The Extra Feature

By S. B. HACKLEY

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

For a quarter hour only the crickets had broken the silence in the Compton orchard, where old Tobias and Jemima and Minerva, their granddaughter, assorted some mighty mounds of fallen winesaps. Then Minerva spoke.

"Zack wants me to run off and marry him, grandpappy, after fodder strippin's over."

"Lord, Nervy, don't ye?" old Tobias' faded eyes were piteously beseeching. "Stay by us, honey. Nobody feels for us-uns old ones like you do, Nervy!"

Minerva smiled faintly. "I told Zack, grandpappy, I couldn't marry him if ma wasn't wilin'. She'd drive me off and surely mistreat you and grandmammy if I married against her will."

"Was Zachariah fretted?" the grandmother asked anxiously. Minerva crimsoned. They must not know how much Zack was "fretted!"

"He—he said he'd stay away until I sent for him. I—there's ma!"

In southern Appalachia it is customary for the aged father and mother to live with the youngest son in the old home. But old Tobias' log dwelling was an unusually large one—a most desirable home, and Eliza, the wife of the eldest son, by skillful machinations contrived to get Charley, the youngest son, and his wife, Phoebe, away and to get her own family installed.

Lazy herself, she depended almost entirely on her young daughter, her only child, to do the work of the house, and to keep her services she had determined Minerva should not marry any but some young man she could take into her house and rule, as she did Joshua, the girl's henpecked father.

By her orders, Zachariah Burden, who was not the "humble sort" she desired for a son-in-law, stayed away from the Compton house, but Zack was resourceful and managed often to see the gentle little creature who was like a guardian angel to the old ones.

"Cryin', Jemima?" old Tobias, sitting smoking on their bedroom hearth that evening asked uneasily. Jemima wiped her eyes.

"I got to studyin' about Minervy a waitin' on her happiness on account of us and it worried me some, Bias!" she confessed.

After Jemima slept, Bias still sat on the hearth. Minerva was delicate, like their little Hettie who had died sixteen years before, three months after the soldier sweetheart they had not been willing for her to marry had been laid under Cuban palms.

"Little Hettie! Little Hettie!" he murmured. "Lord, if I'd let her had her way about Jess Duty, she might not have pined away! Jess, he wasn't a bad boy—I wish I hadn't stood in her way—I do wish it, Lord!"

His pipe clattered on the hearth. His heavy groans awakened Jemima.

"The pain Doc Higgins said was from my heart, it's pinchin' a little!" he labored out, his hand clutching his chair rungs, his rugged old face chalky.

Jemima trembled as she measured out the drops the young doctor had left for him. The doctor had warned her all worry must be kept from Tobias, and he had worried because he had caught her crying about Minerva!

"You reckon you worked too hard at the apples, Bias?" she asked him when at last she got him between the bed covers.

"No. I got to thinkin' about our little Hettie. I was wishin' I could go back them sixteen years and tell the little, lovin' thing her and Jess might marry before he went to the fightin'. Then the pain struck me."

She patted his hands as gentle soothing. "Hettie and Jess wasn't long separated, Bias honey. The Lord saw to that. Now try to go to sleep."

But it was long before he closed his eyes.

"They could come and live with us and things would be all right," Jemima heard him murmuring over and over in his fitful sleep. If Eliza was willin'!" Then once he cried out:

"She's a goin' like Hettie Jemimy—like Hettie! Can't you see it?"

When he was quiet again, Jemima arose and dressed herself. If he worried himself much more he might bring on another attack, and Doc Higgins had said two attacks close together might kill him.

"I can find my way to Aaron Burden's," she said to herself, "some way, dark as it is. I'm bound to see Zack."

Two hours later she stood breathless in the Burden yard at the top of the mountain. The door stood open, but fear of Eliza kept her from speaking. With a prayer she looked on the work of Zack and Minerva.

Never [illegible] loved her as she did [illegible] down the [illegible] face was [illegible]

A few days later when Eliza came home from Miranda McKeen's "quilting," she was overcome with wrath. Naomi Rouse, whom she hated of all women, had hinted to Eliza that her daughter, Magnolia, had taken Zack Burden "away" from Eliza Compton's Minerva! Long before the "fodder-pulling" was done, officious neighbors began to predict Zack's early marriage to Magnolia.

Minerva drooped visibly. Her grandfather fretted.

"Jemimy, ain't she takin' it to heart too much? Lemme give her a hunt; it's just play-actin'."

Jemima shook her head smiling. "Don't worry about Nervy. She'll come out all right. Zack don't want her told until the show day, and that ain't long off, Bias."

