

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1914.

NO. 37

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*J. C. Fletcher*  
In Use For Over Thirty Years  
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A Pleasant Preparation for  
stimulating the Food and Regulating  
the Stomach and Bowels of  
INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Checks  
Nausea and Restlessness, Relieves  
Croup, Whooping Cough, Colic,  
Diarrhea, Convulsions, Feverish  
ness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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*J. C. Fletcher*  
NEW YORK.

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Guaranteed to make the Food  
Easy to Digest.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.  
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**My Lady's Resolutions**

1913 — 1914

Take away the tattered pages  
Of my erstwhile story  
Diss and soiled and outraged quite—  
Mocked of bland society  
Resolutions such as they  
May greet the season with aplomb.  
But when the year, grown old and gray,  
Time's not a crutch to lean upon  
Of all that lofty acumen,  
I fain would close the vexing tale  
And yet again experiment.

For like a bloom perennial  
And rosy tinted wake the dream  
Of all the merriment yet to come—  
When life is really what it seems:  
When tardiness and broken vows,  
And dimes shared for pleasure's court,  
And Mother Grandy's and pore-rows,  
And fickle Fashion's mad report  
Are strangers to my righteous heart—  
Tear up the old and frame the new,  
For I would make another start.  
—Maude DeVerne Newton.

**The Fact Remains**

No amount of misrepresentation by the peddlers of alum baking powders, no juggling with chemicals, or pretended analysis, or cooked-up certificates, or falsehoods of any kind, can change the fact that

**Royal Baking Powder**  
has been found by the official examinations to be of the highest leavening efficiency, free from alum, and of absolute purity and wholesomeness.

Royal Baking Powder is indispensable for making finest and most economical food.

## RING OUT, WILD BELLS!



Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light,  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more,  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife,  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out the ringer of my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out the false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson

**THE BANK OF WELDON**  
WELDON, N. C.

Organized Under the Laws of the State of North Carolina,  
State of North Carolina Depository,  
Halifax County Depository,  
Town of Weldon Depository.

Capital and Surplus, \$55,000.

For over 27 years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and officers are identified with the business interests of Halifax and Northampton counties.

A Savings Department is maintained for the benefit of all who desire to deposit in a savings bank. In this department interest is allowed as follows:

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DIRECTORS—W. R. Smith, W. E. Daniel, J. O. Drake, W. M. Cohen, A. C. House, J. L. Shepherd, W. A. Pierce, D. B. Zollieffer, J. W. Sledge.

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Weldon, N. C.

**THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE**  
**Bro-Mal-Gine**

"I notice that you quote the classics quite often."  
"Yes, I don't know what I would do if it were not for the back part of my dictionary."  
—Judge.

### Some New Year Don'ts

- Don't sprinkle salt on the tail of temptation.
- Don't try to get the better of a man who has any.
- Don't sneer in church. It's meant to keep others awake.
- Don't be satisfied to pay as you go. Save enough to get back.
- Don't get married with the sole idea that misery loves company.
- Don't follow the beaten track unless you are satisfied to remain beaten.
- Don't accept advice from a man who never offers you anything else.
- Don't expect Opportunity to come to you with a letter of introduction.
- Don't trust to luck. Nine-tenths of the people in the world guess wrong.
- Don't buy your friends. They never last as long as those you make yourself.
- Don't envy the rise of others. Many a man who gets to the top is mere froth.
- Don't greet Misfortune with a smile unless you are prepared for a one-sided flirtation.
- Don't make good resolutions unless you constantly carry a repair kit with you.
- Don't place too much confidence in appearances. Many a man with a red nose is white all the way through.
- Don't forget in times of peace to prepare for war. That's about the only use some of us seem to have for peace.
- Don't fail to have an object in view. Many a man leads such an aimless existence that he could fire at random without hitting it.—Lippincott's.

### DIDN'T OBSERVE NEW YEAR'S

Puritans Regarded the Celebration as a Heathenish and Un-Christian Rite

The sole record of the observance of the New Year by the Pilgrims in the new world, named New England, was most prosaic, most brief: "We went to work betimes." Many of the good Puritan ministers thought the celebration or even notice of the day in any way savored of improper and un-Christian reverence for the heathen god, Janus. Yet these English settlers came from a land where New Year's eve and New Year's day were second in importance and domestic observance only to Christmas. Throughout every English county New Year's eve was always celebrated; in many it was called by the pretty name of Singing Eve, from the custom which obtained of singing the last of the Christmas carols at that time.

This New Day,  
Out of the tomb of night a day has risen.  
Do not anxiously; this day is all your own.  
Do not hurry, for in time it is like all other days; neither delay, for now is passing. Early turn your face to the dawn, and let its fresh beams bathe away all stains of night; then, should the noon be dark with storms, your smile will still wear the rose tints of the morning. Step softly among human hearts, and leave so much of kindness along life's pathway that gladness shall spring up, bearing tribute in the cool, a smile of the world's glad New Day.—Croft.

