

# THE SHOWME



RAISINS

## CHRISTMAS

*The candy for a  
college man to give—*



This quaint Sampler package is America's most famous box of candy—a gift that "registers" every time.

Peck Drug and News Company

# *The Field of Printing*

Has, within its scope, not only the matter of bringing facts before the optic nerves so that information may be imparted; it amounts to more.

The advertising power to be derived from really tastefully displayed printing has never been fully emphasized. By the pleasing "personality" of your catalogue, pamphlet, bulletin the very patronage you desire may be quite easily reached.

We Make a Specialty of

Catalogues for Schools and Colleges

Bulletins

Cards and Job Work

Pamphlets

Specially Designed Campaign Ads

**HERALD STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.**

Virginia Building

Columbia, Mo.

*Official Printers for the University of Missouri*



OUR SERVICE IS  
YOUR PROTECTION

J. Guy McQuitty  
"Quick Printer"

Phone 930-Black

911A Broadway

THE SHOWME  
December 23, 1920

The Showme is issued monthly by the Showme staff, composed of students of the University of Missouri, at 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.

Simp—"I can't sleep when it's raining."  
Blimp—"All right, old dear, I'll be sure to wake you up."

"That freshman is an awful egg."

"How come?"

"He's rotten at home and fresh down here."

ASK THE MAN THAT OWNS ONE.

Mistress Mary, how does the dairy  
Next to garden grow?

We milk the cows, turn on the hose,  
And fill the milk cans so.

—Voo Doo.

Most girls with a strong line usually hook  
some poor fish.

"Ikey don't you luff to dance?"

"Jazz."

—Puppet.

*Pastry That Pleases the Palate*

is not hard to find if you go to

**COLUMBIA BAKING CO.**

*Next the Tribune*

Cream Puffs

Fancy Cakes

Cookies of All Kinds

*Pastry made with an excellence of flavor that wins your immediate approval.*

## University Men This Store

likes this magazine.  
Has a "U" Graduate Manager.  
Carries the Highest Grade Shoes  
made.  
Is your meeting place. Free Phones.  
Free Smokes always.



1018 Walnut St., K. C. Mo.

Mail orders given prompt attention.

"Are you Dr. Smith?"

"No, but I know where we can get some."  
—Phoenix.

Jack—Mable's a funny girl.

Jake—How come?

Jack—I tried to steal a kiss and it landed on  
her chin.

Jake—Nothing funny about that.

Jack—I know that; but after I kissed her,  
she said, "Heavens above."  
—The Dirge.

"Marriage is a lottery."

"Not with those cobweb clothes the women  
are wearing now."

—Jack-O-Lantern.

The other day a man dashed into Grand Central Station with just one minute to catch the Twentieth Century. He made the ticket window in two jumps.

"Quick! Give me a round trip ticket!" he gasped.

"Where to?"

"B-b-back here, you fool!" —Awgwan

"How did you explain to your father the fact that you're taking History again?"

"I just said that History repeats itself."

—Yale Record.



## This Merry Christmas

When the sons and daughters of Old Mizzou pack their bags and hustle back to the folks at home, to family Christmas Tree and all the rest, they will carry with them the sincere wish of Harris' for

### A Merry, Merry Christmas!

And when they return from that Merry Christmas to New Years Day and Registration they will find that Harris' will, as usual, have new fountain specials that they will appreciate in the comfortable privacy of the Booth of Romance.

**HARRIS'**

MILLARD AND SISSON



## THRESHER-FULLER GRAIN CO.

311 Board of Trade

Kansas City

“Printing that  
is a little  
better  
than  
seems necessary.”

*Columbia Printing Co.*

Phone 431

New Guitar Bldg.

## When the Pony Express Ran Down Broadway

Well kept clothes marked the man of distinction.

In these days a man is judged by his clothes even more than he was in the days when the Indians hunted deer on the Ag Campus.

### *HARRELL'S*

PRESSING

CLEANING

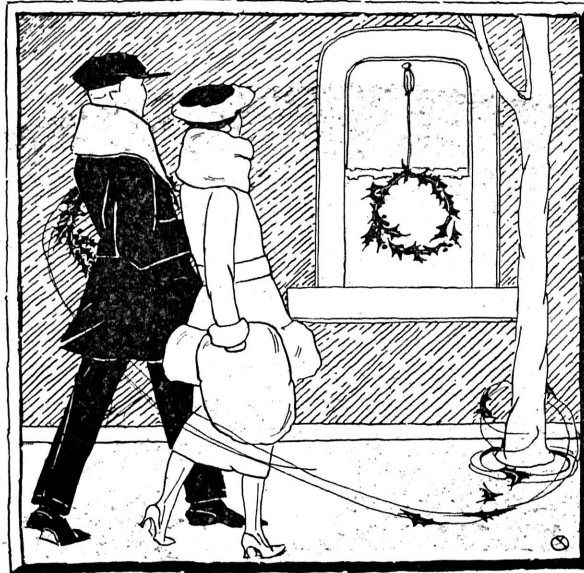
Suits made to order.

Phone 381

## *Richards Market*

*“The Best of Everything”*

*Twenty-Seventh Year*



## SANTA CLAUS

*Kris Kringle, honored patriarch, will soon be on his yearly lark. He'll take his reindeer from the shed, dust off the front seat of his sled, select a choice bit from his stock, check out his gifts and punch the clock. "For one day's work," once mused a sage, "Old Santa gets an awful wage."*

*Some Santas, neither cute nor fat, believe that they have bought a frat. Said one unto his faithful spouse, "I think our son must own the house of which we hear in each day's mail, demanding goodly gobs of kale. Perhaps a fad to line one's den with Yiddish Flags and Iron Men has spread among the College Youth; I've hocked the gold from off my tooth, I've lived on hash, hamburger, and noodle, to forward Handsome Harold more boodle. The worst nightmare I ever had started with these words; "Dear Dad: Let's found a League of Mas and Pas, known as 'Perpetual Santa Claus!'"*

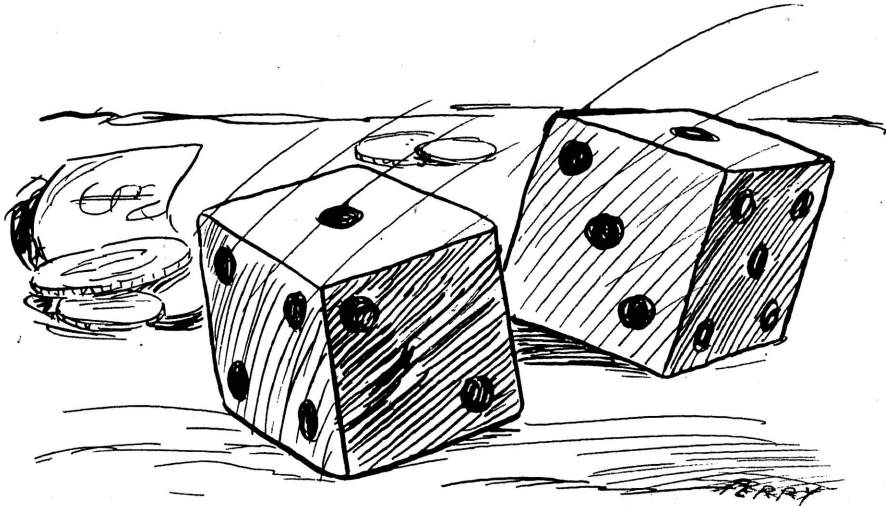
*Another Santa that we know is not so fond of ice and snow; 'tis much beneath his dignity to decorate a Christmas tree. But games of chance he decorates, and there most graciously donates the extra change he got from Pop, labeled, "For the Christmas Hop." Though not known as a son of toil, he often burns the midnight oil. The girls pronounce him "very cute" and recognize him as their fruit, the lad who never makes a gain but always loves to entertain.*

*"Saint Nicholas," as an indoor sport, is known in every clime and court, for ne'er has lived a hale and hearty who did not, some time, "give the party." 'Tis strange the name of Good Saint Nick should be thought of with "gold brick." But really, when and from what cause, did you last*

PLAY SANTA CLAUS?



The girl: "You poor, cold little calves!"



This is the Fable of Charles, the small town Gambler.

While yet a sophomore in High School he stumbled upon a nickel Crap Game surrounded by a gang of Sophisticated Seniors. He marvelled at the Dashing Play of Coin. Sometimes as much as his whole week's Allowance would change hands in the space of an Hour. Hanging around during his off hours became a Habit and he soon scrapped his Cubebbs for a package with a picture of a real Turkish Lady on the outside. The daring Gamesters marked his good taste in Rolled Ware and accepted him as a Brother. He usually carried two packages with the Lady's picture as he hated to be found unprepared.

Proceeding about the educational orbit in his Home Town he became a Senior and often shot a Dollar around the first of the week. He was even late for a Date with the One Best Bet because he couldn't find the little green Gallopers that he reserved for wear with his Date Clothes. His girl understood when he explained, at the first opportunity, that he didn't feel Dressed without 'em.

