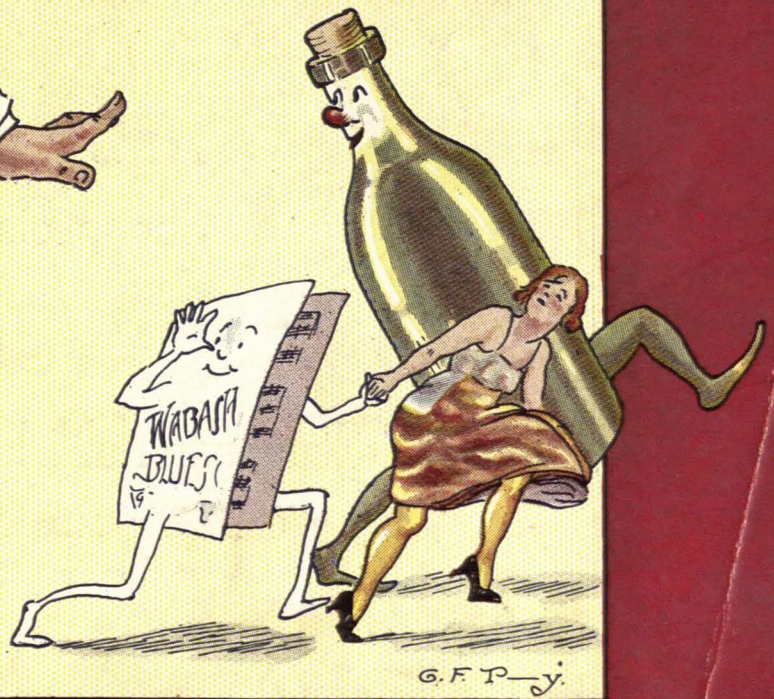
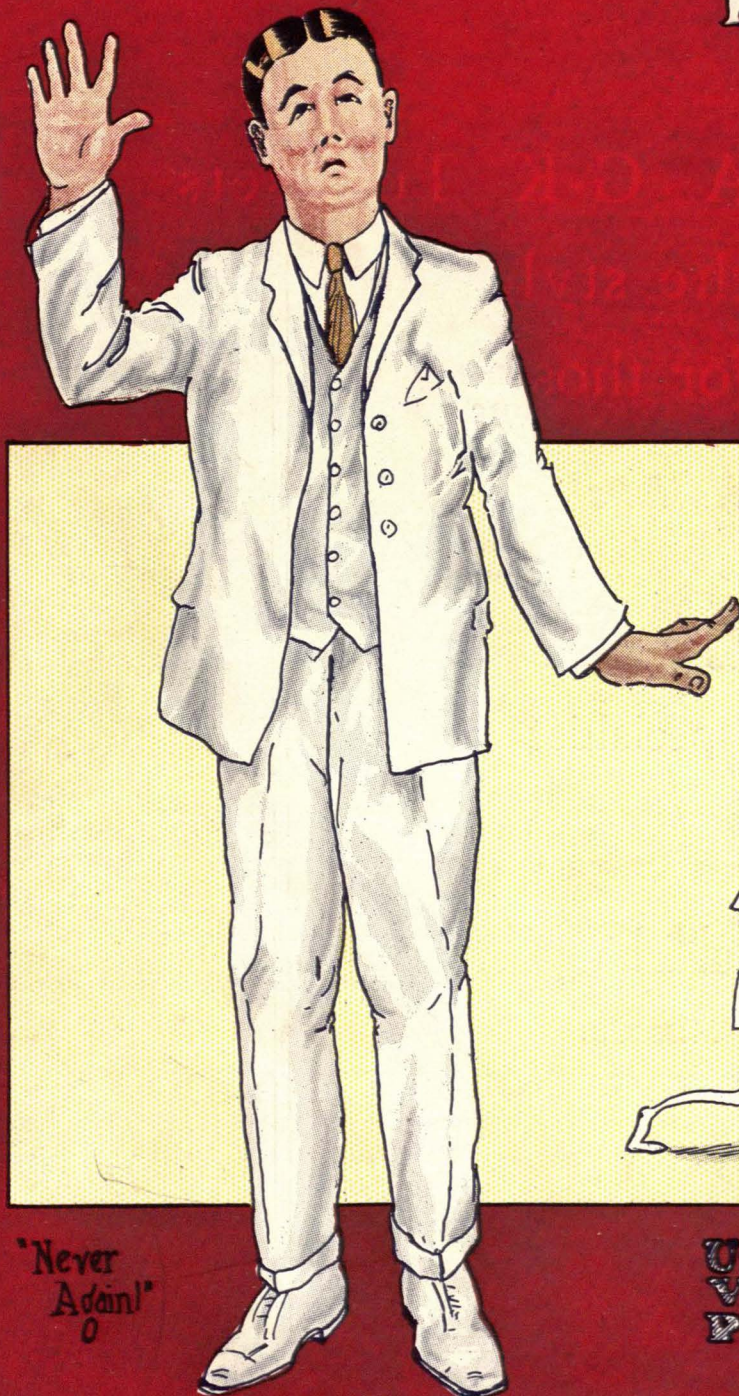


SHOWME

JANUARY

Winter Sports
Number



'Never
Again!'
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Vol. II No. 5
Price 35¢

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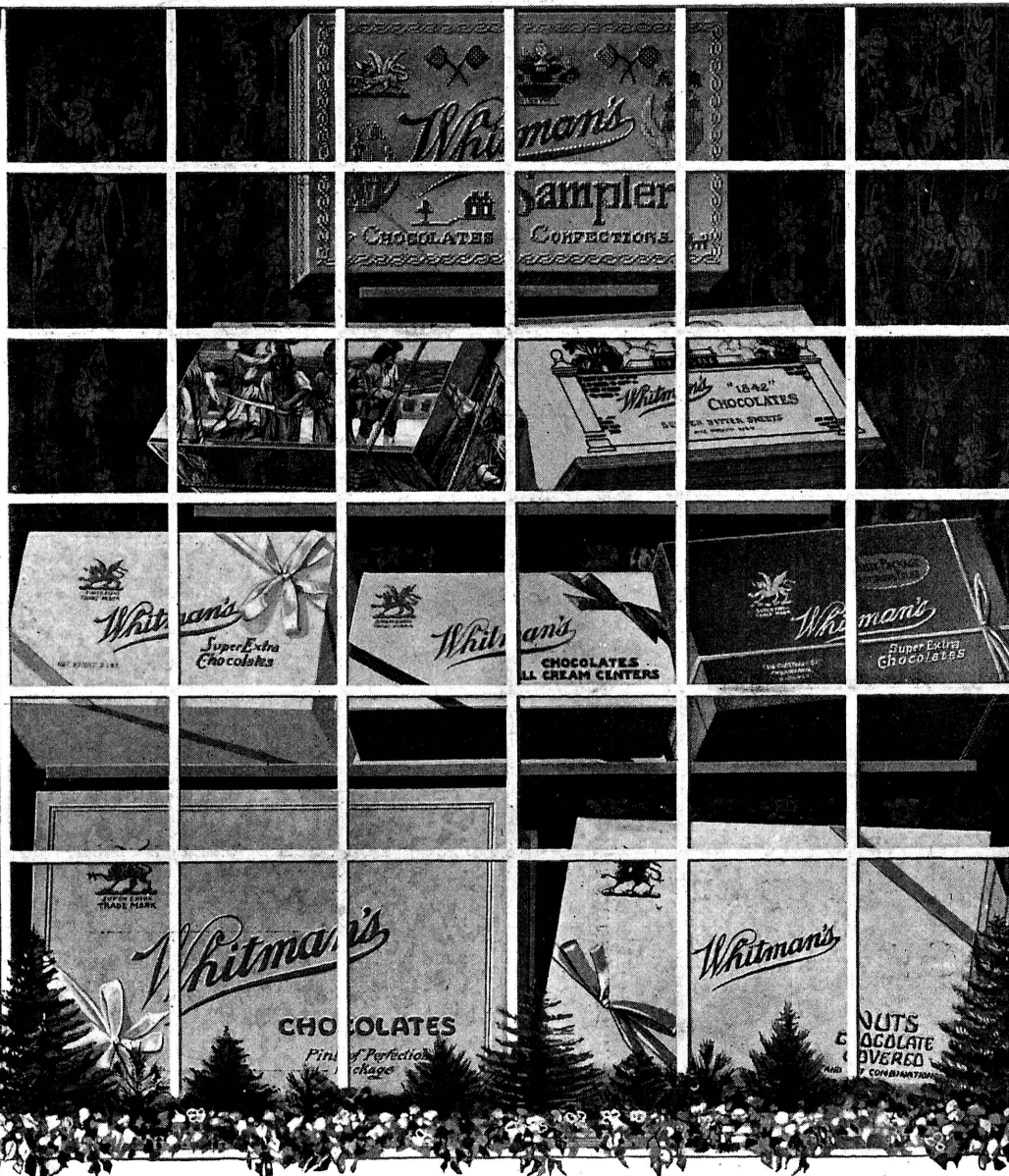
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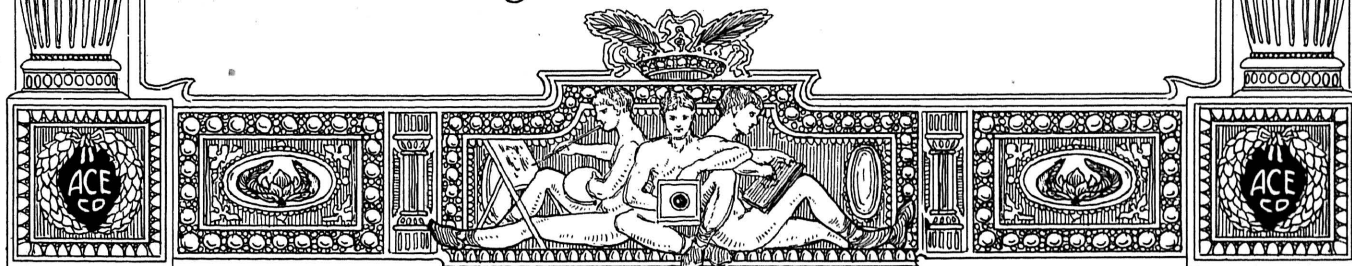
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Chow Mein Chop Suey
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DAVIS TEA ROOM

