

modest number



The next best thing to going
yourself is to send her—



Because the chocolates and confections are of the "super-extra" Whitman quality—famous since 1842. *Because* the odd and dainty box will be kept as a pretty souvenir. *Because* this is "America's most famous box of sweets."

For Sale by

Peck Drug and News Company

"That settles it," remarked the old maid as she dropped an egg into the coffee pot.

Isn't
it
remarkable
how much space
twelve
little
words
can
fill up?

"All ready," cried the chief direc
With calm and placid mein;
The boy stood on the burning deck
"Let's shoot the final scene."

"The rats chewed up Bill's new hat."
"How gnawty!"

The Miracle of Photography

Photography is one of the
greatest of modern miracles.
Eighty years ago modern
photography was unknown.

*Your schoolmates want your pic-
ture and you want theirs.*

Phone for an appointment

PARSONS'

New Food for Tiger Pep

Lay in an off season's supply

When you leave school next month for the last time or just for a vacation, take the Tiger spirit with you. Forget your favorite pipe or your dorine and you can get others, but forget that old "Eat 'em up!" aggressiveness that tore the Jayhawk to pieces and you—But you won't forget! That old pep is with you to stay if you give it what it wants.

Tigertown News

about sports, society, clubs, student activities, all kinds of news—you will find it in the

COLUMBIA EVENING MISSOURIAN

It will carry the Tiger Spirit to you for 45 cents a month.

Subscribe before you leave

A Shampoo, Curl and Hair Dress in An Hour

We want the privilege of pleasing you also

PARSON SISTERS

1005 Broadway

Phone 795

THE SHOWME

March 22, 1921

The Showme is issued monthly by the Showme staff, composed of students of the University of Missouri, at 311 Guita Building, 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.

INDETERMINATE

Prof—Give me the longest sentence you can think of.

Stude—Life.

—Chaparral

“My heart is with the ocean,” cried the poet rapturously.

“You’ve gone me one better,” said his seasick friend, as he took a firmer grip on the rail.

—Tiger

OH, SO MODEST!

I know a girl, a modest soul,
As sweet as she can be;
She doesn't even like to roll
Her eyes, where men can see.

She never walks upon the street
In fashion bold and striking;
The violets do not blush for shame
When she goes out a'hiking.

She will not smoke a cigarette,
Nor talk of her good whisky;
No one can call her “papa's pet”
And tell her stories ris-ky.

She does not dote on parties wild
And plan them with precision;
She is a model little child;
This has been my decision.

Yes, She's some girl, this girl I know,
And yet the half's not told;
For though I didn't tell you so
She's only four years old!

Pete: “I want a new hat.”

Peter: “What size?”

Pete: “Same size as the one I lost, you fool!”

If education makes a person refined, why is a college course?
—Jester

Harris Made Candies

are different from other candies. The Harris formulas plus the Harris insistence on attention to the small details produces a quality in candies that proves its goodness and quality to you by the taste.

Harris Booths are just as comfortable and popular as ever

HARRIS'
Perfection in Confection
Millard & Sisson

Prof: "What do you consider the most vivid part of my history text?"

Stude: "Let me see; it was something about Bull Run."

"Do you know the true test of friendship?"
 "Yes, where can we get some?"

"MANANA"

My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn,
 On the banks of the river Slow.
 Where blooms the Wait-a-While flower fair,
 And the Some-time-or-Other scents the air;
 And the Soft-go-Easys grow.

It lies in the valley of What's-the-Use,
 In the province of Let-her-Slide;
 That Old Tired Feeling is native there;
 It's the home of the listless I-Don't-Care,
 Where the Put-it-Offs abide.

—Exchange.

I WONDER!

In your daily work please pause
 And answer me this clause:—
 "Where would we be,
 Yes, you and me,
 Were it not for 'Mause' and 'Pause'?"
 —P. S. L.

"And now, what gentleman in the class can offer a practical question on ancient history?"
 The class: "What made Milwaukee famous?"

"How unnatural you look," said the eleven to the twelve.

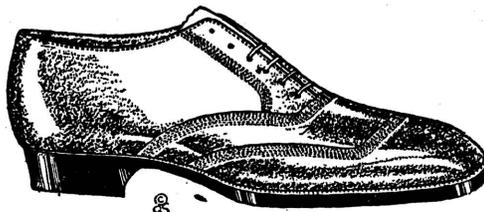
Green—"Are you a rushee?"
 Greener—"No, I'm an American!"

WHY NOT NOW?

You've Got To Have New Oxfords Soon---Why Not For Easter?

ROUND TOES IN MEN'S SHOES

Easter brings rounder toes in men's shoe's. Have you seen the brogues and ball straps we have just received? Price \$7-12.50.



GRADUATION TIME AGAIN

Graduation always brings occasions when you must have dress oxfords. We have the latest styles in patent leather with either turned or welt soles. Price \$9.00.

WATCH OUR
WINDOWS

Millers

YES, WE DO
REPAIRING

Boone County National Bank

Resources over two
million dollars.

Strongest vaults.

Safety deposit boxes
for rent.

Established 1857

R. B. PRICE, PRES. C. B. ROLLINS, V-PRES.
R. B. PRICE, JR., V-PRES. A. G. SPENCER, CASHIER
JAMES R. LIPSCOMB, ASST.-CASHIER

Don't it frost the foliage on your family tree when you see a keen girl about a block away, and you get all set with a big grin, and you speak to her, using the pet name, and then she slips you a cut-glass smile and says, "Oh, hello, THERE!"

Butcher—"Do you want this meat for a stew?"
Booher—"Well, er, not exactly; I want it for my wife."

"I understand Jinks made the Varsity Crew."
"Yes, he's got an awful pull."

"What did the convict do after he killed the guard?"
"He got away big!"

Waiter—"Has your order been taken?"
Waitee—"Yes, and so has Bunker Hill!"

Society Brand, Stein Bloch, Langham Clothes for Men and Young Men

The younger man buys Barth Clothes because he finds in them the style leadership, the up-to-the-minute colorings and fabrics, and the finest hand tailoring.

The older man, who keeps a spring in his step, likes them for their wonderful dignity and for their integrity in both fabrics and workmanship.

Come and see our wonderful showing before you buy. Prices of above makes

\$35--\$55

Other Makes

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See our Spring Caps

Victor Barth Clothing Co.
THE BIG CLOTHIERS

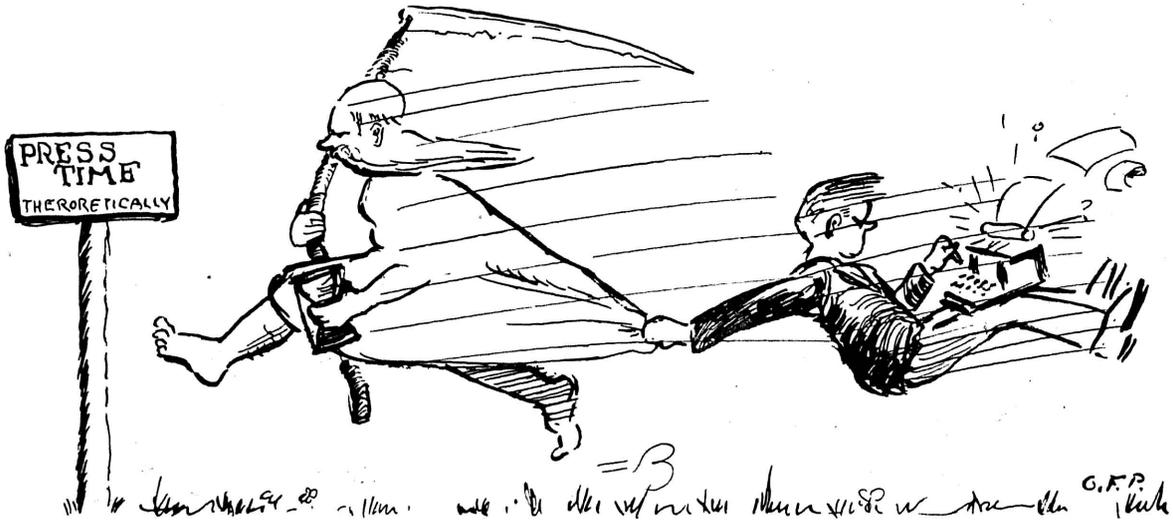
"Everybody's Store"

"Always the Right Price" (We hold no Clearance Sales)



Student Publications Will Have Offices in The Missouri Memorial Union Building

Every organization on the campus will benefit by the Memorial Union Building—its conference rooms, private dining rooms, banquet hall, auditorium, lobby and grill. The plans and site are ready—the need manifest. The campaign for \$500,000 opens March 28. Others have them—Missouri cannot lag.



