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SHOWME
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number

vol. I, no. 6
price 35¢

university
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She: "Do you love me, John?"

He: "Sure."

She: "Then why don't your chest go up and down like the man in the movies?" —Tar Baby

Dirty Trick.

Wally: "We're going to hit eighty in a minute. Are you afraid?"

Sally (swallowing much dust): "No, I'm full of grit." —Virginia Reel

Obviously.

"Sampson ought to have made a good actor."

"Why so?"

"Why, the first time he appeared in public he brought down the house." —Exchange.

*A Studio
Which Produces
Photographs
Of Distinction*

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*Early to Bed
And Early to Rise
May Make You Healthy---But
It Won't Make You Wise*

Early risers find Palms' breakfasts a delight. Late retirers find the Palms an ideal spot for a mid-night snack.

AT ANY HOUR—

Just Say "Palms"

"Always Appropriate"

We Agree That It's a Dog's Life.

"Say, where were you going in such a hurry yesterday afternoon? I passed you and you never even spoke."

"Oh, I was starting on a coon hunt!"

"Coon hunt? Why I never heard of anyone going coon hunting without a gun and then besides it was in the daytime."

"Well, you see, I was making the rounds of the employment agencies hunting a cook for my wife."

A Definition.

Each flea believes that he lives on the most wonderful dog in the world. That's patriotism.

—Siren.

"Why are you hanging around the barnyard?"

"I'm waiting to milk the cow. I just saw her eating dandelions."

—Siren.

THE SHOWME

April 8, 1921

The Showme is issued monthly by the Showme staff, composed of students of the University of Missouri, at 311 Guitard Building, Columbia, Mo. Subscription price, \$1.75 a year or thirty-five cents a copy when purchased from news-stands. Application for entry as second-class matter at the post office at Columbia, Mo. pending.

The Brute

Wife—"I don't see why you object to my singing lessons. Perhaps some day my voice will keep the wolf away from the door."

Hubby—"It probably will, if the wolf hears it."
—Boston Globe.

"I'll say one thing for my brother; he never comes home drunk."

"You don't say so."

"Of course, some times we find him in the gutter."
—Froth.

YOU'LL APPRECIATE

—one of our new spring suits in those nationally known makes such as

**SOCIETY BRAND, STEIN-BLOCH
LANGHAM**

in herring bones, pin stripes, and other fancy mixtures.

Youth, young manhood, maturity—each finds himself equally well served at this store—not only in clothes alone, but in all those articles of dress that contribute to general good appearance.

We'll be glad to show you.

*"Always the right price" We hold no
Clearance Sales.*

**Victor Barth Clothing Company
Everybody's Store**

Made It Warm for Him.

Hero—"I was made a prisoner in the war and they stripped me of all my clothing."

She—"Did you feel the cold?"

Hero—"Not at all. You see, they covered me with their rifles." —Lehigh Burr.

Grandfather—"Nearly a generation and a half ago my head was grazed by a bullet in the battle of Chickamauga."

Grandson—"Not much grazing there now, is there, grandpop?" —Hum Bug.

Boy! The Formaldehyde!

Biology Prof: "Where do all the bugs go in winter?"

Pre-med. (absent mindedly): "Search me." —Panther

On Mother's Day

Remember that the sentiment that is attached to the giving of flowers is most pronounced. We suggest placing your order early.

Columbia Floral Co.

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Co-Op or the Missouri Store

A-K at Co-Op L-Z at Missouri Store

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THE 1921 SAVITAR

Parsons Sisters

*Invite everybody to
come and see them for
their efficient service
is at your disposal.*

1005 Broadway

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"Say It With Flowers."

I took my girl
To the zoo.
To see the animals
There.
She remarked
As she pointed to
A beast all covered with
Hair:
"Oh, I think he is such
A dandelion."

I took my girl
To a dance
Where she met a fellow from
College.
She said: "It's not the crease
In his pants
That attracts me, nor his
Knowledge.
But I think he has such
A dandelion."

—P. S. L.

Constancy.

Of course you've got a Packard, dear,
And you're a dandy fellow,
But still I can't elope with you—
My papa's got a cellah. —Juggler

Barr: "I owe a great deal to that woman on
the corner."

Rale: "Sort of guiding spirit, eh?"

Barr: "Naw, she's my landlady."

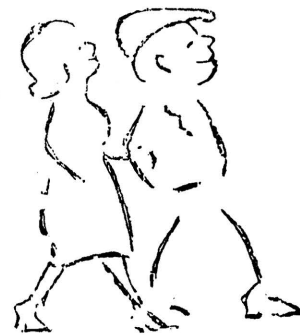
—Sun Dial

"Every time I have an argument with my wife
I enter it in a small diary."

"Ah, I see; you keep a little scrap book."

—Jester

Current Events—Two electrocuted at Sing
Sing. —Awgwan.



Shoes That Beautify

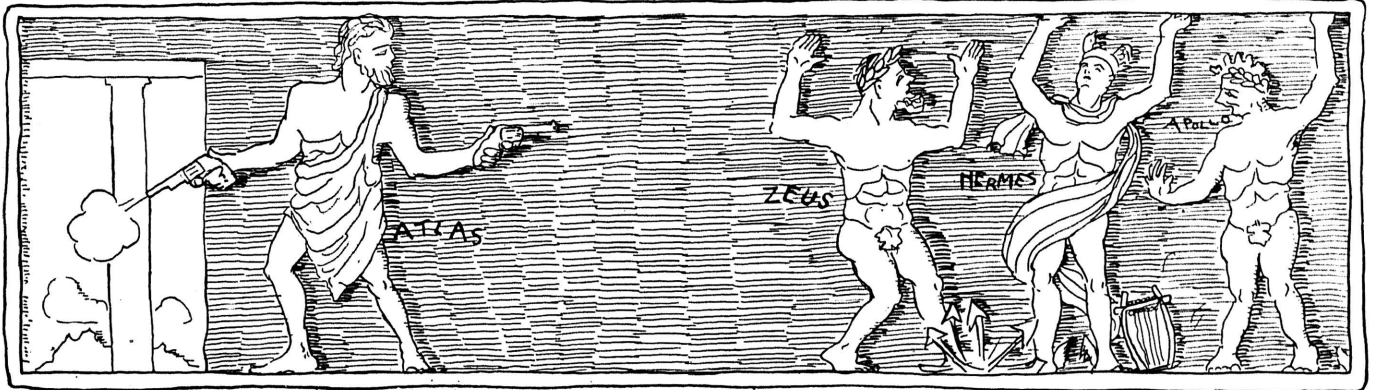
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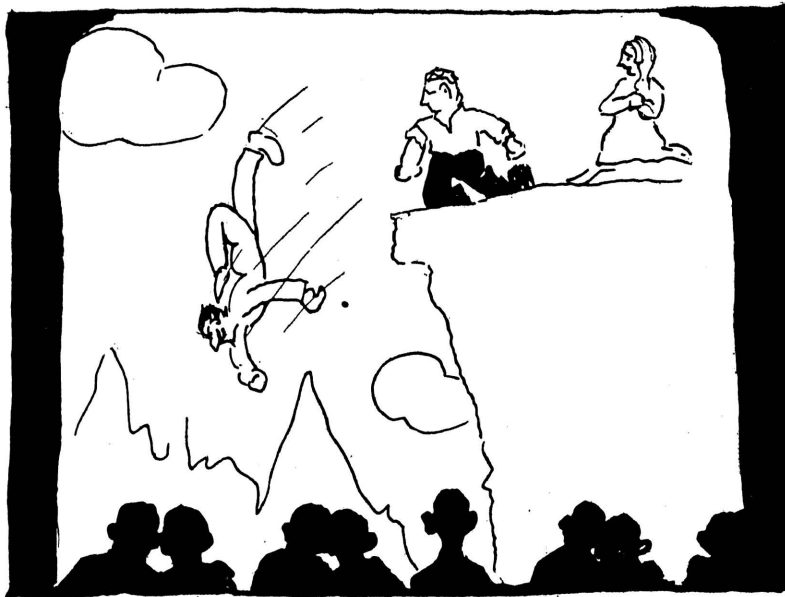




Atlas holds 'em up, and—



Bacchus puts 'em down!



