

SWISS MISS

ADAPTED FROM THE HAL ROACH PRODUCTION
by GERTRUDE GELBIN

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Chapter One PAYING THE PIPER

The smothered sigh, mule drawn, bumped its way along the picturesque Swiss mountain road, the banks of the stream, the green fields and the standard pine trees all proclaimed: MIRACLE MOUSE TRAP CO., Ltd. Inc. Etc. Etc. Laurel & Hardy, Props. The one hung fore, announced: "If your trap catches mice, it's a MIRACLE!"

Surveying the countryside with majestic ease, Mr. Hardy drove the mule with deft, light touch. He breathed deeply, with the satisfied assurance of a gentleman bent upon business dignified and lucrative. Acumen and altruism had directed his mission. He and his partner had come to Switzerland to rid this land of cheese manufacture from its greatest menace—mice. This purpose was to be achieved by the Miracle Mouse Trap, owned, controlled, manufactured, exhibited and distributed by Messrs. Laurel and Hardy.

That he and his companion were correct in their mission was proven at their first encounter, when they sold their entire output to one cheese factory for 8,000 Bovanian francs!

His companion, who had been doing comfortably, opened his eyes. "Where are we going now, Ollie?" his companion asked.

"Stanley," beamed Mr. Hardy, "we're going to the nearest smart hotel to spend a few days in the comfort and relaxation becoming gentlemen of our financial status."

As he spoke voices, yodelling and singing from up the mountain, echoed to the room. He pulled the donkey to a stop and read the sign pointing up the road: "To the Alpen Hotel. Manager and Proprietor."

"Welcome, welcome," sang the voices.

Mr. Hardy turned to Mr. Laurel. "They're expecting us," he said. Both men alighted smartly and started up the road to the hotel.

When they reached their destination, they attempted to register, but Luigi the manager made a smiling apology. He could not offer them the hospitality of the great Hotel Alpen. Victor Albert, the famous Viennese composer had taken over the entire establishment with the understanding that there would be no other guests.

"What's the idea?" asked Stan. Luigi bowed and made further explanation. Maestro Albert was at the Alpen to write the perfect Swiss peasant opera. Nothing must distract or disturb him. The music they had heard was the staff's welcome to the great Albert. Everyone was so happy. Luigi frowned momentarily.

"Everyone," he explained, "except Franzelhuber, my chef." He sighed. "He hates music."

Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy smiled. They assured Luigi that as gentlemen and scholars they understood completely.

"However," suggested Oliver, "could we not remain for a slight repast—a dinner with wine—and then leave? We are men of means!"

In answer Luigi bowed them into the dining room where a waiter took their order. Messrs. Laurel and Hardy ordered everything on the menu, including champagne. When they had finished their meal and were puffing excellent cigars, the waiter returned. Did the gentlemen want dessert?

Oliver nodded. He wanted apple pie. A moment later the waiter returned, all apology. There was no apple pie.

"No apple pie?" demanded Mr. Hardy in astonishment. Luigi hurried up to learn the cause of his displeasure. He sent for Franzelhuber the chef.

"What do you mean by not having apple pie," roared Luigi. The chef made some feeble attempt at explaining, but Luigi screamed him down.

"I've had better chefs than you discharged for not having apple pie," Mr. Hardy stated ominously. The chef fell to his knees. "Don't discharge me," he begged. "I'll bake you an apple pie at once."

"One apple pie?" shrieked Luigi. "Bake the gentlemen a dozen apple pies—a hundred apple pies—I give you fifteen minutes!"

Franzelhuber hurried out with bowed head. Oliver relented. "Never mind the apple pie," he said to Luigi. "Let us have the check."

Luigi clapped his hands for a waiter. The waiter hurriedly placed the check on the table. Mr. Hardy picked it up, glanced over it casually, reached into his pocket, produced the 8,000 Bovanian franc note and tossed it at Luigi.

"Take it out of this, my good man," he said grandly, "and give me the balance in American currency—large denominations."

Luigi bowed. He picked up the 8,000 franc note. He looked at over his smile froze. He stared at his two customers. "Is this a joke?" he asked. "Stop the monkey business and give me some real money to pay the bill!"

"Real money?" demanded Mr. Hardy, his temper rising. "Yes—real money—" shouted Luigi. "This isn't money. Bovanian francs are worthless!"

For a moment it seemed as if Messrs. Laurel and Hardy would collapse. "What are we going to do, Ollie?" whispered Stan.

