RESUME

Laurel and Hardy, in Switzerland, the land of cheese manufacture, to sell their Miracle Mousetraps, dispose of their entire output for 5,000 Bovanian francs. They celebrate their newly acquired fortune by wining and dining lavishly at the Alpen Hotel. They pay their bill with the 5,000 franc note and discover it is counterfeit. Luigi, the manager, puts them to work in the kitchen to pay off their debt. Their boss is Franzelhuber, the chef, who hates them because they ordered apple pie for the dinner for which they could not pay. The Alpen Hotel has only one guest—the great composer, Victor Albert. Victor has taken over the entire Inn to insure the peace and quiet he needs to compose the perfect Swiss peasant opera. Victor's wife, Anna Hoefel, Viennese musical star, discovers his hideaway and follows him. Victor insists she return to Vienna. She meets Laurel and Hardy who tell her why they are working at the hotel. It gives her an idea.

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Chapter Two

ALL HANDS ON DECK

Miss Anna Hoefel, Vienna's most famous star, and the charming wife of Victor Albert, composer extraordinary, marched to the dining room bent upon mischief. Leading the way were those two Tyrolean-clad, gentlemen of all work, Messrs. Laurel and Hardy, formerly the owners, distributors and inventors of the Mousetrap upon evil times.

In the dining room, Anna sent for the manager. Luigi came at once to discover that the most beautiful blonde in the world—the most stunningly gowned lady ever to enter the Alpen Hotel, wanted a special dinner, with suggestions from none other than the great Luigi himself!

The manager bowed and scraped and assured her that her every wish could be fulfilled. Anna smiled. Then—might she not make one further request? She wanted no waiters other than the two gentlemen who had disappeared into the kitchen.

Franzelhuber, the chef, fumed and raged. So! They were to be waiters, these two cheats who had dined to the fullest, humiliated him by demanding apple pie—and then proven themselves penniless! Waiters, eh? These two, whom Luigi had relegated to dishwashing to pay off their bill! Franzelhuber roared with fury but the manager remained adamant. It was what the lady requested. It was what the lady would get.

"Who is she?" shouted Franzelhuber.

"I don't know," replied Luigi. "But she's beautiful!"

Messrs. Laurel and Hardy marched from kitchen to dining room, the garnished, laden trays perfectly balanced on their palms. There was jubilation in their manner. Waiting on table was definitely a turn for the better!

Her meal finished, Anna, with charming ease explained her dilemma to Luigi. Yes, the dinner was excellent! Most certainly she was pleased. But — she had no money.

"No money?" screamed Luigi.

"No money," she answered firmly.

Within five minutes, Anna was scrubbing the lobby floor, the full skirts of her newly donned Tyrolean costume, tucked up carefully out of the suds.

Eventually Luigi punished her to vent his rage, storming up and down, avoiding the small puddles of water she threw in his way.

"Corpo di mille bombe," he screamed and bellowed his rage in four different languages. "You no can pay—you go to work! You'll make beds—scrub the floor — dust the dust—" He shook an angry finger in her face—" you dust the dust right now—in the Maestro's suite," he ordered.

Anna leaped to her feet and ran, not walked, to Victor's door. She entered softly and sat down to listen to the new song he was composing. She tip-toed to the piano. Her shadow startled him and he jumped to his feet. With one glance he realized the Tyrolean-clad chambermaid was his wife.

"Take off that silly costume," he shouted, "and get out of this hotel."

"I'm afraid that's impossible," she answered. "Besides, this costume isn't silly."

"Can I take you to the Alpenfest tomorrow?"

"It is," he raged.

"Then why do you demand the entire hotel staff be dressed this way?"

"The staff? That has nothing to do with you!"

"Oh yes it has," she smiled. "The manager insisted I wear this. Don't you think I make a pretty chambermaid?"

"No you don't. You don't look like any kind of maid. That costume isn't fooling anyone!"

