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TORRANCE — CALIFORNIA

Of a total of 1373 children recently put to the test in a public school in Brooklyn, Greater New York, 499 did not know the Ten Commandments, and 351 had never heard of them! When asked to repeat the Commandments some of the pupils gave the following answers:

The first commandment is not to shoot craps.

Don't marry.

Do not make love to your neighbor's wife.

There shall be light.

Children must keep off the steps of street cars.

Do not swear for anything.

Don't hitch on wagons.

Don't crook anything.

Thou shalt not hit thy father or mother.

Love thy neighbor's wife.

Don't swindle.

There shall be water.

The ten commandments were the ten amendments to the constitution.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

"MY LOST SISTER"—PART IV

By AUNT HANNAH

Fannie entered the school room with her new book and I set myself to work up some new persecution. I could not study I was so cautious. No one enjoyed the games more than Fannie, and on this particular day she was in a good frame of mind to enjoy them more than usual, and when the girls were all assembled on the playground at noon my decision for a new persecution was reached. I was the leading spirit on the playground, and I determined to exclude my little sister from the games. I stood and called the girls one by one to her place until every one excepting Fannie was chosen. Then the poor child stood there alone, slighted and disappointed, mortified and grieved. Then she walked away and turned into the deserted schoolroom companionless but so great was her pleasure in Latin that she amused herself with her lesson.

Time passed on and I studied to cross her wishes. I ceaselessly excluded her from all my pastimes but for this she found pleasure in her dolls, holding grave, motherly conversations with them. Assuming the character of a teacher, her pupils would recite Latin by the hour. So I thought I would give her a blow through these dolls, an opportunity soon presented itself. One morning our old teacher called and, being vacation, we were but at home. My mother was very proud of Fannie's scholarship (poor woman, she had little else to be proud of), and on this morning she was summoned to read and translate some Latin. This she did in such a manner as to call forth the enthusiastic admiration of our visitor. He perched Fannie on his knee, patted her on the cheek, stroked her thin hair and kissed her noble forehead. Then he said to mother: "I might come and see Fannie for my own little girl." He paid but little attention to me, except to remark that Fannie ran up like a bad weed.

On the afternoon of the same day mother went out to make a visit and left me some ironing to do. There was such bitterness in my heart toward my sister that I would not allow her to speak to me. She went to the garret and brought down all of her dolls and their clothes. I snatched them from her. There were some wonderful specimens of dressmaking and millinery. She had never had a doll or a toy bought for her. Father did not believe in wasting money that way. Her collection had cost her a lot of work and a great deal of trading and bargaining to get her dolls and clothes for them. There were all kinds of dolls without arms or legs, but all had long dresses while concealed their deformity. However, fortunate in the possession of eyes nose and mouth in the shape of little daubs of ink, they were dear to her, because the work of her own hands, but the idol was what she called a store doll. She named her Florine. She was jointed and could sit down and move her arms. Fannie had purchased it from one of her schoolmates at the price of one hundred peaches and eleven bouquets, which she patiently

waited in delivering morning after morning for many weeks. She loved her little family like her own life. It was cruelly more than the grave to consign them all to the flames as I did that afternoon. I took those little dresses she had taken such pains with to make, and all those bits of lace and ribbon, and all those rag dolls and beautiful Florine, and swinging them over the coals I dropped them one by one on the glowing coals. Fannie stood by wringing her hands and begging me to stop. When I took the lovely Florine and laid her on the coals, as the last one, her lamentations were like those of a mother for her children. She snatched up the half consumed doll and pressed it to her heart. I went out of the room and when I returned she had gone up to the garret. That night for the first time Fannie uttered a complaint against her persecutor. Mother came home and found her with swollen eyes and head, throbbing, and after repeated enquiry Fannie said: "Oh, mother, Poky burned all my dolls and my lovely Florine!"

It may gratify the reader to know that I was put on bread and water for a week, but poor Fannie was inconsolable. She refused my mother's offer to purchase a new doll. Florine's place in her heart should never be filled by another. As a think of it now I shudder with remorse. I can never see great superiority in a sister or a brother without a feeling of regret.