Our Own High Life

Our own high life is full of thrills, but 'oft produces sundry ills when we are prone to dissipate by sleeping until half past eight. We paint the town most every night but never get it painted right, for while we try to paint it red, we find the color blue instead.

Our chief diversion, is, you know, going to the picture show, where some of us almost surpass the sleeping that they do in class. 'Tis here each night at half past seven, just as the curtain climbs to heaven we settle down in peaceful bliss awaiting Norma's two reel kiss. We listen to the thrilling strain of "Willie, waltz me 'round again," and cheer the hero on to find the man who stole his grandpa's mind. We whistle as the flag unfurls and also when the bathing girls play football on the nice, warm beach, far from the wild waves' chilling reach. More pies have passed across that screen than Mack himself has ever seen, there men are murdered, villains foiled, and girls turned on the crool, crool, would.

Just as the girl we came to see is praying at the villain's knee and we begin to wonder when the hero will drop in again there is a flicker and a flare and the operator comes up for air. This always makes the orchestra sore, as they will have to play some more, but when the drama starts again they quickly cease the sad refrain; we often wonder why 'tis so, that they get paid to watch the show. And when the plot rolls on a while some bird comes groping down the aisle, who, thinking you an empty seat, proceeds to sit on you, toot sweet! This always helps to add some zest to "The Perils of Hortense in the West."

The show is out, and as a rule we shoot a friendly stick of pool, or, if we feel unusually bold, we'll drink a coke, or anything cold. 'Tis not our lot, we all agree, to make our life one grand long spree, and our high life is nothing more than an occasional knock at a cellar door. Of course we have a few night owls who listen to their own wierd howls and try to stage a serenade on something they have found or made, but they are few and far between, and are seldom heard and never seen. So we live through this life so mild; who said that

COLLEGE DAYS ARE WILD?



Living in High Style.

A FABLE: THE WOMAN-HATER

Ernest was a Contrary Cuss and early developed into a Woman Hater on the Strength of a Whispered Nothing to the affect that a Scattering of the Town belles would not be Averse to Feeding him Fudge in the Old Porch Swing. Continued application of Soft Soap about the Ears at the Hands of other children of Gossipy temperament laid the Foundation for Ernest's later Conviction that he was a Much Sought After young Man.

He became Over-engined for his Beam.

First blood was Registered for Ernest when a visiting Under-Sub-Deb insisted on Falling in Love. In keeping Abreast of his Reputation Ernest had quickly adopted a policy of Staggering to the Socials. He figured in that way to Keep his Social Position fresh and clean though he Avoided all semblance of Partiality. The U-S-D took one look at Ernest's frankly Bored profile and called all the Girls Around so that she could Announce that One was Enough. He was to Be Hers, she Said.

Ernest heard the last Remark and it Singed his Ears. He could Understand the One Look part, but to Be publicly Claimed Upset Him. Staggering as He was Ernest had not bothered with a Program. He knew They'd look him up Before the dance was Over anyway. Unable to Determine just What numbers he Had with the Selfish Guest he Compromised by going Home at once, leaving the Selfish One to dance a Couple in Private. So much for the U-S-D.

In college Ernest Continued his Conquests. Someone whispered to Something that told Somebody else that Ernest was Blasé. He at Once began the Cultivation of a Reserve. At first he tried Sitting in the Dusk of a Movie Palace. He'd cast a Questioning, half tolerant Glance about the Place and Toward those who Sat next to Him. In his Mind he'd imagine that they Glanced up as He swept them With his Musing Scourge.

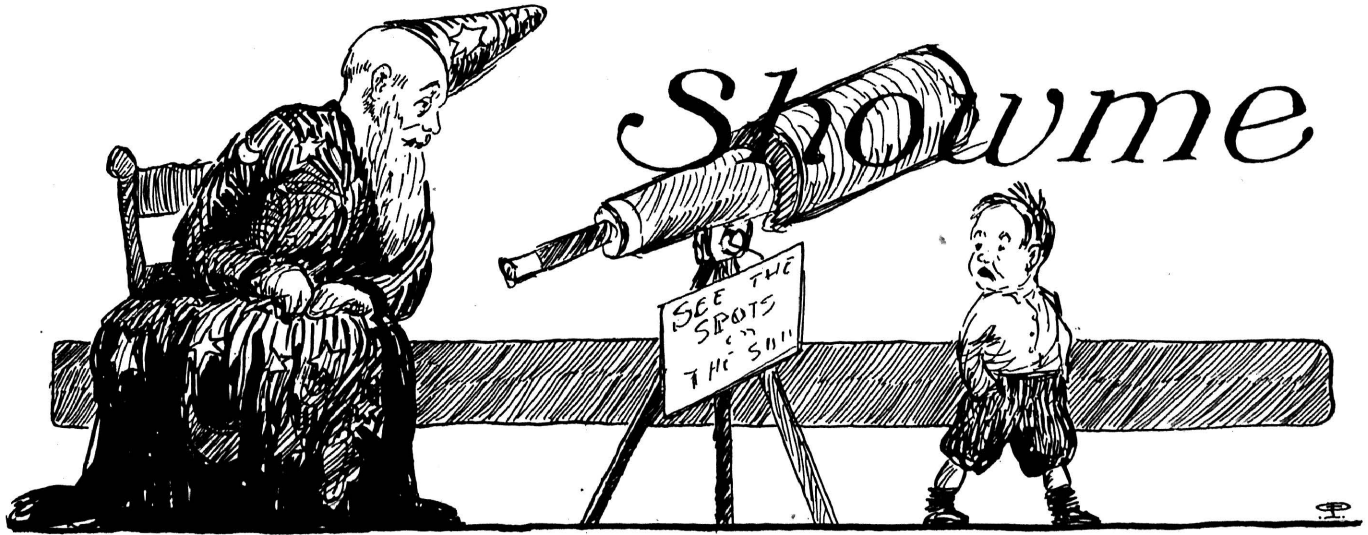
Later he went through the Sketch in the Open where the Cattle could Stare back and he Got away Big. Standing in front of some Attractive Thing he'd apparently be Examining the Back of her Neck. All this Added greatly to his Standing about the U. Ernest picked his Way carefully and was never Really in a Jam.

Ernest would have Walked home by Way of the City Limits rather than Draw a little Caustic Comment but when he Sensed the Plaudits of the Feminine Gallery it was Hard to keep him from Waving a Flag. He Stroved to conceal This Little Vanity but the Public began to Get next.

First One and then Another Murmured that a Certain guy was a Conceited Fish. Ernest Flatly denied the Charge. Still the Rumor rolled on, and Here and There fair ladies began to Snicker Slightly up their Sleeves. As long as they Echoed merely in the Arm Pits Ernest was not Troubled, but there were Those who were not so Dainty with their Ridicule. Before these last Ernest Fell.

Where Ernest Formerly could have Rated the Best in the House in the Way of Clothes Draped on what he Considered the Best in the House in the Way of Girls, he is now Faced with a Long Argument to get a Dinner Date, which same is the Lowest to Which the Male of the Species can Fall.

Moral: Be generous with What You've Got.



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The Memorial has gone over! From every corner of the campus, from eloquent four minute speeches in the class room to the midnight session and repartee over the coke glasses, came the old Tiger spirit and the willingness to sacrifice enough to make possible a fitting memorial to those sons of Old Missouri who gave all that we might live.

The success of the drive among the students and faculty has brought the Missouri Memorial Union Building down to earth. Practically the entire sum of the \$250,000 desired from the students and faculty was subscribed on the campus. The alumni will have to step lively in their campaign for \$250,000 if they expect to equal the pace set by the students, when \$100,000 was raised at the first mass meeting in two hours!

Some are remaining for Spring Term and some have other reasons.

