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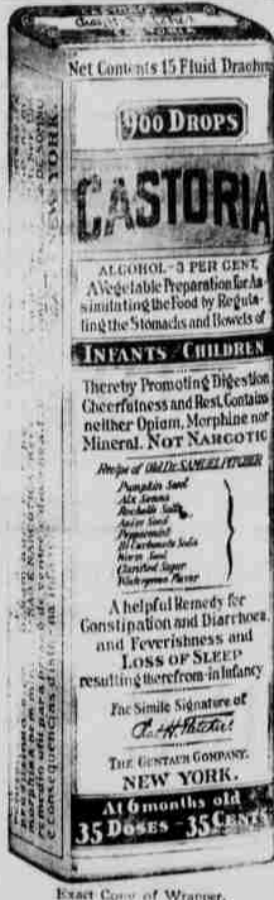
A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1918.

NO. 17



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**British-American Tobacco Company,**  
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**UP ALOFT!**  
By GENEVIEVE ULMAR.  
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He was so bright, brisk and smiling that it was no wonder that the town took to him and voted it quite natural that his acknowledged queen of beauty, fair, sprightly Eva Blum, should pair off with this city-bred newcomer.

Jasper Lee got off the trolley at Woodville one morning carrying a heavy grip. He went down the road whistling cheerily, to pause as he got just opposite Levi Blum's home. Levi himself was fussing over a faulty magneto. Jasper swung up to the stalled machine, gave it a look over, and said pleasantly: "Let me."

"I'll do no good," uttered Levi irritably. "I've wasted a whole hour on it."

Jasper examined the magneto, slipped his coat, selected a tool and proceeded to manipulate the stubborn accessory.

"All right," he announced, and turned to low and smile to a very pretty girl, Eva Blum, who had come out to view the manipulation of the magneto.

Eva held in one hand a string of coral beads and in the other a pair of pliers. The quick glance of Jasper Lee swept the presentation with intelligence.

"Chain out of order, clasp jammed? I see. Shall I fix it for you?"

"If you would," replied Eva, with shyness, but gratefully, and Jasper dallied over the easy task of restoring the clasp to order, for he made Eva hold the beads while he did the repairing necessary.

"I've come here to help a man named Austin Brooks do some experimental work," narrated Lee. "Perhaps you know him?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" answered Eva. "That is where he is working on his great balloon idea," and she pointed to an isolated house.

That was the beginning of a most charming acquaintance for those choice young spirits. Lee slept at the old rookery with Brooks, but the inventor had been taking his meals at the Blum home and Lee became a fellow boarder. This brought him a great deal into Eva's company. He fancied that his grim employer rather discouraged the growing friendship.

It did not take long for Lee to discover that Brooks was a visionary and his idea that he was inventing an air boat that could go to the sun and back again was a fallacy pure and simple. The balloon reached completion and Lee's services were dispensed with. He lingered at Woodville, for he was deeply in love with Eva.

"Where's Eva?" he inquired of Mrs. Blum one afternoon.

"Why, you know she is a great favorite of Mr. Brooks, and he came for her an hour ago and asked her to go and view his first flight. He wanted Eva to make the flight with him."

"I hope she does not," spoke Lee quickly, and with a shade of anxiety. "Between you and myself, Mrs. Blum, the balloon is not yet equipped as to safety. Mr. Brooks is relying upon a gas generator that will never do what he thinks it will," and he hurried to the old rookery.

The balloon was swaying, anchored in a clear space, and standing beside it was its inventor and Eva. As he approached Lee discerned that Brooks was trying to induce Eva to join him in his flight, but she disented. Suddenly Brooks seized her about the waist, gave her a fling into the basket of the balloon. He sprang in himself and began unfastening the anchor rope. Eva uttered a sharp scream. Lee ran to the balloon. He saw jealous, rage, insanity in the eyes of Brooks, as the latter observed him and beat at him with a piece of iron. Lee maintained his hold, going up with the rising balloon. He managed to climb over into the basket, but as he did so Brooks directed a frightful blow at his head and Lee sank inert.

"My grand dream!" fell upon his awakening hearing in the exultant tones of Brooks. "It's come true. Why, always I have loved you, Eva, and worked only to construct a boat that could take us to some far-ideal of peace and beauty, where life will be free and glorious. Then, too, we can voyage up among the very stars! As to this intruder, we will drop him over to lighten ship, and soar, and soar, and soar!"

Lee realized the situation in a flash. The balloon was ascending with great velocity. Fortunately he was entirely familiar with the mechanism of the balloon. Its one essential feature was a gas generator placed beneath the floor of the basket. He groped for it, detached it, let it drop through space and Brooks, at the operating seat, instantly set up a shout of concern.