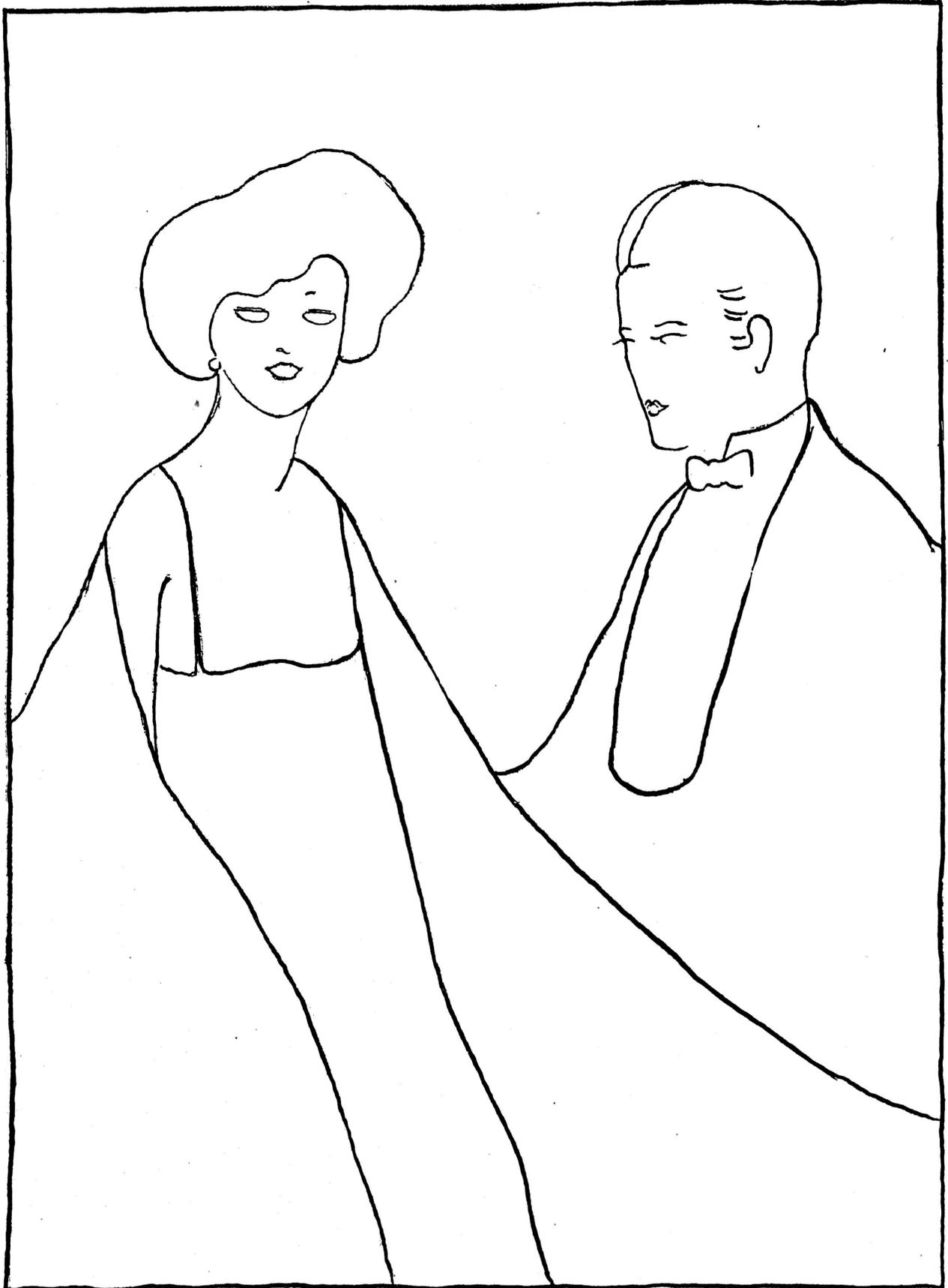
HELP!

The man who's popular now days must have a set of winning ways with everything from girls to dice; his manner, affable and nice, must soothe the soul and please the eye, or he is not a regular guy. His gifted gab, convenient thing can comfort, scold, caress, or sting. His is the art of knowing how to break the game without a row.

We're quite irregular, you think, we studes who cope with Printers' Ink, but a "regular fellow's" woes and ills can ne'er compare with engravers bills, and you would pass out through the roof if charged by galley, type and proof. 'Tis sad indeed, but very true, we've lost an Editor or two, and Business Managers by the score have passed forever from our door. Our advertisers are nice men who try us once, but ne'er again, and thus each month we scour the town to drag some yearly contracts down, but never can we land the dough, the stuff that makes the world go! We work all night in vain endeavor to write some stuff that you'll call "clever," and while we wrestle with such bunk the pros concede us hours of flunk. Then, when at last we take this mess and start to put it on the press, because we're only two days late we have to lose the cover plate, while the printers go insane our cover's been sent to Columbus, Maine!

Now that we've told our tale of woe the seeds of nonsense we can sow and hope, though the hill be hard and steep, the fruits of victory to reap. We never hope to own a mint, but at least we see ourselves in print, and we will fuss and fume and sweat and have one issue on time yet, for wonderful, indeed, to see, is our

GREAT IRREGULARITY



She: Your dress suit is a little damp."

He: "Yes, there's so much due on it."

A Fable: Tessie The Tame.

Consider the case of Tessie, a member of one of the better connected Cellar Gangs.

In common with most young college Women Tessie was Inherently Decent. Her appearance rarely excited Comment and she went most of the Sisters one better when she Wore Gloves on the Street. Nine times out of Ten you wouldn't remember Tessie if she turned around and Walked past you Again. She was in the Cellar Gang; she Lacked Punch.

The w. k. Law of Supply and Demand functioned in Tessie's home town and she had Dates when others had them. The Ice-Cream-Socials would have been Complete without Her but she was there just the same. She had often been termed A Sweet Girl. There were not many Foxy Fellows in Tessie's crowd at Home although there were quite a few Good Sober Boys. The market was never Active; Tessie's stock rested at Par.

Tessie was Probably Valedictorian, at any rate She came to College.

In the Whirl of Rush Week Brilliant Prospects were pampered and petted. Some of the Fine Attention slopped Over and splashed the little Groups of Strangers, in each house, over Whom the Contest Raged less fiercely. Tessie was of these last. Fine Family; desirable but not necessary; and essentially Nonperishable was the way the Lady Greeks figured Tessie et al. They reckoned she'd Keep so they left her to the last. When they had all the Choice Bits salted away they came back to Tessie and she was still There. A giggling Sophomore presented her with the Ribbon and assured her that she'd never Regret it. Tessie was So Glad.

During her Freshman year Tessie carried her Own Books further than any three of the Dear Sisters combined. She couldn't master the Pick-up at the Crucial moment. Upperclassmen dropped hints but Tessie thought they were talking about some one else. The Sisters began to worry over her.

One of the Men's Boarding Clubs, which believed Itself closely Knit with Tessie's particular Sisterhood, detailed A Freshman to Handle Tessie through an Early Fall Assembly. Tessie recalled the Occasion often and thought Assemblies were highty fine but she never could Understand why they only had One a Year. Still, when the Sisterhood threw a Fo:mal Tessie wanted to tag; seemed as though she Never Thought Things Out.

Tessie was seen among a Group of Girls or Not at All.

Strangest of All, Tessie was perfectly happy. She didn't envy the Porch Swing Bugs nor did she covet the reputations of some of the Fast Stepping Girls.

Then, one day, Tessie overheard a Few of the Up-town Sisters cataloging some of the Sisterhood Blanks, sometimes they said Foul Ball but generally it was Blank. The leader of the Cellar Gang caught an Ear Full. It finally dawned on her that some of this Barbed Language was directed at her. Then she Tumbled that she was the Subject of all of It.

