

SHOWME

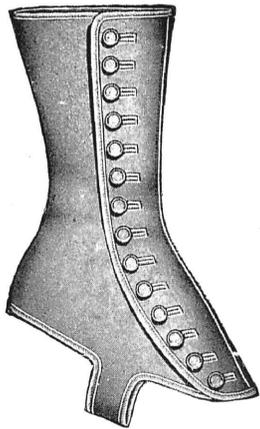
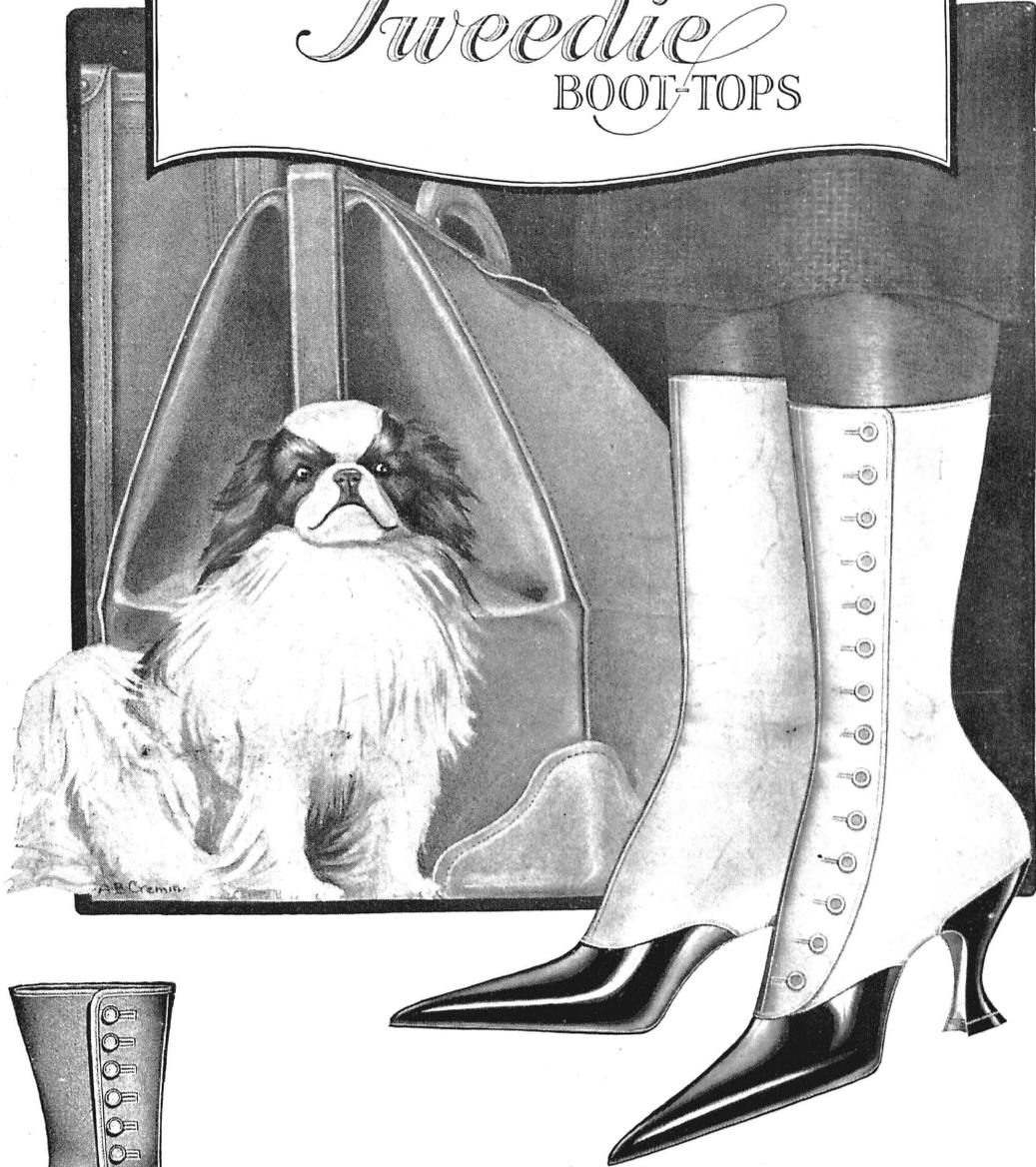
December



VOL. II., No. IV.
UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI
PRICE 35¢

WILEY-PADAN

Tweedie BOOT-TOPS



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

*None genuine without
this label*



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

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

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

FITTED WHERE GOOD SHOES ARE SOLD IN
COLUMBIA

TWEEDIE BOOT-TOP CO.—St. Louis, Mo.



Everybody Wants

a private stock of good sweets over the holidays. Everybody's taste can be suited in the variety of Whitman packages of chocolates and confections.

Place your order with the near-by Whitman agency and double the value of your gift by selecting an appropriate package.

THE SAMPLER—chocolates and confections selected from ten leading Whitman's packages. The box is as quaint as the sweets are good.

A FUSSY PACKAGE—nut and hard center chocolates, beautifully boxed. **SUPER EXTRA** chocolates and confections—the quality which first made Whitman's famous.

NUTS, CHOCOLATE COVERED—a rich, delicious assortment that enjoys wide popularity.

PLEASURE ISLAND chocolates in a pirate's chest that recalls the romance of R. L. S.

SALMAGUNDI PACKAGE—super-extra chocolates. Metal box lacquered in exquisite mosaic. A gift that is sure to charm.

LIBRARY PACKAGE—Shaped like a book. A new assortment of chocolates.

Hand painted round boxes and fancy bags, boxes and cases in great variety

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U.S.A.
Sole makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

Whitman's famous candies are sold by
Peck Drug and News Co.

Ask for special Missouri package with ribbon and seal



INCORPORATED
1885

ARTISTS
DESIGNERS
ENGRAVERS
ALL PROCESSES
AND PURPOSES
OFFSET AND
PHOTO-LITHO
SPECIALISTS

THE MORE PARTICULAR

ARTISTS, ILLUSTRATORS, ENGRAVERS

for

HIGH SCHOOLS

COLLEGES

UNIVERSITIES

**PRODUCERS OF
PLATES IN ONE
OR MULTICOLORS**

914 PINE STREET
ST. LOUIS, MO.



Accented

Harold—That soprano had a large repertoire.

Maggie—Ain't it the truth now, and since you speak of it, her dress only made it look worse.—Purple Cow.

Some men give ladies their seats in street cars. Other men are married.—Malteaser.

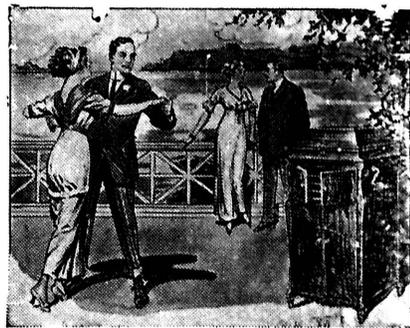


The Finest
Coffee
on
Earth

NOWELL'S

Phont 74

9th & Walnut



You can

Dance

Anytime

With a VICTROLA

Taylor Music Company

NATURAL BEAUTY

is all right but most people
Want to enhance theirs a little.
That's *OUR* business.

PARSON SISTERS

A Big Job.

