

278

THE OUTLAW

EXCHANGE

NUMBER



[COVER FROM DODO]

Engraved Personal Cards for Commencement

Also beautiful stationery for graduation presents---
Portfolios in leather, suitable for both men and
women.

HERALD-STATESMAN

107 SOUTH NINTH STREET

VIRGINIA BUILDING

Fraternity---Sorority

Crests

Seals

Pins

We can give you the best in materials,
workmanship, and service.

We have in stock the very thing you
wish to give for a gift.

Drop in and look them over. We are
certain that you will be pleased.

Buchroeder Jewelry Company

Don't Fuss With Your Hair That Is Our Work

We can do it just as you want it done.
Besides it will not get you all out of
humor for the dance.

We will put in that final touch of
beauty, which makes your hair dis-
tinctive.

Phone for Appointment. Call

Parsons Sisters' Beauty Parlor



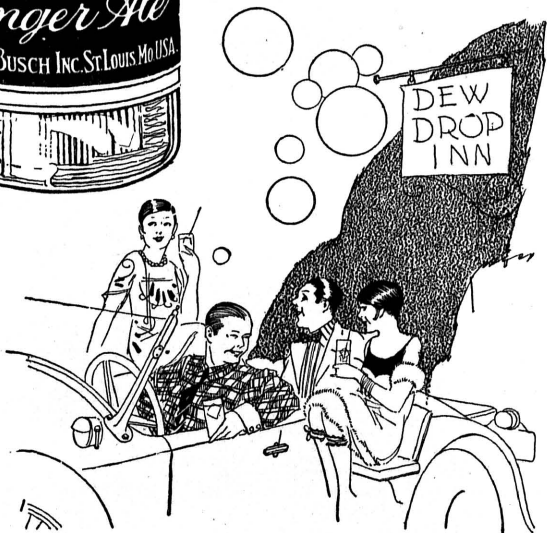
Back in those good old days when the daring undergrads rode their bikes around town with their feet on the handle bars, and a race between two-wheelers was a gala event—even in those good old days Anheuser-Busch was nationally known among good fellows.

And now, with bicycles as rare as free lunch and pretzels,



BUSCH (A-B) PALE DRY

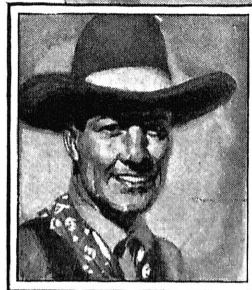
is the favored drink of college men because, like the college man, Busch Pale Dry is a good mixer everywhere and every time.



ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS
PAYNE-ROTH GRO. CO.

Distributors

Columbia, Mo.



Leather face or baby face

Spreading the gospel of the Mennen Shave naturally makes me notice faces a whole lot.

I've been handed the keys of the city by men with faces as tender-skinned as a baby's and others with faces that looked like a Sunday roast-of-beef on Wednesday.

And they all swear by Mennen Shaving Cream.

Take Mennen Shaving Cream first. Never mind the adjectives. Here's a lather that can reduce *anybody's* whiskers—I don't care how horny and wiry they are—to absolute and complete limpness. It's a process—Dermtation—that Mennen discovered and no competitor has ever got the hang of.

If you're one of those 3-brush-dabs and 7-second-razor artists, it gives you a *shave*—a close shave—better than you've ever had before. A shave that stays all day.

And if you've got a tender, shave-every-other-day skin, your razor goes through literally without any pull or scrappy feeling. A clean, smooth de-bearding every day.

Next, there isn't any sort of a face that isn't better off for a little squeeze of Mennen Skin Balm rubbed over the shaved area. It comes in tubes and gives a wholly delightful, cooling sensation—tingling, refreshing. It tones up the tissue—soothes any possible irritation. It's greaseless—absorbed in half a minute—and as sensible as putting on a clean collar to go and see your best girl.

Same way with Mennen Talcum-for-Men. Made so it won't show on your face. Drys the skin thoroughly. Antiseptic. Leaves a gorgeous silk-like film that protects against wind, rain, sun or a scraggly collar.

In other words, the Mennen Complete Shave is great stuff for he-men who have discovered that there's a lot of virtue in being comfortable—to say nothing of being really well-groomed.

Step into your corner drug store today and get the makings. It's a good habit to get habituated to.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

READY-TO-WEAR

MILLINERY

SHOES

GOLDMAN'S



"Do you file your finger nails?"
 "No, I throw them away after cutting them off."
 —Michigan Gargoyle



Have Lunch
 at Jimmie's—

Enjoy this special place luncheon
 prepared especially for students.

You will be on time for your one
 o'clock class because of our good
 service.

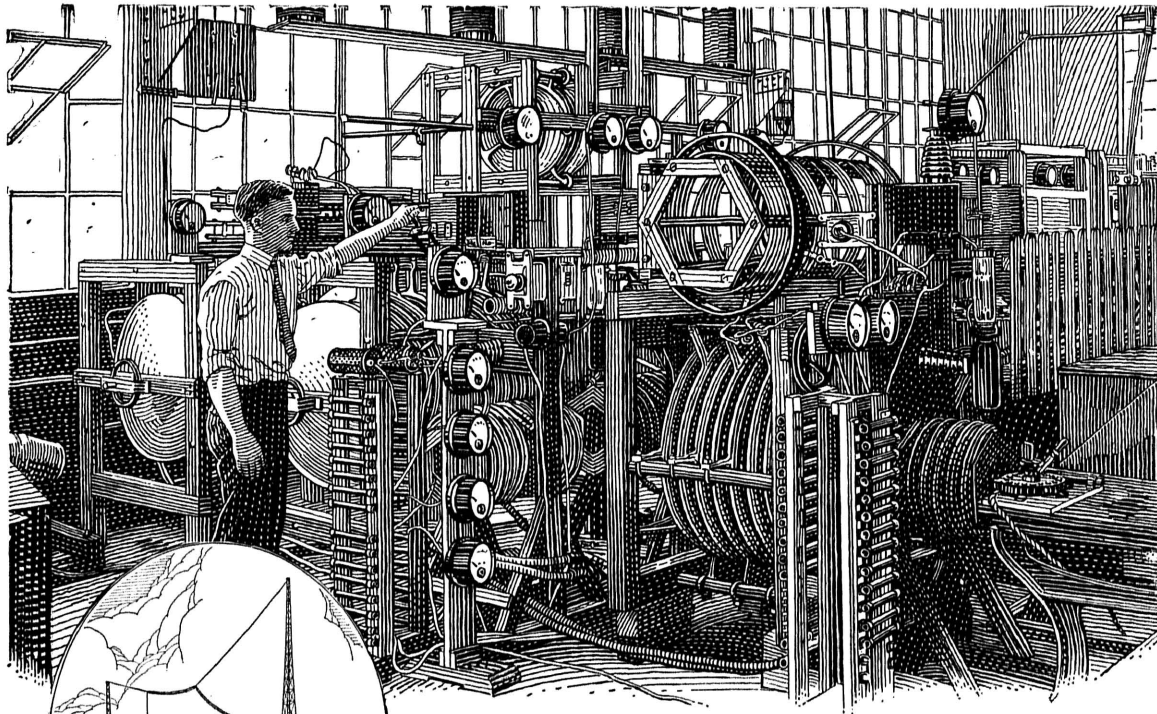
Dine With Your Friends

Jimmie's College Inn Cafe

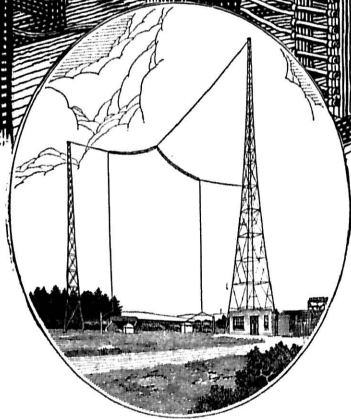


On Sale April 1

KATHARINE BRUSH writes of jaunty gentlemen and of women with the warm breath of love on their lips. "Never Keep a Diary" is the kind of story she enjoys writing and you will enjoy reading. The illustrations for it are gay and delightful ones, by Arthur William Brown.



