

The price of The Observer is \$1.50 per year, 75 cents for six months, 50 cents for four months—but if paid in advance we accept \$2.50 in full for 2 years. Shorter terms than one year 12 1/2 cents per month.

A Blue Mark here will answer an inquiry, when entered upon our calendar, giving the date of the paper as the date at which your current subscription expires.

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

Copyright, 1915, the Cincinnati Enquirer

Kicking.
"A chronic kicker," said old Ben. "Was grouchily Amos Rucker. He kicked his way through life and then one day he kicked the bucket."

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, what is political economy?
Paw—Getting the largest number of votes for the least money, my son.

Grave.
To his vocation he's a slave;
He always knows his place;
The undertaker wears a grave
Expression on his face.

Huh!
"Did you ever read magazine poetry?" asked the old fogey.
"No," replied the grouch. "That stuff sounds like it was all gas and no meter."

Easy.
In reading times like this be sage,
And see that you are not misled;
You do not have to turn this page,
You can find out no more than you need.

Some Dropper.
"Young Millionaire is quite a spend-thrift, isn't he?" remarked Smith.
"Should say he was," replied Jones. "Why, he drops his V's and X's as liberally as a cockney drops his H's."

Advice.
With your lot do the best you can,
Try to be satisfied;
You won't get indignation, man,
From swallowing your pride.

Right as Usual.
"An man can go through life and not have enemies. All he has to do is say nothing, be nothing and do nothing," says Luke McLuke, the sage of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

And, as usual, Luke is right. A deaf and dumb man ought to get along without making any enemies, but he would have to be a careful observer of how he acted at that, or somebody would turn against him. The man without an enemy is ready for the embalming fluid and the black trimmings.—Wilmington (O.) Journal-Republican.

That Family Tree.
And walking down the street, you see,
I passed twin sisters, young and fair,
And then I knew the family tree
Had certainly produced a pair.
—Vancouver, Ky.

"Contending" Is Good.
Miss Hazel L. Snover, a graduate of the Richmond high school class of 1912 and one of our most popular young ladies, was quietly married to Roy G. Milton of Armada last Friday evening. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. Traver of Pontiac at the pastor's residence in that city in the presence of the immediate relatives of the contending parties.—Richmond Review.

The Printer.
The printer is a sober man;
He never takes a nap,
And yet he is an artisan
Who likes to get on up.

He also is a kindly chap;
The rag he will not chew,
And if you should fall out with him
He will make up with you.
—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Names Is Names.
Miss All Wright lives at Mayfield, Ky.

Things to Worry About.
There are 60,016 blind tigers in Maine.

Our Daily Special.
If you want to encourage anything
pass laws forbidding it.

Luke McLuke Says:
A western court has ruled that it is illegal to kill an umpire. Us common people are gradually being deprived of our liberties and our pleasures. Some of these days we expect to hear a court send a woman to jail merely because she killed her husband.

A man can double his money in Wall street. But that is no sign that he is going to double it.

This is a queer world. Every now and then a ten cent dog is stolen just because it is wearing a ten dollar collar.

Some speed bugs have so much confidence in their automobiles that they expect the machines to climb trees and crawl under moving trolley cars.

Many a wife spends as much time abusing her husband in private as she does bragging about him in public.

The reason we haven't the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us is because if we had the gift we wouldn't believe our own eyes.

All small boys and most grown men look forward to the time when they will be their own bosses.

Another great mystery to the ordinary man is how a shirt factory can afford to give away 50 cents' worth of blue with a dollar shirt.

Any time a man honestly admits that he is in the wrong the rest of the world has a kind of sneaking feeling that he isn't.

This country is making so much progress that by the time a girl is fourteen years old she starts going to a drug store for her complexion.

When you get a man cornered in an argument over some statement he made he will get out of it by saying, "Well, I meant generally speaking."

A pretty girl and a man who is mind-ing his own business are the two things that attract the most favorable attention in this world.

Ezekiel's Trumpet

Lost Instrument Found in Time For Memorial Day Exercises.

By JOTHAM KINGSLEY

A gust of wind stirred the curtains of Mrs. Abner Albee's front parlor and brought with it a scent of lilacs and apple blossoms.

Lizzie Albee stood in the middle of the room with a frightened look on her round, good natured face. The door was closed, and in the dimness of the unused room her face shone out pale and strained. Her head was bent in a listening attitude.

