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WHICH IS BOSS?

On Every Detail of the Home the Wife Should Be Boss.

Did you ever hear the story about the man who came home late one night bringing a few kindred spirits with him for a bit of supper and a game of cards?

His wife had gone to bed, but he got out the chafing dish and several other things and largely and grandly invited his guests to fall to and make themselves at home.

They did fall to right merrily and made a good deal of noise.

After a time it occurred to one of the guests that they were rather noisy and that it was time to go home.

"No, indeed," said the host. "Stay as long as you like."

"But perhaps your wife does not like all this racket," ventured the guest.

"What I say goes," answered the host pompously. "I am Czar in this house."

Just then a soft voice floated down from above: "The gentlemen may stay as long as they like, but the Czar must come to bed." And the party went out.

Just who is "boss" in the ordinary, every day household? The wife, if she is a woman of tact and discretion, can be domestic boss, I think.

If she foolishly brings every household detail to her husband's notice she cannot be, for he will consider it his manly duty to interfere.

The wife who would be boss runs her household so smoothly that her husband is merely conscious of how heavenly comfortable everything is, and makes no inquiries.

If she talks to him about the servants and the kitchen range and the butcher bill, he will soon come to look upon himself as the court of appeal and to regard his word as law.

On every detail of the home the wife should be boss.

Every man likes a good dinner, and the dinner that is kept waiting is not good; therefore the husband should feel that he has no right to spoil the meal his wife has taken the trouble to order or to cook.

In outside things the husband is boss, and no wife has the smallest right to interfere in her husband's business affairs.

Where there are children, mother and father have equal rights and interests.

No woman really enjoys being absolutely boss of her husband. I think the wife of a henpecked man is as unhappy as the man himself. She has a contempt for her husband and a hatred for her ungentle self.

A man should be head of his household, but there is a difference between a head and a boss.

The head is revered, the boss is feared.

In some households the moment the man of the house closes the front door after him there is general rejoicing, everybody relaxes. The mother smiles, the children shout. That man is a boss.

When a woman bosses the household it is along different lines. She oversees everything—makes the machinery run smoothly, is responsible for everyone's comfort.

On the whole, I think that in happy households the woman is the boss. Don't you agree with me?

Saved a Soldier's Life.
Facing death from shot and shell in the civil war was more agreeable to J. A. Stone, of Kemp, Texas, than facing it from what doctors said was consumption. "I contracted a stubborn cold," he writes, "that developed a cough, that stuck to me in spite of all remedies for years. My weight ran down to 130 pounds. Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. I now weigh 175 pounds." For Coughs, Colds, La Grippe, Asthma, Hemorrhage, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough and Lung trouble, its supreme use. \$1. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

A man can get a reputation for most anything if he has enough money to prove it.

CHILDREN TEETHING
Mrs. Winstow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gum, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winstow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

There are truths which are not for all men, nor for all times.

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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
No Alum—No Lime Phosphates

UNCLE HIRAM ON CITY LIFE.

Yes, it's lively in the city, where they've got their 'lectric lights, and the people soon heve wrinkles from stayin' out o' nights; They've got shows and things to keep 'em from a-gittin' lonesome there, and they look all-fired stylish in the costly clo's they wear; But I guess they have their troubles just the same as me and you, and I reckon that they're often ruther worse'n ours, too.

We've got wood piled in the woodshed that'll last a year or so, and there's more out where that come from and more saplin's still to grow;

We ain't worried over coal strikes, let the cold winds blow away, we can carry in the billets and not have a cent to pay; While they're shiverin' 'yonder where they've got so much to see, we can heat up fer the babies, that the Lord sent you and me.

There is always somethin' doin' to make city people sad; If it ain't sausage famine, why you'll hear the water's bad; And the strikers stop the street cars then the mischief is to pay, and the people have to foot it, gittin' clubbed along the way, and the fever epidemics and the smallpox every year keep the city people stewin', and I'm glad to live out here.

Oh, it's quiet in the country and there's few uncommon sights, and God's moon and stars 'yonder have to do fer 'lectric lights; But with 'aters in the cellar and with wood piled in the shed, when there's hay stacked in the haymows for the stock that must be fed, they can have their noisy city, with the sights up there to see, and the kind old quiet country will be good enough for me.

