

Once-A-Week 1928-29

10-25-1928

Once-A-Week, 1928-10-25

Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

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ONCE-A-WEEK

Published by the Students of The Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

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OCTOBER 25, 1928

THE SIX COMMANDMENTS

Now comes again to the front one organist except John L. Hutchings of the Lyric Theatre, Shenandoah, Penn., with words of reflection, criticism, and abomination, to wit:

"Improvising is not so easy for most of us guys you know. It is a valuable thing, nevertheless, for anyone to learn, but it means some deep studying and thinking. Here are some words of advice upon which I have often placed a strong bearing:

1. Don't improvise unless you know how; or the audience may wonder: "What the deuce is that guy trying to play?"

2. Don't fail to enlarge your library at least twice a month with about two to six numbers of each classification of your library.

3. Don't take a number straight from the music counter to the console and try to play it off at sight. The result may be disastrous, as you do not know how many persons are in the audience who know said number.

4. Don't buy too many numbers written for pipe-organ. The organist may use them in the church for an offertory and those who hear them played may give you credit for playing church music.

5. Never fail to substitute a popular or suggestive song in place of an intermezzo which may be indicated on the cue-sheet if the scene shows something which suggests the song. The organist who gives his audience the stuff they recognize always comes out on top. Yet many of them pass up such suggestive cues.

6. Don't allow a grouchy or blue feeling to master you. You must always feel, or at least imagine you feel "fine as a fiddle." When you feel dull, your music reflects it.

These are thoughts which I, by reason of experience, have long harbored in my head, and passed on to anyone whom I ever helped into the photoplay field.

My own library carries 17 different classifications exclusive of Racial, all of which I keep in a steel filing cabinet. Each classification is in a Manus Adjustable Orchestra Cover (adv.) I cannot see why any movie musician should neglect to sort his music some way or another, as in the end he will feel repaid for the extra work, because of less trouble in selecting a number.

Now to further change the subject. Not long ago, during a rainy spell, we had a comic "Krazy Kat" one evening where a bunch of Arabs stood singing: *If Ain't Gonna Rain No More*. Of course, I played said song. Imagine

BASEBALL STAR STILL GOING STRONG

(From the New York World)

By Lester A. Walton

In professional baseball Jack Quinn of the Philadelphia Athletics is a notable representative of that type of player who "never grows old." In the semi-professional ranks John Henry Lloyd, colored star and manager of the New York Lincoln Giants is an outstanding example.

After sensationally disporting himself at bat and infield for twenty-two years, Lloyd at the age of forty-four gives no evidence of slipping. He confidently predicts for himself several more active years on the diamond.

Lloyd was playing semi-professional baseball before Ott and Hogan of the New York Giants were born. His record can be best appreciated when it is cited that he, Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson, Tris Speaker and Eddie Collins entered the game about the same time. To-day the other four are luminaries of yesterday rather than contemporary heroes.

Lloyd's admirers rate him as baseball's greatest colored player. That he is one of the greatest his race has ever produced is a modest statement and will not provoke argument. As a short-stop he has been often likened to Hans Wagner, once the idol of Pittsburgh. No other colored player year in and year out has been such a tower of strength to his team.

STAR DUST

By Cristel Hastings

Of all the things a kiss can do!

It's really a surprise;

Its mystery is far more deep

Than you may quite surmise.

A kiss can make the world stand still—

Don't ask me how I know;

A kiss can make the stars wink out—

I know this to be so!

A kiss can make a flower bloom

Where only thistles grow—

Don't ask me how I know these things—

I only know I know!

a person criticizing me for playing that, when it was raining like blazes outside!! Yet that is what happened. Well I took that as an extremely rich joke and so did lots more besides myself. But I play to the picture; not to the weather outside.

Well, I guess that'll do."

