

# SHOW ME OCTOBER

Vol. II. No. 2.

University of Missouri

PRICE 35c.



Petting

Number

SOMEBODY'S PET

Where lives the Tiger supporter  
who is not already burning with the  
desire to

**See the Mo.-Kas. Game**

To the *three* students who sell the  
most *Savitar*s during our campaign

Oct. 11th and 12th

**The 1922 Savitar**

will pay the expenses of a trip to  
Lawrence on Turkey Day.

*For further particulars call at*  
Savitar Office, in Lowry Hall  
any afternoon, 1-4 p. m.

*"The Tiger's Tale"*

Delicious sweets in  
a quaint box!



Give an original touch to your candy gift! In the Sampler every girl recognizes the good taste of the man who sent it. A candy package so unlike any other that it never fails to make a hit.

For Sale by

Peck Drug and News Company

Irate Auto Owner—"See here, Chauffeur, how could you be so careless as to get this big splinter in our first tire?"

Chauffeur—"Couldn't help it, sir; the fellow had a wooden leg."  
—Purple Cow.

First Cannibal—"I have a stomach ache."

Second Cannibal—"It must be that undergraduate."  
—Exchange.

A sporty looking goof on the seaside makes you sick, but a swell on the sea makes you sicker.  
—Orange Owl.

Short—"What's the matter with the Dean's eyes?"

Stubble—"They're all right as far as I know."

Short—"Well, when I asked for my leave of absence yesterday, he asked me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."

—The Blair Breeze.

"I told him I would never see him again."

"Yes. And what did he do?"

"Bought himself a Society Brand suit at Barth's so I couldn't keep my eyes off him."

*Always the Right Price*  
We Hold No Clearance Sales.

*Victor Barth Clothing Co.*  
*The Big Outlets*

EVERYBODY'S STORE

*A Woman Knows* College girls and University women prefer Harris' because being women they instinctively recognize that there is a *niceness* about Harris' dainties that can only come from taking infinite pains with each detail.

And then they appreciate the cleanliness of everything, the comfort of Harris' Booths and the *distinctiveness* of Harris' service.

**HARRIS'**

*Perfection in Confection*

MILLARD & SISSON

**JACK DAILY'S  
SERVICE**

**Wearing Apparel**

Cleaned

Pressed

Altered

Phone 13

22 South 9th St.

Father, What Did You Do!

"My son, when I to college went,  
I lived a life of ease.  
I worked in all the stores in town  
To pay tuition fees.

"But still I had a pile of time  
To fool away in play  
And 'go the rounds' most every night,  
As we're wont to say.

"I never opened up a book  
Or wrote a measley theme.  
Those really were the good old days,  
With college life a dream."

"But, father, did you fool the profs,  
And keep away from pro?"

"My son, I don't remember, since  
I left in a month or so."

—Jack O' Lantern.

We fought for the freedom of Cuba in '98,  
and now we have to go there to enjoy it.—Widow.

Those table-de'hote dinners at the  
College Inn, cooked by Jimmie's  
French chef, are rapidly becoming  
the most popular institution on  
Broadway.

*Jimmie's College Inn*

*ALL INCLUSIVE, YET  
EXCLUSIVE*

The Student Council Dances, every Saturday night  
in the Gym, are for all the students, and they nearly  
all come.

But there it stops, for these are student affairs exclu-  
sively. Student-planned, student-manned, and profits go  
for other student activities.

*Make Your Date and Come On Over*

The Quad Orchestra

Refreshments

*STUDENT COUNCIL DANCES*

"The Glass of Fashion"  
may be seen at

*Parson Sisters*

Massaging  
Hairdressing

Manicuring  
Shampooing

THE SHOWME

October 1, 1921.

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That Noise.

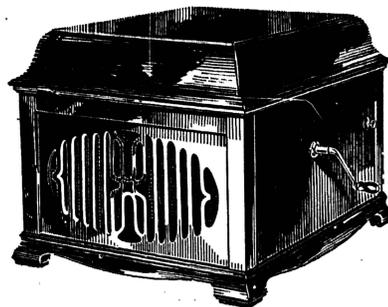
"John, wake up. What's that noise down in the library?"

"Oh, never mind. Probably it's only history repeating itself."  
—Siren.

"They work while you sleep"—Burglars.  
—Phoenix.

Ladies thirst—along with the rest of us.  
—Punch Bowl.

Just Out



NEW MODEL BRUNSWICK

Just the thing for your room.

Come in and see it.

Easy Terms

TAYLOR MUSIC CO.

Ninth and Cherry

They're Speedy Markers.

"I hear some of the pros lead a fast life."

"I doubt it; none of 'em passed me this year."  
—Gargoyle.

Prof. (calling roll)—"Smith!"

Smith—"Here."

Prof. (to whole class)—"Are you all here?"

Smith—"Practically." —Punch Bowl.

PHONE 986  
TIGER TAILORS

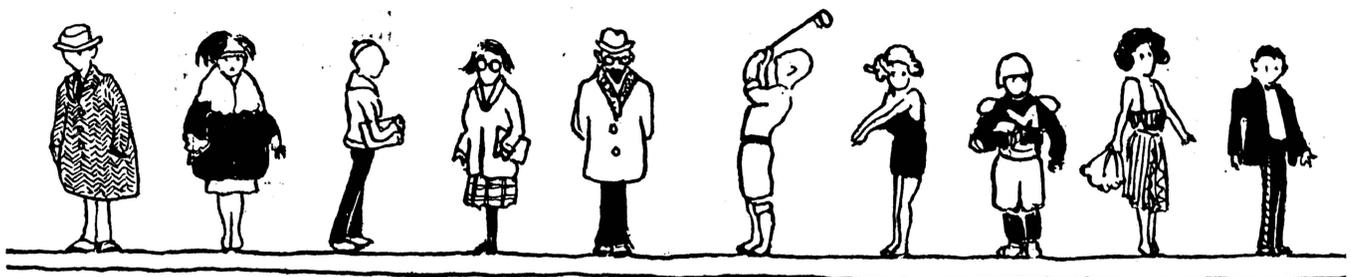
J. M. LAMBERT, Prop.

