THE ROANOKE NEWS

ESTABLISHED IN 1866.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1915.

Terms of Subscription -- \$1.50 Per Annum,

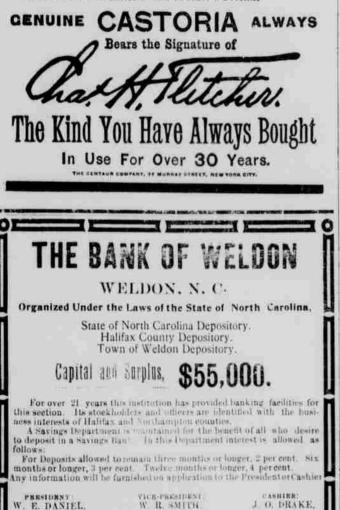
VOL. XLIX.



The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his per-sonal 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, Paregorie, 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 Diarrhora and Wind Colle. 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.



Symbolizing the Day of Light and Joy



This is that morn-the resurrection hour Of all the good that has within us died, The hour to throw aside with passionate force. The cruel bonds of wrong, and blindness-pride-And rise into a level high of power,



E stood on the outskirts of a crowd surrounding a group of Salvation Army people. No one paid the slightest heed to this man with neck to gape at the girl in the blue poke

bonnet, who had just begun to sing in a wonderful contraito voice:

I've found a friend in Jesus; He's everything to ms. He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul. The Jaly of the Valley, In Him alone I see All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.

The martial swing of the music rolled up like a battle-cry. Many beat the measured rhythm upon the stones of the street with their fect. The hymn was plainly a favorite. The man with the haggard, blanched

face and the eyes that avoided other eyes felt something roll down his cheek. He put up his hand and to his great surprise brushed away a tear. He immediately walked away, wondering at himself. He had not wept n years.

He walked aimlessly on, coming at ast to a public square where benches were placed. Here he sat down. Next day he went up and down the sordid streets looking for work. There was none for him. By some mysterious power, everyone to whom he applied was aware that he had just come from prison. He had often heard his fellow convicts talk of the 'hounding of the police." He realized that he was now experiencing that ordeal. He grew more and more bitter as he met each fresh rebuff. "It's just as they told me." he said savagely to himself: "no place in the world for a jalibird."

As day by day went by without any prognant of hottor forrunos, his soured heart grew like granite. He came to hate everything and everybody; realize in the depths of his soul that he was not only an outcast, but an Ishmaelite, his hand against every man. He began to wonder how soon would be before he would go back At least, there he could have shelter and food. He consoled himself with the thought that if society refused him his living the state would not. He often thought of the other man; the one who so glibly swore him into prison; who had worked next his deak In the bank; who knew where the money went. There had been hours in his cell when he had said coidly to himself, "When I get out-" The sinister thought began now to haunt him again. If he was to go back, he said, it might as well be for murder as for anything else; better,

Even the man-the Ishmaelite, the Joy Without End banks of bloom in the window of a shop. His somber eyes roamed over the flaunting tullps, the stately roses, and rested on a cluster of tiny white flowers, modestly hiding under their waxen leaves. Yes, there they were -his mother's flowers-the flowers his young wife had loved. "O-o-oh!" aighed a childish voice by

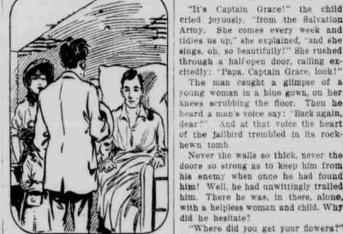
Bowlby, the Jallbird, looked down. A little slip of a girl stood there looking in the window at the elaborate floral display. She was a tidy little giri, although her clothing was worn and thin. She had solemn eyes and a quaintly demure air. One poor scrawny little finger was pointing at the flowers. "That's mine," she was murmuring, "an' that's mine," the finger shifted, "an' that-oh! an' that!" She drew a long breath as if the livid face and that!" She drew a long breath as if ashamed eyes. Every, the cup of her joy was overflowing and one was craning his | pressed her solemn little face closer to the window.

The man looked sharply at her. He found himself smiling at her enthusiasm. Then he thought differently about it and scowled. But still he lingered watching the child. Some thing about her went to his lonely, seared heart. At last he spoke. "So you own them all, do you, little girl?" he asked, and was amazed at the sound of his own voice.

