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25 caliber blue steel army automatic, convenient to carry, price \$7.50
All our guns shoot Standard American Ammunition. All guns guaranteed new.

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F. H. BROOKS, Inc.

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Please mention this paper in replying. Send for our Catalogue.

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AND GET YOUR LABEL DATED AHEAD

We have been slow to insist upon payment through the hard summer months. Now that the fall months are here, will you not send in your renewal?

Mr. Roy Vaughan is our collecting agent. When he calls upon you, will you not receive him cordially and pay him?

THE UNION DAILY TIMES

UNION COUNTY BAPTIST ASSOCIATION MON-AETNA CHURCH, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28 AND 29, 1922

The Union County Baptist Association meets September 28th with the Mon-Aetna Baptist church. The following is the suggested program:

First Day

- 10 A. M.—Devotional Services.
- 10:30 A. M.—Organization.
- 11:00 A. M.—Missions: State, Home and Foreign.
- 12:00 M.—75 Million Campaign.
- 1:00 P. M.—Dinner.
- 2:30 P. M.—Devotional Services.
- 2:45 P. M.—Benevolences: Orphanage, Hospital, Aged Ministers.
- 3:45 P. M.—Religious Literature.
- 4:15 P. M.—Miscellaneous business and adjournment.
- 8:00 P. M.—Service of worship with preaching.

Second Day

- 10:00 A. M.—Devotional Services.
- 10:30 A. M.—Temperance and Public Morals.
- 11:00 A. M.—S. S., B. Y. P. U., and Colportage.
- 11:30 A. M.—Education: The Commission, Institutions and Ministerial.
- 12:30 P. M.—W. M. U. Work.
- 1:00 P. M.—Dinner.
- 2:30 P. M.—Devotional Services.
- 2:45 P. M.—Laymen's Work.
- 3:15 P. M.—Stewardship and Tithing; Executive Committee's Report.
- 3:45 P. M.—Digest of Church Letters.
- 4:15 P. M.—Miscellaneous Business and Adjournment.

Every church is urged to send its full quota of delegates.

BOLD THIEVES IN "MESOPOTAMIA"

Householder of Basra Writes Report on Which He Declares It Is No Means Uncommon.

The securing of public safety is only one of many improvements the British have made in Mesopotamia but it seems to be the one that has chiefly impressed the public mind. The first person who spoke to me of it was an Oriental a teacher of Arabic, Maude Radford Warren writes in the Saturday Evening Post. We sat in a house in Basra on a cloudy evening, looking out of the window, watching the shadowy forms of passersby.

"You will notice that the Arab houses have blank walls facing the street," he told me.

"If the walls are broken by windows these are barred. If there are doors these are small or else secured. Do not think this is done for the sake of keeping the women sheltered or the sun off. It is to keep thieves out."

"One night I was sitting in this house with my friends when a knock came at the door. First I looked out of the window. I saw a number of people on two sides of the house. I went to the door and I said: 'Who is there?' The answer was: 'I am a thief.'"

"I suppose in America if anyone was so lunatic as to say that you would telephone for the police. But here under the Turks it was wise to let the thieves in. Why not? There were too many of them and they would have been angry and would have killed some of us in revenge some day. So we let in the man who knocked, and some of his friends came with him."

"They did not make polite greetings, but they took all the people into separate rooms, the women in one, the children in another, and the men in a third. This was because if they had been left together they might have secretly encouraged one another not to tell where money or jewels were hidden."

"All the people in the house were very much afraid, and they told where their hiding places were, but said that they had been robbed only a few weeks previous and they had nothing left."

"The thieves were very angry. 'We must have something,' they said. So they sent for a cart, and they took what furniture and bedding and cooking dishes they wanted, and then went away. They left us our lives, and that was about all."

"You see how quiet these streets are even now, about nine o'clock? That is not entirely because Arabs prefer to go to bed early, though they do not keep late hours. But they have the old habit of not taking risks at night."

Odd Japanese Legends.
There are many delightful legends about old statues of the gods in Japan. In the Hase temple at Kamakura, high on the crest of a hill overlooking the bay, is a great gilded Kwannon of camphor wood—an eleven-foot image of the Goddess of Mercy—which for centuries has hearkened to the prayers of the fishermen. A long time ago, in the dim past, when the gods were abroad in the land, the gods condescended to play with men, some fishermen saw a great light shining out at sea, writes Elsie F. West in Asia. They sailed in their junk toward the light and found the image and ever since have worshiped at her shrine.