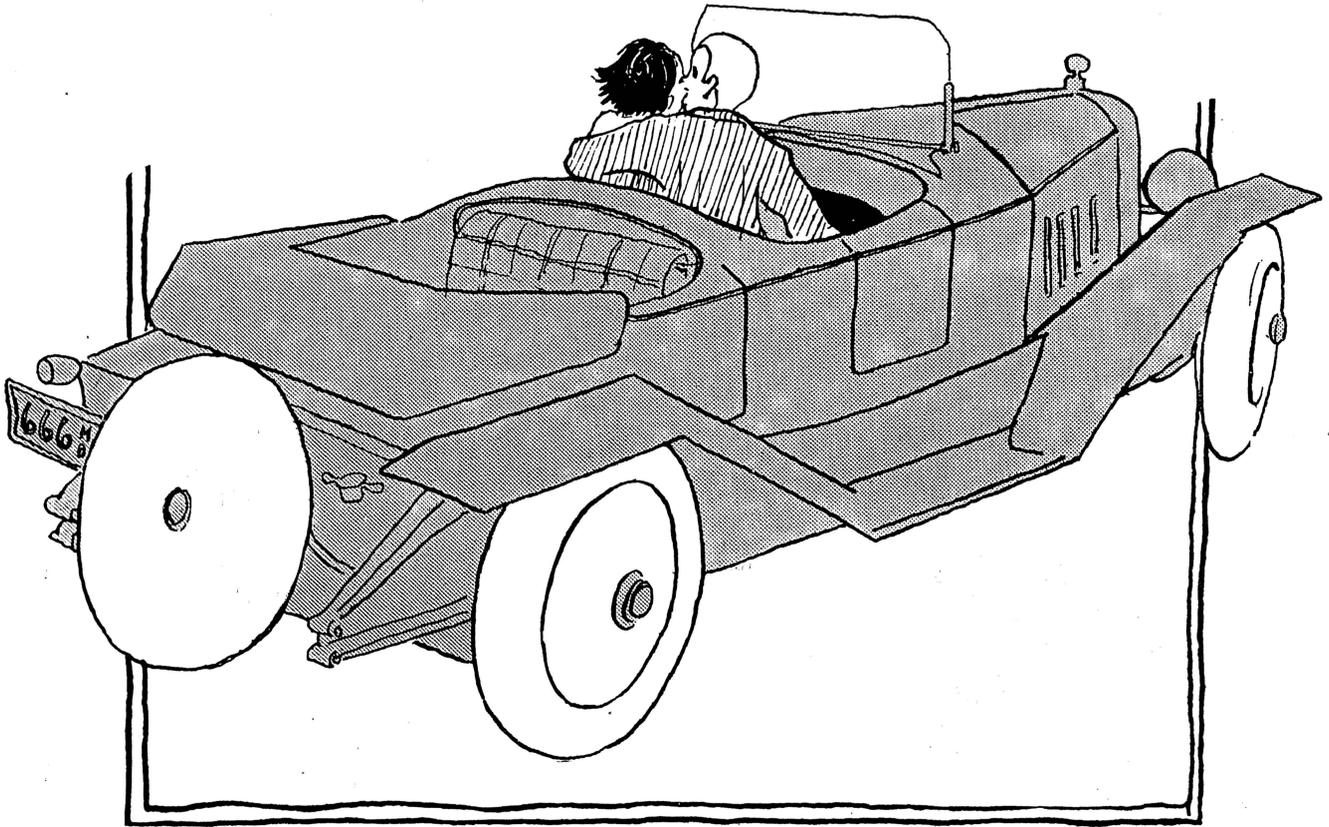
*Cleaning, Pressing, Tailoring*

Second Floor

Virginia Building







## OUR PETS

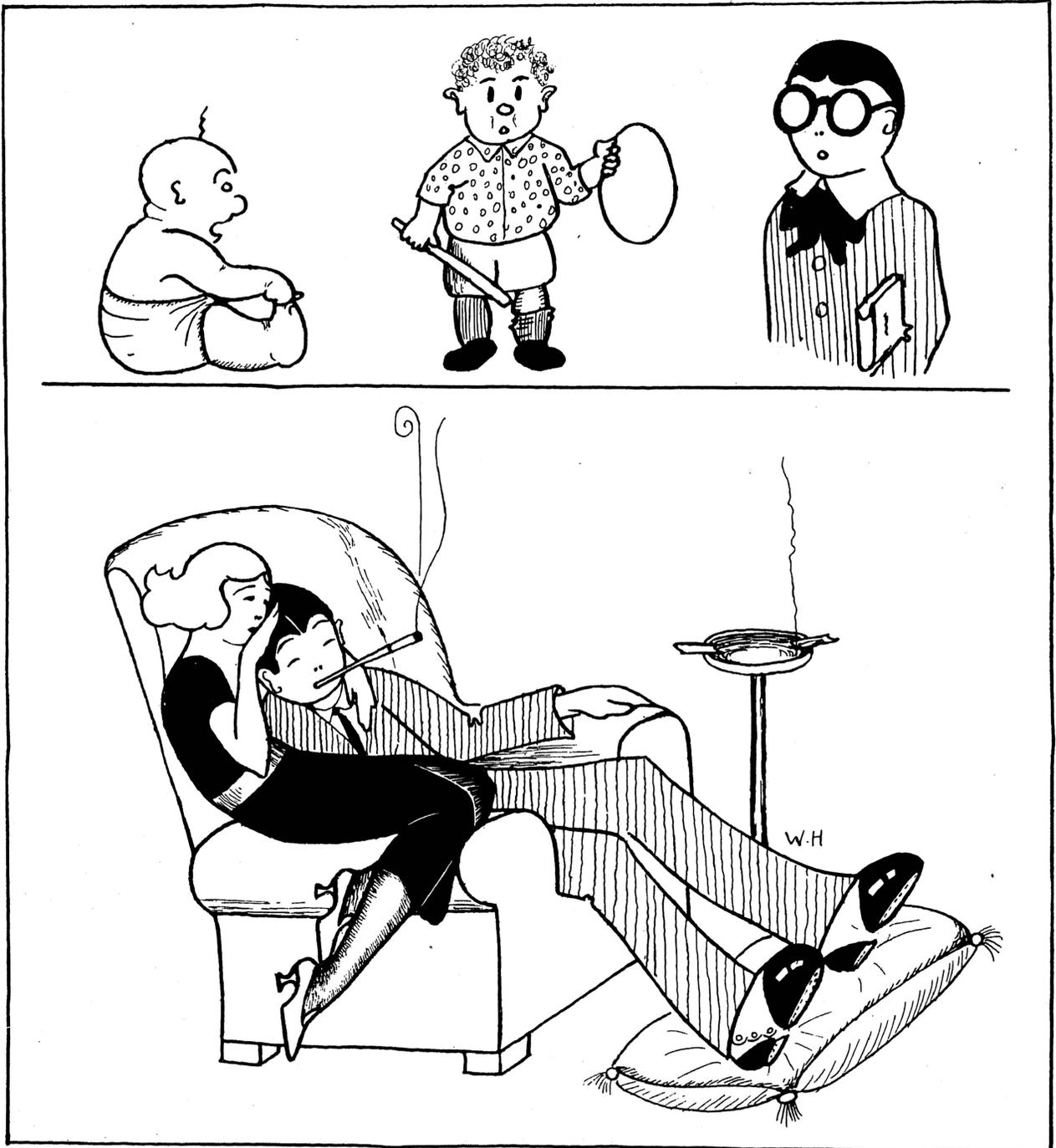
*The gentle art of petting has been subject to the merry razz; its wiles and ways have been extolled in manner passing fair and bold. We here present our pets, in sooth, illumined by the rays of truth.*

*The perfect pet, as all opine, should emulate the clinging vine, as does the ivy clutch the oak, with modest mien and soothing stroke. The gentle breeze that wafts the maize is rough compared to petting ways. Our pets are skilled in every touch that makes their art esteemed as such, and never, e'en in idle jest, refuse the right to be caressed.*

*The baby talking pet is grand, you're not supposed to understand the flow of "does 'oo fink so, dear?", and "dee, I'm awful glad 'oo's here!" This saves the time, as you may see, of cooking up some repartee; there is no need of finding out just what the talk is all about. In case you miss a word or two, just say, "Why dear, you know I do!"*

*The sympathetic pet should be confined entirely to the knee, and not allowed to shed large tears upon the pettor's neck and ears. Upon the very slightest chance, this type of pet assumes a trance, and jumps into the pettor's arms, who thus acquires some sudden charms. This usually turns out all right if the pettee knows just where to light.*

*Yes, many pets we have, indeed, and none of them have gone to seed. Some are pure, and others chased, and all go more or less to waist, and so we gently stroke along, content to sing our petting song. Now, all this may not be quite true, but tell us, kid, WHOSE PET ARE YOU?*



Pets.

