# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

#### ESTABLISHED IN 1866.

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 per-

Chart H. Hitcher: Sonal 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, Paregorie, Drops and Soothing Syreps. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotie

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 Flatolency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

hat H. Flitcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

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THE BANK OF WELDON

WELDON, N. C.

Organized Under the Laws of the State of North Carolina,

State of North Carolina Depository.

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Halifax County Depository. Town of Weldon Depository.

Capital and Surplus, \$55,000.

For over 21 years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and officers are identified with the basi-ness interests of Halfax and Northampton counties. A Savings Department is maintained for the benefit of all who desire to deposit in a Savings Bank. In this Department interest is allowed 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. ny information will be furnished on application to the President or Cashie

W. R. SMITH.

L. C. DRAPER, Teller.

DIRECTORS-W. R. Smith, W. E. Daniel, J. O. Drake, W. M. Cohen, R. T. Daniel, J. L. Shepherd, W. A. Pierce, D. B. Zolhcoffer, J. W. Sledge,

J. O. DRAKE,

PRESIDEN

E. DANIEL.

The Children's Panacea-The Mother's Friend.

#### A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

#### VOL. XLIX.

#### WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1914.

## WHEN SUMMER DIED.

#### Newsman's Peculiar System of "Bai-

## ancing His Books" Proved Most Effective.

It was after the rush hour on the subway. The ticketchopper had re-sumed his chair, the newsman had fin-tashed tying up his unsold unpera, and have for the lingering changer of a de-parting train and the click, now and then, of a slot machine, quiet reigned.

STOPPED LOSS OF PENNIES

The commuter was wondering exact ly how long he would have to wait before he caught sight of the red and green lights of a lironx express, when he was startled by a load pounding noise in the direction of the newsstand. He turned and saw the attend-ant leaning over the sloping top and banging the boards with might and main. When he had pounded awhile in one section he went to the next and repeated the performance. The commuter approached and ventured a question

What's the matter, my friend," he anid "was business so poor today?" "Business poor" Not on your life. Sales was fine. Why dye ask"" Thus

the newsman. "Struck me you might be relieving your feelings by beating up your

stand. "Oh that! That's part of my book keepin' system. When I first took this job I was always short in my change.

I wasn't careless and I couldn't make out what was the matter till one day by accident 1 dropped my bundle of papers on the stand. What do you think? Out rolled about ten pennies and a dime. They had lodged in the crevices of the wood after they'd been thrown down by people rushing for the train. Every night since I pound these four sections in order to strike a balance, and -The roar of an incoming train drowned the rest and the man bound

for the Bronx hurried into his car. he peered through the window of the moving train he saw the newsman still pounding away .- New York Evening Post.

### COURTESY ALWAYS AN ASSET

Something That Should Not Be Forgotten Even in the Rapidity of Modern Life.

One of the minor virtues is to say "thank you" audibly A man surrenders his seat to a woman in a crowded car, and of course it is no more than his chivalrie duty to do so. Nevertheless, he feels mildly resentful when his sacrifice is accepted in utter silence, and the beneficiary floances into the vacant place without so much as a glance at the benefactor. Similarly, when one has given a barber a gratuity amounting to the cost of the tonsorial operation, it is irri-

tating to have the honorarium pocksted as a matter of right, and not as a gracious concession. Walters and porters who are anx-

ious to insure the life of the operous practice of tipping would do well to observe that much of the well-defined popular resentment of the custom is popular resentances of the curcon in due to the unappreciative attitude of the recipient. It is only human na-ture to expect at least a civil acknowl-edgment when we think we have con-

- The day that summer died we saw a change Creep slowly o'er the sunshine of her face-
- A fleeting beauty, dim and wholly strange, Unlike the brightness of her earlier grace;
- We felt a chill in every breeze that blew,
- And saw across the meadows green and wide A veil of frost that silvered all the dew-
- The day that summer died.

The day that summer died a red leaf fell From out the maple's green and stately crest, And all the slender fern leaves in the dell

- In robes of white and palest gold were dressed; A late rose shed its petals one by one,
- The poplar stirred its trembling leaves and sighed: A glowing dahlia blossomed in the sun-The day that summer died.
- The day that summer died the forest stream Crept forth to watch the blueness of the skies;
- The hills grew dim and hazy as a dream, Or like a vision viewed by tearful eyes.
- A growing shadow, chill and vaguely drear,
- Swept o'er the landscape like a rising tide; And winter's footsteps sounded all too near-
- The day that summer died.

## THE DREAM AND THE SONG.

So oft our hearts, beloved lute, In blossomy haunts of song are mute, So long we pore, 'mid murmurings dull, O'er loveliness unutterable,

So vain is all our passion strong! The dream is lovelier than the song.

The rose thought, touched by words, doth turn Wan ashes. Still from memory's urn. The lingering blossoms tenderly Refute our wilding minstrelsy, Alas! we work but beauty's wrong! The dream is lovelier than the song.

Yearned Shelley o'er the golden flame? Left Keats, for beauty's lure, a name But "writ in water ?" Woe is me ! To grieve o'er flowerful faery, My Phasian doves are flown so long-The dream is lovelier than the song !