"I'm sorry, sir," she said penitently, "but I haven't time to argue. I must finish my duties."

"I'm not going to have you interfering with my work," he cried. "Edward!" His valet hurried into the room. "Edward — get the manager—" he turned on Anna savagely. "I'll have you thrown out."

Anna's eyes flashed angrily. "What a morsel for the Vienna newspapers! I can see the headlines: 'Famous Composer Has Wife Thrown Out of Swiss Hotel!'—and I'll give them all the sordid details!"

Victor groaned aloud and buried his head in his hands. From the hall came the voices of Luigi and Edward. Anna fled from the room, as Victor shouted his complaint: "I want a place where I can be alone and work in peace! How do you expect me to work in my room with chambermaids running in and out—"

Anna ran down the stairs to escape the coming argument. She made for the kitchen hoping to find her other two companions in disgrace, but Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy had been sent to scrub up the stairs.

Franzelhuber's dour face wreathed in smiles as she entered. His manner was so shy that Anna patted his arm reassuringly. "Are you afraid of me?" she asked softly.

His chest swelled. "I am afraid of nobody!"

"Do you like me?" she sighed.

Franzelhuber put down his cleaver and stared at her dreamy-eyed. "From the minute I see you, I am crazy about you. You make my heart go bumpety-bump."

Luigi stormed into the kitchen and she took to her heels. In the lobby she found Stan and Oliver scrubbing the stairs.

Oliver stood up, pushing aside the bucket of water so she might pass. "Pardon me," he bowed.

She pinched his cheek. "You're so sweet. And I never did thank you for helping me get into this hotel. How can I ever repay you?"

Stan waved at her from the head of the stairs. "Maybe you can show us how to get out," he called.

Anna looked up to smile at him and noticed that Victor was spying upon her from behind a pillar on the landing above. She realized that he didn't know she'd seen him. She seized the occasion to press her own ideas. She turned to Oliver. "If you didn't know me, wouldn't you think I was really a peasant girl?"

Mr. Hardy teetered back and forth. "I'll say I would. The prettiest peasant girl I've ever seen!"

Anna shot a quick glance to the landing. Victor was still there. She smiled coquettishly. "And—if you were married to a girl like me and I were madly in love with you—would you run away from me?"

"Run away from you," protested Oliver. "On the contrary!" His hand flew to his heart. "If I were married to a beautiful girl like you, nothing could ever part us; your world would be my world. Wither you went I would follow—across the seven seas—through the burning desert—as long as you were by my side!"

Anna assured herself that Victor still listened. "How beautiful!" she murmured. "And would you grant my every wish?"

"I'll say he would," shouted Stan.

Luigi's arrival broke up the tableau. Stan and Oliver fell to scrubbing with might and main and Anna hurried up the stairs.

She hummed gaily as she passed the pillar. She knew she had proven to Victor she could play the peasant chambermaid as convincingly as the lady!

But Mr. Hardy, alas, not realizing the perfidy of women, took her words to heart. He mooned through the day. Came nightfall, he knew he must express his love. But how? He pondered the question.

"Why don't you serenade her, Ollie?" suggested Stan.

The perfect idea!

Late that night, Mr. Hardy tiptoed along the garden wall to the servant's quarters. Mr. Laurel staggered under the weight of a huge tuba. They stopped at a window and Oliver tapped at it gently. The shutters flew open and Anna's face appeared. For a moment she was startled.

"Oh—" she cried. "What are you doing here?"

Stan pointed to Oliver. "He's got something to tell you."

Oliver dug his toe in the ground and lowered his head. In a soft voice he rendered a touching poem of love!

"If I were a horsefly
And you were some honey
I'd get stuck on you.
Wouldn't that be funny."

Anna surpressed a laugh and clapped her hands. "How beautiful," she murmured.

