AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

III—Love's Dawn

LUNCH was a wonder and a revelation. Mary enjoyed each moment of it. Never before had she met so interesting a man!

"Do you expect to stay here long?" she asked at last. With a queer little flutter at her heart she waited for his answer.

It was rather slow in coming. And, when it did, the young man's eyes were fixed on Mary's vivid face.

"This morning, when I was tinkering with my motorcycle, I'd quite decided to clear out. I was bored and—and lonely—and thoroughly fed-up.

"But now"—he looked straight into her fine gray eyes—"now I feel sort of different! I don't somehow want to go away. I wonder why?"

A very pretty blush crept into Mary's smooth young cheeks. She didn't speak. But a wave of foolish happiness immersed her.

He leaned across the little table and caught her slim white hand impulsively.

"If you only knew how—how happy you make me!" Wistfulness lay in his eyes, and a beguiling softness in his voice. "And to think that I don't even know your name!"

"It's a ridiculous name," said the young girl, pouting, "just Mary! Mary Drew."

"Just Mary"—that's a pretty name!"

"It's a stupid name!"

"I love it—Mary!" His tones were a caress.

The two set forth a little later on a long country walk.

They walked along the winding ribbon of road that led through the fields. A little wind sprang up and flicked a brighter carmine into Mary's cheeks. Through young Calardin's brain floated a dozen fond, poetic images, likening Mary to a young Diana or a goddess far above his reach. * * *

He stepped a little closer to her and placed a protective hand below her elbow. No hint of familiarity was in the gesture—only tremendous kindliness and care. And it seemed to Mary as though her whole being was enveloped in a wave of utter happiness that thrilled her through and through.

"It's been so wonderful meeting you and talking to you," he said at last. "The other girls I met were so—so insipid—dull. They bored a fellow stiff. They couldn't talk—not as you do! All my life I've wanted—desperately—to know some one just like you, Mary——"

"I'm glad that we are—friends!" she said, demurely. She gave the last word a faint emphasis. "People tell me that I make a good friend—the always-and-always, never-changing kind!"

"Oh, say! Don't drag in other people! I feel jealous!

"Mr. Carrington Bellairs—I'm wondering how you like your work with him?" Impulsively he blurted out the question.

"Oh, I like it pretty well." She tried to make her tones sound casual—and failed. "He's frightfully clever. Work with such a man couldn't fail to be intensely interesting. He has a very pretty ward, Eve Rochester. Have you met her?"

"Yes—a few times. I stayed a week-end at their place." Dick Calardin changed the subject swiftly to another topic. Evidently he didn't wish to speak of Eve.

It was dusk before they reached the railway station.

"Tomorrow I come to town—on business," said the young man eagerly, staring into the smoke-blue eyes. "Miss Drew—Mary—you'll let me come and see you? Say you will!"

Mary smiled at him. His case was won.

"I'll look in at your office in the afternoon and fix things up. And thanks a thousand times!"

The train came thundering in. He escorted Mary to a seat.

"Au revoir—until tomorrow!"

The train began to move.

There was a sound of running footsteps on the platform. The conductor swung open the door of the car, thrusting in a very pretty, petulant, fair-haired girl. She sank down on the seat next to Mary, and the latter recognized at once Eve Rochester, the ward of Carrington Bellairs.

Mary was about to speak to her, when Eve bounced up toward the window with a small, excited scream.

"Oh, Dicky dear! Hello! I didn't see you! Don't forget our engagement for tomorrow evening——"

The train was off and "Dicky" out of ear-shot.

Eve sank back on her seat and favored Mary with a supercilious stare.

"How do, Miss Drew! I didn't notice you!" This very patronizingly. Then, with her eyes on Mary's face, she drew the glove from her left hand so that the light fell full on a splendid ring she wore on her third finger. "Pretty, isn't it?" she queried languidly. "It's my engagement ring. I've promised to marry Dicky Calardin."

Tomorrow—Mary's Awakening

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

Killing Time

Arnold Bennett tells us that it is no longer considered good form for a woman not to have some regular occupation outside of her home duties—and that, he adds, "aside from the ordinary charity business".

Through Mr. Bennett has not authorized me, I think it is safe to interpret "the ordinary charity business" to mean certainly not real charitable or social work, but the superficial interest in these things, the playing at work that so many women affected before the war and for which charity furnished the medium and the excuse.

