It is conceded when the other man has it, when we have it ourselves it is merely a proper appreciation of our own abilities.

The average world's bloom dealer says the world's bloom dealer.

Continued from first page.
 will render anthems and lead in the singing. The anthem on last Sunday morning was particularly fine.
 The new service at 7:30 will be omitted on account of the recalcitrant sermon and exercises in the Salem church.

6:30 p. m. the devotional meeting of the Epworth league, will be in charge of Rev. Fred Rieks. The topic for thought will be "Strength."
 Mid-week prayer service on Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. Topic for study, 2 Cor., chapter 5.

ZION.
 Sunday school begins at 9:45. General preaching at 11 a. m. every Sunday morning. On account of union services held at the Salem church there will be no Y. P. A. meeting, or English preaching in the Zion church Sunday evening.
 The Woman's monthly Missionary meeting will be held Thursday afternoon at the home of Hannah Wiseman.

Makes The Nation Gasp.
 The last list of names on a Fourth of July slayers' humanity, set over against it, however, is the wonderful list of names of Africa, Asia, Europe, and the Americas, who suffered from thousands of bullets and wounds or explosion, and the quick dealer of bolts, colors, creases, and lines, 25 cents at the Barrington Pharmacy.

CUTTING DOWN THE FLESH
 Heroic Struggles of a Fat Man Who Thought the Scales Were Deceiving Him.

I have about come to the conclusion that the good Lord intended some of his creatures to be fat and some thin, regardless of medicines and so-called infallible cures, writes a western man. For a long while I tried all the alleged obesity cures and none of them did me any good. Then I determined to starve myself and take lots of exercise.

All my life I had been a lover of good eating, and counted that day lost when I did not consume for my dinner the better part of a sirloin steak as thick as a dork's foot, with all the trimmings. For breakfast I usually destroyed one or two slices of bacon, besides fruits and two cups of coffee.
 This lifelong system I abandoned for an entire month, cutting out all the meat and about all the vegetables, a piece of toast and glass of milk taking the place of my morning meal and a little rice being the chief item on the meager dinner bill of fare. Lunch I omitted wholly. In addition I walked at least six miles every day and did all sorts of stunts in my room with a gymnastic outfit. Prior to going to bed I perpetrated all sorts of muscular contortions and rolled on the floor until my body was bruised. At the end of ten days I found it to run a three-mile footrace or go in the ring with the champion. About this time my scales made me ought to get a new one, and made me believe for the scales. My grocer assured me that they were correct to one cent, but they showed I had gained 14 pounds in period of my abstinence.—Exchange.

Promoters of Spirituality.
 The old adage in regard to the way to a man's heart is regarded by some persons as a little in masculine humanity, but Deacon Sampson Cranstoun evidently did not regard it in that light.

Heard much farther than the adage, and was willing to express his opinion at any time when it seemed best. When the members of the Central church were discussing the best way to instruct the young people of the town and bring them into touch with church affairs, Deacon Sampson spoke his word.
 "I believe in tar and feathers," he said firmly; "nobody believes in 'em more, and nobody attends 'em more than I do, but along with the meetings and agency on the ground. His face and hands were covered with blood, and his clothes were burning. Two policemen put the fire out, put Harvo in a cab, and took him to the nearest hospital. The other policeman found the bomb. It had been made of two metal soap boxes tied together, and filled with powder and nails. Harvo declared that he knew nothing about the bomb. He was on his way to his work, and the thing lying on the pavement, and kicked it off into the gutter. It broke open, and wondering what the black stuff in it was, Harvo lit a match and bent down to read out. An explosion followed.

Bomb's Deadly Work.
 Paris is truly a city of tragedies. At a quarter past eight the other morning there was a terrific bomb explosion on the boulevard de Montrouge. Policemen rushed out and found a young man of eighteen, Alfred Harvo, shrieking with pain, and rolling in agony on the ground. His face and hands were covered with blood, and his clothes were burning. Two policemen put the fire out, put Harvo in a cab, and took him to the nearest hospital. The other policeman found the bomb. It had been made of two metal soap boxes tied together, and filled with powder and nails. Harvo declared that he knew nothing about the bomb. He was on his way to his work, and the thing lying on the pavement, and kicked it off into the gutter. It broke open, and wondering what the black stuff in it was, Harvo lit a match and bent down to read out. An explosion followed.

Victims in Compulsory Work.
 Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in you temperance and self-reliance, diligence and strength of will, characteristics which the idle never know.—Charles Kingsley.

Heads and Hearts
 By Belle Manderson

It seemed to Vere as she stood at the little mullioned window of the farm house, that all the smoke clouds of a century had gathered to send the already white ground. She turned in relief to the big, pleasant room with its crackling open fire and resolved not to look out of the window again.