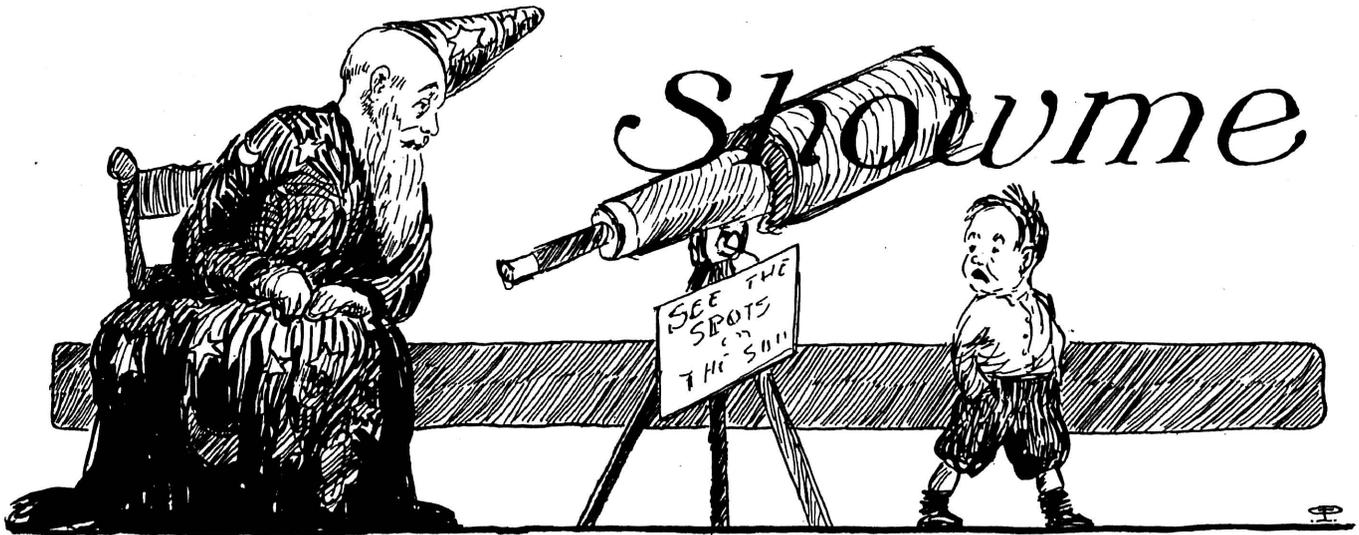
Tessie Pinned her Ears Back and started Action.

She Bobbed her Hair; bought a can of Paint; made the Hem in her skirts Six inches instead of Two; and started in the General Direction of the War Path. By way of Defying the Pneumoniatic Cold Winter Breezes Tessie laid in a supply of Quinine Pills and threw Away One-Half of her Clothes.

At first the Boys thought there was a New Pledge at her House and she had a Few Dates. Before long they Discovered the Truth and scratched her Name out of the Book because she Couldn't live up to her wild Setting.

The Sisters are sorry they talked.

Moral: It's more than Skin Deep.



THE SHOWME, Room 311, Guitar Building

Vol. 1, No. 5

Columbia, Missouri

\$1.75 a Year

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SHERWOOD EDDY

We wish to indorse heartily the message brought to the students of the University by Sherwood Eddy. His able discussion of every day problems of the campus was a straight forward statement of conditions as they exist here and at other schools, and has started some students thinking along the right line. Some, of course, pretended to be shocked, while others were indifferent as usual. The latter class seem to lack the power to think seriously about anything. Don't dodge the issue; face the facts squarely, and think them over.

The SHOWME craves contribs. The business manager's latest report shows that we are not in any condition to again award the princely prizes that have been offered in previous contests, but let us have your masterpieces any way. It's a two to one bet that they would be rejected by JUDGE or the Stephens College Annual, and they won't bring home any notoriety stowed away in your desk. If you can't afford a stamp, just shoot them under the door at 311 Guitar Building. Thanks.

“WHY---”

“Why,” inquires a poster that recently appeared on a University bulletin board, “do students of the University of Missouri tolerate the Showme?” The question was put by “the C. M. S. of M. U.” For an answer the poster-maker must look to the “students of the University of Missouri,” not to the staff of the Showme. Still, fearing that an answer may never be forthcoming, we have circulated among our fellow students during recent weeks and, here and there, have put the question. We append a digest of the answers received:

“Why,” said we, “do students of the University of Missouri tolerate the Showme?”

The first ten persons answered frankly that they did not know; the eleventh thought it was a good magazine; the twelfth and thirteenth (young man and young woman, sitting in the Palms) said it was so rotten they liked to read it; three others liked it because, at one time or another, something of their own composition had found immortality in its pages; an unusually large percentage of those questioned said the same query had often bobbed up in their own minds; at least thirty students passed the buck and called the question unanswerable; even the Showme Staff could offer no solution.

Wending our way home from the last trip of the canvass we met one who had not yet been questioned. He replied that it was beyond him. As an afterthought he asked us whose idea this question was. “The C. M. S. of M. U.” we told him.

“What the Sam Hill is that,” he wanted to know. We were forced to admit he had us there.

THE MEMORIAL BUILDING

Fifty-two sons of Old Mizzoo, gave their lives that the ideals upon which this University, as well as every other American institution, is founded might not be trampled to earth. We are about to build a memorial to those men and to the ideals for which they died.

The plans are ready; the site determined; the ground awaiting.

There is need for \$500,000. When the campaign for funds to erect the Missouri Memorial Union Building opens on March 28 let a very true son and daughter old Missouri put heart and soul into the work.

ON OPPORTUNITY

In another editorial of this issue of the Showme a question put by “the C. M. S. of M. U.” is referred to. Appearing in poster form on a University bulletin board the question was designed to pierce the skins of all but the most hardened to abuse. Luckily editors of college publications are innured to such hardships as criticism and, but that we are a liberal minded outfit, the query might have gone for naught.

As it is we believe that at least one strata of the student body is sufficiently angered at the Showme to take active steps against it. Probably we are ultra-conservative in limiting this to a single strata or clique. Be that as it may.

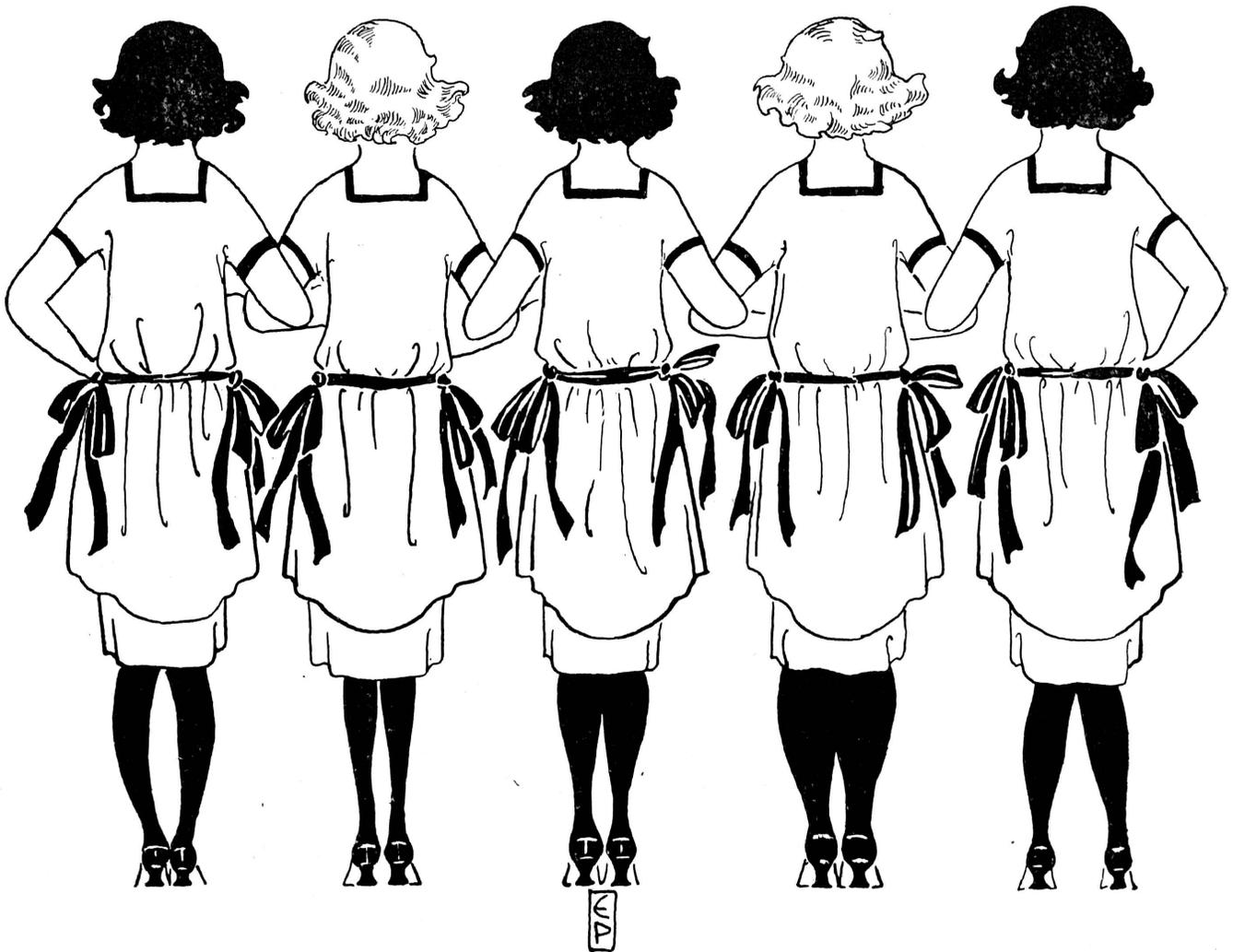
We believe that a University of the standing of this one should have a student publication such as the Showme is intended to be. Whether the Showme meets the requirements or not is another matter. If you are not satisfied with the Showme as a representative of your University then you may do one of three things; start a paper of your own; destroy the Showme without supplying something to take its place; or by contributing to its pages and by constructive criticism you may help to fashion a publication of which you may be proud.