As we go to press these sudorific days we feel that there are other places we might go with even less reluctance.

THE FARMERS' FAIR

This is one of Missouri's many wonder days. Today the big parade swings down the street, the band plays loud and long, anxious professors look alarmed at the small attendance in their classes, and in the afternoon, the gates are opened to the Sixteenth Annual, the Memorial Farmer's Fair.

The Fair is truly, as advertised, a "Missouri Institution." It is the Ag student's gala day, and the entire school rejoices with him. Side-shows, Minstrels, the Follies, the Home Economics Display, "Those Girls," all offer clever amusement for the army of students, old grads, and visitors that throng the Pike. And don't forget the time honored "Shoot the Chutes," and this year, as an added feature, an old fashioned barbecue. So join the merry crew, you who before have never witnessed such an occasion, and you who returned for the sole purpose of seeing another, and, above all, you who are leaving school this spring, for this fair may be your last one.

And when you have thoroughly enjoyed the Fair, and it is only a pleasant memory, don't forget the work that the Ag boys put in on it, and remember that all the proceeds go to the Missouri Memorial Union Building.

An Eastern university has voted to give the honor system until the end of the present school year to prove its worth. If in that time the theory that honor bound men and women can be trusted is not fully established the school authorities will go back to the "proctor" system of conducting examinations.

This action is taken at the request of the student body. The vote in favor of returning to the "proctor" system upon the failure of the honor system at the end of this term was almost unanimous.

Published reports of this action by the students and the agreement of the faculty to it have appeared in half of the cities and towns of this country. These reports were carried by press associations and all who came across the dispatches must have looked again to make sure that they read the name of the university all right. That news story was a black eye to the school.

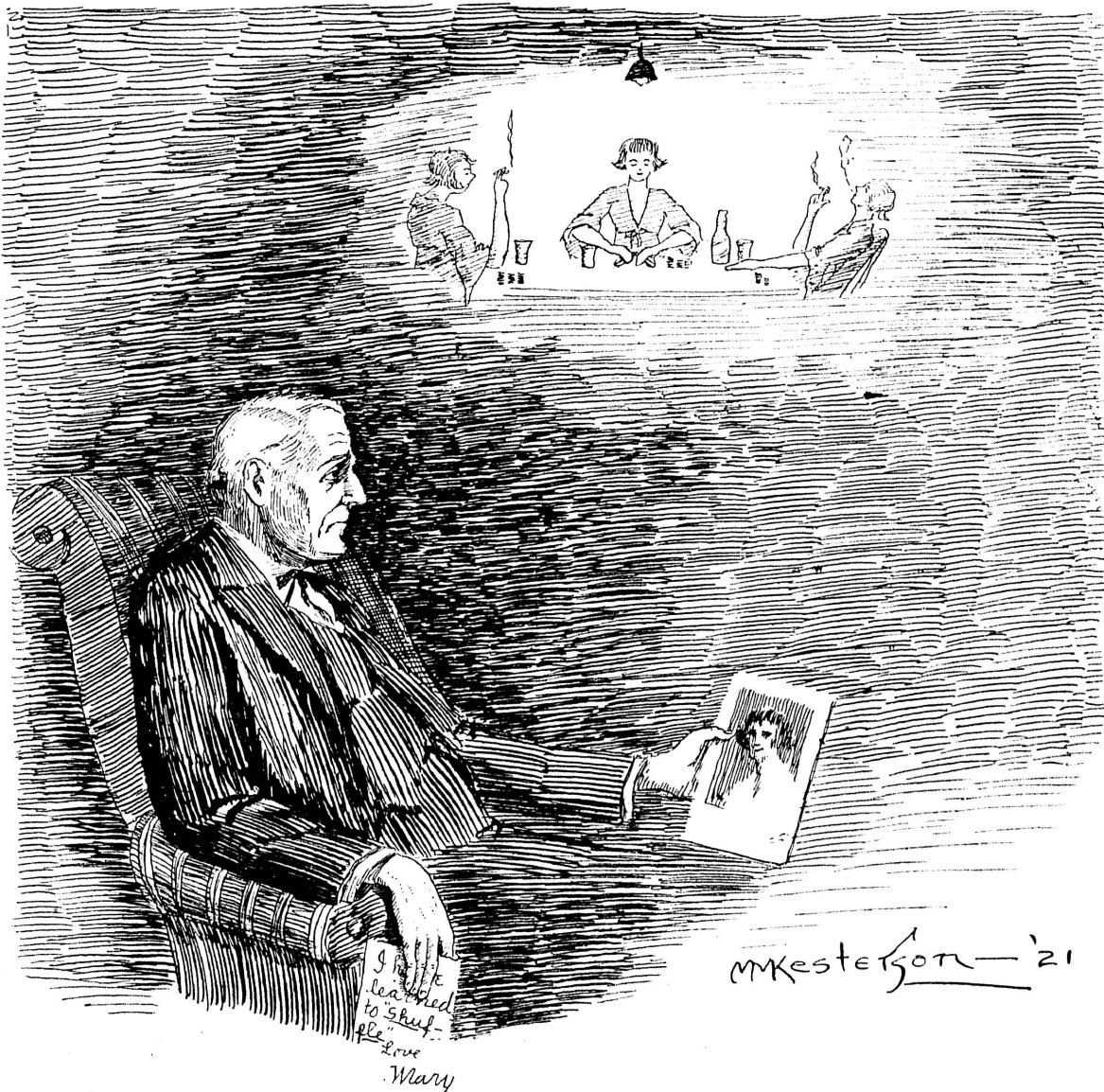
If the honor system receives less than a 100 per cent support here we may read some day that similar action has been taken at the University of Missouri. The Ag Club has declared for an aggressive enforcement of the system. Other organizations should do the same. The hurt to the prestige and reputation of our University if we should be forced to follow the action of the Eastern university would be great. We cannot afford to let the honor system die.

We guffawed at a spring "pome" the other day only to find that it was an unsigned gem by Longfellow. We still think it's pretty punk, bearing out the w. k. saying, as it were, that first impressions are more or less lasting.

The languishing eye of a beautiful girl took us in the other day which causes us to hope the poet was too conservative in limiting the springtime turning to the fancy of young men only.

Brevity is the soul of wit—just look what short skirts have done for the joke-smith, opines a contrib.

Also concentrate on the damage they've done to the ladies of croquet wicket architecture, say we.



"I'd Better Not Tell Mother."

The Sunrise Class.

Each morning I get up at night,
And dress by yellow 'lectric light,
And take my roommate's sass;
Then hurry off to snatch a bite,
And sprint away with all my might,
To make my sunrise class.

Fifteen past eight, and still four blocks.
Oh, curses on all eight o'clocks!
I'm always late, alas!
There's Nancy, waving me to stay
And gab. Dear girlie, not today:
I've got a sunrise class!

It is a most unholy hour
To fall in some professor's power.
And yet, if I must pass,
I've got to go occasion'ly
To find what's going on, you see.
Gosh darn my sunrise class!

I'm almost there; good night! behind
Is Johnny coming like the wind!
That check I had to pass
On him last week was wooden screed.
My alibi? I've got to speed
To make my sunrise class!

—L. F. P.

The New Stenog.

Mr. Foster's new stenographer was taking her first dictation.

"The case of Beckett vs. Greene," he was saying, "will be tried next week. This here—"

"Mr. Foster," gasped the girl, "you wouldn't say—"

"—this hearing will decide several important things. Curse—"

"What!"

"—cursory notices of it have appeared in the papers," continued Foster, frowning. "Paragraph. Do you remember how Miss Abbott's leg—"

"Goodness!" exclaimed the stenographer.

"—legacy was worded?" growled Foster. "The dam—"

"Oh, Mr. Foster!"

"—the damage caused by the recent fire was extensive," roared Foster. "Hell—"

The girl's hands flew to her ears. Foster gripped the arms of his chair.

