

Torrance Herald

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Chemists Fight Ignorance Waging War On Wasters

WAR on ignorance has been declared by the chemist, says Dr. Leo Hendrick Baekeland of New York, president of the American Chemical Society. Waste, disease, poverty, misery, sorrow and narrow-mindedness are the brood which chemical science has singled out for attack, Prof. Baekeland says.

"The outbreak of the war compelled the uninformed public to realize the importance of the chemist in the United States, and that the words chemist and pharmacist are not synonymous—also that Germany was not the only place on earth where chemists may be born or raised," Prof. Baekeland declares. "German chemists had been remarkably advertised, but it came to be known that several other lands, some of them much smaller in size and population, showed a very favorable comparison with that country in their contributions to chemical progress.

"At the beginning of the war, when there was a shortage of dye, it was held as a reproach to our chemists that they had not developed an aniline dye industry. But the main reason for this was that for many years our legislators had been 'taken in' by adroit propaganda which made them believe that Germany was exclusively suited for this industry, and which led them to vote unfavorable tariff laws.

"The war forced us to correct our errors, and our chemists showed impressive resourcefulness and adaptability in creating many gigantic chemical industries which, until then, had been stunted, in the United States. "The war is over now—and the chemist is back on the job. The kind of war he prefers is a war of peace, where he wears no uniform, although sometimes he risks his life as much as in the trenches.

"His war now is against waste, disease, poverty, misery, sorrow, narrow-mindedness—a war against ignorance, which breeds all of these calamities. While he is waging this war his strength, his power for good, should not depend exclusively on knowledge. Knowledge alone is a two-edged sword sometimes very dangerous to its possessor.

"The human race has suffered as often from knowledge without idealism as from idealism without knowledge. It is the task of our schools, our colleges, our universities, to teach this to our graduating chemists; it is the duty of our chemists to work and live accordingly.

"Along this line of effort, what every chemist should strive for individually, our American Chemical Society must aim at collectively. It can do many things in that direction. It can help to implant this gospel in our educational programs. It can teach that greater power, greater wealth, claim higher responsibilities, greater service, whether the possessor be an individual, a corporation, a chemical society, or a nation.

"It can teach Congress better to appreciate the great value to the nation of the scientific department of our government and to insure better treatment of many men who are doing excellent work there, although their usefulness is little understood by the masses.

"It can enlighten the public at large about the full scope of chemical science. The average man becomes acquainted with the achievements of chemistry only as they have led to visible results in our industries. But he does not know that there exists today in the United States a numerous group of men, little known outside their own field, who are building up the very foundations on which future progress of our science and all useful application depend."

Trust-Buster Is Diplomat Career of Frank Kellogg

WHEN the allied conference on reparations in London needed a man for the delicate role of mediator, it was a famed "trust-buster" from Minnesota who got the job.

Frank B. Kellogg, the American ambassador in Great Britain, who, while an unofficial sinner-in on the conference, was thrust by circumstance into its most important part, first won nation-wide prominence as special counsel for the government in cases against the paper and oil trusts.

When he became the envoy to London last year in succession to George Harvey, a "mild reservationist" friend of the League of Nations and a supporter of the world court succeeded an irreconcilable at the most important ambassadorial post in Europe. Kellogg is of the type of extreme caution.

Frank Billings Kellogg was born at Potsdam, N. Y., December 22, 1856. When 9 years old he went to Minnesota with his parents, where he was educated in the common schools, and was admitted to the bar in 1877.

Kellogg first hung out his shingle in Rochester, Minn., but removed to St. Paul in 1887, where he has since lived and practiced law.

After representing the United States in the battle with the trusts he was elected to the United States senate as a Republican for the term 1917-23, and was defeated for re-election by Henrik Shipstead, Farmer-abor candidate. Then came his appointment to London.

It's a Duty to Be Happy

Plain Sense in Sanskrit

By CLARK KINNARD

THERE are persons in the world who cannot feel grateful unless the favor has been done them at the cost of pain and difficulty.

Robert Louis Stevenson calls this a "churlish disposition," and goes on to say: "A man may send you six sheets of letter-paper covered with the most entertaining gossip, or you may pass a half an hour pleasantly, perhaps profitably, over an article of his: do you think the service would be greater if he had made the manuscript in his heart's blood, like a compact with the devil?"

Stevenson contends pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality of mercy, they are not strained, and they are twice blest.

"There must always be two to a kiss, and there may be a score in a jest; but wherever there is an element of sacrifice, the favor is conferred with pain, and, among generous people, received with confusion."

"There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy," Stevenson continues. "By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor."

