

# THE SHOWME

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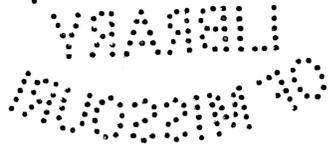


**DEBUT  
NUMBER**

VOLUME I, No. 1

OCTOBER, 1920

# “HOOP LA”



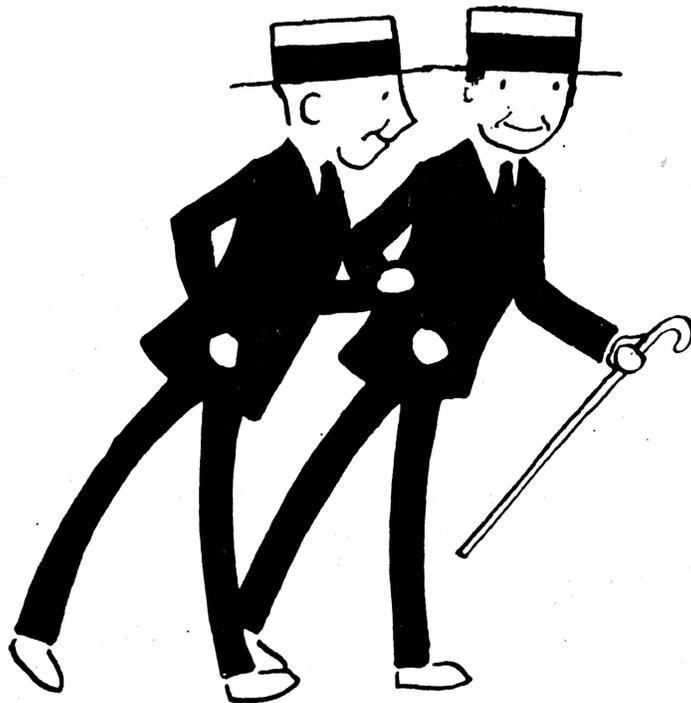
The Rollicking Minstrel  
Frolic

Put this on your Social Calendar  
For November 3-4

A “Big League” Gloom Exterminator, Joy Provoker and  
Laugh Provoker. Watch for Announcements.

Auspices Columbia Elks

Proceeds to Charity Fund



"I understand you've  
cut out your K. A. rival  
with that Kappa girl."

"Ye-ah, it looks that way."

"How'd it happen?"

"Oh, she had a birthday  
last week  
and all he gave her  
was a platinum wrist watch."

"Well?"

"Why, I gave her  
a pair of silk hose

I bought at Woolf Brothers  
in Kansas City!"

*"Gotham Gold Stripes," \$3.00*

¶ The newest song hits on the records,  
on the player rolls, in sheet music, may  
be had in our shop.

¶ The Brunswick and Victor, the Am-  
pico, and the Chickering are here too.

*Demonstrating to you  
Is a Pleasure for us*

**Taylor**  
MUSIC COMPANY

What is Your First Thought—

When you have a few moments  
off from your class room? It may be  
a "coke," a sundae or a piece of pie;  
but, whatever it is you always turn  
towards

THE PALMS

*There's an old saying---*

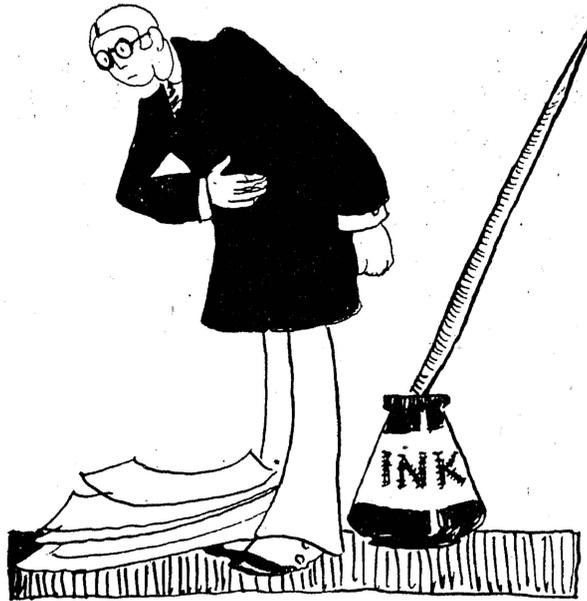


"A man is known by the company he keeps."  
So it is with a store: it is known by the class of cloth-  
ing it carries. Just glance at our line

Stein Bloch }  
Society Brand } Suits and Overcoats  
Langham }

Stetson } Hats  
Borsalino }  
Manhattan } Shirts  
Metric }

**Victor Barth Clothing Co.**  
THE BIG CLOTHIERS



## OUR DEBUT

*A debut is a moment when the cast-iron nerves of mighty men shiver like a shimmying swain when first he hears a jazz refrain. When Chris Columbo sailed away, they thought that he had gone to stay; poor Chris was in an awful fix, he made his debut in the sticks. When Benny Franklin flew his kite, all day long and half the nite, the Ladies' Aid said, "That's too bad, he's such a harmless looking lad." Ben's debut was an awful shock; it boosted General Electric stock.*

*The debutant of olden time was not confused with jest and rhyme. His thoughts were not of paste and shears, but of goodly ales and beers. He did not have to advertise his stuff among the other guys, they trailed his steps from morn till night and bought his shares of stock at sight. He had no office rent to pay; he wined by night and dined by day.*

*But now there comes a valiant crew of youths to make their own debut. They are not hailed by heralds bold, their credit is no good, we're told. Old Alma needs a magazine to warn the proud and coach the green, to spread the news of old Missou from New Orleans to Hulabaloo. These lads are well equipped to handle the latest bit of campus scandal; they cover every walk of life from Tiger Talk to sorority strife. We'll fill you with the best cartoons, jokes, rhymes, sometimes, and long lampoons. Our aim in life is to make you laugh,*

*yours till we blow,*

THE "SHOWME" STAFF.



# The Showme

THE SHOWME IS ON SALE AT THE PALMS, THE MISSOURI STORE AND THE PENNANT. FAILURE TO RECEIVE YOUR COPY, IF YOU ARE A SUBSCRIBER, SHOULD BE REPORTED TO THE SHOWME, GUITAR BLDG.

## PRICE \$1.75 A YEAR

All contributions should be sent to the office of the paper. Manuscript should be typewritten, if possible. The art editors will gladly give any advice necessary as to the scale on which drawings should be made.

### THE STAFF

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ERNESTINE PARKS	F. R. CLOUD	I. BROWN	FLORENCE V. COX

Laboring under the handicap of a nine dollar office unadorned by furniture, the editorial staff ignored the deadline and consequently the first issue of the SHOWME is late. And as we don the conventional sack cloth and ashes, so we invite criticism, kindly you understand, from our readers.

This is your project as well as ours. Without your support, criticism, praise and pecuniary help, the SHOWME will founder on the rocks of financial disaster, silently fold its covers and steal away, unwept and unmourned. With your support it will take root and flourish with the progress of old "Mizzou" throughout the coming years.

May the praises of Allah be upon you, and your conscience be the guide.

Since neither the Democratic nor Republican national committee, through ignorance or willful neglect, has attempted to subsidize the editorial columns of the SHOWME, we announce with a feeling of righteous indignation, that until some party (I. W. W. and Sinn Fein included) entices us to become "tainted with the mire," this publication will have no political affiliations.

It is immaterial whether Harding or Cox or both make the inaugural address March 4. Whether the League of Nations is consigned forever to the junk pile or travels merrily over the world attached to the left leg of the dove of peace, the price of paper will not be changed. There is only one vital issue, one paramount provision, which the voters should consider. Undaunted, unbribed and secure in the knowledge of championing a worthy cause, we advance the platform, LET THE CHILDREN HAVE THE VOTE.