## HOT STUFF HARRY

Hot Stuff Harry is chief Bell Ringer of the local Alcoholic chime Brigade. Every time someone offers him a Friendly drink he plays Funnel on the small End of the Bottle, and is harder to knock off than a Wood tick in a Desert. His line of Repartee verges on the Decent about Once a month.

He is a Regular College fellow, according to Himself.

Among his choicest possessions is a Perceptible Puffiness under the Eyes that can usually be traced Either to a Bad liver or Keen enjoyment of Certain of the Forbidden pastimes. Harry's liver is in Pretty good Shape.

When it comes to Telling a Joke, our little Red Pepper is right in his element. He knows a Number that have been returned by Captain Billy's censorship force and a few That were caught in the Mail and never Reached their destinations. If Harry spilled any of his collection Among a group of Cigarette Sucking high school boys, the Parent-Teacher's association would drown out the Disarmament Conference, demanding life imprisonment. His stories Are rich and Drip luscious Brown gravy.

Hot Stuff is Also a bold Bad Gambler, he says He Likes the games of Chance, and is no Slouch when it comes to handling his end of a Five Handed game. In addition, Harry Shoots Dice and spins a Mean Toddle top.

All in All Hot Stuff Harry is a Rough customer. Judged by the Standards of not a Few homes he should be in Jail. In a small town his Type hands Out a hot line on the Passing Young Women from a Listening post against the Barber Pole in front of the Smoke House.

The Village banker probably wouldn't Give Him a Job and Harry probably wouldn't take it If offered. He'd rather Tap a bank than Work for One.

H. S. H. takes no Precautions to conceal his Reputation. He often Works up a Poker game right where every one can Hear the plans and never lets a consideration of the Onlookers influence Him if He is Offered a drink. He spills His Stories in all Companies and takes Great Pride in showing up For a Date in a Ratio of About Forty per cent Alcohol to Sixty per cent Ambition, by weight.

Does Harry get the Frozen Flip from the Fair Co-eds? Harry does not. Harry is rated as Damn Good Company and can order a mean Dinner. In addition to Which he is never at a Loss for Something to Say and Is Getting by Bigger every year. Does His Reputation trip him around the U? Yes, it Trips him Into the Greenest Pastures Possible. Do the Good Little Men who try to Be Nice have a Chance if Harry Picks on the Same Girl? They do Not.

Moral: Give the Public what it Likes.



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The curtain has been raised and the 1921-22 production of "College Life" may be said to be well on its way with sufficient momentum to carry it through to a conclusion. For several weeks now the actors have been assuming their positions on the stage, the freshmen as a multitudinous and necessary, yet insignificant, part in the drama; the sophomores puffed and strangely stilted with their importance, gyrating about in social circles as only one can who has felt the restraint and weathered the storm of the plebes; the juniors, now upperclassmen, blase, unconcerned, and then the seniors, dignified?—Oh, no, not much—carrying of course, the world on their shoulders just as Atlas did, telling every new student just how to get by and never crack "un libro". So the merry whirl of "College Life" suffers on, "Like ships that sailed for sunny isles but never came to shore" . . . Hervey.

Suddenly the orchestra strikes a "jag-time" rioty tune, the would-be thespians crowd back into the wings, a powerful flooded spotlight sweeps the stage and as the voices swing into the popular fall refrain entitled, "FOOTBALL", Captain Herbert Blumer and his Tiger stars ascend the throne, the cynosure of all eyes.

## DON'T SLACK

Where's the last \$1,000?

Approximately \$13,000 was pledged the Missouri Memorial Union building last spring, to be collected at once. Of this sum, but \$12,000 has come in. Where are the men and women who promised the other \$1,000? Have they quit school, and with the end of daily classes lost all loyalty to Old Mizzou? Have their new duties so absorbed them that they no longer remember with feeling the fellow students who gave their lives?

Perhaps they have not left the University. Surely, they have not deliberately neglected to square themselves with the men to whom the Memorial is to be erected. Nor can they have so far lost sight of the welfare of their University as to refuse to aid in the erection of a building as necessary as the Union.

It is better to think that carelessness or a short memory has caused the collecting committee to look in vain for the last \$1,000. In any case delinquent pledges to the Memorial Union building fund should be paid at once. A campaign to collect back pledges which should not be necessary at all, will soon be launched.

Here's to the campaign committee. We want to see that last \$1,000 materialize.

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With the freshman-varsity football game, the first mass meeting, and the election of cheer leader, the old Tiger pep has made its appearance, and is on hand for another glorious season. While some of the old heads thought that old man choose 'em was a little late in showing up, and a few were growing gloomy over how slow things were going, there was no foundation for their fears, for the Tigers have started their new drive with all the fight and determination that has brought honor to the University in former years.

This applies not only to the football team, but to the whole school. Fair play and hard work bring success in the class room as well as on the gridiron; your success in the University will be measured entirely by the effort you put into the routine of your student life. We will all uphold Tiger Traditions and back every thing that Missouri University stands for.

---

A new freshman class has arrived and must be trained in Tiger Traditions. This necessitates not only the strict observance of the Ten Commandments issued by the Sophomores, but means that the class must learn that we back Missouri teams to a man, that we put over a Memorial Building and intend to have it, that we are all pulling for an adequate appropriation for the University. And then there is the honor system.

No one claims that the honor system has been a success, but we ALL claim that it MUST be successful from now on. Probably many of the freshmen have never before been placed under such a system, and they must be shown how it works. It is up to the Sophomores and Upper-classmen to make the demonstration. Since the Ag Club and several other organizations have declared for an aggressive enforcement of this system, woe unto anyone who tries to evade it.

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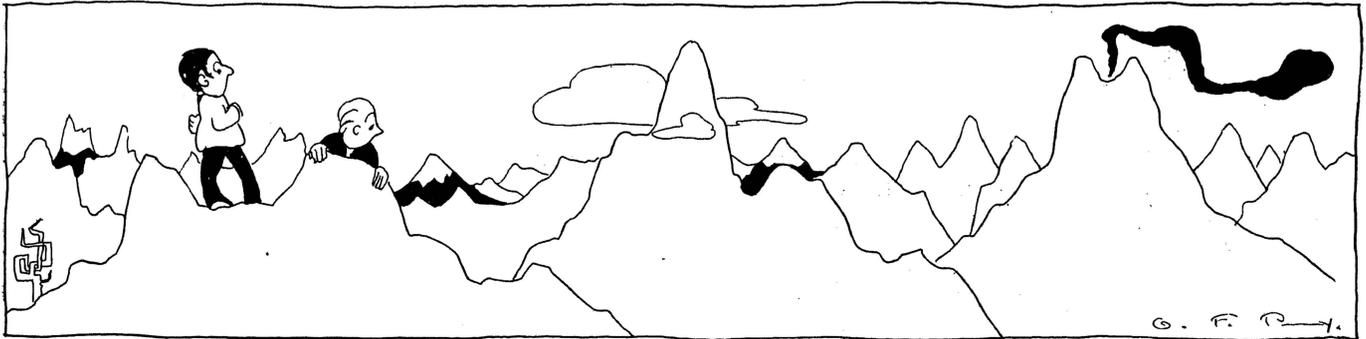
They say that Uncle Sam is sending a prohibition officer to Columbia; gives our night owls another victim to plot against.

