5-26-1927

Once-A-Week, 1927-05-26

Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

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ONCE-A-WEEK
Published by Conservatory Students

Vol. 1 No. XXII

May 26, 1927

Calendar for Week of May 23, 1927

M. P. M. 8:15—Final Phy. Ed. Exhibition
M. P. M. 9:00—Senior Prom—Gym
Tues. P.M. 8:15—Commencement Play “The Piper”—Little Theatre
P. M. 8:15—Alumni Program, Little Theatre
Alumni Day
Baccalaureate Sermon
Mon. A. M. 10:30—Commencement

Schedule Governing Senior March on Commencement Day

May 30, 1927—10 A. M.—De Witt Park
L. C. M.

Graduating Class meet in Little Theatre on Monday morning at 9:30, May 30, with caps and gowns.

Marshall in Charge—Miss Hanish
Captains in charge of various groups:
General Music—Anne Ziegler
Williams School—Frances Moesta
Public School Music—Catherine Miller
Physical Education—Mabel Varner

The Marshall will issue directions concerning spacing, etc. The Captains will organize marching pairs so as to have the line perfectly graduated. Students are requested to agree to the decision of the captain if it will better the appearance of the march. If you wish to march with some one in particular, see your captain who will have the procedure in her hands.

The Class will leave Buffalo Street entrance, headed by class officers, proceed to the end of the park at Cayuga Street, cut diagonally through the part to the Court House, then over to seats in front of Little Theatre. Disband informally after the program. Remain standing until after prayer.

The march is to be formal. No talking, slouching or smiling.
Each group will be headed, in the march by an honor student, selected by the faculty. The honor student will precede his or her group by three feet.
Fold your cap and gown, return it in its box to Treman and King.
Reflect credit in any way possible on yourself, your class, and your Alma Mater.

The schools will for according to seniority:
1. General Music
2. Williams School
3. Public School Music
4. Physical Education
5. Band School

Senior Class Committee

Seniors!!

The class of 1927 is the largest one ever graduated from the school. If, as an organization, you attend events of Alumni Reunion this year, you will look forward with greater intent to a class reunion.

The events you, as a Senior, should attend are:
(a) Alumni concert, Friday evening, May 27th. Little Theatre Auditorium. After concert there will be a formal reception of the senior-class into the Alumni Association. An informal party follows the reception and refreshments will be served.
(b) Saturday at 1 P. M. there will be a picnic lunch on the new campus site. (If weather permits). Cars will be provided for those who care to ride. After the luncheon, the annual business meeting of the Alumni will be conducted. It is important that you attend at least a part of this meeting.
(c) The Reunion closes with the Alumni Banquet on Saturday night. The banquet will be held at the Ithaca Hotel (Dutch Kitchen) at 6 o’clock. Tickets are $1.50. Seniors who live in the dormitories may get tickets at half price as the school has agreed to pay half. Reservations must be made at the hotel, please be prompt in buying your tickets which are on sale at the Alumni office.
(Note: Reservations for the banquet may be made for relatives and guests who may be here for your graduation.)

Let us show the visiting alumni the kind of a time we would like to have when we return for this celebration.

The Alumni Association.

Venez et dansez!

One is usually or always hearing about the thirteenth,—but my purpose at present is to remind you of Wednesday the twenty-fifth. So much has been planned for this special day that the Ithaca weather man will probably take it into his head to “turn on the faucet” and let us in for a regular downpour, but think nothing of that. What I’m really trying to get across to you, my dear readers, is the fact that on Wednesday evening will occur our annual Senior Promenade. You can’t help but remember our Junior Prom and we’re hoping that you won’t let a little thing like $3.00 stand in the way, as an excuse for your absence from this last dance of the year.

West Thomas orchestra is all pepped up to give us a few hours of real music and we of the committee are working hard to make the Seniors’ gift dance a huge success. All we need is your hearty support and we hope the under classmen won’t fail us. The Seniors, according to custom, will be given free tickets but that of course is to be expected. As for the rest of the school it would be a good idea to start saving now so that when those attractive programs arrive everyone will clamor for one. Let’s all try hard to show the Seniors that we hate to lose them and that we really do appreciate them.

Marie L. Barton.
"Wunce-A-Weak Sez A Dew!"

I wuz born in ithaca, noo york in september, 192six,—(i kan't rekall the eggsact day)—ennyway, i wuz given a name that ennywon wud be proud tu karry throo life,—a sort uv in 1 kontrapshun!