The war taught women who had never known work before what real work was. It taught them the satisfaction of a living interest, and the delicious tiredness of fatigue as compared with the nerve-racking weariness of boredom, from which there is no rest.

The war was supposed to have done away with the woman who cared but to

"Live and breathe and die
A rose-fed pig in an esthetic sty."

Yet today we find women floundering through life killing time. And when they kill time, though they may not realize it, they are killing something very live and vital and precious in themselves. If they only knew it, they are killing their youth. For youth is the power and the desire to do. Youth is energy and enthusiasms. Youth is interest as against ennui.

The strange thing about these women who kill time is that they not only do no real work, but they are not even interested in ways of enjoying life. With so many wonderful things going on this year in music, the arts, with the plays that everybody can understand and scores of worth-while new books, one would expect the woman of leisure to have interests and enthusiasms galore, to say nothing of the wealth of things that are old yet always new and which we can never "cover" as long as we live.

Few of these women even take the interest they should take in their husbands' work. No matter what a man's business or profession, the average woman has intelligence enough to enable her, if she but wants to, to get sufficient working knowledge of it so that her husband can discuss his affairs with her, can bring his daily problems home to one who will understand and who, with the perspective of a fresh point of view, can frequently be helpful.

But even if she did all these things, a woman in England today would not be in good form, we are told. "Some regular occupation outside of her home duties and aside from the ordinary charity business"—it seems a big bill. But it is the new order of the day and it means happier women.

What kind of work? If a woman has no specific bent how many fields are calling for her efforts? With our enfranchisement have come new duties, and the politics of today are crying for the conscientious and disinterested activities that women have already proved they can best supply.

And, as to the "ordinary charity business," for real workers there is nothing so worthwhile. In social work with the great human equation, there is an immediate return for every real effort that one gives.

How much fuller, indeed, is the life that takes advantage of all these offerings than hers of whom it was said:

"* * * she marked thee there,
Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard the everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness."

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

JUDGE OWL'S SECRETS

By DADDY

The Magic Crown

[illegible]

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"Seek Athletic Friends," Is Advice

Dear Cynthia—Will you kindly publish this note for the benefit of Wondering.

All the young fellows do not dance, for there are five young men who go together, and of the five one does not dance at all, the other four never go to public dance halls, but dance only when they have to, that is to be sociable to the young ladies in the company.

So, Wondering, if you would like to meet fellows who do not go to dance halls every night pick out the young men who swim, run in the marathon races, play baseball, football, basketball and go in for all kinds of sports.

THE HAPPY FIVE.

Stick to True One

Dear Cynthia—I am very much in love with a fellow from Camden. I have been out with this fellow several times. He asked me for steady company when we were on good terms and now we are separated and he goes with my girl friend steadily and he also gave her a very pretty present for Christmas, and as he makes engagements with me yet, kindly tell me what to do, and how to gain his love, for I am broken-hearted over him. I also have a steady friend now and he is true, but I can not love him as I do Bill.

BOBBY.

See both the young men do not keep steady company with any one.

To "Never Again"

My dear young friend, do you not know that dancing is not your late fiancee's most serious fault? Do you not know that under no conditions is it respectable for a girl to allow a young man to buy her clothes and give her money, be she engaged to him or not? It is quite all right to give one's fiancee jewelry, but coats and shoes and dresses and hats—why, that should have proved to you at the very first that she was not worthy of you. No self-respecting girl would accept such gifts. You are well rid of her, but do not put it all on her love of dancing; she is just as wrong in other things, and her laxity and sluggishness, and love of pleasure, make her an easy prey to wrong and ill-advised behavior. You would be very foolish to take up such a friendship again. Cynthia would never advise it, and she is sure if your mother had known that you had been providing all those luxuries for this girl she would never have advised you to make friends at that time, as you say she did.

Says She's Heart-Broken

Dear Cynthia—I read your column every night and would like to ask you a question which I hope the readers and yourself would answer me.

I went around with a fellow and I loved him dearly for several years. His parents liked me a great deal. I am a business girl and am well liked by everybody. The other day I received announcement of his engagement which almost set me crazy. Kindly advise me if I should speak to him if I see him on the street or just ignore him.