Luigi grabbed him by the coat collar. "You're going to pay that bill, that's what you're going to do!" Oliver shuddered. "We can't pay the bill," he said slowly. "We haven't any money."

Luigi jumped up and down in rage. "You haven't any money! YOU HAVEN'T ANY MONEY!" He pushed them toward the kitchen. "You'll work that bill out as servants for me," he screamed. "And if you try to run away, you go to jail! Understand?"

Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy nodded unhappily.

Luigi pulled them into the kitchen. At the oven, Franzelhuber worked like a man possessed. One hundred apple pies in fifteen minutes was the order given him by Luigi! He pulled open the stove door, reached in, dragged out a large tray, replaced it with another, and almost at once set to work to mix more dough. He wiped his brow with a towel. He clenched his fist!

Oh that he, the greatest chef in Switzerland should have come to this! Oh that he should be so humiliated because two stupid American men demanded apple pie. Luigi called to him. "Franzelhuber! What do you think! After all the fuss over apple pie, they cannot pay the bill!"

"They chef looked up in astonishment. "So I put them to work for me," continued Luigi. The chef glared at Stan and Oliver. "And, Franzelhuber, they will work here, in the kitchen, and you will tell them what to do."

A slow smile spread over the chef's face.

His expression was no lost on the two witless gentlemen. They started backing out the door. Luigi turned on them. "Come back," he roared. "And Franzelhuber—if they break any dishes—well—for every dish they break they work another day!" With a final devastating sneer he left them to the mercy of Franzelhuber.

The chef put down his utensils. "So!" he jeered, "you were going to have me discharged. You bragged about discharging better chefs than me." He stopped short. "There are no better chefs than me!" he screamed. "Do you know any better chefs than me?"

He seized his cleaver and advanced toward them. At that moment the strains of a piano and a man singing wafted through the open kitchen window. Franzelhuber dropped the cleaver and buried his face in his hands.

"Stop that playing!" he shrieked. "Stop that singing." He collapsed upon a chair. "Music," he wept, "hate music!"

But the music continued; for, in his suite, Victor Albert, the maestro, completely unaware of the drama being enacted in the kitchen, attempted to compose an aria for his opera. The blasting of an orchestra horn, thundering through the courtyard below, lifted him out of his chair.

"How can I compose with that infernal racket!" he bellowed. "Edward," he shouted to his valet, "etc."

that noise." Edward rushed to the window. Down in the court stood a battered old taxi. The door of the car opened and an exquisitely gowned, beautiful blonde girl alighted. At the sight of her Edward paled.

With the expression of a doomed man, he tip-toed across the room and waited to answer what he knew would be a certain knock at the door.

He heard the knock and answered it. The beautiful blonde smiled at him then rushed in. "Victor, darling!" she cried. "Victor wheeled about at the sound of her voice. She rushed to him and he took her in his arms. He was about to kiss her when he suddenly thrust her from him. "What are you doing here, Anna?" he demanded sternly. "Why did you follow me?"

"Follow you, darling?" she laughed. "I'm your wife—I belong here."

Victor motioned Edward outside. "Listen, Anna," he pleaded when the valet had gone. "I've come here to write an opera—my greatest opera—I want to work alone—in peace. Go home. Please. You must go back to Vienna."

Anna shook her head. "I don't understand you, Victor. You've always written your greatest music with me—and the critics have all acclaimed you."

he exclaimed. "Bah! All the reviews read alike: Anna Hoefel sang gloriously. P. S. Victor Albert composed the music." He paced up and down the room. "Everything I've written has been about you, Anna—music for you to sing. But now I'm going to compose a peasant boy, living, loving, close to the soil and the sun of the Tyrol—"

"But I can play a peasant girl, too," cried Anna. Victor laughed uproariously. "Imagine you—the most glamorous star of the Vienna opera stage, singing a peasant role! No, no, Anna. You won't do. You must go back to Vienna and leave me in this peaceful atmosphere where I can work undisturbed."

Anna jumped to her feet. "All right," she stormed. "Go ahead with your foolishness. But—don't come crying to me to sing your masterpiece." In a moment she was gone, the door slamming behind her.

As Anna rushed through the lobby in an attempt to reach the terrace before her taxi drove away, she encountered Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy who had been transferred from kitchen duty to washing the corridors.