One of the power amplifier stages of the world's first super-power transmitter



Antenna of super-power transmitter

The World's Loudest Voice

On the rolling plains of South Schenectady, in several scattered buildings, is a vast laboratory for studying radio broadcasting problems. Gathered here are many kinds and sizes of transmitters, from the short-wave and low-power sets to the giant super-power unit with a 50- to 250-kilowatt voice.

Super-power and simultaneous broadcasting on several wave lengths from the same station are among the startling later-day developments in radio. And even with hundreds of broadcasting stations daily on the air throughout the land, these latest developments stand for still better service to millions of listeners.

Only five years old, yet radio broadcasting has developed from a laboratory experiment into a mighty industry. And alert, keen young men have reaped the rewards.

But history repeats itself. Other electrical developments will continue to appear. And it will be the college man, with broad vision and trained mind, who will be ready to serve and succeed.



From the studio of WGY in Schenectady, six miles from the developmental station, there may be controlled a great number of transmitters, one of which is the first super-power transmitter in the world.

WGY, together with its associates, KOA of Denver and KGO of Oakland, is the General Electric Company's assurance to the American public that radio broadcasting shall be maintained upon the highest standards.

A new series of G-E advertisements showing what electricity is doing in many fields will be sent on request. Ask for booklet GEK-1.

95-138DH

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK



The starry night has a thousand eyes,
The time worn saying goes;
I wish that it went on to say
Just why, each night, in my Ford coupe
You have a thousand no's.

—Penn State Froth

Walk and Save

"Pa, what's a pedestrian?"
 "The owner of a second hand automobile."
 —Drexerd.

The Pessimist

He flunked in Latin, he flunked in Chem,
 They heard him hoarsely hiss,
 "I'd like to get the guy who said
 'That ignorance is bliss.'" —Burr

Willie: 'There's something going on around that
 will interest you—
 Tillie: Well, be careful then, there are some pins
 in my waist.' —Burr.

Caught in the Act

"I almost had a fraternity pin last night."
 "And did you refuse him?"
 "Quite on the contrary; he caught me taking it."
 —Medley.

Hooray!

"Send more money immediately, I'm broke," wired
 the son at college.
 "So's your old man," was the reply. —Juggler.

"Her name was Prudence but you couldn't tell it
 by her actions."—Bean Pot.

My roommate and I were walking down the
 street. We passed a sign that said, "Fords for
 Rent."

"That sign is very elevating," said my roommate.
 "Why?" said I.

"Because it inspires me to hire things," said my
 roommate.—Octopus.

Might's Well

Taxi Driver: \$15.75.
 Victim: All right, just put her in the garage.
 —The Log.

He Had a Sister

"I told Tom that the average woman's clothing
 only weighs eight ounces."

"And what did he say?"

"He thought it was a shame they had to wear
 such heavy shoes." —Princeton Tiger.



THE WILD AND WOOLY WEST

—Oklahoma Whirlwind

Cups Scoffee

Damsel: I smelled onions on Bill's breath last
 night.

Damsell: Naturally, he's one of those Greek fra-
 ternity boys. —Buccaneer.

News Poem

The boy stood on the railroad track,
 The train was coming fast.
 The boy stepped off the railroad track,
 We are glad to state there was no accident.
 —Dirge (Washington.)

Bo: Say, that dress your girl wore was rare.
 Zo: "Rare! Say, it was nearly extinct!"
 —Exchange.

No. 165501 (jumping up in rage after the prison
 movie show)—Dammit, a serial, and I'm to be hung
 next week.—Denver Parrakeet.



HOT ON THE TRAIL

—Iowa Frivol

Cherchez l'homme

Maiden Aunt: Now, Oswald, you must eat your oatmeal or you'll never be a man!

Oswald: Aunty, is that why you eat yours?

—Brown Jug.

We know a freshman who is so dumb, he thinks a pole vault is the place where they keep dead pollocks.

Grandmother—Johnny, I wouldn't slide down those stairs!

Little Boy—Wouldn't? Hell, you couldn't!

—Lafayette Lyre.

Jo: Was I stewed last night?

Bo: Was you—say, when I saw you last night you had just dropped a penny in a mail box outside the Woolworth building and was looking at the top to see how much you weighed.

—Iowa Frivol

"I say, Hydrocephalus, get your mind out of the gutter!"

"No, Clepsydra, I refuse to curb my mentality."

—Yale Record

He—I've been writing my thesis.

She—You brute. You said I was the only girl you ever wrote to.—Stevens Tech Stone Mill.

"This floor is terribly crowded," said the gasping man as he blew his handkerchief on somebody else's nose.—Jack-o-Lantern.

Whirlwind

The bargain sale was opened,
The goods were sold at cost,
Fire destroyed the shoe department,
And a thousand soles were lost.

"You're writing your themes with red ink now, I see."

"Naw, this is just one that the prof looked at."

—Chaparral

Cop on shore—I'm going to arrest you when you come out of here.

Man in the water—Ha, Ha! I'm not coming out. I'm committing suicide.

—Nebraska Awgwan.

Prof: "Without a doubt this particular section is the dryest in the United States."

Sleepy Voice from the Rear: "Uh huh!"

—Gargoyle

Wife—Im sick of being married.

Hubby—So's your old man.

—Judge

Now pass the powder puff around,
 Nor pass a sister by.
 We all dip from the same dorine
 In our Alfalfa Phi.
 Oh, you and I will ne'er grow old
 While cosmetics are nigh,
 There's rouge and paint
 To make what ain't
 Of each Alfalfa Phi. —Purple Parrot

Little Boy Blue
 Go get your ma,
 The maid's in the barn
 And so's your old man.
 —Penn. State Froth.

True to the Faith.

Little Isador Shapiro rushed into the grocery store. Banging a dime down on the counter he panted: "Gimme for ten cents animal crackers. Take out the pigs." —Farm Life



"What was that noise?"

"A fellow with balloon trousers sat down on a tack." —Iowa Frivol

"What is the penalty for bigamy?"

"Two mothers-in-law." —West Point Pointer

Charlie—"Where does that dumbell live?"

Hoss—"Pittsburgh."

Charlie—"Serves him right."

—Penn. State Froth.

Reporter: I'm covering the Sons of Levi banquet. Is this where it is?

Waiter: This is it.

Reporter: But I don't see anyone.

Waiter: Oh, somebody just dropped a dime in the lobby. —Exchange

She: "Do you college boys waste much time?"

He: "Oh, no, most girls are reasonable."

—Princeton Tiger

"If your father is operated on for appendicitis, what does the doctor do?"

"Sews your old man."