She—"The man I marry must be square, upright and grand."

He—"You don't want a man, you want a piano."

"All the world's a stage," quoth Shakespeare.
 These ballet costumes on the street bear him out

He—"Doesn't this wind chill you?"

She—"Nope, I'm too cold."

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Be
Distinctive
LET US DRESS YOUR HAIR
Parsons Sisters

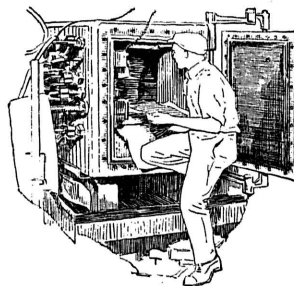
Did you ever pause to think that the most brilliant of your acquaintances is the best listener you ever knew?

It's a poor New Year's Resolution that can't be broken.

Diz.—"Give me a smoke, Old Chap!"
Dizzy.—"Sorry, but I'm all fagged out."

Taylor
MUSIC COMPANY

Everything Musical



What Is a Vacuum Furnace?

IN an ordinary furnace materials burn or combine with the oxygen of the air. Melt zinc, cadmium, or lead in an ordinary furnace and a scum of "dross" appears, an impurity formed by the oxygen. You see it in the lead pots that plumbers use.

In a vacuum furnace, on the contrary, the air is pumped out so that the heated object cannot combine with oxygen. Therefore in the vacuum furnace impurities are not formed.

Clearly, the chemical processes that take place in the two types are different, and the difference is important. Copper, for instance, if impure, loses in electrical conductivity. Vacuum-furnace copper is pure.

So the vacuum furnace has opened up a whole new world of chemical investigation. The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have been exploring this new world solely to find out the possibilities under a new series of conditions.

Yet there have followed practical results highly important to industry. The absence of oxidation, for instance, has enabled chemists to combine metals to form new alloys heretofore impossible. Indeed, the vacuum furnace has stimulated the study of metallurgical processes and has become indispensable to chemists responsible for production of metals in quantities.

And this is the result of scientific research.

Discover new facts, add to the sum total of human knowledge, and sooner or later, in many unexpected ways, practical results will follow.

General Electric
General Office Company Schenectady,
N. Y. 95-454J

"The End of a Prefect Day"

is to stop after the show
at the

College Inn

THE SHOWME

January, 1922

The Showme is published monthly from September till March, inclusive, by the Showme Staff, composed of students of the University of Missouri, at 506 Guitar Building, Columbia, Mo. Entered as second class matter, November 1, 1920, at the Post Office at Columbia, Mo., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price \$1.75 a year or thirty-five cents a copy when purchased from newsstands.

"You sure put a crimp in me," remarked the wavy lock to the curling iron,

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A Winter Sport.



A Lass and A Lack!

She wore a smile
As like as not,
A coat of tan,
Came wrapped in thought.
Beads of pers-
Piration, too
These clothes were hers,—
What clothes have you? —F. P. G.



Sports, 1w.

The festive holidays are spent and we did offer loud lament when forced our merry homes to leave before the gala New Year's Eve. We can, however, find much joy in playing with the hoi ploi, indulging in those winter games our day hour program never names.

A favorite sport in Sunny Spain, stopped by neither wind nor rain, is called, "Now you chase me some more," and played by a bull and a cuspidor. The cuspidor removes his shirt and lays it neatly on the dirt; his underwear is painted red, a sight which turns the big Bull's head, and then they play at hide and seek and chase each other for a week. Of course the Bull can never win, for Cuspi knifes him in the chin. This game can well be played in class while waiting for the hour to pass, for if you're called on, like as not, you'll have to play the Bull a lot. But lest our feelings should be hurt, pray, don't remove your undershirt.

In Russia, in the winter time, they play a game called, "Lemme a dime". This game is thrilling to the core, and worth at least a dime, or more. A says to B, "Have you ten cents? I've got to pay a flock of rents." He takes the dime and a new coal hodka and fills it to the brim with vodka, and soon he owns the world at large and gives out kingdoms without charge. We play this best on Wednesday night at eight o'clock with a date in sight, when we borrow two bucks till Saturday noon and hope to pay it back real soon.

Our winter sports are all the dope when played with Charity, Faith, and Hope, and serve to while away the hours till the snow melts from the sleeping flowers! In winter, Oh, sincere regrets, we can not pluck sweet violets, but when the spring returns again, Ah, then, Oh joyous joy, we can! Though winter sports have just begun, we always do have SO MUCH FUN!



Stuffed Dates.

Energetic Edward

Consider the Case of Energetic Edward.

Edward is a Born Organizer. Being born Pretty Well Organized, he started out early in life to surround himself with helpful hands and Willing Workers who would die for The Cause.

When asked by a Prospective Neophite for What Cause, Edward made the Famous Reply, "Be-cause."

Edward's Idea in Organizations is "One For All, All At Once." He is for Justice at any Price, even at reduced Rates. His chief difficulty, However, lies in determining upon whom The Reward of His efforts should fall, providing, of course, that There should Be Any Reward, or Any Efforts.

The Horrible Thought that Justice might be assigned to The Wrong Boarding House kept Edward and his Followers from accomplishing Much during Childhood. There were, However, Many Meetings.

