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HEROES IN PEACE.

The Public Is in Debt to the Man In Overalls.

Least noticed in the news of the day are those minor items telling of catastrophes met by men occupying an inconspicuous place in the world. A belt slips and the mill worker is carried to his home on a stretcher by co-laborers, who administer crude comfort to a grief-stricken family and return to the hazardous occupation; a man at the smelter falls into molten metal; a structural steel worker running along a girder makes a misstep and plunges ten stories down; a sledge slips in the car shops and a man is crippled for life; a trainman in the performance of duty is maimed or killed—these and other incidents in the world of industry happen with a frequency that dulls the senses unless accompanied by some spectacular feature to cause a momentary thrill of interest.

Certain occupations are hazardous, yet there is much hazardous work that has to be done. No machine can be substituted for the finger and the brain of the trained laborer in certain tasks. Danger is everywhere in the mighty undertakings of industry, but wherever danger is there is always a man to brave it undeterred by any thought of the risk involved. The hazard of the job is recognized, but welcomed either because of its appeal, because it is in the line of duty or because there is a family back home to support. To the credit of industry much is being done to minimize risk, and in the event of accident to render some measure of compensation. Railroads are among the most energetic of corporations in looking after the man incapacitated in the performance of duty, and recognition of the obligation is general.

The debt owed by the public to the man in overalls is large, but sometimes disregarded. His work calls for no display of pyrotechnics to attract attention; it is generally prosaic and frightfully hard. Upon the faithful performance of it depends the world's advancement. Credit for mighty feats of construction properly go to the brain that conceived and planned and executed them; but thoughts should be given the men in overalls who did the work, braved the danger, endured the toil, and wrought into splendid realization the finished production. The man in overalls as he returns from work grimy with toil, weary and uncouth in appearance, often is subjected to many little evidences of the existence of a petty caste of clothes. His next door neighbor may look sneeringly upon his badge of toil, careless of the important and honorable part played by this ordinary workman; the latter, too, anxious that his children shall not be ashamed because their father looks less tidy than the fathers of their playmates, may slink in through the back gate to escape the public gaze.

But there is no dishonor in honest dirt. The workman plays an important and essential part. Sneers at overalls are out of place. In America, at least, the workman can look any millionaire square in the eyes in the conviction that his work is relatively quiet as important. Let there be mutual recognition in this, and there will be less of class clash with the elevation of the laborer to his rightful position in the esteem of the community.—From Baltimore American.

Don't Break Down.

Severe strains on the vital organs, like strains on machinery, cause break-downs. You can't overtax stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels or nerves without serious danger to yourself. If you are weak or run-down, or under strain of any kind, take Electric Bitters the matchless tonic medicine. Mrs. J. E. Van de Sande, of Kirkland, Ill., writes: "That I did not break down, while enduring a most severe strain, for three months, is due wholly to Electric Bitters." Use them and enjoy health and strength. Satisfaction positively guaranteed. 50c at all druggists.

Men are always betting that their sins will not find them out.

It Saved His Leg.

"All thought I'd lose my leg," writes J. A. Swenson, of Watertown, Wis. "Ten years of eczema, that 15 doctors could not cure, had at last laid me up. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured it, sound and well." Infallible for Iskin Eruptions, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Boils, Fever Sores, Burns, Scalds, Cuts and Piles. 25c at all druggists.

CRY OF THE HUMAN.

Reidville Review.

Sometimes the human heart gets sad; sometimes it grows weary of the sham and hollowness of things; sometimes it almost bursts and cries out that all is vanity. There are two things that console the heart thus sad. One is woman's pure love and the other the sweet rhythm of true poetry. The following, which we assume is from the pen of the editor of the Greensboro News, has touched our heart and voiced our cry as no other poetry has. It is a master-piece, worthy of the highest rank among the classics:

CRY OF THE HUMAN.

God, how weary we grow of it all,
Trying to stifle the ache in the heart;
Smiling, with under the smile a pall,
Living for service and doing our part.
Tired and weary and ready for rest,
What do we care when the shadows are prest
Round us and o'er us—just so we lie
Ready and willing to whisper good-bye!

