A Lady Motorist Is Righteously Angry About the Manners of Motoring Men

Two Recent Experiences in Which She Has Suffered First From Their Cars and Then From Their Tongues

"WHY, even if you just jostle people in the crowd," exclaimed the irate motorist, "you apologize or come back to see if you have hurt them or anything. But in a car people don't even slow up!"

She has had two experiences recently that have made her more than usually emphatic on the subject of motoring manners—of which she is now convinced there are none.

Both times she was close to the curb and going slowly in her car.

One time a big car slithered past her, scraping her mud guard, it came so close and doing some rather expensive, though not vital, damage.

The other car did stop and the driver did come back.

To investigate? To apologize? To hope that the lady wasn't hurt? Not he!

To talk in loud tones about, "Well, why don't you get out of the way? Scraped all the paint off my front wheel! Might think you owned the whole street!"

Of course, there was nothing wrong about him; oh, no, he was a model little driver, and if a traffic man happened to be within hearing distance he would hear all about it.

THE second time the Lady Motorist was going slowly because it was slippery, and keeping close to the curb because it was misty and hard to see.

A car went past, and, in turning around her, skidded and swung about, striking her car with a nasty bump.

Of course, that wasn't the driver's fault, and, of course, she didn't blame him for a second.

But, with solicitude for her car, she opened the door to look out and see just what had happened.

Before she had more than unlatched it the harsh voice of the other driver disturbed her rudely—very rudely.

"It's all your fault!" he shouted. "Why don't you go on, instead of creeping along and keeping everybody back? You've been stopping the whole line all along. I've been watching you. If anything happened to your car, it's all your own fault!"

Motoring Manners!

IS IT any wonder the Lady Motorist is excited about them?

And here's another instance of them which has not even the excuse of working up a good alibi in order to prevent arrest.

It was a woman pedestrian who suffered from this, and she really suffered and is still suffering.

The streets were muddy and as she hurried across a crossing a car came tearing up the street full tilt, crossing the side street without even so much as a toot of warning.

In her frantic haste to get out of its way she slipped and fell back against the curb, spraining her ankle badly.

And the man in the car did not waste one look upon her, much less apologize or offer to help.

NOW why should people change their whole character just because they drive a car?

None of those men would have deliberately knocked a woman down and then stepped over her and hurried on, if he had been walking along the street.

A man driving a horse and carriage wouldn't bump into another horse and carriage and drive on without stopping to see whether the man or the horse or the carriage had been injured.

I don't believe even an airplane would be so uncivil; the pilot would at least call around next day to express sympathy.

Why shouldn't people be just as considerate, just as polite, just as humanly decent when they are driving an automobile?

It would be a great help to women drivers and pedestrians who are helpless because they either cannot or will not descend to "gutter talk" if another requirement were added to the tests by which a man gets a license to drive a car.

The requirement of having to remain a man instead of becoming a beast whenever an emergency arises that is entirely his own fault!

I wonder if there would be so many licenses issued?

The Woman's Exchange

Who Wants Picture Postals?

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—May I ask if any of your readers, invalids or societies of any kind could use picture postal cards? I have hundreds picked up all over this country, Canada, Mexico and Europe. They are all scenery. I shall watch your paper, and if any one will send an address through your column I shall be very glad to send the cards there.

F. M. P.

Thank you very much for this kind offer. I am sure some one will be glad to have the postals, perhaps for scrapbooks or to frame or to use as educational pictures. But if no one happens to write in about them, you can send them to the Children's Hospital, where they are pasted together, a picture on each side of a thick card, so that the children can easily look at them and play with them. And won't you send your name and address, please, so that I can have it to give to any one who writes, or so that I can send the addresses to you. It is very good of you to make this offer through the column.

Helping With an Argument

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—While wearing an ivory white dress of satin I got against some imitation mahogany furniture which had recently been oiled with furniture polish. Will carbon tetrachloride remove the spot? Is it expensive?

Can you help settle an argument by telling me which is correct: "I used two shovelfuls of coal," or "I used two shovels full," when only one shovel was used?

Does this rule apply to cup, teaspoon, bucket, etc.?

MRS. A. NEWLYWED.

You have the correct idea about what to use on your satin dress. The carbon tetrachloride solution will not harm the material, and you can buy it quite cheaply at any drugstore.