Uv korse i wuz verry small at first,—sew whatt did they dew but print mi name all across mi chest in big, bold, black letters! (i'll never no fer shure, but I prezume tha did that, so, in kas I wundered out uv the yard and got lost—sumwon wud send me home tu "muther and daddie week.")

Mi brutherz' name is "Six-a-Week"—and he livz on State stret with my unkle joornal nooz.

He izz older and bigger than i yam, but i don't kare,—i go tu the konservetori, and he duzzen't! so-thare!!

I go tu the kon every munday morning at nine oh'klock and see awl mi frends. I jenrally go tu klass with them and bother them when tha are supozed tu bee conce~traiting on the leson.

Sommestha think i am funnie; summtimez tha say tha learn things frum me. I supoze tha mean tha profit bi mi misstakz!!

Probaby yeer will see me again next yeer. Yu never kan tell!

A merrie vakashun—everybuddy—and a happie kummin' back!

Wunce-A-Weak  
T. E. E.

STATEMENT OF CASH RECEIPTS  
AND DISBURSEMENTS  
ENDOWMENT FUND  
ITHACA CONSERVATORY AND AFFILIATED SCHOOLS  
May 1, 1927  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
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<tr>
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<tr>
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</tr>
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A TRIBUTE TO I. C. M.

Somehow this incident stays with me as an important event of year. So that you will understand it, I must review a few facts.

A short time ago, say three or four years, a new student en, I. C. M. This year she graduates. This article is not to relate exceptional student's progress. There has been nothing spectacular about her career in school. No particular laurels have been by her. Yet her attainments have been of high merit.

She has a good scholastic average. She has shown ability many of our students do, as a manager, organizer and leader school activities. She has held the respect of fellow-students, teachers.

Recently she gave a graduation recital. Many were delighted and entertained by her interpretation of a drama which had a certain human appeal.

After this performance her parents were receiving congratulations from friends on her successful recital. One said, "You may well be proud of her for what she has done tonight." A member of a faculty was among the group and heard this reply from the father: this I see what others have done for her. I see that teachers have exerted their energy and interest in developing her talents. Who think back to the year she entered and see this proof of her improvement I am grateful to this school for its service.

Am I right in calling this a tribute to our Alma Mater.

SUMMER NORMAL COURSE

Prevention and Correction of Speech Defects, June 27—August 2.


---

Con Girls Have Good Notions
So Have We

Use Yours in Trying Ours.

R. C. OSBORN

STATE STREET

South Bend Tribune—Vacation in the public schools will be welcomed by parents of small children who are tired of preparing dinner.

---

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Tioga Street Corner Seneca

(Resources $8,000,000)
At the end of the second week she came back into the dingy room dragging footsteps, unutterably tired and discouraged. She sought wearily that she must have walked a hundred miles of pavements. The world seemed made of stone. Hard and heartless stone. She dropped down upon the creaky bed, too tired even to remove the tiny little slippers, and stared unseeing across that drab-papered expanse the first night she had spent in the big city! How light her heart had been! How fast it had beat with anticipation and happiness! How light her feet had been, too! Such eager feet and so sure of their steps! She had lain that first night in this same creaky iron bed, and smiled at the ugly wall, and listened rapturously to the noise of the streets down below. She had thought of the clangor as the night-singing of the great city, and wished that she need not wait until morning to go out and find her way into that city's heart.

Its heart! Oh, how bitter, how bitter it was to find that heart of the city of her bright dreams so stonily inaccessible! Could her dancing feet, however brave and eager, ever surmount this wall of disappointment and despair that had raised itself between her and the city's heart?

If it had a heart! Perhaps it hadn't one at all.

Oh, how tired, how tired she was! She was too tired to care. She was almost too tired even to think. In her remote consciousness she passively accepted the fact that it was no longer a question of dancing hopefully to fame, but of dragging her feet from one place to another till she found a job. Any sort of a job. She would be glad for anything. She would wash dishes, floors, stand over a counter, anything. She had to go on eating to go on living. And yet it was not of food that she was thinking; she was even too tired, hungry as she was, to think of that. But she remembered, as she lay and stared at the wall, that she must go on paying for that shabby, brown-papered protection. She closed her eyes against its ugliness. Why were cheap rooming-houses so drab and forbidding? Surely something rosy, and flowery, and homelike!

