

# SHOWME



## YEARLING NUMBER



# The Herald-Statesman Publishing Company

The House of

**Quality Printing**

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*Fraternity News Letters*

*Letter Heads*

*Fraternity Crests*

*Stationery*

*Dance Programs*

*Invitations*

---

Pay us a visit and let us show you samples.  
Or call 97 and we will send a representative.

*We print the Showme*

**And He Refuses to Be Stillman About It.**

After hearing Lou Tellege'm you gather that Geraldine went too Farrar.

She: "It takes my breath away to go down in a fast elevator."

He: "I get the same effect by using life-savers."  
—Widow

May: "Have you ever talked this way to any other girl?"

Rap: "No, lover I'm at my best tonight."  
—Punch Bowl

Beggar: "Kind sir, will ye give me a dime for a bed?"

24 (cautiously): "Let's see the bed first."  
—Purple Cow

## *Prompt and Intelligent SERVICE*

An important factor in suppressing the "wooden check" is satisfactory service from your banker.

For years we have handled student accounts courteously, promptly and intelligently.

*We invite your patronage this year.*

### *Exchange National Bank*

## *Jimmie's College Inn*

announces its

## *Cafe Service*

As an additional convenience

Jimmie's Fountain service and candies still maintain the high standard that has made them so popular in Columbia

YOU  
SHOW US  
That You Want Good Clothes  
AND WE WILL SHOW YOU  
*SOCIETY BRAND*  
IS BEST  
ON ALL YOUNG MEN'S SUITS

*Victor Barth Clothing Co.*  
THE BIG CLOTHIERS

*We're Both From Missouri*

"Why do they call this fellow 'Knight of the Garter?'"

"He's one of the King's chief supporters."

—Mirror

"I practiced for initiation all summer."

"What did you do?"

"I paddled a girl in a canoe every night."

—Exchange.

"I've found a way to beat the honor system."

"Let's have it."

"Memorize the text book." —Punch Bowl

Co: "Did you notice that awful slip Grace made?"

Ed: "No, did she have it on last night?"

—Juggler

Laundry

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Pressing

*Dorn-Cloney Laundry  
and Dry Cleaning Co.*

Phone 116

107-9 South Eighth

## Students

are invited to become acquainted with this store. We want you to know that in Columbia Fredendall's is the "*House of Better Values.*"

Ladies' and Misses' Ready-to-wear, Dry Goods, Rugs and Draperies.

*Fredendall's*

Phone 85

716-718 Broadway

## Sampson Lunch

*Any kind of food any time you want it*

New Fountain

New Booths

New Kitchen

Cor. Hitt & Paquin Under Sampson Apts.

### Echoes From the State Penn.

"Yes, father lived longer than we thought he would—the power plant broke down."—Froth.

### This Is No Joke.

Professor (in the middle of a joke)—"Have I ever told the class this one before?"

Class (in a chorus)—"Yes."

Prof. (proceeding)—"Good! You will probably understand it this time."—Punch Bowl.

## The Virginia Pharmacy

*"If we haven't what you want we will get it"*

Magazines  
Toilet Articles  
Stationery  
PARKER PENS  
Cigars—Cigarettes—Tobacco  
KODAK WORK  
24 hour service

109 S. 9th "We try to please" Ph. 724

### Accommodated.

The Prisoner—Your honor, it is true that I was speeding, but I can explain if you will give me a little time.

His Honor—Ten days.—Carolina Tar Baby.

They sat beneath the apple blossoms. The moon shone softly. Suddenly he broke the silence with: "What's to prevent me kissing you?"

"Why, my goodness!" she exclaimed.

But it didn't.—Tiger (Princeton).

### Scene

She is stopping at the mountain house

But great seclusion seeks;

She always dresses in the dark

Because the mountain peaks.—Jester.

### A Clevah Fella.

"I told him he musn't see me any more."

"Yeah? And what did he do?"

"Turned out the lights."—Syracuse Orange Peel.

*Flunkers and Phi Beta Kappas*

*Butterflys and Grinds*

*Athletes and Sofa Anchors*

..... in short

### Everybody

meets on common

ground at

## The PALMS

THE UNIVERSITY OASIS

I enclose \$1.50 and want the next six  
issues of the SHOWME sent to

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....

STATE .....

Tear off along  
dotted line and  
Send to

## The Showme

506 Guita Building  
Columbia, Mo.

"Yes," said the prof. at 11:49 a. m., "as Lady Godiva is reported to have said toward the end of her famous ride, 'I am nearing my close'."—Goblin.

The phonograph salesman wound the machine gracefully, all the time keeping up a brisk conversation with the prospective customer. He was about to demonstrate. Suddenly he turned to an assistant. "Quick, Watson, the needle!" he cried.—Malteaser.

## THE SHOWME

September 1, 1921

The Showme is issued monthly by the Showme staff, composed of students of the University of Missouri, at 506 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.

Prof.—"I want to see you get an M on this exam, young man."

Y. M.—"So do I. Let's pull together."

Ponder, if you will, on the freshman who registered for Organic Chemistry because he was majoring in music.—Malteaser.

"That girl has some mighty fine principles."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, she stands for a whole lot." —Banter

Said the toothpaste to the toothbrush: Give me a squeeze, kid, and I'll meet you outside the tube.  
—Medley.

What's a little bit of rouge between friends?

—Malteaser.

CLEANING

DYEING

# HARREL'S

Fine Tailoring

PRESSING

Phone 381

REPAIRING

*Mizzou Men Patronize*

The newest and latest equipped shop in town

*Booche's Barber Shop*

Virginia Building

"This is a pipe," mumbled Santa Claus as he poked his head into the flue.

"So Jones has changed from a writer to a poet."  
"Yes, gone from bad to verse." —Purple Cow

"You have a slight edge on me," remarked the beard to the safety razor.

*The New  
ll Shoe Styles  
Are Here*

Look them over in our new windows

*Millers*

800 Broadway



You will notice that the refreshments for the parties at which you have the best time come from Harris'. Punch Ice Cream, Sandwiches, Salads, everything from the Harris' Kitchens help you to know Quality by the taste.

*Harris'*

*Perfection in Confection*  
MILLARD & SISSON

*AN INSTITUTION*

For Twenty Years the Quadrangle Orchestra, composed of the best musical talent in the University, has been an indispensable part of every University social event.

The personnel of the organization this year includes the best musicians in school.