The circus coming to Caneyville had advertised a prize of $10 in gold to be given to the young woman not afraid and willing to be married on an elephant's back in their ring, which advertisement doubled and tripled the size of the attending crowd on the "show day."

Early that morning Zack Burden's two mules passed the Compton wagon, en route to Caneyville. Zack rode one mule, Magnolia Rouse the other. Eliza could not restrain a look of displeasure.

"Them two are the pair that's to be married on the elephant's back!" old Bias volunteered cheerfully. "Zack's done arranged with the show folks."

This news was the last straw. Eliza turned to her daughter, her face white with wrath.

"Nervy Compton, before I'd let everybody in the county see that low-down Rouse girl take my feller right before my eyes, I'd jump in Caney river!"

Minerva smiled. "Their weddin' won't discredit me, ma. Zack's not my feller now, and all the folks know he wanted to marry me and you wouldn't let him!"

At the close of the circus performance, the largest and gentlest elephant, with a howdah on his back, was brought into the ring.

"Will the gentleman who wishes to be married please present himself?" the ringmaster called out.

Zack arose and took Magnolia's arm, but she pulled back, screeching foolishly. "I'm afraid of the elephant! I'm afraid to get close to the thing!"

"Will the gentleman try to persuade another lady then? We're bound to have a wedding!" The biggest clown rolled over in a gale of merriment, but it was tragedy to Eliza.

Zack looked about him. "I see one lady I know is not afraid of the elephant that would maybe marry me, but she's afraid of her ma!"

Eliza sprang to her feet.

"If you mean Minerva, Zack Burden," she shouted, "she needn't be afraid of me objectin'! I've concluded I'm perfectly agreeable to her marrying a young man as handsome and well-behaved as you are!"

Tears of triumph were in Eliza's eyes when, twenty minutes later, she saw Zack lift his bride to the ground.

"Where's your gold piece, Nervy?" happy old Bias whispered that evening.

"Magnolia's got that one," she whispered back, "but I've got another one just like it the show folks gave Zack for what they called the 'extry feature!'"

GOOD POINTS IN AMERICANS

Mexican Recognizes Attributes He Believes Latins Might Copy to Their Advantage.

Let us recognize this: The poetry of the American character is shown in four devotions—to women, to children, to trees and to birds. These men, whom many people unjustly suppose to be rude; these men, who make millions; these men, who maintain the rails through immense deserts; who build up formidable industries, have in their spirit, these four devotions, which honor them vastly and which not a few of us Latins would like to have for the better honor and embellishment of our common existence.

There are in compensation many children and flocks of birds. Children are the kings of the parks. Everything there is for them. They rule over all, and you may see them, as I did in Rock Creek park (Washington) with their naked legs wading in the many small streams and shouting charmingly while splashing in the crystal of the water. Notwithstanding they are smaller than the children, the birds are little kings as well. Little kings that are respected not only in the air but on the ground. Sparrows I have found on the sidewalks among the hurrying throngs of people dancing and hopping about.—Carlos Gonzales Pena in Universal Illustrado, Mexico City.

To Remove Mildew.

It is best to get at mildew stains right away before it has injured. First, try this mild treatment: Soak the stains overnight in sour milk and then place in the sun when rinsing. Repeat the treatment several times if necessary. If this does not remove them all, try lemon moistening the stains with lemon juice and allow it to remain in the sun. If the stains are very persistent go to the druggist and ask for a few crystals of potassium permanganate. Dissolve one of these in a pint of water and apply a little of this to the stains with [illegible] dropper or [illegible] it to remain [illegible] any pink stains [illegible] With a little [illegible] care permanganate [illegible] take out [illegible] unexposed portion of the [illegible]

Quotations.

"Do you approve of quotations in speeches?"

"Decidedly. Most speeches would be improved by introducing more quotations and leaving out all the original material."

Economy of Speech.

The country as a whole has lost the "hang" of speaking English. Some people proudly state that America is no longer a British colony, that she is creating a language of her own, and, to prove their independence, they make a practice of incorporating into our speech sounds without definite edges, sounds trailing clouds of muttered murmurs, sounds of such elemental simplicity that they resemble grunts, taken over from the speech of persons who have come to us from all the non English speaking countries of the world. And, in their love of equality and fraternity, these people refuse to exceed the speech of those whose simple needs are satisfied with frugal vocabulary; in this way they have succeeded in cutting down their own vocabulistic rations to the famine point. Lavish, generous, wasteful in other matters, the country has learned to economize in sentence and syllable, till it has reached a genuinely democratic simplicity of speech.—Henry Dwight Sedgwick, in Yale Review.

