

Torrance Herald

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How We Scorn the Present We Live in Past or Future

WE do not rest satisfied with the present. We anticipate the future as slow in coming, as if in order to hasten its course; or we recall the past, to stop its too rapid flight.

Pascal was mindful of this when he observed: "So imprudent are we that we wander in the times which are not ours, and do not think of the only one which belongs to us; and so idle are we that we dream of these things which are no more, and thoughtlessly overlook that which alone exists."

"For the present is generally painful to us. We conceal it from our sight, because it troubles us; and if it be delightful to us, we regret to see it pass away. We try to sustain it by the future, and think of arranging matters which are not in our power, for time which we have no certainty of reaching."

"Let each one examine his thoughts, and he will find them all occupied with the past and the future. We scarcely ever think of the present; and if we think of it, it is only to take the light from it to arrange the future. The present is never our end. The past and present are our means; the future alone is our end."

"So we never live, but we hope to live; and, as we are always preparing to be happy, it is inevitable we should never be."

We know ourselves so little, Pascal observed, that many think they are about to die when they are well and many think they are well when they are near death, unconscious of approaching fever, or of abscess ready to form itself.

Cromwell was about to ravage all Christendom; the English royal family was undone, and his own forever established, save for a little grain of sand which formed in his ureter.

Rome itself was trembling under him; but this small piece of gravel having formed there, his family is cast down and forgotten, and the heirs of Charles Stuart rule Britain.

It occurred to Pascal that we are so unfortunate that we can only take pleasure in a thing on condition of being annoyed if it turns out ill, as a thousand things can do, and do every hour.

"He who finds the secret of rejoicing in the good, without troubling himself with its contrary evil, would have hit the mark. It is perpetual motion."

"Those who have always good hope in the midst of misfortunes, and who are delighted with good luck, are suspected of being pleased with the ill success of the affair if they are not equally distressed by bad luck; and they are overjoyed to find these pretexts of hope, in order to show that they are concerned, and to conceal by the joy which they feign to feel that which they have at seeing the failure of the matter."

Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C. Center of Storm in London

SIR PATRICK HASTINGS, K.C., the attorney general in the Labor government of England, is the man over whose action in the case of James R. Campbell, Communist editor, the storm broke which resulted in MacDonald's fall.

Speaking in the House during debate on the vote of censure against the Labor government, Sir Patrick declared that he regarded the vote as directed at him. His defense was that until the Commons began to investigate the case he had considered it of minor importance; but that he had found that Campbell had a good war record, was wounded and decorated, and was now temporarily editor of the Workers' Weekly.

Born in 1880 and educated at Charterhouse, Sir Patrick followed the profession of mining engineer from 1898 to 1899. Subsequently he served in the South African War. In 1902 he turned to journalism, issuing numerous publications, and in 1904 he was called to the bar.

It was not until 1919 that he was appointed Counsel to the King.

The Toil of the Trail

By HAMLIN GARLAND

What have I gained by the toil of the trail? I know and know well. I have found once again the lore I had lost In the loud city's hell.

I have broadened my hand to the cinch and the axe, I have laid my flesh to the rain; I was hunter and trapper and guide; I have touched the most primitive wilderness again.

I have threaded the wild with the stealth of the deer, No eagle is freer than I; No mountain can thwart me, no torrent appall, I defy the stern sky. So long as I live these joys will remain, I have touched the most primitive wilderness again.

The Only Way to Be Happy Aristotle Points the Way

THE foremost rule for the wise conduct of life appears to be contained in a view to which Aristotle parenthetically refers (in the "Nicomachean Ethics"): "Not pleasure, but freedom from pain, is what the wise man will aim at."

The truth of this remark, it seems to Arthur Schopenhauer, turns upon the negative character of happiness—the fact that pleasure is only the negation of pain, and that pain is the positive element in life.

"Suppose that (Schopenhauer illustrates), with the exception of some sore or painful spot, we are in a physically sound and healthy condition; the pain of this one spot will completely absorb our attention, causing us to lose the sense of general well-being, and destroying all our comfort in life.

"In the same way, when all our affairs but one turn out as we wish, the single instance in which our aims are frustrated is a constant trouble to us, even though it be something quite trivial. We think a great deal about it, and very little about those other and more important matters in which we have been successful."

In both these cases cited by Schopenhauer, what has met with resistance is the will; in the one case it is objectified in the organism, in the other as it represents itself in the struggle of life; and in both it is plain that the satisfaction of the will consists in nothing else than that it meet with no resistance.

It is, therefore, as he points out, a satisfaction which is not directly felt; at most, we can become conscious of it only when we reflect upon our condition. But that which checks or arrests the will is something positive; it proclaims its own presence. All pleasure consists in merely removing this check—in other words, in freeing us from its action; and hence pleasure is a state which can never last very long.

