

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

ESTABLISHED IN 1866.

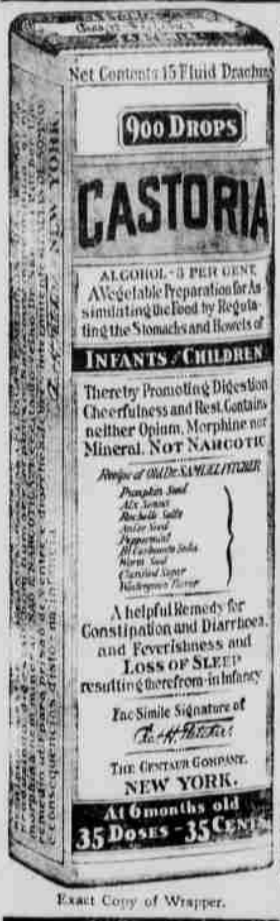
A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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VOL. LIII.

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NO. 39



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria
Always Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT
A Vegetable Preparation for Assuaging the Acidity of the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Thereby Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

A Helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea, and Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP resulting therefrom in Infancy.

The Castoria Company, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 Doses - 35 CENTS.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

A MATTER OF MANNER.

The Man Who Entertains a Grouch will Express His Grouch when He Opens His Mouth.

It was during the busiest hour for the street cars—and for street car patrons. It was after the working day was ended and hundreds of people wanted to get home, says an exchange.

One street car was fairly well filled. People were standing and holding the straps.

"Move up there!" said the conductor. His voice was harsh and his words were given more like an order than as a suggestion or a request. The people in the aisle did not budge. Nobody moved up toward the front.

"Get on up there!" again ordered the conductor. But again nobody moved toward the front of the car to make room for people who wanted to get home on the car just as much as did the ones who happened to be on.

But there was another car, on another line. People were standing in the aisle of this car also and some were holding to the straps.

"Please move up a little in front," said the conductor. "There are some women who want to get in, Thanks." He spoke like a human being. His last remark had more the appearance of a suggestion than a request. The people in the aisle moved up in front.

They made room for a number of folks who wanted to get home. And the people in the car were beginning to act a little happy and jolly despite the inconveniences of travel which accompany a snowed-in winter.

All of which goes to show that the matter of manner has something to do with it. A grouch expresses himself when he talks. And a happy, good natured man also expresses himself when he talks. Folks were made that way. They cannot help it. It is the same with telephone operators, elevator men in the office buildings, drug clerks, cigar clerks, employes of the big stores, school teachers, lawyers and all others. The man who entertains a grouch will express his when he opens his mouth—and the people will usually not do more than they have to do to help him out. And the man whose insides are humming with joy and whose good disposition supply is so large that it just seems to bubble over—well, his disposition is just as catching as a yawn.

But this isn't aimed at street car conductors. They are in the minority. It is aimed at the whole common people set. The young woman can go about the kitchen work after breakfast in such a way as to make mother happy; or she can start in such a manner as to generate a grouch in the whole household, a grouch which will last during most of the remainder of the day. And if dad decided to muss things up at the house by informing ma that the pancakes would make good shoe leather, he will not only make ma unhappy for the day but he will discover that he himself is unable to work up to his usual capacity or live up to his real capacity.

Weekly Health Talks

What Doctor Pierce Has Done For Humanity!

BY DOCTOR PIERCE.

It has always seemed to me that Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., should be placed near the top when a list of America's great benefactors is written. He studied and conquered human diseases to a degree that few realize. Whenever he found a remedy that overcame disease, he at once announced it in the newspapers and told where it could be bought at a small price. He did not follow the usual custom of keeping the ingredients secret, so that the rich only could afford to buy the medicine, but openly printed the name of each root and herb he used. And so to-day the names of Dr. Pierce and his medicines are widely known, and they stand for better health and better citizenship.