"—Helton is still busy discovering our loss. I seen—"

"Wouldn't you say—"

"—I see now that our safe was worthless!" Foster rose and began to pace the floor. "Paragraph. Do you know that Grace's hip—"

"Oh!"

"—hypnotic power over a jury is remarkable? Last night we went to Bed—"

"Heavens!"

"—Bedford! to see a client she is interested in!" yelled Foster. She almost stripped—"

"Gracious!"

"—almost—tripped—up—in—taking—the—depositions! Paragraph! Go to Hell—"

"Oh! Please—"

"—to Helton for further information! That will do for today, Miss Davis! I—I'll continue some 'other time!"

—L. F. P.



Knock Out Drops.

She:—"Poor man! Did you lose your arm in the service?"

He:—"Yes'm. I got it caught in a dumb waiter."

"These cafeterias remind me of army life before the draft laws."

"How's that? 'Splain."

"Why the whole plan's based on voluntary service."



A High Life Number.

Safety First

Lies slumbering here
 One William Lake;
 He heard the bell,
 But had no brake. —Detroit News.

At fifty miles
 Drove Ollie Pidd;
 He thought he wouldn't
 Skid, but did. —Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.

Here lies John Smith,
 Wrapped in a sheet;
 He went too fast
 Thru all the sleet. —Detroit Motorist.

Lies slumbering here
 Alphonso Churl;
 He had his arm
 Around a girl. —Akron Times.

For Norman Night
 My eyes are wet;
 He tried to light
 A cigaret. —Youngstown Telegram.

To add a verse
 Makes me shiver,
 But Izzy Worse
 Raced his flivver.

I walked up the campus and peered in wonder at the dome of Academic Hall for I saw instead of the flea-bitten and weather-worn scrap heap a neatly painted dome with the window lights in and no sheets of tin flapping the breeze like the Monday's wash on the wire close line in the back yard. I walked through the first door of Academic Hall and not a single cootie was there, nor were there any Fickle Floras. The silence was earsplitting; the maze of figures before me confused my eyesight for there were no figures there! Straightway took I myself to the Palms and it was desolated. All ye who are thirsty give ear: the time was Wednesday night too. On I went in search of excitement to the library and lo! it was full of students and they were all studying!

I pinched myself. Yes, I was awake.

I looked them over carefully and the girls were all fully dressed. Too much! I covered my eyes and stole out.

As I was leaving I met a professor who did not wear a soup strainer mustache. I passed a sorority house and saw some people dancing and they were observing the four inch rule. My senses were fairly reeling. I was passing a fraternity house when suddenly I stopped as though I had seen a dime on the sidewalk. I was thunderstruck for what I heard issuing in delirious strains was the sweet tones of Traumerie coming from a violin.

I went on and on, little knowing or caring where, until I came to a spot so well known and so popular, the golf links. By the light of the big bright moon I strolled across it while the sweet cool air fanned my fevered brow. I looked and looked and saw nobody (which was perfectly all right). I fell in a faint, it was too much for me. Now kind reader I must let you in on the secret which you may have suspected already. Go ahead and say it for you are right. I was drunk.

A Mere Suggestion.

A ring,
 A bead,
 A string of pearls.
 And she's
 The queen
 Of all the girls.

"The I's have it," muttered the stude as he glanced at his study card.



"Home Again Blues.

THOSE DEAR OLD COLLEGE DAYS!

You 'oft have heard, in rhymes and lays, about those dear old College days, and you, perchance, have also seen, much college life upon the screen; but 'list to me and be not grieved, if you find that you have been deceived.

The college boy that you have met has been his mother's only pet; while father raved and tore his hair, yet son was only debonair. You see him in his sumptuous den, surrounded by his sleekened men, who leave their studies in the shade and plan some daring escapade. Perhaps they'll swoop down on an Inn, caress the bouncer on the chin, kidnap the entertainers fair, and drag them back into the lair. And next morning when the Dean, always of old bewhiskered mien, would kick our handsome hero out the students raise an awful shout. The Dean, of course, will always do just as the students wish him to, and Handsome Howard, once more at the wheel, will tear on through the last half reel.

Our College Days are great, indeed, but hardly come up to this speed, for he who burns the midnight gas can not employ his arts in class. The College Youth is gay and free and always ready for a spree, he'll turn his cuffs and darn his socks and want to borrow twenty rocks to bet Old Alma wins the game, and drink deep to her praise and fame. But when the thrill of victory's o'er, he turns to eight o'clocks once more the daily grind of finding out just what this life is all about, and there with fellow studes converse the problems of the Universe. His life is not all thrills and play; he learns what keeps the wolf away.

There are trying moments, now and then, in this gay life of college men; we meet some birds who borrow shirts and socks and ties until it hurts, and somehow never have the knack of knowing when to bring things back. They also, though with deep regrets, deplete your stock of cigarettes, these lads who just "drop in some time" to ask you for your last thin dime.

Some night when you have a swell date and know the hour is growing late, you'll dive deep down into your duds where you've concealed your new shirt studs; you might as well prepare to squawk, for it does seem that these things walk away and other masters seek; they'll be returned some time next week. Right there you start a hue and cry and swear you'll black the wastrel's eye who stole into your secret safe with all the guile of knave and waif. But all that you can really do is search another hour or two, then decorate your clean shirt front with collar buttons, brass and blunt!

Yes, college days are days well spent, and we are very well content to live these years of work and fun, to face the world when they are done. But hearken not unto the fool who says, "It's this way up to school. We go to class from nine to ten and then go back to bed again; we play around and live in style, in fact, enjoy this life a while. Our courses are not hard, you know. A tutor's only a hundred or so." And then he gives an uptown yawn, and you are mighty glad he's gone. The swan who sings this kind of song won't last in college very long.

Yes, college days are free and gay, but also hard as hell, we'll say!





Clothes Make the Man——

Now he was a Nice Boy from the Country who didn't Smoke, Drink, Chew or affect any of the other Attainments of modern Culture simply because he didn't believe he had the Time. It was his last term in the Vale of Tears and Sorrows commonly known as a course in the University. He had an excellent Standing—until he met Her.

Being as how he hadn't had time to Fool with the other species of the Human race, he thought he would have one Good Time before his period of Confinement ended. Now the sweet young thing was a confirmed Flatterer and it listened good to Him. It sounded good to hear himself being lauded as the Cleverest so-on-and-so-forth and naturally he Fell. Malted Milk dates, assembly dates, and all other kinds of Fruit from the date tree Followed.

Now he had paid his Graduation fee and bought his uniform of the All-Wise. He was about to March up with his class to receive his degree when Lo and Behold! came his professor a-running to say he had F'd Preventive Medicine.

MORAL: Don't let the Malted Milk you.

—W. E. B.

Eventually—Why Not Now?

"Mother may I go to the dance?"

"Yes, my darling daughter.

