

Kind of Fire Engine City Needs More Than A Success At Kinston

KINSTON, Nov. 22.—The power of the modern gasoline fire engine was illustrated when a crew testing the newly acquired pumper of No. 2 company here Tuesday directed a nozzle toward the top of the smoke stack at the municipal power house in West Kinston. The idea was to see if the water would go over the 200-foot stack. Near the top the

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stream struck into electric light wires. It snapped them as if they had been thin glass. The crew ran up 100 pounds' pressure on the machine. The engine, guaranteed to "deliver" 750 gallons a minute, pumped nearly 850. The machine is of a type that has recently been adopted by a number of metropolitan departments, Philadelphia having recently purchased 42 engines of the kind, 21 with the same capacity as that bought here at 21 of 1,000 gallons capacity. Representatives of five or six other cities witnessed the tests were enthusiastic.

No Sale.
What was that man cursing about I just met coming out of your office? He had a book he was offering only to our best people, and I suppose he was reserving my place on the list?

Too Busy to Scumble.
First Business Man—I hear your new manager's a hustler.
Second Business Man—Yes, that's sad. He hasn't got time to scumble.—London Answers.

"DARWIN WRONG" SAYS PNEUMER BOTANIST

MASS. 22

Mike Declared and Attempts to Prove It With 70 Varieties

Dr. E. E. Eschscholtz, a botanist, has declared that Darwin's theory of evolution is wrong. He says that the theory is based on a misunderstanding of the facts. He has just returned to his home in Massachusetts, where he has been working on a book on the evolution of plants. He has been studying the habits of a number of plants, and he has found that they do not evolve as Darwin supposed. He has collected 70 varieties of plants, and he has found that they are all descended from a common ancestor. He has found that the plants have evolved in a way that is completely different from Darwin's theory. He has found that the plants have evolved in a way that is completely different from Darwin's theory.

The cross-breeding of plants is so fascinating to a biologist as the cross-breeding of man is to a biologist, says Dr. Eschscholtz. "Cross-breeds usually occur when the plants are brought up to higher altitudes in mountainous countries. The female willow is a more hardy and aggressive pioneer than the male, but continues being fertilized by the male as he is able to follow. When the male plants winds the migration too hard and gives up, the female willow accepts fertilization from some male of a higher species, and thus cross-breeds arise." Dr. Eschscholtz added that there were more than 70 varieties of willows, or willows, and many thousands of cross-breeds.

The United States customs officers prevented the Swedish botanist from taking in live botanical specimens which he wanted to show to American scientists. This was in accordance with the law designed to prevent spreading of plant diseases. Dr. Eschscholtz now intends to prevail upon the Swedish government to inspect plants which it is desired to export, and to give pledges to the United States authorities that they are free from diseases.

LAST OF GANG OF "BAD MEN"

New Citizens Wiped Out the "Dalton Crowd" When They Raided Coffeyville, Kansas.

Among the many desperadoes who menaced the public in the then territory of Oklahoma in the late eighties and early nineties was the notorious "Dalton gang" consisting of the Great Emmett and Bill Dalton, aided by various associates, prominent among whom were Ike Kinsaid and Bill Powers, says a columnist in Adventure Magazine. Bill Dalton had no hand in the final raid of the outlaw band on the two banks at Coffeyville, Kan., October 5, 1907.

The Daltons came into Coffeyville being reinforced in this raid by Meyers and Broadwell. They trotted their horses boldly down the main street, the Dalton brothers wearing false beards, as they were well known in the town. They were recognized, however, by a merchant named McKenna, who quickly spread the alarm that "the Daltons were in town on mischief."

Meantime the bandits had entered an alley in the rear of one of the banks. Here they tied their horses and prepared for action. Great Dalton, Powers and Broadwell entered the C. M. Condon bank, while Bob and Emmett hastened into the First National bank across the street. The officials of both banks when intimidated with guns, blantly informed the robbers that the time lock in the vaults would not be off for 15 minutes. The bandits waited.

During this wait the town was arguing itself, and bullets began to fly through the windows of the Condon bank. In the First National about \$30,000 in greenbacks was secured and stuffed into a grain sack, and Bob and Emmett Dalton escaped to the alley by a rear door. Here they were joined by the other bandits, who had secured about \$3,000.

A terrific fight took place in and near this alley, three or four citizens being killed and several wounded. John Kloche, a liveryman, killed Bob and Great Dalton, and Bill Powers was also shot dead. Broadwell was fatally wounded and was found dead just outside town. Emmett was seriously shot, but recovered and was sentenced to the penitentiary for life, but was pardoned in 1907 and is now living a respectable life. Bill Dalton was killed in the Indian territory in 1894 while resisting arrest.

