CALENDAR
Calendar for the week beginning November 17th

THURSDAY
4 P. M. In the Little Theatre Miss Elliott will read “The Witching Hour.”

FRIDAY
8:15 P. M. The Williams School presents its faculty in the 3-act drama “The Servant in the House.”

SATURDAY
2:30 P. M. There will be a matinee performance of “The Servant in the House.”
8:15 P. M. The final production of “The Servant in the House.” Don’t miss this opportunity to see some really fine acting.

SUNDAY
“The Servant in the House.”

MONDAY
S:15 P. M. in the Little Theatre the Williams School presents its Juniors in Recital. The public is cordially invited.

TUESDAY
3:15 P. M. in the Little Theatre there will be an Orchestra concert imbracing the best instrumentalists of the Conservatory. Dr. Wallingford Reigger the conductor, is anxious for all the affiliated students to hear these numbers.

WEDNESDAY
4 P. M. In the Little Theatre Miss Charlotte Reese will read as her graduation monologue, “The Rosary” by Clarence Barclay.

THURSDAY
Turkeys, Home, Pun’kin Pie— and all the rest!

There will be no Once-A-Weeks next week but the week of our return, schedules will be resumed as usual.

Mon. 28 Classes begin at 8:15 A. M. No cuts will be allowed.
Tues. 4 P. M. Student Recital 7:30 P. M. Dress Rehearsal for one-act plays.
Wed. 3:15 P. M. Glee Club rehearsal under Mr. Lautner.
Thurs. 8:15 A. M. Assembly.
"THE ONCE-A-WEEK"

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

KATHERINE V. BOYLES - - - Editor
ELISI WATERS - - - - Associate Editors
MARY EVELYN MASON - - Business Manager
MARI BARTON - - - Associate Business Mgr.
GENEVIEVE HERRICK - Associate Business Mgr.

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ARMISTICE DAY

"Armistice Day" you explain—"Good heavens above, that was a week ago! Stale news!" And that is exactly the reason for this editorial. When a commemoration a week old is stale, what does the meaning of that commemoration signify? The first armistice day is eleven years old. Is it stale news to you?

Lincoln sensed that very tragedy, that bitter possibility, when he said, "It is rather for us the living—that these dead shall not have died in vain."

Not long since I heard a professor in a college history class remark with a curl of his lip—"Well, wars aren't fought you know, over what the four-minute men raved about." And the whole group of young men and women caught his attitude of "I should worry!" and smiled too. And over in France row upon row of white crosses—over in France miles and miles or ruins—over in France women waiting alone in doorways looking down blank roads—over in France. And in America the tomb of the Unknown—a memorial to the cause men have almost forgotten—in America mothers who still wonder if perhaps their boys will come back—over in America men who left belief and faith and dreams and peace of mind behind them in France—and over in America—college professors who can wax cleverly epigrammatic.

Years since a lean, gaunt, tragic, lonely man knew his people when he said, "That these dead shall not have died in vain."

"Armistice Day" you exclaim, "Good heavens above, that was a week ago! Stale news!"

We are what we make ourselves and not what circumstance makes us.—Emile Coue'

A THANKSGIVING MEDITATION

In our search for a good time, in striving to cover our school work we are apt to rush madly on without pausing to think of our social inheritance. Long years ago at the time of the first Thanksgiving there was great stress laid upon religion and upon a religion of a strict uncompromising nature. The pilgrim fathers felt that the truly religious man was he who carried himself with the greatest firmness against the things of the world.

This idea has largely vanished along with the teepee and the forests. With the new ideas of science and education has come a different idea of religion. No longer is the true Christian narrow and exacting. Instead he is a great minded person with sympathy and understanding for all races and creeds. Gradually we have swung from a religion of "thou shalt nots" to a religion of love.

The greatest people of our land say that upon such a feeling of kindness and brotherly love depends the happiness of the world. We, who are young, must carry on this idea and help it to grow.

Now as the Thanksgiving time approaches let us pause to meditate and to thank for our happiness the Great Spirit which is behind it all.

M. E. M.

ALUMNI NEWS

Knox Dunlop is touring the western states with the "Red Path" Lyceum Course. He certainly deserves our sincere congratulations.