In the first two methods we have no interest. With the optimism of youth we do not believe you can break us.

With the third proposition we are intensely concerned. With a wealth of contributions from the students of the University of Missouri and aided by such criticism as we may merit we believe that as good a student publication can be got out here as anywhere.

We would welcome “contribs” from “the C. M. S. of M. U.” and others. We’ll go one better! We’ll print, up to 500 words, the reasons the Showme should not be tolerated if “the C. M. S. of M. U.” will write it and send it in.

The Showme wishes to welcome J. Q. Adams, Grant G. Forsythe, Arthur Wiel, C. M. Barnes, Jr., and Forest Blankenship, new contributors. The more the merrier.



Variety is the spice of life!

VILLANELLE OF LIFE

Varium et mutabile semper femina.—Vergil.

Ah, woman is a fickle thing!
I think my girl especially,—
She never listens when I sing.

No matter what the gifts I bring
She never does seem pleased with me.
Ah, woman is a fickle thing!

And though I spend the evening
In being quiet as can be,
She never listens when I sing.

She has more men upon the string,
How she can stand them, I don't see.
Ah, woman is a fickle thing!

Just like the chirps of birds in Spring,
My tenor scatters cheer, Yet she,—
She never listens when I sing.

O Tempora! Where is thy sting!
She made my romance tragedy.
My, woman is a fickle thing,—
She never listens when I sing!

“Have you seen the ‘Vale of Purple Snakes?’”
“Lord, No, I haven’t had a drink this semester.”

Prof. “Would you call the last decade of trouble in Mexico a civil war?”

Stude: “Wadda you mean, ‘civil’?”

A MIDNIGHT SOLILOQUY

O, Cigarette,
 Thou art the soul-inspirer of my dreams,
 From thy chaste column rises my inspiring force.
 I could not write a single verse without you,
 Nor could I write an advertisement strong.
 Here in the sanctuary of my room,
 I sit and burn my incense at thy shrine;
 Thy slowly writing whirls of light-blue smoke
 Show me strange cities, lands of promised power,
 And waft me o'er the world at my desire.
 I see my sweetheart, dwelling in the East,
 And wonder if she thinks of me this hour.
 I gaze steadfastly at thy ruddy glow,
 And think I see inside its glowing core
 A promise that the future holds for me.
 I blow strange rings, and as they slowly rise,
 Those twisting, writhing rings of airy haze,
 They seem to carry on their gauzy wings,
 Bright promises, sweet dreams, and great success.
 I take my pencil then again and write
 A stronger ad than e'er I could have done
 Without the Cigarette—
 I bow to thee and pay my tribute of burnt offering.

P. M. Miller

WHAT DID AGE HAVE TO DO WITH IT ?

Man to saleslady. "I want to buy a Teddy-bear."

Saleslady. "For what age, please?"

Customer. "I want it for my boy for Xmas.. What has his age to do with it?"

Daub: I see you have changed the name of that picture from "The Sunset" to "Dawn." What's the idea?

Splash: Had to do it. The boobs hung it on the east wall.

You can always draw to Queens if you've got the jack.
 —Sun Dodger

(First Child). "Father, when I grow up, I want to run a packing house."

(Second Child). "And I want to be a lawyer."

(Father). "Bully, for both of you."

"AS I WAS SAYING—"

"As I was saying," remarked the explorer as he took another of the reporter's cigarettes, "we encountered this strange creature about thirty-two degrees below a certain meridian, exactly which one I can not recall just now, two days after we had left the palace of Prince—was it Prince Woofwoff, or were we in the Province of Okchuria, let me see. Ah, it was not a Prince at all, it was a King, the good King Kayo, yes, yes, capital fellow, the old King. And what was he the king of, quite an important point, eh? I remember the first day we spent at his palace, only they don't call it a palace in Okchuria, they call it a zumba, I believe. No, No, how stupid of me, zumba means fish in Okchuria. Okchuria, did I say? How inconsiderate of me. We were not in Okchuria at that time. However, as I was saying—"

"Pardon me," interrupted the reporter, "but what about this strange creature you encountered? As I have the story, your party was thirty-two degrees below King Okurius, in the Province of Mayo, spending the day at the palace, when—"

"Quite correct, quite correct," beamed the man of the world, "and as I was saying, we encountered this strange creature. Most remarkable, Sir, most phenomenal. I can never forget how my faithful servant, Kazabif, had a most beautiful fit two days before, in honor of his grandsire's birthday, I believe. Quite an impressive ceremony, and all the rage among the natives of Umpteump, where Umpa, the servant, was born. That night we dined off Kazabif, the national fruit juice, or was it Umpa, a sort of prune tinted fish ball? Ah, sir, I beg your pardon, Umpa is not a fruit juice at all, it is a mountain in the desert of Kazabif. I have written a pamphlet describing these beautiful cactus berries that I just mentioned, but as I was saying—"

"Just a minute!" The reporter, his face ghastly white, took a death grip on his chair. "Quick," he moaned, "tell me, where in the hell did you meet this strange creature?"

"Where in hell, you ask?," queried the explorer. "Ah, my dear fellow, I must say that I have never explored the country you mention. You must tell me something of it and perhaps we can arrange a visit. But, as I was saying—"

The reporter had fainted.

Nat: "Ethel has such wonderful poise."

Kat: "Yes, avoirdupois."

—Voo Doo



"JOIN DE ARMY, BUDDIE?"
"NO 'TANKS"

HORATIO! BRING THE AXE.

She: "Jack has some very childish whims. Don't you think so?"

It: "I'll say he does. Why even his breath comes in short pants."
—P. S. L.

AND THEN HE BEAT IT.

Mr.: "Smith tells me he had to fire their new servant. From what he said, I gather that he was extremely lazy."

Mrs.: "Oh, surely that can't be the reason. Just last week Mrs. Smith told me what an energetic man he was."

Mr.: "Well, all I know is that Mrs. Smith sent him out to beat some rugs and he took the nap off the carpet."
—P. S. L.

HELLO! ARE YOU THERE?

Central: "812 Green?"

Voice: "No, drank one too soon."

Could you get a shock by holding on to the receiver of a telephone?

It depends upon who is talking.

—The Barnacle.

BALLADE OF EMBARRASSMENT

I use the wrong implement now and anon
When I dine with the people I wish to impress;
I'm guilty of spilling my coffee upon
My hostess's best, (but unwashable), dress.
Yet these cause me little concern, I confess;
I wear a peculiar durable hide.
There is only one feeling that causes distress—
That feeling of double-grips starting to slide.