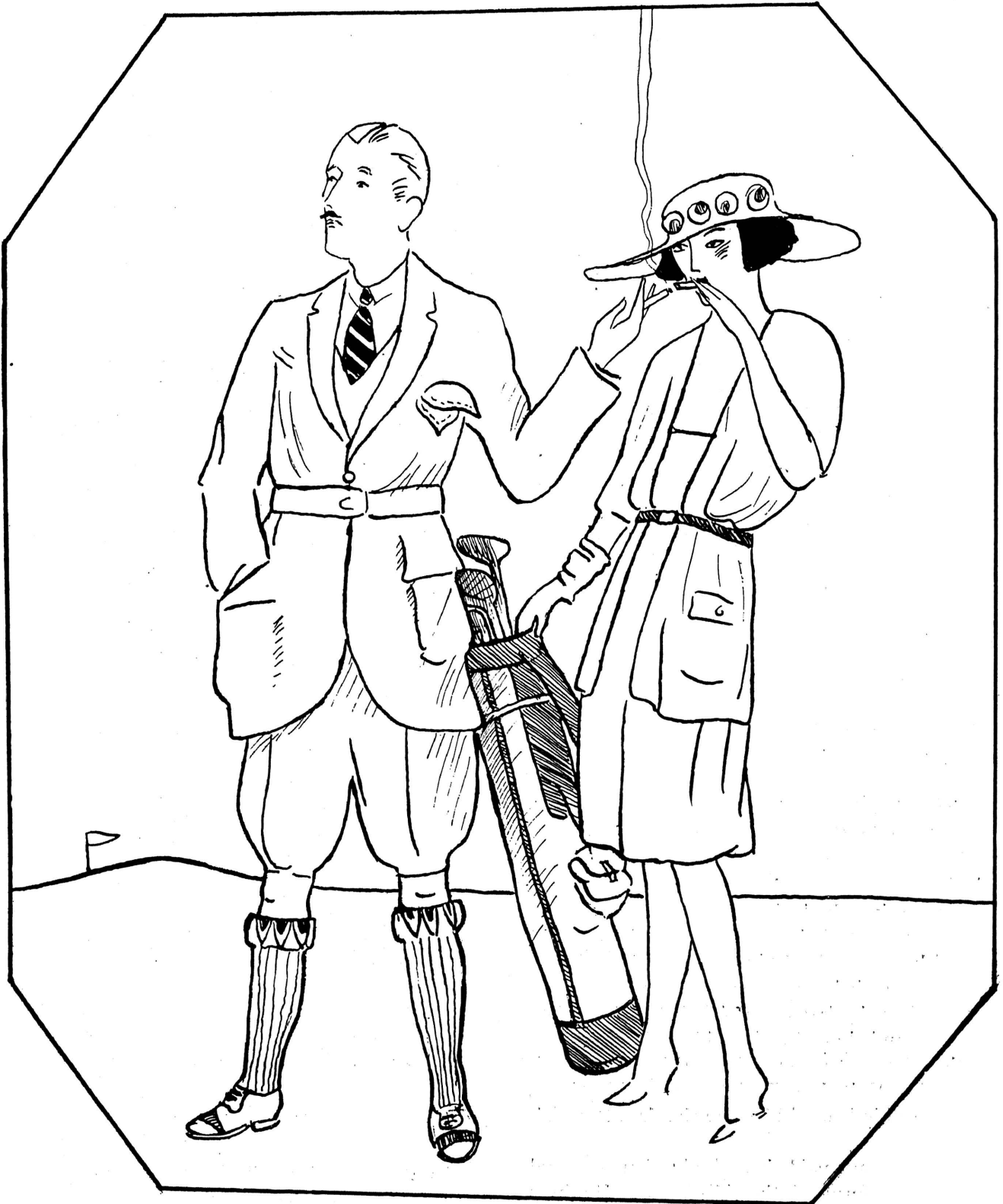
You may wear the least the law allows

And do whatever you want'er." —P. S. L.

TO THE GOLF LINKS—A SONNET.

Ah, field (and hill and vale) of green,
 Upon whose grassy face serene
 Steps verdant freshman and portly dean;
 Where graceful girls are graceful not,
 As they awkwardly slice a brassie shot
 (Cause for partners to swear a lot);
 Where prim and professional gents
 Lose calm and gain a wrath intense
 As a sphere flies gaily over the fence;
 Where co-ed and lover roam arm in arm,
 Each variously thinking of nature's charm,
 And deaf to the shouted "Fore!" alarm—
 To you will the thoughts of alumni fly,
 And not to the Columns, as poets sigh.

—T. R. C.



Light and Lighter.

Knute McNutt Says—



Now we know why Columbus landed in Cuba first.

If dead men tell no tales this ouija board sure is an awful liar.

A well known brand of soap isn't the only ivory object that is 99 44-100% pure. (Use your head, man, use your head.)

When a fashion ad announces a big reduction in skirts it is no sign that they are going down.
—Oran Jade

"The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra, la, have nothing to do with the case."

"Yes, but the pins that bloom in the spring, tra, la,—Oh, Boy!"

Not Quite Almost.

"What did she say when you kissed her on the left cheek?"

"She said it didn't seem right."

Here lies the bones
Of one John Jones,
Who was nobody's fool;
He nobly died
Because he tried
To down too much White Mule!

"Ikey, vy did you buy Rachel that riding suit?"
"Vell, she said she had to habit."

Ain't It So?

A penny's worth of powder
And a little dab of paint
On a homely woman's face
Makes you think she's what she ain't.

—P. S. L.

"Jones and I were discussing his latest recipe for brew."

"Oh, yes; a currant topic, eh?"

"They shall not pass," roared the prof as he tore up the exam papers.

Theatre manager to prospective prima donna
—"Can you sing Dardanella?"

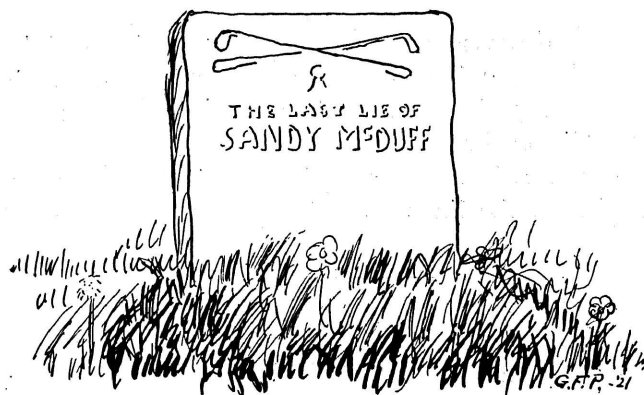
Applicant—"No, I can't."

T. M.—"Thank Gawd, for that." —Awgwan.

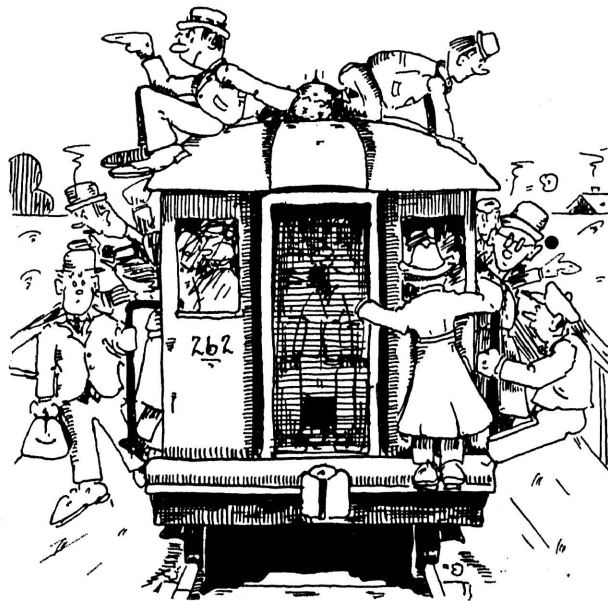
"I hear that the Widow threw down the Juggler."

"Yeah, I guess he was trying to Jester."

The violets bloom
Upon the grave
Of Roy Augustus Powers;
He tried to give his wife
A bunch of
Artificial flowers!



On the Green.



Homeward Bound.

An inspired ad writer told a waiting public in the last issue of the Showme that there are twelve mountains of greater height than Pikes Peak. Our favorite periodical recently set forth that there are 62,000 different species in the Mollusca division of the Invertebrata. We can name the oyster, the muscle and the tea-hound.

Pun: (Passing the fish pond on the Road to Coke). Looks like the gold fish will be with us soon.

Ster: (Gazing at approaching four-button-sack model topped with a College Hat) Yeah, too bad they ain't all gold.

An otherwise wise man is said to have slyly kicked a golf ball out from behind a tree, which explains, perhaps, why they so constantly refer to a "lie on the green."

We are further tempted to add that many a stroke on the links go unrecorded.

"Yes sir, this is certainly fraternity weather."

"Howzat?"

"Gives you the grip."

—Gargoyle

"Box of Handkerchiefs?"

We suggested

While carry

Ing a pack

Age for a

Young lady

She said

"No" and

We blushed

And

She didn't and

We thought how

Times have changed.

"I say, have you a cigarette?"

