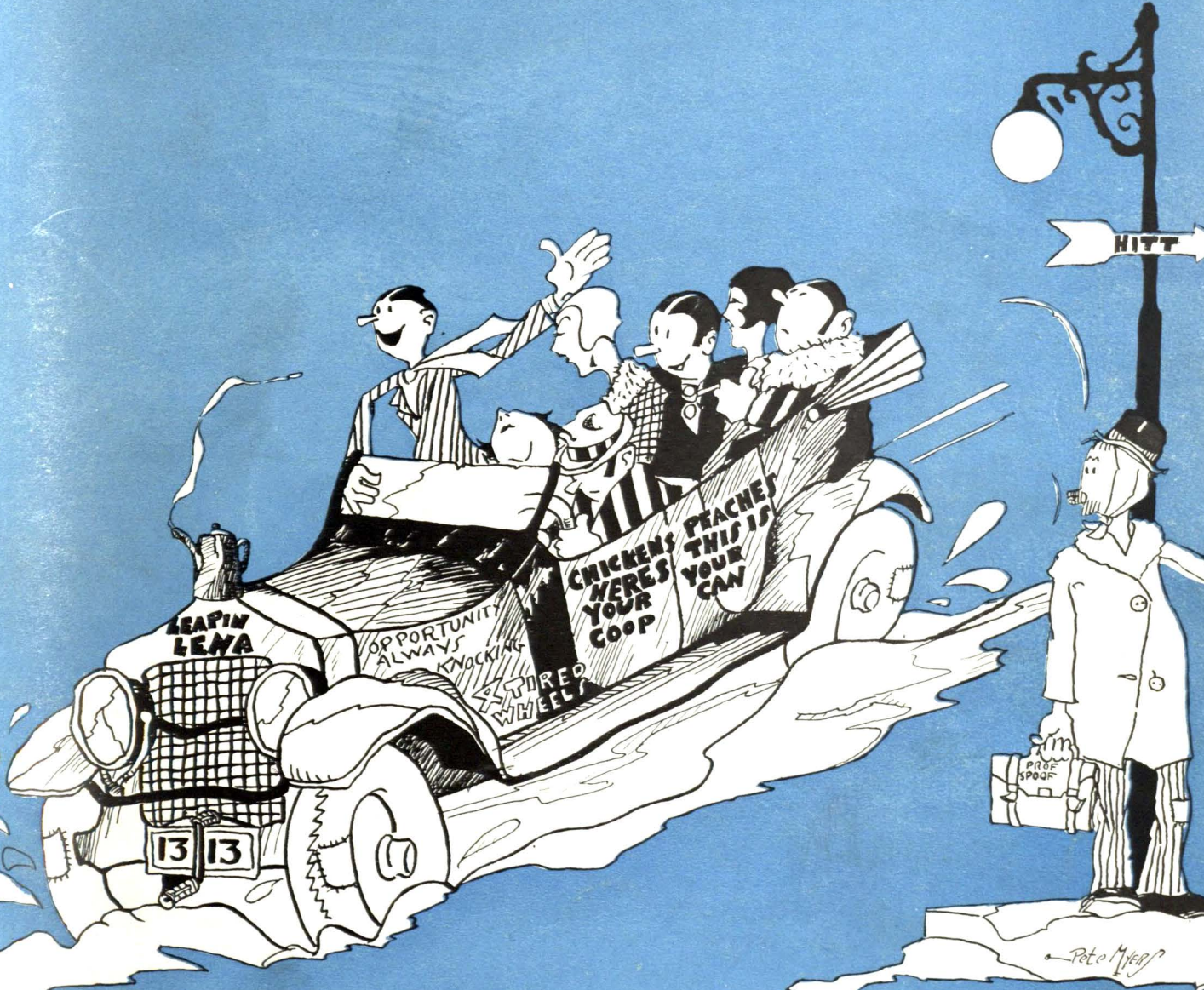


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2#4

# THE MISSOURI OUTLAW



Pete Meyer

PRICE 25¢

## CAMPUS CAR NUMBER !

# HERALD-STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

Stationery

Good Printing

Engraving

VIRGINIA BUILDING

107 SOUTH NINTH ST.

## *“It's All Over Now”*

---

YES

the first semester with the exams are over. No more worrying till next May for the men students of Columbia, but the girls have a different story. Make Parsons your beauty shoppe and forget your troubles.

---

*Parsons Sisters  
Beauty Shoppe*

## **Why Pack Laundry Cases**

It is much easier and just as cheap to have your laundry done here.

---

And then you can have it done in a very few days.

---

Our driver will stop today

---

Call 114 or 116

## ***Dorn-Cloney***

Laundry and Dry Cleaning Co.

# THE TIGER INDEPENDENT

*A Campus Newspaper*

To Appear

Every Friday

Will Make Its Bow

Soon

ALL THE NEWS

*of, by, and for*

THE STUDENTS

*Watch For It*



## Come on —help!

I've been writing this Mennen Column for twelve years — with an average of thirty thousand miles a year in Pullmans on the side. I'm not quitting, but I'm not too big to call for help. Pretty nearly every man whose mind hadn't hardened before I could work on him has tried Mennen Shaving Cream. It's no use to argue with a man who is convinced.

It will take a smarter writer than I am to add to the appreciation of a shaver who, after years of suffering, has known the deep, soothing joy of Mennen Dermutation. You know dermuration is the laboratory name for what we regular guys refer to as a licked beard.

I can't, and I doubt if you can, express in words that thrill of victory when, for the first time, your mean, tough piano-wire bristles quit like a dog—just naturally collapsed so that about all a razor had to do was to wipe off the wilted stubble.

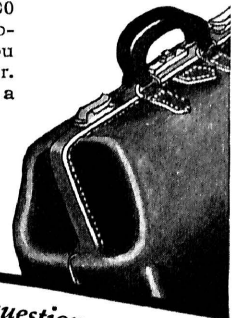
But here is my proposition: I want the shavers of America to help write my stuff.

At the bottom of this column, I ask a question. The best answer to that question wins a splendid traveling bag that you couldn't buy for \$50.

I want quick action—this contest closes February 15. I'm the judge. Contest open to all. No strings or conditions except that answers are limited to 100 words. Winning answer will be published as soon as I can pick it. If you don't win this contest, watch for another. I may run several of them. The bag's a beaut. I've never toted one as good. Hand made—big, classy and will last like the Mennen habit.

*Jim Henry*  
(Mennen Salesman)

*Here's the 'Bag*



*Here's the "Prize" question:*  
When did you first use  
**MENNEN**  
**SHAVING CREAM**  
—and why?  
Are you a regular Now? **?**

Contest closes February 15. Write 100 words or less. Watch for another question in early issue. Mail your reply to THE MENNEN COMPANY, Jim Henry Contest, 353 Central Avenue, Newark, New Jersey



Don't fail to begin

**These Frantic Years** *On Sale* **Feb.**

a sensational and glamorous novel  
about the youth of today by

**JAMES WARNER BELLAH**

**5**

First College Widow: The man I used to be engaged to has asked me to go to the Firemen's Costume Ball, but I don't know what to impersonate.

Second College Widow: Why not go as an old flame?  
—Voo Doo

The fellow who named final examination pamphlets "blue books," had a wonderful sense of humor.  
—Ski-U-Mah

Lord Lampwick: Now in my college days I belonged to the order of the Garter.

Sorority Sophie: How interesting. Which chapter—Boston or Paris.  
—Pelican

Prof: "Kindly report at 9 a. m. tomorrow for your make-up exam."

Co-ed: "Bring along my lipstick?"

—Punch Bowl

Ed: Poor fellow! He seldom smiles—never laughs. Nothing is humorous to him.

Co-ed: Some great tragedy, I suppose.

Ed: Not exactly. He's editor of a comic magazine.  
—Columns

## A Magazine for Red-Blooded Tiger Rooters

The only publication other than the annual that has survived the apathy of M. U.

We are for Missouri, heart and soul.

We feel we can help put Missouri on the map.

*Help push by buying your copy next month.*

# THE OUTLAW

# Tie a tin to trouble



A TIDY red tin of Prince Albert, to be exact. There's the greatest little trouble-chaser in the known world. Smoke P. A. and pipe-grouches choose the nearest exit.

Yes, *Sir*, P. A. is right there with the Pollyanna stuff. Sunshine, gladness, the light heart, the bright smile. Because Prince Albert is the cheeriest, chummiest tobacco that ever tumbled into a briar or corncob.

Smoke P. A.—and *smile*. Cool, comfortable P. A. Fragrant, friendly P. A. Not a tongue-bite or throat-parch in a ton of it. The Prince Albert process hung the "No Admittance" sign on Bite and Parch the day the factory opened.