Charles came to college and chose a choice circle of Intimates. Casino, he discovered, was but a minor complaint with a set of Pasteboards. Poker hopped from the Pages of his favorite Wild West yarn onto the center of his Study Table almost Overnight. Being of a meditative turn of Mind he took to it like a Co-ed takes to the Library.

Small Stakes kept Charles from starting a Bank or dropping out of School but he began to hear rumors of greater fields. When none of the Christian Girls were climbing the steps into the balcony of the Favorite soft drink Hell the Boys would get their Heads together whisper, so the girls could hear, about the seventeen Passes made the night before. This interested Charles and proved to the Girls that the Boys were Hot Sports. No Limit Stud was often referred to without the Batting of an Eye Lash. Dollar limit lost its charm when there were Fortunes changing hands Every Night. So Charles began to ditch the Gang after dinner on Sunday. The Gang threw the Fives under the Table with the Twos, Threes and Fours on the first Sunday but found a Fifth man within a week.

Hints dropped Here and There finally got Charles an engagement with the Heavy Hitters. They shoved him a Stack of Chips and he Guessed they were Some Green when they told him the Whites were One Berry. Later he found an Iron Man to be the Minimum instead of the Maximum and wondered if he hadn't better go home. He lacked the Moral Courage to back out So Late in the Game and shivered for his Bank Roll.

At the end of the Session Charles found himself possessed of a Majority of the Common Stock. He had Drawn Out twice on the Boy who admitted himself to be Clever with Percentages. The Newcomer had Trimmed the Tree.

When it came to paying Off the old check books were Whipped out and no one Crabbed. Charles remarked about their sportsmanship.

Next day the Banks labeled his Commercial I. O. U.'s Lumber.

The Gang has put the Fours and Fives back in the Deck and are Playing a Six Handed game. Concerning the Huge Stakes Charles says they look good but Don't Mean Anything.

Moral: A Dollar in the Pocket is worth Three on a Check.



THE SHOWME, Room 311, Guitar Building

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\$1.75 a Year

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TIGERS ALL!

To all Missouri Tigers, which includes every student now enrolled in the University and a host of grads and others who made merry with us on Thanksgiving Day and who watched with never failing interest every move on the Missouri Campus, we bid the happiest of Tiger Holidays!

We are indeed TIGERS ALL, from the President of the University to "Rastus," the little colored boy who waits on the Tiger athletes at Rothwell Gymnasium. While we do not like to refer again to the terrible disaster that overtook the well known Jayhawk some weeks ago, we can but comment on the remarkable spirit shown that day. Only a few days before that same team was hardly able to hold it's own against the freshmen. Petty factions, quarrels, perhaps personal ambitions seemed to have split the union that meant strength. But the bigger thing won out, for Missouri spirit, esteemed and envied by every school in the valley, was again victorious.

Tigers, rejoice this Christmas with your Alma Mater! Yours is a happy lot, yours a school that fights and smiles through victory and defeat, yours a spirit that makes a friend of every foe. Drink deep of the brimming bowl of Yuletide cheer, lay aside the worries and mistakes of yesterday, and LIVE during your short span of freedom. And when we return to face the new trimester we will take up our tasks with the same determination and the same smile, and be, again and for all time, TIGERS ALL!

## CHOOSE 'EM.

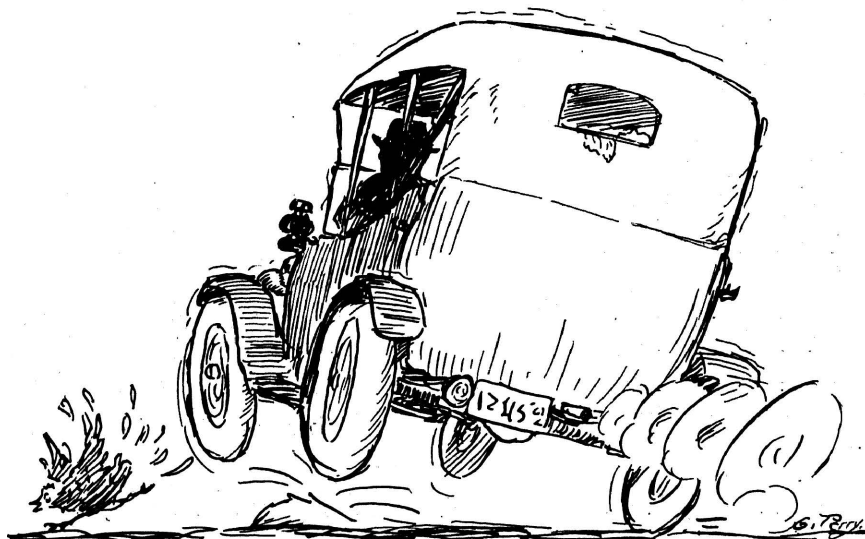
The appetite of the voracious man eating Tiger has been satisfied. The once haughty Jayhawker, stripped of her feathers and fine plumage—but game to the end—has crawled dejectedly back to her nest, to await the clarion summons of her mortal adversary for battle on the basketball court but most of all for the struggle on the gridiron of another autumn.

Homecoming, joyful and tumultuous, echoes in our thoughts not yet adjusted from the din and clamor of the conviviality of that day of day's festivities. Our eyes, focus them as we will on the daily tasks of the classroom are unseeing. It's all a blur—though the gladiators have long since adjusted the study lamp and continued the prognostications so sadly neglected—we see them yet, bowling over the ancient enemy in a manner history cannot recall—only six inches, but the opposition will not yield and again the Tigers have been denied—but not for long—the mass of fans, mums, grads and studes, knows full well, that this day's feast is to be a meal fit for a king, and for the Tigers—HONOR THEM—the stentorian question of the prof arouses us—what can it mean, to have to study on the day after.

Study we must, though. The Semester has been a gorgeous one, but now comes the final reckoning. Semester finals are atop of us, and all about us.

Kick-off with the right foot, tackle hard, spill the interference, don't kick unless the enemy holds; let there be no lateral or delayed passes, but make them all forward passes and you'll cover the ground with E's.

A minute to play, fourth down and the goal to gain!



The national joy smoke.



A Run on the Bank

## TO A NYMPH OF DIANA

Tell me, Autonoe, tell me the truth,  
 Nymph of the woodland and stream,  
 Dancing aesthetically, dancing, forsooth,  
 Gracefully, light as a Dream;  
 Laving yourself in an erst glassy pool,  
 Sporting in depths of the wold,  
 Basking where shadows are heavy and cool,  
 Say, DON'T YOU GET AWFULLY COLD?

Goddesses, surely, have rights of their own,  
 They are divine, and they should.  
 Still there are things that I never have known,  
 Things I have not understood.  
 People don't speak of the nymphs they have seen,  
 I only crave to be told;  
 Wearing a smile and some thin crepe de chine,  
 Say, DON'T YOU GET AWFULLY COLD?

Music, I hear, is a hobby with you,  
 Moving e'en stones from their place;  
 Yours isa bow that is bound to shoot true,  
 Never you tire in the chase.  
 Rarely, if ever, hairpins disappear,  
 Failing your tresses to hold.  
 Freckles and sunburn you never need fear,  
 But, DON'T YOU GET AWFULLY COLD?

Hunt, as you may, with a specialized bow,  
 Smite, as you can, on the lyre.  
 These are but proofs to us mortals, you know,  
 These are the things that inspire.  
 Simple the matters that I fail to see,  
 Are Delian chiggers as bold?  
 (Pardon what seems to be rudeness in me,  
 And DON'T YOU GET AWFULLY COLD?)

F. P. G.

## THE VERY LAST HE HAD

After I had been at George's house for several days, I began to suspect that something was wrong. Poor old George wasn't acting just right. I could see that something was weighing on his mind. He had grown haggard and pale, and had circles under his eyes; he was extremely nervous, and started at every unusual noise that broke the silence of his great gloomy house. I am sure that several times he intended to confess it all to me, but something stopped him.

One night I awoke with an odd feeling that someone was creeping near me. Presently I heard soft footfalls in the hall. I slid out of bed, stole to the door, and looked out. There was George in a dressing gown tiptoeing to the stairs with a glass something in his hand.

"Well—" I began loudly.

"Good Lord!" he cried, wheeling sharply, "It's—" he stopped on seeing me, and nervously shot his glance about. "Oh, it's only you! I—I was just going to the bathroom. Can't sleep well to-night."

And turning, he darted into the bathroom to hide his confusion.

I hardly slept that night. Something terrible was happening to George. I was sure that he could not bear the strain much longer. He had never had much moral courage. At college he had admitted that if things ever went wrong with him he would commit suicide. He had even discussed various methods, and had declared that he preferred poison. A pistol would shatter your head, he reasoned. Drowning was slow and nauseating, and as to hanging or jumping off of something, he always had a horror of having nothing solid under his feet. And gas—ugh!

I resolved that in the morning I would make him confide in me, that I might aid him.

But the next day he seemed to avoid me, and was more reticent and gloomy than before. There was something determined in his attitude that unnerved me. He had evidently decided his problem for good. I allowed the day to slip by without executing my intention. I determined, however, to watch him closely that night, as I was sure that he would act upon his decision, whatever it was.