The child looked up. "I was just making believe," she said sbyly. "Would you like to own them all?" he asked, still wondering why he

should speak to anyone. "I love flowers," she hesitated. "Tell me," said the man, "if you had to choose, which would you take?"

She looked earnestly in the window again, and once more the little clawlike finger came into play. It wandered meditatively from flower to flow







now let the heavens be joyful. Let earth her song begin. Let the round world keep triumph, And all that is therein. Invisible and visible, Cheir notes let all things blend, For Christ the Lord hath risen, Our joy that hath no end.

flight of stairs, the sound of a giorious voice was heard singing:

He'll never, never leave me. Nor yet forsake me here, He's the Lily of the Valley.

"It's Captain Grace!" the child cried joyously, "from the Salvation Army. She comes every week and tidles us up," she explained, "and she sings, oh. so beautifully!" She rushed through a half-open door, calling excitedly: "Papa, Captain Grace, look!" The man caught a glimpse of a young woman in a blue gown, on her knees scrubbing the floor. Then he heard a man's voice say: "Back again, dear". And at that voice the heart of the failbird trembled in its rock-

hewn tomb. Never the walls so thick, never the doors so strong as to keep him from his enemy when once he had found

"Where did you get your flowers?"

The jalibird's first thought was,

"You can't kill a dying man," for the

man in the room, who sat bolstered

up in bed, and who looked at him

with startled eyes, was manifestly

"Why, Tom," he stammered. "So

you're out? Well, I'm mighty glad. And you found my little girl? She's

all I've got, Tom. My money, home

wife, health-all gone. I've only her

The Salvation Army girl had stopped

scrubbing. She was still on her knees

watching the two men. She had with

nessed too many tragedles of the

hand. "Tom," he pleaded, "I didn't treat you square. And I've had my

pay. It was I who ruined you, who

The intensity of her father's speech

the pallor of his face, alarmed the

child, who ran to him and throwing

her arms about him, cried: "Papa,

little creature clinging to her battered

wreck of a lather. And as she locked

suddenly the stone was rolled away

from the sepulcher of his soul and

street door Captain Grace was wait-

ing for him. She touched him gently

on the arm. "Come down to the bar

racks with me, brother," she said.

Help

"The commander will be glad to see

Reaching out his hand he took that

an angel sat there.

you."

The jailbird looked at the trembling

papa! Don't you look like that!

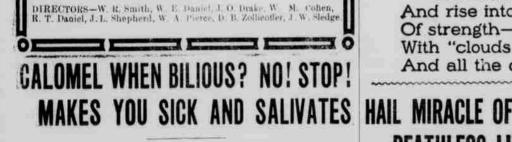
sent you up, and I perjured-

looked at each other.

111.



NO. 49.



L C. DRAPER, Teller.

 "Dedson's Liver Tone" is Harmless To Clean Your Sluggish Liver and Bowels.
Tight Calomel makes you sick It's barriblet Take a dose of the dangerous of day's work. it is real liver medicitie, sufficiely vege table, therefore it can not safevate or

a day's work. Calomel is mercury or quicksilver tables causes necrosis of the boxes. Calomel, when it comes into contact with sour bile crashes into it, breaking licer to work and elem your towels of with sour bile crashes into it, braking it up, This is when you foot that awill that sour first and constrpated works gish and "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and howels constituted or you have headiache, dizziness constituted tongue, if breath is had or atomath sour.

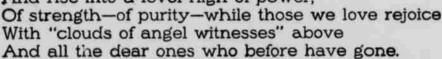
ust try a spoonful of harmless Dedson's harml-liver Tone tonight on my guarantes. i min gripe and thus the



WELDON FURNITURE COMPANY



TANNER'S ROOF PAINT in Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of Char H. Flitchers SOLD BY Pierce-Whitehead Hardware Gompany, Nothing is more painful than the antics of a fat woman trying to act WELDON, N. C.



fundamental; while around this idea in Greece, Carthage and Rome centored the most sacred of rites and mysteries. Strange and sometimes DEATHLESS LIFE horrible in sacrifice were the cere-monies which ushered in the reborn world, rituals of worship which drenched altars with human blood in

Throughout the Ages the Spirit of Easter Has Voiced the Highest Aspirations of the Human Soul.

