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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 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, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its use 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.

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WELDON, N. C.

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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.

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POLITICAL AGITATORS

POLITICIANS WHO CAPITALIZE STRIFE A MENACE TO GOVERNMENT.

Neglect of Agricultural and Industrial Opportunities a National Crime.

By Peter Radford.

There never was a time in the history of this nation when we needed statesmen more or agitators less than at the present moment. The opportunities now afforded us on land and sea demand the best there is in statecraft and the possibilities that are confronting us call for national issues that unite the people, build industry and expand trade. The agricultural and industrial development of this nation has suffered severely at the hands of agitators who have sent torpedoes crashing into the port side of business and whose neglect of the interests of the farmer makes them little less than political criminals. We want no more of these evil spirits to predominate in government. Too long their hysterical cry has sent a shiver down the spinal column of industry. Too long have the political agitators capitalized strife, pillaged progress and murdered opportunity. An industrial corpse is not a desirable thing, a crippled business an achievement or neglect an accomplishment about which any representative of the government has a right to boast.

Issues that Breed Agitators Should be Eliminated.

The political agitator must be eliminated from public life before thoughtful consideration can be given to a constructive program in government. The liquor question is the most prolific breeding ground for agitators and whether pro or anti, the hatch is equally as undesirable. This article is in no sense a discussion of the liquor question but deals solely and by way of illustration with the political products of that issue. Other subjects will be dealt with in the order of their importance.

In the history of our government the liquor issue has never produced a constructive statesman worth mentioning and it never will. It has sent more freaks to Congress, lobbyists to the Senate and incompetents to office than any other political issue under the sun.

The recent experience of the English Parliament which lashed itself into a fury over the liquor question has a lesson that it is well for the farmers of this nation to observe; for the subject in some form or other is constantly before the public for solution and oftentimes to the exclusion of more important problems to the American people.

Too Many Political Drunkards.

Lloyd George, the Prohibition leader of Europe who led the prohibition fight in England, has declared that he will never again take a drink politically and there are many American politicians who occupy a position which is absolutely unique. This is that they are a service by climbing on the water wagon or signing a pledge of political temperance. Too often our legislative halls are turned into political bar-rooms and many of the members become intoxicated on liquor discussions. We have too many political drunkards—pro and anti—in our public affairs. No one who is a slave to the political liquor habit is quite so capable of dealing with the business affairs of government as the sober and industrious. We have few public men in this day who are strong enough to resist the temptation of strong drink politically and when the demon Rum once becomes firmly entrenched in the mind of a politician, he is less capable of meeting the demands for constructive statesmanship now confronting this nation.

We have in this country too many red-nosed politicians—both pro and anti. A candidate with political delirium tremens, a preacher with political snakes in his boots and an agitator drunk on the liquor question are the saddest sights in civilization and they should all be forced to take the political Keeley Cure.

It is far more important in government to make it easier for those who toil to eat than to make it more difficult for a few toppers to drink. There is not one person in one hundred of our rural population that ever touches liquor but we all eat three times a day.

THE LAYMAN'S DUTY

There never was a time when preachers and politicians formed an unholy alliance that civilization did not shrink out and Christianity cry aloud. Since the beginning of government, politicians have sought to decoy the layman into the meshes of politics and make them carry banners in political processions. They have taken the ministry to the mountain-top of power and offered to make them monarch of all they surveyed, and while most of them have said "Get thee behind me Satan," a few have fallen with a crash that has shaken every pulpit in Christendom.

A WARNING

"I wouldn't trust him," she argued. "Neither would I," assented the other girl; "he's as treacherous as a fountain pen."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



"Ah! That's what I'm looking for, Grandma"

Leave it to "Young Hopeful" to know what not only tickles his palate deliciously but what also satisfies his thirst and refreshes his tired little body. It's Pepsi-Cola. A God-send to the thirsty—old and young. No wonder it has achieved such popularity as a delicious, tempting drink that has a joyful taste in every sip.

PEPSI-Cola

For All Thirsts—Pepsi-Cola

At the fountain or carbonated in bottles, at your grocer's.

FINIS.

What here so soon?
Sunset and night?
Why, I have work to do that needs the noon,
And day's broad light.
See on the palette, there, the colors are but set,
The canvas still unweave—
And it is night.
II.
How shall it rise—
That heavenly strain—
On heavenly wings, to woo the listening skies
To earth again?
While lies the violin here, unrouched, unstrung:
Its sweetest song unsung—
And it is night.
III.
How sweet 'twould be—
My work all done,
To sit at eve my threshold on, and see
Stars, one by one,
Flash into dark heaven; oh, happy rest!
My toiled hands, how blest,
But—'tis already night.

Raleigh, N. C.

SUE WHITAKER.

The above poem was read recently before one of the women's organizations of Raleigh, and attracted so much attention that it is published here. It has been pronounced one of the most beautiful poems ever written by a North Carolinian.—News and Observer.

A REMARKABLE STATE.

The Old North State Forever.

North Carolina is a remarkable State in more than one way, and in one it occupies a position which is absolutely unique. This is that this State has more native born people—a greater per cent.—than any other State in the nation most of the other States.

According to the last census North Carolina has a population of 2,206,287, and those born in this State number 2,089,278, or 94.7 per cent. while 108,805, or 4.9 per cent. were born in other States, with 6,092, or three-tenths of one per cent. born in foreign countries. Sons of North Carolina are to be found in every State in the Union, the estimate being that about two million of her sons spent their best days in other States.

That North Carolina has made a wonderful progress in the years is a fact known, and this, taken in connection with her population, is a matter to be noted. It shows that the North Carolinian is a man of energy and of progressiveness, that it is the North Carolinian who is putting his State to the forefront. And the record made by North Carolinians in other States shows that the North Carolina spirit is for progress wherever it is found. The record is indeed that North Carolina is both a remarkable and a unique State.—News & Observer.

