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BILLY WHISKERS

By FRANCES MONTGOMERY

Toodles had freed Stubby and Button, you remember, but Stubby was captured by Snub.

"You will try to run away again, will you, you miserable little yellow pup? Take that—and that!" and he gave Stubby two hard slaps on the side of his head.

Stubby snapped at him and gave a wriggle at the same time and jumped out of his arms and hid in the studio.

Now Nick had gotten a long-handled rake and tried to pull Button out of the tree, but just when he had almost reached the limb on which Button was sitting Button would run up the tree a little farther and sit and grin at him. Presently Nick's anger got the better of him; he threw down the rake in great disgust and started to climb the tree himself.

"Go ho!" thought Button. "Now I have you just where I want you! While your arms are around the trunk I shall make a leap when you nearly reach me, land on your head, run down your back, and escape."

Climbs Tree

Nick shinned up the tree, but imagining his surprise and dismay when Button landed on his head, ran down his back, and jumped from the tree, just as he had planned. And the last Nick saw of him he disappeared into one of the big studio rooms where the furniture was stored.

"I'm glad you ran in there, Mister Button, for now I can catch you. I'll shut you in there until you will be glad to come out of your own accord. Which will be pretty soon, for I won't feed or water you, and you can starve for all I care, and I sha'n't crawl over all that furniture to catch you." And saying this to himself, Nick ran across the yard to shut the studio door before Button changed his mind and ran out to hide somewhere else. Nick did not get there any too soon, either, for as he reached the door Button was just coming out, having thought that it was a poor place to choose to hide, as he might be shut in.

The movie people were disgusted, for here was their play held up again because their animal actors were missing. Billy was gone no one knew where. And Stubby and Button were acting like fiends and running away all the time. But it is always thus when live animals are used in a play; one never knows what they will or will not do. Sometimes a play is held up a whole forenoon or afternoon just because the dog, cat or pony in the play gets the dumps, just as an actor or actress does, and will not go through his part.

Billy was so important in this production that in case anything should happen to him they had procured another goat that looked as nearly as possible like him, for his understudy, just as they had understudies for the principal actors and actresses, for Billy had been known to go off and lie in a corner a whole forenoon and not act at all. When they tried to make him he would hold all four feet up under him and not put them down or walk on any step, though they switched him and poked him. This of course would hold up the play and it was very expensive, for each man or woman in the play gets from five to ten dollars a day, to say nothing of the salaries of the leading actors. The only thing to do when Billy got one of these spells was to leave him absolutely alone for a while, and after a time he would forget that he was mad and come walking out of his corner and be as good as pie. At first they offered him all sorts of things he liked to eat—carrots, apples, lettuce—but to no purpose. He would not so much as take a sniff at them.

They Give Up

One day a funny thing happened. He ran away from them when they were out in the country making a picture. All the troupe tried to capture him, but no use. They gave up. Then one of the men called out "There goes our rabbit!"

Now it seems that in some pictures Billy was in there was a performing rabbit, and it had gotten out and was cutting sticks as fast as it could across a field when its loss was discovered and everybody gave chase. They succeeded in surrounding a bush it was hiding in, when Billy, who had been hiding all the time himself, saw a lot of people acting queerly around the shrub. His curiosity got the better of him and he trotted over to where they were to see what was going on. When the men saw this they winked at one another, and half of them ceased to try to catch the rabbit, but wheeled around and grabbed Billy before he knew what they were up to, much to his disgust.

While Stubby was hiding in the studio behind a big screen he heard the men talking in the room where the play was to be enacted that afternoon. He heard the director say:

"I'll tell you what, boys, now we have found that little dog and cat, the play is going on if I have to partially chloroform that old black cat so he can't scratch and starve that little dog until he will be glad to do whatever I tell him to do."

"Oh, if that is what he proposes doing, I will go and begin eating right now," said Stubby to himself; "and I see a good chance to do it, for if I am not mistaken that is his own lunch sitting on that table, piping hot, now. It must be his, because I know he often has it brought in from the nearby restaurant when he is too busy to go out for it. It will be a good joke on him for me to jump up on the table and lick it up clean."

It was a most excellent luncheon, and Stubby thoroughly enjoyed it and wished Button was there to

share it with him. It consisted of fricassee of chicken, with lots of gravy, which Stubby adored, mashed potatoes, little round rolls, stewed tomatoes, with gooseberry pie and other things; but Stubby had eaten only the chicken, rolls and potatoes and part of the pie when he thought he heard someone coming, so he jumped down and went back to his hiding place, licking his chops as he went and saying to himself "My, that was a delicious dinner! I thoroughly enjoyed it, for I have not had any chicken for some time. How I wish Button could have had some of it!"

Stubby could never enjoy something good to eat unless his friends could share it with him. He was dropping off to sleep when he heard the director stamping around, scolding, and wanting to know who had eaten his luncheon.

"I bet it was either that little yellow dog or black cat," said Snub, "for I saw them running in this direction not a half hour ago."

