

BILLY WHISKERS

By FRANCES MONTGOMERY

The motion picture director and the camera man came just in time to rescue the naughty parrot from Billy.

"Why, Billy, what are you trying to do?" asked Mr. Dates, going up to pet him, for he saw the goat was very much excited, and he wished to quiet him.

Polly, seeing she was safe, began to screech again, when with a bound Billy was after her again, and this time as he ran he gave a jump and bounded up high enough to knock the cage off its hook on the rope, and down it came with a crash. And before either of the two men could get to the cage, Billy was jumping on it, trying to smash it open so he could get at the parrot. In some way one foot pushed on the door, and out flew the frightened parrot, past Billy's head and on up to the rafters, where she sat, a most bedraggled-looking bird indeed. But she had had enough, and not a peep was heard from her.

Doesn't Blame Billy
"Well, Billy, I am sorry you smashed the cage, but I can't say that I blame you much, for I think I should have done the same thing in your place if anyone had called me the ugly name she did you. You better come along with me, and eat a little grass out in the yard. It will cool you off."

Mr. Dates and the camera man went out, Billy following at their heels. Billy ate some grass with sweet clover blossoms in it and took a good drink out of one of the tubs of water they had had at the fire. He felt better, so he walked over to a nice shady place by the stable, where he saw a bunch of fresh straw, and lay down on it and was soon fast asleep.

He was dreaming of Nannie, his dear little wife, and Stubby and Button, his dearest friends, and was having a visit with them when he was awakened out of this fine dream by something pulling his whiskers. And when he opened his eyes he thought he was still dreaming, for there in front of him and on all sides squatted a dozen or more Belgian hares.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the largest of the hares, as he twitched his nose (a habit all hares have). "I chewed a bit of your beard, thinking it was a new kind of grass."

Tries to Dream Again
"You are forgiven, but don't do it again," replied Billy, in a cross tone, for he was provoked at being aroused from his lovely dream. He shut his eyes and tried to bring it back, but it would not come, and he opened his eyes to see if the hares were still there, but every one of them had gone. He had frightened them so with his big voice that they had hopped silently away the moment he closed his eyes. But what was that he saw coming in the gate from the street, but a big black cat and a little stubby-tailed yellow dog. It was Stubby and Button in the flesh, the friends of whom he had been dreaming. But no, it could not be! It would be far too good to come true. But it was, and he jumped to his feet and ran to meet them, breathing a welcome as he ran. After greetings were over, Billy said: "How in the world did you two find me?"

See Picture
"In this way," answered Stubby. "As soon as we heard you were in Chicago we determined to come and search for you until we found you. And it was easier than we dared to hope it would be, for on the first street we walked down after entering the city we saw your picture displayed on a movie sign, showing you fighting a ferocious bulldog."

"That is a splendid likeness of you, Billy," interrupted Button, "but neither Stubby nor I envied you your job of fighting that brutal-looking dog."
"Ha ha! Ho ho!" laughed Billy. "That is a joke on you. That is not my picture at all."
"Not your picture?" they exclaimed.

"No. But I don't blame you for thinking it was, for it bears such a close resemblance to me it fooled me when I first looked at it. Only I knew I could not have been snapped any time when not aware of it, for I had never been in a fight with a bulldog like that."
"Now this is where our luck came in," said Stubby. "As we stood before the picture wondering where we could find out where the studio was where it had been taken, three boys came along and stopped to look at the picture. One exclaimed: 'I've seen that very goat! And I know where they are taking pictures of him!'"

"If you don't believe me I'll show him to you," was the offer. "Oh, yes, you will!" taunted the other.

All in Movies
"Very well, you doubting Thomases, come with me over to the Emmanens Studio and I'll show him to you."
"How far is it?"
"Only three or four blocks from here. And they all stalked off. Of course we followed. And here we are! Did you ever hear of anything so lucky?"

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Mr. Strobel, as he stepped out of the studio into the yard with Mr. Dates and Mr. Button, and saw Billy, Stubby and Button. "If here isn't just the combination we want for our scene this afternoon! A goat, a dog and a cat. And such a cute little dog, though not much to look at for beauty. But oh my, oh my! that cat is a beauty! I am going to dress him up like a dandy dude for my cat picture and show him flirting with a white cat, all dressed up as a pretty girl. Then

Whiskers was quietly taking a nap in the yard, he heard Stubby barking frantically in the studio and he knew from the sound that he must be greatly excited.
"I think I had better go over and see what is up," thought Billy, and this is what he saw:
Stubby was chasing an Angora cat around the studio, and a pair of silver screens, behind boxes, round tables, over rolls of carpet, between people's legs, until at last the cat ran up an artificial tree, where it sat and looked down at the barking dog. Her very looks made every one laugh, for she wore a white ruffled cap like an old woman's nightcap, and a doll's plaid shawl pinned around her shoulders.
When Stubby started to chase her he upset all the other cats, who were doing fairly well in their parts. The white kitten, when it saw its mother being chased, jumped out of the baby carriage her mother had been pushing as she walked behind it on her hind legs. But alas! it forgot it was buttoned up in a baby's long dress. Consequently when it jumped from the carriage the dress tripped it, and in its wild efforts to free itself it became all tangled up in the clothes and went rolling across the floor without a bit of cat showing. All one could see was an animated white ball bounding and rolling along the floor.

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Spanish Dictator Visits War Front



General Primo de Rivera, dictator of Spain, is in the position of a man being pulled about by opposing tug-of-war teams. He has to divide his time between a troubled situation at home and Morocco, where Spanish troops are being outfought by rebellious tribesmen. He is shown conferring with officers at Fondak on a hurried trip to the war front.

