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. HAROLD KINGSLEY

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TORRANCE HERALD



Modern Life Is a Snapshot "UNLESS we thus keep our individual souls alive the radio will certainly create the mob mind." So declared President W. H. P. Faunce of Brown University recently, in his baccalaureate serion for the graduating class. "When all men can think and feel together at the same instant, will they think justly and wisely? Diffusion of ideas is no guarantee of their truth; proclamation is not proof. Vainly does day unto day utter speech unless night unto night shows knowl-

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Radio May Create Mob Mind

Editor

of Vienna.

Rusiness Manager

edge. Back of all the apparatus on the housetops must be the quieted souls who can say 'Yea' when the world cries 'Nay,' and remain sure of themselves and of God." To achieve independence of mind, Dr. Faunce said, "we must preserve in every human life a margin of leisure and privacy."

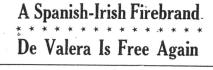
"A printed page that has no margin offends the eye," he continued. "The man that is always rushing about, doing things, is a man whose doing has little meaning. A hundred million people running about like myriads of insects on an ant hill does not constitute either democracy or a kingdom of heaven.

"Many of our young people have acquired the 'mov-ing picture mind'—all life to them is a series of snap-shots, with no chance for a time exposure. Hence they **can**not think straight on any subject. They are a bundle

cannot think straight on any subject. They are a bundle of transient impressions and confused ideas. "Solitude is to the soul what space is to a growing tree—without it the tree or the soul, is stupted and dwarfed. True religion consists largely in listening. It is not in arguing or defending but in opening the soul to the still small voice of the Divine. Let not your soul be a chean loading house for all vacrant ideas but a be a cheap lodging house for all vagrant ideas, but a reception room for justice, truth, beauty, for God Him-self. 'If any man open, I will come in'—that is the voice

self. If any man open, i any open is the almost of the Infinite. "Another clear duty emerges—to resist the almost universal tendency to 'leveling down.' The fundamental principle of the moving picture is that there shall be no in pictures that nothing shall be thrown upon grades in pictures, that nothing shall be thrown upon the screen which is not equally intelligible to old and young, to educated and to ignorant. Shall the radio also exclude all graded instruction, and utter only the platitudes which are equally acceptable to all mankind? "A democracy which leads us to an intellectual melt-ing pot, a drab mass in which individual taste and con-

viction have disappeared, is a pseudo-democracy and a tyranny.'



IN releasing Eamon De Valera from the jail in which he has been confined since last August, the Free State is freeing a leader whose control of the extreme Re-publican forces is unquestioned and whose opposition to the present regime in Ireland had been a source of grave difficulties to the Free State up until his capture. De Valera is a scholastic personality, upright, stiff and marrow-in some resucts a Savonarola.

De Valera is a scholastic personality, upright, stiff and narrow—in some respects a Savonarola. He is a tall, dark, spare man of somber appearance, with strongly marked features and a measured, some-what harsh and metallic voice. His temper is decidedly the temper of the disciplinary pedagogue. As "President of the Irish Republic" he had no hesi-tation to speak with firm authority as the head of a state.

a state.

De Valera was born in New York, near the site of the Grand Central, in 1882. His father was a Chilian Spaniard, his mother a country girl from County Lim-erick. Returning to Ireland at 2, Eamon De Valera was brought up in Limerick and Clare, graduating bril-liantly from Blackrock College in 1904, and eventually becoming a processor of science at the Romen Catholic

hantly from Blackrock College in 1904, and eventually becoming a processor of science at the Roman Catholic Theological Seminary of Maynooth, and also professor of higher mathematics at a normal college. He was a friend of Pearse and MacDonagh, who were executed in 1916. Himself a Gaelic enthusiast, he took his part in the rising of Easter Week, 1916. He fought in command at Roland's Mills for a week, and

surrendered expecting to be shot, but was instead sen-**tenced** to penal servitude for life. — He escaped from Lincoln jail in February, 1919, and **came** to this country by the underground route. During his absence from Ireland, he was elected president by the Dail Elerann. — Was fielde away from the next, of Michael (Celling)

He broke away from the party of Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith during the negotiation of Anglo-Irish treaty and strongly opposed[®] its ratification. In the Dail Eireann he headed the opposition and consistently insisted that the Irish Republic still was in

When the Free State was created he turned his energies against the new system, carrying through the island the battle cry "The republic must be carried on" until he was captured.

IT SAVED HER

After the epidemic had been checked an old negress protested vigorously when the health officers started to take down the sign they had put up on her home. "Why don't you want us to take it down?" one of the officers asked.

"'Ere ain't be'n a bill collectab neah dis house sence dat sign was nailed up. You-all please let it alone."

