

WRITER GETS NEW CAR

Edwin H. Badger, publicity manager of the Dominguez Land Corporation, is the proud possessor of a handsome new Hudson six-cylinder coupe, with disc wheels, spare tire on the running board, and everything. The new acquisition to

the many beautiful cars recently purchased by residents of Torrance was purchased by Mr. Badger through Fred Palmer of the Palmer Service Station, local agent for the well known car.

After you have read this paper—pass it along!

Good Morning!
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MONDAY AND TUESDAY, MARCH 26-27

8 Bars Ben Hur Soap.....	\$.45
2 Bars Creme Oil Soap.....	.20
1 Lk. Pkg. Peet's Washing Machine Soap.....	.40
Total.....	\$1.05
Sale Price.....	.80
4 Bars Creme Oil Soap.....	.25

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Easter—Tide at Jerusalem

It is Holy week, and from every direction people are pouring into Jerusalem. From our car far out on the Military highway we see a long, black line a mile or more in length. They are pilgrims, Mahomet, our Arab dragonan, informs us. Leaving their boat at Jaffa they have tramped all the way to the Holy City for the Easter celebration, the mecca of the faithful.

Even the narrow streets of Haifa are agog with Easter joy-makers, and though scarcely six feet wide in some places, the original pavement of rocks and stones mere alleys, they lead us past human habitations where there is the sound of happy voices humming



Via Dolorosa, Along Which Christ Traveled on the Road to Calvary.

Easter carols, always singing, "Christ Is Risen" even before the day itself. And everywhere they are coloring eggs, arranging bouquets of flowers in the windows, and hanging festoons of vines and wreaths of scarlet anemones about the open doorways. Margined on the left beyond the gate, is the blue of the Mediterranean where the fishermen are also chanting of their Easter joys.

At quaint picturesque Joppa on the sea front we enter the gateway, passing through narrow streets much like those in Haifa, between tall stone walls, up one broad, low flight of paved stone steps after another, passing native women and children with their water jars who wish us Easter joys that we reciprocate, until at last we come to the house of Simon the Tanner. Is there another like it in the whole wide world? It is gray and hoary with age, and in its side wall is a primitive water wheel.

Samarra is not far distant, Mahomet intimates, and we wonder if we are dreaming when we actually see the Woman of Samarra at the well, just as she is pictured in the Bible. Bethel, too, is but a stone's throw away and we spend a couple of hours there resting under the fig trees watching the children plait the wild geranium wreaths they will wear round their heads and necks when they go to church Easter morning.

We spend that night in the home of our Zionist host in Jerusalem, but early on the morrow again fare forth to Jericho and the Dead sea, crossing the towering slopes of Olivet, and again passing through peaceful little Bethany, where pilgrims are already setting forth for the city to sell their



Entrance to the Church of the Assumption, Jerusalem.

wreaths, eggs and sweet-cakes to worshippers at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

At Bethlehem we visit the Church of the Nativity with its splendid columns from the Temple of Solomon, where Christ taught the Wise Men. It is under military protection, yet filled and overflowing with natives worshipping on or near the spot, marked by a

marble slab and a silver star, where once stood the manger in which Jesus was born. At Rachel's tomb we find military guardians also, as there will be, of course, until the question is settled as to Palestine's future. We buy a wreath from a native child and place it on the tomb, already heaped with offerings.

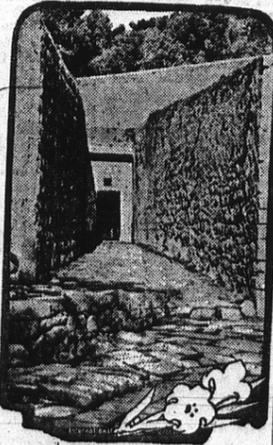
First comes the Washing of the Feet, a survival of a miracle play, which we witness with a multitude of pilgrims from the high windows and roof of the Greek convent. The chief event of the week, however, is the Holy fire for which we take our places early in the morning, for the doors are sealed at twelve o'clock. Spectators are clustered thickly together, deep in archways and rotundas, where small wooden platforms have been erected, and there on their rugs and carpets they sleep all Holy week with their babies, food and other luggage.

An hour's rest and a bit of refreshment and we are back for the midnight service. Later we follow the crowds down the stairs, out into the starlight to the narrow steps leading to Calvary, where amidst the shimmer of silver lamps there is a service, with Easter chants as sweet and haunting as the "Pilgrim's Chorus." Even as we ponder over the worn steps there is a tumult of bells and a cry of rejoicing, as from one throat, "Christ is risen!"

We follow the crowd back to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher where they are having the procession, the pilgrims partaking of holy communion in the courtyard on the very spot that marks the tomb. When it is all over, the crowds gradually disperse, the priest scattering blossoms over them as they pass; but the bells never cease their tolling of the resurrection message.

Too wide awake to even think of going to bed, we eat with relish the breakfast awaiting us, and when we have finished this repast we run away from our dragoman, preferring to visit, without a cicerone, some of the sacred places where the great events in Christ's life took place. Out into the sweet Easter dawn we hasten, past the Market of David, the Wall of Wailing, through the Street of Sorrows where Pontius Pilate condemned Christ to death, until at last we reach the road, the Via Dolorosa itself. Like a dusty white ribbon it threads its way between the city bulwarks to the hills of the Mount of Olives, honey-combed with tombs all the way to the Garden of Gethsemane. It is the same road over which Christ passed on Palm Sunday when the multitudes followed crying, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" There is the same piteous crowd of humanity all along the way, lying as it does in the Valley of Jehosaphat—lepers, blind, halt, poor, aged, all supplicating passersby.

At last we pause and peer over the wall at a hill—Calvary, Golgotha, or the Sign of the Skull. Onward we press to the palm garden to view the



Grotto of Agony.

tall monarchs from which the natives pluck the leaves they scatter along the road on Palm Sunday. Further on we cross the brook Cedron and enter the Garden of Gethsemane, now kept by French monks, where we sit under the ancient olive trees in their little inclosures, our hearts reverently whispering, "Christ is risen!"

Faith Brought Forth by War.
The great harvest of death in France brought the subject of life everlasting more closely home to millions of men and women than it was ever brought before and has made Easter a more significant festival, for it stands for resurrection and only faith in that doctrine, that mystery, can reconcile those who make the great sacrifice to their fate or can console those who mourn. The very war itself has instilled this faith. Whenever soldiers who have been at the front express themselves on the subject it is to show belief in a future life. The testimony of chaplains and of nurses is that the men do not consider the destruction of their bodies the end of all.—New York Sun.

EASTER

A struggling bud;
Perhaps an early flower;
New life
Pulsating through the world
With every hour.

New life,
New hope and new endeavor;
Give us
This thought
For Easter—ever.
—Blanche Antisdel McClure.

'Brothers Under the Skin' Is Great

A diverting comedy of modern marriage is the Goldwyn photoplay, adapted from a magazine story by Peter B. Kyne, "Brothers Under the Skin," which will be the attraction at the Torrance theatre on Saturday, March 31. Its thesis, that all men are brothers, when no matter what their economic or social station in life, is one that permitted Mr. Kyne to weave a story about two New York house-

holds, one in a poverty-stricken flat, the other in a gilded Riverside Drive apartment house, that lent itself to veracious comedy treatment.

Mr. Kyne was aided by Director E. Mason Hopper in making this transcript of marital struggles a real, and an amusing, human document. The vein of comedy, tapped early in the first reel, yields excellent tonnage of laughter until the final foot of the last reel.

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