Faux pas are my hobby; wherever I've gone
I've made for myself an unsolvable mess.
The blunders I've made and the things that I've done
Would weaken a far stronger man with their stress.
The way that the spirits of youth effervesce
Has a habit of sadly reducing my pride.
And still there's one thing that will always depress
That feeling of double-grips starting to slide.

I frequently fling myself hither and yon
In an effort to stand, but with little success.
My lank, slender form has been gracefully drawn
Into shapes that are cubist in copiousness.
And so to my fate I perforce acquiesce,
My shield is my dignity, courage my guide;
But I swear and I curse at one thing, ne'ertheless,
That feeling of double-grips starting to slide.

ENVOY

Prince, 'tis a warning; you'll need it, I guess;
Put Bostons and Parises both on the glide.
There's nothing that gets on your nerves so—yes, yes,
That feeling of double-grips starting to slide.

"Shoot a buck," cried the hunter as he aimed
at the fleeting deer.



"Grandpop, may I play croquet on Sunday?"
"No, Horatio, it's wicket!"



"Is this a good place to have your fortune told?"
"Medium."

UNTIL THE END—DEATH DO US PART.

Through the formal gardens and out into the great court they walked on together, he and she, and turned down the path leading to the pools and fountains. On and on they walked, into the dying splendor of the summer sunset.

Neither spoke. The only sound was the crunching of the gravel underfoot. Occasionally as it swung to her walk, her hand touched him lightly.

He turned his head a little to look at her in the fading light. His eyes expressed the adoration of his very being. Her contented glance, as it rested for a wonderful moment upon him, was the outward sign of a perfect love. They had no need of words. They knew. It was enough.

They came to the Italian pool, guarded by tall and graceful cedars, and stopped before a bench of ancient marble. Phyllis sat with her hands clasped before her on one knee and gazed pensively at the calm surface of the pool. He, with the privilege of certain love, sat at her feet and looked too at the soft, clear water. They sat silent for a long while, and then—"Jacky," whispered Phyllis. He lifted his splendid head, which she took between her two soft, delicate hands. Her deep blue eyes looked longingly into his great brown ones.

"Jack," she repeated softly with a glad little thrill in her voice. "Jack, do you really love me?"

And in loyal protestation of his unflagging affection for her, Jack wagged his tail and larked

—The Barnacle.

Washington threw a dollar across the Potomac. Today, he could hardly put it across the counter at any ice cream parlor.

Just about the time girls get accustomed to their summer clothes the winter is over.

"I'll stick by you," said the glue as the despondent man sat down in the glue pot.

"Never say dye," said the brunette as she rubbed the peroxide into her hair.

WE ALL AGREE

I thot I'd write a poem that was based upon the war
But I couldn't rhyme—"bombard".

So I gave up writing poems to become a plumber, for
I've decided I'm a—"bum" bard.

—P. S. L.

Fond Mother: "Don't mind Reggie. He's
just a little self-conscious."

Sweet Young Thing: "Is that so? He appears
at least sub-conscious."



A STRONG BELIEVER IN THE FREEDOM
OF THE SEE'S

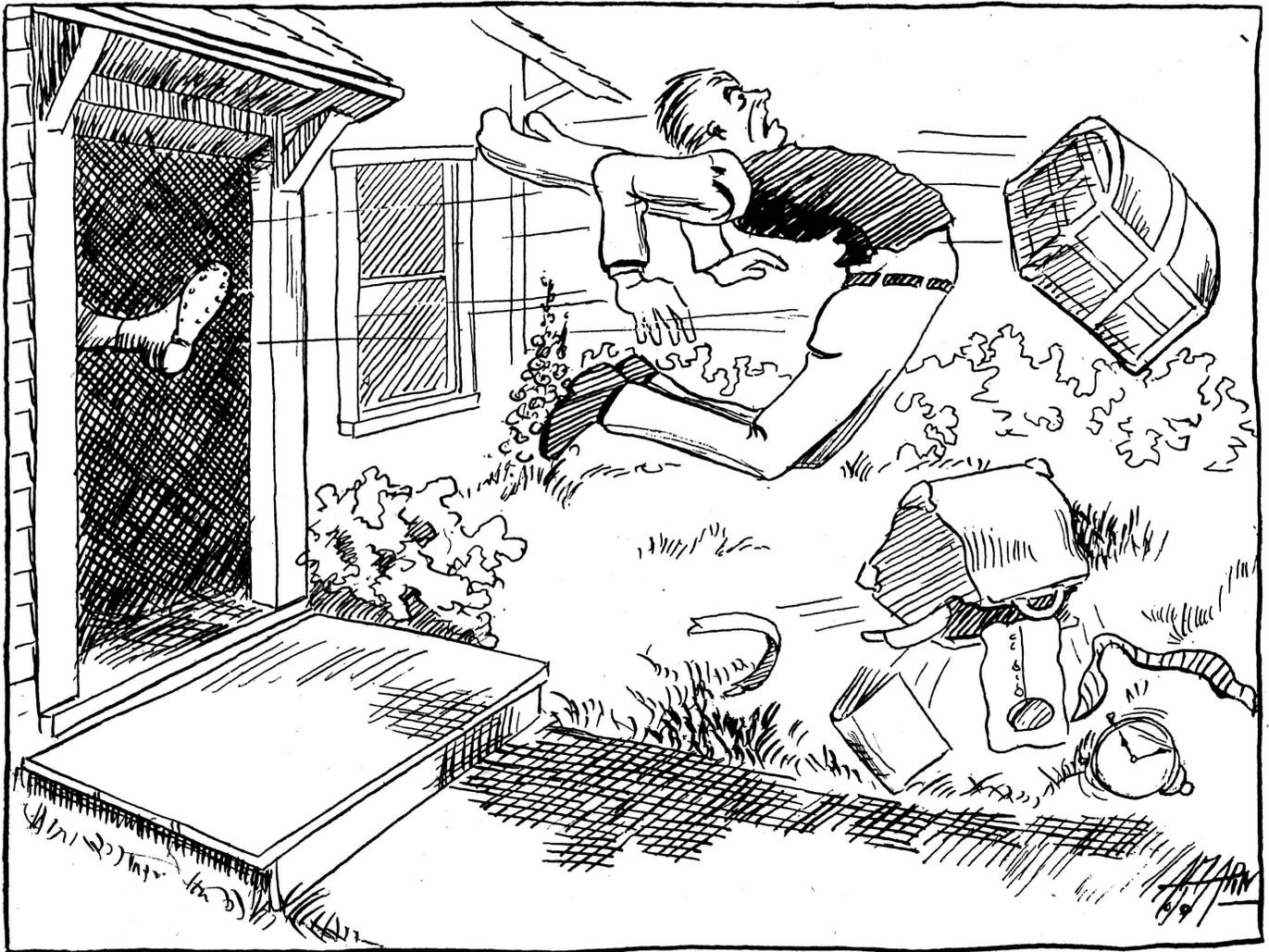
First Stude: Why do they call this the drinking
song?

Second Stude: Because there is a rest at every
bar.

—The Barnacle.

Bootleg liquor makes the pink elephant seem
like an ordinary circus variety.

Even the style in men's clothing is being affect-
ed by prohibition—notice how the form fitting over-
coat is disappearing?