Mr. Hardy bowed, making way for her to pass. Anna eyed them curiously. "At least the help around here is courteous," she observed. "We can't help being help," Oliver sighed.

"We really wash dishes," explained Stan. Anna stared at them questioningly. Something in her glance prompted Mr. Hardy to explain their predicament. She listened intently, a slow smile spreading over her face.

"You mean you have to stay in this hotel because you couldn't pay your dinner?" The two gentlemen nodded. Anna threw back her head and sighed. "Where's the dining room?" she asked, and with eyes ailing mischievously she followed them to the dining room.

What does Anna plan to do? What happens when the man—ages—discovers he has another woman paying "guest" on his hands due to Stan and Oliver. Don't miss the next chapter.

LOOKING AT WASHINGTON

By Hugo S. Sims, Washington Correspondent

Many Politicians Would Like to Know Whether Florida Election Signifies Trend

President Roosevelt and his New Deal have emerged triumphant from the first primary test in the 1928 political campaign.

The overwhelming victory of Senator Claude Pepper, in the Democratic Primary in Florida, gives no comfort whatever to the opposition. The Administration favorite polled nearly sixty per cent of the votes cast. His chief opponent, Congressman Mark Wilcox, a frequent New Deal critic, was backed by about twenty-eight per cent of the voters and most of the other votes went to former Governor Shotts, generally regarded as a supporter of the Administration.

Mr. Pepper considered his victory over four opponents as a vote of "confidence and approval" of the Administration. His view was accepted by Chairman Farley, James Roosevelt and such New Deal stalwarts as Majority Leader Barkley, Secretary Roper and others. The opposition, including Conservative Democrats and Republicans, saw "no national significance in the Florida results."

Conservative Democrats, who are opposing the President's policies, especially those of the South, however, will get a significant lesson from the results in Florida. Considered together with the victory of Representative Lister Hill, a strong Administration man, in the Alabama senatorial election a few months ago, the implication is that the President is in continued favor with Southern Democrats.

The primary election in North Carolina, June 4, will give additional information on this point. Senator Bob Reynolds is campaigning for re-election and President Roosevelt is

and is generally expected to win. His opponent in the primary is Congressman Franklin Hancock. After that, we will have to wait until August 6th when the voters of Kentucky choose between Senator Alben Barkley, open White House favorite, and Governor "Happy" Chandler, New Deal critic. Three days later, in Arkansas, the voters will pass judgment on Senator Hattie Caraway, a "100 per cent" Roosevelt supporter, who is being opposed by two members of the House of Representatives.

The significance of the Florida primary is not to be found in the fact that Senator Pepper won, nor even in the overwhelming nature of his renomination. The more important revelation is that, at the Florida polls, there was very little evidence that President Roosevelt has lost much, if any, of his popular support. If this inference is borne out by subsequent primaries in the Southern States, the conclusion will be obvious.

The Florida result is welcomed by supporters of the Administration as an antidote for many "opinions" that are being widely circulated. It, in their opinion, will offset the view that the President is much weaker with the people than he was, that the Conservatives of the South are ready to cut his political throat, that elections held today would reveal wide-spread dissatisfaction with the Administration, that the current depression has alienated the faith of his admirers and that they are now ready to abandon the New Deal as a sinking ship.

Monopoly and Its Practices Endanger Democratic Government, Says Roosevelt

Declaring that "Concentrated private power" is straggling against the Democratic government,

President Roosevelt, in his message to Congress on monopoly, made it plain that he is not beginning "and ill-considered 'trust-busting' activity which lacks proper consideration for economic results."

The President called for "a thorough study of the concentration on economic power in American industry and the effect of that concentration upon the decline of competition" and asked for \$500,000 to finance a study of the problem. He also requested \$200,000 for the Department of Justice "to provide for the proper and fair enforcement of the existing anti-trust laws."

Senator Borah, who recently conferred with the President on this subject, approved the investigation, but feared that it might "string along and finally reach the desk or the upper shelf in the form of ten or twenty volumes which few will ever consult." The Idaho Senator asserted that "we know that monopoly exists in this country" and that it is undermining our whole economic and social structure. "The President's statement of facts," says Mr. Borah, "leaves only one question for study—that is how to deal with the subject."

The President's message pointed out that the liberty of a Democracy is not safe if private power grows to a point where it becomes stronger than the state itself. Moreover, this liberty is not safe if the business system does not produce employment and produce and distribute goods in such a way as to obtain an acceptable standard of living.

