Once-a-Week, 1927-04-18

Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

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CALENDAR FOR WEEK OF APRIL 18

Mon. A. M. 8:15—Assembly
9:00—Chaperon's Meeting—Williams Hall

P. M. 7:30—Fraternity and Sorority Meetings
8:15—Faculty Recital by Lillian Speakman, Mary Louise Evans. Little Theatre

Tues. P. M. 4:00—Recital—Little Theatre.

Wed. Oh, Classes 'n' things!
School is like that!

Thurs. P. M. 4:00—Recital—Little Theatre.

Fri. P. M. 8:15—"The Truth", a four act drama, Little Theatre

Sat. P. M. 3:00—Senior Recital by Evelyn Bozeman—"Pygmalion."

Sun. Church and The Sunday Paper

PROGRAM MONDAY APRIL 18

Theme and Variations in A Flat Major —— Liadow
Balcony Scene —— Shakespeare arranged from Romeo & Juliet Act II Scene 2
a. Romanze —— Rosenthal
b. Concert Waltz —— Friml
Humoresque, Cutting from the novel —— Hurst
Rhapsodie No. 12 ——— Liszt
Lillian Speakman—reader
Mary Louise Evans—pianist

“THE TRUTH” IS COMING

Next Friday evening, April 22, at 8:15, the Williams School of Expression presents “The Truth” in the Little Theater.

“The Truth” is a four act drama by Clyde Fitch and it's going to be really good. Here's the cast:

Mr. Warder ——— James Kavanagh
Mr. Roland ——— Floyd Fox
Mr. Lindon ——— Marshall Whitehead
Becky Warder ——— Flora Barger
Eve Lindon ——— Anne Little
Laura Fraser ——— Virginia Kuschke
Mrs. Genevieve Crespiigne ——— Dorothy Walsh
The maid ——— Ann Wood
Messenger Boy ——— Taun Moesta

A REAL HEROINE IN OUR MIDST

Shh! Don't tell her we said this because she insists on disclaiming all credit and honor—but seriously, Kathryn Olson did a very brave act the other night.

Kathryn, you all know, is the girl you often see at the switch board in the front office.

On the evening of March 21st, during a performance of “The Full House” in the Little Theatre, Kathryn discovered a fire in the waste basket in the Lobby. In a very few minutes, a real fire would have had a head start on the building! But she grabbed the burning basket, and carried it out to the street where it was soon annihilated.

Kathryn certainly saved the day for her Alma Mater and she deserves a great amount of credit for her levelheaded bravery.

LAST CONWAY RECITAL

The last Conway Recital of the season was given in the Little Theatre, Sunday afternoon, April 17. Of course, it was well attended and highly appreciated, for Conway's Recitals always are!

R. Halton Confer was the saxophone soloist. Raymond Mayer and Lee Smail were featured in a Clarinet Duet.

Mary Aldrich sang the “Kerry Dance”. We hear that Mr. Conway and a number of his men are going to play at Wildwood, New Jersey, during the summer season. If we haven’t decided on a definite “camping ground” for vacation, it is pretty certain we will soon be looking up the rates to Wildwood.

If you saw a girl with the heel of her shoe coming off, would you call her Lucille?
GOOD MANNERS WEEK

Last week was "Good Manners Week" at the Conservatory! It started Monday morning with an inspiring little talk in Assembly by Dr. Ott. Immediately the fun began! Oh such gallantry was never equalled! Doors were opened and held open until the fairer sex passed through; pencils were rescued from the floor; books no more than landed on the floor until they were scrambled after by at least six noble men who happened to be in the vicinity. Was she a trifle warm? Oh, a window must go up immediately! Pencils were rescued from the floor; books no more passed through; doors were opened and held open until the fairer sex

A new hat! No one asked to be introduced for the proper procedure as to go to the awful extreme of applying a lighted match to a Camel, and "walk a mile" afterwards?"

At a dance, "would she like to sit this one out,"—or "so sorry to have said "darn" (or worse!) when it really wasn't intended!"

Was there a chair to be moved, ay! even a piano; why, somebody gladly picked up the stool!!

Did a girl come in late; nobody asked why? Not a soul, mind you! Muddy French Heels found on a pair of dainty slippers in a certain clothes-press on Sunday morning! Wonder of wonders—no questions asked!

A new hat! Not a volley of inquiries as to "where", "when", "why", and "how much".