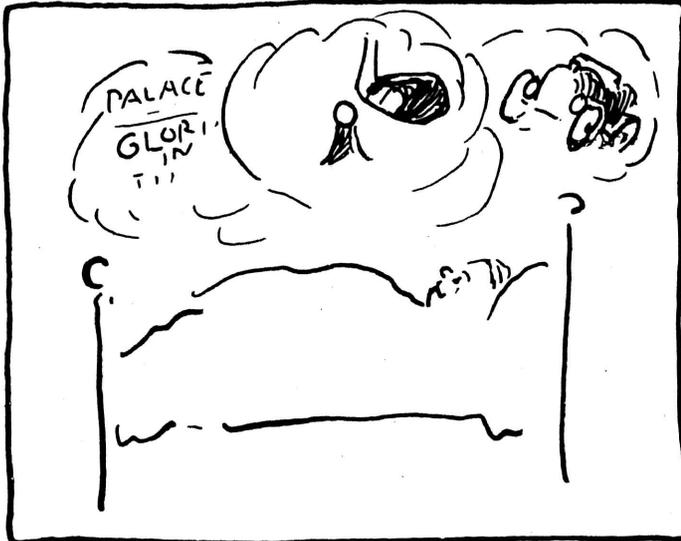


A Roomer in the Air

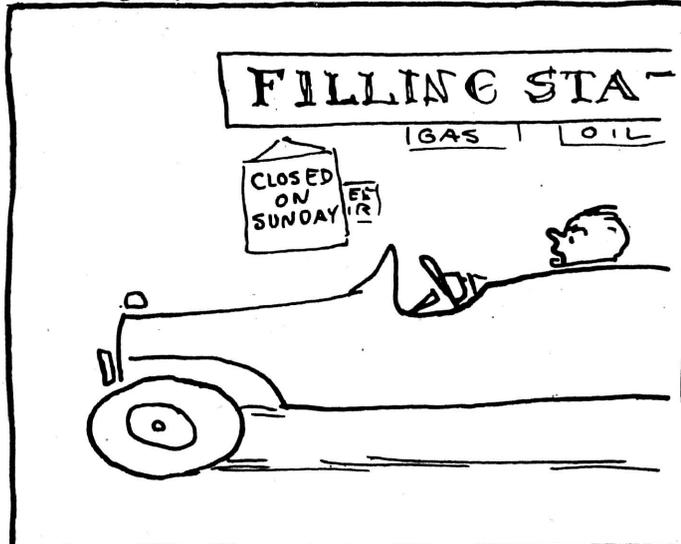
He sat and Thought—mostly Sat
 Until She came by
 Then they both Sat and Thought—mostly Sat
 And then they Talked and Sat—minus the Thought
 “Whatcha workin At” she Cooed
 And she leaned her Djer Kiss
 Dangerously near his Smooth-Shaven
 “At intervals” he apologized
 And her big brown baby You-Know-What
 Gazed alluringly into His Six-Cylinder-Tortoise-
 Shelleds
 “ ‘S funny” and she stroked her spit curl remi-
 niscently—
 “Thought I knew all the Snap Courses”
 Silence
 In which there is more Sitting and Thinking—
 mostly Sitting
 “Whatchu working at Bright Eyes”
 “Nothing”
 “Sit closer and we’ll Work together”
 Work

As Follows

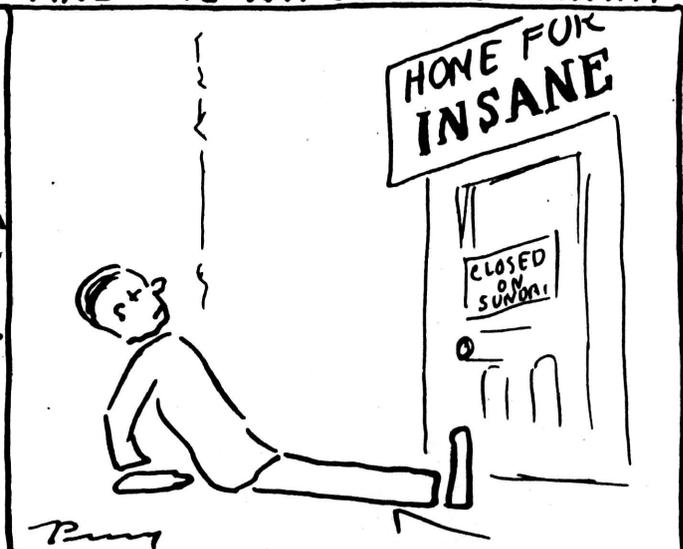
“Sure glad to See you Bright Eyes”
 “Zatso”
 “Yeah—Feel all Blue ‘n everything”
 “Howzat”
 “Helen”
 “She always was Fickle”
 “Yeah—She never did Care for Me”
 “Thasso”
 Silence
 “Nobody cares for Me”
 More Sitting and Thinking—some Thinking
 “Maybe - - maybe someone - ah - does”
 Silence
 “Don’t know Who it could be”
 Silence
 “Hope it is You”
 “Oh Bright Eyes—If I had Only known before I - -”
 And a Finger Tapped him on the Shoulder—
 “You folks cannot Talk so Loud in the Library.”



The day of rest downs with visions — but ! A



WITH ONE GALLON IN THE TANK AND THE WIFE IN THE COUNTRY



AND WITH THIS

but

I love you, Sunday!



Harold has just remarked that he comes from Montana; Mabel thinks it's getting more like a round-up every minute!

WHY—

Why is it, these days, that Bob gets his hair marcelled, while Marcelle gets her hair bobbed?

Some people can paddle their own canoes, but they can't paddle their own freshmen.

"I'll take his 'Life,'" hissed the burglar, as he removed a magazine from the library table.

To the last week of school add one pool-hall spaniel. Add together three dates, five sessions of billiards, two poker games, and much lounging, and divide the result into the above; multiply by thirty minutes of frenzied study=one flunk.

—L. F. B.



"What did you think of the scenery in Yellowstone Park?"

"Gorges!"



Jones, who never found time to go to church, now finds time to burn.

"Say is that the moon rising over there?"
 "I don't know. I'm a stranger here myself."
 —Wampus

IZAT SO?

Mary had a little lamb,
 But dearie, that's not half;
 Another thing that Mary had
 Was quite a boisterous calf.



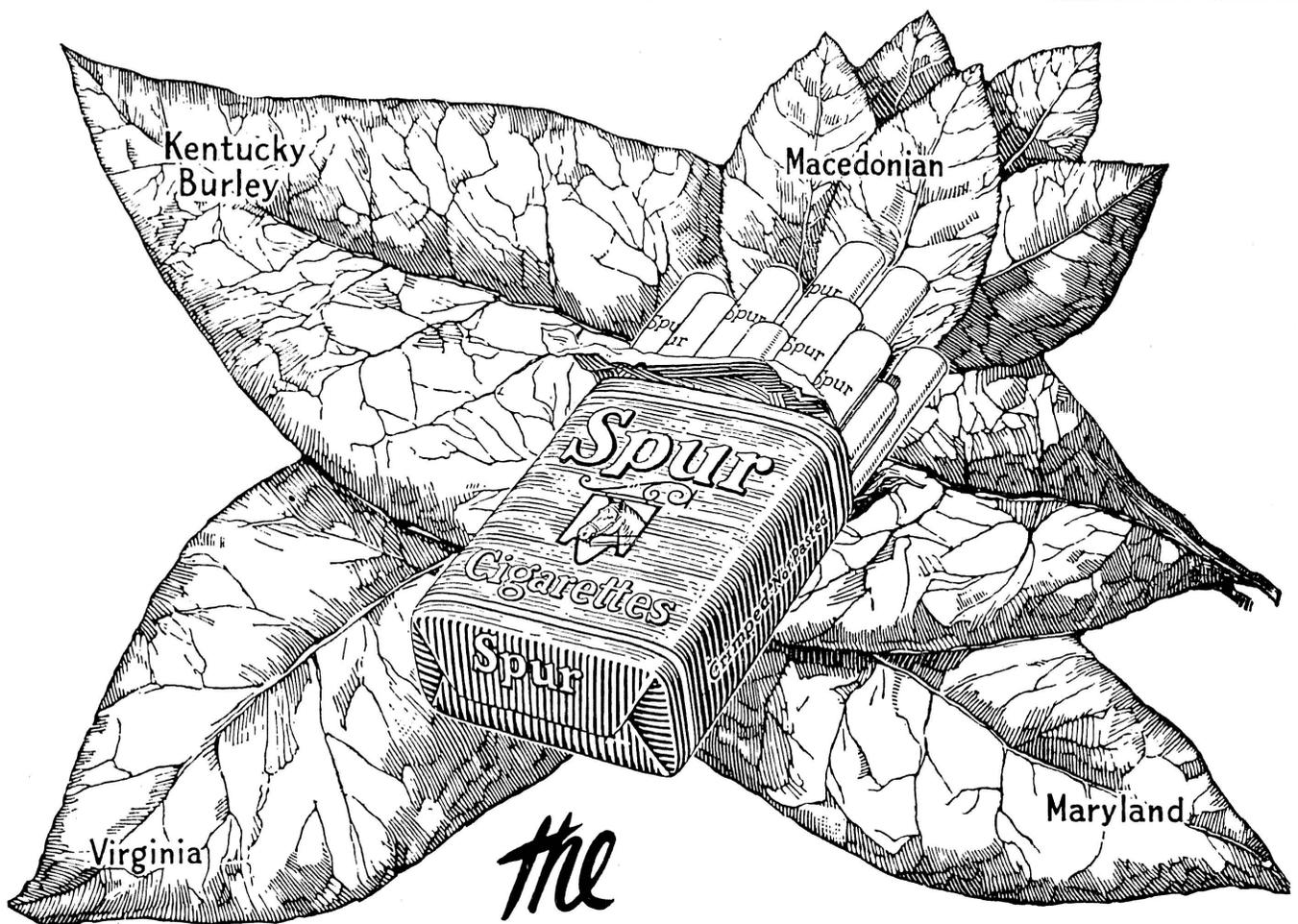
"I wouldn't call that girl modest."
 "I said modiste!"

