THE MERCURY

Established 1867

Entered at the Carlisle Postoffice as second class matter

Warren Fisher, Editor
Grimes Caywood, News Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year (in advance) $2.00
Six Months (in advance) 1.00
Three Months (in advance) ..... .65

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1925

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY

I think that saving a little child
And bringing him to his own,
Is dearer sight before the throne
Than bowing around the throne.
—John Hay.

Next to which, in our opinion, is saving for a little child the tender illusion of the jolly, loving Santa Claus. Grownups are prone to believe that to themselves only are known the pangs of lost illusion, broken faiths and disappointed hopes, forgetting that what seems a minor disappointment to them is the bitter set tragedy for the innocent mind of childhood.

There is much "leading around the throne" much psalm-singing and outward manifestation of religion, so called, as compared with the actual practice of real constructive Christianity. The observance of standard ritualism is easy, as compared with the practice of the teachings of the Nazarene and all of us take nothing so much as effort, so multiply industriously and energize we may think our zealous. At least that is one explanation, as we see it, of the failure of our people to respond in greater measure to the call to the plea for funds to fill empty stockings this Christmas.

The time is short and The Mercury urges you at once to make their contributions this week. Your name will not be published, if you desire, as having contributed. The writer has lived in this county long enough to know that the hearts of its people are kind and that they respond generously to all worthy causes when solicited. Personal solicitation is not possible now we must depend upon your willingness to answer this written plea.

The Christ, whose birth is celebrated at Christmas time, set the supreme example of good works. He was primarily a man of action, holding no empty creed, comforting the sorrow-ed, living and practicing. His ground of love for mankind. And I am He, who says it.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

SUPERFLUOUS MISTLETOE

The mistletoe which festoons so gracefully the trees of our fruit districts in winter, and which, in the aristocratic, is a passion-pea and partly responsible for the introduction of Christmas.

This vine when such a prominence serves to have been used by a storm of renown. But that was in the days of the puff sleeve and the bustle, the ox-gaping iron and the hitching post. When rubber tires on a Cadillac buggy were regarded as the last word in luxury and effect and Nancy Hanks, and the 2:40 pace was the limit of speed. Now, the bushes on this ancient sphere. For the days of the straight laced maid and Nancy Hanks, and the 2:40 pace was the limit of speed. Now, the bushes on this ancient sphere. For the days of the straight laced maid and the days of the one-armed driver of the horseless wonder who with one can pull of Pegasus and a little bit of shaking, will find on the gas and thoroughly and spiritually overcome the high speed of poor old Nancy Hanks. But the days of the mistletoe are not. And does it retain the style at "pat-ting" for the days, one of last year's? Is it? The lady has one on her hat. That is about all she has to boast of the phoenix and her hat is about all she has to boast of. They say parasites "follow the chase."

They seem to do their destroyer of the mistletoe is the mistletoe. It may drop a note at its passing, it doesn't seem to affect the vine's despair and abundance. They may thrive under a shade tree.

HAVE A HEART, BOYS!

Someone has suggested that the very first amendment of the approaching consolidation of law-makers at Frankfort should be a bill abolishing all sessions of that cognet body for twenty-five years. We imagine that such a splendid, progressive step would require an amendment to the Constitution and that no amendment can pass in Kentucky is become an action, almost. And yet, it might, starting as it does such a strong appeal to most everyone, with the exception of those to whom the honor and glory of a desk and feathers chair on the hill at Frankfort, not to mention, of course, the per diem, is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

But to ask a legislator to put an end to the "swearing" at Frankfort is like urging the man up a tree to get on a limb and now is off close to the trunk. No Simbic will be found in the 1926 session willing to pull down the pillars of this temple of multitudinous oaths. It's let that pass and indulge ourselves in the usual futile hope that more time will be spent in spending useless, outworn, unnecessary laws than in making new laws arises. For of the making of us these seems to be no end and reforming most of them no less.

So here's to the big row were all quicker next month. May they be much that their predecessors be done and may they do little at their successors may be forced to do much. And, here, do have pity on the poor, overworked court of history. So much of its time is taken up declaring your laws unconstitutional.

MESSIN UP THE MOCKING BIRD

The Courier-Journal quotes a letter to the Kentucky Evening Post, who refers to the "raucous notes of the mocking bird."

One who has listened to the rapturous melody of the bird, that swells from the throat of this songster when he is resting like a perched on the very tip of a swaying bough on a moonlight night in June, the mocking note in her best below, will feel insulted at the charge of the Post and also the writer on sight. However, it must be admitted that the mocking bird does have a "raucous note," also, in mockingbird fashion, he imitates the blue jay, or with fine effect, the whistle of a locomotive at long, exasperating hour before daybreak of his day sleep. At such times, it must be admitted, when the bird seems to be trying to see how much he can belch and the cause of a sleepless night, he does not give flowers and shrubs with all the gusto that he usually does.

And the pen writer "raucous note" may be applied to the Post who has failed to that impression of the exquisite harmonies, that wonders of the mocking bird are to the ornithologist or to the naturalist. Perhaps the Post has followed the glamor of gain and, tuned, to find that poetry, writing is distasteful. The mockbird, with all of the State.

Mocking bird, mocked 1925. Cut-in to the glamor of wealth beyond the dreams of Croesus, and the one hundred years ago and be mocked by the struggle and gamble to be the first to get rich quick, the mockbird sings on and the mockbird sings on.

And then there is the mockbird. Dust and dirt, fruit and flowers, and the mockbird sings on.

And the mockbird sings on.

And there's another. Flower and fruit from the spirit.

And the mockbird sings on.

And the mockbird sings on.

And the mockbird sings on