5-24-1928

Once-A-Week, 1928-05-24

Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

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The text you provided seems to be a page from a newsletter or a magazine. It includes a calendar of events for the upcoming week, with dates for various activities such as plays, exhibitions, and commencement exercises. The text is a mix of headlines and paragraphs, providing information about each event. Here is how I would represent the content as plain text:

**ONCE-A-W**

Published by the Students of The Ithaca Conservator

Vol. II No. 29

**Five Cents a Copy**

**CALENDAR**

Calendar for the Last Week, Beginning Tuesday, May 2:

**TUESDAY**

8:15 P. M. In the Little Theatre the William灭门ment play, "The Rivals," by Richard Brinsley

**WEDNESDAY**

Class Day Exercises are not for Seniors alone, they include Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors as well. Everybody show the proper commencement spirit by attending these exercises.

Last Performance of "The Rivals" at 8:15 P. M. This is really a splendid comedy as well as a classic. A great deal of time and money have been spent on the production.

**THURSDAY**

8 P. M. at the Gymnasium I. S. P. E. will give its annual Spring Exhibition. Go early and get a good seat.

**FRIDAY AND SATURDAY**

These are Alumni days. We'll be glad to see the old grads back—let's show them just how glad we are. There will be a special party Friday night—so if you aren't attending Spring Day events on the Hill, come and help give them a big time. You'll enjoy it, too.

**SUNDAY**

10:30 A. M. In the Baptist Church Reverend Gagnier will deliver the Baccalaureate sermon.

**MONDAY**

10 A. M. In the Little Theatre, final Graduation Exercises.
ONCE-A-WEEK

A PROHIBITION ARGUMENT

The stewed one was vainly trying to find the keyhole; for an hour he had been poking and couldn't find it. A passerby, seeing his predicament, said, "Say, old chap, you can't open the door with that; it's a cigar." The pickled one looked at the object in his hand and stammered, "Hully gee, mushta smoked my latchkey?"

"The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be sent home," declared the judge.

"Hurray!" yelled the prisoner.

Professor's Wife—A truck ran over your big straw hat!

Absent-Minded Prof.—Was I wearing it?

"Black chile, does you all know what done am?"

"Suttingly I does, Beelzebub."

"Den what is it?"

"Well, when I leans ovah an' hechs somethin' rip, I knows dat's de seat."—The Disson Crucible.

HIS NEW CAR

Cop (to man driving past a stop sign)—Hey, there can't you read?

Motorist—Sure, I can read, but I can't stop.

A little girl about four years old, who was too soon tired of the conversation, curled up in the large chair with her kitten. Soon the cat was purring very low and it brought forth this remark:

"You're parking now—why under the seat don't you switch off your engine?"

SITTING SPIRITS

"I'm awfully sorry that my engagement prevents my attending your charity concert, but I shall be with you in spirit."

"Splendid," replied his friend; "and where would you like your spirit to sit? I have tickets here for 50 cents, $1, and $2."

NEITHER IS PARADISE

A real estate salesman of West Texas had just finished describing the glorious opportunities of that part of the country. "All West Texas needs to become the garden spot of the world," he said, "is good people and water." "Huh!" replied the prospect. "That's all hell needs."

Little Smith—Papa, how can you tell when men are drunk?

Papa Smith—Well, my son, do you see those two men over there? Well, if you see well oiled they would look like four.

Little Smith—But papa, dere is only one.

Sap—Have you lived here all your life?

Head—Not yet.
TRAVELING ON HIGH
A teacher asked her class the meaning of the word "furlough."
Jack held up his hand and said: "It means mule; it says so in the book."
The teacher asked for the book and Jack found for her the picture of a soldier sitting on a mule.
Below the picture was written: "Going home on his furlough."

CHAS. BROOKS
Jeweler
Dealer in Conservatory Pins
152 E. State St.

Only the criticized ever amount to much.

She—What's the difference between dancing and marching?
He—I dunno.
She—I thought so.

"How do you know he was drunk?"
"He was looking in the cuckoo clock for eggs."—Rice Owl.

THE VANITY FAIR SHOPPE
Our Motto Is Service
Aurora Street. Phone 8480

OUR FUNNY ANCESTORS
A gentleman opened doors for ladies. And at dances wore gloves lest he soil his partner's gown.
And in drawing rooms juggled top hat, cane, gloves, bread and butter, cup of tea and conversation.
And in the evenings asked her father's permission to sit in the parlor with daughter.
And at dinner parties abstained from smoking until the ladies left the table.
That was back in the age when, in dancing, the feet were employed.