NOT GERMAINE TO THE ISSUE

Although I'm not a journalist
 I vouch this is a fact:—
 Look in the spinal column
 For news of "weak" back.

—P. S. L.

Said Mrs. August McLoon,
 "My daughter will be here quite soon."
 Then daughter came in, with raiment so thin,
 She caused the poor mater to swoon.



The
Only
One
that's

4 leaf blend

Crimped

Here is the 4-leaf blend: Choice heart-leaf of Kentucky Burley; tender leaves of aromatic Macedonian; golden Virginia; and cool-burning Maryland. It's the perfect blend!

The edges of Spur's satiny, imported paper are "crimped" together by a patented machine. This does away with paste. Slower burning and better drawing result.

*Flowers
Carry Sweet
Sentiments*

COLUMBIA FLORAL CO.

NOT ACQUAINTED

Father (to suitor)—Why, young man, you couldn't even dress her.

Suitor—Zatso. Well, it won't take me long to learn. —Lord Jeff

Her rooming-house was burning down,
But Gladys didn't take alarm.

"I'm awfully glad," she calmly said,
"This once, at least, it will be warm."
L. F. B.

SOFT AND LOW

Mable, dear,
When I asked you to
Give me your lips
I had not meant to
Keep them until
I got home
To a wash basin!

—L. F. P.

Tavern Drug Store
Malted Milks
Are Good.

Old Lady—What was the score?

Rooter—Nothing to nothing.

Old Lady—Thank goodness, I didn't miss anything. —Lemon Punch

He (uncertainly)—"Yesh, my dear—we are twin stars giving out but a shingle gleam."

She—"Yes—that is because only you are lit." —Frvol

Smart Shoes

SAPP BROS.

Quality plus style



Shipped to any point by parcel post

ONE ON COLLIER

Geology Prof—Please give us the name of the largest diamond.

Stude (the morning after the night before)—
The ace, doctor. —Tar Baby

She—What would you call a man who hid behind a woman's skirts.

He—A magician. —Banter

NOT SO WONDERFUL

Ruth—"Jack, I think Tom is a dear and so smart. He says some of the wittiest things!"

Jack—"Humph! that's nothing. I could say some witty things too, if I could only think of them!" —Voo Doo

POSITIVELY

Prof—Only fools are positive.

Frosh—Are you sure?

Prof—I'm positive. —Burr

He—"What color is your body?"

She—"Mine is pink."

He—"Mine is dark brown. I have just had wire wheels put on it too." —Voo Doo

He—I have a broad acquaintance in Cambridge.

She—Yes, I saw you with her last night. —Voo Doo

Florine—I won't marry a man who won't look me straight in the eye when he is talking to me."

Chlorine—Wear 'em longer then, dearie. —Chaparral.

Prof—"Hey, what's that noise out there?"

Stude—"Why, I just dropped a perpendicular, sir." —Voo Doo

Everything the Name Implies

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After and Before---

The Theatre
Assembly
The Game
Or any Date

Just Say "Palms"

Always appropriate

WELL DONE

"Maybelle certainly has wonderful presence of mind."

"Well, she has got away with some pretty good ones of mine, too." —Chapparral

She—"Have you taken a drink?"

He—"No, is one missing?" —Gargoyle

Man—"Is New York the next stop?"

Porter: "Yes sah; brush you off, sir?"

Man: "No, I'll get off myself." —Bantou

"He's an awful ladies' man."

"I know it. I've seen him with some awful ladies." —Sun Dial



These Hose

—By—

Van Raalte

LEVY'S
"QUALITY FOOTWEAR"





THE K. U. GAMES

Flushed with victory in 15 combats of the season played, the Tiger basketball team went into the 16th game, and the 4th of the schedule with Kansas, pent up with confidence in their own ability to wallop the Jayhawkers for the second time on their own floor and carry away another Missouri Valley championship. By the same style of play that has left defeat, starving at the door throughout the year, the Missourians romped their way through Phog Allen's proteges for a victory 41-30. It cinched the banner for the Tigers.

For two nights 2000 wild K. U. rooters had beseeched their team to defeat the ancient rivals and break in upon their lengthy string of victories. Coaches Ruby and Clevenger knew that a defeat at that time might break the Missouri morale, for the men were "on edge" and an upset might have challenged disaster. But there was no thought of defeat in the minds of those boys as they loped onto the foreign floor wearing the Old Gold and Black. The spirit made itself apparent in the first few minutes of play when they massed a lead of eight points on the opponents. Sensational shooting by the speedy Rody however assisted in bringing the K. U. total on even terms with the Missourians. At the end of half time the count had been tied.

Five minutes after the second half had opened the Missouri team began to function with the regularity of a pendulum in a clock. That same speed in handling the ball which the Valley fans have loved to watch for several years and which the Big Ten knows nothing about cropped out and worked successfully until a Missouri win was assured. Big George Williams and George Bond dropped the counters in from all angles and positions as Captain Browning, and Coffey fed them while Bunker held up, almost unaided the back end of the court where K. U. forwards lurked in anticipation of formations to come in that direction.

Director Phog Allen of the Kansas University athletic teams must again await the coming of another winter to test his teams against those of the Tiger mentors. It has been a source of some chagrin to the K. U. leader that his basketball teams,

especially cannot be spoken of in the same breath with the Missourians. Unfortunately for Jayhawker leader, it is pretty small picking for the ferocious bird in almost any sport these days. For two years the Missourians have rumbled her feathers and forced her to submission in football, the results being so decisive as to excite unusual comment. The edge in baseball wasn't quite so decisive but still the margin went to the Missourians. Kansas track teams haven't won out over the Old Gold and Black entrants for several years, while in basketball its been the same story for many years.

Now the followers of this season's Missouri team are demanding wider recognition of what they consider one of the greatest quintets ever assembled. Projects are now on for the Tigers to challenge the Big Ten winners. K. C. A. C. officials want the Missouri team to enter the national A. A. U. tournament to be held in Kansas City soon. Certainly the first proposition is the best. Missouri athletic authorities have refused for several years to allow the football or basketball teams to meet schools of higher rating than the Tigers. The track team has for years been ranked among the best in the country. Individual stars have made not only national but world's records while competing for M. U. Centre College sent her athletes all the way to Cambridge and backed her to a man in her battle with Harvard last fall. True, the Crimson sent the Praying Colonels back, a defeated team, but who thought any the less of them for it. "Better to have fought and lost, than never to have fought at all." We believe, and we are not alone in the belief, that Missouri could humble the best the Big Ten has to offer in basketball this season.

HAMILTON WINS AT CHAMPAIGN

Brutus Hamilton, Missouri's all around track star, and considered to be America's most versatile athlete, successfully defended his laurels at Champaign Saturday night, March 5. Competing against an exceptionally strong field in the Illinois

Indoor Relay Carnival, the Tiger star won the Septhathlon, breaking the record for this event by 254 points. He defeated his nearest competitor Osborne, the Illinois lion, by approximately the same number of points.



Hamilton opened up the seven event match in remarkable fashion taking first place in three of the first four events. After topping the pole vault bar at 11 feet, 9 inches, the best mark for that event, he led all others to the wire in the 75-yard dash. He also copped first place in the shot put and finished well in the low hurdles, 880-yard run, broad jump, and high jump. It was the second successive victory for Hamilton in this event at Champaign for which he now has among his Trophies two beautiful gold watches. Hamilton, however, was not the only Missourian to star in this meet.

Maxwell, Missouri's middle distance speedster, placed second in the 600-yard run amid a classy field. Donahue of Illinois, was the only entrant to breast the finish line in front of Maxwell. Fuzzy Williams, Missouri hurdler, took third place in the 75-yard low hurdles. Hart, the other Missouri entrant was nosed out by the stiff competition. Neither he nor Williams could place in the broad jump.