At the same time a similar image of Kwannon, also made of camphor wood, floated in at Yamato and was placed in the Hase-no-Kwannon, a temple that was the favorite resort of courtiers in the Nara period. It is still today a popular temple for pilgrims, who come in the spring, when the cherries are in full blossom and all the lanterns are lighted to transport themselves back to the days when the gods were young.

The Mango Industry.
The office of foreign seed and plant introduction of the United States Department of Agriculture has assembled, through the work of its explorers and through exchange with the British East Indian departments of agriculture, one of the largest collections of selected mango varieties in the world. There are now fruiting at the plant introduction field station, Miami, Fla., about twenty varieties this year, and these represent the selections from more than seventy sorts of this great fruit. Some of these have scarcely more fiber than a Freestone peach and can be cut open lengthwise and eaten as easily with a spoon as a Rocky Ford cantaloupe. They have an indescribably agreeable aroma reminiscent of pineapples. The mango tree, when it is in bearing, is a gorgeous sight, for it is a large long-lived tree and the golden-yellow fruits as they hang in great clusters from the dark green foliage make one of the great tropical plant sights of the world.—Indianapolis News.

Wanted Further Information.
The suddenness with which the great war broke out, and the confusion of mind that overtook persons who were not in a position to follow closely the course of events day by day, is amusingly shown by this story told in Everybody's Magazine.

A British administrative official, stationed in a village in the interior of Africa, just after the outbreak of war received the following telegram from his bureau chief: "War declared. Arrest all enemy aliens at once."
Two days later the bureau chief was handed the following reply: "Have arrested two Frenchmen, a Dutchman, three Germans, two Americans, a Poleander, three Russians and an Italian. Please tell me whom we are at war with."

Oh, there are some who want to get away from all their past; who, if they could, would fain begin all over again. But you must learn, you must let God teach you, that the only way to get rid of your past is to get a future out of it.—Phillips Brooks.

Japanese Kindergartens Resemble Garden.
Chicago, Sept. 22.—A kindergarten in Japan seems more like a flower garden, say missionaries of the Board of Sunday Schools, Methodist Episcopal church. There is a round circle of blossoms, each child on a tiny chair and dressed in red and green and brown and yellow, their saucers hung over the backs of the chairs like petals.

Look at the little yellow label.

CARNIVAL OF JOY

Turkish Capital the Most "Wide Open" of Cities.

Nominally Under Allied Control, There is No Interference With Any Form of Revelry That Could Be Thought Of.

Constantinople now combines all the frenzy of a new mining camp and a world seaport. It's "the end of the trail" for all the Balkan states and everything west of Suez on the Mediterranean.

Caucasian oil men, Donetz Basin miners, Anatolian sheep and cattle kings, Greek war millionaires and Syrian merchants rush to Constantinople to pop champagne in proof of their success. Soldiers and sailors of half a dozen nations swell the population and add to the cosmopolitan aspect of the streets and pleasure resorts.

Under allied occupation the city has become a wilder place than it was under the Turks. There are no civil courts. None of the allies desire to assume responsibility for reforms other than are necessary to safeguard life. Italian, French and British troops co-operate with the Turkish gendarmerie in keeping order. But everybody's job is nobody's job. Consequently Constantinople is a very wide-open town. Midnight closing is enforced pretty generally, but until that hour there is little interference with dance halls, gambling dives and red-light districts unless murder is committed.

Levantine and Goldfield in their dullest days never offered anything wilder than certain sections of Constantinople, where jazz bands vie with Neapolitan orchestras and tango singers in their efforts to attract wayfarers into the beer tunnels and dance halls filled to overflowing with the painted women of many nationalities.

Half a dozen summer gardens offer vaudeville programs which attract thousands of persons every night who seem to have far more interest in the drinks and restless crowds than in the Russian prima donnas and bare-legged dancers whose art is usually as menial as their attire. Turks, Arabs, Bedouins, Egyptians and Assyrians, gorgeously clad in native costumes, elbow their way among Costumes and Georgians whose uniforms are far more brilliant than their recent military achievements.

Cont-black French colonials, resplendent in red frozes and green khaki, mingle with Sikhs and Punjabi, whose long hair and many-colored headresses are wrapped in somber brown. Civilians, soldiers and sailors from all parts of the world are hopelessly jumbled together in Constantinople crowds and are so busy looking at each other that tenors from the Petrograd opera, naughty French singers from Montmartre and Austrian strong-jawed ladies claim but slight attention.