HE spirit of Easter had its birth the secret of the universe and to adjust his little life to its awful mysin that dim past when man's wondering eyes first vaguely

sensed the promise of the awelladequate conception of what the ading seed, the mystery of bursting bud, vent of spring meant in the childthe miracle of resurrected life in leaf hood of mankind. In a way we have and flower. Down through the countconquered the seasons and adapted less ages have thundered the hoourselves to their changing moods. But sannas of vernal joy, peans of welcome even a few centuries ago, man was alto the reborn earth pregnant with its most hopeless in the grip of a relent-less, pitiless rhythm of superfluous gift of immortality. In every land, savage and civilized, in every step of plenty in summer and starvation and man's uplift from barbarism to culture, from prehistoric to modern death in winter. It was only the strong and vigorous who survived the times, each passing year has witnessed the passionate rhythm of wallwinter's fight with hunger. The aning, lamentation and agonized despair- cient Lent was in very fact a period of ing prayer for the dead god, until at a mystic moment, penitential sacrideserted mankind, and the earth itfice and fasting, weeping and mourning give way to transports of joy which hall the resurrected deity who died beneath their feet. The coming has broken again the grim gates of of spring, the resurrection of fertility, meant that man's despairing pray-

death. We Christians have no monopoly ers had been answered, that his of the undying Easter idea of death, resurrection and immortality, of a deity who dies to save the world and who rises triumphant from the dead. That has been the radiant principle ancient man viewed as a punishment inflicted by the gods presiding over of humanity's instinctive religion from the early dawn of man's spiritual life. The ancient temples of a hundred different religions have restrous to us in the old religions. echoed to the lamentations for dead delties and their old altars have vi-

brated and thrilled with the joyous hymns in honor of resurrected gods. His The germinal idea is found in almost all the myths of savage peoples. was the pervading idea in the faith of the old Hindus; it inspired the an-cient Egyptian belief in immortality; in the pre-Christian religions of Babyion. Assyria and Asia Minor it was nis was impersonated by a living man

For Infants and Children

A Sluggish Liver Needs Attention.

Let your Liver get torpid and you are for a spell of misery. Everyboby gets in for a spell of misery. Everybooy gets an attack now and then, Thousandis of people keep their Livers active and healthy by using Dr. King's New Life Fills Fine for the Stomach, too. Stop the Dirainess, Constipation Billousness and Indigestion, Clear the blood. Only the attack of the blood of the store broaders. 25e, at your Druggist.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

the was sacrificed upon the barvest field. In the great Phoenician sanctuary of Astarte at Bybius the death of Adonis was mourned to the shrill wailing notes of the flute, with weeping lamentations and beating of breasts. but the next day the dead god was believed to rise from the dead and to ascend to heaven in the presence of his worshipers, amid hymns of joy imitation of the god who died that the world might live. In other places

and glad shouts of "Adonis is risen from the dead!" It is in the worship the great spring festival took the form of Attis, however, that occurs the of joy transformed into the abandon of license. But in all these perver-sions the central idea remained as an most striking resemblance to many of the observances of the Christian expression of man's attempt to fathom Easter. Attis was believed to have been miraculously born of a virgin mother and like Adonis to have died a violent death, rising from the dead at the time of the spring festival. We moderns of today can have no

Hideous orgiastic rites marked the ritual of Attis worship in Rome. Days of blood and atonement preceded the hilarious joy of the great day of res-urrection. While devout multitudes flocked to the sanctuary, the unsexed priests of Attis and Cybele, to the music of flutes, drums and cymbals, slashed themselves with knives, and in wild, frenzied dances splattered the altars with dripping blood. The effigy of Attia bound to a pine tree played an important part in the ceremony wailing and lamentation, for at "The Day of Blood" witnessed the this time the gods seemed to have period of mourning over the effigy of the god which was afterward buried self, the great mother goddess of fer- in a sepulcher. The worshipers prayed tility and focundity, appeared to have and fasted in wailing and lamentation in preparation for the mental meal. But when night had fallen the grief of the worshipers turned to ecstatic sindness in the Por rifices had been accepted, and that tival of Joy. Suddenly a light shone his battle with hunger was over. In in the darkness. The tomb was opened the sharp prod of biting hunger which and the temple thrilled to shouts that told that Attis had risen from the dend. the various aspects of nature and the lips of the mourners with baim he softly whispered in their cars the seasons, can be found the reason for much that seems strange and monglad tidings of salvation. The resurrection of Attis was halled by his Adonis was the god who representvotaries as a divine promise that ed the yearly decay and revival of they, too, would issue triumphant life, an annual death and resurrection. worship spread from western Asia throughout the Mediterranean littoral. He was pictured as bleed-

