HOUSE PARTIES-THE SUPREME TEST OF THE SUCCESSFUL HOSTESS

A Clever Woman Strikes the Happy Medium Between a Dull Time and a Strenuous Round of Gaieties.

and perhaps also in the fact that she manifests a strange inability to allow people to follow their own devices, but must perpetually interfere and substitute her own special plans for their edifica-

Everything can be overdone, and the tactless hostess generally overdoes the entertaming part of the business. I have stayed in houses for week-end parties where not five minutes were left unaccounted for. The hostess had mapped out a line of action for the entertainment of her guests and this was as rigid as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It sim-ply had to be carried out. There was no mible chance of escape.

Once upon a time I spent what might have been a very delightful holiday in the north of Scotland, but owing to the

program of the hostess it proved a veritable nightmare. If it had not been that I was too young a girl to retire from an impossible situation gracefully I should have left long be-fore the fortnight

was up. But not being sufficiently well wersed in the hand-ling of diplomatic situations at that time, and having accepted the invitation for a two weeks' visit, I stuck manfully to my

The hostess of the house party had mapped out a program calculated to make an athlete quall, much more a 15-year-old girl who was still at the growing period. We stayed in a large old-fashloned house We stayed in a large old-fashloned house on the shores of Loch Tay, in a perfectly beautiful little highland village called Killin. The month was April, and any one who has stayed in the north of Scotland during that period of the year knows that the weather may be anything from one end of the barometer and the thermometer to the other. Glorious sunshine

MUSIC AT BELMONT

Afternoon and Evening Programs of Concerts in the Park.

The programs for concerts this afternoon and tonight at Belmont Mansion, by the Fairmount Park Band, are as fol-

AFTERNOON, 4 TO 6 O'CLOCK. L. Overture, "Morning, Noon and Night"

2. "Egyptian Ballet Suite".... Luight B. (a) "Love's Dream After the Ball"

(b) "Down on the Swanes River"
Myddleton
"Melodies From "The Red Widow". Gebest
Motives from "Carmen". Black
A Southern Sketch—"Uncle Tom's

Cabin" Lampe
"The Stars and Stripes Forever" Sousa
Waltz, "Dreams of Childhood" Waldtufel
"Songs of the Day" Remick EVENING, 8 TO 10 O'CLOCK.

"Star-Spangled Banner." blended.

By ELLEN ADAIR

WHO is there under the sun, moon or stars who at one time or another ham't auffered from that well-meaning but quite impossible person, the tactless hostess? And the pity of the affair is instead and the pity of the affair is instead and the pity of the affair is anxious to please, so determined that her guests shall have what she considers a thoroughly good time!

The whole trouble lies in her particular interpretation of the term "good time," and perhens also in the fact that she is shout that awakening for me. ness about that awakening for me.

The ground, I recollect, was frozen hard each morning. The sun certainly shone, but it was a very chilly and unsatisfactory aun.

and the little house party, rounded up by our indefatigable hostess, set off for the lake. Breakfastless, and for two solid hours, we took it in turns to row the heavy boat. didn't matter whether the morn-ing was freezing or not, we all were com-

mandeered to John!
And oh, how I hated it:
During breakfast, a complete program
would be mapped out for the day. A 90-mile bicycle ride would be arranged t take place before lunch, and the moment we had returned from this protracted exercise, and lunch had been partaken of, we would have to sally forth once more, to spend a long afternoon in some form of mountaineering. In the evening every one had to walk at least five miles, just to show that there was no fatigue after the day's work! . . .

And all this entertainment was arranged for by our hostess. I recollect that on the sixth day one of the men of the party went home. He said that important busi-ness called him. But we all had our suspicions that he went home for a long so-journ in bed. The poor man was quite worn out.

Although we were all invited to that house again the following Easter, curi-ously enough no one accepted the invita-tion! Our hostess was sadly disappointed. "It is such a pity that none of you can come!" she said mournfully, "for we all had such a wonderful time last year! I am dreadfully sorry!"

But strange to say, no one shared the emotion, or gave a single sigh of disap-pointment over what we were likely to

PHILADELPHIA BAND

Tonight's Concert on the City Hall Plaza.