Members of the faculty agree that unless steps are taken in regard to its enforcement, the honor system which was tried out with dubious success last year must go. The Student Council, believing this system is for the best interests of the University, is preparing a publicity campaign explaining its aims and calling on the student body for support.

No amount of publicity will save this form of student government unless the full co-operation of every student and faculty member can be obtained. Halfway measures will not suffice. It is not wise to set one standard for the freshman and another for the upperclassman. Every man or woman in the University must govern his or her own actions or the "honor" will be discarded, leaving only the skeleton system to cover a multitude of examination papers.

H. M.

## JOKE CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

It's a hard job for two or three people to write their way through thirty pages of a magazine and still try to give you a laugh or so on each page, but a hundred contributors ought to be able to do it without a struggle. The Showme would like to have you among that hundred. To arouse interest in the paper published exclusively in the interests of Columbia students, we are offering these prizes for the best jokes sent in to this office before October 20th.

For the best joke..... \$5  
For the second best ..... \$3  
For the third best ..... \$2  
And for the next five we will give \$1  
apiece.

Here's your chance for fame and fortune all in one large gob.

Wrap a cold towel around the old think-box, park a swarm of cigarettes within easy reach, oil up the fountain pen and see if you can't convince the world that George Ade and Irv Cobb are a couple of kerosene circuit pikers.

*THE SHOWME, Guitar Bldg.  
Columbia, Missouri*



Ethel: Didn't you love last night?

Mable: Nope. Didn't have a date.

### SUGGESTED CURRICULUM FOR A MODERN SCHOOL OF HIGHER EDUCATION

1QT OR 2PT MILK WAGON DRIVING. A complete course in the theory and malpractice of driving a milk wagon. Laboratory experiments in the mixing of milk and its affinity, H<sub>2</sub>O. Given in conjunction with course 23PDQ.

2000 COAL MINING: How and when not to mine coal. Practical experience gained by viewing photographs of mines in actual operation. Includes an intensive study of the miners' union. A student completing this course should be able to instinctively demand higher wages whenever the thermometer registers zero. Given in conjunction with course 23PDQ.

UR12 PROFITEERING: In this course all of the advantages and disadvantages of the life of a profiteer are presented to the student, that he may be able to decide the question for himself. Laboratory studies of the profiteer are considered unnecessary as examples are sufficiently numerous in daily life. However, it has been deemed advisable to give a few concise il-

lustrations of non-profteers. Given in conjunction with course 23PDQ.

13SP THE ULTIMATE CONSUMER: The how and why of the ultimate consumer. The said consumer is presented to the student in the best manner and with as little real information as is possible. Students taking this course will not be admitted to course 23PDQ.

2T2T RAILROADING: The various branches of railroad employment are taken up one by one, from car-tapper to president, in the order of wages paid. Special emphasis will be placed on evolving a theory for ultimatum which will work as readily with private ownership as they did under government control. Given in conjunction with course 23PDQ.

O CONGRESS: The study of this branch of our government will place special emphasis on the Senate, from the viewpoint of how to put off until tomorrow what ought to be done today. Methods of voting on bills with an eye to re-election will also be considered.

2.75 PROHIBITION: A treatment of the subject from a historical standpoint. Laboratory examples of the causes which brought about this great movement. Classes will meet in the basement. On account of the extreme scarcity and high price of the causes the laboratory fee for this course will be \$100 and the membership will be limited to 50. (Note: Course is subject to withdrawal without notice in case of exhaustion of cause.)

23PDQ BUCKERINE: The intricate art of passing the buck; conversely known as holding the sack. How to clear yourself of any and all accusations and leave it to the other fellow, to explain how it all happened. This course is considered of primary importance because of its present-day universal application.

—J. Willard Ridings.

#### AN OBITUARY.

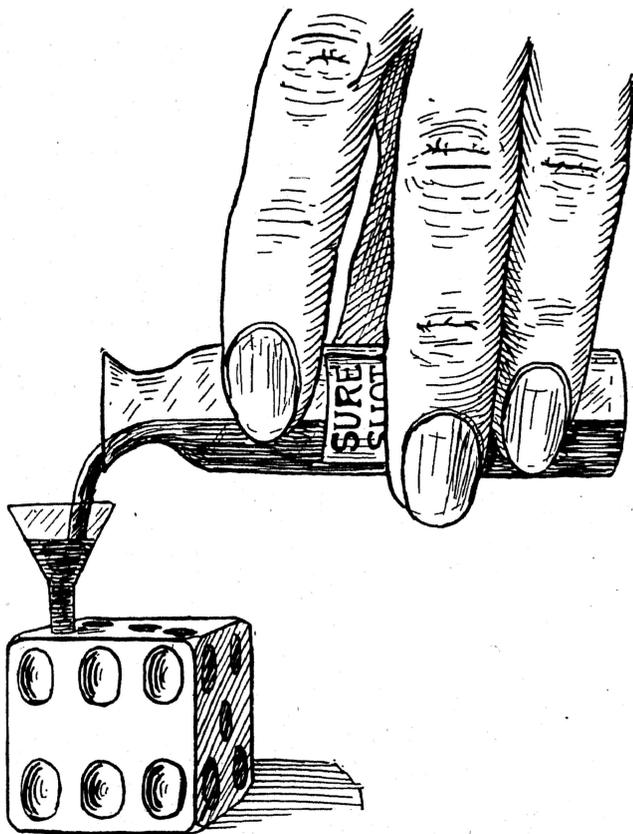
I sing no praise of Johnny B.—  
Died later than he orter—  
I merely say in an humble way,  
He was a better drink than water.



Ace-High

## THE GRAND PASSION

Quietly she lay at my feet, her eyes amorous with desire, green points of light boring remorselessly into my very soul, awakening dead passions and stirring into open flame the smoldering ashes of a yearning, long-suppressed. A low moan, half of entreaty, half of aching want, escaped her. And I did it. Yes, I did it—shamelessly, defiantly. Stooping tenderly, I picked the damned cat up and put it in bed with me.



T B E E

“Ils ne passeront pas.”

## INTERESTING CONVERSATION.

A man of pleasing words to hear  
Is Thornton Blivens Pickets;  
When going to a movie show he says,  
“Just let me buy the tickets!”

## VERY BITING

Eric had sunk into the luxurious bed early. Getting married was, after all, a strenuous proposition, and he was naturally fatigued after a day of wedding, wedding breakfast, rice, railroad train, and incessant love-making. Camille, obeying the eternal feminine, was still fingering the white ivory on the dressing table in an effort to add a few touches of radiance to her dazzling beauty.

The matter had weighed on his mind all day. He was inclined to be conscientious, and he *MUST* tell her. He pulled up the cool, white sheet, and tried to shut out the unpleasant thought, but he couldn't. She must know, sooner or later, and he had as well get it over with tonight.

He glanced at her. She was very tempting to look at, with her scanty negligee clinging like a wet bathing suit to her supple form. It would be hard to tell her—and on their first night, too. But he must. So he sat up in bed, and coughed.

“You have a cold, dear,” she said softly.

“No, Camille. I have a confession.”

The pretty bride paled slightly, and turned suddenly around. Could it be that he—the man whom she considered the purest and noblest—could it be that he—

“I must tell you,” he said coolly, “why I married you.”

“Oh,” she said with a slight sense of relief.

“It was not your divine form,” he said, “though God knows you are a knock-out in the nothingness you wear.”

She buffed her finger nails with great presence of mind.

“It was not your conversation, either, for you are a terrible bore, my dear.”

“I've always been told that,” she said calmly.

“Your nose is not straight,” he added, “and so I was not attracted by your face.”

As Fate would have it, she smiled. He fairly jumped up in bed. Once more was there that gleam of passion in his eyes. She had smiled!

“Ah, there it is!” he almost shrieked. “I must confess. I married you because of those perfect, those pearly, those magnificent, those heavenly, those divine teeth! Camille, you have the most beautiful teeth in the world. I married you because of those teeth!”

Gratitude shown in her eyes.

