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"HUNTING A DEER"

By MIRIAM LEE.

Gabriel Marsh was dominated by a sisterly brood, realized it and did not particularly resent it. Here was the situation: They were well provided for as to income from the family estate, but Gabriel had inherited the bulk of the same. It was the others nothing to continue to live at the homestead, and a noble place it was, Gabriel was liberal to the point of prodigality, outside of thrilling inharmonious elements of temperament these persons were not unpleasant, and life drifted on idly, evenly, though rather purposelessly.

It was to their interest that Gabriel should remain a bachelor, and they kept a close watch on him and a near contact when social functions were on the program. He slipped them casually, one day. He was homebound from his office when a friend he liked stepped him on the shoulder and then linked arms with him. "You're coming over to the Gordons with me," he insisted. "They're short of men and I promised to rally some recruits."

Gabriel was nothing loath and soon found himself enjoying the variety and liveliness of a cheery group, bent on enjoying the occasion to its utmost. Mrs. Ada Gordon was engaged, so he was not troubled as to what his sisters might say or think. There was tennis and archery. It was the latter feature that interested Gabriel. The more so because of the superb expertness of a girl whom he had never seen before, and who seemed to come into his life with irresistible power and influence all in a moment of time.

She was Vera Oliver. Gabriel learned, a cousin of Ada Gordon, lived some twenty-five miles distant and was making a day's visit with her father, a studious-looking man with a finely intellectual face, who sat apart but placidly and with seeming interest and pleasure witnessing the activities of the young people. Gabriel was not in tennis trim and joined Mr. Oliver on a shaded bench, Miss Gordon having introduced them. At first Gabriel said little. His eyes were fixed upon Miss Oliver. Truly a nut-brown maid, lithe, graceful, swift and sure in all her motions, her exquisite handling of bow and arrow was superb. Straight to the heart of the target the plumed dart landed every time, other contestants despatching of even remotely approximating her average.

The openly expressed approbation of Gabriel won the father to descend upon the capabilities of his daughter. "You know I make my living by writing up my scientific and nature researches," he said, "and Vera has been an ardent and useful helper. Are you interested in zoology to any degree? I invite you to run over to our little rookery and I will show you some rare specimens. My daughter, too, will do for you this bow and arrow practice. We have a shooting range at home, clay pigeons and spring, and all that. Only, come within a day or two, for we start for northern Minnesota within a week."

It was when Gabriel saw Vera with rifle at glass-ball shooting that the unique charm of this modern Diana completely won the heart of the hitherto love-shunned Gabriel. His sisters heard of the visit to the Oliver home. There were quibbles as to "the ungracious training and sportsman propensities of the audacious mix," doubtless maneuvering to smother their brother as a desirable party. Their fears were set at rest, however, a day or two later when they learned that the Olivers had departed on one of their long nature tours.

The watchful guardians of a world-inexperienced brother traced no purpose in the apparently innocent announcement of Gabriel one day, when he announced that he was going on a hunting trip in the Northern woods.

"Nobody but squaws way up there in the pineries," he observed to his eldest sister, "so you needn't be worrying for fear some designing fortune-seeking siren will be plotting to marry me for my money. I'm strictly going hunting for a deer."

When that momentous hunting trip was over, the sisterly cabal marveled at the duplicity of their beloved brother. They could not credit the coolness and independence with which Gabriel had become imbued. They could not understand the determined manner in which he slipped from leading strings they had thought surely taut drawn and strong as wire cables.

The result of specious design or accident, this happened to Gabriel Marsh. He came across the Olivers in a little log cabin in the woods 50 miles from civilization. He had sustained a severe arm sprain from a fall over an old log. Patient as well as guest, a welcome reception made him happy, and then a month assisting Mr. Oliver in his quest for odd specimens and fishing and canoeing with Vera, gave a new and delightful tinge to life. At the end of two months he wrote to his friend at home:

"Please break the news to my sisters—I am married to Vera Oliver. I hunted and found a deer, indeed!"

CALLED HER FAMILY TO HER BEDSIDE

Six Years Ago, Thinking She Might Die, Says Texas Lady, But Now She Is a Well, Strong Woman and Praises Cardui For Her Recovery.

