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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Purgative, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 23 N. BROAD ST., NEW YORK CITY.

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 21 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:

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.

Any information will be furnished on application to the President or Cashier.

PRESIDENT: W. E. DANIEL.
VICE-PRESIDENTS: W. R. SMITH, L. C. DRAPER, J. O. DRAKE.
CASHIER: J. O. DRAKE.

DIRECTORS:—W. R. Smith, W. E. Daniel, J. O. Drake, W. M. Cohen, R. T. Daniel, J. L. Shepherd, W. A. Pierce, D. B. Zollinger, J. W. Slodge.

Dixon & Poole Manufacturing Company,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Building Material for Modern Homes, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mantels, Door and Window Screens

MADE TO ORDER AND REGULAR STOCK SIZES.

Good Materials, High Grade Workmanship Our Slogan.

Weldon, N. C.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE BIG STORE!

Every housewife will appreciate the fact that every home furnishing need can be filled, promptly and at a distinctive price saving at this store.

We are showing a line of Kitchen Cabinets, Stoves, and labor-saving devices that you will be delighted to have demonstrated.

It will pay you

To become posted on our new offerings whether you care to purchase now or later.

No matter what you need for the home—our combination of service, quality, and modest prices together with terms that make it easy to supply your needs will make you a permanent customer of this store.

WELDON FURNITURE CO.,
Weldon, N. C.

TANNER'S ROOF PAINT

SOLD BY

Pierce-Whitehead Hardware Company,
WELDON, N. C.

IF I HAD A MILLION.

Don't Let Your Imagination Mislead You.

I wish I had a million dollars, you say, I could do so much good with it. There are so many I would like to help. It would be such a pleasure to relieve the sufferings of this poor family, to assist that struggling young man, and to contribute generously to the church and the hospital. I know I would not be as selfish as many rich people are. If I had a million I would gratify my generous impulses.

Stop right there! Your imagination is misleading you. If you had a million dollars you would be no more liberal than you are now.

Helpfulness does not depend on the size of your income. If you are doing nothing for others on your present income of fifty dollars a month you would do the same if you had fifty thousand a month. You would be just as wrapped up in your own sweet self as you are now—and wrapped.

For it is a well-established fact that one's altruistic impulses decrease in force as one's wealth grows.

The kindest, most generous people in the world are those who have little or nothing. The best friends to the poor are the other poor.

I have in mind now one of the most benevolent women I ever knew. She is always thinking of others. She sends flowers to her friends upon just the right occasions, she has delicious soup sent to certain people to whom she is interested in the hospital, she plans in various societies to help needy children, she is a real "trouble woman," for wherever there is trouble there is she, to hold the nervous hand, to smooth the hot brow, and to give of her full cheer and hope to them that need. She is not rich in pocket, she has the true riches, of the heart, riches that moth and rust do not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal.

And you, if you have the root of the matter in you, can be as benevolent as the most lavish millionaire. What you need is not money, it is disposition.

For the one thing to give in this world, the one thing that is worth while, the one thing that cheers us all up and adds ozone to the soul, is—yourself.

The great gifts of the rich—it is doubtful if they do any good after all. I have my suspicions of them. But who gives himself, his time, his thought, his attention, his care, he is the world's real benefactor.

"This world is so waste and empty," says Goethe, in his "Wilhelm Meister," when we figure by towns and hills and rivers in it, but to know that some one is living on with us, even in silence, this makes our earthly ball a peopled garden."

If a girl has shapely ankles her skirts never drag in the mud.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Makes Home-Baking Successful and Easy

MEMORY.

Who lives in memory lives in that far land
Where golden visitors glow on every hand
Where old affections and lost dreams of love
Shine in the effluent twilights of the dove—
A green, sweet land, whose vistas stretch afar
And numerous shapes and moving shadows are

Who lives in memory sits at even's close
Beside a window that looks on rose
And old sweet blossoms of a garden where
Life bloomed in all its springtime sweet and fair—
A fair, fine land, whose pathways lead today
To dreams and hopes and fancies far away.

