

5-24-1928

## Once-A-Week, 1928-05-24

Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

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# 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

### TUE

THE RIVALS

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

### WEDNESDAY

CLASS DAY

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.

THE RIVALS

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

I. S. P. E. EXHIBITION

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

ALUMNI DAYS

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

BACCALAUERATE SERMON

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

### MONDAY

GRADUATION EXERCISES

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

Recital left of them, assembly right of them,  
 Rules round about all them,  
 Gee how they wondered—  
 Stormed at, they crawl in shells,  
 Learning to take the—well—  
 It's a warm way to dwell,  
 Noble young hundred!  
 Two terms a year, two terms a year, two terms  
 a year, onward,  
 Sophomores are they now, just a half a hundred,  
 "That's not the way it's played!"  
 Over, and undismayed,  
 Each one has blundered.  
 Theirs not to dare to wink  
 They never dare to think,

Theirs just to swim, or sink,  
 Noble half hundred!  
 When all the memories fade  
 Of all the noise they made,  
 And all the tricks they played  
 While teachers wondered.  
 Give e'er the de'il his due,  
 Give them a point or two,  
 Sigh, smile and pass them through,  
 Fourth of a hundred!

I have a rendezvous — the Dean—  
 This morning, prompt at ten—  
 It may be what I think it is—  
 Or something else — and then —  
 I have a rendezvous — the Dean—

Pass, and they look you over,  
 Flunk, and you're joined by ten,  
 The rest are rocking the same old boat,  
 You're one in a world of men.  
 On time,—they think he was stupid,  
 Late,—'twas a thrilling date—  
 It's unwritten rules that you mind old dear,  
 If you would expect to rate.  
 Kiss it good bye when you lend it,  
 In peacefulness, not in sorrow,  
 Make up the deficit easily,  
 On next things that you borrow—  
 Don't claim you haven't do what—  
 Every they think you would—  
 Don't ever look shocked, or they might think,  
 Perhaps, that you are—good!

Lady (to little boy crying)—My little boy,  
 what are you crying for?"  
 Little Boy—Father beat me!  
 Lady—What for?

L. B.—I was doing a cross-word puzzle, and  
 the clue was "Drunk in the afternoon," and I  
 put "Dad," and it was "Tea."—Globe & Laurel.

Don't think you are the only fellow who has  
 troubles. Read this:

When Noah sailed the well-known blue,  
 He had his troubles, same as you;  
 For days and days he drove the ark  
 Before he found a place to park.

#### 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 shmoked 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 best  
 straw hat!

Absent-Minded Prof.—Was I wearing it?

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

"Suttingly I does, Beelzebub."

"Den what is it?"

"Well, when I leans ovah an' heahs somethin'  
 rip, I knows dat's de seat."—The Disston Cru-  
 cible.

#### 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  
 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 re-  
 mark:

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

#### SITTING SPIRITS

"I'm awfully sorry that my engagement pre-  
 vents 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 opportuni-  
 ties 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 youse tell when  
 men are drunk?

Papa Smith—Well, my son, do youse see  
 those two men over there? Well, if youse was  
 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.

#### BUT THANK FORTUNE ALL POETS WERE NOT SENIORS!!!!

How simple it is to compose an ode, a song of  
 Senior farewell,

Rhyme you and true, rhyme blue and through,  
 and wish each other well,

Use fond remembrance one or twice, and hap-  
 piest days are past,

And close it always with P. S. The memory  
 will last.

There are some poor grinds who dig and bone,  
 and try for a grade ~~or~~ two

There are some who sponge from the neighbor's  
 brain, and get their unjust due

There are some who sit by the answer right,  
 and have a roaming eye,

But let me through by the skin of my teeth, oh  
 please, just let me by!

Let me through by the very skin of my teeth,  
 and I heave a sigh for you,

The grades won't matter ten years from now,  
 like the things that I like to do.

I would not bone until two o'clock, or miss a  
 date, not I,

Just let me through by the skin of my teeth,—  
 that's all—just let me by!

Seniors have a hundred credits,  
 Need but one  
 And yet they have to get it too,  
 Before they're done—

Two terms a year, two terms a year, two terms  
 a year, onward  
 Into a freshman class, galloped a hundred,

## 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 had left the table.

That was back in the age when, in dancing, the feet were employed.

Let us refresh your Garments

Hats, Gloves, Fur Coats, Bolivia, Party Frocks

**Lockwood's Dollar Cleaners, Inc.**

120 N. AURORA ST.

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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 inside the casket, the Irishman put 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 has been 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!

We charge reasonable prices to clean dresses well

ITHACA CLEANING AND  
DYEING WORKS

409 W. STATE ST.

PHONE 2142

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 Elocutionary 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 males 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 pops the big question and she calls his bluff. He's so far gone he doesn't mind at all. In fact the poor boob seems actually happy. I does everything possible to avert the impending tragedy but it seems that along with his common sense, he has lost his ability to appreciate the concientious 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 crimps her act, but she still keeps Jim on the hook, just loosening the line a bit, as it 'twere. 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).

Ontres 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 konws something serious is wrong when he makes an offer like that. I thoughtfully accepts 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 starts in, but he cuts me short with a descending gesture ending in his vegetable soup.

"Shut up," he hollers, "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 his 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 daises."

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

I continues—

"You just grab on to a back seat and hold on with both mits, 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, 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."

I 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 at 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 with her presence, the party is bound to be a success. I pride myself that I am always very clever with these little subtleties, the ladies like them.