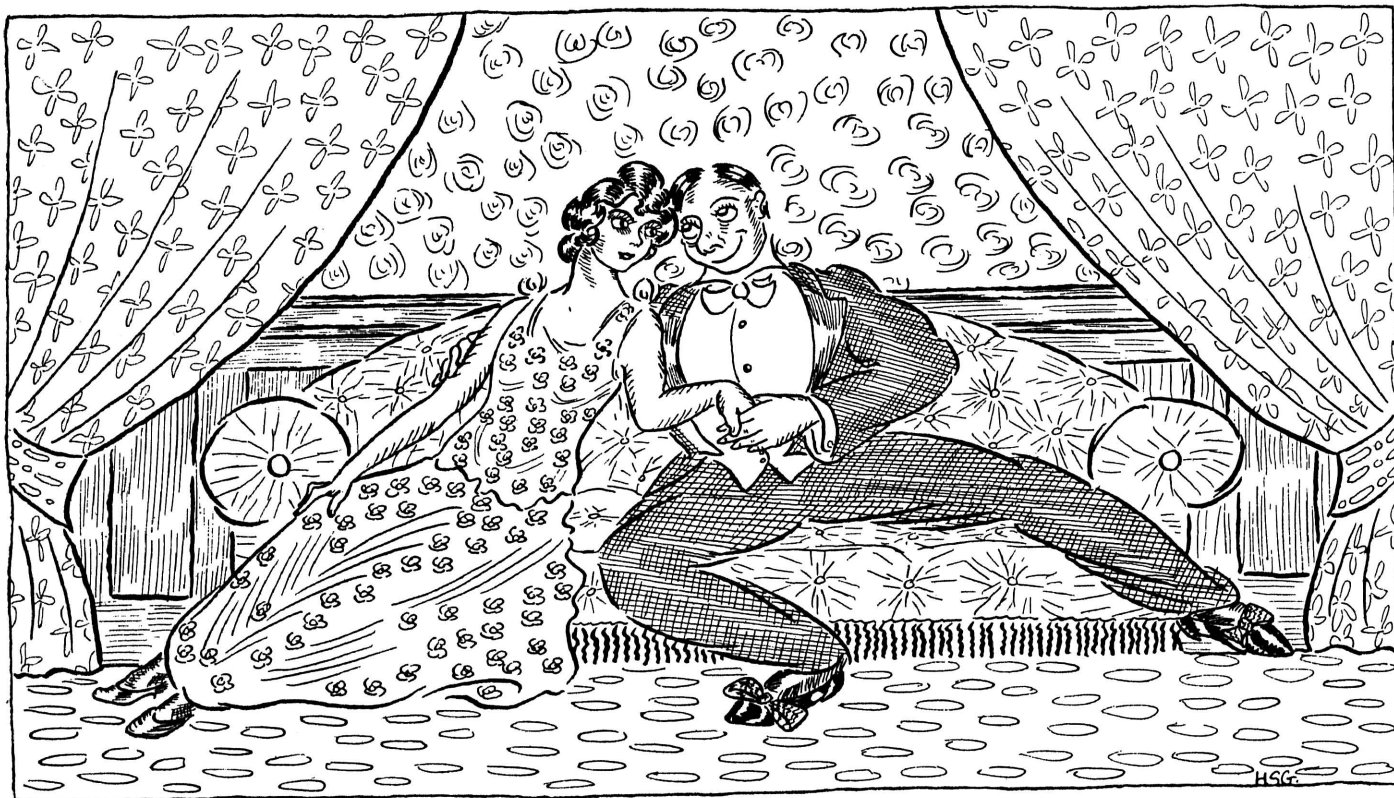
—Colorado Dodo

The campus Frosh who just returned from the East wondered if the large amount of slickers worn at Wisconsin could be called a Yellow Peril.

—Arizona Kittykat



SOME PEOPLE'S IDEA OF A HOT TIME
 —Northwestern Purple Parrot



Old Thing: "I'll have the next dance if you don't mind."

Young Thing: "Gracious, I'll be good."—Yale Record

Long Neck.

Egbert—"Where did you get that powder on your shoulder?"

Chester—"In the battle of Lapland, old fellah."
—Penn. State Froth.

Recently, a last year's graduate who has carried on a hardware business since graduation, got married. The next day he hung out a sign: "Under New Management."

—West Point Pointer

"Know anything about the Cunard line?"

"No, I've never been out with him."

—Colorado Dodo

Teacher: "Where is Edinburgh, my boy?"

Boy: "In Scotland."

Teacher: "And what makes you think that?"

Boy: "Playin' in the cellar." —Princeton Tiger

All: "What becomes of all these love triangles?"

Jake: "Most of them turn into wrecktangles."

—Flamingo

A Knightly Occurrence.

I loaned a girl the armour
That in our hall we park,
To wear to a fancy costume ball
As martyred Joan of Arc.

Although she took another man
And he was quite a bounder,
I didn't give one little damn,
For she had my armour 'round her.

—Wisconsin Octopus.

"Why do they all go to Paris for divorces?"

"Well, isn't French the language of romance?"

—California Pelican

Hubby (on phone): "Sorry honey, I'll be awfully busy at the office and can't get home till late."

Wifey: "Can I depend on that?" —Whirlwind

Father(coming unexpectedly to his son's frat house)—"Does Mr. Brown live here?"

Senior—"Yes, bring him in."

—Tennessee Mugwump.



Abie: "Vadder, you dropped a penny."

Papa: "Let it go, son, somevun might tink ve is Chews if you pick it up!"

—V.M.I. Sniper

Who was that lady I seen you with last night?
So's your Aunt Emma!

Who was that lady I seen you walking down
the street with last night?

That wasn't last night; that was the night be-
fore.

Who was that lady I seen you walking down the
street with last night?

That wasn't no street; that was an alley.

Who was that gent I seen you with last night?
That wasn't no gent; that was my History prof.

Who was that lady I seen you with last night?
That wasn't no lady; that was a Pi Phi.

Who was that lady I seen you with last night?
Must have been two other fellows!

—Colorado Dodo

Fond Mother: You must grow up to be good.
Don't you want to be looked up to?

Ima Campusgirl: No, I'd rather be looked around
at.

—Colorado Dodo

Dollars and Cents.

Josephine was the pretty daughter of a poor gar-
bage collector, and Jack loved her. Anna was the
homely daughter of a wealthy perfume manufac-
turer, and Jack hated her. Nevertheless, he mar-
ried Ann. What a whale of a difference a few
cents make.

—Southern California Wampus

He was so dumb he got cross-eyed looking for
Beta Theta Pi on the menu of a Greek restaurant.

—Exchange

Kaydet: "The stars say you love me."

Femme: "Gee, it must be getting Sirius!"

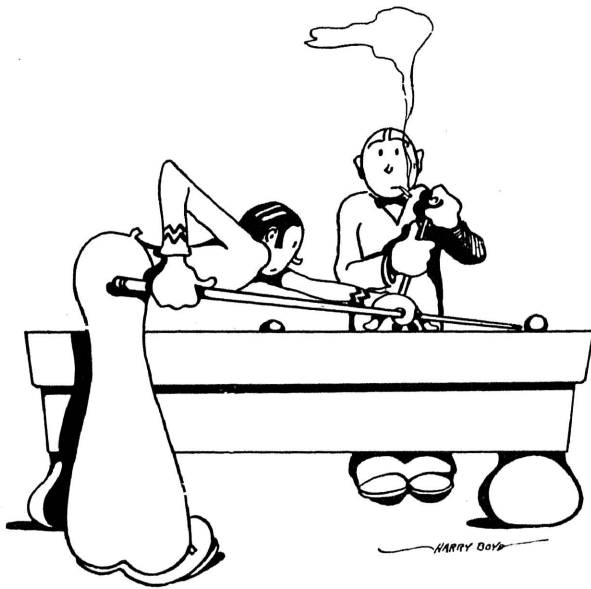
—West Point Pointer



1st Gold Digger: "Say, you know the dinner
check those two blokes had to pay tonight was nine-
teen dollars and ten cents."

2nd Gold Digger: "Well, they ought not to have
ordered those two bars of chocolate for themselves."

