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THE CHURCH AS A SOCIAL CENTER

A Broader Sphere for Religion—New Field for the Rural Church.

By Peter Radford
Lecturer National Y. M. C. A. Union

The social duty of the rural church is as much a part of its obligation as its spiritual side. In expressing its social interest, the modern rural church does not hesitate to claim that it is expressing a true religious instinct and the old-time idea that the social instincts should be starved while the spiritual nature was overfed with solid theological food, is fast giving way to a broader interpretation of the functions of true religion. We take our place in the succession of those who have sought to make the world a fit habitation for the children of men when we seek to study and understand the social duty of the rural church. The true Christian religion is essentially social—its tenets of faith being love and brotherhood and fellowship. While following after righteousness, the church must challenge and seek to reform that social order in which moral life is expressed. While cherishing ideals of service, the rural church which attains the fullest measure of success is that which enriches as many lives as it can touch, and in no way can the church come in as close contact with its members as through the avenue of social functions.

The country town and the rural community need a social center. The church need offer no apology for its ambition to fill this need in the community. If an understanding of its mission brings this purpose into clear consciousness, the structure of a rural community is exceedingly complex. It contains many social groups, each of which has its own center, but there are many localities which have but one church and although such a church cannot command the interest of all the people, it is relieved from the embarrassment of religiously divided communities.

Social Needs Imperative.

The average country boy and girl have very little opportunity for real enjoyment, and have, as a rule, a vague conception of the meaning of pleasure and recreation. It is to fill this void in the lives of country youth that the rural church has risen to the necessity of providing entertainment, as well as instruction, to its membership among the young. The children and young people of the church should meet when religion is not even mentioned. It has been found safest for them to meet frequently under the direction and care of the church. To send them into the world with no social training exposes them to grave perils and to try to keep them out of the world with no social privileges is sheer folly. There is a social nature to both old and young, but the social requirements of the young are imperative. The church must provide directly or indirectly some modern equivalent for the bustling bee, the quilling bee and the singing schools of the old days. In one way or another the social instincts of our young people must have opportunity for expression, which may take the form of clubs, parties, picnics or other forms of amusement. One thing is certain, and that is that the church cannot take away the social instinct of its young people. The church must provide a substitute in the form of more pleasing recreation.

Universal Instinct for Play.

In providing for enjoyment the church uses one of the greatest methods by which human society has developed. Association is never secure until it is pleasurable; in play the instinctive aversion of one person for another is overcome and the social mood is fostered. Play is the chief educational agency in rural communities and in the play-day of human childhood social sympathy and social habits are evolved. As individuals come together in social gatherings, their viewpoint is broadened, their ideals are lifted and finally they constitute a cultured and refined society. It is plain, therefore, that the church which aims at a perfected society must use in a refined and exalted way the essential factors in social evolution and must avail itself of the universal instinct for play. If the church surrounds itself with social functions which appeal to the young among its membership, it will fill a large part of the lamentable gap in rural education and will reap the richest reward by promoting a higher and better type of manhood and womanhood.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA FOUND IN THE BALLOT BOX.

"What do you mean?" demanded the woman watcher at the polls.

"What's wrong?"

"I hear you have been throwing out the ballots of women."

"We have not. We did throw out a recipe for sponge cake, a package of powder papers, and a couple of love letters."

Be satisfied with the milk of human kindness if you can't get the cream.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Rheumatism Muscle Colds

"It is easy to use and quick to respond. No work. Just apply. It penetrates without rubbing."

Read What Others Say:

"Have used your Liniment very successfully in a case of rheumatism, and always have a bottle on hand in case of a cold or sore throat. I wish to say I think it one of the best of household remedies. I would not have used it only it was recommended to me by a friend of mine who, I wish to say, is one of the best boosters for your Liniment I ever saw."—J. W. Fuller, Denver, Col.

"Just a line in praise of Sloan's Liniment. I have been ill nearly fourteen weeks with rheumatism, have been treated by doctors who did their best. I had not sleep for the terrible pain for several nights, when my wife got me a small bottle of the Liniment and three applications gave me relief so that I could sleep."—Joseph Tamplin, 616 Commerce Street, McKeesport, Pa.