I don't know which side you have been taking in this discussion, but there is only one thing to say in the case you mention, and that is two shovelfuls, as there is just one shovel being used. This rule applies to the other methods of measuring, too.

For the New Baby

The cutest little shoes are made of white pique, with straps that fasten around that fat ankle. But the tricky, really "chic" part is the top, made separately of a separate piece of pique, which turns back toward the instep and is finished with a row of scallooping. Even the fanciest strap slipper cannot come up to it for originality.

Things You'll Love to Make

Easy Slip-On Apron

A child's EASY SLIP-ON APRON is not only easy to put on, but easy to make. Cut a pattern, the half of which is shown at the right of the illustration (Diagram A). Cut out the shaded part for the neck. Fasten a button at the top point. Hem or buttonhole all edges. Make a buttonhole at each side in the upper corner of the skirt part. Slip the head through the neck opening, slip the buttonholes over the button and the apron is in place. You can make this EASY SLIP-ON APRON just as attractive as you wish by embroidering or appliqueing it.

FLORA.

Deluded Wives

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Judith Carlyle is the typical small-town wife, and when Rand, her husband, suddenly sells his business and decides to go to New York to be an artist, the difference in their outlook on life strikes Rand for the first time.

Fine Feathers

OF COURSE, the incident of their first meal in the diner was forgotten in the rush of exciting incidents that followed. Even Judy found it great fun to sleep in her narrow berth, and to raise her shade so that she might peer out into the night as the train rushed through the country.

Before they had turned in, they had had a feast of chicken and lettuce sandwiches, which idea had been Rand's, and sitting together on the edge of the lower berth with the curtains drawn they had laughed like two children. This Judy was a different woman from the one of that morning. This Judy had her hair loose about her face, and her cheeks were faintly flushed. She was amiable too, because the food she had prepared was not to be wasted, and when Rand kissed her good night she clung to him for a moment.

But the next day in Chicago, the old Judy returned.

Rand insisted upon going to one of the best hotels, and their room, with its glittering bath opening from it, overlooked the Lake Shore Drive. Judy had demurred when she had seen its magnificence, but Rand had had his way, and afterward, he suggested that they go shopping.

In one of the small exclusive shops they were greeted by a suave black-clad saleswoman who immediately summed them up as small town people.

"Gowns for madame, certainly, right this way," and the next moment, dress after dress was being brought out from the case and held up for their approval.

Rand chose an afternoon dress in dull old blue, its expensive simplicity an assurance of its price.

"Try that on," he said eagerly, but Judy, hesitating between her desire to know the price and the cold eyes of the saleswoman, was unwilling to commit herself.

"How much is it?" she asked finally with burning cheeks.

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars," the saleswoman returned smoothly, "and a lovely model."

But Judy was plainly aghast. She had never paid more than thirty dollars for a dress in her life, and she shook her head quickly.

"Let us see something cheaper than this," she said with an effort. She was indignant because Rand had brought her to a place of this kind. They simply couldn't afford to spend money like this, and yet Rand's face as the saleswoman carried the dress away was full of disapproval.

"Rand," she said hurriedly, "we can't afford the prices here. I told you so, before we came in. Let's go to one of the department stores; it isn't as if I really needed clothes."

But before Rand could reply the saleswoman was back with two other models, and Judy finally was forced to try on the cheaper of the two, an afternoon dress of black trimmed with gray. The price was eighty-five dollars.

In the tiny gray paneled fitting room, Judy was uncomfortably conscious of her black sateen petticoat, and her stiffly starched camisole trimmed with hand crocheted lace. She saw a smile on the saleswoman's face which quickly disappeared as Judy met her eyes in the glass, but because of that smile, Judy did not dare find any fault with the dress. She would have taken it if it had cost twice what it did, in her eagerness to get out of the shop, but Rand's enthusiastic remarks about it when she finally appeared before him, fell on deaf ears.

"Perhaps madame would like to see something in lingerie," the saleswoman suggested when the dress had been removed and Rand had ordered it sent to the hotel.

Judy hastened to interpose but Rand forestalled her, and Judy with burning cheeks was forced to look through piles of silk and lace underwear, and to make finally a selection because Rand had insisted upon it. The bill for the lingerie came to forty-five dollars, but the thought of possessing three sets of crepe de chine, georgette crepe and lace brought no joy to Judy. She was furious with Rand and furious with the woman who had waited on them, and her one thought was of the unnecessary expense. She did not need expensive silk underthings, her own home-made ones were plenty good enough.

