

THE EVERYDAY BATTLE

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A ROUGH DIAMOND.

The Man By the Side of The Road.

There are not lacking, in this present war such instances of courage, chivalry as to, not only keep alive, but deepen, our faith in mankind. They bear witness, that though much of the good in man is often obscured by ugliness of disposition, and stooping to mean, low actions, there lies yet the image which bears resemblance to the Divine. And not only in great crises but in normal times, when affairs in a work-a-day world sorely try the souls of men, there are flashes of such Divine-like character that we maintain an abiding faith in mankind, and love men for their noble deeds; and mankind for the sacred worth and dignity of humanity.

Many such instances have come within my personal observation, but one stands out more clearly, perhaps, than the others. I have thought of it many times with pleasure and gratitude, and judging that the space of years will prevent any embarrassment to my friend, should he discover that I have "written him up," I make bold to narrate the experience.

A few years ago I hiked with a troop of Boy Scouts across the country for a distance of thirty-seven miles, which was a pretty good tramp, both for the boys and the Scoutmaster. The second day out, under a scorching sun, and over fearfully sandy roads, we made twenty miles, and wearily pitched camp that night in an open field. The next morning, bright and early, we had breakfast, loaded our supplies and again set out on our journey. Our objective was a camp site, which lay three miles beyond a certain well known town in the State, and just before noon, tired and dusty, we came within sight of that city, halting at a creek from which the town's water supply is taken, hoping to "wash up" and change clothes before we passed through the city. By the road side there was the power station and we approached the engineer, a heavy set man, with a rough, kind face, and wearing overalls, and asked for permission to appropriate the use of some bushes along the banks of the creek as a "screen" while we performed our necessary ablutions. He informed us that matter containing acid turned into the creek above the point where we wished to bathe, by some manufacturing industry, rendered the water unsafe to bathe in. However his kindly heart seemed to have been touched, and we at once seemed to fall into his favor, and he informed us that he had some rooms in the house which stood at the top of the hill, and that we could go up there, and help ourselves to anything which we might be able to find which would be of service to us. His kindness, marked by such sincerity of speech, at once opened our hearts to this engineer, and so on we went up the hill, a jolly bunch, and proceeded to make ourselves "at home." As we began our preparations for a "wash up" our friend appeared on the scene, possibly, we thought, to keep an eye on the bunch of fellows. But his manner and tone at once reassured us. There was no suspicion whatever lurking in his mind. "Finding things fellows?" he asked. "Everything we need," came the chorus. But he proceeded to look around to see if there was not something else which might be of help or comfort to us. I was struck with the man—with his open-heartedness, his genial manner, his honest face, and the fact that he had put himself to the trouble of walking up to his house to render a service to a man and a crowd of boys who were perfect strangers to him. I felt it so keenly that I expressed my great appreciation, and also, my regret, that we had caused him an inconvenience. At this he looked at me for a moment and replied in a tone more eloquent than his language. "Stranger, were you ever a thousand miles from home and didn't have a D—n cent and didn't know a D—n soul?" I replied that barring the intensives I had had somewhat a similar experience. "Well, I have," he

said, "and I know what it means to have somebody lend a little sympathy and a helping hand, and I made up my mind that if anybody ever came along that I could help in any way, that I would do it, no matter what I was working at." His speech and action so assured us of his pleasure in doing us the kindness we proceeded to use every thing which he put at our disposal, and in a short time we were ready to "parade" through the city to our camp site three miles beyond.

While changing my apparel I left my fountain pen on the mantelpiece in my friend's room, and not discovering my loss until after we had reached camp. I missed it very much, but confident that if my friend found it he would keep it until our return. Sure enough, when ten days later we returned, he saw us approaching and met us with his genial smile and inquired about our welfare, and as to how we had enjoyed camping. He then presented me with my fountain pen, saying, "I did not have your address or I would have sent this to you. I knew you left it." Again, his manner touched and appealed to me. I thanked him cordially for his kindness, and gave him repeated assurances of our appreciation of his previous hospitality, adding, "I am a minister, and as a minister I am always deeply grateful to find a man who has time to do a kindness for others." Then something close akin to reverence came over his countenance, and into his tone, "Why, my friend, if I had known that you were a parson I would not have been so free with some of my language." I realized that I was face to face with a man. I knew that beneath a somewhat unpolished exterior were sterling qualities. He had been honest with me. I could not do less than be honest with him. It was not a time for any criticism whereby I should assume a "holier than thou" attitude—no need to assume that because he had used a few words which had better been left unsaid that he was a sinner above other men. "I wish," I said, "that you had left off a few of those words, but we shall never forget your kindness. You may say some things a little out of the way, but, honestly, I like your brand of religion—the kind that gets on the highway of life and stands as a friend to man."

We left him there standing by the roadside; but we did not forget him, nor do I think we shall ever forget him. We spoke of him many times as "that 'cousin' man with so much religion." Nor did I find it necessary to explain to the boys how a man, with so much goodness of heart, should use such language, and why that he ought not to do so. I did not have to explain because they seemed to see and understand better, perhaps, than I could have explained. They felt as I did, as I learned in listening to their conversation, that this was not native, but foreign, to the man. Always the tone of the man had been more eloquent than his language. Many circumstances, perhaps, had contributed to his acquiring these extraneous, but the man himself was genuine. What he needed, of course, was a saving contact with a living Christ, the Man of Galilee, who came to show what man was capable of, and to help men to come to the best and highest of which they are capable.