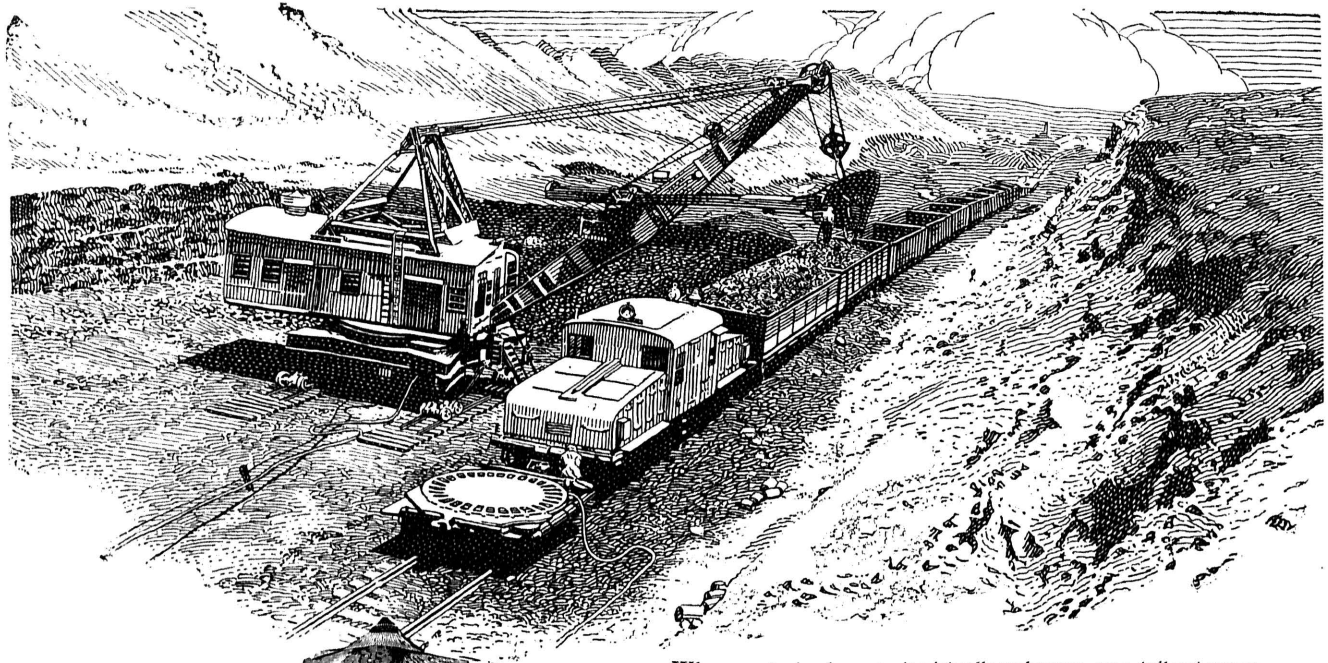
Get a tidy red tin of P. A. today and give pipe-worries the gate.

# PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.





Where motorized power is virtually unknown, men toil yet accomplish little. The United States has over one-quarter electrical horsepower installed per capita. Japan, leading country of the Orient, has but .04 horsepower. Electric shovel and storage battery locomotive are shown at a completely electrified open-pit coal mine, at Colstrip, Montana.



## Work without Toil

**G-E Motorized Power**—an ideal combination of electric motor and control properly fitted to the individual task—is at work the world-over, relieving workers more and more for better and more profitable pursuits.

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**.

Ten or twelve hours a day toils the coolie. If he carries all he can, he moves *one ton one mile* in *one day*. For that he receives twenty cents.

Cheap labor! Yet compared with our American worker, receiving at least twenty-five times as much for an eight-hour day, the coolie is expensive labor. In America we move *one ton one mile* for less than *one cent*. The coolie, working by hand, accomplishes little; while the American, with electricity's aid, accomplishes much.

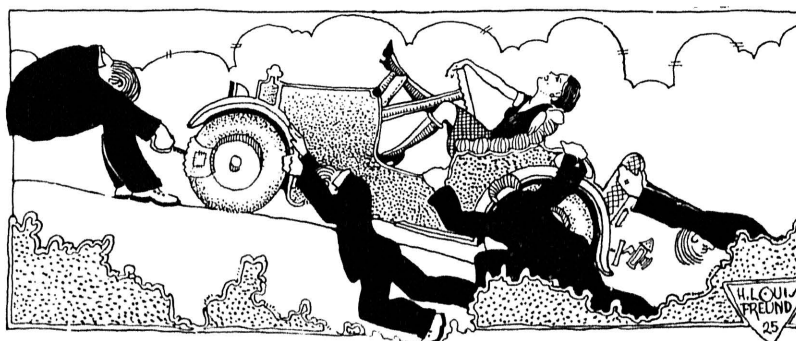
Plenty of electricity and cheap electricity—these are two great advantages which America enjoys over the rest of the world. While our present generating capacity is 20,600,000 kilowatts, new developments call for 3,000,000 kilowatts more per year.

To college men and women—potential leaders—will fall the duty of finding more and still more work for electricity, with less and still less toil for our workers. For the task is but begun!

95-141DH

# GENERAL ELECTRIC

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK



Where There Are Wills There's A Way.

## HAVE A CAMEL

You can keep your big Pierce-Arrows;  
 (On this point I'm most emphatic)  
 You can flout your Hupps and Franklins;  
 And your Coles aristocratic.

It's me for the roads in a rig that can jump;  
 It's me for the Flivver Collegiate;  
 For I am artistic and quite futuristic;  
 And don't care for cars intermedjiate.

Just stick to your autos with heavyweight frames;  
 It's me for the rig with a rattle;  
 Your smooth-running engines and hill-climbing  
 claims  
 To me is all so much prattle.

And the college student pounded  
 On the table as he spoke;  
 While the salesman lit a Camel,  
 For he knew the stude was broke.

"We certainly are getting the brakes today," said  
 the thief as he stripped down another car.

**Found on a Freshman's Registration Card.**

Question—Give your parents' name.

Answer—Mama and Papa.

"Why is a woman before breakfast like a country  
 road in the rain?"

"Because they're both covered with mud."

Nowdays, the only thing that gets something for  
 nothing is a vacuum cleaner.

## LULLABY

(By the Outlaw's Child Prodigy)

Up-hill, down-hill,  
 Flippity-flop, flippity-flop;  
 Down-hill, up-hill,  
 Skippity-hop, skippity-hop;  
 'Through the rain, over the snow,  
 Bouncing up and down we go;  
 Rattle-and-bang, rattle-and-bang;  
 (Sounds like the song our Glee Club sang);  
 Jump, jump, bumpety-bump,  
 (Where do I feel that painful lump?)  
 Round and round; (now its found);  
 Up to the ceiling we bound.  
 'Through the rain, over the snow,  
 Our college flivver does bouncing go.

**It Blushed.**

"Papa, where did that striped flivver get all those  
 different colors?"

"From shame, my boy."

Won—I call my wife a knife and chain.

T'wo—You mean ball and chain, don't you.

Won—No, knife and chain. She's always on the  
 watch.

She: Why are you going into the aviation serv-  
 ice?

He: Because you make me soar.

"Doctor, how can I raise a nice fat baby?"

"If you're not strong enough, hire a man to help  
 you lift it."

## Slogans For Your Campus Car

All out of line but still throwing the oil.



Bored of Education.



Covers the Whole of Creation



The louse of a thousand scandals.



Girl Wanted.



Flexible flivver.



Capacity—two gals.



Struggle Buggy.



Another Gnash.



100% A-Merry-Can.



Don't rush this can.



This car has no horn; it looks like the devil  
without one.



The tin you love to touch.



The Missing Lincoln.



Our business is picking up.



Every knock a boost.



Goes farther, lasts longer, chases dirt.

Something your best friend won't sell you.



Four out of five have one.



Dis Squeals—Co-eds be still.



Seven days in this makes one weak.



The Old Chokin' Bucket.



20 riles to a gallon.



4 Squeal-brakes.



Liberty but no license.



Four wheeled dive.



Rural free delivery.



No coat, but it pants.



This car stops for all railroad crossings,  
blondes and brunettes.



Roll Jordan, roll.



We take care of the other 56/100%



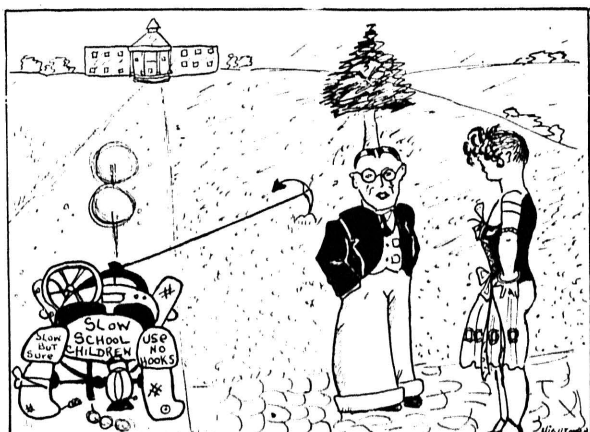
This is the best show in town.



Valeteria—the pressing service that shapes  
your clothes.



The Outlaw will pay one dollar apiece for the two best original Ford Slogans mailed to it before February 15th.



Red: Would you rather walk or ride?

Ruth: Well, I've been out in your car so much lately that I think I'd rather ride for a change.

The Athlete: Just one, Darling.

Bum Dora: What did you just win?

Mother-in-law: Don't try to criticize my manners, young man; I eat with the best of them.

He: That's right—I do take my meals here.

### SONG OF A PRIVATE PREFERENCE

Some fellows like their playmates large,  
And others like a smaller bulk;  
Some like them tall; some like them thin;  
But no one likes them when they sulk.  
Some may enjoy a fast brunette;  
Of redheads others may be fond;  
And some may like them not at all . . .  
But I prefer them small and blonde!