A good looking man! No one asked to be introduced for the precise purpose of carrying on a clandestine flirtation! (Say—wasn't this heaven!?)

Well, now, this is another week, and we're wondering just how the pendulum is going to swing! Perhaps we'll continue to get pluses on Courtesy and Thoroughness,—perhaps we won't.

But all we have say is: LET'S DO!!

G. E. E.

WHAT OF IT?

"I'm a father!" cried young Jones as he burst into the office. "So's your old man," replied the boss. "Get to work."

Brightboy: "Imagine who I saw yesterday!"

Dullboy: "I can't imagine. Who?"

Brightboy: "Why, everyone I looked at!"—Snowballs.

He: "Don't you like to dance when they turn out the lights?"

She: "No; I'd rather not."

Mike: "Do you like traveling on Pullmans?"

She: "Yes, with reservations."

MISS HUGGER BECOMES EXPERT FISHER-WOMAN

She can take a fly from her left foot and perch from her right.

Wanted:

A dress designed that has a place for four fraternity pins at once.

Wanted:

A man with a big car, a Raccoon coat and lot of ready cash.

Wanted:

A porch without a light.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Valet: "What shall I do with, this old clothing, sir?"

Philanthropist: "Give it to the Near East Relief."

Valet: "And these old books and magazines?"

Philanthropist: "The Salvation Army."

Valet: "And shall I throw away these old pen points?"

Philanthropist: "No. Give 'em to the Post Office Department."

—Life.

OH! DEATH! WHERE! IS??!

A dull rumbling crept up gradually from Elocution Hall through the Conservatory until it finally reached a screaming crescendo. The roar of rushing feet shook the whole building, and cries of despair rose and fell in desperate frenzy. The entire freshman class fled with frantic confusion up the stairs, tore out of the lobby, and filled the rest of doors with shrieks of agonizing disillusionment. A lone woman followed the crazed group, pleading, and begging for respite with outstretched hands. And eerie wail drowned out her appeals. Pandemonium reigned supreme. The girls and boys of the Green had been fooled; utterly fooled. Bitterly disillusioned.

Miss Speakman's voice had caught on a vowel.

E. W.

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LITTLE ESSAYS ON GREAT SUBJECTS

by Doris Joy Starr

No. 2. Love.

This is indeed, a hazardous undertaking,—to endeavor to capture Love in some tangible form, imprison it within the boundaries of a column of cold type, and then scrutinize it impersonally.

In the first place, Love in a tangible form is amazingly elusive. Ask a thousand persons "What is Love?" and you will receive a thousand and different replies. To the artist it may be a glorious inspiration, to the cyclical fire swiftly burned to ashes, to the scientist it may mean merely the blind urge of nature, to the laborer an anchorage of content and rest. And so on infinitely. Moreover every thousand and one person will invariably tell you that there is no such a thing as Love at all.

It's hard to imagine a human being whose world is absolutely empty of love,—whose life is deliberately locked and barred against it. What strange bitterness must have consumed the soul of the man or woman who rejects the existence of the divinest and most powerful of human emotions! There really cannot be many such unfortunate. True, there are thousands who have loved and lost, thousands who have loved unwisely, and thousands more who have loved not enough,—but at least all these thousands have recognized love in part. It is given to very few people out of the millions in the world to know love in its entirety. But that is not the fault of God, nor Fate. It is entirely natural. Only as much of love is given as can be taken. Great love is reserved for great souls. Most people seem to get along very nicely on the small portions of love that they understand. And that, also, is quite as it should be. The average man could not more cope with love at its greatest than a man who prides himself on his skill at driving a car could drive a meteor through the heavens. It would be entirely lost in celestial spaces quite beyond his ken.

So we have people who know of love only its passion, (and only a fraction of its passion, at that)—others who know of it only its content, or its unrest, or its understanding, or its longing. A man mistakes that part of love which he knows, for the whole of love itself. That is exactly why Love is given so many and such different definitions.

However, supposing we call any part of Love by its whole name, and take it for granted that our readers will each form his own conception of the image of love. Even then, can one write of it with impersonality? In that attempt lies the hazard. Any man's image of love is inevitably shaped and colored by his own experience with it; any man (or woman) who puts Love into words, or into music, or into color, is revealing to the world the image of love, as love has appeared to him or her. To the rest of the world that image may be a beautiful one, or it may be all out of proportion, or it may even be a caricature.