A HEART-BROKEN GIRL.

Unless you were engaged to the young man or had an understanding with him that you were to be married to him in the near future, you have no reason to ignore him or cut him. Every man is free to become engaged to any girl he loves, if he is not already pledged to another. You should not have gone around exclusively with one man unless he had asked you to marry him.

How Shall She Meet Him?

Dear Cynthia—This is my first attempt of asking you for advice, though I have been a constant reader of your most valuable column for some time.

Several months ago I happened to read an article in this paper which appealed to me immensely. The impression upon me was such that I wrote a letter to the author, expressing my congratulations and appreciation of his wonderful opinion.

To my surprise I received an answer from him, thanking me and asking me to write again.

We have been corresponding since then, and to be frank, our letters are of the most interesting, friendly form I even saw.

Although I never met the young man before, I instinctively feel a deep friendship toward this intelligent person and feel that a true friend is writing to me today. I also know that he is a wounded ex-service man still in a hospital.

Now, there are my parents, sisters and brothers, my senior, who always try to kid, tease and laugh at me for my correspondence with that gentleman. Every time I get a letter from him I am compelled to leave the house to avoid their sarcasm and cynicism. So, Cynthia, tell me what shall I do. I am in the teens yet and would like to write to this young man and know more about him—just for friendship.

He told me lately of his intentions to visit Philadelphia and wishes to see me. May I meet him, where and how shall I arrange?

Thanking you in advance for your precious advice and wishing you luck and success forever.

IRVING'S FRIEND.

Cynthia thinks you were mistaken dear in writing to a perfect stranger, because you happened to admire something he had written. However, since a friendship has ensued and the young man wants to meet you, you have really no right to refuse to see him. You must see him in your own home, however, and with the full knowledge and consent of your parents. You don't mind the young man stopping in having fun, laugh with them and they will soon stop.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

[illegible]

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c. and $1.00 at Druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Wks. Patchogue, N. Y.

IDEAL FOR YOUR BATH!
Brings the Pine Forest to the Home.
NOVOPIN
Imported PINE BATH Capsules
Invigorating, Refreshing and Beneficial
Box of 1 doz. Capsules (for 24 baths) $1.50
EVANS'S, ELDEWELLYN'S, BROAD ST. STATION, Pharmacy and all first-class Drug Stores, Department Stores and Beauty Parlors.

NEW MODE CALLS FOR EYELET MEDALLIONS

By CORINNE LOWE

This is a season of cut work and cute work. To a great extent the elaborate embroideries with which we formerly belabored our frock have disappeared, and the scissors have undertaken the task left off by the needle. English eyelet embroidery appears on all types of frocks. So do all sorts of motifs snipped out to reveal contrasting material underneath. And if we don't like to cut pieces out of the garment itself we cut them out of something else to apply to the garment. For even more popular than cut work is applique trimming. The accompanying model of navy Canton twill is embellished by large open work medallions of black silk that reveal gray Canton crepe beneath. The neckline is buttonholed with beige silk floss and the under sleeves are of beige Canton crepe.

"FIFTY-FIFTY"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co.

The marriage of Frances Carter and Jerry Page began on a fifty-fifty basis, for Frances was making good money and insisted upon paying half the bills. However, it didn't work out well at all, for Jerry was the type of man who wanted to be at the head of his household—and there are many like him. When the Harlowes moved into the same apartment house, Clarissa was the typical clinging-vine type, and played up to Jerry with a kind of kittenish softness that was very flattering to his masculinity. It was then that Frances felt that she had made a mistake and she tried her best to rectify it. She succeeded in making herself attractive to other men, above all to Jim Harlowe, but she could not make any impression at all on her own husband.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Clarissa Loses Her Temper

AT FIRST when Clarissa saw that her tears were making no impression on Jim and that he was plainly thinking of something else, she was amazed. Then she was angry and really frightened. After all, underneath all her fluffiness Clarissa was little more than a child. Marriage to her was the only ideal state, and it was fixed and eternal once it was undertaken. The prospect of time no longer having her filled her with all kinds of unknown terrors. Why, Jim was hers, she could not imagine life without him. She recalled the situations in the lurid magazine stories she often read, situations which were interesting to read about, but which she had never thought of in connection with her own life.

