

New Ideas in the Observance of Arbor Day Are Supplementing Formal Tree Planting Ceremonies.



Photo by American Pres. Association.

There are new ideas nowadays as to how Arbor day should be celebrated. The tendency is to make it a day of generally cleaning up and beautifying the earth instead of devoting it merely to the tree planting ceremony of former years. This illustration shows how the children of Fort Washington, N. Y., celebrated Arbor day this year. They literally "scoured" the town, collecting all the rubbish from yards, alleys and streets and piling it where it could be easily disposed of. Similar observances of the day are reported from other towns. The new Arbor day is rapidly finding favor, and in view of the general agitation in favor of an annual municipal "housecleaning day" its development to a high degree of usefulness is possible.

PUDDING BELL STILL RUNG

Church in the County Palatine Gives Warning It Is Time to Begin Frying Pancakes.

Concerning church bells Mr. Frank Hird tells of the quaint customs which are still observed in some of the parishes in the County Palatine.

Before the Reformation the great bell of the parish was rung on Shrove Tuesday to call the people together for the confession of their sins, or to be "shriven;" hence the name of the day. "This bell," says Mr. Hird, "is still rung in some parts of Lancashire, and is still called the 'Pancake Bell,' being now regarded only as a signal to the people to begin frying their pancakes."

"In some villages a bell is rung as the congregation is leaving the church after the morning service. This is known as the 'Pudding Bell,' it having been firmly believed for many generations that it is rung to warn those at home to get the dinner ready."

"The origin of the ringing of this bell is not known, but like many other old customs, it still lingers in the remoter parts of the country, announcing to the village that the service is over and that 'pudding time has come.'"

"So late as 1870 the curfew bell was rung at Burnley, Colne, Blackburn, Padham, and in many other towns and villages. This, perhaps, is the most remarkable instance of the persistence of an old custom centuries after it has ceased to have any reason."

Laugh and Grow Fat.

Democritus, who was always laughing, lived one hundred and nine years; Heraclitus, who never ceased crying, only sixty. Laughing, then, is best, and to laugh at another is perfectly justifiable, since we are told that the gods themselves, though they made us as they pleased, cannot help laughing at us.

LAND FOR SALE

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END OF WONDERFUL GUN

Did Its Duty to the Finish But the Strain Was More Than It Could Bear and Survive.

Not long ago an ex-governor of Michigan, a Cleveland capitalist, and several friends were in the big woods near Turtle Lake, guided by Sam Sampson, a famous hunter and trapper. Sam possesses a gun with a barrel five feet long, but once, according to his story, he had a still longer one.

"It was a wonderful gun," he said to the ex-governor. "I could kill a bar as fur off as I could see 'em, an' that gun was as knowing as a man. If it hadn't been fur that, it would never ha' busted!"

"How did you break it?" asked one of the hunters.

"I strained it t' death," said the old guide soberly. "I was out hunting one day when I seen a buck and seven does a-standin' close onto me. I pulled up old Beetle—that's what I called th' gun—and was jest goin' t' let go when I heard an awful funny noise over my head.

"I looked up 'n' there was more'n ten million wild geese a'fallin' over me. There I was in a predicament. I wanted th' geese 'n' I wanted the deer.

"At last I aimed at th' geese an' let silver. Beetle must ha' knowed I wanted both, fur that was th' end of the old gun. The strain on her was too much, an' both barrels busted.

"Th' shot in one of 'em killed the buck, th' shot in th' other killed ten geese, and when Beetle died she kicked so hard I was knocked into a crick. But when I come out my bootlegs was full o' fish. I ain't never seen another sech gun as Beetle."—Lippincott's Magazine.