It would seem, then, that the happiest lot is not to have experienced the keenest delights or the greatest pleasures, but to have brought life to a close without any great pain, bodily or mental.

It follows from this that a man should never try to purchase pleasure at the cost of pain, or even at the risk of incurring it; for, as Schopenhauer says, to do so is to pay what is positive and real for that which is negative and illusory; while there is a net profit in sacrificing pleasure for the sake of avoiding pain.

"For pleasures are and remain something negative; that they produce happiness is a delusion, cherished by envy to its own punishment. Pain is felt to be something positive, and hence its absence is the true standard of happiness."

"And if, over and above pain, there is also an absence of boredom, the essential conditions of earthly happiness are attained; for all else is chimerical."

Professor Is In Politics U. of M. Dean a Candidate

THE man who is seeking the senatorial seat from Michigan now occupied by Senator James Couzens is Mortimer E. Cooley, dean of the engineering school of the Michigan University.

Cooley is a Democrat. He has been connected with the engineering college since 1881, when he became a member of the faculty. He was named dean in 1904, and in 1913 was made dean also of the college of architecture at Ann Arbor.

He is a graduate of the United States naval academy, class of 1878. He saw service in the navy on the cruise of the Mediterranean in 1879, and the Atlantic coast the following year. He served in the bureau of steam engineering, and then as chief engineer of the U. S. S. Yosemite during the Spanish-American war.

His services have been in demand for the past 20 years to conduct and direct the appraisal of scores of public utility corporations in all parts of the country. He was born in Canandaigua, N. Y., March 28, 1855.

Sonnet

By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

What can I give thee back, O liberal And princely giver, who has brought the gold And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold, And laid them on the outside of the wall For such as I to take or leave withal, In unexpected largess? Am I cold, Ungrateful, that for these most manifold High gifts, I render nothing back at all? Not so; not cold—but very poor instead. Ask God who knows. For frequent tears have run The colors from my life, and left so dead And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done To give the same as pillow to thy head. Go farther! let it serve to trample on.

CLOSED FOR GOOD

Lord Dewar, who provides privileged parts of the world with whiskey, is also a widely known exporter of wit. One of his latest stories revolves about two old soldiers who were rather more famous for their devotion to the bottle than for their status as veterans. Upon saving enough capital they invested in a public house in England.

Their arrival was watched with interest by the community, and when opening time had long gone past, and the doors remained shut, one would-be customer volunteered to make inquiries.

Striding up to the door, he banged loudly with his fist, and was rewarded by a head appearing at one of the bedroom windows.

"Watcher want?" inquired the old soldier. "When are you going to open?" "Open?" asked the man in astonishment. "We've bought it!"

Twin Champions



Jerald and Harold Willis, twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Willis of Decatur, Ill., are both 98.8 per cent perfect babies. That is the rating given them at the Illinois Better Babies Conference, in Springfield. They are eight months old.

Affairs of the Heart

By Mrs. Thompson

YOUTH AND AGE IN LOVE

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a man fifty-five years old and am in love with a girl eighteen and we are engaged to be married. Do you think that there is too much difference in our ages for us to be happy together? I am lonesome and she has always had to work so hard. I want to make a good home for her as well as myself. She says she loves me and shows that she loves me in every way. I lost my wife last fall and have since been so lonesome that I really must have a companion. Please give me your opinion. J. Y. P.

The odds are against congeniality of interests since you are so much older than the girl you are to marry. Some marriages of that nature have been successful, however. You and you alone can decide whether you will be willing to make sacrifices for her to the extent of taking her places evenings and having company when you might much prefer a quiet evening at home. Also decide whether she has a home-loving temperament, or whether she will be so tired of work and duty she will want to play and enjoy the pleasures of youth which have long since lost their strong appeal to you. Such a marriage should be undertaken cautiously and with a willingness to make compromises and sacrifices. Each should go part way in meeting the other's tastes. It would be wrong for you to take away from the girl the pleasures and indulgences of youth, and it would be just as wrong for her to demand that you give up the greater part of your time to pleasure-seeking with her.

MERELY AN ACQUAINTANCE

Dear Mr. Thompson: I am sixteen years old and I have an acquaintance ten or twelve years my senior. Not long ago he was in an accident and seriously injured. Two other girls and I were going past the hospital the other night and we went in to see him. My sister said we shouldn't have done this, but we thought as long as we all went together and there was nothing sentimental about it, it would be all right. He has no relatives that we know of and was glad to see us because he hasn't many other friends here. Was it all right for us to go?