"The other day a ragged, barefoot boy ran down the street after a marble, with so jolly an air that he set every one he passed into a good humor; one of these persons, who had been delivered from more than usually black thoughts, stopped the little fellow and gave him some money with this remark: 'You see what sometimes comes of looking pleased.' If he had looked pleased before, he had now to look both pleased and mystified.

"For my own part, I justify this encouragement of smiling rather than tearful children; I do not wish to pay for tears anywhere but upon the stage; but I am prepared to deal largely in the opposite commodity.

"A happy man or woman is better than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good-will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted.

"We do not need to know whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition. They do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great theorem of the Livableness of Life."

Sanskrit philosophy appears difficult, tedious, obtuse, forbidding in print. Translation dispels this impression. The Sanskrit philosophy does not lean toward fatalism. It holds that "As a potter formeth the lump of clay into whatever shape he liketh, even so may a man regulate his own actions."

Here are some Sanskrit proverbs: In a strong position, even a coward is a lion. A fool is honored in his own house; a proprietor is honored in his own village; a king is honored in his own country; and a learned man is honored everywhere.

Is there anything naturally beautiful or not beautiful? What is pleasing to anyone, that is beautiful for him.

Silence is half-consent. Non-injury is the highest religion. The defect of poverty is the destroyer of a host of virtues.

Liberality, sweetness of speech, courage, judgment: these four natural qualities are not attained by practice. The way of justice is mysterious. Little learning, much pride.

Wealth stops at the house, friends and relatives at the grave; good deeds and evil deeds follow the dying man.

Success in an undertaking rests in the strength of the great man, not in the means. If a man with eyes is led by somebody else, it is clear that he does not see with his eyes.

By delay (in using it) nectar becomes poison. Superiority is not in seniority. A fool looks well at a distance; a fool shines so long as he says nothing.

Who has reached the limit of desire?

Blames Society Drinkers

Haynes Slams Scofflaws

"THE time is not far distant when the same jail that houses the bootlegger will house also his accomplice in crime—the wealthy buyer of his illicit product," declared Roy A. Haynes, federal prohibition commissioner, in a recent address.

"The buyer of illicit liquor is as great a contributor to the lack of respect for law today as the bootlegger himself," he said. "The great difficulty is that the seriousness of the offense on the side of the buyer is not generally understood, but it is nevertheless true that if the demand for their product in the higher circles of society were shut off 90 per cent of the bootleggers would go out of business.

"It is outrageous that in any American home the household should feel more ashamed of not having liquor to serve their guests than of violating the law of the land.

"The business of this hour is the enforcement of the prohibition law. The federal government should not be called upon to put on a police uniform and police your back yards. The federal government's responsibility is manifestly to handle the smuggling situation along the coast and the borders, and the control of the sources of supply within the United States. These major operations are interfered with in proportion as there is loaded onto the federal government all the things that should be done locally."

EXPLICIT

One of the village lads had just returned from a trip to London, and a yokel was asking him one or two questions about his experiences.

"What be these 'ere street cars, like?" asked the yokel, after a minute or two.

"Well—er—" replied the lad, "they're like—er—um—and they goes like a thingumbob—in fact, they're absolutely it."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the yokel, in surprise. "I knew they was wonderful things, but I hain't heard details afore."

COMING MOVIE ATTRACTIONS

Jack Pickford returns to "Movie row" next Tuesday at the Torrance theatre, in "The Hill Billy," the greatest and most appealing picture of his entire career. "The Hill Billy" is a tonic for the jaded motion picture appetite. It is a simple story of a simple day that will stick with audiences as long as motion pictures are shown.

Jack Pickford has come back as the ragged yet dominant boy of the Kentucky hills. Garbed in his tattered mountain-boy clothing, he is the daring, adventuresome, lovable youth of the backwoods.

There aren't any risqué situations or suggestive episodes in Jack's latest. It is a picture of the great American out-of-doors. The characters are real and genuine. Lucille Rickson, who supports Jack, as Emory Lou, is the sweet and demure maid of the hills who brings romance into the life of a lonesome boy. Miss Rickson, who is famed as Hollywood's youngest leading woman, rises to the height of her dramatic pinnacle in this picture.

Guttenfelder Gets Interesting Letter Concerning Convict

Harvel Guttenfelder of the Torrance Auto Electric Company is in receipt of the following interesting communication from the Willard Storage Battery Company:

"A convict in a mile western state penitentiary writes to a Willard storage battery dealer in his home town to ask for a second-hand radio battery to attach to a receiver that he has built and set up in his cell, paid for out of his meager earnings of a dollar and a half a month, saved during the four years of his imprisonment.

