

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

Advertising Rates Made Known on Application.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Terms of Subscription--\$1.50 Per Annum

VOL. XLIV.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1910.

NO. 37

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. 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. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Get the Habit



Of coming to our store when you want the best in footwear

Our Fall Lines of Shoes

are the latest designs made by skilled shoemakers, in other words, they are classy. Let us see your foot and we will be glad to do the rest. Also full line of

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

in Men's, Ladies' and Children's. Guaranteed to last you six months. If they don't you get six pairs of hose FREE. Try a box—Men's \$1.50; Ladies \$2; Children's \$3; extra heavy at foot and knee—the only kind that will stand the children. The Shoe Store of shoe values

WELDON SHOE COMPANY, WELDON, N. C.

Special Reduced Prices FOR THE Holidays

During the Holidays, I will offer my entire stock at greatly reduced prices. My Stock Consists of

Mens' and Boys' Up-to-Date Ready-Made Clothing, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings.

My Stock is all new and of Latest Styles. If you want Bargains be sure to call during this special sale which will only last until January 1, 1910.

Respectfully,

I. J. KAPLIN, ROANOKE RAPIDS, N. C.

THE BANK OF WELDON

WELDON, N. C.

Organized Under the Laws of the State of North Carolina, AUGUST 20TH, 1892.

State of North Carolina Depository. Halifax County Depository. Town of Weldon Depository.

Capital and Surplus, \$43,000.

For more than 17 years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and directors have been identified with the business interests of Halifax and Northampton counties for many years. Money is loaned upon approved security at the legal rate of interest—six per centum. Accounts of all are solicited. The surplus and undivided profits having reached a sum equal to the Capital Stock, the Bank has, commencing January 1, 1908, established a Savings Department allowing interest on time deposits as follows: For Deposits allowed to remain three months or longer, 2 per cent. Six months or longer, 3 per cent. Twelve months or longer, 4 per cent. For further information apply to the President or Cashier.

PRESIDENT: W. E. DANIEL. VICE-PRESIDENT: DE. H. W. LEWIS, (Jackson, Northampton county). CASHIER: W. R. SMITH.

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT
KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE
COUGH SYRUP

ABOUT WOMEN.

Dorothy Dix Tells What Women Like and What They Don't Like—She Tells Lots of Things.

A man who finds women "uncertain coy and hard to please" asks me how he can make himself popular with the fair sex.

That is a difficult question to answer, for there are many women, with many minds and each of them has a different mind about man. No hard and fast rules, guaranteed to work in every emergency, can be laid down, but there are, however, certain chords in every feminine heart that always vibrate harmoniously when touched, and upon which the amateur may play with safety.

Generally speaking, all women like flattery, but they want it applied artificially with a brush, instead of being hurled at them in solid hunks with a shovel. Not understanding this often leads men into error. Believing women to be vain, he plasters her over with indiscriminate praise. This is a mistake. It does not please a fair woman to be told she has a sylvan-like figure, or one that squints, that her eyes are stars. They know better.

One compliment that rings the bell is worth a dozen scattering shots that go wide of the target. Find out in what particular point a woman believes she excels, and then blaze away without fear, and soon she will laud you as the one discerning and intelligent man amidst the rabble.

Note well, however, that there is one exception to this rule: Praise an intelligent woman for her looks and a pretty woman for her wit. There was never a fool who did not believe she was a Minerva, nor a woman so strong-minded that she would not trade off her brains for beauty.

All women are doting on the subject of anniversaries. Send a woman a five-cent bunch of field flowers as a reminder of the time you first met her in the country, and you shall gain more gratitude than for a fifty-dollar bunch of American Beauties at Christmas.

It pleases a woman to have a man remind her that she had on a white or blue, or black frock the last time he saw her. It makes her believe that he has been lying awake of nights thinking about her ever since.

It pleases a woman to be told she is the only person who ever understood the man who is talking to her. The man who can say this, and look as if he meant it, is always a hot favorite in society and has the run of the country houses.

It pleases the debutante to be treated as if she was an experienced woman of the world, while the girl whose coming out party is becoming ancient history dotes on being asked, "Is this your first occasion?"

It pleases a woman to believe that she has an enormous influence over a man, and that she can raise him to heaven or send him to perdition. As at first aid to courtship this simple device has never been improved upon.