One of this great physician's most successful remedies is known as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These are little, sugar-coated pills, composed of Mayapple, leaves of aloes, root of jalap—things that Nature grows in the ground. These Pellets are safe because they move the bowels gently, leaving no bad after-effects, as so many pills do. Very often they make a person who takes them feel like a new man or woman, for they cleanse the intestines of hard, decayed and poisonous matter that accumulates when one is constipated. If you are constipated, by all means go to your druggist and get some of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They may prove to be the very thing your system requires to make you well and happy.

Scuppernong Grape Growers Attention!

A scientific discovery enables us to produce VIRGINIA DARE in NON-ALCOHOLIC form. This means a drink of universal appeal, for which we will require Scuppernongs in large quantities.

Don't neglect your vineyards. Fertilize and cultivate for a big yield. We will need all you can grow and the prices will be unusually attractive.

If you know a Scuppernong grower cut this out and mail it to him.

GARRETT & COMPANY
Bush Terminal Bldg. No. 10
Brooklyn, New York

AVERAGES.

The new year hasn't fooled me none, it's like I knowed 'twould be; There ain't no year sence I've been growed put nothin' over me; No year has disappointed me: when there's a rainy day It's plum all right, because I knowed some would be that-away; And when the sun is shinin' bright, an' some bird sings a song, I say to them, "Well here you be, I knowed you'd be along." And when the days are cold I know some of 'em would be cold, And some sunsets I knowed would be as red as ruddy gold.

The fellers that expected the year'd be a perfect thing, That every day the sun would shine, and birds would always sing, And there would be no rain at all, and winds would bring perfume, And everywhere along their ways there'd be wild flowers bloom, And no one would be ever sad, or be misunderstood And everybody would be glad and business be good, They are the disappointed ones—I ain't got time for such— They do not get much out of life, for they expect too much.

I knowed the year could never be a letter-perfect thing, I knowed there would be days and days when not a bird would sing; And that's the way I size up men, I know they're middlin' good, I know my friends ain't perfect men; that bein' understood I kin look for the good in them, and pass shortcomings by. As I pass by the clouds that come across the summer sky; An' takin' things on average, as I've said to my wife, Has helped me get a heap of good and happiness from life.

DIXIE LAND.

FROM THE WINDOW OF A TRAIN.

Before me, like the picture on the screen, Flash rippling brooks and fields of waving green, Whilst in the far-flung distance, lone and bare, The mountains peer from out their clouded lair, The cypress and the maple, verdure shed, Stand, stark and still and silent as the dead. A mat of multi-colored flowers below, Soft drapes the field where fabled fairies go. Each night to serenade beneath the trees, And drink, from silver cups, the incensed breeze, Or maybe, who can tell what fancies do, To wait the morn and sip the pearly dew Of flowers rich. The sun, a ruby red, Glows in the west, where colors garlanded, Steal out through space to fondle and caress The lone clouds, in their virgin loveliness. High, on the wing, in richest notes, and rare A wild-bird fills the cool autumnal air With melody divine. Across the way A mother watches her children play. Whilst down the winding pike, soft eyed and glad, A maiden walks to meet her Southern lad. And as I sit here in this southbound train, It seems as though the loneliness and pain Of blasted hopes and youthful promises slain, Soften—since earth was earth, the eyes of man Have ne'er beheld a more delightful span Than these soft skies and colored hills so grand. Oh Lord it is, it is thy promised land. Tom Skeyhill, the Soldier Poet.

VERY LIKELY.

A Socialist was talking at the Colony club about girls' schools. "Ultrafashionable girls' schools I don't like," she said. "They educate a girl in everything but an education."

"Two housemaids were talking once about their mistress daughter, who had just returned from one of these ultrafashionable schools."

"What's that new course Miss Marie is taking?" the first maid asked.

"I think," said the second maid, "I think the name of it's cosmetics."

A FAR REMOVE.

"He comes from a good family, doesn't he?" "But he's been such a long time coming."

CASTORIA

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

ALL DISSATISFIED.

Wherever We Are, We Want to Be Somewhere Else.

