

12-15-1927

Once-A-Week, 1927-12-15

Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

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ONCE-A-WEEK

Published by the Students of The Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

Vol. II No. 12

Five Cents a Copy

DECEMBER 15, 1927

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

CALENDAR

of Important Events until January 5th

DECEMBER 15th

7 P. M. In the Ithaca Hotel the Amards will hold their Annual Twelfth Night Revels. Carolers will sing in the Dormitories at 6 P. M.

DECEMBER 16th & 17th

8:15 A. M. We will assemble for the first time in the New Year.

Students will be leaving from early Friday morning until late Saturday. The usual rule of "no cuts allowed" holds good.

JANUARY 3rd

Bright and early Tuesday morning classes begin again. And in spite of the holiday good times we'll all be glad to see each other again.

JANUARY 4th

On this date we hope to hear Mr. Lautner in a Shubert Song Recital. However, this announcement is only tentative.

JANUARY 5th

8:15 A. M. We will assemble for the first time in the New Year.

JANUARY 6th & 7th

The play "Kick-In" will be presented on Friday and Saturday evenings and on Saturday afternoon.

Regular Student Recitals, Rehearsals, etc., will be resumed Jan. 3rd.

There will be no Once-A-Week January 5th. The first issue after vacation will come out Jan. 12. Announcements will be made in Assembly Jan. 5th.

AMARD REVELS

PREPARATORY RECITAL

HOLIDAYS BEGIN!

SCHOOL BEGINS

SHUBERT SONG RECITAL

ASSEMBLY

"KICK-IN"

NOTICE

NEXT ONCE-A-WEEK TO COME
AT JAN. 12th.

"THE ONCE-A-WEEK"

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

KATHERINE V. BOYLES - - - Editor
 ELSIE WATERS - - - } Associate Editors
 MARY EVELYN MASON - - }
 MARIE BARTON - - - Business Manager
 GENEVIEVE HERRICK - Associate Business Mgr.

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GROWING UP TO CHRISTMAS

When we were small, how small our Christmas was! It comprised just those hours between four A.M.—a fearfully excited four A.M. and nine P. M.—a very drowsy, dispeptic nine P. M. It was just as large as the little circle beneath the tree where lay our gifts—new dolls, skates, picture books, and red hair ribbons. The next day we arose wearily, gazed with jaundiced eye upon the superfluity of toys, the superfluity of candy,—the half eaten pieces lying here, the chunks trodden in the carpet there—and the superfluity of too-rich fruit cake and turkey hash.

When we grew larger, how Christmas widened out! It took in the Sunday School, with our presents for little children to whom Santa unaccountably did not come—muchly beloved aunts and grandmothers who must be remembered—ah, those days when seventy cents would buy seven Christmas gifts—or even more, if one bought some handkerchiefs for a nickle!

And now—how infinitely broad is our Christmas! It begins with the first hint of Children learning "San-ty Cla—wus! San-ty Cla—wus!" in the second grade, with the little urchins who carry hopelessly grimy Red Cross stamps to sell, who naively ask you to buy fifteen cents worth, instead of the dime's worth, because they are stuck together—and it reaches into that night of nights, when "heaven is bending low to whisper some good thing to the listening earth."

How infinitely wide is our Christmas now! And I wonder, when we have had time to love and understand all things—how much larger our Christmas will be?

Oh, it is endlessly delightful, this growing up to Christmas!

LET'S GET TOGETHER MORE

Seldom have we seen such a spirit of friendly rivalry and good will in the "Con" as prevailed at the Six Student Scampers last Friday night. It was a student show, sponsored by the Student Council, backed by the student body, to pay off a student debt. Everyone went and enjoyed it. And they didn't mind showing that they enjoyed it. The applause was spontaneous and whole-hearted and all the congratulations were perfectly sincere.

It's when we work for a thing that it becomes the dearer and nothing promotes school spirit like working for the school. It's true that in a school like this everyone is working to develop some individual talent but just the same, most of us are here for two or three years and as long as we're a part of the unit why not get together more and pull for the school?

