

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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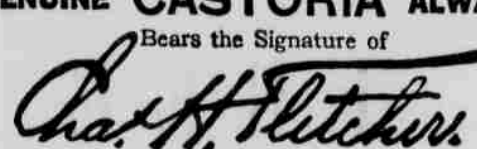
VOL. LIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1918.

NO. 16

**Children Cry for Fletcher's**  
**CASTORIA**  
 The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has made the signature of **Castoria** a household name and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. 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 Syrups. 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 Diarrhoea; 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.

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**  
 Bears the Signature of  
  
**Chas. H. Fletcher**  
 In Use For Over 30 Years  
 The Kind You Have Always Bought  
 THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**Get The Habit**  
 Buy for Cash. Save the pennies by buying at  
**W. T. PARKER & CO.**  
 Wholesale Cash Store  
 WELDON, N. C.

**Dixon & Poole Manufacturing Company**  
 MANUFACTURERS OF  
**Building Material for Modern Homes, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mantels, Door and Window Screens**  
 MADE TO ORDER AND REGULAR STOCK SIZES  
 Good Materials, High Grade Workmanship Our Slogan.  
 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.

**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.

**DOCTORS SAY: "TAKE IRON"**

For building up weak, nervous, run-down people, doctors prescribe iron. It is the greatest blood purifier and strengthener known and, taken in proper quantities, it builds up the body like nothing else can. But many of the iron preparations before the public contain little iron; many of them contain from 10 to 25 per cent. of alcohol, and alcohol counteracts the efficiency of the iron.

**ACID IRON MINERAL**

is free from the presence of alcohol. It is obtained from the only natural medicinal iron mineral deposit of its kind known to the world; a pure, natural iron product, free from the drug of the chemist and the "dope" of the pill maker.

In addition to three forms of natural iron Acid Iron Mineral contains magnesium, potassium, sodium and calcium, medicinal properties which your doctor prescribes for indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, and many ailments arising from a disordered stomach. As a general tonic it comes closer to the ideal, making rich, pure blood and toning up the system and weak vital organs to normal.

Be sure you get Acid Iron Mineral, ask for it by name. Look for the A-I-M trade mark, it is your guarantee of a pure, concentrated, efficient, economical iron product. At all reliable druggists or the Ferrudine Chemical Corp., Roanoke, Va., \$1 per bottle prepaid.

**A VILLAGE SLEUTH**  
 By WARREN L. TRISHAM  
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"Dolph," his familiars called him, his full name was Adolphus Barclay, and "the sleuth" was dabbled by certain detective residents of Brookside. He had won the appellation fairly, for ingenuity and a habit of following up that characteristic with prying ways had become a part of his nature.

Dolph had finally engendered a distinct detective ambition, but the local scope was limited and he was compelled to accept what offered, which was a half-salaried position as a constable on the staff of the sheriff.

Here Dolph shone, or fancied he did. At all events he worked up a deep mystery about once a month. It usually ended in snuff, but the amateur man catcher was diligent. He investigated ordinary civil cases with a tinge of uniqueness and importance, discerned purposes of arson in a common house fire and the occasional thefts of tramps as the operations of a leagued clique of bandits, bent upon devastating the district.

Dolph confessed to a sneaking fondness for Margaret Dunn, who thoroughly despised him and his methods. They merely spoke and Dolph never ventured to go further than that. He had high hopes, however, of some day counting across a mystery, a tragedy, where his professional acumen would arouse the interest and admiration of the pretty daughter of old farmer Dunn.

"That's strange!" muttered Dolph one afternoon, as, near to the Dunn home, he observed a young man enter the yard of the little farm and lift his cap to Margaret. A conversation ensued. Dolph dared not venture near enough to overhear it. He could only trace that Margaret was fairly cordial to the stranger. She went around to the barn, reappearing with old Dolph hitched to a light wagon.

The young man carried one arm in a sling. They drove down the road for about a mile. Then the young man alighted. He went in among some bushes, reappearing with a suitcase, placed it in the wagon and the trip back home was made.

The young man was evidently invited by Margaret to tea. Dolph, smelling danger to the home, observed them both seated at the table in the dining room. Dolph edged his way around to the front porch. The mysterious suitcase had been left there by the stranger. Dolph observed that it was only strapped. His inquisitive temperament urged him to get a glimpse of its contents. He niftily released the straps, opened the catch and—

"A spy—worse!" he breathed, his eyes sparkling like fire, inspecting at last a famous pistol. It had restored the suitcase to its original condition and made off down the road in feverish haste.