“Yes, dear, I think my teeth are rather fascinating,” she said as she took them out of her mouth, and laid them on the ivory dressing table.

## SEZ WHICH?

We met her on the campus;  
There blew a gentle breeze.  
She didn't have to vamp us,  
She had dimples in her  
Elbows.

The next time that we saw her,  
We got six separate shocks.  
She was sitting in the porch-swing,  
And we watched her roll her  
Fellow's cigarette.

Yes, she was good to look at,  
For coming home last night,  
We saw her before her window,  
And she hadn't turned out the  
Bulldog.

But why continue raving?  
We know it isn't right,  
Still we have an awful craving  
To see that girl  
Over in the library sometime.



Mrs. Casey Says It With  
Flowers.

AT MISSOURI U.  
(A freshman viewpoint)

Registration,  
Paying fees,  
Initiation,  
"Squad at ease."  
Freshman caps,  
Being razed,  
Sounds of music,  
Mostly jazzed.  
Needing money,  
Wooden checks  
Note to sonny,  
Raising—heck.  
Watched a paddling,  
Took one, too—  
Another sad thing—  
Black and blue.  
Two silk hose,  
At first a thrill—  
But of seeing those  
I've had my fill.  
Walked to town,  
One dark night.  
The Sophs were down  
There too, all right.  
Ran a block,  
Jumped a wall.  
Got a shock  
From the fall.  
The sophmores found me,  
Nine of them.  
Then they downed me—  
Parker Mem.  
Up at seven,  
Class at eight  
Got—(opposite Heaven)  
For being late.  
Side walk painting,  
Thrown in jail.  
Came near fainting  
When dad went bail.  
Gassy profs,  
Regulations.  
Husky sophs,  
Revelations.  
Half-baked sergeants,  
Nutty "lieuts,"  
Lungs with large vents,  
Shiny boots.  
Lots of dates,  
None for me.  
Denser Pates,  
Another fee.  
Study, drill-work,

Tired as—well,  
I'll have to shirk,—  
There goes the bell.

—F. R. Cloud.



Prof. (of 8 o'clock class): How do  
you miss this class so regularly?  
She: Just will power, sir.

PROBABLY IN A SHRILL FALSETTO,  
Too.

Stude: What excuse has he to  
offer for his loud clothes?

More Stude: He doesn't have to  
make any excuse: they're noisy  
enough to speak for themselves.

Harry—Must have been a wild  
house-party last week-end.

Mary—Howzat?

Harry—Just heard Jane say she  
didn't have a thing to wear Satur-  
day morning.

"Talk about teachers being un-  
derpaid, just look at the swell new  
car in front of Prof Small's house."

"That's not his car; it belongs  
to the guy who collects the install-  
ments on the Prof's library."

Celeste: I ran up stairs and lost  
all my breath.

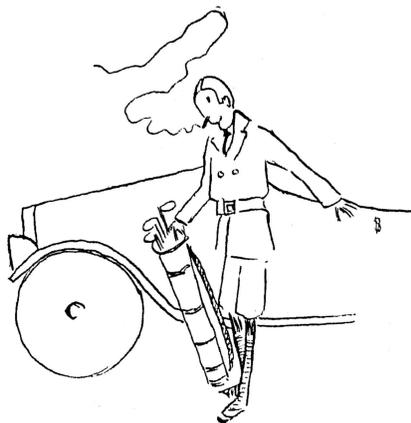
Unconscious: Why not run  
downstairs and get it all back?

Some say\* it's "education,"  
Some call it just a joke  
To me, it's aggravation  
To find I'm always broke.

—Daffy.



Grace believes herself to be a member of the recently conceived third sex. She speaks in a strained bass voice suggestive of nothing so much as the plaintive bellowings of a yearling bull. The bold mark of Bohemia is on her wardrobe. Armed with a bow of sincerity and arrows of thought she is feeling the initial inspiration of a second Joan d'Arc. Her aims which are becoming cosmic in range, may, in time, telescope to the four confines of the kitchen, or, perhaps, they may not. In either case she will make life miserable for those around her for contributing to bring about her future state, whether it includes corned beef and cabbage or the more ethereal, though not more fragrant, mental food of the exotic Bolshevik.



Among us is Young Rockefeller, he of the father with the bloated purse. His course of studies were arranged during a lull in his social career. He will major in women and make an ass of himself in divers ways. His women will be the fairest of the flock. He golfs, he loafs, he loves, he succeeds, beyond all expectations, in playing the part of an imbecile. Would we trade places with him? We would!

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### CAMPUS CURIOSITIES

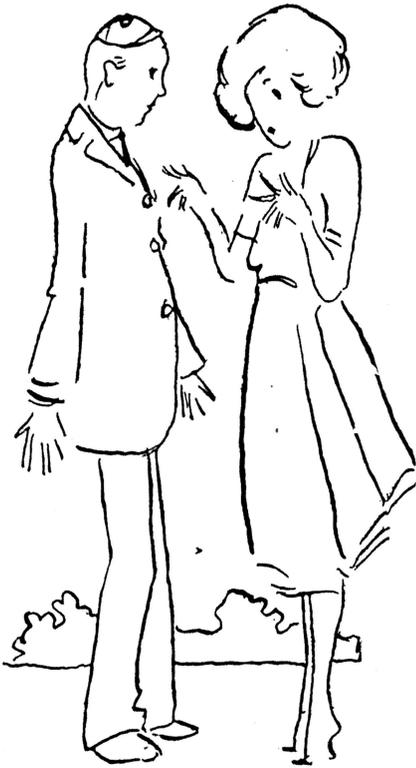
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Clarence used to be a nasty man with the cantering cubes, but under Janet's influence, has degenerated into an aesthete. He spends most of his time groping for the meter in Amy Lowell's free verse or chasing the elusive fourth dimension around his lavender-draped sanctum. But the irony of it is, that since he's grown temperamental, Janet has gone and engaged herself to the ice-man. And now Clarence is trying to look disconsolate with one eye and search for a convivial game of "stud" with the other. The effort has given him a bad squint. He says he's hors de combat and thirsty. His companions agree that the latter is a natural ailment, either in or out of love.



Although Bill is a novice at pool, he boasts that he plays only with the boys who wield the most poisonous cues. He does. He plays with, but behind, them. We see him here trying to reconcile the law of averages with a failure to win anything but the goodwill of the proprietor. The boys unambiguously declare that they enjoy playing against Bill. He is the best antidote for old H. C. L. they've found.



Eloise is our champion vibrator. She records more palpitations in a ten-minute tete-tete than a seismograph during ten months' service in the quake region. Right now she is assuring a downy-checked freshman that she would be thrilled to death if he would dance with her at the next Assembly. From his expression we surmise that he would like to take her literally. As a mental massage she rivals Pompeian. Some day a heavy convulsion is going to leave her in splinters.

#### FRISKY FORMULAE FOR FERMENTED FROLICS.

(Submitted in a moment of inspiration by the Showme's Domestic Science expert.)

T. N. T. PUNCH. Black gunpowder and glycerine provide the best base for this beverage. After they are whipped into a sirupy consistency, add sulphur for coloring. Finish with bichloride of mercury and season plentifully with detonating fuses. Should be served in tested steel mugs, on which a fitting decoration would be a spade and coffin, worked up into an hilarious motif in black, thus preserving the artistic unities.

DYNAMITE BUCK. The name is misleading. It is too mild in its implications. In a gallon jar of gasoline crumble two sticks of ambitious dynamite and stir into a creamy parfait. Sprinkle with ground glass. When finished, charge with electric battery and drink while still effervescing. This is a well-balanced drink, the gas serving as foundation, the dynamite the kick and the electric current the initiative. Guaranteed to dispel ennui. Has all the authority of a swarm of discontented raisins in a corked-up bottle of Herpicide. Will leave no visible after effects—that is, not until search is instituted for the remains.