I am going to have an old Angora dressed as the girl's mother come down the street pushing a doll carriage with a little kitten in it fixed up as a baby. That cat is so large and has such splendid big yellow eyes he will look cute when I have him all rigged out as an English dude with a monocle.

"Say we dress them up now," he suggested, growing enthusiastic, "and have a dress rehearsal. I'll take them over to the studio and you bring the clothes for them. You will find them up in the wardrobe department. They are the clothes we used in that doll film we made, and some of them should just fit this dog and cat. As you go, tell Snub and Nick to find our cats and to bring them to me at once in the studio."
"Of all the optimistic men I ever met," Mr. Strobel beats them all out pieces," said Mr. Dates. "He says in an off-hand manner 'We will do so and so,' though it has never been attempted before, just as if those animals were going to do just what he wanted them to do without any training or preparation whatsoever. He never counts on their natural antipathy to each other, which might hinder them acting the way he wishes."

Will Wake Up
"I'll bet in his sleep he will never be able to make them act as he wants them to in that scene, and, what is more, that a good many people get scratched if he persists in trying to force them."
"Oh, Snub!" called Mr. Dates, as he came out of the studio. "Take all our cats and kittens over to the big studio. Mr. Strobel wants them. Get Nick to help you."

About an hour later, when Billy Whiskers was quietly taking a nap in the yard, he heard Stubby barking frantically in the studio and he knew from the sound that he must be greatly excited.

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PUSSYFOOT'S REPLY
"Pussyfoot" Johnson, about to sail for Europe, replied to a New York reporter who offered to buy him a drink:
"I am not worrying over prohibition enforcement, son. Why worry? A man once rang Russell Sage's door bell in the middle of the night. Russell hopped up in his big white nightshirt and put his head out of the window.
"What's wanted?" he said.
"Mr. Sage," said the man, "I can't sleep."
"What's that to me?" growled Russell, shivering as the night wind whisked about his bare, lean legs.
"That note falls due tomorrow, Mr. Sage."

HOW'S YOUR HEALTH?

By Dr. W. F. Thompson

And you always have suffered, I think you'll recall, From the heat of the summer And the flannels of fall.

If winter comes, can "flu" be far behind?
Another good way to save fuel is to burn less coal to make less heat.

Some one asks: "What is disease?" Another answers: "Disease? Why-er-a." Correct.

It's not the weather, if you please, That, in the autumn, makes us sneeze; It's the way in which we heat That sends us sneezing in the street.

A broker friend who puts off having himself examined has a "Do It Now" sign over his desk.

When we take kidney medicine for Bright's disease we are only "kidding" our kidneys. Bright's disease is not amenable to medicinal treatment.

With a temperature of 70 degrees and a humidity of 65 per cent there is greater comfort and less likelihood of sickness than

STATEMENT

Of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Torrance Herald, published Tues.-Fridays at Torrance, California, for October 17, 1924, State of California, County of Los Angeles.—ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Grover C. Whyte, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Torrance Herald, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publishers, W. Harold Kingsley and Grover C. Whyte, both of Torrance, Calif.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) W. Harold Kingsley, Torrance, Calif.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, do not contain the names of all the owners, stockholders, and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

GROVER C. WHYTE, Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of October, 1924. (Seal) A. H. BARTLETT, My commission expires March 19, 1928.

Famed Rubies Believed Aboard
Crew of about thirty men, a dozen of the finest diving suits of the type in which Crilly descended 306 feet to reach the F-4, and a steel drag to be suspended between the two trawlers to sweep the ocean bed, are assembled.

Two Efforts Failed
The Merida sank quickly. Capt. Robertson and Chief Officer George W. Nordstrom noted her position, roughly 55 miles east and half a mile north of Cape Charles.

Two efforts have been made to retrieve the Merida's fortune. In 1916 came the first, reputedly backed by Percy Rockefeller and James A. Stillman. It failed because the treasure hunters did not know the exact location of the vessel and their divers could not go 35 fathoms.

In 1921 an expedition backed by Converse D. West and H. L. Gotham, both New Yorkers, set out in a tiny trawler, the Ripple, with Crilly, Nordstrom and several others. That failed because one trawler wasn't enough.

"I know it does," snapped Russell.
"And I want to tell you, sir, I can't sleep because I won't be able to meet it."
"Go to the dickens!" roared Russell Sage. "Now I can't sleep, either."

TAKE HER TO DINNER
SUNDAYS AT THE FERNCROFT CAFE

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when the temperature is 80 degrees and the humidity is 30 per cent.

You may shake your dusty carpets. You may agitate your rugs. But you'll often get pneumonia When you breathe pneumonia bugs.

One swallow doesn't make a spring, nor is the presence of a little sugar in the urine proof of diabetes. How much sugar does the blood contain? There's your tale.

Taking dyspepsia tablets to cure an ulcer of the stomach is like taking cough syrup to cure consumption.

"Every Picture Tells a Story," runs a patent medicine ad; which reminds us that George Washington never did.

While diabetes and chronic Bright's disease seem to pick on the big-eating heavyweights, definite knowledge regarding the exact causes of these diseases is still lacking.

The most arid region of America will show a relative humidity of 40 per cent; but, stove or steam heated, the average American living room in winter will show even less atmospheric moisture.

There should be no shortage of fuel this year—just think of the political timber that will be available after November.

If you would know the boy, study ten generations of his ancestry. You may then be in a position to direct his mind and body intelligently.

A high infant mortality rate is invariably associated with a high bacterial count in the milk supply.

In most cities the quiet zone should not be confined to the vicinity of hospitals.

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