Ah, though we build a bower of dawn, The golden-winged bird is gone, And morn may gild, though shimmering leaves, Only the swallow-wittering caves, What art may house or gold prolong A dream far lovelier than a song?

The lilting witchery, the unrest Of winger dreams, is in our breast, But ever dear Fulfilment's eyes Gaze otherward. The song-sought prize, My lute, must to the gods belong, The dream is lovelier than the song

**GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION.** 

#### IN A DRY INDIANA CITY. MEMORIES ALWAYS WITH US

Pleasant or Otherwise, There Is No Experiences of a Man Who Vain-Possible Way of Banishing Them From One's Life. ly Sought to Buy a Drink.

"A single strain of memory's softly singing music-one sympathetic chord that touches us, and the floodgales of the past turn wide and loose the torrent that would o'erwheim us." was visiting relatives in a small Bhadows of memory-filting across Indiana city when he was apthe heart like birds in flight passing-ratching the flicker of wandering prouched by a stranger who said moonbeams, fading again into grayness of shadow. anywaw P

Do you believe in fairies? Do you believe in Goblins? Do you believe the drefties tight "I don't know, I'm sure," re-plied Edwards. "I don't live here, the street lamps in the evening?

Memories are but fairles older grown that play within the garden

There are no ghosts save those that

ory as we may-it ever stalks behind us as a record that will bless or burn. Today we make the memories of to-morrow. If we but solve life's prob-lem to the best of our ability-clear of mind, clean of heart, forgetting not the little things that make the roadway rough to those that walk beatde us on the path-the memories will bless, not burn-each little love will light its lamp to cheer and guide us through the dark.-Rose Potter.

Footwear Through Its Cen-turies of Use.

In the ninth and tenth centuries the greatest princes of Europe wore wood-en shoes. In the reign of William Rufus of England in the eleventh centroubles

tury a great dude. "Robert the Horned," used shoes with sharp points " 'Well, there's just one chance stuffed with tow and pointed like ram's horns. The Romans made use of two kinds of shoes, the solea or sandal, which covered the sole of the foot and which was worn at home or in company, and the calceus, which covered the whole foot and was always worn with the toga when one went abroad. Greek shoes were peculiar in reach- men all lined up like they were ing to the middle of the leg. Slippers buying tickets at a theatre. I had to take my place at the end of the stood in line about an hour, bite me. I asked the man holding him what was the matter, and he said, 'He's only got a contract to In 1463 the English parliament took bite 200 a day, and you are No.

"Well, having done my duty, I



NO. 24

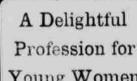
Claude Edwards, a Muncie drug- Who Suffered As Many Girls Do-Tells How She Found Relief.

> Sterling, Conn -"I am a girl of 22 years and I used to faint away every month and was very weak. I was also bothered a lot with female weakness. I read your little book "Wisdom for Wo-men," and I saw how E/ others had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-

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nother pain. "Well, you'd better go out and he about my case. I was certainly in Close the heart to the voice of memiged a prescription," he said. He is had condition as my blood was all turning to water. I had pimples on my fac gave me a list of the town's doc-tors, with their addresses. The first place I went to there were about twenty people ahead of me waiting to see the doctor. At the end of an hour and a half I man-

speils or indigestion should immediately



HERE is no occupation for a young women that is more pleasant or con-genial, more suited to

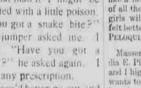
ability and nature, her none that can give her more personal satisfaction, and if she be a thoroughly trained professional none that offers bigger rewards than that of music teaching. The supply of competent teachers of piano music is far shori of the de-

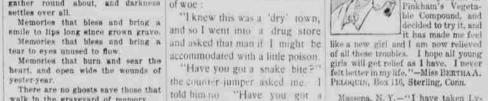
Has your daughter ever given this matter a thought; have you ever spoken to her about (some day becom-ing a teacher of music?) if o-buy her a

gist, says that a few years ago he was visiting relatives in a small 'What's the matter with this town, I'm pleased to say," Then, according to Edwards,

gather round about, and darkness of woe:

the counter-jumper asked me. 1 PELOQUIS, Box 116, Sterling, Conn.





told him no "'Have you got a

Indianapolis News

"'Well, you'd better go out and gave me a list of the town's doc-

MANY ODD MAKES OF SHOES The next doctor was out, so that

interesting to Note the Evolution of me

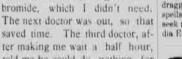
left for you," the druggist said. 'Down at Frank Miller's livery stable they have a trained snake. If it bites you I might be allowed to save your life.' So I trailed down to Frank Miller's livery barn. When I got there I saw about fifty

were in use before Shakespeare's time and were originally made rights and Shoes among the Jews were line again. Finally, after I had lefts. made of leather, linen, rush or wool soldiers' shoes were usually made of brass or fron In the reign of Richard reached the snake, but he wouldn't shoes were of such absurd length as to be required to be tied to the knee with chains a metimes made of gold or allver.

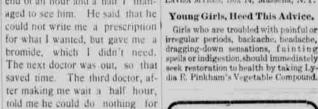
matter in hand and passed an act 201. forbidding shoes with spikes more

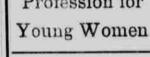
could not write me a prescription |

bromide, which I didn't need.



"After that I went back to the drug store and told the clerk my







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