CENSORSHIP BY CLAMOR

By rumor from Paris one hears that some 10,000 playgoers have formed themselves into an organization for the purpose of dismissing from the stage by audible protest in the playhouse any play of which they disapprove. Information is lacking as to how the 10,000 will select plays on which to concentrate their vociferous disapproval; but it would seem at this distance that any play condemned in its early performance by even a substantial fraction of 10,000 playgoers would stand little chance of continuance. Admittedly there is no more effective advertisement of a play than the conversational report of playgoers, and if the 10,000 contented themselves simply with being bored, rather than scandalized, by the performance, they would be in a fair way to suppress it without further effort. Suppression by interruption is another matter. Such disturbances were once not uncommon in the English-speaking theatre, ranging from the "booing" and "cat-calling" of individual spectators—a form of criticism, it may be admitted, and often highly complimentary to the art of the actor who impersonated a villain—to concerted disturbance by spectators who had come with a determination to ruin the play because of animosity against an author or actor. When there were fewer theatres, fewer authors and actors, and a correspondingly smaller playgoing public, the personal enemies of a playwright sometimes took an active interest in his forthcoming play that is nowadays inconceivable. The opportunity for a minority to make trouble was also better in the days when part of the audience sat on the rush-carpeted stage, and it was the fashion for playgoing gallants to affect indifference to the performance. "If either the company, or indisposition of the weather," wrote Thomas Dekker of the early seventeenth century in his satirical advice to such playgoers, "my counsell is that you turne plain Ape, take up a rush, and tickle the earnest eares of your fellow gallants, to make other fooles fall a laughing.

The more one thinks about this rumor, the less one thinks of it. One doubts that 10,000 playgoers anywhere would be so individually and collectively foolish. There are probably more than 10,000 playgoers in and about New York who would agree that some current plays might just as well be eliminated; but they would hardly agree to turn plain apes for that purpose. Nor (which touches the Achilles heel of censorship) would they invariably be in agreement as to which plays ought to be eliminated,

"THE ONCE-A-WEEK"

Published every Thursday morning by students
in the Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

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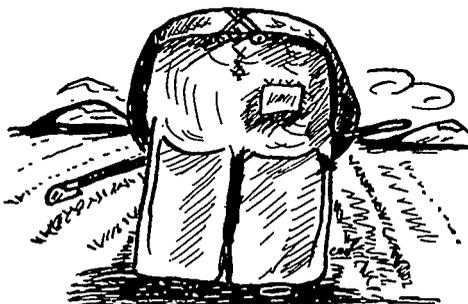
EDITOR'S BRIGHT IDEA

It's the best one ever, because it is applicable to everyone, stands out for its direct frankness, and favors those who desire an outlet for many fine thoughts or criticisms. Put in so many words, it's just this—"Contribute to the *Once-a-Week*." Your school paper needs *your* contributions. If it is good enough to demand the student's attention, the student must be good enough to demand its attention. It is up to the student to be that good. This doesn't mean for him to display talent enough for someone else to give him a write-up, but to donate any inspirations he might have himself.

There have been placed in both the lobby of the Conservatory and the lobby of the Gymnasium, boxes, which are there for the express purpose of receiving *Once-a-Week* donations. All kinds of literature will be accepted; poems, editorials, personals, jokes, school news, and national news of interest to the school. The right is maintained, of course, to reject any material considered unnecessary, or non-printable. This is unfortunately, an absolute requirement because of a few who have not that inner sense of propriety and diplomacy, in order to know just what is fit for publication, and what is not.

Remember, that to have an article appear in the following issue, it must be in the *Once-a-Week* box one week before that issue, preferably type-written. All contributions should be signed by the author, but if they are not, they will be considered as well as those which are, providing they are good—and will be marked "contributed."

Such is the appeal, and such are the instructions regulating the results of that appeal, from
Ye Editor.



SIDE ISSUES

A few days ago, I was rather surprised when asked, "Why do you use tumbling as a hobby, or "side issue"? (Please don't laugh. That beginning is typical. I've read it before, or I wouldn't have used it).

My earliest recollection is "tumbling" down our cellar steps. I've often thought since, that maybe my desire to acquire the art of tumbling, was caused merely by a tremendous amount of the instinct which might be termed, self-preservation; anyway I have always noticed that when any thought of bodily discomfort came to my mind, especially the thought of getting bruised, my knees immediately assumed a disjointed "air", and the tremelo in my voice would make the most pompous organ moan with jealousy.