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Hats, Gloves, Fur Coats, Bolivia, Party Frocks
Lockwood's Dollar Cleaners, Inc.
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IN THE END
A rich man died, leaving his total fortune to three friends—an Englishman, an Irishman and a Jew—on condition that they each deposit $50 in his coffin. At the funeral the Englishman placed $50 in cash in the casket, the Irishman placed his $50 in notes, while the Jew deposited his check for £150, taking the £100 cash for his change.
The check was cashed the next day. The undertaker was a Scotchman.—Derby Gazette, England.

Wool Knickers, Linen and Crash-Knickers;
Wool and Lisle Golf Hose; White Duck Trousers and Gob Pants; Sport Sweaters and Blazers.

A complete summer outfit of the best the market knows.

W. J. REED

MEOW
"I have always had a presentiment," she said, "that I should die young."
"Well, dearie," remarked her woman friend, "you didn't after all, did you?"—Tit Bits.

WELCH'S
for
CANDY AND POPCORN
NEXT TO CRESCENT AURORA STREET

PINCHED!
We have been wondering why all the I. S. P. E. boys who own cars have been making trips to the police court. Every I. S. P. E. man with a car is being pinched. First it was Andy with the Durant, then Fritzie Dallaker with his Chevie. Next went MacLaren with his Ford and last but not least, Jack Downs with his "Green Star." The law always gets his man!

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Timid Lady (engaging maid)—I hope you'll stay with me, Mary. I'm not difficult to please.
New Servant—I could see that, ma'am, as soon as I set eyes on your husband.

RAILROAD REPARTEE
Old Lady—Oh, conductor, please stop the train. I dropped my wig out of the window.
Conductor—Never mind, madam, there is a switch just this side of the next station.
A DUECE IN HEARTS

"Well Jim," says I, "You're crazy."

"Who's crazy?" says Jim.

"You are," says I.

We are having supper at a swell eating house after a hard day in school. We had to get up for an 11:15 class. It sure is a tough life. Jim and I are buddies, friends, classmates, partners in crime or what have you! He's pretty much like me, a darn nice fellow. We get along together downright noble—outside of the fact that he smokes my cigarettes, is bull headed, spends my money and possesses the intelligence of one of Barnum and Bailey's pet gorillas. There are two good reasons why we are buddies—he knows my history and I know his.

This is our second year in the Williams School of Electionary Exposition. Jim and Yours truly came here on a bet that we could graduate (time unlimited) with a buckskin, etc., without learning anything. Up to the present time we are getting along nicely. There is just one thing that has come to cloud the horizon and to darken our bright hopes. As usual in the case of a male's troubles, it's a woman, or as I should say, women.

It's this way. Jim has a heavy love at home. Before we blew into this joint, Jim popped the big question and she called him bluff. He's so far gone he doesn't mind at all. In fact the poor boof seems actually happy. I do everything possible to avert the impending tragedy but it seems that along with his common sense, he has lost his ability to appreciate the conscientious efforts of his best friend toward his salvation. At times he becomes so unappreciative that he was a bit rough. At several occasions I acted in the capacity of a good floor mop, Jim doing the scrubbing. This is rather discouraging to say the least.

Then in the midst of life's darkest moment, a ray of hope came to lighten my grief. We leave for school. That sort of cramps her act, but she still keeps Jim on the hook, just loosening the line a bit, as it were. She decides to pull the big act as soon as Jim is thru school. This is a great relief to me. It gives me time to think (I does that once in a while, it relieves my fallen arches).

Onters the dirt. Jim meets another girl up here. Her name is Betty Skaden and a mighty attractive kid. They start going out together. The soup thickens and last nite in the excitement of the moment he pops the big question. She calls him. He comes home happy and goes to bed. This morning he wakes up and comes out of the haze. When he wakes up to the fact that he is engaged to two women, he is naturally somewhat startled. He squirms around all day trying to think of a way out. He finally invites me out to dinner at his expense. I know something serious is wrong when he makes an offer like that. I thoughtfully accept and here we are.

After he had spilled the dope so that I understood what was going on, I was plum disgusted with him. I always thought he had been cheated when the brains were passed out, but now I knew it. That's why I tell him he's crazy. He looks pretty downhearted.

"Your right," he says, sad like, "You talk so much that your bound to spill something good once in a while."

"Birds of a feather," I start in, but cuts me short with a descending gesture ending in his vegetable soup.

"Shut up," he holers, "I asks for advice and you start wise crackin'." Jim's a good size fellow and I see he's in an unreasonable mood, so I shut up.

"Listen," he says, "I want to put you wise to the situation."

