

Project

Data source – RSS site <http://www.economist.com/sections/obituary/rss.xml>

Back End WCF or ASMX or WebApi

Front End - html, CSS, JavaScript, JQuery

Back End Description

Pull data from RSS feed and expose as **json** format for the client (Front End)

Frontend Description


Build web site that include 2 html pages (index.html and item.html)

Index.html page

Page includes all articles from feed. When click on title page item.html will be opened with data from selected article.

Startum (Obituaries)

Fri, 17 Jun 2016 12:06:51 EDT




OUT-OF-TOUCH and self-centred at best; deceitful and crooked at worst: Britons have developed smoulderingly low opinions of their rulers. Jo Cox—idealistic, diligent, likeable and rooted in her Yorkshire constituency—was a living rebuttal of that cynicism. Britain's political class is easily caricatured as an inbred elite. But she was the first member of her family to go to university. True, she found Cambridge daunting: it mattered so much how you talked and whom you knew. Other undergraduates had posh professional parents and had taken sunny gap years. Her only foreign travel had been package holidays in Spain, with summers spent packing toothpaste in the factory where her father worked; indeed she had assumed, until school pointed its head girl farther afield, that she would spend her life working there.

For all her brains and charm, Cambridge jolted her confidence—setting her back five years, she said. But when in 2015 she reached the House of Commons, mastering the ways of that self-satisfied, mysterious and privileged institution was easy. Also unlike a stereotypical politician, she had a real life: She had been an...[Continue reading](#)

Raising the temple (Obituaries)

Wed, 15 Jun 2016 11:46:51 EDT



HAD you wandered in 1950 past Sealdah railway station in Kolkata, weaving through the newspaper-hawkers, basket-carriers and mule-drivers, you might have spotted Manohar Aich sitting under a tree. He was selling green coconuts from a great pile beside him, their tops chopped off to expose the white meat. You might have haggled with him, as with any street merchant. What you could not have ignored, if you came close, was the 46-centimetre bicep that rippled under his shirt, and the perfect V-shaped chest that gleamed as he tossed the waste rind aside. For Mr Aich had started his day at the wrestlers' training ground, doing thousands of press-ups, sit-ups and leg-raises, and the rupees he was now accumulating were to pay for his trip to the Mr Universe contest in London—which, in 1952, he won.

In the short-height category, to be sure. He was only 4 feet 11 inches (1.5 metres) tall, and weighed seven stone (44.5kg); but he could break a spring of 275lb tension, and rip up a 1,500-page book with his small bare hands. After winning the Mr Hercules title in 1950, he had become 'the pocket Hercules'. He was next for a bodybuilder; nothing freakish...[Continue reading](#)

Item.html page

Page include single article

The greatest (Obituaries)

Wed, 8 Jun 2016 12:25:53 EDT



PURE skill was much of it. The brutal delicacy of the ring-craft, so rare in the heavyweight division. Among the lumbering sloggers he dodged and danced, floating like a butterfly, stinging like a bee. Faced with a solid, flat-footed opponent, as all seemed to be compared with him, he would circle, torment and mesmerise, throwing short punches at speed. All that weaving, skipping, leaning leisurely away, before coming in for the kill. Flooring Sonny Liston once with a punch so fast that no one quite saw it (see above). Taunting George Foreman to exhaustion by sinking into the slack ropes, just letting him punch himself out while his own fine, hard body absorbed the blows. He always knew when his rivals would topple. He would mimic their shuffling desperation and his own artistry, pummelling the air with fast, precise, furious fists. Let the old guard complain that he ducked and dipped too much, held his hands too low and his chin cocked too high; he won fights.

And what fights. Fifty-six of them in his career, and only five defeats. One against Liston in 1964, when he was 22 and the odds were 7-1 against him, that left the world heavyweight champion...[Continue reading](#)