The way to learn tumbling is on a mat. I learned on a hay-mow.

As I give it more serious thought, I feel that I shouldn't have any credit for the perseverance used in learning how to fall, without bodily injury. It has saved money, time, and weeks of torture. I mean, that as a *little boy*, I was capable of rolling one way, as well as the other, so it was all very well to know how to land safely, without going into a "tail-spin", or something more drastic. Now, I don't mean simply physical falling (Though in my young life, I haven't time for anything else). There are other ways of falling—spiritual, mental, etc. But the fact remains, that if you learn how to break a physical fall, it will give you an insight to other "breaks".

Now, I didn't learn how to *tumble*. I learned
However, I'll return to my subject.

how to *land*. Tumbling came very natural to me, and still does. I fall every day. If not for one thing, then another. (Mostly the other.)

There is still another attitude possible. I may, and in all probability do, enjoy swaggering out before an audience, and proceeding by a strong will, to drive my shrinking form through a series of "spills" that would make a movie comedian blush furiously, and give up the ghost in dismay. And as I land in a triumphant heap, I love to hear some extremely nervous lady in the rear, call frantically for her smelling salts.

Oh! At last I have the solution. After painfully placing some three hundred words, one after another, thus forming this—what shall we call it? Epistle? Possibly missle—I have

CON-CLUSIONS

We knew it! These confounded Gentle Readers are never content to take things at their face value. They always have an overwhelming desire to dig into the whys and wherefores of a perfect work of art. Already the Editor has received a telegraphic communication, asking us to please tell the world what a clusion is.

Well, we hope you'll be satisfied.

A clusion—Ladies and Gentlemen—may be described as an intoxicated pun. Further elucidation is practically impossible.

But, delving into their family connections a bit, we *may* say that there are about half a dozen varieties of the clusion. The common or garden variety is out of favor just now. But there is another species, closely resembling it, which is very much accepted and very plentiful. This is known as the in-clusion, to distinguish it from its more déclassé relative. Then there is the con-clusion (of course) and the se-clusion a rather rare salt water variety. Altogether, quite an imposing family.

Who discovered the clusion? Well, there is some doubt concerning this point; but most authorities seem to place the blame on the early English female known as Sally of Wit.

Be it known, also, that the clusion in embryo is most fittingly designated as a pre-clusion. And the octogenarians are commonly known as ex-clusions.

That's all we know.

Contributed by Foxe

Generally speaking, all women are generally speaking.

So's your Uncle Floyd.

Modernistic

Let me live in a house by the side of the road and run a hot-dog stand.

Stand, ho!

We hope you're bored by all this. It's a sign of intelligence, if you are.)

Personally, we came of a blasé family. Our great-grandfather fought a pistol duel in his declining years, and was actually bored to death.

Cheerio!

A. P. A.

the answer to the question referred to at the other end.

I "tumble," because I get an egotistical enjoyment out of commercializing a natural fault.

J. Nash.

The Parisian

Cor. State and Tioga

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with

GENEROUS
REDUCTIONS

ON ALL

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EVENING GOWNS

THE TURNING WORLD

The world goes turning,
Slowly lunging,
Wrapped in churning
Winds and plunging
Rains. The land
And the waters turn,
The mountains stand
Solid and stern.
But the rivers slide
Gently in valleys.
Lithe fishes glide
In their cold alleys.
And there are creatures
Of various forms
And various natures.
Rosy worms
Wallow at dawn
In pools of dew.
Cloud-white upon
Amazing blue
The silken billow
Bellies and fills,
A windy pillow
For the heads of hills.
Ships fling a flag
And a golden sail
Down seas whose shaggy
Waters pale
On a rock-sharp shore
Where cold weeds swim.

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CALENDAR

For week beginning October 25, 1928

THURSDAY

8:15 A. M. Regular assembly for students and faculty—and what an assembly! Don't miss it.

4:00 P. M. Faculty recital by Mr. Tallcott in the Little Theatre. He will read "Coquette".