Some fellows like men for their profs;  
And some doon't care what sex they be;  
Some like them serious; some, with wit;  
Some like profs who grade lib'rally;  
Some fellows like profs they can kiss;  
Of these 'tis easy to be fond;  
This latter kind I like the best . . .  
But I prefer them small and blonde!

#### L'Envoi

A co-ed wife may take your life  
If you be faithless to the bond;  
A mate I seek despite the risk . . .  
And I prefer one small and blonde!

### JUST IN PASSING

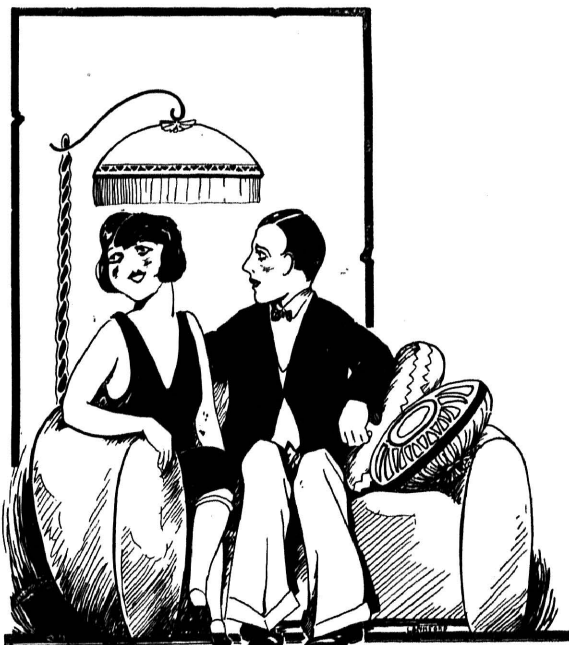
A year ago the golf course  
Was quite the proper thing;  
For night by night the starlight  
Would many twosomes bring.  
But now it is quite useless  
For through the night they say;  
The bright lights from the stadium,  
Are turning night to day.

"A rag and a bone and a hank of hair," mused the student as he gazed sadly at the boarding house hash.

Visitor:—"Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?"

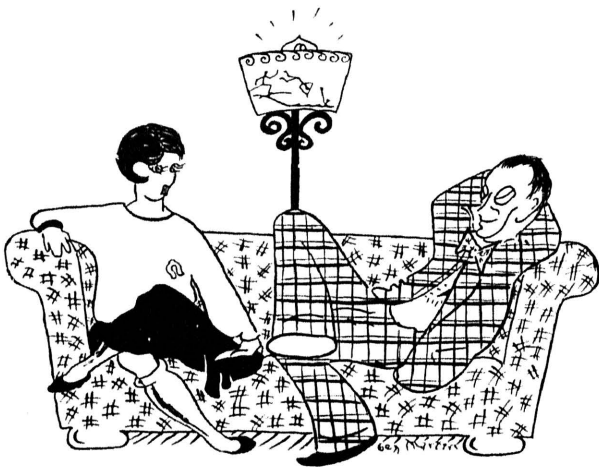
Landlady:—"Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman!"

Flappers are now wearing two pairs of garters; one pair above the knees and the other below. The upper ones are intended to hold up the hosiery and the other pair to hold up traffic.



Lec: "Why are you giving me the gate?"

Virginia: "You deceived me—you told me you were a Southern planter and now I find that you're only an undertaker in Shreveport, Louisiana."



“Dear Girl.”

You don't fool me, dear girl, I'd say;  
I know, like me, you're common clay,  
I know those shining eyes so bright  
Are one-half glass; I'd say the right;  
I know your hair so wavy brown  
You bought in the Arcade downtown;  
I know your teeth are false, my pearl;  
I love your bankroll, though, dear girl.

Street Urchin: Paper Mister? Only two cents.  
Jacob: Has dere been any robberies?  
S. U. No.  
Jacob. Any lynchings?  
S. U. No.  
Jacob: Has anybody died.  
S. U. No.  
Jacob: Is dere any change in the weather?  
S. U. No.  
Jacob: Has Uncle Bim married the Widow Zander?  
S. U.: No.  
Jacob: Are there any clearance sales scheduled.  
S. U.: No.  
Jacob: Good Poy! You ought to be arrested for selling stuff like that. 'Tink what I might have bought.

The Mistress—who's last name was Ona,  
Was called one day to the phona.  
To call her, the Maid  
In agony said,  
“Kimona, Kimona, Kimona.”

“Here's where I get out of a bad pickle,” said the worm as he bored his way out of a cucumber.

## TOO MUCH OVERHEAD

Behind the Eta Hunka Hama house at Podunk University a residence was under construction. Because of the fact that the building was unfinished and apparently unoccupied, the girls who occupied the upper rear rooms in the sorority house never bothered to pull down their shades.

One night Levi, son of Jacob, made note of this discrepancy while on a quest. Levi, having a very keen eye for business, went to the contractor who was building the house and obtained a written permit to use it nightly for “purposes not herein mentioned.” After he had secured the permit he proceeded to invite a number of his choice friends to a free performance.

The night after the opening performance, the spectators returned—doubled in numbers. To the surprise of all Levi was standing at the door demanding a quarter for admittance. Rather than to cause a disturbance, they gladly paid their quarters and saw a show, a show far too vivid for description herein.

Things continued as thus for some time, Jacob reaping a financial harvest, until the Dean of Women got wind of the proceedings. Whereupon she immediately set out for “Jacob's Theatre.”

After dispersing the mob, she savagely turned on Levi.

“What on earth prompted you to enter this dastardly profession?” she asked.

Levi meditated a moment.

“Pizzness, Madam, Pizzness,” he replied.

“And I suppose you've found it a profitable one,” she sneered.

Again Levi meditated.

“No, Madam, already have I lost much monies.”

“What?”—“Don't tell me you haven't taken in at least ten dollars.”

“Heavens Woman,” Levi wailed, “Think you that actors work for nothing.”

### At the Parker Hospital.

Interne: Well miss, you certainly have acute sinus.

Co-ed: What nerve, just for that I'll report you to the Superintendent of the hospital!

### Haymaker's Note.

I never gave a “ham” the razz;  
I never even hissed one;  
But when I threw a rotten egg,  
You bet I never missed one.



The Four Fold Girl.

Mental, Physical,  
Spiritual, Moral:  
With the Dean of Women  
I have no quarrel.

Some have an ankle  
That men adore;  
Some have a chin,  
But I have four.

The "Four Fold" college girl am I  
And this is the burden of my cry:  
I want a wealthy college lad,  
I want a man, and I want him bad.

I am no simpering little fool,  
That's why I picked this lovely school.

Alpha: "I've been in college three years, I've never, smoked, I've never chewed, I've never done nothing.

Delta: "Gosh, wish I could say that!"

Gamma: "Well, why not? she did."

The big blonde at Stephens says that blondes get the blame for most of the dirty work that is really done by brunettes.

Old Fashioned Mother—"Rock-a-by-baby, on a tree-top."

Modern Baby—"Oh can it! I want to go to sleep!"

ORIGIN OF THE WOZZLEPUP  
(Master's Thesis by Miss Dumb Ashell.)

Kitty the Co-ed spent most of her spare time in high-priced cafes or in the arms of the men who paid her bills at those places.

You would have thought Kitty happy. Many a less fortunate co-ed would have envied her. But Kitty was sad. None of the colleg's with whom she embraced could ever put on enough pressure. Besides, some of them were stingy.

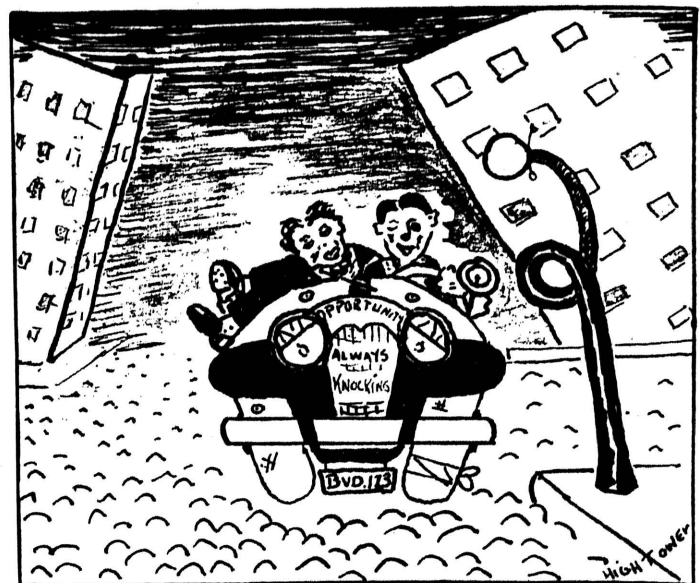
One night Kitty decided to end it all. She went out to the creek to drown herself. As she was about to dive in, who should put his head above water except Warren the Octopus?

Now, Warren the Octopus had eight arms, and could squeeze with all eight at once. So Kitty the Co-ed married him and they lived happily ever after in a country where there were no universities. For although Warren didn't have no book learnin', he was a great lover.

