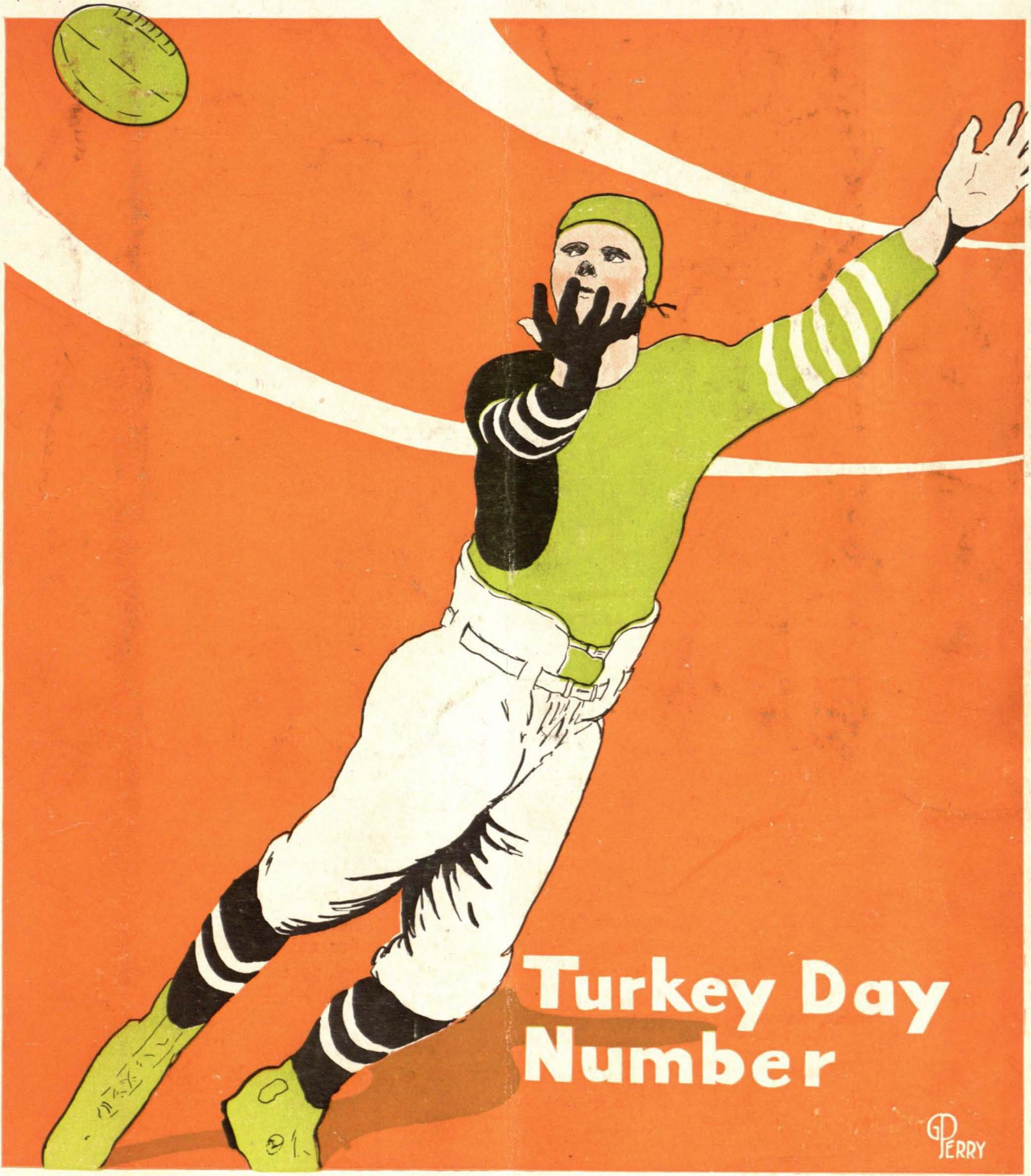


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# THE SHOWME



Turkey Day  
Number

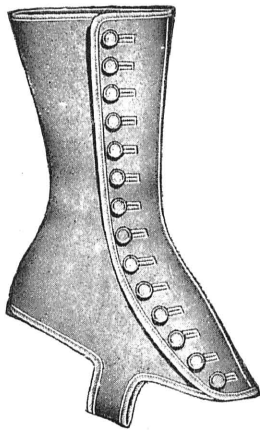
PERRY

VOLUME I. No. 2

NOVEMBER 23, 1920

# Tweedie

BOOT-TOPS



Patented, 9-21-1915  
5-7-1918

*None genuine without  
this label*



**Y**OU BUY TWEEDIES for appearance and they pay you back in comfort—ankle freedom—warmth and absolute fit. None of the careless fitting faults of “just spats.”

The perfect fit with the slender ankle effect—the way they hug the instep—cling at the heel, permitting no wrinkles at the back and the absence of unsightly buckles are all original TWEEDIE features.

TWEEDIE Toppers are made for men. There is the ankle freedom and comfort of summer oxfords and warmer than the winter shoe.

FITTED WHERE GOOD SHOES ARE SOLD IN  
COLUMBIA

TWEEDIE BOOT-TOP CO.-St. Louis, Mo.

**You don't have  
To consult a ouija board  
To know that the labels  
In the clothes  
Of the best drest fellows  
At Columbia are those  
Of**

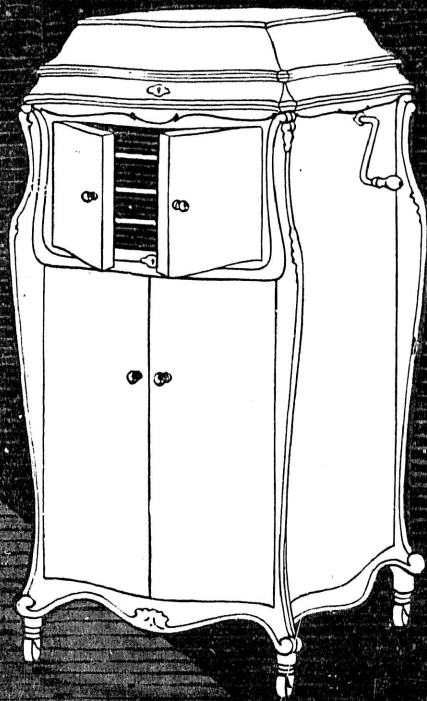
**Woolf Brothers**  
**Kansas City**

**WELCOME HOME**

*May this Thanksgiving mean a real Homecoming for you. We hope to have the pleasure of a handshake and a talk over old times.*

**Taylor Music Co.**

Home of the  
*VICTROLA*



# THRESHER-FULLER GRAIN CO.

311 Board of Trade

Kansas City

## THE USUAL COURTESY

"Brokesley," said the grocery keeper to the dead-beat who was planning to move out of the community; "I don't believe you will ever pay me what you owe me. It isn't worth while to sue you for it, and you have nothing I care to attach. I will simply give you a receipt and call it paid."

"Fine of you," said Brokesley.

A few minutes after, seeing that Brokesley still lingered about the merchant said: "Was there something you wish to speak to me about?"

"Not especially, but ain't it customary to give a feller a cigar when his account's settled?"

—Philadelphia Ledger.

## WOMAN FRUSTRATES

### THREE ARMED BANDITS

—Headline

That's too many arms!

B  
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K  
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A  
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N  
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R  
Y

## Fountain Pens?

You Said It

Let Us Show You

Conklin's  
Waterman's

## The CO-OP

The Students Store

S  
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E  
S

## M. U. vs K. U.

A "U" Store.

A "U" Manager.

With "U" Shoes.

"U" win with "Better  
Class Shoes for Men."



1018 Walnut St., K. C., Mo.

Mail orders given prompt attention.



## HOMECOMING

Missourians will find the Old Guard spirit thick about the Harris' Booths which they knew so well in former years. And they will find a warm welcome there and many old friends enjoying the comforts of good food and perfect fountain service.

**HARRIS'**

MILLARD AND SISSON



## THE SHOWME

November 23, 1920

The Showme is issued monthly by the Showme staff, composed of students of the University of Missouri, at Columbia, Mo. Subscription price, \$1.75 a year or thirty-five cents a copy when purchased from news-stands. Application for entry as second-class matter at the post office at Columbia, Mo. pending.

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### An Eye-Opener

"Why did they arrest the blind man?"

"The cop saw him blush when the co-ed passed by."

California Pelican.

---

### The Apple of His Eye.

A peach came walking down the street;

She was more than passing fair  
A smile, a nod, a half closed eye,  
And the peach became a pair.

—Cornell Widow.

## "Look!"

You want to take home some pictures of the Tiger feasting on Jayhawk meat, don't you? Drop in after the victory supper and get a permanent record of the game; your picture in the stands, will be here, too.

You'll want to wear an arm band, or a button, or carry a pennant, too, just for old time's sake. Be sure to drop in, too, and say hello to Joe—same old Joe.

**JANOUSEK**  
Columbia's Art Shop

### Logic

"Why do you require so much money?" asked the irate father.

"I don't require it, father," was the reply, "it's the people I owe."

—Michigan Gargoyle.

### The Dear Girls!

Jennie—Dick didn't blow his brains out when you rejected him. He came around and proposed to me.

Jeanette—Well, he must have gotten rid of them some other way, then.—Stanford Chaparral.

### Naturally

"Stockings?" said the salesman. "Yes, madame. What number do you wear?"

"Why, two, of course," said the sweet young thing.

—Lehigh Burr.

## BOONE COUNTY

Farm Sausage Shipped to Any Address by Parcel Post.

It's like Mother used to make.

### HETZLER'S

Rounder 1: What are we doing tonight?

Rounder 2: Let's go over to the cemetery and dig up a couple of girls. —Record.

Boob: Why do we always meet on this corner?

Boober: It must be because we are both here at the same time!

*Always Welcome---*

*Your Photograph*

*Parsons'*

*Fredendall's*

Toy  
Department ..  
Now Open.

Largest line of  
toys shown in  
Columbia.

716-718 Broadway

*To the Students  
of the University of Missouri*

Your clothes, your hats, your furnishings, they should come from this store, where quality is the first thought.

Clothes for young men are arriving each day. These garments are made of the finest American and foreign woolens, hand tailored by the best makers of ready-to-wear clothes. Discriminating dressers among young men who want real hand tailored clothes which means lasting style, find real satisfaction in these garments.

Hats and Haberdashery, it is here that the very newest and most exclusive styles developed by makers who are famous for their leadership are revealed. Here are Neckwear, Shirts, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, etc., that contribute to correct dress of the man who seeks something out of the commonplace. Here one will find the foremost American and foreign creations--all chosen with one idea in view--to give the finishing touches that distinguish the well-groomed young man.

Priced in keeping with present conditions.

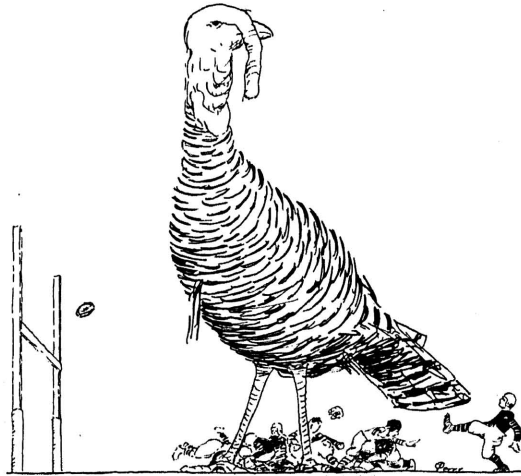
We wish to thank you for past favors  
Very truly yours,

Sanford Jacobs & James Leppe.

**GREENFIELD BROTHERS**

8th & Olive,  
St. Louis, Mo.





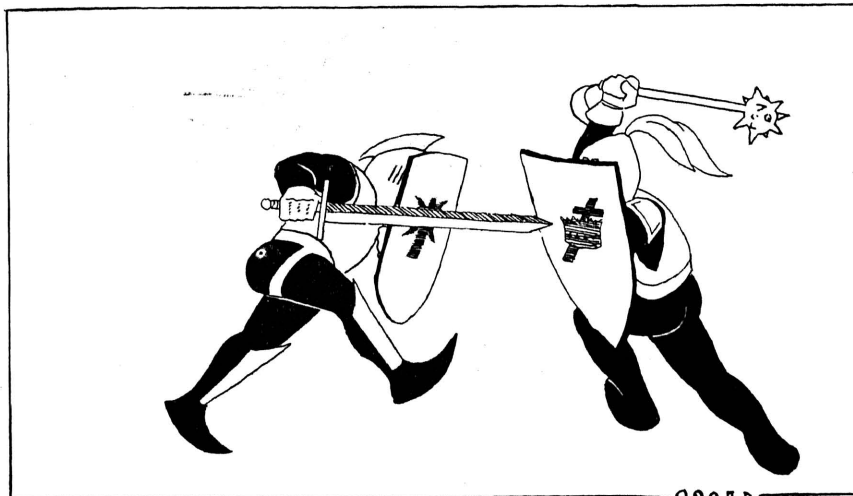
## TURKEY DAY

'Twas in New England, far away, we first observed Thanksgiving Day. The good Lord Mayor of Plymouth town, who had no sorrows ripe to drown, did step into his limousine and cry, "James, give her gasoline! Today we go unto the woods to view the borough's worldly goods. The Lord has blessed us with good crops, we've lots of barley, rye, and hops; with food and clothes to last for years, to Russia with the profiteers. No striking mob has e'er been seen cavorting on our village green, but peace and quietude together are camping on our heath and heather. The Indians offer no intrigue, they won the pennant in their league. We have no income tax to pay, let this be our Thanksgiving Day."

On this great day in Plymouth town the Turkey gained quite some renown. The frugal housewife swung the ax, and Grandpa got the necks and backs. The people then had never heard about another dizzy bird who, sad as it seems to relate, today must share the Turkey's fate. This bird was brought up in a land of prohibition, wind and sand, where, like the wilds of Labrador, there's nothing to be thankful for. He's hard to kill, his skin is tough, but watch the Tiger call his bluff, this bird that feeds on rock and chalk, today you die, KANSAS JAY-HAWK!

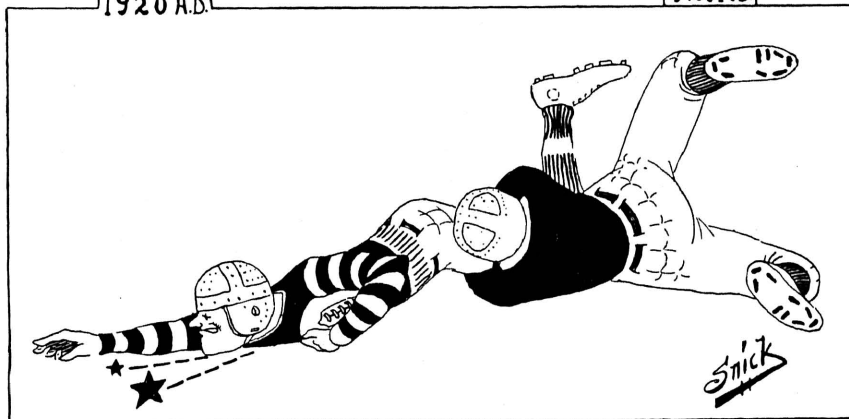
Missou's alumni, thick and thin, from bantam weight to triple chin, are here once more to watch the fray and tuck the Jayhawk gold away. Missouri spirit, as of yore, will walk abroad and rave and roar, and every loyal sire and son will fight until the battle's won. We know that page in history that tells of the sour apple tree; we've got the Jayhawk here to hang, we're with you, men, so

FIGHT 'EM, GANG!