The stranger of military bearing, arm in sling, as though some returned war hero, had politely addressed Margaret. He told her that he was due in the village at seven o'clock, that he had made a mistake in leaving the trolley and had been unable to carry the suitcase more than a mile on account of his injured arm. He told her of how his treason, uselessness came about to not only interest, but to enthuse Margaret, who at once offered to recover the abandoned object, give him his supper as well, and then drive him to the village, for was not she to meet her father there and accompany him to the war meeting in behalf of the Red Cross at the town hall?

Meantime Dolph Barclay raced down the turnpike, never letting up on his speed until he had reached the office of the sheriff. "I've made a marvelous discovery," proclaimed Dolph, and told his story graphically to the point here he had opened the suitcase.

"Well, well, go on," urged the sheriff impatiently. "What did you find in it?"

"The outfit of a regular spy, a dynamiter!" declared Dolph in ponderous tones. "I found in that suitcase—"

"Yes, yes; go on!"

"An enemy flag, an enemy helmet and an explosive shell. Say! It would turn you pale to see its deadly size. Oh, I've made a catch this time, believe me!"

"Come on," said the sheriff, "we'll find this mysterious stranger and explore the contents of that suitcase."

"There they are!" announced Dolph, as half a mile down the turnpike he saw the wagon approaching, and on the front seat, chatting and laughing, Margaret and her stranger guest.

"Halt!" ordered Dolph, springing into the road. "Sheriff, I denounce this man as a spy and the proof of it will be found in that carpet bag!"

Margaret uttered a slight laugh. Her companion broadly grinned. This somehow discomfited the sheriff.

"May I ask," he inquired, "what you have in that suitcase?"

"Surely," answered the stranger with promptness, "an enemy flag, a helmet such as our foes wear, and a sample of the explosive shells we use on the front. I have just come from there, and am assisting your lecturer at the war meeting tonight by exhibiting these trophies of war."

"Why, yes, Mr. Barclay," added Margaret sweetly, "and we invite you, as a public official, to have a seat on the platform."

So the great discovery of the amateur sleuth went up, as usual with his cases, in smoke, but it brought about a later further companionship for Margaret and her soldier guest.

If a baby could say what it thinks when people kiss it, one kiss would be sufficient.

**THE OATH.**

I will not drink from a German cup  
 Or eat from a German plate;  
 I will not deal with a German man  
 All foul with German hate.  
 I'll use no drug with a German name,  
 That's grown on German land;  
 I'll eat no food and drink no beer  
 If made by a German hand.  
 I will not use a German tool—  
 Razor, knife or saw;  
 I will not trade with a German shop  
 That lives by German law.  
 I will not sail on a German ship  
 Where German songs are sung;  
 I will not breathe, where God's clean air  
 Is soiled by a German tongue.  
 I will not forget those awful deeds  
 To girls and little boys;  
 No more I'll hang on Christmas trees  
 Those blood-stained German toys.  
 I will not take a German's word—  
 He'll break it if he can;  
 There is no love in a German heart  
 Or faith in a German name.  
 This is my oath, when war is done,  
 I'll swear to keep it true;  
 And since I know you feel the same  
 I'll pass it on to you.

**SOARING ABOVE THE CLOUDS.**  
 Aviator Tells of Wonders High Up In The Air.

The trials for my military brevet were by far the most interesting thing I have done in aviation. On finishing the 60-horse power Blériot class, I was told that I would have to do my brevet work on a small Caudron biplane, as there were no Blériots available.

Old 2887 is a bully bird. I was off the ground and heading up in 40 yards. It was rather an occasion for a beginner who had never before flown over 2,500 feet. The little Caudrons, of course, are not high powered, but she climbed splendidly. In 10 minutes I was circling over the camp at 3,800 feet, and in 20 I had reached 6,000, just under the roof of the clouds. There was only one blue hole through, so up this funnel I climbed, until I finally burst out into the gorgeous upper sunlight.

At 8,000 feet I began to float in a world of utter celestial loneliness—dazzlingly pure sun, air like the water of a coral atoll, and beneath me a billowy sea of clouds, stretching away to infinity. Here and there, from the cloudy prairies great fantastic mountain ranges reared themselves; foothills and high divides, vast snowy peaks, impalpable sisters of Orizaba or Chimborazo, and deep gorges, ever narrowing or deepening, across whose shadowy depths drove ribbons of thin gray mist—Charles Nordhoff in Atlantic Monthly.

**THE UNWELCOME ANGEL.**  
 Take the Dare and Leave the Rest to God.

One evening after dinner Robert Sanderson walked into his father's study with a troubled face.

"What's the matter, my boy?" asked the older man.

"Nothing very serious, I guess," said the son, "only I'm up against a decision, and, as you know, I don't like to be driven to that. It's against my nature."

"What's the decision that you have to make, Robert?"