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Orchestra*

*Ed. Freivogel*

*Arch Rodgers*

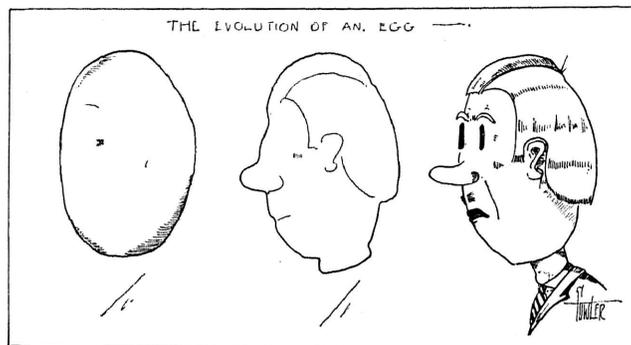
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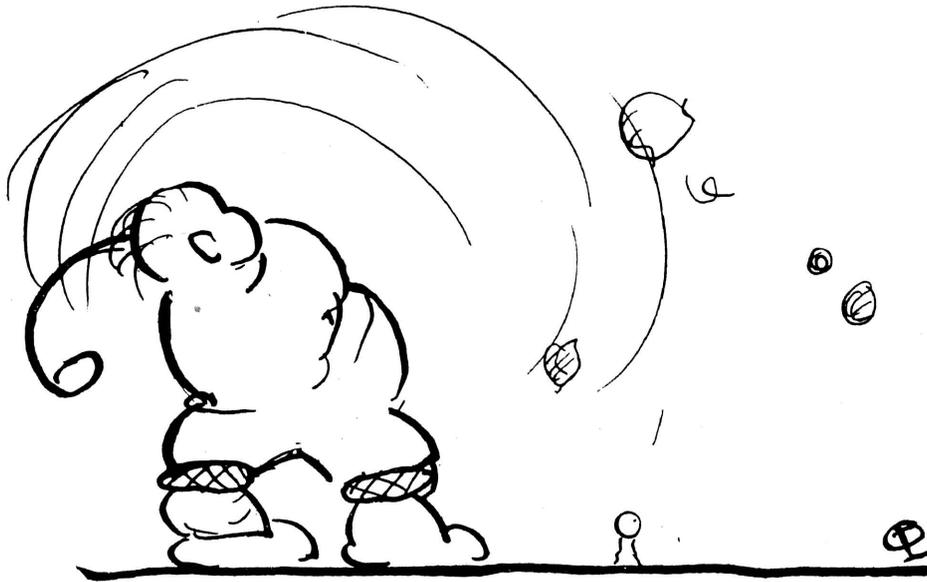
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In days of old  
 When knights were bold  
 Great men there were, and daring;  
 They thought far more  
 Of deeds of war  
 Than what the dames were wearing.

But in this age  
 It's all the rage,  
 For men to come a flocking  
 When e're they see  
 A wee bare knee  
 Without a bit of stocking.





## HERE WE GO!

*Vacations o'er, we'll pack the trunk, dust off the ancient line of bunk, and hie us to the train with glee, back to our University! 'Tis here we meet the freshman youth, old guard, fair maids, and all, in sooth, who'll see us through the coming year, to share the Tiger's joy and fear.*

*The college boy will be here strong to push his worthy cause along, his hat at several rakish slants, his brogues concealed 'neath wide belled pants; he'll tell about the time he had canoeing on Lake Trinidad or how he heard the dog fish bark that week he spent in Estes Park. "Oh yes," he yawns, "it's mighty tough to come back to this small time stuff." And then he pulls in his soft neck and writes a dollar wooden check.*

*Our coeds, too, are back once more, and, having summered at the shore, are ready to renew the war of wondering what they're down here for. Each captivates a pale green lad and tells him that he's not so bad, and that he musn't keep late hours, and how chocolates go as well as flowers, and when he grows a little wise, she chucks him for some other prize. They love to string the boys along, but, God bless 'em, we're for 'em strong!*

*But now among the passing throng the lonely freshman plods along, a flaming cap adorns his dome, he hopes he'll see no one from home. He must stand the gruelling eye of everyone he passes by, and some will sell him catalogs, and others laboratory frogs. He soon will learn to climb a tree and run the scale from A to Z, but he will never groan nor howl, and when he hears the Tiger growl he'll yell for blood and stamp a squawk from Piker, Sooner and Jayhawk!*

*Well, here we are, a ready crew, we'll stake our all on Old Mizsou, and hit the books and fight 'em fair, and choose 'em, men, from anywhere. The Tiger clan is loose again, we're all behind them every man, we've something here that we can show, so come on gang, 'cause*

HERE WE GO!



“Service at the Varsity Shop is certainly slow; Tom and I waited there nearly thirty minutes today.”

“Well, you must remember it’s no divorce court, my dear.”

## A POLITICAL PARABLE

Hailing from a political center of the state a hope ful freshman dropped the Gee pole of Papa's gasoline chariot to do a Stretch at the Commonwealth's concentration community for Polishing People. He'd seen a Thing or Two in his Home town and had His own ideas on he subject of Personal Popularity.

Among the Citizens of Homeburg were a few who Circulated freely and some who Had their Feet permanently in the Gumbo. Laurance figured that 'twas the same the World over and laid his Plans accordingly. He was the Type of youth that made use of all his Experience whether it had been Expensive enough to have Probable value or not. When considering himself Laurance always argued that someone else might be Nearly as Good.

He set himself to be One of Those Present when Things of Importance were to be Discussed. He Eased into the College Community with much the same Grating uproar that follows the Progress of a Hound's tooth through a yielding and Slightly aged piece of Liver. Laurance slipped in Quietly.

During the whirl of his first Term he found little to Further his ambitions but he clung to His Hope that Some day He would be one Of those to be Consulted when something Important was up for Decision.

Second Year found him still quiet and unobtrusive but With a Growing Circle of friends. He could drop into any house in town and Be sure of a Meal without feeling that Greek politeness had arranged his Invitation. Among those who wore less Greek insignia but who usually handled it better in class he also had a Following. He was Getting On.

As the year wore on he Began to Revolve about on the Inside of the Campus scandals.

During Laurance's last two years he was Chief Keeper of the grand secrets of all the Politically Ambitious. He could dope out in two Minutes the Exact chances of Anyone for Anything. He Kept his ear continually to the Ground and Registered with the Heart beat of the Common Herd as Truly as a Candidate for the Postoffice in Homeburg.

Meantime he Strove to keep up an Appearance of attending Classes. His duties around the Fountain of the drink shop and in the midnight sessions of the other Fixers began to wean him away from the serious pursuit of Knowledge, as supplied in the Books by the Faculty. He no longer tossed a coin to Decide which was to gain by his presence, a ten o'clock class or a Pow Wow at the same hour. He sat in on the Pow Wow as a matter of duty. Without him the boys might put up something they could not pull Down, he reasoned.

His outside Duties having absorbed so much of his Attention the Faculty decided to allow him to Devote his Full time to them though he warned the Dean that Politics would go to Pot if his connection with things in General was Severed. Heedless of the price the President's advisors Plunged into danger headlong and Laurance came up before the Dean once more.

