

WANT ADS

1 CENT A WORD EACH IN- SERTION MINIMUM 15 CENTS

WANTED—A Good Man to own one-half interest in a Good Brick Plant. A good chance for the right man. G. T. Eubanks, Clark, N. C. 12-1-3t-dly*

WANTED—To rent Rooms suitable for light housekeeping, in good locality; state price. P. O. Box 382, city. 12-1-2t-dly*

WANTED—Room and board in a private family, young married couple, no children. Address P. O. Box 445. 12-2-1t

FOR SALE—A Gasoline Wood Saw, mounted on wheels, in good order. See or write W. F. Hill, Newbern, N. C. 11-23-2wks-dly

NOTICE—All persons are hereby forbidden to hire my boy, Lorman Jones, colored, 17 years old, who left home about the first of September, and has since been working in Kinston. Henry Jones, LaGrange, R. F. D. 2 11-25, 12-2-9 dly*

A WORD TO THE PUBLIC—Notice—All persons in the city of Kinston having baggage or freight of any description to haul, see the man who drives a pair of mules to a double truck. My prices are from 15c to 50c per load, and I can pull twice as much as any other dray in town for the same money. Jesse Wiggins, Drayman, Phone 327. 11-30-5t-dly*

FOR SALE—341-2 acres fine land, located about one mile from the corporate limits of Kinston, on Tower Hill road, 31 acres cleared and the rest is heavy timbered. Good buildings. Yield this year 11-2 bales cotton per acre. Apply to Sam Taylor at Iron Bridge, Kinston R. F. D. 6. 11-21-2wks dly&SW*

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Supervising Architect's Office, Washington, D. C., November 30, 1914.—Sealed proposals will be opened in this office at 3 p. m., January 11, 1915, for the construction complete (including mechanical equipment, lighting fixtures, and approaches) of the United States post office at Kinston, N. C. One story and basement building; ground area, 4,650 square feet; fireproof throughout; stone facing; composition roof. Drawings and specifications may be obtained from the custodian of the site at Kinston, N. C., or at this office, in the discretion of the Supervising Architect. O. Wenderoth, Supervising Architect.

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR STOMACH If It's Upset Mi-o-na Puts It Right and Ends Distress.

If you are one of the thousands who cannot eat a simple meal without its lying in the stomach like lead, fermenting and causing painful distress, sourness and gas, do not delay, but get at once some Mi-o-na—a simple prescription to be had at any drug-gist's—that quickly and effectively ends indigestion and corrects bad stomachs.

You must not allow your upset stomach to go from bad to worse, for there will surely be longer periods of food fermentation causing greater agony, more gas, sick headache, unrefreshing sleep, "blue spells," and nervousness.

A few Mi-o-na tablets are just what you need. Use them freely at the first sign of distress. Mi-o-na not only quickly ends the misery, but helps to unclog the liver and strengthen the stomach—then your food is properly digested.

Mi-o-na is not only inexpensive, but J. E. Hood & Co. sell it with agreement to refund the money if it does not give satisfaction.

ONLY ONE

The Record in Kinston Is a Unique One.

If the reader has a "bad back" or any kidney ills and is looking for an effective kidney medicine, better depend on the remedy endorsed by people you know. Doan's Kidney Pills have given great satisfaction in such cases. Kinston citizens testify to this. Here is a case of it:

James West, mechanic, 408 Queen street, Kinston, says: "My kidneys gave me a lot of trouble about three years ago. I had severe pains in my back and across my loins and was so sore and stiff that I could scarcely bend. I also had headaches and dizzy spells. The kidney secretions were scanty and painful in passage and contained lots of sediment. I used three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and was cured of all symptoms of kidney and bladder trouble."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. West had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. adv.

SOCIAL

And PERSONAL

Mr. Guy Taylor of Hookerton was a Kinston visitor today.

Mr. John D. Grimsley of Snow Hill was a Kinston visitor today.

Mr. J. E. Cameron has returned from a short stay in Raleigh.

Mrs. C. W. Blanchard has returned from a visit to New Bern.

Miss Willie French has returned from a short visit in New Bern.

Mrs. W. A. Fulford and children are visiting friends in New Bern.

Mr. L. J. Chapman of Grifton is a welcome visitor in the city today.

Mr. "Doc." Taylor of Hookerton is a business visitor in the city today.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Moseley left this morning for LaGrange on a visit.

Mrs. R. C. Cannon of Ayden was a welcome visitor in the city yesterday.

Mr. F. I. Haslam of Liverpool, England, and Mrs. E. S. Carlton of Richmond, Va., are business visitors in the city.

Mr. Frank LaRoque has gone to Carlisle, Ky., where he will be engaged in the tobacco business during the season.