WHITE MULE COCKTAIL. Four teaspoonsful of wood alcohol, a pint of citric acid and a dash of sugar-coated cyanide. Shake well before using and ornament with a floral design along the line of "GATES AJAR." Warranted to make the human anatomy look like a futurist painting in full flight.

LITERARY FIZZ. Add Thackeray, Pope and Chambers to a boiled mixture of Shakespeare. Garnish with Chesterton and Amy Lowell. Season highly with Boccaccio and a pinch of F. Scott Fitzgerald. Devastatingly dull, but deadly at short ranges. Will result in mental gout and gradual paralysis of the thinking faculties. Brains are of no use anyhow.

George says he and his girl understand each other.

Well, that's more than any one else does.

Visitor—Can you tell me where the courthouse is?

Stude—No, they always take me direct to the jail.

"What's that fellow doing alone on the corner?"

"Holding a class reunion."

"Oh, yes. Correspondence School."

"Do you know her very well?"

"Yea—plead guilty. I know her so well she can afford to cut me on the street."

He was lucky at craps tonight. Rather a case of snap judgment, I suppose.



Kathryne dances always just outside the reach of her many admirers, causing more flunks each semester than a Prof with an ingrown toenail. Explaining her seductive mannerisms, she says that later, in that somewhat indefinite period when her life work shall have begun to take shape, she intends to immortalize in verse, or, possibly, in marble—Kathryne's particular niche in the world of art not, as yet, being definitely located. Kathryne may not marry a plumber, or even a clerk, in fact, we doubt if she ever marries at all. Thus, sometimes, are the follies of youth thrust back upon us in the form of fulfilled desires.



He—What's on your social calendar for this week-end?

She—Two parties, a dance, and a nervous break-down.

## HOW OLD ARE YOU?

Startling Discoveries of a pseudo-psychist.

Do you really know how old you are? Such things as mere birthdays or even birth records can tell you nothing of the age of your inner-most being, your psychic self. A noted pseudo-psychist, Doctor I. C. Spooks, has come to the aid of a suffering world. He is able to tell you, by the pursuit of six simple exercises, your real age.

The first exercise is for people who think they are somewhere between the age of one and one hundred thirteen. This exercise is the simplest of the group. Let the candidate take a sliced banana between the upper and lower teeth, fasten a pair of roller skates on the hands, and skate around the block backwards. **BE CAREFUL NOT TO SWALLOW THE BANANA!** If you do, the entire psychic effect is lost. Of course the candidate will fall and be injured severely. If the first word you say when you recover begins with D—you are very likely **MORE THAN EIGHT YEARS OLD!** If a co-ed, it is safe to say that you have been out of high school at least one semester.

The second exercise is for people whose age is variable. It is a great favorite with chaperons, as it is a test of the eye, ear and memory. Let the candidate kneel and read the following with the right eye:

Abraham Jordan is was and will be is that a fact she responded winking her hairnet was on the dresser did it seem?

Read this backwards with the left eye:

Cholliebwmshesometimesomedontsomedosomemegal.

At the same time sing some patriotic air such as the national jazz and whistle "Old Black Joe" or some equally stirring selection. If you can pass this test successfully and remember how old you thought you were before you started, you are undoubtedly a little older than that and if not married, single.

Exercise three is for co-eds only. It can be practiced in the classroom or any place where the students are accustomed to sleep. Doctor Spooks suggests a ward-robe trunk as the ideal experiment station.

Close your eyes and dream for about ten minutes. If he is tall and a blonde, you are between the age of sixteen and seventeen; if he is dark and short you must be somewhere between seventeen and eighteen. If you have no imagination, then you do not belong in school. This exercise is a sure winner, as all co-eds are between the ages of sixteen and eighteen.

First—He put his arm around me five times last night.

Second—Some arm!

—Widow.

# Grams and Epigrams

Motto: "Truth so long as it's entertaining and insincerity so long as it's plausible."

The perpetrator of this column pleads guilty in advance to any charge of flippancy or untruthfulness that may be brought against him. It is obviously impossible to be both honest and clever. We prefer to strive after the latter effect, not because it is rarer, but because it is being done in our best intellectual circles. Integrity will win one a place in the heart of the corner druggist, but a shallow cynicism will land him either in Congress or Vanity Fair. Earnestness is the hallmark of stupidity. If you would gain a reputation as a wit, or even as a man of genius, you must be illogical enough to be believed. The falsier the reasoning, the more brilliant the conclusions. Falsity is more blessed than truth, and those who can lie most convincingly shall inherit the earth. Voila.

A cynic is one who says scathing things about some one's else wife; a philosopher is one who can still say pleasant things about his own.

The contents of the cellar in the well-to-do home before the drouth included everything from kindling wood to wash-boilers. Now a cellar is just one long gurgle.

The outstanding characteristic of colleges in general is that the people who work hardest have no sense of humor and those who are most capable have no sense of duty. The latter is the more encouraging phase; it illustrates the growing sanity of the generation.

Some one has said that a man is great in proportion to the number of his poses. If it's true, a good, hard-working photographer ought to turn out geniuses at the rate of about three an hour.

Why anyone should wish for immortality is still an unfathomable mystery. Immortality merely perpetuates our mistakes.

Honors for pure, unadulterated laziness are evenly divided between the man who wants to tie his shoestrings by hypnotic control and the goof who insists on blowing his kisses.

## ADVICE TO FRESHMEN

1. Beware of any stranger who seeks to give you counsel, free of charge. If his advice is bad, it will lead you into trouble and disgrace and if it's wise, you won't follow it. Shun him who would admonish you to be virtuous, for unto the virtuous shall come all manner of torment and boredom; likewise, beware of those who urge you to be wicked, lest you be hailed before the Disciplinary Committee, where grievous punishment shall be visited upon you, yea, even unto booting you out of school.

2. However great the inducement, don't drop into the disastrous habit of study. Inevitably, it'll get you down and a good potential loafer will be transformed into a student, a most horrible fate, as those who have survived it will testify. Your three major interests should be poker, women and picture shows, devoting only what spare time you have to your work. It is vital that studies not interfere with your college education. In watching the dominoes roll over on a mean natural, you experience the moral satisfaction of having achieved something; just as when you steal your arm lovingly around some lissome waist you instinctively suspect that *SHE* has achieved something. It is far better to have played goat gracefully to some pretty girl than to wear all the Phi Beta Kappa keys in the world hanging on your vest. And there are more doing it.

3. Sparking, petting, fussing, dating—and all the other names by which the immortal pastime is known—should be indulged in as freely as your pocket-book will permit. That recitation you made in class will soon be forgotten but the record you hung up for con-

secutive dates will live long as the target for lesser men to aim at wistfully. Think of how much more satisfaction you'll get from the knowledge that you're considered the best poker player in school than you could derive from some frivolous thing like winning a musty, and wholly useless, scholarship. Be broad. But, even better, be careful.

4. Write plenty of wooden checks. This practice, if wisely followed, will enable the bankers to become familiar with your name. Then, when in need of money, you can go immediately to the bank to borrow it, as the cashier will be able to identify you. Banks just dote on lending money to individuals who have taken the pains to make themselves known in this way. Also, remember that the bad check-writing habit is a great convenience to the local merchants. They can keep more exact track of who owes them.



Clarice: Do you approve of the Volstead Act?

Misfit: Well-er-no. I never enjoy vaudeville.

"Was the picture show good?"  
"Oh, immense. Three wrecks, a murder, a boudoir scene and a bank robbery."

Professor: Describe the mob scene in Julius Caesar, Mr. Dumbell.

Dumbell: It was a riot, sir, a riot!

"Very few girls would consider marrying you."

"Perhaps, but I'd be perfectly satisfied with a few."

She: "I understand that Mable is an excellent swimmer."

He: "Well, not exactly, but she looks good on the beach."

An unusually precocious youth suggested that the present coy habit of rolling stockings to the region directly under the knee may have grown out of a desire to make the "first national bank" more accessible.

