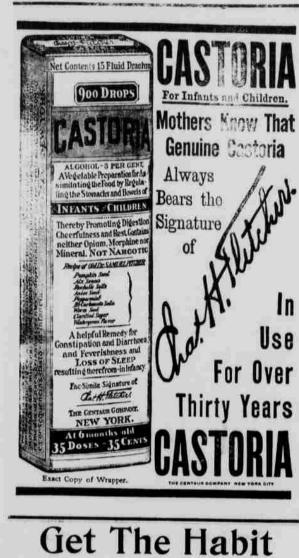
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ing at

Wholesale Cash Store

WELDON, N. C.

less Love on Which Their Lives Have Been Nourished and Hunger and Thirst For It. The following was written by a grandmother Her advice is cer-

GOOD ADVICE.

So Many Miss The Deep, Speech-

tainly good and we gladly give it space-(Ed). As I am verging on the land of dotage and much of a child myself, if the children will follow me into my cool, roomy knehen, we will have a social charthis lovely morning, and as boys have a talent for combining pleasure with business, they will excuse me if I air a few of my opinions while I string my beans for dinner and mould my butter for market. You know, boys, when sent to the spring for water, the reason you stay so long

is you stop to poke the frog on the stone, yoke the lizards and chink the saucy squirrels, etc. All children, from the tiny prat-

tler to the blooming maiden and happy frolicsome young man, have tender place in my heart. I have great many friends among them. They are to me what the sun is to

he flower, and what the flower is to the bee; and without them life would be as blank as a snow capped mountain. I would love to

my heart.

Buy for Cash. Save and hunger and thirst for it. Father is tender in his solicitude,

the pennies by buybut there is not love like mother. If angels walk the earth and keep must be sad when so many little W. T. PARKER & CO. ones call in vain for mamma.

SOME MOUTH.

Here is a case of misplaced generosity. The guilty party meant well, but her manner of showing it wasn't what you might call tactfnl. It was at a bargain party-one of the porch kind-and ice cream and wafers were served. "Miss Ghoans," urged the hos-

tess, "do have some mor cream." "No, really I-"

"Oh, don't refuse, or 1'il you don't like it.' "Well, if you'll just give nouthful-HE Dining Room should be a cheerful place 'Ah, that's right, Katie, fill Miss

for when you eat your meals amid pleasant Ghoan's plate for her." surroundings you do much to aid, digestion. And good digestion means health. Miss Ghoans is sensitive about

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

HIS UNIFORM.

Boys In Gray.

leak out.

gree of excitement and stir.

manded the general.

did so

ute swum across the river.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1919.

What have you done for the world today, For all that it has done for you-

With its life and its chance and its toil and play, And its music and laughter and dew? What have you done for a world that sings,

For a world that shines as you go;

For a world that is master of mice and kings, That can make or can break with a blow ? Why are you troubled and discontent

In a world that has done so much To dower you with grace of the gifts it has sent And the chance it has helped you to clutch? For this beautiful world is a place, indeed, That is doing things hour by hour That should help us to climb to a happier creed,

As the blossom climbs unto the flower. What are you doing to help it along For the help it is giving right now To the children that lists to its prayer and its song And are touched by a holier yow ? What have you done for a world that can smile And help you to smile on your way, And a world that is lovelier, mile after mile, For the sake of its children each day ? -Bentziown Bard in Baltimore Sun

TILL THE SHADOWS ARE GROWN.