"Sorry, old dear, but I'm all fagged out."

Would You Mind Playing a Waltz?

"By George, what do they call that dance?"

"Well, it's rather chic to cheek!"

Mc—"Is my mouth open?"

Duff—"No."

Mc—"Well, it ought to be; I'm talking."



OUR GREAT DEMOCRATIZER.

Every dog has his day, and so every sport has its most enthusiastic backers, those who will brave the autumnal blasts to watch the gridgers maul each other for collegiate supremacy, those who covet the glare of the arclights and the sight of the square arena with gladiators, their paws ensconced in 8-ounce gloves, prancing about on fresh sawdust; but the sport which has caused the poets to write of the immortal "Casey," and which furnished amusement and recreation for a half million American people almost every day in the summer, is our national pastime.

Little did A. G. Spaulding, Reach and all the other veterans and their cohorts realize as they tossed the horsehide about barehanded and without the appliances of the present generation, that they were introducing a game which was to revolutionize the sporting blood of America, and who knows, perhaps the sporting blood of the world. Back-yards once alive with flowers and green things have been turned into miniature ball parks by the future sons of America; a minute's ride from the busiest corner in the biggest city in the land can be found the American Boy playing the game he loves, because his father played it and loved it; our biggest city's dailies each afternoon in summer, push into the background of a second page, the day's usual run of news, throw a different color ink in the presses and as the city's population ply their way homeward, announce in screaming headlines, "Reds' vicious attack whips Blues." Not another Bolshevik uprising, but only the American populace gone "baseball mad."

No city is too busy, no village too small, but what it can support some sort of a baseball team. Our huge manufacturing plants in search of a form of amusement upon which to divert the minds of their employees when off duty have organized baseball teams, built regulation parks and financed the entire undertaking. "What did Babe Ruth do this afternoon" is the nearest the busy city business man comes to a conversation with the overalls and dinner pail hanging on to the strap next to his in

the subway or the "L," yet it is a start toward a greater democratization of our country.

Not is the fact that "Babe" did or did not get his 50th home run of such paramount importance in the country's affairs, but it is an outlet for everyone's enthusiasm along a common channel. The banker, the coal driver, the minister, the carpenter, and the senator can talk in intimate terms without the least feeling of self consciousness.

The heart and the mind of our University must play as well as our bodies. Out there in the grandstand and on the bleachers one can forget the stiff quiz and the long hours of vigil over the books which are to come, and having witnessed a peppery game of the national pastime return to the books refreshed in mind and spirit.

The American heart is a big heart. Give it full play. "Play up, play up, and play the game."

THE TIGER SHARPENS HIS CLAWS.

Yea, verily, spring is here. Just as tolling bells at midnight of December 31st ring out the old and ring in the new, so the welcome sound of hickory against horsehide, and familiar "Eeh Yah" from the coacher's box, ushers out the last blustery blasts of March and screams recognition for the first days of spring and the opening of the baseball season. "There's none can compare with" the balmy spring days when the Old Gold and Black uniformed diamond pastimers clash with the best in the Valley.

We have confidence in the nine which John Miller will send against Drake for the initial cannonading in the 1921 rush for the gonfalon. Last year was a punk year. Why deny it? The team was green, only two men having had previous experience. The team as a whole could not hit their weight, there was a pitiable weakness behind the plate and one good pitcher tried to keep the Missouri nine out of the cellar and was fairly successful. However, the team performed well in the field.

This last phase of last year's nine was all that Coach Miller cared to remember. The rest he was

glad to forget. So erasing the past, he has begun anew. New dogs and new tricks has been the secret of spring training endeavor. The theory about the old dog and his inability to assimilate new tricks has been forgotten.

Of the nine which will represent Missouri on the diamond this season, not more than four men of last season's squad are certain of berths. The infield will be almost the same, with the battery, outfield and offensive almost in entirety, new. The 1921 squad may not win the Valley bunting, but the nine is full of all kinds of ginger and every baseball game will be a contest worth seeing.

In the first place the morale of the team is going to be at high ebb throughout the season. The men who will make up the squad when the final cut is made are those who have fought hard against a galaxy of talent for their positions. It is doubtful if a coach ever faced such a task as Coach Miller has been confronted with this season in the selection of a team. As an example, last year it was necessary for him to find a backstop. When he was found there was no substitute. This season four receivers of known calibre made their appearance and any one could have been the first string catcher of last year.

The four men from last season's nine who are certain of berths are Captain Lowrance, the clever outfielder from the jazzapation center of the world, famous for Handy's "Blues;" "Sunny Bill" Stroeter who will handle the 1st base proposition; Carl Huber, the doughty second sacker, who is credited with having starred at Soldan in St. Louis when in reality his pre-University days were spent in a suburb of Clarkesville, Missouri, and last but not least, Bob Lam who hula hulas around the infield.

The capabilities of the Tiger leader need no comment, as he is far and away the dandiest skipper in the loop. He lariats the horsehide in great shape, fore and aft, port and starboard and in addition shakes a mean stick at the plate. Charley's two principle courses at the University are baseball the national pastime. With the above mentioned trio to open up on for the inner defense Coach Miller has but one worry and that merely a question

of who is the best. Buss Williams and Jack Fulbright are waging a merry bout for the look-in corner. The former has a slight edge in fielding and the latter leads in strokes, and just at present has a slight lead on his opponent. Either man will top off the infield in great shape. None of the three veterans are A-1 sluggers but all are comparable only to major league stars when it comes to fielding their positions.

Dick O'Reilly has just about nailed his nameplate on the left field job. He is a beautiful fielder and cracks the ball with precision. O'Reilly is a suitable running mate to the commander-in-chief, in center field. In the right garden Coach Miller is in something of a quandery. Bunker and Simpson, both catchers by trade look good for the post.

The Tiger mentor is demanding that his outfielders carry one line of goods in stock and that one, hits. Bunker and Simpson have the edge over other candidates because of their slugging ability. Berry, Williams, Roberts and numerous others are capable fielders but are not the consistent hitters that Miller is in quest of.

Behind the log when the opening shot is fired will be Leo Murphy. There has been no chance for the other three capable candidates because of the surpassing brilliancy of Murphy's showing in practice games. Murphy's greatest asset is his headwork, which when capitalied means his ability to shoulder the burdens of the entire defense when it is necessary to creep out of deep, dark holes. In addition he is a finished receiver and an accurate thrower.

In the box there are as many as a half dozen possibilities. Of the entire flock a southpaw hurler looks the best. Lefty Pruitt has many of the qualities most to be desired in a winning hurler. Best of all he has shown that he has control of the spheroid. He has fair smoke and a nice curve ball. He has shown himself cool under fire and a smart pitcher in all practice games. Second honors among the slabmen seems to go to Joe Smith who has smoke and lots of headwork upon which to base his claim for regular duty. Ficklin, Harrison, Maddox, Howery and Luther are other mound artists most likely to see duty.

.. "There's certainly a clear ring to Mary's voice."
"Yes indeed; she's our dinner belle."

"Come, you eleven," called the coach to his team.

Wear and Tear.

Editor—What you need is more local color.

Authoress—Oh! I just painted up an hour ago!

—Penn. State Froth.



Steals



Arma-Virumque

I like the gentle oc-to-pus,
 Because he's such a funny cuss;
 His eyes jut out like bar-na-cles,
 Or little half grown mussel shells;
 And though he boasts no other charms,
 The creature has a hundred arms—
 So here with Maisie 'neath the tree
 I fain the oc-to-pus would be!
 —Cap and Gown.

Novelize It.

1921—Did you see that movie called Oliver Twist?

Frosh—Yes, and say, wouldn't that make a peach of a book?
 —Brown Jug.

Here's a Twr.

She frowned on him
 And called him Mr.
 Because in fun
 He merely Kr.
 So out of spite
 The next good night
 The naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.
 —From the Big U (U. S. S. Utah)

Well Done.

"Maybelle certainly has wonderful presence of mind."

"Well, she got away with some pretty good ones of mine, too."