But there was little else to do. She had arisen that morning long before daybreak in order to get breakfast ready, and she had set the table for Luke, too, a place opposite mine, and maybe he will be here in spirit."

"I was thoughtful of him," she said, "as I sat there, with my hands clasped, I suppose he couldn't miss his dinner party, though. Wonder if Joe will get there. He must be snowed in worse than any man I know."

"With a sigh she went to work to prepare her solitary meal. "It will do for the best meal—a compound of cold meat, cold potatoes, cold milk, and cold butter. Luke, too, a place opposite mine, and maybe he will be here in spirit."

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As she gazed out at the winter night.

was more eligible. He owned and liked his well cultivated fields, was industrious, ambitious and progressive. Vere's level, little head thoroughly approved of Luke.

Joe, on the contrary, was of the happy-go-lucky nature that answered to the call of fishing pool or hunter's horn when there was urgent farm work to be done; but he had soft, sunny eyes and a rare, irresistible smile that moved Vere in spite of her resolution. Heads had been winning for a week back, and she had given this year at the home of Luke's mother would determine the question. She had promised Luke his answer on that day, and she had almost decided it should be in the affirmative. She hoped Joe would not make it hard for her to stick to her purpose.

The storm raged throughout the night, and the next morning she looked ad out on miniature snow mountains. She became apprehensive as to her means of exit, for their farm was in a valley and she was surrounded. She called up the neighbors by telephone and learned that her road was already impassable from drifts. She telephoned her friend, Harry, and expressed her regret.

Her inventory of her larger regret revealed the fact that there was nothing cooked or baked in store, for her mother expected to be home on the morrow.
 "I shall have to eat a simple ham and egg dinner," she told herself.
 About 11 o'clock there came a vigorous stamping of feet at the back door, which she hastened joyfully to open. The welcome visitor was Luke's hired man.
 "I was just two hours a gittin' down here. Had to come afoot. Can't get a team through. Let me get you a basket of dinner and this 'ere note."
 After he had departed, Vere read the note.
 "My dear Vere," it ran, "I can't spot your dinner that you can't be with us. I am sending you a few things for your dinner, as I hear your folks are away. Sorry I can't get over, but this is our busy day. That

some for my answer so soon as this storm lets up."
 In the basket was a chicken dressed and ready to eat, a mince pie, sugared doughnuts, a layer cake and stewed cherries.
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WHEN THE CANAL IS OPEN

Will Change Course of Freight Traffic Between Europe and Valparaiso, Austria and New Zealand.

The Hansa, the organ of the Hamburg ship owners, after consideration of the probable effect of the opening of the Panama canal upon steamship routes, states that after the middle of June, 1913, should the canal be opened to navigation at that time, steamers proceeding from Europe to San Francisco will not pass via Cape Horn, a route of 13,621 sea miles, but will save 6,200 sea miles via the canal. Steamers proceeding from Montreal to Sydney now cover 13,890 sea miles, but in the future will be able to do so over a route of 10,552 sea miles.

It is difficult to predict the effect of the canal upon freight traffic between Europe and Valparaiso, the Cape Horn route being only 3,100 miles longer than the canal route. Passenger ships proceeding will pass through the canal, serving the east coast of South America by means of auxiliary ships sailing from West Indian ports.

Trade between Europe and Japan will not be influenced by the canal, as the Panama route will be 1,900 miles longer than the route followed. From New York to Shanghai, on the other hand, the difference, in favor of the canal, will be 1,400 sea miles. The present route from Europe to Australia is 690 miles longer than the route via the canal, which is scarcely enough to threaten any great change. It is assumed that a part of the business from New Zealand to Europe, which today comes via Cape Horn, will pass through the canal hereafter, saving 1,600 sea miles. The canal route will be selected also by passengers who wish to avoid the rough and stormy routing of Cape Horn. The chief part of the steadily increasing business between New Zealand, Australia and New Zealand should therefore proceed via the canal rather than by the Cape of Good Hope, saving 3,300 miles.

Too Small for a Dog.
 The crane for small dogs has caused some uneasiness in Paris. Walking down the fashionable side of the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne the other morning was a man who had several toy dogs for sale. One of the smallest was a particularly distinctive griffon. A woman asked its price. The man made the little dog perform several tricks and then fished out a little creature scarcely more than half the size of the first.
 The woman concluded what she thought a bargain. She put the little dog in her hand, and, on getting home again, pulled him out. For a minute the animal showed fear, but then, to her great amusement, started toward her. After his capture by the woman it was found to be a large rat sewed up in dogskin.

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