Overhead she could hear her father-in-law's footfalls as he tramped to and fro in the best chamber. Presently the footstep went into the upper hall and ascended the attic stairs. From the upper distance they echoed as Ezekiel went to and fro talking to himself, searching here, there and everywhere for what? Lizzie Albee knew, and she shivered as though a cold breeze of fear had touched her.

Now the steps were descending the stairs slowly, wearily, as if Ezekiel had tired of his quest, but he came surely, looking for her. She seated herself.

"Yes," she said, breathing heavily. He pushed the door open and stood revealed, a bent old man with a round rufous face and dark eyes framed in a halo of frosty white hair.

"Land sakes, Lizzie!" he ejaculated. "What be you doing in the parlor?" "I was opening the windows, pa," she said, looking past her father-in-law. "The air is real fresh this morning."

"It's May time," he said wistfully, and then he went on hastily, "Lizzie, I can't find my trumpet."

"Your trumpet?" she repeated shrilly.

"Yes—it's the queerest thing. You know I always keep it in the bottom drawer of my bureau—it's gone, case and all. I went to get it so's I could polish it up a bit—you know folks expect me to play at the exercises on Memorial day."

"It must be there," said Lizzie, with sudden vigor. "Trumpets can't walk out of the house, pa. Maybe you put it in another place."

"That's right, Lizzie; only I can't help wondering where it is," he worried.

Ezekiel Albee was in the vegetable garden pulling some radishes for tea

when Miss Henrietta Burr came up to see him.

"What be you doing in the parlor?"

"I was opening the windows, pa," she said, looking past her father-in-law.

"The air is real fresh this morning."

"It's May time," he said wistfully, and then he went on hastily, "Lizzie, I can't find my trumpet."

"Your trumpet?" she repeated shrilly.

"Yes—it's the queerest thing. You know I always keep it in the bottom drawer of my bureau—it's gone, case and all. I went to get it so's I could polish it up a bit—you know folks expect me to play at the exercises on Memorial day."

"It must be there," said Lizzie, with sudden vigor. "Trumpets can't walk out of the house, pa. Maybe you put it in another place."

"That's right, Lizzie; only I can't help wondering where it is," he worried.

Ezekiel Albee was in the vegetable garden pulling some radishes for tea

when Miss Henrietta Burr came up to see him.

"What be you doing in the parlor?"

"I was opening the windows, pa," she said, looking past her father-in-law.

"The air is real fresh this morning."

"It's May time," he said wistfully, and then he went on hastily, "Lizzie, I can't find my trumpet."

"Your trumpet?" she repeated shrilly.

"Yes—it's the queerest thing. You know I always keep it in the bottom drawer of my bureau—it's gone, case and all. I went to get it so's I could polish it up a bit—you know folks expect me to play at the exercises on Memorial day."

"It must be there," said Lizzie, with sudden vigor. "Trumpets can't walk out of the house, pa. Maybe you put it in another place."

"That's right, Lizzie; only I can't help wondering where it is," he worried.

Ezekiel Albee was in the vegetable garden pulling some radishes for tea

when Miss Henrietta Burr came up to see him.

"What be you doing in the parlor?"

"I was opening the windows, pa," she said, looking past her father-in-law.

"The air is real fresh this morning."

"It's May time," he said wistfully, and then he went on hastily, "Lizzie, I can't find my trumpet."

"Your trumpet?" she repeated shrilly.

"Yes—it's the queerest thing. You know I always keep it in the bottom drawer of my bureau—it's gone, case and all. I went to get it so's I could polish it up a bit—you know folks expect me to play at the exercises on Memorial day."

"It must be there," said Lizzie, with sudden vigor. "Trumpets can't walk out of the house, pa. Maybe you put it in another place."

"That's right, Lizzie; only I can't help wondering where it is," he worried.

Ezekiel Albee was in the vegetable garden pulling some radishes for tea

when Miss Henrietta Burr came up to see him.

"What be you doing in the parlor?"

"I was opening the windows, pa," she said, looking past her father-in-law.

"The air is real fresh this morning."

"It's May time," he said wistfully, and then he went on hastily, "Lizzie, I can't find my trumpet."

"Your trumpet?" she repeated shrilly.

"Yes—it's the queerest thing. You know I always keep it in the bottom drawer of my bureau—it's gone, case and all. I went to get it so's I could polish it up a bit—you know folks expect me to play at the exercises on Memorial day."

"It must be there," said Lizzie, with sudden vigor. "Trumpets can't walk out of the house, pa. Maybe you put it in another place."

"That's right, Lizzie; only I can't help wondering where it is," he worried.

