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**Oh, You Oboe!**  
By ARCHIE CAMERON NEW  
(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Fuller and Fenton did their last steps and retired to their dressing room, and the close of the Olympia's Monday morning "takeover"—sometimes called rehearsal—was betokened by the awakening of Andy Scobell, the property man, advancing with a broom. O'Brien, in the fiddle pit, laid down his baton.  
"Guess that lets us out," he announced to the others in the orchestra. Shawter started to close his piano, when O'Brien, with a twinkle in his eye, stepped once more upon the dais and called to a wrinkled individual on the stage: "Oh, I beg pardon, Charlie. Boys, one verse of the funeral march. Charlie's doin' a single, entitled 'The Death of a Dying Brain.'"  
A roar of laughter from the pit brought Charlie Zepp, the Olympia's press agent, from a huddled position on a packing box in the rear of the stage to his feet. He advanced to the footlights with a savage frown.  
"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, over O'Brien's head, to the empty house beyond. "The Olympia, as always, leads the rest. To encourage the success of amateur nights, we have placed an amateur band to play for you."

At a signal from O'Brien taps were rolled on the trapdrum, and amid the laughter that followed Zepp retired in defeat.  
O'Brien beckoned to Wallace Mackay, who played the oboe, and the young man followed him out under the stage. When they were alone O'Brien turned to him with a frown.  
"Wallace, old scout," he began, apologetically, "I hate to tell you, but you're looking awful seedy. Th' boss thinks it looks bad for the house. Better get a new suit."  
"But, Bill," objected Mackay, ruefully regarding his worn-out clothes, "I can't do it right now. I haven't the money. Besides, why th' new clothes? Only the first rows see us, an' they're generally travellin' men."

"Not this week they ain't," answered O'Brien in the best queen's English. "Forrest's trying out that Lawder kid; she's a local bird an' all th' home folks will be down front all week 't give her th' up an' down. I'll look bad for th' house if th' orchestra look like bums. Get the new stuff on tick, or somehow, but get it. Get me!"  
Mackay nodded dumbly, and wended his way despondently to the stage door. Pausing near Charlie Zepp, he was talking to the latter, meanwhile strenuously brushing his spotted tuxedo coat, when a golden-haired little vision floated by, attire for the street. She smiled merrily at the two men.  
"Oh, you oboe!" she greeted Mackay cordially, then her eyes lighted on Zepp.

"Oh, Mr. Zepp!" she cried, eagerly. "Please give me a big write-up will you? I want all my friends to see me here this week. Please do."  
"What've you done?" demanded Zepp bluntly. "Y' can't get big write-ups outa air, y'know. Small-time acts gets small-time write-ups."  
"And small-time press agents generally have small-time brains," she retorted good-naturedly. "But maybe you can stretch yours." And flitting away, she tossed from her pink fingertips a kiss to them.  
Mackay glanced at Zepp unhappily.

"I guess she's right," he said sorrowfully. "I do look like a hobo. Even O'Brien told me to get a new suit. And just for her, too. So's her friends won't think th' Olympia is a cheap joint."  
"Don't let that worry y' none," sympathized Charlie, howbeit sourly. "There won't be many t' look at her. I'll fix that."

Mackay started, for a vision of her wistful face floated across his mind.  
"Oh, Charlie, have a heart," he pleaded. "Don't ruin th' kid's fun just 'cause you're in a bad humor."  
"She's a cheese!" growled Zepp, and, reflecting on the orchestra's laughter a few minutes before, he added, savagely: "And so are you. So mind your own business."

Helen Lawder, stepping out of Forrest's office about two hours later, heard two men wrangling in the lobby, and stopped back again and peeped through the crack in the door.  
Mackay had gripped Charlie Zepp's arm and pushed him away from a large picture frame. In his (Mackay's) hand was Helen Lawder's picture, and as she saw it the girl behind the door started violently.