—V.M.I. Sniper



“What’s around here in the way of a good party tonight?”
 “The Dean of Men.” —Iowa Frivol

Pretty Thing (lost in the big city): “Oh, sir—won’t you—won’t you take me home?”
 Young Man: “Madam, I’d love to—but I can’t. I live at the Y.M.C.A.” —Arizona Kittykat

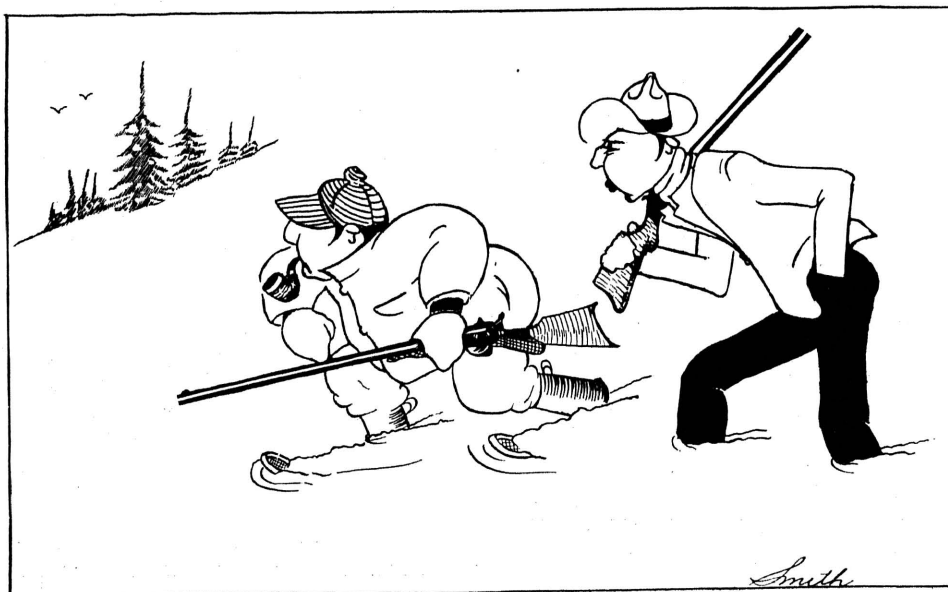
Advice to the Lovelorn

Young Bride—“My husband has a habit of coming home half baked. What shall I do?”
 Answer—Use the rolling pin.
 —Penn. State Froth.



He: “I just saw a friend trying to neck your girl.”
 Hebrew: “Vell, did he succeed?”
 He: “Nope.”
 Heb.: “You must be mistaken; it couldn’t have been my girl.” —Arizona Kitty Kat

Jena: “Doris is awfully bashful.”
 Dotski: “Is zat so?”
 Jena: “Ya. While at the mountains last summer, she always kept her curtain down, because she saw a mountain peak.” —West Point Pointer



“Do you like Hamlet productions?”
 “No, I never did like these small town companies.” —Brown Jug



JANU AIRY CO-ED

—Iowa Cornell Ollapod

One: "It sure was an exclusive affair. Cost twenty-five smacks a plate."

T'other: "Exclusive? I'd call that elimination."

—California Pelican

He Knew

A sophomore's exam paper states that three ways of conducting heat are conduction, confection, and affection.

—Drexerd

Krazy Krack Songs

"Have you heard the Asthma song?"

"Yes, sir, Asthma baby!"

—Judge

Handicapped

"They told me to be a Phi Delt, I had to drink a quart of whisky and moo, like a cow."

"Well' what seems to be the trouble?"

"I can't m-moo."

—Medley.

Tea Room 1a

"He took civil engineering because his mamma wanted him to always be polite."

—Drexerd.

Synonyms

Are you a college man?

No, a horse kicked me.

Are you a college man?

No, my hair is naturally curly.

Is he a college man?

No, he's been sick.

Are you a college man?

No, I couldn't find my garters.

Is he a fraternity man?

No, he wears his own clothes.

Is he a college man?

No, he's a night watchman.

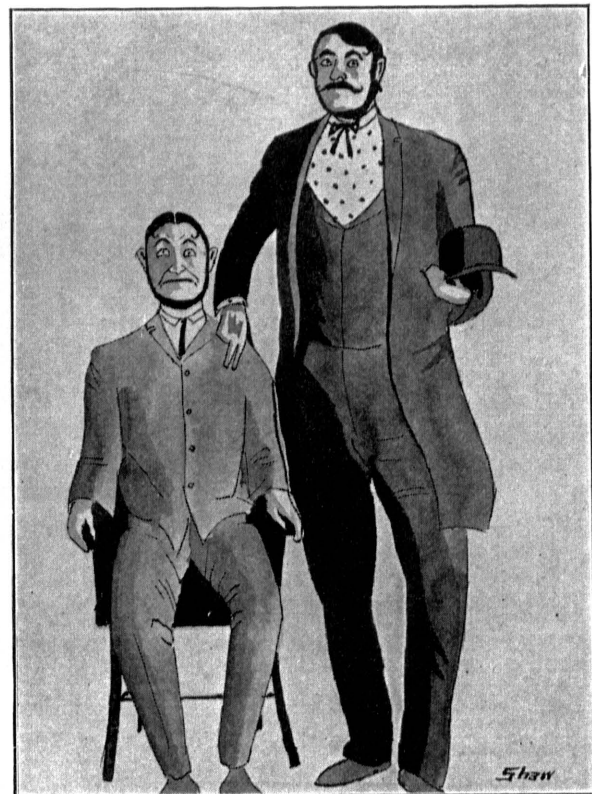
Is he a fraternity man?

No, he drinks his own liquor.

—Dodo.

No, Gertrood, a slide rule has nothing to do with lessons on a trombone.

—Penn. State Froth.



"Did that millionaire grandfather of yours remember you when he made his will?"

"He must have—he left me out."

—Tiger



YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT FOR GRANTED
THAT "SHE WEARS THEM"

—Southern California Wampus

"I told my girl just what I thought of her after the Prom."

"What did she say?"

"I love you, too."—Widow.

"I'm sorry I married you," sobbed the bride.

"You ought to be," he replied. "You cheated some other girl out of a mighty fine husband."—Bison.

Wife: "Wake up, John. I hear a burglar down stairs!"

John: "Aw, why don't you run downstairs in your pajamas and scare him?"—Lyre.

She—"George is mine."

Her—"Yeah, your gold mine."

—Penn. State Froth.

Revealing.

"Why do you wear such low-necked gowns?"

"Oh, just to show my heart's in the right place."

—Penn. State Froth.

"Do you file your finger nails?"

"No, I just throw them away after I cut 'em off."

—Gargoyle

"Did you know that a negro and a ton of coal are the same thing?"

"No? I guess because they are both black?"

"That isn't it at all. I can prove it."

"No?"

"You'll admit that a ton of coal is a weight?"

"Guess so."

"And a wait is a pause?"

"Yea."

"And a pause is a short-stop?"

"Uh-huh."

"A short-stop is a ball player?"

"That's so."

"And a ball player is a foul catcher?"

"Not always, but I see light."

"And a foul catcher is a nigger."

—Northwestern Purple Parrot

Freshman:—"Where do jail-birds come from?"

Soph—"They are raised from larks, bats, and swallows."

—Voo Doo

She: "I hear that letter postage is going up to three cents."

He: "Yes?"

She: "I'm going to lay in a goodly store of two cent stamps."

—Vagabond

Wife: "Sheep are the dumbest animals."

Husband: "Yes, my lamb."

—Mirror

"I hear they convicted that man who shot the co-ed over in Chapel Hill."

"Yes, the idiot persisted in claiming it was an accident."

—N. Carolina Buccaneer

Ruby: Do you know Anna Jones?

Red: Well, I've kissed her occasionally at dances, but I don't know her well enough to take my hat off to her.—Bear Skin.

Hard: There was a big fire at the postoffice last night.

Boiled: My girl down at Smith College must have sent me another letter. —Washington Dirge



"Are you a good judge of distance?"

"Well, I was once a Boy Scout?"

"How far does a petting party really go?"

—Cornell Widow



"I thought it was too expensive to join a frat; didn't you?"

"Yes. I didn't get a bid either." —Brown Jug

In the spring a young man's fancy
 Makes him amorous and bold:
 In the spring he's wild and prancy,
 Full of pep, and hard to hold.
 In the spring with secret laughter,
 Some frail flapper sets her snare;
 And the spring to him thereafter
 Means just lighter underwear.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot

"Women bore me to tears."

"Ain't it the truth? I can't get a date either."
 —Gargoyle

"Do I bore you?" said the mosquito as he sank
 a half-inch shaft into the man's leg."

"Not at all," replied the man, squashing him with
 a book. "How does that strike you?" —Western



Betsy Ross—"I call my husband 'twinkle, little star.'"

Mad Anthony—"Why, because he's constant?"

Betsy Ross—"No, because I wonder where he is."

—Tiger.

Bill: "That letter I got from Dolly the other
 day was full of bugs."

Casper: "Dead?"

B—: "No alive."

Cas—: "But how did they live in the letter?"

B—: "On mush."