Mr. Sam Abbott of LaGrange returned home this morning after a short business trip in the city.

Messrs. Oscar Palmer and Wilbur Basden, who travel with Prof. Coble's Band, spent yesterday in the city, returning yesterday afternoon to Goldsboro, where they will play for a land sale.

Friends here have been informed that Mrs. George Green has returned to her home in New Bern after spending two months away in the interest of the W. C. T. U., a branch of which she organized here some months ago. While absent from New Bern Mrs. Green attended the convention of the Union in Atlanta.

Miss Ward's Talk Tomorrow.

Miss Mary Ward of New Bern, who will make a talk on China at the meeting of the Round Table tomorrow afternoon at the home of Mrs. W. A. Mitchell, is expected to arrive in the city Thursday morning. She will be the guest of Mrs. Felix Harvey while here. Miss Ward spent a year in China, and is said to be a most entertaining speaker. The proceeds of her talk will be given to the Belgian Relief Fund, and the ladies of the Round Table are anxious that the general public understands that everybody is invited to come and hear the interesting address and help along the worthy cause.

SUFFRAGE MEETING POSTPONED TO FRIDAY

The Kinston Equal Suffrage League has postponed its meeting from Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the Library to Friday afternoon at the same hour and place, because at that time it is possible to have present at the meeting a lady who was a delegate to both the state and Southern states Conventions, which were recently in session at Charlotte and Nashville, respectively.

The purpose of the league is to conduct a campaign of education, realizing that opposition to the world-wide movement of sex equality, on the part of both men and women, is due in large part to lack of information as to the laws and conditions under which we live. It is announced that a careful study of laws directly affecting women and children is the convincing argument upon which advocates for extending the suffrage depend for final victory. It is to direct the attention of thinking fair-minded men and women to the inequalities and injustice of one set of laws for men and another for women, such as the law makers of the past have handed us in the name of justice and equity, that the league is formed, hoping to encourage research and overcome the indifference of the masses in regard to the liveliest issue in the world today.

From time to time prominent speakers, who have studied the question and who are prepared to talk intelligently, will address the league. In the State leagues there are at present more men than women, "a most hopeful sign, since it is the present voter, who must give the disfranchised citizen and property owner the right to share in the responsibility of governing wisely or unwisely, as the case may be," the leaders here say.

ON THE FIRING LINE WITH THE AUSTRIAN TROOPERS

United Press Correspondent Gets His First Story Through by Mail, in Which He Recounts the Stirring Experiences of War

By William G. Shepherd United Press Staff Correspondent

(Continued from yesterday)

11:00 a. m.—We come to a wide, shallow creek. In tents on a hillock beside the road is the corps commander and his staff. A network of field telephone wires, the nerves of the army stretch out from the hillock and run off among the tree-tops in the distant hills. Two temporary bridges cross the streams. This is an infinitely busy spot. Over these two bridges pass all the men, food and ammunition that feed the battle in the hills. This little creek is the River of Death for thousands. A regiment of fresh soldiers, spick and span, is just marching across. At the same time, across the other bridge, wounded and sick men are being brought from the battlefield. The contrast defies description. Days ago in some city these fresh men marched through the streets, singing in their war enthusiasm. Their journey to this bridge on the edge of the battlefield has been long and slow. But it's almost ended. A short march will bring them where death is flying all about. They don't sing now. Their faces are grave. A group of other soldiers are cheering nearby. Their captain has just made a little speech telling them they are to go into battle soon, and that he expects them to do their best. On a hillside a mile away are thousands of men in gray. They form a carpet over the hill. I can see a white horse among them as I look through my glasses. The carpet moves and forms itself into patterns of straight lines on a green back ground. These thousands of men are to be taken to the front after dark tonight. They are waiting and to keep them from growing nervous their officers put them through drills now and then. It is 11:30 now, but in this northern land at this time of the year it will be pitchdark at 4:45 this afternoon, so they have not many hours to swarm idly on the safe hillsides.

11:45 a. m.—We desert the wagon to go the rest of the way on foot. I see my first shrapnel burst. It makes a tiny, lazily floating cloud of white smoke over the hills. Through my glasses I see an Austrian aeroplane near the white cloud. Another cloud and another and another break into view. The Russians are trying for the aeroplane. The aviator knows it, too. There's no use of his trying to climb above the dangerous shrapnel, for they have an upward range of over two miles, so the machine turns its tail and starts toward the Austrian lines. Puff! Puff! Puff! More white clouds break out around it. These are deadly cubic miles of air up there, and if the aviator happens into one of them there will be a burst of splintered wood and tattered canvas, and his work will be done. But its all in the day's work for the man in the sky. He has been sent up to draw a Russian fire so that the whereabouts of a certain Russian battery may be disclosed. He has succeeded, too, for soon you hear the shrapnel screeching through the air toward the spots in the heavens where the white smoke floats. The Austrians are feeling over the forests, hills and valleys for the Russian batteries. They want the Russians to shoot and the aeroplane has turned the trick. Amid all these exciting scenes we see hungry soldiers with their backs bent earthward digging with sticks in a field for potatoes! Their stomachs are crying louder than the shrapnel.