Fond Parent—What is worrying you, my son?
Willie—I was just wondering how many legs
you gotta pull off a centipede to make him limp.—
Sun Dodger.

Sign in down-town store—
LADIES SPORT HOSE.
To which we might add, "Darn right they do."
—Octopus

Hot Drinks *and* Cold
That "*Tabern Taste.*"

Distinguishes

THEM

FROM

ALL

OTHERS

Tabern Drug Store

The Home of Quality

For the Holiday Season

Order one of our rich *Fruit Cakes.*

Take one home or have us send it.

ORDER EARLY

Why not have us send a box of our *as-*
sorted cookies home for Xmas.

STRENG'S

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

IN THE ELECTRICAL

LINE ARE ALWAYS

WELL RECEIVED



You'll have the largest selection here

John L. Platt Electrical Co.

19 South 9th

Christmas = = = and Good Printing

The connection between the happy Yuletide and the printing art is clearly established in Christmas cards of the better sort.

First of all, do your well-wishing in appropriate terms; then live up to the earnestness behind the sentiment by having it artistically printed. In other words—have us print it.

It's best to place your order now.

J. GUY McQUITTY
"Quick Printer"

Phone 930-Black



Gifts

for Xmas

Think of **HENNINGERS'**

813 Broadway

THE SHOWME

December, 1921

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

He—Her brow is lily-white.

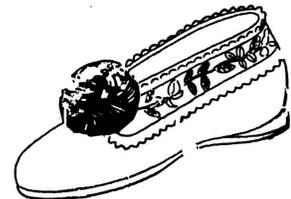
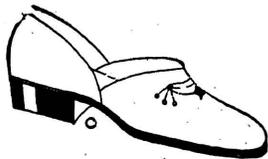
She—Yes, ivory should be white.—Awgwan.

Merry Xmas

Boys

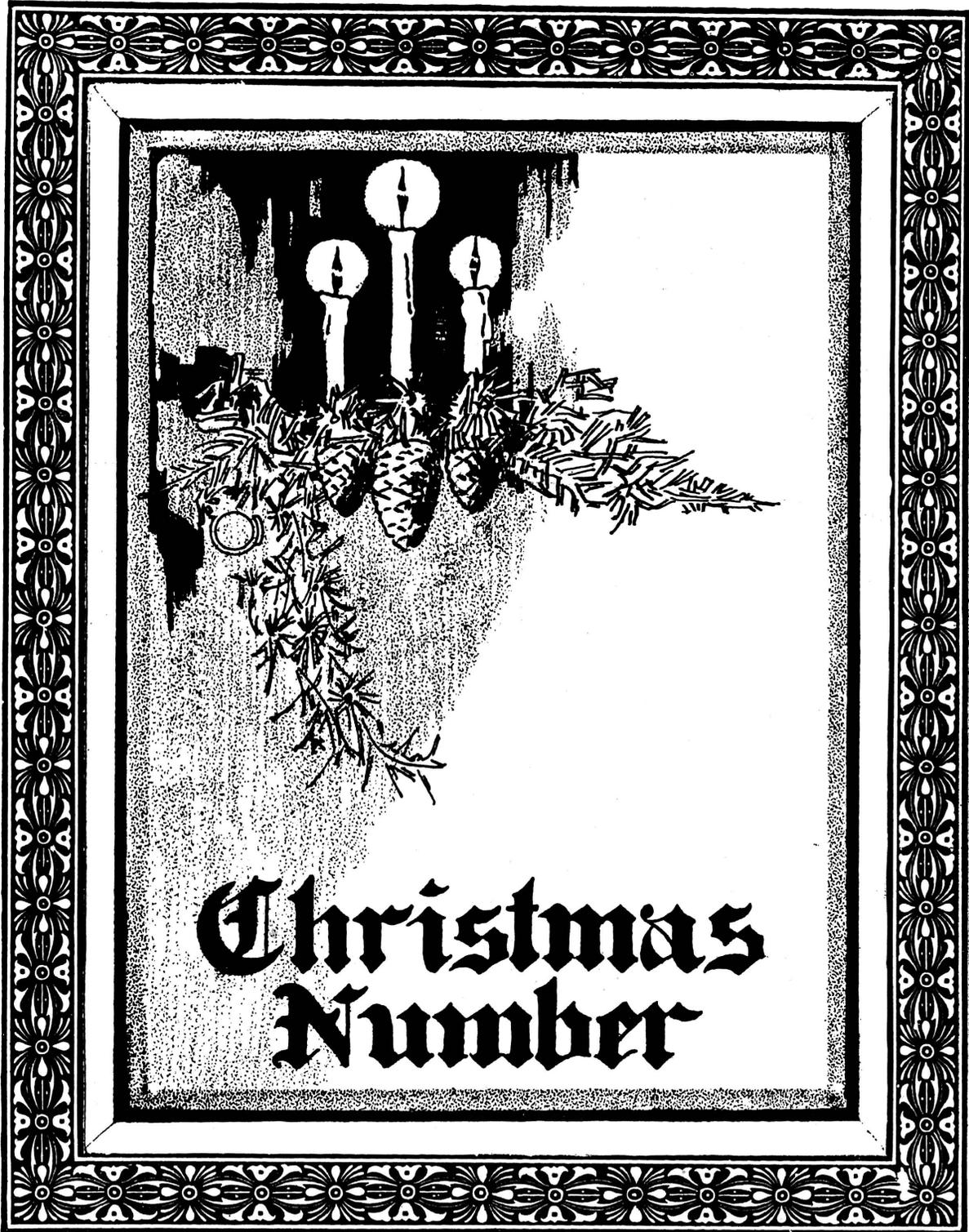
and

Girls



It's time to be buying Levy's Merry Xmas slippers. Make every one you know happy with a pair of slippers from

LEVY'S
"QUALITY FOOTWEAR"





"The Wasted Generation."



Be Dee Merrie!

Yee merrie men of long ago were wont yee parties big to throw, with roasted pig and sparkling ale, with goodly beer made much Wassail, and filling up yee Baron's hall did have yee flowing Christmas ball. The Butler brought bowls of the best, and yee merrie laddies did the rest.

Since, Christmas times and tides have changed, but other things have been arranged to make the Yuletide gay and free, to pass away so merrily. Eftsoons, the merry Christmas dance, where all join hands and gayly prance, and sing a Yuletide song or so and get home when the roosters crow. Good hunting offers much delight, as chasing possums half the night, or, if this brings but meager luck, pursue the merry flutter duck. The program for the afternoon oft' times includes a wicked spoon when stirring times are had by those who proudly claim a tea stained nose.

Kris Kringle comes but once a year, so make yee merrie while he's here! All Tiger Town will cease a while an education to beguile, forgetting chili mack and cokes we'll take a few meals with the folks. We'll tell them, how, at Old Mizzou, we plan a thing and see it through, and how that Tiger loves to roar, and let's see, now what was that score? We'll make 'em glad they sent us here, Oh, Boy,

AIN'T WE GOT CHRISTMAS CHEER?



ADAM
11/11

The Co-ed's Christmas Dream

HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?

Ruthless Rutherford is a Type. He doesn't look any More like the "Handsome Fellows at College" ads than the Ads do Themselves. Rutherford knows this and Counts it as a Special gift to set him Apart from his less lucky Companions.