Edward first came into Prominence upon His Graduation from High School, when he Organized a Committee to Present the Principal of the School with a case of Eggs. The Presentation made Quite a Hit.

Edward said the Most of The Committee could Throw Pretty Straight.

Upon entering the Halls of Higher Learning, Edward pledged his Father's salary and Commission to the Commissary of one of our Local Clubs. The Chairman of The Social Committee thought that Edward Had Possibilities, but Edward's room mate could Discover Nothing contagious.

Then Our Energetic Edward started Organizing.

His first order was The Happy Hearts Club, designed to Take Edward and His fellow Pledges over The Hills and Far Away every Saturday Morning. Edward thought it would be Great Sport to Take a Lunch Along and Spend the Day. The last Saturday In Every Month he planned to Borrow a Tent somewhere and Stay out at least until Early Sunday Morning.

Unfortunately for The H. H. C., the Housemanager found other entertainment for Edward and his Little Friends on Saturday Morning, which entertainment is not listed in the University Catalog.

Instinctively, Edward turned to The Mysterious.

He formed Organizations on The Slightest Provocation. By the End of His Sophomore Year he Spent most of His Nights drawing Funny Pictures on the Sidewalk, and His Days trying to Remember What They Meant.

Edward would rather Sit Around and tell The Boys "what this Organization Should do" than to Spend His Evenings With a borrowed Text Book.

To Hear him Narrate, he had the Exact Dope on Everybody in Our Honored Institution.

One Summer he made the fatal Mistake of Having His Fly-By-Night Activities Card Indexed. Some of the Pranking Brothers found His Record and turned It Over to the Editor of The Year Book.

Edward's Secrets were about To Be thrown to the Waiting World.

When the Year Book came out, All the Energy that Edward had misplaced in Three Years appeared in The Mess of Greek Letters and Koo Koo Klubs that Accompanied His Tintype.

He was No Longer a Leader of the Underworld. At about the same time, some kind soul let Edward in on the dope that All the Brothers in His Various Organizations had Long Since Spilled their Chapter Rolls to their Favorite Three or Four Sorority Sisters.

Edward had been playing the Power behind a Transparent Throne. Now what Little Power there was Had Been Short Circuited.

Did Edward Shoot himself Pronto? He did Not. The first Semester after His Awakening he Saved One Hundred Berries in dues and made fifteen Hours' M.

MORAL: Quit Kiddin' yourself; there aint no secrets.

Mollie, you know, I was dancing with a boy last night who smelled terribly of hair tonic; and still, his head was dry!

Neah's dove would have a deuce of a time trying to find a dry place to rest her foot in these days.



THE SHOWME, Room 506, Guita Building

Vol. II, No. 5

Columbia, Missouri

\$1.75 a Year

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Why Are You Here?

The modern college student is certainly receiving his share of editorial jibes just now. Columnists and cartoonists are having lots of fun at our expense. Prominent authors, too, themselves college men, are trying to solve our problems. Is there anything the matter with Missouri University? Yes, and then again, no. We do not believe our generation to be a wasted one. A visitor on our campus would not class us among those who toil not, and do little spinning. The question is worth while thinking about, though; what are you down here for?

Something Worth While

What do you do on Sunday afternoons? This is not a puzzle, nor an attempted steal from a joke which appeared in *The Drexler* about the little queen who asked Oscar if he had ever kissed a girl, whereupon Oscar replied, "Is this an invitation, or are you gathering statistics?" No, the question of what you do on Sunday afternoons is no joke.

Perhaps you play bridge, or the piano, or even shoot craps on the Sabbath, all of which may have become a very vital part of your life. We do believe, however, that the average student accomplishes little on Sunday afternoon. We have never noticed great numbers of students studying desperately from three o'clock until dinner time, or frenzied groups hurrying across the campus for the discussion of some problem that they can't wait until Monday morning to settle. No, we have never seen these things.

"Well," you say, "I usually enjoy myself on Sunday afternoon, doing nothing in particular. What of it?" We give up, what of it? Nothing much ever comes of it. Of course, we do not want you to carry a lot of books to Church with you on Sunday morning, to read on the way home, nor do we recommend that you spend the afternoon running from house to house shouting, "Turn off the Victrola, remember you have an eight o'clock in the morning." No, you never saw us doing these things.

But next Sunday afternoon, instead of doing nothing in particular, hie yourself down to the Y. M. C. A. about four o'clock and listen to a group of your fellow students talk about **something** in particular. They will discuss things that concern you, and if you have any ideas on the subject, you are expected to break right out with them. They are real live students, the boys you will find down there, students who realize the benefit derived from an exchange of ideas, and an open discussion of things that are everybody's business, but nobody's care. A speaker chosen from the faculty opens the program, followed by the student speakers, and a general discussion of the topic discussed follows.

We do not hesitate to say that there is no student in the University so good or so wise but what he can profit from these meetings. You have often heard that the associations you formed in college are one of the biggest assets of your education. Here is an opportunity to profit by association. It is up to you, of course, to decide where you can benefit yourself more, before a grate fire, or at the Y. M. C. A.

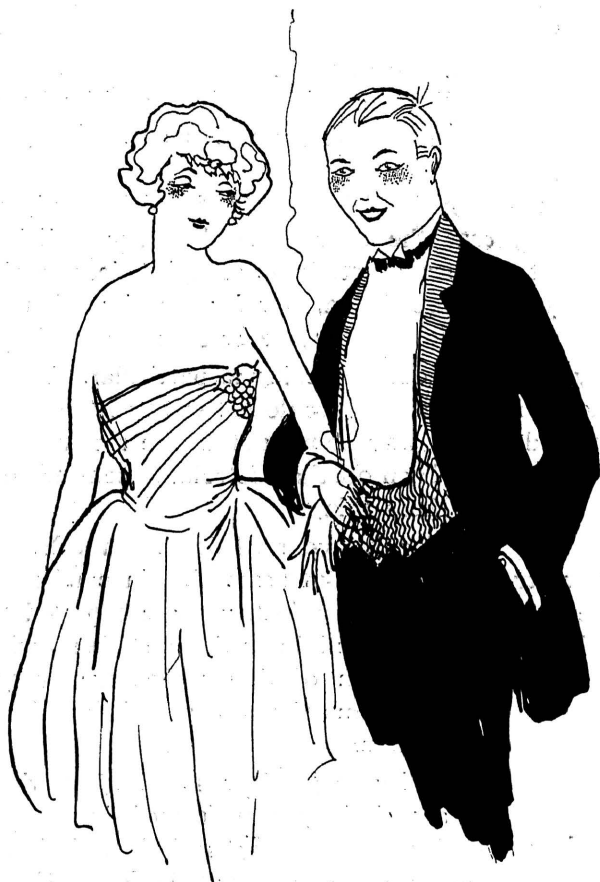
Somebody in this school is wide awake. Last trimester produced the freshmen training group, beside the Sunday afternoon meetings. We don't know where all this activity came from, but we're all for it.

How many organizations do you belong to that mean nothing but wearing a pin and paying dues? Missouri is our idea of a fine example of the over organized University. The so-called secret organizations are far from secret, and some of the honoraries, in quibbling for the same man, have done the man and the school more harm than good. How about a spring house cleaning?

Poker.

If you see a co-ed wandering with slow and listless feet
 With eyes downcast and furtive stare as she goes
 down the street,
 If her powder's on all crooked, if her rouge is badly
 smeared
 If her aspects changed from just the way she's
 hitherto appeared
 There's a reason.
 If you see a young man tall and fine who's lost his
 taste for speed

Who borrows from the brothers all the coin he haps
 to need
 If you see him bumming cigarettes and wearing
 worn-out clothes
 It is certain that you'll then suspect what every
 body knows,
 There's a reason.
 If you notice in this verse of mine a melancholy lilt
 The listless sigh of one who mourns o'er milk that
 he has spilt
 You'll doubtless then discern that I am writing in
 this rhyme
 The fact that I, oh damn the day, caught fours at
 the wrong time.