12:10 p. m.—We pass piles of ammunition beside the road. There are white pine boxes the size of a traveling man's grip. Each about thirty-five pounds and costing \$150. Every shot of this vast tattoo we are hearing means one of these shells gone to pot. Then there are other boxes painted black, the same size. They contain four two-inch shells, costing about \$10 each. We're not hearing these this morning for the Russian and Austrian artillery lines are about five miles apart and the smaller shells do little damage at that distance.

12:20 p. m.—Adams who has spent nearly all his life in Austria, though he was born in Boston, and who has been in the Austrian army, explains what is going on. It is true the artillery lines are five miles apart, but 'way up ahead of the artillery with their own shells coming up from behind them and over their heads are regiments of Austrian infantry hiding in valleys, trenches or forests, waiting for the order to advance.

12:30 p. m.—We leave the road and take to a grove. In a clearing we see a big house. Officers come and go. In response to our questions as to the nearest battery they pointed out a pathway in the garden. We follow it. In every battle I've ever read or heard about, there was an apple orchard and this was no exception. At the edge of the orchard we came upon a vast piece of ploughed farm-

land sloping away from us and a quarter of a mile before us, in the field, we counted six copper colored howitzers with their noses tilted high. We struggled along over the ploughing and reached the battery.

The commandant looks at the press brassards we wear and welcomes us. "Maybe we'll be ordered to fire soon," he says. He leads us to a hole in the ground. Looking through the entrance we see that the cave is straw lined. Inside sits a man wearing a telephone head-piece. He is talking into the 'phone. He yells a series of numbers to the commandant who stands beside us. A hundred yards ahead of us are situated the six howitzers. We're standing beside the battery fire control which is the handle of this death-dealing fan. The commandant yells the numbers to the men at gun No. 1. With big poles the men move the cannon on its wheels into a new direction. Then other men with instruments for measuring elevation, tilt the howitzer to the proper angle. Suddenly all the men rush away from the hole in which the gun stands. One man picks up a rope from the ground; it's the trigger rope. He stands twenty feet behind the piece and waits. Every man stands with his hands over his ears.

"Feue!" orders the commandant. Above the tremendous explosion there is a screech that pierces your eardrums. This fades away into a tremendous swish which echoes and repeats itself more and more faintly for about twenty seconds. The sound comes from a mile in the air. The sky seems alive with the echoes of the first shriek. We don't see what happened. Somewhere in the hills five or six miles away, the shell struck home. Did it hit a farm house? Or explode among a regiment, killing scores of men? Or did it hit in some spot where no living beings were? How do we know it didn't hit a Red Cross camp? What we are really trying to hit is a Russian battery of guns like ourselves. If we can drop shell after shell on that battery, we can drive its men away from it and silence it and then, our infantry, from some place nearby can advance on it and seize it and that will mean another six miles gained in the Austrian advance.

Note.—This is the first of the two stories covering one day's experiences of an American newspaperman at the front with the Austrian army. The second installment will be published later.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

A SPECIAL REDUCTION SALE on all of our HATS

We have them in all sizes, small, medium and large brims

Mrs. M. L. BRASWELL

CAROLINA MAN WITH PUZZLING STOMACH DISEASE WINS RELIEF

W. R. Davenport of Parker Better After First Dose of Remedy.

W. R. Davenport of Parker, N. C., long suffered from a peculiar malady of the stomach. He sought treatment with but little relief. At times it seemed that he would have to give up hope.

He took Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy and found immediate benefit. He wrote: "For years I have suffered from a disease which puzzled doctors. They termed it catarrh of the stomach, saying the only hope would be a change of climate, and that in all probability I would never get well. Then I heard of your remedy. One trial bottle gave me instant relief. It made me feel like a new man. Your full course of treatments has about cured me. Several of my friends have also been cured." Thousands of others suffering from

LITTLE GIRL HAD CHRONIC COUGH

Left from Whooping Cough—Was Terribly Run Down and Weak—Mother Tells How She Was Cured By Vinol.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"My little girl aged thirteen years, had the whooping cough, which settled into a chronic cough, with a run-down system and lung trouble. She had to stay at home from school while being treated by the doctor, and nothing seemed to help her. I saw Vinol advertised and decided to try it. I soon noticed an improvement, and after giving her four bottles, her cough is gone, her strength has returned and she has a good appetite. We think there is nothing like Vinol."—Mrs. M. White, Philadelphia, Pa.

