Torrance Herald

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W. HAROLD KINGSLEY ..... Editor
GROVER C. WHYTE ..... Business Manager

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Mind Outstrips Religion

So Believes Young John D.

ADHERENCE to the literal interpretation of the scriptures is increasingly less possible in view of the discoveries of science, but the lessons the scriptures teach are even more impressive, John D. Rockefeller Jr. told a church gathering recently. In the matter of doctrine today there is greater individual liberty and more sincerity, he said.

Rockefeller was contrasting religion a hundred years ago with religion today.

"It is clear that civilization, built upon the marvelous discoveries of science, made possible by the most advanced and general system known to man, with all the comforts, luxuries, pleasures and opportunities which it has brought, is headed toward its own annihilation.

"But why, we ask ourselves, is this so? The answer is clear: Because the development of mind and matter has so outstripped the development of the spiritual values in human life.

"Materialism has proved to be its own destruction in many of the civilizations of the world, which have had their day and been wiped out.

"The products of the mind are less temporary, but they too are subject to revision and change. Upon them alone can a lasting civilization be built.

"The danger in the present civilization lies in the fact that the creations of man's brain, his creatures, which should be his servants, are getting beyond his control and are becoming his masters.

"The development of man's character or spiritual nature has not kept pace with the development of his intellect and its products.

"Men cannot long continue to live altogether in an ever more closely interrelated and interdependent world unless they are guided by the spiritual laws and principles which religion teaches.

"Consideration, unselfishness, self-sacrifice, service, all springing from love of God, love of our brother—these are the spiritual qualities which must keep pace with and dominate intellectual and material progress if civilization itself is to survive. Religion in its essence is the personal relation between God and man.

"One hundred years ago religion was more like the religion of the Old Testament. The letter of the law was emphasized, notably in religious observances, in the keeping of the Sabbath. Its services were numerous, long, confined to the meeting house. It was austere in dress, in demeanor. Its doctrines were narrow and iron-clad, its interpretation of the scriptures literal. Its judgments were stern and unrelenting. Its emphisis was on punishment, reward, duty. It was distinctly individualistic, introspective. The salvation of the human soul from eternal damnation was its chief object. Conformity to its requirements and regular attendance at the meeting house were the outstanding marks of the truly religious. Warmth, beauty, joy, freedom, were conspicuously absent. Hardly less striking is the contrast between the civilization of the two epochs.

Today our religion is the religion of the New Testament. The letter has given way to the spirit in religious observances, in the keeping of the Sabbath, and in many other matters.

"Religious services in the churches are fewer and shorter, while meetings of a social, educational and recreational character in secular rooms of the church, in parish houses and settlements are infinitely more numerous. In the matter of doctrine there is greater individual liberty and more sincerity."

Soldier, Rest!

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE"

By Sir Walter Scott

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battlefields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sounds shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed's champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here,
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak, from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clang, or squadron's stamping.

CORRECT

The teacher was instructing the youngsters in natural history.

"Can any boy or girl," she said, "tell me what an oyster is?"

The hand of Jimmie Jones shot into the air.

"I know! I know! An oyster," triumphantly announced Jimmie, "is a fish built like a nut."

Sayings Reveal Character

Here Are Teutonic Adages

"AS the country so the proverbs" is a German proverb. As the proverb, so the people, is truer. The proverbs of a country reveal its temperament like a book.

This column is devoted today to proverbs from the German:

Luck follows the hopeful; ill luck the fearful.

Talking is easier than doing, and promising than performing.

Chickens are slow in coming from unlaid eggs.

A lie becomes true when one believes it.

Every woman loves the woman in the looking-glass.

When the eyes see the heart believes.

They must be strong legs that can support prosperous days.

He who gives quickly gives doubly.

Who accepts nothing has nothing to return.

Compliments cost nothing, yet many pay dearly for them.

It is easier to give good counsel than to follow it.

Could everything be done twice everything would be done better.

How wise of God to plan death at the end of life.

Everybody knows good counsel except him who has need of it.

No one so old he may not live a year, none so young that he may not die today.

Confidence begets confidence.

Who would be young in age must in youth be sage.

A drop of honey catches more flies than a hogshead of vinegar.

A golden bit does not make the horse any better.

Whom fortune favors the world favors.

To break in a young horse requires an old rider.

No greater harmony exists than where heart and mouth are in unison.