### Best Gift of Time

The passing of years is like the coming of dawn—slow, silent, inevitable. The most eager cannot hasten the quiet, irresistible movement, and the most reluctant cannot forbid. Some gifts the years bring which we would fain decline—age, sorrow, disappointment. Some treasures they take which we would keep forever—youth, beauty, innocence. But there are more precious treasures which time cannot supply and the years cannot remove—friendship, patience, faith and love.—Helen L. Willitt.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**  
WHERE FOUND,  
"I notice that you quote the classics quite often."  
"Yes, I don't know what I would do if it were not for the back part of my dictionary."  
—Judge.

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—Tennyson

**NEW YEAR'S DAY IN ENGLAND.**

New Year's day is kept very curiously in some of the old countries. In England the ringing of bells is about the only formal demonstration they show for the anniversary at the present time, though years ago it was as much of a gala day as Christmas. They used to give presents and have good feasts, and there was a good deal of revelry and drunkenness, more than there ought to have been in a civilized community. On the whole the new is quite as good as the old way, to my thinking. In Denmark the cannon booms, as a sound of joy to welcome in the new year. Every morning of the first of January, Copenhagen is shaken by this peaceful, cannonading. The people in the rural districts go to the farmhouses and fire their muskets under the windows of the sleeping inmates, to inform them that a new year is at hand. The custom is not a very nice one; it smacks too much of old time roughness and rudeness.

New Year Resolutions.  
I will try to be kind.  
I will try to find the good in others.  
I will carry sunshine with me, especially into the dark places.  
I will try to make someone happy each day.—Woman's Home Companion.

**THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.**  
Carry into the new year only the choicest thoughts and inspirations. As in the olden days when men approached the Fathommen they cleansed their persons and arrayed themselves in white robes before entering that glorious temple, so cleanse your garments from transgression, clothe yourself with aspirations. Farewell to the past! Welcome and all hail to the future!—Newell Dwight Hills.

**A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION**  
By Mary E. Wilkins

My brother Lemuel married Mehitable Pierce when he was quite alone in years. Nobody thought he'd ever get married at all, any more'n my brother Reuben and Silas. The three had lived together and kept bachelor's hall ever since our mother died. I was married and away from home long before she died. I didn't know how they would get along at first but all of the boys had been used to helpin' ma a good deal, and they were real handy, and when I asked if they wasn't goin' to have a house-keeper, they couldn't hear to it. They said they wasn't goin' to have no strange woman round in ma's place, now. So Silas he took hold and did the washin' and ironin', and Reuben did the sweepin' and Lemuel, he was the youngest, next to me, did the cookin'. He could cook a dinner equal to any woman, and his pie beat mine. My husband said so, and I had to give in they did.

Well, they seemed to get along so nice, and none of 'em had ever seemed to think much about the girls, not even when they was boys, that I must say I was astonished when Lemuel he up and got married to Mehitable Pierce. She was a little along in years, too, rather more so than Lemuel, and a dreadful smart piece. She was good lookin' and she had property, but she was dreadful smart and up an' comin'. I could never see how Lemuel he ever got the courage to ask her to have him, he was always a kind of mild spoken little fellow. Reuben he declared he didn't. He vowed that Mehitable asked him herself. He said he knew it for a fact, and he said it with the tears rollin' down his cheeks. Reuben was the oldest and he'd always been a terrible fond of Lemuel. "That poor boy would never have got in such a fix if that woman hadn't up an' asked him, an' he didn't have spunk enough to say no," said Reuben, and he swallowed hard.

Mehitable had a nice house of her own that her father left her, all furnished and everything, so of course Lemuel he went to live with her, and Mehitable's house was pretty near where I lived, so I could see every-where she was goin' on. It wasn't very long before I said to Hannah Morse, my husband's old maid sister that lives with us and teaches school, that I believed Lemuel was benighted, though I hadn't anythin' against Mehitable.

"I don't see what else anybody that married Mehitable Pierce would expect," said Hannah. She spoke real sharp for her. I've always kind of wondered if Hannah would have had Lemuel if he'd asked her, "Well," said I, "I hope poor Lemuel will be happy. He's always been such a good, mild, willin' boy that it does seem a pity for him to be rode over roughshop, and have all the will he ever did have trodden into the dust."

"Well, that is what will happen, or I'll miss my guess," said Hannah Morse. For a long while I thought she was right. It was really pitiful to see Lemuel. He didn't have no more liberty nor will of his own than a five-year-old boy, and not so much. Mehitable wouldn't let him do this and that, and if there was anythin' he wanted to do, she was set against it, and he'd always give right in. Many's the time Lemuel has run over to my house, and his wife come racin' to the fence and screamed after him to come home, and he'd start up as scared as he could be. And many's the time I've been in there, and he's started to go out, and she'd tell him to set down, and he's set without a murmur.