—West Point Poniter

The new father-of-triplets blues—"Yes sir, Them's
 My Babies."

—Penn. State Froth.

I bought my girl a pair of garters
 In the five and ten.

She gave them to her mother;

That's the last I'll see of them.

—Exchange

“How do they get clean after a game?”

“What do you suppose the scrub team is for?”—Witt.

Prof. Beaver (in Biology): “When do the leaves begin to turn?”

Hartenstein: “The night before exams.”—Witt.

“Niggah, if you wuz a quart of whisky, I’d kill you.”

“Polished Carbon, if I wuz that quart of bootleg, I’d get you from the inside.”—Wampus.

First femme: “Do you like West Pointers?”

Second one: “Oh yes, but I’d rather have a Poodle.”
—West Point Pointer

Phil—“Do you like my moustache?”

Phyllis—“Between you and me, no.”—Ski-U-Mah

“I hear that your brother is a good swimmer.”

“Well, he ought to be. He knows the best dives in town.”

—Penn. State Froth.

Young Lady—“I’m having trouble with my car. Have you got a spare plug?”

Farmer—“Sorry, miss, I don’t chew, but I got an old cigar you kin have.”—Chanticleer.

Big sister: “What would you say, Alice, dear, if I told you I was going to marry Mr. Snoodle?”

Alice: “Oh, so that’s why father was cleaning his shotgun yesterday!”—Yale Record.

She: “Are you a track man?”

“He: “Say girlie, you should see the callouses on my chest just from breaking tapes!”—Lyre.

Housewife: “The eggs you sent this morning were rotten.”

Grocer: “That’s too bad.”

Housewife: “No, the whole dozen.”—Texas Ranger.

You’ve been going fifty miles an hour!

If you think that’s fast, you ought to see me when I’m parked.—Virginia Reel.

Atta-boy, Sonny.

“Ma, what did the doctor charge when he brought me?”

“Plenty, son.”

“Well, I don’t think you got stung any.”—Dirge

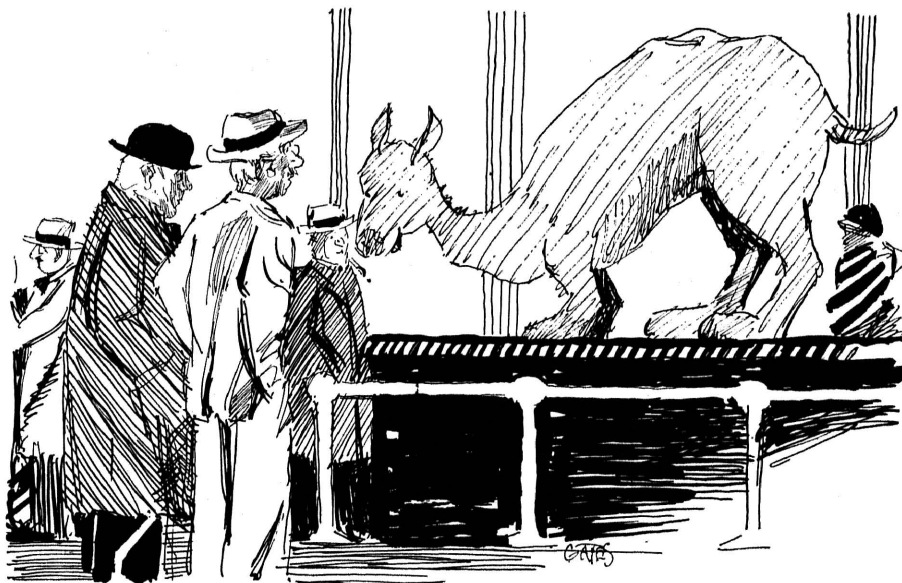
“Where are you going, son?”

“Going to the circus, father.”

“Where did you get the money?”

“Mother gave me a quarter for telling her I saw you kissing the maid.”

“Here’s half a dollar, son; go back and tell her what an awful liar you are.”—Voo Doo.



“What the decue is that?”

“I don’t know unless it is an economics professor.”

—Brown Jug

Georgette—"There must be a rip in the back of my dress."

George—"There is, but how did you find out?"

Georgette—"Your eyes told me sew."

—Penn. State Froth.

"What did we learn from the attack on the Dardanelles?"

"That a straight beats four kings."—Witt.

Flapper—"I wonder where all the men are who can dance?"

Slapper—"In dancing with all the girls who can dance, I guess."—Nebraska Awgwan.

Jack—"They say that a student should have eight hours sleep a day."

Mach—"True, but who want to take eight classes a day."—Notre Dame Juggler.

"Say, Diogenes, why the lantern?"

"I never trust these Greek women in the dark."

—N. Y. U. Medley.

Fellow—"Say, little girl, are you a college girl?"

Chorus Girl—"Sir, how dare you?"

—Beanpot.

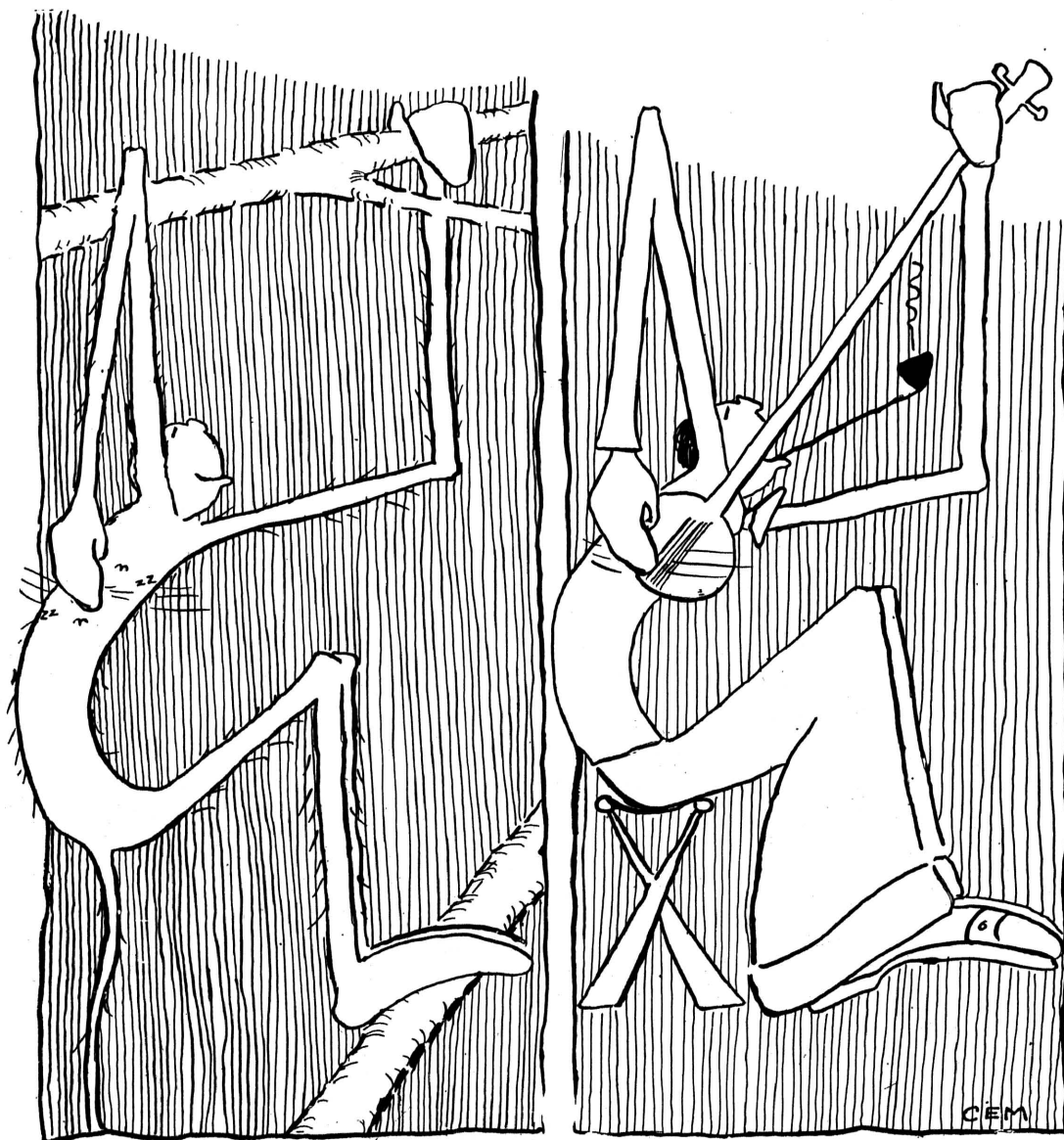
"Should evening dresses ever be worn to bridge parties?"