And besides, he wasn't stingy. For as Kitty the Co-ed often remarks as she bounces her plump little Wozzlepup grandson on her knee, Warren the Octopus is a big sucker.

So that, little Colleg's, is how the species known as wozzlepups came into the world.

"He's given me another slip," said the woman detective as she unwrapped the birthday gift from her husband."



Tight: The Dentist told me I had a large cavity that needed filling.

Tighter: Did he recommend any special course of study?



Pat: I wish they'd quit pulling those Pat-Mike jokes.

O'Rafferty: For your own sake.

Pat: No, for the love of Mike.

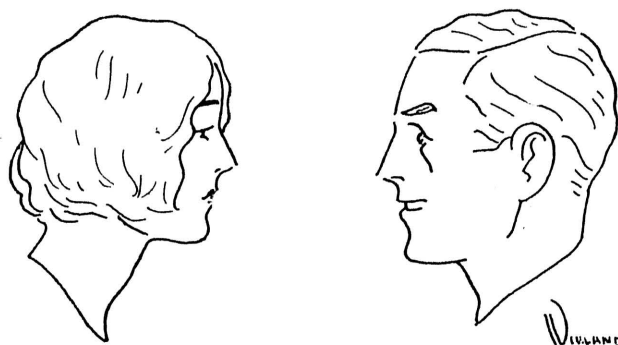
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Most boys would hate to be a duck and discover that their first pair of pants were down.

---

#### Vanity.

She stood before the mirror  
 With her eyes closed very tight,  
 She wished to see just how she looked  
 When fast asleep at night.



"Saw something about you the other day."

"Whatsat?"

"Your clothes."

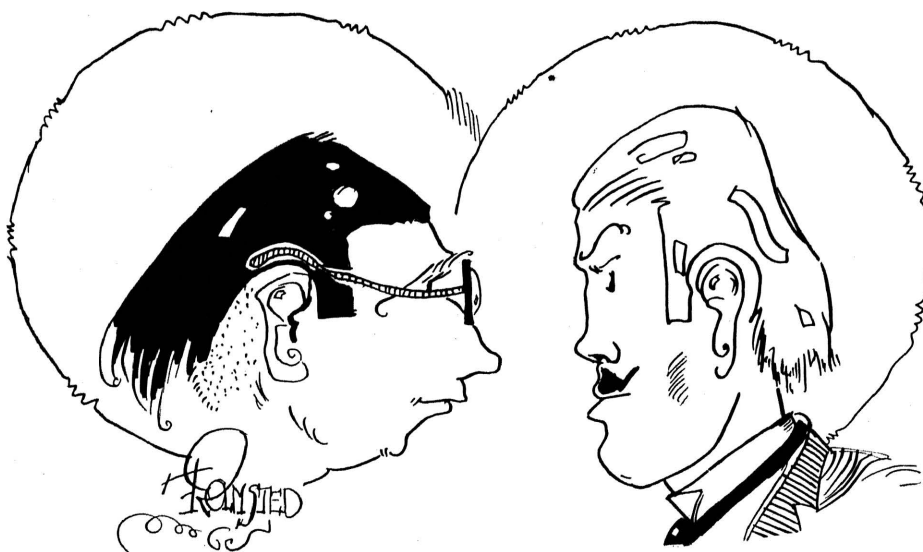
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#### Ode to a Pacifist.

Here's a man we view with awe,  
 All his words are charged with thunder.  
 The echoes crash when he expounds  
 His views of things, and yet I wonder:  
 While a Packard seldom knocks,  
 Can't you hear a Ford for blocks?

---

"You certainly are a promising young man," said the Dean as the student agreed not to cut any more classes.



One: "How does your wife cook chicken?"

Two: "She isn't a very good cook."

One: "Why don't you get her a casserole?"

Two: "She's so fat she'd never be able to wear one."



### The Wide Open Spaces Where—!-?

#### HOW TO DRESS ON \$1 A YEAR

Believing that many of our readers would be interested in learning how to obtain collegiate clothes with a small outlay of money, we have had our staff style expert prepare an annual budget for the well dressed man, which will make your wardrobe an absorbing topic of conversation in many a confectionery booth this year:

**SPATS:** The first thought of the gentleman. Quarrel with your two best girls. You now have a pair of spats.

**SHOES:** Get married. After the ceremony you will find you have plenty of old shoes.

**PANTS:** Run 17 furlongs while inhaling a cigarette. At the end of the merry race you will have lots of pants.

**SOCKS:** Go out for boxing. You will be the recipient of ever so many pairs of socks.

**CRAVAT:** Commit a nice clean murder and the hangman will give you a dandy necktie.

**HATS AND GARTERS:** Nobody wears them.

**COAT:** Light shades are favored for Spring. Why not hike to Florida and get a coat of tan?

**ACCESSORIES:** Now spend your dollar for Laycomb and shirts, and then we just dare you to venture out in your new outfit.

A stude by the name of LaCollege  
Set out in the pursuit of knowledge;  
He thought lessons were bunk,  
And he started to flunk;  
So he got a big "kick" out of college.

"Tailor, do you give your patrons good fits?"  
"Yes, convulsions."

"I'm getting right down to bed rock," said Big Bad Bill, as he stretched his blanket on the stone jail house floor.

#### At Hefty's Boarding House.

Hefty the Landlady: "Who left that ring on the bath-tub?"

Roomer Sam: "I did, madam, I promised my dad I'd make my mark at college."

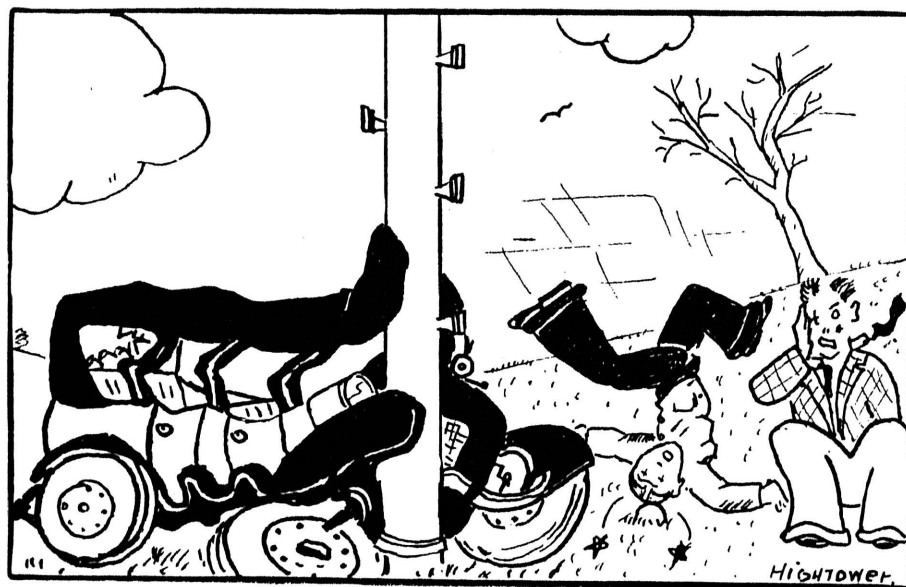
"Jimmie plays a pretty fair game of poker."  
"Yes, if you watch him."

#### No Arrangements Made.

The Professor was calling his roll in a sort of hap-hazard manner one Friday afternoon. Each member of the class, as his or her name was called, responded with the usual "here" or "present."

The name Jenkins was called. No one answered.

Finally the Professor said, "Hasn't Mr. Jenkins any friends here?"



Oscar: "You came down very quickly."

Percy: "Yes, there wasn't anything up there to sit on."

#### WHAT THE LEGISLATURE THINKS

They think we all are desperate guys,  
That we steal coins from dead men's eyes,  
And all we tell are sinful lies—  
But why do College comics claim it?

They think we are a bunch of bums,  
That we drink every kind of rum,  
We pay policemen to keep mum—  
But why do College comics say it?

They know we're out most every night,  
'Til two o'clock—are never right,  
If truth were known we all are tight—  
But why do College comics claim it?

They think we never crack a book,  
At naughty sights we often look,  
When playing cards—the deal we rook—  
But why do College comics claim it?

They say we always like to neck,  
That happy homes we often wreck,  
We pay our bills with wooden checks—  
But why do College comics say it?

If a student gets a fine  
The news is spread all o'er the page;  
A tale that's good won't get a line.  
The rankest stuff is all the rage.

#### REBELLION

I wish I were a Bolshevik;  
I'd keep my beard all span and spick;  
I'd drink a lot of vodka from the morning till the  
night.  
I'd go to see a notary,  
And curse the Moose and Rotary,  
And then denounce the farmers, who are far from  
being bright.

I'd always cut my class at eight;  
At nine-fifteen I'd come in late;  
I'd have the ugly co-eds thrown into the nearest sea;  
And all the dull professors too;  
This act I'm sure I'd never rue,  
For ugliness and dullness are the worst of crimes  
to me.

I'd burn each public eating-house  
That calls it beef, but serves you mouse;  
I'd build a healthy monument to food you can  
digest.  
But what's the use of telling more?  
I'd better bolt right through that door,  
For I've a class in history, and mustn't miss that  
test.

Capablanca: Do you play this game and what  
do you call it?

Emanuel Lasker: Chess und chess.

## THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL

by

Dangloss Wetfeet

Published by Bony &amp; Never-right

## Chapter One.

Thorn Elbow, thirty-five years old in his stocking feet, faced the world calm-eyed and unafraid. Standing nine feet fourteen inches on stilts, although he spoke no Spanish, he had on overwhelming fondness for goldfish.

## Chapter Two.

"My gosh is it possible," shrieked the prospector, dashing wildly for his burrow, desperately casting aside his snowshoes and samovar.

"Yes," the general roared his response. His beard quivered with the weight of his cares (and dandruff) as he paced the floor of the Grand Central lobby. Softly sobbing, the daughter of the impoverished old aristocrat debated whether or not she should pawn her jewels. The army, which had been hammering at the walls of the city, gave up in despair, and was traded to the Southern League.

## Chapter Three.

Sir John Reginald Nigel (Sloppy John) Earl of Porcupine-on-the-Trestle, was troubled. Yea, verily. So was his old man. Stealthily the moon rose over the dreary moor. Save for the twilight baseball game, and the steel mills working a double shift, and two or three riots, the scene was deserted and silent as the grave (any grave). With a sigh of despair, Hugh reached for a cigarette. There were none left. Cursing wildly, he shot thirteen spectators; and, disguising himself as an excursion to Florida, he made his way through the crowd, and escaped.

## Chapter Four.

"Hell, it's raining," muttered the other, as he stepped out of the doorway. "There'll be no revolution tonight." The conspirators slowly returned to their rendezvous. Somewhere in the darkness a violin sobbed, its plaintive strains coming through the rain like a ghastly voice. "The Raindrop Prelude," whispered Oscar softly, stopping his companion. They listened raptly. Then with a wild yell, the cavalry galloped down the street. "Thank Heaven" shrieked the duke, "at last I have found another somnambulist."

---

What does your friend like?

Anything that you have.

Oh, I see he was your roommate.

## Lines to a Co-ed.

Daughter of the morning bright,  
 With the misty, golden light  
 Of morning captured in your hair,  
 And cunningly held prisoner there.  
 With those eyes of lovely grey,  
 Lovely as the end of day,  
 And the delicate, sweet grace  
 Of your charming, rose-bud face.  
 Your face, dear, may be like a rose,  
 But where on earth did you get that nose?

---

Mamie: I know a man who dishes out mush for a living.

Amy: He must be so romantic!

Mamie: Not very; he works in a cafeteria.

---

Frosh: Can you rent me a room?

Miss Snub: I am not quite sure. I have hitherto had lots of lodgers who never pay.

Frosh: Oh! That will suit me exactly.

---

Kind old lady: "You'll spoil your stomach eating so much candy."

Small boy: "Don't worry madam, I always keep my clothes buttoned and it won't show."

---

"That guy sure knows his stuff about runners."  
 "What is he—track man, rum smuggler, or silk stocking expert?"

## Rimes of a Rube.

1.

Deliver me  
 From Harold Grubb;  
 He always leaves  
 Dirt in the tub.

2.

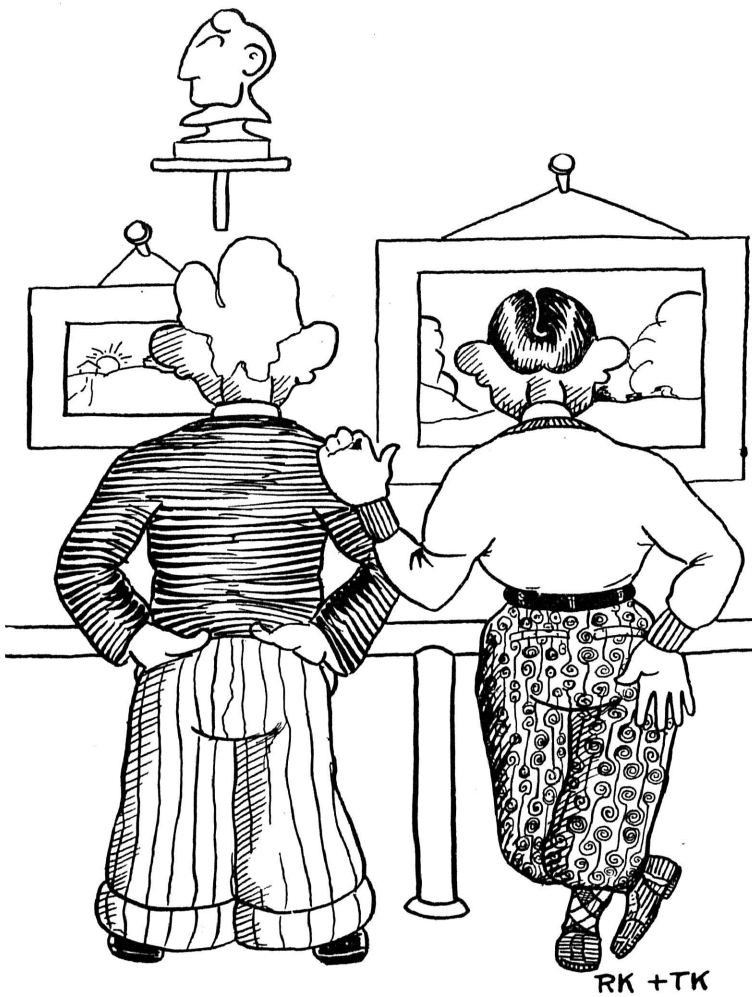
Keep me away  
 From Sally Pecks;  
 She always slobbers  
 When she necks.

3.

The guy I hate  
 Is Captain Jedd;  
 He always says:  
 "Extract the lead."

---

An Isle of Pines inventor is working on a radiolite lipstick!



Oscar: "Do you like oil paintings?"

Adolph: "Yes, do you have a knife?"

"What is the difference between a school of journalism and a burlesque show?"

"The women in a burlesque show are pretty."

#### At the Alpha Sigma House

Levi Cohen called the other day at the Alpha Sigma House. All the members are refined gentlemen and offered him a chair before they found out that he was from an installment house but instead of taking the chair he took the piano.

"I'm going to the dogs," said the man as he set out to visit the famous kennels.

The man who says there is no such word as "can't" never tried to strike a match on a cake of soap.

The rest of your days depend largely on the rest of your nights.

#### CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

At last The Outlaw is prepared to announce the true Missouri fad, a game which is destined to supplant bridge, take the place of hybrid hoopies, and make doping All-American teams a listless pastime. This new amusement has been named "Fone Fun," and has a piquant simplicity that causes it to be ever delightful to the manly player.

The only equipment required is a student directory and a telephone, the latter preferably connected with the local exchange. The first movement is to search the directory for the name of a prospective date—you know, like that deep-breather Fred told you about last night. If her name is Jezebell Clawhammer, it will probably be listed as Zebunia Tripletoe. However, don't be discouraged by this preliminary barrier, but choose a likely name and call the telephone number given on the left. "Is Jezebell there?" you inquire in your very best Michael Arlen style, and are somewhat bewildered when a coarse whoop and low moan of rage informs you that you are engaged in conversation with the delivery boy of the Elite Butcher Shop. "Ah, condemn it," you observe with a charming smile, and decide to ring up Fannie Fishglue, the charming Assembly addict. A glance at the Indirectory brings the interesting information that Miss Fishglue's home address is Humid Heights, Minnesota; but no further data is forthcoming. By a blinding stroke of genius, you recall the telephone number of last year's favorite; and with a dirty glance toward the deceptive masterpiece of fiction, you lift the receiver and mutter, "9768¾-Mauve." A slight pause ensues, then the telephone laconically observes: "ZUR-ZUR-ZUR-ZUR" With a comprehensive condemnation of Busy Lines and MisDirectories, you swoon into the arms of your fellow-players, while the next man tries his luck.

To the participant who succeeds in actually speaking to a girl, without being impolite to Central, and asking her what numbers she has which are not busy, a handsome prize is awarded—such as a first-edition copy of "Detective Work Made Easy," or a ticket good for the afternoon rental of a horse and buggy at a Detroit livery stable.

"Tom's an obliging fellow."

"Yeah? How so?"

"Always drives on cement roads—keeps the shoes clean!"

While an open confession may be good for the soul it may be tough on the reputation.

## BUILD THE STADIUM

(In the Manner of Will Rogers, by Si Slocum)

See here, Mr. Editor, there has been quite much talk lately of as how this stadium ain't being built as fast as it should. Now I ain't of the kind that would like to be imposing their opinions on somebody else, but I has a few suggestions to make regardin' how this ought to be gone about.

In the first place, there has been some chat as to how there ain't enough stone and brick to put up the new stadium. Now while these fellers are looking around for bricks, why don't they see the new law barn, which is only half built, and there ain't much chance of it ever being completed nohow. Why not take all this brick and put it in the new stadium? What this school needs is a good place where us fellers can holler their lungs out on Saturdays without having to set on seats that makes you not able to set down again for a week. And besides, this here new law barn is a good menace. Ain't there enough lawyers runnin' around and swindlin' poor widders right now, without there being more?

