Buy Coffins in Advance.

United States authorities recently admitted into the country as personal property a very handsome coffin brought here by a woman from Europe who, fearing death while here, wanted to be buried in a casket of her own choosing. This fact caused undertakers to reveal the fact that hundreds of eccentric persons, mostly women, had picked out their coffins in advance and they were stored awaiting call. Some are of ivory, some of cast iron and others of rarest timbers.

English Duke's Coronet.

The coronet of an English duke consists of a circlet of gold around which, arranged at equal distances from one another, are eight gold strawberry leaves. The leaves are called parsley by some authorities.

Colonial Speed Record.

There was great excitement in the American colonies in 1766 over the remarkable feat of an express wagon that made the trip from New York city to Philadelphia in the record time of two days.

Says Br'er Williams.

They ain't no use in prayin' for Providence ter take care of you ef you don't give de railroad train de right-of-way.—Atlanta Constitution.

THE ORGANIST OF SULZBACH

By FRED R. WEBBER

IN THE little German town of Sulzbach, Josef Rudolstadt was an important man. For more than fifty years he had been organist of the village church. And to be the organist of the village church of Sulzbach is a distinction second only to that of being burgomaster or pastor. But both organ and organist had become so old that even the ultra-conservative townspeople saw that a change was necessary. To buy a new organ was not a difficult matter, but to discharge the old organist, now too feeble to fill the position, was another thing.

A popular subscription was taken, and the townspeople saw visions of an organ that would be the pride of the lower Rhine-country. Builders were called from Brussels, and in the course of time the organ was built, brought to Sulzbach and set up.

On the day that the work was completed, the question of the old organist's dismissal was settled, for it was learned that Josef Rudolstadt had died during the night.

Now another question arose. Who was to play the new organ? Such a position of honor could not be given to the first man who applied for it. True, Sulzbach had a dozen aspiring organists, yet only two seemed eligible. One was Pierre Esquerre and the other was Karl Rudolstadt, son of the old organist.

Pierre was a Frenchman, and had lived in the town for years. His house was in the lower part of the town, near the Rhine. This, together with the fact that Pierre was a musician of exceptional ability, was all that the people of the town knew about him, for he was a man who kept much to himself. Gossip had never hit upon any explanation of his past. Just why so talented a man should be content to live in a village and teach music was a matter that had never been explained.

Karl Rudolstadt was a man of considerable popularity. He had spent all his life in the town, was well known and well liked. Karl had inherited his musical talent from his father, and had spent years in training, under the direction of the old organ master.

Such a man was fitted for the position, his friends insisted. But there were others who were determined that the Frenchman's great skill should not be ignored. The question agitated Sulzbach for days. It was discussed with much vehemence by the townsmen, and whenever a group of people were seen on the street, it was reasonably certain that the topic of conversation was the Esquerre-Rudolstadt controversy.

Finally a plan was evolved and agreed upon. It was decided to have a trial day, and the rival musicians were each to play. The townspeople were to be the judges, and the selection of the organist was to be by popular vote.

For days the rival musicians practiced on the big organ.

Finally the trial day arrived. It had been declared a public holiday, and every man who could brought his family to the church to hear the candidates play.

The pastor of the church announced the conditions. Each organist was to have the privilege of playing whatever he wished. If either of the two refused to compete, the choice was to go to his rival. Every person above the age of eighteen was entitled to one vote, and their choice would decide the question of such moment.

The name of Pierre Esquerre was announced. There was much suppressed excitement when the Frenchman took his place at the organ and arranged his stops.

The people of Sulzbach had never heard such playing. Pierre had chosen only one number. He started with the soft toned stops of the organ, gradually added to his registration, building up his theme as he went, until he reached the climax in a thunder of diapasons that brought the entire audience to their feet.

He left the organ bench flushed, and with a look of conscious triumph. The people were speechless for a time. Then they looked at one another in amazement, for when had any of them heard such playing! They discussed it in suppressed whispers. It was wonderful! But others insisted that Karl Rudolstadt could outdo the Frenchman.

The name of the young German was announced, and the people were all attention. But the rival candidate did not appear.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, then half an hour. The people grew restless. Then it was suggested that Pierre be elected, for by the terms of the trial, Rudolstadt's absence made him ineligible. The German's friends protested, because they knew that Karl was no coward, and that he was not absent voluntarily. Messengers were sent out, but the man could not be found.

A vote was taken and the Frenchman elected.

Days passed, and Karl Rudolstadt did not return. The town was agitated for a while, for it was not usual for a man to leave his family and friends in such a manner, especially in a community where generations live and die, and no one thinks of moving away. Gradually the matter was forgotten, and in the course of time it became a tradition of the village.

The organ and the organist were famed throughout the region, and many tales were told of the wonderful skill of the organist.

Finally, before a fest-day, it was decided to repair the organ. The French organist, now grown old, had kept it in repair, but now it needed a thorough overhauling, and the builders were sent for and arrived.

That night Pierre Esquerre was seen entering the church.

On the following day the master-builder who was repairing the organ, left the church in great excitement and summoned one of the town officials. The builder led the way to the church, and motioned for the selectman to follow him to the organ loft.