The program for the concert tonight on City Hall Plaza, by the Philadelphia Band, is as follows: 1. Overture, "Morning, Noon and Night"

Rice and Strawberry Whip Turn one cup of carefully cooked rice into a slightly buttered mold and let stand until serving time. Unmold the rice (preferably ring-shaped), surround with a ring of hulled and haived strawwith a ring of hulled and halved straw-berries, scatter a few on top and fill the centre with foamy, pink strawberry sauce. This sauce is best made by working to-gether until creamy a scant half cupful of butter, adding gradually (while con-stantly beating) one cupful of confection-er's sugar. Wash, drain and hull one cupful of strawberries, adding them to the butter and sugar mixture one at a time, there to discard the old methods in fa-

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KHAKI-KOOL THE NEWEST FABRIC FOR AUTOMOBILE TOGGERY

THERE are, perhaps, a good many families who are foregoing the usual trip to the seashore on account of economy, prudence or some other equally urgent reason. The substitute for this is often a week-end automobile trip, supplemented by innumerable little all-day drives through the surrounding country. A woman needs a good, practical motoring costume for trips in a machine. I might say that it is almost impossible to look well after an all-day's ride. Dust is bound to fly all over one, necessitating the use of some ma-terial which will shake out readily. This closely buttened auto cloak is one of the best styles for motor-ing purposes which I have seen this season.

The material of which it is made is this season's in-novation, named khaki-koot novation, named khaki-kool, a sort of cross between regular Palm Beach cloth and lines, absolutely impervious to dust. The coat is made in quaint postillion style, with a cape coilar and wide belt. The lines of the body are straight, and the belt is wide, with patch pockets at either side of it. The back is plain, with no trimming except the wide collar, which ripples slightly at the shoulders. The skirt of this coat is gored to give a auggestion of fulness at the bottom of the coat. The buttons are tan, in ball style.

This same coat may be made in ponges for motor and street wear. It is essentially practical, as I said before, and would look well in the evening, too. The high collar may be turned tack, of course, like those shown before this season.

Fabrics That Do Not Fade

Certain manufacturers are putting on the market fabrice particularly suited toe surtain and portiers used which are guaranteed against the action of the sun. Every one knows how disappointing if in to purchase attractive green or where colored curtains and dist at the end of one seament that they have become streaked and fedual. These have materials are guaranteed fadelows owing to peculiar methods of dysing [Ting come move, but in the come are with it.



A SMART COAT FOR MOTORING

MOTHERS AND YOUNGSTERS GATHER AT BABY CLINIC



The picture shows the throng that awaits the attention of the nurses at the municipal clinic, at 4th and Green streets, every Tuesday and Thursday.

BABY CLINIC BABEL OF POLYGLOT WAILS

Infants' Mothers Receive Sound Advice From Nurses at Fourth and Green.

"Glug, glug!" "Wow, wow!" Yah, yah!"

A polyglot jargon of infantile yells smites the air in the vicinity of 4th and Green streets every Tuesday and Thursday at 2 in the afternoon, when the baby clinic is held. In shrill linguistic jabs, chubby youngsters voice their protests in Lithuanian, German, Italian, Yiddish and sometimes in plain American at the indignity of being undressed down to their little "shimmy-shirts" before so many spectators.

No one pays any attention to their protests. They are undressed, just the same; they are put on the scales struggling fearfully part of the time, and their weight is entered in the book, where Miss Wilson, the nurse in immediate charge of this clinic, keeps a record of the condition of all of her little

Most of them are healthy bables-due to the fact that the aim of the baby clinic is to be preventive rather than curative. The surprising part of it all is the eagerness with which many of the mothers, reared in the "old country," where outside interference with one's bambinos is hotly resented, clutch at the opportunity to bring their youngsters to a place where such expert advice in baby lore can be obtained gratis.

"Don't shake your baby up and down," said Miss Wilson, admonishingly, yesterday to a young mother who was trying to quiet her gurgling first-born by an acrobatic process; "It isn't healthful for it."

This was new advice, surely. Who ever heard of not shaking one's baby? But what Miss Wilson says at the clinic is dogma, and though her ancestors had shaken their bables for generations without end, that mother decided then and healthy specimen.

It's a proud set of mothers, indeed, who show up on these clinic days. Some of them are simply laden with babies, babies in the arms, babies tugging at the maternal skirts and babies toddling along in the rear.

