

If Diogenes were with us..

CRAWLING, cramped and weary, from his tub, he would start forth for the downtown district, girding his toga firmly about him, and snuggling under his arm the trusty lantern, despite the swiftly rising sun.

For well he would know, oh wise Dioggy, that his search would be long, and often fruitless, under the impenetrable shadow of the Don't Park Here signs with which we downtrodden moderns are hedged about.

But swiftly with his lit lantern clattering about on the floor of the old jitney, would this wise old bird hie him from the purlieus of the encompassing and uncompromising signs, to the fair and peaceful haven of the Ivy Street Garage—secure in the knowledge that his cherished fliv would be safe, sound and waiting for him when the lantern began to burn low, or the honest man was found.

If all of us were as wise, the Ivy Street Garage would have to multiply many times its present 1,000-car capacity.



LET US ALSO

Wash and Polish, Vacuum Clean, Grease and Alemite, Eliminate Body and Spring Squeaks, Supply Oil and Gasoline, and Make Minor Adjustments.

Ivy Street Garage