"The gas has stopped!" he exclaimed. "We are dropping. It must be the supply tank--halt!"

He had sprung down beside Lee. The latter grabbed with held him and called up a quick order to Eva. She had seen enough during the construction of the balloon to follow out orders. Then as the exhausted gas bag landed safely, but collapsed, she fainted away.

That same night the old rookery was destroyed by fire through some accident or experiment of the inventor, and his body was found among the ruins. It was a long time before Eva recovered from the shock of her terror and peril, but love for her rescuer finally obliterated the harrowing memory of her aerial experience.

The best way to keep young, is to keep your thoughts young.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years  
Always bears the signature of *J. C. Holtz*

**STOMACH TROUBLE**

Mr. Marion Holcomb, of Nancy, Ky., says: "For quite a long while I suffered with stomach trouble. I would have pains and a heavy feeling after my meals, a most disagreeable taste in my mouth. If I ate anything with butter, oil or grease, I would spit it up. I began to have regular sick headache. I had used pills and tablets, but after a course of these, I would be constipated. It just seemed to tear my stomach all up. I found they were no good at all for my trouble. I heard

**THE DRAUGHT'S**  
**BLACK-DRAUGHT**

recommended very highly, so began to use it. It cured me. I keep it in the house all the time. It is the best liver medicine made. I do not have sick headache or stomach trouble any more." Black-Draught acts on the jaded liver and helps it to do its important work of throwing out waste materials and poisons from the system. This medicine should be in every household for use in time of need. Get a package today. If you feel sluggish, take a dose tonight. You will feel fresh tomorrow. Price 25c a package. All druggists.

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**WHEN THEY COME BACK.**

They will come back, America's brave sons,  
From war torn fields, when victory and peace  
Have stifled the angry thunder of the guns,  
And brought to suffering hearts a quick release.

They will come back from anguish deep, and strife,  
From sighs and sounds that only they could know,  
Back to the fullness of a richer life--  
The great reward because they chose to go.

They will have felt the flames of cleansing fires,  
Have passed the tests that try the hearts of men,  
Have learned in sacrifice of dear desires,  
That souls can rise to splendid heights again.

They will have proved that wrong can not hold sway,  
Have seen the darkness change to radiant light,  
Have felt the presence, "Lo,--with you always,"  
And heard His voice in silences at night.

As we who wait and pray for them at home,  
May one great prayer in soul and spirit burn;  
That we may keep the faith until they come,  
Be not unworthy of a bright return.--  
A prayer expressed in every deed and thought,  
In every task of willing heart and hand,  
A purpose out of pure desire unswayed,  
To learn of them and some day understand.

**WHEN HE COMES!**

A morning fair some day will dawn  
The stars withdraw their light,  
A sun in all its beauty fair  
Shines forth till shades of night.  
No sign as yet, the stillness breaks  
The calm before the storm,  
A ruling hand upon the deep  
Behold, the Master's Form!

Hark! the sound of distant winds  
The thunder's unending roar,  
Resounds across the mighty deep  
It's echo, shore to shore.  
See deep fissures, torn, and wide  
The trembling rocks, and hills,  
All human faces blanched from fear  
The heart with horror fills.

Escape is vain, all human thought  
Is driven wild with fright,  
The mind of man has ne'er conceived  
The blackness of this night,  
The time of reckoning now at hand  
When sentence must be passed,  
"The pure in heart, shall then see God!"  
While gloom's o'er thousands cast.

Yes, this is Christ, our blessed Lord!  
The prayed for, Kingdom's come,  
Then why despair, be sore afraid?  
Must not His will be done?  
That time, long asked for, now at hand,  
Our blessed Lord, and King--  
With Him in mansions bright, and fair  
His praises, ever sing!

Weldon, N. C., Aug. 16th, 1918. J. B. T.

**TRUE BLUE.**  
No Color But Enemy's White Eye.

A nephew of Booker Washington, a respected citizen of Louisville, Roscoe Conkling Simmons, is making a place for himself beside that of his illustrious uncle. Just now, when the patriotism of the negroes is being tested, he comes out in these wise and brave words: "We have a record to defend, but no treason, thank God to atone or explain. While in chains we fought to free white men--from Lexington to Carrizal--and returned again to our chains. No negro has ever insulted the flag. No negro ever struck down a president of these United States. No negro ever sold a military map or secret to a foreign government. No negro ever ran ... der fire or lost an opportunity to serve, to fight, to bleed and to die in the republic's cause. Accuse us of what you will--justly or wrongly--no

man can point to a single instance of our disloyalty. We have but one country and one flag, the flag that set us free. Its language is our only tongue, and no hyphen bridges or quines our loyalty. Today the nation faces danger from a foreign foe, treason stalks and skulks up and down our land, in dark councils intrigue is being hatched. I am a Republican, but a Wilson Republican. Woodrow Wilson is my leader. What he commands me to do I shall do. Where he commands me to go I shall go. If he calls me to the colors I shall not ask whether my colonel is black or white. I shall be there to pick out no color except the white of the enemy's eyes. Grievances I have against this people, against its government. Injustice to me there is, bad laws there are upon the statute books, but in this hour of peril I forget--and you must forget--all thoughts of self or race or creed or politics or color. That, boys, is loyalty."--Little River Record.