Also Rutherford has been Around. He knows New York like a Book, having got Most of his knowl- edge of It from between the Covers of the Same. Not that He hasn't visited the Well Known metropolis. Oh no, He has been there several Times. He speaks off hand of Nights spent at the Palais Royal and the Red Room of the Plaza.

Furthermore he slings a Wicked line About the folks in Greenwich Village. He's been there, Too. He knows all about the Great big City.

What he doesn't know is that The places he so Proudly mentions as his Gotham-ic playgrounds are also the Fond Memory of every Other Rube who has been on the Island. With the Other small Towners he rubbed Shoulders with Fellow Rubes and Thought he was in the Center of Wild Life. He even Swiped a spoon from the Ziegfield Roof and drags it Out on special occasions when someone Tries to Talk about anything But what Rutherford has Done.

Along with His metropolitan Experience Rutherford has acquired a Polish. It consists in Project- ing his Lower Lip down to Form a Pout when he isn't the Center of Attention and the cultivation of a Beautifully Bored expression.

He is a Languid sort of a duck and Has an Idea that he has the Women on His Hip. He does have a Few.

He doesn't care for the General Run of things and Is cut out For a little better stuff than the Best, he says. When he goes Any place he is No more Conspicuous than is Absolutely Necessary. This means that he Has most of the people looking at him All of the Time. This Bores him a Lot but he would al- most be Willing to remove a necessary Garment or Two if interest Began to lag.

Rutherford has Been exposed to Fond parents who have Successfully Spoiled him. When he isn't Charming some Woman with a Blase flow of conversation he is Camped before a Mirror getting Set for the next Session.

His clothes are the Delight of all, especially the Tailors.

He spends a Wad of money to look Like he thinks one in His position should and almost succeeds in getting a job as End Man. His manners are straight from the Pages of Vanity Fair along with His socks.

He knows just what to say at the proper Time but Can rarely think Of it.

Rutherford is a Lovely boy and spends much Time complaining that this Is no place for One of his Merit. He has Sung the Song for a Considerable period of Time and has about convinced most of those Who know him that It would have been All right if he Had left some time ago.

Rutherford continues to believe He is the Real Article. He eases Around and lets People look at Him as much as they Please and hardly ever gets Grouchy with them For admiring his pretty ways. He'd like to See everyone as Nice as he is, Rutherford would. He's not selfish a Bit.

Oh, yes, Rutherford is among Us. He is Here on every hand. He'll go through the University Pat- ting himself on the Back for Uplifting the Community.

Fact of the Matter is nobody Likes him. The men express their Opinions in private and the Girls think he's a Silly Ass. Rutherford doesn't know this.

Moral: Think before YOU laugh.

SHOWME

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University of
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To the Missouri Tiger, we wish the happiest of holidays! We believe this to be one of the most successful semesters that the sons of Old Mizzou have completed for some time. A fighting Tiger spirit that brought glory on the football field, a homecoming that will stand for years as an inspiration to future homecoming committees, and a body of loyal undergraduates who have upheld Tiger Traditions and refrained from practices that might bring discredit upon the school, all have made the present fall term one long to be remembered. The Missouri Tiger deserves a holiday; may every Christmas joy be yours!

“THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED—”

WHEREAS, the Showme doth continue to struggle merrily along, and WHEREAS, there are among us many who do read the same and register appreciation, and WHEREAS, being possibly shy of business one evening, now comes one Student Council, and doth issue the following resolution, to wit:

“WHEREAS the ‘Showme,’ a magazine published by students in the University of Missouri, does receive the unanimous vote of approval of this, the Student Council, sitting in executive session, this twenty-ninth day of November, nineteen hundred and twenty-one, therefore

“BE IT RESOLVED that the Student Council go on record as recognizing the ‘Showme’ as a publication of the University of Missouri which merits the co-operation of the student body and faculty.

(Signed) THE STUDENT COUNCIL for 1921-22. By J. Max McCann, President of the student body, and J. B. Coppedge, Secretary of the student body.”

This calls for many more editorial cheers than a page can usually hold. A publication which merits the co-operation of the student body and faculty has always been the aim of the Showme and whether or not we have merited such co-operation, we have not at all times received it. Our list of contributors and assistants, however, is now growing with every number, and the interest taken in what goes on around 506 Guitard Building is steadily increasing. Several members of the present staff will not be in school next year, and undergraduates must get enough practical experience this year at the different phases of publishing a magazine to take their places.

If everyone in school will express his recognition of the Showme as worthy of his co-operation, and then *give us* some of said co-operation in the best manner that he can, the Showme will continue to live and prosper. Student Council, we thank you, and hope that the student body will follow your lead.

SHOWME'S DOPE ON ELECTIONS

On December 6 will occur the annual class elections. It is the hope of all persons with the interests of the University at heart that this year's polling will be of greater significance than formerly. In past elections of this kind the goal has been a mere personal or organization triumph. A class presidency has been rated as good advertising for the person achieving it, nothing more.

With the initial impetus of the Missouri Memorial Union Building campaign still making things hum and the work of R. L. Hill, alumni recorder, just reaching a point where ultimate results may be forecast, it is possible that election to class office may open a field of useful endeavor to the successful candidates.

By placing the proper man in charge of the senior class the class of '22 will boast in later years of being the first to leave the shadows of the columns organized and capable of collectively achieving something for the University of Missouri.

We have never known a class reunion at Missouri. Those affairs, about which are twined much of the glory and tradition of the great universities of the East, are a closed book to us. The pleasure of renewing old acquaintanceships, after an interval of years has sharpened the appetite for a round of reminiscence, has been denied us, except in the sketchy manner provided for by the Thanksgiving gridiron battles with Kansas. We have gone through the University without organizing and have lost much that should attach to the later life of a University bred man or woman.

The benefits to the University by exchanging the present amorphous alumni for a cohesive body with a central organization capable of putting the strength of the graduates to some use are incalculable. The Memorial campaign proved that fact conclusively.

Immediately following the December 6 elections should come a real organization of every class. The men selected for office must be of the highest caliber, capable of swinging by their own enthusiasm the bulk of class membership which will inevitably balk at any effort whatsoever with the stolid indifference that is always encountered by new ideas and endeavors.

The possibilities of the plan are limitless and the issue lies squarely before us all.



Your lips—
 Draw pictures for me dear
 Fine stencils
 Of life and love
 And Moonlight.

Your lips—
 Draw pictures for me dear
 Sweet pictures
 Of untold blisses
 Draw a little closer—
 Won't you dear?

Down and Out!

If I should hang my stocking up, upon this Christmas Eve
 I shouldn't get from Santa Claus the things he meant to leave
 Because,—believe me when I tell my painful tale of woe
 The only pair of sox I have are worn out at the toe.

A Wailing Rumor

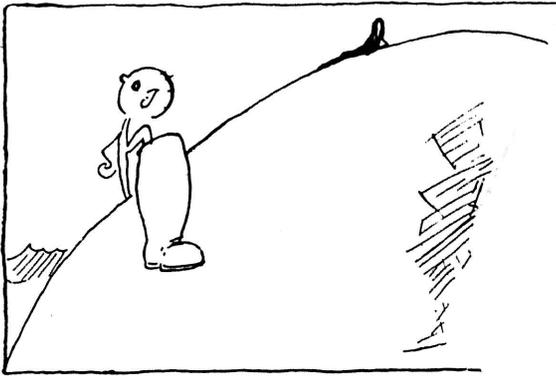
Santa Claus is warmly clothed
 He's furred from toe to head
 But Santa Claus would freeze to death
 If he slept in my bed.