"No. In playing cards it is only necessary to show your hand."—Punxsutawney Cackle

Architectural Drawing Prof. (explaining a plan):
"Here is a stairway, and here you have a recess—"

Students (in a chorus): "Good! Who's got a cigarette?"

—Arizona Kittykat



—Iowa Cornell Ollapod.

An Ill Wind—

Ike: When I die I don't want to go to heaven.
 Jake: Vy not?
 Ike: Business is all gone to hell.—Orange Owl.

Fashion Hint

WHAT the Well Dressed Woman Will Bare.
 —Lord Jeff.

Applicant: "How much do I get for doing the weeping act in this show?"

Manager: "Thirty-five cents an hour."

Applicant: "What! For crying out loud!"
 —Royal Gaboon.

To The Colors!

Egeria: Do you ever gambol on the green?
 Letitia: Well, I bet a nickel on Dartmouth once.
 —Purple Cow

"You're the first man who ever kissed me."
 "I believe you dear."
 Oh, you're the first one who would believe it, too."
 —Royal Gaboon.

A girl's kisses are like pickles in a bottle—the first is hard to get but the rest come easy.
 —Passing Show (London)

"This orange is tough," said the souse, trying to peel a tennis ball.
 —Chanticleer.

"Take your gal out to dinner last night?"
 "Yep."
 Satiated?
 "Bo, I'll 'sate'!" —Pointer

"Do you know when the first necking party was?"
 "No!"
 "When Eve bit Adam's apple."
 —California Pelican

"Why did you make a date with Madge?"
 "Beacues I wanted to!"
 "Wanted to what?" —Owl

He—"I love you."
 She—"Is this a proposal, promise, insinuation, threat, command, hint, expostulation, inquiry, or just the first line to another of those antique jokes?"
 —Penn. State Froth.

Hostess: Emma, did you make this soup?
 Maid: No mum, but I must admit I had a hand in it.
 —Michigan Gargoyle

Qualified.

Judge—Are you old enough to sign these papers? Are you an adult?

Mose—Yessah! Ah's the mos' adulterous person in the whole fambly, jedge.—Virginia Reel.

Another Scotch One.

Mal—"When did swimming become a national sport in Scotland?"

Bal—"Hurry it along."

Mal—"When they erected toll bridges."
 —Bear Skin.

Professor (in auditorium)—This examination will be conducted on the Honor System. Please take seats three apart and in alternate rows."
 —Rammer-Jammer.

Am I the first girl you ever loved?
 Oh, no, but you see my taste has been improving right along.—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.

"Mary's acid retort almost blew up the Chem. lab. today."
 "Gosh, she must have a devil of a temper!"
 —Barnard Barnacle.

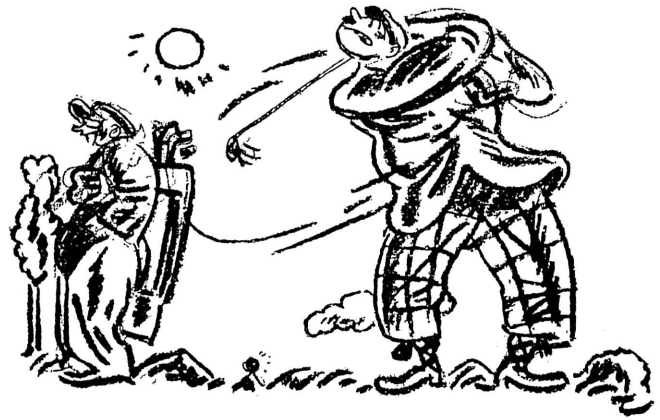
"Didja get out and walk?"
 "No, the mean thing threw my galoshes out of the car when I wasn't lookin."
 —California Pelican

CAMPUS QUEENS

For various reasons the Outlaw, himself, wishes to announce that we are unable to publish the photograph and lineage of the Campus Queen in this number as we promised last month. We fully expect to publish the photograph of the Campus Queen and snapshots of her hand maidens. The contest was conducted as we announced in advance; staff members were barred from voting and the candidates had every right to either vote for themselves or for their friends in rival boarding houses. Cinderella's slipper did not fit the foot of any of her false sisters; only snobs need feel offended if they were nominated. The majority of candidates took the contest in the same spirit as did the men when they were running for Campus King.



You may not believe it, but this is King George, himself. Spring gives the King that feeling of good-fellowship and desire for votes. Here we see him playing marbles with a couple of urchins. Following Royalty, the Nation will take up Marble-Shooting this year. The statue in the background is either Lord Nelson or Babe Ruth, we forget which.



The gentleman with the fur under his naso-spinal is none other than Bertie Twiggendothan in his collapsible knickerbockers. He has been practising various strokes all winter in the Butler's Pantry. This is Bertie's first attempt to get out on a course—so far he hasn't gotten on it at all. Bertie begins to wish he had spent his time practising tennis in the nursery instead.

SPRING FEVER



Percival Sunk, the deep-sea diver, says that some time during the spring he is sure to get into hot water. Here we see him in it. The picture explains what we can't. Percival's friends on the surface have given him up as lost, since he has been under for nine days already. The shark in the background is a dog-fish.
—Yale Record

Not Earigation.

Farmer: "The West is a fine place. I've gotta good crop."

Neighbor: "How come. We ain't had no rain this year."

Farmer: "I raised pertaters and onions together. The onions got in the taters' eyes and they watered themselves." —Whirlwind

"Why wasn't the dog on the ark?"

"He had a bark of his own."

—Satyr

Henry—"Did you build a garage for your flivver?"

Ford—"Yes, I had to. Caught a couple of ants trying to drag it through a crack under the sidewalk.

—Denison Flamingo

Genesis—"Abie's cold is better and we've still got a box of cough-drops left."

Exodus—"Oh, vat extravagance! Tell Izzie to go out and get his feet wet.

—Iowa Green Gander

Professor (in a class on theatrical production)—"Take a hypothetical case, for instance. If you needed artificial boulders for a setting . . . where would you go for them?"

Frosh—"I'd go to Ireland . . . where the sham-rocks grow." —Purple Parrot

Aviator (to professor after air journey)—Well, professor, you stood the trip well—never said a word."

Prof.—"That's so, but I came near yelling when my wife fell out." —Texas Ranger

"It's the little things in the world that tell, said the fair damsel as she pulled her younger brother from under the sofa.

—Penn State Punch Bowl

"Can you cite a modern example of taxation without representation?"

"I can—alimony."

—Dirge

Pish—"Why are you always happy?"

Tush—"I'm color blind."

Pish—"What's that got to do with being happy?"

Tush—"I can't get the blues."

—Chaparral

A Rose by Another Name—

It is reported that the Clean Language League, or whatever its name is, is to change the old slogan of Pike's Peak or Bust!" into "Pike's Peak or Torso!" —New Yorker

Tough Coach—"I wants the guards and tackles over here!"

Cocky Center—"Sorry, but the line's busy."

California Pelican

Eyes and the Man.

Rose: "Did Reggie blush when his track suit split up the side?"

Mary: "Why, I wasn't noticing."

—Purple Cow

Collegiate: "Went to see my woman last night, but because there was a car in front of the house with a sign on it, I was afraid to go in."

Also Collegiate: "And why not?"

Collegiate: "It read—Willys Knight."

"So Lady Tottingham dined with you? Did she bring her coronet?"