1920 A.D.

920 A.D.



Advance of Civilization in Amusements.

## THE FABLE OF THE FASTIDIOUS FISHER.

A Handsome Youth learned during his first Love Affair, which occurred soon after he Made the High Seventh in the Old Ward School, that Even So Early the Budding Flapper would fall for a Diplomatic show of Indifference. He carted his Newfound Knowledge to the Prep School chosen for him by his Prematurely Old, but Loving, Parents. To carry out the Color Scheme of his Chosen Art he early developed a Winning Line. He read Sport Pages and included a Change of Pace in his repertoire of tricks.

He eased through Prep Life secure in the knowledge that no Woman could make him Show his Cards; Steady Practice of the Art of missing veiled Hints of Cold Hands and Etc. made his acting Real and he became Known around the School Town and in His Own Home Burg as the Balanced Rock. Sweet Girls had A Habit of Weeping after making sure that He alone could satisfy their ideas of Male Companionship.

Whispers of these Boudoir Torrents reached his ears from Time to Time and he felt himself to be Achilles without the Justly Famous heel.

Although he scorned the Caresses of the Girls About Town he took great interest in his Personal Adornment, Probably for his Own Amusement. He kept his hair well Oiled and a Crease in his Trousers. He wore the things that Others Wore and was always Abreast of the Styles. He used his Mother's Hand Mirror when he wanted to study his Profile before the Pier Glass. He didn't know why the Girls fell for him but he Gussed there was a Reason.

College claimed him after Father had let it be Known that he Wouldn't send him back to the Prep School Anyway. Within a week he Knew that an Impressionable Sorority Sister had inquired of one of the Old Frat brothers about "That Stunningly Blase Freshman" and he felt that he was Getting On.

He didn't go out for Anything except Another Package of Camels and in time Developed into quite a Parlor Snake. His youthful Freshness scored Knockouts in many a Pekoe Drinking Bout but he never stayed for the Count. He wanted to Watch 'Em fall, Not Feel 'em, was his Quaint way of Expressing It.

He considered Himself a Tough Roue even if he didn't Go The Limit. He had an idea that without Prohibition he could have taken his Fling with Liquor but was forced to Seek Solace in Spit In The Ocean and Similar games of Chance.

Senior Year found him still Aloof and enjoying the Rending Gurgle of bursting Hearts. Same year found his Classmates slipping Solitaire Settings on the Hands they had Been In The Habit Of Holding, glancing, Furtively, in the Direction of Honest Employment with which to Support the Follies of Their Susceptible Hearts.

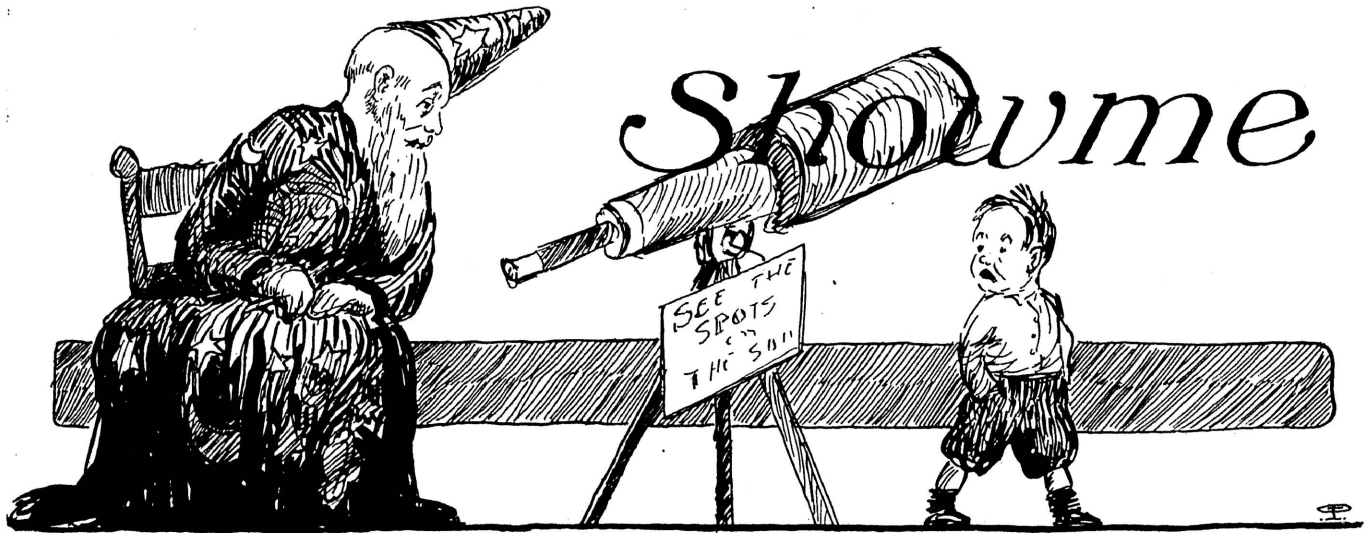
Our Hero Stood Pat until an Heiress began to Sigh over his Picture in Last Year's Year Book. Then he Married the Girl and They managed her Millions together.

Moral: He Knew His Eggs.



"Would you consider me for a husband?"

"I wouldn't consider you for a minute."



THE SHOWME, Room 311, Guitar Building

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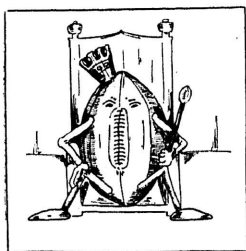
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BEFORE THE WHISTLE BLOWS.



Football is king! Let all ye worshipful subjects pay him homage.

At last the day long toasted and impatiently awaited has arrived. The Tigers of Missouri and the Jayhawkers of Kansas are about to meet in that time honored, traditional Thanksgiving Day Battle Royal.

Rollins Field, a few years ago a barren, desolate pasture, is today transformed into a magnificent stadium of imposing proportions, holding 12,000 humans, twisting about, intense, wild eyed, excited and nervously awaiting that great moment that will bring delirious happiness to the victorious and appalling tragedy to the vanquished.

The curtain rises and the first act of the drama is on. From the rockbound fastness of that grim foreboding fortress, Rothwell Gymnasium, leap out the invading warriors, the Jayhawkers tense, alert, and keen for battle. As they run out on the field the crowd to a man rises in noisy tribute. A protracted yelling and cheering on the north side catches the attention and then one remembers, the north siders are the Kansans, wild with joy at the sight of their beloved heroes. After a moment the crowd settles back in their seats to watch interestedly the short practice of the maroon and blue eleven. Suddenly a clarion call, "Everybody Up!" and pandemonium breaks loose. THE TIGERS come out of the gym led by their stalwart captain, "Chuck" Lewis, his blond hair lightly blowing in the breeze, a look of determination on his face, and the light of victory in his eyes. The wild uproar which greeted the appearance of the team has subsided into organized cheering rending the air, echoing and reechoing to the skies the ringing praises of Old Mizzou.

But before the teams line up for the kick off may we in behalf of the University of Missouri extend to the returned "grad," to the "friendly enemy," to the interested spectator, to you, a hearty welcome.

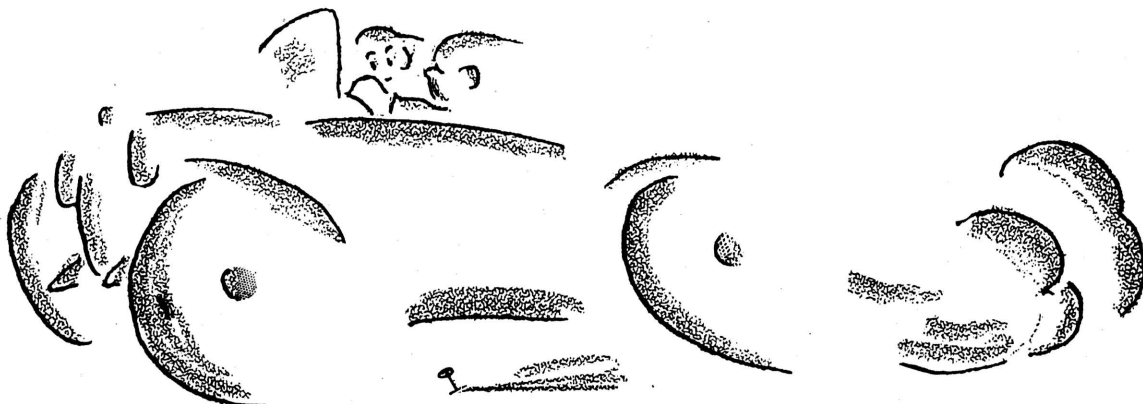
Officials of the University of Missouri have for some time been asking the state legislature for an appropriation which will mean a gymnasium for the University that can accommodate our steadily increasing enrollment. The Student Memorial plan which was considered for some time, and which if carried through would have provided the funds for a suitable structure, has been temporarily abandoned. However, there is an indirect way by which every student can contribute that may ultimately bring about success in the construction of a new home for the Tiger athletes.

If each student would carry home the true conditions under which Athletic Director Z. G. Clevenger and his staff of assistants have to work in training Missouri's teams and the students of the University, action might some day be taken by the governing body of the State which convenes in Jefferson City every year. It is only necessary to investigate the equipment of other colleges of smaller enrollment and scope than the University of Missouri to realize the utter futility of attempting to put athletics on the high plane that a school of this calibre should maintain with such inadequate equipment and environment.

The situation briefly is this. In the first place there is no gymnasium whatever for the girl students of the University. For indoor work they occupy a room on the second floor of Academic Hall, where there is no proper provision for any of the details of this kind of work. They have no suitable athletic field or dressing quarters. If we are ever so fortunate as to have a new gymnasium, let us demand that the feminine element of Old Mizzou be assured a section of it.

The present Rothwell Gymnasium has served its time long and well. We have no swimming pool, notwithstanding the fact that nine gymnasiums out of ten, be they high school or college, have a tank. The indoor running track was sacrificed a few years ago in order that our basket ball floor might be of standard size. During basket ball season the track team and base ball squad have to practice their sprints and exercises in the basement. So much for the athletic teams. There is practically no provision for instruction in physical education for the general student body of the University. In other words, Missouri's athletics, just at present, consist necessarily of athletic training for the few.

Even under these handicaps Tiger teams have prospered. Tiger athletes have starred in all parts of the United States and Europe. Should our athletes defend Missouri traditions on the gridiron, track and field so successfully, and yet have to labor under the most disadvantageous conditions? Even the trophies which they have won are becoming worn and dusty because of the lack of a suitable and large enough place to keep them. Are you proud to take visiting men and women from other Universities and Colleges into Rothwell Gymnasium? The Tigers have outgrown their den. LET'S HAVE A NEW GYM !



"Your car has a fast pick-up."

"Yes, you're the fifth I have picked up in the last hour."

## A TRAGEDY IN HAIR-OIL

## CAST:

O. Howe Slick  
Hair-Oil Harold  
Bear-Grease Benny.

*Costumes by Brilliantine.*

*Stage settings by that slickest of stage slickers—  
Signor Petro Leum.*

*(Curtain rises to disclose a glistening row of profusely Adam's-appled Apollos, in ballet skirts and Russian blouses.)*

*Opening spasm (chorus):*

You see us here  
The hair-oil boys  
With locks like glass  
On heads like toys.  
We date, we dance  
We stroke our bean  
Lest we some day  
Leave off its sheen.  
We work by day  
We toil by night  
To keep each strand  
In place, all right.  
In case it slips  
We quickly move  
It back again  
Into its groove.  
And now and then  
A class we skip  
In vaseline  
Our heads to dip,  
For to be seen  
Without our grease  
Would make us look  
Like dowdy geese—  
Never!  
Of bandoline  
An extra lick—  
We much prefer  
To spread it thick.  
We do not care  
About the weather  
We'll have our hair  
Like patent leather!  
Whoops!

*Enter Hair-Oil Harold—*

Chorus: "Oh, Hello, Harold!"

Harold: "Hello, boys, how does my hair look?"

Chorus: "It's SO sweet! You're the cutest thing we ever saw."

Harold: "Oh, really, fellows?"

Chorus: "YOU ARE YOU KNOW!"

*(laughter)*

Harold: "Fellows, I heard the cutest little song down at the barber shop this afternoon. It goes something like this." *(chaos from the orchestra pit.)*  
Ballad—"Don't Take Away My Olive Oil, It's all the World to Me."

"My hair grows longer day by day,  
It's so long now it's in the way,  
But it is my only charm  
It will soon be longer than my arm.

Chorus:

Please don't take away my olive oil  
If you do my long hair you will spoil,  
You can take away my powder,  
But I repeat much louder  
My olive oil is all the world to me."

*Enter Bear-Grease Benny:*

Benny: "Hello there old design. How do you like my moustache?"

Harold: "It's a dream, little model. Any news?"

Benny: "Any news? Heavens, yes. I almost forgot. Something terrible has happened."

Chorus: "Oh, My Goodness! Divulge your information at once."

Benny: "Crude oil has advanced in price and there is going to be a lard shortage. What will we do?"

Chorus: "Horrors, Fellows, Horrors!"

Harold: "Never fear, our hair will not suffer. I have given this problem long and serious consideration. Our private stock will tide us over."

Benny: "Have we a private stock?"

Harold: "Indeed we have, fellows. Two tons of oleomargarine!"

Chorus: "Hurrah for Handsome Harold, our Hero!"

Benny: "Harold, you have indeed saved us from disgrace. And wasn't it a hair raising escape? I feel certain that oleo will preserve our cranial contours satisfactorily. Hello, here comes O. Howe Slick. Greetings, Slick!"

*Enter O. Howe Slick*

O. Howe Slick: "Ah, there, old chap, how goes it? I say, I was somewhat embarrassed a few moments ago. I was on my way to have my malted milk between dates, and that rude wind blew my hair so that the back of my collar was exposed. Most humiliating."

Harold: "My dear fellow, you must have suffered untold agony. But tell me, have you any word from our good friend, Sideburn Sam?"

Slick: "Yes, I bring sad tidings. Sam was penalized five yards this morning. He is now in jail."

Chorus: "Penalized five yards! Goodness gracious, what could have happened?"

Slick: "His left sideburn was off-side!"

Finale by the entire company—"You can't fool the Hair-Oil boys, we're slickers."