Immediately she was seeing herself as a heroine of fiction, deserted by her husband, and all because he had not jumped to comfort her when she cried.

Anger and hurt pride stopped her tears very suddenly, and she looked over at Jim with her blue eyes suddenly cold and hard.

"I suppose you're thinking of Frances," she flung at him.

"Don't be silly," he returned.

The word silly only served to make Clarissa angrier than ever.

"I suppose you think I haven't any brains," she stormed, "simply because I don't go out and make money."

"I certainly thought you had enough brains not to talk like a movie heroine," Jim said practically. "Of course I like Frances, and I admire her, but you're my wife."

"Yes, just your wife, some one to get your meals and mend your clothes, while you tell your business affairs to other women."

Jim got up impatiently.

"Now see here, Clarissa, you're talking nonsense and you know it. It's time you acted like a woman and not a spoiled child. You read too many silly stories and not enough stable material."

"Oh, I suppose you want me to get my ideas of life from Frances Page's column," sneered Clarissa, now too angry to care what she said and throw her all discretion to the winds. But Jim had left the room and she could hear him rummaging around in the kitchen. Unless she wanted to follow him out there she could not hear her, and she sat there trembling with anger, furious because he would not answer her gibes, and feeling strangely helpless in the face of his calm.

When Jim returned from the kitchen he found Clarissa hurriedly making up a bed on the davenport in the living room. He stood and looked at her for a moment as with flushed cheeks and averted eyes she went about her work. Womanlike, she wanted him to say something. If he had taken her in his arms then and there and told her he loved no one in the world but her, she would have been glad to capitulate, but Jim was in no such mood.

Clarissa would have even welcomed his anger. If he had told her to stop her nonsense and come to bed, she might have refused, but she would have felt that he cared. But the fact that he turned on his heel and went on into the bedroom without vouchsafing a single word was the last straw. She hurried through her undressing and was in bed before he was. She lay there and listened, hoping against hope that he would come to her and say good-night. Some one started a victrola across the court and the tune of a popular fox trot only emphasized her own misery. Finally the light went out in the bedroom and she knew that Jim had actually gone to bed without saying good-night. She was sure now that he no longer loved her.

Tomorrow—Two Women and a Gray Worth

The Woman's Exchange

For Washington

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Although I follow your very interesting column every night, this is the first time I have come for your always kind and helpful advice.

I am a member of a senior class in high school. We are contemplating a trip to Washington the latter part of April, to extend over three days. Could you suggest just what kind of clothes would be suitable to take?

Do you think a tailored suit or a serge dress would be all right to wear on the train? Since we are taking only traveling bags, our wardrobe must needs be limited. W. F. B.

You can get along with very little extra clothing on this trip. Either the suit or the serge dress would be correct to travel in. If you wear the dress, take a coat with you, for you may need it to wear over the semlevening dress, which you should take to wear in the evenings. This is the only dress which you will need, as your traveling costume can be worn during the day.

To Clean Suede

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please advise me how I can clean gray suede slippers? They are light gray and they get dirty so quickly. Can you please tell me how I can make them clean again?

A DAILY READER.

There are preparations on the market, sold in the shoe stores or drug stores, for the express purpose of cleaning suede slippers. A box of one of these would be quite as inexpensive as a home cleaner, for it would last for several applications.

Not Hard to Do

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly tell me how to use the new style telephone, and also how to use a kodak?

A DAILY READER.

By the new style telephone I suppose you mean the dial telephone, which is used for calling the various offices in a building without aid from the telephone operator. This is simply manipulated by placing a finger on the key of each number you want to use and turning it around once from left to right. There is a special key for calling the operator if you wish to obtain a number outside the building.

A kodak is extremely simple to operate, for, once you have learned the way to use the various exposures, all you have to do is to focus your "finder" on the object which you wish to photograph and then press the small button so that it clicks. I would advise you to get a book of instructions from a shop where they keep cameras or from the photographic department of any of the department stores. This will tell you about the different exposures.

Adventures With a Purse

YOU cannot put it off a minute longer. You simply will have to buy your Easter candy without delay—or you will be too late to get any. And what a calamity for the children if they were to be deprived of their Easter eggs and candy novelties! Of course, there are any number of shops at which to buy them, but I want to recommend one in particular—one that I myself have visited. There will you find all sorts of fascinating eggs and bunnies and baskets, and, oh—I don't know what all. There are, to illustrate, cunning little Japanese baskets with brightly colored cloth tops that pull together like a bag. They are just waiting to be filled with little jelly eggs, or creamy chocolate ones. These baskets can be bought for ten cents and fifteen cents. And the prices of all the candy and novelties are most reasonable.