Homelike! Tears broke suddenly from under her lashes and her out-flung on the counterpane clutched at the dingy cretonne with a fierce and yearning intensity... But she would die before she could go back! She would die first! They must never know how she was feeling now, never. They believed in her, she had made them believe in her dreams. They must keep on believing, even though she herself saw the dreams crumble one by one on the city pavements.

She turned her head toward the window and listened wearily to the discordant waves of sound that came up from the street below. Queer, how she had thought it musical at first. Her gaze went restlessly back to the wall. She wondered idly if the room on the other side of it were equally shabby and ugly. Her mind lingered on the thought of the room beyond the wall. Who lived in it? Perhaps it was empty and bare. And yet perhaps it enclosed some human heart that beat as high with hope as hers had beat, and that held visions as glorious as hers. She closed her eyes against its ugliness. Why were cheap rooming-houses so drab and forbidding? Surely something rosy, and flowery, and homelike—

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No, it must be that she was quite asleep, for she was dreaming.

She seemed somehow to be the most gorgeous sound of music coming through the wall. How strange! But how unutterably beautiful. She lay entranced, without moving. She would not stir a finger, nor lift her lashes, lest the dream vanish. She felt bathed in the delicious melody; her tired heart seemed to rest on wings, wings of enchanting, marvelous sound. She felt quite borne away and lifted up out of depth. She even forgot, for the moment, the ugly wall. A thousand colors seemed to warm it with a thousand glowing flames. Of course, it was only a dream. She would wake up presently, but somehow the wall would never be the ugly wall again, never.

(Continued on page 13)
NEWMAN HALL

They're here! Rushing us, hurrying us, crowding out our good times! We stay up late and get up early to prepare for—Exams! Then Senior Week to follow—Commencement—and Goodbyes. Everything comes at once.

But before that, we have the Senior Prom, and Newmanites are helping to make it a success. Marie Barton and Ginny Curtis have something to do with decorations and programs. Yes, and if you see anything following Marie around it's her pet "Setter."

Everyone was certainly busy over the week-end. With the Spring Day festivities in progress on the Hill and the Little Theatre Tournament here, we had our hours "chuck full" of something to do. Newman Hall was honored Saturday night at dinner, by the presence of the visiting directors and superintendents and our own faculty. That may sound formal, but it you had seen our jolly bunch on Saturday evening you would not have doubted that we had a "howling" good time."

We offer prayers and heartfelt sympathy for all who take exams this week, and add, "Cheer up, one always manages to get thorough it, someway."

F. K.

I am showing a nice line of woolens at my new location.
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Merchant Tailor

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Here you will find the New Advanced and authentic styles—Dressy Hats, Large Hair Hats, Milan and Leghorn Flops, Sport and Travel Hats, Felts, Ribbon Crochets, Soft, Collapsible, Smart. Distinguished Models moderately priced. Flowers—For Corsage, Boutonnieres and Millinery Trims Beautiful Rhinestone and Pearl ornaments.

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SIGMA SIDELIGHTS

Following the installation of officers for W. S. G. A. a reception and tea was given in their honor at our house. The new silver tea service, a gift to the house from our new initiates, was used for the first time. Mrs. G. C. Williams and Miss Sherrill poured.

"Peg" Daum was a week-end visitor in Rochester.

Part of the program of the costume musical which was given at the Little Theatre a few weeks ago, was given for the Cornell Dames Society, Tuesday afternoon, May 24th.

Following Sorority meeting, Monday evening, our regular monthly musical was given.

Many guests are expected this week, some of whom will remain for Commencement. Among them are Mrs. T. A. Peake, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Evans, Mrs. Jacobs, Mrs. Ed. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Wilhelm, Evelyn Speakman, and Ethel Griffith.

Mary Louise Evans and Ruth Robinson were week-end visitors in Syracuse where they visited some of the girls of Sigma Iota Chapter.

Thirteen of our active Chapter are graduating this June. We regret they are leaving but we wish them much success in their new work.

Our house will be open this summer. Betty Carrington, Isabel Magee and Gwendolyn Noon are expected back for summer school. Mildred Buck will be the guest at the house for the summer.

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A complete line of standard optical goods always in stock.

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where the pleasure and comfort of its guests are the first consideration we suggest a visit here. For here you will find a welcome, well cooked food and courteous service, whether your order be for an elaborate dinner or a simple lunch.