Asserting that a concentration of private power "without equal in history" is growing in this country, the President cited statistics.

In the year 1928, he said, one-tenth of one per cent of all corporations owned fifty-two per cent of the assets of all corporations.

Less than five per cent of the corporations owned eighty-seven per cent of all assets.

In regard to corporate incomes, one-tenth of one per cent earned fifty per cent of the net income of all of

the manufacturing corporations, less than four per cent of them earned eighty-four per cent of all the net profits of all of them.

In 1929 three-tenths of one per cent of our population received seventy-eight per cent of the dividends distributed.

In regards to the distribution of the national income, in 1935-36 forty-seven per cent of American families had incomes less than \$1,000 for the year and "at the other end of the ladder," less than one and one-half per cent of the nation's families received incomes equal to the total incomes received by the forty-seven per cent at the lower end of the scale.

These figures, in the President's opinion, do not measure the actual degree of concentration of control of industry. Various corporate and financial devices are used to maintain and control over large areas of American industry. While anxious to secure the advantages of efficient industrial growth, the President insists upon competition and declares that "if the nation's business is to be allotted by plan and not by competition" the power shall not be vested in any private group or cartel, but in the public through its democratically responsible government."

Space does not permit us to take up each of the subjects discussed by the President, who feels that one of the primary causes of our present difficulties is to be found in the disappearance of price competition in many industrial fields. This, he says, is particularly true in basic manufacture where concentrated economic power is most evident and where rigid prices and fluctuating payrolls are general.

Mr. Roosevelt says that in industries like cement and steel, where prices have remained firm in the face of a falling demand, payrolls have shrunk as much as forty and fifty per cent in recent months. This, he asserts, "is no accident." He points out that in most competitive industries, where the prices adjust themselves quickly to falling demands,

ELMO NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Gilliam Twine and son, Ray, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Twine.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeland Chappell and children spent Sunday with Mr. Chappell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kay Chappell.

Miss Syble Jordan spent Saturday night with Misses Clara and Irene Twine.

Mrs. Bob Twine spent the week-end in Greenville with her husband and children.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Lamb and children, Ray and Kathryn, visited Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Twine Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston Dail and William Twine were in Edenton on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Josie Chappell spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. N. B. Dail.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Twine, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Twine went to Hertford Saturday evening.

Miss Thelma Chappell has returned home after spending several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Freeland Chappell.

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Plenty of Music in Library
The music department of Vienna's National library contains some 20,000 books of printed music, some 12,000 volumes of MSS., and more than 8,000 books of musical literature for reference.

Guard against DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
WITH PALMOLIVE
MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS - KEEPS SKIN YOUNG AND LOVELY
OUR PRICE

- Red Super Suds, 3 for 25c
- Blue Super Suds, 3 for 25c
- (Get clothes "Hospital Clean")
- Octagon (Giant) Soap, 3 for 14c
- Octagon Powder, 3 for 14c
- Octagon Toilet, 3 for 14c
- Octagon Cleanser, 2 for 9c
- Octagon Chips, 2 for 18c
- Octagon Granulated, 2 for 18c
- Crystal White Soap, 3 for 14c
- Hollywood Beauty Soap, 3 for 14c
- Creme Oil Soap, 3 for 14c
- Klex (Pomice) Soap, 3 for 14c

Central Grocery
HERTFORD, N. C.

TAYLOR THEATRE

EDENTON, N. C. THE BEST ENTERTAINMENT

Today (Thursday) May 12—
Kay Francis and Pat O'Brien in "WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT"
NEWS — ORCHESTRA

Friday, May 13—
Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and Cecilia Parker in "JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN"
ACT — MUSICAL

Saturday, May 14—
William Boyd in "CASSIDY OF BAR 20"
Last Chapter "Zorro Rides Again"
First Chapter "The Lone Ranger"
OUR GANG COMEDY
OWL SHOW—11:15
CLAIRE TREVOR and MICHAEL WHALEN in
"Walking Down Broadway"

Monday and Tuesday, May 16-17—
The Greatest Adventure Drama of All Time
Gary Cooper in "THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO"
With BASIL RATHBONE, BINNIE BARNES
And Introducing SIGRID GURIE

Coming Monday, May 23—
JESSE CRAWFORD IN PERSON
SOON—
"Her Jungle Love," "Cocoanut Grove" "Test Pilot"