Julie Sutton, who graduated last year, is playing in "Seventh Heaven" with the Better Plays Extension Company of New York. "The Marquette Daily Journal" in a review of the play states:

"Some of the work of the old priest we liked, too. The rest of the cast we did not happen to care for, except that we think commendation should go to Arlette (Julie Sutton) for the one moment during the last act when she stands listening to Diane's impassioned denunciation of the priest. Much of the time she poses in too amateurish a fashion, but the expression on her face in that last act was the kind of thing that makes one want to clap his hands applauding and whisper; 'Good work'.

"CON" ANTICIPATING STRING QUARTETTE

Some time within the next few weeks the Conservatory String Quartette, Mr. Sopkin, violin; Miss Woodard, violin; Mr. Cresswell, cello; and Mr. Bek, viola; under the direction of Mr. Sopkin, will make its debut. The first program will be made up of quartettes from Mozart and Beethoven, with some Russian numbers by Glononzow, Rimsky-Korsakov and Borodin.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT NEXT TUESDAY

The first concert of the Conservatory Orchestra to be given this season will take place in Conservatory Hall next Tuesday Evening.

The program will include Beethoven's seventh symphony which was called by Wagner the "apotheosis of the dance," one of Beethoven's best known symphonies. This work was written in a period of depression. He had just been told that his deafness was incurable—yet it is one of the most exuberant of all works. The most imaginative of all dancers, Isadora Duncan, has danced to this, an innovation in the art of interpretative dancing.

Rowland Cresswell will play for the second number the Saint-Saens Cello Concerto.

The program will close with the Mardi Slav of Chiaikovsky, beginning with a plaintive Servian folk-song and ending with the triumphant strains of the former Russian national anthem.

Owing to the increased size of the orchestra the stage is being enlarged for the occasion. The admission will be fifty-cents, student twenty-five cents.

PEER-REILLY WEDDING ANNOUNCED

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Edward Reilly announce the marriage of their daughter Gertie with Mr. Edward Shettler Peer on Thursday, third of November, One thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven, Brooklyn, New York.

A HARD WEEK

The week had gloomily begun
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's Sun.
He was beset by bills and duns,
And he had very little Mon.

"This cash," he said, "Won't pay duns In nothing here, but ones and Tues.
A bright thot struck him and he said, The rich Miss Goldlocks, I will Wed.
But when he paid his courtes to her, She lisp'd, and firmly said, "No Thu.

"Alas," he said, "Then I must die," His soul went where they say Fri.
They found his gloves, his coat, his hat, A corner upon them Sat.

WILLIAMS SCHOOL JUNIORS
IN RECITAL

I—St. Peter at the Gate - - - - - Anon
II—The Clam-Man - - - - - Mary Taylor
III—A Pleasant Half Hour on the Beach - Marjorie B. Cooke
IV—Buying A Hat - - - - - Fisk
V—A Fan and Two Candlesticks - - - - Mary McMillan
VI—The Mission Box that Scandalized the Village - F. Greenman
VII—Ashes of Roses - - - - - Anon
VIII—A Morning’s Mail - - - - - Edmund V. Cooke

BAND HAS SECOND SUNDAY SUCCESS

Sunday, Nov. 13—there was another one! Another what?—A concert by Conway and his Band. If you weren't at the first one—you missed something; if you didn't hear the last one—you missed a lot; if you missed both of them—don't tell anyone. Once again the boys scored under capable direction. Each concert surpasses the previous one and anyone who was there will agree that it was “a musical treat”, “most worth while,” “as good as any band could be”. We're looking forward to another concert, Mr. Conway, and here's hoping it comes soon. When it does—students—Be There! Don't let it slip by any time while you're in I. C. M. You'll regret it.

It isn't to early to think of Christmas

The place to buy your gifts is at

ROTHSCHILD BROS.
ROLAND FERNAND PRESIDENT OF WILLIAMS SCHOOL STUDENT BODY

Roland Fernand, of Danbury, Conn., a second-year student, has been elected President of the Williams School student body for the year 1927-1928. Roland is well known to all Conservatory people because of his excellent interpretation of a number of roles in the Little Theatre.

The other officers are:
Vice-President—Katherine V. Boyles, Winston-Salem, N. C.
Secretary—Beth Ford, Ithaca, N. Y.
Treasurer—Gilbert Haggerty, Little Falls, N. Y.

