

## Folks and Events

Gordon Poindexter was talking to Fred Moseley and Brodie Jones in front of the drug store Wednesday evening when Gordon asked Fred if the town of Warrenton didn't have a small roller suitable for use in rolling soil for lawns.

Fred answered that it did and Gordon wanted to know where to find it.

"I don't know," he answered, "Get Brodie here to ask through the paper for the last man who had it let you know. The town roller has been, you know, kinder used around anywhere."

Well, read 'em and return the roller.

"Dream of Love," a picture sponsored by the Woman's Auxiliary of the American Legion, Limer Post, was shown here Monday evening at the Imperial, and the show drew many who were pleased. Proceeds were for the boys at Oteen. People here enjoyed the movie and helped a splendid cause.

Around town these days one frequently hears the opinion expressed that it would be good sense and good government to sell the hotel and invest the money in a town water system. Incidentally, one of the best comments about the water came some time ago when a guest at the hotel asked a regular boarder, "What's wrong with this water? It's so muddy."

"Or the water is all right. We just keep it in a charred keg."

"Be burned if it tastes like it," the visitor remarked.

"The coffers of the town need some cash," Chief of Police M. M. Drake commented on a visit to the office this week. "Please call attention to this fact, and ask that the people pay their taxes now."

The tax books are in the custody of Mr. Drake, and he says "it is always a pleasure for me to write a receipt."

Sheriff Williams is rather anxious for tax money, too. His request was similar to Chief Drake's only county-wide in scope. Sheriff wants all taxes paid as promptly as possible.

Favorable comment is being heard about the front of W. A. Miles Hardware Co. store. Mr. Miles went in for orange paint and an attractive entrance is the result.

Work on the Parish House at the Episcopal church is being carried forward rapidly by Contractor Smiley and indications are that it is going to be a rather attractive building when completed and a fitting memorial.

### THE TORCH

The following books have been received during the week: "The Angel That Troubled the Waters," a play by Thornton Wilder, presented by Mrs. Van Davis; "Living Things Around Us," a study in nature and agriculture, Thomas, from W. E. Davis; Book of Travels, Talmadge, from Miss Fannie Martin; "High Heart," King, Mrs. M. E. Grant; "The Linger-Nots and Their Golden Quest," book for girls, Kitty Gregory; "November Night," by the author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out," Mrs. M. C. Winston. The following books adapted to high school readers were presented by J. Edward Allen: "Essays Old and New," edited by Essie Chamberlain; "Modern American and British Poetry," Untermyer; "More One-Act Plays," Cohen; "Adventures in Literature," two volumes, edited by Ross and Schweikert.

Recent purchases include "Mary Queen of Scots," Siebert; "Welfare Work in Mill Villages," Herring; "Anthology of World Poetry," Van Doren; "Chinese Rugs," Leitch; "Carolina Folk Plays," Koch; "Kingdom of God and others plays," Sierra; "The Angel Child," Perkins; "She Walks in Beauty," Powell; "This Strange Adventure," Rinehart; "The Village Doctor," Kaye-Smith; "Dear Senator," Huston; "Fire Down Below," Irwin.

Notice of a consignment for the "Mind Alcove" has been received. The list will be published later.

**FOR SALE—SIX GOOD WORKING** mules, weighing from 1000 to 1200 pounds. Reason for sale, settling the Milby estate. For further information see E. H. Pinnell or S. H. Limer, Warrenton. m22-2tc

**LOST PIG—BLACK AND WHITE** spotted pig strayed from my home on February 12. Finder please notify Oscar Harris, Marmaduke.

**FOR SALE—100 BUSHELS PORTO** Rico seed sweet potatoes. \$1.00 per bushel. J. K. Pinnell, Warrenton. m22-4t

**FULL LINE EASTER HATS,** Dresses and Shoes can be found at N. P. Mark's, Warrenton.

### North Carolina Is Not In Federal Patronage Probe

WASHINGTON, March 20.—North Carolina is in exclusive company again.

No complaints have been registered with Senator Brookhart's patronage probing committee from the Old North State. It is the only Southern State outside of Virginia that hasn't filed complaints about patronage scandals.

Extension of its investigation into "practically every state" in the South was promised today by Chairman Brookhart, of the Senate patronage committee, but he said tonight that he had received no complaints from North Carolina.

"Will you investigate North Carolina?" he was asked after the word had gone out that he would make a clean sweep of the South. "We have received no complaints," he replied.

He added that his committee could hardly start an investigation in any state unless it had complaints. He has plenty of them from other Southern states.

The inquiry has been confined to South Carolina, Mississippi, Georgia and Texas, but it is expected to be extended to Tennessee and Louisiana. The date for resuming the investigation will not be determined until the return of Senator McKellar of Tennessee.