I can see that man yet—in his overalls, a big wrench in his hands, his friendly smile, his gracious tone, a picture of a fine specimen of manhood—God's man I think. Whatever is necessary for him to have and to do in his eternal life I pray that he may have and do. He reminds me always, as I think of him, of "The House by the Side of the Road."

"There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self content:
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament,
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths,
Where highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

Make your homes pleasant to your children and there will be no armies of unemployed marching through the country.

MRS. EVA CAMPBELL DAVIS.



We give below a paper written to be used at the memorial services in the annual convention of the N. C. Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy which was to have been held in Weldon, N. C., October 11, (but was postponed on account of prevailing conditions. The U. D. C.'s have endowed five wards containing in all a total of \$30,000, in a base hospital at Neuilly, France, and each chapter contributing was invited to send a sketch of some woman who had lived and served in the war between the States. The bed endowed by the N. C. Division was named for Zenobion Baird Vance and the Junius Daniel Chapter of Weldon contributed liberally to the fund. Mrs. Davis having been a charter member of the Chapter it was considered right that this honor should be paid her. The type written sketches will be bound and sent to the Hospital in France and no doubt the convalescing American soldiers will enjoy reading these memoirs gathered from all over the Southland.

MRS. EVA CAMPBELL DAVIS.

Mrs. Eva Campbell Davis was born in Halifax county, N. C., about the year 1840. She was married in 1858 to Dr. Thad. Davis, also of Halifax county. Her father, Mr. John K. Campbell lived many years in Weldon, N. C., but Mrs. Davis' mother having died when she was quite young she was raised by her maternal grandmother, who lived in the country near Infield. Her father married for his second wife, Miss Caroline Gary and held the important position of agent for the Wilmington and Weldon R. R. at Weldon and was much honored and respected by the entire community. During the Civil war Dr. and Mrs. Davis came to Weldon to live. Here Dr. Davis practiced medicine at the time when every one was poor and they suffered all the reverses which were general at the time. Both Dr. and Mrs. Davis nursed and ministered to sick and wounded Confederate soldiers in the hospitals in Weldon and served the town and community without pay in most cases as long as she lived, being in 1872, leaving a widow and one little boy who died soon after his father's death. When the Yankees came to Weldon in 1865, they brought with them the disease of smallpox which soon became epidemic among the negroes who flocked to the army camps, and spread to the homes of many of the white people of the town and community. Dr. and Mrs. Davis nursed these too, and were an incalculable blessing to all as a time when trained nurses were unknown and Red Cross organizations were unheard of.

Her father and stepmother, both died in January 1866 leaving a family of four small children all of which she and her sister, Miss Emily Campbell kept in the family home and raised to be influential citizens of the community. It is hard to do justice to the many heroic deeds of this fine woman at this stage of her life, raised in affluence and accustomed to every luxury of Antebellum days, though now a widow, reduced to almost poverty, she cheerfully took up the burden of her father's family and labored with her hands that they might be comfortably cared for. Nor did her good deeds stop here, all who were in need found in her a true friend and helper as far as her means would allow and more than once were whole families sheltered for months beneath her hospitable roof.

She was active in all good work and loved her church and the Saviour she worshipped there with a never-ending love. She was a charter member of the Junius Daniel Chapter U. D. C. in Weldon and she and one other lady of Weldon worked for and made the first money (\$75.00) ever raised for the handsome Confederate monument in Weldon and labored faithfully for this cause until the whole amount of cost of the monument \$1900 was secured and the monument erected. There were several interesting things connected with Mrs. Davis' life which are worthy of mention, one of which is prominent. While living in the country

before the war one of Dr. Davis' slaves, a colored boy, was drove for him on his journey as a convict, contracted typhoid fever, and was ill unto death. The Doctor and Mrs. Davis nursed him and saved his life. On recovery he realized he was worth, and settled in Boston, where he learned to be a tailor and in the course of time became the owner of a considerable gent's furnishing establishment and a merchant tailor, and also acquired quite a nice fortune. In the day of prosperity he remembered his old mistress, came south to visit her and bought the farm which formerly belonged to her and on which he was born and reared. This he offered to make over to her if she cared to return there to live. This not being practicable he offered to pay her board any where she might prefer to live. Two big fat fat half year's worth of the necessary expenses each month until he, too, suffered reverses and was not able to do so. Even then his gifts of money and other things were numerous and he made periodical visits to his old home, never forgetting his beloved mistress. In her later years Mrs. Davis was tenderly cared for by the children whom she had raised and the friends whom she had long loved and served. She died at the home of her half brother, Mr. J. K. Campbell, in Rocky Mount in December, 1917, her body was brought to Weldon placed in the Episcopal church which she loved so well and her funeral services were held there the next day. She was then taken to Halifax and buried near Quankey's stream by the side of her husband and child who has resided there for many years. In stating these mere facts the full has not been told of this good and useful woman's life. May she rest in peace.