Seeing that he was going to talk long and lengthy, I pulled an El Ropo out of my vest pocket, lighted it and sat back to listen. He starts in—

"I don't care anything about this Betty. She's just an amusement, a side line, sort of. I love Jane. But if I bust up with Betty it would break her heart. This good for a laugh so I does. He gives me a hard boiled look and allows his No. 14 hobnail to descend upon my pet corn. I stops laughing. He continues—

"I love Jane. She's the sweetest little girl in the world. He goes into a lengthy discussion on the niceties, etc., of Jane. This doesn't bother me none so I starts my fertile brain working. By the time he is all out of breath, I've got my mind made up.

"Jim," I says, "You should be proud of me, I've got an idea, a positive solution."

"Will it work?" he says, eager like.

"Work," I says, "you haven't seen nothing yet. You'll say I'm the best little fixer you ever saw. You just take it easy for a while and I'll fix everything."

"Spill the dope," says Jim.

"Now wait a minute, my son, you've got one foot in the grave already and a little mistep on your part and you'll be covered with ashes."

"You said something," gloomily replied my erstwhile pardner.

I continues—

"You just grab on to a back seat and hold on with both mitts, it's liable to be a rough passage."

Jim agrees that this is logical enough; we've been conversing in very low tones, as quietly as our old friend Bill Blair at a Dress Rehearsal. People were beginning to notice us, so we decides to take our Bows and Exit amid the applause of the multitudes, which we do.

Well, I goes home all jubilant. My plan is a wonder. Here is the idea: I'm to have a party at my room which same shall be attended by Jim and his two lady friends. I don't know what will happen but it's bound to turn out all right. The only trouble is that it strikes me Jim won't be overjoyed at the prospect of attending said party. However this is easily fixed. I goes down town and sends a telegram to Jane, asking her to come to our party Friday nite, since it is being held in Jim's honor. Also to keep it a secret since it is a surprise on Jim, which was true. Returning to my humble abode, I calls up a few of our friends, who I all agree to come. The next thing is to get Jim to come to the blowout with Betty. Not without some mis­givings, I calls up Jim.

"Hullo," says Jim, gruff-like.

"Hello," says I, sweet-like. "James, we're having a nice party down here Friday nite and I want you and Betty to come."

"Listen, Georgie Boy," (He always calls me Georgie Boy before wiping the floor with me!) "I'm not dragging to any parties until I get out of this mess, understand?"

"Yes, but James—" I pleads, "This is a real nice affair and the party will be a flop unless you come." Which was true.

"Nothing doing," says James. By this time I'm desperate, so I plays my last card. It turns out to be an ace.

"Listen," says I, "If you don't come, I won't get you out of your mess which your inability to think logically as I do and your general lack of intelligence, got you into."

"Well," says Jim, "If that's the way you feel about it, I'll come.

He hangs up with a sigh of relief. However, even tho' I feel good that everything is settled, I feel kind of sorry for Jim. After Friday nite he will be about as popular with the weaker sex as an Irishman at a Swede picnic.

Nevertheless everything goes well and a last the big nite gets here. The time goes about as fast as a Lehigh Valley local with the consumption. At last the crowd gets rounded up and starts having a good time, as per usual. I hangs around the door nervously waiting for the entrance of the leading characters in the show. At last Jane breezes in, looking like an add for Palmolive Soap. I congratulate her for her promptness, and assured her that on the hours of the parties life Jim and Betty come alone. From that line on the hours of the parties life are numbered. It is doomed to be short and sweet. We are getting along nicely.

I introduces her to the crowd. They take to her immediately, so I exits gracefully to take up my duty at the front door. Pretty soon Jim and Betty come alone. From that line on the hours of the parties life are numbered. It is doomed to be short and sweet. We are getting along nicely.

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"Somebody Should Speak to Maude"
Queen Anne Forks are not Being Used with Napoleonic Knives
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**Four New Solutions of the**
**BREAKFAST PROBLEM**

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<td>BUT A FEW MORE WILL DO IT</td>
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<td>During State Fair</td>
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**NOTICE, JUNE BRIDES!**
Flowers are
Free in Cascadilla!

The motorist had had an accident with his light car on the Brighton
Road. He limped painfully to a telephone box and called up the nearest
police station.
"Hello," he said. "I've turned turtle. Can you do anything for me?"
"I'm afraid not," came the sweet feminine reply. "You've got the
wrong number. What you want is the zoo."—Vancouver Providence.

Energy Quick for School and Play!

(4 cuts)

Griffis Frill:—"I think Joe is darling!"
Practical Egbert Girl—"Well,—I've found a real friend in Borax."

