

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

ESTABLISHED IN 1866.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Terms of Subscription--\$1.50 Per Annum

L. LIV.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1920.

NO. 34

What Will He Write?



Tommy Trot's New Year's Resolution

By Barbara Kerr

"TOMMY TROT" christened Thomas Trotwood Birney, sprawled on the table at his father's elbow. He was engaged in putting something which he carried about with him. "It's an awful hard job, ain't it, daddy? But I guess gentlemen has to do it anyway, don't we?"

"What's that, Sir Thomas?" asked his father, glancing up from his book.

"Why, the New Year resolution thing," answered Tommy as he laboriously put on some finishing touches. "Pretty big word, that. What about it?"

"Yes, but then I don't say it much. It's sort of like a bet. You bet you do or you bet you don't. An' I'm going to bet I do. And Tommy closed his book on a little fat finger and climbed on his father's knee.

"And what is it you're betting you'll do, Busterkins?" smiled his father, ruffling up the boy's brown curls. The child was unusually serious; he looked intently at his father. "I'm going to see about getting a lady for our home, daddy. I'm so tired being without one. I—I want a muvver, dad—ay—a muvver is so handy." And try as he might to make his declaration very matter of fact, Tommy-Trot's chin quivered and he hid his face on his father's shoulder.

Mr. Birney laid aside his pipe and for a full long minute said nothing. "So that's your New Year's resolution."



Engaged in Printing Something.

It is, old man, to get us a lady for our home?" He somehow could not say the word mother lightly, though it had been five long years since Tommy's mother died. "It would be nice. Have you found any one, spoken to any one yet?"

"I'd like to have the lady with the shiny eyes that takes me to school mornings," admitted Tommy. "I asked her once was she a muvver, and she said no, just only a little boy's aunt. I spect she's so busy being a aunt that she wouldn't have any time to be a muvver," and the child sighed dejectedly. "I wish you'd ask her daddy, wouldn't you?"

"Why, I don't know Miss Woodburn, old man." The father smiled a little ruefully as he remembered that he had thought to strike up an acquaintance through the child, but Miss Woodburn had coldly repulsed him, though she had long been a fast friend of Tommy's, stopping for him to slip his hand into hers as she hurried to her school-room, which was in the same building as the kindergarten. "I think we have pretty good times together, after all. Shall daddy be the bear tonight?"

"I'm most afraid I'm sick, daddy," murmured the boy; "I spect I'd better go to bed."

Mr. Birney gathered Tommy-Trot up solemnly and prepared him for bed. "I wish your lap fitted me better, daddy. I'm going to get the New Year lady's lap to fit like Betty Jones' muvver's does," complained the child, drowsily.

The next morning Miss Grace Woodburn slackened her pace, expecting Tommy to come running as usual, then she retraced her steps, walking slowly past the house. The door swung open and Mr. Birney, careless, an apron tied about his neck, frantically explained that Tommy-Trot was very sick with the croup, that the doctor was trying to get a nurse, but he feared the child would die before they could get help, as the woman who kept their cottage was away.

Fortunately Miss Woodburn had taken a first-aid course; also, in her strenuous business of being an aunt, she had helped to take little Nephew Peter through a very severe attack of croup. She knew that every minute was precious. She began drawing off her gloves and unfastening her wraps as she hastened after Mr. Birney. She telephoned her assistant to take her place till further orders, then reached out her hand for the apron. Lovingly she bent over Tommy-Trot, who held

Hail and Farewell

FAREWELL TO THE OLD
Old Year, thy life is well-nigh spent,
Thy feet are tottering and slow,
Thy hoary head with age is bent,
The time is here for thee to go;
Already in the frozen snow
A lonely grave is made for thee;
The winds are chanting dirges low,
Upon the land and on the sea.