The Williams School is planning to attempt some big things this year and if the students keep pace with the schedule set by the faculty this should be a record breaking year for the dramatic department.

MR. WILLIAMS playing
Title Role in
"The Servant in the House"

"Speaking of Actors"—says this one, and he starts off on a list of Hampden's and Barrymore's whom he has seen, and, by the way, talked much of before. And he is proud of having seen them, just as you are (for we are all that type of person) you'll be doubly proud to have seen the cast which will present "The Servant In The House," tomorrow night, Saturday afternoon and night. It's a fine old play, with a fine new cast. Be in your seat promptly at 8:15, in the Little Theatre.

MISS CHARLOTTE REESE WILL PRESENT SENIOR MONOLOGUE

Thanksgiving is a time of prayer, of meditation and of humbleness and gratefulness of feeling: "The Rosary" by Florence Barkley needs no words to describe the depth of feeling which it contains, nor the poignant sweetness of the memories which it recalls. We all love Thanksgiving and those of us who know "The Rosary" are very fond of it. We who are here during the holidays shall have the pleasure of hearing "The Rosary" read when Miss Charlotte Reese will present it as her Senior Monologue on Wednesday, November 23 at 4 P. M. No more appropriate time than the day before Thanksgiving could have been chosen for the presentation of such a lovely reading. Let us come prepared to accept the pathos of the story for its real worth and be equally ready to imbibe the spirit of Thanksgiving into our interpretation of it.

COMPOSERS CONTEST HAS NEW TERMS

Some time ago the Once-A-Week published the terms of the International Composer's Contest for the Schubert Centennial, the awards of which amount to $20,000. According to the latest issue of terms and specifications the purpose and judging of the competition have been slightly modified.

As the specifications now stand the contest is for original orchestral compositions in one of the following categories:

A.—Symphonic works in one or more movements, presented as an apotheosis of the lyrical genius of Schubert, and dedicated to his memory on the occasion of his Centennial.

B.—Variations on Schubert themes (in the spirit of his precedent in using his songs in piano and chamber music compositions—e.g., "Tod und das Maedchen," "Die Forelle", "der Wanderer").

In the execution of works in these categories composers have the widest latitude both in content and form; are free to use Schubert themes for quotation or for purposes of variations; and are entitled to use Schubert sketches.

All compositions submitted for competition will be judged:

First, for sincerity, invention and inspiration of thematic material, in accordance with the letter and the spirit of Clause.

Second, for the formal mastery shown by the composition.

A copy of these new terms and specifications, along with the optional sketches will be posted on the bulletin board.
MU PHI EPSILON

"And all the problems of the world are put to test when East meets West!"

We Americans do not dare to be truly Japanese, for we know we cannot; but a very good attempt to copy Oriental Japan was made at 307 North Tioga Street Saturday when the Mu Phis presented a Japanese Tea and Musicale for their patronesses and alumnae in honor of Founder's Day. A real Buddha graced the mantel of the hearth and the rooms were uniquely decorated with Japanese lanterns and cherry blossoms. Smoke wreaths poured forth from the incense burners and gave a real Oriental atmosphere. The following program of appropriate music was presented:

- Piano solo—The White Peacock—Mary Louise Masten
- Violin solo—Chinese Lullaby—from "East is West"—Marjorie Seeley
- Vocal solo—Japanese Death Song—Harris
- Tears from Lute of Jade—Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes—Lady Bug
- The Mouse—Juanita Lane
- Ensemble music by Ann Zeigler, Marjorie Seeley, Genevieve Herrick, and Agnes Reabold was enjoyed during the Tea.

The programs written on miniature Japanese fans (which were painted by some of our artistic members) were very dainty and original in their design, and proved just the thing for our scrapbooks.

The whole affair was made a grand success because of the loyal cooperation of all the girls with the committee chairman, who were:

- Musical—Norma Covert
- Decorations—Marie Louise Barton
- Refreshments—Mildred Scott

Mary Gertrude Smith, president of Lambda Chapter, participated in the opening of the Community Chest Drive Sunday, when she broadcast a group of songs from the Ithaca station at WLCI. Her numbers included:

- The Star—Rodgers
- Were I a Bird—Logan
- Lift Up Thine Eyes—Logan

M. L. B.

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IS THANKSGIVING AN ILLUSION?