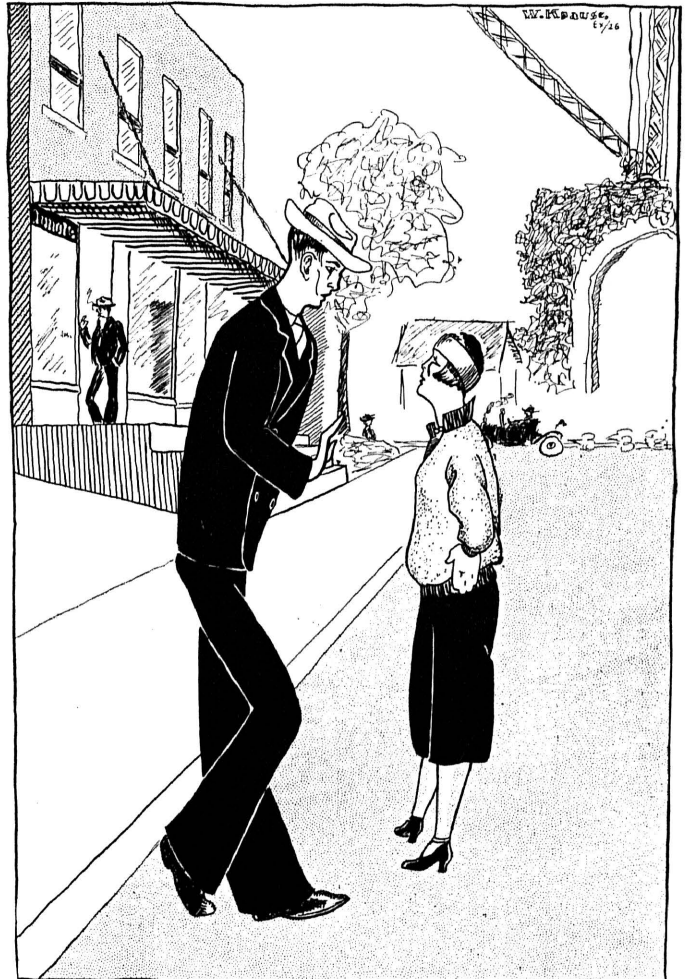
An' while your at it, Mr. Editor, why not take all these buildings and tear 'em all down and build a stadium out of 'em and dance a war cry, an' shout whoopee, hip hip hurray, rah rah kitty kitty kitty, an' send all the books back to Germany where they belong anyway, an' have a real good time an' make a real university out of this here place, as all this here book learning ain't worth a red cent when you get out in the world an' you buckle down to a reel he-man?

Yours for culture (AGRI),  
SI SLOCUM.

An Alpha Gamma Rho pledge tells us that when he first came to Columbia he was out looking for a job. Coming to the White Eagle Dairy he noticed a sign outside with "Student Help Wanted" printed on it but he decided that he wouldn't go in as he had never milked anything but cows and didn't want to fall down on his first job.

A fair young girlish Russian  
Was loved by a strong-armed Prussian;  
From the sofa one night  
Came a scream of delight  
From the Russian the Prussian was Crussian.

"I've got something on you now," said the girl as she repowdered her face.

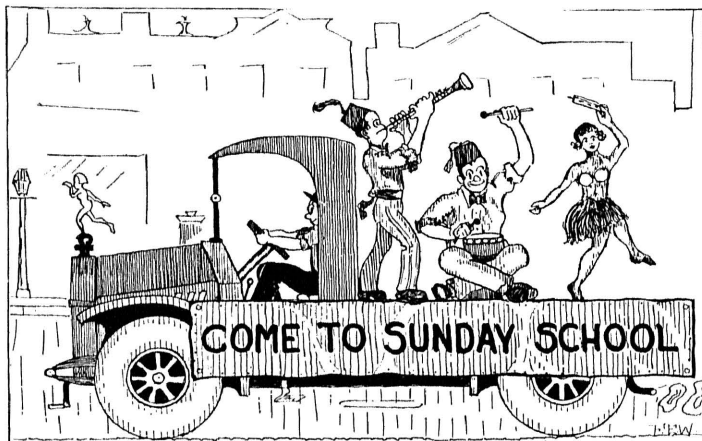


El: "Would you marry a man who lied to you?"  
Ella: "If I didn't want to be an old maid I would."

## The Charm House Again.

Recently the pledges at the Charm House Fraternity were issued ropes and branding irons and ordered to brand all the livestock on a near-by farm. Two days later a rather sorry looking lot of future county agents drifted back to the house with the news that in spite of their bruises and swollen eyes they had "seen their duty and done it." Upon further questioning it developed that they had taken the orders seriously and had tried to brand the chickens and the bees.

When asked for an interview our Jean replied, "You can put me down as being one who loves his fellow men." We expect to get similar replies from Tilton Mopson, Razor Strop and Tommy Timble. The political pot is beginning to boil. The Outlaw will publish a special Politician's Number in which we will publish an expose of the whole list of candidates, with illustrations. Send in your contributions now.



### SWEET SINGERS OF SALVATION

Wake up all ye daughters and sons of old Babbitt,  
 Rise up all ye sinners and saints of the world,  
 Come on to our class and make it a habit;  
 At nine-twenty-nine our banner is furled.  
 All our gates will fly shut in thy face;  
 To be late here is the greatest disgrace.  
 Quit sleeping, quit dozing, quit hitting the hay,  
 Come on, Columbia's Joan is preaching today.

Attendant at Fulton—"There's a man outside who wants to know if any of the patients have escaped lately."

Director of the hospital—"Why does he ask?"

Attendant—"He says someone has run away with his wife."

"What is the antonym for misery?" asked the Citizenship prof.

"Joy," chorused the class.

"And of sadness?"

"Gladness."

"And what is the opposite of woe?"

"Giddap!" shouted the freshmen.

Shy Sammy—"Darling, you are the child of my soul—the breath of my life."

Ditto Susie—"Then why don't you try holding your breath?"

Stude, stepping off the train—"Isn't this exhilarating?"

Conductor—"No sir, this is McBaine."

Miss—"Jack told me last night that I was the nicest girl in Columbia. Shall I let him call?"

Miss-out—"No, let him keep on thinking so."

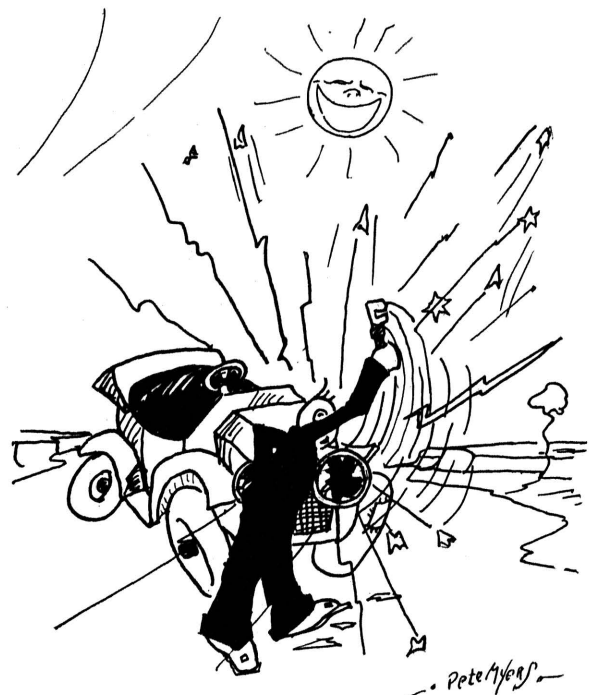
Columbia and a chorus girl  
 Are much alike, 'tis true.  
 Columbia's built with outskirts—  
 A chorus girl is, too.

Our poll parrot ate some pills,  
 Thinking they were seeds.  
 Our poll parrot's careful now  
 Upon what she feeds.

Co—"Is that fellow hump-backed?"

Ed—"No, he is just trying to fit the 98c shirt his girl sent him for his birthday present."

Two new student publications will appear on the campus, both of which hope to be serious. Our biggest competitor in the past has been the Columbia Missourian's Saturday night literary supplement, but we do hope that these new publications won't try so hard to be serious that they are funny. Sigma Delta Chi is optimistic enough to start a literary magazine. Personally we wish them success, but we fear that they can load all their subscribers into a canoe and still have room for an upright piano. The Tiger Independent, a weekly student newspaper, is a revival of two former papers that were also edited and managed solely by students. If they can get out a student directory as accurate as the Missourian's we're for them.



"Bright lights," said Old Sol.  
 And the auto shined because it had to.

## OUR LITERARY PAGE

## THE ETERNAL CIRCLE

By Jay William Hudson (Appletons)

Although the setting of the story is laid at the mythical Central University, at Clifford City, a Missouri student reading Dr. Hudson's latest novel, "The Eternal Circle," will recognize at once the atmosphere of the Campus of Missouri. Little touches throughout the story, such as the ringing of the University bell at four o'clock and the description of the old stone quarry with the rickety rock-crusher white with rock dust, build up a colorful background which we can identify as the counterpart of Columbia and the University of Missouri. This portrayal of life so familiar coupled with the fact that Dr. Hudson is a Missouri University Professor, will be enough to recommend "The Eternal Circle" to scores of Missouri University men and women.