Until far into the night I lay upon my bed, waiting. Then came the pit-pat of slipped feet. Thru half-closed lids I saw George come to my door to make sure that I was asleep. Evidently satisfied, he crept down the hall. I rose and followed him. I shall never forget his face as it appeared

when, descending the stairs, he passed thru a patch of moonlight. It shone with the most reckless, excited expression I have ever seen. He hurried on, but I was compelled to follow more slowly to avoid detection.

As I reached the foot of the stairs, I peeped cautiously into the room he had entered. With his back turned, he was leaning over a small table. Quickly he reached out and arranged the cushions on a sofa near him. It came to me in a flash. He would drink the poison and then topple over on the sofa to die more easily. How like George it all was!

He straightened suddenly, with a small glass of dark fluid in his hand. I crept up until I was almost behind him. Just as I raised my hand to dash the glass to the floor, I caught a whiff of its contents. I leaped forward, jerked the glass from him, and drained it in a gulp.

Lord, but it was good!

## IN BRAZIL

It must be awful nice,

In Brazil,

Your clothes will cut no ice,

In Brazil.

If you get too awful hot

You take 'em off as like as not,

The folks don't seem to care a jot,

In Brazil.

If you should hungry be,

In Brazil,

Grab something off a tree,

In Brazil.

If you want to yell, you do,

Folks don't think it's rude in you,

Like as not they do it too,

In Brazil.

And politics are grand,

In Brazil,

So nice to understand,

In Brazil.

All you do is start a plot,

It don't hurt if someone's shot,

You'll be next as like as not,

In Brazil.

—F. P. G.

Ode to a Blue-Book.

Oh evil symbol of nerve-racking  
woe,  
I love thee not.  
Six hours I toil on dope for thee,  
altho  
I fill thee not.

If all thy bluish kin were in one  
pile,  
And lit with torch,  
'Twould ease my weak, strained  
nerves—I'd smile  
To see them scorch.

That front porch campaigns  
are successful is evident from the  
promiscus manner in which fra-  
ternity pins are hung around.

Is There a Reason Why—  
Knees rhymes with breeze?  
Bliss rhymes with kiss?  
Strife rhymes with wife?  
Spoon rhymes with moon?  
Peach rhymes with beach?

Some people are accused of be-  
ing "high brow" when they are  
merely absent minded.

George: At the ball last night her costume was  
ripping!

John: Brute! Did you stand there and fail to  
tell her so?

"If I should kiss you, would it be petty lar-  
ceny?"

"No! It would be grand!" —Jester.

Little boy to old man with long whiskers: Say,  
mister, were you on the ark?

Old man: No, my boy.

Little boy: Then why weren't you drowned?



Ernest: Have you ever been kissed?

Irene: Hardly.

Ernest: That wasn't what I asked you.

Oculist: Too much light is bad for one.

Student: But worse for two.

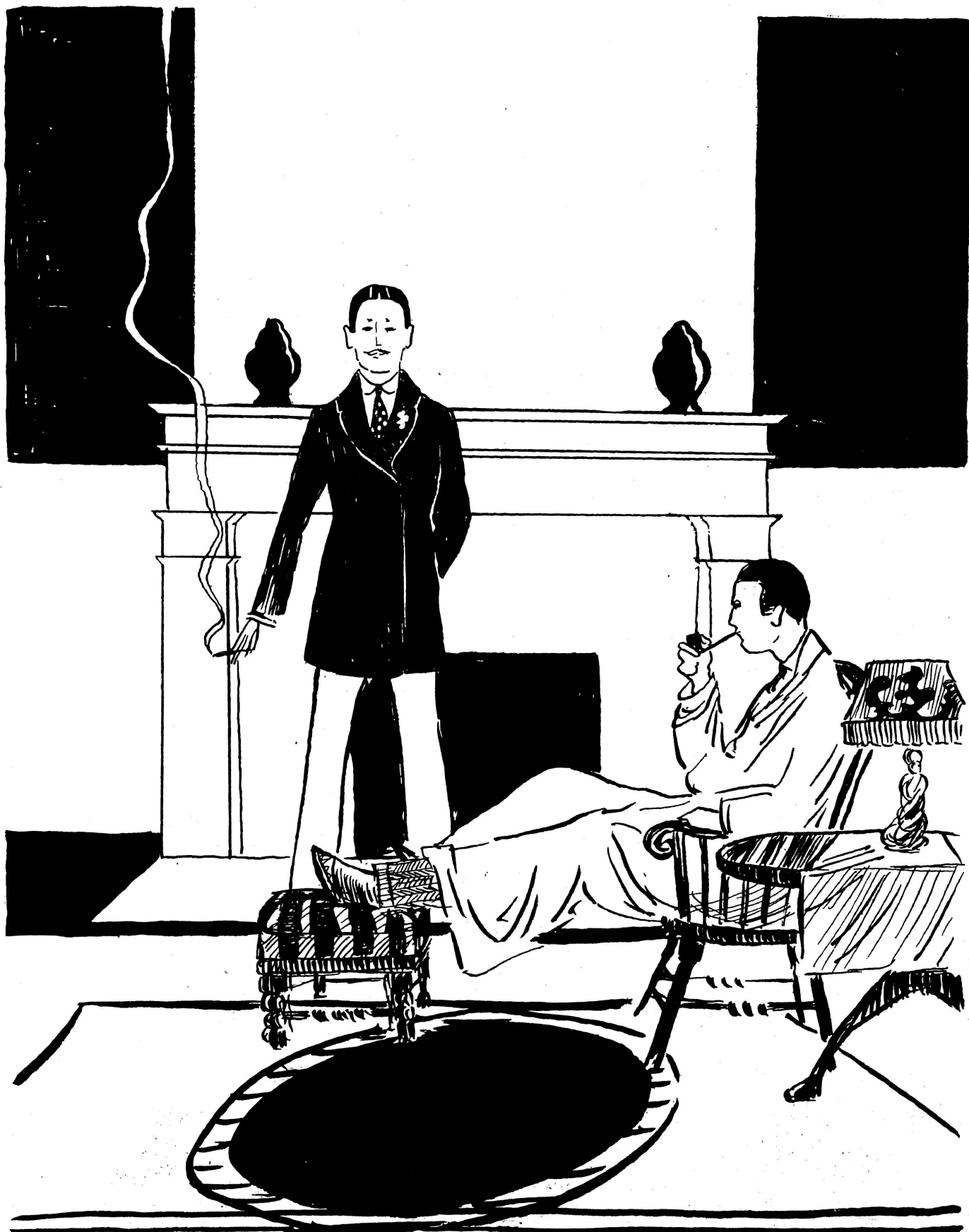
"Scribble says that no one is able to write a  
lyric for his tune."

"Huh. The music must be just too cute for  
words!"

"Do you know why they call our soldiers  
doughboys?"

"Why?"

"Because our Secretary of War is a Baker."



"Do you know Jane Hathaway?"  
"I'll say she has."

## CHOCOLATE GOO

Wesley Mows had a theory about women. He expounded it in the midnight bull sessions, sprawled back in the shadowy recesses of his double-decked bed.

"I tell you, there's nothing to this soft stuff," he would say. "Girls are sick of it. Here's the way I'd manage 'em—if I ever found one worth the trouble.

"The first time you date with her you tell her about a violent case you have just been having with a blonde. She'll think some other girl's got you, so she'll want you.

"The second time, get her to tell you about all the other men she goes with; then tell her she ought to grab some one of them while she's got the chance. She's not used to that line, and you've got her going.

"Then the third time you go with her, fill her ear with chocolate goo—you know the stuff. Tell her she's different, and that you don't want to be just acquainted with her. You want to know the real her, you want her to be just her own dear little self. Man, she'll open her ultimate soul to you."

Then the other men would laugh and call him "professor of Dateology."

That brings us to Jean Gilbert.

Now, Jean was the kind of a girl a man gets up to walk to an eight-o'clock with. You know; you can't describe that kind. Except that some girls with long dark lashes can't cry for fear of shedding black tears; Jean was different.

Mows caught a glimpse of her one day in the corridor.

He had pulled off his first date and his second within four days after the introduction. When the

third arrived, the blonde had faded conveniently into the distance, and he grinned possessively down into Jean's ear while she prattled of selling her clothes, and of shining shoes at seven cents apiece to get enough money to buy chocolate goo's, and of being called up by a dark man she had never met, and all the rest of it.

On the front steps, afterwards, he thought the time had come for his third move.

"Jean," he said quietly, "I wish you wouldn't."

"Wouldn't what," she cooed.

"Think you have to hand me a line. If you do it when you don't feel like it, you'll finally get tired. And I don't want you to get tired of me, Jean."

She stared at the edge of her shoe.

"I like you just as well lively or quiet," he went on. "Won't you just be yourself with me—always."

A silence. Finally—

"Yes," she said, and gave him her hand.

The next date was two days later. That day Jean had had a quiz and a headache. They strolled down to the show, in silence. Mows told a joke, and she laughed at exactly the right time. Then more silence. Afterward, Mows tried to make conversation.