FRIDAY

8:15 P. M. A Hallowe'en Frolic will be held in the Gym for the preparatory students.

SATURDAY

9:00 P. M.—Students may attend dances at the Masonic Temple, if they wish. Get your permissions from Mrs. Spencer before Sat. noon.

MONDAY

8:15 P. M. An Expression Recital will be given by the students of the Drama. Admission free.

TUESDAY

4:00 P. M. Regular student's recital. Attendance is compulsory.

WEDNESDAY

9:00 P. M. Amard Hallowe'en Masquerade, will be given in the Gym from 9 til 1. Admission \$2.50 couple.



Don't wait until you are a senior. Classmates want your photograph now. In fact you should have a new one each year.

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aren't always what they're jacked up to be.
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Photographer to the Cayugan
212-214 E. State St.

THE ROBINSON STUDIO

JIM JAMS

The Other day
When this
Importunate
Editor
(The name is
Bigger than the
Subject)
Said,
"Where the

Are those
Jim jams?"
And also
Looked
"You lazy
Piece!"
And also
Insinuated
"Why don't you
Ever get
Them in
On' time
Just
ONCE?"
And I just
Chawed
Right on for
Quite a
Spell
And then I
Says
Says I
"If you
Can figger
OUT
Why I am
So lazy
And so
Put it off
And so
Negligent!?!?
(A large word
What)
You'll have
Half a creation
Figured out
All of which
Is interesting if
True
I thank YOU.

The way to discover which side a Chinaman
is on is to wait and see which side kills him.

SOLD

Rose (fond of petting)—A penny for your
thoughts, Freddie.
Fred—I was thinking that I should like to
kiss you.
Rose (promptly)—Here's a dime. Never
mind the change.

FOR ASSEMBLY

One of the outstanding treats of each year's
assembly program is always the appearance
of the Sinfonians, known professionally as God's
gift to music, or otherwise as just a bunch of
Phi Mu Alpha's with varied faculties for
putting both jazz and the classics through their
paces. Their program Thursday is sure to be
one of the outstanding treats of the season
and will be missed by no one, who enjoys a
good time.

The Sinfonians number among their organ-
ization, several players of local and even fur-
ther note, including several members of Wes
Thomas' noted band. They excell especially
in solo work, each member being gifted with
unique talents in one direction or another.
They are scheduled not only to excite the emo-
tions of the onlooking students with their
sparkling jazz, but also to attempt to stir the
finer feelings with renditions of more serious
compositions.

ATTENTION

Attention Folks! Have you all made your
plans for Friday night? If not, remember
that the Phi Delta Pi's and the Phi Epsilon
Kappa's are giving an informal dance in the
gym with dancing from 9 to 1. The music is
being given by Curly Johnson's Rythm Kings
so you know it will be good. The admission is
\$1.25 a couple and \$1.50 for stags, so save
your dimes and come and have a good time.

FROM THE OUTSIDE
GIRLS

The first meeting of the Outside Girls was
held Wednesday Evening, October 5th, in co-
ordination with the W. S. G. A. meeting. An
executive board was elected as follows:

Pres.—Ernestine Brown
Vice-Pres.—Sally Legg
Sec.—Cleta Dromgoole
Treas.—Alice Truesdale.
Chairman of Club Room—Ruth Decker
W. S. G. A. Representative—Francis Petty
Frosh Representative and Once-a-Week Re-
porter—Eleanor Leonard.

Plans were discussed for decorating the Club
Room, and Dean Spencer talked to us.

The second meeting was held in the recently
acquired Club Room. After a brief business
meeting, the newly purchased victrola was play-
ed, and everyone "tripped the light fantastic."
There was also served the good old-fashioned
refreshments,—cider and doughnuts.

As yet a name has not been discovered, so
Outside Girls, remember—there is a prize for
the girl who sends in the cleverest name.

Eleanor Leonard

Reporter.