Wonder if the boys will save him any space in The Family Skeleton?



“How did Austria pay her war debts?”

“Sent out Czecks.”



## ADVENTURES OF AMBROSE

OR

### HOW HORATIO HELPED

#### VOLUME I

Ambrose had just finished his breakfast of graham crackers a la mode as Horatio entered through the transom. "Fall in," muttered Ambrose. "You're up early this morning."

"Yes," responded Horatio, "I 'rose with the salt rising bread. Have you packed your handkerchief?"

"Not as yet," answered Ambrose, lighting a choice piece of tapestry. "Have you dined?"

"Oh yes," rejoined Horatio, seating himself on the color scheme, "the doctor only allows me one meal a day—oatmeal. But come, let us away."

"Go weigh if you want to," retorted Ambrose, throwing his handkerchief over his shoulder, "but put a little spring into it. We must find the Princess!"

And they slipped out of their quarters into the tenderloin.

#### VOLUME II

"What," ventured Ambrose, pointing to a peculiar noise behind the bar, "is that?"

"That," responded Horatio, reclining against a cloud of smoke, "is the scream of a pint bottle. The bartender is squeezing it."

"Oh," murmured Ambrose.

Just then a gun man entered, water dripping from his clothes. "He came in on the noon-tide," explained Horatio.

"Uh huh," retorted Ambrose.

"The relative humidity here," muttered Horatio, shoving a square pound of it under the table, "is rather heavy. It hurts my digits."

"Quite so," acquiesced Ambrose, "but harken to the malted music!"

"Alas!" cried Horatio, rising suddenly.

"Where?" ejaculated Ambrose, suddenly rising.

And they crawlstroked through the heavy fog.

#### VOLUME III

Just as the parade ground had been accounted for, they reached Camp Custard.

"The trees of that forest," said Horatio, "were reported absent."

"Indeed," remonstrated Ambrose, "they are without leaves."

Horatio selected a choice boulder, and tearing the bark from it, poured Ambrose a steaming cup of lava. "At the top of yon volcano," he continued, "there is a cone."

"What flavor," queried Ambrose.

"White," answered Horatio.

Ambrose seated himself on a pinnacle and listened to the gentle rumbling of the twilight, as it bounced from cliff to cliff. "Yes," he mused, "rabbits multiply very rapidly, but it takes a snake to be an adder."

"In which direction," shouted Horatio, "is Chicago?"

"Directions," returned Ambrose, "are always found on the bottle. Let us continue toward the yeast."

And they galloped merrily down the sides of the gorge.

*(To be continued)*



"Wasn't it dark out here last night?"

Lady—"What is that peculiar odor I get from that field?"

Farmer—"That's fertilizer."

Lady—"Oh, for the land's sake."

Farmer—"Yes, lady."

It is said that when a young lady of a certain village eloped, disguised in her father's clothes, the weekly paper came out with the following headline: "Flees in Father's Pants."

#### ASSEMBLY

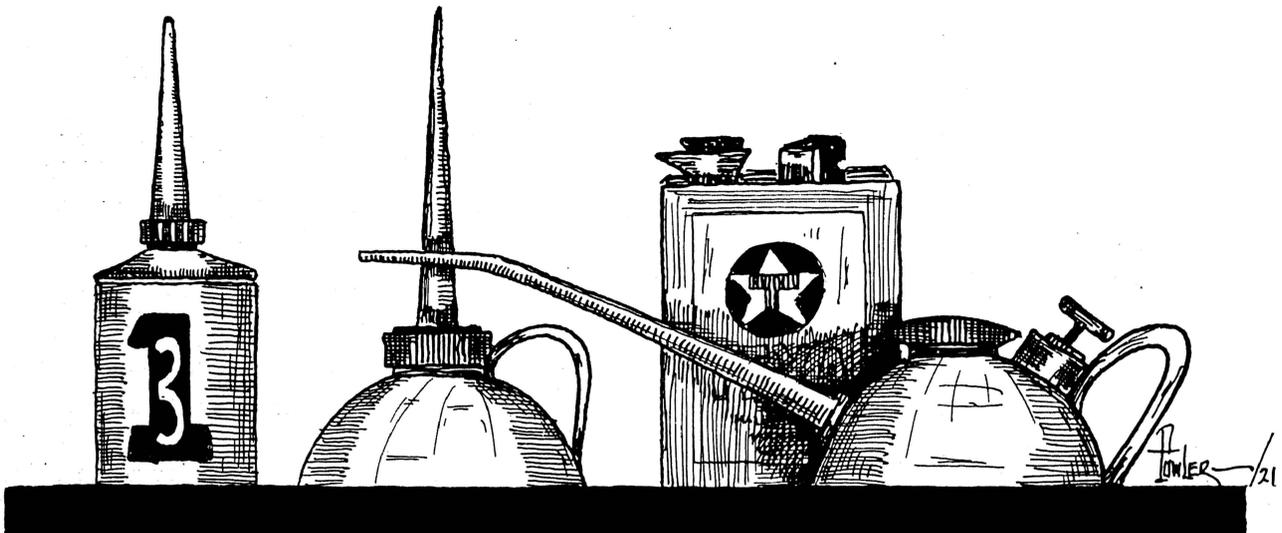
*The stag that eve had danced his fill,  
And leaned upon a window sill.  
His pompadour was slick and bright,  
His trouser's crease was pressed just right.  
His shoulders had the proper stoop,  
His Camel quite the stylish droop,  
His single ticket he had paid;  
Let others drag a date, he said.  
He'd dance with them,—he was not proud,  
He'd mingle with the vulgar crowd,  
At least this once. Besides, said he,  
It costs much less a stag to be.  
And so he left me dumb, entranced;  
He spied a girl he knew, and danced.*

—F. P. G.

#### D'jever Taste Bandoline?

Why the gosh hang  
Don't  
Companies take  
Fit trade marks for their  
Products  
Now a chewing gum  
Manufacturer has a  
Splendid trade-mark  
For a lip stick  
You get the idea  
"The flavor lasts."

One bewitching maiden  
In my close embrace  
Is worth a hundred maidens  
In any other place



Group of students who do not appreciate petting.

Our Special Correspondents



The above is a photograph of Monsignor Mickey de Finnegan, taken at the age of twelve, when he received his diploma from the Utopian Burglars College. Monsignor is now making his presence felt at the Irish-British peace parley. M. de Finnegan is a most impartial representative, and according to his last signed articles, the Italians are almost certain of winning several up-holstered trophies.

