

THEY HARMONIZE

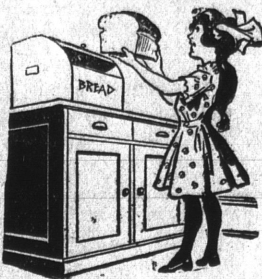
When the rug or carpet is purchased from Sam Rappaport's. In selling you a floor covering we always ask about the furnishing of the room, the color scheme, the decorative effects, etc. That is intelligent carpeting. The result is a blend of beauty, a harmonious room, in which it is a pleasure to live.



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TORRANCE

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after the young folks get through with a loaf of our toothsome, satisfying bread. It seems as if they never get enough of it. Let them eat all they want. There's no finer all around food for children than our bread spread with good butter, jam or jelly.

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Compound, 2 lbs. for-----15c
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that our name on the label is a guarantee that the medicine in the bottle will be just what the doctor prescribed. So she administers it with full confidence that it will do all it was intended to. If you have a prescription to be filled bring it here, where carefulness, accuracy and faithfulness are the rule at all times.



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THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

By Mrs. N. K. Wood

CAPTAIN MATHEW'S CONFESSION

Having made a successful trip around the Cape of Good Hope, I resolved on reaching home to give up forever the business that kept me away from my family so much of my time. I had a lovely, gentle, sweet-spirited wife and a fine boy just turning into his teens. His mother's fondness for him led him to take advantage of her in allowing more indulgence than was wise. I was not long in discovering a spirit of insubordination, and with a desire to give a timely warning to my boy, I took him out for a walk in the fields, where I had spent my boyhood. We turned into a favorite playground and sat down. After talking cheerfully on various topics I said:

"Son, do you see that huge rock that casts a shadow in the midst of the field?"

He replied that he did. "Well, my father owned this land when I was a boy. That rock was my playground, but it recalls the darkest spot in my memory—an event too painful to dwell upon, and if it were not a warning I should not speak of it."

"Listen, and then my dear boy, learn a lesson from your father's error."

"My father died when I was a mere child. My mother was a gentle, loving mother, devoted to her two children. I remember her pale, beautiful face, her affectionate smile and her tender voice. In my childhood I loved her with worshipful devotion. I was not happy apart from her. She fearing that I was too babyish, sent me to the boys' school in the village to develop more manliness."

"After a little while I grew less fond of home. I thought it manly to spurn being tied to my mother's apron strings, and from a quiet, home-loving boy I became a boisterous, rowdy-like chap. My mother used every effort to win me back to the home circle. Sparring no pains to make the fireside attractive. My sister also sought my companionship in various ways. I saw all this, but disdained her presence."

"On one lovely October day I hastened through my lunch and was starting off to join my companions on the street. As usual, to spend the noon hour in town. My mother said: 'Alfred, I want you to go with me for a little walk,' and putting on her hat she led the way to this shady spot where we sit. I followed in sullen silence. I was furious."

"Oh, my boy, could that hour be blotted out of my memory gladly would I exchange all the world could offer for the peace of mind I could enjoy. That hour has cast a shadow over my whole life, like that huge rock it stands a monument of my guilt forever. Mother sat down and motioned me to a seat, but I stood in insolent silence. She said: 'Son, have you lost all love for your mother?' I did not reply. Then she said: 'God help to see your course and help me to do my duty.' Then she warned me of my bad companions and pleaded with me to turn from them. Then in tears she prayed to God to save me from a sinful life."

"I can now recall the agony on her pale, sweet face as she saw she had failed to touch me, and rising to go I followed on silently. When we reached the house the bell was ringing and mother said: 'Now go to school and remember the things I have told you.' 'I'll not go to school!' I said in a loud voice. 'Yes you shall either go to school or I will lock you in your room until you promise obedience to my wishes.' 'I dare you do it. You can't get me upstairs.' 'Alfred,' she said, laying her hand on my shoulder, 'choose now what you will do,' and she trembled violently and was deadly pale. 'If you touch me I'll kick you,' I said in a terrible rage. 'Will you go, Alfred?' 'No, I won't.' 'Then follow me,' she said, taking me by the arm. I raised my foot. 'Oh, my son, hear me!' I raised my foot and kicked my sainted mother."

"She staggered back against the wall and the gardener passing stopped, and seeing her almost fainting he waited. She beckoned him and said: 'Take Alfred upstairs and lock him in his room.' Looking back, I beheld her face, the last unutterable pang from a broken heart. When I found myself a prisoner I thought I would burst my brains against the wall, but I was afraid to die. I went to sleep, but awoke at midnight, terrified with the memory of my mother's face. I would have sought her then, but the door was locked, and when daylight came I felt bold to resist good impulses. I heard my sister's step at the door with my food, but I would not eat. She said: 'What may I tell mother from you?' 'Nothing! I won't be

TORRANCE NEWS ITEMS

Mrs. W. D. Russell of Cota avenue is very ill at her home.

Mrs. Otto Mickelson visited in Los Angeles Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Paige motored to San Bernardino and Colton Sunday.

H. M. Tolson, Lester Shafer and Carl Shafer went quail hunting to Hesperia Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Lester Shafer of Pasadena spent the week-end with Mrs. H. M. Tolson of Arlington avenue.

H. H. Dolly was absent from his place of business all last week through illness.

Mrs. Lewis Waltz and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Waltz and son were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Dolly Saturday.

The post office building is progressing rapidly and will be ready for occupancy on or about the twentieth of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. McCormick and daughter, Edna, of South Bend, Washington, motored through to Torrance, arriving last Thursday. They are stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Bail, of Carson street. They expect to locate in Torrance.

driven to school. 'You will go if she wants you to, won't you?' 'No! So there now.' 'Oh, brother, you will kill her, then you will never see another happy moment.' She left me alone. I threw myself on the bed to worry through another night. I was disturbed by another call at my door. It was the feeble voice of my mother. She said: 'Are you sorry? Shall I come in?' I don't know what demon power possessed me to say 'No!' but I did. Yet in my heart I longed to throw my arms around my precious little mother, but I was too stubborn to yield."

"I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan, and longed to call her back, but I did not. It was midnight. I was aroused from sleep by my sister's loud voice. She stood beside my bed and cried: 'Alfred, get up quick. Don't wait a minute. Mother is dying.' I thought I was dreaming, but I quickly followed her to my mother's room. There she lay pale and cold as marble. She had not undressed, but arose to go to my room, when her heart's action stopped and she fell back as if dead. I can never tell the agony of that moment. The remorse was tenfold, more than the loss of a mother. I believed myself a murderer. She would never know. I fell on the bed beside her. I could not weep. My heart burned in my bosom. My brain was on fire. My sister threw her arms around me and wept silently. Suddenly I saw a slight motion of mother's hand. She recovered consciousness, but could not speak. She looked at me and moved her lips."

"Mother, O, mother!" I shrieked.

"Mother, dear, forgive me!"

"She could not speak, but she pressed my hand and looking upward she passed into the presence of the Eternal God. I lay beside her till they lifted me away. They knew my grief was heavy for the load of sin that lay on my heart. The joy of youth had left me forever. My son, the remorse and suffering I feel will last forever."

My father ceased speaking, but he saw the effect of his confession on me, and was glad to see its influence on my character."

Boys don't spurn a mother's control. Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for your future years.

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First Degree

TRIPLE CITY LODGE I. O. O. F.

No. 331, LOMITA, CAL.

Meet every Tuesday night.



Tuesday Evening, November 15,
7:30, p. m.—Dark