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ABE MAHOOE
216 E. Seneca Street
Next to "Flower Shop"
BARBER
Ladies' Haircutting and Shampooing a Specialty

WHITE AND BURDICK CO.
Prescription Druggists
We cater to Conservatory Students
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SUPREME AUTO OILS
The Three Best Sellers
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OUR BUDDING CRITICS

Some students might well say as Abraham Lincoln did, "I do the very best I know how, the very best I can, and I mean to keep doing so until the end." Lincoln went a little further and made this statement, "If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

Young people do not all have this fearlessness. What is said against them is a very vital influence in their lives in school.

A student may be very conscientious in his effort to do right but when a report reaches him that he is considered by certain ones too quiet, too exuberant, too reserved, too animated, too serious, (always "too") he loses his confidence in himself for a while. It seems an inevitable reaction.

Here is another thing that shakes his faith. He is preparing his lessons, pays attention in class and is learning his subject. Therefore he respects and admires the teacher who is conducting the class. A student makes a remark about that teacher being too exacting, too severe, to unsympathetic. At once the former student opinions are affected. He sees these flaws in the teacher, who generally has them. (We'll be fair to the critical student).

Many hours that a student could have spent on concentrated study are lost in needless introspection and diagnosis of his personal feelings toward students and teachers.

Looking for the source of this evil we find it among the group of students who from the start are not "doing the best they can." It is seldom the student who is busy on school work who has time or takes time to discuss others failings. It is almost always the one with idle hours. Time which he might well use in practise and study he wastes. After all what is gained by his gossip?

These facts sum up his status:
1. He accomplishes little.
2. He "shushes" or "just gets by".
3. He disappoints his parents who are sometimes sacrificing for him.
4. His opinion carries no weight among people who are successful.
5. He cannot get a good recommendation for a position.
6. He is not happy or contented.

Now conscientious student, this is written for you. Why allow the remarks of this type of student to cause you one hour of discouragement?

And you idler, if you have read this far, why not join the ranks of the respected students and enter into the calm philosophy of Lincoln? One cannot please All. All cannot please One. Do not strive for the unattainable.

Show consideration of others and do your work and your days will be full of interest. You will learn how to think and when to speak.

"Our museum has acquired a new Rembrant!"
"About time, too. The other was getting very old!"

One of the oldest streets in this country is Chestnut street, Philadelphia. It was laid out in 1682. Then it was called Wynne street in honor of a surgeon with William Penn.

ITHACA TRUST CO.

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Muriel—"I've just come from the beauty parlor."
Mavis—"They were shut, I suppose?"

"I just saw a young man trying to kiss your daughter."
"Did he succeed?"
"No."
"Then it wasn't my daughter."

"She's her own chaperon!"
"How's that?"
"Man, you ought to see her face!"

"If my daughter has accepted you, why come to me?"
"I would like to get expert advice as to the advisability of marrying her."

Mrs. Rowen—"Baby's getting on wonderfully—I'm sure she'll be able to walk soon."
Mr. Rowen—"Do you think it's worth the trouble of teaching her? Hardly anybody walks much nowadays."
"Now, Henry, you mustn't kiss me before my relatives."
"But I do not kiss you, mademoiselle."
"No, but in case you do."—Paris Sans Gene.

"One of the club members says you spoke to him without being summoned."
"Yes, sir," said the waiter. "His coattails were on fire."
"As for myself, I think you were justified. However, if he makes a point of it, you will have to go."

Father—"What kind of a man is this fellow to whom you are engaged?"
Marian—"Well, he says he has always wanted a home."
Father—"That sounds good."
Marian—"And he likes ours very much."

Mrs. Stewer—"John, do you really believe there is such a thing as beginner's luck?"
Mr. Stewer—"Oh, sure! We were happy the first week of our married life, weren't we, Jane?"

"Something is rotten in the state of Denmark," mused Hamlet.
"Don't fool yourself," returned the faithful Horatio. "I'll bet the whole trouble is with your receiving set."
For Graduation and Recitals

A Presentation Bouquet or Basket of Our Famous Flowers is Most Acceptable

The Bool Floral Co. Inc.
215 East State St.
Flower Fone 2758

EGBERT HALL

Well, at last the pageant is over and we are safely anchored in the "Port of Dreams". Our costumes bravely did their duty for two nights only to rip apart shortly after the curtain fell, Thursday night. As seamstresses we're pretty good gymnasts. (Should it be "gymnastriess")? "Pat" Hanisch says she practiced dancing so much that she feels positively amaciated. That hardly sounds like "Pat".