ANXIOUS READER

Since the young man was merely an acquaintance, it was hardly right for you to go in to see him at the hospital. Don't worry about it, however, because under the circumstances you probably did a very kind thing. A patient in a hospital is often lonely and eager for callers. Since he is more or less of a stranger here, doubtless the friendly visit from the three of you did him good. Do not call again unless he makes it known to you that another visit would please him.

BOBBED HAIR CAUSES TROUBLE

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am nineteen years old and greatly in love with a young man. We are engaged. At present I have long curly hair and wear it up. My family want me to bob it and I want to, but this young man says he will break our engagement if I bob it. I love him dearly and believe he is the only one I will ever love. What shall I do?

HEART-BROKEN SUE. Because the man you love likes your hair long, leave it that way. It is childish of him to say he will break the engagement if you bob it, because that is playing his love for your hair higher than his love for you. Nevertheless, please him in this respect since he likes you with long hair.

DON'T LET LOVE BE WON TOO EASILY

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl of 18, in love with a young man the same age whom I have known for five years. When he is with me the whole world seems to be mine. I am so happy. I am always looking forward to the time when he will be with me. I love him more than anyone else in the world and he holds me he loves me, but at times he acts very

strangely. He will hardly say a word. And then again he is adorable. He told his best boy friend that when he is with me he just can't help loving me, but when he is not with me he doesn't care one bit. We have broken up twice. Both times he came back telling me he just couldn't stay away from me. I took him back and believe me, because I love him so much. Now again he is acting so strangely and I know he will soon stop coming to see me. What shall I do? I just can't help it, I love him so much that I can overlook all this and love him above all. But I can't stand it much longer. The second time he left me I became a nervous wreck and when he came back, oh, I was so happy! Now I cry every night for fear I will lose him. Do you think he will love me in years to come, or do you think he will forget all about me? You can't imagine my pain when he never says a word, just stops coming to see me. Oh, I pray each night that he will learn to love me just a little bit. What shall I do? Do all men just fool around with a girl until they know she loves them and just play with her heart? It is killing me, I love him so much. BROKEN HEARTED AND BLUE.

You will be more apt to retain the love of the young man to whom you refer if you are less emotional and more discreet about letting him see how much you care for him. It is natural for a man to be a little careless of love which he so easily won. What you tell me about this young man doesn't sound as if his affections were very constant, and I think it would be a good idea for you to encourage the attention of other friends rather than devote yourself to him alone. Anyway, don't be so frank to him as you have been to me.

OBJECTS TO HER RELATIVES

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am 35 years of age and have been married four years. My husband will not allow me to visit with my relatives although he has nothing against them. His parents are dead and he does not visit with any of his people. I love my husband and I love my parents and sisters also. When I go to visit them against his word he gets very angry and tells me I do not care for him or I would not do it. Did I do right by going to visit them against his word? They do not live more than five blocks from us. I would like very much to have your advice on this matter. BLUE EYES.

Probably your husband is jealous of your love for your own people. He has no one but you to love and he would like to feel that your affections are undivided. Of course such an attitude is selfish. When he says you would not go if you cared for him, assure him that you do care, but that you feel he ought to love you enough to want you to do an innocent thing like that which would give you pleasure. Say as little about the matter as possible, because it only stirs up trouble, but insist it is right that you should visit your people.

INTERESTED: This column is not a medium through which it is possible for people to obtain introduction.

TOO MUCH

Bert met his old friend Bill the Burglar in a public house, and over a pint of the best the two got chatting about things in general. "I hear you've left your wife," remarked Bert presently. "Why did you do that?" "Because she was always wanting me to do something," snarled the burglar moodily. "What do you mean?" asked his friend. "No matter how busy or tired I was, she was always nagging me to do something for her. At last, one night, it was too much."

"How was that?" said the other, interested. "Well, I came in about 3 o'clock in the morning," explained Bill, "all worn out from doing too much work. I had opened two strong boxes and finished up by forcing a couple of safes, to say nothing of a vault I cracked earlier in the evening. An' then, when I got in, I thought you suppose that woman wanted me to do?" "What?" "As I stand here, it's true!" growled Bill the Burglar. "She wanted me to open a box of sardines for her."

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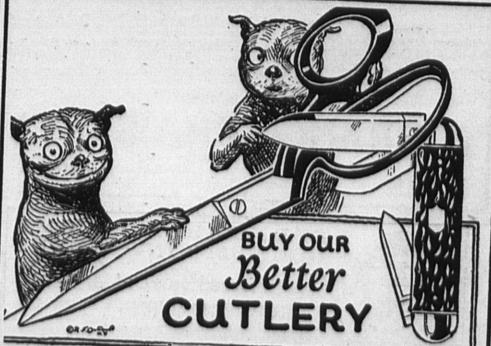


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