Tomorrow—I Won't Be Made Over!"

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They Harmonize Perfectly

Ever since the hat and scarf to match have come into prominence, they have been inventing new ways of fashioning them so that Mabel's will be different from Jane's, and so on. Well, if Jane really does want hers original looking, she will do no better than to copy a certain new set, for a quainter thing cannot be imagined. The hat is of brown straw with the usual roll brim, and the soft Canton crepe scarf is the same shade.

But they aren't content with matching in color. They must needs wear the same flowers embroidered upon them. These are wool black-eyed Susans, which cluster between green leaves in a most realistic manner.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "X. X."

Consult the Legal Aid Society, at City Hall. Cynthia cannot understand your letter fully. There you will get legal advice, and if you cannot pay a fee you will not be charged.

Some Legal Questions

Dear Cynthia—Kindly tell me how long does a father send support for a child. My daughter is seventeen, and I heard people say that he will send support a year or so and then will stop. Is that possible? Can I get a divorce from my husband? If I do get a divorce, can I get money also? He is in Michigan. Will they (the court) have to bring him to Philadelphia for a divorce? What is best for a girl of seventeen? To stay at home or run to dances and other amusements? Does not a fellow think more of a homely girl than a run-around?

MRS. HOPEFUL.

Better consult Legal Aid Society on the matter. Cynthia cannot give legal advice.

Men like girls with home-loving talents, but they also like one who is willing to go about a little.

A Trying Situation

Dear Cynthia—Having been a constant reader of your column and enjoyed your intelligent answers to perplexing questions, I for the first time in my life am coming to you with a problem. I have a dear friend who is in all kinds of trouble, and in my feeble way I am doing my best to help him out, but feel lost at the size of the problem. This young man has exceptional ability and education, but an apparently inherited weakness for drink. Some years ago, while on the road as traveling salesman, he became acquainted with a girl. After about a month's acquaintanceship the girl confided to my friend that she was in deep trouble as the result of an affair with a previous salesman who had left her. My friend then married the girl and took her with him on the road, where in a short time a child was born. The parents of the girl, not knowing the true facts of the case, were incensed with my friend for taking the girl from home, and have not been on speaking terms since. They have been married now seven years, and during that time my friend has been devoted to his wife, whom he loves dearly.

However, the weakness for drink kept breaking out and causing trouble. Some time ago, while on a spree, my friend got into rather serious trouble, but through the help of friends and his employers was extricated from it. His wife, listening to the advice of her family and some meddlesome friends, declared that she could stand no more and started proceedings for a divorce on the grounds of cruel treatment. This action so unnerved my friend that he attempted to commit suicide. Fortunately he was prevented, and after a long and serious talk we persuaded him to listen to reason. He has seen the light, and for several months has not tasted a drink.

However, his near friends can plainly see that the action of his wife has changed him entirely and that he is still silently grieving.

What do you think of the action of his wife? Do you not agree with me that after giving her and her child the protection of his name (however worthless she may consider that now) that she should have stuck to him at all costs? What would you advise me to say to my friend, who is still vainly trying to effect a reconciliation?

A. G. McD.

If a reconciliation can be effected, encourage it. The wife is certainly ungrateful, but it seems to Cynthia that only her husband and herself should have known of this happening before her marriage. There is not much protection if it is spoken of to any one.

Is She a Poor Sport?

Dear Cynthia—Hello! Glad to be back again with the Quakers. I see your students are still in a combative mood. As to who should get preference in "American and foreign" argument, I believe that there should be a good portion of both. A little foreign element is a necessity, but we must have a little bit more of a domestic element to make a good all-American team. But why fuss when we have a full house and an ace at Washington for the same purpose? The only comment I have on the question is that our girls are being spoiled. They are under the impression that they are the only authority for the "fool-making" of good men, but they must leave us alone. We will make fools of ourselves soon enough.

