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CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria
Always
Bears the
Signature
of
Dr. J. C. H. H. H.
In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA

"IF WE STAND FAST."
United, We Are Unconquerable.
Divided We Shall Fail.

There has been a vast amount of quiet, cheerful and sometimes heroic sacrifice. We have given of our flesh and blood for the cause; of our wealth; of our luxuries and sometimes of our comforts; but there are some of us—too many—who in this crisis have pursued the way of personal profit, and who have not hesitated to obstruct the mighty work of rational preparation, if thereby we might make some private gain. And even if there were none such, let us not talk of suffering and sacrifice in the presence of Belgium and Serbia and France, or even of Great Britain and Italy.

And yet if we boast now, we surely need not despair of the Republic. In the presence of a real crisis, we have shown a capacity to think nationally, to act unselfishly, to accept discipline and sacrifice that has disconcerted our enemies and astonished many of our friends. There are greater trials and greater burdens in the future for us, but if we meet them with the same spirit that we have shown so far we shall come to the end of the war with the cheering conviction that, although we have delayed and stumbled and blundered here and there, we have not in the end been unfaithful to the traditions of our past or to the convictions of our souls.

One of the French papers had recently a picture of two war-battered poilus talking together in a trench. One asked if he thought France would win, and the other replied, "Yes, if the people at home stand fast." In those words lies the whole situation. We need not fear that our boys at the front will give way more than the French people need fear that their own gallant soldiers will fail. Those men who are giving more than any of us—who are giving their lives, if necessary—are the very ones of whose constancy and courage we may be most certain. They will win the war for us if we at home will stand fast. Those of us who have money must pour it out for the nation's need; those of us who work in factories and shipyards must think less of our immediate advantage in wages and in hours of labor and more of what we can do to speed the work of military preparation. Those of us who own business or who cultivate farms must strain every nerve to produce the greatest possible quantity of supplies, and must be too proud of our service to profit unduly by the necessity of the country. Those of us who can see no other way to serve can help by careful economy in the use of things that our army and our allies need, and by cheerful, confident support of the government in its tremendous task.

The war bids fair to resolve itself into a question of morale—first of all, perhaps, the morale of the civilian populations. It is against the morale of the people of Germany and Austria that President Wilson directs his policy; it is against their morale that the Russian revolutionaries, discarding military weapons, made their campaign. It was by the breakdown of civilian morale that Russia was reduced to impotence, and a subtle weakening of the civilian morale in Italy through German influence was behind the military defeat of the Italians last fall. We must be on our guard against any attempt to plant discouragement or dissent among us. United, we are unconquerable; divided, we shall fail.

White Liquid
White Cake
2 IN 1 White Shoe Dressing
for Men's, Women's and Children's shoes.
LIFE IS TOO SHORT.

Between the swift sun's rising and its setting, We have no time for useless tears or fretting. Life is too short. Life is too short for any bitter feeling; Time is the best avenger if we wait, The years speed by, and on their wings bear healing, We have no room for anything like hate. This solemn truth the low mounds seem revealing That thick and fast about our feet are stealing. Life is too short. Life is too short for aught but high endeavor,— Too short for spite, but long enough for love. And love lives on forever and forever, It links the worlds that circle on above; 'Tis God's first law, the universe's lever. In His vast realm the radiant souls sigh, Life is too short.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

LIGHT THAT WARMS.

Some girls are little mothers at heart almost from time their baby lips have learned to form a few words.

We watched a small girl the other day as she sat rocking her baby brother to sleep—such a roly-poly, husky fellow he was—much too large and heavy to be held by so small a girl.

And though he wasn't just the easiest sort of a little lad to manage, nor once did the little girl lose patience with him.

Her bright, sunny face radiated tenderness and cheerfulness, and in her soft eyes was a spark of the light that some day will burn brightly when she holds her own babies in her arms, close, close against her breast.

We watched her all the rest of the day as she cared for the wee boy while her own busy mother went about her work and, though the little girl was very young and extremely childish in her ways—not one bit old—there was something in her pretty face and something in her way of handling that young brother of hers that made you think of her as a little mother.

And that is what she was—a little mother. We often see them as they bend over their dollies and sing soft lullabies to them. It is a little light that burns in their eyes even when they are scarcely beyond their own cradle days—a light that grows deeper and brighter with the passing of the years whether or not they ever have babies of their own, and it is a light that sends a glow of warmth about the heart and that makes one love all little children.

WAS NOT TWO-FACED.

Personal beauty came up for discussion at a social gathering, when a little incident along that line was recalled by Senator Walter H. Thompson, of Kansas.

One afternoon Smith and Jones were comparing wargarden statistics over the backyard fence, when a new resident, who had recently moved into the neighborhood, chanced to pass by at a distance.

