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Children Cry for Fletcher's

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, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Chas. H. Fletcher

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

COCOTONE SKIN WHITENER

25c. BOX FREE.

A Sin Bleach or Whitener for Dark or Brown Skin, Removing All Blemishes and Clearing all Swarthy or Sallow Complexions and Causing the Skin to Grow whiter. Don't Envy a Clear Complexion Use Cocotone Skin Whitener and Have One.

WHAT USERS THINK OF COCOTONE.

Cocotone Co., Macon, Ga. Dear Sirs:—Send me by return mail two boxes of Cocotone Skin Whitener and three cakes of Cocotone Skin Soap. They are fine and I do not care to be without them. Enclosed is money order for \$1.25.

Warehos., Ga. Dear Friends: Your Cocotone Skin Whitener is the finest thing I ever saw. My skin is very dark and the first box has made it many shades lighter, and my friends all ask me what I have been using. Enclosed you will find \$2.00. Please send me six boxes of Skin Whitener and two cakes of soap.

Montgomery, Ala. Dear Sirs:—I find that Cocotone Skin Whitener is the best preparation I have ever used to clear the skin, and wish you would mail two boxes at once.

Agents Wanted: Cotton Drug Company.



THE Dining Room should be a cheerful place, for when you eat your meals amid pleasant surroundings you do much to aid digestion. And good digestion means health.

HAVE US FURNISH YOUR DINING ROOM

The variety of designs in Tables, Chairs, Sideboards, China Closets, Serving Tables and the like, is ample to satisfy your desires, whatever they may be, in the matter of style, finish and price. Come in and talk it over with us. We are as eager to GIVE satisfaction as you are to receive it.

Weldon Furniture Company,
Weldon, N. C.

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32x3	3.50	6.00	8.50	2.90
34x4	4.00	7.25	10.00	3.25
36x4	4.50	8.25	12.00	4.20
38x4	5.00	9.00	14.00	4.45
40x4	5.50	9.85	15.00	4.50
42x4	6.00	10.40	16.00	4.60
44x4	6.50	10.90	17.00	4.75
46x4	7.00	11.25	18.00	5.00
48x4	7.50	12.00	19.00	5.00
50x4	8.00	12.75	20.00	5.00
52x4	8.50	13.50	21.00	5.00
54x4	9.00	14.25	22.00	5.00
56x4	9.50	15.00	23.00	5.00
58x4	10.00	15.75	24.00	5.00
60x4	10.50	16.50	25.00	5.00
62x4	11.00	17.25	26.00	5.00
64x4	11.50	18.00	27.00	5.00
66x4	12.00	18.75	28.00	5.00
68x4	12.50	19.50	29.00	5.00
70x4	13.00	20.25	30.00	5.00
72x4	13.50	21.00	31.00	5.00
74x4	14.00	21.75	32.00	5.00

YOUR OLD TYRES MADE 2 IN 1.
Don't throw away your old tires, send them to us, we may be able to make them 2 in 1 for you; let us be the judge, no deposit necessary, we make all shipments subject to your examination; if they are not worth making 2 in 1 we will sell for you at the highest Richmond prices (the highest anywhere) and return the amount to you. We pay charge on incoming.

CHARLES W. DYSON



Charles W. Dyson is one of the American navy officers recently promoted to the rank of rear admiral. He is head of the designing room of the bureau of steam engineering in the navy department.

DON'T SNUB A BOY.

The Salvation of a Boy Is to Have Youth in Him.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stuttering voice.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy who seems dull and stupid. Hogarth, the celebrated painter, engineer, was slow at learning and did not develop as soon as most boys.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the great inventor, first entered Boston in the depth of winter, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches.