NOTHING IN A NAME.

Patience—I don't believe there is anything in a name, after all.
Patience—Why?
Patience—Because Prudence is going to be married.

It is easy for a man to be popular if he is easy.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

WHEN IS A WOMAN OLD?

Go To! There is No Such Thing As Age.

In Boston recently, in the conduct of a semi-charitable institution for women, a distinction was made in the cases of "young" women. From this arose the question: "At what age does a woman cease to be young?" The New York Globe probably answers it as well as anybody else when it says:

"It is, in this period of ultra short skirts, ultra smart boots, and ultra saucy hats, particularly pertinent query. Ask the casual observer, or the innocent—more or less—bystander, and he will respond: 'Nowadays a woman never ceases to be young; she grows younger, in fact, as she grows older. The high school girl may have some lingering notion in mind that isn't chivalrous for a man to smoke in her presence, but grandma smokes herself. The college girl may express an interest in philosophy, metaphysics, and like subjects, but her aged maiden aunt is interested only in the latest step in the fox trot. The young woman athlete may express a hope for the ultimate abolition of corsets and high heels, but her mother's mother has hers made to order, and wears putty-colored shoes that lace up the back. The generations have become amazingly mixed and muddled. Go to! There is no such thing as age.'"

TRANSIENT.

"Do you keep any servants?"
"No, of course, not."
"But I thought I saw one in your kitchen?"
"Oh, we have servants on the premises a day or two at a time, but we don't keep them."

AN EXPERT.

Johnny—What is an expert, pa?
Pa—A fellow who tells others how to do the things he can't do himself.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

A LOVER'S QUARREL.

His Last Hours Were Consoled By Her Presence, and His Will Gives Her a Fortune.

That was a pathetic story the news dispatches carried out of Denver the other day, about the old bachelor millionaire on his deathbed who sent for the woman to whom he had been betrothed forty years ago. When both were young, and poor, they loved each other, and a day was set for the wedding. Before it came they quarreled over some trifling thing, as lovers always quarrel, and in the heat of anger he went away. The years went by and James M. Wilson became a millionaire. But his love for Carrie Hurd remained and he never married. When he was dying his mind went back to the sweetheart of his youth, to the strolls with her in the starlight down the flower-scented lane, and he saw her face raised again to his, and heard her merry laughter, and there surged into his heart a feeling of remorse. Perhaps he had wronged her in leaving her so, and a great longing came over him to see her one more time before he died, if she was yet alive. No doubt she had married, perhaps she had forgotten him. No matter, he wanted to see her. And so to humor him, they sent word back there to the old home town. But she was not there. Long years ago she had gone away. Where? to Denver. They found her there, where she had lived for years, just to be near the man she loved, where she could see him once in a while without his seeing her or knowing that she was near. His last hours were consoled by her presence, and his will gives her a fortune. But that does not atone for the suffering that a trivial "lover's quarrel" was permitted to bring into their lives. It is a curious trait of human nature that often men and women will allow some minor disagreement, under the stress of a foolish pride, to bring them misery. Only those who are really wise learn how essential it is to make compromise, to overlook faults and failings and to make sacrifices in recognition of surpassing value of friendship and love.

I. ZABA. MERCHANT TAILOR. Next door to Zollinger's, WELDON, N. C. I take your measure and make suit to order on my bench. Call and inspect our line of new goods and samples. Satisfaction guaranteed. July 29th

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Desks, Automobiles, Velocipedes, Hand Cars, Sleds, Doll Carts, Doll Trunks, and lots of other things to make the little folks happy. Sterling Silver, Cut Glass, and Hand Painted China, for Wedding Gifts.

WELDON FURNITURE CO., Weldon, N. C.



IF YOU SHOULD DIE TODAY

The only asset you would leave your family or business that would be worth 100 cents on the dollar is the cash you have in the bank and your life insurance. Did you ever think of that? How much have you of each? Think it over and fix up the life insurance end of it TODAY. Don't put it off—to-morrow may be too late.

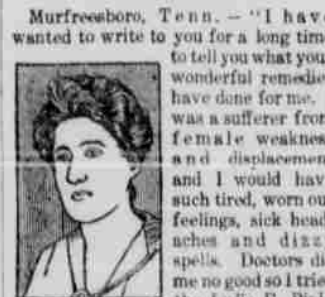
THEMISTOCLES

When Themistocles was asked by his host at a dinner party to entertain the guests by playing the lute, he replied that he could not play the lute, but that he could make a small town a great city. We have in this nation many politicians who are good "fiddlers" but they cannot make a small town a great city. We are overrun with orators who can play upon the passions of the people, but they can't put brick and mortar together. We need builders.

Let those who hunger and thirst for power understand that the highest glory of a statesman is to construct, and that it is better for a man that he should build a public highway than that he should become Governor of a state, and that he start a plow than that he become the author of a law. The true test of statesmanship is the plow and the hammer, so let those who would govern, first build.

MRS. MABEN WAS MADE WELL

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Wants Other Suffering Women To Know It.



Murfreesboro, Tenn.—"I have wanted to write to you for a long time to tell you what your wonderful remedies have done for me. I was a sufferer from female weakness and displacement and I would have such tired, worn out feelings, sick headaches and dizzy spells. Doctors did me no good so I tried the Lydia E. Pinkham Remedies—Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash. I am now well and strong and can do all my own work. I owe it all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and want other suffering women to know about it."—Mrs. H. E. MABEN, 211 S. Spring St., Murfreesboro, Tenn.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for nearly forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Why Lose Hope. No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

If you want special advice 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.

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