He—"Don't you love this dance?"
She—"Wait'll we start home."

The Editor Resolves That

I. If anyone says they have met us at open house, we will say, "No!" on general principles.

II. If anyone, working on the theory that jokes improve with the telling, exhumes the one about the mother-in-law, the man who had just been married, little Tommy at Sunday School, or several others, we will **not** laugh.

III. If anyone asks us for a cigarette, we will flatly and blandly deny possession of same.

IV. Elinor Glyn and Dr. Frank Crane to the contrary notwithstanding, we will vehemently asseverate that the American college is improving and that the world in general is growing worse.

V. If anyone, working on the principle that jokes improve with the telling, digs up the old one about the dark-colored gentleman named Sambo, the man who had just been married, or several others of similar nature, we will **not** laugh.

VI. If something is too deep for us, we will **not** nod our head thoughtfully; and say we thought so too.

VII. We will abstain from remarks such as,

"We don't think much of Phi Beta Kappa, anyway." But if anyone makes a noise like a subscription, (we did not say prescription; see Articles II, V, VIII, and X of these resolutions,) we will hound him till the last gasp.

VIII. If anyone, working on the theory that jokes improve with the telling, pulls the old one about little Tommy at Sunday School, the man who had something on his hip, the mother-in-law, or any of like topics, we will **not** laugh.

IX. If our date claims she did not want to go to the show anyway, we shall not go; if she warns us not to give her a birthday present, we are going to **spite** her, and not give her a thing.

X. Positively, for the last time, if anyone, working on the theory that jokes improve with the telling, pulls a bromide on us, we are **not** going to laugh.

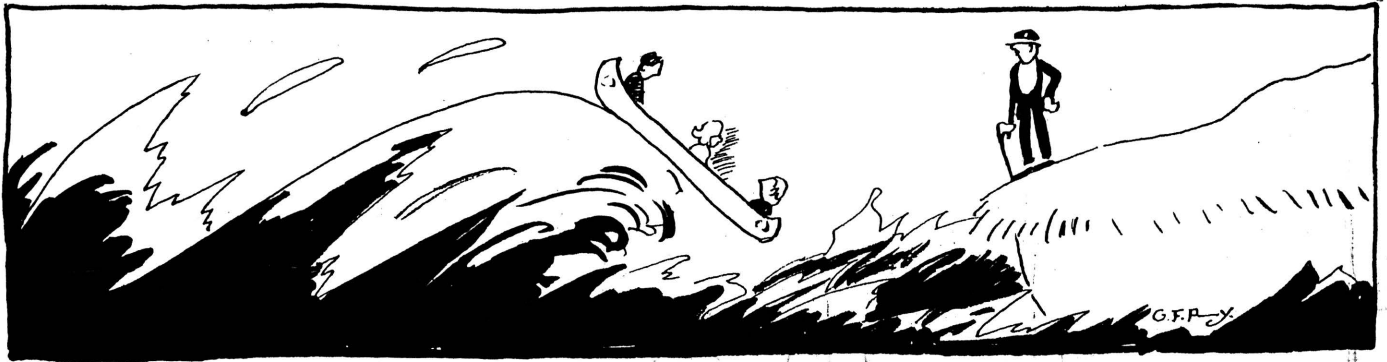


"Clothes May Make the Man—"

Chips Off the Old Block.

Merchant (disgustedly)—"Just look at all these wooden checks!"

His one honest customer—"No wonder, their writers are block heads."



Adventures of Ambrose or DAPPER DAN'S DEBUT

VOLUME X

It was New Year's Eve, and the calendar on the side of Ambrose's suitcase could be seen leaping about as if it expected 1922 to be a leap year. The little group of warriors were seated about an oil stove, listening to the strains of "Father's in jail, how do you feel?" Suddenly Ambrose spoke, but as he said little, his speech must go unrecorded.

Shadey Sadie was the first to break the silence. "Turn that record over, Gus," she said. "It is wearing out the top of our oil stove."

"Quite so," rejoined Horatio. "I am sure that side of the record is well done. Do you like your records hash brown or rare, Sadie?"

"I like my stories rare and crackers in my soup," replied Sadie, with a blush that lit up her face like a stop signal. "However, my father is a real estate dealer."

"What has that to do with it?" grumbled Gus.

"Lots," replied Sadie, crossing her eyebrows in that whimsical little way all her own.

And they poured cream over their snow flakes.

VOLUME XI

"Let's play that record, 'It is not raining rain, it is raining daffodils,'" suggested Gumshoe Gus.

"You're mistaken," shouted Ambrose, awakening at this moment from his nap on a knap sack, "it is not raining at all."

"Quite true," agreed Gus, "daffodils are not at all. At least, not all ways."

"No, not always," mused Sadie, "although sometimes at once."

"Twice always sometimes at once is one less than three times," said Horatio emphatically, settling the argument. "But where is Dapper Dan?"

"Here I am," replied Dapper Dan, suddenly arising from the desert. "I have been disguised as an underground river, and have been playing around you all evening. I have certainly enjoyed

listening to your New Year records. They are well rendered on the oil stove."

"Yes, fried records enchant me," replied Ambrose. "But where is the Princess?"

"Sh! I will tell you," whispered Dapper Dan. "I don't know."

And they dropped several degrees on the barometer.

VOLUME XII

"Which way shall we go from here?" ventured Ambrose, as the adventurers stood at a cross roads on the ice cakes.

"We might try the subway," remarked Horatio, who was practical if nothing.

"Fare enough," acquiesced Dapper Dan, jingling the dime in his pocket.

"All aboard!" cried Ambrose, leaping into the ocean. "Follow the leader!" The next moment they were gliding over the ocean bed in an Eskimo canoe.

"This boat would make a good hotel," remarked Sadie. "Running water everywhere."

"Yes," agreed Gus, "it certainly is an ice boat."

"Nicest I ever fell out of," mumbled Ambrose. "What is this we are approaching?"

"Who knows?" screamed Dapper Dan. "It may be our destination. Does it look wholesome?"

"It has some holes in it," answered Gus.

"Ah, I know what it is," said Horatio with a sigh. "It is a trap set in the ocean by the Swiss navy to catch stray cheeses. Be careful, Gus."

"Boys, don't get personal," remonstrated Ambrose. "It looks like a prison to me."

"Are you homesick?" asked Dapper Dan.

Suddenly Sadie screamed. "The Princess!"

"Where?" shouted her companions in chorus.

"In the thirteenth chair," shouted Sadie, falling out of the boat into a fit.

And they tied the boat to the tide.

(To be continued)



Pippa Passes.

Heart Busted.

No powder specks her Grecian nose.
 Upon her cheeks no rouge one sees.
 She does not roll her silken hose.
 Her skirts hang far below her knees.
 (The truth I warble.)

About her waist my strong arm slips.
 She does not stir. Her beauteous head
 Rests on my shoulder. From her lips,
 No sweet sound rises. She seems dead.
 (My Gawd, She's marble.)—J. E. D.

The Womanhater.

Don't like
 It bobbed;
 Braids won't
 Do.
 Can't stand
 Puffs,
 Hair-nets, too.
 Disgusted with
 Ingenues;
 High-brows give
 Me the
 Blues.
 Soulful kind
 Is a curse.
 Flappers
 As bad,—
 Even worse.
 If they're beafts,
 They have no
 Brain;
 Those that have
 Give me a
 Pain.
 Don't like 'em
 Short;
 Can't stand 'em
 Tall;
 Fat or skinny,
 Hate 'em all.
 Silly, fickle
 As can be, but
 Wynell
 Don't they like
 ME?

That Was About All.

It had been a pleasant evening as evenings go,
 but uneventful. You know,—you've had 'em. She
 was a nice enough girl,—you know the kind,—but
 who likes a nice girl? The predominating note had
 been silence.

