

Boy's Adventures In Jungle

True Story of Thrilling Experiences of Torrance Resident in the Wilds of Florida Everglades

(Continued from Week of Oct. 27)

The "Count" accompanied Mother and myself down the river for more than a hundred miles. His yacht was fitted up in the most lavish manner, having formerly been the plaything of some northern millionaire.

To the repeated questions of Mother as to why a cultured man of the world as was our host should bury himself in a part of the world that had not even the redeeming feature of being healthful or scenically beautiful, the Count would return an evasive reply, saying that he desired solitude for study, or that the climate seemed to agree with him, and we parted without getting him to confess that a woman or girl had anything whatever to do with his present manner of living.

Perhaps a week after we bade goodbye to the Count during which time Mother completed many sketches she had made of this strange man and his "chateau," we ran into a yet strange case of a man burying himself in the heart of the wilderness due to the former love affair.

Warned by the Indian guide that the man we were about to meet would not speak to a woman, nor even look at one if he could avoid it, Mother was particularly anxious to meet the "Hermit of the Barrel," as he was locally known.

As we neared his place we could hear the bleating of a herd of goats and the barking of numerous dogs. We found on landing a cultivated area of perhaps ten acres, planted in pineapples, breadfruit, melons, yams, and berries, with one or two crude huts for the protection of the herd of goats during stormy weather, but we could see no human habitation, and though told in advance that the sole human inhabitant of the point of land lived in a barrel, we were shocked and startled when we saw a molasses hogshead, such as crockery is shipped in, from which protruded a pair of long legs en-

cased in leather trousers, and the crudest pair of homemade boots. As Mother peered around the barrel's edge, the legs came to life and with a dig in the ground of one of the boot heels, the barrel began to slowly revolve, making it impossible for Mother to get a look at the occupant's face.

Mother called to me, and when I attempted to look into the barrel the latter stopped turning and in a pleasant voice the stranger said, "How do you do? I heard you were coming, and if your Mother will leave I shall be glad to show you about my place."

No pleading on my part or that of Mother's that she had come hundreds of miles purposely to have a talk with him and draw his picture would induce him to either see her or allow her to look into the barrel. The hermit even went so far that in answer to a direct question of Mother's he would speak to me and say, "Tell your Mother so and so," but never during our three-hour stay at his place would he address her directly.

Acting as intermediary for Mother I learned a great deal of this strange man's history, and his dislike for women.

"I hate 'em all," he kept repeating, when I spoke of women. "They brought the world all its trouble and sent me to this God forsaken spot. I have lived here eighteen years, and have never in that time spoken to a woman—not even an Indian squaw—and I never will."

The hermit was a man of about forty, well-built and with a high forehead, and clear blue eyes that denoted intelligence above the average, and while his manner was not as polished as the "Count," he was in every way, except for his manner toward women, a perfectly well-bred gentleman.

At my suggestion Mother and the Indian wandered off out of sight and I inveigled the hermit to come out of his barrel, the process re-

SILENT TRIBUTE PAID HEROES FOR MINUTE

Bert S. Crossland Post Of American Legion Holds Services

At the eleventh hour on the eleventh day of November, four years ago Saturday, hostilities came to an end from Switzerland to the sea. Early that morning, from the wireless station on the Eiffel Tower in Paris, there had gone forth through the aid to the wondering, half incredulous line that the American held from near Sedan to the Moselle, the order from Marshal Foch to cease firing on the stroke of eleven.

On the stroke of eleven the cannons stopped, the rifles dropped from the shoulders, and the machine guns grew still. The armistice had been signed and the terms of peace were in the making.

Torrance—and the whole world—commemorated that immortal day in the world's history last Saturday. Memorial services were held in the Auditorium, the address of the day being given by Capt. Matthews of Ft. McArthur, and in a stirring review of what took place four years ago as the hour struck eleven together with a summary of the conditions of the world affairs of today, especially in the Near East, the audience were reminded of the seriousness of the war clouds hovering throughout Europe and Asia. Crimes of the "Unspeaking Turk" were dwelt upon, and it was said by the speaker that no action was practically the same as endorsement of their atrocious crimes. He called upon the "peace lovers" to not be blind to these conditions—that they should be stopped; that this was not Britain's war alone, but that of civilization. The program rendered follows:

Invocation.
Rev. Francis A. Zeller.
"Star Spangled Banner"
Audience.
Reading Preamble of the Constitution of the American Legion.
A. W. Greiner
Solo, "Flanders Requiem"
Mrs. Charles Elman
Address of the Day.
Capt. Matthews, Ft. McArthur
"America"
Audience.
Benediction.
Rev. G. A. Riegler.

