

Class's Column

EUROPEAN FAIRY STORY

Once there were three brothers, Big Brother, Middle-Sized Brother and Little Brother.

Big Brother liked to walk the streets in his uniform and was sure to let everybody know he was the biggest of the three brothers.

Middle-Sized Brother also liked to promenade in his uniform, and although everybody knew he was not the biggest of the brothers, he too, commanded respect.

Little Brother had no uniform because Middle-Sized Brother had hidden it. It was humiliating to have to wear short pants, but Little Brother wore them until the day he met the Traveling Salesman.

"How handsome you would look in a uniform, Little Brother!" exclaimed the salesman. "A great big boy like you ought to wear a uniform. Your legs are much too long for short pants. Why, in a uniform you would be as big as either of your two brothers. It just happens that I have a uniform that would fit you. Your credit's improving with age, and who knows? In a uniform you might even be mistaken for Big Brother."

So Little Brother finiggled around, and by high-powered marble swapping he bought the uniform. For days he strutted before the mirror, lacking courage to wear the uniform in public. His self admiration grew daily, however, and one day he walked into the public square in uniform.

Some of the girls oh-ed and ah-ed, but Big Brother and Middle-Sized Brother frowned. They went into a huddle.

"I don't like this one bit," said Big Brother. "Why his uniform looks as good as mine. And I believe his buttons are newer."

"We must take it away from him at once," said Middle-Sized Brother. "It's ridiculous, wearing a uniform at his age. Besides, it's dangerous. He'll get into trouble. Worse than that, he'll get us into trouble. We'd better take it away from him right now."

"No, wait a minute while I think," said Big Brother. "If we take it away from him, he'll probably yowl his head off. He's got a nasty disposition. And he'll kick and bite like he always does. And I've a date for tonight. I don't want a black eye."

"Then I'll take it away from him. I don't mind black eyes. And I think he ought not to wear a uniform at his age. Gives him ideas."

"No, don't do anything hasty, Middle-Sized Brother. I don't want you getting into a scrap with him. He's nearly as big as you are now, and sure as hell I'll have to wade in and stop the fight. He kicks up such a damn racket when he's crossed! After all, he's growing up now. We might as well let him wear the old thing. People know pretty well that I'm Big Brother and you're Middle-Sized Brother. Everybody knows we can handle him if it's necessary."

So Little Brother wore his uniform. Of course wearing a uniform doesn't look very official if one doesn't wear a sword, so Little Brother had to buy a sword. Then, too, swords are 'out of date, except for looks, so he bought an automatic. After that he bought a rifle, a bayonet, and a machine gun. And, of course, a tank and an aeroplane and a big gun.

Each time he bought something new Big Brother and Middle-Sized Brother would go into a huddle. And each time they would come out with a frown. But Little Brother only polished up his buttons and oiled his guns and swaggered a little more noticeably.

There were times when Little Brother would spend so much on his new hobby that he didn't have enough left for food, at which time he would complain to Big Brother

and Middle-Sized Brother that they were rich and he was poor and they ought to help him.

"You ought to give me that corn field back of your house," he would say, "You know you only have it because I lost it in the crap game. It doesn't really belong to you. Here you are both living in luxury and I am starving. Blood's thicker than water. You're both responsible for me because I'm the Little Brother . . . and if you don't come across, I'll get in my little tank and I'll drive straight across your flower garden, that's what I'll do!"

So they let him have his own way, and upon occasion helped him. Especially if they saw him getting into his little tank.

He grew up, as Little Brothers are apt to do, and lo and behold, he courted the same Girl that Big Brother and Middle-Sized Brother were courting. She didn't like him, but he was so big and rough that she was afraid to be rude to him. Too, his Step-Brother had appeared on the scene and was pushing the match. Step-Brother would like to marry her himself, but knew he hadn't a chance. He pretended great love for Little Brother, because he was secretly jealous of Big Brother. Big Brother, he felt, had cheated him out of his inheritance and threw cold water on all his schemes for regaining it.