That Scholarly gentleman took him into his confidence in so far as Laurance himself was concerned, and a few of the Things he Suggested were so distasteful as to bring a flush to Young Warwick's cheeks. He gathered that the Dean thought he was somewhat of an Ass to say nothing of being of the Genus Idiotis. Laurance went his way with a Grouch.

Fifteen years Later the President of the Old College passed Away when the entire Freshman class of 1940 failed to Register a single Flunk and gossip began to concern itself with his probable Successor. The Dean, the same that had Burned Laurance with his biting sarcasm, began secretly to practice the Grand Manner and almost Daily looked in on the Executive Offices to note the effect of the new Color Scheme that was being run over the old Walls.

True to expectation his name came up and went before each of the Bodies suggested in the Constitution as being concerned With the Selection of a President for the State Institution of Learning. It looked like he had the Job on a downhill Pull.

Just before making the final recommendation the Silk Hat Delegation Prudently Placed the Matter before the Committee of One of the Committee of Seven that habitually guided the Commonwealth in matters of Pelf and Patronage. Laurance just happened to be Acting for the Committee that day.

He was still a Politician.

The Dean is Still Dean and Laurance is rapidly becoming more Powerful in the State. He occasionally has a little smile with himself when thinking of the time the Dean got so Hostile. The Dean is still wondering what hit Him.

MORAL: Don't be too Brash with Unknown Values.



THE SHOWME, Room 506, Guitar Building

Vol. II, No. 1

Columbia, Missouri

\$1.75 a Year

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 LYLE WILSON ..... *Literary Editor.*      FRANK HOUSTON ..... *Art Editor.*

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*J. B. Berger*      *William Kieffer*      *Marguerite Barnett*      *Ralph Folwer*

With this, The Yearling Number, SHOWME wishes to present the opening chorus of its 1921-22 production; may we have a full house at every performance; maledictions upon the heads of unbelievers and nonsubscribers! Some of these days we hope to be able to hang out the "Standing Room Only" sign.

We are forced to admit that the long, hot days of a Columbia summer are far from being conducive of any great literary effort.

Lord Northcliffe isn't having any trouble at all; he ought to try to sell advertising around here in the summer time.

Some have returned to renew the pursuit of their education and others have returned to Columbia.

Editorially speaking, we feel pretty lucky to be here. SHOWME-weathered a rough sea last year, and though threatened several times with an introduction to the cold, gray rocks, finally made it back into port. If the next ninety-nine years are any harder than the first, God save our successors! After a hundred or so years, they tell us that everything gets all right.

However, we still have the idea that the University needs a magazine; we told our banker that the student body had the same idea, and he said he hoped so. Yes sir, we do too!

Whenever I hear of any new journalistic venture at a college or university, I am interested. In fact I believe I am as much interested as any progressive student is at that school save the ones who have the responsibility of putting out the publication. Any venture of this sort is a marked sign of progress of the institution and should have the hearty support of the student body.

We are told that the first issue of *The Harvard Lampoon* was gotten out with great difficulty. It did not have the sanction of the school authorities. It was simply an effort on the part of several wide awake students to start something. How well they succeeded is known by nearly every college student today. It does not seem to me that the student body of Harvard University is any more capable, in the course of five years, of putting out a better humorous magazine than the students of the University of Missouri, year in and year out, any more than the athletic teams of the University of Missouri could successfully defeat those representing Harvard for a period of five years. Yet any follower of athletics will tell you that the scrub basketball team of Missouri would probably swamp the varsity of Harvard this year. Why? Simply because Harvard is just starting basketball and Missouri is synonymous of championship basketball teams.

"Why," inquires a poster that recently appeared on a bulletin board at the University of Missouri, "do the students of the University of Missouri tolerate *The Showme*?"

*The Showme* is the humorous magazine put out at the University of Missouri. It compares very favorably with rank and file of college humorous magazines. At least twenty other humorous magazines have made their appearance on various college campuses in the past six months and it is surpassing the way the editors open their columns to scathing criticism by anonymous writers. The man or woman who pens an unfavorable criticism on a student activity, *anonymously*, is a despicable coward. Invariably, you will find that the people who resort to this form of attack have never been known to accomplish anything other than failure. In my opinion college editors should take little notice of such efforts to undermine student activity.

The college humorous magazine is here to stay. The Record, The Lampoon, The Widow, The Punch Bowl and many of the older ones have no mortgage on pre-eminence. The Mink, The Dirge, The Lemon Punch, Lord Jeff, The Virginia Reel and dozens of other new ones are striving for that same position. And, as they say in Russia: "May the healthiest live."  
—*Collegiate World*, May, 1921

Undergraduate betting on athletic contests in the Missouri Valley is due for a jolt. The opening brick was thrown when C. E. McBride, of the Kansas City Star devoted his editorial column to the problem recently.

McBride says he is out to assist the athletic directors of the Valley to put an end to the practice of undergraduate betting and he detailed this spring's experience of the Columbia University crew to show that the move is more than just another "thou shalt not" campaign.

Letters and other information, according to McBride, reached the Columbia crew, on the eve of the race for the championship of the United States that huge wagers were up. The greatest crews of the country were entered with the Navy and California ranking next to Columbia as favorites.

Members of the Columbia crew, aghast at the amount of the wagers made upon their ability to lead the pick of the country went up in the air the night before the race. One or two became hysterical. They lost their fine edge and were decisively beaten.

That nervousness on the part of Columbia's oarsmen lost her the race generally conceded to her by those competent to judge. The knowledge of undergraduate betting was largely responsible for the nerves displayed is practically a certainty.

That is McBride's story of the failure of Columbia's crew, when the signs pointed to such a season as might well be enshrined in the annals of that school as 1909 and Bill Roper are here.

True or not the situation is one that might easily arise here if unrestricted undergraduate betting is allowed to grow in the future as it has in the past. We do not condemn betting merely because it is an evil practice and likely to involve the bettor in difficulty. Those who bet are the ones who suffer first.

If, however, through misguided school spirit or a desire to gain, betting assumes such proportions as to interfere, though ever so slightly, with the success of the University of Missouri on the athletic field or elsewhere, then betting should stop.

Whether betting is injuring Valley sports should be decided at once by those in authority. If, as McBride suggested in his article, plans have been made to check the practice, then we should consider that prima facie evidence that betting is injuring the University. Once we recognize in our own minds that betting is a drag on the success of the Tigers we are bound to aid in stamping the thing out, and at once.



"What has become of Billy Bunting?"

"Oh, she's hanging out at Flagstaff, now."

#### Ain't It Awful?

She was a school teacher, and he a four-button model summer student. He had just finished a graphic description of how a friend of his had been struck in the eye by a golf ball, and nearly lost his sight. It was a delightful moonlight evening, and as they strolled through the campus he had grown eloquent in the details of the terrific drive, the whirl of the ball through the air, and the audible crash as it struck his companion full in the face. Then he followed up with a description of the blood and pain and a couple of subsequent major operations, and paused to light a cigarette, while he let the effect sink in.