"The hair oil boys are we, you bet, you bet,  
We're slick as we can be, get set, get set,  
With bandoline we drown our necks,  
Anoint our domes with K D X  
Use axel grease by pints and pecks,  
Whoopee, whoopee!  
When olive oil goes out of style, oh my, oh my,  
We'll use oleo a while, we'll try, we'll try,  
Now we adore to go to teas,  
We think it rather rude to sneeze,  
Someday our hair will reach our knees,  
Goodbye, goodbye!"

ASBESTOS.



That Lost Feeling  
Muriel Discovers a Slipped Roll.

### The Long and Short of It.

Oh, it's short they wear their dresses  
At Mizzou.  
And still shorter clip their tresses  
At Mizzou.  
But long-lasting are the blisses  
Of untimed but lengthy kisses  
From the darling li'l misses—  
At Mizzou.

### "Even As You and I."

I sat at my desk  
Ruminating over inspiring things  
Seeing a mental picture  
Of high grades  
Unparalled industry  
A Phi Beta Kappa key  
Hundreds shaking my hand  
Marveling over my intelligence  
It is not impossible  
I must but work.

I turned off the light at my desk  
And went down town  
And played pool  
The rest of the evening.

Stage Manager—All ready, run up the curtain.  
Amateur Stage Hand—Say, what do you think I  
am, a squirrel?  
—Froth.

Some wear silk, and some wear lisle,  
And some wear cotton strong,  
Then, some wear knit, some like the style  
Of—but then, of course that's wrong!

Some hang long and some hang short  
Others, of medium height.  
Some flare out, some hard a'port  
And some a wee bit tight.  
Some like clocks, still others don't,  
Merely a matter of taste.  
Some give shocks, others won't,  
Depends on where they're placed.

Some like them this way, and some like that  
Others don't like them at all.  
But give me the girl, either thin or fat,  
Who knows just how to put on her gloves!

### Song of the Plumber.

Oh, it's early in the morning,  
 Oh, it's the middle of the night  
 When the phone rings, and it's  
 callin'  
 Us to fix a leaky pipe.  
 But we forget—yes, we forget!  
 Oh, the tank is busted thru,  
 And the water's leakin' out  
 And they scream and yell and  
 holler  
 For us to fix the spout.  
 Yet we forget—yes, we forget!  
 And they pay us by the minute  
 To fix the leaky pipe,  
 And mend the hole that's in it,  
 With the tools that  
 We forget—aye, we forget!  
 And suddenly the first comes  
 round,  
 And it's time to pay the bill,  
 And then we hear that awful sound  
 They forget—yes, they forget!



Local Color.

"My father has a pig that he calls  
 'Ink.'

"How come?"

"Always running out of the pen."

The girls in Paris aren't wearing  
 skirts any longer.

What? ! !

They've decided that they're long  
 enough.

"No," remarked the determined  
 lady to the indignant taxi-driver  
 who, had received his exact fare,  
 "you cannot cheat me. I haven't  
 ridden in cabs these twenty-five  
 years for nothing."

"Haven't you?" he retorted bit-  
 terly. "Well, you've done your  
 best."

Photographer (to student): "It  
 will make a much better picture if  
 you put your hand on your father's  
 shoulder."

Father: "Huh! It would be  
 more natural if he had his hand in  
 my pocket."

"Yes," said the chemistry prof,  
 having just explained a theory, "if  
 you have that in your head, you  
 have it in a nut shell."

### Barber Shop Service.

Student: I have only fifteen  
 cents; will you shave one side of  
 my face?

Barber: Yes sir, which side?

Student: Outside.

"Breathes there a man with soul  
 so dead,

Who never to himself hath said:"

—Some shape!

—I'll never play another game of  
 pool or shoot craps again as long  
 as I live.

—From now on I'm going to study  
 hard.

—How in h— did he ever make  
 a frat.

—No more sweet spirits of nitre  
 for mine.

—I made a damn fool of myself  
 tonight.

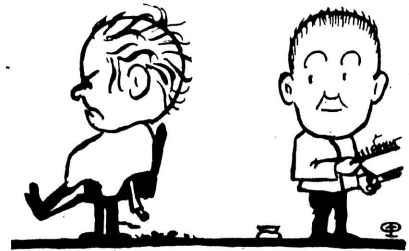
If there is, let him step forward  
 and receive the elastic crowbar.

Evelyn: That old Kansas team  
 is certainly clumsy.

Afflicted: Why do you say that,  
 cutie?

Evelyn: Every time one of our  
 men starts to run they get in his  
 way.

Don't count your chickens be-  
 fore your wife.



Barber: How do you want your  
 hair cut?

Grouchy Customer: In silence.

I heard a philosopher say  
 Not long ago,  
 That free love in a college  
 Was impossible . . . .  
 I thought of the Palms,  
 The Pennant,  
 The shows,  
 And Assembly,  
 And I must admit  
 That he said  
 'Something. . . . .

"Say! Have you heard that new  
 joke about crude oil?"

"No! Tell it."

"I can't, it isn't refined."

Lotta—I wonder why they  
 hung that picture?

Stuff—Perhaps they couldn't  
 find the artist.

—Sun Dial.





## Moonlight Melodies.

Yessuh Khan was an Eastern man,  
Yubette was an Eastern maid,  
And they lingered there, an Eastern pair,  
As long as the shadows stayed.

And they sat beneath a cocoanut tree  
On the edge of a beach that is washed by the sea,  
Where the monkeys chatter incessantly,  
And the moon shines bright as day.

"Will you be mine," he was heard to say,  
"Perhaps I will, but not right away."  
"Allah!" said he,  
"A la mode!" said she,

And the monkeys chattered on.

F. P. G.



Mae: Tom's so darned masculine. He always sees me in the wrong light.

Kitty (sweetly): Which one is that, day light?

She: Isn't Ralph a good conversationalist?

Jealous: Yes; bully-

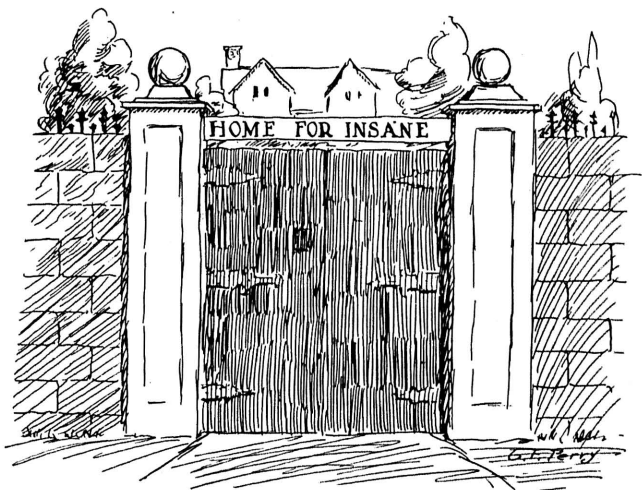
—Record.

"Father," declared the wayward son, "I've decided to be a missionary."

"That's fine son," replied the father proudly, "and in what field do you propose to go?"

"Dad, don't you suppose there are some heathens around Cuba?"

The fraternity pins that make the rounds of the various sororities are now known as the "Cease to struggle" or "Do as you please" pins.



A Place for Week Ends.

The movie theaters in Columbia are just like careful poker players. They never start anything until they get a full house.

**BROKER LOSES \$1,200 IN GEMS IN TROUSERS SENT TO CLEANER**

—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Wherein the Cleaner cleaned up and the Broker went broker.

## GUNBOAT HAMLET

The White Hope of Denmark.

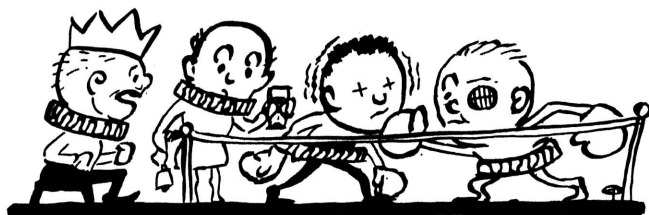
*Scenc.—The South Broadway Athletic Club, Benton Harbor, Denmark. Enter one HAMLET, REYNARDO, FRANCISCO and PERHAPSO.*

REYNARDO

Now, friend Hamlet, thou fightest Laertes  
For the heavyweight title of Scandinavia.  
The King, thy uncle, hath wagered heavily  
Six mules and a quantity of car tokens,  
Besides full many a gallant kopeck  
That thou knock'st him for a goal  
Within three rounds. What sayst thou?

HAMLET

Zounds, friends, and know ye not  
Of the "wood alcohol" from my left?  
'Twill put him in the arms of Morpheus  
And he will awaken some time next week  
Hearing the sweet chirp of the cuckoo  
As the surgeons remodel his rusty pate.



PERHAPSO

Aye, Hamlet. Smite his poor bones well,  
So he'll wear a cauliflower ear.

HAMLET

That will I, friends. Watch my smoke,  
For I'm determined to Bolshevik Laertes,  
By the shades of Bob Fitzsimmons!

*Enter Queen, Laertes and Referee.*

KING

Talk of the High Cost of Biffing!  
The cowardly knaves who promote this  
Have soaked us sixty plunks a seat.  
I wot a guy should be slain  
Before we get our simoleons' worth.  
Lay on good Hamlet, and guard well  
Thy beezer and thy ivory conk.  
Smite you trifling burglar heartily,  
Give him the d. t.'s, friend Hamlet.

LAERTES

Hast thy worthless life been insured?  
If not, Hamlet, thou'rt in hard luck  
For this day I swat thee truly.

REFEREE

Ho, men! Cease this idle banter,



Step up and put on your mitts.  
King and Queen, ladies and bohunks!—  
We will present for your entertainment  
An eight-round champéen slug-fest  
For the Heavyweight Crown of Scandinavia!—  
On my right—Battling Laertes,  
The Sweet Swede from Sweden!

(Applause.)

On my left—Gunboat Hamlet,  
The Lank Scrapper from Denmark!  
Shake boys and hit hard and often.

(Profound applause. The gong rings.)

KING

Ha! Marked you that swipe, friends? See!  
Hamlet hath clouted the varlet's map  
And he hath closed one of his peepers!

REYNARDO

Look; Laertes hath cracked his pate,  
I wot that was a goodly swat!

KING

Hit the wretch Gunboat, in the polar plexus!  
Ha! He hath made his mark! Superb!

REYNARDO

What? Look! Mark you, Hamlet hath fallen!  
See he moves not—the referee would speak.

KING

Aha! R-r-revenge! Hamlet, thou'rt not.

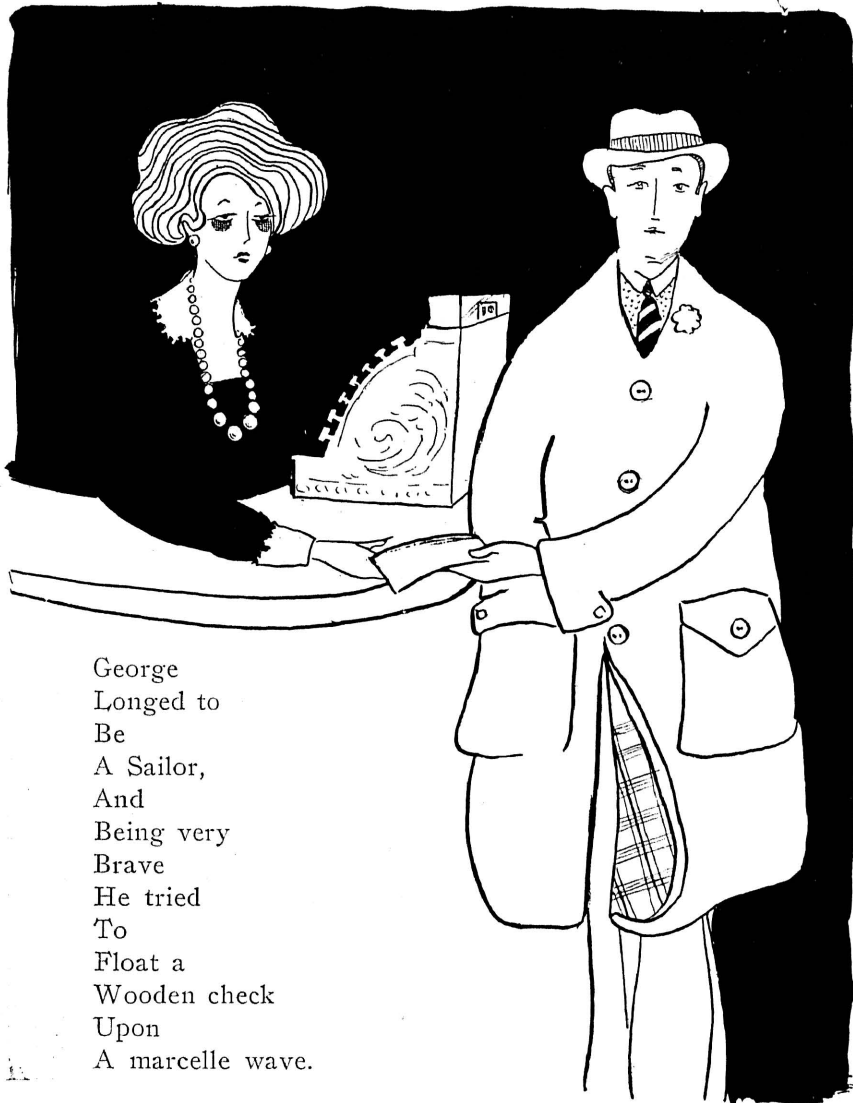
REFEREE

Friends, Hamlet hath kicked the bucket  
And I find he is no more.  
For you foul knave, Battling Laertes  
Hath smitten him full square on the beak,  
But I find he hath concealed in his mitt  
An iceberg!

THE END.

(Exit March—Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginny.)

ELWOOD ULLMAN, JR.



George  
Longed to  
Be  
A Sailor,  
And  
Being very  
Brave  
He tried  
To  
Float a  
Wooden check  
Upon  
A marcelle wave.

### Horrors

I'm a mere man, how should I know, Celeste,  
That complexions rub off as they do.  
When your head on my shoulder so firmly was pressed,  
When your hands in my own I so softly caressed,  
O how could I know  
That your cheeks, white as snow,  
Were imparting that snow to my vest.

Yet it's true,—

There was powder all over my vest.

And you kissed me, Celeste, in a lonely dark place,  
I'll own 'twas done expertly, too.  
When I parted myself from that prolonged embrace,  
Disentangled myself from your collar's frail lace,  
O how could I know  
That your lips ruby glow  
Had given said glow to my face.

Yet it's true,—

A ruby red spot tinged my face. —F. P. G.

### Figuratively Speaking

Fond Mother:—"What makes you think John is drinking home-brew down at the University?"

Wise Father:—"What makes me 'think'? Woman, I know! I just got his expense account and even his figures are staggering."