The clinic is a big affair at 4th and Green streets, just like Sunday afternoon, and one for which it is meet that the very best clothes an infant possesses should be put on him. In fact, one mother had deemed this an occasion of such impressive ceremony that her 10-weeks-old girl baby wore her christening robe. The china blue eyes of another glistened with pride in the consciousness of the fresh pink rosettes on its bonnet and the pearl necklace encircling its tiny throat.

The visitor at one of these clinics is almost sure to notice the absence of teething rings, messy nursing bottles and unclean gee-gaws such as many mothers give their children to chew on. This lack is a result of the comprehensive instructive work which the city nurses have carried into the homes of these mothers.

Sometimes when a mother is very, very Sometimes when a mother is very, very new to America, and hasn't had her eyes epened to the foolishness of some of the old customs, it is no unusual thing for the nurse to find a baby done up as tight as a little mummy in swaddling clothes off they must come instanter, for what baby could survive a Philadelphia summer in swaddling clothes?

This isn't all, either. Often when times are hard and money is tight and milk, even at 5 cents a quart, is beyond the reach of some, the mother frantically wonders what she can feed her baby on. If she gives it anything that happens to be in the house, even if it is tea or coffee, who will blame her? The nurse doesn't but she carefully investigates and if the family is too poor to supply the wee member with the necessary milk, the city comes to the rescue, so that these young-sters will grow into splendid, desirable

Frozen Dishes

Plain Ice Cream-Cold mixture; Take one gallon cream or part milk, one and one-half pounds of granulated sugar, one dessertspoon powdered gelatin. Mix sugar and thicken together dry, add cresm gradually, stirring constantly till sugar is dissolved. Do not strain. Flavor and

freezo as usual. freeze as usual.

Ice Cream—Warm mixture: To one gallon cream add four and one-half pounds granulated sugar. Stir on fire till very hot, but not boiling. Add one and one-half gallons cold cream and two tea-spòons dissolved golatin. With cream which contains from 10 to 24 per cent. butter fat this should make five gallons frozen cream.

Plenappie Ice-Make a syrup with two pounds sugar and two quarts water. Let infuse with one pint grated pineapple, juice of two oranges and three lemons.

juice of two oranges and three lemons. Strain and freeze.
Various Fruit Ices—For a rich fruit ice make a syrup with one quart water and one and one-half plands susar. Add one and one-half plands susar. Add one and one-half pland fruit pulp, some lemon juice or a little dissolved office and as required; these freeze. For strawberry, color plants for mapherry, pale red; for springs, red and yellow inpriced colors and a few drops almost flavor. For rose, vanilla or violet loss use apple pains ar pains. Colors and davor as required.

WOMAN ARTIST DEVOTES HER ENERGIES TO CONGENIAL WORK

Mrs. Alice Mumford Roberts, in a Charming Environment, Passes Her Days in the Creation of Portraits True to Life.



Photo by Mathilde Well. Mrs. Alice Mumford Roberts and daughter, Penelope.

PEEP, one of these sunny June days, A into the studio of Alice Mumford Roberts, well-known artist and portrait painter of Philadelphia, would doubtless reveal her busily engaged on a canvas, working in with her artist's skill the last few delicate touches of color, which sums up with remarkable hardiness and vigor the life-sized image of Henry R. here to discard the her erstwhile puny or of the new, since her erstwhile puny and dent of the Board of Education, president of the Free Library and admiralty of the Free Library and admiralty lawyer.

Mrs. Roberts is a devotee of the style of Velasquez, and in this, her latest production, she has emulated his example by her splendid matching of values and in-tensity of aspect, making one feel in the presence of the portrait as in the presence of the living.

"When completed," she said, "it is to be one of a group of life-sized portraits which will be placed in the new Free Library to be built in the future in the Parkway."

Alice Mumford Roberts is the daughter of Mrs. Mary Mumford, the publicist. She studied art here and abroad, spending three years in Paris and one in Spain. She studied under Whistler, but remarks, "I accredit my development and real insight into basic principles and values to Joseph De Camp, of Boston, a lifetong friend and most eminent of American artists." She never sketches, as is the custom with mest painters, but conceives the work as a whole and goes to work in the spirit of staking or losing all.