OCCULT TO ASSIST IN ONCE-A-WEEK

Beginning with the first issue of the New Year the Once-A-Week will employ the aid of a very famous mystic in running a futuristic column. This feature will include the future activities of Conservatory students.

It is very simple to obtain past, present, or even near future news about people but we feel very fortunate in being able to record joys and sorrows which will occur in perhaps ten or fifteen years from now.

Watch for the prophecies of the new mystic. He may have some great revelation for you!

MRS. HADLEY HAVING BIG SUCCESS

This year I. C. M. is unfortunate in not having Mrs. Ethel A. Hadley, former head of the sociology department back. But it is evident that the Washington Irving High School, Tarrytown, N. Y., is very fortunate, in that she is teaching dramatics there and proving herself successful, as she always did in every kind of work in the Conservatory. The Tarrytown Daily News was very effusive in its' appreciation of her ability, and concluded the splendid write-up with the statement—"There is no question but that a great share of the praise for the splendid performances of last night are due her."

Mrs. Hadley coached and presented the following, the scope of which was comedy and tragedy; laughter and tears; life and death.

"The Managers" by Joseph C. Lincoln.

"Riders of the Sea" by John Mullington

"Station Y Y Y Y" by Booth Tarkington

Mrs. Hadley has shown us in many ways, her excellent interpretations of plays and we can well understand the praise of the citizens of Tarrytown as it comes to us through their program.

I HEAR IN THE MOON

That.—The band gave a concert in Moravia Monday night, and that Moravia likes them just as well as we do.

That.—Mildred Slingerland and Doris Baker were sick and had to come home for a while. We hope teaching doesn't effect any more graduates that way.

That.—Gen Herrick has to wear dark glasses, occasionally because some of the band boys get so bright.

That.—Mary Aldrich and Paul Lester got stuck in a snow bank coming home from Conland the other nite.

That.—Nick di Nardo is to take Don Chatter to Newark with him for the Christmas vacation. Nick has promised to introduce Dea to all the good looking women on Long Island. At that rate, they won't be back until summer.

That.—Mr. Conway is to broadcast from W. E. A. F. Monday nite at 9:30.

That.—Miss Aldrich is to sing from W. E. Y. R. Syracuse, December 27th.

That.—Genevieve Peters, Dorothy Clark and Eleanor Packard broadcasted from the Lutheran Church Sunday night.

The Man in the Moon

MR. LAUTNER BACK FROM INTERESTING TOUR

Mr. Lautner has been touring New England for a short time giving some concerts under the auspices of the Harvard Clubs of Boston and New York. While in Boston he had an interview with Kousevitsky relative to singing a leading Tenor Role in "Le Roi David" by Honegger which is to have it's first Boston performance this spring.

Mr. Lautner has also had concerts recently in Evansville and Indianapolis, Illinois; Zanesville and Columbus, Ohio, and in Pittsburgh.

The lady candidate was making a house to house call with the object of trying to obtain votes.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jones," she said sweetly as the door of one house was opened to her knock, "may I hope that your husband will support me?"

"Support you?" echoed Mrs. Jones with a sniff. "Not the least likely; why, 'e ain't supported me for over a year, and I'm his wife."

"Poor old Miss Mayden came near getting herself into trouble last night. She started according to her usual habit, to look under her bed—"

"Well?"

"Well, her bed at the time happened to be an upper berth in a sleeping car."—BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

"No," said the fat girl in the geography class. "I don't know what makes the tower of Babel lean. If I did, I'd take some of it myself."

REELS FROM REAL LIFE

(Phi Mu Alpha)
Finale.

The Six Student Scampers having Scamped successfully before a large and appreciative audience, the Brothers of Sinfonia extend a hand of congratulation to the Phi Deltis for their success in the well known contest.

Sunday night a new class of Pledges started upon the journey of membership in Sinfonia, there were twelve in all and the first lap of the journey proved successful.

Brother Carleton Stewart left Saturday for Iowa where he will spend Christmas vacation with his parents. Nearly everyone is occupied with Holiday plans.

Despite the fact that the Band went to Moravia Monday night for concert there has been some study partaken of by some of the others. Brother Nettleton was noted to take a text book in hand recently and after carefully removing the dust from the cover thereof began a vigorous campaign to find where he left off.