Why, then, should anyone reveal his image of love to the world? Well there is an answer to that question. We all know that those creative artists who give to the world powerful and beautiful conceptions of love,—whether in music, poetry, drama, art, or literature,—are driven to the production of that conception by a force within themselves which they are unable to resist, and which finds its only peace in its release. It is the power of striving to make itself felt in the world, a love destined perhaps to go down in history in its divine gesture of defiance against the walls of eternity. It is the only force mighty enough even to break down those walls, or lofty enough to look over into the light beyond.

We call God Love. Let us call Love God then. Is not that the same thing? Then, is it not logical to believe that God, or Love, is seeking to reveal itself to the world in its completeness and beauty, through those human beings thus mysteriously compelled to reveal their ideals through their chosen art? It is certainly a beautiful theory, and bestows a magnificent responsibility upon the artist. He can lift up Love to the eyes of the world and make it a glorious inspiration to them,—or he can lower it.

To realize the power and scope possible to such Love, man himself must grow. Perhaps the time will come when he will not be content with the little chips and corners of Love that he plays with so contentedly today. But he cannot learn alone. Some one must teach him Love,—some one whom Love has taught. And those who touch other lives with the power and loveliness of their conceptions of idealism,—whether it be in music, in written forms, or actual deeds, they it is whom Love has chosen and taught. And it is they who must assume the responsibility for the growth of the ideals of the human race.

Simpkins considered himself a humorist. He sent a selection of his original jokes to the editor of a newspaper and confidently awaited remitance. His excitement ran high when he received a letter, obviously from the newspaper office. He opened it with feverish haste. There was no check, however, just a small note, as follows:

"Dear Sir: Your jokes received. Some we have seen before, some we have not seen yet."—Vancouver Province.

Grocer's clerk whistling as he weighs out sugar is scolded by prim old lady, and the clerk exclaimed: "Well, the boss said if we sold you anything we'd have to whistle for our money."—Business.

ADVICE TO WILLIAMS HALL GIRLS

BY "MAY BE"

Dear Miss May Be,

I am a violin student at the Conservatory and up to the present time I have practiced faithfully for fifteen minutes each day. But somehow, since spring is here, my thoughts have turned to love, and I am no longer interested in my violin.

The girls at the hall are very impatient with me for wasting my time and so I am very unhappy. Don't you think that I am justified in my actions? I would appreciate advice from you and I will certainly do as you say.

Please help me, Miss May Be, for my life seems almost unbearable, now.

Unhappy

Jeanette Dutcher

Dear Miss Dutcher,

Your advice to you is this: Buckle down to hard work and forget love. You are a very foolish girl to neglect your music and I hope and pray that you will reform at once.

Oh my dear child, remember that opportunity knocks but once and let your motto be "Excelsior."

Yours for advice,

May Be

Dear Miss May Be—

I have been living in Williams Hall since last September and as yet I have not become acquainted with the girls.

Oh Miss May Be, I am so shy and timid and I run away from all the girls and I am afraid to say a word or express my opinions.

I would like very much to make friends and be like the others. Won't you please tell me how to overcome my timidity?

Humbly awaiting a reply, I am

Your adoring

Elsie Waters

Dear Little Elsie,

My poor little girl, my heart bleeds for you, because once I too, was shy and timid. My dear, you must come out of your shell and once the ice is broken you can quickly overcome your fear complex and be your natural self.

Hopefully yours,

May Be

H. R.
MU PHI EPSILON

Monday seemed to be cleaning day at the Mu Phi house. Everyone was trying, between classes, to repair the ravages made during the last few days before vacation. They have certainly been successful.

We were all very sorry to miss seeing Dorothy Ryker, and Ruth MacDangall who put on their clever vaudeville act at the Strand last week. Ruth and Dorothy are Mu Phi's from Kappa Chapter in Indianapolis. Lelia, however, was lucky enough to hear them and to have them as her guest at dinner one night.

(One week has elapsed)

The house seems unusually quiet to-night, but doubtless the sleeping porch is the scene of many vacation tales, so I must hie me hence and tune in on these bed-time stories.

Even though it is hard to leave home, it's wonderful to be back, isn't it?

THE REASON

A young man said to a girl, bitterly:

"Why did you flirt with me? Why did you let me take you motor ing and bathing and sailing every day? Why did you encourage me when you were already engaged?"

"I wanted to test my love for George."—Phila. Inquirer.