At last "Hatchy" can get a little rest. She was the one who really worked on costumes. My! How many oil-cloth boots did she make, we wonder? It certainly wasn't her fault if all the revolutionists weren't well shod.

How times flies! This is Egbert's last chance to get a word in his year's "Once-a-Week." All of our Seniors have landed positions so we wish them luck and all the rest of I. C. M. the happiest summer ever!

PROVED

She—"I showed father the verses you sent me. He was pleased with them." 
He—"Indeed! What did he say?" 
She—"He said he was delighted to find that I wasn't going to marry a poet!"—Vikingen (Christiania).

TOO ANIMATED

Stage Hand (to manager)—"Shall I lower the curtain, sir? One of the livin' statues has the hiccups!"—The National Magazine of the Hardware Trade.

EXPLAINED AT LAST

Friend—"What a horrible noise comes from that set!"
Radio Fan—"Well, I guess you would make just as bad a noise if you were coming out of ether."— Everybody's.

"Father is looking for a cashier."
"I though he just hired one last week."
"He did. That is the man he is looking for."

Their meeting it was sudden, 
Their meeting it was sad; 
She gave her sweet young life, 
Most gracious thing she had. 

She sleeps beneath the willows, 
In peace she's resting now; 
There's always something doing 
When a freight train meets a cow.
Toledo Blade—Imagine Mussolini running this country. Mrs. Mussolini’s picture would be in the newspapers nearly every day.

Los Angeles Times—Nowadays the barber-shop quartet has at least two soprano voices.

San Diego Union—A California poultry rancher has raised a hen that looks like a penguin, crows like a rooster and waddles like a duck. If there is a third party in 1928, here is its mascot.

Arkansas Gazette—France’s chair at the next arms conference will be a handy place to stack documents on.

Los Angeles Times—A farm is rapidly becoming a body of land entirely surrounded by politicians.

Washington Times—History fails to record a single instance where a person has overlooked a greenback because of color blindness.

Brooklyn Eagle—Civilization has spread until the radio and the rifle can be heard almost everywhere in the world.

Houston Post-Dispatch—Fashion is a clever crook. Now that it has finally sheared the tresses of our beauties, it has decreed that wigs must be worn, and it is selling the hair of the girls back to them at fancy prices.

Salem News—Looks as if this country would have to be paying war taxes so long that the people would have to look up in the history to see what the war was about.

New York Journal—What the beauty shops seem to give the ladies more than anything else is a permanent crave.

Norfolk Virginian-Pilot—There are two sides to the prohibition question, and the Democratic party has both of them.

Weston Leader—“I do not cut the hair,” says Antoine, famous French hair trimmer now in the U. S. “I sculpture it.” Wonder if he ever takes a chip off the old block?

Providence Journal—Predictions that bobbed hair will never be abandoned, on the ground that it is a great convenience, overlook the cardinal principle of fashion, which is that it is safe to wager that whatever is will be different a short while hence.

WILLIAMS HALL

Who dares to say that a girl cannot keep anything to herself? Well, a Williams Hall girl did and for ten whole days none of us were the wiser.

On May 3, Ruth Fuller became the bride of Le Roy Pritchard of this city. They were married in Cortland, and not a girl in the house knew about it. We are all very sorry indeed that Ruth will not be back here at school with us next fall but we are happy to think that she will be living in Ithaca, and that we can call on her occasionally and see her as a model housewife.

Congratulations and the best of luck follows you, Ruth, from the girls of your house. We wish you all happiness and prosperity throughout your married life.

Rubie was a May bride, Gus Halsey will be a June bride and the sometime in the Spring of ’28, we just feel it in our bones that Dot Lamb will also want to become a good little wife in the good-old-fashioned way. “While The Years Go-Drifting By”. “In a Cottage Small by a Waterfall.”

May your new life be as happy, girls, as you stay at I. C. M.

HIS KIND INTENTIONS

Second Looey—“May I break?”

Aristocratic Dame (dancing with General)—“How dare you, sir! Don’t you know better than to break in on a General, officer?”

Subdued Looey—“Beg pardon, madam. I though the General was struck.”—The Pointer.