"Heavens! I didn't know she played one."

—Tiger

"Mamma, what's the wrestler got an arrow tattooed on his chest for?"

"Sh-h! That's not tattooed. He dated a Pi Phi last night."

—Iowa Frivol

Young Thing (somewhat hesitatingly): "I'd like to buy a petticoat."

Floorwalker: "Antique department on third floor miss."

—Illinois Siren

Jolly H'England.

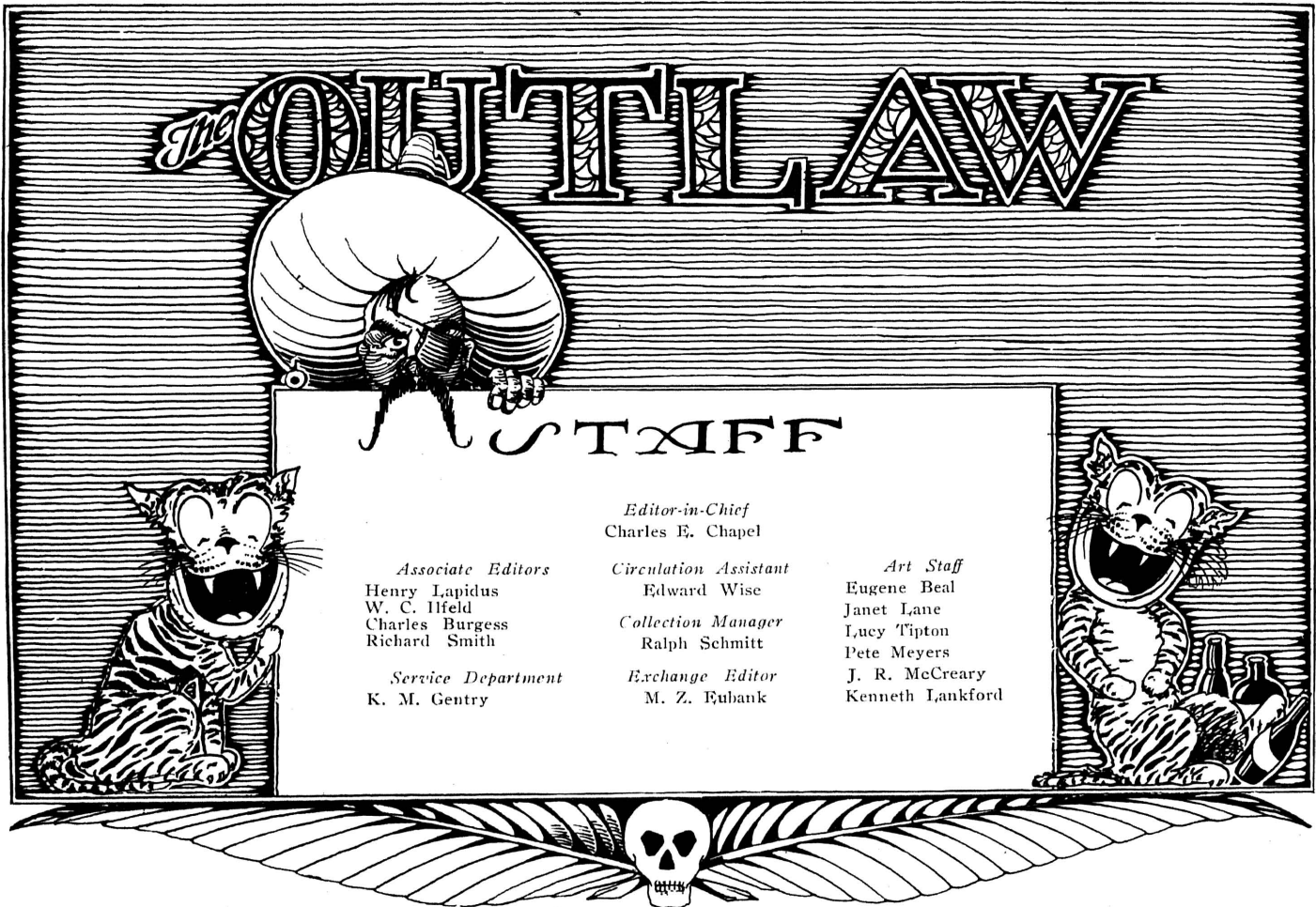
ARE YOU the-ah? Haw-haw! I was on my way to the cinema in a train this awfternoon when a lydy about 48 years old got on wearing a dashedly clevah afternoon frock. By Jove, it was splendid! Oh, utterly! She turned to the tram man, the lydy did, and she said in a high-pitched voice: "Conductor!" And the tram man, he said, "Madam, I'm a non-conductor—may name is Wood." Did you make it? Haw-haw; Tophole, what?

—Beanpot

Mrs. Levinsky: "My Rebecca has an A. B."

Mrs. Levy: "Vell, my Rowena has an Ikey."

—Gargoyle



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VOLUME II

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NUMBER V

O. O. M'INTYRE, THE OUTLAW'S GODFATHER, NEW YORK CITY

A GRINNING SKULL PUBLICATION



JUST as we were about to print some clever jokes from neighboring college magazines we were reminded that this section of Missouri is a stronghold of complacency which is disguised as conversatism. We hate to be awakened from the lethargy of our dreams and our hatred is directed against any one who refuses to conform to our idea of what is "the thing." We therefore must be very careful not to print any jokes which would offend the Babbitts. We love to hear a joke on the other fellow, but we just can't stand one on ourselves.

An example of the provincial attitude can be found in the fact that a great lawyer, Clarence Darrow, must be brought here to speak in a hall over a steam laundry, and that the organization which brings him here has to be a radical club masquer-

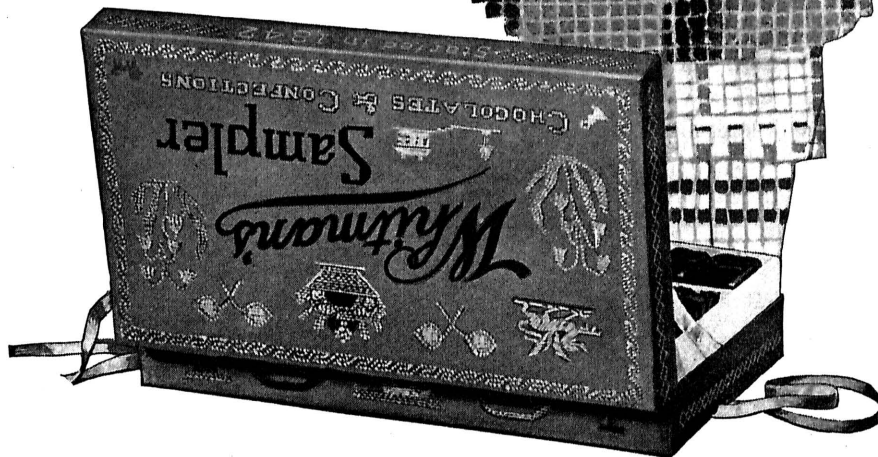
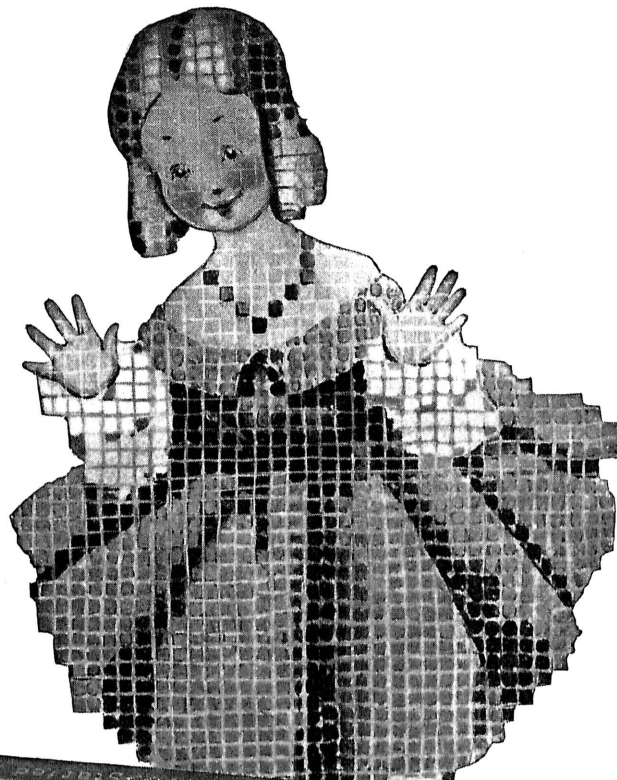
ading under a Latin name. Why is it that the intellectual people of this community do not care to have such a man speak before a large audience in the University Auditorium? Are they afraid to hear the opinions of one who does not agree with them? The editor of this publication is not an atheist, and he does not sympathize with the aspirations of the radical group but he does believe that in an enlightened community we should be willing to hear those who do not believe as we do. Are we afraid that our own faith is weak or why do we hate to hear the opinions of others?