Surely "jealousy is as cruel as the grave" (Solomon's Songs, 8-6).

WONDERS OF AMERICA

By T. T. MAXEY

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THE SHOSHONE DAM

AMONG the great irrigation dams erected under the supervision of the reclamation service of the Department of the Interior, the Shoshone has a distinct individuality. It is located nine miles west of Cody, Wyoming, on the road to Yellowstone park.

If you can conceive of a triangular-shaped wedge of concrete 328 feet high, 200 feet wide at the top, 108 feet thick at the base, tapering to 10 feet at the crest, placed between two mountains so as to close the canyon of a river, you can gain some idea of this mastodontic structure.

Now, imagine a lake of stored-up water, 10 miles long, with a maximum width of four miles and a maximum depth of 233 feet behind this dam; then, in front of it a spill-way bearing a strong resemblance to a section of Niagara falls, and stretching away in the distance hundreds of thousands of acres of land covered with an abundance of crops, peopled with happy inhabitants and here and there a bustling village. There you have a picture of one of Uncle Sam's great irrigation projects.

Remember that before the water was brought to this thirsting land, sage brush and prairie dogs were among the principal crops, then—presto "The desert blossomed as the rose," and you'll understand why your government expended \$1,854,000 on the dam alone.

WONDERS OF AMERICA

By T. T. MAXEY

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THE FATHER OF WATERS

COUNTING the longest branch as a part of it, the Mississippi is the longest river in the world. Hermando de Soto lake and not Lake Itasca, as commonly supposed, is now considered by some authorities as its place of beginning.

There is a difference of 1,470 feet between the elevations of its mouth and of its head and during its journey from Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico the temperature depending upon the season, sometimes varies as much as 150 degrees.

Its waters wash the soils of ten states. In the vicinity of Red river, Louisiana, the volume of its flow is estimated to exceed 12,000,000 gallons per second.

The Wisconsin, Des Moines, Illinois, Missouri, Ohio, White, Arkansas and Red river systems, as well as a large number of "lesser lights" with their myriads of tributaries, flow into it. These rivers carry drainage from 28 of the 48 states. This tremendous watershed has an area of 1,240,000 square miles or 41% of the entire United States.

The Mississippi is navigable for almost its entire length or from St. Paul to the Gulf.

Large numbers of passengers are transported between local points and tremendous quantities of freight—principally grain, cotton, live stock, coal, lumber, logs, provisions, stone, gravel and sand, are carried upon its surface. The river freight at the port of New Orleans, during a recent year, approximated 1,000,000,000 tons.

WONDERS OF AMERICA

By T. T. MAXEY

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THE PLYMOUTH ROCK

WHEN the Pilgrim Fathers landed from the Mayflower at Plymouth, Massachusetts, they stepped out upon a boulder which has become famous as the Plymouth Rock.

This rock is said to weigh seven tons, possess a greenish hue, to be very hard and its surface capable of taking a high polish. Oval in shape and having a flat top, it offered a made-to-order landing place for the forefathers. Scientists declare that it was undoubtedly carried by a glacier, from some strange and distant land.

Like most movable things of peculiar historic value, a loving public has been wont to disturb this valued relic and change its location. In 1774, while plans were under way to move the rock to the town square, it was discovered that the action of the elements had separated the upper and lower portions. Nevertheless, the top portion was moved. In 1834—60 years later—it was again moved, this time to a location in front of Pilgrim Hall and inclosed with an iron fence. Here it remained for forty-six years. Then it was decided that the rock should be returned to its original location. Accordingly, after a separation of more than one hundred years, the upper portion of the rock was carefully placed over the lower portion, where it now reposes under an ornate canopy.

Here, this treasured shrine, to which come visitors from every clime, shall undoubtedly remain for all time, looking much the same as when its side was first grazed by the good ship Mayflower.

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF TORRANCE has moved to its new building and will be pleased to have all former patrons and friends call at the new business address. While the date for the formal reception has not been announced, officers of the bank will be pleased to have you call at any time. Watch for date of our formal reception to the public, which will appear in next week's issue of the "Enterprise."

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