It always has  
Seemed strange  
To me  
That we should  
Call Thanksgiving day  
"Turkey-Day."  
For it was on  
That same day  
Many years ago  
That our Pilgrim forefathers  
Found the famous  
"Plymouth Rock."

"Why do they call that man the 'end'?"

"I suppose it's because he's about ten seconds behind every play."



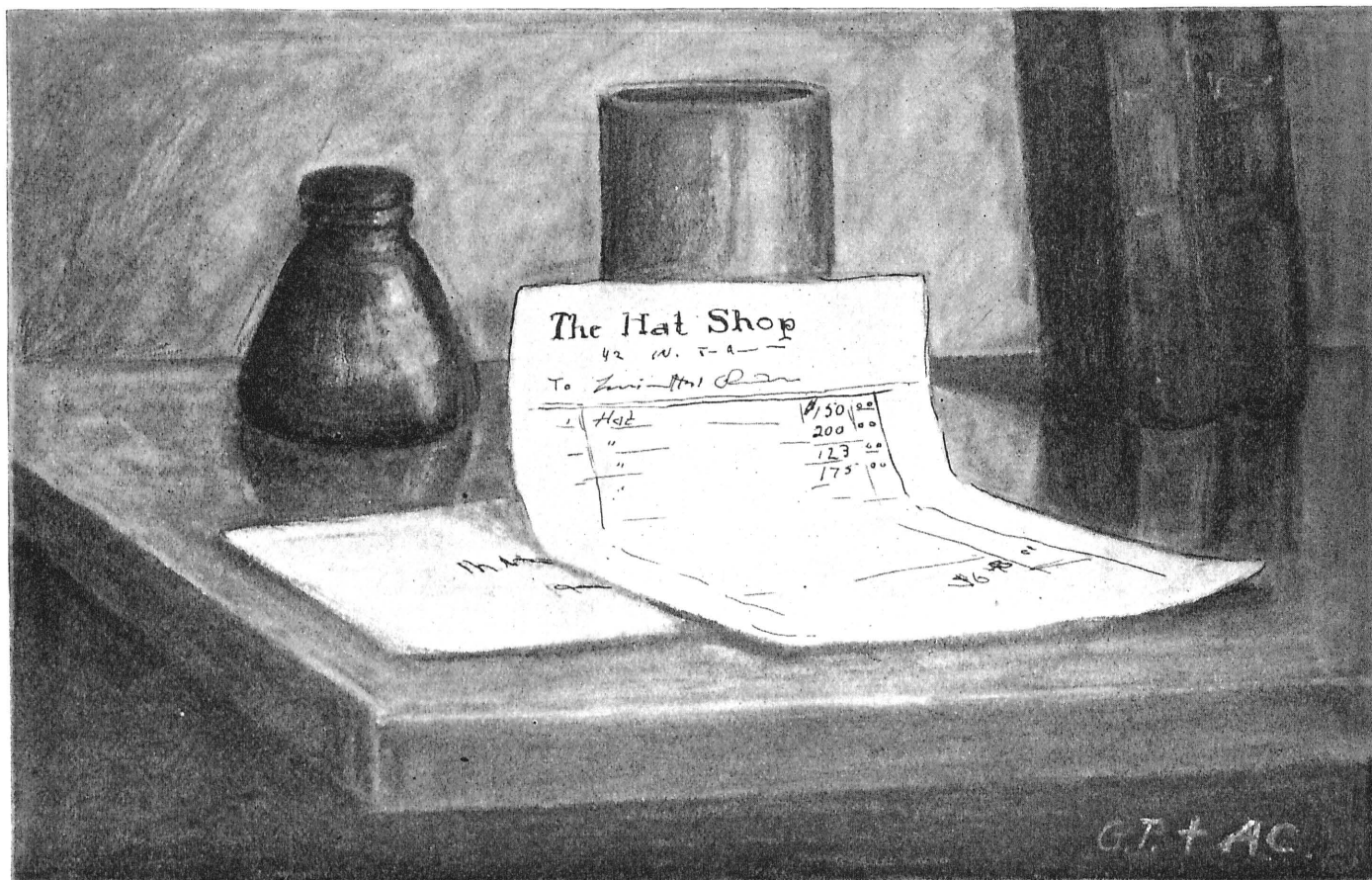
"Have you had something to drink?"

"No, but I've got some ordered for Thanksgiving."

"He must have a passion for music."

"Why sayest thou so?"

"He'd have to, to listen to his own playing for half the day."



Overhead Expense.

M. U. GRADUATE TO IOWA

Newton Gottschall will sail next month as a Missionary.

—Evening Missourian.

That's a perilous voyage, but Iowa must be saved.

BEWARE

With apologies to Longfellow

I know a maiden fair to view,

Take care!

Her lips are red, her eyes deep blue,

Beware! Beware!

Watch your step!

She is spoofing you!

Her glances are a work of art,

Take care!

Her smile would win most any heart,

Beware! Beware!

Watch your step!

She is spoofing you!

She dances like a fairy, too,

Take care!

She drapes herself all over you,

Beware! Beware!

Watch your step!

She is spoofing you!

I've given you fair warning, so

Take care!

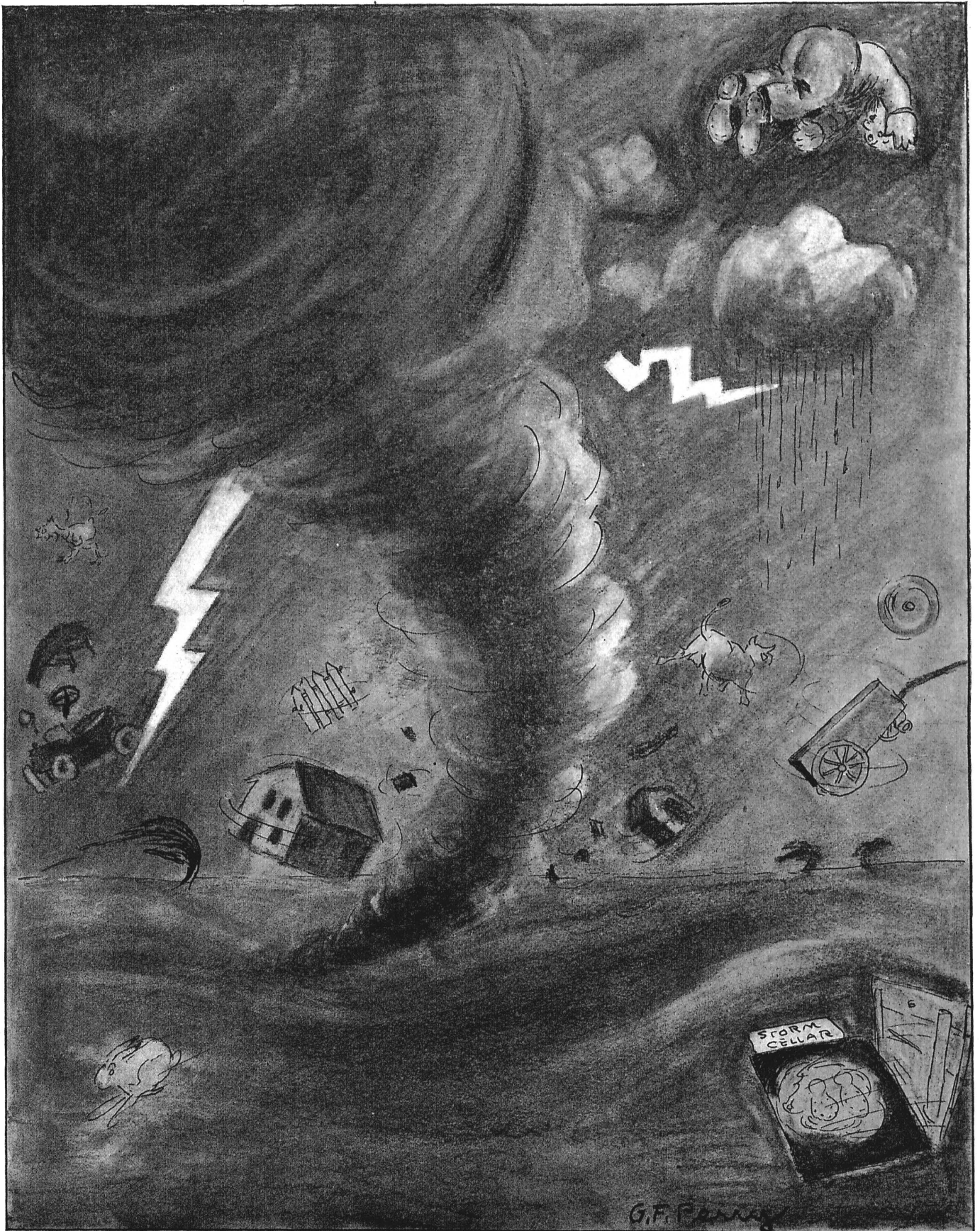
I'm a victim, and I know,

Beware! Beware!

Watch your step!

She is spoofing you!

—F. P. G.



"Taking the Country by Storm."

**"Gone But Not Forgotten"**

Here lies John Barleycorn  
A friend of long ago  
He left us in years past  
And went to sport below.

I miss him, for he was a pal  
That never failed to cheer  
He hated gloom, old John did  
But alas, he's gone from here.

He was a comrade that men liked  
They sought him, gripped his hand  
We friends of his were faithful  
A care-free jovial band.

He left a son, old John did  
And we did the best we knew  
But somehow John's old pals could  
not  
Appreciate Home Brew.

We reared him with loving care  
And watched him day and night  
But somehow that boy  
Just wouldn't turn out right.

Old John was mellow as the moon  
And aged with time and care  
But that firebrand son of his  
Has not a name so fair.

Here lies John Barleycorn  
And its sad to think that he  
Left no better namesake  
To grace posterity.

**Bed Rock**

"How firm a foundation," hummed the choir leader as his fork bounced off the pie crust.

"Where is the spirit of '76," thundered the orator.

"All drunk up," came a voice from the far corner of the hall.

"Griggs married an heiress."  
"Ah, his golden wedding, as it were."

**Pest No. 4362.**

Another bird  
I'd like to croak  
Is Reginald Georgette.  
Who, after  
You have rolled  
Your own,  
Says,  
"Have a cigarette?"

"If a woman wouldn't drink,  
would her husband liquor?"

Where there's a will there's relations.

Sh! the undertakers are still making biers.

Lawyer, to negro in the witness stand: Did you witness this shooting?

Negro (emphatically): No suh, I didn't stop to witness it. I ran when I saw him fire!

**That's Where My Money Goes.**

"Dear Dad, where is the coin for which I sent," the collige student wired. "It's been a week or so, I guess, And now, I'm getting tired."

"Dear son," the pater quick replied,

"Just change your fretful ways. That dough for which you sent Still in my pocket stays."



"It's an Ill Wind—"

## ASSEMBLY PESTS



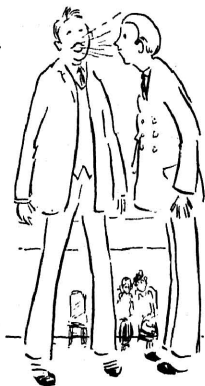
Most malignant of all the many varieties of pests is Harold. When he intimates his intention by planting a Dempsey blow right in the middle of your back. Harold evidently got his social training at the Newsboys' Club. It is not polished but it is thorough. Harold says he is thankful for his sense of humor, but even his friends say that if he has to be humorous he might get a lot of pleasure out of assaulting some convenient brick-wall.

Roland is intriguingly blase. Every Saturday night he endures nameless torments of boredom but is as regular in attendance as the man guarding the fire-escape. Between the second and third dances he saunters casually into the ball-room, waves a languid hand to the orchestra leader, surveys the assemblage with a haughtily indifferent eye and signals to the girls that they can start palpitating. They do, but in an off-shore direction. Roland is a master of ennui. He knows more different ways to look bored than a ball-player to make money. At his best he is as enthusiastic as a vivacious clam.



Of Agnes, we can only say that she is legion. Her's is a blushing femininity, sophisticated enough to be guileless and disarming enough to be dangerous. Agnes has a little trick of trustingly slipping her hand into yours that, judged by even the exacting standards of experience, is a knockout. And even when you see her telling her fifth dance-partner that she loves him, you do not entirely lose confidence in her.

Then there is Alfred. When all the others have danced themselves into quivering exhaustion Alfrd is just warming up to the business at hand. He says he does his most effective dancing just before midnight. That is due to the fact that by this time he has worn his partners into a state of bedraggled non-resistance. Alfred says he lets his soul dance with his feet. Granting this, we can only say that Alfred is equipped with a soul as light as a young moving-van. He has stamina—but not grace. He slips across the floor with a sweet oblique swing to the hips that, adorable as it is, starts him in one direction and ends him in another. Some one called it a crab-wise motion but we know that Alfred would never have anything to do with smelly old fish.



Bob has the distinction of having the most aromatic breath of any of the Assembly habitues. He bears three distinct fragrances that once in a while converge in a single alcoholic gust. When Bob comes to Assembly he is literally in the best spirits possible. Bob says his discrimination is dulled and he can have a good time with anyone. Bob is a genius rather than a drunkard.



Horace though not especially adept at shaking the festive calf, has lots of ambition. Horace insists that he dances with more girls than any other man at Assembly. One of his victims claims he is a little careless in the use of his prepositions. The "with" should be changed to "over." At any rate he drapes his chin intimately over his partner's shoulder blade and charges away.



# In the Tiger Camp



A YEAR AGO TODAY—

Where were you last Thanksgiving Day?

Were you one of the many thousand Missouri followers who surged onto McCook Field to pay tribute to one of the greatest teams that has represented the Tiger institution? If so you were wheezing, sneezing and freezing, and 'though your feet felt like shackles which you would like to cast from you as excess baggage, you pounded them to the rhythm of "I'm a son, a son, etc." and forgot the Alaskan breezes as Lewis for the 'steenth time dived over another chalk mark.

"No," you say, "I can never forget that day, there never was a day so cold." But when the Tigers had annexed their second touchdown and you had a moment to meditate after your voice failed any more to register your happiness, didn't a warm feeling surge all over you when you thought of that quart—that is that quarter of a hundred dollars that you had wagered for your alma mater's fair name. Do you recall how the gay Kansan at your frat house, which you hadn't visited for 15 years, or on the street car, or in the pool hall, dared you to cover his 3-2 money, and you did just to be a good sport 'cause really you thought the best the Tigers had was a fighting chance.

Or maybe you couldn't get away for that game at McCook Field. Perhaps the long green just wasn't available, or perhaps you are out of school and taken the fatal leap, and the wife couldn't see how you could get out of eating Turkey Dinner with the old folks, or the youngest had its first colic, or did you start out to Lawrence in that new flivver and round that curve at a fast clip without chains and pick yourself up from the ditch and spend the rest of the afternoon getting the garage man to come out and get you.

Whatever the reason may have been, if you were not there you missed half your life, you know it and you're here today lest you lose the other half.