No woman ever wanted a man until she discovered that some other woman wanted him.

The average man doesn't think of saving for a rainy day, until it begins to sprinkle.

Chickens that come home to roost have more sense than some people.

Hell is that way because mothers go to the other place.

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Indianapolis News: It's most time to drag out last spring's suit and see if it is good for another 10,000 miles.

Louisville Times. Although women are now wearing only about one-fifth of the clothes they wore ten years ago, hooks in closets are just as scarce for husbands.

Nashville Banner. A Maine man given a life sentence has stopped eating. That is one rather sure way to shorten his time of imprisonment.

Florence (Ala.) Herald. Fashion note—Knees will be worn longer next season.

Portsmouth Times. A pessimist says the greatest economic waste is to kill a perfectly good sheep to make a college diploma.

Atlanta Constitution. We will say this for the radio announcer: When he says "good-night" he doesn't stand at the door for ten minutes after saying it.

Maybe what's wrong with this generation is that too many parent slippers are being worn out on the dancing floor.

Student: "May I be excused? I don't feel well."
Dean: "Where do you feel sickest?"
Student: "In chemistry."—Stanford Chaparral.

ROMANCE

"No, dearie, Tom isn't much of a driver," conceded Gladys to her chum, "but he certainly does know how to park a car."

Sydney Review; The modern idea of roughing it, is to drive with one window open in a closed car.
SIGMA SIDELIGHTS

Every day is work day! With all the old members studying for exam to-morrow, the one new one in the house is having a grand time. Lillian Speakman and Mary Louise Evans are going to give their faculty recital to-night and Thursday night April 21, fifteen Sigmas are going to Clifton Springs to give a program. Then April 22 Lillian Speakman and Mary Lou and Peg Daum are going to Interlaken to give a program. They're also, some where or another doing their little ditties for someone or another on April 20. Ask them about it, I can't remember. At least we know they are quite the popular young entertainers.

The formal dinner was Saturday night this week and in charge of Margaret Jacobs who planned beautiful decorations to celebrate Easter. Mr. and Mrs. Swank who were here for the week-end were guests at the dinner. Mary Louise and Kitten Evans are glad to have had their father here over Easter too.

E. M. S.

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WHO'S WHO AT THE CON

Alice Stone (Miss) who is so constantly mistaken for a student that we have forgotten she is Alumnae Secretary.

Thelma Hingre, who came back pale and hollow-eyed from holidays. Too many dances, Thelma, make little girls look dissipated.

Ester Kuntz, who astounds us with her Public Speaking, which is worthy even of Assembly.

Nick di Nardo who says he just loves to work on a farm, especially his friend's, Don Chartier.

Lois Conant, who passed through the first Amard initiation with the serene expression worn only by those in love. “In the Spring, etc.”

John Mucha, who has control of his “temperament” at last. He appeared in recital last week.

Irate father (to lazy son): “Why are you always lying about the house?”
Lazy son: “I never did! Don’t think much of the old shack, but I never said so.”

One Maiden Lady: “He didn’t tell me he loved me, but he kissed me.”
Another: “Don’t worry then; he must love you.”

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May: “I have a cold or something in my head.”
Irma: “A cold, undoubtedly.”

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ONCE-A-WEEK

Tough: "Gee, dat's a pretty boid".
Puff: "Dat ain't no boid; it's a bird".
Tough: "'S funny, it sings like a boid".—The Tattler.

"Four of my teeth are loose".
"Why don't you use tooth paste?"—The Tattler.

"Good-by, dear. Will you write me just a few lines—even it it's only a check?"

"Why, my dear boy. Why did you cut that worm in two?"
"Aw, lady, it looked so lonesome."

She: "A kiss speaks volumes, they say."
He: "Yes, don't you think it would be a good idea to start a library?"

She (watching airplane): "Look how gracefully she sails!"
He: "I'll have you know that's a mail plane."

PLAIN ENGLISH

"Doctor, if there is anything the matter with me, don't frighten me half to death by giving it a long, scientific name. Just tell me what it is in plain English."

"Well, sir, to be frank, you are lazy."
"Thank you, doctor. Now tell me the scientific name for it. I've got to report to the missus."

Policeman: "Wot are yer standing 'ere for?"
Loafer: "Nuffink."

Policeman: "Well, just move on. If everybody was to stand in one place 'owe would the rest get past?"

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