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All Dealers 25c.

Send four cents in stamps for a free TRIAL BOTTLE.

DR. EARL S. SLOAN, Inc. Dept. B Philadelphia, Pa.

SORT O' THINKIN' ON IT.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

I.

Been sort o' thinkin' on it, an' I want to make it plain
I ain't goin' to pray for dry when Providence sends rain;
The purposes of Higher Up no stumblin' block'll be;
The way it runs the weather'll be agreeable to me.

II.

I've heretofore pressed judgment on problems mighty high;
Sometimes the rainbows failed me when they run around the sky;
Their promises I doubted, an' then I had my say,
An' cut up not a little 'cause they didn't run my way.

III.

An' in a hundred other ways I took my stubborn view
An' called the angels into court as judge an' jury, too;
But I've come to the conclusion that in this here year o' grace
I'll git down to the lowgrounds from my judgment-givin' pace.

IV.

I'll sorter trust to Providence that somehow's stood the test
An' kept the world a-rollyin' when I thought my way was best;
An' if it's storm or sunshine—whatever nimes I see,
The Providential weather'll be agreeable to me.

THE SUBDUING OF ANDREW JACKSON

By Octavia Zollicoffer Bond in Southern Woman's Magazine.

Andrew Jackson, you say, was never subdued, and history bears you out in the assertion. Nevertheless, though he was victor over Wellington's invincibles, boss of American Democracy and winner in all things from start to finish, (from the obscure start as the posthumous son of a poor Irish immigrant to the brilliant finish as autocratic president of the United States), yet Andrew Jackson was conquered in the end.

In three periods of his life his iron will passed through the crucible of intense love for three good women. Each in turn, mother, wife and daughter-in-law, reduced his stubborn nature by degrees to absolute submission to a higher than human power. It is they who should be credited with his transformation from the natural into the spiritual man.

Of her whom he first loved because she first loved him, Jackson himself said: "My mother's teaching was all the capital I had to start life with. On that capital I have made my way." At birth he had taken over from Elizabeth Jackson his ingrained grit and strength of will. And through her precepts and example those marked traits were later amalgamated in him with the gentler qualities of steadfastness, reverence and benevolence that produced the personality known to history as the "man of blood and iron." His characteristic patriotism was also imbibed during childhood, not only from her kinsmen, who all joined in the fight for American independence, but from his mother herself who was tireless in nursing the sick and wounded in the cause. From her, likewise, he learned to endure pain, to persist in purpose and to resist tyranny. She taught him that "girls were made to cry and boys were made to fight."

fortune, fallen into the keeping of a second beloved woman, of whom he wrote long afterwards, "We lived together as a happy husband and wife for nearly forty years and in all those years I never heard her utter a word that could sully an angel's lips, or knew her to commit an act her maker would have condemned. Association with Rachel Jackson's indescribably sweet and winning nature gradually effected a change in Jackson's horse-racing, cock fighting habits, modified his proverbially strong language. In her presence he swore not at all, neither by Heaven nor by 'the Eternal'."

The vehement Andrew Jackson you have in mind was never known to show anger in his home. The Hermitage was a center of hospitality, and good cheer and gaiety. Jackson was an affable, charming host and Mrs. Jackson was the "soul of merry-making." The time came, however, when she, having become a devoted Christian, was no longer satisfied with the mere pleasures of life. With higher aim and deeper longing in her soul, she longed to bring about her husband's conversion. "She alone," 'twas said, "had power to soothe his fierce temper and swerve his mighty will."

Rachel Jackson was beloved by her husband as few women have been loved. True to her in the fullest sense, Andrew Jackson should be apotheosized as the patron saint of constancy. It was said of him, "He could kiss little children with lips as pure as their own." Nevertheless, with all his devotion to his wife, with all his belief in God, he only yielded to her hopes so far as to promise to join the church "some day, not now." He loved ardently. He also hated fiercely.