And as the priest touched the

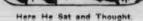
from the corruption of the grave. A blessed sacramental meal and a baptism of blood were among other ceremonies for the initiates, a ritual ing to death with the red leaves of which included a sacrifice of virility autumn and coming to life again with It meant to them a new spiritual birth and remission of sins. the fresh green of spring. Often Ado-

Whooping Cough

Well-everyone knows the effect of Pine Forests on Coughs. Dr.Rell's Pine Tar-Honey is a remedy which brings quick relief for Whooping Cough, loosen the mucous, soothes the lining of the throat ond lungs, and make the coughspells less severe. A family with growing children should not be without it. Keep

it handy for all Cough and Colds.25c. at your Druggist. Electric Bitters a spring tonic.

and the second A CALL õ



perhaps; for his misery would be the sooner over.

So he began now to look in crowds for a face. He had watched the bank and discovered that the other man was no louger there. He said to himself that when he found the face he would follow it. It should not hide from him. He laughed grimly at the There were no walls thick ides. enough, no doors strong enough, to keep him from his enemy when once he had found him

It was the end of Holy week, and the florists' windows were a glory. Roses, Annunclation lilles, violets, jonquils-a mass of beauty and perfume tempted the eyes of all passers by,

About the time an actress recovers from one attack of matrimony

Our idea of true faith is that of a man who advertises for the return of a lost umbrella.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

the voice went on "I Didn't Treat You Square." "A man bought them for me," the

child answered-"a kind man, who er, until it paused at the lilles of the fetched me home. Come in!" she valley. "I'd choose them," she said. called, running back to the door, and The man gave a little start. "Why?" seizing the jailbird's haud-"come is he questioned, not unkindly. and see my papa." She pulled him across the threshold. The two men

"Oh," said the child, "because they are such weeny little things-fairy flowers, I think; but," she added, primly and with a strangely old air, flowers do not become me." "Why not ?"

"Because," replied the child, turning her eyes resolutely away from the window, "we are too poor."

The man slowly drew his hand out of the pocket of his rough frieze coat and glanced at the silver in his palm. You stay here a minute, little girl," he said.

He went into the florist's. "How much for a bunch of lilles of the val-ley?" he asked the pert, buxom young woman behind the counter. "Dollar a dozen during Easter," she

alums not to realize that she was responded. face to face with a crisis. The vis-Oh, Easter, that was it! He had foritor's silence was ominous. His heavy gotten there was such an institution. "Well, do the best you can for 50 eyes were fixed intently on his enemy as a vision of all his suffering passed cents," he answered, laying the money before him. on the counter. The sick man put out an imploring

When he came out with the lilies in his hand, his quaint little friend was still flattening her face against the window. "Here, child," he said, "take these."

She did not speak at first; but her thin hands trembled with excitement as he bent to give the flowers to her. She took them, and for a moment held them close against her face. "How good you are!" she said.

"Now, I'd better walk along with you," he said gently, "or some other hief may molest you."

They came to a tenement, before which the child paused. "This is

where I live," she said. "Please, sir," of the sick man. "It's all right, Bill!" he said huskily. "Don't say another she murmured timidly, "will you go up to our door with me? There is a word"-a smile transfigured his masklike face-"before the child." dreadful boy on the floor below us. and 1 am afraid he might take my "Glory to God!" cried the Salvation flowers. Army girl in an ecstasy. "He's got the Together they mounted the dark victory. An hour later as he reached the

stairway. On the third floor there was a sudden rush and a whoop; but the man soon settled the "dreadful boy," who returned to his lair, nurs ing a sore head and burating with wrath As the two were mounting the last

After a young man has called on Your Child's Cough is a Call r a girl at least three nights in one week she imagines there is an odor of orange blossoms in the air.

himself when the assessor calls.

The self-made man forgets to list timself when the assessor calls. Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

she has another.