It pleases a woman to be thought subtle, and to be told she would have made a great actress. Few, indeed are the women who do not secretly believe that the stage lost its bright test ornament when they decided not to wrest Julia Marlowe's and Maude Adam's laurels from them.

It pleases a woman to be asked her opinion about the political outlook and the stock market. Women are used to being worshipped as deities and played with like toys, to be treated as a rational human being is such unexpected flattery that it goes to their heads.

A woman invariably delights in hearing her bargains extolled. Every woman believes herself a financial genius and that she would be Secretary of the Treasury if she had her just deserts. This form of flattery is commended to all, except the particular man who has to pay the bills. He should use great prudence and caution in extolling his wife's economy for fear she may practice more of it.

It pleases a wife for her husband to tell her that when she dies he will commit suicide upon her grave. Most widowers do themselves up by marrying again, but she always believes that her husband will be the hundredth man, whose heart will really be broken.

"TO THE WOMAN THAT'S GOOD" A BOY'S FAREWELL KISS

"Ho! gentlemen! lift your glasses up,
Each gallant, each swain and lover;
A kiss to the beads that brim in the cup,
A laugh for the foam spilt over,
For the soul is a lift and the heart beats high,
And care hath closed its tether;
Now drink," said the sage: to-morrow we die,
So, let's have a toast together,
Swing the goblet aloft, to the lips let it fall,
Then bend you the knee to address her;
And drink, gentle sirs, to the Queen of us all,
The woman that's good—God bless her."

"Oh! youth is a handicap. Time a churl,
Pleasure palls, and remorse follows after!
The world hustles on in its pitiless whirl,
With its kisses, its tears and its laughter.
But there's one gentle heart in its bosom of white,
Dear love with the tender eyes gleaming,
That has all the wealth of my homage to-night,
Where she lies in her innocent dreaming,
And a watch o'er her ever, my spirit shall keep
While the angels lean down to caress her,
And I'll pledge her again in her beautiful sleep,
The woman that's good—God bless her."

"Ah! Bohemia's honey was sweet to the sip,
And the song and the dance were alluring;
The mischievous maid with the moustache lip,
Had a charm that was sweet and enduring.
But out from the music and smoke wreaths and lace,
Of this world of the tawdriy clever,
There floats the rare spell of the pure little face
That has chased away folly forever,
And I pledge my last toast, ere I follow the rest,
(O! fortunate youth, to press her),
To the dear tender heart in the little white breast,
Of the woman that's good—God bless her."

THE ROCKING CHAIR.

The old-timey house with the old rocking chair,
And the little old lady that welcomed you there
With: "Walk in; good morning, and how-do-you-do?"
And made you sit down in the rocker, and knew
It was softer and better than all of the rest—
Ah, dreams, bring it back, with its dreams of the best!

The old-timey house, with the lilac and rose,
And its rocking chair, decked with a cushion and "throws,"
A spirit of welcome at gate and at door;
Dear shadow of sweetness in days gone before,
In the house with the rocking chair gathered and grew
The old hospitality, tender and true!
The old-timey house of the rag-carpet days,
Like a rose of delight it blooms down the sweet ways,
With the side-curly lady to welcome you there
To a seat by the fire in the old rocking chair,
And the old family album with portraits they took
Just to fit the round places cut out in the book!

The old-timey house, where the old lady smiled
As she offered her hand to the grown-up or child;
The house of the rocking chair down the green street,
Where the lavender fragrances kept the world sweet:
"Walk in and sit down!" Ah, I wish that I could,
In the old rocking chair where the hapsichord stood!

KISSES AND WINE.

In the little Roumanian town of Helmagen an annual fair is held on the feast of St. Theodore. On this occasion the place swarms with newly married brides from all the villages in the district. Widows who have taken fresh husbands remain at home. The young women, in festive attire and generally attended by their mothers-in-law, carry jugs of wine, entwined with flowers, in their hands. They kiss every man they meet and afterward present the jug to his lips for a "nip." As he takes it he bestows a small gift on the bride. Not to take of the proffered wine is regarded as an insult to her and her family. She is therefore reserved toward strangers and only kisses those whom she thinks likely to taste of her wine. The kissing is carried on everywhere—in the street, in the taverns and private houses.—Chicago News.