Old Year, thou wert a friend to some—
To some thou wert of worth untold,
Thy days were blessings, every one,
More precious far than shining gold;
But unto others, thou a foe
Did prove thyself—an enemy,
Relentless as the chains of woe—
As ruthless as the maddened sea.

Some will rejoice to know thee dead,
Other will mourn thee as a friend;
Some will look back on thee with dread,
Others their praises to thee lend;
I neither offer praise nor blame,
Old Year, for what you brought to me,
For unto me both joy and pain
Your active hands gave lavishly.

Thy solemn death-hour draws a knell—
And hark! I hear thy funeral knell
Slow pealing through the darkened sky—
Farewell, Old Year—farewell, farewell!

HAIL TO THE NEW

Hail! hail! to thee, O virgin year!
Not yet a day's length on thy throne,
Thou with the merry eyes and clear
And joyous voice of dulcet tone:
Hail! hail! to thee, thou strong of limb;
Our praise is thine, O youthful king;
For thou art pure of woe and sin,
Thy young hands yet but blessings bring.

The monarch who is laid away
Within the catacomb of years—
Was harsh and ruthless in his day—
Seemed less to love our joys than tears;
We look for blessings manifold,
New Year, from thy pure sinless hand,
We trust thy heart will ne'er grow cold
Toward us—and our Native Land.

Bring healing to the hearts now sore
From wounds the cruel Old Year made;
The veil of peacefulness draw o'er
The woes at each heart-threshold laid;
We cannot love a tyrant king!
Our hearts refuse to loyal be
To one who takes delight to fling
Upon our hearts keen misery!

Be kind to us—that we may say,
When comes the time for thee to go;
"O darling year, we grieve to-day,
Because we all have loved thee so!"
—Good Housekeeping.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

Net Contents 15 Fluid Drachms
900 DROPS

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.
Vegetable Preparation for Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS, CHILDREN

Thereby Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Best Condition of the System. It is free from Opium, Morphine and Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhea, and Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP resulting therefrom in Infancy.

The Similar Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins*

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
At 6 months old 35 Doses—40 Cents

Bargains for You

IF YOU BUY ALL YOUR GROCERIES FROM

W. T. PARKER & CO.,
Wholesale Cash Store
WELDON, N. C.

Dixon Lumber & Millwork Co.
Weldon, N. C.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Building Material for Modern Homes, Sash, Door Blinds, Mantels, Door and Window Screens

MADE TO ORDER AND REGULAR STOCK SIZES
Good Materials, High Grade Workmanship Our Slogan.

SAVE MONEY

By trading at home and still be a booster for your town.

Many Bargains in Winter Goods.

The very newest styles in Organza, Georgettes and Crepe-de-Chi.

We have a complete line of Ladies and Gentlemen's Furnishings.

A. L. STAINBACK,
The Busy Store, WELDON, N. C.

Choice Hams

There is nothing more appetizing than a slice of our choice ham. We have anything you may want in the line of meats. All Kinds of Canned Goods.

FOOD GROCERIES build up the system, stimulate the brain, and increase your capacity to think. Our prices make you think. And right thinking brings best results. Call in to see us.

L. E. HULL,
Near Batchelor's Opera House, WELDON, N. C.

In turning over a new leaf, be sure to lay a 1,000-pound weight on it, so it won't fly back.

YEARS MERELY LIFE'S CHAPTERS

Offer Opportunity for Each of Us to Write Therein a Record Better Than the Preceding.

THE coming year lies spread like the white plain that sweeps from the roadside to the distant forest where the gray squirrels are making tracks in the light snow. On this white sheet a little record may be written; not a full life story, but merely a brief chapter or two, like the chapters of squirrel life that may be read by one who today ventures into the white forest.

It is a great mystery that lies ahead, a treasure house of endless possibilities. The span of a man's life is short; shorter in absolute measurement than the span of a year. For each year, when October fades into November, has wrought complications. No human life can bring completeness. It cannot bring completeness of knowledge or completeness of happiness or completeness of good works. The best man can do, in his poor, limited way, is to glean as much wisdom and win as much happiness and do as much good as the number of his days permits. When the human October fades it may thus be rich and peaceful and without the scars of stormy days and without undue regret that what should have been seen and known and done has not been seen and known and done.