She lives in an old-fashioned house in three years in Paris and one in Spain.

She lives in an old-fashioned house in what at one time was the centre of Philawhat at one time was the centre of rhila-delphia activities, near Spruce and 7th streets. There with her little flaxen-haired daughter, Penelope, who seemed the very embodiment of sunshine as she plays around the high-ceilinged old studio, she spends hours each day at her work.

"Portrait painting," she continued, "is extremely fatiguing. The artist must, or at least I always aim to, keep the sitter entertained and at the same time centrate every energy on the image I am endeavoring to interpret and portray. I spend on an average six hours a day at my easel. My recreation and rest con-sist in long walks and frequent digs into sist in long walks and frequent diss into my little garden, which is about as big as a pocket handkerchief. The little vegetation that is apparent, however, represents much labor and a great deal of coaxing. Part of the small plot which is now our garden was once upon a time, years and years ago, the floor of an ice cream parior. It is a very pretty plees of mosaic work, and has ice cream designed in the centre, which is a bit of grandeur, in the eyes of Penelope, which she never wearies showing her wee she never wearies showing her wes

Married nine years ago to Jacob Clar-ence Roberts, a University graduate, and a man of diversited talents, she knew for years the complete happiness which comes of a union of similar tastes and in-terests, coupled with the joys of moth-erhood. Then, one day four years ago, death entered the home and robbed the

ALL THAT YOU GET HERE IS

Bender READING TERMINAL MARKET

baby girl of a father and the wife of her companion and provider. "I hadn't a penny in the world," said Mrs. Roberts, referring to the time immediately following the tragedy. "Today I am very glad to say that I own the home in which we live and some other property. Yes, it has taken grit—lots of it. And courage and application to my work. Nothing is accomplished without concentrated effort and clear headedness, which surely never follows in the train of late supper parties and dissipation. I live very quietly here; nothing in the least Bohemian about my life. Soon Penelope and I are leaving for southern New Hampshire, where we will spend the summer, in a place quite remote from civilization."

WON'T PART WITH BABY

Mother's Death Breaks Heart of Father of Fascinating Child.

Howard E. Gray, of Roaring Branch, today said he would never give up his 2-year-old daughter, Vivian Jane Lieb Gray, for whom John Mock, of this city. offered \$100,000 a month ago. The mother of the child died yesterday at a hospital in Williamsport, and it was thought Mock might have a chance now to adopt the lit-

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lieb, grandparents of Vivian, were questioned after Gray said he would not consider the proposition. They said they would never consent to Mock taking the baby. Gray is heart-broken by the death of his wife, and says no amount of money would induce him to let his baby go away.

Activities of Women Women are now admitted to member-

ship in the London Royal Astronomical Society on the same terms with men. Both Utah and Idaho now have a ninehour-a-day law for women workers.

Color blindness is more than twice as common in men as in women.

Dr. Elizabeth Riley has been physician and superintendent and instructor of the Boston Surgical Hospitals for 11 years. Trustees of Delaware College have decided to enlarge their building so that they can accommodate all the women who have applied for admittance.

The shortage of labor in the United States, which is becoming more pro-nounced as the war advances in Europe, is likely to cause the employment of women in the iron and steel industry of this country as they do in Europe.

Polynesian mothers mould and flatten the noses of their daughters and think that the long, thin noses of English women are the result of being pulled out in infancy. Prize Suggestions

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to C, H. Thomas, 130 Broad street, Kennett Square, Pa., for the following suggestion: A prize of \$1 will be awarded daily for the best practical sug-

gestion. No suggestions will be returned.



screw eyes on the outside of an los outside of an los cream freezer near the bottom, each an equal distance apart, and then placing three large screen door hooks in the floor to correspond with the screen events.

in the freezer, the freezer can be held tightly to the floor. In this way one hand is left free to supply salt and ice. If these hooks are placed on the back porch or on the kitchen floor the operator will have his work in a comfortable position, waist high.

SAVE



SUFFRAGISTS ON TOUR WITH "LIBERTY BELL"

Orators Address Mass-meetings in Four Cities During Day's Run.