They moved slowly on for a few moments, and then she suddenly looked up at him. "Gee," she murmured, "I'll bet that boy had a black eye!"

The janitor found her remains in the frog pond the next morning.

#### Here's Hoping It Got Dardanella.

A recent explosion in the laboratories of the Victor Talking Machine Company is reported to have broken all records.

My parents taught me not to smoke—  
I don't;

'Nor, listen to a naughty joke—  
I don't;

They told me that I shouldn't wink at pretty girls,  
Ore even think about intoxicating drink—  
I don't;

I don't kiss girls, not even one, don't even know just  
how it's done;

You wouldn't think I had much fun—  
I don't!!!!

---

Dear Editor: What kind of flowers did Methuselah send his wife on the various centennials of their marriage? H. I. Biscus.

Answer: We do not know, but we suppose it was a century plant.

---

"You have a slight edge on me," remarked the beard to the safety razor.

## THE BALLAD OF SIX-ACE SAM

"... And he sang the song of five-deuce Bill,  
And four-trey Shorty from Vinegar Hill. . . ."

Sam was the best our town produced  
Every pot our Sam would boost  
And never did drag down;  
'Till a big galoot from Grizzly Shoot  
Came bulgin' into town.

When he threwed his dice out on the bar  
The boys they knowed right then and thar  
That Sam had met his fate;  
But backin' down was then too late.

Over to Andy's, behind the mill,  
Where the gamblin' house leaned against the hill  
The stranger layed his poke;  
The boys stood 'round with never a sound  
As Sam rolled up a smoke.

Sam lit his pill and took a drag,  
His face as white as ice;  
The boys' knees all commenced to sag  
When the stranger won the dice.

"All right," says Sam, "rack out, my friend,  
I'll match your dollars end to end  
And trust to seven lucks."  
Then the boys all groaned as the stranger moaned,  
"I'll shoot two thousand bucks!"

He grabbed the bones and shook 'em hard  
And rolled 'em out a full two yard  
And Sam's jaw dropped a mite;  
A big eleven hove in sight!

All that day they fired away  
The stranger never had nothin' to say,  
But Sam was cussin' fast;  
Then late that night our Sam got right,  
And passed, and passed, and passed!

"Fifty thousand bucks!" Sam was loco, for true,  
The stranger took another chew,  
And laid his dough out straight;  
Our Sam came limp in' out on eight.

The boys all grinned, they knew five trey  
Was what Sam called the easy way,  
Six deuce, too, was a bird;  
The stranger sat, and chewed and spat,  
And never said a word.

"Now you'll see," Sam yelled, "you silent brute,  
If Sharp Sam gives a damn;"  
Then he grabbed the dice and shook 'em cute, and  
spun 'em right out—BAM! !

"SIX ACE!" he cried, and there he died; the last  
of Six-ace Sam!

## KNUTE McNUTT SAYS—



## How About Stewed?

I would rather be hard boiled than half baked.

It is all right to think everything that you say,  
but you had better not say everything you think.

Have you felt a cat fish scratch your toes,  
Or heard a dog fish bark when caught,  
Or had a house fly on your nose,  
And thereby wreck your train of thought?  
—Oran Jade

Practically every Ag student is pledged to Alpha-Alpha.

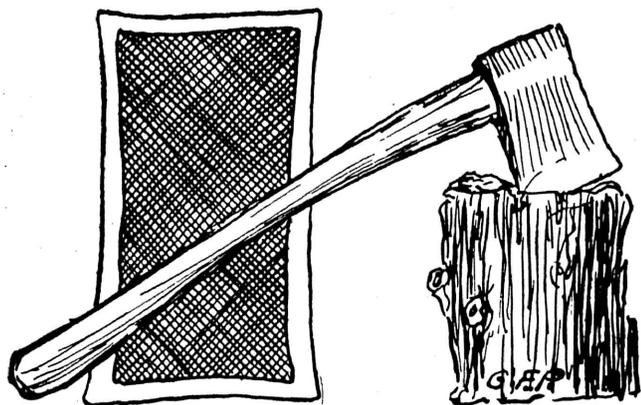
Some family trees must be of the nut-bearing variety.

## Two Lumps, Please.

"What's the matter with your little brother's eyes,"

"Granulated lids; ma hit him over the head with the sugar bowl."

The old fashioned girl carried her roll inside her stocking.



Try This on Your Ukelele

#### A Startling Accomplishment.

Milk-fed, home-killed veal, baked with dressing, eats like chicken.

—Missourian ad.

#### My Wife: A Ballad.

My wife's a dear, she is so sweet;  
 She makes her biscuits of concrete.  
 I love her laughter's liquid peal;  
 I have to cook my morning meal;  
 Her cheeks and lips—colour de rose;  
 She pays eight chips a pair for hose.  
 Her hair is soft and lustrous black;  
 I'm not allowed to answer back.  
 Her form's divine in bathing suits;  
 She comes off best in all disputes.  
 She's as demure as any mouse;  
 And yet I know who rules the house.

—L. F. P.

Guest, to country inn keeper: "Landlord, did you ever hear of the straw that broke the camel's back?"

Landlord: "Yeah; why?"

Guest: "Well, you'll find it in that bed up in number 17."

Biting the grass roots  
 Is young Jack Spry;  
 He raced with an engine—  
 The race was a tie.

Our friend, Al, is writing a new song, "If it takes the moon to make moonshine, I'm waiting for the moon to come out." Al says he is no weather prophet, but he'll give odds on a full moon around the first week of school.

Another friend of ours has a package in his basement labeled "Not to be opened until June, 1922." This thing of "Not to be opened until Christmas" has evidently seen its last day.

The man behind the lawn mower says that the goof who doesn't put out a cigarette snipe is in the same class with the bird who never starts his Victrola until after midnight.

We feel a lot of sympathy for the tramp who spent the months of July and August in a Kansas jail and says that he won't be able to break into jail when the weather gets cold.

We also remember another vagrant who was passing through a town just as the whistles blew for the noon hour. "Well," he sighed as he glanced at a nearby restaurant, "it's dinner time for some folks, but just twelve o'clock for me."

We would like to know who sent that unsuspecting freshman youth over to Read Hall for his medical examination.

The Postmaster sent us a lot of questions the other day; among other things, he wanted to know who shared in the profits derived from this publication. If he had said debts, we would have known what he was talking about. We didn't tell him that the industrious young man, identity as yet unestablished, who collected for our advertising last spring, got all of last year's profits.

Some of the merchants around town might as well close up the shop during the summer, and yet they don't care to patronize student publications after several thousand students get back. Don't seem right, somehow.

An old-timer opines that no wonder things are continually blown up; the spirit of 1921 has too much yeast in it.