By Doris Joy Starr

The real spirit of Thanksgiving still survives,—by the grace of God,—in some of the city tenement districts, and in the smaller backwoods farming communities. In the former, some poor souls are made genuinely thankful every year at this time, by the practical gift of a basket of vegetables, meat, and groceries, donated by the city in its annual moment of generosity. This basket fills the heart of the thin little woman stumped eagerly over the rickety stove in the kitchen, just as truly as it fills the stomachs of her hungry eager youngsters. None who has ever made the rounds of the tenement districts in a big city, with the Social workers on Thanksgiving Day, can doubt the sincerity of the gratitude that follows in the wake of the "Baskets".

But can we say that this sincerity in the celebration of Thanksgiving is universal? We can’t, if we are honest, say so and mean it.

To the boy of board school and college age, Thanksgiving means mostly,-we can’t deny it,—Thanksgiving Vacation. To prove this, just once deny a school or college this customary vacation, and see how much Thanksgiving would remain. Not all the sentiment discourses on all the virtues of gratitude by all the deans of all the various departments would suffice to remove the disappointment and resentment from these youthful hearts. And why? Why can’t we feel thankful for our mercies any old time,—or anywhere. But on Thanksgiving we want to forget them,—and have a little fun. Isn’t that honestly the truth? To thousands and thousands of young men all over America, Thanksgiving means no more or less than the date of some particularly keen foot ball game. To equal thousands of young girls it means a round of festivities, a special house party, or celebration, with gay friends and gay times,—a chance to wear one prettiest frocks, to dance and dine,—a chance to rest the weary text-book on the shelf. We can’t even say, after all, that Thanksgiving is an illusion to the college boy or girl. Its just a timely excuse for some good fun, or a frank relief from the arduous strain of acquiring knowledge.

Let us turn then, to the man or woman grown. What does Thanksgiving mean to that vast population of working middle class,—the business strata of the nations soil? Take the merchants and store keepers, for instance. What does Thanksgiving mean to them. It means a commercial and sordid competition for the most trade at a time when most people are doing a lot of extra buying,—that’s what it means. A hectic scramble for trade. That may sound cynical, but it is the truth, nevertheless. Do you imagine, fair housewife, when you see a shop window at Thanksgiving, all garnished with apples and chestnuts, and strings of cranberries, in an artistic setting of wheat-sheaves, with prominent placards bearing names or tempting vendes at tempting prices,—"Special for Thanksgiving!"—that this is an evidence of the god old fashioned spirit of Thanksgiving in the hearts of the grocery men? Not a bit of it. Its simply an attempt to put one over on the rival store across the street,—a stroke of artistry to draw more trade,—a lowering of prices to defy competition.

There is a certain Restaurant which puts out a Thanksgiving advertisement after this fashion:

"Do you want a Real Thanksgiving Dinner such as your Grandmother used to cook? Juicy Roast Turkey with Sage and Stuffing,—Flaky warm Biscuits, baked Grandmothers way,— Cranberry Jelly and Hot Mince Pie,—

Then stop at the —— Inn today. Special Thanksgiving Rate, only $2.50 per plate. The poor, weary salesman, or travelling actor, who must eat his Thanksgiving dinner at a hotel thinks this ad is just written for him. (And so it is!) His heart glows with warmth. How kindhearted and cordial the world is on Thanksgiving Day! He thinks of his dear old grandmother (long dead, God rest her!) and the hot mince pies she used to make,—and off he goes to this hotel or inn. Nine times out of ten the biscuits are like rocks, he gets the neck of the turkey, the waiter forgets the jelly, and the mince pie is cold. And at the end of the profitable day the hotels and restaurants gloat over their pickings and begin planning for the Christmas rush.

Well, you say,—that’s business, and we expect that,—but what about the little apartment houses in the city, and the dear little home-out in the suburbs, where nice contented little families live, and Daddy brings home the hard-earned pay-roll, and Mother gets the dinner? Don’t they have an ideal Thanksgiving? Not by a long shot! Daddy gets a turkey, or at least a chicken, because its the thing to do at Thanksgiving, and everybody else does. But Mother, who is already pretty tired of doing all the cooking, is extra tired today with the extra fuss and feathers, so of course the pie, or potatoes, or Mothers finger or something, gets burned, and the chicken is tough ("We’ll never patronize that butcher again!") and of course Johnny eats too much, and gets a tummy ache, which worries Mother nearly frantic, and then Daddy makes some thoughtless remark about the lumpy gravy or heavy dumplings, which is the last straw,—and the day generally ends in tears, and the one truly honest remark of the day—"thank goodness this only comes once a year!"