HONEST CONFESSION

The House Agent—“You say you have no children, gramophone or wireless, and you don’t keep a dog. You seem just the quiet tenant the owner insists on.”

The House Hunter—“I don’t want to hide anything about my behavior, so you might tell the owner that my fountain-pen squeaks a bit.”—The Bystander.

THE PUBLIC MARKET

“THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR MEATS”

William Knight - - - 115-117 North Aurora St.
And now about the lady who though Flaming Youth was the boy who stood on the burning deck.—Harvard Lampoon.

THE SIMPLE ANSWER

First Member of Cavalry Detachment—"Looke heah, Joe, how come you-all to teach dat der mule all dem tricks? Ah can't teach mah mule nothing!"
Second Ditto—"Dat's easy; you-all jes, has to know moh dan de mule."—The Pointer.

THE MATHEMATICIAN

I have measured
The hypotenuse of a tear—
I have taken
The mean proportion between Love and Hate;
I know how to find
The square root of Fear
Perhaps—I can fathom Fate.
—Mary Sylvester Cline.

STRIVING FOR THE TOUCH

The professor had asked time and again for the students to put more personal touch in their themes, so one of the papers which he received ended thus:
"Well, professor, how are the wife and kiddies; and, by the way, before I forget it, could you lend me five dollars?"—Penn Punch Bowl.

MIXED NUMBERS

A colored school teacher is credited with the following: "The word 'pants' am an uncommon noun, because pants am singular at the top and plural at the bottom."—Boston Transcript.

WELL INFORMED

First Student—"Are you sure your folks know I'm coming home with you?"
Second Student—"They ought to. I argued with them for a whole hour about it."—Hamilton Royal Gaboon.

May Your Vacation Be a Happy One

is the sincere wish of

BEN MINTZ, Inc.

As "Ev" Swank would say—"We all deserve a good rest." And when you return in Fall—bear in mind we will be waiting with a full line of the newest in men's togs at prices within reason.

Au Revoir
Summer Boarder—But why are those trees bending over so far?
Farmer—You would bend over, too, miss, if you wuz as full o' green apples as those trees are.

'Teacher (to unusually bright student)—Isaac, how much would $500 at two per cent amount at the end of a year?
No answer.
Teacher—Don't you know that, Isaac?
Isaac—Yes, but I'm not interested in two per cent.

A man who had recently come into a fortune received an income tax blank from the treasury department. He replied as follows: Dear Treasury—I received your application blank. I already belong to several good lodges and so I don't care to join your income tax.

Employed—Now that I have decided to give you the job, I must tell you that early hours are the rule in this store.
New Clerk—That's good. You can't close too early for me.

“We Make Your Linen Live”

Ithaca Laundries, Inc.

HARRY AMES, Mgr.
102 Adams St.
Uptown 132 E. Seneca St.

The Parisian
COR. STATE & TIOGA

SMART SUMMER FROCKS
at
$15 $25 $39.50

A dainty collection
of New Summer Dresses
arriving daily

Extra Values in Sport Model Knit Coats

A complete line of Smart patterns in imported Hose for Men at 50c.
Ladies Silk Wayne Knit Hose $1.50. All Colors—Extra Values. See our new Hand Bags and Purses.

T. D. SULLIVAN
202 E. State St.
FREE VERSE

Rain drips, drips, drips,
It somehow never tires of dripping
But it cannot rain forever
All we have to do is wait.

Time drags, drags, drags
We even hear the clock's loud ticking.
Where does time go in its flight
Why does it make us so depressed?

People die, die, die,
Why do they insist on dying?
There are always days of sunshine
When there isn't any hate

The Devil works, works, works,
He must get so tired of shoveling
God sits quietly back and waits—
I wonder which has the most success.

Marie L. Barton

CORNELL BARBER SHOP

Look at the Back of Your Neck

Everybody Else Does

Your appearance has an assessed valuation in social life or in business, and your haircut is an important operation and should have the attention of a good barber every ten days or two weeks.

It Pays To Look Well

W. B. Allen
224 E. State St.

GIFTS

For the Graduate

A vast collection of useful and practical presents have been assembled here for those who have June presents to buy and who want gifts that are distinctive. Here, are some of them.