Perhaps there is no period in human life more tender and beautiful become too friendly to fight with than that which preceedes the going down of the sun. The day's proper energy; and at last Gen. work is over and then comes the calm, sweet rest of the even-tide. Lee instructed Gen. Gordon to put It is the time when the grapes of Eschol are the sweetest. It is the a stop to it. take each of you by the hand, and period when all the fruits have grown ripe and mellow and fragrant. tell you how much I love you; but It is the harvest time with the ripening grain, the scent of the fields al started to ride along the river my pen will record the feeling of and the joy of the harvest-time. The echoes of the long past come front, and almost immediately back like music afloat from distant shores. The empty strivings after come upon a Confederate ourpost Dear children, I hope you all perishing honors, the eager struggle of social and political preferment

realize what a treasure you have fade from sight like vanishing twinkles from the evening sky. The seemed to create an unusual dein the mother love that cares for ambitious schemes of other days, already realized or long since forgotyou so tenderly. So many miss ten, lie in their hiding places like garments that have served their time the deep, speechless love on which and been cast away. Only the true and the pure things are worthy to their lives have been nourished live in the memory of those "whose steps have grown slow" and

whose eyes have grown dim and whose hair has grown while like of the soldiers, eagerly, while andrifted snow on the Alpine heights. Sweet faces come back to us in the visions of the night once more

confusion was owing to their baste and voices long hushed speak to us again and gentle eyes look solidy to "present arms" to him. special eyes on little children, they on us as in the days of yore. Many an hour of holy fellowship with Gen. Gordon was satisfied that those gone before, refresh our hearts while the shadows are growing this was a subterfuge, but he could larger. Old enmittes are lost sight of and differences that once separasee nothing amiss, and had turned ted us from our friends are buried and those who once looked on us to ride away when he saw some

askance now beam on us with loving look; for who would wage war tall weeds on the river bank, begin with the old? The burdens have fallen from us-"they lie buried in to shake. the sea, and only the sorrows of others cast their shadows over us. "What's in those weeds?" We get to be like little children again sitting by the shining river and asked, wheeling his horse eager for the voyage. The journey is over, the battle fought, the "Nothing at all, sir," smoke of the conflict is cleared away from the field of strife and heaven horus of voices. "Break down the weeds!"

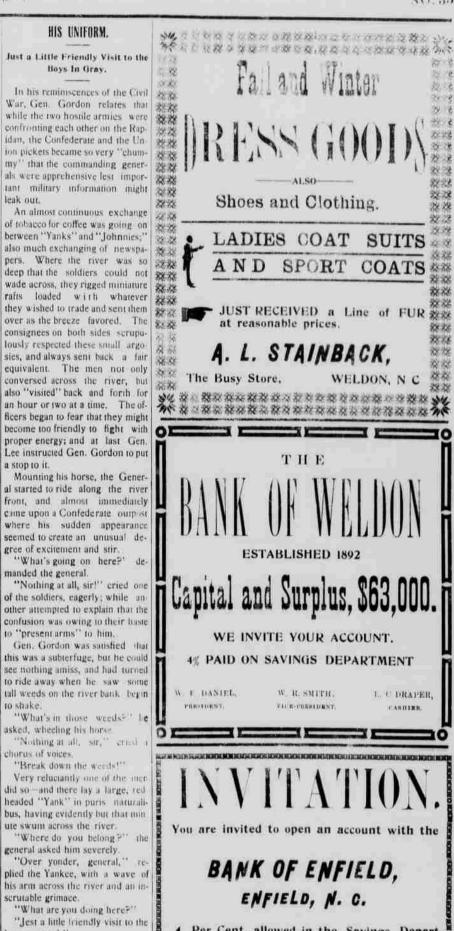
is nigh. And like Bunyon who saw his pilgrims enter through the gates into the city, we can say "we could wish ourselves there." H. A. Brown, in Biblical Recorder.

re ice	YOUR BOY.	RUSE THAT FAILED.
think	He Bears Your Name, and is to Send It Down the Stream of	The called-up one volubly plained that there was no nee his case for a medical exar
me a	You do not know what is in	tion.

here was no need in general asked him severely. a medical examinad want to fight. I want to go over on the first boat.

up one volubly ex-

him. Bear with him: be patient: scrutable grimace. wait. Feed him; clothe him; love I want to go right into the front him; he is a boy, and most boys trenches, but I want to have a hosher generous mouth and she was so angry that she telephoned to us about it with the request that we boys, general "



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