Perhaps you have often wondered who conducted our "Fireside Frolics" and "For the Kiddies" columns. Here is the charming young lady, Miss Epheria Blastoid. Before joining our staff, Miss Blastoid was connected with the Minnesota Matrimonial Market. She can plan more jolly good times on fifteen cents and a tin cup than most of us can have with a dictionary. She is at present occupied with working up some snappy suggestions on what to do between six-thirty and seven o'clock on Sunday mornings.



When the recent earth quake shook Souki San, Augustus Anvil was there with the first quiver. Augustus makes the continent his headquarters, and covers the territory from the west end of the North pole to the capitol of the Euphrates River like a mustard plaster. Augustus found his opening in a Swiss cheese factory; he is known where ever celluloid collars are sold.



Do you know how many juniper berries you can buy in the Province of Pomerania for a 1902 lead nickel? Cassius Caliope can tell you to a seed. His thorough study of foreign exchange, coupled with his charming personality, have won for him a place of honor in every court east and west of the equator. His charming statistics on how far thirty cents in nickels, placed end to end on a grove of bananas, will reach at right angles across the Alps at two-thirty on the Fourth of July, have been a source of never ending pleasure to our readers.

International intrigue is the breath of life to Horace Hammerhead. When the boundary between the uplands of lower Arapahoh and North Swedish Siam was at stake, it was Horace who discovered the Count of Calomel rolling up the boundary line, preparatory to hiding it in his tunic. Mr. Hammerhead has exposed the wiles of many diplomats in his volume, "Helpful Hints to Harvest Hands." His eloquent nose, always aimed directly at the North Star, has led him through some of the most baffling mysteries and scandals of royalty that can be imagined.





Deliver us from the thickset youth who insists on wearing the insignia of his late loved high school about the University campus. In letters an inch thick and a foot high he proudly pushes the record of his athletic prowess before him where ever he goes, fondly imagining the while that the coach and half the team are taking notes on his physical makeup. In reality he is drawing a lot of pitying comment. Someone should put him hep.



The first year youth comfort to his folks. He most likely place for maiden auntie to town pedestrain friends and flunk law might be col for feminine favor. long.

# Foolish



Former Cadet-Major Wimpus of the Hoozie Military Academy is causing trouble in the R. O. T. C. again this year. He has balled out three sophomore sergeants and a junior with the rank of captain, all from his inconspicuous position as number three in the rear rank. What makes it hard for the R. O. T. C. officers is that Wimpus seems to know his stuff and can quote passages of the I. D. R. without missing a comma.



The rustic who successfully piloted the senior class of old District No. Seven to a feverish finish offers food for thought. This year his tastes run to scorching neckwear and white socks. He is not averse to a nifty stick candy shirt on special occasions. Twelve months from now we'll see him with his hair parted in the middle, smoking cigarettes made in a factory. Higher learning is the berries.

The lad with tl stunning ways is wi turns up. He shrin and habitually carri This is particularly t man type, and incline

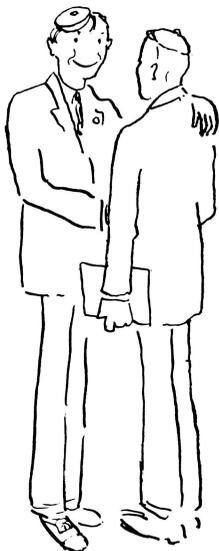
The serious frosh, the one who came down to get an education first and to be a man about town or a poker player second has almost ceased to exist. From time to time one appears behind a set of horn rimmed specs but before the term is over he slips in the gutter at least once. Yet, so that you may not forget the earmarks of the species, our artist has consented to sketch a frosh of the old school.



ngy lizzie must be a great  
t of his time parked in the  
and would rather drive his  
ass. He has the edge on his  
eration of the accumulative  
ement in the continual play  
the walkers he won't last

# Freshmen

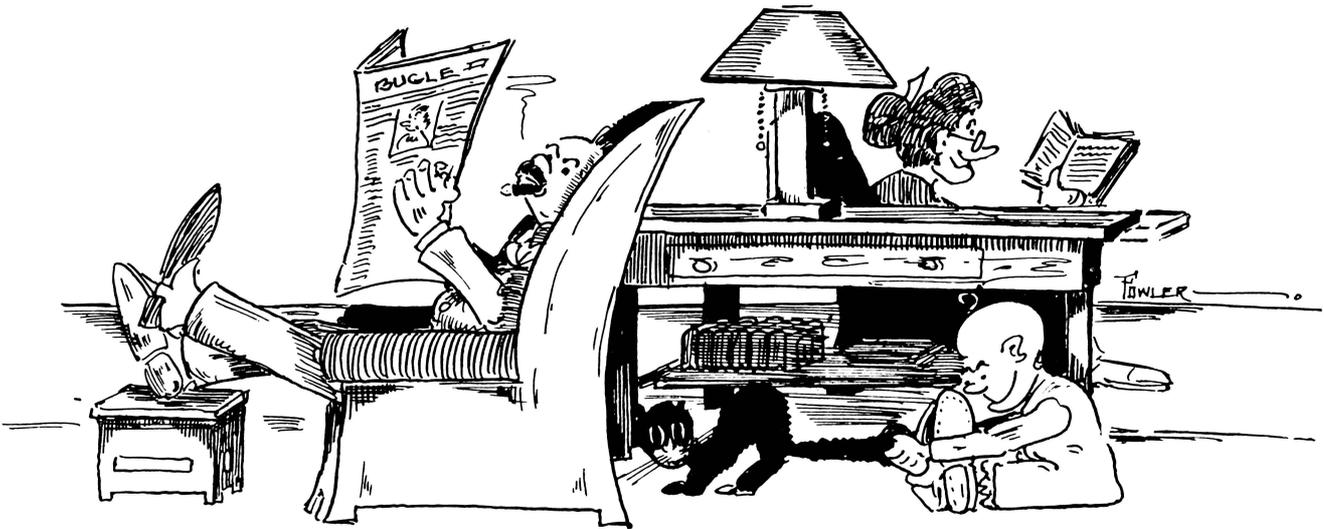
Somewhere on the campus, his dome ennobled with the screaming colors of his particular school or college, is the boy who will have his name on the ticket for student president two years from next spring. We have looked the lot over and haven't found him yet but he must be here. The accompanying picture is our artist's conception of how our hero looks some two years before he is much of a hero.



A constant source of pleasure to the juniors and seniors but a bit of a thorn to the blood thirsty sophomores is the freshman of Dempseyesque architecture. He is inclined to stand with feet wide apart and has been known to scowl ferociously at a few silky sophs who claim to be his superior in so many ways.



and full knowledge of his  
ntly as each freshman class  
ic avowal of his low estate  
ot cap in his coat pocket.  
r is of the Francis X. Bush-  
ay his kind decrease.



According to students in Household Problems, all that is needed in the modern home is a little atmosphere. On that basis, we proudly present our ideal household group: From left to right, in the center of the stage, Mr. and Mrs. Phere and little Atmos.

#### PER BEN JONSON

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
 A coke will do for mine.  
 If thou'lt imbibe, Oh watch the price,  
 Oh scan that right hand line.  
 A friendship such as ours, you know,  
 Asks not a drink divine.  
 A humble taxless one will serve,  
 Let thoughtful care be thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath  
 Not so much pleasing thee,  
 As making thee to think that I  
 A wealthy man must be.  
 The check I wrote to pay for it  
 Has been returned to me,  
 Since when I watch expenses, oh,  
 A lot more carefully.