## THE BOTTLE

Oozing lim long-forgotten odors,  
That tempted and tantalized me  
Almost beyond restraint  
It lay there on its side—  
That wondrous bottle.  
It was not of cut crystal  
No silver filagree decked  
Its dirty green glass sides,  
But that ingratiating perfume  
And the half cup of holy fluid  
within  
Made it infinitely more precious to  
me  
Than all the fabled treasures of  
New Spain.  
That is they did until  
My lustering eyes gave my nose the  
lie  
And read the fatal red-white label,  
"Wood alcohol."

—Robert Snedigar.



“Rome was not built in a day.”

## A REVERIE

Aboard the good ship "Alcohol"—  
outside the three mile zone.

"A foamy wisp of smoke, a faint aroma of near-jasmine and the veiled, amber lambency of soft eyes."  
—Lines from an unwritten play.

The prow bends to meet the indigo swells as they slide under us, cradling the ship in an undulating, rhythmic motion. The hills, between which the bay hangs dancingly, are stained the purple of twilight and feathered at their crests with the sun's lucid gold, as it hovers on the thin edge of the horizon. A night opalescent and delectably mysterious, perfumed with the spices of Romance. A night for love and unexpected shoals and coral reefs and high-seas piracy. Into the reaches of the ocean pour the mellowness of a thousand stars, crisply refulgent. Above us broods the serenity of resignation to the lyric union of heavens and sea in a fatal conspiracy of enchantments.

Dinner, an ornate, disingenuous affair, was just completed. I was leaning against the railing, watching the churning froth scudding from the propellor. She had sat opposite me at table. I was intrigued by the dexterity with which she handled her soup spoon and still more envious of the ease with which she manoeuvred around a refractory squab. Then, too, her face was vaguely pretty and her arms rather nicely modeled, their soft contours enhanced by the filmy stuff of her dress. Being an idealistic rather than an observing admirer of feminine beauty, I forgot to notice her eyes, although I had the impression they were a velvety brown. I recalled, however, the warmth of her coloring and the artless grace of her little finger, crooked over a demi-tasse. Very obviously a girl of refinement and culture. I preened myself on the acuteness of my discernment and decided to fall in love. I did it with a commendable thoroughness.

My devotion, though silent, was praiseworthy in the extreme. I chivalrously proceeded to idealize the young lady, investing her lavishly with the most outlandish fascinations, pouring into my conception of her personality the attributes I had never seen realized in anyone, much less, a woman. A fragrant, sophisticated composite. Sympathy shone in her eyes, understanding lurked mirthfully about the corners of her mouth, vivacity rested impudently on the piquant tip of her nose. Having drawn all the details in accordance with my pre-conceived portraiture, I gloat-ed over the product. Here was the sort of girl who would not be tomorrow what she is today, but who would always be today what you want tomorrow.

A little form slipped up beside me and I quailed. It was she, fragilely pretty, almost ethereal in the ap-

parent disembodiment of her charm. It floated mistily about her—an aura so vaporous that it scarce seemed possible for it to be associated with flesh and blood, however daintily contrived. She had the poise and the restraint of genius, the hauteur of the patrician and the reserve of shy maidenhood. I gasped in delight. Slowly her lips opened. Rapture engulfed me; I was in transports of anticipatory bliss.

"Say," she asked tremulously, "ain't this a Hell of a keen night?"

I shuddered.

## LOCHINVAR

O young Lochinvar is come out of the West;  
Of all the hot sketches this lad was the best:  
And save his good line he weapons had none;  
He worked all unarmed, and he worked all alone.  
So faithful in love, so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for blow-out, and he stopped not for  
gas,  
Everything on the road did young Lochinvar pass;  
But ere he arrived, Ah, curse ye his luck,  
The bride had consented, young Loch got the buck.

Co-eds are such a silly lot.

I love them.

Some are plump and some are not.

I love them.

Tho you tell them lovely rot

When you've spent quite all you've got—

Off with sometone else they trot.

I love them.

—Minnehaha.

## DISILLUSIONMENT

A frosted bit of glass, cut into arabesque scrolls and mosaics, lay before me, while at my feet shone a glistening brass rail, the parking place of many eager shoes. Behind the rail, stood a rectangle of polished mahogany, invitingly hospitable. A drink, cool and ambrosial, tinkled in its fragile glass.

But the frost was on my window pain, the rail on the foot of the bed and the strip of mahogany, the staid old bureau in the corner. The drink—ah, the drink. Alas, I must have dreamed that!

THE SOUL KISS

—And then he clasped her in his arms,  
 Those great strong arms of his,  
 Clasped the maid so full of charm,  
 And then—that last, "Soul Kiss!"  
 In drama, comedy, or mystery play,  
 The end is always this,  
 The triumph of a hero bold,  
 And then—that last, "Soul Kiss!"  
 Oh, that I might invent, perchance,  
 Another sign of earthly bliss,  
 And change that wornout movie end,  
 That overworked "Soul Kiss."

—J. B. Berger.



SNIQUEY

A lad with a splendid physique  
 Shaved not for many a wique,  
 This was, I presume,  
 The cause of his dume,  
 For he was shot for a Red Bolshe-  
 vique.

He: Have you been out to  
 watch football practice?

She: Only once. Really, I don't  
 think the fellows look a bit cute in  
 those short trousers.

'TISN'T IT SO!

Biggest girl-crop ever had  
 Prexy happy  
 Students glad.  
 Trouble coming  
 Sad to tell  
 Cokes are ten cents—  
 Aint it Hell?

A Missouri editor remarks that  
 "Women dress more attractively  
 and less modestly every day."  
 Nothing like an honest confession.

O black and sinister figure—  
 So ill proportioned and well-con-  
 ceived—  
 You beckon to us  
 Darkly  
 And lead us into the blind alleys of  
 Experience,  
 Unmindful of our youth  
 And our innocence.

From the recesses of  
 Style Headquarters—  
 That dark and terrifying domain of  
 Fashion—  
 You emerge,  
 Sinuous, seductively impertinent,  
 To cast an ominous shadow  
 On the contentment of  
 A bachelor's life.

Little maid,  
 Scorn us not so utterly.  
 We are not so young—  
 Nor yet so old—  
 As to be blind to your charms.  
 But yet, one thing worries us  
 More than all our concern  
 Over your contempt for us.

For your own good,  
 We can only hope that—  
 Those buttons don't fall off!

THE TEST OF AN ACTRESS.

She: Is Frances in love with  
 her husband?

He: I doubt it, but if she is,  
 she's clever enough to conceal it!

CONVENIENT BLINDNESS.

"Evidently Hardfist hasn't been  
 married very long."

"Why?"

"He still insists his wife isn't ex-  
 travagant."

Dad: What is the difference be-  
 tween the Engineering and Law  
 schools?

Son: Just the difference be-  
 tween a straight line and a circle,  
 sir.

S. O. L.

35th: "Joe got a D. S. C. in  
 France; what did you get?"

89th: "I got \$6.45, the flu and  
 prohibition!"

LOVE STUFF.

"Cutie, beauty—tootie wootie,  
 Honey, bunny—girl divine,  
 Lovey, dovey—from abovie,  
 Darlin' dear—say you'll be mine."

"Sweetie, tweetie—deary boy,  
 Wootin', cooin'—sugar plum,  
 Kissie, huggie—'ittle buggie,  
 Chummy, dummy—love me some."

"Darlin', dearie—'ittle cheerie,  
 Say that you'll forever be,  
 Jus' my 'ittle—"

"YOUNG MAN, CLIMB DOWN  
 OFF THAT PORCH AND GO  
 ON HOME. IT'S TWELVE-  
 THIRTY."

—J. J. B.



“————— What If He Shouldn't Follow Me?”

#### LONG-HAIRED STUFF.

(After the Style of Vachel Lindsay.)