As the reel draws to a close so endeth a rough account of the dealings, performances and activities of the members of the House on the large. Merry Christmas to all and to all—

(Use your imagination and save time space and errors.)

To the truth of the above and all which has before appeared, I, the author thereof, do hereby affix ascribe and sign, this forty-fifth day of November. Those initials by which I am distinguished from those of other members of the human race at present occupying the Planet.

Signed: M. J. G.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Be it known: A brother was encountered bearing an axe. Inquiry being made as to the reason for the weapon, the response was that he was going to cut classes.

Be it known: Owing to the foregoing statement it is requested that; Brother Duke was heard to say recently that he expects to have another life as soon as he gets over this cold.

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WINDING UP THE INGERSOLL

Robert Ingersoll was famous for the library of infidel books which he possessed. One day a reporter called on Mr. Ingersoll for an interview, and among other questions, asked: "Would you mind telling me how much your library cost you, Mr. Ingersoll?" "Well, my boy, those books cost me, anyhow, the governorship of Illinois, and perhaps the Presidency of the United States!"—Contact.

The cynic avers that the first word Eve learned was "Gimme".

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LAUGHTER

and

MERRIMENT

and

FUN!!!!

These are the ingredients that helped to make up the Christmas party held at Baker Annex last Wednesday Evening. I could say much more, but you know ACTUALLY I am, in a few words only REALLY hinting at the things "us and company" celebrated with, at that long-planned-for and never-to-be-forgotten "party". We had only one disappointment, in itself quite tragic. Our plans included Santa as our guest, but only the day before the party one of the girls was informed that there WASN'T any Santa Clause—! We made the best of it tho', and all in all, our Christmas party was what they call a "howling success".

L. D. P.

"KICK-IN" TO BE PRESENTED

A brand new play, a play that thrills and chills, will be given in the Little Theatre, on the Friday evening after vacation. And, as usual, Saturday afternoon at 2:30 and evening at 8:15 also. Tickets may be reserved at the front office.

There are three types of audiences. First, the one which loves to weep; second, the one which loves to laugh; third, the one which responds to the mystery element, and revels in the creeping waves of fear that can play up and down ones' backbone. "Kick-In" was written to suit all three kinds. There is not one person in the world, whose soul will not be kindred in some way, to at least a tiny part of this play. There are so many different emotions and values in it. And the cast, especially the leads, is excellent in its work. It is as follows:

Deputy Commissioner Garvey	-	Ralph Rider
"Whip" Fogarty	-	Ray Hall
Jack Diggs	-	Roland Fernand
Memphis Bessie	-	Katherine Boyles
Myrtle Sylvester	-	Mary Lieb
Old Tom	-	Gilbert Haggerty
Chick Hewes	-	Marshall Whitehead
Molly	-	Beryl Jourdan
Mrs. Holloron	-	Helen Rodgers
Daisy	-	Elsie Waters
Charley Cary	-	Bob deLany
Gus	-	Clarence Straight

A COLLEGE GIRL SPEAKS TO HER MOTHER

And it's "peace and good will" to you, mother my dear?

I'd forgotten the legend of old,
The angel's song, and I bought for you
A mere hollow gift, made of gold.
But oh see now I bring to you—only the days
I shall live in the year-that's-to-be.
The days I shall live all as gently, as true,
As though mother-my-dear walked by me.
And it's "peace and good will" to you,—I scan
the cards,

Some so dignified, some all so bright;
But oh mother my dear, all my message for you
Is in letters I failed so to write!
And it's "peace and good will" to you, mother
my dear?

I am bringing no treasure, no pelf,
I come empty handed at Christmas to you,
I am bringing you back—myself!

Little Boy—"Please may I have my arrow?"

Lady—"Certainly, where is it?"

Little Boy—"I think it is sticking in your cat."

—Railway Carmen's Journal.

We heard of the sad case of a Scotchman who was engaged to a girl who became so fat that he wanted to break off the engagement. But the girl couldn't get the ring off so he had to marry her.—Goblin.