Who lives in memory has a double life.
One of sweet joy and quiet, where the strife
Of rolling battle and the tides of fate
Can enter not the vineclad memory gate—
A still, cool land, where angel shadows tread,
And kindness reigns and hate and greed are dead.

Who lives in memory can bring back each day
Such lovely laughter and young hearts and gay,
That speak of beauties faded but still sweet.
Old joys and customs that life loves to meet—
A far, pure land, where measures of old song
Wake tenderest echoes all the sweet years long.

HOW WOMEN AVOID OPERATIONS

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cleveland, Ohio—"My left side pained me so for several years that I expected to have to undergo an operation, but the first bottle I took of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound relieved me of the pains in my side and I continued its use until I became regular and free from pains. I had asked several doctors if there was anything I could take to help me and they said there was nothing that they knew of. I am thankful for such a good medicine and will always give it the highest praise."
—Mrs. C. H. GERRITT, 7905 Madison Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Hanover, Pa.—"I suffered from female trouble and the pains were so bad at times that I could not sit down. The doctor advised a severe operation but my husband got me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I experienced great relief in a short time. Now I feel like a new person and can do a hard day's work and not mind it. What joy and happiness it is to be well once more. I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Compound."
—Mrs. ANA WILZ, 196 Stock St., Hanover, Pa.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

AUNT JEMIMY'S MAXIMS.

By CALLY RYLAND.

Mos' politicians would a heap ruther to climb den be on de level.

De wise man 'lows dar wouldn' be so many sinners in dis worl' of'n folks was to struggle full de Kingdom laik dey struggles to git into sassuity.

Dar ain't no sorter use to worry 'bout what de worl' thinks uv you when hits got sov'ral billion othuh folks to think about.

A 'oman expec's tears uv symp'thy; a man expec's a swear words.

De school uv experience ain't no Sunday School, you heah me.

De bes' thing about happiness is dar ain' a 'oman in de worl' whar kin keep it to hubself.

Hit's all ve'y well to tackle a felluh yo' own size; but you bet-tuh be mighty sartain sho what yo' size are.

Ef'en ev'ry 'oman could have de same 'mount uv confidence in huh husban' ez she's got in huh dressmakuh dar wouldn't be so many unhappy ma'idges.

When de preachuh tells you to 'let yo' light shine befo' men,' he don' mean you's gotter make no flashlight uv it.

De man what is too lazy to wuk is de ve'y one whar is allus complainin' 'bout hard times.

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP.

Late is Cruel, But Only to the Quitter

It is wonderful what you can do if you will only keep your chin up. This is a strange world, and one of the strangest things about it is the way it sympathizes with success.

We are supposed to sympathize with failure and grief, but we don't. I am going to tell you the truth about this naughty world, and the truth is that whichever way you're going, up or down, people want to help you along.

If you are going up we all want to boost; if you are going down we all want to push. That is what we call sympathy.

You hear complaints that the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer. That has always been the case, simply because it is human nature. Society has always been organized to increase the wealth of the wealthy and the power of the powerful, also to make the weak weaker.

The rule is that "to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

There's no use whining about it. It is simply one of the flimsy laws of nature. The only thing to do with nature's laws is to adjust one's self to them and not to complain.

You are guilty yourself. Whom do you want to see? The man everybody wants to see. And you read the book everybody's reading and go to the store where it is "the thing" to go.

"Follow the crowds," says the advertiser, with his shrewd knowledge of our make-up.

If you have a hundred dollars ahead to whom do you want to hand it? To the poor man who needs it? Not at all, but to the rich banker who don't need it.

If I ask you for the loan of a quarter you will pass it over to me without a word if you think it is a trifling matter to me; but if you suspect I really am in want and need the quarter to buy a little food with, that's quite another affair, you can't encourage that sort of thing, I should go to the Associated Charities.

Now, the way to use this law is to feign prosperity even if you have it not. Keep your chin up. Wear good clothes. Don't withdraw from the society of the prosperous. Look pleasant. Don't let yourself get down at the heel. Don't get that poor beggar look on your face.