What is the purpose of education, of what use are these buildings and these fields? Are we not supposed to be seeking truth, and if we are supposed to be seeking truth should we approach college with a desire to only listen to reaffirmation of what we have already decided is true, or are we open to conviction?

(Continued on page 24)

Amazing!

Whitman's Chocolates are sold in every state in the Union, and in nearly every community, yet—



—WHEREVER a package of Whitman's Chocolates is opened there is a double wonder of quality and freshness. Whitman's are distributed *direct* to each local store acting as our sales agency—not through a jobber. Every package is doubly guaranteed to give complete satisfaction.

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PECK DRUG COMPANY

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Package*



(Continued from page 22.)

The attitude of the student should be symbolized by a question mark, not by a question mark of doubt but a question mark of healthy curiosity. The economics professor who gives a student an "Fd" because of his inability to believe that free trade is all right and that a protective tariff is all wrong, and the Shakespearian professor who will only award a good grade when a student accepts his pet interpretation of Shakespeare are not instructors; they are merely little demigods who act as referees between the student and the memory test which they call examinations. Of course we all know that such professors are not on our faculty; the editor wishes to make it clear that he is thinking of other universities. Here all is quiet on the Hinkson tonight.

What does all this have to do with an exchange number of the Missouri Outlaw? Merely this, in selecting jokes for this issue we have been careful to eliminate many which are appreciated on other campuses but which would cause strong criticism on this campus. We have joked about the sensational methods of a certain popular Sunday school teacher in our columns, but at last we have decided that perhaps she is right in using Billy Sundayism when she is trying to awaken those who must first have their skulls cracked before a religious truth or a college joke can be poured in. After all, perhaps the radical club and "Battalion 929" are traveling on different roads toward the same goal—the truth about man and God. The editor hopes that this exchange is not a wrong number and that the line has not been too busy to make the proper connection.

Negro to chicken in the road—"Yuh pore lil chicken! I jes cant leave yo heah to get run ovah by one of dem mean ol' automobiles." —Siren

Little Boy (seeing knot holes in a piece of wood): "What are those?"

Carpenter: "They're knot holes."

Boy: "Oh, you can't fool me, I know they're some kind of holes."

—Banter

Prof.—"What's the future of drink?"

Student—"Hangover."

—Penn. State Froth.

Flora: "Her man is out gunning for the society reporter.

Dora: "What for?"

Flora: "Why, when he reviewed their wedding, he said: 'The evening was a complete success. The bride was intriguing in a transparent chiffon creation. It was enjoyed by all.'"

—California Pelican

"How come you kissed Mary on the beach right in front of the censor without being approached?"

"We were leaning against somebody else's baby carriage."

—Pitt Panther

Mother: "Come here, Johnnie, I have some good news for you."

Johnnie (without enthusiasm): "Yes, I know, brother is home from college."

Mother: "Yes, but how did you know?"

Johnnie: "My bank won't rattle any more."

—Whirlwind

"I love you, Caroline, won't you give me a little house?"

"My father is no real-estate dealer."

—Whirlwind

Fratter—"Who are you dating tonight?"

Ditto—"Oh, one of the wooden shoe sisters."

Fratter—"Meaning—?"

Ditto—"Always 'Wooden shoe buy me this, and wooden shoe buy me that.'"

—Iowa Frivol

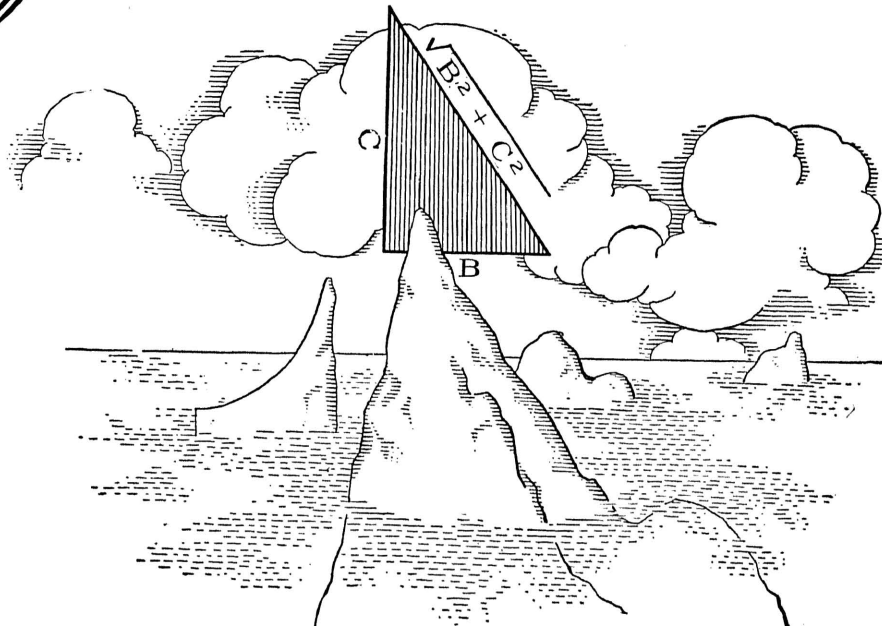
If all the letters written by us to the girls back home were to be laid out together they would form a line—an awful line.

—Annapolis Log

"That bracelet, madame, is unique. It was given to the Empress Josephine by Napoleon Bonaparte. We are selling a great number of them this year."

—Hamilton Royal Gaboon





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The cold facts you learn, like $a^2=b^2+c^2$, are but the visible tops of these icebergs. Underneath, as with floating ice, lie the other eight-ninths.

Facts are of little importance till you see them in relation to their great underlying principles. The facts of mathematics strike deep into the other sciences. The facts of history strike deep into sociology, ethnology, geography.

That is why an engineer who learned Ohm's Law can develop a great telephone exchange and control its fascinating forces.

Viewed thus, the endless array of dry facts and dull figures that seem to crowd the years brighten and beckon with a challenge—to look deeper, ever deeper.

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Excited Freshman: "Hey felahs, they've discovered gold over on the campus!"

Unperturbed Senior: "Well, the girls have been digging for it long enough!"—Sun Dial.

"Some day I'm going to write a book on my college life."

"Yes, it will be full of cuts."—Dirge.

It was said of a recent prep-school graduate that one night he left a note on his door for his roommate, who had gone to the movies. This bore the legend—

"If I am studying when you get back, wake me up."—Record.

First Flea: "Where are you going with that lean and hungry look?"

Second Flea: "To the dogs, Hubert to the dogs."—Pelican.

Judge (to culprit): "So we caught you with two bunches of silverware this time, eh? Whom did you rob?"

Inexperienced Burglar: "Two fraternity houses."

Judge (to officer): "Call up the downtown restaurants and have them claim this stuff."

—Carnegie Tech Puppet

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drives out a homer—when the
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—have a Camel!



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So this fair spring day as the bases fill and a hefty batter lofts out one that it seems will never stop flying—oh, then, taste the smoke that means completed enchantment. Know then the mellowest flavor that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

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