Roysa City, Tex.—Mrs. Mary Kilman, of this place, says: "After the birth of my little girl... my side commenced to hurt me. I had to go back to bed. We called the doctor. He treated me... but I got no better. I got worse and worse until the misery was unbearable... I was in bed for three months and suffered such agony that I was just drawn up in a knot... I told my husband if he would get me a bottle of Cardui I would try it... I commenced taking it, however, that evening I called my family about me... for I knew I could not last many days unless I had a change for the better. That was six years ago and I am still here and am a well, strong woman, and I owe my life to Cardui. I had only taken half the bottle when I began to feel better. The misery in my side got less... I continued right on taking the Cardui until I had taken three bottles and I did not need any more for I was well and never felt better in my life... I have never had any trouble from that day to this."

Do you suffer from headache, backache, pains in sides, or other discomforts, each month? Or do you feel weak, nervous and fagged-out? If so, give Cardui, the woman's tonic, a trial.

J. 71

OUR SAVED FOOD FED THE ALLIES

Food Administrator Writes President America Conserved 141,000,000 Bushels Wheat.

CREDIT DUE TO WOMEN.

Meat and Fat Shipments Increased by 844,000,000 Pounds.

Conservation measures applied by the American people enabled the United States to ship to the Allied peoples and to our own forces overseas 141,000,000 bushels of wheat and 844,000,000 pounds of meat during the past year, valued in all at \$1,000,000,000. This was accomplished in the face of a serious food shortage in this country, bespeaking the wholeheartedness and patriotism with which the American people have met the food crisis abroad.

Food Administrator Hoover, in a letter to President Wilson, explains how the situation was met. The voluntary conservation program fostered by the Food Administration enabled the getting up of the millions of bushels of wheat during 1917-18 and the shipment of meat during 1917-18.

The total value of all food shipments to Allied destinations amounted to \$1,400,000,000, all this food being bought through or in collaboration with the Food Administration. These figures are all based on official reports and represent food exports for the harvest year that closed June 30, 1918.

The shipments of meats and fats (including meat products, dairy products, vegetable oils, etc.) to Allied destinations were as follows:

Fiscal year 1916-17	2,105,500,000 lbs.
Fiscal year 1917-18	3,011,100,000 lbs.
Increase	844,000,000 lbs.

Our slaughterable animals at the beginning of the last fiscal year were not appreciably larger than the year before and particularly in hogs; they were probably less. The increase in shipments is due to conservation and the extra weight of animals added by our farmers.

The full effect of these efforts began to bear their best results in the last half of the fiscal year, when the exports to the Allies were 2,105,500,000 pounds, as against 1,292,000,000 pounds in the same period of the year before. This compares with an average of 801,000,000 pounds of total exports for the same half years to the three-year pre-war period.

In cereals and cereal products reduced to terms of cereal bushels our shipments to Allied destinations have been:

Fiscal year 1916-17	250,000,000 bushels
Fiscal year 1917-18	340,800,000 bushels
Increase	80,800,000 bushels

Of these cereals our shipments of the prime breadstuffs in the fiscal year 1917-18 to Allied destinations were: Wheat 131,000,000 bushels and of rye 13,000,000 bushels, a total of 144,000,000 bushels.

The exports to Allied destinations during the fiscal year 1916-17 were: Wheat 135,100,000 bushels and rye 2,900,000 bushels, a total of 138,000,000 bushels. In addition some 10,000,000 bushels of 1917 wheat are now in port for Allied destinations or en route thereto. The total shipments to Allied countries from our last harvest of wheat will be therefore, about 144,000,000 bushels, or a total of 154,000,000 bushels of prime breadstuffs. In addition to this we have shipped some 10,000,000 bushels to neutrals dependent upon us, and we have received some imports from other quarters.

"This accomplishment of our people in this matter stands out even more clearly if we bear in mind that we had available in the fiscal year 1916-17 from net carry-over and no surplus over our normal consumption about 200,000,000 bushels of wheat which we were able to export that year without trenching on our home loaf," Mr. Hoover said. "This last year, however, owing to the large failure of the 1917 wheat crop, we had available from net carry-over and production and imports only just about our normal consumption. Therefore our wheat shipments to Allied destinations represent approximately savings from our own wheat bread."

"These figures, however, do not fully convey the volume of the effort and sacrifice made during the past year by the whole American people. Despite the magnificent effort of our agricultural population in planting a much increased acreage in 1917, not only was there a very large failure in wheat, but also the corn failed to mature properly, and our corn is our dominant crop."

