

# Oh, You Oboe!

By ARCHEY CAMERON NEW

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Fuller and Fenton did their last steps and retired to their dressing room, and the close of the Olympia's Monday morning "rakeover"—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 'til she gets her 'up an' down. It'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 dependently 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, attired 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 wisht 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 stepped 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!" thundered 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 the poor girl should suffer. Why, Char-

lie, this engagement means a lot to her. It'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 now—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, warmly. "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, h—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."

**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."

## WORK OF COUNTY AGENT IN SOUTH

Satisfactory System Has Been Firmly Established in Several States.

### PROGRESS HAS BEEN RAPID

Recent Report Shows Status of Development of Organization, and Discusses Some of Problems Which Have Been Met.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

That the county-agent plan of carrying agricultural information to the farmer is firmly established as a satisfactory system in 15 southern states is shown in a review by officials of the United States department of agriculture of progress made during the last calendar year. A report of this work, recently made public shows the status of this rapidly developing agricultural organization in the South during 1918, and also discusses some of the problems which are being met in the effort to increase this service in accordance with the country's emergency agricultural needs. The confidence of the states in the county-agent plan is shown by the fact that most of the legislatures in the South are making liberal appropriations to aid in its support.

#### Number of Extension Workers.

There were employed in the 15 southern states during the year 899 regular county agents, 28 assistant county agents, 31 boys' club agents and 66 colored men agents for work among colored people. Each state also has a director of extension and a state agent or assistant director in charge of the work of the county agents. Women engaged in the home-demonstration work numbered 576. Of these 13 are state agents in charge of the work in their respective states, 41 are assistants and district agents, and 513 county women agents and 7 colored home-demonstration agents.

#### Increase in Community Organizations.

Progress in organizing the county agents' work in the South this year was gratifying, officials of the department of agriculture say. The last annual report shows the formation of 1,654 community organizations of farmers, with a membership of 44,548. The report for the present year shows an increase to 2,508 organizations with a membership of 78,000. This report



One of Branches of County Agent Work in South Is Interesting Boys in Better Farm Methods.

does not include co-operative organizations not formed by county agents, even though they gave active support and assistance to the county representative and served in the capacity of a local community organization. Such associations include local granges, farmers' unions and church and civic organizations of varied character. It is estimated that 200,000 farmers are enrolled in all these community organizations which are assisting county agents.

Since this report was made there has been a great increase in this work. At the present time the total number of agents is approximately 2,200, consisting in part of 980 county agents, 815 county home demonstration agents and 85 negro agents (men) and 70 women.

#### SMUTS DESTROY MUCH WHEAT

Farmer Can Do Nothing More Patriotic Than Treat Seed—It Is Inexpensive and Sure.

Preventable smuts destroy enough wheat every year to make 4,000,000 barrels of flour, oats enough to feed 1,000,000 cavalry horses, and barley and rye enough for 400,000 barrels of wheat substitutes. You can do nothing more patriotic than treat your seed. Simple, inexpensive, sure. For information write to your state extension department or the United States department of agriculture. Do it now.

#### PROFITABLE FARM SIDE LINE

One That Can Be Worked at Odd Times When Other Work Is Slack Will Boost Income.

A profitable side line that can be worked at odd times when other work is slack will go far toward boosting the income of the average farmer. Where there is a ledge of salable stone a quarry may be made to fill in the gaps in the labor schedule, or an outcropping of limestone may be made profitable to the advantage of the whole neighborhood by the installation of a stone crusher.

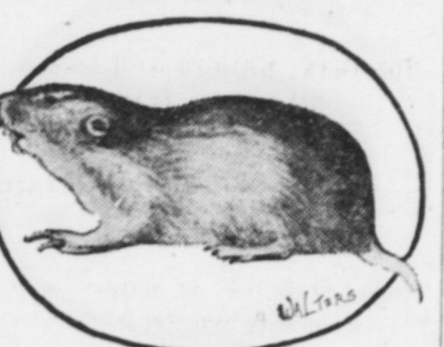
## SYSTEMATIC BATTLE WILL STOP RODENTS

Little Animals Extort Heavy Toll From the Farmer.