- Bead Necklaces
- Leather Hand Bags
- Mesh Bags
- Kayser Silk Hosiery
- Gold Stripe Silk Hosiery
- Silk Lingerie
- Chiffon Silk Scarfs
- Crepe-de-Chine Scarfs
- Flowers and Bonbonieres
- Face Powders, Face Cream and Rouge

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Photographic Service

We offer a most complete photographic service. From application photos to the highest grade, each carry a guarantee to please. We also carry a complete line of Kodaks and supplies. Bring us your next film for development and printing. You'll be pleased with the quality and service.

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Photographers
The Wisteria Garden

*Opposite Strand*

**PARTICULAR FOOD FOR**
**PARTICULAR PEOPLE**

Conservatory Summer School Students will find our Regular lunch noon and night at 50 cents, quite excellent. A La Carte at all hours. "Peacock Alley" is very cool in hot weather.

---

**YELLOW CAB**

Our Cabs are Clean
Drivers are Courteous
Rates are Metered

You will find Our Service is Prompt and Efficient

**When You Need a Cab**

**Dial 2451**

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**LET**

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204 N. Aurora St.

Assist you in selecting YOUR GIFTS and supply your needs in

YARNS—LINENS—BEADS—

COSTUME JEWELRY—AND NOVELTIES

For Favors and Souveniers

"Buy Somebody Something"

---

Florist—Here are some beautiful cotton blossoms, madam.

Mrs. Newwealth—Cotton blossoms! How cheap and vulgar looking. Haven't you any silk blossoms?

---

Landlady—I think you had better board elsewhere.

Boarder—Yes, I often had.

Landlady—Often had what?

Boarder—Had better board elsewhere.

---

Mrs. Grubb (after a tiff)—When I married you I didn't know you were such a coward. I thought you were a brave man.

Grubb—So did everybody else.

---

A minister, in addressing his flock, began, "As I gaze about I before me a great many bright and shining faces."

Just then 87 powder puffs were brought into action.
A strange happiness suddenly possessed her. In a world where there was such warmth and beauty and splendor of sound there must surely be warm hearts, and beautiful souls, and splendid things. Things worth suffering for and fighting for, things like friendship, and faith and love. Maybe visions were real, after all, too real to break on stony pavements. Too real to falter before hunger and fatigue. And she would not be so tired now, when she waked. She would be rested and refreshed. She would go out into the city and try again. Maybe this time she would find something. After all, youth was hers and the world was a fascinating place. Life was really a beautiful song.

After a while the music ceased. The wall was silent. But the tired girl lay with the shadow of the dream still in her eyes. Tears still trembled in her lashes; but a fragment of the strange melody trembled on her lips.

On the other side of the wall, the musician finally rose from the piano and went over to the window. The sky was darkening but the city below bleomed with a million starry lights. Its mighty voice, came up to him as a rich and powerful dissonance rolling continually toward a resolving chord of imperishable grandeur. His young face was thoughtful and serene, but his eyes were dark with a feeling that was inexpressible and exultant. He looked not over the roof of the city until all its shadowy outlines disappear, and only the million lights remained. Then he rose, touched a match to the lop-sided gas jet, and pulled a rather rickety table under its light. He sat down and pulling some sheets of not paper toward him, began to write eagerly.

"Dear Mother,—Am here in the Big City at last, and it certainly is wonderful to be here, (Although I miss you already). It seems like a friendly city, for all its size and confusion. You said it was a City of Dreams, Mother. I know it is a city with a heart, and I'm going to reach that heart if it takes a good long fight. Don't worry about how I'll get along. Please. Just keep on believing in me. That will help more than anything else.

I am going to enjoy studying here. Will see the Professor tomorrow and then look for some work. Have just been playing a little piano that isn't much to speak of. It's shoved right up against the wall. Hope I don't disturb anybody in the next room. Now, Mother—Mine, take good care of yourself and tell the folks to write. Will let you know how everything turns out. And if you ever send any cake or anything, better send it parcel-post.

Mother, I can hardly wait until tomorrow.

Love, as always,

Your own.

P. S. This room is OK. Large, and comfortable, but the walls are sort of forlorn looking. Must be more economical that way. I guess the next room is more cheerful. I can hear somebody singing on the other side of the wall.

The End.

Florence (Ala.) Herald—Will Hays will give a 10th of his wealth to the church. When we land a $100,000 a year job like his we'll be tempted to follow his example.