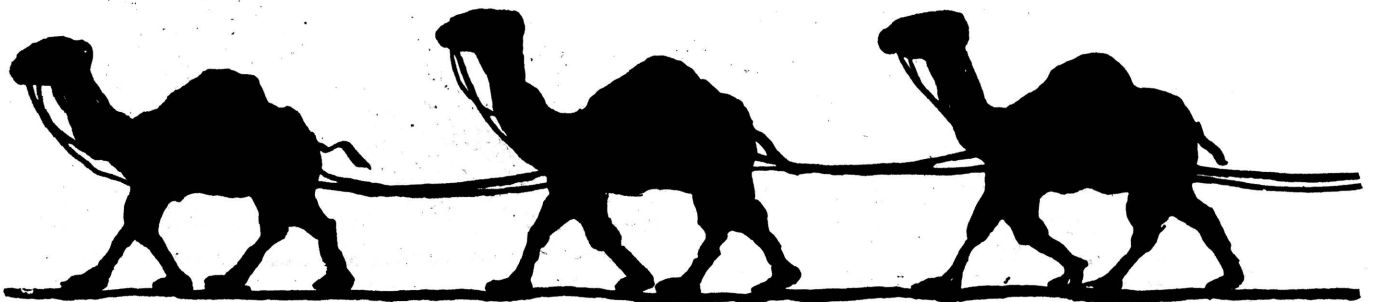
"Please don't; Wesley," she yawned. "I don't feel much like talking. Fact is, I'm sleepy."

He stared at the girl in the booth across the way while Jean finished eating.

When Mows got her home—

"I've had a mighty pleasant evening," he said brightly.

He called her up again four weeks later.



Crossing the

## MODERN DRINKING SONG

We'll gather round the foaming fount,  
 Just as we used to do,  
 And watch the amber fluid mount,  
 Just as we used to do,  
 It may be just a coke that's there,  
 And yet we'll have to drown dull care,  
 So,

Drink it down  
 Without a frown,  
 Just as we used to do.

Oh, fill your cups to the brim, my men,  
 Just as we used to do,  
 If drink is death, let's die again,  
 Just as we used to do,  
 It's pretty hard for a chocolate smooth  
 Our parched and drying throats to soothe,  
 But,

Drink it down  
 Without a frown,  
 Just as we used to do.

We'll drink the health of Bacchus now,  
 Just as we used to do,  
 No lizards blue will attack us now,  
 Just as they used to do,  
 We can't get soused, I must admit,  
 On a malted milk or banana split,  
 But,

Gulp it down  
 Without a frown,  
 Just as we used to do.

F. P. G.

"My" exclaimed Mr. Klumsay, "this floor is awfully slippery. It's hard to keep on your feet."

"Oh," replied the fair partner sarcastically, "then you were really trying to keep on my feet? I thought it was purely accidental." —Burr.

Mr. Peck: "Would you mind compelling me to move on, officers? I've been waiting on this corner three hours for my wife." —Puck.

Senior: "Where have you been?"

Freshman: "To the cemetery."

Senior: "Anybody dead?"

Freshman: "All of them." —Siren.

Mother Dear: Do your new shoes hurt?

Brother Dear: No, but my feet do.

—Virginia Reel.

Jack: Did you ever hear of chloroform?

Jake: Of course.

Jack: Well, don't breathe it. —Dirge.

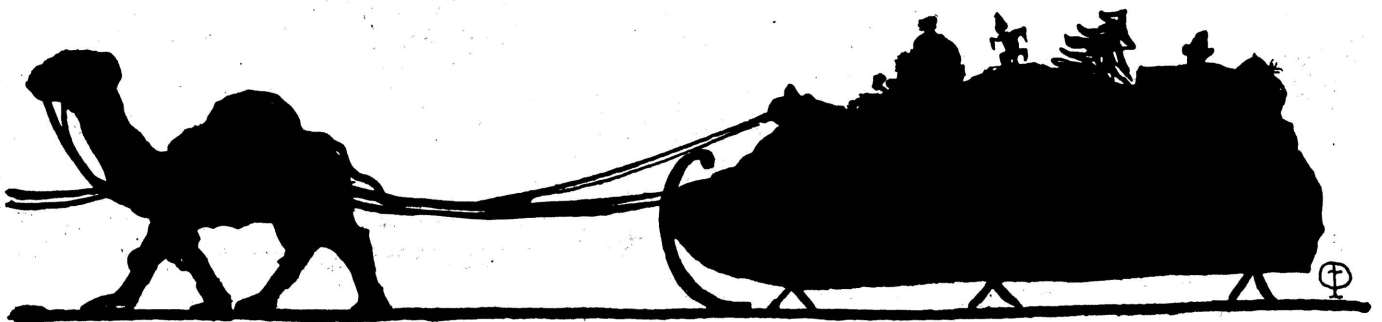
He: So you went to see Hamlet? Do you think he was mad?

She: I'm afraid so; it was an awfully poor house. —Exchange.

Ikey: Are you de young man vot safed my boy's life from drownning?

Pat: Yes, but don't mention it; I just did my duty.

Ikey: Vell, vere's his cap? —Chappie.



American Dessert.

# NERO TO TED LEWIS



I've never felt so much at home  
Since the evening I burned Rome  
As when I hear your jazz-hounds whine;  
May every Christmas joy be thine.



from Shakespeare to Tac



Dear Mack: when I was young  
Actresses didn't dress like  
If I live again I hope  
I missed a lot. Since

P.S.

MERRY CHR

# DELILAH TO THE BOLSHEVIKI!

A Christmas spirit fills the air  
Be careful of your nice long hair!

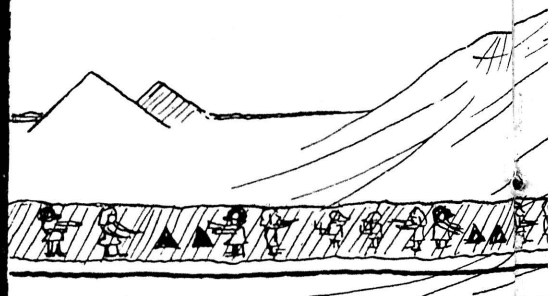
May Santa bring you new clean frocks

But do not let him trim  
your locks!



# CLEO TO THE WOMENS' CO

YULETIDE GREETINGS from the Niz  
May we present our latest style?  
This costume you'll adopt perchance  
For the next nice formal dance



Jack Sennett

young and gay  
is this way  
hope they will.  
Sincerely, Bill.



CHRISTMAS!

SALOME TO THEDA BARA

The holidays are full of bliss  
but best of all your two reel kiss...  
don't hesitate to voice your needs  
and when in doubt, leave off the  
beads



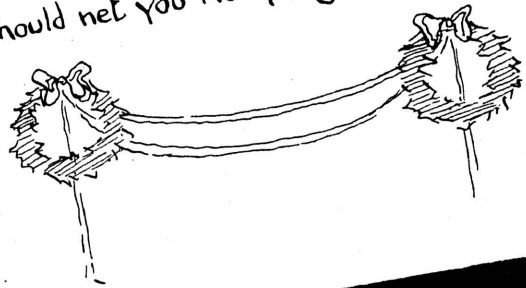
COUNCIL



ANANIAS, father of the fish story, to  
PONZI



This lovely card, engraved in gold,  
is one of the best I ever stole.  
The 2 cent stamp, enclosed for luck,  
Should net you many a good iron buck.



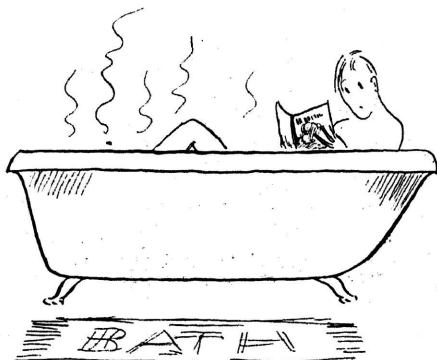
## ROOMING HOUSE PESTS

Homer's specialty is showing up with a collection of your shirts, soiled but otherwise uninjured, except for a ragged tear here and there, with a, "Thanks, old man! Been intending to return these for a week but knew you didn't need 'em right away." This usually happens about twenty minutes after you have returned from the village with three new jumpers to take the place of those you thought the house boy had lifted on you. You smile and tell Homer its all right and he comes right back with an invitation to help yourself any time you are in his room. Homer hasn't any clothes of his own and his taste in shaving lotions and talcum runs to extremes so it doesn't mean anything.