At first Big Brother and Middle-Sized Brother were indignant that Little Brother would presume to court the Girl, especially as she was not overly fond of him. They'd see him in hell before they'd allow such a match. But Little Brother, backed by Step Brother, was insistent. Big Brother and Middle-Sized Brother went into another huddle and came out agreeing that the match might be a good one after all.

"But I don't want to marry Little Brother!" cried the Girl. "We don't agree on things. I don't even like him. I'm afraid of him! He—he might even beat me! I positively will not marry him!"

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"I love you dearly," said Big Brother, tenderly. "But sometimes these things are best. I'll see that he doesn't beat you. Why, if the brute beats you, you come tell us and Middle-Sized Brother and I will take him over our checked apron. We can manage him if you have any trouble. Can't we, Middle-Sized Brother?"

"Yes, sure, we can manage him all right. Only, I'm not quite sure this marriage—"

"I won't marry him and that's final! Furthermore, I've a friend who will help me even if you won't. He's not a close friend, and he's a bit Bearish, but—"

"Well, if things are like that I'll have to think," said Big Brother. "There must be a solution to this matter somewhere. There always is. Let me think."

After a long huddle with Middle-Sized Brother the two returned to the Girl.

"Ah-ahem," began Big Brother. "You're not going to like this—"

began Middle-Sized Brother. "Stop interrupting," said Big Brother. "We have found the solution. There is always a solution if you just look for it. Now here's what we'll do. Little Brother demands your hand in marriage. We've told him that we approve, so we'll have to give it to him. Don't interrupt. You, on the other hand, say you positively refuse to marry him. You don't have to. I know where I can get a nice sharp knife. Now you simply put your hand down on this rock and I'll chop it off and we'll send it to Little Brother. A year from now you'll never know the difference, and think what trouble it'll save us all!"

So the Girl, after much protesting, let them cut off her hand and send it to Little Brother. After all, there wasn't very much she

Home Ec. Girls At Cook'g School

On Friday, September 16, the Home Economics girls of the Roanoke Rapids High School enjoyed and were benefited by the "Star in My Kitchen," Herald Cooking School picture at the Imperial Theatre.

Several high school students received prizes. They were as follows: Misses Darell Davis, Dorothy George, Agnes Abrams, Ruth Lee, Ruth Hale, Edith Matthews, and Louise Davis.

could do about it.

Little Brother did not protest that he wanted her heart as well as her hand. He was very grateful for the hand. Said it was what he'd wanted all the time. Having found he could get what he wanted, he retired to the country, ceased his demanding ways, and never bothered anybody again as long as he lived. He gave up buying guns and let all his pretty and expensive collection rust in the rain that fall.

Or don't you think he did?

Mrs. Mildred Moore was a visitor in Norfolk Saturday.

ROSEMARY METHODIST SUNDAY DOLLAR DAY

By C. T. ROGERS, Pastor

The annual Conference of the Methodist Church is only a few weeks off. This means a busy time for all Methodists. Every church is anxious to pay up its obligations and to make a good report in every way. The churches of the Roanoke Rapids and Rosemary charges always pay up in full, but to do this at this Conference it will be necessary for every member to shoulder his part of the pledges.

Next Sunday, at the Rosemary Methodist Church is to be "Dollar Day". At this time every member of the Sunday School and every member of the church is asked to bring a dollar (one dollar or more) to take care of our promise to the orphans, the old preachers and widows, to the benevolences and other causes. The need is great and we are asked to help at once. Sunday, October 2nd is the time, one dollar the amount, and the Rosemary Methodist Church the place; and you won't forget, please. Our annual conference will meet

at Elizabeth City during the month of November. It will be a great gathering, representing half of the State, laymen and preachers. Not only do the preachers take great delight in making a good report for their charges, but the money raised for the many good causes is so much needed our heart rejoices in the fact we have been able to help. Our work will make a good report.

Joe Hinson Dies

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. King and Mr. and Mrs. Willie King were called to Farmville Monday on account of the death of Joe Hinson.

Mother Is Ill

Mrs. H. E. Gibson was called to Savannah, Ga., Tuesday on account of the illness of her mother.

James Council spent Sunday in Rocky Mount.

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