It isn't hypocrisy. It isn't pretense. It is sheer courage. It is letting the world know that while you live you propose to fight, and that like old General Taylor you "don't know when you're licked."

Keep smiling and an unfriendly universe will not know what to do with you; so it will crown you.

Says Alfred de Vigny: "All those that struggle against the unjust heavens have had the admiration and secret of love of men."

Fate is a bluff. Face her, defy her, and she will fawn on you.

IF MOTHER WOULD LISTEN.

If mother would listen to me, dears,
She would freshen that faded gown;
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town.
And it shouldn't be all for the children,
The fun, and the cheer, and the play,
With the patent droop on the tired mouth,
And the "Mother has had her day!"

True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were babies three,
And she stepped about the farm and the house
As busy as ever a bee,
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school,
And wore herself out, and did without,
And lived by the Golden Rule.

And so your turn has come, dears,
Her hair is growing white,
And her eyes are gaining the far away look
That peers beyond the night.
One of these days in the morning,
Mother will not be here,
She will fade away into silence,
The mother so true and dear.

Then what will you do in the daylight,
And what in the gloaming dim?
And father, tired and lonesome, then,
Pray, what will you do for him?
If you want to keep your mother,
You must make her rest today,
Must give her a share in the frolic,
And draw her into the play.

And, if mother would listen to me, dears,
She'd buy her a gown of silk,
With buttons of royal velvet,
And ruffles as white as milk,
And she'd 'tend you do the ironing,
While she set still in her chair;
That mother should have it hard all through
It strikes me, isn't fair.

—Margaret Sangster.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HALF NOTES FOR HALF PAY.

The conductor of a certain band, which was rehearsing a piece, stopped the music abruptly, and frowned at a stout fellow who was putting all the other musicians out. "I say, Herrmann," he demanded, "what do you mean by playing a lot of half notes where there should be whole notes?"

Herrmann lowered his instrument. "Vell," he said, "I make explanations by you. You cut down my wages to half price, don't you?"

The conductor stared in amazement. He had done so, but—"And I continues to make der notes int my instrument, but dey will be half notes until der wages is put back to whole price. Dat is fair, an't it?"

BILL NYE IS ABOUT RIGHT.

A man may use a wart on the back of his neck for a collar button, ride on the back coach of a train to save interest on his money until the conductor can get around, stop his watch at night to save the wear and tear, leave his i's and t's without a dot or a cross to save ink, pasture his mother's grave to save corn, but a man of this kind is a gentleman and a scholar compared to that other "feller" who will take a newspaper, and when asked to pay for it, puts it back in the postoffice and has it marked "refused."—Bill Nye.

TOO THIN.

"Father," said the student, "I want to talk to you about changing my course of study."

"Talk to your mother, son," directed the father, who was reading the sporting page.

"Mother," said the son, "I made a mistake when I selected chemistry. But it is not too late to change even yet. I want to take astronomy instead."

The mother searched the eyes of her son sharply. Then she said:

"None. You'll have to think up some better excuse for staying out at night!"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A MAN'S CONCLUSION.

"A couple," said Mrs. Simkins, "got married a few days ago after a courtship which had lasted fifty years."

"I suppose," replied Mr. Simkins, "the poor old man has become too feeble to hold out any longer."—Philadelphia Press.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

FOR SALE—Single comb white Leghorn eggs—gathered every day. Price—per setting of 15, 50c. R. M. PURNELL, Weldon, N. C.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Attorney-at-Law,
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CHILDREN CRY FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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WOOD'S SEEDS

Seed Potatoes FOR FALL CROP.

The planting of Seed Potatoes in June and July is increasing to a wonderful extent. A great many farmers claim that they give better crops planted at this time than they do when planted in the spring. Potatoes planted in June and July mature in the cool weather of the fall, at a time when they can be harvested to best advantage.

The Seed Potatoes we offer are pure in cold storage early in the season, so as to keep in first-class, vigorous condition.

"Wood's Crop Special" giving prices and full information about Late Seed Potatoes and all other Seasonable Seeds, mailed free on request.

T. W. WOOD & SONS,
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