MRS. SPENCER TAKES UP HER DUTIES AS DEAN OF WOMEN



Although she has only been here a very short while Mrs. Phyllis Spencer has already won her way into the hearts of the Conservatory girls. In her address at W. S. G. A. Mass Meeting last Wednesday evening she received a warm welcome and she herself says that although her opening speeches have always been well received this was her first curtain call.

Mrs. Spencer is originally from Iowa but since last Spring she has been in Washington, D. C., writing. The summer of 1925 she spent in Spain and it was there that she got much of the material and inspiration for her work.

Last year Mrs. Spencer was Dean of Women at Des Moines University and prior to that she was head of the Spanish Department and Ass't. Dean at Coe College in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Our new Dean is also gaining quite a reputation as a lecturer. While in Spain she made an extensive camera study of all classes of Spanish home life. These slides have helped to make her lecture very popular and we hope that very soon we shall be allowed to hear her.

Mrs. Spencer likes Ithaca and feels that she is going to be very happy here. The Once-A-Week takes this opportunity to welcome her to the Conservatory and all of its joys and activities. She in turn says that although she has a rather small office and a rather overwhelming desk, Conservatory students need only to knock at her door to receive a very cordial reception.

ANNUAL TWELFTH NIGHT REVELS TONIGHT

The Amards will celebrate their annual Twelfth Night Revels tonight at the Ithaca Hotel. The banquet will start at seven o'clock but carollers in costume will sing in all the

The Revels are open to all students of the Williams School of Expression and have al-

ways been described as the most elaborate social event of the year. This year special covers have been laid for the alumni and it is understood that the Supers will feature prominently in the program.

After the banquet the Amards and their guests will enjoy dancing until 12 o'clock, dormitories at the regular dinner hour.

MU PHI EPSILON

Good morning, dear readers, this is station LAMBDA broadcasting from 307 N. Tully Street, Ithaca, New York. We have so much to announce this morning that we scarcely know where to begin but here goes. First of all we wish to congratulate the members of Phi Delta Pi on winning the cup Friday night and also to mention the fact that Mu Phi came in second, receiving honorable mention. The name of our act was "Lambda Lady Loves." All the Music used by the stringed quartette in the act was arranged by Marjory Seeley. It's all over now, but while it lasted it was great fun! This is only a suggestion, but there have been comments made to the point that putting on an act is much easier than selling subscriptions so why not make some more money for the year book by repeating at least the best act given if not all of them? But enough of the frivolous! Let us turn to more serious things.

Sunday afternoon, Dec. 11th, Lambda chapter of Mu Phi Epsilon had the pleasure of introducing into our chapter as patrons, Joseph Lawrence and Dr. Wallingford Reiger. Miss Fitch, Dean of Women at Cornell University, is also to associate with us as one of our patronesses transferring from another chapter. We are glad to welcome our new patrons who, like we are working to promote the welfare and advancement of Music in America.

The first pledging of the year took place Tuesday evening when we pledged the following girls: Geraldine Bachman, Winifred Seeley, Elenita Benjamin, Marjorie Fisher, Helen Foster, Alice Hanson, Cryssana Jenkins, Lillian Legro, Florence Reed, Margaret Sellers, Mildred Stryker. After the pledging we all had a good time at the Christmas party for our new pledgees. The house was decorated with Christmas bells and everything. And how! We even had a real Santa Claus in the person of "Mary Lou" Masten and a real Christmas tree in the corner. You can guess that we "eat" and etc., etc., and then some. Well folks, it's getting late so we must sign off. For first we wish to extend Best Wishes to every one in the school for a "Walloping Fine Christmas" and a most successful and Happy New Year.

M. L. B.

Man in Elevator—"Fourth floor, please."
Operator—"Here you are, son."

"How dare you call me son? You're not my father."

"Well, I brought you up, didn't I?"—Express Herald.

SIGMA SIDELIGHTS

Sigma Alpha Iota was glad to participate in "Stunt Night" Friday evening, December 9th. We are looking forward to the event next year. The fraternity was proud to pledge the following girls, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 11th:

Mary Linton, Mildred Brownell, Leona Arthur, Maxine Warntz, Mildred Alderfer, Sara Miller, Gladys Shorey, Charlotte Andrews, Dorothy Hewitt, Evelyn Johnson, Caroline Koch, Isabel Eisenberg, Virginia Williams.