The bell, brazen bell, sends its  
cold, hoarse note  
O'er lakes of sound, in a small,  
brown boat.  
While men, careless men, hear its  
tone of brass  
And speed their steps on their way  
to class.

Ding, ding  
Hear it ring,  
Hear it ring,  
Ding, ding.

School is a paradise, long drawn  
out,  
Soil where knowledges should seed  
and sprout,  
Long days, short days, sleepy days  
all,  
No height to sink from and no  
place to fall!

Hear the bell  
With its knell,  
Hear the bell  
Ain't it hell?

I understand Katherine's dis-  
guise at the masque ball wasn't  
very effective.

No, you could see right through  
it.

She—These short skirts are an  
optical illusion.

He—Zatso?

She—Yes, they make the men  
look longer.

#### “WHERE'S A REASON”

Is it because she's a modest soul  
That her dress is cut high  
Or that she wears a stole?  
No, it's not because she's a modest  
soul,  
It's mostly because she has a  
mole—  
On her neck.

A reason, too, for her long skirts  
we seek,  
Perhaps her under-pinning is weak.  
We hardly think so;  
We blush as we speak.  
But between her two knees  
A piggy could sneak—  
She's bowlegged.

There are other things, also,  
That puzzle us now, and  
Later, perhaps, we'll ask  
When, where or how  
We think, at the present,  
She would not allow—  
Us to ask her.

Tiny: I wonder why she rouges  
so heavily?

Jack: Her husband's in the hard-  
ware business and she makes a  
peach of a sample for barnpaint.

With a knife and hours of bore-  
dom

We can on our desks enshrine  
Our own names and leave behind  
us  
Proof of what we spent here—  
Time.

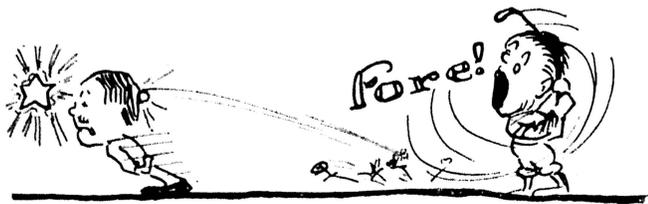
#### A CASE FOR BLUE JAY.

“Evelyn's feet just fly when she  
dances.”

“They seem to. They've been  
volplanning on mine for the last  
hour.”

First Lounge Flea: How good  
a dancer is Constance?

Second Cootie: Fine. I had her  
out in the conservatory for three  
encores last night at the ball.



## IT'S A SCHOOL AS WELL AS A RELIGION

T-Hound: How are the Christian girls this year?

Heavy: Aw, you can't fool me, there aren't any of 'em these days.

Sentimental Wife: Oh, look at the moon! Isn't this a wonderful night for lovers, dear?

Friend Husband: For lovers, yea. Let's go home—we're married.

Instructor—Do we import any raw material from France?

Wit (a la critic)—Only plays.—Burr.

"'Tis shameful," said a dowager,  
"The way that Minx behaves.  
Her style is so conspicuous,  
The very ocean waves."

—Chapparral.

## AT THE OPEN HOUSE.

Mae: "Evelyn is such a bore!"

Rose: "Yes?"

Mae: "Yes; I didn't have a chance to say a word!"

One night when Jack and Polly sat,  
Bathed in the moon's soft ray,  
He tried to steal a kiss. Alas,  
Her furs were in the way.

Next evening, as before, they sat  
'Neath the star-spotted dome.  
But though the night was 32  
She left her furs at home.

—Punch Bowl.

## WHAT SHALL HE DO?

If you hold her hand she may think you foolish.

If you don't she will wonder why.

If you kiss her, she may think you a cad.

If you don't she may think you slow.

If you offer her a cigarette she may be offended.

If you don't she may think you consider her puritanical.

If you tell her of the women you've met, she may think you a rounder.

If you don't, she may think you've had no experience.

If you tell her she is the first you have loved, she may think you lie.

If you tell her she is the first you have kissed, she will know you lie.

Now, what is a fellow to do?

—Penn. Punch Bowl.

She—I don't like to ride with you. Your driving is too reckless.

He—Yes, we've had some tight squeezes, haven't we?  
—Record.

## LACK OF CONCENTRATION

"Pilcer absolutely ruined that pint of Scotch he had stored away."

"How was that?"

"He split it up into eleven drinks!"

## OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS BUT ONCE

The professor and his good wife were having a little spat. She wanted a larger allowance and he wouldn't hear of it.

"And just to think," she flung at him through her tears, "I could have married a railroad conductor if I had wanted to!"

To resist temptation when it is least insistent is to run the risk of accumulating sufficient moral strength to hold out against it when it is really worthwhile. The only safe course is to keep surrendering.

Some lad, wise beyond his years, avers: "A kiss is one thing that always carries its face value."

## BUGLE AND VIOLIN

A September afternoon,  
When trees and grasses  
Drink up the sun  
Ravenously  
As an aging maid  
Grasps for and hoards  
Men's dwindling admiration  
For her passing ripeness.

Within the dormitory  
At the other end of the hall  
Someone is playing a violin  
Without on the campus  
Buglers are practicing their calls.

The violin is luring—  
Ah, there goes Fleurette  
Into the Cafe D'or. . . .  
Hi, Jim! Did you see  
That one? . . .  
What's her name?  
. . . I saw her in the Rue Garbetta  
When the Fokkers came over  
Last night.  
She kissed well. . . .

The bugles are blowing Drill—  
Hey, lemme in here! . . .  
Well, I'm damned!  
What th' hell do they  
Think we are!  
. . . We've only been out  
Two day.  
. . . Them replacement wops  
Aint never had on monkey-masks. . . .  
Cripes! aint this the lousiest war  
You ever was at?

The bugles are still  
The violin sobs on . . .  
Singing of live buried things  
Lilting of loves  
That were hot  
When the stars were younger  
And the Ninevah roofs  
Lay newly naked  
Under the sweep of the moon.  
Chanting of wars  
Moaning of heartbreak  
Felt dumbly back there  
In the Russian night  
Tumbling with passions  
Pulled out  
From the scrapheap  
Of the Happened.  
Until the bugles are forgotten  
In the pulsing of the song. . . .  
Allons!

Sweeping through the murky hall  
Comes the swirl of wings  
Made of young music.  
Into the room  
Out of the window  
Into the future,  
Singing whirringly in flight  
Of loves  
Beyond and beyond and beyond.  
Straight,  
Straight as a baby's stare,  
Into a place where the trees  
And the grasses  
Will fight  
For the last  
Hot kiss of sun  
And then die  
Because they must.

Cutting up and up and up  
Toward the top  
Of space. . . .  
The bugles are blowing  
Again.

—P. F. S.

Papa—Daughter. Daughter! Isn't that young  
man gone yet?

Daughter—No, father, but I've got him going.

—Chaparral.

Friend (at funeral): It must be hard to lose a  
wife.

Bereaved (emphatically): Almost impossible.

## COMME SI—COMME CA

## I.

Strolling of an afternoon  
I chanced on girl and boy,  
Engaged, I ween, in silent spoon,  
—And they were

Like this.

## II.

Strolling in the twilight dim,  
I passed that self-same spot,  
And they still sat, she next to him,  
Of me, unaware, or heeding not.  
—And they were

Like this.

## III.

Strolling of an evening cool,  
I happened past that place,  
The moon rose up like night's  
great jewel,  
And threw some light upon the  
case.

—And they were

Likethis.

—J. B. Berger.

Frosh—"That girl must step out  
quite a lot."

Soph—"Where'd you get that  
idea?"

Frosh—"She told me she was  
specializing in the Social Sciences."

He—"I am surprised that you  
remember me."

She—"You ought to be flattered."

He—"I could love you to  
death."

She—"Thanks, I prefer to die  
naturally."

She—"Isn't Dorothy a peach?"

He—"How do you mean, rather  
soft and sweet?"

He—George and Mary are cer-  
tainly close to each other.