IN MEMORIAM.

Young as the youngest who donned the gray,
True as the truest that wore it—
Brave as the bravest he marched away,
(Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay)
Triumphant waved our flag one day,
He fell in the front before it.

Firm as the firmest where duty led,
He hurried without a falter;
Bold as the boldest he fought and bled,
And the day was won—but the field was red,
And the blood of his fresh young heart was shed
On his country's hallowed altar.

On the trampled breast of the battle plain
Where the foremost ranks had wrestled,
On his pale face not a mark of pain—
(His mother dreams they will meet again)
Like a child asleep—he nestled.

In the solemn shades of the wood that swept
The field where his comrades found him,
They buried him there, and the big tears crept
Into strong men's eyes that had seldom wept,
(His mother—God pity her—smiled and slept,
Dreaming her arms were around him.)

A grave in the woods with the grass o'ergrown,
A grave in the heart of his mother—
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone,
There is not a name—there is only a stone—
And only the voice of the wind maketh moan
O'er the grave where never a flower is strewn
But his memory lives in the other.

—Father Ryan.

How Good News Spreads.
"I am 70 years old and travel most of the time," writes E. F. Tolson, of Elizabethton, Ky. "Everywhere I go I recommend Electric Bitters, because I owe my excellent health and vitality to them. They effect a cure every time." They never fail to tone the stomach, regulate the kidneys and bowels, stimulate the liver, invigorate the nerves and purify the blood. They work wonders for weak, run-down men and women, restoring strength, vigorous health that's a daily joy. Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction is positively guaranteed by any druggist.

A FARMER.
A farmer in the wheat belt of Kansas recently paid \$7,000 for an airship. Which makes one wonder whether he had rather be a railroad president or a Kansas farmer.

An Awful Eruption
of a volcano excites brief interest, and your interest in skin eruptions will be short if you use Bucklen's Arnera Salve their quickest cure. Even the worst boils, ulcers, or fever sores are soon healed by it. Best for Burns, Cuts, Sore Lips, Chapped Hands, Chills and Piles. Try it instant relief. 25c. at all druggists.

Many a successful business man has been overthrown by side issues.

Stubborn as Mules
are liver and bowels sometimes; seem to balk without cause. Then there's trouble—Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Nervousness, Despondency, Headache, and such troubles fly before Dr. King's New Life Pills, the world's best stomach and liver remedy. So easy—25c. at all druggists.

There doesn't seem to be more than half a million ways to make money but a million to lose it.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

READ THIS, MOTHER.

Are You in the Habit of Whipping Your Children?

If there is a mother who reads this that ever expects to whip her child again, let us ask you something. Have your photograph taken at the time, and let it show your face red with vulgar anger and the face of the little one with eyes swimming in tears and the little chin dimpled with fear, looking like a piece of water struck by a sudden cold wind. If that little child should die, we can not think of a sweeter way to spend an autumn afternoon than to take that photograph and go to the cemetery, where the maples are clad in tender gold, and when little scarlet runners are coming like poems of regret, from the sad heart of the earth; and sit down on that mound and look at that photograph, and think of the flesh, now dust, that you bear. Just think of it. We could not bear to die in the arms of a child that we had whipped. We could not bear to feel upon our lips when they were withered beneath the touch of death, the kiss of one that we had struck.

LOVE AND FLOWERS.

The Advice a Discerning Woman Unto Her Daughter.

My daughter, wouldst thou know a man's secret? Go to the florist, then, O simple one; for in him every man reposes his confidence.

Yea, by the flowers which he sendeth a woman shall ye judge the quality of a man's love, like-wise the quantity and exact stage. As violets pass unto roses, and roses unto cheap carnations, and carnations unto naught, so passeth his grand passion from the first throes into matrimony.

Lo, at the beginning of a love affair mark with what care a man selecteth his flowers in person, that not a wilted violet shall offend thine eyes!

Yet as time passeth he telephoneth his orders and leaveth it to the clerk. And there cometh a day when he murmureth wearily, "I say, old chap, make that a standing order, will you?"