Mr. Hardy looked up at her wide-eyed. "Anna," he whispered, "would you—that is—would you let me—"

For a moment she thought he was going to ask to kiss her—

"Would you," he stumbled on, "let me take you to the Alpenfest tomorrow?"

"The Alpenfest?" she asked wonderingly.

"Yes. It's the festival—all the countryside gathers here for merry-making. There'll be folk dancing—singing — and Gypsy fortune telling—"

"Gipsy fortune-telling?" she asked quickly. "Wait a minute. I've an idea. Will you help me?"

"I'll do anything in the world for you," he sighed.

She leaned out the window. "Meet me here tomorrow at sunrise. I'll tell you my plan."

"We'll be here!" Oliver promised warmly. She waved them goodnight. Oliver's sigh came from his very depths.

"Say, Ollie," protested Stan, "you forgot to serenade her."

Oliver snapped his fingers. "You're right. Let's do it now!"

Stan blew lustily on the tuba and Oliver's voice rose strong and clear in "Let Me Call You Sweetheart."

An upper window flew open and the chef's head shot out. "What are you playing music at this hour for?" he roared.

Stan pointed to Anna's window. "Ollie's serenading his sweetheart, Anna, the chambermaid."

"For what?"

"Why he's in love with her," Stan explained. "She's in love with him, too."

For a moment the chef thrashed about wildly as if trying to seize a cleaver out of mid-air. "Let me tell you something," he bellowed. "Anna is my girl! And she's in love with me. And I'll let nobody come between us. Listen to me, you two! If I ever see you talking to her again I'll—I'll skin you alive!"

He leaned so far out as he spoke he all but fell on top of them.

With a quick grab for the tuba, Messrs. Laurel and Hardy stumbled hastily from the garden.

The boys have promised to meet Anna at sunrise at that very spot! Will Franzelhuber discover them? Don't miss the next concluding chapter.

BETHEL NEWS

Miss Anna White returned to her home in Elizabeth City Sunday after a visit of two weeks with her sister, Mrs. Maggie C. Broughton.

Mrs. R. L. Ward and daughter, Catherine, of North Edenton, spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. W. C. Perry.

Miss Leone Williams, of Hopewell, Va., spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. Beulah Williams.

Mrs. Vashti White and little son, Vernon, are visiting Mrs. Arthur Laney, in Norfolk, Va.

Misses Pencie and Esther Ward spent the week-end with Mrs. A. J. Parrish, at Ballahack.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Long and Mrs. Deadie Long, of Elizabeth City, spent Sunday afternoon with relatives here.

Mrs. Maggie C. Broughton is visiting her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Gatling, in Suffolk.

Mrs. Mary A. Keaton and Mrs. Elmer Wood, of Snow Hill; Misses Ruby and Eloise Keaton, of Hertford, were guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Long on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Chappell and children, Mary Inez and R. S., Jr., visited Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Perry, at Ballahack, Sunday afternoon.

Miss Julia Goodwin, of Rocky Hock, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. W. C. Perry.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bagley and children, of Norfolk, Va., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Phillips.

Miss Cornie Lee Ward spent a few days last week at Snow Hill with Miss Eloise Keaton.

Mr. and Mrs. William Myers and children, of Williamston, spent Sunday here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Butt and children, of New Hope, were guests of Mrs. Butt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hobbs, on Sunday.

AGED WHISKY

Sound vibrations used to age whisky are said to produce in seven hours the equivalent of four years aging in wood.

CHAPANOKE NEWS

Mrs. C. L. Jackson spent Wednesday and Thursday in Elizabeth City with her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Perry.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Stallings, Miss Al Whitehead and Bill Trueblood were visitors in Elizabeth City Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Asbell and family, Mr. and Mrs. George Hall and son were in Hertford Saturday evening.

Mrs. Tom White, of Winfall, visited her mother, Mrs. J. P. Elliott, on Thursday.

Miss Dona White, of Winfall, was the guest of Miss Louise Wilson on Wednesday.