I was passing the counter, and noticing the little cases, I paused to examine them, thinking them to be little lip-stick boxes. These were slightly different in appearance, however, being lavender instead of the usual pink or metal color, and they were slightly thinner. I opened one curiously—and you will never guess what it contained. There was a collection of what looked to be glass needles pointed at each end, and being rather thick in the middle. Thoroughly curious by this time, I made inquiries, and here is what I learned. You know how sometimes, if you are staying in town for dinner after having been around the shops all day, or if you go to a dance or to the theatre in the evening, you frequently some time during the evening would like a touch of your favorite perfume just to freshen your person. Well, these little needles each contain just enough perfume for one use. And, of course, coming in this little case, they can be slipped into one's purse, where they can be carried safely without fear of their being spilled. They come in two prices—and there are around fifteen or a dozen needles in each—one costs seventy-eight cents and the other $1.04, depending upon the scent.

Things You'll Love to Make

The Frenchwoman is very fastidious about the bag she carries. Here is a DUVETYN and SILK BAG that would please her and you and give just the right touch to your spring costume. Make the foundation bag of silk. Cut the trimming bands of duvetyn. Turn in the edges and bead with steel beads. Fasten the bands top and bottom and then set into the frame. Some exquisite effects can be had by combining silk and duvetyn of different colors. FLORA.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What type of finishing to the walls of a small hall will make it look larger?
2. How can an umbrella be protected against rust on the metal parts?
3. Describe a dainty centerpiece for the Easter table.
4. In what attractive way is a new electric light shade of the glass bowl type made?
5. What is "Coronada"?
6. When it is desired to have the effect of a coque feather drooping off a hat without paying the price asked for it, what can be done?

Yesterday's Answers

1. The latest fad among the women in Paris is to look older than they are, the fad for dappers having passed.
2. A straw "butcher's cuff," lined with pretty silk, would make an inexpensive opaque shade for the bedside lamp.
3. A convenient bucket has a wringer attached to the top through which the floor mop or cloth is easily pulled.
4. In order to get an even color in dyeing, keep constantly moving the article all the time it is boiling.
5. Either full evening dress, with low neck and short sleeves, or a semi-evening dress, with an open neck and long sleeves, is correct for a dinner given at a hotel by a club or at a convention.
6. The newest sport sweaters are made with high round neck, and a very narrow belt.

THE LOOKS OF A LETTER ARE ALWAYS CONSIDERED

By Those Who Receive It, but Too Often Those Who Do the Writing Forget That It May Give a Poor Impression of Its Writer

"THE appearance and wording of the letter will greatly influence the decision of the judges," announces the contest which offers a prize for the best title, the best last line, the best name or some other fascinating best thing.

And it is very necessary for the eyesight and digestion of the judges to make that announcement.

For there are a great many persons who forget all about how their letters look in the importance of what their letters say.

They don't wash their hands before they start—and the fact becomes very evident as the letter progresses, and it is necessary to turn the pages over.

They sign their names just any old way, so that it takes five or ten minutes and a consultation of several readers to find out just what the hieroglyphics mean.

They fish out a stamp with those same unwashed fingers, moisten it generously and smear it on the envelope in the same any old way.

The result is not a picture that would tempt any judge to award a prize.

It is little, if any, short of disgusting.

THE letter might contain a reply that would be very much better than others in a neater form—but the sloppy, careless disguise would turn everybody against it.

Sometimes a stamp gets on crooked before you have realized it; once in a while, you get a bad pen and it trails a thread which leaves an ugly blot, and occasionally, as you run your finger across the back of the envelope to seal it, a telltale streak gives away the fact that your hands were not so clean as they might have been when you started.

But you make an attempt to straighten the stamp; you get busy with an ink eraser to fix up the blot, if you have written too much to take a clean sheet; you open the envelope and get another one right away—and rush off in horror to wash your hands.

It isn't pleasant to feel that your hands are dirty enough to leave a mark on a clean piece of paper.

