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SENATOR ELLISON D. SMITH



Senator Ellison D. Smith succeeds the late Senator Newlands as chairman of the senate committee on interstate commerce and of the joint congressional committee. He already is chairman of the committee on immigration.

GETTING ACQUAINTED AT HOME.

Introduced to Mother and Sister.

A young fellow who had got into the habit of spending all his evenings away from home was brought to his senses in the following way: One afternoon his father came to him and asked him if he had any engagement for the evening. The young man had not.

"Well, I'd like to have you go somewhere with me."

The young man himself tells what happened.

"All right," I said. "Where shall I meet you?" He suggested the Columbia Hotel at half past seven, and I was there. When he appeared, he said he wanted me to call with him on a lady. "One I knew quite well when I was a young man," he explained.

We went out and started straight for home.

"She is staying at our house," he said.

"I thought it strange that he should have made the appointment for the Columbia under those circumstances, but I said nothing.

"Well, we went in, and I was introduced with all due formality to my mother and sister.

"The situation struck me as funny, and I started to laugh, but the laugh died away. None of the three even smiled. My mother and sister shook hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but hadn't seen much of me lately. Then she invited me to be seated.

"It wasn't a bit funny, then, although I can laugh over it now. I sat down, and she told me one or two anecdotes of my boyhood, at which we all laughed a little. Then we four played games for a while. I was invited to call again. I went upstairs feeling pretty small, and doing a good deal of thinking."

"And then?" asked his companion.

"Then I made up my mind that my mother was an entertaining woman, and my sister a bright girl. 'I'm going to call again. I'll enjoy their company and intend to cultivate their acquaintance.'" — Home Department.

About Constipation. Certain articles of diet tends to check movements of the bowels. The most common of these are cheese, tea and boiled milk. On the other hand raw fruits, especially apples and bananas, also Graham bread and whole wheat bread promote a movement of the bowels. When the bowels are badly constipated, however, the sure way is to take one or two of Chamberlain's Tablets immediately after supper.

INDEFINITE. Do you believe in the power of mind over matter? What matter? Oh, never mind what matter!

A Hint To The Aged. If people past 60 years of age could be persuaded to go to bed as soon as they take cold and remain in bed one or two days, they would recover much more quickly, especially if they take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There would also be less danger of the cold being followed by any of the more serious diseases.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

JUST PLAIN SERVICE.

Not mine to sing amazing grace In sweet and thrilling strains To some benighted heathen land, Where superstition reigns, Nor mine to give a countless sum Of precious, shining gold, To gather helpless children up And shield them from the cold.

Not mine to tell in thunder tones The story of the cross, And see a countless host of men, Weighed down with sin and dross, Come trooping home, like weary sheep From desert bleak and wild, To seek the shelter of the fold, Led by the Shepherd mild.

Not mine to sound the trump before The walls of Jericho, And see the battlements of sin Before the Lord laid low; Nor mine to reap the golden grain; 'Tis only mine to glean; But God will bless the humble toil, Nor count it low and mean.

COMPENSATION.

There are days and days together when my heart is sad and sore, Longing for the many blessings that are gone to come no more. But I'm learning to remember, when I feel inclined to fret, That if some good things have missed me, there's a chance for others yet.

If there are no disappointments to beset us on the road, We would get so independent that we'd swell up like a toad, And we wouldn't have the knowledge to appreciate the good If there wasn't any evil in a-body's neighborhood.

So I'm trying not to worry over chances I have missed, And to hope that there are others in the future's waiting list; If it's right for me to have it, I will get it, don't you see? Otherwise I take for granted that it wasn't meant for me.

I believe the wise Provider fixes everything just right, Though it often may look different to our feeble human sight; And if we don't get the treasure on which our affections dwell, God will send us something different that will do us just as well.

THOUGHTS. Offer thanks and give thank offerings; Be grateful for life, if for nothing else. Kind wishes are good, but good deeds are better. Be like the harvest of the year, good and generous. Our deeds seal our words in the record of our lives. Let words and deeds be the signal lights of your faith. The little acts of kindness count high in the book of remembrance. If you have not gifts of gold to bestow, donate gems of kind words. Give now to the living. You can not send your gifts beyond the grave. Heaven's twin angels, Love and Pity, whisper in our hearts: "Remember others."

PAINLESS. Wild and disheveled, watery of eye and trembling of limb, he burst into the dentist's consulting room and addressed the molar merchant in gasping tones. "Do you give gas here?" "Yes," replied the dentist. "Does it put a man to sleep?" "Of course." "Nothing could wake him?" "Nothing but—" "Wait a bit; you could break his jaw or black his eye without him feeling it?" "My dear sir, of course, I—" "It lasts about a half minute doesn't it?" "Yes." With a hoop of joy and relief the excited man threw off his coat and waistcoat. "Now," he yelled as he tugged at his shirt, "get yer gas engine ready, I want you to pull a porous plaster off my back."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THE DOOR OF THE OPEN HEART.

Just as Music Must Have An Instrument of Some Kind to Give It Voice, So God's Love Must Have a Human Heart Through Which to Bring Salvation to The World.

In one of the counties of Virginia there is an old and very beautiful little country church. For generations the people round about listened to sermons preached from the wine-glass pulpit; have been married, and have been buried there. Ivy planted long ago has thrown a shimmering curtain of leaves over the whole church from ground to gable. At one place, where there was a broken window pane, it has crept into a disused loft above the chancel, and there spread over the floor in a wave of exquisite green. Perhaps it has come in from the sunshine and bird chatter outdoors to lie a little while in the twilight and peace, and to listen for that verse in the chant that sings: "O all ye Green Things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord; praise him, and magnify him forever."

Be that as it may, can we not at least see in the ivy feeling its way all over the church, finding at least that one open pane and creeping through it to fill the loft with its green effulgence, a symbol of God's love, which is always surrounding the hearts of men; always seeking an opening, and always ready, when that opening is found, to pour itself through the heart in a living miracle?

There is always this inexhaustible store of love pressing on all hearts; always waiting, always ready to enter and give itself for the refreshment of the world. But it must first find the gateway of the open heart. Just as the ivy could not get into the church, although it felt over every inch of the outside wall, until it came upon that one open pane, so this great reservoir of healing love may never pour itself into the world save through those hearts that have opened themselves to it. Just as music must have an instrument of some kind to give it voice, so God's love must have a human heart to bring salvation to the world. The saints and saviors of mankind have been those who, surrendering themselves, have opened their hearts wide to this great rushing love. The world can never have too much of it. Love, and more love—that has been its need down through all the ages, and will be its need forever. But as the need is inexhaustible, so is the supply; all that is required to bring these two together is the medium of the open heart; a gift that the least and most ignorant of us can offer for the salvation of the world.—Ex.

If a man would know how much he is appreciated, he should pose as defendant in a breach of promise suit.

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