"He tells in the letter of his shut-in life, and how the little radio set he has created brought him his first touch with the outside world. He tells how it cheers him and builds hope in his heart that he will be able to live clean when his release comes. He tells of the comfort and encouragement, entertainment and education he gets from the box full of wires, coils and apparatus. He explains how he made it a force in reformation that no reformer could hope to be.

"It was a human letter. It reached the heart of the dealer, a practical business man, and he was disposed to comply with the prisoner's request with a brand new battery instead of a second-hand one.

"But, before doing so, he considered it wise to get the consent of the warden before making the gift. He wrote the warden for permission.

"The warden replied by asking that the gift be withheld and the request denied because, as he stated it, 'Radio within prison walls has not yet been put through the experimental stage.'

"The warden stated that the set in question had been built without permission of prison authorities, and that all radio sets in the institution might be ordered out any day. He doubted the wisdom of giving any convict the privilege of having an ethereal door opened to the world he had lost.

"Was the warden right? Had you been warden, would you reply have been?"

VERY RARE

The late John Scribner, a member of the New York bar a generation ago, was totally bald.

Speaking to Joseph H. Choate one day about the approaching marriage of one of the Vanderbilts to a foreign nobleman, he remarked: "It would be absurd to give a Vanderbilt a costly gift. I should like to find something not intrinsically valuable, but interesting because it is rare."

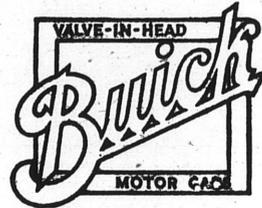
"Nothing easier, John," Mr. Choate replied. "Just send her a lock of your hair."

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GIVE A THOUGHT to TORRANCE

GIVE YOUR DOLLARS A CHANCE TO COME BACK TO YOU! YOUR DOLLAR DOESN'T WANT TO BE SPENT ELSEWHERE. IT IS A HOME-LOVING DOLLAR AND WOULD PREFER NOT TO LEAVE. DON'T DRIVE IT AWAY. SPENT AT HOME, IT PAYS RENT, TAXES, CLERK HIRE, GIVES EMPLOYMENT TO OTHER LABOR, HELPS OTHER BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE. IF IT'S AROUND, YOU HAVE A CHANCE AT IT. IF YOU SEND IT AWAY, IT'S GONE FOREVER—GONE TO HELP BUILD UP SOME OTHER COMMUNITY. DO YOUR BEST TO KEEP THE DOLLARS AT HOME. GIVE THEM A CHANCE—GIVE YOURSELF THAT CHANCE.

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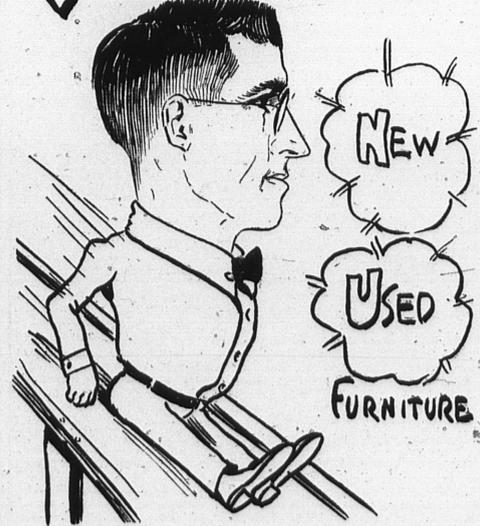
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Huddleston Knows Furniture By THE MYSTERIOUS COWBOY

SLIDING INTO THE GOOD GRACES OF TORRANCEITES



Back of all successful furniture buying there must be knowledge. Because there is so little actual knowledge of what constitutes good furniture, and, instead, merely a precocious smattering of the particular style that seemed to be in vogue at the time of the purchase, many people wake up to find that their furniture has gone out of style. The best way to do justice to the home with things of furniture is to put your problems in the hands of able and experienced dealers.

There is a man, with his fine store in Sartori avenue, who has stocks, service, ability and experience behind his public transactions. That man is E. W. Huddleston, and the entire community knows him—and his conscientious methods of doing business. His store is extensive and offers the local people every advantage in the purchase of furniture. It is the practice of this house to handle both new and used furniture—nothing is overlooked in completing a most serviceable scheme.

Huddleston, friendly man and respected merchant, was born 'way down in Mississippi. From early boyhood he was of an adventurous type. So he sallied forth to conquer new worlds and see strange things. During his seven years' residence in the Dominion of Canada Mr. Huddleston had a rather unique fling at romance and adventure. While living at Edmonton, in northern Alberta, he became a member of the famous Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and remained with that renowned body for three years. Being a man of vigorous parts, it is little wonder that he came into contact with the Mounted Police of the Northwest.

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