"Put your foot on that pedal," the builder said.

The selectman obeyed, but there was no sound.

"What is wrong with the organ? Why will that pedal not sound?"

"Follow me and you'll see."

The master-builder hurriedly led the way to the back of the organ and up a long ladder to a platform. Below were the rows of great, open pedal-pipes.

The builder lowered his light into one of them and motioned for the town official to look.

"A man's feet!" the selectman cried.

After a hurried discussion, a number of workmen were called, and the big pipe was lifted out and laid on the floor of the organ loft. Then the workmen drew from the inside of the pipe the body of the old Frenchman. The men were horrified. No one cared especially for the sinister old organist, but the manner of his death was terrible.

One of the men, examining the body, gave a cry, and called the attention of his companions to a rope clutched in the hand of the dead Pierre.

They pulled the rope out of the pipe, and at its end was a bundle. The selectman's eyes flashed meaningly.

"I have always suspected," he said; "now we shall see."

He cut the leather thongs and unrolled a faded coat of peculiar make that even the younger men remembered as belonging to the missing organist. Inside of this was another bundle, in which was a wallet, a watch and several smaller articles of jewelry. In the case of the watch was engraved:

"Karl Rudolstadt, Sulzbach, 1817."

The story was clear to all. Before the trial, the selectman explained to the organ builder, the Frenchman had killed his rival and had made way with his body, possibly sinking it in the river. He had hidden in the organ pipe the dead man's coat and valuables, which would have identified him, should the body be found. When the builders came, the Frenchman, alarmed at the possible discovery of his crime, tried to remove the incriminating articles from the organ pipe, had lost his balance and had fallen in himself to a terrible death.

The excitement in Sulzbach, when the news was learned, was great, and many reproaches were heaped on the memory of the dead Frenchman.

The organ is the pride of the village, even today, and the townspeople never grow tired of telling the occasional visitor of its unusual story.

With Prey in Grasp, Tiger Sensed Danger

Most wild animals are specialists; that is to say, they are highly developed in one particular direction. The tiger is great as a stalker. His feet seem to be shod with silence. A gentleman, for many years a resident of India, cites an experience of one neighbor illustrative of this point.

He had been much annoyed by tigers, and at last tied a bullock out in a clearing and took up his own position in a tree to wait till the tiger should come after the bait. The ground was covered with dried leaves, which in hot weather are so brittle that even the walking of a bird over them can be heard for a good distance.

In no very long time a large tiger slipped out of the forest and slowly edged toward the bullock. His method was so elaborate and careful that the man who saw it used to declare that it would have been worth a thousand rupees to any young sportsman to have witnessed it.

So carefully did he put down each paw, and so gradually did he crush the leaves under it, that not a sound was to be heard. Between him and the bullock was a stump about four feet high, with long, projecting surface roots. This, plainly, the tiger looked upon as a godsend.

He got upon one of the roots, balanced himself carefully, and so was able to walk quickly and silently as far as the stump. He approached so gradually and noiselessly, and his color against the brown leaves was so invisible, that he was close upon the bullock before he was perceived.

Then, instantly the bullock charged. The tiger eluded him, and in a moment more had his paws on the bullock's neck, ready to drag him down. Then, like a flash, he caught sight of the rope by which the bullock was tied, and sprang into the forest.

Mythological Lore

We often speak of Nemesis pursuing someone. Nemesis was the goddess of revenge, who mercilessly hurried to punishment guilty souls condemned by the goddess of justice. Her name has become a synonym for retribution.

"As sure as Fate" is a common phrase. Why is fate so sure? The Fates were three sisters who controlled men's destinies. The first sister spun life's thread, the second twisted it, and the third cut it off with her shears. They alone dared oppose the sovereign will of the gods, and they issued irrevocable degrees.

POULTRY

COMFORTABLE HENS ALWAYS LAY WELL

Do everything you can to make your hens comfortable. If their health and vitality are kept at the highest level, it will add many eggs to your basket. If your hens are worried by lice and mites, then they cannot lay the maximum number of eggs. An ounce of prevention just now is worth a pound of cure later on.

This is good poultry gospel, according to D. H. Hall, extension poultry specialist, who warns us that with the warm weather coming on we will have more trouble with lice and mites than we had during the cooler months, and that everybody should take extra precaution at this time of the year to get rid of these parasites.

Mites can be controlled by spraying the house with whitewash to which has been added enough disinfectant to make a 5 per cent solution. A good coal-tar product, such as creosote or taroleum, may be used as a disinfectant. Carbolic acid is also good. In spraying the house be sure to spray every square inch of surface. If you miss a few mites, then you will have a multitude to deal with the following week. It is also a good idea to paint the perch poles with a mixture of equal parts of kerosene and used engine oil.