Why Boys Leave Home.

I know the ways of integral and differential calc.
 I know the formula for pi and rank old Mavis talc.
 I know the length of Brooklyn Bridge, the depth of Zuyder Zee:
 But I don't know why she shuts her eyes each time she kisses me.

The Parting

I have to give up Mary
 I must kiss Jane goodbye
 I must split up with Helen
 I have to pass her by
 For candy is expensive
 And the Christmas days are nigh!



ADVE.

S.

Lord Whifempoof threw out the life line a making it fast to a gentle zephyr, descended on three roller skates. "I usually come down in my breeches buoy," he remarked to the three musketeers.

"Where did you get those breeches, boy?" queried Gumshoe Gus in amazement.

"Keep still," roared Ambrose. "His Lordship was not addressing you. But tell me," he continued to Lord Whifempoof, "how do you like that mountain?"

"It's a nice mountain," interrupted Horatio, "but I'm afraid it won't dew."

"Sh! !" cautioned Lord Whifempoof, "Bosco's back porch is stirring! We must be careful not to disturb it. Please throttle down your conversations!"

"A thousand pardons," murmured Horatio, "I assure you that we did not realize that it was a sleeping porch!"

And they stepped across the horizon.

VOLUME VIII

"Why are you so mournful?" asked Ambrose as Gus sent a column of sobs across the nearest glacier.

"I was reared in a pine tree," moaned Gus.

"Perhaps that accounts for the knots in your limbs," ventured Horatio, drawing a conclusion on the canopy of heaven.

"It is not!" bawled Gus, shedding crocodile tears into his alligator traveling bag. "Besides, my watch has stopped."

"Perhaps it was a stop watch," reverberated Horatio.

"Be quiet," screamed Ambrose at the top of

"Tl. at
large. e,
onward to the me
And they floated c : on a tying wedge.

VOLUME IX

"The Princess," remarked Shadey Sadie, "is still at large."

"How large is the still?" asked Gumshoe Gus, spanking his chops.

"Silence!" roared Ambrose. "Sadie, I can tell by the inflection of your ears that you are possessed of a secret. Come, you must tell us where the Princess is imprisoned."

"Hist!" cried Gus, "I hear something approaching!"

"It is probably the millennium," yawned Horatio.

"I will tell you my secret," sobbed Sadie. "The Princess has been sent to Siberia for a rest. She blew a fuse in the Circuit Court!" Sadie seated herself on a toad stool. "But the Princess is angry at me," she continued. "I lost the silver cuspidor that belonged to her spit curls." Sadie's tears had now melted the glacier, and the adventurers found themselves standing on a street car track.

"There has been a nervous wreck on this line," announced Horatio. "Several of the ties have come untied."

And they waded to a passing group of thunder.

(To be continued)

Foiled Again

...e, I could sing verses to
 ... beauty,—yes, I think I could.
 ...sibilities for you
 ... Are really good.

...e is all a poet could ask,
 ...air is worth a page of tosh,
 ...ar eyes would be no task,
 ...nd lips,—My gosh!

...ways you are a joy,—
 ...a know who Wells and Einstein are;
 ...on't confuse the hoi-polloi
 ... With caviar.

...our grapefruit spurts not in my face,
 ... You know the proper fork to use.
 ... In fact, you possess every grace
 ... That I would choose.

... I could indeed sing songs about
 ... Such charms, inspiring praise,
 ... And versify, without a doubt,
 ... In lofty phrase.

... I say, I **Could** write all this stuff
 ... If such a thing had been my wont,
 ... And if I liked you well enough,—
 ... But then I don't.

—F. P. G.

I know a dame of sprightly
 Whose hands and face are always clean,
 So very clean they almost shine;
 But oh, she has a dirty "line."
 Her form, so frail from tip to top,
 Could scarce negotiate a mop;
 She looks too weak to move her lips,
 But she shakes energetic hips.
 When she walks down the street, the gawks
 All rubber at this paradox;
 Some people do not think she's nice—
 Well, maybe not—but she'll suffice.

A Gay Life.

Alice: "Can a girl live on love?"
 Virginia: "Yes—if she stays single!"



See level.

The Insidiousity of the Cigarette.

Insidiously the cigarette habit is fastening itself upon our college men. For sheer insidiousness, there are few things comparable to the tobacco habit.

The actions of the victims of this curse are sometimes astounding. (I use the word "astounding" at this point, not because I know what it means, but because a girl called me that and I desire to make use of the only thing I managed to get out of her.)

One afternoon this past week, a young victim, in a fit of absentmindedness, entered my luxurious suite of rooms and put on my thirty-five dollar sheepskin. With a desire to be consistent, he thrust into a pocket eighteen dollars of my father's hard-earned cash. (I use the phrase "hard-earned-cash" with the consent of the proprietors.) He failed, however, to take my dice, which were under the typewriter, and a maroon-colored sock which reposed in a top bureau drawer. I am sure that he was a cigarette smoker, because when I entered the room there was a smell of smoke and an air of studied melancholy about. I know of few things better calculated to create an air of studied melancholy in a student's room than a raid the day before the rent comes due.

Most of the young men hereabouts, unable to see into the future more than the proverbial six feet, are spending their time and money at vile places of amusement about Columbia. A great many of them seem to cherish the ambition to grow up and fill cake-eater's graves. It is none of my business but I want to advise them to change their ways. If a cake-eater cannot fill his own grave, let it remain empty. Going about filling stray graves is no proper business for a young man with a future and about six bits.

In conclusion I wish to say that if the young man who called at my place while I was away last week, will return and properly identify himself, I will lead him gently into my back room and let him step off the best table in the house, first firmly tying his black knit to our elegant brass chandelier.

P. S.—Did you see that genial co-ed trying to scratch a match on the sole of her tennis shoe? Oh gee! oh gosh! oh golly!

—Pop A. Cowe.—

Where Was the Fire?

Sign in Dorm: FOUND—Hose on stairs.



Here is the incense, sample it well
Please don't say that it smells like the dickens
We hope you'll like it tho maybe you'll not
This first little whiff from the incense spot.

* * * *

I see thru you now Georgette.

* * * *

I love Mary, she loves me
Gosh how lovely she can be
Some folks say her smile's a fraud
But Mary's lovely. Oh my—goodness!

* * * *

If wishes was water, I was a lake.

* * * *

Burrough's dice, add up my profits.

* * * *

If I were you and you were me, what a silly
fool I'd be.

* * * *

The Passing of Arthur

"Seven!"

"Seven!"

"Eleven!"

"Eleven!"