She—Oh. Are they dancing  
again?

"Mrs. Gasley is a great gossip."

"Yes. She has a keen sense of  
rumor."—Blighty.

First Stude: Oh, I don't know,  
I guess some of these landladies  
have their good points.

Second Stude: That's the reason  
they stick everybody, I suppose.

A pretty fluff, in clothes a few,  
Went strolling down the avenue;  
A frisky youth, in accents bold  
Did ask to walk with her, we're  
told.

Decline she did with all her might  
And, sad to say, did launch a fight  
That left our hero, debonair,  
Quite gasping for his absent air.  
"O villain, flirt and cheerful liar  
An introduction we require."

Beneath the rain of slaps he quail-  
ed;

While alternating oaths with wails,  
He sought to offer just a plea  
For his ill-timed temerity.

But then a smile burst through her  
tears—

A smile that brightened all his  
years.

She was humble then and quite  
contrite

No longer did his chin she smite.

"Why I, dear sir, your cause es-  
pouse,

For I met you at Open House!"

## BUT ANY OTHER TIME

"I'm from Missouri, you'll have  
to show me!" exclaimed the  
maiden.

But in such a situation as this  
this magazine would scarcely fill  
the bill.

There is a man in our town,  
And he is wondrous "wised,"  
What he can do with raisins and—  
Oh Boy, you'd be surprised.

—Juggler.

Par: Does he play a good game  
of golf?

Bogey: He doesn't play at all—  
he merely thinks he looks well in  
knickers.

There was once a freshman who  
looked human in a frosh cap; who  
didn't wear trick clothes, who  
didn't major in porch swing  
strategy; who hadn't secretly re-  
solved to set the school on its ears,  
but he didn't come to Missouri.

Taxi Driver: This old ark of  
mine is getting so noisy no one'll  
ride in it.

Hearse Driver: Huh, I aint had  
a kick out of my passengers.

Mabel: I wonder why she is so  
popular?

Filbert: She's got a sweet  
smile, a cheap taste in cigarettes  
and a wonderful recipe for home  
brew.

He: "How do you like your new  
chaperon?"

She: "Even better than we ex-  
pected. We knew she was slightly  
deaf, and we have discovered that  
the old dear can't see very well  
either."

1.—Did the girls' clothes come  
up to expectations.

2.—Yes, and about two inches  
higher.—Widow.

## THE REASON.

She—George, you looked awfully  
foolish when you proposed to me.

He—Very likely I was.

—Opinion.

1921—What do the Freshmen do  
with their week ends?

1922—Put their caps on them.—  
Tiger.

Stude—How'd you make out in  
history?

Dent—Flunked.

Stude—Howzat?

Dent—Shudda read "My Four  
Years in Germany" by Gerard, but  
all I read was "Three Weeks."

—Chapparral

## An Intercepted Letter

Dear old goose-egg:

Greetings from a brother in thirst. Prohibition may come and go but the hankering is with us always.

Have staggered my way home from one of these catch-as-catch-can, toe-hold-barred tussles at Assembly, nursing a pair of mistreated feet and an ingrowing grouch. I never realize how many enemies I have until the music starts and a horde of foes—both sexes—launch an offensive at my most sensitive extremities. The carnage is awful. After ten minutes of scrimmaging the survivors emerge looking as daintily as a flock of Belgian refugees. And I limp off, bested and bruised.

Though, though, before I sought my downy, that I might rip off a few lines of breezy conversation anent things in general around the "Quad." They aren't like they used to be. Somehow school seems like a cross between a tea-fight in the Ritz and a discouraged cemetery campaigning for new clients. But then life has its compensations. I've a nasty temptation to spread a lot of vulgar scandal, mention names 'neverything, but I don't want to blight anyone's fair life and the remarks I could make about some of our erstwhile celebrities would make Eddie Cicotte and Joe Jackson emerald with envy. Besides, I have no desire to get hauled up before the local judiciary for disturbing the peace. Since one of our leading citizens was arrested for trying to refine gold out of sour-mash, the hunch persists that if I said too much, you'd see your old side-kick disguising himself as a zebra, making little ones out of big ones and changing his style of dancing from fox-trot to lock-step.

Bend an attentive ear. The other day I saw a little lady strolling down Broadway with her skirts flirting perilously with her waist line. Honestly, knees meant nothing in her young life. She had only two of 'em, but what she had were good. Business was temporarily suspended while the procession was on. Now

Joe, you know that ain't right. IT AIN'T RIGHT, that's all! She is going to die an awful and unnatural death from exposure. Then, there are about ten others who do a Lady Godiva between the Palms and Epidemic Hall, unmindful of the sad fact that silk skirts are no match for the curious eastern sun. Why, Joe I was embarrassed, actually embarrassed! I'm calloused—but I'm not blind. I'll have to confess that most of the girls are adequately dressed, but a few of 'em rival the burlicue queens who march around the stage singing "America, I Love You," apparelled chiefly in a golden smile and a wooden spear. Oh, education, what crimes are committed in thy name!

The other day I ran onto a couple locked in a frantic death clutch in one of those booths where romance abounds. They were as coy as they could be and when they saw me they jumped so far apart that it'll take them a week to re-unite. The proprietor saw 'em about the same time and was bearing down on the booth like a battle-cruiser under full steam. She was one of those blondes with an abnormal appetite and a passion for intellectual affinities. He is one of the few men left in the University who hasn't gotten his fill of baby talk.

Some fine November day I'm going to take an hour or so off and give you the low-down on the raciest bits of local gossip. If matters continue, I'm afraid most of the men will stretch their necks so far they'll look like a bunch of giraffes with the quinzey, but when I get enough artificial courage, I promise to spill it in copious doses to you and yours. In fact it might pay you to pack the family carpet-bag and hie yourself in this general direction. I know two girls who—well come on over, anyway. It's an arid country here and any moisture you can hoard would provide a welcome oasis.

Yours till the Hinkson goes salt,

MORDECAI.

# In The Tiger Camp



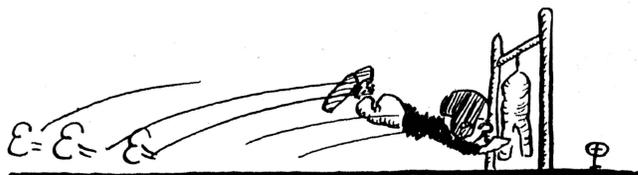
## WELCOMING OUR NEW COACH

Mr. Z. G. Clevenger, who is the successor of Doctor W. E. Meanwell as athletic director of the University of Missouri, was formerly director of athletics at the Kansas State Agricultural College at Manhattan. He is a graduate of Indiana State University, and has been Assistant Director of Athletics at that institution. Besides this, he has been Athletic Director at Nebraska Wesleyan University and at the University of Tennessee.

In each of his places Coach Clevenger has experienced great success, and it is with the firm conviction that he will do equally as well here, that we welcome him heartily to the University of Missouri.

the standpoint of the dope-gatherer, after having seen the team in action most of this season as well as last; and after having heard a few statements made by the coaches, we should say that the prospects could hardly be any brighter. There is more beef represented on the team this year than on any Tiger team in four years.

At the present writing, the most probable selections for the team are: Ends, Goepel and Ruth;



## SPORT

With the return of her best letter men and three of the coaches who were largely responsible for her triple valley title, to say nothing of a perfectly good brand new coach, Missouri is looking hopefully to a successful athletic year. As football is the main issue at present, all eyes are turned expectantly towards the men who are to uphold the traditions of the University on the gridiron this fall. Under the coaching of John Miller and the redoubtable Jimmie Phelan, the Tigers are gradually whipping into shape, although much remains to be done before the team is

tackles, Travis and Bunker; guards, Andrews and Springgate; quarter, Packwood or Fullbright; halves, Lewis and Fullbright or Humes; fullback, Lincoln. Upon the showing against St. Louis U. will largely depend the final selection of the backfield, as there are several possible substitutions. Knight and Titcomb have shown up equally well in practice. Novinger is another good prospect, and though hindered at



present by a bad shoulder, shows good promise of later line-plunging.