A Nation's Wisdom in Brief

Here Are Spanish Proverbs

"WE are usually the best men when we are in the worst health."

* * * *

"However early you get up you cannot hasten the dawn."

* * * *

"Nothing is easier than to cheat an honest man."

* * * *

"He who knows he does not know is never a fool."

* * * *

These are Spanish proverbs.

The proverbs of a nation crystallize its national temperament and popular habits of thought. They are an epitome of its wisdom. Here are some more from Spain:

Lock your door so that you may keep your neighbor honest.

Three helping one another will do as much as six men singly.

He who says much must be right sometimes.

The imagination easily sees what it desires.

To reply to an evil word by another taunt is like trying to clean off dirt with mud.

If you are vexed or angry you will have two troubles instead of one.

He who has drunk his fill soon turns his back on the fountain.

He will never worship well the image on the altar who knew it when it was a trunk of wood in the garden.

We have the most to fear from fortune when we have the largest handful of her.

Beware of risking much if he who gives advice is a poor man.

Even in hell one finds companionship.

A wall between best preserves friendship.

There is a remedy for everything but death.

The creditor always has a better memory than the debtor.

To make excuses before they are needed is to blame oneself.

If you would know the worth of a ducat, go and borrow one.

The Sort That Men Forget

By THOMAS HARDY

You were the sort that men forget;
Though I—not yet!—
Perhaps not ever. Your slightest weakness
Adds to the strength of my regret!

You'd not the art—you never had
For good or bad—
To make men see how sweet your meaning,
Which, visible, had charmed them glad.

You would, by words inept let fall,
Offend them all,
Even if they saw your warm devotion
Would hold your life's blood at their call.

You lacked the eye to understand
Those friends offhand
Whose mode was crude, though whose dim purport
Outpriced the courtesies of the bland.

I am now the only being who
Remembers you,
It may be. What a waste that Nature
Grudged soul so dear the art its due!

OH DEAR! OH DEAR!

They arrived home late from the summer party. Wife took off her hat and slammed it on the floor. Then she confronted her hubby.

"I'll never take you to another party as long as I live!" she said.

"Why?" he calmly wanted to know.

"You asked Mrs. Jones how her husband has been standing the heat."

"Well?"

"Well, her husband has been dead two months."

BILLY WHISKERS

By FRANCES MONTGOMERY

Nannie frightened the hired girl and the mistress of the farm house, and the boys who had caught her did not dare tell their mother about the goat.

"Oh, Mrs. Woodberry, you are white as a ghost! What has happened? Did you hear or see the same burglar Minnie did?" asked Mrs. Strongholtz, the neighbor.

"Heard a burglar? I never heard or saw anything until this monster knocked me down and ran over me and escaped down the lane!"

"Did you really see them?" asked Minnie.

"See them? No, I did not see them, but I saw and felt it, too, and if I am not mistaken I am injured internally where it stepped on me with its big elephant feet and iron claws."

"Hear her!" chuckled one of the boys. "She has added claws to its feet now! Poor ma! She is so frightened that she doesn't know what she saw!"

Expresses Fear

"And none of us will ever dare tell her what it really was or she would just about kill us on the spot," said another son.

When they reached the house the farmer and his son sent the dogs into the house first, while they and Mrs. Woodberry, the hired girl and the boys stayed outside, expecting to hear the hounds bay that they had found something. But all was quiet and the dogs soon came out of the house—all but one. They were waiting for it when a most terrible piercing yelp was heard from the cellar.

"Gee, she has found something! And it must have hurt her, from the yelping she is doing." And the farmer and his son rushed into the house.

"The yelps are coming from the cellar, and that is where I heard the noise, Mrs. Woodberry, when I ran out of the house," said the hired girl.

By this time the boys were wondering is someone had gotten in the house or if Nannie was still there and had hooked the dog. They began to think that Nannie might still be in the house and what their mother saw might really have been some big animal from the circus, as she said, for she was a most truthful woman and not given to imagining things.

Just then the farmer and his son came out of the house, one carrying the dog and the other a big rat trap in which the dog had caught his foot.

Poor Woman!

"Mrs. Woodberry, we have been all over your house from cellar to garret, but have not seen any person or thing. But the house shows that some person or animal has been there, as it is in great disorder from attic to cellar and there is scarcely a room where things have not been upset or a bed that has not been tramped on. And on an upstairs window still are footprints of some animal that has cloven feet."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What ever shall I do?" wailed Mrs. Woodberry nervously.