Don't snub a boy because his father was a drunkard. Kitto, who made a new departure in Bible study, was such. He fell from a scaffold in his boyhood and became totally deaf. He was so pinched with hunger, shivering in rags, crawling about with exposed and bleeding feet, that he was sent to the parish work house, where his first book was written.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind and deaf, Beethoven the musician was deaf, yet "To blind old Milton's strayless orb A light divine is given; And deaf Beethoven hears the hymns And harmonies of heaven." What the world needs today for the salvation of a boy is to have faith in him.—A. A. Plansiehl.

SIR WILLIAM TRITTON



Sir William Tritton, the inventor of the British "Tank" which has been creating history on the western front and which has been a great factor in many British advances.

Are Your Sewers Clogged?

The bowels are the sewerage system of the body. You can well imagine the result when they are stopped up as is the case in constipation. As a purgative you will find Chamberlain's Tablets excellent. They are mild and gentle in their action. They also improve the digestion.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

ETERNAL BOYHOOD.

Strangers look for wisdom great, grown-ups think you ought to be Always grave and circumspect, always robed in dignity. At the office I'm supposed to maintain a certain pose, Like a gray haired diplomat knowing things I daren't disclose, But when I get home at night, safe behind my humble door I can be a little boy, scrambling on the parlor floor

I can leave my years outside, put my dreary pose away I can be a little child, sharing in my children's play, And when we are all alone, with no stranger there to see We can dip our crusts of bread in the gravy or the tea, There secure from critics wise and the tongues that may condemn I don't have to be a man I can be a child with them.

I don't have to strut about proudly in the garb of sham; Letting other people think I am better than I am; In that little place called home, barred to grown-ups' gibes and jeers I can slip the yoke of care and escape the weight of years; I can sing and romp and play, claiming still the old delights, I can be a child again sharing in their pillow fights.

Age is but an outward pose, wisdom's but a thin veneer. Only to a very few as himself can man appear, Down among the haunts of men he must play a serious part Hiding 'neath a manner grim all the boyhood of his heart, So when I get home at night safe behind my humble door I forget that I've grown up and I'm just a child once more.

—Edgar A. Guest.

THE MOTHER.

He was so beautiful—my baby son! His sun-kissed curls clung close around his head, His deep blue eyes looked trustingly to mine, I did my best to keep his beauty fair, And fresh and clean and dainty, for I knew I could never be satisfied with less.

He was so strong and well, my little son! I gave him my days and nights to keep him so— Called in fresh air and sunlight to my aid, Good food and play, all beautiful things of life, I wanted physical perfection, for I could never be satisfied with less.

He was so bright and clever, my big son! I sent him to the very best schools, Denying self that he might show no lack Of opportunity to do his best, Or feel no door of progress closed to him, I could never be satisfied with less.

And yet—but now—my well-beloved son! For perfection can I pay the price? Or would I have to play the coward's part With selfish, shriveled soul too small to dwell Within so fair a frame? Is that my choice? I sought the best! Shall I be satisfied with less?

Nay, I would have you honorable, my son— Just, loyal, brave and truthful, scoring fear And lies and meanness—ready to defend Your home, your mother and your country's flag, He's gone! Dear God! With bleeding heart I know I could not be satisfied with less!

THE HOME RELIGION.

The Old Wells of Faith that He Thought were Filled Up and Choked Seemed Suddenly to Burst with Living Water.

Our boy has joined the Ambulance Corps, and he's coming home to see us before he goes across the water! "A father spoke with mingled pride and anticipation of what the news might mean. He had just finished reading a letter from his son, who was away at college. The mother clasped her hands and did what mothers in all ages have done in war times—prayed for strength to bear what might come.

The boy came home and was welcomed with smiles and tears. He had been gone for two years, and his heart leaped up as he went into his old room, which his mother had kept for him as it was when he went away.

In the morning, after breakfast, his father said: "Mother and I have kept up our morning prayers. We are reading in John's Gospel." The boy sat down, and his face burned. How could he tell them that during the two years of his absence he had not said a prayer, had not even read the Bible that his mother had packed with loving hand in his trunk.