—F. P. G.

A way back in the good old days  
 When folks would practice saving ways,  
 They took a pair of father's pants  
 And cut them down for brother.  
 Since then all things have suffered change.  
 To practice thrift we now arrange  
 To purloin little sister's skirt,  
 And cut it down for mother.

—Oran Jade.

#### LINES TO A LINE

A fool there was and he spent his cash  
 (Even as you and I,  
 On a face and a smile and a silken sash,  
 (She thought his line was as three-day hash,)  
 But he thought he was making an awful splash,  
 (Even as you and I.)

Oh, the time we spent and the thought that  
 went  
 To the making of days gone by,  
 Are lost to the limbo of things that are vain,  
 (Though there's profit derived in things that  
 are vain,  
 I'm sure I cannot tell why.)

A fool there was, and his heart was stirred  
 (Even as you and I.)  
 By the face and the smile and the things he heard,  
 But she went and married another bird,  
 And he lived through it all without saying a word,  
 (Even as you and I.)

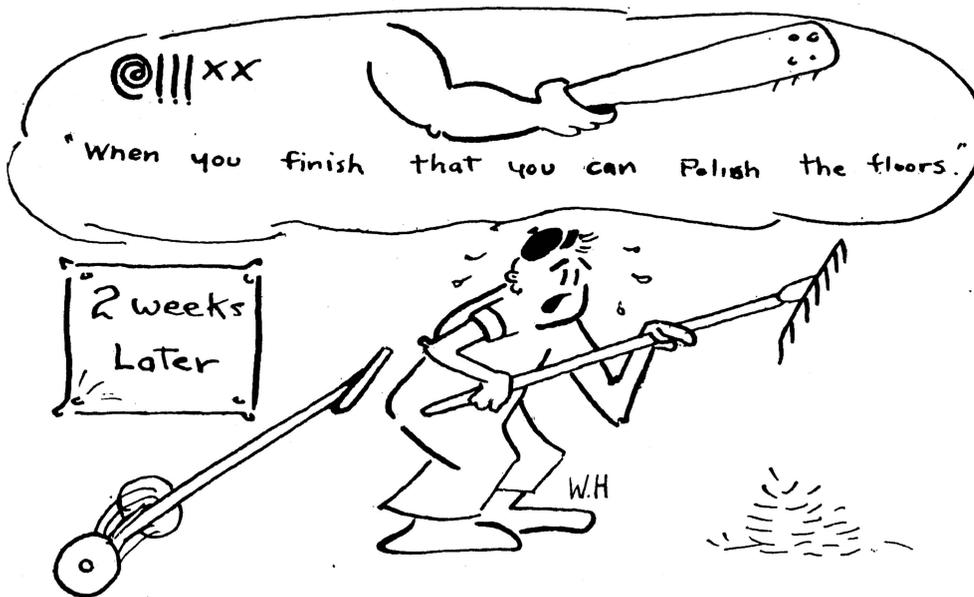
And the worst of it all, the most cursed of it all,  
 The thought that most often recurs,  
 Is not that she didn't devour our line,  
 (We thought at the time 'twas a darn good  
 line,)  
 But that we readily swallowed hers.

—F. P. G.



He: "Have you had any experience in gym works?"

She: "Well, I've danced with lots of dumb bells."



### Impressions of a plodge

For Those Who Have "Eight o'Clocks".

It's great to wake upon a morn  
 While birds and crickets sweetly sing,  
 And when a bell begins to peal,  
 Just yawn, "It's Sunday, let 'er ring."

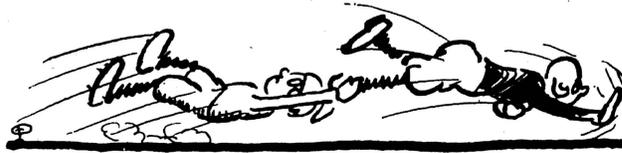
It Is Possible.

The latest report from Milwaukee says that  
 they are drinking near beer without a kick.

"Now we will play hell," growled the Tigers  
 as they finished their last earthly rival.

"This cuts quite a figure," said the censor as  
 he removed a close up from the bath room scene.

Why don't Irish potatoes have blue eyes?



## In the Tiger Camp

Wondering if Missouri has a chance for the Valley championship this year is getting to be quite a daily habit with the loyal boosters of the Tigers. Two years ago Johnny Miller's Trojans raced across the wire, a winner by a couple of lengths. Last year the Oklahoma Sooners with an aerial attack that would have won praise from the French aeronautic tutors, breasted the Old Gold and Black by the narrow margin of one sadsome frolic out on Rollins Field. The score was top-heavy, so that nobody felt quite as badly as they might have felt had Washington defeated us. Fortunately however, we whipped Washington and trimmed the Jayhawkers before a whopping big crowd on Turkey Day, so everybody was satisfied.

Too it will be recalled that Oklahoma was quite a popular champion. It was the Sooners' inaugural debut in Missouri Valley circles and their elegant brand of sportsmanship was much admired by everyone. Surely, if Missouri couldn't cop the bunting, everybody wanted Bennie Owen and his athletes to come through.

This year we can frankly boast of our platform from the opening gun. We do not want Oklahoma to cop, despite the fact that the Sooners are just as good sports as they were one year ago. We are not demanding that our new coaches, Jim Phelan and Jerry Jones, bring home all the bacon. We will, however, let you in on our own secret request of Mr. Phelan. We urged him as strongly as our language would allow us, to capture the Washington game, also the Turkey Day battle and above all the Oklahoma fracas. In as much as these three teams are the toughest on the Missouri schedule, all victories would practically mean a championship.

The reasonableness of the request is evident. To be beaten by Washington would be to eat the humblest pie, the Tiger ever had to devour. To bow before Potsy Clark up at Lawrence would mean a cold Turkey dinner that night in Kansas City and a bad attack of the blues afterward, if it is as cold as it was two years past. A whipping

from the Sooners would mean two championships, probably, for the Indians and that would never do.

As surveyed from an early season angle, the Jayhawkers, Huskers, Redskins and Tigers have the best prospects. The Nebraska contingent plays only three Valley games and has to be counted out. Concerning the other three we must admit that it is a toss-up with the Missourians just as uncertain as any. "Chuck" Lewis is back and so are Al Lincoln and Bunker, Captain Blumer and all the rest, but the line that will defend the Old Gold and Black territory is only a shadow of the stronghold that fought for "Old Mizzou" last year. The material looks good, however.