Everybody was excited about the disorder Nannie had caused in the farmhouse where she was imprisoned.

The outcome of it all was that the farmer and his son had to stay all night and sleep with their guns beside them, as Mrs. Woodberry was so wrought up and excited that she would not stay in the house without some man to guard them. And while Mrs. Woodberry went to bed with fear and trembling and the hired girl slept on the lounge in her room, too afraid to go to her own room in the attic, the boys fell asleep wondering if it was Nannie that had made all the mess in the house, and little Nannie herself was continuing on her way, rejoicing at her happy release.

She Hurries

In the big three hundred by two hundred-foot studio room of the Emmanenn Company's place the stage was being set for a scene where all the animals were to appear in characters like those seen on the billboards and the one Nannie was now hurrying to Chicago to see, scarcely stopping to eat or sleep, she was so afraid she would arrive too late.

After much mopping of foreheads and loud calling for the keepers to bring on the animals that were to take part in the play and to be sure to have them in place when the camera man began to wind off the film, Mr. Dates was about to call "Shoot!"—which in studio language means to begin to grind off the films—when there was commotion behind him. Turning to look, he saw three of his men trying to hold a lily white goat which was struggling in their arms. And as he looked it escaped from the men and made straight for the stage and with one bound was up on it licking Billy's nose and frisking around him like mad. Of course you all know that this goat was none other than Nannie.

She had easily found her way to the studio. Arriving there, she had seen the big gate-like door that gave entrance to the studio yard standing open and, no one being around, she had run in. Once in, she looked about and saw one of the big doors open which gave into the larger studio rooms, so she ran up to it. And luck would have it that this door led right into the studio where the play in which Billy was acting was being staged for the final production.

Having seen the picture on the billboards, she recognized the one on the stage as the same, so knew just where to look for Billy. Consequently when once she saw him no twenty men could have stopped her. Thus it was that Mr. Dates held back his final word "Shoot!" for twenty seconds. Then he called it out in a loud voice, and Nannie was taken in the picture along with Billy and the rest of the animals. Instead of Nannie spoiling the picture, she added much to it.

[So Nannie not only got her husband back, but shared his fame in the picture.]

TORRANCE NOTES

L. E. Stoner, who recently moved with his family to Hollywood, was a business caller in Torrance Tuesday.

Mrs. Ted Wertz and son Robert enjoyed a day in San Pedro Wednesday.

Mrs. Martha Jumper and her daughter, Miss Alma Jumper of Seattle, who is visiting her, passed Wednesday in Redondo.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Finley of Whittier and Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Fortner of Long Beach were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Allen of the Castle Apartments.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Smith have moved from 712-A Amapola avenue to Inglewood.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Hungerford of 2063 220th street have moved to La Habra.

G. Margozewitz and family have moved to Los Angeles from No. 19 El Prado Court.

W. C. George has moved from Lomita to house H Spurlin Court.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Townsend have moved to Los Angeles. They formerly resided at 2024 Gramercy avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Faught of 2222 Arlington avenue have gone to Arcadia to reside. Mr. Faught is employed by the Midway Northern Oil Company.

Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Bland have moved to Compton. They have been making their home at the El Prado Court while in Torrance.

Mrs. George D. Watson and Mrs. F. L. Parks passed Wednesday in Los Angeles.

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TORRANCE

Phone 66

"HELLO! HELLO! HELEN—

Say, I've been trying to get you for an hour. What are you going to do next Sunday? * * * I don't know either, but there's one thing sure, I'm not going to spend my time fussing around getting a big Sunday dinner. Not as long as you can get such a delicious Sunday dinner down at the Ferncroft cafe for only 75c.

Is it really good? Why, my dear, it is what Tom calls a regular feed. I don't know how they can serve it for that money, but they do. Why don't you try it next Sunday? * * * All right then, I'll see you there. Remember the name of the place is the

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Pinebrosia 28c
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SunMaid Raisins Seeded or Seedless, 15-oz. package 11c

Del Monte Asparagus 37 1-2c
Del Monte Asparagus Tips 40c
Santa Cruz Artichokes 25c
Blue Flag Crab Meat ..... 33c - 61c
Red Jacket Lobste ..... 28c - 54c

EXTRA SPECIAL

5-Pound Box Jevne Assorted Chocolates $1.65 Regular Price $2

Libby PLUM PUDDING No. 2 Can 35c Serve as Cake or Pudding

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