NOOMAN NOOZ

All Hail! Newman makes its bow for the
1928 school year at I. C. M. With Mr.
Barnum our House-Mother, and our House
officers,

President—Irma Cushman

Vice-President—Gladys Ayers

Secretary—Elizabeth Shannon

Treasurer—Pauline Feinstein

Frosh-Representative—Virginia Mather.

our Hall is going to be model, ideal and all
other expressions of perfection.

And now for some news—"

"They all fall sooner or later" and one of
our Frosh has fallen sooner!! Another Fratern-
ity pin has strayed from its rightful owner and
has found a parking place in our dorm.

"THRILLED? I was never so thrilled in all
my life! It was wonderful, marvelous, per-
fectly heavenly!" So Betts Shannon says on
her return from a week-end spent at We-
Point.

Now, dear little children, gather round and
we shall tell you all a secret. Every week in
this column, we have decided to print our own
First Grade Reader. In order to keep up with
the class, you must learn these every week, and
be sure when you are practicing reading them,
to say each word slowly and distinctly.

NEWMAN'S FIRST GRADE
READER

(with apologies to H. I. Phillips)

Lesson I.

Who is that girl?—That girl is "Jiggs"
Shannon

Where is "Jiggs" going?—"Jiggs" is going
to the Infirmary.

Is she ill?—Oh no! "Jiggs" is not ill.

Then why is "Jiggs" going to the Infirmary?

Because Sergius has hurt his ankle!

OII!!!

(Lessons continued in next issue)

M. R.

A DIPLOMATIC APPROACH

"By the way, Jim, I want to see you next
Saturday afternoon at 3 p. m.; it's something
important."

"What do you want to see me then for?"

"I want to pay you the \$5 I'm going to touch
you for now."

FOLLY

The laughter falters for awhile,

And sorrowing draws near;

As reckless Folly seeks a smile,

But only gains a tear.

INSPIRING

"Isn't that rainbow glorious!" ejaculated the
honeymooning husband as he and his bride
gazed at the wonders of Niagara Falls.

"Perfect!" she enthused. "I must get a dress
like it."—American Legion Weekly.



AMARD MASQUE BALL

Hallowe'en Eve

Wed. Oct. 31

in

Gymnasium.....\$2.50 Per Couple

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Before the days of fast dyes, a British chemist in 1669 aroused great interest by displaying cloth dyed with green, red and other colors which he said would stand washing in warm water.

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SHINTO TEMPLE GATEWAYS

The gateway of any Shinto temple, or of a tope, is called toril. Properly it is constructed of two upright with three superimposed cross-pieces. A celebrated example of the Great Toril of the Shinto temple, on Miya-jima island, Inland sea, Japan.

In a year's time the average American inhales in the air he breathes five times his weight in dust, according to a recent estimate, says Popular Science Monthly. However, air-purifying apparatus is now doing much to reduce this alarming total, particularly in industrial occupations.

CHAS. BROOKS

JEWELER

DEALER IN CONSERVATORY PINS
152 E. State St.

Girls: Read This

Do you know where to find a corking Leather Coat in Mountain Ash—Bengal Tan or Greenland Green? We do and if you'll come to the Athletic Goods Dep't.—we believe we have the best buy in town.

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BROTHERS—

Born to me there was no brother
And I wandered quite alone,
'Till I took an Alma Mater,
Took to me a second mother.

Then to me came myriad kin,
Brothers all toward knowledge bent;
Searching for the learned fount
Eager, ready to begin.

"Frosh" are we and ever will be
'Till grim time has pushed us on,
'Till the knowledge that we search for
Opens up our eyes to see.

Brothers! Brothers! Take your drubbing
When the Classmen chasten thee;
Fairly smile and do their bidding
Though upon your pride they're rubbing.

Keep a face that's cheerful, always,
Try to give the best you have;
Take the knowledge that is given,
In the end you'll find it pays.

Be not backward with your greeting
When you chance to meet a "Frosh,"
Even though he seems a stranger,
It's a brother whom your meeting.

Temper thy own soul with kindness
And 'twill all come back to you,
If you doubt me, won't you try it?
Don't be overcome by blindness.

If a Sophomore starts to rag you
As they're mighty apt to do,
Take a look within life's mirror,—
See yourself as others see you.