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 time on the hours of the parties' life are numbered. It is doomed to be short and—sweet, maybe.

Concealing my nervousness, I calmly guided the pair into the other room. From then on things happened too quickly for even my powers of lightening perception to grasp. Jane sees Jim leading Betty in and gives an excellent imitation of an Indian war-hoop. Everybody stops talking and looks. Jim sees Jane, lets out a groan and sinks into the nearest chair. Betty goes over to Jane and asks her a couple questions. As soon as they understand each other, they go into action. The scene which followed could hardly have been learned in an exclusive girls school. When they got thru they

(Continued on page 6)

**"Somebody Should Speak to Maude"**

Queen Anne Forks are not Being Used with Napoleonic Knives!

**IMPUNITY PLATE**  
"MAKERS OF SOLID STERLING"

**WITH A FRYING PAN ATTACHMENT?**

Bachelors are waiting for the genius who'll produce a combination hen and hog that'll lay bacon and eggs.

**Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion**  
**SIMONIZ**

**ANYONE WANT A MUSICAL BED?**

For Sale—Second hand brass beds, mattresses, springs, and other musical instruments.—Ohio Paper.

**Girls with Long Hair**  
**SIGN UP FOR WILLIAMS!**  
*Excellent Facilities for Drying—Top porch, etc.*

*Four New Solutions of the*  
**BREAKFAST PROBLEM**  
**JIMS STUDENT SHOP FOOD SHOP**  
**SLEEP 'TILL NOON**

**BUT A FEW MORE WILL DO IT**

*Four Girls Chosen*  
to Display Calves  
During State Fair  
—Minnesota News.

**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 garage.

"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.

What! Guests in the House  
and  
Nothing for Dinner?  
**INEEDA WAFER CO.**

**Energy Quick for School and Play!**

( + 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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Luxurious New Colors—Attractive New Prices

**Handsome Aluminum Ice Cream Spoon**

—6 Coupons

*For Wednesday night dinners—  
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."

*So Healthy and Happy Now!*

Free from the dangers of Underweight  
**THEY EAT AT NEWMAN**

**TRY BANKS HALL**

The Dorm  
Without A Porch Light

**Send for Our Free Book**

*"How to make a Kitchen Cabinet out of 8 Pins and a Soap Box"*

**HOUSEWIVES PUBLISHERS**

40 New and Delightful Ways to Serve a

**TENNIS BALL**

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.

II

What in heavens name is that?

Let us hear you guess, my child?

Is it the Day of Judgment?

No, my child it is not the Day of Judgment.

Is it the noise of a steam calliope personified?

No my child, it is not the noise of a steam calliope personified.

Is it the soul of a tomato?

No, my child, it is not the soul of a tomato.

Is it a SENIOR BLAZER?

Yes, my child, it is a SENIOR BLAZER.

Then why does it suggest the Day of Judgment, the noise of a steam calliope, and the soul of a tomato?

Because, my child, this is a school of fine ARTS.

But what have fine arts to do with SENIOR BLAZERS?

You don't know, do you?

The Once-A-Week regrets very much that owing to censorship it was unable to print the contributions of Messrs. Chartier, Downs, Foxe, Decker, Hill and Wheeler.

They do say that some of the girls around here play a fair game of bridge if you watch them.

W. S. G. A.—Guilty or not guilty?

Big Eyes—Not guilty, Board.

W. S. G. A.—Ever been before us before?

Big Eyes—No, I never smoked before.

Clarence S.—Mr. Tallcott, do I have good auditory imagery?

Mr. T.—Good! My Lord, you think the equator is a menagerie lion running around the earth.

A DEUCE IN HEART'S

Continued

looked like the town of Verdun after a three day bombardment. Finally they cooled off, made several remarks to Jim, and walked out, noses 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 nite 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 blurt out a heartfelt remark.

"Your crazy," says I.

"Who's crazy," says Jim.

"You are," says I.

Ray Hall.

"I have never kissed a girl in my life," remarked the painfully proper young man.

"Well, don't come buzzing around me," announced the little flapper. "I'm not running a prep school."—Fixit.

Beck—If a man stands on a bridge at midnight, the river is flowing north and south, the wind is blowing east and west, and a raven is flying over his head, what's his name?

DiNardo—I donno, what?

Beck—Smith.

DiNardo—Howzat?

Beck—His father's name was Smith.

Uncle—Did skating require any particular application, Toby?

From Experience—No, arnica, or horse liniment—one's as good as the other.

Doctor—Well, and how did you find yourself this morning?

Dot Clarkson—Oh, I just opened my eyes and there I was.

"Phwat's that noise, Mrs. Mulcahy?"

"It's one of the girls running up and down the scales."

"Begorra, she must weigh a ton."

APOLOGIES TO HIAWATHA

By the shores of Cutieura,  
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.

Scotchmen learned to swim when the first toll bridges were built in Scotland.

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?

Nuttier—No, but dynamite.

Nutty—True! Or perhaps the kindling wood.

Mike—Pat, what did you do towards gaining the victory?

Pat—Oh, sar, I walked up to one of the enemy and cut off his feet!

Mike—Why didn't you cut off his head?

Pat—But, sor, 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.

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

FOR SALE

THIS

SPACE

PHENOMENON

The moon was wonderful—a soft, silvery, sheen of light, pale in its loveliness, and set in deep-blue back-ground. 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!

"Ish damn funny," he mumbled, "It isn't right for three moonsh 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 cheap post office.—Boston Beanpot.

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