Horace, the office boy, went to the circus last week. The fat lady in the side show told him that it was lots of fun to be a freak. Without even having to think, Horace answered her right back, "I'll say it is"

## OUR AUCTION BRIDGE DEPARTMENT

(In order to keep abreast with the sudden vogue among University students for auction bridge, the Showme has instituted this page, devoted exclusively to bridge rules and tactics.)



If you are an attractive co-ed and your partner is a man, it is absolutely essential that you are the center of his attention, regardless of the game. Should your natural charms fail to keep the young gentleman's elusive notice constantly upon you, a sure way to attract his attention is to trump his ace. This method seldom fails to attract a partner's attention.



Whatever else you do or do not do, ALWAYS explain carefully to your opponents, at the end of the game, just why they went set. Even if your audience becomes rather inattentive, keep right on explaining; it will help your own game to explain aloud the mistakes made by others.



A man has a distinct advantage over other bridge players. He can smooth over any mistake he makes, no matter how large or how small, by murmuring with bored nonchalance, "Oh damn! Thought I was playing poker!"



It is always good form, when you lay down your hand, to go over and stand back of your partner, kindly showing him each and every card to play. Be sure to assume a superior and condescending air toward your partner; otherwise your assistance will not be effective. This suggestion is especially fertile if your partner is an expert player; he will then appreciate your "interest" in the game.

If you are a woman, a poor mathematician, and hate to keep count of the trumps, keep on bidding "no trump," and there will be no trumps to count. One of the greatest disadvantages about the game is the necessity for keeping count on the trump cards; the "no trump" bid was originated expressly for the convenience of those who are poor counters.



## INDIFFERENCE

An unfilmed photo-play almost accepted by Mack De Bill. Might have been a genuine three carat production. If produced, would have been as follows:

Unigraph Pictures Corporation presents

## INDIFFERENCE

Directed by .....Mack De Bill  
 Art Director .....Rosco La Bosco  
 Scenario by .....Irene Myreme  
 Continuity by .....Don Jaun Emerson  
 Art Titles by .....Snooky  
 Electric effects by .....Electricity  
 Stage settings by .....Hand

(Continued thus for thirty minutes), then,  
 Released exclusively by Flim Flam Film Co.

## CAST

(omitted)

Prologue: "Indifference is caused from being indifferent about things. Cleopatra was indifferent about the number of clothes she wore, Ponzi about the number of discords he wrote, perhaps you are indifferent about lots of things . . . (continues indefinite as well as indifferent) . . . But in New York's great grotto lived little Madge, the flower girl . . . (fade into interior of little Madge's tenement home, Madge surrounded by thirteen small children, the only flower in sight being on Madge's face.)

Caption: "Here little Madge sowed the seeds of love."

Madge is shown spanking one-thirteenth of the little children.

Close-up of the remaining dozen crying as if their ears were loose.

Close-up of Madge smiling, speaks:

Caption: "Don't cry, Euphemia, Hortense, Oswald, Sebastian, etc., your mama ran away with the ice man."

Close-up of the motherless mob, speak in chorus:

Caption: "To hell with the ice man, we want a new oil stove and some graham crackers."

Flash of the mother draping the ice tongs around the ice man's neck.

Flash back to Madge, who is becoming angry: Bounces a few of the children against the wall, close-up of Madge speaking:

Caption: "So you are indifferent about my indulgence; all right, buy your own gasoline."

Madge feels outraged and rages out.

Caption: "In the city's inner most secret circle of society, dwells Fifi, the firefly indifferent to God, man, custom, convention, living her own life, selfish, wolfish, . . . (etc., for about three hundred feet.)

Fade into Fifi knocking some of the black off the colored maid. Fifi sits down at her dressing table, smiles sweetly into the mirror, and says:

Caption: "Tonight the Duke of Amarillo calls. I've a mind to break his handsome neck. Do you think his head would look cute on top of the piano, Aramatic?"

Aramatic, the colored maid, registers fear and becomes indifferent to a bottle of 4% beer. Speaks:

Caption: "I don't want no armadillos around here."

This is supposed to be one of Mack De Bill's funniest scenes, and the audience sometimes laughs. After several hours of indifference on the part of the spectators, the thrilling climax arrives. Fifi's double decker has just run down little Madge who was picking flowers on Broadway.

Close-up of Fifi shedding tears through her six-inch lashes, and holding little Madge among her bracelets. Madge comes to by fits and jumps, and speaks:

Caption: "At last, I have found someone who is not indifferent."

Close-up of Fifi biting through her lip stick and shedding tears of dew on Madge's flowers. Close-up to flowers, you can almost smell them. Fifi speaks:

Caption: "Yes, dear, all these years I have been in darkness. I shall never be indifferent again, I shall live, I shall LIVE," . . . etc.

Fifi throws her bracelets out into Broadway. Three people killed in the ensuing rush.

Flash of Fifi and Madge riding home in the two story limousine. Fade into the thirteen children shooting dice for two graham crackers, while the mother proudly cranks up the new oil stove. Fade into a long caption about the difference between difference and indifference, and then into,

Caption: "A Mack De Bill Genuine three carat production."

Finis.

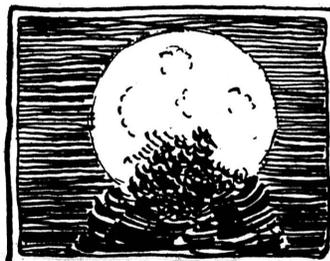
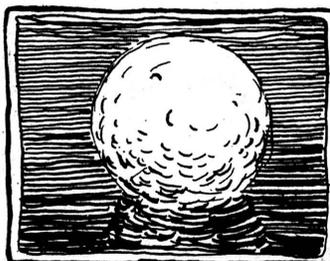
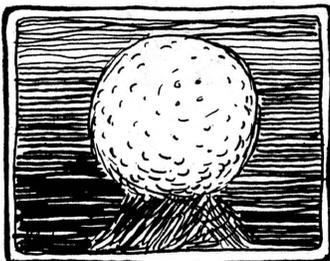


Raking up a good man's past.