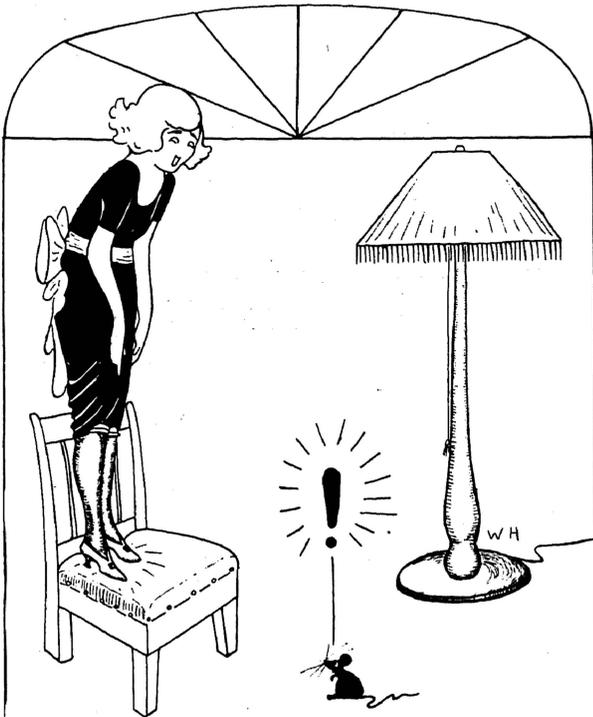
The Tigers have four games at home, namely, Oklahoma Aggies, Drake, Ames and Oklahoma. The last named tilt will be Homecoming.

—E. N. J.

### TIGERS MEET STRONG FOE IN AGGIES

The Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College eleven opens the season for the Tigers here today. Last Saturday this aggregation defeated Southwestern Normal 53-0, on the Aggie field. The steam roller that Johnny Maulbetsch seems to have built at Stillwater has an advance reputation that has drawn the attention of the Tiger rooters away from Norman temporarily, where we have so long centered our attention when Oklahoma was mentioned.

Coach Phelan will put the Tiger team into the field today upon which all of Missouri's championship aspirations hinge. While the opening game in former years has been more or less of a practice, rooters will today see the best that Missouri has in action. With Lewis, Lincoln, Humes, Knight, Bundschu, Packwood, and Kershaw to select from in the backfield, and Captain Blumer, Bunker, Hardin, Hill, Storms, Masters, and Armstrong in the line, the Tiger machine will appear as it will probably be seen for the rest of the season. Its real strength will be tested today.



"Show me!" said the mouse.

#### Evolution.

During his freshman year he got to class promptly on the hour.

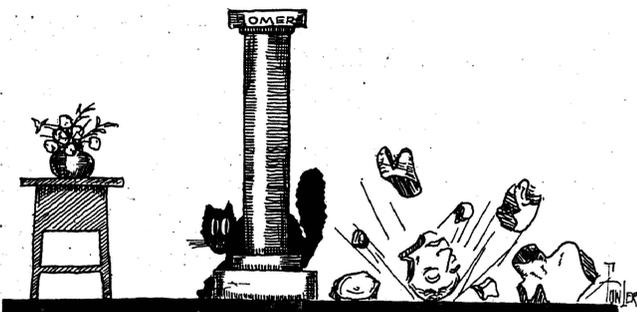
During his sophomore year he came in at just ten minutes past.

During his junior year he got there five minutes late.

During his senior year he didn't come to class at all.

"I don't care for Mr. Flounder; he can't even swim."

"Yes, he is a poor fish."



Fragments from Homer; a bust.

One bright starry night  
I walked up the flight  
Of steps to the porch of my love.  
With her husband down town,  
On those we sat down,  
And we gazed at the stars above.

And  
I

Walked  
Down  
Those  
Steps  
Like  
This

The next starry night  
I walked up the flight  
Of steps to the porch of my love.  
But another intruder  
A clandestine suitor  
Met me on the threshold above.

And

this  
like  
steps  
those  
down  
bumped  
I.

The next starry night  
I walked up the flight  
Of steps to the porch of my love.  
But friend hubby alone  
Was staying at home,  
And again I saw stars above.

And

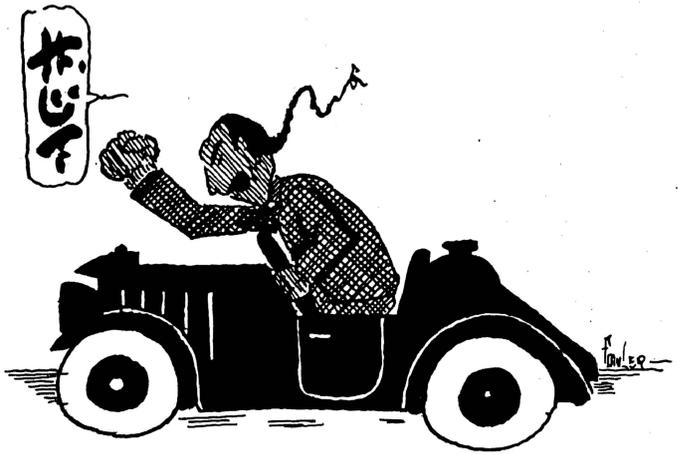
I  
walked  
down  
those  
stairs  
like  
this.

Clarissa—"Father, you're a brick."

Father—"Well, if I let you walk all over me, you needn't remind me of it."—Widow.

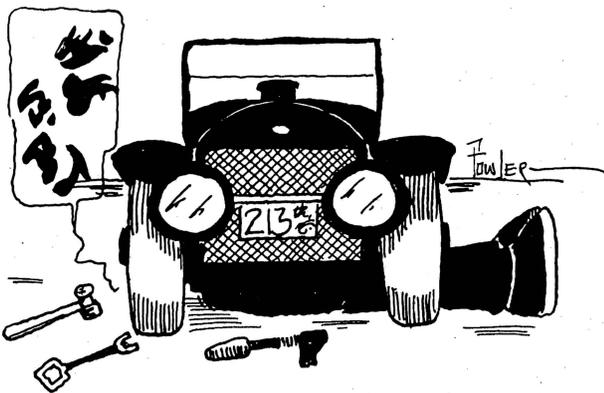
"My father weighed only four pounds when he was born."

"Great heavens, did he live?"—Lampoon.



An eccentric collector of curious bits of humor recently ran across an article in an American newspaper translating verbatim, a section from a Japanese traffic regulation. The translation, word for word, ran something like this:

"If any vehicle obstickles your passageway, toodle your horn with great vigor. If the said vehicle does not make itself vacant, toodle your horn with still greater vigor and utter some word of warning from the mouth such as, 'Hi! Hi!'"



Nowadays

How we patronize the arts  
Nowadays

Truly they lie next our hearts  
Nowadays  
Girls in keeping up to date  
Learn to paint and decorate  
How we patronize the arts  
Nowadays

Almost nothing's going on  
Nowadays  
Everything is shrunk or gone  
Nowadays  
At our shows or dances rare  
Men just stand around and stare  
Almost nothing's going on  
Nowadays

Everything is going up,  
Nowadays  
Everyone seems bowed with care  
Nowadays  
Men pass by with low-bent head  
As the chill wind sweeps o'erhead  
Everything is going up  
Nowadays



Rounder—"My hat needs blocking."  
Bowler—"There's a block in it now."

## Henninger's Jewelry Store

You will need merchandise from clocks to a diamond engagement ring. We supply you.

### Another Roast.

"To the Ladies! God dress 'em."  
—Punch Bowl

Prof. in engineering class: "What is a dry-dock?"

Stude in rear: "A physician who won't give out prescriptions."  
—Exchange.

### Rebuff.

"Ah! I saw the princess slip,"  
Said the preacher to the teacher  
As she stumbled on the stairs.