It's a duty left unto them
That the Classmen must fulfill;
Let us help them out, my brethren,
It's for dear old I. C. M.

Grassi Greencap ('31)

SOPHS

Tuesday night, October 9th, the Sophomores had their regular class meeting in the Little Theatre. The class not having been organized, Miss Masten, Class Advisor, took charge. Election of officers was held and the following were installed:

President—Joe Lester, Band school.
Vice President—Ernestine Brown, Expres.
Sec'y—Alva Ogsbury, P. E.
Treas—Stanley Norwood, P. S. M.

We trust they will fulfill their offices to the best of their ability and with the support of each classmate make I. C. M. proud of us.

FACULTY RECITAL

This afternoon, Rollo Anson Tallcott will read "Coquette", at 4:00. We all remember Mr. Tallcott's unrivalled presentation of "Dulcy"—reading this play, he will outdo himself, in many ways. The story of "Coquette" is as fine as "The Shanghai Gesture," and there will be, as usual, a large attendance.

AMARDS MASQUE BALL

Definite plans are under way and the various committees are all working diligently towards making the Amard Masque Ball this year the best ever.

By a special concession, Mrs. Spencer has allowed a dance permission to be given in the middle of the week, so Hallowe'en night Oct. 31st, which falls on Wednesday has been chosen as the date. Tickets for the Ball are \$2.50 and no one is admitted unless masked.

Refreshments appropriate to the occasion will be served and we assure you the pick of the orchestras for the evening.

Tickets may be obtained through any Amard. Remember there is only a limited amount of tickets available so plan to get your ticket early.

One-thirty permission will be given to the girls—the dance lasting from nine to one.

We assure you of a splendid time and we want to see you all at the gym that night. Remember—

THE AMARD MASQUE BALL

Place..... Gymnasium
Time..... 9 till 1
Tickets..... \$2.50 per couple

PERSONALS

What ho! A man who dared to tread beneath the girl's dormitory windows, frightened the poor little Griffis girls into pandemonium, a week ago Tuesday night. After a game of hide-and-seek, the husky men from Phi Mu Alpha, chased the boogie away, and calm (?) reigned supreme once more.

Mrs. Small of Claremont, N. H., visited her daughter, Helen Small last week.

Miss Eleanor Leonard spent the week-end at her home. She returned, safe and sound.

Miss Mary Huribut spent last week-end at the home of her parents, in Mexico, N. Y.

Joseph Lester has charge of the music in Tabernacle Baptist Church. Fay Swift had this work last year.

From the number of talks on cooking given in the Public Speaking department, we assume that Conservatory girls are ardent students of the culinary art.

James Grim, who was called home by his Grandfather's death, has returned. We extend Mr. Grim our sympathies.

Sergius Gravel had the misfortune to sprain his ankle, and is now confined to the infirmary.

MU PHI EPSILON

Reports from the Ivy Covered House
Last week end sure was a happy one for some of the girls. Hester's parents arrived on the scene on Saturday afternoon, and some friends of hers from Geneva called in the morning. Marge's and Jerry's parents came on Saturday night. Quite some excitement around the place, getting all the "dirt" from the old home town and—well, you know how it is when the folks arrive! It might almost be somebody's birthday judging from the new things everyone sports. And not only that—our parents must think we don't get eats up here—and as a result the front rooms up stairs will be the scene of midnight feeds for the next week or so.

Gene almost broke off with Dot because Dot called up from a friend's home and the operator said it was a "long distance" call. Cheer up, Gene—we admit his voice would sound sweeter than even Dot's would—to you—but even roomies must call up on business once in a while, and we can't be held responsible for what the operator says.

Here's an idea, Evelyn—Why not buy the Western Union Delivery Boy a bicycle tire for Xmas? These heavy messages from "F and M" that arrive at any hour of the day or night!!

We all hope Alice soon gets over her cold. After having one for three weeks it's time to pass it on, Alice.

Evelyn is our champion hiker. If you want a few pointers on hiking, making a fire or roasting steak, etc., just ask Ratz.