"I am sure," Mr. Hoover wrote in concluding his report, "that all the millions of our people, agricultural as well as urban, who have contributed to these results should feel a very definite satisfaction that in a year of universal food shortages in the northern hemisphere all of those people joined together against Germany have come through into sight of the coming harvest not only with wealth and strength fully maintained, but with only temporary periods of hardship."

"It is difficult to distinguish between various sections of our people—the homes, public eating places, food traders, urban or agricultural populations—in assessing credit for these results, but no one will deny the dominant part of the American women."

A hoarder is a man who is more interested in getting his bite than in giving his bit.

The difference between see and saw is intense.

WHY SPEND ALL YOU EARN?

You might get sick or hurt—be prepared for it. You might want to make an investment—start now. "Takes money to make money," you know. You might be visited by thieves or fire—an account with us prevents loss. The saving habit is a mighty good one to get into. We pay 4 per cent on Savings Accounts.

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HALIFAX N. C.

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MADE TO ORDER AND REGULAR STOCK SIZES.
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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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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.

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Love is a war of the sexes.

COME ON, NOW!

ISABELLE COCHRANE SMITH.

Now is the expected time:
Now is the day of restitution.
Come on, all you Red Bloods,
From Oregon to Maine:
Come on, here's your slogan—
Alasce and Lorraine.
Come on NOW, fall in
With Pershing and Petain;
Come now, and help us
While we have them by the throat.
They called us "kids in khaki,"
But we'll get the Kaiser's goat.
Come on, brave old Dixie,
With your famous Southern yell,
We need no other bracer
To give those Germans HELL.
We're not a land divided—
The North and South are one,
And, shoulder to shoulder,
Will march to meet the Hun.
Come on, brave old Dixie,
And your colored troopers, too,
We'll show those brutal Boches
What our U. S. A. can do.
You have oodles of transports,
Manned by gallant boys in blue;
You've a right smart of cruisers
And sub-chasers, too;
Come on, load up your transports
And convoy the boys across;
We'll put a quietus
On this war-mad Prussian boss,
Speed up, got together—
With one good Yankee slap,
We can put little Belgium
Right back on the map.
All praise to staunch old England,
Her Tommies and her Tars.
All honor to her leaders,
Those true sons of Mars,
But speed up, boys, be with us;
See Von Hinden's dead line snap;
And Sammies by the millions
Go pouring through the gap.
No "Kamerad" will stop us,
It's either die or run—
It's an everlasting finish
To the double-dealing Hun,
We're over here for business,
And we won't come home again
'Till we leave the French flag flying
Over Alsace and Lorraine.
They've called us "tin soldiers,"
They've called us "cackling geese,"
But when this war is ended
There will be an Allied Peace,
—From the Boys "Over There."

ASSERT YOURSELF.

BY GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS.

If you don't know what is in yourself, nobody else will ever know it. But just as soon as you recognize that you have considerable ability, that minute your ability sticks out.

Assert Yourself!

Napoleon was scarcely more than a boy when he took command of the Army of Italy. His soldiers almost mistrusted him, but the minute that he began to give orders, concisely and straightforwardly, every man enthusiastically followed his lead. And battle after battle was won. For a Master Mind was at the helm.

Assert Yourself.

The inactive mind is the mind asleep, but the active mind is the mind asserting itself. Just the minute you begin to systematically organize the forces within you and put a definite force in front of them, that minute you Assert Yourself, and the world recognizes in you a man or woman of initiative, of action, and of doing.

Assert Yourself.

You have yours! If largely to blame if you stand complaining today over yours. Assert Yourself, demand recognition. And the happiness that is sure to come over you from the secret knowledge that you are going forward is sure to make you masterful and dominating.

Assert Yourself.

INVITATION.
You are invited to open an account with the
BANK OF ENFIELD, ENFIELD, N. C.
4 Per Cent. allowed in the Savings Department Compounded Quarterly.
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40c. 50c. 75c. Per Pair
FARBER & JOSEPHSON,
Mens and Boys Outfitters
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COTTON GINS & PRESS FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale one 70-saw Van-Winkle gin, feeder and condenser, four years old. One 60-saw Eagle gin, feeder and condenser, five years old. One Beasley Single box down packing press, five years old. This machinery is in good condition and bargain prices will be made on the entire lot or on separate portions. Write or come to see me at once.

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