UNION CITY, Pa., June 30.—The patrictic associations of the women's liberty bell with the suffrage movement will be explained today by speakers traveling with the bell at mass-meetings Waterford, Cambridge Springs and sertown. Meadville will be reached

Saegertown. Meadville will be reached in the evening.

Five hundred persons stood in the rain at a meeting in this city yesterday—a crowd said to have been the largest that ever assembled here at an outdoor meeting. ever as meeting. Among those who spoke were Dr. Mary

Wolf, State chairman of the Pennsylvania Suffrage Finance Committee; Miss Louise Hall, director of the bell tour, and Mrs. H. Neely Fleming, county chairman of Brie and vice president of the State Suffrage Association.

State Suffrage Association.

Mrs. Fleming was heartily applauded when she said "the State that has Independence Hall, the original Liberty Bell, and that was the first in the abolition movement should be the first of the 15 original States to enfranchise its women. I believe that the men of Pennsylvania in honor to themselves will give their women folk the ballot next November."

Do You Like Honey?

To many persons the taste of honey is not agreeable, and to such the use of it will not appeal at all. Yet there are ways it can be utilized in cooking not dreamed of by the average housewife, which make a very agreeable change from the usual sugar sweetening.

Statistics agree that every person, men women and children, consumes yearly \$5 pounds of sugar. Yet for perfect health, not more than 3 or 4 ounces should be the daily allowance. Of course, with young people, a large proportion of their 85 pounds reaches the stomach in the form of candy, which is not any too good a food in its present commercialized form.

For children, particularly, honey as a
sweet is much better than sugar. Besides the usual confections made of honey, nougat, Turkish dessert, paklaya, and honey and nuts, there are many ways it can be used in cooking. Why not honey in the centre of baked apples, combined with raisins, or used with stewing fruits of various kinds? As honey has the power of absorbing moisture from the sir, any cakes or bread baked with honey keeps better and more moist and less likely to dry out. Honey can also be used on various cereals or on bread, especially the whole wheat and brown variety. Think of the splendid snack for a youngster that a generous slice of whole wheat bread and honey makes!

In preserving and canning, honey may also be used in place of various syrups. Its subtle flavor and healthfulness reccommend it. As to expense, while it may seem that honey is dearer than sugar, less of it need be used, so that there is little ultimate difference in price, especially with sugar at the current market figure.

Many housekeepers do not know the Many housekeepers do not know the right place in which to store honey, and unthinkingly put it in the cellar or a dark, cool place. On the contrary, honey should always be kept in a dry, warm place, even at 100 degrees. If kept in a damp place, the "cappings" of the comb become watery and the honey cozes through, but if the comb is kept where the air is warm and dry, it will remain in more perfect condition. Owing to the strictness of national food regulations, there is practically no danger nowadays

TWO DOUBLE WEDDINGS END THE JUNE HARVEST

Prophet Brothers Take Brides and Ertel Sisters Plight Troths at Same Time.

Two double weddings took place today, Herbert Prophet, of 2915 North Sint street, married Miss Nellie Marshall, of 2721 Croyden street. His brother, Frederick, married Bertha Rider, of 2752 Eddington street. The marriage ceremonies. were performed by the Rev. Otto Dietrick, of the German Lutheran Church, of Camden, at the home of Miss Rider,

That winds up the hymencal history of

one family. The brothers Prophet had been acquainted for a long time with their brides, and for years had lived neighbors. Miss Jeanette M. Ertel, of 1822 North Marvine street, was married to J. Howard Krupp, of 1103 Diamond street. Her sinter, Miss Edna C. Ertel, was married to Raymond Hartsell, 2634 North Jessup street, at the Lutheran Church of the Transfiguration, by the Rev. Z. M. Corbs. Transfiguration, by the Rev. Z. M. Corbs, Hartzell and Krupp are second cousins, Hartzell met Miss Edna Ertel. In courting her he thought it would be very convenient if he could find a companion for her sister. He remembered his second cousin, and introduced him. So the romance grew.

After a reception at the home of the brides' mother, Mrs. Louise Ertel, 1812 North Marvine street, Mr. and Mrs. Krupp will go to Telford, Pa., to visit the bridegroom's family. At the same time Mr. and Mrs. Hartzell will leave for Franconia, Pa., the home of Mr. Hartzell's

conia. Pa., the home of Mr. Hartzell's parents.

