THE MERCURY

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GOOD INSURANCE.

Joining the Red Cross is a form of insurance, a sort of group insurance, against suffering and calamities that may come to all of us or it, in the satisfaction of your good fortune, you are not one of those to whom the annual suffering of poverty and sickness unattended are in your town and county matters of no appeal, enroll yourself for your own good in the Red Cross membership. Old Job slipped from the lap of luxury to his ash-heap and his lamentations in a few short hours.

Last winter it was necessary to make repeated appeals for clothing for little children who came to school so wantingly that their feet suffered from the cold. The response was generous, but such work could be done more thoroughly by a local Red Cross chapter. We need such an organization here if only to care for the sufferings of the needy this winter.

Your conscience should not permit you to refuse this appeal. The campaign for members starts this week and any business house in Carlisle will gladly furnish you a membership card. Take out insurance against the pangs of conscience by enrolling yourself and every member of your family in the Red Cross.

BETTER TAKE A HALF LOAF.

The Mercury is quite willing to share its portion of the blame for the failure of the bond issue for a filtering plant to carry. It is but another proof of the folly of believing that the public understands. For The Mercury can not think that the people of Carlisle understood that the borrowing of $25,000 would not increase local taxes one penny, else they would have supported the issue with the necessary two-thirds vote.

Several voters felt that sewers are more important than a filtering plant and either refrained from voting or voted against the bonds. The Mercury is willing to admit that a sewage system, which would also require a sewage disposal plant, is badly needed. Some day it will have to come, but it is doubtful if any of these realize that a system of sewers and a disposal plant would cost in the neighborhood of $250,000 and that the only method of raising such a sum would be the assessment of city property at so much per foot. These folk succeeded in helping to defeat the filtering plant and yet are no nearer to a sewage system.

Half a loaf is always better than no loaf at all, and we hope and trust that when it is legal to vote on this question two years hence, we shall have the courage either to enter our half-loaf in the form of water pure enough to drink and clear enough for cleaning purposes during the rainy season.

BLAMING IT ON EVE.

The forecasting of jury decisions and the sportsmanlike choices of women has long been held, in the wisdom of the elders, as a prognostic easiest too much for the wisdom of the average man. To this might be added the growing inability of men or savant to foretell how the people are going to vote because of any symbolic or question. The women vote three, or the acknowledged quantity which advises the prophesies of shrewd old politicians.

But in the matter of amendments and bond issues the vote of the fair sex should not be so difficult to forecast, we think. Here most particularly they fail to follow the lead of the male or to be influenced by his opinion. Women believe in improving living conditions, and not having had the annual experience of men in contributing to the public treasury they are inclined to know only more readily on the public purse strings. Now power to them, say we, when we think of the public money that is wasted so frequently and 'saved' with such extravagant economy upon occasion.

And so we are not inclined to blame the woman voter for the defeat of the amendment designed to permit the payment to members of our court of appeals of salaries commensurate with the ability of a good lawyer and judge. The vote of the purse-string holder killed this most just amendment.

Blessing it on the woman voter, as well as attributing the success of all good issues and desirable candidates to the influence of women in politics is considerably overworked, in our opinion.

HERE'S TO WEATHER!

A bitter winter of tumbling temperatures, followed by a summer-in-summer's prediction to chill the marrow in one's bones, were such prophecies taken seriously. They are not, however, despite the fact that long-range forecasting is not without speculation. The world has ever known and it will go on just as long as the present think prices are still going higher.

NOVEMBER

Of all the sisterhood of months, November is the saddest, one of the least popular. She is cold, she is dark, she is depressing. The flame of life burns but dimly in her presence, we have lost their sparkle, and her pulse is the feeble throb of the expiring. Of the year, constantly impressing on our senses her death, November is the gloom and strife that lie ahead.

We found that premonition at play in the poem which is a solemn in the Youth's Companion. Poor old November, so down on her fortune that she set in its opening week this year, and possibly before this is read, how the passing of old will have been cast upon its dreariness.

November grips the earth. On horseback,
Gaunt and lean, his flame-eyed crown,
Against the pallid moon and shrouded sky
The Gray Wolf lifts a long and hungry howl.

So sings Arthur Guiterman and the month is blurred to a ground, grey timber wolf and one thinks of the "gaunt and lean and gray blast" of Robert Burns. Bryant And also, spindt. For of wolving and howling and howling and howling