In richer homes where Mother and Father can afford servants to bring in their Thanksgiving turkey on silver platters, is there any more real spirit of giving and taking,—of unselfish understanding? How can there be, when out in the kitchen some poor little drudge who would have given her soul to have had the day off, has slaved over the dinner until she is too utterly tired out to eat anything herself! In such homes there are always plenty of goers at Thanksgiving, and while they are making merry, and having music and cocktails and drawing room,—out in the back of the house, somewhere, some little human being in an apron is toiling over endless stacks of messy dishes,—tired and lonely,—her feet and her heart aching. And that is what Thanksgiving means to her,—more people to work for,—more dishes to wash. And in the long run, perhaps the mistress of the house is as bored with her guests and as glad when they are gone, as her servants are glad when the last evidence of Thanksgiving gluttony is stacked away in the cupboard.

Another annual duty over with, thank Heaven! Yet everywhere,—every where,—Thanksgiving is becoming a duty, a commercialized institution, such as Christmas threatens to become, (though please God that may not become!) In our respect and affection for the time honored idea we fondly close our eyes to what we don’t want to see,—its decay. We gloss over its insincerity of our faith in it, we preach sermons about it and issue sonorous proclamations that are full of hypocritical bombast,—of impressive words that sound well but do not ring true. We don’t have an ideal Thanksgiving! Not at all.

Everywhere—every where,—Thanksgiving is being reduced to a duty, a commercialized institution, such as Christmas threatens to become, (though please God that may not become!) In our respect and affection for the time honored idea we fondly close our eyes to what we don’t want to see,—its decay. We gloss over its insincerity of our faith in it, we preach sermons about it and issue sonorous proclamations that are full of hypocritical bombast,—of impressive words that sound well but do not ring true. We don’t have an ideal Thanksgiving! Not at all.

A jolly young chemistry tough
While mixing a compounded stuff,
Dropped a match in a vial,
And after a while,
They found his front tooth and a cuff.

Kid at station—"Smash your baggage?"
John Nash—"If you do, I’ll smash you!"

BAND CONCERTS THANKSGIVING WEEK

The Band is to give two concerts. Thanksgiving week. One will be at Lykeen. Pa. a November 23rd, the other at Keuka College November 26th. Mr. Conway must surely have a lot of faith in his band to put on a concert, soon after it’s members have had a Thanksgiving dinner.
ONCE-A-WEEK

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REELS FROM REAL LIFE
(PHI MU ALPHA)
Reel III.
A great and notable migration was noted to take place at the hour of three thirty on Monday.
Under the management of Brothers Lee Smail and Carl Schlabach, there appeared before our Alma Mater at the above stated time a large and spacious vehicle. Into this ponderous means of conveyance, there flowed a stream of humanity representing nearly the entire number of the Conway Band School. The busy hum of the social news wire had it that the group were en route to a certain metropolis nearby where they were to attend the Concert of the United States Marine Band. Following below is a list of the men who thus set forth in Mr. Dean's bus, bent on a pleasurable evening. The Brothers in Phi Mu Alpha were:
Lawler, Brown, Schlabach, Smail, Cannon, Witzler, Beeler, Gelder, Phillips, Porter, Lester, McHenry, Stewart, Summeron, McEuen, Boyer, Newell (Pledgee), Spear, Moyer (Pledgee), C. Robb (Pledgee), C. Robb, Orrington, Lester (Pledgee), Estafanko, Thomas, Swartz, Corbin, Reinman (Pledgee), Corey, Russell.
By means of private automobiles, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Conway, and Mr. and Mrs. John Reimer motored to the aforesaid business center, listed in all directories as Binghamton.
The concert was unsurpassable and the report of all who attended was that a good time was had by all.
Thus the curtain falls on the Third reel.

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Willie—"Pa, what's a parasite?"  
His Pa—"A parasite, son, is a man who walks through a revolving door without doing his share of the pushing."

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