With the dynamic energy of strong traits he was rapidly mounting to fame. To shake his foothold, his enemies revived an old slander concerning his marriage and attacked his innocent wife's name so malignantly that the great fighter was goaded to acts of passion that embittered his after years. The situation became poignant to Mrs. Jackson. Her buoyant spirits would have sunk into melancholia had not their home been brightened by the presence of Mrs. Jackson's infant nephew, whom they had legally adopted as their son in the year 1809.

The twenty years that followed the adoption of Andrew Jackson, Jr., were the happiest of Mrs. Jackson's life. "If they would only let Mr. Jackson alone," she said, "and not drag him into political life." Jackson democrats were continually at the Hermitage talking of Jackson's future. Mrs. Jackson could only sigh and say, "The Lord's will be done. But I hope he may not be called to the strife and empty honor or public place."

Her life was, otherwise, peaceful until her death on December 23, 1828, soon after Jackson's election as President of the United States. Only a week before their intended departure for Washington she suddenly died, just at sunset. For sixteen hours the heart-broken husband sat beside his dead wife, speechless and motionless, except for the agonized movement of his bony hands. At last he rose, lifted his cane and said solemnly, "In presence of this dead saint I can and do forgive all my enemies, but those vile wretches who slandered her must look to God for mercy."

Jackson never quite recovered from the shock. So evident was his collapse that it was doubted if he would be equal to the duties of his exalted office. Such fears were needless. Whenever it became necessary to act, the aged hero, with the fortitude learned in childhood, would rouse himself from lethargy, like a giant from sleep, and perform astounding feats of statecraft, albeit he would sink back again into dreary abstraction. From this habit of mind he was partially rescued by the marriage of his son, Andrew Jackson, Jr., to the charming Sarah Yorke, who was welcomed by the President as his "darling daughter." Cherishing her as his own child, he "passed many social hours of sweet converse with her." His content was increased by the birth of the first grandchild—called Rachel in memory of her to whom Jackson always referred as "that sainted woman."

After he had retired from office, when the child was older, he always took her with him for the daily visit, at the sunset hour, to Mrs. Jackson's tomb in the Hermitage garden. Releasing the small hand, when he reached the gate, he would bid the little one wait there for him and pass inside. The child would wonder why Grandpa stayed so long. Still more she wondered to see his lashes wet when he came out and to hear his voice falter when they had rejoined her mother on the portico, as he said, brokenly: "Get your guitar daughter and sing to me."

Soothed by the old, familiar strains that mingled with the even song of mocking birds, the bereaved man would rest both hands on his cane and lean forward with a far away look in his dim, blue eyes, as though other scenes and other sounds were present to his senses.

Jackson was not less religiously impressed through association with the spiritual nature of his daughter-in-law than he had been through the pious persuasions of his wife. Still, it was ten years after the death of the latter before the ex-president took counsel from a minister of God concerning his soul's welfare. "Can you forgive all the bitter things in the past?" asked the preacher. "Yes, all but one," was the reply, "I can forgive everything done against myself, but I can never forgive that which was done against that sainted woman, my wife." One more interview required before the meek answer came from those willful lips. "Yes, I do now."

On the following communion Sunday in the chapel General Jackson had built for his wife in presence of his family, his friends and his slaves, the unconquerable hero surrendered unconditionally to his maker. The submission was complete. The red haired roystering youth had become the gray haired saint. That night he went through a wonderful religious experience, of which he said to his daughter, next morning: "I never passed such a night in my life. It was between Heaven and earth all night long."

In 1845 the General's health was fast failing. On June 8 he was dying. At one moment it was thought by his family and friends that he was gone, when a reaction took place. Summoning his native resolution, the dying hero opened his eyes, and for half an hour, in a firm voice, he talked of spiritual things as though divinely inspired.

Concluding his remarkable exhortation, he said: "Dear children, friends and servants, I hope to meet you all in Heaven, both black and white, both black and white." Then, fixing his eyes on his wife's portrait, he whispered with his last breath, "Heaven will be no heaven unless I meet her there." Just at the sunset hour he passed through gates ajar to meet "that sainted woman."

They say that the first time a man marries he wonders if he will be good enough for her, but the second time he wonders if she will be good enough for him.