We hereby appoint Lyl chief entertainer of all children that come to the house as guests. What would we do without you, Lyl—we would probably all get gray hair trying to keep them entertained, but it comes so natural to you, we know you don't mind.

We suggest that Hester go back to the good old buccaneering days when pirates were pirates and could wear patches over the one eye—it would cover things so nicely. But then, he is at Beaver College "undertaking"—!

We are all anxiously awaiting the day when Helen Mac gets off her diet—the violin diet.

Our honorable President Agnes is contemplating opening a beauty parlor after practice hours—try to find them. We must say in all seriousness though, that we do owe many of our "cagy" coiffures to her.

Just to remind you—we have a sweet stand at all affairs at the Con. We just received a new supply of candy and are now ready to serve you. "A bite of candy now and then is relished by the best of men."

G. B.

NOT THAT KIND

Sailor (who has fallen overboard): Aho, there! Drop me a line!

Tourist on Deck: All right. What's your address going to be.—Answers.

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ARCHEOLOGICAL FIND

Containing two skeletons, a stone coffin estimated at between three thousand and four thousand years old, has been found near Rainham, Essex, England. Portions of skulls and a horn drinking vessel were also in the coffin, which was hewn from a solid slab. The discovery was made in a locality where pottery declared by scientists to date from 2000 B. C. had previously been found.

HAWK BESTS LINEMAN

While working in a tower on power lines near Saugus, Calif., an electric company lineman saw a bird's nest and he shoved it over with his hand. A hawk flew out and attacked the man so viciously that he fell from the tower. He was taken to a hospital with a broken leg, two fractured ribs and some bruises.—Pathfinder Magazine.

ORIGIN OF "KIDNAPING"

The word "kidnaping" is a combination of two English colloquial words, kid, meaning a child, and the verb nap, somewhat like our word nab, a slang term for seize. It was originally used in England to designate one who carried off children to work on plantations in the American colonies.

SECRET INJURY

A motion picture operator, back from photographing wild animals in interior Africa, recommends that form of sport on the ground that it does not inflict pain on the lion or elephant concerned. It is relatively safe, too, since taking its picture does not infuriate the animal as a bullet wound does. A lion or elephant having its picture taken seldom attacks, being unable to see the picture.

SEA LEVEL LOWERING

According to some authorities, the level of the sea is becoming lower. Wentworth and Palmer by observation of the islands of the north Pacific found a lowering in the ocean level of 12-15 feet

BOOKS ARE NECESSITIES

We should not be, in this country, far away from the concept that books are necessities, to be allowed for with food, clothes and a roof in the primary budgeting of every family. There is nothing startling in that concept at all—unless it is startling to say the mind should be considered to have necessities and a place in life as well as the body.—Des Moines Register.

ORNITHOLOGICAL TERM

The term "chatterer" was formerly applied to the waxwings and some related birds with little applicability. It is now, with more or less propriety, restricted by ornithologists to the South American passerine family Cotingidae, which may be better called "cotingas."

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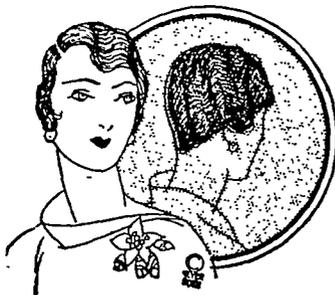
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AURORA BOREALIS

Dr. Carl Stormer, a Swedish scientist, has made a special study of the aurora borealis and one of these demonstrations which he observed was from 800 to 600 miles above the earth. Some of these rays of light shot out so far that they were illuminated by the light of the sun, which was far below the horizon at the time. His investigations may result in some additional information about the nature of the atmosphere at point far above the earth.

HEROIC RESCUES AT SEA

In 1923, 713 American vessels met with disaster at sea on or near our coast. Twenty-six thousand people were on board these ships, but due to the splendid work of the United States coast guard the lives of only 86 were lost.

AND POTATO CHIPS

Geologists have finally figured out that it has taken 300,000,000 years for the ocean to attain its present saltiness. And now, if they haven't anything else to do, they might get to work on ham.—New York Evening Post.

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