Upon their return the happy couples will

live together at 3863 North 17th street in a house which was jointly furnished by the young husbands weeks ago. A brother of the Prophets, William, did not wait for the double wedding. He slipped away yesterday and was married to Miss Clara Clayton, of \$152 Frankford

A Persian Love Song Ah, sad are they who know not love, But far from passion's tears and smiles, Drift down a moonless sea beyond The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

Kiss empty air, and never touch The dear warm mouth of those they love-Waiting, wasting, suffering much. But clear as amber, fine as musk, Is life to those, who, pilgrim-wise,

And sadder they whose long lips

Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk Each morning nearer Paradise. Oh, not for them shall angel pray, They stand in everlasting light. They walk in Allah's smile by day

And nestle in his heart by night.

-Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Where Soda Helps

The housekeeper will find pure baking oda a great help in the household. Used with cream of tartar it makes an excellent baking powder. A pinch of soda added to boiling green vegetables imadded to boiling green vegetables im-proves their flavor and helps to preserve their green color. A little soda added to beans when cooking makes them soft and there is practically no danger newadays that honey is daulterated, and the housewife who finds a reputable standard brand need have no fear.

Sweet. A pinch of bicarbonate of soda put in milk that is slightly soured will restore its sweetness. Tinware boiled with some baking soda will assume a fine brilliancy and will rest to the source of the source of the same baking soda will assume a fine brilliancy and will rest to the source of the source o

Mr. Snail Proves Himself a Friend

Shall pulled his house down the garden path, Daintily he stopped and rested till he should be refreshed, ready for another step or two. "This is such a fine the know that he is so handsome as he know that he is so handsome as he know that he is so handsome as he Snail pulled his house down the garden path, Daintily he stopped and rested till he should be refreshed, ready for another step or two. "This is such a fine day," he exclaimed to himself. "Sunshine, fresh air, flowers, fragrance—it is fine to be alive on a day like this!" His hairlike little antense reached around in front of him, back and forth, up and down, and reported to him about the agreeable sights to be seen and the

pleasant smells to be smelled.

"Almost would I like to visit with some one for a while," said the snail to himself. "That was most pleasant meeting that little Tittle-Mouse back there a ways; now I would like to increase my acquaintance further. This surely is a day for visiting, if there ever was one." But, though he looked most carefully around, not a creature was to be seen, and he soon drew back his dainty feeler and crept on.

He had not gone very far, however, till there landed on his back with an awful thud a heavy body—a great heavy body, that quite tumbled the poor little snail over sideways. "Dear me! Dear me!" he thought in fright. "What in the world is happening? Does somebody want to kill me? But no, if they did, they wouldn't go about it that way! Does somebody want to sit on me? But no, why should they do that? What in the world has happened?"

While he was asking himself these many questions he drew his body that inte the deepest recesses of his shell inte the deepest recesses of his shell.

While he was asking himself these many questions he drew his body tight into the deepest recesses of his shell, and there he stayed-till, when there was not another sound or movement, he decided it was safe to peep out and see what the matter could have been. Slowly and with great care he slipped down inside his shell home till he was quite close to the ground. Then he waited a minute. Nothing happened, so he raised the front end of the shell a tiny, tiny crack and listened. And what do you suppose he heard? Oh, you never could guess!

He heard Mr. Garden Toad talking in his crossest voice, and he was saying: "Well, I guess that will do for a while. That last hop ought to make me thin, if anything will."

down, and reported to him about the agreeable sights to be seen and the pleasant smells to be smelled.

"Almost would I like to visit with"

"What's that?" inquired the toad, as he whirled around to see who was talk-

The snall repeated his wish, and the toad huffed and blew himself up his and fat with pride. He forgot for the moment about being thin. "But what is this I hear about hopping making you thin? I hope it never will."

"You hope I never will grow slender and thin again?" exclaimed the toad. "But I want to get thin! I'm so fat now that even the files make fun of me! I'm trying my hardest to get slender again." "So unnecessary! So unnecessary!" re-plied the snail quietly, "They merely say that because they are jealous. You want to stay just as you are!" And Mr. Garden Toad was so happy to hear such advice that he stayed a friend of the snalls forever. Copyright—Glara Ingram Judsen.

BABY MILK

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