Tibbits of Kentucky Folklore

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THE MAIL BOX

A hundred years ago Thomas DeQuincey immortalized the English mail coach, which represented to him and his generation the far-reaching romance of the British postal service. I want to add a small chapter today on the same romance, this time as applied to our rural deliveries of mail. If I could visualize the whole country, I could be a real romancer, for probably no governmental agency so effectively reaches all of us as the postoffice and its servants.

In the days of my own boyhood the mail came to our little post office only three times a week. The mail carrier was too loaded down even then, but probably you who have always lived in a city can hardly imagine how important the few letters and pulp magazines and advertisements were. Every one in the community was reading a dozen continued stories in Comfort or The American Woman or some other monthly magazine printed at Augusta, Maine, on very cheap paper. Who cared for the quality of the paper, though, when there were a dozen guaranteed fists of weeping in each issue? For a long time there were no in dividual mail boxes along the road. We sometimes could hire the mail carrier to hitch our mail to one either by paying him a small sum or by having something good to eat as he returned from his journey to the little country store-postoffice at Hall. The mail was then carried then and now past my old home by a star route, but it is needed unnecessary then to have delivery of mail. To-day we could just put up a mail box down at the big road and leave letters to be mailed. Since the trip to the postoffice and the one back were about two hours apart, it necessitated two or even three journeys to the road. How important big road down the lane.

and we felt as we walked down past the neighbor's house with real letters to be mailed or with all the fresh-smelling new papers and magazines! Sometimes we got a big catalogue, for mail-order houses were already reaching out into the country. No encyclopedia in a library ever ranked more highly than did our big catalogues, showing what the big world was eating or wearing or riding in or using to decorate their houses. Only recently some costuming companies have had recourse to those same catalogues that delighted us in order to find just what people looked like forty or more years ago, just what was fashionable at the latest fad.

The mail box became the living symbol of the government. Even the bad boys hesitated to do violence to a mail box, however much they may have thrown rocks at everything else in sight. They seemed to regard the boxes as the inviolable property of Uncle Sam. The wrens did not share this fear, for then and now every mail box that has had its door (and most of them have) has been an invitation to build a bulky nest of sticks and feathers. Fortunately, the average flock of House Wren can live in a mail box very little disturbed by the daily commotion of peering the letters and papers. Few people are cruel enough to try to expel the intruder and lay a proprietary interest in the wholesome property of Uncle Sam. The wrens did not share this fear, for then and now every mail box that has had its door (and most of them have) has been an invitation to build a bulky nest of sticks and feathers.

Nothing exists by itself. The mail box, often battered up and unsightly, has been the remotest, but the big road and leave letters to be mailed. Since the trip to the postoffice and the one back were about two hours apart, it necessitated two or even three journeys to the road. How important big road down the lane.

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UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for March 17

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CALVARY: TRIUMPH THROUGH SACRIFICE

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 27:33-50.
GOLDEN TEXT—Christ died for us, and rose again. Wherefore we are reconciled unto God through the death of his Son.—Romans 5:10.

At Calvary, reverent and thoughtful readers of God's Word stand speechless, and confess themselves to be powerless to explain or to expound the awe-inspiring story, and yet just because it is such a story, because on that cross the divine Son of God gave Himself in sacrificial atonement for sin, we must do our utmost to understand it, to explain it, and certainly to declare it to all mankind. For when He was there no sin became sin for us, it was for our sin that He died. Here alone do we find redemption.

We approach this scene therefore with reverence, and with the prayer that we may so present the dying Saviour to dying men that some may believe and be saved. We center our thoughts around three expressions taken from the texts:

I. "They Crucified Him."

All of the gospel stories are remarkably reticent when they describe the cross. Details of surrounding events are given, but when they speak of the cross itself, they can only say that He was crucified. Even as look at the One who hung on that sacred tree, for this is the Saviour of the world. Refusing the stupefying potion (v. 34) and facing death fully conscious, we hear Him crying out of the darkness which covered all the land, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" That cry indicates the depth of which our Saviour went for us.

Does it not seem that the Father in that darkest moment of history turned His back upon the Son, not knowing no sin Himself had become sin for us? And yet we know that it was God who hung upon the tree, God the Son. Here is divine mystery, the meaning of which we cannot fathom, but we know that it was for us.

Then came the cry with the loud voice, "It is finished!" This was not the death of the languishing martyr. The Son of God, having wrought out redemption on the cross, cried out in powerful tones of victory, "It is finished!" and yielded up His spirit.

II. "They Watched Him."

Soldiers, priests, the two thieves, the women—how different was the purpose and the spirit of their watching.