He cleared his throat. He must say some-
 thing.

"I say," he said, "'s nice camisole ring you're
 wearing."

Why is it our boarding house matrons insist
 on pruning the table?



She—"Oh George, do you know Mary's back?"
 He—"I'll say, many's the time I've danced with Mary."

DON'TS FOR THE WELL BRED MAN

1. If your suspender button breaks off, don't beg anyone's pardon; it wasn't your fault.
2. If your oyster cocktail slips inadvertently into your lap, don't try to seize it hastily; it cannot be seized hastily. Takes your napkin and corner it, then slip up on it gently.
3. Don't make wry faces while chewing your gum. Take a new piece; it will have more flavor.
4. Don't boast about your triumphs in bridge and five hundred if the captain of your football team is present.
5. Don't think that you know all about bouillon, merely because you heard about it in Money, Credit and Banking.
6. If you can't think of a thing to say to your date, don't start off with the weather or her health; these are old topics. A remark like, "Well, dammit, start something!" is always a good opener.
7. If your hostess chokes upon a toothpick, don't slap her on the back. She may swallow it*.
8. Don't offer her another one till she has completely recovered.
9. Don't laugh at your own jokes, that is, seldom. Perhaps you made a slip and told the wrong one; in that case, laugh as long and as loudly as you can in order to cover up the embarrassed silence.
10. If your hostess should fall right on her south veranda, don't try to duplicate her action merely to relieve the tension. It is very painful.
 *The toothpick.

COME GET ME DOSTOEVSKY

The moon gave the only light to the room. It shone through a small opened window cut near the ceiling. The beams fell upon a table in the center of the room; by its light could be seen the bowed figure of a man, convulsed with sobs which shook his whole body. The furniture of the room peered out in spectral relief; the roughly finished book-shelves, the cupboard with its few dishes; a rocking chair; and on the wall facing the man, a deer's head. On the floor, a bear skin grinned menacingly.

There was no sound, save the momentary heaving of the man at the table; the moonlight streamed in with a silence as of snow falling.

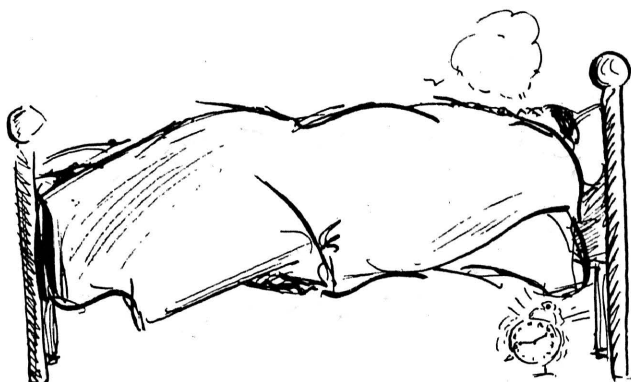
There was a tap at the door.

The man got up and turned it off.



The Thinker.

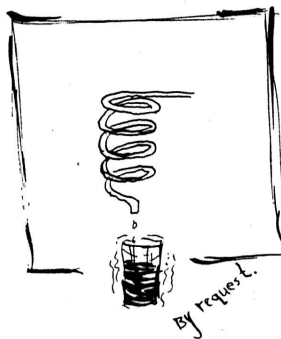
Winter



24-HOUR ENDURANCE RACE



SKULL PRACTICE



By request.

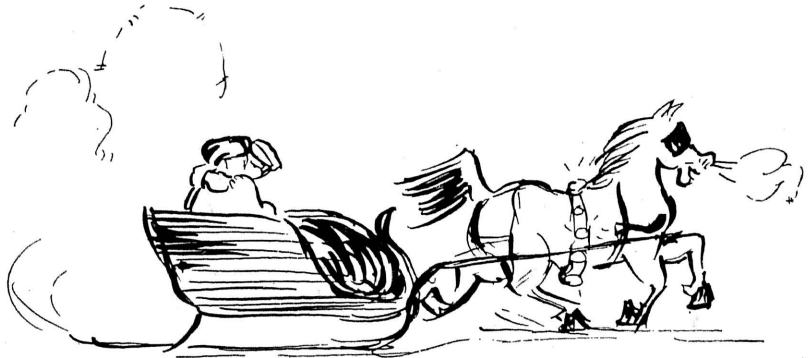


BROAD JUMP

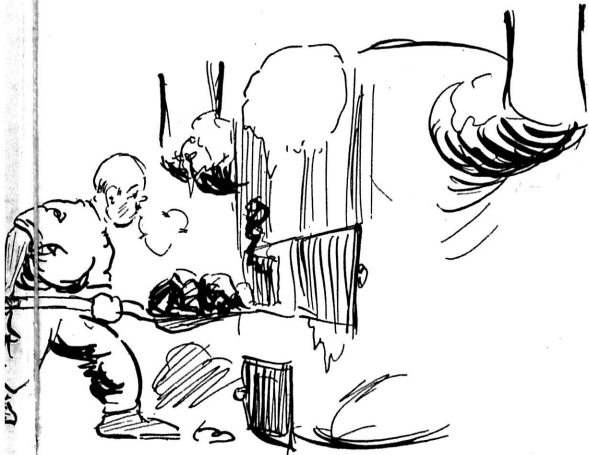
O-o-o-o. Maple

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Sports



CROSS COUNTRY



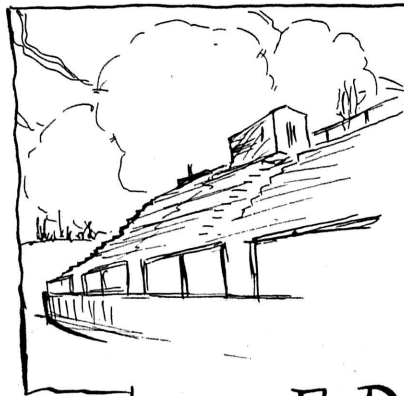
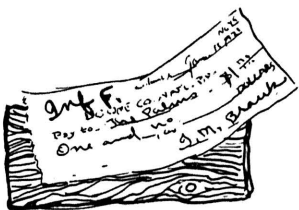
OBSTACLE RACE