AND it isn't any more pleasant to get a letter that has been sent off in this careless kind of way.

When the address is written in a slipshod style with more specific directions added in the corner, you feel certain that the writer of the letter didn't take much trouble with it.

And when you open it and discover that she has scrawled an invitation to lunch all over the first page, signing it "hastily," you agree with her perfectly.

She must have been in a hurry.

It isn't very much of a compliment to be invited to lunch in this offhand way, it seems too much like an afterthought.

And what a poor impression it would make upon a stranger.

People judge us by what they know of us before they meet us, and too often those impressions make a lasting prejudice.

IT IS pretty hard to make some one believe you are a dainty, self-respecting person when he has learned to recognize you by means of a scrawls, soiled, messy-looking sheet of writing paper.

The prize contest is not the only place where you ought to be careful about the appearance of your letters.

There are self-appointed judges everywhere, and you can count upon it that no matter where your letter goes "the appearance and wording of the letter will greatly influence the decision."

HEMSTITCHING AND PLEATING
Pinking, Fluting, Buttons covered with your own materials. Buttonholes, all kinds and sizes. Work done while you wait.
GROSS 902 Walnut St. Ph.: Wal. 6516

Children's Ankle Strap Slippers
White Buckskin — Patent Leather
Tan Russia — Black Kid
5 to 8 —$4.00
8½ to 10½—$4.75
The finest little shoes that the best of leather and workmanship can produce
CLAFLIN, 1107 Chestnut
Established 1868

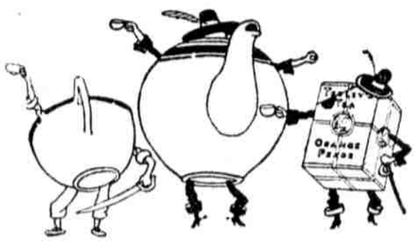
Spring Millinery
Backed by our reputation for designing and selecting the best for discriminating women and misses.
Summer Furs
ANIMAL SCARFS
Stone Marten, $35 Up
All leading up-to-date furs at reasonable prices.
Hudson Bay Sables—Russian Sables
Fisher—Blue Fox—Silver Fox—Etc.
The Fur & Millinery Shop Inc.
1423 Walnut Street

Two Big Opening Specials
For Women & Misses
Just to start off at top speed and make friends quickly we offer these two big specials for our opening all this week
ENGLISH TWEED
Sports Suit
Our own make. Pussy Willow and Taffeta lining. Women's and misses'.
$19.75 and $22.50
Regularly $35 and $37
VERY HANDSOME
Tricotine Suits
Best Tricotine and Poiret Twill. Plain and fancy lining. Women's and misses'.
$32.50 and $37.50
Regularly $75 and $85
If we haven't your size we will make a suit to order at the same prices and guarantee delivery in 24 hours.
N. AXELROD, 216 So. 52d
Open Evenings Until 10 o'Clock

J. B. Sheppard & Sons
MAKE Your Easter Gift a Dainty Bit of Neckwear—a collar-and-cuff set; a Vestee with wide choice of collar shapes.
Or a Corsage Bouquet of mixed flowers of Spring; or a Bouquet of Violets prettily boxed for giving.
1008 Chestnut Street

P. N. Degerberg
1621
Chestnut Street
Imported Tweed
Suits
Capes
Top Coats

Why Diamond Dyes Don't Streak, Fade
Beware of "all-purpose" dyes offered by some stores. Every woman knows that wool and silk need a different dye than cotton, linen, and mixed goods, because wool and silk come from animals and cotton comes from a plant. That's why there is a Diamond Dye for Wool or Silk and another Diamond Dye for Cotton, Linen, and Mixed Goods. Buy "Diamond Dyes" only, then your garments or draperies will not streak, fade, or have that "dyed-look." Each package contains easy direction. Just tell druggist what material you intend to dye and what color you want.


Yo ho, and a cup of tea
Pirates might have been much more likable fellows if their cups had been filled with steaming, fragrant Tetley's Orange Pekoe Tea! There's something mellowing about a piping hot cup of Tetley's.
TETLEY'S TEA
Makes Good Tea a Certainty
And goodness knows, pirates could have had it 100 years ago. We've been blending it all that time!
JOSEPH TETLEY & CO., Inc.
New York, N. Y.