"Put that back!" muttered Mackay, holding out the picture.  
"I won't!" refused Zepp heatedly. "She sassed me and she gets no notoriety for it, see?"  
"Then I will," announced Mackay, and he replaced the photo in the open case and snapped the door. "And it stays there, get me?"  
"You're a nut," growled Zepp, taking another tack. "Y're ruinin' yerself, 'at's all. Ain't she settin' y' back th' cost of a new suit? An' didn't she call you a hobo?"  
Mackay smiled ruefully.  
"I guess she's right there," he admitted. "Anyway that's no reason why th' poor girl should suffer. Why, Char-

lie, this engagement means a lot to her. I'll give her a big boost. Be a sport, Charlie. Give th' kid a chance. Th' mere fact that it's costin' me a new suit, just 'cause her town folks are gonna be here, ain't makin' me sore. An' besides, it's costin' me money, an' you not a red. C'mon, be a sport. I'll go you fifty-fifty. You give her five lines, and I'll buy th' suit. What d'ye say?"

Charlie faced the young oboe player shamefacedly, and held out his hand.  
"You win," he said huskily, and hurried out of the lobby.  
Helen, having heard every word, turned with a white face and a sob in her throat and opened the door to the manager's private office.  
"Mr. Forrest, please, can I see you a minute?" she pleaded, and Forrest, noting her anxious face, banished his frown and bowed her smiling to a chair.

"No, I can't sit down," she told him hurriedly. "I want to tell you something." And then into attentive ears she poured everything she had seen and heard. "And now, Mr. Forrest, can you—will you do me a favor?"  
"I'll try," he promised, smiling. He, too, couldn't resist the appeal of those soft blue eyes.  
"Will you call Mackay in and give him a present of \$50?" she asked. "He's done so much for me, and I want to repay him. Here it is." And she held out some bills to the manager, who waved them aside.  
"Take 'em away," he replied gruffly, to hide a choking in his throat. "I'll give it to 'im myself." He choked off her protest quickly. "Nonsense, it's nothing. I'll charge it up to house expenses. And new—I'm busy."

"Thank you—so much," she whispered and then turning fled from the office.  
In a little restaurant around the corner—patronized largely by the Olympia theater family, from stars to stage hands—after a night show two weeks later, two men sat nibbling at a late supper, and nodding meaningly at a young couple near by. One of them, Charlie Zepp, laid a chicken bone on his plate reverently, and whispered to the other.

"Forrest's an awful gossip," he confided to his companion, the O'Brien of the fiddle pit. "He did that."  
"Stop choking and say something," urged O'Brien tartly.  
"Am sayin' somethin'," insisted Zepp, warily. "Forrest's spilled th' beans."  
"Look this way," ordered the other. "Y're seein' things, D. T.'s again?"  
"Naturally y' wouldn't see nothin'," retorted Zepp. "I'll wise y' up. See th' flasher th' Lawder kid's got on her left hand?"  
O'Brien looked and nodded disinterestedly.  
"Forrest gave her that."  
O'Brien, being near-sighted, leaned a little forward.  
"G'wan," he snorted. "That's Mackay with her. He's th' fall guy."  
"Fall guy, he—th' dickens!" Zepp corrected himself hastily, as two ladies eyed him reproachfully, and lowered his voice. "It wuz Forrest, I tell y'. Young Mackay did 'er a good turn. She asks Forrest t' slip Mackay fifty fish for a new willie-rig. Forrest thumbs down on her roll, gets glassy in th' lamps an' slips Mackay a fake raise. Then he spills it to th' oboe boy that Lawder's ready t' retire th' three a day to a nice lil' Harlem flat, providin' she ain't alone."

"Well?"  
"Well, she ain't playin', is she?" demanded Zepp. "An' she ain't alone, is she?"

**Not in Any Farm Book.**  
Recently a woman who is a college graduate gave up her regular work and moved to a farm. In order to make a success of farming she not only read books on scientific agriculture, but also listened to the earnest advice of experienced farmers. Sometimes this advice was too far removed from science to be useful.  
One farmer, who probably has never read a farmer's bulletin, heard a discussion about "How to get rid of cutworms." He said he knew a remedy that was sure. "Take a shotgun," he said, "go to the east corner of the field, fire the gun toward the west, then walk straight across the field to the opposite corner, then fire the gun again. This will cause every cutworm to disappear."