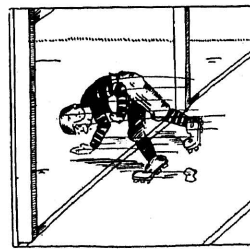


GOODBYE CHAMPIONSHIP!

A set of back fielders that battered through the Missouri line at will, a staunch defense and a sensa-

tional forward passing attack that completely bewildered her opponents' second line of defense, were instrumental in the Tigers' championship hopes being shoved overboard by the Redskins from Oklahoma, October 30, the final score being 28-7.

The one redeeming feature of the titular battle as the fans saw fit to construe it, was the remarkable 85 yard sprint of Captain "Chuck" Lewis. Missouri's ace, who should have been in the hospital recovering from the injuries sustained in the Drake tilt, insisted upon starting the game and throughout the first half his excellent punting kept the Sooners from scoring at will. Injected into the game in the fourth quarter, he took the ball from a punt formation on his own 15 yard line, headed for the left side of the Sooner defense and sidestepping the end, reeled toward the sideline away from the defensive halfback; successful in eluding the visiting halfback he charged for the center of the field where it seemed as though the entire Oklahoma team had congregated to meet him. How he escaped that maelstrom of beef and moleskins is a question we cannot explain, but somehow he emerged,



only to find a safety man and a halfback waiting 40 yards from the goal to halt him. He dashed straight toward them, then swayed away and on to the goal staggering as he passed each chalk mark until he plunged headlong over the line. Few

runs in Missouri annals can approach Lewis' exhibition. Exhausted from his efforts he had to be withdrawn from the game.

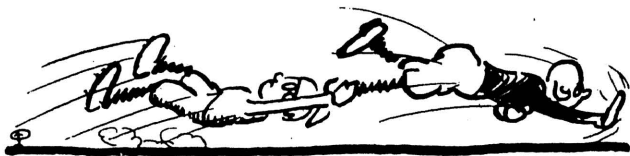
Coaches Miller and Phelan utilized two dozen athletes in an effort to send the Sooners and their 250 followers home scalpsless, but the Owen tribe was not to be denied. The Tigers entered the game probably as crippled as any team that ever stepped on Rollins Field. Blumer, the line star of the year was out, Andrews and Springgate



were in bad shape. Lewis, Lincoln, Fullbright and Humes perhaps should have been kept out

of the lineup as their injuries were considered very serious. The line was not playing true to form. Hardin playing his first game of the year stood up remarkably well at center while Goepel and Bunker at end and tackle did all that could have been expected of them.

Despite the unexpected and crushing defeat administered the Missourians, the Tiger rooters fought gallantly throughout the fray from the stands. Oklahoma's "jazz hounds" assisted by their band, with red and white costumes added a pleasing aspect to the fray. Their spirit in following the Sooners several hundred miles was highly commendable. The crowd was one of the largest in several years.



#### LEWIS' TOE BEATS AGGIES

The Kansas Aggie football team equipped with speed and clever overhead play presented a stumbling block to the Missouri Tigers, November 6th, which resulted in a Missouri victory by the narrow margin of one field goal, the product of Captain "Chuck" Lewis' educated toe. The final score was 10-7. The Tigers did not play 100 per cent football but performed just good enough to set back all the efforts of Dewey Huston and the rest of the Manhattan farmers. The celebrated Huston essayed three attempts at goals from the field, only one of which left the ground and that was blocked by a Tiger forward.

The Tigers lacked the pep and drive that usually characterizes the Missouri eleven. Three times the Aggies were so close to the goal line that from the stands it looked as though they were over, but each time something spoiled an addition to their scoring column. Once Hinds the speedy quarterback returned a punt over the goal line after a fifty yard run only to be called back. An Aggie player had been off side and the ball was given to Missouri.

The Tigers pulled off several sensational forward passes in the first two periods and finally a pass to Williams sent the half back across the line. A series of passes to Lewis had taken the ball to a point within scoring distance of the goal line.

In the third quarter after failing to gain for three downs, Lewis dropped back to the 28 yard line and booted a pretty drop kick. The Aggies came back strong in this period and threatened Missouri's goal several times. In the last quarter a series of passes to Cowell took the purple and white within 20 yards of the Missouri goal and another pass to the Aggie halfback took the ball over the line.

#### WON IN LAST MINUTE

The sun had sent its last rays over Rollins Field and the piercing chill of the early November evening swept across the gridiron. The invading horde from Washington stamped their numb feet and cheered exultantly. Only one more minute to play, and the score ten to seven in their favor. Seven thousand Tiger rooters seethed and roared in one hoarse cry for victory. Surely the old Missouri spirit, the fighting comeback, would not fail now. Coach John Miller stood silent in front of his warriors. Suddenly he motioned to one among the blankets, and Elmer Kershaw was sent into the game.

The Tigers were making their last stand in an effort to cross the Pikeaway goal line for the necessary points to snatch victory from what seemed certain defeat. "What'll we do, beat Mizzou!" booming cheers rocked the Washington bleachers. Jack Fullbright, Missouri quarterback, took one look at the solid Piker defense, and made a grim decision. Forward passes were his only hope. A short pass over the line of scrimmage was gobbled up by Kershaw as he fell to his knees and scooped up the oval. The Tiger pivot man maneuvered in a slightly different manner on the next play, receiving the ball and racing for the North sidelines. When about to be besieged by the opposition he aviated the pigskin far down the field to the Tiger substitute, who was in the midst of the foes protecting their own goal.

Elmer Kershaw grasped the oval out of the landscape, evaded four or five Pikers, and sped across the goal line. The 14-10 victory is now history.

The play throughout was of a sensational order, but from the eyes of an impartial gridiron critic the thrills could not conceal the true "sadness" of the game. The Tigers felt the absence of their Captain, "Chuck" Lewis, but the Bengal mentors were saving him for the Jayhawker tilt. The showing of Knight and Lincoln was commendable. Both made good gains through the Pikeaway defense, but on almost every occasion when a touchdown seemed imminent, the ball was lost. The line held splendidly throughout.

The first score of the game came in the second quarter when, after the Tigers advanced the ball down the field to the 25 yard mark, Lincoln went around right end for a touchdown. In the same quarter, Hafner, Washington center, scooped up a fumble resulting from a hard fall sustained by Speuhler, and ran 25 yards to the goal. Washington led the Tigers by three points early in the second half, when Thompson was successful in booting a field goal, after several previous attempts had failed. The fourth quarter was scoreless until that last memorable minute, which has fixed the names of Fullbright and Kershaw in the Tiger Hall of Fame.

## SPORTITORIALS

The fur should fly when the Bunker-Hill combination gets started for the Tigers.

A freshman has inquired as to just how "Babe" Ruth is a professional ball player and yet plays end for the Tigers.

A noted football coach of the east has forbade the use of liquor on his team. Looks as though they were trying to take the kick out of football.

St. Louis, Mo.—A former billiard champion is to exhibit here. His renown lies in the fact that he is the only living pocket billiardist who doesn't claim to be the champion.

Must be Johnny Layton, late of Booches.

When does the aīibi appear?

On Monday.

When is the campus bleak and drear?

On Monday.

When do the losing studes declare  
That though they lost their team's a bear  
And at the game's officials swear?

On Monday.

When does the pent up yowling out?

On Monday.

When do the losers wail and shout?

On Monday.

When do the warriors join the cry  
And never blush or bat an eye

When handing out an alibi?

On Monday.

When does the confidence return?

On Friday.

When does the college spirit burn?

On Friday.

When do the students gaily yell?

When do their youthful voices swell

Until they're heard in—Halifax?

On Friday.

—St. Louis Times.

**Vassar hockeyites show great form in initial workout.**

—St. Louis Times

(It should be a great financial year for Vassar.)

Eastern papers report that Colgate's line holds like talcum powder.

—St. Louis Times

Eddie Cicotte, Joe Jackson, and the other White Sox players implicated in the baseball scandal all admit to having received many offers for next year.

That's what Jack Johnson said for several years until he was sent to Leavenworth. Today he is the principal in a big card at the prison. Jackson, Cicotte and Co. could make Leavenworth a pretty good ball club.

It is a good thing there aren't more "Nettles" in the Kansas line.

With a Shearer on the team Drake should be able to cut a wider swathe.

A couple of Kansas Aggie boys motoring to the Aggie-Missouri game lost a pair of suitcases enroute. Panic stricken the two farmer boys turned their flivver about and covered every bit of the ground back to K. C. searching for them. There must have been something in those suitcases besides clothes.

Michigan has a man playing end slated for all-conference and his name is Goebel. If it was Goepel instead of Goebel we would vote for him in a minute.

Since the election "Scrubby" spells his name with a "g" on the end. With a "Babe" Ruth, a Harding, and a Lincoln on the team, the Tigers feel that they have a great deal to Crowe about.

When the Nebraska quarter yells "Hubka back" the opponents are never quite sure as to what is going to happen. One team protested that they should use the English language. Hubka is the name of Nebraska's fullback.

Three members of the SHOWME all sandwich team are Hamm, Berger and Bunn, of Oklahoma, Washington and Kansas.

The boys at Ames say that Vanderloo is sometimes spelled Waterloo.

Kansas discovered that this business of romping over Hill and Dale is more poetry than anything else.



## AS IS.

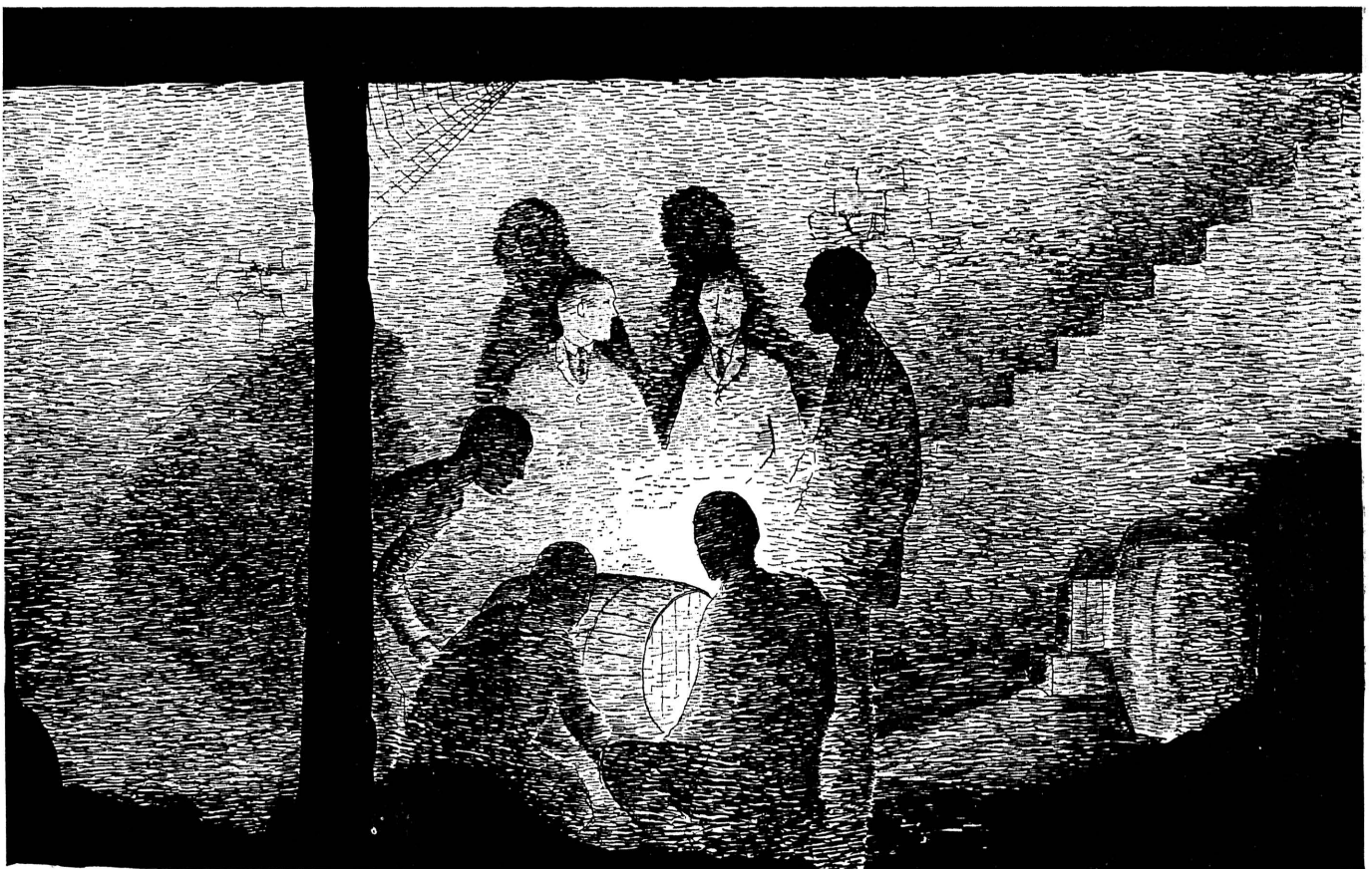
With clenched fists, his face hard with a determination to do or die, our hero plunged into the night. He realized fully the peril that lay in his path. Slowly and carefully he felt his way along the first hundred yards of the treacherous trail, avoiding the pit falls that would send him headlong into the sea of mud below. Ah, now he had rounded Dead-Man's curve, and turned to the west to begin his descent down Devil's hill, where many of his brethren had fallen before him.

It seemed hours before he reached the plain below. Twice was his ankle wrenched as he stepped into holes in the defective boards laid to guide the traveler's step. A great help, these timbers, mused our hero grimly as he stumbled over one of them. A pouring rain added to their slickness, these perfidious planks that send innocent wayfarers crashing to their doom. In impenetrable darkness, mocked by the sin-

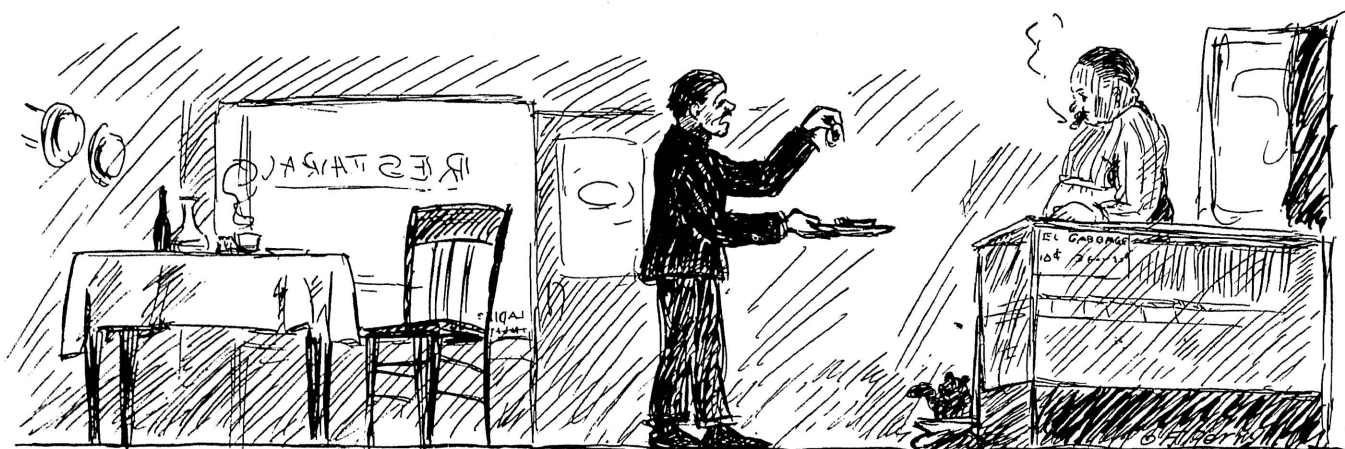
ister slush of the waters beneath him, and facing a driving rain, he struggled on.

