THE MERCURY

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GOING! GOING!—!

One by one the roses fall,
One by one the streams go dry.

Another stream upon which flourished financial success for the country's pinthrop goes dry and our new telephone book is printed by the company, at Atlanta. That's their business, of course. We have no kick coming on the saving the telephone company is able to effect. It is but the natural outcome of the merging of telephone companies, the handling of public utilities by great corporations, the co-operative marketing of tobacco, the growth of the chain store and the small order business in rural districts.

Time was when The Mercury did all the job printing and carried all of the advertising of three local warehouses in Carlisle. Today this printing goes to some large printing establishment capable of handling orders for one and one-half million of this form or more. The small shop which could turn out twenty-thousand forms for a warehouse is not equipped to handle the large order. We are not blaming the Burley Association for having the printing done by the lowest bidder and in large amounts. That is good business. However, it is another item fallen from our hands—another stream gone dry.

Once upon a time we printed all the forms required by the local light and power company. Now we print none at all. Great corporations maintain their own print shops. And that's good business for them, and that's their business.

Are these indications of the "good old times, when the small town will come to be a business center, except to furnish through a few stores, the necessities of life?"

We dislike to think so.

Yet in the fourteen years we have lived here, we have noted the passing of more than one local business, to be merged into the great corporation, which cares just as much for the town as it can extract of it in dollars and cents.

O, well! There's a compensation, somewhere. Perhaps it is better able to live in a small town, to bear the cardinal and the wren greet the summer's dawn and be soothed by the quavering call of the little screech owl. But just living in pulsing nature complete, as "the roses fall and the streams go dry," perhaps that is the keynote for this wailful screed.

RADIO FIGHT FANS.

When Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney met at the great Sesquicentennial in Philadelphia last week, more than one hundred and thirty thousand people sat through a drizzle, which grew into a cloudburst rain, to see these gentlemen pummel each other, or to see one do the pounding and better the taking.

Hundreds of radio fans, conducting seated in their own homes—in village stores and restaurants—the "not audience" listened by the millions. And among these were men who would not attend a prize fight under any conditions, yet they were apparently quite as excited as the crowd down the way of civic's in Philadelphia.

The radio is a marvelous agent of popularizing almost anything but especially those sports, so free hold and prize-fighting, where one seen bones broken and eyes blackened and lips made to bleed. The least there not at all even but radio.

We'll venture to say that there are many, who in the days of John L. Sullivan, regarded prize-fighting as little short of sinful, who since their handiness last Thursday night until the final gong.

SHE'LL "COME BACK."

A Louisville real estate dealer is quoted as saying that the big stores will "do more than anything which has gone before to put a crimp in the Florida boom."

The Mercury believes he is wrong. The boom is already "crimped." But the substantial value of Florida real estate will continue to attract investors despite storms and bursting real estate bubbles.

What has happened in Florida may happen to any coastal city. It may not happen in Florida again for a hundred years. It may never happen again.

Galveston "came back" from the destruction which followed the tidal wave to build better than ever before. Miami will not be surprised again by such a destructive storm. Civilized man needs few losses to teach his defense against wind and sea. Where his ancestors saw a rapid gode in stigma, whose wrath must be appeased by sacrifice, often human, modern man sits in awe in battle with brain and brawn against his foe, the elements around.

Miami will "come back." Florida will not suffer long any "crimp" from hurricanes. Within a year it will have been forgotten.

POEMS THAT WE LIKE.

WHEN EARTH'S LAST PICTURE IS PAINTED

(Kipling)

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the jumpest over has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall rest it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Work sees shall put us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a palace of bliss;
They shall sport at a ten-foot easeum with brushes of camel's hair.

They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate state,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as They are!

THE VAMPIER

(Kipling)

A foul tissue was and he made his prayer
(Leve us you and I!)
To a god and a lover of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care)
But the fool he called her his lady fair—
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not care!
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand!

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I!)
Honour and faith and a name intent
(And it wasn't the least what the fool wanted)
But a fool must follow his nature bent
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the toil we lost and the treasure we lost
And the excellent things we plan
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand!

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I!)
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside—
(But it isn't on record she did)
But some of him lived but the most died hard
(Even as you and I!)

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a whip but hound
(Oh, we know that she never knew why)
And never could understand!!

SEPTEMBER FANCY

The old sollgrand,
How mine it looks.
I'm very fond
Of it—its books.

There are no bugs,
No rusty hooks,
No broken jugs
Near it—its books.

I like to turn
To those calm nooks
And there scissors,
Awhile—its books.

RACY OF THE SOIL

(From the Louisville Times)

In an adjacent column The Times reprints a paragraph from the Huntington (W. Va.) Herald-Dispatch in which that newspaper tells The Interior Journal, of Stanford, Ky., why it regrets more articles from Kentucky newspapers than from the newspapers of West Virginia.

"The humor of Kentucky editors, wholesome quaintness, reminiscent of another day," the "homey" frankness that is at once soothing and delightful" which the West Virginia newspaper sorely misses in The Times daily column of clippings from Kentucky newspapers are qualities which make many Kentucky weeklies, and some of the smaller dailies, racy of the soil.

Kentucky editors—wiser than jackapeys in Kentucky county seats who abandon the mores and the methods of the homespun days of the vintage to approach as nearly as possible the standardized city hotel—who keep their newspapers wholesomely homey and frank retain appealing distinctiveness, local flavor, which makes them interesting to outsiders and holds the patronage of the home reader despite the service of outside newspapers.

"AS GOES MAINE"

The Republican candidate for Governor and the Democratic candidate for Governor in Maine, Democratic opposition 29,000 votes last week. Two years ago the same candidate beat the Democrat 26,000 votes. This year 67,000 votes at home. The Democrats do well to get a respectable showing in the stay-at-home vote, while Republicans, like Republicans everywhere, interpret it as an evidence of satisfaction with Coolidge, a "well enough alone" sentiment.

Such sentiment would give the Republican