Ezekiel Albee was in the vegetable garden pulling some radishes for tea

"No one except the exchange peddler, and he's honest enough."

"Humph," sniffed Henrietta and went on into the house, leaving Ezekiel pulling radishes in the mellow glow of the setting sun.

She walked right into the sitting room with the freedom of an old acquaintance.

"Hello, Lizzie," she said, sitting down in the Boston rocker.

"Good evening," said Lizzie, examining her sewing into a big basket. "I declare it's most supper time. You'll stay?"

"Can't. What you making—a new dress?"

"Yes, I needed one."

"Seen's if you were always making up new dresses, Lizzie."

"I get awfully tired of my clothes. I send 'em up to my sister in Vermont. I make 'em myself, so it don't cost so much. I like variety."

"That's a pretty piece of goods," said Henrietta, picking up a fold and examining it. "Did you buy it from the exchange peddler?"

Lizzie hesitated.

"Yes," she said at last.

"I suppose you've been saving up your rags and bottles and old hats and

peddler," as he was called around the countryside because of his willingness to exchange new articles of dress or household articles for old rags, bottles, newspapers, bits of old furniture and other articles which people had tired of.

Michael Smith lived alone in a little one story house on the edge of the salt meadow that bordered the beach. He kept his hat and his high covered wagon in a little barn in one corner of the yard. He was a great reader, and people declared that sometimes he lay in bed all night reading Dickens or Thackeray or Scott's long novels.

Lizzie Albee hoped that Michael would be reading tonight.

There was a light in his window, and she sobbed with joy when she saw it. She leaned over the fence and tapped on the pane with her cane.

A shadow crossed the drawn curtain, and then Michael's voice came from within.

"Who's there?" he challenged.

"It's Mrs. Albee," quavered Lizzie. "I want to speak to you a minute."

"I want to speak to you a minute," he uttered an exclamation of surprise and told her to wait a moment. Presently he came out fully dressed and greeted her curiously.

"What in the name of time's brought you three miles from home?" he asked. "You're not all alone, Mrs. Albee?"

"I am," she said doggedly. "I came after that trumpet, Michael. I'd walk twenty miles to bring it back to pal I must have been crazy to have traded it off for a new dress. You give me back the trumpet and I'll make up the dress and give it to you, and you can make ready to wear."

Michael clucked with his tongue.

"I'd like to keep that there trumpet," he said slowly. "I've been thinking of learning how to play on it. I'm naturally musical, I am," he added, with a gratified air.

"I don't care how musical you are," said Lizzie fiercely, "not if you can sing like a whippoorwill, so there! I want that trumpet!"

"Oh, all right, Mrs. Albee! When a lady talks up like one of them fire eating suffragettes Michael Smith ain't the man to talk back. Here's your trumpet—and I don't suppose you want anything said about it," he added good naturedly.

"I deserve anything you want to say," returned Lizzie wearily. "Thank you, Michael, and if you'll call next time you come around I'll have the dress ready for you."

"All right, and don't you worry, Mrs. Albee. I can be dumb when I want to, and I want to be now. Shall I walk back with you?"

"Land, no," said Lizzie. "I'm scared to death to go, but that's part of my punishment."

"Well, I wish you good night, ma'am," said Michael, with an added note of respect in his voice.

"Good night," said Lizzie, and she went up the hill toward home with the cornet case under her arm.

On the brow of the hill, just where the shadows lay the darkest, she met two shapes coming toward her. There were a man and a woman, and before they met the man called anxiously: "That you, Lizzie?"

It was her husband's voice.

"Yes," she said uncertainly. They met, and she saw that the woman was Henrietta Burr.

"I've been over to Michael Smith's after pa's cornet," she said. "I traded it to him for a dress pattern, and I've been after it—there!"

Abner's arm was around her.

"I missed you," he said simply, "and so I went over to Henrietta's. She said she thought you was coming up this way to right a wrong, so we came together. I didn't know about pa's trumpet."

"You'll have to tell him," said Lizzie drearily.

"Nonsense," said Henrietta briskly. "Mr. Albee will be so glad to get his trumpet that he won't care where it went—and we won't spoil his gladness by telling about mistakes."

Westriver people always say that Mrs. Abner Albee saves up the whole year for Memorial day. Her garden furnishes the most flowers, and she all plants flags on the graves of the veterans who have answered the last trumpet call.

And old Ezekiel leans heavily on her strong arm when it is time to go to the cemetery, and she holds his cornet case when he puts the trumpet to his feeble lips to play, each year more uncertainly. "The Star Spangled Banner."