As he sat there listening, he remembered that his father some times used to ask him to offer this prayer of the morning. Two years ago it had not seemed at all unnatural or hard to speak a few words of simple thanks in his boyish way, but now, as he sat there waiting for the chapter to come to an end, he felt a certain terror at the thought of being asked to pray aloud. Why? The answer came with the question. He knew those two years had not been years of spiritual growth. He had prided himself that when the call had come he was among the first to respond, and he knew that his parents were proud of him. But they did not know the distance he had drifted from the simple home religion.

His father finished the chapter and closed the Book, and then, as if it had been two years ago, he looked over at the boy and said, "John, won't you lead us this morning?"

The boy turned and knelt at his chair, in obedience to the habit of years gone by, but his heart thumped and his body shook with fear and shame. As he knelt there he recollected bits of talk with college classmates over the possible critical situations that they might meet on the battlefield and how they would face them in obedience to duty. But here he was confronted with a crisis for which he had not prepared. How could he explain to the home folks that he had begun to doubt many of the things that they held dear? How could he speak out and tell those who held him dear that he had neglected the practice of prayer until its very language was foreign to his tongue?

It seemed to him that the time was limitless before he heard his father begin to pray. He had understood, then. He knew why the boy had been unable to pray. And as he went on in a penion that put into earnest words his yearning desire for his boy, the boy broke down. Old wells of faith that he thought were filled up and choked seemed suddenly to burst with living water. His heart beat high with longing for the religion of his and mother. And suddenly he rose from his knees and went over to where his father was kneeling and knelt down by him.

The father understood perfectly. As his boy knelt there by him, he dedicated him to God in a prayer that the boy will never forget.

One day his father and mother said farewell to the only son they had and in a few weeks received word that he was 'somewhere in France' on the danger line of duty. But they know from what he said to them before he went away that his religious faith was secure, and that day and night he would not cease to pray the prayer of the home circle out of a heart that had learned the value of the eternal God. The home religion had conquered.

LIEUT. COL. NENADOVITCH



Lieut. Col. Michailo Nenadovitch, military attaché of the Serbian mission to the United States, who has been wounded numerous times, but whose physique is apparently impaired only by the loss of an arm. He is a cousin of King Peter and served during a part of the war as aide de camp to the crown prince.

PUT ON THE BRAKES.

Why Run a Useless, Hopeless, Unbeatable Race?

Have you ever seen a yellow dog tearing alongside a speeding train, yelping his head off, exuberant only in his flying feet? The only object of his life seems to be the impossible task of beating that monster locomotive, and have you ever watched him in the midst of his career bump up against a hog-tight fence, come to a full stop, and with one disappointing yell turn tail upon the hopeless race and depart, slinking home, a beaten cur?

Many a man runs just as useless a race. Always on the jump after a good time—full speed ahead, going—nowhere. By and by he bumps up against obstacles in life which stop him as effectively as the hog-tight fence stops a thoughtless dog. And that rock of unpreparedness, that wall of incapability will confront him as the one insurmountable barrier to things worth while.

Man's skill in playing pool, grace in dancing, proficiency in small talk for pink teas, extensive knowledge of the batting averages of the big league players—all frothy information picked up hit or miss, about the frills and gewgaws of life—will not take the place of the necessary knowledge needed in any station where ability counts.

Put on the brakes while you still have time. And ask yourself: Am I also running a hopeless, useless, unbeatable race?—New Era.

SPENCER S. WOOD



Spencer S. Wood is one of the fortunate officers of the American navy who have just been advanced from the rank of captain to that of rear admiral.

Stomach Troubles.

If you have trouble with your stomach you should try Chamberlain's Tablets. So many have been restored to health by the use of these tablets and their cost is so little, 25 cents, that it is worth while to give them a trial.

The man who looks out for difficulties will find two where he expected only one.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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ESTABLISHED 1892

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