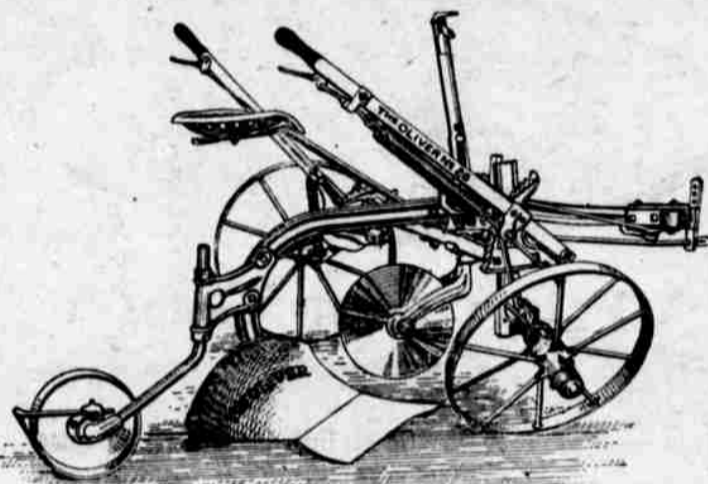
Mysterious Stranger in Town.

"Something mighty queer about a feller that was here last week," related the landlord of the Turfdowntown tavern. "He never kicked about his room, ett with apparent relish what was set before him, didn't try to flirt with the waitresses, and when I asked him if he was looking for land or seeking health or canvassing for something he politely replied that he wasn't. He went to bed and got up at reasonable hours, walked sedately about town, bought 10-cent cigars as if he was used to 'em, answered civilly the remarks of practically every prominent citizen in town about the weather. He stayed three days, and then paid his bill without grumbling, bade me a courteous good-by and went away with as little flutter as he had come. And on account of the consistent manner in which he minded his own business and let other people's affairs alone there has been a good deal of speculation about him ever since, the consensus of opinion being that he was either a famous detective, some kind of a slick swindler or a crazy man."

My Duty.

There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: Myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Everybody Recommends OLIVER NO. 28

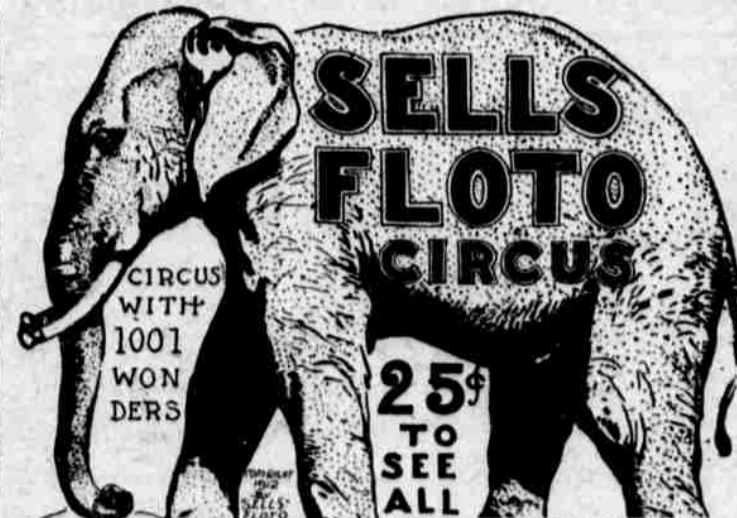


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ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILES

Following is the New Mail Schedule at Logan, Utah, Post Office on account of new time card of the Oregon Short Line, effective Sunday, December 22, 1912

CLOSING OF MAILES

East, West, North and South, 7:30 a. m. 2:00 p. m.
Preston Branch, north 10:25 a. m. 7:15 p. m.
Branch Loop south, Hyrum, Wellsville, etc. 2:00 p. m.
Providence and Millville, via R. F. D. 1. 9:30 a. m.
Jensen and King, (except Sunday) 1:00 p. m.
R. F. D. 1, College Ward, (except Sunday) 9:30 a. m.
R. F. D. 2, North Logan (except Sunday) 9:30 a. m.

ARRIVAL OF MAILES

East, West North and South 8:20 a. m. 11:30 a. m. 8:30 p. m.
Preston Branch 8:20 a. m. 3:00 p. m.
Branch Loop, Wellsville, Hyrum, etc. 11:30 a. m.
Providence and Millville, 4:30 p. m.
Jensen and King (except Sunday) 11:45 a. m.
R. F. D. 1, College Ward 4:30 p. m.
R. F. D. 2 Greenville, North Logan 1:00 p. m.
All windows at post office are closed on Sundays the entire day.
General Delivery, Stamp, and Carrier windows open on holidays from 9 to 10 o'clock a. m.
Only two dispatches are made on Sundays: South, 7:30 a. m. and North at 7:15 p. m.

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