God, how we struggle to carry our cross,
Keeping our sufferings hid from the town,
Sinking our sorrow and shadow and loss
Down in our bosoms, eternally down!
Sudden, the dark moment wheels to its cruz,
What do we care any more for the flux,
Coming or going, of good or of bad,
Only the joy of the rest makes us glad!

God, how we stumble, feeling our way,
Falling on error and missing our plan;
Swung to be multiple day after day
Efforts of reaching the greatness of man!
Finally, after all, dusk and despair,
Dawns the dark moment when what do we care
Where life's tragedy, whether it's still,
Comedy only—we're weary and ill!

God, we are tired and we want to cry quit;
Something down deep in the heart bursts in tears;
Yearning we come for the privilege to sit
Down in our desolate dream of the years;
Weary and sick of it—lead us away!
Nothing shall matter of work or of play;
The time comes when all that we care for is sleep,
Hand in thy hand as we drift to the deep!

MEDITATION.

BY W. R. KINGSBURY.

Poor weary, tired soul,
Life of darkness and gloom!
No stars to twinkle in Heaven's jeweled crown;
No ray of sunshine o'er my dreams, of earth's fair vision born;
No peace, or hope to heal my wounded Soul,
No consumption of love to guide me on
To fairer fields of bliss;
No voice to speak in tender words of trust,
And fill my yearning heart with love.

Oh, dismal day!
Why pierce my heart so deep?
Touch not again the tender chords of
Love!
Earth's tender love has failed to find
An abiding place for me.
Poor Cupid's arrow has stung my heart
In depths of agonizing dreams.

Life's fate is upon me,
Earth's sweet sunlight is blackened
By Hope's lost reward.
But with it all,
God's sweet love forever
Shines, to light the way
To Heaven's home.

REFORMATION.

"You say you are a reformer?"
"Yep," replied the local boss;
"of the deepest dye."
"But you were not always so."
"No. The reformers reformed our town last year and I want to reform it back again."

A Man of Iron Nerve.

Indomitable will and tremendous energy are never found where stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills, the matchless regulators for keen brain and strong body. 50c at all druggists.

A BIT AMBIGUOUS.

Mrs. Jones—What did the parson say when you sent him the brandied peaches?
Mrs. Giles—He said he didn't care so much for the peaches as he did for the spirit in which they were sent.

The Lash of a Fiend.

would have been about as welcome to A. Cooper, of Oswego, N. Y., as a merciless lung racking cough that defied all remedies for years. "It was most troublesome at night," he writes, "nothing helped me until I used Dr. King's New Discovery which cured me completely. I never coughed at night now." Millions know its matchless merit for stubborn colds, obstinate coughs, sore lungs, hiccups, asthma, hemorrhage, croup, whooping cough, or hay fever. It relieves quickly and never fails to satisfy. A trial convinces. 50c. Trial bottle free. It's positively guaranteed by all druggists.

No matter how well a girl can swim she always needs to have the right man teach her to float.

BILIOUS? CONSTIPATED? HEADACHE?



FOR SPEEDY RELIEF.
Nearly Everybody TAKES SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR WHY NOT YOU?
A SUPERIOR SEX.

Man is Undoubtedly the Inferior Sex and Should Retire to the Last Row of Seats and Be Quiet.

There is a lot of vainglorious expression on the part of the man about their being the superior sex. We hear too much of man's endurance, of his intellect, of his executive ability and all that sort of thing.

Take a man and make him wear a spotted veil and he will be nearly blind within a year.

Pinch a man into corsets and within a week he will have heart trouble, chronic pleurisy, acute indigestion, appendicitis and a funeral.

Pile a few pounds of false hair on a man's head and he will succumb to brain fever within a month.

Tie a man's ankle in a hopple skirt and he will have rheumatism, followed by paralysis of the legs from lack of exercise.

Clamp a man's feet in tight shoes and make him toddle about on high heels and he will die of the charley-horse.