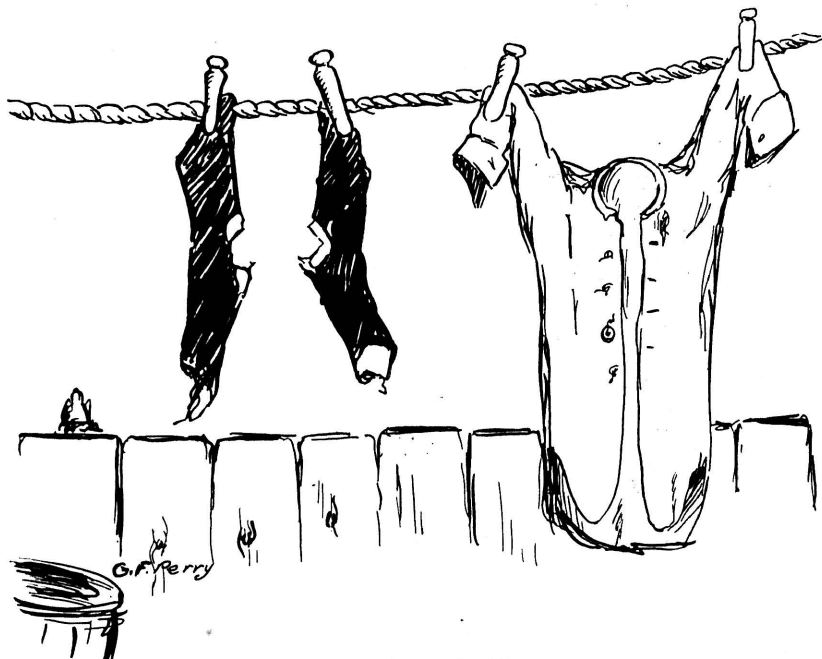


The lad who has a guest and plants him in your bed for the night should be in line for extinction. The little note he pins on your door, after tucking in the wanderer from his home town, in which you are advised to move softly while shedding the raiment and to come to his room for an all night wrestle in his single bed, hardly takes the place of a night's sleep. Next morning he explains that his friend dropped in suddenly and that anyway he'd do as much for you. He is so sure that you would have been slighted if he hadn't used your bed that he hardly listens to your muttered curses. Fortunately he has a thick head and spends the rest of the semester wondering who put cow's itch in his bed on the following nite.

There is the landlady who thinks the James boys must have been cigarette smokers. She doesn't lay down the law against the weed for fear the "dear boys" would think she didn't want them to enjoy every minute of their stay with her just as if they were at home. No, she doesn't do that. She just heaves a sigh every time one of the "dear boys" get within sighing distance and declares to goodness that her head is killing her. She hasn't the slightest idea what could be the cause of her dizzy spells but she never had them last year when the Young Men's Auxillary of the W. C. T. U. roomed at her house. Her favorite story is about her younger sister who went blind or something after working as a stenographer for a man who smoked cork tips.



The dumbell who thinks the old zinc tub is a Roman Bath is a great help to his fellows. He approaches the Saturday Nite immersion with awe and takes a magazine with him to while away the time as he lolls in the tub letting the hot water run during the entire ceremony. Back in the hill country the tubs are so designed as to make it impossible to soak both feet and the back of the neck at the same time. Meanwhile you pace up and down the hall with an eight o'clock date on your mind and the Gillette in your hand wishing the damfool would drown.



A Bachelor's Hangout.

Where are the women who  
could drive a man to drink?

—Green Gander, Ames.

We'll furnish the woman if  
some one will furnish the drink.

A wise man  
With true precision,  
Of a woman,  
Gave this definition:  
"A rag, a bone and a hank o' hair."  
But woman,  
Not to be outdone,  
Defined man  
In the following pun:  
"A nag, a drone and a tank o' air."

—P. S. L.

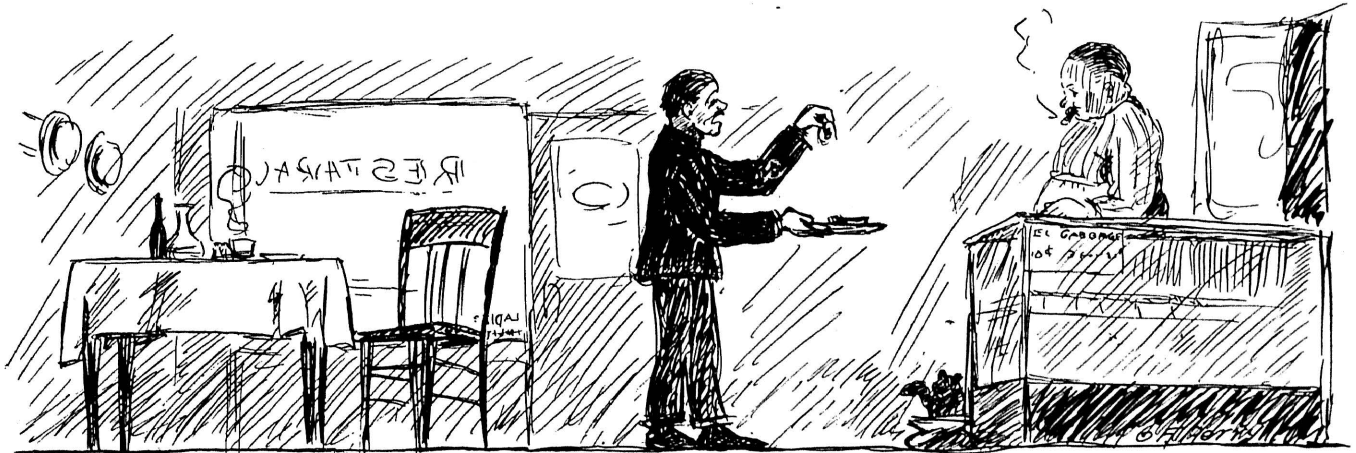
## YOU'VE SEEN EM TOO

Does she roll her eyes and hose?  
She's a vamp.  
Does she pose where e'er she goes?  
She's a vamp.  
Can she exhale through her nose?  
Does she hint for costly shows?  
Does she like the wind that blows?  
She's a vamp.  
  
Can she say a fond good-night?  
She's a vamp.  
Drive left-handed sans a light?  
She's a vamp.  
Is her smiling always bright?  
Is that smile on always right?  
Can she slip the chaperon's sight?  
She's a vamp.  
  
Can she hum a song or so?  
She's a vamp.  
Can she say things soft and low?  
She's a vamp.  
Does she break your date, (although  
It was made some weeks ago,)  
For a low-brow? Then you know  
She's a vamp.

F. P. G.

## DITH YRAMB

Prune,  
O Prune,  
I spurned you just this noon,  
How come you back so soon?  
I would have had you eaten then  
Had I but known you'd come again  
So soon,  
O Prune.  
  
You aren't as other food,  
I want that understood,  
O Prune.  
A bean, you know, may come in soup,  
Or baked, or back again in soup,  
Or hashed, or yet again in soup.  
But you, O Prune, are prune alone,  
For neither soup nor hash were grown.  
  
Then act your dignity and worth,  
And when I send you forth,—  
Away,  
Then stay,  
O Prune.