INDOOR BATTING PRACTICE

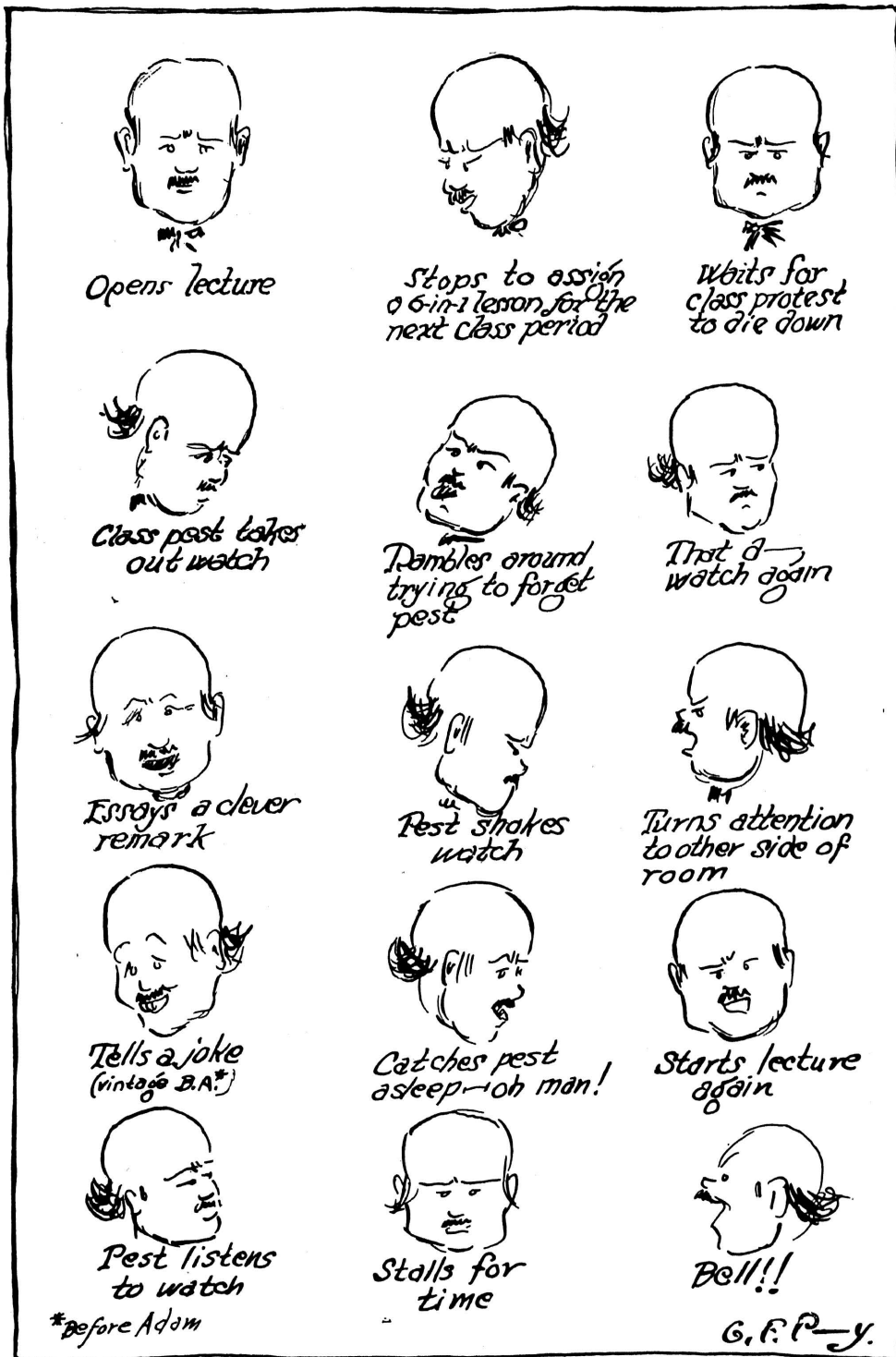


DECATNALON



FOR RENT

Gerald Perry



An Hour in Class With Any Prof.

ODE TO A SQUARE MEAL
 Feed me, and the world is mine!
 One hand upon a chocolate pie
 And I
 Feel in myself the strength of nine.
 A bowl of chili or a stack
 And armies thunder at my back.
 Ham-and, a red-hot, yea, a well-done, too.
 Will make my heart to leap.

But when my boarding-house hands out
 an onion stew,—
 Then wildcats keep
 Their distance,—mew
 As kittens do,—
 My strength is frenzy and my might
 as running waters deep.

* * * * *
 Feed me, and the world is mine.—F. P. G.

To Pyrrha.

Horace: Odes, 1, 5.

What tea-hound now Mahdines his brow
And chases thee around the lot?
Why dost thou fix thy hair in tricks
Of glossy knot?

How oft, poor goof, thy gentle spooF
And frowning gods will he bemoan,
And doleful by the Hinckson sigh
And groan and groan!

Ensnared by thee, beguiled is he,
He thinks thou'rt his and his alone.
But I, poor dunce, fell for thee once,—
Thy tricks are known.

It's hard in sooth upon the youth,
But why should I be hung with crepe?
I can't forget, (I shudder yet,)
My own escape.

—F. P. G.

"Snake Oil"

A play by Pop A. Cowe, author of "Sitting Bull";
"The Tie That Binds," etc.

Scene—The White Campus at midnight. Sum-
mertime. A moon is mooning dreamly in a per-
fect sky. Boy and Girl on steps of Physics Bldg.

He—"Cold?"

She—"Nope."

Silence

He—"Isn't that moon wonderful?"

She—"Umm-m, vernal equinox."

More silence (disgusted)

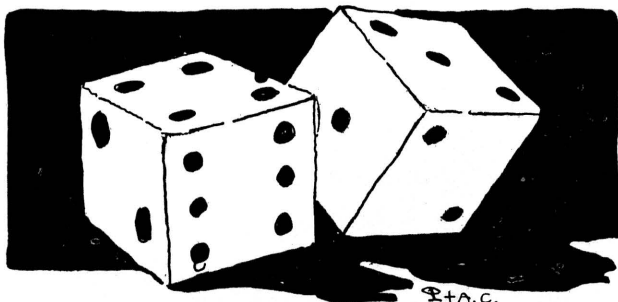
He—"Doesn't it make you think of beautiful
things dear?"

She—"Umm-m."

He—"Life and love, and happiness. Isn't it a
wonderful moon; a real lover's moon."

(Gently he slips his arm about her shoulders.
She allows her head to drop to his shoulder)

He—"Couldn't you love me just a little dear?"



The Cube Root of Evil.

She makes no reply. Caressingly, he touches
her hair, kisses it; lifts her face to his, and then—
"Hell, she's asleep."



"Mine is the strongest act on the bill."
"What do you do, barefoot dancing?"

Love.

A feeling engendered
By the irresistible combination
Of all that is beautiful.

Soft perfumes
Of shy wood violets
And rare old roses.

Sweet music
Dim harmonies
Of long-gone lovers
Harking back
To vanished happinesses.

Moonlight
An alchemic radiance
Transforming the dull and insipid
To epitomes of beauty.
The yellow homefire
Of all real summer love.

And girls
Small and sprightly
Long and lissome.
One and a million
All of them better
Than any of us.—R. W. S.

With the R.O.T.C.



Rather disconcerting
after a fellow's
spent 30 min
slicing up.

O-o-o-o-o-o
Mister
Postman



not all fine
sights are on the
rifle range



Batta-lion
Halt!

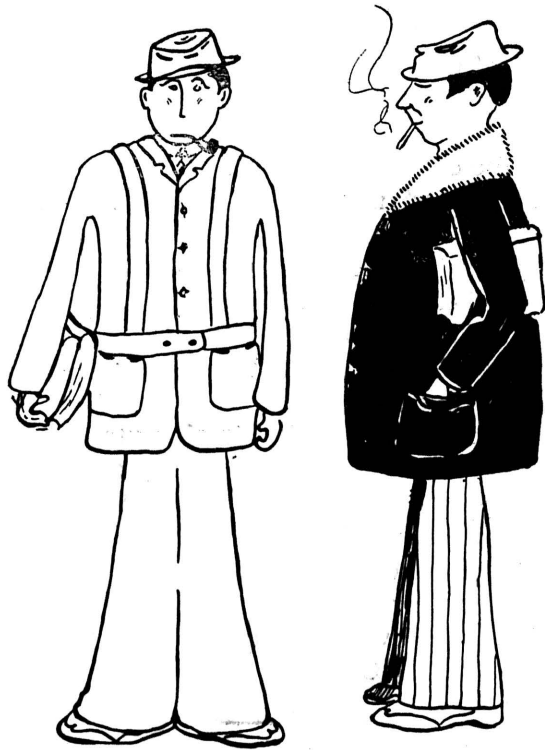


He was a "little tin" soldier



a line formation

Samuel F. Bay



"Did you hear the story Jack told? He brought it back from England."

"Yes, I thought it sounded a little far fetched."

*If the
Crown Prince
of
Gimeacoke*

Had ever come here to school,
he would have been a regular patron of the

Tabern Drug Store

"Kitty" Lightner

Tom Heath

See the Early Arrivals
of
New Spring Styles
in
FOOTWEAR
at
SAPP BROS

You'll find your
Greatest pleasure
In playing Pool
or Billiards where
the conditions
Are best
*Tabern Billiard
Parlor*

A Brick

Yes, a Gold Brick, a brick of

Frozen Gold

Ice Cream

Always Appropriate

Made only by the

White Eagle Dairy Co.