It pleases a wife to think her husband is dependent upon her. The reason a woman always hates her husband's old friends is because they told her how well he got along without her. She likes to believe that if he didn't have her to take charge of his pocket book and tell him what to do he would end in the poor house or be run in by the police as mentally incompetent to be out alone.

It pleases a woman to be told that the children look like her side of the house. We all know from whom our children inherit all their bad qualities.

It displeases a woman to tell her how young she looks. We never notice youth until it is gone. The list of things is inexhaustible and as far as man is concerned, woman is just dead easy to please anyway. Witness the marriages that take place.

GOODBYE.

We say it for an hour or for years,
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears,
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
And yet we have none other word than this,
—Goodbye.

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
To him who journeys to the world's far end
And scars our soul with going, thus we say
As unto him but steps o'er the way,
Goodbye.

Alike to those we like and those we hate,
We say no more in parting at life's gate
To one who passes out beyond Earth's sight,
We cry as to the wanderer for a night,
Goodbye.

Pneumonia Follows a Cold
but never follows the use of Foley's Honey and Tar, which stops the cough, heals the lungs, and expels the cold from your system.
E. CLARK.

A Lesson For Every Boy Who Is Blessed With a Father.

I saw a picture the other day which touched and thrilled me and melted me—yes, and made me gladder than ever, more thankful than ever before that there is such a sacred place as home and such a sacred, tender tie as parent and child.

I was on a Seaboard train going to North Carolina and when we stopped at Athens, I saw a manly looking university student, dressed in the uniform of an officer accompany his father (a warm friend of mine) into the Pullman car. The train was started and I saw that student throw his arms around his father's neck and tenderly kiss him good-bye. As he was hurrying off the moving train I laid my hand on his shoulder and said: "Bless your heart, my boy—I would give a world like this if I had a father to kiss good-bye!"

Then I turned to see the tears standing in the eyes of that student's father, and he said: "Brother Upshaw, I would not take a billion dollars for that good-bye kiss from my boy."

And here is a lesson for every boy who is blessed with a father. Was that young man sort of effeminate "sissy" sort of fellow? Not by a thousand miles. A more splendid, vigorous young man does not bless the college life of America. When he was in the Boys' High School in Atlanta he won Tom Watson's "Napoleon" as a prize for oratory, the Joseph Habersham Chapter medal, and gold prize for essay from the Daughters of the American Revolution. He won another gold prize from the "Daughters of 1812," and also the Upshaw Ready Writer's medal for the best essay written in one hour. And because his victory was so evident his modest father, who was then principal of the Boys' High School would not allow him to enter two or three other contests.

I told this story for the first time the other day in a chapel talk to the students of Wake Forest. There were a holy hush as they listened—not because of the way the story was told, but for the sake of its sacred meaning, and when I had done Prof. J. B. Carlyle, the genial and eloquent Carolinian who fills the chair of Latin in that great institution, came and said to me, "That story will be an abiding blessing to our boys."

As I looked into the face of this college boy, saw his filial affection and then talked with his royal father afterward there came to me the memory of an experience in my own life that I can never, never forget. I was leaving home for the first time for a stay of several months after my seven years on bed. Of course I kissed my mother good-bye down at the house, just as you would have done, and came away with a parting benediction in my heart. We were waiting at the depot. A crowd of boys and other friends were standing around. The train blew in the distance and I saw a tear answer in my father's tender eyes. I knew what was the matter. It was hurting his heart for the son who had been so long prostrate in the home and under his daily ministrations of fatherly kindness, to be going away so long. I'll tell you what I wanted to do, my boy who reads these words—I wanted to put my arms around my father and kiss him good-bye, just as I had done my mother at the gate. But I was a coward. I was afraid those boys would go down town and say: "Did you see Will Upshaw kiss his pa good-bye like a girl?" That unmanly fear conquered—and I only laid my hand on my father's shoulder and said: "God bless you, father, and keep you till we meet you again." And then the train began to put distance, distance, distance, between my father's face and me. I saw the unshed tear in his honest, tender eyes, and something said to me: "Yes, you know that your father has heart trouble and for years you have expected him to drop dead at any moment. What if you receive a telegram calling you to his lifeless body?"

And I determined then and there that if I should ever get home, though a thousand boys might be standing around the depot to laugh and to jeer, I would always tell my father good-bye as tenderly as I did

my mother. And I did, my boy. Sometimes I saw a critical smile go round, but my heart was tranquil in the sweet aftermath of love that had spoken.