Annual Loss Caused to Crops Estimated at \$300,000,000—Active Cooperation of Neighbors Needed for Extermination.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Systematic and organized campaigns, in which the entire community is interested, are suggested as means of successfully exterminating injurious rodent pests on the farm by the bureau of biological survey of the United States department of agriculture. There are about 750 forms of rodents inhabiting the United States, and the annual loss which they cause in food and feed crops is estimated at fully \$300,000,000. They feed upon crops in the field and in storage, in some cases destroying grass land so completely that erosion follows. In the irrigated sections of the West some species burrow through the dikes, releasing the water and flooding the crops. Meth-



Pocket Gopher.

ods of exterminating these pests by trapping and poisoning, which the individual farmer as well as the community can employ, are told in Farmers' Bulletin 932, recently published by the United States department of agriculture.

Any farmer may, by care and industry, free his own premises of harmful rodents, but he is helpless to prevent an early recurrence of the trouble unless he can secure the active cooperation of his neighbors. The department of agriculture urges, therefore, that whenever possible the destruction of these pests be a community undertaking. In the past, individual efforts often supplemented by the payment of bounties by state, county or township have been only partially successful in reducing rodent depredations. In many western counties the amount paid out in a single year for bounties on pocket gophers and ground squirrels, would, if wisely expended in poisoning operations such as have been practiced under government supervision on public lands, secure the destruction of nearly every such animal in the county and make unnecessary much further outlay for the purpose.

A few of the rodents which inhabit the United States are not classed as injurious as they live in deserts, mountains or swamps and rarely come in contact with cultivated crops. Some are valuable because they feed largely upon insects, some because they produce fur and others because they are useful as human food. Of the injurious species all are native to this country with the exception of four—the house mouse and three kinds of rats—but these four cause approximately two thirds of all the damage. Field mice, kangaroo rats, pocket gophers, ground squirrels, prairie dogs, woodchucks, and rabbits are among the most destructive of the native species.

#### PROPER FEED FOR COWS

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

1. Under most circumstances the cow should be fed all the roughage that she will eat up clean, and the grain ration should be adjusted to the milk production.

2. A grain mixture should be fed in the proportion of one pound to each three pints or pounds of milk produced daily by the cow, except in the case of a cow producing a flow of 40 pounds or more, when the ration may be one pound to each three and a half or four pounds of milk. An even better rule is one pound of grain each day for every pound of butterfat that the cow produces during the week.

3. Feed all the cow will respond to in milk production. When she begins to put on flesh, cut down the grain.

#### SUITABLE PLACE FOR APPLES

Storage Room in Basement of Dwelling, in Outdoor Cellars and Pits Are All Good.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Apples may be kept in the storage room in the basement of the dwelling, in outdoor storage cellars, and in banks or pits. Conditions suitable for the keeping of potatoes answer fairly well for apples. Under some conditions it will be an advantage to store part of the crop in the cellar and the late-keeping varieties suitable for spring use in outdoor banks or pits.

# WHAT CAN WE DO?

Now that peace is at hand, the women of the American Red Cross chapters are asking themselves: "What can we do next?" War work has revealed to the members of our chapters two things—a world of work to be done in the aid of humanity and the obligation to service. In the face of these revelations and in the knowledge of the efficiency of organization of the Red Cross, we will not be willing to become inactive.

In answer to the question which stands at the head of this article the American Red Cross will provide specific activities for the chapters immediately. In the meantime the war council has this to say:

The moment has now come to prepare for peace. Actual peace may come at any moment; it may be deferred for some time; until peace is really here, there can be no relaxation in any Red Cross effort incident to active hostilities.

But even with peace let no one suppose that the work of the Red Cross is finished. Millions of American boys are still under arms; thousands of them are sick and wounded. Owing to a shortage in shipping, it may take a year or more to bring our boys home from France, but whatever the time, our protecting arms must be about them and their families over the whole period which must elapse before the normal life of peace can be resumed.