Constantinople itself is a grand pageant every day. Its main thoroughfare, Rue Grand Pera, is more fascinating than any scene which producers ever can hope to stage. Camel-drivers lead their patient trains, burdened with charcoal, through the maze of street cars, shrieking army motor-cars and carriages, piloted over the rough paving at breakneck speed by Turkish hostlers who crack their whips and shout constantly at high pitch to pedestrians who venture off the narrow sidewalks.

Turks mounted on tiny donkeys move indifferently through this maelstrom. Occasionally Turkish peasants drive a flock of sheep or turkeys into this swirl of traffic and serene oxen draw heavy carts along at a pace so slow that drivers of military camions curse them in 10 languages.

The narrow, crooked streets of Constantinople are ill-suited to motor traffic and the slow-going fatalistic Turk is little inclined to change his pace. Consequently there are many accidents and the indifference with which foreign military cars are driven has done much to intensify Turkish hatred of foreigners.

Few American Linguists.
According to the Interchurch World movement, thirty-two different languages besides English are spoken in New York city by some 1,700,000 people; but, in spite of our polyglot city populations, native Americans are seldom gifted as linguists. The lines of class distinction in America, although elastic, are more of a handicap in that respect than they are in Europe. The European who lives near an international boundary comes frequently in contact with foreigners of his own social and intellectual interests, but most Americans see little of the foreigners among our people and neither inherit nor get by constant practice a facility in using other tongues.—Youth's Companion.

Gathering Up the Wreckage.
The uprising of wrecking companies since the war is one of the curiosities of the time. These concerns buy anything that is discarded for the purposes for which it was constructed, from a small shack to a battleship or a locomotive or even an entire railroad. Companies which conduct such business on a large scale are said to make immense profits, and there is just sufficient element of chance to make it more or less exciting. It is simply the business of the old junk man glorified and enlarged in a way to produce fortunes in the reclaiming of waste material and the salvaging of what is considered valueless.

The average cost of producing pork in Iowa in 1921 was \$6.08 a 100 pounds.

The Chinese are believed to be the only civilized people free from color blindness.

A serum from a copra is the only antidote for a bite from that deadly snake.

Figures show that Americans spend an average of 5.1 per cent on furniture.

O. Henry's Lithopolis Characters Vanishing

Lithopolis, O., Sept. 23.—Lithopolis of O. Henry fame, characters upon whom he loved to dwell in facetious manner, are no more, but it has the same "business district," the same four churches and its stone quarry remotely resembling an industry. You will look in vain for Lithopolis in the railroad-time tables, but the paling fences on Columbus, South and Main streets do not bar neighborly conversation.

The village's scenic atmosphere has changed but little in the years that have passed since O. Henry's "Letters to Lithopolis" were inspired back in 1905. The recipients of these letters was Mrs. Mabel Wagnalls, whose mother, Mrs. Hester Wagnalls, and grand-mother, Mrs. Mary Willis are buried

in the beautiful little cemetery "on the hill on the road out of town."

Miss Wagnalls' father, at one time a Lutheran minister, is the senior member of the publishing firm that bears his name, Miss Wagnalls now is Mrs. Richard Jones of New York. Alta Jungkurth, the "tombstone lady," is in Columbus. The Willis home-stead, where Mabel Wagnalls visited, has burned down and the Lutheran church, which adjoined it, is building a parsonage on its site. The drug store is still operated by L. S. Bennett and "indulges in literature on the side." The butcher and barber shops still grace the "business district" and the postoffice remains the social center of the town.

One objection is voiced over the statement in the preface of the letters by Lithopolis people—that written by Mabel Wagnalls saying "a new house is never added. Either they do this, people leave the town, or die—it is

cheaper."

Lithopolis people are proud of their former townspeople that so became noted. They live here because they love the town, they declare; the graveyard on the hill is held in reverence, and they tell you that when they die, no matter where, they'd like to come back to Lithopolis.

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TAKE A SHARE

WE ARE STILL PRESSING THE MATTER OF GETTING ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE CAPITAL STOCK OF THE CANNERY.

WE MUST HAVE THE TOTAL SUM OF \$20,000 TO FUNCTION TO GOOD ADVANTAGE AND TAKE CARE OF THE CROPS

WE CONTEMPLATE TAKING ON NEXT SEASON. TAKE A SHARE.

UNION CANNING AND PRODUCTS CO.
LEWIS M. RICE
President