Once more on level ground, he quickened his stride, wading through slush and ice and skirting an occasional abyss. Suddenly he halted. Before him loomed a black gap, an apparently bottomless pit, with only a flimsy framework 'round it, and no warning light to save a wanderer from a pitiful plunge to peace. One shrill scream rending the night air, that would have been the end. The brave lad shuddered at the thought, summoned the last of his fast waning strength, and staggered on.

But now a light was visible, straight ahead. Summoning every ounce of courage, our hero dragged himself over the remainder of the trail. With a happy cry he reeled through the West gate into Hitt Street, and exhausted, threw himself upon the ground. "Thank Heaven," he moaned. The Ag Campus had been crossed at last!



The Cellar Gang.



### SHOWME'S TITLE CONTEST.

Life, Showme and all the leading humorous periodicals of the country are addicted to the habit of offering prizes. The publishing business is so profitable that we take this means of sharing our enormous profits with our subscribers rather than to have the government take it in the form of surplus profits taxes. So, thus actuated, the Showme will pay \$5 for the best title offered for this picture. The only requirements are that he be of reasonably Caucasian birth, (tho' our Oriental friends are not barred), be above the age of four, and not addicted to the use of morphine in excessive quantities. The title should not be over forty words in length and should contain no reference to Prohibition. Personalities also should be avoided. Obviously, the man has found something in his food. Now the question is what did he find? To the closest approach to a correct diagnosis the prize will be awarded.

Send all mms. to the Contest Editor, Showme.

311 Guitar Bldg.  
Columbia, Mo.

### THE RESULTS OF THE JOKE CONTEST

Out of all the mass of material, the Contest Editor, after several hours of deliberation, has finally picked what he considers the best of the jokes submitted for the prizes offered by the Showme. Much meritorious material was turned in that we are unable to give prizes for, although we have made use of it in the columns of this issue.

The first prize has been awarded to F. P. Gass.

Second honors go to Miss Martha McLendon.

Third prize has been given to Thomas Parks.

The five prizes of a dollar each go to Thomas Parks, T. R. Cloud, W. P. Davis, J. Q. Adams, J. T. Uptegrove and P. S. Limerick. Other contributors to this issue are: Dudley Jarrett, Florence Cox, Corwin Edwards, Mary Young, Martha Burton, and Vincent Hamlin.



STILL

### An Ode to the Drug Store.

Here's to the fluid  
That does me no good,  
But leaves me in that condition  
Of joy and bliss;  
The one we all miss  
Since National Prohibition.  
So what is the use  
Of drinking grape juice  
When you can get lighter,  
And brighter, and tighter—  
A regular "all nighter,"  
On common sweet spirits of nitre.

—P. S. L.

"Just one, darling," he plead, as  
he stood in the doorway.

"Just one what?"

"Just one rose from your cor-  
sage."

"Did you see me at the picture  
show?"

"No, but I heard you!"

"I'm just a fool over him."

"For why?"

"He has too much tact to apolo-  
gize for telling a risque story."

The night was raw,  
The party rauer;  
I wish that  
I had never sawer.

We were both stewed  
She was the steweder;  
I wisht to 'ell  
I'd never knew'der.

Someone must lose—  
I was the loser.  
She craved more hooch  
Could I refuser?

The town was dry  
And she was dryer;  
White-mule was all  
That I could buyer.

We found a still,  
Approached it stiller  
And bought a quart  
Of Red "Blues Killer."

Now she was sick,  
But I was sicker;  
So I laid off  
This bootleg liquor.

They called it splint,—  
(Stirred with a splinter) —  
And now she rests  
Where they don't have winter.

Crimson—If Ivanhoe sells for a  
quarter at the Co-op, what is  
Kenilworth?

Cardinal and Gray—Great  
Scott, what a novel question!!!

—Voo Doo.



Trying to Make Both Ends Meet.



## LIFE

"Stop!" cried the maiden. "Desist!  
You villain! I will not be kissed!"  
But the horrid man didn't obey  
And the girl was heard later to say,  
"It's a thrill which should never be missed."

## Now Willie's Still.

Little Willie bought a still  
In which to make home brew.  
No recipe came with the still  
So what could Willie do?

He set it up that very day.  
He went to work at noon.  
He dropped into some water  
A raisin and a prune.

The juices all fermented  
And continued to until \*\*!  
Since then no one has seen  
Either Willie or his still.

—P. S. L.

"Is he very rich?"

"Is he? Last year he brought  
a Rolls-Royce to school with him  
and this year he brought two bot-  
tles of Scotch."

## Why Wear Silk Stockings?

Camel: Why is Ethel limping  
this morning?

Paintpot: Cut herself shaving  
last night.

Powder: How was Miss Rouge  
dressed at the ball?

Rage: Oh, she had on a lovely  
looking skirt and a rose corsage.

## INDEED SO

It was evening. And as such evenings go, all was still. The settler's beautiful daughter walked stealthily down the beaten path. She was not alone. He walked stealthily, too. He eyed her quietly, tenderly; but it was too dark to see her. Her's was the step of the leader; his of the follower. It seemed unreasonable. Still, who knows but what.

The large, black outline of a building loomed before them. It seemed unoccupied. Maybe it was. Who knows but what. He hesitated. Strange. She insisted. Stranger. They must enter. But what if? And then again, what if not? If he didn't, they would. If he did, they would not. Who knows but what? The moment was tense. The night was cold. The air was thick, dark. Her will was the stronger. He entered. She didn't.

She knew that the coyotes killed sheep. He didn't. She didn't want him to be killed. So did he. Still, who knows but what?



"Say, Funnyface, do you know our chemistry prof's  
a magician?"

"How come?"

"He turned me into the Dean yesterday."



Voice from Inside: John, I can't find my bathing suit.

John: Did you look in your vanity case, dear?

### AL GETS A LETTER FROM JOE

(With no apologies to Ring Lardner—as beg-your-pardons won't atone for murder.)

Columbia, Mo., Nov. 23, 1920.

Dear Al:

Well Al, this is the 1st chanst I've had to write to you since I lit in this here university town. Which is some little hamlet, by the way.

Well Al, you know I didn't know nobody when I came down here to M. U. but as soon as I got off the Katy Limited down here I run acrost a place owned by a friend of old man Burchett back home. You remember hearin' old man Burchett talk about Daniel Boone dont you Al? Well, he runs a tavern down here, which is what they call a hotel in this part of the country. Well Al, soon as I got up town I went into this place, which is some swell joint believe me, and asked for Mr. Boone, thinking Id give him my regards as how I know Mr. Burchett pretty well. Well Al, they's a bird at the desk what looks at me kinda funny and superior like and eyes that pink

striped collar I got at Heimsteims store before I left awful envious like you know. Well he looked at me for about a mintue and busts out laffing and says "He's dead—haw, haw" just like that. Well Al, I didnt think it was a laffing matter myself but I just said thats too bad and walked out. But this town ful of smart alecks like that Al.

Well I says to myself that's kind of a poor start you've made, Joe, but that don't worry us does it? So I asked a bird where I could get a room to rent till Xmas and he points to a big gray building down the street and says go to the Why. Well Al, I thought that was a funny name for a building but I went down there and they got a room for me not very far from the main campus, which is what they call the schoolyard down here.

Well Al, the next thing I done was to register up. The main thing they do down here Al is line-up and thats all you do when you register. Theys always a bunch of guys in front of you and they move like snales, Al. Well if you happen to get in the right line they let you pay your dues finally but if you aint they send you somewhere else. Every once in a while a bunch of guys gets lined up in the wrong place and they bust and run around a corner to line up again like somebody's opened up a qt. of whiskey. Well Al, I finally I got all fixed up as a student of Missouri University, or Mizzou as I have nicknamed it, and then I had to get a red cap and wear it even though it is 18 sizes too small because Im a freshman. Boy they make it tough on us freshman's down here Al. It aint nothing like high school. Boy I tell you its h—ell.

Well Al, they have big football games down here all time. They sure are funny about the way they do things down here, Al. Before the games both sides gets to yellin' for each other like as if they thought it would be real mean to win and like as if they wanted the other side to beat so as they wouldn't go way feelin bad. And then the teams comes a running out and fight like h—ell trying to win and cripples up the guys on the other side. The M. U. team, or the Tigers as I have nicknamed them, sure is classy looking in their gold striped uniforms I tell you, and they sure can play football to.

The next thing they're going to do is beat Kansas, which is the great rival of us M. U.ers Al, and dont you bet on Kansas no matter how the dope is Al, cause the Tigers is going to beat h—ell out of them.

Will write again before long.

Your friend,

JOE.



A Mid-Semester Lament.

(With apologies to Sweet Adeline.)  
 Geologie,  
 My Ologee,  
 At first you seemed  
 So soft for me;  
 But now I find  
 You make me grind.  
 You're the jinx of all my course,  
 Geologie.

—J. Q. A.



Genuine Havana Filler.

SHOWING MA

"Why did you call your mother when I kissed you?"  
 "Mother said you hadn't the nerve."

—Judge.

"Gimme a tin roof sundae," said the youth as he stepped up to the soda bar.

"Never heard of such a thing," replied the soda squirt.

"I'll tell you how to do it if you'll fix it up for me."

"A'right, shoot!"

Then followed a lengthy description in which the white coated clerk was called upon to mix up a little bit of everything that the fountain contained. When it was finished the youth, to use an old, old term, consumed it with a great deal of gusto. When he had finished he started for the door.

"Hey," yelled the clerk, "how about paying for that?"

"Oh, never mind that," said the youth as he slipped out the door, "that's a tin roof sundae—one on the house."

"The Ole Pepper."

You may turn our campus upside down,  
 You may turn the columns all around,  
 You may even paint the mule barn green,  
 You may blend the shamrock with purple sheen.

You may take the lipsticks from our Co-eds,  
 Let the chambermaid forget to make our beds,  
 You may keep the T-hounds from their teas,  
 You may stop the matinees, if you please.

You may let the freshmen run the school,  
 You may do away with every rule,  
 But let old Kansas come and beat us—  
 Hell no! No Jayhawk can defeat us.

J. T. U.



"Jimmie, Mr. Jones is asking about some jokes he left here the other day. Have you seen them?"  
 "No, sir, we read 'em, but we couldn't see 'em."



"What would you say, dear, if I put my arm around you?" asked the inexperienced youth.

"At last," responded the lady fair.

Many students have a B. A. and an M. A. but their P. A. usually supports them.

—  
An ankle slim,  
A calf divine.  
This is no bull—  
She's a cow of mine.

Co-ed: Why didn't you find out who he was when the professor called the roll?

Another Co-ed: I did try to, but he answered for four different names.

There was a young prof. at Mizzou  
Who thought there was naught he  
couldn't do.

In speeches quite bold  
Awful tales he has told  
Of the vices and sins at M. U.

—  
"Henry is quite an interior decorator."

"Yes, he decorates all the parlors."

—  
"I want a wife," the youth declared—

"Though looks are not essential—  
I want a girl who is prepared  
To be quite deferential."



"Why do you drink so continually?"

"I can't afford to lose the momentum of the first few shots."



# Steals



A damsel was taking the air  
 In a 'suit that she wore on a dare.  
 'Twas an eye-filling sight  
 And 'twas daring all right,  
 For the boys all exclaimed, "She's a bare!"

There was a young lady named Stella,  
 Who in summer wore furs and umbrella.  
 Three ounces, no more,  
 Weighed the dress that she wore  
 When the weather was colder than hella.  
 —American Legion Weekly.

## KNOWS KNICE KNEES.

Robert: Is Evelyn modest?  
 Ruth: Extremely. She even hides her dimples.  
 Robert: She must wear a heavy veil.  
 Ruth: How old fashioned you are!  
 —Dirge.

## FAMILY IMPEDIMENT

"Hello, old man, haven't seen you here for a long time. You haven't been playing much golf lately? By the way what's your handicap now?"

"My wife." —Spare Moments.

"How can you tell the difference between light and heavy opera?"

"By the weight of the costumes."  
 —The Princeton Tiger

## COMING OFF

Forsythe: Stumbled into the dressing room at the Joyous Theater by mistake last night.

Sinker: What was going on?

Forsythe: Nothing to speak of.  
 —Dirge.

"I've got a keen girl now—she has a car."  
 "Wonderful. I've never met her have I? I'll see you downtown sometime."  
 "Do that, old man, I'll wave."  
 —Iowa Frivol

## THE OPTIMISM OF YOUTH

Newsboy—All 'bout de awful wreck!  
 Old Lady—I want a paper.  
 Newsboy—Sure, lady, maybe one of your friends was killed.  
 —Judge.

Prof—What were the landed gentry?  
 Stude—The marriedmen, sir.  
 —The Brown Jug

Minister—Would you care to join us in the new missionary movement?

Miss Ala Mode—I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the shimmy?  
 —Chapparral.

## IT MIGHT GO OFF, AT THAT.

First Simple Nimrod—Hey, don't shoot. The gun isn't loaded.

His Partner—Can't help that, the bird won't wait.  
 —Mass. Voo Doo.

"I bought a storage battery yesterday."

"What did it cost?"

"Oh, nothing. I had it charged."  
 —The Brown Jug

"Maw says you can't kiss me anymore, Willie Jones, 'cause you might get microbes and I might get your crobes."  
 —Sun Dial

QUEER QUERIES COLUMN  
By La Fontaine Penn

The Thursday Club has made up a purse for the most unfortunate man in the world. Could you suggest a claimant?

—E. G. G. Secretary.

Address Lieut. Shaver, Kelly Field, San Antonio, Tex., who fell from his airplane into a cactus field last week.

Who is the luckiest man that ever lived?

—J. Willard.

Romeo, who barely escaped married life.

Why do policemen wear rubber heels?

—E. Z. Walker.

So as not to awaken the officers on the adjoining beats.

Why does a crane stand on one leg in the water?

—Luke McG.

To keep his body dry.

What is this season's best humorous fiction?

—Literary.

The 18th amendment.

Who really discovered the Mississippi River?

—H. Tuhoo.

Congressman Volstead.

Why do the girls all wear rolled stockings?