Forgets Dignity of Program.
At a recent Nature Study club meeting at which Dr. C. H. Eigenmann was a guest he told the following story:

Pat and Mike were section employees. Mike was made superintendent. Pat went into his office one day and said: "Hello, Mike, give me a railroad pass."
Mike, feeling the importance of his promotion over his old friend, said: "That's no way for you to do. About ten o'clock tomorrow morning you come to the door, knock, talk off your hat, scrape your feet and say: 'Good morning, Mr. Murphy.' I'll say 'Good morning, Pat, and what can I do for you?' Then you state your business in a dignified manner, and I'll take it under advisement."

The next morning Pat came, knocked at the door, and followed directions explicitly. When he said "Good morning, Mr. Murphy," Mike said: "Now, that's more like it. What can I do for you, Pat?"
"You can go to the devil, I got a pass over the R. & O.," Pat responded.
"But I thought they didn't give passes any more," the English woman in the crowd said.—Indianapolis News.

An Inspection.
"Gladys O'Veary had looked at the clock several times and at last Percy Veber observed her glances.
"You were looking at the clock?" he said.
"Yes," she answered with a faint smile.
Then he got up and went over to the mantelpiece and looked at the clock for fully half a minute.
"I don't see anything the matter with it," he said, and returned to his seat.
And he stayed an hour longer.—Kansas City Star.

Houses From Cartridge Boxes.
Boxes which contain cartridges for infantry are perhaps the last by-product of war to be put to a useful purpose in Berlin. Because of the shortage of housing, the small boxes, which are lying about in thousands, are being filled with clay and laid into walls with mortar as ordinary bricks would be laid. The houses are small, consist of only one floor, but give room for one family only.

She Knew Who Wrote It.
Nancy, who is in the first grade of school No. 14, came home the other day all excited. "Oh, mother," she said, "teacher is teaching us a poem, called 'There, Little Girl, Don't Cry.'"
"That's fine," said her mother. "It was written by James Whitcomb Riley, who wrote the bumble bee poem that Sue Anna taught you."
"Oh no, no, mother, Mr. Riley didn't write the bumble bee poem. Sue Anna wrote that for me. I saw her do it."

Rough Talk.
"Making any headway with that hucky gal over in Kicker county, Gab?"
"Na; might as well stop courtin' her, I reckon. Told me if I didn't stay away she'd shoot me."
"Shoot ye?"
"With an insect gun."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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TWO BUSINESS MEN

There are two types of business men nowadays. One of them believes in the old methods and old ways, the other in the new. The editor of the Washington Herald has found in his city two splendid illustrations of both types. One is an elderly man who has made a great deal of money in the past. Because he used to prosper under a certain policy he still persists in clinging to that policy. He is a firm believer in the business methods of 1875 and is utterly at a loss to understand why his trade has slipped away from him.

"The people around here are too stuck up," he is quoted as saying, when the newspaper man visited him in his suburban store. "They want the neighbors to see the delivery trucks from down-town stores stop in front of their houses. When they come to me I just wrap up the bundle and they have to lug it home. They can go to—"

On the same day the editor of the Herald says he talked with another man who recently has opened a small auto accessories store. He is enthusiastic.

"I expect to clean up \$50,000 this year," he said. "I've got an idea about keeping three trucks on the road all the time to give service to drivers when their machines break down. It will not cost much when I consider the extra business it is sure to bring in. The idea is sure to go over."

In all probability the first business man will go out of business soon. He wants to. He is utterly disgusted with the ways of the new generation—asking for delivery service and refusing to lug bundles home.

We have little doubt, on the other hand, but that the second business man will make his \$50,000. He is of the new generation and understands it. He was born with the idea that service pays and that people have a right to expect service.

The first business man is also quoted as making some sarcastic remarks on the value of advertising. "Let people come to my store if they want what I've got," he said. "I won't bite them."

This is in line with the old fellow's general attitude. He cannot understand advertising because he cannot understand the general idea of service as a saleable commodity. He cannot understand that customers of today demand deliveries and that advertising is a part of delivery—perhaps the most important part.

The other man understand this. He will advertise as well as keep his service trucks on the road.

The clash between the new and the old ways must result in the defeat of the old. The word moves faster today. People are busier. The old merchant mentioned in the first instance doesn't know that customers will not carry home bundles because they are too busy with their own concerns to bother with such details. He thinks they are too proud—which is the most erroneous conclusion possible from the facts.