Children's Coughs—Children's Colds Both Are Serious

When one of your little ones shows symptoms of an approaching cold, give it Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey at once. It acts quickly; and prevents the cold growing worse. Very healing—soothes the lungs, loosens the mucous, strengthens the system. It's guaranteed. Only 25c. at your druggist. Buy a bottle today.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve for Sores.

Few people can afford to indulge in the luxury of envy.

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Are you just at odds with yourself? Do you Regulate living? Are you sometimes at odds with yourself and with the world? Do you wonder what ails you? True you may be eating regularly and sleeping well. Yet something is the matter? Constipation, Headache, Nervousness and Bilious Spells indicate a Sluggish Liver. The tried remedy is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Only 25c. at your druggist.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve for Skin Eruptions.

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Montpelier, Vt. — "We have great faith in your remedies. I was very irregular and was tired and slept all the time, would have cold chills, and my hands and feet would blot. My stomach bothered me, I had pain in my side and a bad headache most of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me lots of good and I now feel fine. I am regular, my stomach is better and my pains have all left me. You can use my name if you like. I am proud of what your remedies have done for me." — Mrs. MARY GAUTHIER, 21 Ridge St., Montpelier, Vt.

An Honest Dependable Medicine

It must be admitted by every fair-minded, intelligent person, that a medicine could not live and grow in popularity for nearly forty years, and to-day hold a record for thousands upon thousands of actual cures, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, without possessing great virtue and actual worth. Such medicines must be looked upon and termed both standard and dependable by every thinking person.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Be Sure You Get This Old Reliable Cough Medicine

Litigations always follow the trail of success. Hundreds of imitations have come and gone since FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND began, 40 years ago, to loosen the grip of coughs and colds.

Be sure you get the genuine

Foley's Honey and Tar Compound

And avoid the names that sound like it. Here are three easy ways to tell the genuine, 1st—The name of "Foley's," 2nd—The yellow package, 3rd—The Beehive on the yellow package. You cannot get a substitute to do for you what FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND will do — for coughs, colds, croup, bronchial and laryngeal coughs, throat and lung trouble. Buy it of your druggist and be safe.

***LIVERY USER IS A FRIEND.

NOTICE

state of North Carolina, Halifax County. In the Superior Court. Before the Clerk. J. D. Lucas, Administrator of the estate of Anderson Dickens, Deceased.

Louisa Smith, et al.

Pursuant to an order entered in the above entitled cause by the Clerk of the Superior Court of Halifax County on the 4th day of December, 1914, the undersigned Commissioner will sell at the court house door in the town of Halifax N. C., on the first

Monday in February, 1915, at twelve o'clock M., for cash, that certain tract or parcel of land, lying, situate and being in the County of Halifax, State of North Carolina and in Butterwood township, bounded on the north by the lands of Rebecca, Martha and Ange Dickens, on the East by the lands of Rebecca, Martha and Ange Dickens, on the South by the lands of H. P. Phelps, and on the West by the lands of the estate of Eaton Johnson, containing fifty acres, more or less.

J. D. LUCAS, Commissioner.

A Delightful Profession for Young Women

HERE is no occupation for a young woman that is more pleasant or congenial, more suited to her ability and nature, none that can give her more personal satisfaction, and if she be a thoroughly trained professional one that offers bigger rewards than that of music teaching. The supply of competent teachers of piano music is far short of the demand.

Has your daughter ever given this matter a thought; have you ever spoken to her about (some day becoming a teacher of music?) if so—buy her a

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The most economical, cleansing and germicidal of all antiseptics is

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A soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed.

As a medicinal antiseptic for douches in treating catarrh, inflammation or ulceration of nose, throat, and that caused by feminine ills it has no equal. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Partine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been cured say it is "worth its weight in gold." At drug stores. 50c. large box, or by mail. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

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Is to be dreaded. It leads to serious ailments, Fever, Indigestion, Piles, Headaches, Painful Urine and a score of other troubles follow. Don't let Constipation last. Keep your Kidneys, Liver and Bowels healthy and active. Aid your system.

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