—Observer.

To keep their legs warm.

What's the difference between a profiteer and a burglar?

—Closefist.

The latter must be more diligent.

Why did Jesse James always ride a horse and carry a gun?

—Romantic.

He didn't own a store, so could not sell anybody anything.

I'm going to St. Louis tomorrow. Please suggest a good place to stop.

—Katy.

Try the Union Station.

Why does the wild winter wind moan so?

—Worried.

Because the girls wear those shapeless wool stockings.

Yes,  
Nature  
Is certainly  
Wonderful . . .  
Did w  
You ever  
See  
A pair  
Of lips  
That wouldn't  
Fit? —Pelican.

**BAND OF 25 STAGES  
\$67,540 WHISKY THEFT**

—Headline

At the prevailing liquor prices this would mean about half a pint a man.

**The Alternative.**

Sign on a Kansas farm:

**WARNING TO TRAMPS**

We keep a dog.

And remember, there are just two kinds of folks—

**THE QUICK AND THE DEAD**

—American Legion *Weekly*.

**MAN HELD UP—ROBBED  
IN FRONT OF HIS HOME**

—Headline

Just a question of who got to him first—the bandit or his wife.

**Just Supposin'.**

Hazel—Aren't the profs around here theoretical?

Nut—I'll say so. Professor Nowitz starts off every morning with, "Now, class, suppose you had a dollar." —Pelican

**Here's How.**

Sarah—Did she give you a cordial welcome?

Brum—More than that; some welcome cordial.

—Record

**Depends on the Viewpoint.**

"Have you prepared for this class?"

"Yes, sir."

"What have you done for it?"

"Brushed my hair and shaved."

—Record.

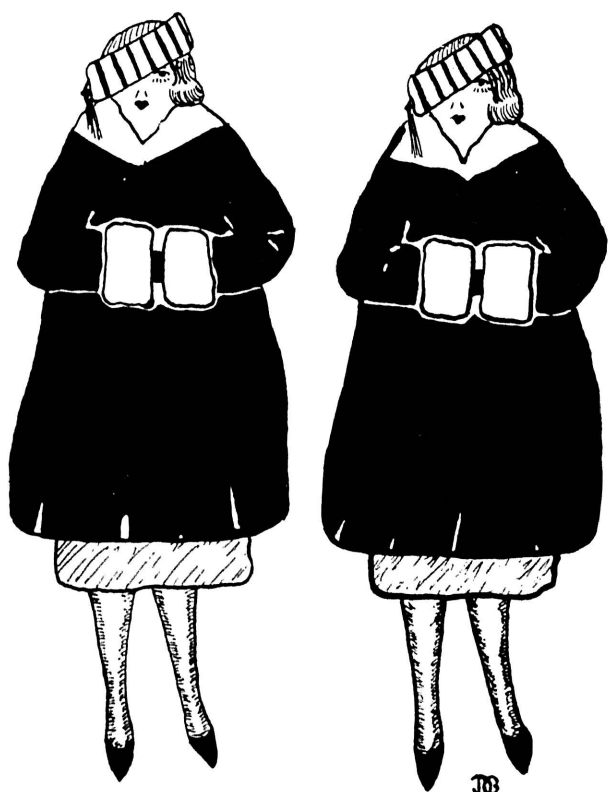
**BANDIT WAS WEDDED  
TWO HOURS AFTER  
PAY ROLL ROBBERY**

—Headline

If he had to loot a pay roll to marry, what'll he have to steal to support her?

"Dearest, do you know how much I love you?"

"No, lover, but I know how often!"



Packard's Latest Twin Chicks Model. Fuel consumption, 2 quarts a day. Will not run in low speed. Upkeep expense high. Ask the man who owns two.

AN ODE TO THE NIGHT WATCHMAN AT CHRISTIAN

This is the night that the wolves come out, slick haired, nose keen for the scent.  
 I must be watchful lest they elude me and consummate evil intent.  
 Oh I must be watchful  
 I must take care  
 I must nose out each dark beckoning lair.  
 I must guard the poor woolies from the curve of the stair.  
 For this is the night of the wolves.

I must ride herd on the poor woolie flock, clustered 'neath garlands of crepe.  
 Wolfish undergrad' arms shall not crush the tulle of evening gear all out of shape.  
 Oh I must be watchful  
 I must take care  
 Some will get by and sit two on a chair.  
 A few will slip out to the curve of the stair.  
 For this is the night of the wolves.



ON THE HONEYMOON.

Mrs. Newlywed—Why does the whistle blow, dear?  
 Mr. N.—Because we are approaching either a station, a bridge or a tunnel, pet!  
 Mrs. N.—Oh, I hope it's a tunnel—*Punch Bowl.*

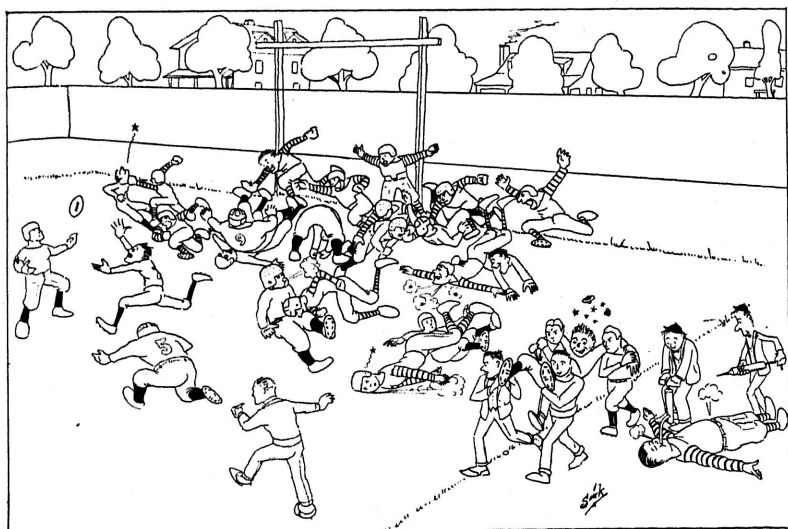
THE DOMESTIC LABOR QUESTION

On the 'phone—"Hello! Is this the woman that wanted the lady to wash tomorrow?"  
 —Michigan Gargoyle.

Sniffle

Hark  
 A voice  
 But what's a voice?  
 Ah, that's the point,  
 'Tis just 'tis—  
 The wires were crossed,—  
 It was not her voice,—  
 Or maybe she had a cold.  
 Maybe not  
 But if a cold,—  
 What's a cold,—  
 Between friends?  
 Usually two colds,  
 Ultimately.

—Mystery N.



**Ask Dad, He Knows.**

Why,  
 Oh why—  
 That is the question  
 When,  
 Where,  
 Who,  
 Which,—  
 All are useless,  
 Irrelevant—  
 There can be but one,  
 But who can tell,  
 And then again,  
 Who cannot!  
 All else is other,  
 Out and not,  
 Except the all-important  
 Why?  
 Oh why inel  
 Can't we have our  
 Beer?

—Fruit Cake.



**FOUR SHOTS IN  
 AN OFFICER'S BODY**  
 —Headline.

**Convincing.**

Flora—What makes you think  
 you are the first girl he ever kissed?  
 Dolores—Because he didn't say  
 so.—Punch Bowl.

When a man is polite to his wife  
 it does not follow that he is afraid  
 of her. He may be merely absent-  
 minded.—Tiger.

It is understood that, hereafter,  
 lemonade straws are to be served  
 with all soup orders in Columbia  
 restaurants.

Said a pious divine from Bologne,  
 To a beautiful maiden named  
 Stogne,

“Do you go out at night?”  
 “Oh, no, but I might,  
 I'm willing enough to be shogne.”  
 E.

He—Please, Mabel, just once  
 more before I say good night.

She—All right, if you'll promise  
 not to ask me again. And she play-  
 ed the “Third Hungarian Rhap-  
 sody.”

Nil—Why is a football like a so-  
 ciety belle?

Bill—Shoot, if you must.

Nil—Neither one has any shape  
 without being laced.

—Jack-o'-Lantern



Hattie: Helen is a decided  
 blonde.

Catty: Yes, she decided to be-  
 come a blonde just before the  
 barnwarming.

Prof.—Have you a doctor's cer-  
 tificate to cover your absence?

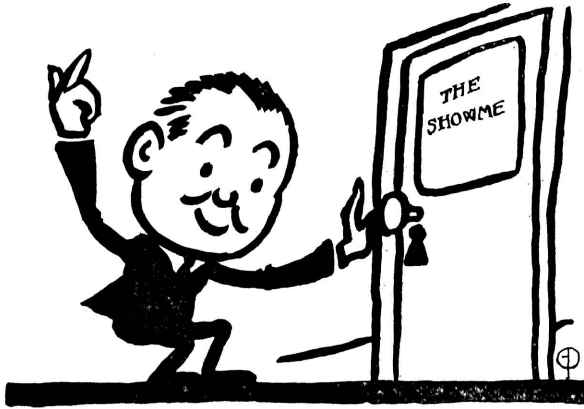
Clever Stude—No, sir. You see  
 I'm a Christian Scientist.—Widow.



“What would you say to lending me ten dollars?”

“I wouldn't say anything, but my bank account  
 would howl like the devil.”

# Who Wants To Peep?



Everybody, of course! But it's an accepted fact that a *keyhole view* is inferior to a *transom perspective*, while there is just as great an improvement in the *open door perspective*. You can see everything this way, and with much less effort than the others—and if you happen to overlook a few “lace frills” or “monograms,” you can always come back for more, without fear of the “hatpin.” And,

like the fifty-two verses in the side-show, you'll see more each time.

And that's just the point,—if you glance at a friend's book, you're getting the k.h.v.; when you buy a single copy, you're getting that unsatisfactory t.p., and you're tipping the bell-boy to boot, as it were, for the use of his back. Now when you're a subscriber, you simply say, “Open Sesame,”—then you glance,—and you peruse,—and you read,—and you absorb. It's just a matter of turning the knob.

Don't overlook an opportunity like this. We want to give you the password to the magic Showme Door—for the big Xmas Number, and the other four, each one of which will be better than the one before.

Just clip the coupon,—it won't spoil a thing, 'cause we left the other side of it blank,—pin it to a check for five quarters,—one dollar and twenty-five cents, and send the whole thing to

## THE SHOWME

311 Guitar Bldg.,  
Columbia, Mo.  
35 cents the single copy

SAVE MY EYE FROM THE HATPIN

Name.....

Address.....

It's well worth  
my

\$1.25

The poet sings of light that lies  
 And lies and lies in women's eyes—  
 And that same wit  
 Will do hit bit  
 To make those same eyes wise. . . .

Some people say to drink's a sin  
 And state that Hell is full of gin  
 Now if that's so  
 There's folks I know  
 Who'd be fighting to get in. . . .

I've often heard the story told of dries that never  
 drink,  
 And just as oft another yarn of black-birds that are  
 pink—  
 But not a word  
 Have I yet heard,  
 Of pumpkin pies that think. . . .

Some one told me that he had seen a cast-iron  
 macaroon,  
 Another man had had a ride up in a lead balloon—  
 But who in fate  
 Would expectorate  
 At a crepe-de-chine spittoon? . . . .

I've heard folks say that salmon sing  
 That Bryan knows most ev'rything—  
 But if you can  
 Show me the man  
 Who's heard a dumb-bell ring! . . . .

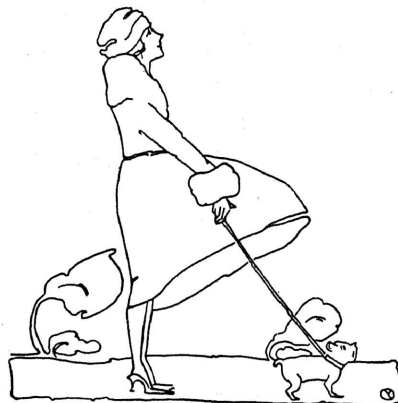
Once lived a guy called Omar Khayam,  
 Who used a pencil much like I am,  
 And he kept drunk  
 On home-brewed junk,  
 Just as I on the sly am. . . .

Some girls I know act mad when kissed,  
 While there are some who will assist;  
 But one told me  
 That all would be  
 Sooner kissed than missed! . . . .

The sages say that ev'ry man had ought to have a  
 wife,  
 Some one to darn his worn-out sox and regulate  
 his life.  
 But as for me  
 From what I see  
 Cold toes beat married strife! . . . .

It seems the right of women folks to powder face  
 and throat,  
 On pretty faces well fixed up, I'll own up that I  
 dote—  
 But I must state  
 I surely hate  
 To have to brush my coat! . . . .

Some man who knows the ladies wrote,  
 "Old fashioned girls are hard to note."  
 I disagree  
 Right now I see  
 A girl who wears a petticoat. . . .





Courteous Treatment  
and Quick Service

**UNIVERSITY BARBER SHOP**

Chas. H. Vaughn, Prop.

"Where did you get those El Hempos?"

"Harry sent them up from Havana."

"He surely knows the ropes down there, doesn't he?"  
—Puppet.

**"DOWN AND OUT"**

"Down on the station platform,  
Bathed in the cold wintry breeze,  
Shy, long ago, of its contents,  
Nothing inside it to freeze,  
Shorn of its former glory,  
Drained of the last amber dreg,  
Bungless, beerless and friendless,  
Stands an empty eight-gallon keg."  
—Exchange

"Villain! Why do you laugh?"  
she cried, eyes flashing dramati-  
cally.

His stern coolness faded away.  
"But I have to laugh," he pleaded.  
"I wouldn't be the villain if I  
didn't."

Suitor (after his third refusal):  
Must my days go unwarmed by  
your love?

Practical suitee: I'm afraid so,  
but you might try a portable elec-  
tric stove instead.

**Cheerful Diner.**

"What, you call that a sausage?  
It makes me laugh."

"That's good, sir. Most people  
swear."

—Meggendorfer Blätter  
(Munich)

**The flavor lingers.  
The aroma lingers.  
The pleasure lingers.  
YOU will linger over your  
flavory cup of**

**CHASE & SANBORN'S  
"Seal Brand" Coffee.**



Just like  
the old  
Missouri Spirit.

It is without an equal.

**NOWELLS'**

Ninth and Walnut

Columbia, Missouri

### The Dryest Story in the World.

An Irishman and a Scotchman were standing at a bar and the Irishman had no money.

—Louisville Herald.

---

A teacher was reading to her class, when she came across the word "unaware." She asked if any one knew the meaning.

One little girl timidly raised her hand and gave the following definition: "Unaware is what you put on first and take off last!"

—Exchange.

---

"Man wants but little here below—"

Was written very long ago.

—American Legion Weekly.

## The New Shop--Shoes With Pep

We don't consider a sale made unless both parties are satisfied. Service and quality are our watchwords. Drop in where you'll get the best shoes money can buy sold to you in an honest-to-goodness manner.

# BRASELTON'S

## *The Old Tiger Spirit*

is as manifest and genuine in Jimmie's smile as it is in the shadow of the columns or on Rollins Field.