### Marmaduke Itmes

We were all sorry to lose our neighbor, Mrs. Bettie W. Davis, who went to Henderson to make her home with her son, Charlie W. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Robertson visited in the homes of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davis and Mrs. Bettie Haithcock on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. K. P. Alston of Hollister spent a few days recently with his grandmother, Mrs. C. H. Powell.

Mr. E. C. Robertson attended services in Warrenton Sunday night.

Mrs. Joe D. Riggan and son of Mountain View spent last week with her mother of this place.

Miss Bessie Powell spent last Thursday night in the home of her uncle, Mr. H. C. Davis.

Miss Nora Davis spent Friday with Miss Bessie Powell.

Mrs. Coro H. Powell had quite a few visitors to call on her last Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. H. C. Davis had her sister, Mrs. Jim Finch, of Henderson to spend several days with her recently.

Mrs. J. C. Pridgen of Norlina called on her mother a short while Thursday afternoon.

Messrs. Owen and Clifford Robertson attended the basketball game in Weldon one night recently.

Miss Edna Clark spent last Friday in Raleigh where several of the other school girls went sightseeing.

# TARZAN THE MIGHTY

Novelized by ARTHUR B. REEVE, From an original Serial produced by UNIVERSAL PICTURES CORPORATION, by special arrangement with EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Author of TARZAN OF THE APES, THE CAVE GIRL, etc.

### Chapter I JUNGLE KING

"Dance!"  
The girl, a gleaming blonde beauty, figure full, delicate, voluptuously formed, clad in a single leopard skin, drew away from the menace of the eyes and voice of the dark white man, reversion to the elemental, a thousand miles from civilization.

"Dance, I tell you!" hissed Black John through his wolfish teeth.

Her eyes, deeper and more blue than any lake of the Dark Continent, shot a quick glance to the right. There lay the jungle, teeming with wild life, fascinating, mysterious with its keen, heartless struggle for existence crowned by the survival of the fittest. It was beautiful—and relentless.

Another quick glance to the left. There was the stockade wrested by man from pitiless luxuriant nature. Mary Trevor saw the huts, the cabin to which she had been borne with her little brother Bobbie, after the wreck of the liner "Empress," sole survivors picked up Black John, the beachcomber. In a great semi-circle before the thatched huts in the stockade squatted the black-skinned natives, on one side their Patriarch, on the other the drummers with their outlandish hollowed logs covered taut with goat skins.

They were waiting for Black John to call on the spirit gods of their ancestral jungle, waiting for him to demonstrate again the power of the white-man's witchcraft.

"Dance!"  
An instant her eyes turned heavenward as she wafted a prayer. Above swayed the tangle of tropical moss and rope-vines. It was a glorious wild picture of nature—"where every prospect pleases—and only man is vile."

Black John seized Mary in vice-like grip by the wrists.

"Dance! Dance at this ceremony of the Curse of Tarzan! The next time, remember, it will be the ceremony of our wedding. Dance—or I will call the priests and perform the ceremony—now!"

With his other hand he waved. The weird sound of the native drums accompanied by the clatter of spears and aboriginal musical instruments burst forth in a pandemonium of barbaric tempo.

Black John advanced into the center of the group, descendants of now, swept on into writhings and a pirate crew that had settled in posturings of old dance halls of

the jungle generations ago, intermarried, now reduced to the primitive state of superstitious savagery—a lost village. He himself, the wayward son of a noble British family, by his superior wit and shrewdness had made himself the leader of the tribe, pretending a mastery of witchcraft.

"Tarzan and his ape people are raiding our cattle!" he cried loudly. "They are destroying our fields. They must perish!" He hung on the word as if it alone would annihilate an enemy.

Still grasping Mary Trevor, the delicate, beautiful, high-strung American castaway, by the wrist, Black John continued to harangue and exhort the villagers.

He paused before a flat stone. Seizing a brand from the council fire he applied it suddenly to little pile on the stone. Instantly there was a blinding flash and a column of smoke shot high up in the air. It was Black John's magic by way of casting a spell to set fire to some black gunpowder and overawed the villagers, as a prelude.

"This will cast a spell of terror against Tarzan," he shouted boldly. "A curse on Tarzan and his tribe! He will not dare to come near us now!"

The beating of the native drums rose in sharp staccato, the clashing of musical instruments and of spears, the weird music of native voices.

Black John pulled Mary forward by the wrist almost dislocating it by the savage force of his grasp. "Now," he whispered, "dance! Show them my power over the White Goddess who will win the favor of the Jungle Gods! Dance as you never danced before! Give it to them—all!"

Mary felt herself catapulted into the midst of the wild assemblage with the frenzied music. There was just time for one thought to flash through her mind in a split second. The dance of wild abandon was the least of many evils that might befall her. It would give her respite—if even for a day—and another day, what might another dawn bring forth?