Faculty meeting, followed by a Christmas party was held at our house Tuesday evening December 13. The girls were very pleased to act as hostess.

On arriving home from the concert at Bailey Hall Wednesday evening, we were surprised to find that Santa had visited us during the evening. Excitement filled the house—under the lighted Christmas tree we unwrapped our presents which were characteristic to each individual. Tasty refreshments were served and when a calmness again reigned, carols were sung which left us in the true spirit of Christmas.

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Father—"Well, what is it my son?"
L. W.—"Who loses all the faults our neighbors find?"

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A DORMITORY DUMBELL

The other day a large Packard car ran over the Banks of a river, and a Ward of a distinguished man, was nearly drowned in the Waters. She was rescued however, by Some (r) sons (s) who were hunting a Stagg and a Fox. The girl was perfectly Frank when asked Howe she was, and said, "No Moore for me! And I shall insist that a Barr be placed at that point where the Waters, Boyle (s), and Seep through the Banks. Just then a Merriman, with a Whitehead, rushed up, and said, "Are you one of those Conn Janes?"

The girl answered, "Yes, and I Doane know Howe to get back."

The Merriman told her his son and grandson, the two Peters, would take her. She thanked him, and said she wouldn't miss this for anything, Minus nothing.

—Banks Hall....

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Bob—"My feet were hot and I turned the hose on them."

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MU PHI EPSILON RECEIVES HONORABLE MENTION

Keith's and the Strand surely were put to shame on Friday night when the fraternities and sororities of the Conservatory and Affiliated Schools put on their Six Student Scampers. Yes sir! Those six student organizations surely did scamper through six of the best vaudeville acts Ithaca has seen in a long time. As a result of the keen competition Phi Delta Pi now is in possession of the first student stunt night trophy, a handsome silver cup. And Mu Phi Epsilon has the satisfaction of knowing it ran a close, close second.

The evening was a success from a financial standpoint, too, a good part of the "Cayugan" debt being lifted. This deficiency has been hanging over the Student Council and the "Cayugan" advisors since last Spring and we are very glad that the students themselves helped to pay off the debt.

The program was a riot from beginning to end. The Phi Mu's and "hick" band started things off with a bang and by the time they pulled their "fire" hoax and the curtain went down on their act we were good and warmed up to the other five scampers. "Red" Lester surely did a convincing bit of work as the band Conductor. We nominate him as Mr. Conway's "second".

Phi Delta Pi followed up with their prize-winning act. "Midnight in a Toy Shop". The dolls who woke up at the stroke of twelve and danced for the mystic hour surely did dance their way into the hearts of the audience as well as the judges. And by the way, do they teach all the Phy Ed's to clog the way Janice Green, the sailor doll, did? If so, they might start a Conservatory class over at I. S. P. E.

Sigma Alpha Iota showed their usual ingenuity by their interpretation of futuristic drama in their presentation of "The Highwayman". We were oh! so thrilled by the bold robber and the red coats but the high light of the whole act goes to the moon, aesthetically handled by Kitty Hill!

The Amards also delved into futuristic art with their elaborate "Palace of Beauty". We don't know yet how Floyd Fox sawed the little lady in two. Bob de Lany as usual ran away with the whole act, when he sang a touching operetta, the female parts being sung from the Ladies Home Journal and the male from The Country Gentleman.

And then came Phi Epsilon Kappa, with its chorus of striking beauties in beautiful clinging costumes. They were all such adorable, dainty, girls and Lew Cody in the solo part vamped countless admirers in the audience. "She" was becomingly attired in grey taffeta with flesh hose and a black picture hat.

It was very appropriate that Mu Phi Epsilon

should be last on the program as their act was a revue of the highest order—the kind to close any vaudeville bill with great finesse. We understand that the Mu Phi's have already been booked for several other performances so that alone goes to prove that they went over "big".

The whole program was well handled by Karl Schlabach who displayed his unexpected ability as master of ceremonies.