Wherever we are in this world we want to be somewhere else. I have a letter from a country boy who wants to live in the city, "where things are doing." I know his present setting; a place where the needs and comforts of man are supplied with the slightest effort. His placid, sun-baked village, in its park-like setting, limps the idealist's vision of the perfect life in perfect peace. All this seemed to have pulled on the taste of the young man and he yearns for the contentions, busy and dirty city.

We all have visions of the peace and contentment of the country; the scent of the woods, the songs of the birds, the drone of the bees, the roses, the grateful greenery, and maybe a cowbell tinkling somewhere. We have sensed this all, perhaps, in vacation time and thought it was paradise for two or three days, after which we began to get homesick for the city noise and trouble. This is the goal men speak of as desirable; peace, abundance, quietude—body and mind at rest in nature's setting—yet here is a boy, reared in this elysium, who wants to get away from it and come to the noise and dirt and selfishness of the big city.

Probably the Utopia to which so many of us aspire would not be entirely satisfactory if we possessed it. The quietude of a country village or a country place or a country town is often very dull. There are no daily sensations, no scandals, no banner heads in the daily newspapers to interest one.

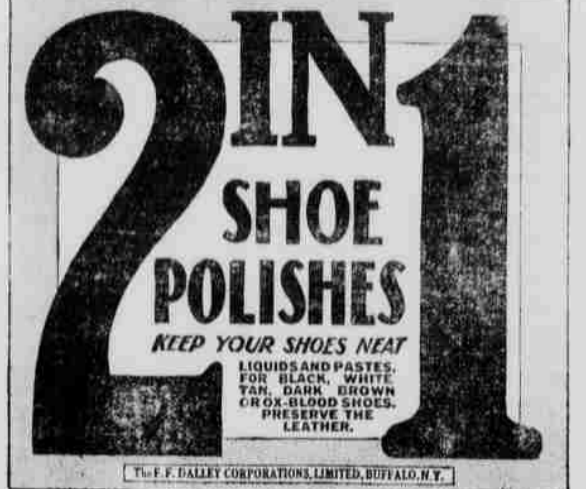
The high spot in the day is when you go down to the post-office for the mail, or barter with the country store for codfish and mackerels. The weather is the leading topic of conversation; there are no very rich or very poor persons in the community; the population is, perhaps, at a colorless dead level of mediocrity; there are no millionaires to flaunt their wealth, no liveried coachman, no "airs" no aristocracy or proletariat.

The rural conditions are what the idealists seem to be driving at, yet here is a boy willing to give it all up for the city. Is it possible that ease and contentment pull on the taste, and that man is better satisfied when he is meeting some discomfort and discouragement in the battlefield?—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Dreadful Cough Cured

A severe cold is often followed by a rough cough for which Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has proven especially valuable. Mrs. F. W. Olsen, Marysville, Mo., writes: "About two years ago my little boy Jean caught a severe cold and coughed dreadfully for days. I tried a number of cough medicines but nothing did him any good until I gave him Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It relieved his cough right away and before he had finished taking one bottle he was cured. I think it is just fine for children."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



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LIQUIDS AND PASTES FOR BLACK, WHITE, TAN, DARK BROWN, CROCK-BLIND SHOES. PRESERVE THE LEATHER.

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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 prosperous, 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.

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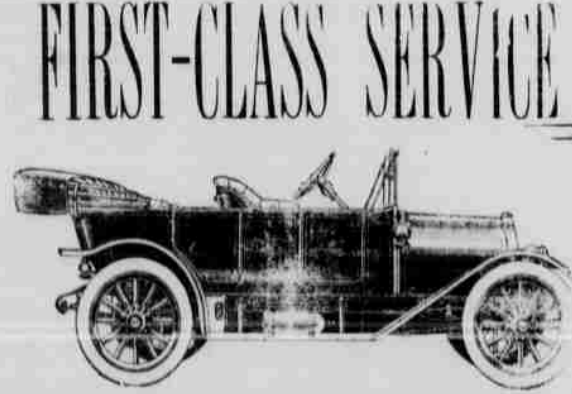
THE Dining Room should be a cheerful place for when you eat your meals amid pleasant surroundings you do much to aid digestion. And good digestion means health.

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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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