—Chapparal

Ain't It The Truth?

She: "Gee, it's hard to part with—"

He (expectantly): "Yes, go on."

She (continuing): "A toothless comb."

—Burr

"At last year's class smoker we had beer; this year it was cider."

"Oh, that was tough."

"No, it was hard."
 —Punch Bowl

He Auto Anyway.

"Poor Percy's chauffeur has quit, and he has to drive his car now."

"That's all right; he'll find out what it means to shift for himself."
 —Gargoyle

William: "Jennings has a remarkable imagination."

Bryan: "What do you mean?"

William: "When he drinks near-beer he makes a wry face."
 —Juggler

"Do you believe in love at first sight, old dear?"

"Well, I would hate to think that some people married after a second look."
 —Juggler

The barbers cut your dangling hair
 And charge you fifty cents;
 I let my hair grow long and cut
 The overhead expense.
 —Chapparal

*Hi Student
You Can't Do It
But
Do You Know*

The Central Bank Can

Luke McLachlan, President
J. C. McLachlan, Vice-President
Sara A. Hall, Cashier
C. E. Backshire, Asst. Cashier

Editor of Who's Who to applicant for write-up: What qualifications have you for space in the book?

Applicant: I am a college graduate; a member of a fraternity and during my four years of higher education I gave my fraternity badge to only twenty-six girls.

Editor: Accepted on the last count.

Oscar, Turn the Record Over.

"That married couple remind me of a victrola."

"You don't say?"

"Yes, he's a crank, and she's always wound up."

Incandescent?

"Mr. Simp, can you give me the first example of the electric light?"

"Yes, sir; Noah's arc."

Our Landlords.

They arrested our janitor
On Tuesday last
And threw him in jail
For raising a draft—
On the furnace.

"Sure the food's on the bum;
The punishment's crueller."
Then he grew optimistic:
"Yet this is no cooler—
Than the flats."

—P. S. L.

Many a man who boasts of having ancestors that came over in the Mayflower couldn't get by the immigration authorities now-a-days.

"They arrested the baker."

"For why?"

"They say he was raisin pies."



Announcing the very latest in
Spring clothing for Men.

NEW
HATS, CAPS, FURS
and
SUITS

S. and B. Co. Co.
SYKES & BROADHEAD

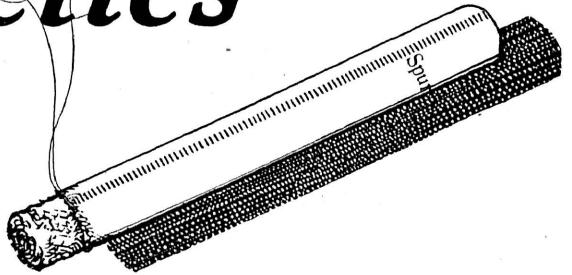
Spur

Cigarettes

the

Only
One

that's



4 leaf blend

Crimped

That good old tobacco taste—from the Kentucky Burley heart-leaf. *Spicy Aroma* from the choicest Macedonian. "Life" and sparkle are in the golden leaf from ol' Virginny. And *cool burning* Maryland leaf. ***You can't beat that hand.***

No other cigarette has the crimped "edges." A very clever (patented) machine *clinches* the edges to hold firmly. No paste of any kind. And that's why Spurs burn slower and more evenly.

GEERY

Jeweler

THE NINTH STREET JEWELER

SHARP STUFF

Straitedge,
I pay
Homage
To thee
Though I
Ostentatiously
Vaunt thee,
Deep
In thee
Nadir
Of my
Ventricle,
I am
Cognizant
That
It means
My butchered
Countenance
In great big
Chunks
When
I employ
Thee
Because
Thee
Darn near
Hews
My aforementioned
Physiogy
Off.

R. A. B.

Dick: "Diogenes had the dope."
Martha: "Yes?"
Dick: "He didn't even try to find an honest woman."
—Exchange.

At the Soda Fountain.

Customer—"Your cream is very good."

Clerk—"It ought to be; I just whipped it."

—Drexerd.

He—"I'm the best dancer in the country."

She (sweetly)—"Yes—in the country."

—Siren.

1—"Your pocket doesn't seem to grow any fatter."

2—"No, there's no change in it." —Awgwan.

"Yes, Wilkins wrote six shows in four months, and now he's had to go the sanitarium to recover."

"Kinda played out, eh?" —Tiger

Commencement

1001 Gifts

Missouri pillows, Wall Banners, Skins
with Mo. Seals, Memory Books, Kodak Books, Framed Column Pictures.

University Seal Jewelry

JOE JANOUSEK ART SHOP

Hook, Line, and Sinker.

"And thirty dollars was all you paid for that suit? Sounds pretty fishy to me."

"Yes, it's herringbone, you know." —Widow

"I am some wild boy. They wouldn't let me in a cabaret last night."

"How's that?"

"Closing time." —Jack-O-Lantern

"How do you happen to know that insurance agent?"

"Oh, we met by accident." —Jack-O-Lantern

Hot Stuff.

Editor—"We can't accept this poem. It isn't verse at all; merely an escape of gas."

Aspiring poet—"Ah! I see; something is wrong with the meter." —The Medley

"How dry I am!" murmured the congressional record to itself. —Banter

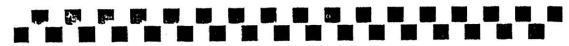


That box of candy that you will buy for her at the Memorial Farmer's Fair is the kind she appreciates—made in the candy kitchen of

Harris'

Perfection in Confection

MILLARD & SISSON



She—"My face is my fortune!"

He—"How long have you been broke?"

—Drexerd.

"Three balls," yelled the umpire.

"Now's your chance to soak it," yelled the excited pawnbroker's clerk to the batsman.

—Drexerd.

Sweet Minutes

Precious are the minutes at Ye Cozy Nook when you're with the one you like best. We help still more by serving the best in ice cream and other awfully good things.

JIMMIE'S COLLEGE INN

Banting.

"Why so thin, my pretty maid?"
 "I'm on a fast, kind sir," she said.
 "And how fast are you now?" he said,
 "That's none of your affair," she said.
 —Georgia Cracker.

Fruitful.

"The stork has brought a little peach,"
 The nurse said with an air.
 "I'm mighty glad," the father said,
 "He didn't bring a pair."
 —Washington and Lee Mink.

In Stock.

Customer—I would like to see some cheap
 skates.
 Saleslady—Just a minute; I'll call the boss.
 —Carnegie Puppet.

The Function.

Gage—Why is your house all lit up this evening?
 Howard—Our cook's daughter is one of the season's debutantes and they're having the coming out ball tonight. —Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Take Your Choice.

Clarence (to the waiter as he enter)—Let me know when it is eleven-thirty.
 Lucy (sweetly)—The time or the check?
 —Ohio Sun Dial.

Never Say Dye.

There was a young lady named Esther,
 Loved a tailor who never caressed her,
 So her plight was most dire
 'Til she slipped in the mire,
 Her tailor then cleaned her and pressed her.
 —California Pelican.

If You Plan to Furnish Your House for Next Year Let us figure with you.

We will arrange terms to meet your requirements and can guarantee you a saving on your bill whether large or small. We put the furniture in your home in perfect condition and are on the ground to back our guarantee.

PARKER FURNITURE COMPANY

16 North 10th Street

Won't Jack Rare?

1st Co-Ed:—(Discussing certain members of the opposite sex.) "I don't see why you and Mary think Jack is such a fine fellow. You both brag about it every time he asks you for a date."

2nd. Co-Ed:—"Why girlie, it's a rare treat to date with him."

1st. Ditto:—"Yes it may be. But they are rare treats he ever gives you."

Struck Dumb.

Dido—"Do you remember when you were first struck by my beauty?"

Aeneas—"Yes, dearest. It was at the masked ball." —Sun Dial.

And They Call That Stylish.

"Here comes a plucky girl."

"How do you know?"