In the Libe.

TEA HOUND,
 Slickest of men,
 From your shiny black locks
 To the clocks in your socks,
 You're the essence of bear grease
 And heavy perfume.
 How can I study when you're in the room?
 With your shoulders thrown back
 And your head held just so
 With each hair in place,
 And your handkerchief taking
 Up just so much space
 The crease in your trousers in absolute line
 Your black leather brogues with just the right
 shine—
 I slam shut my book
 And sit there and look
 And think to myself
 Oh, if men only wore overalls to colleges—
 I WOULDN'T GO! A. M. G.

Modern girls aren't nearly as bad as they're painted—but we do wish they would scrape some of it off.

Regular Trips 25c

A		A
N	5 8 1	N
Y	&	Y
T	4 8 1	T
I	TAXI	I
M		M
E		E

Trips Across City
 50c

To always
 remember that
 she prefers a
Harris' Booth
 and
Harris' Candy.

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 New Year Resolution

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Our stocks have been selected with special attention to you and your wants—your buying interests.

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Kelly Springfield

Tires and Tubes

Gasoline - Oils - Storage

Phone 363

15-17 N. 7th Street

"Father, did God make me?"

"Yes, my child."

"And did he make you, too?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's doing better work now, isn't he?"

—Virginia Reel.

"How was the burlesque show?"

"Rotten."

"As good as that?"

—Beanpot.

A Just Punishment.

Nurse—"Yes, Johnny, the doctor brought twins."

Johnny—"Gee! That's what we get for haying a specialist." —Banter.

"Jack threw his arm out of joint playing football last fall."

"That's funny. I noticed it was still out of place when he was with you last night."

—Virginia Reel.



Pop, I'd rather eat at the

Tavern Coffee Shop

Men
of
Power

Play Billiards
for
Recreation.

You'll Know
the Reason
Why

After
A Game At
The

*Recreation
Parlor*

*VIRGINIA BARBER
SHOP*

(Opposite Hall Theatre)

HARLAN C. PRATHER, Prop.

Hair Cut, 35c

Shave, 15c

Virginia Building

South Ninth Street

She (talking of pure thought)—“Now really, don't you think girls have cleaner minds than men?”

He—“Yes, I suppose so. But they ought to; look how often they change them.”

—Princeton Tiger.

Soph—“What would you say if I flunked four subjects?”

Fresh—“Get out; you're fooling.”

Soph—“That's what the Dean said.”—Jester.

Tiger Taxi

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*Day and Night Service
Any Place*

CAN YOU TIE THAT? — !

The gathering degenerated into a regular "session". They were discussing neither home brew nor Christian College. They were discussing the **President** of the University.

"If they chose a man because of his **real** service to University students"—this from one of the old boys—"they'd choose Brownie or Baum!"

Can you tie that?

The Tiger Shop gives more service than a Ford.

The Tiger Barber Shop

"BROWNIE" and "BAUM"

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Student Owned
Student Managed
THE CO-OP**

For over a fifth of a century this institution has met the needs of Missouri students for school supplies at reasonable prices. It's still on the job—bigger and better than ever.

Students new and old, we welcome you. Come in and let us help you get the books, pens and drawing supplies you will need. Profits are returned to all students.

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social events," priced*

\$45 upward

Shirts, Jewelry Sets,
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*Tuxaro, the new Arrow
Tuxedo collar. See it.*

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With or Without Driver

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10 N. Seventh St.

Telephone 1400

"Say It With Flowers"

Columbia Floral Co.

7th and Broadway

'Soap So.

Voice—"Hello, is this the weather bureau?"

"Uh, huh."

Voice—"How about a shower this afternoon?"

"I dunno. If you need one take it."

—Virginia Reel.

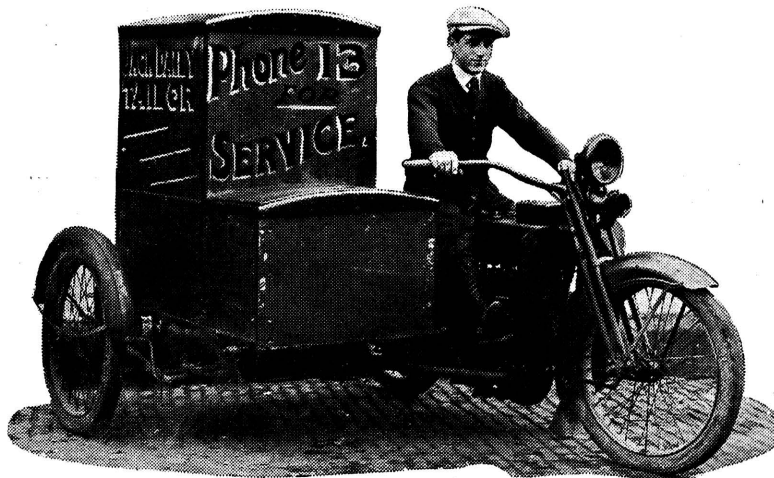
"That's a nice dog you have there."

"Yes, but he's consumptive."

"Consumptive?"

"Yeah, Spitz blood."

—Virginia Reel.



The Virginia Pharmacy

Does better Kodak work

24 Hour Service

109 So. 9th. "We try to please" Phone 724

Rebuffed.

He—"It is my principal never to kiss a girl."

She—"You can't expect any interest from me then."
—Purple Cow.

Father—"Well, Mary, you have a brand new baby sister."

Mary—"Oh, daddy, may I be the first one to tell mamma?"
—Banter.

Angry husband to wife—"You're a dumbbell."

She—"Well, dumbbells always go in pairs."
—Octopus.

Watch Daily Papers
for announcement of
Our Annual White
Sale.

Fredendall's

Quality	J	Price
the Highest	A	the Lowest
	N	

1st, 1922

*After above date we will
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\$6.00

*Our shoes are the best
that high grade leather
and expert workman-
ship can produce.*

American Lady

American Gentleman

Workmanship	<i>The best for over 40 years</i>	Efficient
Unexcelled		Service

Braseltong
719 E. BROADWAY
THE PLACE TO BUY SHOES

Skillful Craftsmanship

and

Good Taste

Parsons
Studio

Choose your Stationery
With Care

Its Your Trade Mark

Scott's Book Shop

She—"What do you fellows talk about after a dance?"

He—"The same thing you girls do."

She—"Oh, you horrid things." —Siren.

There are many Sunkissed oranges, a few Sun-kissed peaches but not very darned many Sonkissed Lemons. —Awwan.

She—"Short skirts make the boys fall more quickly, I hear!"

He—"Oh, nonsense! It's nothing but calf love." —Purple Cow.

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Distinction

you see on the street

come from

Victor Barth Clothing Co.
INCORPORATED

You'd Recognize Them Anywhere

"Mother May We Have More?"

Central Dairy

Ice Cream

Made of pure, sweet cream

Phone 819



Everybody wants To Dance when
the Music's by the

Moonlight Orchestra

"Bill" Fox, Mgr. Phone 472

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our
French
Pastry
for
every occasion

Palms

**When You Want
What You Want
When You Want It**

Send your clothes to

HARRELLS'

for

Cleaning-Pressing-Repairing

Phone 381

The Cynic says—

All the world's a stage and the way some girls we know dress they must think they are the chorus in a musical revue.

Any dissertation on women's clothes must, from the nature of the subject, be brief.

Some hardboiled fellows we know have been pretty badly cracked.

Don't think you are the grocery just because you're an egg.

Don't tell us you know all about women, better men than you have been fooled by that innocent look.

Fell for your line, did she? Huh! Tie that outside! She just had a better one than you.