Then the florist heaveh a sigh, for he knoweth that the end is at hand. Yea, this is the mark of an engaged man who doeth his duty. So after the wedding bouquets all orders shall cease together, and until he seeketh flowers for his wife's grave that man shall not again enter a florist's shop.

For stale carnations, bought upon the street corner and carried home in a paper bag, are a fit offering for any wife. Yet a funeral rejoiceth the florist's heart and maketh him to smile, for he knoweth that a widower's next order shall be worthy of a new cause and the game shall begin all over again.

Verily, verily, my daughter, I charge thee, account no man in love until he hath gone forth into the gardens and the fields and plucked thee a few dinky pansies or stray weeds with his own hands.

For when a man sendeth thee violets it may mean only sentiment, and when he sendeth the orchids it may be only a bluff, but when he doeth real work for any woman it meaneth business. Selah!

ABSOLUTELY RIGHT.

A pretty young schoolmarm who teaches a first grade class in a school of the northeastern section of the city is telling a funny story on herself that happened just before the close of the term. She had some visitors on the afternoon in question, and thought she would show them what a good class she had. Calling on a bright little fellow at the rear of the room, she said to him: "Johnnie, if I gave you 2 cents and your father gave you 3 cents, how much would you have?"

"Seven," replied Johnnie.

The teacher blushed painfully, but thought that she would try again. "You can't have understood me, Johnnie. Now listen, and I will repeat the question. If I gave you 2 cents and your father gave you 3, how much would you have?"

"Seven," said Johnnie again, and with the same promptness.

"I am surprised at you, Johnnie," said the teacher. "How on earth would you have 7?"

"I got 2 in me pocket," said Johnnie.

Ask Grand Ma'—ABOUT—
SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
For over 80 years it has been the standard remedy for Biliousness, Constipation, Headache, Dyspepsia, Malaria and all diseases of the Stomach and Liver.
SHE KNOWS

HIS TEMPER.
"My dear," said a lady to her husband, "there must be a lot of iron in your system."
"Why do you think so?"
"Because you invariably lose your temper when you get hot!"
DISCOVERIES.
So many famous discoveries have turned out to be re-discoveries that we become cautious about asserting that any event or achievement was the first of its kind.—John Diske.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA
Many a man has made a fortune by not writing poetry.

The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, local failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell.

Bladder troubles almost always result from a derangement of the kidneys and better health in that organ is obtained quickest by a proper treatment of the kidneys. Swamp-Root corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often through the day and to get up many times during the night. The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest because of its remarkable health restoring properties. A trial will convince anyone.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is sold by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, and don't let a dealer sell you something in place of Swamp-Root—if you do you will be disappointed.

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Special Sale!

We have on hand several consignments of the latest in wool, Wash and Prunese ladies Suits. Rather than return these suits our headquarters decided to put them on sale at half price for cash only. \$15 Suits \$7.50. Princess, white and all other colors \$5 to \$7, now \$2.50 to \$3.50. Wash Coat Suits \$4 to \$6, now \$1.98 to \$3. \$4 to \$5 Net Wastes reduced \$1.75 to \$2.50 Black and colored silk Petticoats \$4 to \$6 now \$2.00 to \$3.75. Voile Skirts \$6 to \$8 now \$3.50 to \$4.50. 10,000 yards lace and embroideries to close out at half price. 75c to \$1. Mosseline silks, all colors, now 50c to 75c. 5 and 6c. callies 3c to 4c. 10 and 12c gingham 7c to 9c. About 3,000 yards dress goods to close out less than cost. Ladies hats at half price, flaps, druggists, carpets and matting at and below cost.

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CASTORIA
900 Drops
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
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Ladies Shoes in all the new Spring styles. Come in and see our new swell line. We have them in

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Halifax County Depository.
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Capital and Surplus, \$43,000.
For more than 17 years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and directors have identified with the business interests of Halifax and Northampton counties for many years. Money is loaned upon approved security at the legal rate of interest—six per centum. Accounts of all are solicited.
The surplus and undivided profits having reached a sum equal to the Capital Stock, the Bank has, commencing January 1, 1908, established a Savings Department allowing interest on time deposits as follows: For Deposits allowed to remain three months or longer, 2 per cent. Six months or longer, 3 per cent. Twelve months or longer, 4 per cent. For further information apply to the President or Cashier.
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