"Look at her eyebrows." —Sun Dial

"Ah ha!" shrilled the Jayhawk, as he made a great flutter in building his stadium-union, "I own the Valley."

"Ho, ho!" roared the Tiger, as he came from his first football game in it, "It's a shame these fellows can't manage their own property."

Select Your Graduating
Gifts Now

Diamonds

Watches Cut Glass

Silverware Novelties

Lindsey's

"Gifts That Last"

918 Broadway

Phone 58

First Flea: "Been on a vacation?"

Second Flea: "No, on a tramp."—Tar Baby.

"We get one week's vacation instead of two this year."

"Oh, well, half a loaf is better than none." —Lampoon

CLEANING

DYING

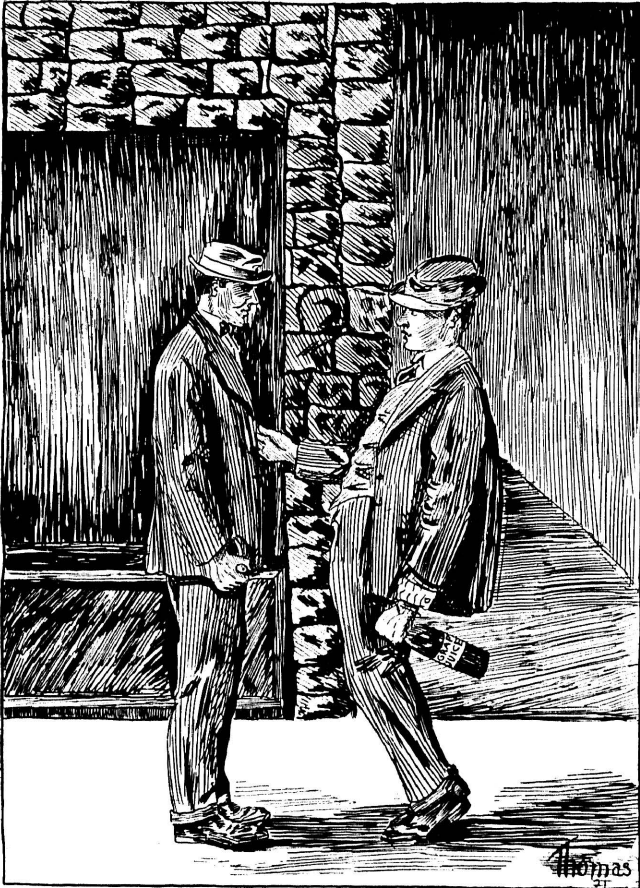
HARREL'S

Fine Tailoring

Phone 381

PRESSING

REPAIRING



"It Ain't What It Used to Be."

Putting It Fairly.

Little Willie: "Pass me the butter."

Mother (reproachfully): "If what, Willie?"

Willie: "If you can reach it." —Gargoyle

"They can't say but this college turns out some pretty good men," wheezed the professor as he flunked the varsity's star ball player.

—Sun Dodger

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise;
He bought a lot of raisins
But they weren't for raisin pies.

You are sure of getting good
candy, fresh from the
factory at the

PENNANT

Sam Myerson

"Wasn't her bathing suit just a trifle——"

"That's all I could see to it—A mere trifle."

"Is he hard at work?"

"HardFerocious!"

—Frivol

A Modern Laundry
Cleans And
Takes It All Out

This is what we will do for you when
we take your clothes.

DRY CLEANING
and PRESSING

We Shoulder Your Laundry Burden

Dorn-Cloney Laundry

Phone 116

107 S. Eighth St.

Good Riddance.

"Well, Margaret is engaged."
 "Who's the happy man?"
 "Her father."

—Jester.

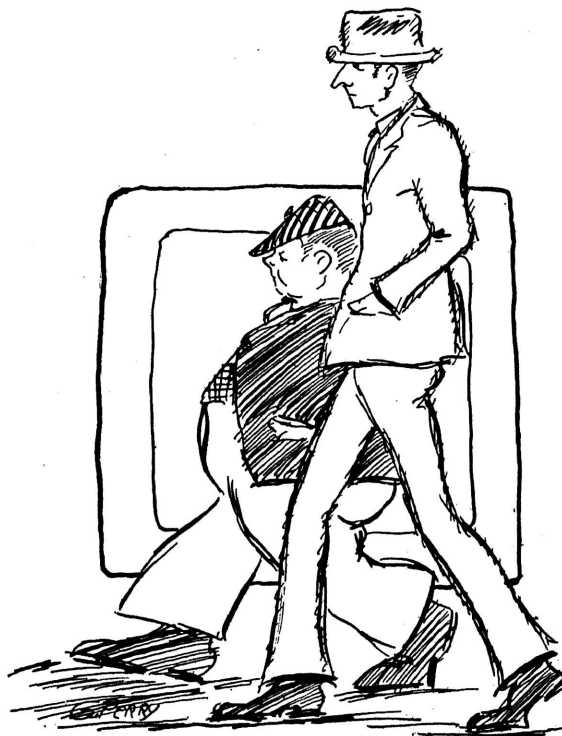
True

Nobody sees
 A big hole
 In a little
 Girl's stocking.
 But a little
 Hole in a big
 Girl's stocking
 Will start a
 Parade!

—Burr.

Clarissa: "Don't you love Coles Philip's women, though?"

Freddie: "Why, I don't know. Who does he step out with?"
 —Sun Dodger



Big Men About College.

THE DRUNKARD'S CURSE

I have followed the hearse of all my hopes,
 I have buried them one by one,
 Gaze upon me, and you will see
 What the curse of drink has done.

I too had a wife, and a child and a home,
 But now I am all alone,
 O God! I should never have taken
 That first insidious ice cream cone.

My mother said: "Willie lay off that vanilly,
 Them phosphates will lead you astray,
 The devil himself is in sarsaparilly,
 Hidden in them fountains so gay."

But fool that I was, I laughed her to scorn,
 "I can take it, or leave it alone."
 And I drank that same day a chocolate frappe,
 Oh! God! If I had but known.

But one day an angel came into my life.
 "I believe in you, Clarence," she said.
 And I loved her so dearly that for one long year
 nearly
 A temperate life I led.

And a baby came, as babies will,
 And grew to a babbling child.
 But I craved all the time, just the juice of one lime,
 And the thought of it drove me wild.

One day I fell into an ice cream den,
 I slunk with a sinful slink;
 And I staggered home when night came on
 A victim again of drink.

That night of shame is a dreadful dream
 That will haunt till the day of my death.
 When I kissed her, my child cried in accents so
 wild:
 "You have rasp-berry crush on your breath."

What will become of this wreck of a man,
 This quivering broken reed?
 "Another parfait with a straw, I say."
 God! What a life to lead.

MORAL: It you must drink, be sure
 you do it at the place that
 serves the very best.

The Tavern Drug Store

*A Victrola, Brunswick
Piano or Player*

will bring music right
into your home. Our
payment plan makes it
possible.

Taylor Music Company

Curtain

History Prof: "Mr. Brown, how did the ancient cliff dwellers keep warm?"

Mr. Brown: "I guess they used the Mountain Ranges." —Tar Baby

Old Stuff.

Professor: "Give me an example of the double negative."

Frosh: "I don't know none." —Burr

"Say, Jack, look at that blue fox fur on that girl over there."

"It's pretty, but no fox ever lived that color."

"No, but it dyed that color." —Exchange

Chem Prof: "Why didn't you filter this?"

Student: "I didn't think it would stand the strain." —Brown Jug

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The Longer You Wait the More It Costs.

SEE

W. M. BEAL

Special General Agent of Missouri

of the

INTERNATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

of St. Louis

A Spring, tra la, Number!

The next issue of the *SHOWME* will be published during the Spring term. If you are not in school, it will be mailed to you at your home address.

Write your name and address on this sheet, tear it out and mail it to---

The SHOWME

311 Guitar Building

We will meet you at the station next fall

English Clothes

Made in

America

Stylers for Young Men

Gordon & Koppel

Columbia

Kansas City