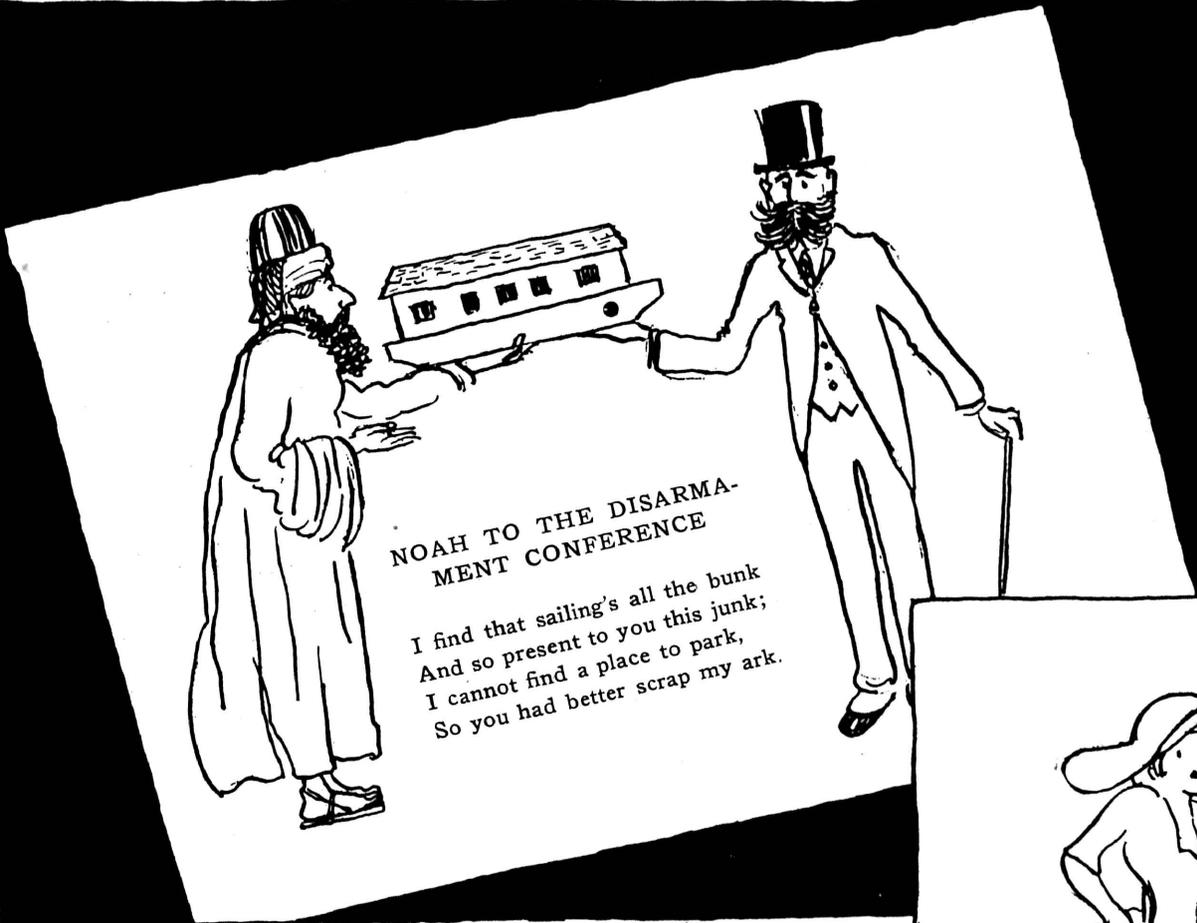
"Bang!" Arthur passes.

* * * *

Add This to Your Thesaurus.

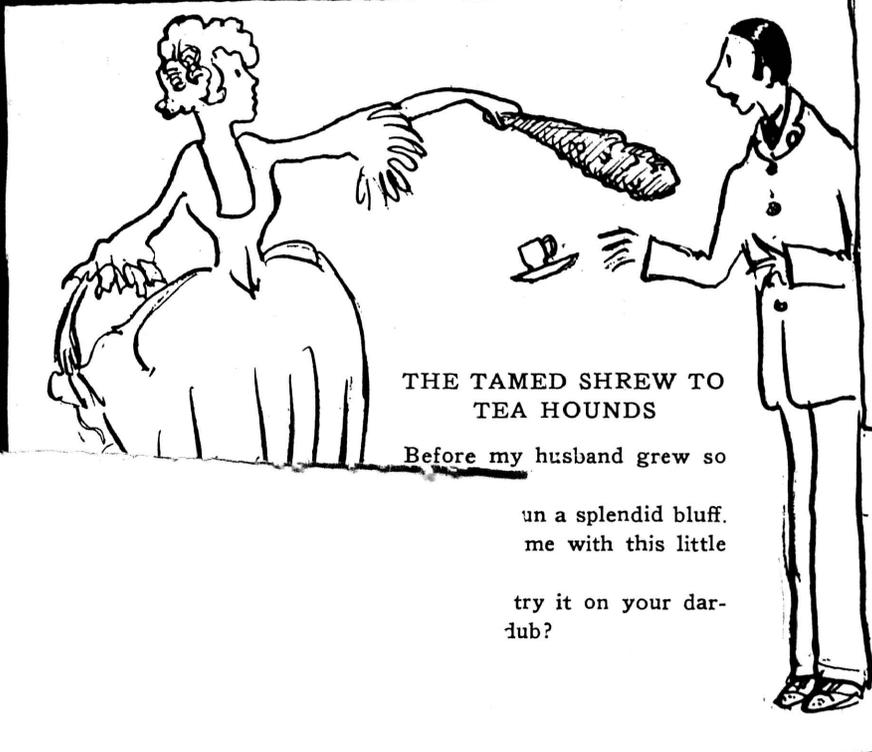
Rub: "What is the best word you can give,
descriptive of violent action?"

Dub: "Home-brew!"



NOAH TO THE DISARMA-
MENT CONFERENCE

I find that sailing's all the bunk
And so present to you this junk;
I cannot find a place to park,
So you had better scrap my ark.



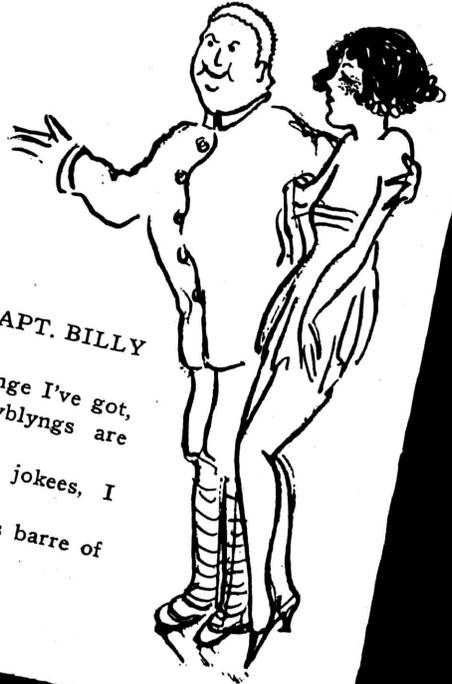
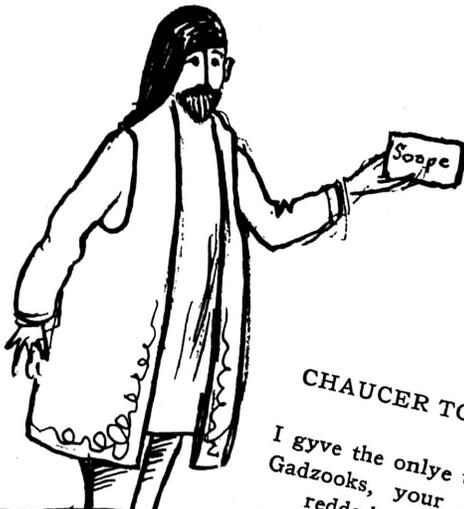
THE TAMED SHREW TO
TEA HOUNDS

Before my husband grew so
un a splendid bluff,
me with this little
try it on your dar-
lub?