## SAM PEPYS AT MISSOURI

Up betimes and missed my luncheon by a narrow margin; but, small loss, another luncheon on the morrow and I shall have forgot all about it. To the business section with a friend and he played me for three smokes on the way, though we passed a number of tobacconists on our walk. Conversed of girls, football and mutual enemies. A most charming friend but for his failure to supply his needs for tobacco. A stop at a popular lounging place and inside for a cooling drink; banter with several young women including those engaged in serving of customers. These last seemed of unusual keen wit. Much of which, though, they must have picked up at hurrying twixt counter and tables and not thought up themselves. Loafed on the sidewalk for some minutes and then fixed all attention on a passing girl. She was soon gone but dressed in the mode and showing her knees slightly, which was good to look at. She smiled at our appreciation but in a most maidenly manner. From there to the apothecary's for a joke with him and a sight of our police force enjoying the fan and he moved over a little as we entered so that we could enjoy it, too. Met there my good friend Snitz and he wore the latest rage including flat hat and uncommon wide trousers at the ankle. Exchanged objectionable jokes and on our way hearing as we passed, a banker stand outside his rooms and discussing with an equally gentle seeming person the simplest means of smuggling spirits across the line at Detroit, which is far to the north and rapidly gaining a name as something more than a mere commercial and manufacturing center for which the Chamber of Commerce of that city should thank Mr. Volstead, especially as he lives in a neighboring state, and could be easily reached, being at this time out of his usual employment. Back to the

lounging place and another drink and to the cinema for an hour where we saw almost nude young women on the screen and commented on them as suited our fancy much to the delight of other young women behind and around us. A splendid spectacle all too soon ended but followed with a queer play of a loveless marriage that did, in the end, turn out all right with the murder of a faithless husband by the heroic gentleman who had been comforting the murdered one's wife as opportunity offered on the unwinding of the reel. As usual there was a chase and the brave hero took the wrong turn though the dust of the leaders kidnapping car was still heavy in the air and plainly suggested the villains had hurried the beautiful wife up the dark road into the woods and not through the wheat fields to the right. At which the audience that listens now with its eyes expressed much dissatisfaction and murmured until a close up set it tingling with a kiss. Out of the darkness into the light and glare of the street was sudden but easily mastered and home to dinner. To the bootlegger's for a pint but he was out and necessity forced postponement to the celebration but he promised to have some on the next day which is tomorrow and at only \$15 a quart which is reasonable considering the amount of radium used in the manufacture. Left him in front of his place of business and felt much elated that he would confide in me his business secrets as he told me that a shipment was due soon. Home and to bed and soon knew why the legger has been out of hootch as a roystering band came by and sang most unusual songs to the young women in an adjacent house for which they were applauded vigorously, though they may have performed much of the clapping themselves. To sleep with the loud cry of a startled golf links rabbit in my ears.





“Charming personality your friend has.”  
 “Yes, prescription.”

A breezy old boy from Bazoozum  
 Loved the ladies and knew how to choozum.  
 He once said, “Treat ’em ruff,  
 Make ’em yell, that’s the stuff,  
 You can find plenty more if you loozum.”

A maid and her mother from Naughter  
 Kept wearing ’em shaughter and shaughter;  
 But when fashion’s decrees  
 Made them show their bare knees  
 None could tell which was mother or daughter.  
 —Oran Jade.

“I’ll be damned,” said the babbling brook as the  
 fat lady fell off the bridge.

Speaking of  
 Aristocratic  
 And Honorary  
 Societies  
 How would you  
 Like to  
 Be willed  
 A  
 Life membership  
 In the  
 CANADIAN CLUB?

**Vane Creature.**

“Jack did a lot of outside reading this summer.”  
 “Sociology?”  
 “Nope, weather meters.”

“Did you visit relatives in the city?”  
 “Yep, went up to see Old Grandad.”

**Tanked.**

Judge: “Last night you were full of liquor;  
 where did you get it?”  
 Guilty: “At the filling station, your honor.”

**Shoot Him.**

Prof.: “Mister Green, name several poets of  
 the Elizabethan age.”  
 Green: “Let’s see; how old is Elizabeth  
 now?”

Wifey (sweetly): “The Auntie will be up to-  
 morrow night, dear.”

Hubby (absently): “Good Lord; it was up to  
 a dollar last night.”

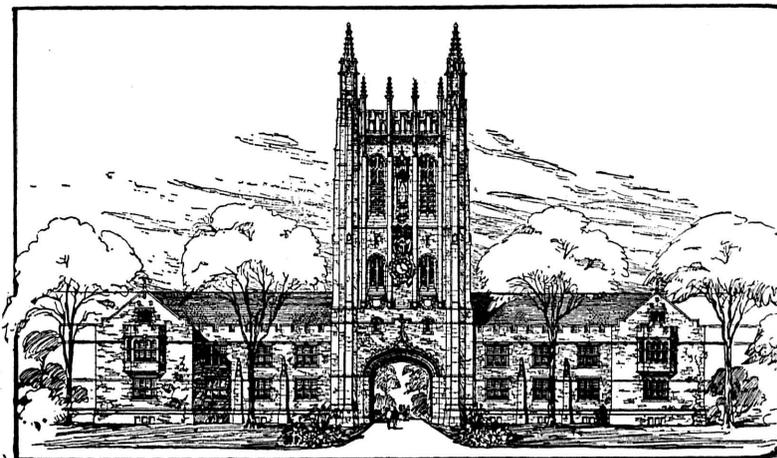
Frosh (who has been reading about Socrates):  
 “Say, what’n’ell’s a Socrat, anyway?”



“Rastus, do you make this by a patent pro-  
 cess?”

“No, sah, I doesn’t call it patent; I calls it po-  
 tent.”

# Missouri Memorial Union Building



To Be Erected in Honor of Students Who Lost Their Lives in the War.

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This list is incomplete and probably incorrect. Additions or corrections should be sent to L. M. Defoe, Columbia, Mo.

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## FRESHMEN—

### THE MEMORIAL IS PART OF MISSOURI'S CREED

*"A magnificent tower is to rise on the campus as a glorious memorial for all who went forth from the halls of the University to fight the great cause of humanity. Here will be the University's Hall of Fame. That tower will be as solid and enduring as the granite hills. It will lift its pinnacles into the blue of heaven as a beautiful symbol of lofty patriotism and knightly courage. That lovely tower is to stand forever before the eyes of Missouri's youth pointing the way to the lofty paths of honor and of duty. From that tower melodious chimes will count the jewelled hours. And their mellow tones will ever sing in sweet harmony to the ears of the living a tender requiem in memory of the immortal dead. . . . . And the students of the University have shown the way."—JOHN PICKARD, in the Missouri Alumnus.*

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Utilizing the same pair of keen eyes that won him honors as a sharpshooter while in the United States Army, James Phelan, the new head coach of the Missouri Tigers, carefully notes the arrival of each newcomer in Columbia. The Wabash and Katy stations are the habitues of the new Bengal leader. The task of unearthing new timber for the gridiron and of handling his new disk-wheeled flivver is keeping the former Notre Dame exponent of the fall pastime pretty busy.

Phelan probably has a fair idea about his Varsity eleven. However he is keeping his own opinions considerably in the background. Phelan, as those who have known him from previous work here will vouch, is a gentleman of very few words. *Je vois cela, et cetera*, the customary greeting of the old student to the new coach when attempting to get some dope on the football season is followed by Jimmie's noncommittal "I don't know," or "I can't say as yet."