Thus Miss Newton expresses her opinion of probably the most popular science, which has driven society women to Switzerland to study, business girls to lectures to hear disciples of Freud, Adler and Jung prate about the subconscious mind, and flappers to converse upon theories and problems. theories and problems. "A Moral Danger' "The foreign women are not giving as much time and thought to psychoanalysis as the women in this country," said Miss Newton. "In fact, in America this new science is being taken with so much enthusiasm that I am afraid for a great many it is but a 'fad' and concentrative will prove a work dowed by

consequently will prove a moral danger. "Psychoanalysis is a serious study, and to the sci-entist is capable of opening the world of the sub-conscious. It is a form of psychotherapy. It is an ex-cellent method of reaching the subconscious mind by the interpretation of dreams. But to the layman it is a science which I would warn him against.

"To many young people this new science has served The flapper and her escort think it smart to discuss sex problems under this guise. They so distort Freud's theories that they discuss in a free manner subjects which young men and young women should avoid."

Picture Yourself at Sixty * * * * * * * * * * * Woman Discusses Age, Evil

By CLARK KINNARD CONTENT myself with writing all that is writeable, and thinking all that is thinkable," proclaimed Mad-ame De Sevigne, whimsical figure at the French court in the days of its glory, who is the author of these comments on life:

"What a sad thing is an old letter! I have long thought it worse than an old person; everything it con-tains has an air of dotage."

"Old intrigues should no more be moved from place to place than old people. The continuance of the at-tachment is often chiefly owing to habit; when the scene changes it is in danger of expiring."

'Guess what it is that comes the quickest and goes off the slowest; that brings you the nearest to health, and removes you farthest from it; that throws you into the most agreeable situation imaginable and at the same hinders you from enjoying it; that flatters you with the most pleasing hopes, and keeps you the longest from the accomplishment of them. Cannot you guess? Do you give it up? Why, it is the RHEUMATISM!"

"I always say," wrote Mme. De Sevigne, "that if I could live to the age of two hundred years I should become the best creature in the world. I correct myself easily, and the more readily the older I grow. I know a thousand things pardoned in the charm and bloom of youth which are not considered with the likely of the start. youth which are not overlooked when that delightful

season is passed. We are examined more closely, and nothing is excused. The favorable disposition to take everything in good part is lost; in short, we are no longer permitted to be in the wrong. In this idea self-love makes us resort to whatever can support us under this cruel decline which gains ground daily in spite of ourselves ourselves. "Life is too short. Death seizes us while we are still full of our miseries and our good intentions. Old age . . . is not what one expects at all. Heaven with such bountiful goodness directs us through the different

stages of life that we scarcely perceive them pass us by. Our losses are affected with so much gentleness that they are almost imperceptible. It is like a hand upon the dial which we cannot observe as it passes.

"If we were to be shown, as in a mirror, the face "If we were to be snown, as in a mirror, the face and expression we should possess at sixty, comparing it with the face of our youth, we should be moved and horrified by the reflection. It is thus that day by day we grow slowly older; today we are just as we were yesterday, and tomorrow we are as today. Without knowing it our days pass. I adore this miracle of Providence, for it is one of the greatest."

"We are never satisfied with having done well, and, in endeavoring to do better, we do worse.

"God preserve me from those sorrows that deny the relief of tears! Some thoughts and some words affect us strangely, but there is no danger for those who can weep.

"There is no real evil in life except great pain; all the rest is merely imaginary and depends on the light in which we view things. All other evils are curable, either by time, moderation in our wishes, or strength

of mind, and may be lightened by reflection, religion, or philosophy. But pain tyrannizes over soul and body. Con-fidence in God may indeed enable us to bear it in patience and to our advantage, but it will not diminish it.

When She Comes Home By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

When she comes home again! A thousand ways I fashion to myself, the tenderness Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble—yes; Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble—yes; And touch her, as when first in the old days I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress. Then silence: and the perfume of her dress: The room will sway a little, and a haze Clog eyesight—soul-sight, even—for a space; And tears—yes, and the ache here in the throat, To know that I so ill deserve the place Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face Again is hidden in the old embrace.

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Bruce in his increasing practice. Dr. Bruce is an exponent of the famous Electronic Reactions of the celebrated Dr. Abrams. Dr. Bruce's office is completed with the complete apparatus as used by Dr. Abrams. This Rado-Activity that has so much astounded the scientific world in its revelations, has come to be regarded as one of the great-st steps forward in science that pertains to the human body. Briefly, by the apparatus of Dr. Abrams, it is possible to make a diagnosis that is in arbibly correct—not only to know infallibly what is wrong but to ascertain beforehand the oncoming of disease that is but yet in incipient stages.

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