The morale of the team as well as the students, is greatly strengthened by the return of Captain "Chuck" Lewis and "Brick" Travis, both of whom were on the all-valley teams of last year.

H. M.



in genuine Turkey Day trim. The team has profited by the return of several of last year's men to say nothing of many valuable additions. Judging from



# STEALS

## RIGHTO.

"I see that Blithins is going to give an illustrated lecture on the Panama Canal."

"How is he going to illustrate it?"

"Why, with slides, of course."—*Gargoyle.*

Minister (to sick student)—I take a friendly interest in you, my boy, because I have two sons in the university, myself; one taking Engineering and the other, Agriculture. Is there anything I can do?

Sick Student—You might pray for the one taking Engineering.—*Minnehaha.*

Floorwalker—Looking for something, madame?

Fat Lady—Husband.

F. W.—First aisle to your left—male order department.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

Do you know where the little boys go who don't put their Sunday school money in the plate?

"Yes'm—to the movies."—*Williams Purple Core.*

Quiz—Ah, so you collect engravings?

Biz—Yeh, ten dollar bills.—*Pitt Panther.*

## HIS EXPERIMENT.

A certain college president wore side whiskers. Whenever he suggested removing them, there was a division of opinion in the family. One morning he entered his wife's dressing room, razor in hand, with his right cheek shaved smooth.

"How do you like it, my dear?" he asked. "If you think it looks well, I will shave the other side, too."—*Facts and Fancies.*

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## SOLITUDE

I never cared to be alone  
And ponder deep on weighty questions;  
In all my days I ne'er was prone  
To hold myself aloof.

I sought the place where hearts beat fast,  
Where blood was hot and youth was strongest,  
Where surged the throngs 'till night had passed  
And purple daylight dawned.

But now, to be alone, I ween,  
Is my glad heart's most dear desiring;  
I scorn the crowd—that is, I mean,  
To be *alone—alone with you!*

—J. Willard Ridings.

## HERE AND THERE.

Sigma: "Wasn't Alice Darlingly a dream,  
dressed entirely in old rose?"

Delta: "What do you mean—entirely?"

## THE DIFFERENCE

I met a girl from Tennessee,  
Who never sounds her r's,  
It sounded awfully cute to me,  
When she'd exclaim, "My Stahs!"  
She always said "Y'all" to me,  
And called me "honey" too,  
She said, "Ah cain't," or "Yes, Ah cain,"  
And "you" she said like "yew."  
I liked that girl from Tennessee,  
Who talked in her Southern way,  
There was something that appealed to me  
In everything she'd say.  
Then once I met a lass from Maine  
Who tried to talk like that.  
She left the 'r' off Florida,  
She substituted "caht" for "cat."  
I don't know why it seemed so queah,  
When she would calmly say, "My Deah,"  
But there was something wrong, I feah,  
She didn't have the right idea!

—J. B. Berger.

## 1921 Savitars Will Be Given Away

—5 OF 'EM—One each to the writers of the five best letters of suggestion and criticism relating to the improvement of the 1921 Savitar.

IT'S EASY—Just sit down and write us your candid opinion as to the good points and the faults—especially the faults—of former Savitars. Then give us any suggestions you may have to make the 1921 Savitar the greatest annual ever published.

—IT IS BECAUSE we realize that the Savitar can't be truly great unless it represents ALL the students of Old Mizzou that we take this means of asking your cooperation.

SEND YOUR suggestions in to the office in Lowry Hall before November first.

*The 1921 Savitar—A Greater Annual for a Greater University.*



*Whatever you expect in a suit—*

you'll find it here. Every suit that goes out of our store, contains the three main essentials of a suit,

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Good Looks, and  
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old piece of furniture  
or furnish the  
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*“Look!”*

*¶An Art Shop, at first sight, is, to the casual observer a conglomeration of pretty trinkets, whose utility seems to be merely to delight the eye —*

*¶At Joe's, however, an “exploration” will uncover many useful articles as well as many accommodating services, such as Printing and Developing of photographs, or “custom tailoring” of Pillows, Pennants and Banners—two real services, yet but a part of the organization.*

*Joe Janousek*

*Columbia's Art Shop*

#### THE LOVER'S LAMENT

(With apologies to the Rosary.)

The cash I spend on thee, dear heart,

Is like a string of pearls to me;

I count it over, every coin apart—

My salary, my salary.

I'd gladly take you to the shows,

If you'd go to the gallery;

But if you insist on the first four rows,

My salary, my salary.—Jug.

“Just think, old top, you can get a wife in Japan for fifty cents.”

“Well,” drawled the cynic, “a good wife's worth it I reckon.”

—Jester.

Willie—Say, Pop, what's a co-educational college?

Pop—Why, that is a place where a young man goes to learn how to make money with one hand, and spend it with the other.—Widow.

No matter

if it's a watch, fountain pen  
or ring; get it where you know you'll  
get the best.

*GEERY'S*

JACK DAILY

PHONE 13

## BOOCHES'

*"The Home of the Tiger Spirit"*

Largest Billiard Parlor in Columbia—  
15 Tables

L. J. SLATE, Proprietor

Virginia Building Upstairs

## Exchange National Bank

*The Bank of Courtesy*

*Established 1865*

We will appreciate your account  
whether large or small.

### TIME OUT

Hers were the clocks on the stockings,  
His were the hands on the clocks—  
(Most scandalous, you will agree)  
But she hadn't them on—  
Fact they'd never been worn—  
He was only the salesman you see.

—Yale Record.



And Then Dinner  
Was Served—

And, if you do as do  
most Missouri men, it  
was a savory meal in  
the Booth of Romance.

Harris' Booths are also  
the particular home of  
Missouri Spirit—long  
years have made the  
very walls radiate it.

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*You choose the Model  
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**Frank Clifford's Billiard Academy**

*Daniel Boone Tavern*

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Service in three minutes for that eight o'clock. Dale's "Stacks and Chile" make this corner popular.

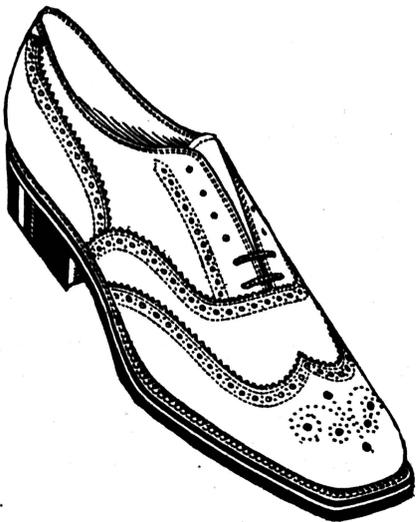


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You'll find it here in the new styles  
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*“Say it with  
Flowers”*

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## The Recreation Parlor

The last word in entertainment. Whether it's billiards, bowling or conversation—you can find it here. The Recreation Parlor fills Columbia's long-felt need for a center of refined enjoyment.

Smoke & Arnett, Props.

*There are three things—*

among others, that impress you the minute you walk into “Jimmie's.” One is the atmosphere of congeniality; another, the absolute cleanliness; and the third, the excellence of the goods you buy. What more could you desire of a first-class confectionery? Drop in and see us.

*Jimmie's College Inn*

## Yes, this is Ed's place

The place that quality built. At least, University men and women and the girls from Christian and Stephens think so. Drop in some afternoon.

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Edgar Hornbeck, Prop.

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OVER WHITE EAGLE DAIRY

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### University Shop

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**"HURRY BACK"**

ISN'T A MATTER  
OF HABIT JUST  
BECAUSE EVERYBODY  
GETS A SHOT OF IT

IT'S AN HONEST TO  
GOODNESS INVITATION

**"HURRY BACK"**

**SAMPSON**  
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