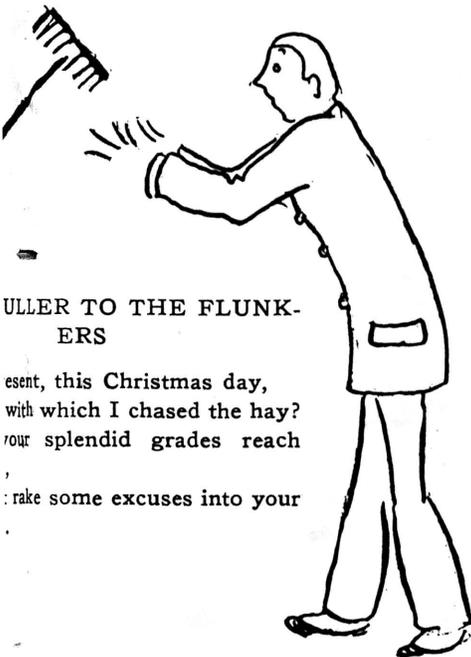
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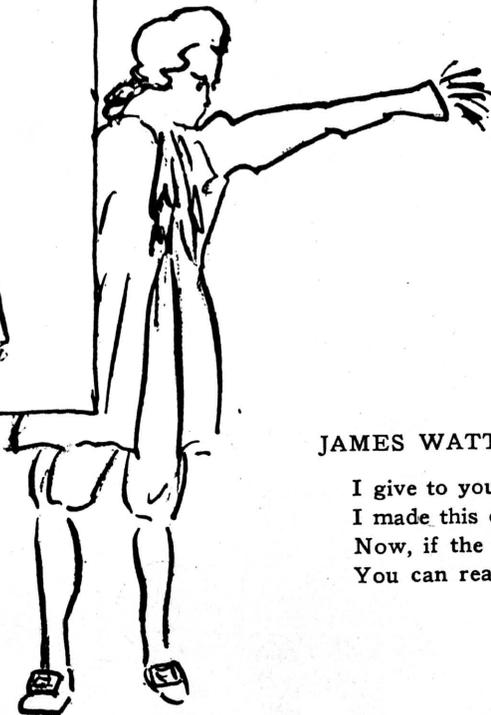
CHAUCER TO CAPT. BILLY

I gyve the onlye thyng I've got,
Gadzooks, your scryblyngs are
redde hot!
But on your puissant jokes, I
hopee,
Eftsoons, you'll use this barre of
soap.



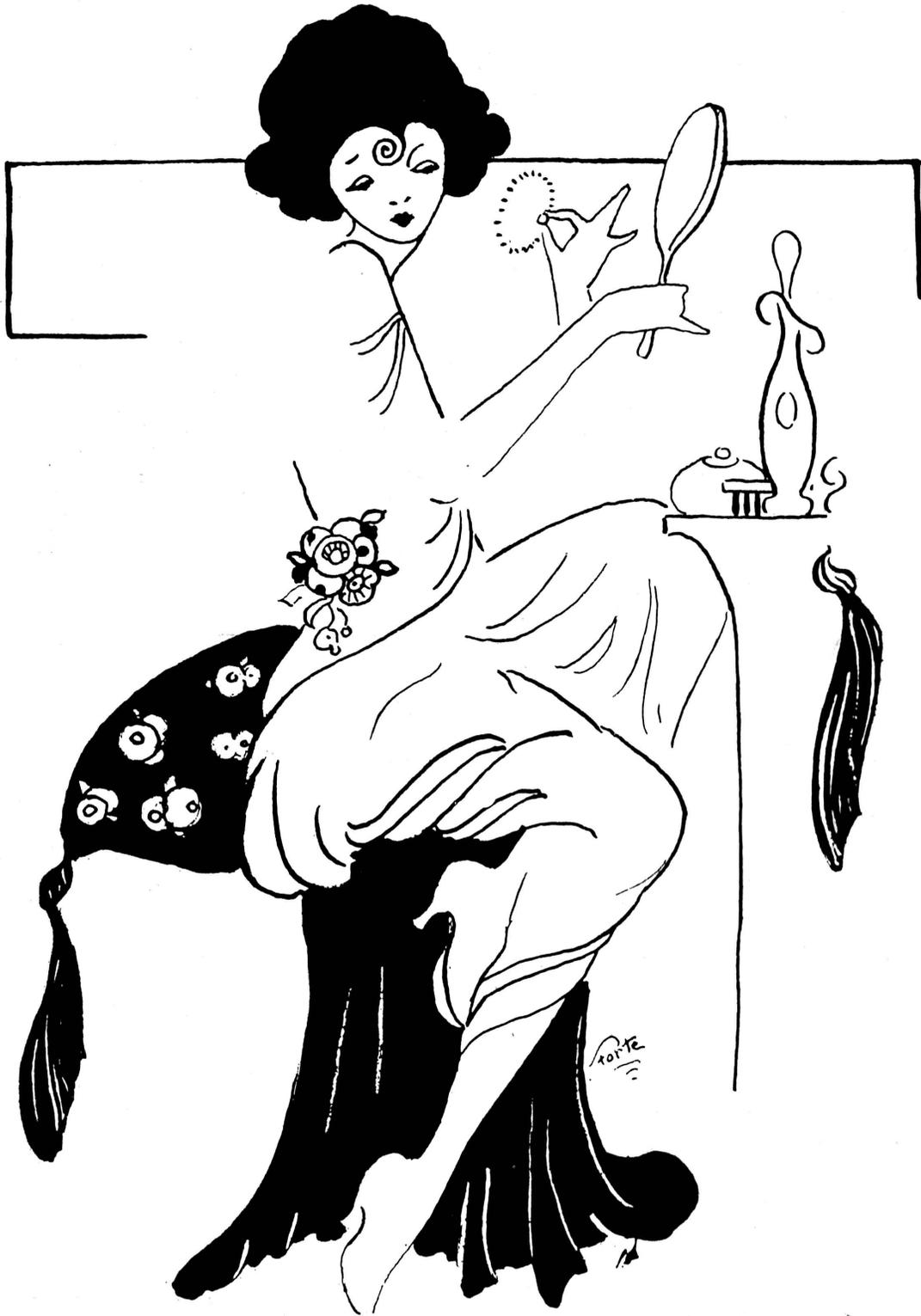
MULLER TO THE FLUNK-ERS

esent, this Christmas day,
with which I chased the hay?
our splendid grades reach
ake some excuses into your



JAMES WATT TO THE WABASH

I give to you my pride and joy,
I made this engine while a boy.
Now, if the boiler does not leak,
You can reach Centralia in a week.



"Save the surface and you save all."



A Bachelor of Arts

My Rooming House.

When the books that I feared had long since disappeared

I found in your room one day;
When you made my Big Ben to ring half after ten,
(You knew I was due at an eight o'clock then,)

Yet never a word did I say.
Though my bosom has swelled with the rage you compelled

Yet never a word did I say.