Miss Dona White and Mrs. John Lane, of Winfall, Miss Louise Wilson and Mrs. J. C. Wilson were in Elizabeth City on Thursday.

The many friends of Mrs. Irma D'Orsay will be glad to know that she is able to be out again after a few days' illness.

Mrs. John Asbell and daughter visited Mrs. J. P. Elliott Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey Russell, from near Elizabeth City, are visiting Mrs. Elihu Lane.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Perry and their daughter, of New Hope, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Quincy Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Bertha Whitehead, Miss Al Whitehead and C. A. Ownley visited Mrs. J. O. White, near Hertford, on Sunday.

Mrs. Irma D'Orsay left Monday to spend a few days in Edenton.

Mrs. John Asbell and children spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Norfolk, Va.

Mrs. J. H. Symons and son accompanied by Mrs. Daisy Perry were in Hertford on Monday.

Most Fantastic Highway

The Tyin-Ardal road in Norway, often called the most fantastic highway in Europe, is 26 miles long and drops 3,500 feet in a series of 43 hairpin bends.

BETHEL CLUB MEETS

The Bethel Home Demonstration Club met Friday afternoon at the school house with Mrs. J. M. Fleetwood and Mrs. M. T. Griffin as hostesses. As each member answered to the roll call she told what her hobby was and why she chose it. A program on "Making Home More Attractive" was given with several of the members making a short talk on a different subject. Miss Hamrick, home agent, also made a talk along the same lines.

During the social hour the hostesses served delicious ice cream.

Those present included Mrs. E. J. Proctor, Mrs. Seth W. Long, Mrs. T. C. Chappell, Mrs. W. D. Perry, Mrs. E. L. Goodwin, Mrs. C. T. Phillips, Mrs. W. N. White, Mrs. L. A. Proctor, Mrs. C. H. Ward, Mrs. E. T. Phillips, Mrs. C. E. White, Mrs. Leroy Goodwin, Mrs. S. I. Cullipher, Mrs. J. J. Phillips, Mrs. J. M. Fleetwood, Mrs. M. T. Griffin, Misses Gladys Hamrick, Gertie Chappell, Frances Fleetwood, Blanche Goodwin, Virginia Umphlett, Ruth Mansfield and Jayne Griffin.

CROSS ROADS

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Perry had as their guests Sunday afternoon Mr and Mrs. Lee Leary and children.

Dr. and Mrs. M. P. Whichard, of Edenton, visited Mrs. Z. W. Evans and Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Evans Sunday morning.

Mrs. Cam White, of Manteo, spent Thursday night and Friday with Miss Pattie Winborne.

Miss Annie Belle Privott, a student at E. C. T. C., Greenville, and Earl Privott, of Rocky Mount, spent the week-end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Privott.

Mrs. W. A. Perry spent Monday morning visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Latane Palmer, of Heathsville, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Peston Tingle, Miss June Norris and Sonny Norris, of Kilmarnock, Va., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Elliott. They were accompanied home by C. P. Palmer.

Mrs. Tom Davis, of Rocky Mount, spent the week-end with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey Privott. Mrs. Privott remains very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey Evans and son, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Asbell and daughter, Miss Kathleen, attended the baccalaureate sermon at Sunbury High School on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Drew Welch and W. D. Welch spent Sunday at Louisburg with Mr. and Mrs. Bob Welch. They were accompanied home by Mrs. W. D. Welch, who had been visiting in Gastonia and Louisburg.

Mrs. E. N. Elliott visited Mrs. W. H. Winborne Thursday afternoon.

Misses Alma and Eleanor Winslow had company from Chicod Sunday afternoon.

Eugene Perry, who has been working with the Cannon's Ferry Fish Company during the fishing season, has returned to his home at Colerain.