Dog Finds Defender.

The National Humane Review says: "The dog has earned his keep in dollars and cents, a hundred times over. And yet ungrateful persons and foolish doctrinaires would like to destroy the dog on the pretext of reviving the sheep industry, when it is well known that the sheep industry in the United States was destroyed because of international competition by the cheap wool of Australia, where labor is $6 a month and land is worth $5 an acre, and Americans have better paying crops at home. Oh, the folly of it! The stupidity of it! The heartlessness and insincerity of it! These silly people will not win in this bloody crusade. The heart and morality of the world is too big to sanction a wholesale butchery of this kind, which is opposed by truth, common sense and loyalty."

Happy Memory Precious.

In one of Dostoevsky's novels the hero at the last of the book talking to some little school fellows who have learned to love him says: "You must know that there is nothing higher and stronger and more wholesome and good for life in the future than some good memory, especially a memory of childhood, of home. People talk to you a great deal about your education, but some good, sacred memory, preserved from childhood is perhaps the best education. If a man carries many such memories with him into life he is safe to the end of his days, and if we have only one good memory left in our heart perhaps some day it may [illegible] sometimes be the means of saving us."

Umbrella Improvement.

It is the little things which make for perfection, we are told. An inventor sends in a device which certainly shows a taste for perfection. No one is unfamiliar with the strip of tape with a catch which is used snugly to wind up closed umbrellas. When the umbrella is open this piece of tape dangles and pendulates in a way that undoubtedly is offensive to the dignity of some. The inventor in question has made an invention which provides means of stowing away the pendant into the interior of the opened umbrella by means of a snapping device.

Like and Unlike.

An old preacher used to say that a wife should be at once like and unlike three things. First, she should be like a snail, always keep within her house, but she should not, like a snail, carry all she has on her back. Secondly, she should be like an echo, to speak when she is spoken to; but she should not, like the echo always have the last word. Thirdly, she should be like the town clock, always keep time regularly; but she should not like the town clock speak so loud that all the town may hear her.—Boston Transcript.

Too Much Room.

Willie had been wearing underwear that was too small for him. As he was growing rapidly his mother bought garments oversized expecting him to fill them before they wore out. Willie, when put inside the newly purchased underwear, shrugged his shoulders and seemingly discontented with his lot remarked: "Ma, I feel awfully lonesome in this shirt."

Learn to Swim.

With the possible exception of boxing and fencing, there is no exercise that so well develops all parts of the body as swimming. Also, it may often be the means of saving your life or the life of another. Every child should learn to swim, as a part of its physical development. And every adult who has not learned to swim should do so.

Getting Proficient.

"Will [illegible] the actor shed [illegible] with [illegible] acting [illegible] dear" [illegible]

Not Mercenary.

"An artist is supposed to have a fine disregard for money." "And they live up to that tradition. I've known many of them to let a $5,000 picture go for ten plunks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Bunnies for Bonnets.

The soft felt hats which constitute the most distinguishing feature of the American soldier's uniform are made from rabbit skins. Not American rabbit skins, however, for the fur of the American rabbit will not make hats. It does not possess the necessary felting properties. Consequently the skins have to be imported from abroad, mostly from Australia. It has taken 36,000,000 rabbit skins to make the hats now being worn by the huge United States army. Since the war began Uncle Sam has bought 6,000,000 hats, and each hat contains the fur of six rabbits. In other words, every American soldier is going about with a half dozen bunnies on the top of his head. Each hat costs the American government $1.75. This is wholesale price. The ordinary retail price of similar hats is $4. The reason why these hats are so expensive is that not only the rabbit skins but practically all the other material that goes into them is imported from abroad. Thus the raw silk for the bands comes from China and Japan, and the shellac which stiffens the brim comes from India.

In the Grip of Light.

A student of physical science says that it is not because the moth is light-hearted, heedless and utterly frivolous that it plunges headlong into the flames, but because of the way that its body is constructed. There are two symmetrical points, exactly alike chemically, on the moth's body—namely, its eyes. If the rays of light modify the chemical condition of one side more than the other, then the moth's power of movement is affected. There is a stronger muscular tension on one side than on the other. If, however, one of the eyes is removed, the chemical symmetry is destroyed, and instead of plunging into the flame it moves about in the circle. There are other animals and insects besides the moth which are hopelessly in the grip of light. If a snail is placed between a white wall and a black wall the unequal lighting forces it to crawl in a circle.

Keep Advancing.