When you came in and sat on my Sunday straw hat
In a manner peculiarly gay;

And when on the sly you slipped soap in my pie,
(I thought when I bought there was fun in your eye,)

Yet never a word did I say.
And the soap, what is more, had been mine weeks before

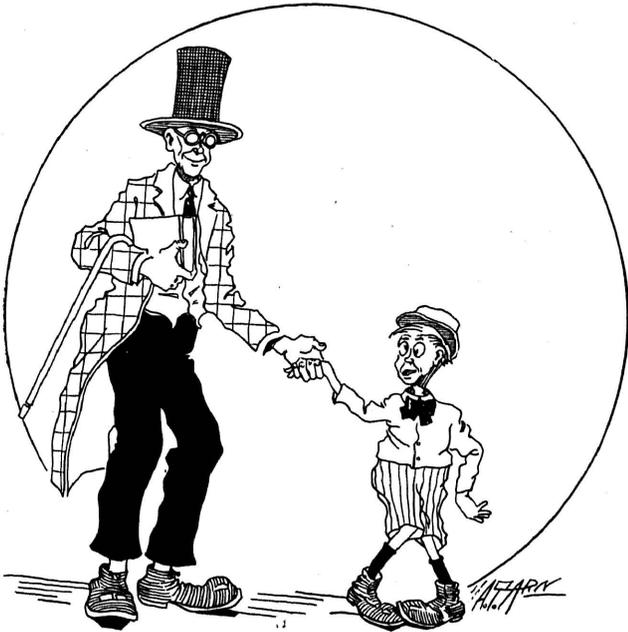
Yet never a word did I say.

There's a limit, you know, to which patience may go,—

I no longer my wrath can allay.
When my toothbrush you use to polish your shoes,
(In fact, it's an act I can never excuse,)

I don't care what words I may say.
And then in my rush, I used that darn brush,—
There's nothing too strong I can say.

—F. P. G.



"Pop, what did you study at college?"
"Eugenics, son."

HELPFUL HOUSEHOLD HINTS

One of life's greatest moments is the thrill of being the surprises of a surprise party. When the surprisors descend upon you with an informal greeting and a dime's worth of cheese and crackers, perhaps some of the following simple recipes may be found helpful:

Crocheted croquettes: Take a crochet needle and a croquet ball, and mix thoroughly. If the result fails to resemble a croquette, add a few grated cheese. The cheese will usually grate upon the

nerves of the croquet ball, and the consequences are often thrilling. After the crochet needle has ceased to scream, take this dish outside, one at a time, and roll gently down a slight incline. When the croquettes have rounded into shape, serve with a vengeance.

Alabaster Ice: Run a quart of milk through a sausage grinder, under the table, outdoors, and over the vicinity. It is sometimes necessary to run the milk for hours before it weakens. When it begins to effervesce, wrap it gently into the outside of a hot tamale, and carry it home under the left arm. Place in an ice cream freezer, and apply heat. When mixed with a quart of library paste and served under an umbrella, it lends the effect of a stereoptican serenade. Exceedingly excellent for roller skating meets.

Pomeranian Punch: To one small piece of ice add once again as much buttermilk and two columns of cranberries. Place in a pop corn popper and distill over a curling iron. When run through a strainer and a telephone booth the resulting liquid will often arise and shout, "Number, please." This is sure to amuse the guests. It may also be used for drinking purposes, when placed in a flower pot and disguised as a thirsting rubber plant. Arid guests often respond to this decoy.

If this fails to amuse the party, try chopping down the Victrola.

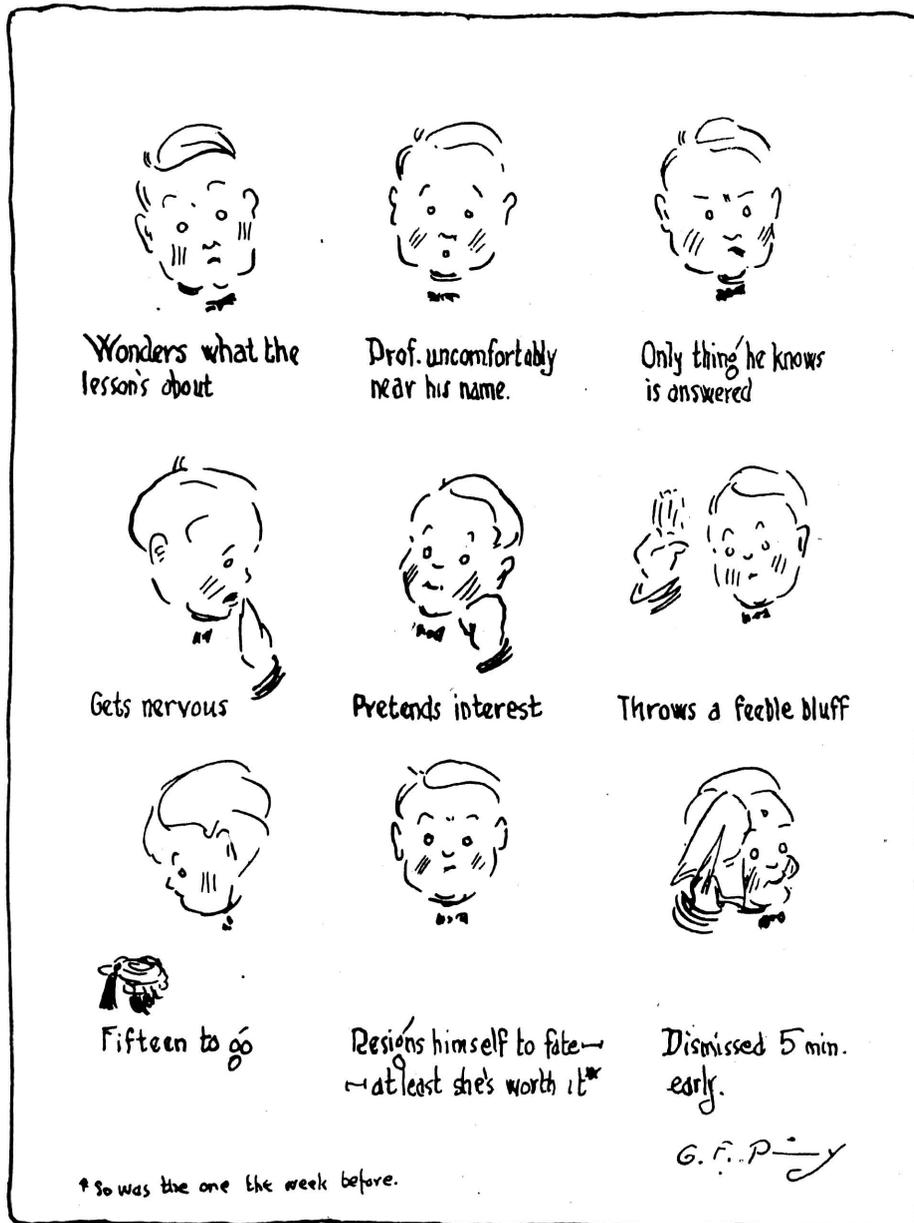
Aquatic?

She—Why do you call your freshmen "canoes"?

He—Because we paddle 'em.



Willie's conception of the bird of Paradise.



An hour in class with any man who's been out the night before.

Song of Many Thousands

Others may sing of the maidens they see,
 Others may rant of their charms,—not for me;
 My love is a goddess, immortal is she,
 And poets and sages
 Have worshipped for ages
 And incense have burned at her shrine.
 Many the creatures
 That worship her features,—
 Oh, the Lady that Lives on the Dollar for mine!