A REPETITION

The Kansas Aggie basketball team dealt a cruel blow to Missouri's hopes for a new record when it defeated Craig Ruby's pride Saturday evening by a 32 to 24 score. It was simply a case of history repeating itself. Followers of Missouri Basketball will recall that last year, Z. G. Clevenger's Aggie five administered exactly the same kind of a dose to Dr. Maxwell's team. It is true the Tiger five did not present their usual sparkling offensive yet the victory was more probably due to the wonderful work of Coach Knoth's Manhattan crew.

While the Missouri five might have hung up a new record, a championship is enough to be proud of. It is doubtful if Missouri ever presented a more versatile five than the one which she put upon the field this year. The offense made up of four forwards and a center was one of the best the Tigers ever presented. The average scores of the opposition show that

the guards, Coffey, Wackher, and Bunker, did wonderful work.

George Williams, Missouri center, as high scorer for Missouri, will probably lead all other Valley players in total points. He is certain to be picked on the all-Valley Team. He totalled 76 goals from the field, and was successful in making 161 out of 218 attempts from the free throw line for a total of 313 points. In 18 games the Missouri team made 643 points as against 335 for the opposition.

The basketball season has become history, unless a post season fracas is staged and track and baseball will soon be the cynosure of all eyes. Baseball the "National Pastime" is again on a major footing in the University and while we hate to make predictions especially at this time of the year we can see nothing but a rosy outlook for John Miller and his pastimers.

Practically all of last year's nine are back in the fold and in addition the freshman crop from last season, has a world of available material. The battery promises to be the strongest in years while the infield and outfield will match with any in the Valley.

Coach Simpson's track athletes have already performed in two meets on the boards and have made excellent showings. It looks as though Brutus Hamilton was due for even a bigger year than last. Fuzzy Williams will be his side kick. Williams is going strong in both hurdle events and the sprints. George Massengale unfortunately is bothered with an old injury on his side and it is hardly likely that he will be ready for duty before the outdoor track season opens. Captain Parker and the relay men are going after honors this year and they stand an excellent chance of taking the championship of the Valley. There will be strong competition from Ames.

Last year Coach Simpson had to work pretty much in the dark. The task of teaching men, what he had been able to do with such sensational proficiency did not come easily at first. This year, however he has found himself and the team is going to show the results of his work.

There will probably be several stars on the team this year who are strong to the Missouri followers. Coach Simpson hopes to have unusual strength in the weight events and jumps and distance runs, where Missouri has been weak for several years.



Steals



CAN YOU BEAT THIS?

"I say, neighbor, may I borrow your lawnmower?"

"Yes, if you don't take it out of the yard."
—Voo Doo

BACK TO THE SOIL

Old Lady: "Aren't you sometimes afraid you'll fall?"

Aviator: "To fall, Madam, is the last thing an aviator ever does."
—Frivol

YOU WON'T GET IT UNLESS YOU ARE TOO

"They say Jones is very fast."
"He is rather broad minded, yes."
—Frivol

Ruth rode in my new cycle car
In the seat in back of me;
I took a bump at fifty-five—
And drove on Ruthlessly.
—Record

DON'T LET THEM GET OUT OF THE FAMILY

Hellgate—"Where'd you get the swell candy?"
Topliff—"My roommate raffled them off."
—Jack-o-Lantern

OH, OF COURSE

"Do you know Max?"
"Max who?"
"Max no difference."
—Virginia Reel

PROBABLY NOT

Sweet nectar from her lips he sipped
As under the moon they sat,
And wondered if ever a man before
Had drunk from a mug like that.
—Burr

"And now," cried the lawyer, "I wish to tax your memory."

"Good Lord," a man in the audience cried,
"Has it come to that?"
—Brown Bull

THE BUGAMIST

A June bug married an angleworm;
An accident cut her in two.
They charged the bug with bigamy;
Now what could the poor thing do?
—Punch Bowl

"Having a bum time?"
"Bored to death."
"So am I. Let's sneak out somewhere."
"Can't. I'm the host."
—Siren

DOUBLE

She—I'm so nervous. Tell me how I can cut my finger nails without cutting my fingers.

"Is Rockefeller's money tainted?"
"Yes, in two ways; Tain't mine, and tain't yours."
—Tar Baby

He—Hold the scissors with both hands.
—Chapparral

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Everything that goes to make your laundry fresh and clean is done here in a modern way.

Truly isn't it a pleasure to see our wagon drive up to your door, take your clothes to be cleaned and return them within a day or two, fresh, clean and free from the usual tears and snares of the common laundry.

We Shoulder Your Laundry Burden

Dorn-Cloney Laundry

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THE HONORED SYSTEM

It was the last lecture of the term, and the professor was urging his students to put in all their time in preparation for the final examination.

"The examination questions are now in the hands of the printer," he said. "Now are there any more questions you want answered at this time?"

Voice from the back row (after a minute's silence)—"Who is the printer?" —Burr

DARN IT!

"This mystery will soon be unraveled!"

"How come?"

"The hero knit his brow three times on the last page!"

Tramp: "I was left an orphan."

Innocent old lady: "What did you do with it?"

MULTUM IN PARVO

Frosh—"Surveying a little?"

Engineer—"No, surveying a lot." —Sour Owl

HOW INTERESTING!

Biff: "Are you sure?"

Bam: "About what?"

Biff: "I don't remember."

A pretty good firm is Watch & Waite,
And another is Attit, Early, & Layte;
And still another is Doo & Dareit,
And one of the best is Grinn & Barret.

—The Barnacle.

"Beckie's face is her fortune."

"Looks as if she inherited a powder mill."

—Pitt



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Stays
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Billiards Pool Cigars Candy

THE FINEST COFFEE
ON EARTH



CHASE & SANBORN'S
SEAL BRAND

NOWELL'S

9th and Walnut

Phone 74

Mrs. Dante: "What are you writing now, dear?"

Dante: "Oh, Hell, you wouldn't understand it."
—Record

STIRRING

Marge: "Gee, I had a stirring time this afternoon."

Gerine: "I was at a tea party, too."
—Sun Dial

"Why do they call Harry a night owl?"

"Because he goes around with a gang at night that he can't see at all if he passes them on the street in the day time."
—Gargoyle

He: "Yes, I'm getting to be a big gun in the business world."

She: "Quite right. I hear they have fired you already."
—Banter

Luke McLachlan, President
J. C. McLachlan, Vice-President

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THE PENNANT

Ed Hornbeck

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK

Baby: "I want my bottle."

Mother: "Keep quiet. You're just like your father." —Sun Dodger

Frosh: "Yes, professor, I spell entirely by ear."

Prof: "Then you must be losing your hearing." —Frivol

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Has our solicitor taken your subscription?

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No books will be reserved unless they are paid for in full.

Reservations must be made by March 1st.

The 1921 Savitar

Lowry Hall

784 Red

WE KNOW HIM

"Do you know Dick Hamlin?"

"I think I do. He's about as tall as a lamp post, isn't he?"

"Yes; only not so bright." —Frivol

B: "Isn't that man queer looking? He has Pullman teeth."

V: "What do you mean by Pullman teeth?"

D: "One upper and one lower." —Brown Jug

"Do you drink?"

"No."

"Then hold this quart while I tie my shoe-string." —Lyre

1st Postal Clerk: "Aha! Back from your vacation, eh?"

2nd Ditto: "Yep, back to the old stamping ground." —Purple Cow



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A Victrola, Brunswick, Piano or Player

will bring music right
into your home. Our
payment plan makes
it possible.

Taylor Music Company

"How is it that George gets by so well with the women?"

"Oh, he uses arts and science!"

Antique Aunt: "Go wash that paint off your fingers."

Modern Maid: "That's not paint, old dear; that's nicotine."

"These Bolsheviks would make poor base-ball pitchers."

"Yeah, none of 'em can put a strike over."

ON THE BEACH

She: "I wonder why Mable is so popular?"

He: "That's easy to figure."

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This is the style of work that has
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Name one of them—Naturally you can't for there isn't
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The Showme is still receiving contributions,
subscriptions and the like at Room 311
Guitar Building. U. S. Mail is our official
messenger although the crack under the
door is still there if you're in a hurry.



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