\$40,000 Building On Craven and Marcelina

The sale of a business lot on the corner of Craven and Marcelina streets, Torrance, last week by the Dominguez Land Corporation to Mrs. W. T. Klusman, carrier with it what will ultimately be an important factor in the business affairs of this city. A large building, three stories and basement, will be erected, according to Mrs. Klusman's husband, who is managing the details. It is said a large and modern bowling alley will be found in the basement, five store rooms on the ground floor with apartments above. Present plans call for a \$40,000 structure.

mind me of a snail leaving its shell.

Requesting that we have some refreshments the strange creature, more than six feet tall, set about shedding a mess in a blackened iron spot that looked for all the world like clabbered milk. We later learned that it was a mixture of yams, bananas, plantain, breadfruit, dried grapes, and goat's milk, all stirred up together and cooked over an open fire. This process was repeated about once a week, and each time he wanted a meal he rekindled the fire under the pot and warmed over the mess. When it had been warmed he crawled into his hogshead and I whistled to Mother. That we ate very little of the sticky mess it is needless to say, though it tasted much like sweetened batter, such as waffles; and hot cakes are made of.

(To be continued)

Some thrifty people acquire money for a vacation blow out by postponing paying the grocer's bill until fall.

LADIES! DARKEN YOUR GRAY HAIR

Use Grandma's Sage Tea and Sulphur Recipe and Nobody Will Know

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and attractive. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a bottle of "Wyneth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get this famous old preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients, which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

Well-known druggists say it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray has disappeared and after another application or two, it becomes beautifully dark and glossy.

X-Ray Dentists

Our Prices Are Right



Immediate Service

TOOTH TALKS BY DR. DAVIS

Taking good care of our teeth is a matter that we must all attend to. We have no choice in the matter. Nature imposes this duty upon us and we have to live up to the requirements she asks of us or suffer a fearful penalty. Besides greatly marring our personal appearance and handicapping us in our daily meetings with our fellow men, the pain that decaying teeth cause is so excruciating that to wilfully neglect this duty of having our teeth attended to is really the height of utter foolishness. Especially so when such well equipped establishments as Drs. Jelley & Davis, reliable dentists, exist. Scientifically prepared to solve any tooth problem that you may bring us. The latest methods known to modern dental science are in daily use in this office. The tried and proven ways of preventing pain that Dr. Davis has brought to a stage of perfection, have done much to eliminate the fear of the visit to the dentist. Come to Dr. Davis' office today, and have your teeth filled—do not delay. Come today—for delay means decay.

GOOD PLATES THAT FIT—AS LOW AS \$10

If you need a plate, you want one that will fit well and at the same time look natural. We have the best plate maker in Southern California, a man who takes pride and care in his work. He matches the shade of your natural teeth perfectly and makes your plate so well that your most intimate friends cannot tell that it is artificial. And our prices for this high grade work are unusually low.

No matter how many plates you have had that did not fit—come to us—we guarantee you a fit.

FILL THAT CAVITY—\$1.00 UP

NOW—and don't let it grow so that later it will be impossible to save the tooth. Come to Dr. Davis today—we will clean out all the decayed parts of the tooth, treat it if necessary so as to prevent any future infection, fill with cement, silver or enamel, and do it painlessly and carefully, and at a price so low you will wonder how we can afford to do such skillful work for such a reasonable charge.

PAINLESS EXPERT EXTRACTING—\$1.00

We never advise extraction unless it is absolutely necessary, but when we do, we do it without one bit of pain.

CROWNS OF GOLD AND PORCELAIN

If the cavity in your tooth is too large or the tooth has decayed so that a filling will not take care of it, we recommend a crown. Our crowns are made of gold or porcelain. If you require a gold one, we make it of the best material possible, 22-karat gold, the best anyone can buy is what we use. Porcelain crowns are made to match perfectly the shade of the natural teeth you have. This kind of work properly done, as we do it, demands the highest skill on the part of the dentist, so as to obtain a perfect match. You will be pleasantly surprised when you find how moderate our prices are for this splendid work.

OFFICE HOURS FROM 11 A.M. TO 8 P.M.

EXAMINATION AND ESTIMATE FREE DR. DAVIS of DRs. JELLEY & DAVIS

1035 Pacific Ave., cor. 11th, over California Theatre. SAN PEDRO
L. A. Office—636 South Broadway

You Will Always Find

BARGAINS IN NEW AND USED FURNITURE

at

Huddleston's Furniture Exchange

1212 El Prado

Torrance



AN EXPERT SHOE MAKER

—not a mere cobbler—mends your shoes when they come to us. We restore shoes instead of repairing them. To strengthen the weaknesses without care in preserving the style of the shoe is old-fashioned, clumsy work. Let us show you what we do by our modern methods and factory machinery.