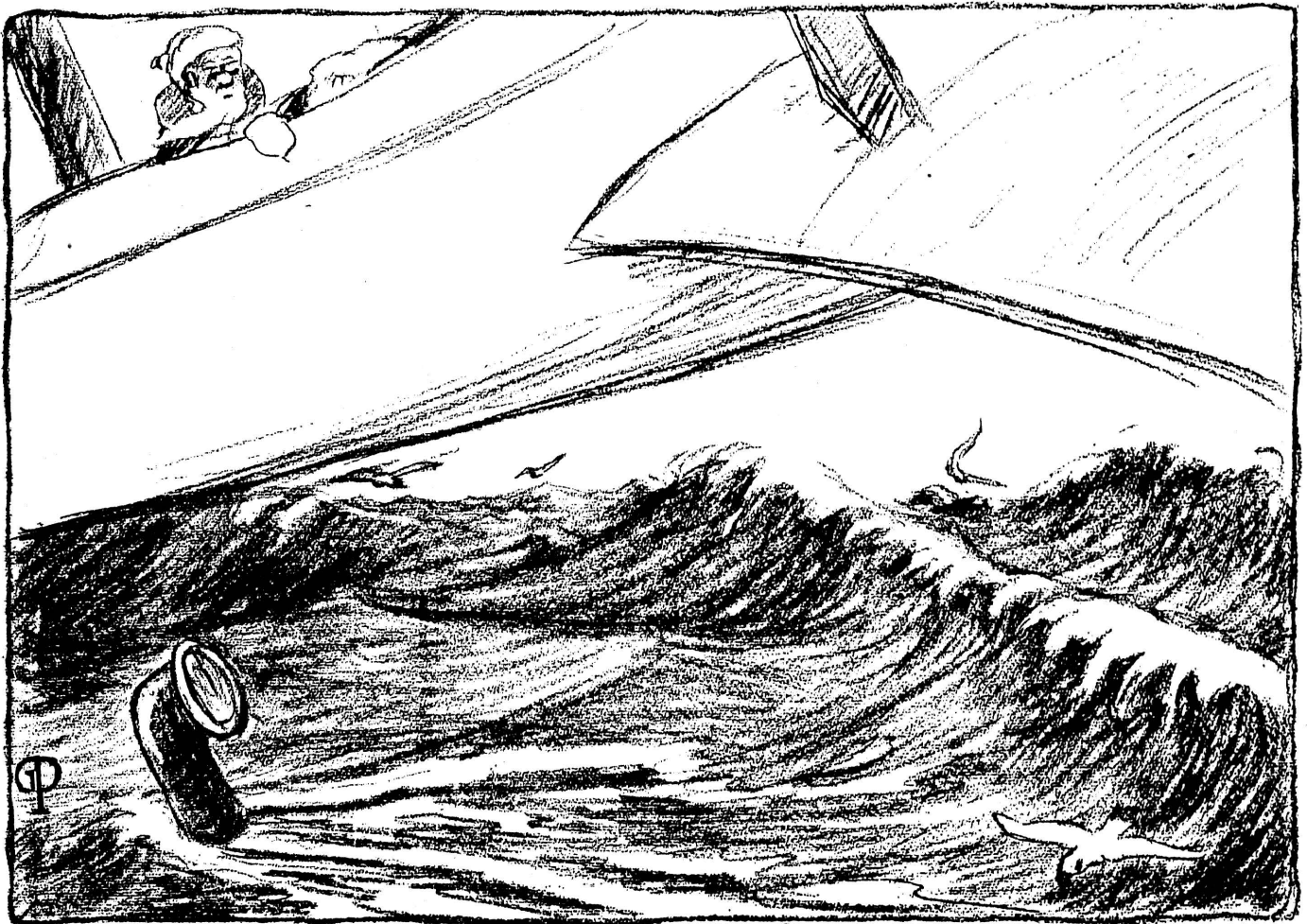


**The Winning Title.**

Irate Customer: Say, are you trying to choke me? Look at this piece of junk I found in my soup-

Calm Proprietor: Oh, that's all right, sir—it's merely a chip off the old crock.

Elwood Ullman, Jr.,  
5751 Waterman Ave.,  
St. Louis, Mo.



"How the devil am I to get down through that thing?"



Back for the Holidays.

## SCANDAL

They were in the room alone.  
The shades were carefully drawn.  
Over the sleeping city fell  
The first grey streaks of dawn.

He first picked from some boxes,  
Which were carefully placed in rows,  
A beautiful set of lingerie  
And a pair of silken hose.

She was very quickly placed in them,  
And his face was wreathed in smiles,  
As he hurriedly rolled her stockings  
To conform to the present styles.

He placed his arms about her waist  
As he arose to pin her gown.  
(I didn't think, when I first wrote this,  
How naughty it might sound.)

He set a hat upon her head,  
And around her neck a cape.  
For he was in a hurry  
Lest the populace should awake.

Now don't be shocked at what I've said;  
You won't if you're a guesser.  
For she was only a manikin—  
And he a window dresser.

—P. S. L.

## MOONLIGHT MELODIES

Tootsie Tsu was a maiden, O, wondrously fair,  
Stu Much was a nice handsome man,  
And they served the year through in the temple of Boo  
In far away, dreamy Japan.

And they sat in the dusk neath the great starry sky,  
While the pink cherry petals sank silently by,  
The immobile god Boo batted never an eye,  
And the moon shone bright as day.

And he kissed her, but, blundering, on her he threw  
Some incense designed for the almighty Boo;  
"Are you mad?" said he,  
"Incensed!" said she.  
And Boo never batted an eye.

—F. P. G.

## REST IN PIECES

Johnny bought an aeroplane,  
To while away the hours,  
He looped and zoomed and tailspun till  
The papers said "No flowers."

—*Milpitas Statesman.*

Van Goofem drank wood alcohol,  
A thing which no man oughter,  
However great his thirst. He leaves  
A widow and a daughter.

—*Grass Valley Standard.*

Arthur took a drink of cream,  
And drank till he was sated.  
X marks the spot where Arthur lies,  
For Arthur was creamated.

—*Goleta Trade-wind.*

Little Edward fell from out  
A giant redwood tree.  
The body will be forwarded  
To Memphis, Tennessee.

—*Anaheim Staats-Zeitung.*

Reggie's lungs were very small;  
He started out to swell 'em;  
Pump wouldn't stop; the grass grows green  
O'er Reggie's cerebellum.

—*La Honda Enterprise.*

Willie bought a brand-new car,  
And started out to drive it;  
He wrapped it 'round a fire-plug—  
Interment strictly private.

—*Pelican.*

Jimmie was a reckless lad,  
He kissed a co-ed fair;  
The death he died was horrible,  
He choked upon a hair.

—*Tar Baby.*

Phillip lit a cigarette  
Within a powder mill.  
We do not know just where he went  
Perhaps he's going still.



### TIGERS MEET AMES HERE, JANUARY 7-8.

When the drudge of examinations is but a memory and the pleasures of Christmas holiday are behind us, we will return for another glorious trimester at "Old Mizzou" with basketball as the major sport listed on the athletic calendar.

When Craig Ruby emerged from the ranks of the undergraduates, the Tigers lost immeasurably yet in the same breath, we may say that they gained. For former Captain Ruby is back at Missouri, and this winter will be in active charge of the basketball quintet. Athletic Director Clevenger will act in an advisory capacity as head coach.

Many basketball critics have claimed that Ruby deserves to rank on a par with the best basketeers in America. Certainly the Missouri Valley has never seen his peer. Ruby's scintillating career was made possible only by a close study of the game, and in the three years that the former captain has been on Missouri five, he has accumulated a world of knowledge on the indoor sport.

Craig Ruby is making his first bow as a coach. Reports emanating from Rothwell gymnasium indicate that he is already in the high esteem of every member of the squad. It is fortunate, perhaps, that as members of this year's team are many men who have played with him in previous seasons. The style of play which he has learned and studied and which has been the predominant factor in Missouri's victories in the past two years on the basketball floor, will in the main be the program for this year.

A style of play, however, is only an asset to a team. Just as in football, brawn will usually win out over science, whereon the other hand, science and brawn together form an unbeatable combination. A system alone will not win the Valley championship. Fortunate, however, Coaches Ruby and Clevenger have something more than a system. They have a squad which forbodes ill for any conference team that will meet them. And of this squad there are five letter men who have played the distinctive "Missouri system." Bond and Coffey, Williams, Captain Browning and Wackher have a fund of experience that will be indispensable, if the Tigers are to defend the title successfully this year.

George Bond is the only forward holding over from last year and as possible running mates for him Coach Ruby has Art Browning and "Piggy" Fox, both excellent performers. Knight, Campbell and Moore are other members of last year's squad, while there are several new possibilities that may break into the lineup at any time. Bunker, the big center on the Tiger eleven this fall, is out for one of the guard positions.

At a meeting held early in December the letter men elected as this year's captain "Pidge" Browning of Kansas City. Browning has played a beautiful game at guard for the Tigers the last two seasons and will doubtless prove to be an excellent leader. Wackher was the only other man considered for the captaincy, by reason of his two years of brilliant service on the Missouri five. The team would have made no mistake in choosing either of these men for a floor general. Perhaps the decision was reached by drawing straws.

The Tigers open a strenuous 18 game schedule by meeting Ames in Rothwell gymnasium, the first week of the New Year.

E. N. J.

### "LEST WE FORGET."

The last vestige of Thanksgiving and Homecoming has long since disappeared, yet every day we are again acquainted with the fact that Missouri administered a terrific drubbing to the Kansas Jayhawkers on Thanksgiving Day. Only recently we honored the heroes of the gridiron with a Varsity Day, one of the best forward steps of the student administration of the past few years.

Now that the Kansas game is several weeks in the background we find that we are able to talk calmly about the titlt, and are able to diagnose the situation. In some ways it is a miracle that the Tigers emerged the victors, for it was only a few days before that there was an apparent split on the gridiron. But any differences that existed between the men were forgotten before the team took the field for the Kansas game for Missouri played wonderful football against Kansas. Officials and neu-

tral critics who have seen the two factions at their antics for so many years decreed that it was the most crushing defeat for Kansas in the history of the two schools' relations. True, the score fails to indicate this wide margin of the winning team, yet it was there.

Almost before the first whistle had died on the kickoff, it was apparent that only a miracle could stop the onrushes of the Missouri contingent. First Lincoln, then Lewis and Fulbright would crash through for huge gain. It seemed as though Lincoln literally pushed back the Kansas forwards, yet in reality the line was making huge gaps in the opposition's defense. Lincoln's real strength seemed to come when two or three men attacked him and he would plow on for several yards. Fulbright skirted the ends with wonderful success. Aside from his own work in picking the holes and sprawling away from the tacklers, the clever offensive net spread out by Travis and Goepel was largely responsible for many of this lad's gains.

Kansas scored her first touchdown on four bad breaks for Missouri probably the only ones which she received all day. It came in the first quarter. Lonborg kicked from behind his goal to Packwood in the middle of the field. Pack let the ball get away from him and a Jayhawker grabbed it. Lonborg after three unsuccessful attempts at the aerial game, kicked onside to Packwood who was forced to receive on his 6-inch line. While the momentum of an opposing player carried him over, Missouri was entitled to the ball on the half foot line as this was the point where the forward progress had stopped. Here Captain Lewis made his poorest kick of the season a five yard kick which went outside and gave Kansas the ball but four yards from the Missouri goal. A moment later Lonborg passed to Mandeville over the goal line. They kicked goal.