R. V. Knight and Henry Gray Shelton, of Tarboro, visited Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Elliott Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Lindsey Evans and Mrs. E. N. Elliott visited Mrs. E. L. Winslow Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Hollowell and daughter spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Grover Hollowell, at Corapeake.

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Evans will attend the State Democratic Convention in Raleigh Thursday. From there Mrs. Evans will go to Greensboro to attend the commencement exercises at Greensboro Woman's College.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hollowell and son visited Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Leary, Sr., in Rocky Hock, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hollowell and son spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh Hobbs, at Hobbsville.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hollowell made a business trip to Suffolk, Va., Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Harrell, of Brayhall; Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Boyce, of Center Hill; Miss Mary Leary, of Rocky Hock; O. C. Long, of Edenton; Miss Marie Asbell and Luke Hollowell were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hollowell Wednesday evening.

Alphonso Jordan has gone to Raleigh, where he has accepted a position.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Leary visited Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hollowell Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Jordan, Sr., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jordan, in Gates County.

All of the teachers except Mr. Barnett have gone to their homes for the summer. He will leave next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hollowell and daughter, of Edenton, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hollowell.

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Baumgardner and daughter called in the afternoon.

Misses Alma and Eleanor Winslow visited Mrs. R. H. Hollowell Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. D. M. Robertson and children have returned to their home at Mars Hill, after a visit with Miss Lois Savage and J. L. Savage.

Miss Lillian Styron and Mrs. Joe Lewis, of Morehead City, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alma Boyce.

Mrs. Thomas W. Elliott, of Edenton, was the dinner guest of Mrs Lindsey Evans Monday.

Mrs. Sallie Castello and Miss Adkins, of Aulander, spent Sunday with Mrs. B. M. Hollowell, Sr.

Weldon Hollowell, a student at Wake Forest College, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Hollowell, Sr.

Mrs. A. S. Bush, Miss Helen Blanchard and Watson Blanchard spent Friday and Saturday in Norfolk, Va. Watson Blanchard remained in Norfolk, where he has accepted a position.

E. N. Elliott made a business trip to Norfolk, Va., Tuesday.

Live goats and even bulls have been let down by parachutes from airplanes, to transport fresh meat to Italian troops in Ethiopia.

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Octagon Granulated, 2 for 18c
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Z. A. HARRIS
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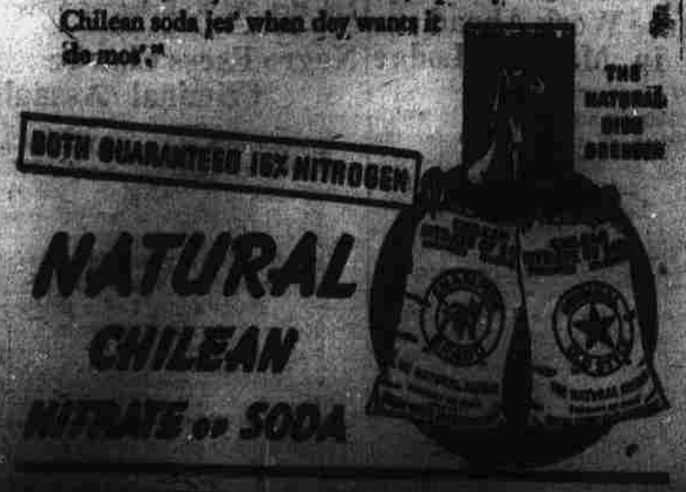
"Crops likes to be fed natchel," says Uncle Natchel. "Plenty of de bes' natchel food jes' when dey wants it de mos'. Not jes' a bite at de beginning, den go hungry de res' o' de time."

That means a good healthy side dressing of Chilean Soda. Because it is natural plant food, it's got plenty of nitrate and small amounts of other plant food elements naturally blended with it. They're not added. They're there, blended by nature.

So give your crops a natchel side dressing. "Dat's de secrut," says Uncle Natchel, "plenty of natchel Chilean soda jes' when dey wants it de mos'."



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