Cynthia, it seems the older I get the dumber I be. In case like this I wish some one would give me some light. I have made a nice chance acquaintance over the phone. Several times she called me up and asked me to sing over the wire, and after that we had a talk. Everything went well until a boy friend of mine who knew us both wrote a letter requesting me to call at her post and escort her home. We knew each other only by our first names. I arrived at her post before the set time. She and two other girls approached the spot where I was waiting. They did not know me, so I called out her name. She stepped to one side of the pavement and I went up to her, not saying a word until she said, "Who are you?" I just answered, "You should know me," and she said, "Are you ?" "Yes, I recognized your voice." I took her home, and later found out she did not write the letter, but she has never asked for a song since, and when I meet her on the street she acknowledges me by calling out my first name, and I answer the same, but we do not stop to speak. I called her up one time and asked her if there was anything wrong, and she answered no. Just at present we are separated by sixty miles of brown earth and a little sand. I am going back. What is the proper way to get to the bottom of this misunderstanding? I want to know why she acts so reserved. I admire the girl's ways and actions and would like to become better acquainted. What is your opinion? That is why I say they are spoiled. They are great teasers and are never frank when put to a serious questioning.

SPIRIT OF 1899.

Of course, such a friendship should not have started in the beginning. But if the girl was free enough to talk over the wire, calling you by your first name and asking you to sing for her, she ought to be sport enough to speak to you. When you return to her home town seek a mutual friend to introduce you, then call on her, and if she is still stiff, drop her acquaintance.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Plain stationery of firm texture is always in good taste. Those who prefer more individual correspondence paper use monograms, or, more rarely, crests. Even persons or "personages" who have inherited authentic coats of arms do not make common use of the family device, which, in a democratic country, is looked upon as more or less of an affectation of superiority. Yet there are people who make themselves objects of ridicule by "adopting" crests to which they have no title whatever.

Monogram dies may be had in all styles of lettering, engraved to order. The heavier types may be embossed without coloring, but the more intricate scroll monograms require color to bring out their detail. The address may or may not be engraved under the entwined initials. Usually the dies are left with the stationer, so that orders for additional monogrammed paper can be filled promptly.

ARTISTIC LINES AND COLORS

Photo by Central News.

A charming tea gown with a maroon background upon which harmonious colors are laid in a batik design. We don't mind a long skirt in something that is almost a negligee and in this costume with its flowing slashed sleeves the long line gives a medieval effect that is appropriate and graceful.

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

An Academic Discussion

"PAUL, honey, what does veal come from?"

For a moment he was puzzled; and then he grinned amiably.

"Veal? Why, darlin', it comes from the butcher shop, doesn't it?"

"Don't be an idiot, Paul." The reproof in her voice was genuine; there was a somber, almost tragic light in her eyes.

"It's from little—I mean from baby cows, isn't it?"

"Something like that," Paul admitted absently.

A tear trembled for an instant in Virginia's eyes, and then zigzagged down her round smooth cheek.

"Why, honey—" he stammered.

"I thought so; I was afraid so. Oh, Paul, let's not have any more meat—"

He turned a puzzled look upon her.

"No more meat?"

She shook her head gravely.

"No more meat, dear. Today, I happened to glance out of that window and a wagon, a farmer's wagon I guess it was, was driven past. In it, in an open pen, were two of the darlingest little creatures I ever saw in my life. They had great lovable brown eyes and they were just too cute for anything."

"The farmer's children in an open pen?" gasped Paul.

Virginia stared, and then frowned.

"Please don't make sport of me, dear. Of course they were not the farmer's children. They were two baby cows—you know, calves."

Paul nodded.

"Dearest, you mustn't be so tender-hearted. It is ordained by nature that man, the superior brute, shall live upon the lower animals. And, really, there's no cruelty in butchering calves, or any other animals, for—"

"No cruelty?" she interrupted him coldly. "No cruelty? Do you think it's not cruel to take those innocent lives—even if they are killed? What a silly thing to say. How would you like to be sacrificed like that?"

Paul eyed her with a flicker of fun in his smile, but he abruptly sobered under her stern accusing gaze.

"Well, honey, that's hardly a comparison, is it? And besides, what are we going to eat, if we have no more meat?"

She broke into a sunny smile, quite like her old self.

"Oh, Paul, dear, that's easy. We can have vegetables. I was reading only last week that there are forty-six varieties of vegetables in this climate—and more than half this number are always in season."

"Can't live on vegetables alone," Paul muttered.

"And there's dairy products—butter and milk and eggs and cheese."