And those who can remember say that her change of attitude dated from the time when Ezekiel lost and found his beloved trumpet.

Shakespeare Plus Cervantes.
There is an old tradition which links Cervantes with Shakespeare in connection with the lost play "Cardenio," or "Cardenna," which was twice acted at court by Shakespeare's company in 1613 and was announced for publication some forty years later as "The History of Cardenio, by Fletcher and Shakespeare." The publication never took place, and nothing is otherwise known of the piece with certainty, but Sir Sidney Lee believes it to have been a dramatic version of the adventures of the lovelorn Cardenio, related in the first part of "Don Quixote." Shelton's translation of which appeared in 1612.

Why Salt Causes Thirst.
Salt has been described as a natural element of blood in about the same proportion as is in the water of the ocean. Under general conditions we do not feel the existence of salt in our bodies because its effect is counteracted by a due proportion of water.

When we eat an excessive amount of salt thirst is created by the demand of nature that we also take a proportionate amount of water and dilute the food that tends to absorb the moisture of the body will cause thirst for the same reason—that our physical welfare requires a balanced quantity of water.

Scared by the Elephant.
Tradition has it that Caesar brought elephants with him to Britain and that they contributed to his conquest of the island. Having unsuccessfully attempted to cross the Thames, Caesar built a large turret on an elephant and, loading it with bowmen and slingers, ordered them to pass the stream, whereupon the Britons, terrified at the sight of the unknown monster, fled in confusion.—London Chronicle.

At the foot of the other side of the hill lived Michael Smith, the "exchange

peddler," as he was called around the countryside because of his willingness to exchange new articles of dress or household articles for old rags, bottles, newspapers, bits of old furniture and other articles which people had tired of.

Michael Smith lived alone in a little one story house on the edge of the salt meadow that bordered the beach. He kept his hat and his high covered wagon in a little barn in one corner of the yard. He was a great reader, and people declared that sometimes he lay in bed all night reading Dickens or Thackeray or Scott's long novels.

Lizzie Albee hoped that Michael would be reading tonight.

There was a light in his window, and she sobbed with joy when she saw it. She leaned over the fence and tapped on the pane with her cane.

A shadow crossed the drawn curtain, and then Michael's voice came from within.

"Who's there?" he challenged.

"It's Mrs. Albee," quavered Lizzie. "I want to speak to you a minute."

"I want to speak to you a minute," he uttered an exclamation of surprise and told her to wait a moment. Presently he came out fully dressed and greeted her curiously.

"What in the name of time's brought you three miles from home?" he asked. "You're not all alone, Mrs. Albee?"

"I am," she said doggedly. "I came after that trumpet, Michael. I'd walk twenty miles to bring it back to pal I must have been crazy to have traded it off for a new dress. You give me back the trumpet and I'll make up the dress and give it to you, and you can make ready to wear."

Michael clucked with his tongue.

"I'd like to keep that there trumpet," he said slowly. "I've been thinking of learning how to play on it. I'm naturally musical, I am," he added, with a gratified air.

"I don't care how musical you are," said Lizzie fiercely, "not if you can sing like a whippoorwill, so there! I want that trumpet!"

"Oh, all right, Mrs. Albee! When a lady talks up like one of them fire eating suffragettes Michael Smith ain't the man to talk back. Here's your trumpet—and I don't suppose you want anything said about it," he added good naturedly.

"I deserve anything you want to say," returned Lizzie wearily. "Thank you, Michael, and if you'll call next time you come around I'll have the dress ready for you."

"All right, and don't you worry, Mrs. Albee. I can be dumb when I want to, and I want to be now. Shall I walk back with you?"

"Land, no," said Lizzie. "I'm scared to death to go, but that's part of my punishment."

"Well, I wish you good night, ma'am," said Michael, with an added note of respect in his voice.

"Good night," said Lizzie, and she went up the hill toward home with the cornet case under her arm.

On the brow of the hill, just where the shadows lay the darkest, she met two shapes coming toward her. There were a man and a woman, and before they met the man called anxiously: "That you, Lizzie?"

It was her husband's voice.

"Yes," she said uncertainly. They met, and she saw that the woman was Henrietta Burr.

"I've been over to Michael Smith's after pa's cornet," she said. "I traded it to him for a dress pattern, and I've been after it—there!"

Abner's arm was around her.

"I missed you," he said simply, "and so I went over to Henrietta's. She said she thought you was coming up this way to right a wrong, so we came together. I didn't know about pa's trumpet."