**In Pompeii.**  
A soap boiler's shop was among the things discovered in the excavation at Pompeii several years ago. The city was buried beneath volcanic ashes A. D. 79. It is said that the soap found in the shop had not lost all efficacy, although it had lain under the ashes more than 1800 years. Soap making was quite a business in a number of the Roman cities at the time that Pompeii was destroyed.

**A Valuable Tree.**  
A wonderful tree, known as the shea, is beginning to attract commercial attention in Western Africa. It supplies the natives not only with nuts, which they highly prize, but with a butter that may become an article of commercial importance. It is already exported to Europe, where makers of artificial butter find use for it.

**An Oriental Wedding.**  
In Turkestan every wedding engagement begins with the payment of a substantial consideration to the girl's parents. If the girl jilts her lover the engagement gift has to be returned, unless the parents have another daughter to give as a substitute.

**A Useful Spoon.**  
A kitchen spoon has been patented that has a perforated bowl terminating in three narrow fork tines, and has more than fifteen uses, its inventor claims.

**Rainiest Day in England.**  
The rainiest day on record anywhere in England was Aug. 6, 1857, when the rain gauge at Scarborough, holding nine and a half inches, was filled to overflowing.

**Miller's Worm Powders** were devised to relieve children who suffer from the ravages of worms. It is a simple preparation warranted to destroy stomachic and intestinal worms without shock or injury to the most sensitive system. They act thoroughly and painlessly, and though in some cases they may cause vomiting, that is an indication of their powerful action and not of any nauseating property.

**Washed Her Hands of Him.**  
Lillian's mother disliked anyone who was illiterate or "ignorant" as she was wont to call them. Lillian inherited that dislike, which was evident to all her playmates. One evening I overheard the following conversation between her and her little friend, Billy:  
"What's your papa doin'?" asked Billy.  
"Reading," replied Lillian, making sure of her "g."  
"My papa's cuttin' the grass."  
"You should say, 'My papa is mowing the lawn,'" corrected Lillian.  
"No," Billy insisted, "my papa's cuttin' the grass."  
"Oh, all right," conceded Lillian, haughtily, "if you want to be ignorant."—Chicago American.

**Shakespearean Research.**  
Man who has been digging into the life of England's bard and trying to find out "who was Mrs. Shakespeare and did she marry again?" arrived at the conclusion (1) that Shakespeare never married at all; (2) if he did he was probably a bigamist, and (3) there was nobody called Shakespeare, but only Shaxper or Shagspere. An impatient curiosity, which is first cousin to an abiding thirst for knowledge, can cause a heap of trouble.—New York Evening Telegram.

**Relief from Asthma.** Who can describe the complete relief from suffering which follows the use of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy? Who can express the feeling of joy that comes when his soft and gentle influence relieves the tightness of the chest, the asthma, the asthmatic affliction a thing of the past for thousands. It never fails. Good druggists everywhere have sold it for years.

**Dead in the War.**  
With the issue of the official figures of the French losses in the war it is possible to arrive at the approximate estimate of the appalling toll of life. The dead, so far, number 5,936,504. The individual national losses in dead thus far announced are:

British	706,726
French	1,071,300
American	58,478
Russian	1,700,000
Austrian	800,000
German	1,600,000

The total German casualties are given by the Berlin Vorwaerts as 6,380,000, and the Austrian total was placed at 4,000,000. Serbia is killed, wounded and prisoners lost 320,000 men.  
**Sweet Grass Scarce.**  
Richard Bishop, an Oldtown Indian, who has spent his summers at Old Orchard Beach for 32 years, has probably manufactured more sweet grass articles than any other one person in Maine has done in the same time. He says he uses 300 pounds of grass a year, so that in 32 years he must have used about 10,000 pounds. Sweet grass now, he says, is very scarce, because so much of it is pulled up by the roots.

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