Man loses on the score of endurance alone. Intellect and executive ability are argued by the capacity to combat these tortures and trials. Man is undoubtedly the inferior sex and should retire to the last row of seats and be quiet.

NOT JOKING THEN.



Helen—I never know when your friend Grout is joking and when he is in earnest.
Henry—He's in earnest when he tries to borrow money.—N. Y. World.

A NURSE'S OPINION.



"Do you remember," she asked "that you said once that unless I promised to be yours the sun would cease to shine?"
"I don't remember it now, but I suppose I may have said something of the kind."
"And have you forgotten that you assured me that unless I permitted you to claim me as your own the moon would fall from her place in the heavens?"
"Oh, well, what if I did say so? Why do you want to bring that up, now?"
"I merely wished to assure you that I'm sorry I didn't shut my eyes and let her fall."

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Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. H. H. H.

PUTTING AWAY SMALL SUMS

Here, you can put away small sums not needed for present use. And while waiting your call they will draw interest. An account in our Savings Department does not always imply small transactions, far from it. Many large depositors are using our Savings pass-books. They are using them for the interest they get; they are also using them because of the convenience afforded. 4 per cent. interest allowed, compounded quarterly.

BANK OF ENFIELD, ENFIELD, N. C.

IN THE NIGHT SCHOOL.



Teacher (of night school)—What do you understand by the term "life sentence?" Give an example of one.
Shaggy-haired Pupil—I pronounce you man and wife.—Chicago Tribune.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE RIVER.

De Wolf Hopper, the comedian, was talking about an obstinate man.

"He is 'got' in his way," said Hopper. "He is as bad as the old planter of history."

"An old planter in the palmy days before the war was blown up in a steamboat accident on the Mississippi. They fished him out unconscious. At the end of an hour's manipulation he came to.

"Where am I?" he asked, lifting his head feebly.

"Safe on shore," the doctor told him.

"Which side of the river?" he inquired.

"The Iowa side," the doctor replied.

"The planter frowned. He looked at the turbid, yellow stream. Then he said:

"Just my luck to land in a prohibition State, Chuck me in again."—New York American.

A FEW CRUMBS.

"Madame, could you assist an unfortunate aviator?"
"What's that?"
"Could you give a hungry bird man a few crumbs?"
"A bird man, eh? Go 'round to the back yard and I'll shake the table-cloth out."

CONVINCING.

"This palpitating age calls for men who have convictions," declared the orator in the park.
"Where, I ask, shall we find them?"
"In prisons," called out a man in the crowd.

Second thoughts are best in a case of love at first sight.

Women always smile and occasionally mean it.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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AND GENERAL REPAIRING
Horseshoeing A Specialty!

All work guaranteed. Come to see me at Pate's old stand, Eganmore Street, near Second.

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Entrance examinations at each county seat on the 14th of July.

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Electric Bitters Succeeded when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified. FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE it is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

Special Sale!

We have on hand several consignments of the latest in wool, Wash and Princess Ladies Suits. Rather than return these suits our headquarters, decided to put them on sale at half price for each 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 \$2 to \$3. 10,000 yards lace and embroidery to close out at half price. 75c to \$1 Messaline silks, all colors, now 50c to 75c. 5 and 6c calicoes \$3 to 4c. 10 and 12c gingham 7 to 9c. About 5,000 yards dress goods to close out less than cost. Ladies hats at half price. Rugs, druggists, carpeters and matting at and below cost.

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New FALL and Winter Goods! FULL AND COMPLETE LINE OF CLOTHING Furnishings, and GENERAL MERCHANDISE fresh from the Northern markets. Call and see our new goods for Fall and winter. Respectfully, I. J. KAPLIN, ROANOKE RAPIDS, N. C.

THE BANK OF WELDON WELDON, N. C. Organized Under the Laws of the State of North Carolina, AUGUST 20TH, 1892. State of North Carolina Depository. Halifax County Depository. Town of Weldon Depository. Capital and Surplus, \$45,000. For more than 17 years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and directors have been 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. PRESIDENT: W. E. DANIEL. VICE-PRESIDENT: W. R. SMITH. CASHIER: R. S. TRAVIS.

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