"Fresh old thing, don't get flip!"  
Quoth the teacher to the preacher.  
"What you saw were teddy bears!"  
—Tatler.

"Say it With Flowers"

*Columbia Floral Co.*

7th and Broadway

*If the eats from home  
don't come, try ours.  
No better, but just as  
good as mother makes.*

## STRENG'S

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Phone 429

*Oh, Baby!*  
*It's All to the Berry"*

Thus shrieketh the fair "petite" as she casteth her glims on her room-mate's garments just out of their pasteboard container. "Cutie, spooch to me an' told me where and how and when."

And behold, her room-mate did make answer unto her in this wise: "The where is a subject with which you shouldst have been acquainted long ere this, the time is a matter of little concern since it can be answered with one word—'any', as to the how. . . your worries on that score ended with Mr. Bell's well-known experiments with the electro-magnet."

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The wise students know where  
to go—the others soon find out

**REX BARBER SHOP**

He—"Woman is loveliest in her thirties."  
She—"Thank—I mean, do you think so?"  
—Purple Cow.

Say, I'm stuck. Do you know anything about  
a fiver?

Nothing but a couple of funny stories.  
—Wampus.

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and

*Good Taste*

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STETSON HATS  
for FALL  
averaging  
**25%** lower  
than last year



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style in every line.  
Just as much a part of  
the smart college outfit  
as pep and enthusiasm  
is a part of campus life.

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The same today, as for  
56 years assured  
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fountain.

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Meets Friend"*

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

The prices are fair, the values unequalled. We make a specialty of Sorority and Fraternity Jewelry, stationery and emblem goods.

*T. L. Floyd, Jeweler*

706 Broadway Columbia, Mo. Phone 931

Bloke—"Who was that fellow you talked to so long on the corner?"

Soak—"He was my old bar-tender."

Bloke—"What did he say?"

Soak—"No." —Exchange.

Irate Passenger—"Why don't you put your foot where it belongs?"

Tough Guy—"If I did you wouldn't sit down for a week." —Jester.

Judge—"You have been found guilty of petty larceny. What do you want, ten days or ten dollars?"

Guilty Party—"I'll take the money." —Flamingo.

Eve (from the bushes)—"Adam, dear, close your eyes so that I can come home."

Adam—"What's the matter, my own?"

Eve—"I've been A. W. O. L." —Dirge.

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*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)*

When you finish that  
game, there's a barber  
waiting for you

*Booche's Barber Shop*

Have a cigar?  
No—don't smoke now.  
Sworn off?  
Nope; stopped entirely: —Tar Baby.

A poetess fair named Miss Hughes,  
Was asked why she happened to chughes  
Her verse to compound  
With cats all around.  
She said, "I'm inspired by the Mughes."  
—Brown Jug.

Tailoring of  
a noteworthy  
distinction—  
Cleaning and  
Pressing the same.

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Student Headquarters for:  
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the new Edison records*

THE PASSWORD TO  
POPULARITY AND  
THE SYNONYM OF  
UNEXCELLED QUISINE

*JUST SAY*

**PALMS**

*The University Oasis*

**On Friday Night.**

She: "Oh, John, you're so tender tonight!"

He: "I ought to be; I've been in hot water all week at school." —The Gleaner.

"This spring weather," writes R. H. F., "will probably result in a decrease in the number of winter overcoats stolen at a certain institution of higher learning." —Exchange.

Lawyer (to lady leaving the witness stand)—  
"I'm sorry to say, madame, that there are discrepancies in your testimony."

Lady (looking down hurriedly)—"Good Lord, are there? Where?" —Exchange.

"What would you do to a man who proposed over the telephone?"

"Reject him on a postcard."  
—Richmond Collegian.

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Serve  
Save  
Satisfy

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and those you want  
to know --*

*Play at*

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**Gordan**  
Leather Coats and Vests

**Spalding and Travelo**  
Sweater Coats

**Stetson and Knox**  
Hats and Caps

**Barely True.**

"Why do you seem so fussed?"  
"Oh, I always feel self-conscious in an evening gown."  
"Sort of all dressed up and no place to go?"  
"No—nothing on for the evening!"—Frivol.

When a fellow is allowed to muss a girl's hair he considers it a net gain. She considers it a net loss.  
—Punch Bowl.

**Pleased to Meet.**

"You know that \$10 you lent me."  
"Not now, introduce me. —Lord Jeff.

**They're Off.**

Eight O'clocker (waking room-mate)—"It's ten to eight."  
Second Eight O'clocker (sleepily)—"Wait till the odds get better. Then place it all."—Widow.

*Shipping*

*Crating*

**Rummans Transfer Company**  
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Baggage a Specialty.

Prompt Service

*Storage*

*Moving*

A Deadly Answer.

He (walking by a graveyard)—“Wouldn't it be ghastly if all the dead people here came to life again?”

She (yawning)—“No, indeed! I wish one of them would. —Punch Bowl.

They say the country girl is shy  
And full of dignity,  
But, really, it's the city girl  
That seems so shy to me.

She flaunts a skirt cut rather high,  
And quite a length of hose;  
I'd say the city girl was shy  
When you refer to clothes.  
—Punch Bowl.

Cleo—“When Bill danced with me last night he kept letting his hand slip down my back.”

Patrica—“I hope you rebuked him.”

Cleo—“I did; I told him to keep it up.”  
—Purple Cow.

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We Like To Play -

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other occasions*

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You'll Find Home of the  
Old Guard  
Quality and  
Economy at

The **PENNANT**

*Sam Myerson*

*12 So. Ninth*

Stude—"See this chalk on my shoulder?"  
 Roommate—"Yeh."  
 Stude—"Well, that ain't chalk. —Jester.

How many cigarettes does Rollo smoke a day?  
 Oh, any given number. —Tiger.

Instructor—"Do we import any raw material  
 from France?"  
 Wit (a la critic)—"Only plays." —Burr.

Bill's lost his hat.  
 How do you know?  
 I can't find mine. —Lemon Punch.

First Attorney—"Your Honor, unfortunately,  
 I am opposed by an unmitigated scoundrel."

Second Attorney—"My learned friend is such  
 a notorious liar—"

Judge (sharply)—"The counsel will kindly  
 confine their remarks to such matters as are in dis-  
 pute." —Virginia Reel.

*Show Me*

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 highly distinctive trimming touches.  
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 tinguished quality.

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## GEERY

*The Ninth Street Jeweler*

Her—"Which stands the most show, the good or the fast girls?"

Him—"I don't know, but the fast ones show more."  
—Brown Jug.

The more than usual lack of intelligence among the students that morning had got under the professor's skin.

"Class is dismissed," he said, exasperatedly. "Please don't flap your ears as you pass out."  
—Froth.

A clean, gentlemanly game, in pleasant, sociable surroundings, with people you know and like. If these things appeal to you, drop down to the

## Tavern Billiard Academy

*and let's get acquainted*



Hello Fellows. I'll be back in a few minutes; going down to Levy's to have them *Showme* that line of classy oxfords and boots. Believe me men, they are sure the good lookers. Have you seen them in their windows? Well, they're real up-town shoes for the real fellows. Don't fail to see them at

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"Quality Footwear"  
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