A YEAR'S completeness is but a twelvemonth. Our human incompleteness covers many twelvemonths. How fortunate that each dawn brings a new opportunity to live and learn. Again and again we may take up the thread and advance toward the goal of apprehension. We may study God's works and year by year come nearer to an appreciation of them. We can never fully appreciate them, for our minds are finite, and they are infinite.

The new resolution will be simply the same old resolve broken with such frequency.

Never judge a man's worth by the statement of his tax collector.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins*

Little old last year's resolution is as good as any, and probably will wear fully as long as a new one.

ONE who loves only artificiality, who does not note the excellence of the world he has been set to rule, proves himself unworthy of his heritage, and is punished by bitter unrest. His life lacks the boon of contentment which includes all boons. There are, of course, the few whose mental scope is too narrow for self-measurement. They do not even know that they are discontented and may enjoy life as the ox enjoys life. They are fortunate. The unfortunate man is the one who has, even dimly, an understanding that the world is good and beautiful and that he is falling to reap the richness that is rightly his.

HOW many of us are waiting for the opportunities of the coming year? With how many of us is the unuttered hope of next month, the next year, next week, next month, the next day, may be as today in its privileges and opportunities, only far more abundant.

We are told that the first day of the New Year is an appropriate time to form good resolutions. But the New Year is tomorrow, and there is a better time for such a task, and that time is today. For "now is the accepted time."—Bishop H. C. Potter.

THE year dawns on an earth red with blood, an earth torn with strife. It will be for most of the people of the earth a year of sorrow and of sorrow. But for all this it will not be a bad year. Not half of civilized mankind but all mankind that has not forgotten the meaning of civilization has been unselfishly, heroically engaged in the needful work of ridding the world of a noxious parasite growth, the poisonous fungus of militarism. For those who gave themselves to this essential work it will be a good year. For all who are suffering that the years to come may be happier and healthier the year will be a good year.

February will bring its crystal

A girl hasn't much use for a man who is too cowardly to propose.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA
A woman will have her own way even if it is a roundabout way.

Little old last year's resolution is as good as any, and probably will wear fully as long as a new one.

POETS died in the trenches of Gallipoli and France, watching God's sunrise or the wispy clouds in the blue. British gentlemen eeked with the mad of Flanders wrote detailed reports of their observations of migratory birds and of the effect of druggies on bird life. French students and scholars, bearded and dirty, made careful notes of the flora of the Meuse and the Somme.

THE year of living is best found in the real success of life. Take away success and there's no joy in life to one alive to opportunities and responsibilities. No live man is satisfied with mere existence, for he wants to contribute something to the world's progress, the world's good. And it is in such contribution that real joy is found, the satisfaction that comes from full realization that one has done what he could in the year given him. So this is the joy this journal wishes every reader may have the coming year; and will have if they fully appreciate that the new year is theirs, to make it truly a happy new year.

Day Means Much to All.

New Years suggest intimate personal views of self. The annual crop of good resolutions shows how near most people are to becoming radically better. The day also brings a sense of the incalculable resources of life. It is the door into a wonderful future, new inventions, new discoveries, new achievements, of social justice and privilege and joy for the masses of men.

If you leave it to the schoolboy New Year's day is what comes before he has to go back to school.

Many a girl catches a husband by baiting her hook with indifference.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA
Industry is mother of good luck.
Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA
An optimist is a man who declines to judge the future by the past.

Polk Miller's 10c Liver Pills

The Good Old Kind that always do the work. Same formula for 50 years. Unequalled for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation and Malaria. At all druggists. Manufactured by Polk Miller Drug Co., Inc., Richmond, Va.