The soldiers had made sport of Him and mocked Him in the praetor. They took a passing curious interest in the crucifixion. They gambled over His garments, and finally settled down to perform their duties as guards with stolid indifference, for much of humanity is just like that!

The priests who professed to know about God and His Word were blind in appalling wickedness and ignorance. Being members of the highest and noblest of callings, they fell when they sinned to the lowest depths.

Of the two thieves, one believed and the other railed at our Lord (Luke 23:39, 40). This crisis of life ever since been the dividing line, part of humanity turning their backs on eternal, the rest going on its railing way to destruction.

The women waited. No doubt they were perplexed and troubled in heart, but they stood faithfully, until His precious body was in the grave. We read of no apostle who did as much, and we give all honor to womanhood.

III. "He Trusted in God."

This was the sarcastic taunt of the priests. "Where is God now?" hanging upon the cross and the interpreters of religion, the priests, misinterpreted God, there was a great silence. God's communion here is the first thing that impresses one as the story is read, that is not all the story. It was not wholly misinterpreted. "From the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour." That seems to have been the act of God. It would seem that in infinite tenderness God wrapped the land in darkness in the hour of His Son's supreme suffering. (G. Campbell Morgan). We also read in verse 51 that the veil of the temple was torn from top to bottom, opening the way for all men in Christ to enter the Holy of Holies.

"He trusted God." Yes, even to the sacrifice of Himself in death. Because He could not save Himself (v. 42) in thus doing the will of God the Father, He did save others. The seeming priests did the unspeakable of their wicked purpose in falsely "They executed Him," but "He trusted God" and became the Saviour of the world.

How Great and How Wondrous

How great are his agent and how mighty are his wonders! His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion is from generation to generation.—Daniel 4:6.

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Scouts at Both Fairs Again

Boy Scouts participate in the New York World's Fair and Golden Gate Exposition at San Francisco. Top view—New York exhibit; bottom view—Golden Gate Scout Service Camp. Others show Scouts at both expositions.

RADIO ADVERTISING

(Elizabethtown News)

The Chicago Tribune is also the owner of the radio station WGN (world's greatest newspaper) and it has, therefore, no interest in belittling the value of radio advertising as compared with newspaper advertising. The Tribune recently undertook a listener survey. It put in 35,000 telephone calls, made over a period of a week at all hours of the radio day. The results were the following:

29 per cent: did not answer the telephone, indicating that no one was at home.

29 per cent were listening to the radio, but of the latter about five out of every six were unable to identify the product that was being advertised.

Thus out of 100 persons, radio advertising at that particular time was registering on five. Upon the other ninety-five it was lost.

A chief trouble with the radio from the standpoint of either advertising or news, is that the listener go s only a smattering knowledge of what is being broadcast. Not one person in a dozen can repeat correctly. It is sometimes amusing to hear the garbled reports of what "came over the radio." Another newspaper would just recount his own child. People do not always quote newspapers with exactitude, but the printed page just before them makes a much definite impression than what is conveyed through the ear.

Denmark's Buried Church

One of the sights for tourists in Denmark is an old church in the sand dunes, south of Skagen. Buried by a sand storm in the Eighteenth century, today only its tower is visible.

Longest Northward Stream

Longest northward-flowing stream in the United States is New River, in Ashe county, North Carolina. It is said to be 457 miles long.

MONEY TALKS

Frederick Stamm, Economist Director of Adult Educa ion University of Louisville

A by-product of this war which has not attracted a great deal of attention and made the newspaper headlines is the negative influence which are flowing Europe and being felt in the United States. Some of these companies are fleeing Europe because of fear or oppression, others because of their expanding market in North and South America. Many of these companies are small and would fit into the economic life of a small community.

To illustrate, The Continental Plastic Company of New Bedford, Mass., began the manufacture of plastic bead last year and now employes some 50 people. The only plant small was in Switzerland. The Sun Shoe Mfg Co., whose owners came from Germany, is located in Chicago. This plant manufactures a line of women's shoes and employes around 150 workers.

Another interesting illustration is the Marum Knitting Mills of Lawrence, Mass., which was owned Germans who formerly operated a hosiery plant in Schorndorf, Germany. Their product is a substitute hosiery which was formerly imported by Americans. After a year's operation the company operates forty machines 24 hours a day and employs 70 persons.

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These instances are typical of many similar industries which are now being established in the United States by refugees from Europe. The U. S. and is home to many small industries which have been established by a small supply of industrial and stable labor, low taxes, good transportation facilities and a friendly government. These new plants.

This is a good opportunity for Chambers of Commerce to look into the possibilities of getting some of these industries to locate in their communities. Many people in Europe have come to the conclusion that the