"But I gave orders to have them kept shut up until I was ready for them this afternoon. By the red eyebrow of a white goose, there will be something doing this afternoon and you and Nick will lose your jobs if, when the performance is on and I want those animals, you can't produce them! Who let them out of the chicken coop and barrel, anyway?"

"No one, sir. Toodles pushed the coop a little and the cat crawled out from under it, and then she pushed over the barrel and the little dog rolled out. The way she did it, it looked as if she knew what she was about and did it on purpose."

Explains It

"And you blockhead, I suppose you just stood still and let her do it, didn't you?"

"No, sir. It was done before I could get to her. She was on one side of the stable yard and I the other. I had just come out of the studio when I saw her do it. Then Nick and I tried to catch them and the little dog ran in here and must be hiding somewhere, while the cat ran up a tree and Nick was trying to catch him when I came in here to look for the dog."

"So that is how it stands, is it? Then I suppose you saw her do it. The Nick and I tried to catch them and the little dog ran in here and must be hiding somewhere, while the cat ran up a tree and Nick was trying to catch him when I came in here to look for the dog?"

"[Don't you hope that Stubby has a good hiding place and cannot be found?]"

AFFAIRS of the HEART

By Mrs. Thompson

A SCOLDING HUSBAND

Dear Mrs. Thompson: We have been married a little over a year and a half. We have a dear little baby, just a couple of months old. It seems as if my husband does not take very much interest in her. He always scolds about how much it is costing him to live and then says if I want any clothes I will have to wait until he can afford it. But when we were just married every bit of money I earned I spent in the house, buying myself nothing. Do you think it is right for a man to do this?

LONESOME MOTHER.

New babies are usually far more fascinating to their mothers than to their fathers. Just wait until your little one is nine months or a year old and starts to do really cunning things. Then you will find that your husband's interest in her grows day by day. It must be discouraging to have your husband scold about expenses at this time. You spoiled him in the beginning by working and using what you earned along with his income. Try to understand his financial position. If it is temporarily impaired by the expense of having the baby, make an effort to get along until he has recovered from that. But if he has plenty of money to spend on himself, and you know his income would warrant it, insist that you have what you need.

MADLY IN LOVE

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am 24 years old and have been engaged to a young man six years, my senior for three years. We have been madly in love with each other for two years and never had a quarrel until three months ago. Now we cannot, try as we will, get along, as everything I do irritates him and what he does has the same effect on me. It seems to be affecting my nerves and likewise my disposition as I realize my temper is getting the better of me and I am getting melancholy. We are also of different religions. Do you think our love is real? Can real love change so suddenly. My

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Dr. Charles Mayo, one of the famed Mayo brothers of Rochester, Minn., is the new president of the American College of Surgeons.

heart just hurts when I think of having to give him up. What shall I do?

Usually love dies by degrees, but it is possible to kill it with one act or quarrel. You and your fiance need a change since you find each other so irritating. I would advise you to break the engagement. Tell the man you would like to have him as a friend, but you could not think of marriage under the circumstances. When he realizes you too are genuinely dissatisfied, his heart is apt to hurt too at the thought of giving you up. Do not let him come so often, and try to control your own temper and thoughts so that there will be less inharmony.

SHE CAN'T CHOOSE

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl 20 years of age and I have been going with two young men. One is 22 and the other is 30. The young man of 22 is just a country boy, and the other has a good job in town. I love the country boy the better, but the other one would make the better husband. They both seem to love me. Which one should I take?

Do not "take" either of the men since you are in doubt as to which one you want. If you loved the younger man you would not even consider the older one. Also if your love goes to the younger it would not be fair to marry the older man even if you feel he would make a better husband.

HOW'S YOUR HEALTH?

By Dr. W. F. Thompson

Bubonic plague's
A rat disease,
Attacking man
Through rodent fleas.

A short belt and a long life.

Premature decline is the late price of early neglect.

It's a poor "buy at home" slogan that doesn't boost mail order business.

Ev'ry boil is worth a five-spot,
So they say,
I'll take a dime for all I've got,
Any day.

A little water—in the milk—is a dangerous thing—for the milkman.

Disease is responsible for much of our poverty. Preventing disease engenders thrift.

"Ball Opens New Hospital for Study of Endocrinology." Wonder who'll lead the gland march?

Full many a patient
Has suffered and died,
Taking the tonics
His neighbor had tried.

The highest tax we Americans levy upon ourselves is for the privilege of doctoring preventable diseases.

Failure to register the birth of a baby may deprive him of his life, his liberty, his lawful right to inheritance, a position of trust, or a title to fame.

Certain glands preside over certain physiological functions. Disease of these glands may alter or destroy these functions. Administering extracts of the glands may restore the lost functions—partially; but rejuvenation of the aged by gland transplantation is just pure bunk.

Far be it from us to appear in the role of an alarmist, but the toll of unchecked syphilis is exceeding that of cancer and tuberculosis combined.

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