Propelled by the force of Black John she caught herself, poised on one foot, balanced, whirled and was off in a dance that was a stone-age exaggeration of classical dancing. The weird sound of the native drums accompanied by the clatter of spears and aboriginal musical instruments burst forth in a pandemonium of barbaric tempo.

Black John advanced into the center of the group, descendants of now, swept on into writhings and a pirate crew that had settled in posturings of old dance halls of

Frisco, the tango, the maxixe of South America and wound up in the Negro movements that had captured the white dancers as she threw into them the spirit of native Africa itself.

Enthralled, the natives watched and followed the white goddess.

Far off in the jungle whence the eyes of Mary Trevor could not penetrate nor the echo of the curse reverberate, in a crotch of a great tree perched the figure of a man. In his hands he held a grass rope. About his neck hung a wonderful hunting knife in a sheath suspended by a thong.

He looped the rope and let it fly out. It caught on the limb of another tree with a peculiar loop that fastened itself. He pulled it tight, swung in a quick arc to the ground, slackened the rope and with a deft twist pulled it off the limb and down.

Handsome and erect he stood, every muscle playing smoothly as he gathered his grass rope, coiled it, and slung it over his shoulder.

Suddenly above the multitudinous sounds of the jungle he heard something that set him in quick motion crashing through the tangle. It was Teeka, the she-ape, belle of the jungle, giving a call for help. The man parted the fronds of underbrush in time to catch a glimpse of Taug, an interloper, strange to that part of the jungle, cabin they had built. Scientists grasped Teeka about to bear her against the perils of the jungle, the

off. Teeka chattered and screamed in terror.

An instance and the man with incredible quickness and strength was between them, facing Taug.

"Go back whence you came! I, Tarzan, command!"

He stretched forth his arm with an imperious gesture. But it was the voice that would have arrested and held attention. It was a human voice—but these were no human voices.

For all the beasts he knew the language, knew their names and how to call them, knew their trails and all their dangers; helped them, played and lived and suffered.

This was Tarzan, the Mighty, King of the Jungle!

### Chapter II QUEEN OF HIS KING

Into the heart of the Jungle, mysterious and fascinating, where Tantor, the elephant, prince of beasts, trumpeted to the herd, where Numa, the lion, ruler of his kind, preyed on man and beast, where lived the tiger, the rhinoceros, the crocodile, and above all the ape people who made up in shrewd cunning what they lacked in strength, years before had come two intrepid explorers, Lord and Lady Greystoke.

Delirious with the dread jungle fever, Lord Greystoke and Lady

Rosalie tossed in their bunks in the depths of her already wretched mother heart. She clasped it to her breast. Then none to say her nay. She longed with her fondling man-child. (To be continued)

If the dramatic critics paid out of their own pockets to shows, and if literary critics put their tobacco money into the public would get the

# DRESSES

Just received a large shipment

\$15.00

Georgettes, ensembles, and flat crepes. These are wonderful values and worthy of your notice.

# COATS

Spring weather now prompts discarding Winter coats. We invite your attention to our outstanding values at

\$9.95 to \$29.75

# BETTIE JOYCE FROCKS

House dresses, sizes 16 to 51—Big values

\$1.19 to \$2.25

# Cinderella

# Dresses

For Tots

Are here and going "big"—

Age 2 to 6, at

1.19 to 2.95

you will find these irresistible when you see them.



Warrenton Department Store

### THE HUNTERGRAM

A Newspaper Within A Newspaper

Vol. 1

March 22, 1929

No. 38

A. Jones, Editor

Walter White, Adv. Mgr.

We don't like to keep on harping on the subject of checkers, although it remains a popular game here, but the contest, one afternoon, between Masters Billy Peete, son of Dr. and Mrs. Charles H. Peete, and Harry Kenyon Jr., son of the popular manager of the Gold Star store, is worthy of comment. The youthful efforts drew smiles from the grown-ups, and particularly the "blowing" of each other's men.

The newest vocation is that of the farm hand in a candy factory. What does he do? He milks the chocolate.

Wife—"Is that you, Rudolph?" Reveler Rudolph—"I'll tell you, my dear, shoo ash I've looked in the jolly ole mirror."

Mabel—"Aren't you crazy for Summer?"

Gert—"Yes, I can hardly wait for the time to come when I can be as warm from my knees down as I am from my knees up."

In the Spring time a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love and a married man begins to think of his garden. Well, we have the hair tonics, razors, etc., for the former and a splendid line of garden seed for the latter. You can't stump us.

"Has he got any money?" asked her mother.

"Well, look at the ring he gave me."

"Yes, but what I mean is, has he got any left?"

### KODAK

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