He struck swiftly at this opening.

"If we have cheese and butter and milk we deprive the calves of their proper share of milk, you know," he warned her.

She paused.

"And of course for every egg we eat, there's a chicken's life snuffed out by our selfishness."

Virginia bit her lip nervously and her tender eyes searched his face, seeking to find the accustomed spark of fun-making, but Paul looked thoughtful, even grave.

"I hadn't thought of that," she admitted.

"So I guess we'll have to have just vegetables—and fish," he finished.

Fish!

"Oh, Paul, how clever you are. Why in the world didn't I think of that—fish! Why, of course, and I simply rave over fish. Fish and veget—"

And she stopped short.

"The fish don't mind being killed a bit, of course," said Paul easily.

And the brute laughed at the top of his voice.

Tomorrow—Paul the Philosopher

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Plain Capitals

In the practice of reading character opposing indications are not always representative of opposite characteristics, but here is a case in which they are.

In a previous article it was shown that the person who makes his (or her) capital letters of undue size and makes them rather fancy is pretty sure to be egotistical and self-satisfied in some one particular thing, if not in all things.

The small capital letter, plainly made, indicates exactly the reverse. It is one of those unconscious evidences which are the result of the person's fundamental character working out.

Such capitals, you will find, nearly always indicate a large degree of innate refinement, modesty and simplicity, and while they should by no means be considered a mark of genius, yet it is true that many men of genius do write this way. It is simply because the man who is really big is usually above petty vanities.

By plain capitals we mean principally those capital letters which are made just alike, or almost like the small letters, differing from them principally in size, or those which are simple imitations of printed letters. The larger these are made, however, the less strong is the indication.

Tomorrow—Varying Your Method to the Profile

Have You Learned Yet

How to throw a bubble? If you haven't send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the editor of the woman's page for your little lesson book. It has lots of other helpful little bits of information in it, too. For instance, how to write invitations to a "Bubble Party" for St. Patrick's Day, how to decorate for that party and how to do some other good stunts with bubbles—including eating them! Would you like to give this party?

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Rodmer

How the Habit of Sneering Originated

A dog in snarling lifts his lip away from the canine tooth in order that he can bite his enemy without biting his own lip. It is a habit the animal uses preliminary to a fight. When we sneer at any one we do exactly what the dog does when he snarls. The expression of "sneering" in man, whether playful or made in anger, is one of the most curious used by him. No doubt our half-civilized ancestors, who spent much time in fighting, uncovered their canine tooth when preparing to fight, even though they may not always have used their teeth in fighting.

The word "sneer" comes from the word "snarl," being at first "snar," the "l" having been added later. The sneer expressed by man indicates a feeling of superiority and is used in the presence of an inferior or an enemy.

There is a trace of this same sneer in what we call a derisive or sardonic smile—the old half-animal snarl with a bit of polish. In snarling, the dog always shows the canine tooth on the side of his head facing his antagonist. When we sneer or show defiance through facial expression, we do exactly as the dog. The angle or corner of the mouth is drawn slightly backward, and at the same time a muscle near the nose draws up the upper lip and exposes the canine tooth. We sneer in defying another in either action or speech. The ordinary smile is expressed on both sides of the face at once, while the smile of derision is shown on but one side of the face—that side being turned toward the object of our derision.

Tomorrow—Why Do We Frown?

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The New Suits

Little change is evidenced in the frocks and capes. You are offered now, just as you were several months ago, a choice of short sleeves or long, wide ones or tightish. Suits, however, display more versatility both in trimming and in line. Quite a great many of these new ones show jackets which are regular slip-ons. And not a few of them are belted into a tight band about the hips just as are the Renee blouses.

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

The Happy Medium for the Business Girl

"How should the girl in business dress to escape being criticized?"

This was the question which flared up the other day in a large office and which generated a current of pyrotechnical discussion.

"If we wear becoming, girlish things, we are accused of being frivolous—'Fluffy Ruffles'—of trying to capitalize our sex," exploded one of the force. "And if we come in with a mannish suit with a tailored shirt and collar and tie, we cause a baby riot. The clerks snicker, the chief looks at us as though we were crazy, and you can hear some smart Alec wonder where we mislaid our trousers. What's the way out?"

The way out is—the happy medium.

