SUFFERING FROM COLD

If you shiver in frosty weather, if you have cold hands and feet, if colds are stubborn and frequent, then your blood may be thin and impoverished.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

has been correcting this condition for nearly fifty years. It possesses rare powers for creating natural body warmth, for charging summer blood with winter richness and strengthening both throat and lungs.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N.J. 420

THE ROANOKE NEWS

THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1918

Published Every Thursday

ENTERED AT POSTOFFICE AT WELDON AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE:

One Year, (by mail) postpaid $1.00
Six Months, " 75c

A weekly Democratic journal devoted to the material, educational, political and agricultural interests of Halifax and surrounding counties.

Advertising rates reasonable and furnished on application.

I pledge allegiance to MY FLAG and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible with Liberty and Justice for all.

"CARRY IT HOME."

In the effort at nation-wide economy, no one move will have greater effect, provided it will be systematically and universally practiced, than the move to eliminate the expense of special delivery of commodities, that has grown to such enormous proportions in this country.

For many years now the custom has been growing with the growth of the telephone service, until in almost any part of the country if the lady of the house wants a paper of pins or the man of the house needs an auto, a telephone call brings one to the door as readily and as promptly as the other.

This is peculiarly a modern practice. Our forefathers carried or hauled home their purchases. We, under the spur of necessity, can and should do likewise.

There are two angles to the proposed reform that should appeal to the public. First, the direct saving to the purchaser. This, in the aggregate, is bound to be enormous, as the expense of delivery throughout the country has grown to huge proportions. Second, the releasing for other and more needed service the immense capital and equipment now tied up in the special delivery of merchandise. Thousands upon thousands of horses, wagons, autos, trucks—to say nothing of the men and boys—are now engaged in this work, which is to a large extent entirely superfluous. There is a vital need in other channels for all of this force, and it should be released and made available where it is so badly needed.

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN

Young woman, live to make others happy? Live for yourself and you will be miserable! There never was an exception to the rule, there never will be an exception.

Plan out your life on a big scale, whether you are a farmer's daughter, or a shepherdess among the hills, or the flattered pet of a drawing room filled with statuary and pictures and bric-a-brac. Stop where you are and make a plan for your lifetime. You cannot be satisfied with a life of frivolity and indiscretion. Trust the world and it will cheat you if it does not destroy you. The Redoubtable was the name of an enemy's ship that Lord Nelson spared twice from demolition, but that same ship afterward sent the ball that killed him, and the world on which you smile may turn at you its deadliest weapon.

Appreciate your mother while you have her. It is the most universal testimony of young women who have lost mother that they did not realize what she was to them until an entire exit from this life followed, in fact is in the appreciation of many a young lady a mindreader. The material inspection is considered an obstacle. Mother has so many notions about what is proper and what which is improper. It is astounding how much more many girls know at sixteen than their mothers at forty-five.

An ancient but jaundiced philosopher once said: "There are only two good men; one them is dead and the other is not yet born."

THOUGHTS.

How still it is! The busy workaday world has ceased its labors, the rush and turmoil of daily strife is over, and night stretches its sombre features over all. No sound but the drip of the dripping faucet breaks the silence, and it falls on a soul slow dripping as though loath to break the slumber. Sitting alone in the stillness of our room looking out into the darkness, listening to the patter of the raindrops, thoughts not many and many of them sad, painful, some thoughts we wish we could forget, some thoughts we wish we could remember, some thoughts we wish we could forget, but we cannot, some thoughts we wish we could remember but we cannot, some thoughts we wish we could forget