Coach Phelan wants huskies for his freshman outfit. The yearlings of last season didn't provide near as much competition for the Varsity as Phelan desired. But extra stress will be laid on the younger tribe this season. Not until the 15th of September can the Tiger coaches go into the field to mingle with the Old Gold and Black varsity jerseys, but in the meantime they can give the freshmen many tips and in this respect the youngsters may get the jump on the regular squad. Consequently Phelan's constant watch on the trains is explained. If Phelan's policy works out there will be upwards of a hundred first year men out on Rollins Field in a few days, and then the fun will begin.

To the members of the Old Guard jumping off the "Tunnerville Trolley" for the opening of the school with that "Hail Columbia, Happy Land" smile creeping out all over his visage, his greeting is immediately supplemented by "What's the dope on the Tigers?" "Will Chuck or Brick be back" and "Did Lincoln get over his blood poisoning attack O. K." etc.

Football is certainly king bee at Missouri, and the hive toward which all the bees will be swarming in a few days is Rollins Field. For out there the

destiny of M. U.'s reputation on the gridiron will be decided. Tiger followers want a winning eleven. First and foremost they want a crew that will whip K. U. They would also like a championship.

It is pretty hard at this stage of the game, as the SHOWME is going to press, to predict just what the chances are this fall. It is a difficult task to discover just who will return and who will not. Many conflicting reports are heard each day concerning Chuck Lewis, Brick Travis and George Ruth, all varsity stars of last season.

Two or three weaknesses are almost patently apparent, however, this early in the season. With Goepel and Ruth, varsity ends of the past two seasons, almost certain not to return, Phelan will have a difficult task filling their berths from the opening of practice. From his own declaration, he is in need of a pair of husky guards. Even with these holes to patch up Phelan would face the world with a smile if he could find a quarter-back that would halfway match up to his dreams. Missouri had one in the making last fall in Austin Morton of the freshman squad. Morton seemed to have every potentiality of one of the greatest pilots the Valley has ever seen, but he fell behind in his studies and will be seen this year at the University of the South. Phelan wants a quarter-back that can run with the ball, pass, handle punts accurately and who has football sense. It is doubtful as to whether he can find the man.

The destinies of the Tigers are now in the capable hands of James Phelan and Jerry Jones, the latter also a former Notre Dame athlete, and Missourians may rest assured that if the Tiger material is halfway presentable, Phelan will do the rest.

---

#### At the Fish Hop.

Floor Manager: "How's de new bouncer; did he help out some?"

Nifty Nell: "Yep, three or four."

---

Women are taking to knickerbockers for street wear. The dress reformers are right—the short skirt is doomed.

**FRESHMAN!**

Be sure of correct barbering by patronizing the  
shop other men have selected

**REX BARBER SHOP**

19 SOUTH NINTH

A large amount of U. S. mail is posted daily at the box on the corner of Ninth and Broadway. This should not be confused with the large detachment of us males that is also posted there each day.

Dear Editor: "If I should cut off my cat's ears and tail would he be a bob cat?" F. E. Line.

Answer: "Not unless his name is Robert."

*A Real Drug Store*

With The Fountain

*"Where Friend Meets Friend"*

*Tavern Drug Store*

Tom Heath "Kitty" Lightner

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and  
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*Pastry Shop*                      *Bread Shop*  
1010 Broadway      19 N. Ninth street

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<i>Pastries</i>	<i>Bread</i>
French Pastries	Bread
Cream Puffs	Kleen Maid
Cream Rolls	Sandwich
Doughnuts	Vienna
Macaroons	French
Patties	Poppy Seed
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Roll	
Cinnamon Rolls, etc.	Parker House Rolls
	Finger Rolls

Give us 24 hours notice on orders for large quantities of pastries.

**Phone**  
**426**

You may wish to serve hearth bread (Vienna, Poppyseed or French), for a change, if so, let us know in advance, so we can have an ample supply on hand.

### *Fraternity Jewelry* *At Reasonable Prices*

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**FLOYD'S**

706 BROADWAY

"How much will the corn crop make out your way?"

"Oh, about thirty gallons to the acre."

"My son's making lots of friends up to college," proudly announced Mr. Slokum. "Yes, sir, the other day the feller that lived in the room last year that my son's livin' in now, come in and made him a special price on the radiator and the rugs and late sleep-in' privileges. Sold him the whole outfit for twenty-five dollars!"

### *Make the Course in Bogey*

A Good Golf Outfit Is An Essential to a Good Golf Game.

We Sell the Best Line of

GOLF	CLUBS
GOLF	BALLS
GOLF	BAGS

and other sporting goods

**Hays Hardware Co.**

Successor to Chas. Mathews Hdw. Co.

Subscribers to College magazines will welcome the news that the joke that starts off with "What would you do if I tried to kiss you?" has been declared ineligible this year.

A young lady came in the office yesterday, and dropped the idea that she wished she could do something original and clever. We have had the same desire for lo, these many moons. However, we didn't get excited. She was looking at one of our Eastern exchanges when the fatal remark was made.

Burglars entered the Guitar Building during the summer, but they didn't bother to break into our office. Skilled tradesmen don't believe in wasting any energy.

If Plato could shimmy could Aristotle?  
—Virginia Reel

## TIGER TAILOR

"Hoppe" proprietor

*Across the Hall from Boochees*

Phone 986

Think of

"72"

When you want  
moving done

*Scurlock Moving  
and Transfer Co.*

*Just phone 72*

A girl friend of ours has just returned from California. The way she compares everything in Missouri with the way they do it in the golden west, we are inclined to harbor the terrible thought that we almost wish she's stayed out there. Pretty girl, though.

Senior: "Do you think that your father would consent to our marriage?"

She: "He might. Father is so eccentric."

—Burr

*We Strive to Please*

**The University Barber Shop**

11 South Ninth

Tel. 562-White

**OUR CREED:—**

We believe in giving the highest possible quality, the quickest possible service, the customer his money's worth to the limit.

**J. GUY McQUITTY***"Quick Printer"*

Phone 930 Black

Whittle Building  
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"Mother said I shouldn't wear this one-piece bathing suit."

"You should obey your mother."

—Jack-o-Lantern.

**These's Milk in This.**

I've never seen a purple cow,  
And never hope to see one.  
But by the purple milk we get,  
I'm sure that there must be one.

—Chaparral.

Phone 848 RED

for  
Cleaning and Pressing

**Bill Ridgway**

*"Yesah, I'll be right out."*

**Walking With a Purpose.**

I love to walk.

Last Sunday I took the most wonderful stroll.

I went for quite a distance through the park, thoroughly enjoying every breath of the cool, crisp air. I felt like a new man as I hastened onward, increasing my speed at every step. I walked on and on, drinking in the beauty of all about me. It was wonderful.

Finally I picked her up!—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

**Revenge.**

Barber—Your hair is getting gray, sir.

Customer—Well, I'm not surprised. Hurry up!—Virginia Reel.