Missouri came back strong and actuated by what the Kansans had done, put the ball over the line, the scoring being done by Fulbright on a pass from Captain Lewis. "Chuck" missed one of his few goals of the season. Fulbright also counted the final touchdown of the game, skirting an end and this time Lewis booted over the cross bars. Late in the game when the shadows of the goalposts were lengthening the Tiger leader stepped back to his own 14 yard line and kicked an easy goal thereby cinching the game. Whenever the visitors had the ball after this, they gave up straight football and resorted to the forward passing game, usually the last forlorn hope of a beaten team.

Kansas made four first downs and Missouri

25. Kansas gained something like 60 yards from the line of scrimmage in the whole game and the Tigers advanced over 400.

It wasn't this rarin' rippin' Tiger clan that was beaten by Oklahoma.

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#### SPORTITORIAL

The Tigers' selection for next year's captain is a most appropriate one. Herbert Blumer is the ideal type of man and athlete. Training of the mind and body have received 100% efficiency in his case. Missouri history does not recall a football captain a member of Phi Beta Kappa. Something "bigger" than factional feeling elected Herb Blumer 1921 football captain and in this particular case rests the personification of Missouri spirit which few other schools can understand.

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So far the appeal in the last issue of the SHOW-ME for a half million dollars to erect a Yale Bowl and a corresponding gymnasium has not been answered. Where's all this Missouri spirit?

---

Also, football authorities are attempting to change the rules, or not have any one of the two. But there must be something for the football authorities to do. If there wasn't anything for them to do, they'd quit and we wouldn't have any football, and without football what would we do on Thanksgiving afternoon. If we didn't have anything to do, we'd probably get our Turkey around 6 o'clock which would simple mean another day of "cold turkey," so by all means let's have football authorities.

---

The Columbia Evening Missourian some time ago suggested a conference that would rival the Big Ten. Missouri, Oklahoma, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska and Texas were suggested as members. The Daily Oklahoman is behind the Missourian in this respect and believes that such a conference would provide a much higher standard of play than the present Missouri Valley affords.

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Benny Owens, Oklahoma coach, who is such a favorite in the Valley has offered to bring his team to Columbia for the second time in two years, next fall. This sportsmanlike offer was made when he realized the oddity of the Missouri schedule which afforded the Tigers not a single suitable game for Homecoming. You never heard anybody calling the Oklahoma boys "Pikers," did you?



# Steals



THERE ISN'T ANY.

It was thirty-two below.  
 Oh! I kissed her in Wyoming,  
 There was no moon  
 There was no stars  
 There wasn't any snow.  
 She told me that she'd love me,  
 That to me she would be true.  
 (It might be well to mention  
 It was raining in Peru.)

—Voo Doo.

The old-fashioned girl packs her box to take to school:

- 1 Bible
- 1 box peppermint sticks
- 1 bottle sulfur and molasses
- 1 dozen hair ribbons

Numerous unmentionables, flannel.

The modern girl packs her valise to take to school:

- 1 copy Breezy Stories
- 1 carton Benson Hedges
- 1 bottle Johnny Walker
- 1 dozen hair nets.

Numerous unmentionables, silk.

—Jack-o-Lantern.

SAY IT WITH NATURALS.

The street car stopped with a yank. A man in the rear crowded his way toward the door.

"Coming out! Coming out—" he cried to the impatient conductor.

"A half you don't," yelled the fuddled sporting gentleman in the front seat. —Frivol.

THERE WAS NO MISTAKE.

Tired Worker—"Boss, is you got a nigger on your book named Simpson?"

Boss—"Yeah. What about it?"

T. W.—"Wal, I'se dat nigger boss—I just thought you had it down Sampson."

—Jack-o-Lantern.

SIMPLE.

Pete—Have you got any mail for me?

Postman—What's your name?

Pete—You'll find it on the envelope.

—Tiger.

"Yes, this time two years ago I was a mental wreck, actually insane.

What do you suppose brought this change about in me?

"What change?"

—Siren.

Mabel—Bill's filing his old love letters.

Lizzie—Were they as rough as that?

—Puppet.

HANDLE HIM ROUGH.

Stude—May I raise my hand.

Prof.—What for.

Stude—I want to ask a question.

—Jester.

## IN THE BUSINESS COURSE.

"Give for one year, the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States."

"1492—none." —Burr.

"Why does Jim always drink before going to bed?"

"So he can sleep tight." —Record.

He (poetically)—I could hang on your very words.

She—Is my line as strong as that? —Banter.

R-R-R-R-I-I-P.

"Isn't this ripping?" said the dropstitch as it ran down the stocking. —Tar Baby.

## WHY SHOULD THEY?

We do not speak when we pass by,  
Though neither heart is broken—  
For it's a fact I can't deny  
We never yet have spoken.

—Tar Baby

She—"You have such wonderful lips. They would look good on a girl."

He—"Well, I have never missed an occasion." —Voo Doo.

## QUO VADIS.

Cop—"Hey, where are you going; don't you know this as a one-way street?"

Abe (in new car)—"Well, I am only going one way, aint I." —Pitt.

## TWO VEINS.

The Misogynist—Away with women!  
The Would-be-Lizzard—Wish I had it.  
—Record.

Captain (to unconscious teammate)—Get up, Jim, you just made a pass.

Jim—Was I faded? —Dirge.

Art is a beautiful creation, but where photography excels art, is the studio of Sid Whiting's in St. Louis, that will, when you are in the city, allow special rates to all U. of M. students. This Studio produces more fine Photographs than any other; also makes 70 per cent of College and University photos done in St. Louis. A visit will assure you. —Adv.

## FOND MEMORIES OF THE OLDEN DAYS.

Always some sorrows come with the new yr.  
Bills for the rent, clothes and other things dr.  
We open them all with some little fr.  
But none of them cause us to shed even a tr.  
With one single exception—the bill for nr. br.

—P. S. Limerick

## A Cubist Poem

When you see this  
no doubt you'll  
laugh. But it  
is only a  
pointed



He—What would you do if I was to kiss you on the forehead?

She—I'd call you down. —Tar Baby.

"Filled to the brim" must refer to the way some campus kings wear their hats.

---

The manufacturer who first announces different flavors in face powders ought to do a whale of a business.

---

"At any rate it's a soft answer," murmured the ham actor as a tomato took him between the eyes.

### *Meet You at Ed's*

Sure, you'll find the Gang there most any time.

### *THE PENNANT*

*ED HORNBECK*

That southern educator who says, "if mathematics interfere with lovemaking cut out the mathematics," shows that some instructors are human after all.

### *Use Care---*

In the selection of the milk and other dairy products you use.

Our products are handled by the most up-to-date methods and machinery, and everything is pasteurized.

*..Sanitation and Pasteurization...*

*Is Your Insurance.*

## **White Eagle Dairy**

Phone 360

---

"Hang up the baby's stocking," sang grandmother.

"For heaven's sake, can that noise," said the up-to-date youngster, "and bring that thing back before my feet get cold. Besides how is the Old Boy going to put a gasoline buggy in that any way?"

---

"Christmas comes but once a year," caroled daughter as she gazed languidly at the stack of boxes on the table.

"Thank heaven," muttered father as he took in the stack of bills that covered his desk.

*HOLIDAY CARDS  
AND  
NOVELTIES*

*Scotts Book Shop*

"That's what they call a bear-cat," said little Willie as he finished shaving the family feline with pa's safety razor.

*Manicuring*

*Shampooing*

*Parsons Sisters*

*Beauty Parlor*

*1005 Broadway*

*Phone 795*

*Hair Dressing*

*Massaging*

White—"Did you favor the honor system at the recent election?"

Green—"I sure did. Why, I voted for it five times."  
—Panther.

"Why do they call this the drinking song?"

"Because there is a rest at every bar."  
—Brunensis

Buy Your Showme

and other

Magazines at

*The Virginia Pharmacy*

*Virginia Building*

THE GIRL OF YESTERYEAR

What has become of the old-fashioned girl we used to know; the one who would come to the door to meet us, and whose dainty complexion would beam with smiles as we would ask, "Wouldn't you like to go to the movies?" What has become of her, you ask. She is standing on the street corner waiting to hop on the running board and cry, "Hurry up, Sweet Patootie, we're late as H—1 now."  
—Virginia Reel.

She (just back from Paris): "I can't go to this dance tonight, my trunks haven't arrived."

He: "Good Lord! What kind of a dance do you think this is going to be!"

—Lampoon.

Hardware, Cutlery and Electrical  
Appliances

*Newman Hardware Co.*  
*and Stove Co.*  
904 BROADWAY, COLUMBIA, MO.  
PHONE 234

A Freshman came to old Mizzou  
With distant dreams of getting  
through;  
He met a girl his Freshman year  
And that is why he isn't here.

#### "ODE TO THANKSGIVING"

The night was dark, very dark. Great crowds surged through the streets greatly increasing the importance of the "city police force," whose traffic regulating gyrations were steadily growing more frantic.

The good spirits of the crowd radiated as it were into the air pervading it with an exuberant element of festivity.

With amorous grip I held her in my hand, her sweet intoxicating presence seemed to radiate myriad passions through my sensitive soul, and yet she lay there, a thing of beauty.