One day I received a telegram down at Jacksonville, Fla., saying: "Come at once. Father is sinking rapidly." I shall never forget the meeting. He opened his arms to me and said through his happy tears: "Thank God I lived to see my boy." I had tried during the last years of his life to be a dutiful son, but there lingered yet the bitter memory of times when, as a boy, I had answered back in a temper of temper. O God, forgive me! I could not bear for him to see the pain that was within my heart. And watching my opportunity one day when there was no one else in the room, I dropped on my knees at his bedside and said, as I held his thin hand: "Father, if I have ever done anything like irrevolence, won't you please forgive me?" Lifting that dear thin hand, in a gesture of deprecating love, he answered: "Ah, my son—that is all right; that is all right!"

And I knew it was all right before I spoke, but I could not—could not—allow his tender lips to turn to dust without hearing them speak that blessed word "Forgiven."

Go to your father, my boy (of course you will do your mother that way), put your arms around him and kiss him as you did when you were a child, and say: "Father, I love you better than I ever told you—and from this day I will try harder than ever to be what you and God would have me be."

And everywhere be a gentleman. Be tender. Then your own heart will be glad, and you will carry gladness to every heart and life you touch.—William D. Upshaw, in The Golden Age.

QUEER CHINESE CUSTOM.

They drink wine hot. Old men fly kites. White is worn as morning. Their babies seldom cry. Soldiers wear petticoats. Their compass points to the south.

The family name commences first. Carriages are moved by sails. Seat of honor at the left. Visiting cards four feet long. School children sit with their backs to the teacher. Fireworks are always set off in day time.

If you offend a Chinaman he may kill himself on your doorstep to spite you.

OLD NICK.

President Nicholas Brown, for whom Brown University was named, was fond of quizzing small boys. One day, while walking in the streets of Providence, he came upon a little fellow who attracted his notice. "How do you do, my boy?" said the president. "What is your name?"

"My name is Harry, sir," replied the child.

"Harry, is it?" returned President Brown. "And did you know the evil one is often called Old Harry?"

"Why, no sir," answered the boy. "I thought he was called Old Nick."

You are seldom ever sure how much you like people; you are never in doubt how you hate them.

ARE YOU SLEEPY? NERVOUS? TIRED?
SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR
IT WILL WAKEN UP YOUR LIVER and start it working. Then you can work, and enjoy it, too.
THE GENUINE has the RED Z on the front of each package and the signature and seal of J. C. SIMMONS & CO. on the side in RED.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Headache
NEURALGIA BACKACHE
Take ONE of the Little Tablets and the Pain is Gone
25 Doses 25 Cents
Your Druggist sells Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and he is authorized to return the price of the new package (only) if it fails to benefit you.

McCALL PATTERNS
10 and 15 MORE HIGH
McCALL'S MAGAZINE
50 YEAR INCLUDING A FREE PATTERN
McCALL PATTERNS—perfect fit, simplicity and reliability nearly all sewists. Sold in nearly every city and town in the United States and Canada, or by mail direct. More sold than any other make. Send for free catalogue.
McCALL'S MAGAZINE—More subscribers than any other fashion magazine—entirely a month. Invaluable. Latest styles, patterns, news, sewing, millinery, etiquette, good stories, etc. Only 50 cents a year (monthlies), including a free pattern. Subscribe today, or send for sample copy.
WONDERFUL INDUCEMENTS
To Agents. Free catalogues, premium catalogue and new catalogues price lists. Address
THE McCALL CO., 210 N. 2nd St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

E. T. CLARK
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.
Practices in the courts of Halifax and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of the State. Special attention given to collections and prompt return.

We Ask You
to take Cardui, for your female troubles, because we are sure it will help you. Remember that this great female remedy—
WINE OF CARDUI
has brought relief to thousands of other sick women, so why not to you? For headache, backache, periodical pains, female weakness, many have said it is "the best medicine to take." Try it!
Sold in This City

EMERGENCY
A
Telephone in Your Residence

EXTREMELY VALUABLE
Have You One?
FOR RATES APPLY TO LOCAL MANAGER OR Home Telephone and Telegraph Company, WELDON, N. C.

PATENTS
D. SWIFT & CO.
PATENT LAWYERS,
303 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.