**It Did'nt Work.**

A certain young lady from Ga.  
Had the wiles of Lucretia Ba.  
She vamped a young man  
With demoniac plan,  
But he stated: "I cannot rewa."

—Yale Record.

*"Showme***Gotham Gold Stripe Hosiery"**

This is all you need to say for we have in stock the Stocking you want.  
The famous GOLD STRIPE that WILL NOT RUN.

**Strawn-Neate D. G. Co.**

The Shooting of Dan McStew.

A bunch of the boys was whooping it up  
 At the old Red-eye saloon,  
 And the guy at the pianola box  
 Was dishing a jazz time tune.  
 Up at the free lunch counter  
 Stood the ravenous Dan McStew  
 And watching him eat without buying a drink,  
 Was the bar-tender, know as Lou.  
 Were you ever out in the great Alone,  
 Without even a glass of beer,  
 And the icy mountains hemmed you in  
 With a hem you could almost hear?  
 Gosh! How he looks as he rolls up his sleeves,  
 The bar-tender, known as Lou.  
 I ducked my head as the gin-mill shook,  
 And two men hit the floor—  
 A night owl hooted as one was booted  
 Clean out the open door;  
 Flat on his nose in the Arctic snows,  
 Slid the ravenous Dan McStew,  
 And behind the bar, without even a scar,  
 Stood the bar-tender, known as Lou.

—Froth

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for a

SHAMPOO

MANICURE

HAIR DRESS

at

**PARSONS' SISTERS**

Phone 795

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Student Headquarters for:  
 Furniture, Rugs, Trunks,  
 Handbags

**Parker Furniture Co.**

16 N. 10th street

*Visit our store each month and hear  
 the new Edison records*

Sand or National?

"Did you visit any places of interest this summer?"

"Well, we stopped at quite a few banks."

A Life Study.

Artist: "How do you like my picture of an Arabian donkey?"

Admirer: "Wonderful! You have put so much of yourself into it." —Exchange.

Wall Paper & Decorations

**W. J. PALMER**

Phone 866

South Ninth

Get Your  
**B  
 O  
 O  
 K  
 S**  
 at the  
 Missouri Store

Charlotte says that she doesn't mind if men are sweet and confectionery, but she hates them to be cafeteria and take what they want.

—Punch Bowl

White: "Did you favor the Honor System at the recent election?"

Green: "I sure did. Why I voted for it five times."

—Panther

"Say It With Flowers"

*Columbia Floral Co.*

7th and Broadway

**That's Tellin' Her.**

Burglar (to distracted lady): "Here, put this gat next to your dome and if you make the slightest noise—shoot yourself." —Mercury

He: "Where did you do most of your skating when learning?"

She: "I think you're horrid." —Octopus

**Butter.**

They never met but onc,  
 They never met again,  
 For she was a simple Jersey cow  
 And he was a railroad man.

—Jester

**We'd Like to Meet Dick.**

"Strange, Dick likes Gladys so."

"Why, she's not bad."

"That's what makes it so strange."

—Exchange.

Smart Shoes

**SAPP BROS.**

*Quality plus Style*

**Fifty Cents Open.**

Prof. "Mr. Jones, tell the class what you know about combinations."

Jones, "Well, I'm just learning, sir, but it's best to put six deuce in the middle for a come-out shot."

Fred Hunt, B. J. 1920, sends us this one from Galveston, Texas, where he is employed on the Tribune:

"Sparks from a red-hot shimmie ignited the roof of a frame dwelling house on South Broadway and resulted in several units of the fire department making a short run."

Wonder if the boys had sufficient vacation to forget how many flunked out the first tri-mester of last year?

"Mable and Agnes are about the same size, aren't they?"

"Yes, only Agnes is a little rounder."

"Hot Dawg," said the Chinaman as he helped himself to the fricassed canine.

"'Tis passing strange," quoted the literary youth as his companion seveden for the seventh time.

**Phone 13**  
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22 SOUTH NINTH

"Sir," yelled the Freshman, "your ideas are unheard of. Don't you realize that we, as students, have something else to do beside prepare our lessons. From now on you will cut assignments in half. The class will meet once a week, and you will furnish cigarets." The professor cringed in his seat. "You will have upper classmen here to take our notes for us and at any time we are unprepared you will dismiss the class. This is final. Just now——". Just then he woke up.

**HOWDY MEN!**

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# Students

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## "Freezing Hot."

Lady (to guide in Yellowstone Park): "Do these hot springs ever freeze over?"

Guide: "Oh, yes! Once last winter a lady stepped through the ice here and burned her foot."  
—Chaparral

## Run For It.

Urban: "What do you miss most since moving to the country?"

Rural: "Trains."  
—Drexlerd

"He's made millions in fusel oil."

"How come?"

"He's an undertaker in the moonshine district."

Thanks to the freshman girls that are coming in a lot of good lines will not go to waste for the first few weeks of school.

# NEW

# NEW

# NEW

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*The New*  
**PENNANT**

*Sam Myerson*

**Rubbing It In.**

Citizen: "Judge, I'm too sick to do jury duty; I've got a bad case of the itch."

Judge: "Excuse accepted; clerk, just scratch that man out." —Widow

Girls are not as hardy as they were in Grandma's day. Then she smoked an old corn-cob pipe, but the best they can do today is to inhale perfumed cigarettes.

Percival: "If you don't marry me, I'll blow my brains out."

Liz.: "Oh, don't, you might strain your lungs." —Goblin

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*On Broadway*

He: "I went to Boston by music."

She: "By music?"

He: "Yes, via Lynn." —Purple Cow

"Here comes a plucky girl."

"How do you know?"

"Look at her eyebrows." —Sun Dial

John did not come straight home. Hence he did not come home straight. The towering form of his wife loomed above him, as his stumbling, shoeless feet sought the steps.

"Drunk again," she said caustically.

"Hooray, m'dear," he replied cheerfully, "so'm I!" —Sun Dial

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### The Forceps, Please.

Razz—"Why do you limp?"

Berry—"I was walking in the Cactus Gardens last night, and we decided to sit down on a bench. The bench was a shadow."—Chaparral.

He: "You'll meet some awfully nice people when you come to my old home town."

She: "Oh, I'd rather be with you." —Frvol

## GEERY

*The Ninth Street Jeweler*

### Two Minutes for This

'25: "Who's that Fish?"

'24: "That? Sardine." —Purple Cow

Guest: "May I sit on your right hand?"

Hostess: "Why, thank you, but I have to eat with it. Won't you take a chair instead?"

—Gargoyle

Insulted Maiden: "Oh, sir, catch that man! He tried to kiss me."

Genial Passer-by: "That's all right. There'll be another one along in a minute." —Purple Cow

He—"How about a few holes of golf in the morning, Angy; what do you go around in?"

She—"Oh, Algy, you're so personal!"—Record.

## Eventually



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