"That's a drink on me," said the patient man as a careless waiter spilled a malted milk over him.

Under the heading "Gas Overcomes Girl While Taking Bath," the following appears in a local paper:

"Miss Cecelia M. Jones owes her life to the watchfulness of Joel Colley, elevator boy, and Rufus Baucon, janitor." —Ghost.

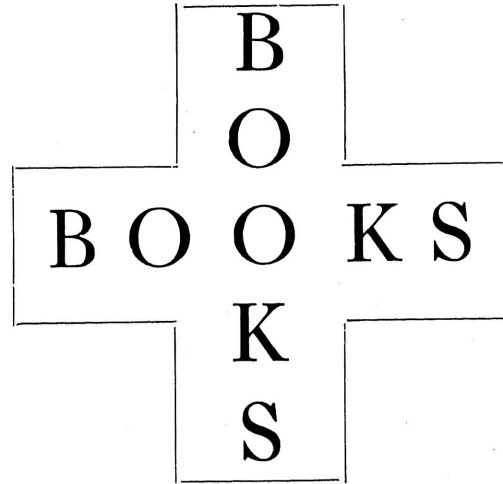
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Student Letters, Announcements, Programs, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Visiting Cards, Window Cards, Circular Letters, Posters, Dance Programs, and Menu Folders.

J. Guy McQuitty

Quick Printer

911-13 Broadway



Missouri Store



Striking a happy medium.

I Flea—"Why are you running so fast along the edge of that Post Toastie box?"

U Flea—"Can't you read; it says, 'Tear along this edge'." —Cougar's Paw.

She—"How many men are there in your fraternity?"

He—"Oh, about thirty odd."

She—"All of them."

—Phoenix.

University Barber Shop

The Shop With the
Painstaking Barbers

Even tho we are almost always busy you won't have to wait long in our comfortable, commodious shop with 7 barbers on the job.

Our barbers are schooled in the interests of the students. They are prepared to care for you exactly as you wish.

Geer
JEWELER

The Ninth Street Jeweler

As in a Glass Darkly.

The absent minded professor surveyed himself
in the hair-brush, instead of the mirror.

"Gracious, but I need a shave!" he mused.

—Jack-'O-Lantern.

Algy—"That vulgah puhson mistook me for a
racing man."

Sally—"How was that?"

Algy—"He said that I won the Brown Derby."

—Chaparral.

*Your New
Clothes*

Should be washed with care

**That's the Way We Handle
Them.**

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AND DRY CLEANING CO.

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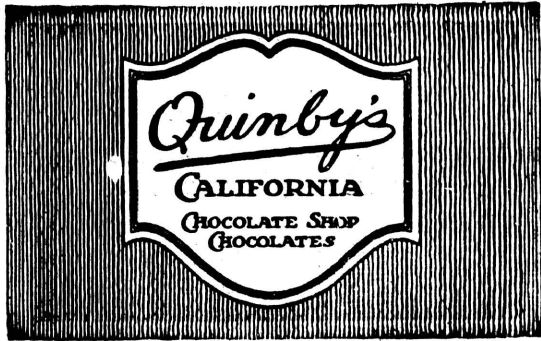
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Play where conditions are best

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Tom Heath

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Drop in. Let us
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Sodiphene TRADE MARK REGISTERED *"First Aid for the Family"*

Don't take chances with Sore Throat and tonsilitis which easily follow winter exposure after the dance or the athletic games. Sodiphene, as a gargle, is effective for these forms of cold and as a preventive.

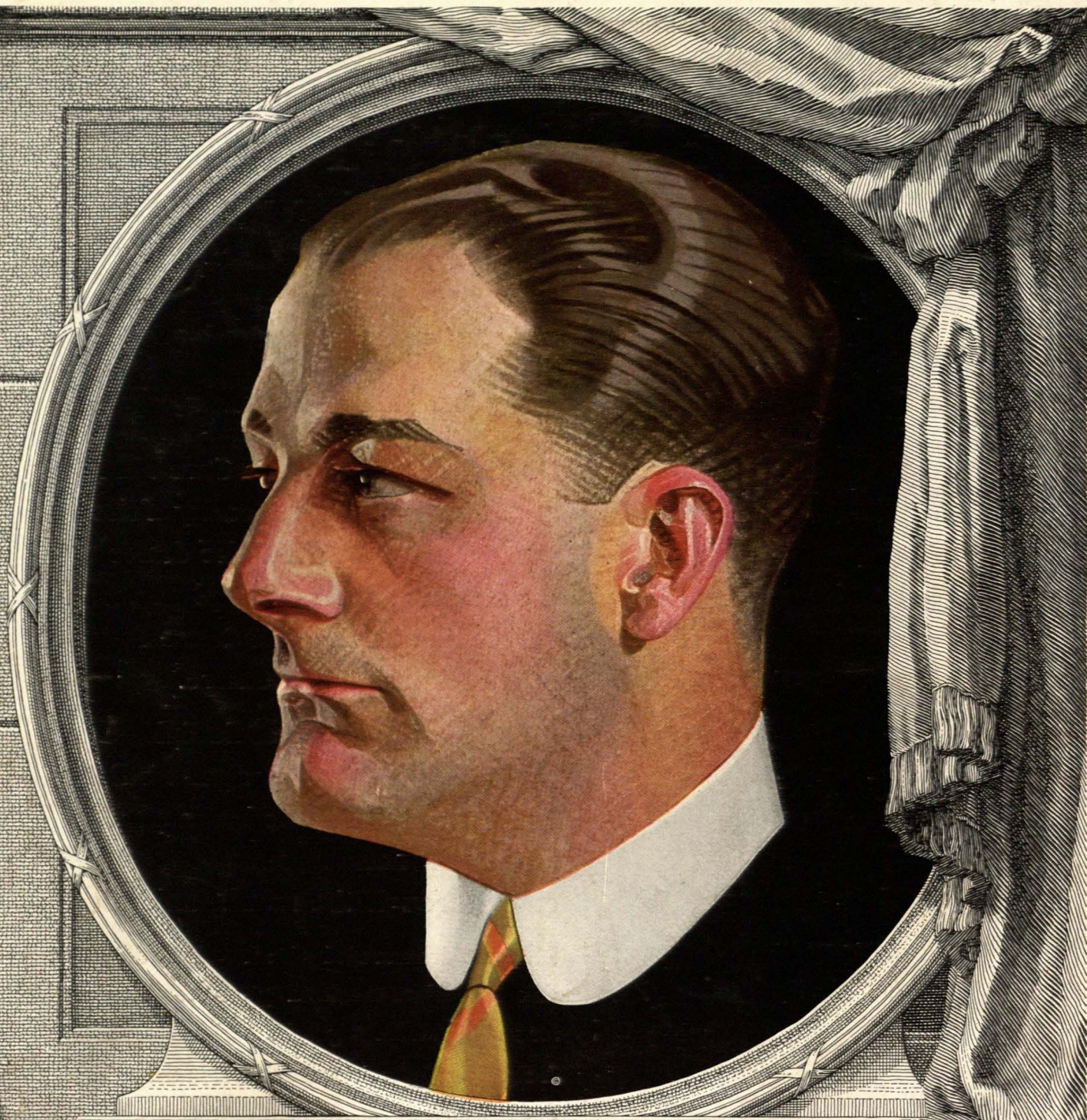
A daily mouth wash of Sodiphene is not only a safeguard against Sore Throat and Tonsilitis but a protection against other contagions which enter through the mouth and nose.

Men who are troubled with "smoker's throat," will appreciate the healing and soothing effects resultant from gargling with Sodiphene. A clean, invigorating taste is left in the mouth. Sodiphene is not only an antiseptic but a germicide, destroying germ life. It is economical for it is used in diluted form for the gargle and daily mouth wash.



*At your Druggist's in bottles of
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The ARROW form-fit COLLAR

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