Mehitable she bought all his clothes, an' she favored long-tailed coats, and he bein' such a short man never looked well in 'em, and she wouldn't let him have store shirts and collars, but made them herself, and she didn't have very good patterns, she used her father's old ones, and he wasn't no such built man as Lemuel, and I know he suffered everything, both in his pride an' his feelin's. Lemuel began to look real redouted. He didn't seem like half such a man as he did, and the queerest thing about it was: Mehitable didn't 'pear to like the work of her own hands, so to speak.

One day she talked to me about it. "I dunno what tis," said she, "but Lemuel he don't seem to have no go ahead and no ambition and no will of his own. He tries to please me, but it don't seem as if he had grit enough even for that. Sometimes I think he ain't well, but I dunno what ails him. I've been real careful of him. He's worn thick flannels, and he's had wholesome vittuals; I ain't never let him have pie."

"Lemuel was always dreadful fond of pie," said I. I felt kind of sorry for I remembered how fond poor Lemuel had always been of mother's pie, and what good ones he used to make himself.

"I know it," said Mehitable. "He wanted to make some himself, when we were first married, but I vetoed that. I was 'n' goin' to have a man mearin' round makin' pies, and I wasn't goin' to have him eatin' of 'em after they were made. Pies ain't good for him. But I declare I dunno what does make him act so kind of spiritless. I told him today I thought he'd better make a resolution for the New Year and

stick to it, and see if it wouldn't put some spunk into him."

Pretty soon she went home. I could see she was real kind of troubled. She always did think a good deal of Lemuel in spite of everything.

The next day was New Year's and in the afternoon Mehitable came in again. She didn't have her sewin' as she generally did, she was a very industrious woman. She just sat down and begun twistin' the fringe of her shawl as if she was real nervous. Her face was pucker'd up, too. "I dunno what to make of Lemuel," said she, finally.

"Why, what's the matter?" said I, kind of scared.

"He says he's made a resolution for the New Year," said she, "and that he's goin' to keep it."

"Well, what is it?" said I.

"I dunno," said she.

"Well, if it's a good one, you don't care, do you?" said I, "and it couldn't be anythin' but a good one if my brother made it."

"I dunno what it is," said she.

"Won't he tell?"

"No, he won't. I can't get a word out of him about it. He don't act like himself."

Well, I must say I never saw such a change as come over Mehitable and Lemuel after that. He wouldn't tell what his resolution was, and she couldn't make him, though she almost went down on her knees. It began to seem as if she was fairly changin' characters with Lemuel, though she had a spell of bein' herself more'n ever at first, tryin' to force him to tell what that resolution was. Then she give that up, and she never asked him where he was goin', an' he could come in my house an' sit just as long as he wanted to, and she bought him a short-tailed coat and some store collars and shirts, and he looked like another man. He got to stayin' down in the store nights, an' talkin' politics

**Mehitable She Bought All His Clothes.**

with the other men real loud. I heard him myself one night, and I couldn't believe it was Lemuel.

Well, Lemuel he never gave in, and he never told till the next New Year's day, when he'd said he would. He'd said all along that he'd tell her then. I'd got most as curious as Mehitable myself by that time, and New Year's mornin' I run over, real early—they wasn't through breakfast. I knew the minute I saw them that he hadn't told. He said he wouldn't tell he was through his breakfast. He was most through—was finishin' up with a big piece of mince pie, and he'd made it himself, too. When he'd swallowed the last mouthful, he looked up and he laughed, real pleasant and sweet, and yet with more manliness than I'd ever seen in him.

"I suppose you want to know what that New Year's resolution was?" said Lemuel.

"I guess I can stand it a while longer," said Mehitable. Now the time had come she didn't want to act no eager, but I showed out just what I felt.

"For the land sake, Lemuel Babbit, what was it?" said I.

Lemuel he laughed again. "Well, it wasn't much of anythin'," he said. In his gentle drawl way "I didn't make no resolution, really."

"What, Lemuel Babbit?" cried Mehitable.

"So," said he, "I couldn't think of none to make, so I made a resolution not to tell that I hadn't made any."

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MRS. W. E. BIRNEY,  
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—and keep you in comfort later. Pepsi-Cola gives you the most delicious sort of brain refreshment and body vigor. Each bottle which it brings is enveloping benefit, because Pepsi-Cola is pure—healthful. Fruit, pepsin and stimulating oils in it, quench thirst, aid digestion, relieve fatigue. Everybody likes its tart, nice flavor.

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WELDON, N. C.

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