Lice are found on the individual hens. They spend their entire life on the body, laying their eggs and sticking them to the feathers in small colonies. They can be found in the fluff feathers and under the wings. No hen will go about her business of producing eggs with any degree of efficiency with lice covering her body. The best method of getting rid of lice is by dusting with a good insect powder. Sodium fluoride is a good parasite killer. Take a pinch of sodium fluoride and dust it into the fluff feathers, under each wing, on the neck, back and body of the fowl. Work the powder down into the feathers to the skin. Another good powder can be made from one pound of snuff and one-half pound of sulphur mixed with one gallon of road dust or ashes. It is a good idea to build a dust box and allow each hen to dust herself.

Look over the hens in about ten days to see if all the lice were killed, and if necessary give them another good dusting.

Feed Poultry With Eyes Open and Watch Closely

Experience counts with poultry, declared poultrymen at the New York State College of Agriculture at Ithaca. They say it is easy to tell how it should be done, but that it is a different matter to do it, and that doing it over and over again with one's eyes open is the way to gain the knowledge that makes poultry pay.

Immature and undersized pullets are often the cause of low egg production in many flocks, say men at the state college. And some poultrymen, they say, try to make themselves believe that they have a flock of good-sized pullets by weighing the largest ones. The only persons they fool are themselves, and that to no avail.

A pullet which is undersized or immature will not lay enough to be profitable. And what one man considers a small pullet may be considered large enough by another man. It is not wholly a matter of opinion, however, as there are standards of weight which are about right for egg production.

The time chicks should be hatched depends on the man who is going to do the feeding. Chicks may mature much earlier under the care of one man than under that of another. The general rule should be followed of maturing the pullets so that they will come into laying in the early winter months when egg prices are highest.

As with every other kind of live stock, eternal vigilance is the price of success, and the poultryman who makes a profit is the one who "cares" for his flock in both senses of the word.

Chicken Production of Last Year Very Heavy

Some 678,300,000 chickens were produced in the United States last year, which was 29,400,000 more than in 1923, according to estimates just released by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Despite this increased production there were on farms January 1, 1925, approximately 427,000,000 chickens as compared with 470,300,000 on January 1, 1924.

The decrease in stocks on hand January 1 is attributed to increased consumption, and to larger stocks going into storage.

Total stocks of frozen poultry in storage February 1 were reported at 138,253,000 pounds compared with 99,486,000 pounds February 1 a year ago.

Tankage for Breeders

It is customary to include in the ration for laying hens tankage or meat scrap, and it is usually mixed in with mill feeds to form a dry mash which is available to the birds at all times. Where the eggs are to be used for hatching it is not advisable to make the proportion of tankage more than 10 to 15 per cent. Where milk is available it can take the place of the tankage in the mash, three gallons of milk a day for each 100 hens being equivalent.

Limburger Cheese.

The unpleasant odor of Limburger cheese is due to specific fermentations induced during ripening. This cheese is made from sweet milk, the curd being formed into cakes about five inches square and two inches thick and are pressed. The main cause of the putrefactive fermentation is the extremely moist condition in which it is kept.

Work That Counts.

My friend, all speech and humor are short-lived, foolish, untrue. Genuine work done, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal! Take courage, then; raise the arm, strike home, and that right lustily; the citadel of hope must yield to noble desire, this seconded by noble effort.—Thomas Carlyle.

Liberty.

The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it be of government; the liberty of a private man is being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God, and of his country.—Cowley.

Nature's Wisdom.

Nature gives to every time and season some beauties of its own; and from morning to night, as from the cradle to the grave, is but a succession of changes so gentle and easy that we can scarcely mark their progress.

Philippine Mohammedans.

In the Philippine islands there are about 450,000 Moros, who are Mohammedans. Although the wildest and most fanatical of the natives, they are the only ones who have petitioned to have the United States keep control of the Philippines.

Babylon's Dimensions.

It is now believed that the ancient city of Babylon was 14 miles square, surrounded by a wall 60 miles in length, 300 feet high, 100 feet broad at the base and wide enough on the top for two chariots to race abreast.

Taught Value of Potatoes.

The potato owes its introduction as an article of food into France to the efforts of the French chemist, Parmentier, who lived on potatoes during an imprisonment of five years, from 1758 to 1763, in Germany.

Education's Impress.

The force of education is so great that we may mold the minds and manners of the young into what shape we please and give them the impressions of such habits as shall ever after remain.

Adjusting Your Garter.

The final test of poise is the ability calmly to adjust a sock supporter in the face of feminine amusement.—Duluth Herald.

Midget Among Birds.

A small humming bird, not very much larger than the ordinary housefly, is common in many East Indian countries.

French Philosophy.

All man's misery springs from his inability to rest with tranquility in one room alone.—Pascal.

Whippers Rout Hoppers.

The grasshopper pest became so serious in parts of Arkansas at one time that negro laborers with whips were hired to whip out the grasshoppers in the cotton fields. H. K. Thatcher of the State Agricultural college says the plan was an astonishing success, as the hoppers beat a hasty retreat before the whippers.

Language Retains Hold.

A thousand years have elapsed since the gypsy began to leave his native Indian plains, yet even to this day Romany bears a striking resemblance to India's modern tongues.

No Doubt of It.

"Many a man would be improved," said Uncle Eben, if "he minded de Bible as close as he does de constitution an' by-laws of his 'sociation."—Washington Star.