What Vinol did for this little girl it will do for others, for it is the healing, curative, tissue building influence of the medicinal elements of the extract of cods' livers aided by the blood making, strengthening properties of tonic iron which makes Vinol so successful in such cases, and children like to take Vinol because it is pleasant, and it is much better for them than "cough medicines" which have no strengthening power, while Vinol throws off the cough.

Remember, if Vinol fails to benefit, we return your money. J. E. Hood & Co., Druggists, Kinston, N. C.

NOTE—You can get Vinol at the leading drug store in every town where this paper circulates. adv

CAROLINA RAILROAD

TIME TABLE NO. 1. Effective October 4, 1914, 6:00 a. m. First class freight and passenger South Bound North Bound 332 333 Daily. STATIONS Daily. A. M. P. M. 7:35 Ar Kinston Lv. 5:00 7:29 Hines Junction 5:07 7:16 Pools 5:21 7:11 Dawson 5:32 7:01 Glenfield 5:43 6:55 Suggs Siding 5:50 6:45 Lv Snow Hill Ar 6:00

All trains governed by the Norfolk Southern rules while using the track from Kinston to Hines Junction, and subject to the orders of its superintendent.

The above schedule is given as information only, and is supposed to be the time that trains will arrive and depart, but it is not guaranteed.

WM. HAYES, General Superintendent. R. A. HONEYUTT, Superintendent, Kinston, N. C. G. A. JONES, F. & P. A. Snow Hill, N. C.

NORFOLK-SOUTHERN RAILROAD

ROUTE OF THE "NIGHT EXPRESS"

(Schedule in Effect October 4, 1914.) N. B.—The following schedule figures published as information only, and are not guaranteed.

TRAINS LEAVE KINSTON: East Bound 11:21 p. m.—"Night Express," Pullman Sleeping Cars New Bern to Norfolk. 7:50 a. m.—Daily, for Washington and Norfolk. Connects for all points North and West. Parlor Car Service between New Bern and Norfolk. 4:41 p. m.—Daily for Beaufort and Oriental. West Bound 5:40 a. m.—Daily for Goldsboro. 10:28 a. m.—Daily for Goldsboro. 7:35 p. m.—Daily for Goldsboro. For complete information or reservation of Pullman Sleeping Car space, apply to W. J. Nicholson, Agent, Kinston, N. C. H. S. LEARD, General Passenger Agent. J. D. STACK, General Superintendent, Norfolk, Va.



Work in a Warm Room

WHEN you take your sewing upstairs, take the heat along too. The Perfection oil heater is easily carried anywhere. You draw it up beside you and work in comfort, even if the room has no other source of heat.

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATERS

The Perfection is solid, good-looking, easy to clean and take care of. It is smokeless and odorless. At hardware, furniture and general stores everywhere. Look for the Triangle trademark.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY Washington, D. C. (NEW JERSEY) Charlotte, N. C. Norfolk, Va. BALTIMORE Charleston, W. Va. Richmond, Va. Charleston, S. C.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF KINSTON

"If you need help to hold your COTTON, call to see us."

OFFICERS N. J. ROUSE, Pres. DR. H. TULL, Vice President, D. F. WOOTEN, Cashier, J. J. BIZZELL, Asst. Cashier, T. W. HEATH, Teller. DIRECTORS. W. L. Kennedy David Oettinger H. Tull H. E. Moseley J. H. Canady J. F. Taylor L. C. Moseley H. H. McCoy J. F. Parrott S. H. Isler C. Felix Harvey N. J. Rouse

OPIMUM, DRUG ADDICTIONS, ALCOHOL, NEURASTHENIA, AND INSOMNIA successfully treated at WILLIAMS' PRIVATE SANATORIUM. 1125 Whiskey. \$100. No extra small additional charge for women patients. Time required for average patient, from two to five weeks. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. B. B. WILLIAMS, M. D., Proprietor GREENSBORO, N. C.

NOTICE. Notice to all who live or own real estate in the Moseley Creek drainage district.—Your assessment is now due and unless same is paid on or before December 31st, your property will be advertised and sold. R. B. LANE, Sheriff Craven County. 11-12-30t-dly

FOR SALE—Old Papers, suitable for kindling fires these cool mornings, 5c a package. Free Press. 9-14-tf

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS FOR NEURALGIC SCIATICA AND HEADACHE

Miss Sallie Kilpatrick Professional Nurse 308 E. Vernon Ave. Phone 183