Princes and merchants and men of renown,
 Men of the country and men of the town,
 The wise, the witty, the wealthy on down,
 Before her prostrated,
 Have patiently waited
 From her, any favoring sign.
 And so with the best of 'em,
 Along with the rest of 'em,
 The Lady that Lives on the Dollar for mine!

—F. P. G.



"Waiter, this soup is spoiled."
 "Is that so? Who told you?"
 "A little swallow."

What's Her Phone Number?

Windy—I hear Gladys is putting on speed.

Corner—Yeah, since she took up long distance running she'll go to any length.

Joke?

A little Scotch—Hoot, mon! Did ye hear what a terrible soldier th' young lordship is?

Second shot—Na, an' how is that?

A little Scotch—Isn't he forever a-telling about the bood wars he war in?

"That fog," remarked Zeus to Appollo, "is certainly insignificant. When it fell from the cloud over there it wasn't even mist."

MY OLD-FASHIONED GIRL

I went to Kansas City for the holidays, spent lots of things besides Christmas there, drank a fair percentage of real water, and was seen with at least two girls who had mammas. But along about New Year's I had had all the fun there was, and decided to turn over a new leaf.

It was in the conservatory of the Stattlebach that I reached my annual decision to be good. Then I looked up with high resolve in my eyes, and saw Her. She was so demure, so reserved, so sweet, that I was enchanted.

Her evening-gown came almost to her ankles; only a tiny portion of her back and shoulders were exposed, showing her wonderful skin; her hair was not bobbed, and her ears were not wholly hidden; and, wonder of wonders, her cheeks were not rouged!

I sighed in admiration. Here was one girl, at least, that was untouched by this age of reckless, soulless living. A real old-fashioned girl—so modest and unassuming—and above all, such a sensible dresser—!

I, who was fed up on the fickle flappers, vowed that I would meet this girl, and some day marry her.

As I was thus lost in admiration, a young man appeared in the doorway. He was dressed in the motley of a medieval jester.

"Why, sweet patootie," cooed my Ideal with a well-staged pout, "where ya been? We'll be late as hell!"

And they went in to the masquerade ball.



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Put Up Your Weapons, Men!

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

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

"Why do they say that the instructors get a 'sanitary salary'?"

"Because no microbe could live on the money they get."—Gargoyle.

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a Pool Table Down a
Chimney*



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Scientists say that sleeping outdoors makes one beautiful. At last! Now we know how to account for the hobo's charming appearance.—Sun Dial.

Tom—Fellows, who do you think is doing the most for the morals of the American youth?

Dick—The editor of La Vie Parisienne. He's still having the magazine printed in French.—Gar-goyle.

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Phone 302

At That Student Boarding House.

Landlady—I think you had better board elsewhere.

Student—Yes, I will admit I frequently have.

Landlady—Have what?

Student—Had better board elsewhere.—Drexlerd.

The Venus of Milo has no arms, but nobody ever notices it.—Humbug.

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Oh, Man!

Guest (Tugging at drawer): "Boy, this drawer is stuck tight. See if you can open it."

Bellhop: "Can't you put your bottle under the pillow?"

Applied Talent.

Reporter: "What has become of that crack proofreader you used to have on the European battle-front stories?"

Editor: "I've put him to work on the symphony orchestra programs."

Mere Practice.

Rub: "Jack did the wedding march fine, didn't he?"

Dub: "Yes, and mark my words, he'll do it even better in the future!"

So 'Tis! So 'Tis!

Watch—What is a boob?

Fob—A boob is a man who kisses a girl fifteen minutes after he meets her and then allows her to persuade him that she has never been kissed before.
—Frivol

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A lass once went for a stroll
 "Tick, Tock" said the clock on the shelf
 But the ink well went dry
 And the slippers both slipped
 Shredded Wheat, Wrigley's Gum, mashed potatoes.
 —Sun Dial.

A Rough Initiation, So to Speak.

"What was the hardest thing you found in
 learning to drive your car?"
 "A stone wall."—Awgwan.

Newly Wed (To Preacher)—"Well, Parson,
 how much do I owe you for the ceremony?"
 Preacher—"Why, the law allows me a dollar."
 N. W.—"All right, here's two bits; that'll make
 you a dollar and a quarter."

"Isn't that Du Barry's" shouted Louie XV as
 Jean took a cigarette case from his pocket.

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"The word of an honest man."

"All right, bring him along, and I'll see what I can do for you."—Banter.

"My dear Mrs. Smith, I think your daughter recites remarkably well, don't you?"

"Yes. All she needs is a short course in electrocution, sort of to finish her off, as you might say."—Lampoon.

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Mistaken Identity.

Rastus—What's you all doing with that shoe polish?

Liza—Look heah niggah, that's massage cream.—Princeton Tiger.

"Oh curse these organ recitals!" cried the stude as the zoology lecturer reached for another cat.

—Jester.

"Have you read 'Far From the Maddening Throng?'" asked the professor in English class.

"No," responded the egg, "but I've got 'All by Myself' on the victrola."—Princeton Tiger.

Gentleman, escorting Lady (To roadhouse proprietor)—Have you any good mushrooms.

Proprietor—Waiter, show this gentleman to one of our private dining rooms.—Princeton Tiger.

"Assorted curses," growled the villain as the hero stabbed him with a cheese knife.

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Evidently Been There.

Night Leaguer—So the girl's sore at you, eh?

Pledge—Yes, say's she won't see me until
Wednesday.

Night Leaguer—What's going on Wednesday,
a big show?—Frivol.

Mrs. Murphy—And shure, Mrs. Casey, Pat
must be married. For didn't Oi hear him say last
night to wan iv the bhoys, 'Baby needs a new pair
of shoes.'—Froth.

The Center of Interest.

Risque Co-ed—To think that we are to be pre-
vented from rouging our knees!

Conservative—But we can still rouge our faces.

Risque Co-ed—True, but who looks at our
faces?—Pelican.

Heard at the Navy Crew Race.

Biddie—I suppose you have been in the navy
so long you are accustomed to sea legs?

Middie—Lady, I wasn't even lookin.'—Tiger.

IT'S RED HOT..

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"Why, you're only blind in one eye!"

"Well, make it a nickel then."—Lampoon.

Soph—You want to keep your eyes open around here today.

Fresh—What for?

Soph—Because people will think you are a damn fool if you go around with them shut.

—Pelican

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The World's Best Pictures
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Interesting If True.

We have at hand a report that a prominent university is going to build a dormitory for girls seven stories high. What's worrying us is, how high is the dormitory to be? —Sun Dial.

Meow!!!

Miss Primp—Tell me truly, as friend to friend, do you think I am vain?

Miss Sharp—I could hardly say that, dear. Shall we say, rather, highly imaginative.—Awgwan.

Foregone Conclusion

"If the guy who said, 'All the world's a stage' had lived today, he probably would have likened the old globe to a gymnasium."

"Why a gymnasium?"

"So many dumbbells, so many dumbbells."

—Pelican

If someone would invent an alarm clock which would make a noise like popping corks, there would be few studes missing their eight o'clocks.

—Octopus

Agent—I've got a device here for getting energy from the sun.

Mr. Jones—Here! give me one for mine.

—Princeton Tiger.

The Little Queen—Have you ever kissed a girl?

Her partner, Oscar—Is that an invitation, or are you gathering statistics? —Drexerd



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