Lafayette Journal and Courier—The nth degree of modesty was demonstrated by the man who gave an unsigned check to a charitable institution because he desired to make an "anonymous contribution."
SNAPPY

Coats, Dresses, Evening and Afternoon Frocks and Furs for the Conservatory Women.

Come in and look around any time, also take your time.

ROCKER'S FASHION SHOP
118 E. State St.
Furs Remodeled and Repaired

TWO-DOLLAR BILLS UNPOPULAR

The two-dollar bill is considered unlucky and for that reason unpopular. Such bills were first issued as legal tender notes in 1862. Several theories have been advanced to explain the superstition regarding them. It is said that they are considered unlucky because they are often confused with one-dollar bills. For this reason many people tear off one corner of all two-dollar bills which come into their possession. The practice is a foolish one and cannot be condemned too severely.

A banker believes the superstition had its origin in the fact that counterfeiters frequently "split" two-dollar bills in order to make two 20-dollar bills out of one 20 and a two. It is also said that two-dollars is usually the price paid for a vote by corrupt politicians and that it is paid with a two-dollar bill. The possession of such a bill after election is facetiously said to be prima facie evidence that one sold his vote. Gamblers especially regard the two-dollar bill as unlucky. In 1925 the government made an unsuccessful attempt to popularize the two-dollar bill by inserting one of them in each pay envelope given to federal employees. Several newspapers offered to aid in the campaign by giving prizes for two-dollar bills containing certain serial numbers. The post office department, however, pronounced this practice a lottery and therefore in violation of the postal laws.

GIRLS

For a complete line of Silks, Dress Goods, Imported Wash Goods, Silk Hosiery, Silk and Wool Hosiery, Silk Underwear, Gloves, Jewelry, Purses, Umbrellas, Notions and Novelties.

Try Shopping at
W. C. BLACKMER'S
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128 East State St.
Take Something To The "Home Folks"

When you start on your Summer Vacation take along a souvenir for those at Home. A nice bottle of Perfume, Toilet Water, A box of Face Powder, Bath Powder, Bath Salts, Face Cream or Lotion, a New Compact for the women folks.
A good Safety Razor, Shaving Brush, Shaving Cream, Lotion, Razor Strop, Skin Balm and Talcum for the men folks.
A Box of Candy for the Kiddies, or Grown ups.

Samosets, 59c to $1.50 lb.

A. B. BROOKS & SON, Pharmacists
126 East State Street

"BIGGER AND BETTER CO-EDS"

Co-eds of Stanford university, Cal., today are said to be one and one-tenth inches taller than co-eds of 30 years ago. Dr. Celia D. Mosher, associate professor of personal hygiene, has completed a survey and compiled a table showing that in the period from 1892 to 1901 women of the university showed an average height of 63.2 inches. A like table for the period 1922-1926 showed an average height of 64.3 inches. Dr. Mosher thinks better living conditions, better interest in the subject of health and establishment of student health committees are responsible for the "bigger and better co-eds."

"Where do you get your motor accessories?"
"Oh, I just honk my horn, smile at little at them, open the door and they climb right in."

"Might I ask you for this dance?"
"Please do. I've been waiting all the evening to refuse you."

He (before saying good night)—"Just one?"
She—"No, Friday is amateur night."

Jane—"And what's your idea of a Victorian?"
Ann—"An old lady who can remember when garters held up stockings instead of traffic."

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OVER fifty years of an intelligent, co-operative musical service has made Lent's, the center of Conservatory music interests in Ithaca. "Your sheet music department is one of the most comprehensive I have ever seen outside of the largest music centers"— In the foregoing statement this customer had occasion to deal only with our sheet music department.

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\[ \text{Lent's Music Store} \]
\[ 116 \text{ N. Aurora St.-Ithaca, N.Y.} \]

"Pianos and Phonographs rented"

WHICH?

Is it golf that takes up most of your waking hours during summer...and makes you forget to eat? Then this is the treatise for you to read!

The embryonic Collett wears a knitted suit with crew neck sweater and pleated skirt...smartly striped!

Really, the only hat for golf is a DOBBS. It is the smartest and most perfectly made of felt sports hats.

Or, is it tennis that helps you to find all those little muscles that have rested peacefully all winter? If so, this side for you!

You can choose from a wide variety of frocks with crepe de chine skirts in pastel shades...with matching striped sweaters.

One-piece frocks that have smart little pleats at the side-fronts of the skirts.

THE STYLE SHOP

A. J. PRITCHARD

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