"Just this," replied the younger man. "The firm has offered me the management of the branch in St. Louis, and I don't know whether to accept or not. They want my decision to-morrow morning, and I don't know what to do. You see, I'm not worried about the branch in itself. It is successful. The thing that troubles me is whether I'm big enough to swing it. There's more money in it than in my present job, and I shall have a chance to show what's in me, if there is anything. But I know my job here as superintendent, and this other is a leap in the dark. And it seems to be the part of the ways I'd either take this now or settle down in the present job forever."

"I know what you're facing, Robert," said the father kindly. "None of us likes to be driven face to face with a difficult decision, and yet all growing men have to face it. It is only the static persons who are never troubled by it. I should be anxious about you if, after five years as superintendent, this hadn't been fit to offer you this position. Decision has been forced on you by opportunity. And let me say further that the greater responsibility that opportunity opens up always leaves the right sort of man anxious and sober. You'll pardon my illustrating what I mean from the Bible."

"Do you remember how young Gideon was threshing wheat by a cave one day to hide it from the Midianites, who were oppressing his people, when the angel of the Lord came and told him to go forth as leader and redeem his people? And he said, 'Alas, O Lord God! for because I have seen an angel of the Lord face to face.' That angel was about as welcome to Gideon as this larger opportunity is to you. He accepted the responsibility and succeeded, but just at that time he wished the angel had appeared to some one else."

"As I follow the stories of Bible leaders I find that nearly all of them had this shrinking in the face of new responsibility. Moses had it when God told him to go to Pharaoh. Isaiah had it when God told him to preach to the people of Judah. Jeremiah had it when he was called to prophesy, and said, 'Woe is me! Saul had it when he was called to preach, and he hid his face and sank to the ground. Yet none of those men failed. I think that their very modesty was part of their qualification for big things. They knew a big job when they saw it. And no man is fit for a big job until he has measured it and learned to respect its implications. On the other hand, only a craven backs away when a big opportunity challenges him. You know the old saying: 'To dare to fail is noble; to fail to dare is ignoble.' I'd take the dare and leave the rest with God. If He has called you, He'll equip you, as He did those of other men."

**Health About Gone**

Many thousands of women suffering from womanly trouble, have been benefited by the use of **Cardui**, the woman's tonic, according to letters we receive, similar to this one from Mrs. Z. V. Spell, of Hayne, N. C. "I could not stand on my feet, and just suffered terribly," she says. "As my suffering was so great, and he had tried other remedies, Dr. — had us get **Cardui**. . . I began improving, and it cured me. I know, and my doctor knows, what **Cardui** did for me, for my nerves and health were about gone."

**TAKE CARDUI**  
 The Woman's Tonic

She writes further: "I am in splendid health. . . I can do my work. I feel I owe it to **Cardui**, for I was in dreadful condition." If you are nervous, run-down and weak, or suffer from headache, backache, etc., every month, try **Cardui**. Thousands of women praise this medicine for the good it has done them, and many physicians who have used **Cardui** successfully with their women patients, for years, endorse this medicine. Think what it means to be in splendid health, like Mrs. Spell. Give **Cardui** a trial.

**All Druggists**  
 J. M.

**CASTORIA**  
 For Infants and Children  
 In Use For Over 30 Years  
 Always bears the signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher**

**The Citizens Bank**  
 HALIFAX, N. C.

WE invite the people of Halifax and surrounding country to patronize this Bank. Why not have a checking account? It is necessary in these times. It saves you money, and you have a receipt against payments to your creditors. Besides it gives you a standing in your community. We have every facility known for Sound Banking, and invite you to open an account with us. The smallest account receives as much attention as the largest with us.

We pay 4 per cent. Compounded Quarterly on Savings.  
 Come in and talk it over with us. We need you, you need us.

**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.

**THE BANK OF HALIFAX**  
 HALIFAX, N. C.

N. L. Stedman, President  
 P. C. Gregory, Vice-President  
 F. H. Gregory, Cashier

**BANK OF WELDON**  
 ESTABLISHED 1892  
 Capital and Surplus, \$60,000.

WE INVITE YOUR ACCOUNT  
 4% PAID ON SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

W. E. DANIEL, PERSEVERE  
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**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.

YOU can bank by mail!

**CLOTHES DON'T MAKE A MAN—BUT THEY HELP.**

THAT is, they help him in business as well as social life, by giving him a properous, well-groomed appearance.

Men who dress in good taste say they like to buy here because of the excellent assortment to choose from. Everything in the store is carefully selected by experts and quality is the first consideration.

In men's hosiery for instance, we sell the reliable Interwoven socks—"The Hosiery of a Gentleman." All fashionable colors; all weights; in Silk, Lisle, Cashmere and Cotton at

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 Mens and Boys Outfitters  
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 Life, Accident and Health. Plate Glass and Automobiles. Representing leading companies. See me about your insurance wants.

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