(20 Teams of Mules)

"They say she always keeps her word."
"She has to! Nobody will take it."—Answers.

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And Sunday Noon if you're lucky!

A reporter asked Vladimir Horowitz, the pianist, "Do you soak your
hands in hot water for an hour before a concert, as Paderewski is
supposed to do?" "No," he laughed, "I warm mine on the music."

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**TENNIS BALL**
ONCE-A-WEEK

MC GOOFY'S THIRD READER

I
(With Apologies to the First)
What is this odd place?
This, my dear child, is sometimes called Execution Hall?
What is it called Execution Hall for?
It is called Execution Hall because things are executed there, at certain hours.
What are the things that are executed there during certain hours?
They are classics.
Who executes them?
The members of the criticism class.
What else is executed?
The people who execute the classics.
Who executes the people who execute the classics?
Their fellow criminals in the executing.
Would it be well to execute any others?
Yes, one might also execute the instructors, and thus guard against further executions of classics.

A DEUCE IN HEARTS

Continued

looked like the town of Verdun after a three
day bombardment. Finally they cooled of, made several remarks to Jim, and walked out, noises high.
Now comes the crucial moment in the play. The air was electric with suspense. Everybody, including me, watched Jim. Slowly he comes out of the daze, giving me a peculiar look. He rose from his chair and gliding toward me, not making any more noise than a 1914 Ford going across a tine bridge, wide open. He looked very frightened of me. He must have been very frightened because all of a sudden I got unconscious. When I came to, he was still scared because I got unconscious again.
Six weeks later, when I got out of the hospital, Jim calls me up and asks me to go out to dinner with him. I suspected something fishy so I put my pride in my pocket and went. Sure enuf, we were no sooner seated than Jim begins—
"George, I met a couple of swell dames last night at the house dance. I don't know which one I like best. Guess I'll rush them both."
The shock is hard on my weakened constitution but I managed to blunt out a heartfelt remark.
"Your crazy," says I.
"Who's crazy," says Jim.
"You are," says I.

Ray Hall.

PHWAT'S THAT NOISE, MRS. MULCAHY?

"It's one of the girls running up and down the hall."
"Begorra, she must weigh a ton."

APologies TO HIAWATHA

By the shores of Cuticaura,
By the sparkling Pluto water,
Lived the prophylactic chiclet
Danderine, fair Buick's daughter;
She was loved by Instant Postum,
Son of Sunkist and Victrola—
Heir apparent to the Mazda
Of the tribe of Coco-Cola,
Through the Tanlac strolled the lovers,
Through the Shredded Wheat they wandered;
"Lovely little Wrigley Chiclet;"
Were the fairy words of Postum,
"No Pyrene can quench the fire,
Nor any aspirin still the heart-ache.
Oh, my Prestolite desire,
Let us marry, little DJer-Kiss."

Wash-Line.

Dramatic Student Trying Out for Voice Lessons:
"Do you think I'll ever do anything with my voice?"
Mr. Lautner: "It might come in handy in case of fire."

Nutty—If a ship were sunk at sea, would a safety razor?
Nutty—No, but dynamite.
Nutty—True! Or perhaps the kindling wood?

Mike—Pat, what did you do towards gaining the victory?
Pat—Oh, sir, I walked up to one of the enemy and cut off his feet!
Mike—Why didn't you cut off his head?
Pat—But, sir, that was off already!

Genevieve: Doctor Parker, what I need is something to stir me up...something to put me in fighting trim. Did you put anything like that in the prescription?
Doctor P: No, you will find that in the bill.

FOR SALE THIS SPACE

Newman Girl—Eddie, where's my sausage?
Eddie—Never mind, the wurst is yet to come.
ONCE-A-WEEK

PHENOMENON

The moon was wonderful—a soft, silvery, sheen of light, pale in loveliness, and set in deep-blue background. Yet the man gazed at it in a puzzled way. He seemed non-plussed, bewildered. He ogled it, stared long, peeped at it through his fingers, and then glared—but to no avail; he was still perplexed. His confusion grew. He turned his back upon the shining ball, round and full in its glory, and then whirled back to glance at it sharply. Once more he grew confused—Alas! Was there no help? How terrible was this discovery! And yet how wonderful. Perhaps he was just another Edison, or some such. But his eyes lost their fresh gleam of hope!

"Is damn funny," he mumbled, "it isn't right for three moons to be up there."

J. E. VAN NATTA
L. C. SMITH - CORONA

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We simply must tell another Scotch story. It seems that there was a Scotchman walking down Main street the other day looking for a stamp post office.—Boston Beanpot.

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214 E. Seneca
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NOTICE!

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ADS ON

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