D. C. TURNER
In Rappaport's Store
Torrance

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE FREQUENT and DEPENDABLE Service

BETWEEN

All Important So. California Cities

Within a Radius of 75 Miles of Los Angeles

Save Your Automobile for Pleasure

Travel To and From Your Business via Comfortable Cars of

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

ASK YOUR NEAREST AGENT FOR INFORMATION

OUR CLASSIFIED ADS. GET THE BEST RESULTS

True Detective Stories ALL EVIDENCE

Copyright by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

C. D. WEST, head of the prosecution department of the National Association of Credit Men, leaned back in his chair and placed the tips of the fingers of his left hand precisely against the tips of the fingers of his right, a habit that was second-nature to him during the consideration of a difficult problem.

"Why on earth, Edwards, didn't you come to me with this story before? It's too late to help you now. Your stock's gone, your credit ruined, and they've milked you dry. A word to the association in time would have saved you money and us time."

"I didn't dare to come out in the open," groaned the man on the other side of the desk. "They had the goods on me, too, remember. I did hire a private detective agency, but—"

"Private detectives!" snorted West. "Detectives of any kind are practically useless in cases connected with commercial crimes. 'There's nothing that can be done in this case, but there is a way in which you can assist the law, and the men who've fleeced you, and possibly make a grubstake for yourself. Listen—"

Less than six months later, Abe Einstein, who called himself a "credit manager," wandered into the office of Henry W. Easton, lawyer, and after seeing that all the doors were carefully closed, inquired if Easton remembered Edwards, the shoe dealer, whom they had nicked some time before.

"The name's familiar," replied the lawyer, "but I don't recall the details."

"Oh, it was the same old game," grunted Einstein. "I got him to come up and talk to you—you suggested that he ship the bulk of his stock out of town to me—I'd sell it, and we'd split with him after the 'usual fees' had been deducted."

"I remember now. Then, when he came back here and timidly asked for his part of the rake-off, I told him he was lucky not to be in jail for violating six or eight different statutes. Our 'fees,' as I carefully explained to him, more than ate up the proceeds of his stock at a forced sale, and he really owed us money! You should

Some folks would be more hopeful for the future of the United States if they had less trouble in getting their customary refreshments.

have seen his face then. But what's the trouble? Has he made a peep to the police?"

"No, nothing like that," Einstein replied. "But I happened to be passing through Wilkesbarre the other day, and who should I run into but Edwards. Prosperous, too. I knew him in a minute, and wondered where he'd gotten his money. Followed him down the street aways, and found that he'd opened another store. Flashy, but good-looking. Somebody's evidently staked him, and he's trying his luck, but—here's the part that concerns us—his nearly on the rocks again!"

"What? On the verge of bankruptcy?"

"Exactly; only this time he evidently intends to work the game all his own. You can't blame him for that, after he's been burned once."

"But," protested Easton, "he can't handle it by himself!"

"That's what I figured," said Einstein. "But, naturally, I didn't put the matter up to him. Things have been pretty dull around here for a while. Why don't you run up and see Edwards? Admit that we didn't do as well for him the first time as we might have, and make him a guarantee of \$2,500 on a 40-60 split."

"Right!" snapped the lawyer. "I'll take a run up there tomorrow."

The following afternoon, in the private office of his store, Edwards and Easton thrashed out the details of their former arrangement the lawyer stating that he had come to pay over \$5,000, "which had been unexpectedly

saved from the wreck."

"Incidentally," he added, "I understand that you won't be here much longer. Going to try the same game yourself?"

"Possibly," replied the shoe dealer. "Why not?"

"You can't do it without an organization," insisted the lawyer. "You need us, and we need you."

Then, while Edwards nervously played with some papers on his desk, Easton outlined his plan—how the goods were to be shipped, how Einstein would handle them, and the \$2,500 guarantee which would be paid the shoe dealer for his part in the fraudulent bankruptcy proceedings.

Terms were finally agreed up, and the whole court proceedings went forward without a hitch.

The day after he had been declared bankrupt, Edwards accompanied Easton to the bank, and there received the \$2,500 which had been promised him. As the lawyer handed him over the money, he heard a voice behind him say:

"Nab him, boys!"

Turning, he came face to face with a rather small, pleasant-faced man of about fifty—the man who was the terror of commercial criminals.

"West!" cried the lawyer. "What do you want?"

"You and Einstein," was the reply. "We've got the goods on you this time—all the evidence! The dictograph in Edwards' office, under the papers on his desk, attended to that for us. This ought to land you in the pen for about six years."

WE ARE EXPERTS IN THE CARE OF CLOTHES

In our shop only the most modern, sanitary methods are used. Here your garments are perfectly Pressed, Cleaned, or Repaired. Let us take care of all your clothes.

HOME CLEANERS AND DYERS

1164 Narbonne Avenue

LOMITA

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Here is an opportunity to get the best line of

Working Shoes and Boys' Dress Shoes

in the country. The well-known Buckingham and Hecht Shoes. Also a full line of

Star Brand Shoes

and the best made of WEYENBERGER'S SHOES. I've also got a full line of Children's Shoes—Boys' and Girls. Don't forget our

EXPERT SHOE REPAIRING

AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES, AT THE

LOMITA SHOE HOSPITAL