"There goes that man Brown," remarked Smith with an indicative nod of his head toward the stranger. "What do you think of him by this time?"

"I don't know," replied Jones. "I haven't had occasion to give him much thought."

"I don't know whether he appeals to me or not," returned Smith. "Does he look to you like a man who is two-faced?"

"Well I should say not!" was the sympathetic declaration of Jones. "If he was he wouldn't wear the one he does."—Philadelphia Telegram

EXPECTING TOO MUCH.

Rankin—If I ever have to fight in the trenches I hope I can have a periscope.

Phyle—Yes, the things are mighty handy to look through and see if the enemy is near.

"Are they only to look through?"

"Yes. What did you think they were for?"

"Gee! I thought you could stay safely out of sight and shoot through the things."

Few men can refrain from boasting about the good they do by mistake.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

WAR BABIES.

Writer Tells Pathetic Story of Two Youngsters Lost in Throng of Refugees From Stricken Land.

In Pierre Loti's book, "War," is this pathetic story about war babies:

"One evening a train full of Belgian refugees had just entered the railway station of one of our southern towns. Lost in that mournful throng were two quite young children, holding each other tightly by the hand, two little boys, evidently two little brothers. The elder, five years of age, was protecting the younger whose age may have been three. No one claimed them; no one knew them. Their clothes were neat, and they wore warm little woolen stockings. So overwhelmed were they with weariness and want of sleep that they did not even cry. Scarcely could they stand upright. They did not answer the questions that were put to them, but above all they refused to let go of each other; that they would not do. At last the big, elder brother realized the responsibilities of his character of protector; he summoned up strength to speak to the lady who was bending down to him. 'Madame,' he said, in a very small, beseeching voice, already half asleep, 'Madame, is anyone going to put us to bed?' For the moment this was the only wish they were capable of forming; all that they looked for from the mercy of mankind was that someone would be so good as to put them to bed. They went to sleep at once, still holding hands and nestling close to each other. And these poor little Belgian children, sleeping side by side, made me think of two nestlings astray."

CLUSTER OF PATRIOTIC GEMS.

Eloquent Tributes of Daniel Webster to Our Country's Needs and Greatness.



LIBERTY and union, now and forever, one and inseparable. Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.

If we are true to our country in our day and generation, and those who come after us shall be true to it also, assuredly we shall elevate her to a pitch of prosperity and happiness, of honor and power never yet reached by any nation beneath the sun.

This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, ours: ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past and generations to come hold us responsible for this sacred trust.

SLIGHT MISTAKE.

He—You look at me as though you thought I might be a fool.

She—I beg your pardon. You can't be such a fool, after all.

He—What do you mean?

She—Your remark shows that you possess the ability to read one's thoughts at a mere glance.

EVER SALIVATED BY CALOMEL? HORRIBLE!

Calomel is quicksilver and acts like dynamite on your liver.

Calomel loses you a day! You know what calomel is. It's mercury; quicksilver. Calomel is dangerous. It crumbles into your bile like dynamite, cramping and sickening you. Calomel attacks the bones and should never be put into your system.

When you feel bilious, sluggish, constipated and all knocked out and believe you need a dose of dangerous calomel just remember that your druggist sells for a few cents a large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic, which is entirely vegetable and pleasant to take and is a perfect substitute for calomel. It is guaranteed to start your liver without stirring you up inside, and can not salivate.

Don't take calomel! It makes you sick the next day; it loses you a day's work. Dodson's Liver Tonic straightens you right up and you feel great. Give it to the children because it is perfectly harmless and doesn't gripe.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

LUZIANNE coffee

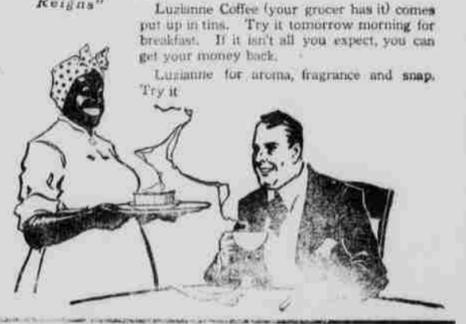
Luzianne and Corn Pone —Yum-Yum!

WHEN you see your mummy, Honey, bring in the coffee and the pone, you can tell before you taste it that the coffee's Luzianne—sure-nuf—by the whiff a-streaming, steaming in the air.

It's the coffee—Luzianne—you remember and you hanker after it until you get another cup.

Luzianne Coffee (your grocer has it) comes put up in tins. Try it tomorrow morning for breakfast. If it isn't all you expect, you can get your money back.

Luzianne for aroma, fragrance and snap. Try it.



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Weldon, N. C.



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.

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