"You'll have to tell him," said Lizzie drearily.

"Nonsense," said Henrietta briskly. "Mr. Albee will be so glad to get his trumpet that he won't care where it went—and we won't spoil his gladness by telling about mistakes."

Westriver people always say that Mrs. Abner Albee saves up the whole year for Memorial day. Her garden furnishes the most flowers, and she all plants flags on the graves of the veterans who have answered the last trumpet call.

And old Ezekiel leans heavily on her strong arm when it is time to go to the cemetery, and she holds his cornet case when he puts the trumpet to his feeble lips to play, each year more uncertainly. "The Star Spangled Banner."

And those who can remember say that her change of attitude dated from the time when Ezekiel lost and found his beloved trumpet.

Shakespeare Plus Cervantes.
There is an old tradition which links Cervantes with Shakespeare in connection with the lost play "Cardenio," or "Cardenna," which was twice acted at court by Shakespeare's company in 1613 and was announced for publication some forty years later as "The History of Cardenio, by Fletcher and Shakespeare." The publication never took place, and nothing is otherwise known of the piece with certainty, but Sir Sidney Lee believes it to have been a dramatic version of the adventures of the lovelorn Cardenio, related in the first part of "Don Quixote." Shelton's translation of which appeared in 1612.

Why Salt Causes Thirst.
Salt has been described as a natural element of blood in about the same proportion as is in the water of the ocean. Under general conditions we do not feel the existence of salt in our bodies because its effect is counteracted by a due proportion of water.

When we eat an excessive amount of salt thirst is created by the demand of nature that we also take a proportionate amount of water and dilute the food that tends to absorb the moisture of the body will cause thirst for the same reason—that our physical welfare requires a balanced quantity of water.

Scared by the Elephant.
Tradition has it that Caesar brought elephants with him to Britain and that they contributed to his conquest of the island. Having unsuccessfully attempted to cross the Thames, Caesar built a large turret on an elephant and, loading it with bowmen and slingers, ordered them to pass the stream, whereupon the Britons, terrified at the sight of the unknown monster, fled in confusion.—London Chronicle.

At the foot of the other side of the hill lived Michael Smith, the "exchange

peddler," as he was called around the countryside because of his willingness to exchange new articles of dress or household articles for old rags, bottles, newspapers, bits of old furniture and other articles which people had tired of.

Michael Smith lived alone in a little one story house on the edge of the salt meadow that bordered the beach. He kept his hat and his high covered wagon in a little barn in one corner of the yard. He was a great reader, and people declared that sometimes he lay in bed all night reading Dickens or Thackeray or Scott's long novels.

Lizzie Albee hoped that Michael would be reading tonight.

There was a light in his window, and she sobbed with joy when she saw it. She leaned over the fence and tapped on the pane with her cane.

A shadow crossed the drawn curtain, and then Michael's voice came from within.

"Who's there?" he challenged.

"It's Mrs. Albee," quavered Lizzie. "I want to speak to you a minute."

"I want to speak to you a minute," he uttered an exclamation of surprise and told her to wait a moment. Presently he came out fully dressed and greeted her curiously.

"What in the name of time's brought you three miles from home?" he asked. "You're not all alone, Mrs. Albee?"

"I am," she said doggedly. "I came after that trumpet, Michael. I'd walk twenty miles to bring it back to pal I must have been crazy to have traded it off for a new dress. You give me back the trumpet and I'll make up the dress and give it to you, and you can make ready to wear."

Michael clucked with his tongue.

"I'd like to keep that there trumpet," he said slowly. "I've been thinking of learning how to play on it. I'm naturally musical, I am," he added, with a gratified air.

"I don't care how musical you are," said Lizzie fiercely, "not if you can sing like a whippoorwill, so there! I want that trumpet!"

"Oh, all right, Mrs. Albee! When a lady talks up like one of them fire eating suffragettes Michael Smith ain't the man to talk back. Here's your trumpet—and I don't suppose you want anything said about it," he added good naturedly.

"I deserve anything you want to say," returned Lizzie wearily. "Thank you, Michael, and if you'll call next time you come around I'll have the dress ready for you."

"All right, and don't you worry, Mrs. Albee. I can be dumb when I want to, and I want to be now. Shall I walk back with you?"

"Land, no," said Lizzie. "I'm scared to death to go, but that's part of my punishment."

"Well, I wish you good night, ma'am," said Michael, with an added note of respect in his voice.

"Good night," said Lizzie, and she went up the hill toward home with the cornet case under her arm.