The judges were impartial townspeople and their decision certainly seemed to meet with the approval of the "Con". Afterwards two of the judges were heard to remark, "That was absolutely the funniest show I've ever seen." How about it, folks? Don't you think we could do it again sometime?

HUMOR

The late Russel H. Conwell used to state in one of his popular lectures that laughter was one on mankind's most powerful weapons, says The Honesdale Independent. Folks dread being laughed at. Humorous songs hurled at candidates and issues have changed election results in hard fought campaigns. Americans, he used to state, are not light hearted people. He observed a dozen traveling men look over Puck, Judge and Life and not one even smiled. Today men are at each others throats over the question of evolution. Philosophers, theologians and scientists are loading their guns and outlining their battle fields for the struggle. A little humor on the subject might not be amiss. Under the caption, "Evolution—By a Scientist," an unsigned correspondent sent an exchange the following biological epic:

First, he was a Pollywog, beginning to begin. Then he was a Toad, with his tail tucked in. Then he was a Monkey, in a jam-bam tree. Then he was a Doctor—with a big D. D. A Pollywog, A Toad, A Monkey and a Man, Glory be to Nature for the great big plan." But why be so serious about it? To quote another familiar menagerie jingle, equally poetic and equally scientific—emphasis on the last line: "The pig in pantry; The cat is in the lake; The cow is in the hammock; What difference does it make?"

"LOVE HATH AN ARROW"

My bright bow quivers
'Ere the arrow flies,—
For I shall see
Hurt in thine eyes...

Yet though thou suffer
In Love's own sight,
Must I let fly the arrow
To stop thy flight!

D J. S.

"Was Joe drunk last night?"

"I dunno, but he was trying to get his pants off over his head."—Colorado Dodo.

JIM JAMS

The OTHER day
I said
Said I
"What is CHRISTMAS
To you, anyway?"
The wag said,
"That time when
Neither the
PAST nor the
FUTURE is so
Important as the
PRESENT."
The mystic said
"That time when
We give
Visible form
To the beautiful things
We think of,
But do not express
Throughout the
Year."
And a little boy,
Stopped coasting on his sled,
And pondered it—
My question—
First with frown
And then with
Far away expression
In his wide, bright eyes.
And then he
Turned, half
Wistfully, and
Half confidently
And said,
"Mostly Christmas
Is just
A little baby
Asleep
In the hay."
And I went on my way,
Thinking,
"I shall spring
That remark
Of the wag
I shall write
That fine thought
Of the mystic
But I think
Christmas morning
I shall think—
Most of all
Of what the little boy
Said."
I THANK you.

DO BE PATIENT

"Dear Sir—I got your dune what I owe you. Now be pachunt. I ain't forgot you, please wate. When some other fols pay me I pay you. If this wuz judgment day and you wuz no more prepared to meet yur maker as I am this account you sure would go to hell. Hoping you will do this, I remain yours very truly."—Exchange.

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WATCHFUL WAITING

Sam sat on the sunny side of the tree, the perspiration running down his face. "Boy, why don't you-all seat yo'self on the shady side?" his friend asked him.

"That's all you knows 'bout nature," replied Sam. "By and by sun's going' to be on that side, and then Ah won't hab to move."—Christian Register.

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Wife (who has caught her husband squandering a penny on a fortune-telling machine): "H'm! So you're to have a beautiful and charming wife, are you? Not while I'm alive, Horace—not while I'm alive!"—London Humorist

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

When nature is "so careless of the single life" why should we coddle ourselves into thinking that our own is of exceptional importance?—Robert Louis Stevenson.

And there is only one rule for being a good talker: learn how to listen.—Christopher Morley.

The tactless person treats a person according to a scientific method as if he were a thing. Now, in dealing with a thing, you must first find out what it is and then act accordingly. But with a person, you must find out what he is, and then carefully conceal from him the fact that you have made the discovery.—Samuel McChord Crothers.

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"Thank you, sir," returned the keeper, gazing at the plutocrat's freakish-looking offspring. "And we'd like to 'ave your little boy for our Zoological Garden."—Boston Transcript.

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