**STRANGELY WEDDED!**  
By JESSIE E. SHERWIN.  
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Waldron Morse, seventy, worn out had come to Shell Beach to die. With son Revere, thirty, at life's ebullient phase, had come to reconstruct a fresh life. Because the one was exhausted in mind and body and the other world-weary, the mutual seriousness of manner and face attracted each to the other. The older man, wheeled along the beach in his invalid chair, looked eagerly for the only acquaintance at the famous health resort who attracted him because of his gravely sympathetic ways.

There was a pause, gravity and earnestness about the younger man that led Mr. Morse to accept him as a person he could rely upon.

The fact that he seemed to be well versed legally added to Mr. Morse's regard for him. The old man was wealthy, but his affairs had some complex features that disturbed him in view of his condition.

"All I fear for," he told Revere, "is that my daughter Ethel, if left alone in the world, would be at the mercy of self-interested persons who would not guard her interests. If I could only be sure of living until some pending litigation is settled!"

"Cheer up, dear friend!" Revere told him. "You may live for many a year to come." But the next day Morse was taken fatally ill. He called Revere to his bedside and seemed to rely upon his continued presence as a solace until his daughter, who was living with an aunt in the city, arrived. Revere was fascinated at his first glimpse of the sweet, innocent face of Ethel Morse. He was sent for in urgent haste. Mr. Morse clasped his hand fervently as he sat down by his bedside.

"Revere," he said, "you have been like a son to me. The doctors say I may live but a few hours. I have learned to esteem you, more, to rely upon you. Oh, my friend, help me to die in peace by consenting to cherish and look after my daughter's interests."

"I will do all you may wish to benefit her," assured Revere.

"More than that! Revere, I beg of you to do what I suggest. She will have a fortune, she is a wife any man may be proud of. Will you marry her?"

Revere was dumfounded. He got as far as "I dare not--I am--" but a spasm of pain overtook Mr. Morse, and Revere had to call for the doctor. An hour later he was sent for again. At a glance he realized that Mr. Morse was dying. By his side was his daughter, pale and benumbed with grief. A stranger in clerical attire sat at a distance.

"Revere, it is all arranged," panted the dying man. "Ethel has consented--she could not deny my last wish. Be kind to her, protect her, make her happy." And in the whirl of hurried events the words were spoken that made Wilton Revere and Ethel Morse husband and wife.

He did not intrude upon her until the funeral was over and she started for the home of her aunt. As he helped her upon the train, he said, simply, quietly, definitely:

"I shall soon be in Chicago, whether I shall remove my office to take up the affairs of the estate, as your father has desired. When my business occasion arises where it is necessary to consult with you, I will notify you. I would suggest that we keep the marriage secret."

There followed for the wife a strange experience. Only twice in a year Revere came to see her, and then only long enough to submit some legal papers, and in the presence of her aunt. Then one day he called at her home, to find her alone.

"I am about to leave the city permanently," he said. "Having closed up all matters of the estate, I have a confession to make. I am not your husband; that marriage ceremony was invalid."

She regarded him with speechless amazement. "I could not deny your father's wish," he continued, "and I fancied I saw a way to protect your interests in the way I have without intruding upon you. Two years since I parted from my wife, an unworthy woman, whom I have never seen since, but I am still her legal husband."

"Oh, why did you not tell me before?" suddenly breathed forth Ethel. "It was unmanly, it was cruel, for I--"

She hurried from the room in tears, and Revere left the house in a strange maze of emotion. Could it be possible that she cared for him? And he--oh, that fatal tie, that shut him out of paradise!

Hope, doubt, despair were in his thoughts as, a week later, he again called at the home of Ethel. There was a certain plaintive expression in her face that seemed to upbraid him.

"I learned only yesterday that my wife died over a year ago in a railroad wreck in Canada. It was previous to my marriage with you. I am sorry if this new complication distresses you."

"Then I am your wife, in reality?" breathed Ethel, a quick glow suffusing her lovely face. Then she seemed to totter, leaned towards him and fainted in his arms.

To do there! When her eyes again opened, in her face was that which told Wilton Revere that she loved him even as he loved her, and that there was no menace of another parting.

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