THE MERCURY

Established 1867

Entered at the Carlisle Postoffice as second class matter

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Grimes Gaywood, News Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1925

THE FIREFLY.

Some weeks ago we filled a list of empty columns with some remarks about "newspaper paragraphs," those ever-blooming flowers of wit, pseudo-wit and urban which appear over and over in both country and city press to "round the visibilities of the reader and to be clipped and 'exchanged' in some other obliging newspaper garden.

During the course of the remarks we "dug up" and "exploded" an old favorite, that is so specious it is out of what we supposed to be our memory, but which evidently was not, since the psychologists to say that nothing is ever forgotten, and in this case we forgot. At least that is a charitable explanation, for several of our subscribers who believe with Poe that Poetry is the "rhythmical creation of beauty" clothed in words severe and Rosie rhymes for ex- ample, deflated the morning's mail or severely and in all exasperation have hesitated to put "wings of flame" on the fireflies, when every one knows that the "lightest fox will never be dragged into poetic harness for business to have his fun light going, long as it is permanently fastened to him north of the morning grey and mauve-pink of maternity, impressionistic and unpoetic, artful and unpoetic, fearless affairs of this morning's paper, or gets enclosed in a copying book and is sent to the office of the head of scientific investigation.

Now, we pulled a boo- doozie on our subscribers, but if the poetic fire was not there, for such to be the reason of a rejection slip, as we have said before, we are glad we made it.

Editor Carlisle Mercury:
Dear Sir:

A few days ago I read a poem in that paper that I like very much. Mrs. Poe, the author, is a resident of your town. I would like very much to have a copy of the paper in which the poem appeared. I have lived in Carlisle the first thing I do when I get home is to read the Mercury. And there are many items of interest to me.

I have been a subscriber for many years, and I have never missed a copy. I am now living in Ohio, but I expect to return to Carlisle to live in the near future.

Please send me a copy of the paper containing the poem, and I will remit the price of it.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Ella Hoffman
Cincinnati, Ohio

We wonder often those charged with the responsibility of Franklin will be more interested in what they are not getting the Government will be more than what they are getting, when a man who is looking for a responsible position for him will be held accountable for public trust, and when honesty, ten will not be desired and exacted for the benefit of the individual, but for the benefit of the entire State.—Elizabethtown News.

When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

MOONSHINE.

"The sun set, and up rose the yel- low moon."

The devil is the moon for mischief; they

Who call'd her chaste, methinks be- gan too soon

Their nomenclature; there is not a day,

The longest, not the twenty-first of June,

Sacr'd the business in a wicked way

On which three single hours of moonshine smile—

And this she looks in modest all the while."

Players of the "flapper" will agree heartily, no doubt, but styles have changed in modes of locomotion as well as in women, since Lord Byron wrote Don Juan.

In that poet's day, rushing along country roads at a speed of fifteen miles an hour would have been regarded as flying in the face of Providence. But today we have with us the automobile, yes, and the flivver, scorning the small-pace mile, also as lost and

[illegible]

chalantly stepping her up to fifty or more.

And so, if you need your faces the daily paper Monday morning, with its tale of killed, crippled and maimed on Sunday's wholesale automobile destruction, you will re- alize at once that there is a reason for it, and that it comes once a week. Which though it may not seem to be the reason we had in mind when we started out to write this piece, yet nevertheless is the reason for it, in the matter of slaughter.

And yet, one must confess that the "moonshine" in the daytime, so much in evidence in the country, is not to be sneezed at, for it is the creation of many a good laugh, and is the cause of many a good time. Then, too, there is that bit of moonshine in the form of moonlight, which has been the inspiration of more poetry than has been produced by all the other forms of moonshine put together, and which has been the cause of more love than books to be enumerated in a day's time. Moonlight is the time of all times for love, and the time when the heart beats quickest and strongest, and when the voice is softest and most musical. Moonlight is the time when the poetic fire burns brightest, and when the poetic pen is most inspired. Moonlight is the time when the poet's soul is most responsive to the unseen but not to be unfelt influences that are the source of the verse in poetic- ular family and fond- est admirers in our home town. Therefore, if God made moonlight, He made it for poets, and Homer, Homer-like Homer-like Homer-like