The story is of two men and two women who feel themselves within the mystic bounds of the Eternal Circle, which is love. Bob Vance, who tells the story, is a delightful, sunnyhearted philosopher. He is loyal to his chum, Jared Phelps, to the extent of sacrificing for him the love of the woman whom they both love, Dorothy Fleming. Jared has previously had a very beautiful love affair with Madeline Worthington, but through an unfortunate marriage she brings sorrow upon herself and turns Jared from an idealist to a bitter cynic. All four of these engaging and attractive persons gradually through the course of time discover their true and highest selves through love. It is love which bring Jared and Madeline back to the visions of their early romance. It is love which ushers Bob and Dorothy into their happiness. In these words of the author we find the thought which is the motif of the novel: "Is it possible that love is exactly the same, no matter what silly theory one happens to have about it? A circle—an eternal circle—enclosing all things, embracing all things, born of dream, returning to dream, every wonder of its ineffable experience of equal worth with every other, since it leads, at last, round the rim of the years to what we all are seeking?"

"Funny you didn't hear about it—it happened right in your neighborhood."

"I know, but my wife's up north."

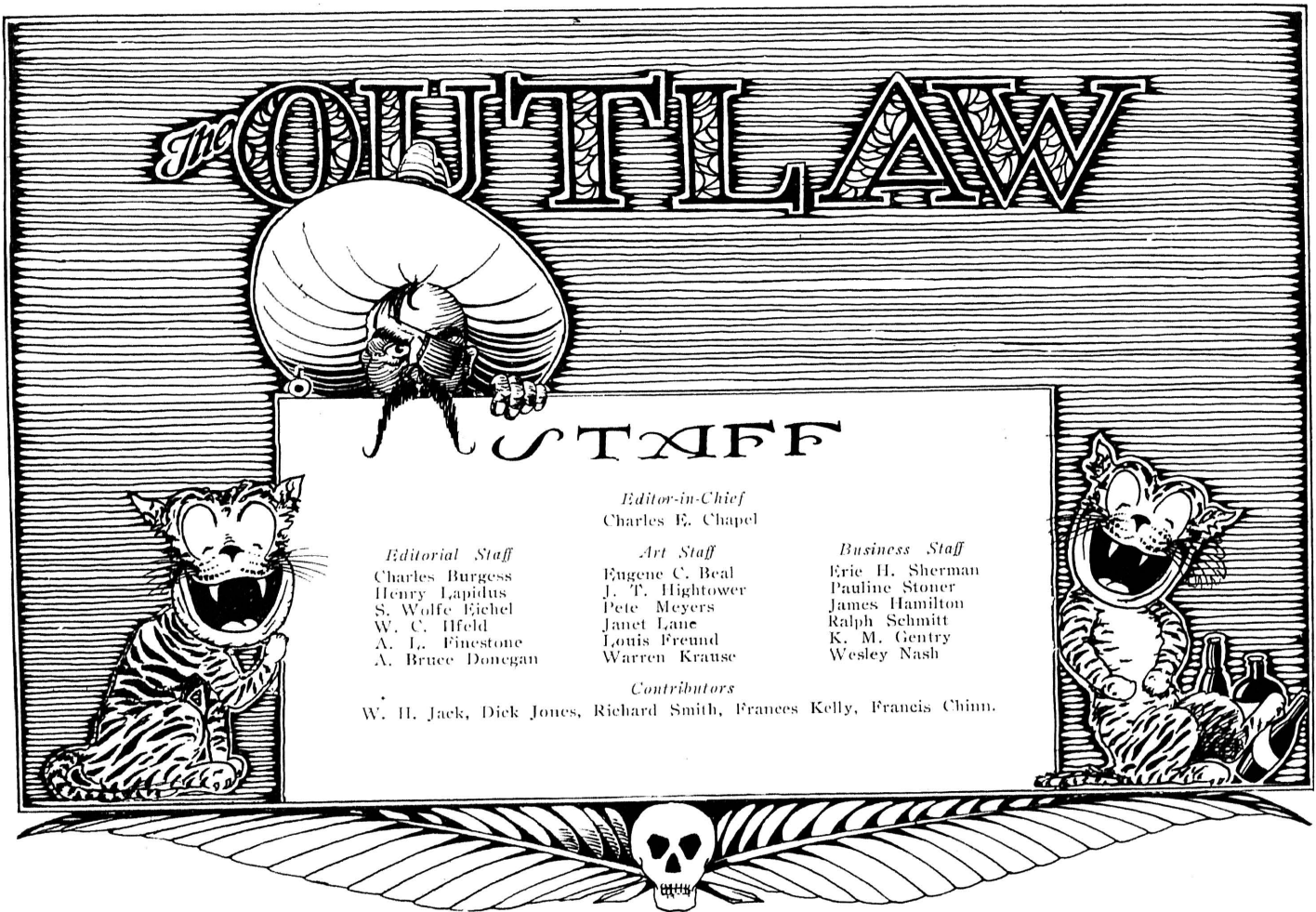
Daedalus .....J. B. S. Haldane  
Icarus .....Bertrand Russell  
Timotheus .....Bonomy Dobree  
Prometheus .....H. S. Jennings  
Hephaestus .....E. E. F. D'Albe

Published by E. P. Dutton &amp; Co.

It may be true, as has been accredited to either Solomon or W. R. Hearst, that there is nothing new under the sun, but after reading these five little volumes we are skeptical. If there is nothing new, then the most expert flapper is a mere dauber beside these gentlemen who have so brilliantly sketched the possibilities of our present world. The whole world looks new.

Daedalus and Icarus deal with Science and the Future. The former is more informative as to the present tendencies in science, the author being a specialist in Bio-chemistry at Cambridge University, England. The latter is more speculative and should be read as a cold compress to Mr. Haldane's contribution. Its author, Mr. Bertrand Russell, is well known as a purveyor of sociological realism—more power to him. The two volumes should be read together, Daedalus first. Both deal substantially with the same subject matter—the possibilities of human development in the light of scientific achievements in the natural, chemical and social sciences.

Of the other three volumes we found Timotheus most fascinating, Prometheus most informing and scientific, and Hephaestus most baffling. The first purports to deal with the future of the theatre and seems to draw extravagantly optimistic pictures. For instance, it is too much to believe with our present crop of producers and players, not to speak of the audience, that the theatre will be intelligent in any short time. The second is an excellent little brief for the claims of culture, and a concise, clear definition of the boundaries between heredity and environment. The book has few pretensions to speculation or to optimism or pessimism. Exposition, pure and simple, it states the case and the reader draws his conclusions. The third, Hephaestus, was to us, baffling. Pervaded by a certain, though not irritating mysticism, it is no tract against our industrial civilization. In fact, the author takes our present order for granted and attempts to teach an adjustment between humanity and machinery—to bring rapport between the soul of the man and his machine.



THE OUTLAW is issued each month during the college year. Subscription price for the full year is \$1.50. Address all communication to THE OUTLAW, Columbia, Missouri.

VOLUME II

NUMBER IV

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

A GRINNING SKULL PUBLICATION

### FOR GOODNESS SAKE

Contrary to a popular rumor the Outlaw has not been suppressed. A few prudish individuals objected to our covers and for awhile we thought that perhaps, like Judge and the Harvard Lampoon, we might be able to sell Outlaws at one dollar a copy to those who wanted to save them as examples of the class of literature they did not read. While we do not wish to become the official organ of the Students' Religious Council, we have consistently laughed at the elements of college life which think they are collegiate, but which represent only the interesting minority. A collegiate car parked beside a country road at two o'clock in the morning may or may not mean a flat tire and can easily be the subject of a jest while three thousand students safely asleep in bed wouldn't be even subject matter for a professor's joke.

Having been asked to explain the meanings of the covers of the Outlaws published this year we want to assure the public that the Outlaw is a

family magazine, opposed to the use of cigarettes by women, and strongly in favor of prohibition. The gentleman falling up the front steps of a house on our Homecoming cover did have two bottles in his pocket but they contained bay-rum, and the reason he was falling was that he stubbed his toe, a common accident at Homecoming.

Our Take-Off cover showed a pretty but scantily clad girl sitting in a chair with her feet on the window sill. Some of our freshmen were shocked at the picture of a girl smoking a cubeb, but the greatest complaint came from those who were passing by outside the window and could only see the girl's feet.

Our first cover was not unusual enough to cause comment and we do hope that the present cover is self explanatory. For the benefit of anyone who must be shown the editor has consented to answer inquiries, providing an engraving in color of George Washington (such as are sold at the postoffice for two cents) is enclosed.





"The Campbells are coming," remarked the boarder hopefully as he waited for the soup.

—Black and Blue Jay

"Dick is already preparing for married life."

"Starting a bank account, I suppose?"

"Not only that! He's turning out for debate and track."

—Columns

"Did you get the telephone number of that keen blonde last night?"

"Yeah, and it turned out to be the insane asylum."

—Brown Jug

"I didn't know you were a sorority girl."

"I'm not. This hungry look came from hard study."

—Whirlwind

"Are you fond of 'Lamb's Tales'?"

"No. I prefer Pig's feet."

—Chanticleer

"Women are Wanton things."

"How's that?"

"Aw, they're always want'n something."

—Brown Jug

Nobody thinks a guy's money is confetti—unless it's the Kappas.

—Ski-U-Mah

There was a man in college once

Who was so very bright.

He couldn't get it dark enough

To go to sleep at night.

—Stanford Chaparral

"What are your initials, madam?"

"P. S."

"But I thought your name was More?"

"It is. Adeline More."