Every man owes it to himself and his fellows to make the most of the present. The new age will offer him the best advantages. The future will lure him with ever greater enticements. There is no limit to what a man may become except such as he mentally permits to shackle him. Every new advance should mean steps forward. Every forward step should reveal new possibilities in achievement. We are building not for dollars and cents but for the great future. As we add superior skill to things we enhance personal values and monetary reward comes unsought. But you must rise above the average crowd. The average is slowly rising. You must rise more quickly, insuring each step by progress that brings blessing on your fellows. And all this takes work. But it's work that has its joys.

Over Four Hundred Perfumes.

It is interesting to note that 4,200 species of plants are gathered and used for commercial purposes in Europe. Of these 420 have a perfume that is pleasing, and enter largely into the manufacture of scents, soaps, and sachets. There are more species of white flowers gathered than of any other colors—1,124. Of these 187 have an agreeable scent. Next in order come yellow blossoms, with 951, 77 of them being perfumed. Red flowers number 823, of which 94 are scented. The blue flowers are of 594 varieties, 34 of which are perfumed; and the violet blossoms number 309, 13 of which are pleasantly odoriferous.

Hope.

Hope is anticipation, with possibilities of realization. It is an inherent feeling in mankind and a divine provision for the sustentation of interest in life. Hope is a chord which strikes pleasant desires for the future; it is everyone's sunshine, the rainbow in the storm, the silver lining to the present cloud, a star set in the firmament of our lives to brighten, lighten and cheer the way, and differs in magnitude and brightness according to occasion. Hope is an antidote to misery, a cordial for the despondent and a chain with many links.—Nellie E. Mate.

What Is Theory.

It may be defined as everything, but the actual production of sound. For example, the performer should know the following items connected with the music to be interpreted. The key it is in, time, marks of expression, relative value of notes, pitch of notes, introduction of accidentals, intervals, accent, phrasing, syncopation, directions referring to speed slurs, special marks for emphasis on certain notes, intervals and many other things too numerous to mention. A knowledge of theory is essential to the proper interpretation of any music worthy of the name.

Where They Were

[illegible] before [illegible] the [illegible] but after calling several times and asking where they were a small, small voice from under one of the beds answered: "We didn't tell but we's homeplace upstairs."—Exchange.

To Ward Off Frosts.

Dr. C. G. Abbott of the Smithsonian institution, suggested that if it were possible to charge the lower air above citrus fruit orchards, with a heavy dose of ozone, its absorption of outgoing nocturnal radiation might help ward off destructive frosts. While the amount of ozone in the lower layers of the earth's atmosphere is now known to be negligibly small, this substance is abundant in the upper atmosphere, where it plays an important role in regulating territorial temperatures by its absorption of radiation.

The Succulent Pieplant.

The pieplant has a recorded history of over four centuries. It was first cultivated in the white-walled gardens of Morocco and Algiers, amid fruits and flowers and fountains and was brought thence by the Moors to Spain. Not until 200 years later did rhubarb really become known to English gardens, whence in due time it was brought to those of America to be employed first as a tincture, then as a sauce and to attain a final apotheosis in pie.

Appealed to Novelists.

Fully a score of novels have been written round the case of Lesurques, who was wrongfully executed in France for the robbery of the Lyons mail and the murder of the courier; the real criminal was one named Dubosco, to whom Lesurques bore a striking resemblance. The crime also formed the subject of several stage dramas; in one of them Sir Henry Irving scored a success in the dual part of Lesurques-Dubosco.

Norwegian Wedding Festivities.

A Norwegian wedding is a delightful spectacle. The picturesque Norwegian national costume is worn, and the wedding party walks or drives in procession to the church. After the ceremony there is a dance on the village green, with a violin for accompaniment, till it is time for supper. The next day the festivities are resumed and possibly they may extend to the day after.

Gave Value to Rubber.

Vulcanized rubber—and all rubber articles are now vulcanized—was first made at Woburn, Mass., by Charles Goodyear about 1844. He obtained his first patent in that year, after he had spent years in experimenting and had reduced his family to extreme poverty. Before 1844 rubber had been used for various purposes as a soft, sticky gum, but was of comparatively little value.

Spanish-American War.

Spain declared war against the the United States April 21, 1898. The first American army of invasion of Cuba, under General Shafter, sailed from Tampa, Fla., June 14, and landed at Santiago, Cuba, June 23. The battle between the "Rough Riders" and the Spanish forces occurred on June 24, the battle of El Caney on July 1 and the surrender of Santiago on July 16.