TO THE VOTERS OF HALIFAX COUNTY.

If I understand it right, there are two amendments to the State Constitution to be voted on at the coming election to be held Nov. 5th, 1918. It seems to me that it is very important that every voter should cast his vote for these amendments. The first one is for a six months public school to be run in every county in North Carolina, which will be of great benefit to the children of the State. The second one is for the poor fellow, who is striving to buy a home, it will enable him to borrow money at a cheap rate of interest. This plan proposes to have the law so, where a man wishes to purchase a home not exceeding \$3,000 that he can borrow money on say 5 years time at a rate of interest not to exceed 5 1/2 per cent, and said notes are to be free from taxation, so it will induce the money lender to lend money and to seek investments of this kind, because he will really get more interest at 5 1/2 per cent than he would at 6 per cent, or 7 per cent, because his notes are not taxed. If he loaned money at 7 per cent, and was taxed 2 per cent per year, you see would only get 5 per cent, under this law he gets 5 1/2 per cent clear.

The man who wishes to buy a home can easily do so and get a long time and cheaper interest, so let vote for this amendment and help the man who wishes to own his home.

It is also important that every Democrat vote this year as the Republicans in the west and all over the State are stirring themselves to poll every vote they can. There are to be elected this year one United States Senator, every Congressman in the State, a number of judges, solicitors and the entire county ticks throughout the State.

It behooves every Democrat to cast his vote in behalf of Democracy, to show the world that we are standing solidly with President Wilson in settling and bringing this world war to a successful end, so as to make the world safe and free of Kaiserism forever. So I beg one and all to be sure to vote if you don't you may regret it when too late.

J. H. NORMAN.

HAVING smeared vandalism all over the pages of recent history, Germany must expect to meet retributive justice a little farther on.

FOGH is fixing 'em, Pershing is chasing 'em, Haig is handing it to 'em, and Byng is beating the German Devil out of 'em.

Not only are the boys over there making a lot of history but they are making considerable geography as well.

A woman's idea of a spiritual thing is another woman who has a dress made just like hers.

There aren't enough adjectives in the English language to enable a girl properly to describe her first beau.

MAKE the ballot back up the bullet when you go to the polls.

Start the Day Right with a Cup or Two of Luzianne.

BREAD-AND-EGGS and a cup of steaming, stimulating Luzianne. What better start could anybody have for the day's work!

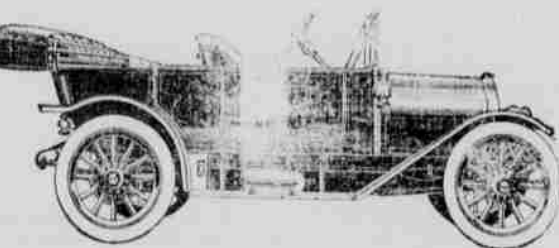
The sanitary, air-tight tin locks the flavor in! Buy a can of Luzianne today.

If you don't agree it's the best beverage that ever passed your lips, your grocer will give you back what you paid for it, and ask no questions. So, there.

LUZIANNE coffee

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Do You Think There is No Competition?

If anyone thinks there is no competition amongst the big packers he ought to go through a day's work with Swift & Company.

Let him begin at the pens when the live stock comes in; let him try to buy a nice bunch of fat steers quietly and at his own price without anybody's bidding against him.

Let him realize the scrupulous care taken at the plant that not one thing is lost or wasted in a way that costs may be held to a minimum.

Let him go up into the office where market reports are coming in, and reports of what other concerns are doing.

Let him watch the director of the Swift Refrigerator fleet, maneuvering it over the face of the country like a fleet of battleships at sea.

Let him take a trip with a Swift & Company salesman and try to sell a few orders of meat.

Let him stay at a branch house for an hour or two and see the retail meat dealers drive their bargains to the last penny as they shop around among the packers' branch houses, the wholesale dealers, and the local packing plants.

And then, when the day is over, let him have half an hour in the accounting department, where he can see for himself on what small profits the business is done. (Less than 4 cents on each dollar of sales.)

If he still thinks there is no competition in the meat business it will be because he wants to think so.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

WEEKS are now so short and swift one is convinced there must be considerable more than fifty-two of them in a modern year.

EVERY day is "hero day" on the battlefield.

LOOK!

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M. FREID'S

36 inch White Voile, lovely quality, 25c. to \$1 the yard.

36 inch Fancy Striped and plaid Voiles, Batiste and Flaxons, 35 and 50c the yard.

27 inch Fancy Voiles, Crepes and Flaxons, 18 and 35c yard.

36 inch All Silk Marquisette several patterns, 65c the yard.

All grades of silk, including the white and turquoise wash silks, for skirts, waists and lingerie.

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M. FREID,

WELDON, N. C.
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With every purchase of 50c. Palm Olive Face Powder or Palm Olive Face Cream 50c., we will give TWO 15c. CAKES of Palm Olive Soap, FREE as long as our stock lasts.

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PRICES TO SUIT ALL.

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