—Yale Record

Em—"She sings like a sailor."

En—"How do you mean?"

Em—"Rolls on the high C's."

—Chanticleer

Customer: "You say this is athletic underwear?"

Clerk: "Yes ma'am."

Customer: "Let me see it do some hand-springs."

—Whirlwind

"Why such short dresses

My pretty maid?"

"I've two good reasons, Sir,

She said."

—Cracker

"Sister, what's a stag?"

"A deer with no doe."

—Brown Jug

Judge: "You say the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed?"

Intelligent Witness: "The dog."

—Harvard Lampoon.

"Why was the comic editor kicked out of college?"

"He published a picture of a bathing girl."

"There's nothing indecent about a bathing girl, is there?"

"Well, this one was using soap."

—Cougar's Paw



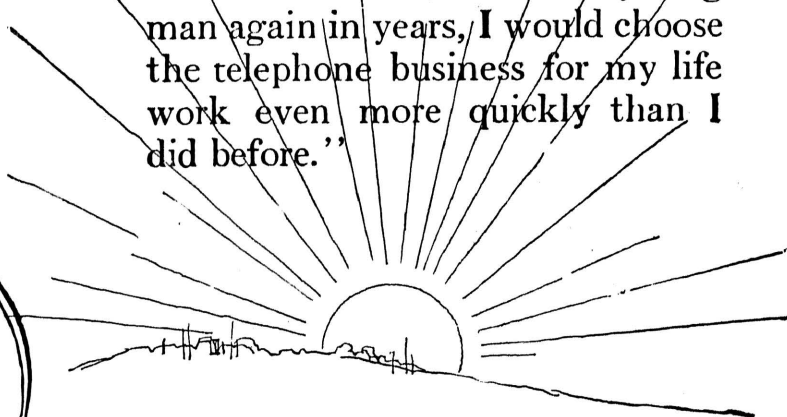
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opments, all calling for broader-  
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than ever before. If I were a young  
man again in years, I would choose  
the telephone business for my life  
work even more quickly than I  
did before.”



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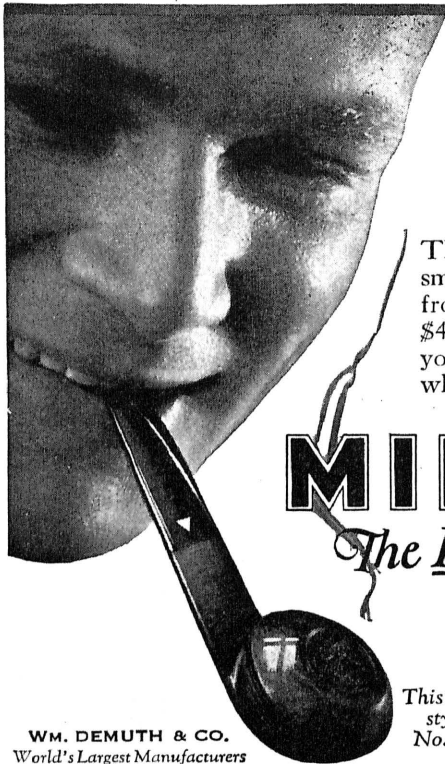
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Number Please.

"Is 'pants' singular or plural?"  
"If a man wears them it is plural."  
"Well, if he does not, it is—?"  
"Singular."  
—Sniper

Young Flapper: "Big Chief wantum sellum blanket?"

Big Chief: "Sure you need it worse than I do."  
—Skunk Cabbage

"—And he picked up a club and hit the Prof in the head."

"My, what a wise crack."  
—Columns

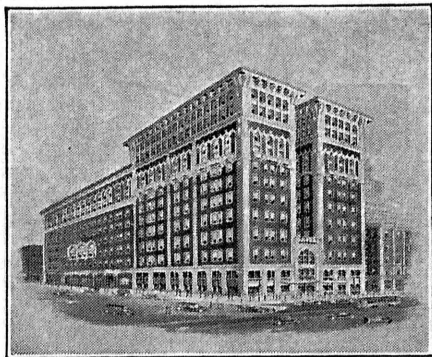
"Father, a man called to see you this afternoon."  
"Did he have a bill?"

"No, just an ordinary nose."  
—Sniper

Francis: Is it true that you are engaged to three other men besides me?

Frances: Why?

Francis: Well, I was just thinking we might raise a subscription to buy you an engagement ring.  
—John Hopkins Black & Blue Jay



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and study gets boresome

come down to the

**Recreation**

and "shoot" the blues away

Snooker

Billiards

Ode to Fashion.

The way these women  
 Dress, by Heck!  
 Is certainly quite shocking  
 They shove their compacts  
 Down their neck—  
 And find them in their stocking.  
 —Purple Parrot

Irate Father—"Young lady, those flesh-colored stockings you have on are positively indecent. How many times do I have to tell you not to wear them?"  
 Daughter—"I'm not, father."  
 —Stone Mill

Mandy—"Sambo, does you-all enjoy dem dere cv'nin' clothes?"  
 Sambo—"Why, Mandy, I just revels in 'em."  
 —Jack o'Lantern

Negro: I wouldn't kiss dat gal agin foh any man's money."  
 Niggah: "Dat's mah wife man, did yo say 'agin'?"  
 Negro: "Yas suh! Agin yo wishes, I meant."  
 —Whirlwind

Olly: What are you giving your Dad for Christmas?  
 Voille: Something practical. A fountain pen and a check book.  
 —Columns

"I'll never get over this," said the chicken as she rambled up to the ostrich egg.  
 —Brown Jug

Attentions—things often mistaken by flappers for intentions.  
 —Columns

Doctor to Dying Man—"But my dear man why must I tape up your fingers?"

Patient—"So they won't hurt when I play the harp."  
 —Chanticleer

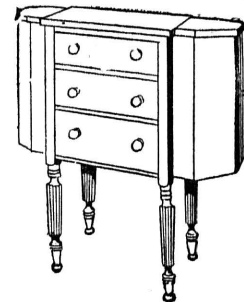
"More nuts," said the monkey as he climbed the cocoanut tree.

Prima—"Don't you hate crowds?"

Donna—"Do I? At the last football game I fainted and had to walk three miles before I could fall down."  
 —Sun Dial

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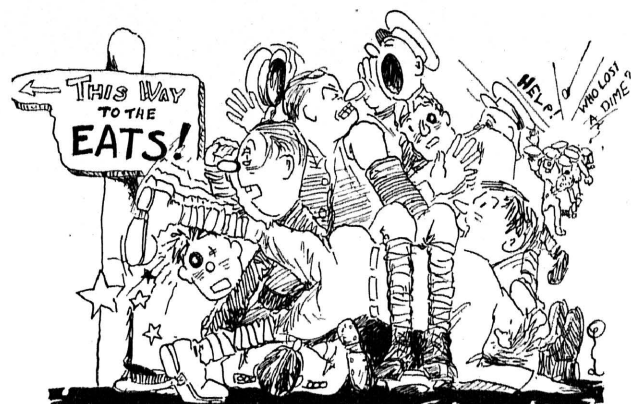
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**No "Dead Ones" at Bucknell.**

The new rules for the girls of the Women's College of Bucknell University as approved by the president and passed at the Student's Government meeting, permit girls to "fuss" in the stadium until six p. m., but the cemetery is considered as being "out of limits." —Inter-Collegiate World.

Young Lady—Little boy, does your father know you smoke?

Precocious Urchin—No more than yours knows that you speak to a gent without de proper introduction. —Columns

1st Rook: "I'd like to take Pershing's place in the army."

2nd Rook: "What do you mean?"

1st Rook: I'd like to retire from it for life."

—Cougar's Paw

**Ode to Landlady.**

Sixty dollars.

—Whirlwind

Prof.—On what occasion did Caesar defeat the greatest number of men?

'28—I think it must have been on examination day. —Black and Blue Jay

Frosh: "Are they very strict at Cornell?"

Soph: "Are they? Well, when a man dies during a lecture they prop him up in his seat until the end of the hour." —Cornell Widow

As Hard-Hearted Hannah said to the Prince of Wails: "Go home, kid, and come back when you're king." —Voo Doo

You never can tell about a woman, and besides, a gentleman doesn't. —Cracker

I call my girl my dove because she's pigeon-toed. —Gargoyle

Co-ed No. 1—"I wonder why Dot broke her engagement."

Co-ed No. 2—"Didn't you hear? Jack wants to go to light house keeping but she doesn't like the sea." —Drexerd

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**M. U.  
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and you've just returned from a  
tramp in the crisp country air  
—when you come in and  
find the crackling fire  
awaiting you  
—have a Camel!*



WHEN it's late winter afternoon. And you've just returned with your dogs from a ramble over the hills. When you come inside to your friendly fire—*have a Camel!*

For no other smoke-friend brings back so much cheer and comfort to your fireside as Camel. No other cigarette in the world is welcomed in so many homes. Camels are so skilfully blended that they never tire the taste, or leave a cigaretty after-taste. There's not another cigarette made, regardless of price, that contains choicer tobaccos than those rolled into Camels.

So, on this day, as you start your favorite stroll along the sun-lit hills. As you return and come in to the welcome of your sparkling fire, joyfully know the mellowest fragrance that ever came from a cigarette.

*Have a Camel!*



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