Cleaning With Gasoline.

Unless the whole garment is placed in gasoline, the small places will show rings when cleaned. This is caused by using too much gasoline on the grease spot. Brush lightly with a cloth dampened with the gasoline, brush when dry. If the rings are then noticeable hold the soiled part over the steam of a teakettle, and this will remove the unsightly blotch.

Human Fruitage.

Nature does not bear fruit for herself, but for man. The branch does not bear the rich clusters for its own selfish appetite. Our fruitage must be for mankind. Your aim is a mistaken one if you are seeking spiritual comfort, quiet satisfaction for here and hereafter, just for your own little self.—Christian Herald.

Timber in Burma.

Burma grows over a hundred varieties of every sort of timber. Up to last year she exported four rubber in packing cases made of wood imported from Japan. It has now been found that they can be made locally at about half the cost.

Accounting for It.

Young Fitzdoodle (to dentist)—"Isn't it rather strange, doctor, that at my age I haven't cut my wisdom teeth yet?" Dentist (calmly)—"Oh, I don't know. Perhaps there isn't enough wisdom back of them to push them through."

Maybe It's Both.

Said the near cynic, "Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred attribute the poet's long hair to eccentricity. But the hundredth surmises that the poor fellow hasn't the financial means to get his hair cut."

Never Was True Friend

[illegible]

Quality Not Always on Surface.

Those with whom we are apparently become well acquainted in a few moments are generally the most difficult rightly to know, and to understand.—Hawthorne.

MAKE THE SIGNATURE PLAIN

Really No Reason Why Most Important Part of Business Letter Should Be Illegible.

"Why don't business men who expect an answer sign a legible autograph?" exclaimed a "captain of industry."

"Moreover, why should one of these fellows who employ the 'dictated-but-not-read' formula expect any answer at all? So far as I'm concerned, it means about as much as if my correspondent, who is too busy to be polite should write 'washed but not laundered' at the end of his letter.

"I saw a monumental example of tactlessness the other day. Somebody who wished Andrew Carnegie to give a large sum of money to a useful end had hastily concocted a letter and rushed off leaving it unsigned.

"At the end of the letter, with a rubber stamp, these words had been printed in red ink, 'Mr. Blank was called to an important conference and so could not remain to sign this letter.'

"That was a delicate intimation to the man whose favor and fortune were being invoked that he was of secondary consequence.

"Will some of the profound psychologists of business—the woods are full of them these days—explain why the writers of business letters do these things?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

TELLING HIM WHAT TO DO

Really There Shouldn't Have Been Much Misunderstanding, Following Father's Action.

It was Christmas eve in the Bronx. Percy and Pearl were sitting in the front room. Percy was "staying" in New York. That is how Pearl put it. Percy had come from Liverpool. She didn't explain that Percy was one of the seven gunks who stand shoulder to shoulder at the edge of the curb at a crowded street corner just where scared pedestrians are wont to land when they leap from under a joy wagon. Other whiles, in his waking moments, Percy engineered the elevator in the Overlook apartments. But mostly he sat in the front room with Pearl. This night of which I write they sat comfortably close, side by side, until the clock struck twelve. At that moment Pearl's father strolled across the room and placed a tiny toy drum on Percy's lap.

"Now, what does he mean by that?" asked Percy.

Pearl snickered and replied. "Why, don't you know? He wants you to beat it."

DISTINCTLY DISAPPOINTING.

Economy in the saving of stationery by the use of envelopes two or more times in the post may sometimes be carried too far for the recipient's peace of mind. The other morning there came to our breakfast table a foolscap packet addressed to the writer. There was a crown embossed on the flap, and Sir D. Prongm's signature was on the face. Visions of honors, royal invitations and other courtly marks of pleasure faded from our mind as we drew out a communication from a publishing firm, which was using again an envelope addressed to it by Queen Alexandra's comptroller!—London Daily Chronicle.

NO USE.

"You can always tell a city feller," said Burt Blurt of Petunia.

"Yes, but what's the use in telling him?" returned old Riley Rezzidew. "He thinks he knows everything already."—Kansas City Star.

ALIBI.

"Didn't your husband promise you not to bet on horses?"

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "I mentioned it to him, and Charlie solemnly assures me he has been betting on nothing but dogs."

VERY SAD.

"There is one sad memory of the war which is going to linger to the end with this generation."

"What is that?"

"The [illegible] of the war bread mother [illegible] like."

CENSORSHIP.

"Do you approve of censorship?"

"Not exactly," replied the nervous man. "Things always seem so much worse when they are left to my own imagination."