## COLLEGE INN

### Probably Means "Toot the Bell."

The traffic rules of Japan include this one: "When you meet the horse or the cow, speed slowly, and take care to ring the horn." But suppose the cow objects to having her horn so treated?

—Boston Transcript.

---

John and his wife had gone to the beach for a little swim. His wife called to him from the dressing room:

"Oh! I can't go swimming because I can't find my bathing suit."

John replied: "Look again dear, maybe you have it on."

---

### Look Into This One.

She—I wish you'd look the other way.

Young Brother—He can't help the way he looks. —Sun Dial.



"What do you think of her features?"

"Fair, but they seem a little bow-legged."

Black—Did you ever go fishing with a girl?

White—Once.

Black—Did she protest against hurting the fish?

White—No; she said she was sure they were all perfectly happy because they were wagging their tails. —Voo Doo.

No, Ichabod, if a man prof. married a lady prof. you would not call their children prophets. —Sun Dial.

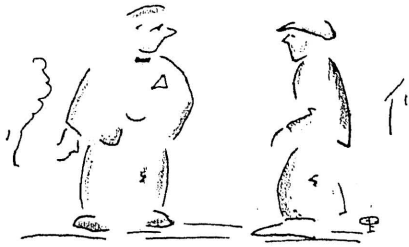
## Photographers to the Discriminating==

The work of our studios is an evidence of that blend of fine craftsmanship and distinctiveness which bespeaks the true artist. Fidelity to artistic ideals has built for us a distinguished clientele whose endorsement of our work adds the supreme note of national recognition.

**Hixon-Connelly**

Baltimore Hotel

Kansas City



## QUESTION OF JUDGMENT.

Bill: Do you think betting is wrong?

John: Well, the way I bet generally is.

—Foolscape.

## A SLOW TRAIN.

“Is this a fast train?” the salesman asked the conductor.

“Of course it is,” was the reply.

“I thought it was. Would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?”

—Sonora Bell.

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.

## THE PENNANT

Edgar Hornbeck, Prop.

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

## Some Dad!!

Father—What time do you go to bed, son?

Son—Between nine and ten, father.

Father—That's too many in one bed!! —Voo Doo.

## Among the Missing.

The Girl—You make me think of Venus de Milo.

The Boy—But I have arms.

The Girl—Oh, have you?

—Voo Doo.

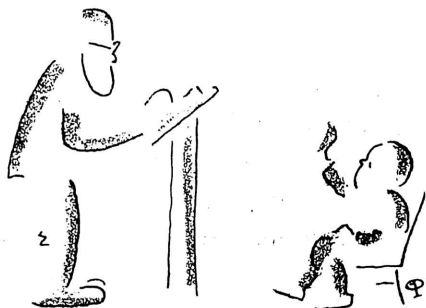
*"Say it with Flowers"*

*Get your yellow Mums*

at

Columbia Floral Co.

7th & Broadway



Teacher (in a lesson on evolution): Willie, what lies between man and monkey?

Willie: A cage!

Mary: "How did the shimme originate?"

George: "It was originated by a fat lady riding down the street in a Ford."

BELIEVE IN SIGNS?

Seen in front of the barracks:

"Don't walk on the grass—it dulls the blades."

—Ohio State Lantern.

IN THE STREET CAR.

Small man: Have you plenty of room, madam?

Fat lady: Yes, thank you.

Small man: Well then give me a little, please.

—Widow.

She—Sir, have you taken a drink?

He—No is one missing? —Gargoyle.

A HINT.

Stump orator: "I want reform; I want government reform; I want labor reform; I want—

Voice: "Chloroform." —Record.

Prof: Gentlemen, I am dismissing you ten minutes early today. Please go out quietly so as not to wake the other classes. —Record.

LIMITED EXPERIENCE.

Physiology prof: What do you know about cells?

Student: Not very much, sir. I've only been in two. —Gargoyle.

# LEVY'S

**"Quality Footwear"**

**SHOES HOSIERY REPAIRING**

## TURKEY DAY

The day when the Tiger  
once more wallows the un-  
happy Bird in the dust.

We'll be there

To the tune of Old Mizzou

After the game, end that  
perfect day by eating at the

## SAMPSON

HITT & PAQUIN

The Attorney for the Gas Company was making an address. "Think of the good the gas company has done. If I were permitted to make a pun, I would say, in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the LIGHT BRIGADE.'"

Voice of the consumer from the audience: "Oh, what a charge they made!" —Exchange.

### BY WAY OF REJOINDER

He—Why do you want the ballot?

She—To keep you men from voting cigarette prohibition. —Tar Baby.

Hazel: I haven't slept for days.

Eyes: 'Smatter? Sick?

Hazel: No; I sleep nights. —Jester.

"Who was Diana?"

"Diana was the goddess of the chase."

"I s'pose that's why she always has her picture taken in a track suit." —Juggler.

### NAUGHTY—CAL.

Ensign: Seaman Johnson, what is a kiss?

Cob: A pleasure smack, sir. —Jester.

"You're an awful bore," sighed the cork.

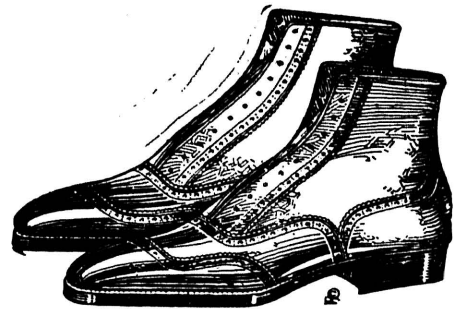
"Huh. I've gotten you out of many a tight place," retorted the corkscrew. —Siren.

"You've got an awful line," said the fish to the angler. —Gargoyle.

A woman is as old as she looks—a man is not old until he stops looking. —Burr.

Young lady (pointing to picture of Sir Galahad): "Who is that in that picture?"

New pledge: "Oh, that's one of the older fellows, I don't know his name." —Awgwan.



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EXCLUSIVE ENGLISH MODELS

Other Brogues from \$8.85 to \$17.50  
(Also Wool Hose)

*Millers*

*Yes, we do repairing*

She—What kind of a snake is that?  
He—That is what is called a garter snake.  
She—Oh, it couldn't be, it's much too small.  
—Gargoyle.

---

The Eskimos sleep in bear skins,  
Up in the North I'm told.  
Last night I slept in my bear skin  
And caught a hell of a cold.  
—Orange Peel.

---

"I have somewhat of a rolling gait," spoke the  
dice.

"Yes," agreed the deck of cards, "while I  
merely shuffle along." —Sun Dodger.

---

Prof: "What are the exports of Virginia?"  
Stude: "Tobacco and livestock, sir."  
Prof: "Livestock? What kinds of livestock?"  
Stude: "Camels, sir." —Awgwan.

---

"Why did you tell him you had to go to the  
dressing room for some cold cream?" asked the  
chaperon.

"I had to do something to get the chap off my  
hands," answered the co-ed. —The Siren.

---

"Pipe down," said the plumber as he lowered  
the tubing into the hole. —Gargoyle.

---

She: "I'm learning to play billiards and I find  
it's a lot like life."

He: "Yes, one little kiss can cause a lot of  
trouble." —Widow.

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Meet Friends"*

*Tavern Drug Store*  
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Service.*

*"Kitty" Lightner Earl King*

# Heberlings

"FOR THOSE BETTER SHOES"

24 South Ninth

He—Hold the wire please.

She—I'm afraid I'll be shocked. —Banter.

Said the bridegroom to the gloomy-looking man: "Well, old man, have you kissed the bride?"

"Not lately," replied the g. l. m. as he passed out into the starry night. —Wampus.

A Very Bashful Young Lady (entreatingly)—  
Jack, don't tell anybody you took me home, will you? Mother would be furious.

Jack—Don't worry. I'm as much ashamed of it as you are. —Voo Do.

Flivver—What is the most you ever got out of your car?

Henry—Oh, about seven times in onne block is my record. —Orange Peel.

"Combination shot," murmured the lady cue artist as she leaned too far over the billiard table. —Banter.

What would the eastern sport writers do for stories if they couldn't immortalize a Brickley, a Horween, or a Hobie Baker, and proclaim him hero "before 40,000 wildly gesticulating fans."

"Mother, may I go out tonight?"

"No, my darling Jill;

Father and I go out tonight—

You'll have to tend the still."

—Chaparral.

My neighbor has a saxophone.

I hate him.

Each time I hear its blearing tone;

I hate him.

Some morn' I'll hie me from my bed.

And break that darn horn on his head.

And then he'll know, if he's not dead,

I hate him.

Briggs—"Son, win any letters at college?"

Braggs—"Came back with a stack of I.O.U.'s"

—Sun Dial.

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THE PHI BETA KAPPA.

He has a key for which he craves the door,  
A chance to crack the world and call for more.  
—Chaparral.

---

"Yes, I'm a Bolshevik," insisted the long-haired youth. If I had my way, I'd blow up the White-House."

"Huh," replied the unimpressed young damsel, "you're too killing for words, aren't you?"  
—Exchange.

---

Jack—Do you object to kissing on sanitary grounds?

Jacquette—Oh, no.

Jack—Then let's take a li'l stroll through the infirmary.  
—Sun Dodger.

---

No, Waltham, it is not the high price of clocks that makes them strike.  
—Chaparral.

## The Place of the College Passing Show

Where student, teacher, and alumnus gather under the single motive of good fellowship; where the old grad will recall scenes and experiences of his college days.

*Welcome Home Alumni*

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A fresh line of

Tiffin Chocolates  
and  
Beich's Candies

just received

---

*Fountain Service a Specialty*

---

*Pollyanna*

Broadway and Ninth

Flora—The man that I marry must be clever.  
Dora—My dear, clever men remain single.  
—Chapparal.

---

There was once a bellicose Sioux  
Whose outlook on life grioux tioux blioux  
His squaw caused him grief:  
She eloped with the chief,  
And wrote, "I am not trioux tioux yioux."  
—Lampoon.

---

A Chicago scribe has a column entitled, "Do you remember way back when"—. We see no such notice as "Do you remember way back when Joe Jackson jumped the Indians for the shipyards and the Sox called him low down,—but the next year he was in the outfield getting all the plaudits from the Sox rosters on their own team.

*Don't Miss the*

*HOMECOMING MIXER*

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IN ACADEMIC HALL

*Old Grads, Meet the Old Guards*

*Dancing*

*Department Stunts*

*BIG 8-PIECE ORCHESTRA*

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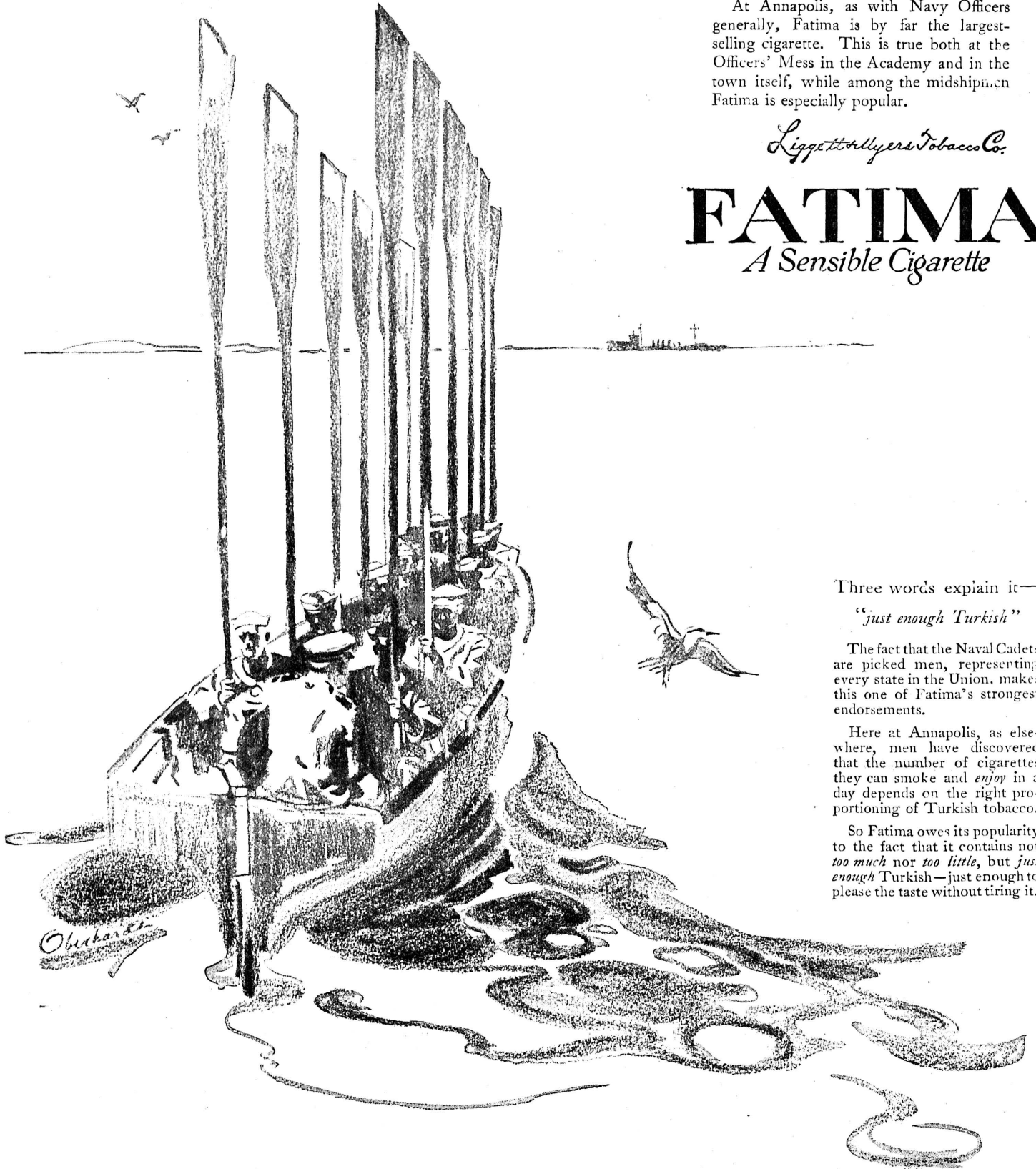
*A fact:*

At Annapolis, as with Navy Officers generally, Fatima is by far the largest-selling cigarette. This is true both at the Officers' Mess in the Academy and in the town itself, while among the midshipmen Fatima is especially popular.

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

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Three words explain it—

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The fact that the Naval Cadets are picked men, representing every state in the Union, makes this one of Fatima's strongest endorsements.

Here at Annapolis, as elsewhere, men have discovered that the number of cigarettes they can smoke and *enjoy* in a day depends on the right proportioning of Turkish tobacco.

So Fatima owes its popularity to the fact that it contains not *too much* nor *too little*, but *just enough* Turkish—just enough to please the taste without tiring it.



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