Certainly, a business office is no place for diaphanous blouses and the like, and the girl who sports them there lays herself open to the accusation of poor taste, to say the least.

But neither is it the place for masquerading. And that is how the "mannish" woman impresses men. In the first place, it takes an extremely pretty girl to survive such clothes at all. But even she, so attired, is likely to be looked upon as a freak. She irritates men—or, rather, the mannish clothes do. Men seem to resent mannish clothes—on a woman.

Also, such a costume makes a girl conspicuous. And that is the one thing the girl in business should try to avoid. For it calls attention to her sex no less than the fluffiest ruffles. The fact is that there is no more reason for the girl in business to try to camouflage her sex than to emphasize it. The idea is to keep it inconspicuous and identify herself with her job only.

I remember an amusing instance of a brilliant and ambitious young woman. She had been told so much about how pretty she was that she became obsessed with the idea of eliminating her appearance, her personality, her youth and being "strictly business." So, when she was placed at the head of a large correspondence department she tied her pretty hair into a tight knot on top of her head, wore disfiguring tortoise shell glasses and was almost afraid to smile. Very soon, a kindly woman, the head of another department, "discovered" her and told her to stop the nonsense and be herself. She did.

However, she did not wear lace gowns or Spanish combs to the office. Neither did she masquerade in a man's collar and tie. She wore plain though smart tailored woman's clothes that were becoming, as well as appropriate. She was never flirtatious, nor did she obtrude her sex. But she had sense enough to put no damper on her personality. She was "strictly business" at the same time that she remained a very attractive young woman. And she made good.

And that is the happy medium which any girl ought to and can observe.

Adventures With a Purse

HAVE you ever watched anybody smoke a cigarette in a holder? Down, down burns that glowing end, the smoker almost always unmindful, until getting the burnt end out of the holder seems a hopeless task. Generally you are asked to come to the rescue with a hairpin. But there are holders, you know, rather new, I understand, that have a spring in them. One might also call it a plunger. When the cigarette is finished, one merely pushes the end of the holder that goes in the mouth and the burnt end is forcibly and satisfactorily ejected. Isn't that a good idea? These holders come in white with colored ends. Then there was one very striking black one with silver decorations. The price of the holders are $1 each.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1661 between the hours of 9 and 5.

Suggestion No. 2 from the Ice Box

"Don't take a chance—take ICE. Changing temperatures quickly spoil food. My temperature is 40 degrees and I will keep your foods pure and wholesome until used. But you must keep me filled with ICE."

Yours for health,
R. E. Frigerator

The Tidbit Package
$1.25 a pound

A brand new package of old favorites which have been found to be most in demand in the Huyler stores.

Honey Nougat Asstd. Caramels
Burnt Almonds Spiced Strings
Cream Pepps Jordan Almonds
and
Assorted Chocolates

Huyler's

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Special this week:
Caramels

Do you drink "SALADA" OR JUST TEA?

There's a distinct difference in favor of "Salada"

AMERICAN STORES CO.

Lowest Egg Prices in Years!

A Total Reduction of Seventeen Cents per Dozen in Eleven Days!

Gold Seal Eggs

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Big and full—the very finest of the new-laid eggs.

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Guaranteed positively fresh.

Asco Stores Are Headquarters for

Quality Butter and Eggs

Asco Stores are located all over Philadelphia, and throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland.

A special message to the women of Philadelphia

IF YOU could spend a day going around among our farmers, receiving stations and city dairies, you would be amazed at the *precaution* we take to *insure* the *healthfulness* of Abbotts "A" Milk.

When the milk reaches our country receiving stations we carefully test it in our laboratory to make sure that it meets the Abbotts "A" standard.

This is really the "silent test" of healthfulness. For unless the farmer has taken every precaution it will not pass the severe tests we give it.

But Abbotts Laboratory Control does not stop there.

The milk is rushed into our large city dairies where every act of pasteurizing, clarifying and bottling is under the personal direction of our own bacteriologist.

Our Laboratory Control starts right at the farm and ends when the milk is delivered to your doorstep in the morning.

A 'phone call to Baring 0205 will bring a bottle to your house tomorrow morning.

ABBOTTS ALDERNEY DAIRIES, INC.

"Milk suppliers to critical buyers"

Philadelphia

Atlantic City Ocean City Pleasantville Wildwood

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