Our soldiers and sailors are enlisted until the commander in chief tells them there is no more work for them to do in the war. Let every Red Cross member and worker, both men and women, show our soldiers and sailors

that to care for their health, wealth and happiness, we are enlisted for no less a period than they are.

The cessation of war will reveal a picture of misery such as the world has never seen before, especially in the many countries which cannot help themselves. The American people will expect the Red Cross to continue to act as their agent in repairing broken spirits and broken bodies. Peace terms and peace conditions will determine how we can best minister to the vast broken areas which have been harrowed by war, and for this great act of mercy the heart and spirit of the American people must continue to be mobilized through the American Red Cross.

On behalf of the war council we accordingly ask each member of our splendid body of workers throughout the land to bear in mind the solemn obligation which rests around each one to carry on. We cannot abate one instant our efforts or in our spirit. There will be an abundance of work to do and specific advices will be given, but even at the moment of peace, let no Red Cross worker falter.

#### The Popular Beaver Hat.

Beaver is the fabric of the moment in millinery? It is both good looking and serviceable. Further, beaver is a perfect boon to the home milliner. It may be bought in strips of various widths and lengths, and a section of beaver draped about any wire or lightweight hat frame and fastened as lightly as possible, makes an altogether charming bit of headgear. The soft, fluffy-looking material is mighty becoming.

## When the Wedding Is Simple



If, because these are war-times, or for other reasons, the bride makes up her mind to have only a simple wedding, her first step to that end will be the ordering of a simple wedding gown. Especially if her wedding ceremony is to take place within the walls of her home, instead of in the church, must she consider what will harmonize best with the home as a background. Long trains and veils and elaborate wedding gowns need spacious surroundings. Where these are lacking the simpler gown leaves the best memories of a pretty wedding.

The bride can forego stateliness with a good grace when she recalls all the shimmering and airy fabrics that may be chosen to make a wedding gown of whatever degree of formality. There are those misty materials like fine voile, net, organdie, georgette, and lace all to be made over an underdress of silk or satin, for these are the terms in which the wedding gown is expressed, whatever its style. And then there is the veil, always of malines or lace, which may be draped in so many ways that every bride may depend upon it to add to her charm.

The simplest of wedding gowns is pictured on the youthful bride who chose it, in the illustration above. It is of white net, faced about the bottom of the skirt with a wide band of white crepe georgette. Three other bands of georgette are placed about the skirt, all on the under side. An underslip of very soft, white satin gleams through the net. There is a draped bodice and sleeves that are elbow length of georgette. Long sleeves, partly covering the hand, are wrinkled over the forearm and disappear under the crepe drapery at the top. A chemisette of

net has a round neck that is entirely plain. White moire ribbon makes the long sash that is wrapped twice about the waist and looped over at the front below the waist line.

Orange blossoms appear in a little cluster at the waist and in still smaller sprays where the veil is knotted at each side. Instead of a bouquet, the youthful bride carries a white prayer book having markers of narrow white moire ribbon with loops and knots that hold small sprays of orange blossoms. This, and the arrangement of the veil are little innovations that add a new interest to the always interesting wedding dress. It almost goes without saying that the slippers are of plain white satin and the stockings of silk.

Julie Stormley

#### Morning Jacket.

Dotted swiss is as charming for morning jackets as for the more elaborate rest robe. Its crispness is a joy and it responds beautifully to careful laundering. An excellent way of making a sensible and comfortable morning jacket is to proceed exactly as one would for a shirtwaist and fit the upper part just as carefully. Cut off any extra length at the waist line, add a straight-around belt as wide as is desired, gather the bottom of the shirtwaist part to this belt and along the other edge of the belt sew a frill of material. The sleeves may be as elaborate or as simple as one wishes, and there may be added a deep collar in the back, cut away to a point in front to be quite comfortable.