Suddenly a wild scream chilled my overworked heart. I clutched her impulsively to my bosom.

The spiritual passion of love overcame me, the sweet quintessence of her celestial perfume unnerved me.

My tortured soul was unable to resist longer and ah,—yes, I did it. Feverishly grasping her slender neck I removed her cork (———), and with an exultant scream of joy I pressed her delicate mouth to my thirsting lips, swallowing great gulps of corn whisky.

"Who's who," screeched the weary night owl.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen  
The saddest are these  
It might have been—"  
I—instead of an F.

"You can't keep a good man  
down," remarked the home brewer  
as he sailed through the skylight.

"All that glitters is not gold,"  
muttered the jewelry salesman as  
he placed another tray of Christmas  
rings in the window.

#### *Marks of Distinction---*

Society Brand	Suits and
Stein-Bloch	Overcoats
Langham	
Manhattan	Shirts
Metric	
Stetson	Hats
Borsalino	

When you come back, don't forget  
that old New Year's resolution to keep  
on buying from

*Victor Barth Clothing Co.*  
THE BIG CLOTHIERS

## MAKE YOUR GIFT

*Something Electrical*

*Furtney*

ELECTRIC SHOP

175 Ninth St.

Phone 829

The grain elevator is a sort of magazine of cereal stories.—Tar Baby.

Burglar—"One sound from you and I'll squeeze you to death."

Antique Maid—"Remember that's a promise."  
—Sun Dial.

## *Photography Has Become An Art*

And Parson's Studio has followed photography from the days of the tin type to the present day of artistic study of subjects

*February is the deadline for pictures for the SAVITAR. Make your appointment at once.*

*Parsons'*

*Studios Whittle Building*

Mary sat on the stone bench on the South side of Academic Hall and gazed thirstily across at the Palms. She pictured to herself all the good things to be had there. She has just attended a lecture on expurgated Philosophy and was Dry. Looking down the Cinder Path she saw a Victim approaching.

Emil, the Hopeful, was the kind of man that always gets splashed when an automobile passes. Since youth he had not been Sure of Himself. Emil too had attended the lecture.

"Ain't you dry after that awful lecture," said Mary Hopefully.

Emil stopped in a daze. He was not used to such attention. His Adams Apple jumped up and down excitedly. Emil always wore a size-to-large collar for fear of strangulation during these High Moments of Life.

"Let's drink," he gurgled, waving one hand awkwardly toward the Palms. "Best place in Town after a dry lecture."

"Oh, Lets!" cried Mary.  
P. S. After a dry lecture, try the Palms.

"Well I guess I'll kiss you good-bye until tomorrow."

"No, George, I couldn't hold my breath that long, and besides I must go inside in ten minutes.

—Banter.

### "Well, I Guess."

Stranger (viewing funeral procession): Who's dead?

Willie: Why, the guy what's in the coffin.

Stranger: But who is it?

Willie: It's the mayor.

Stranger: So the mayor is dead, is he?

Willie: Well, I guess. Do you think he's havin' a rehearsal?

—Exchange.

"My face is my fortune ,sir—

"Yep. And I'll say that your money is doing a lot of talking."

—Detroit Free Press.

# 23

A number that stands for good service  
in baggage delivery.

Slogan for a progressive telephone company.

"One Hour Service."

Any man will tell you emphatically that he never sees a short skirt.

The guy who wrote "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown," must have just returned from a trip to the dentist.

"For Christmas presents" will cover a multitude of sins in son's December account to father.

Women vote, they smoke cigarettes, they cut their hair, but Heaven forbid that they ever start to greasing it.

No, Hortense, those are not dog biscuits that they feed Teahounds.

*IF YOU READ  
THIS*

*OTHERS WOULD READ  
YOUR AD.*

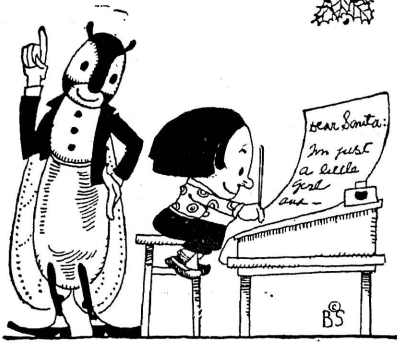
## *MEATS*

are now back to "Old Time" prices.

Perhaps not always the price, but it's always the quality.

**McAdam & Berkebile**

*Modern Sanitary Refrigeration*



Dear Santa: I'm just a little girl  
And not so very old;  
I'd like to have some house slippers  
So's my feet won't get cold.

For Xmas  
"Comfy" House Slippers  
For All  
Reasonably priced

**Millers**

Shoes and Hosiery

If you want the best meal money can buy  
at a popular price served to you under  
strictly sanitary conditions, and you're in a  
big hurry for it, come to

## The Coffee Shop

## Daniel Boone Tavern

F. W. LEONARD, Mngr.

*Gifts of Distinction*

**Geery's**

*"Say it with Flowers"*

Columbia Floral Co.

Remember us when you are looking for that piece of furniture  
for your room.

## Parker Furniture Co.

16 N. 10th

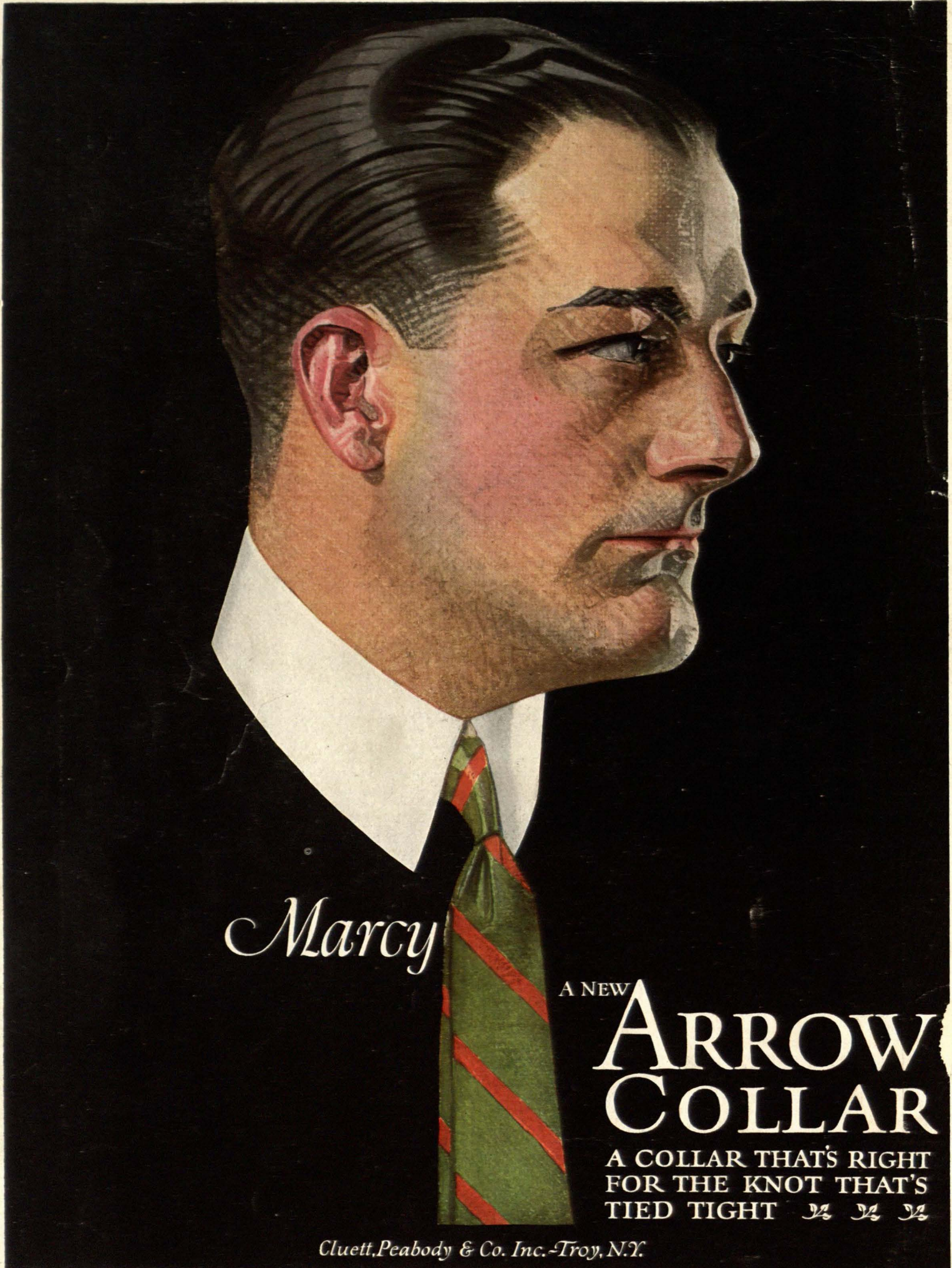
Phone 53

Some pests always  
Mooch cigarettes.  
Other parasites borrow  
Your Showme.  
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Moocher!  
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