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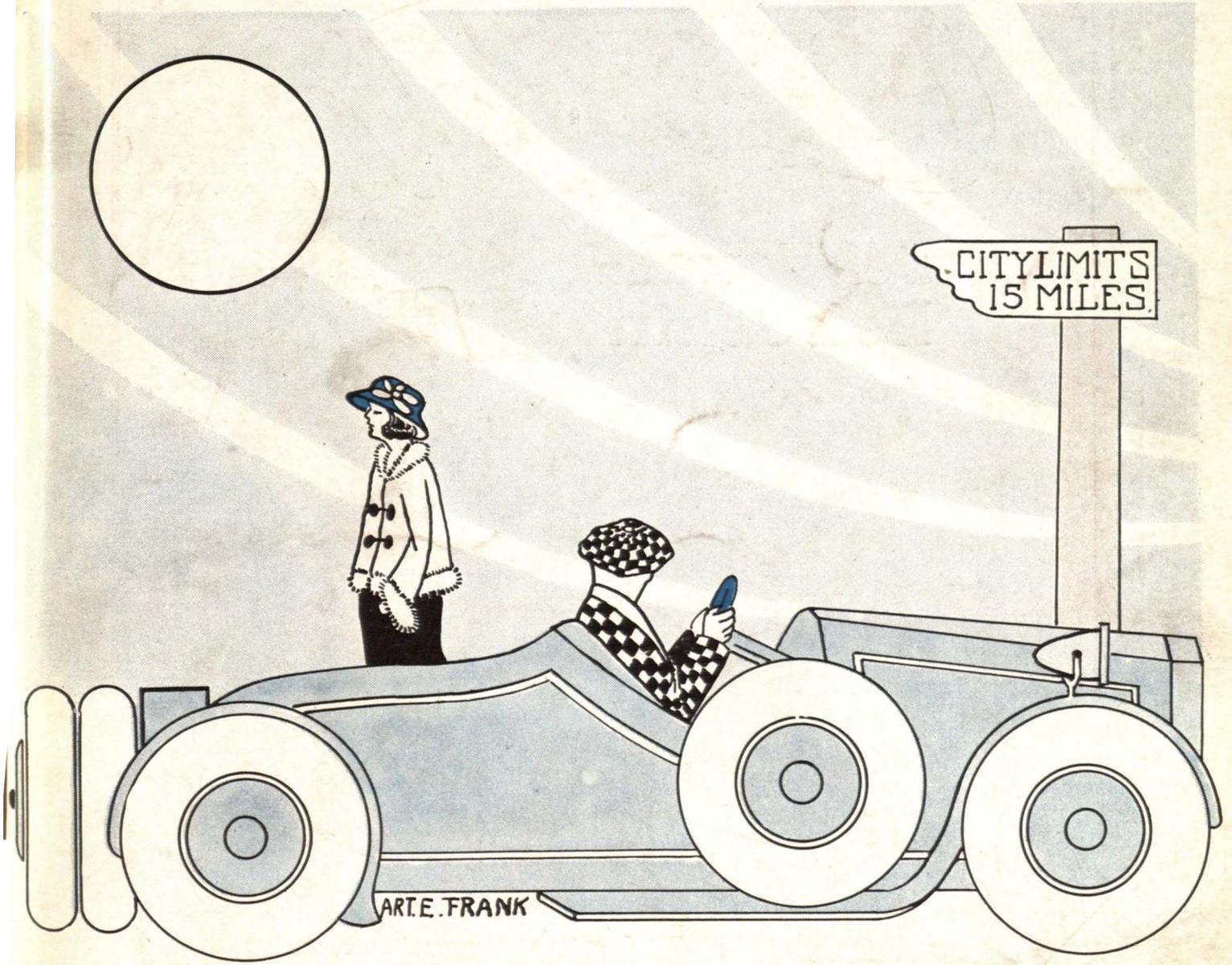
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# SHOWME

FEBRUARY

## LOWBROW

## NUMBER



U. S. MO.

Price 25¢

# Enjoy thirst-

The great thing is—you get so much for so little when you

## Drink

# Coca-Cola

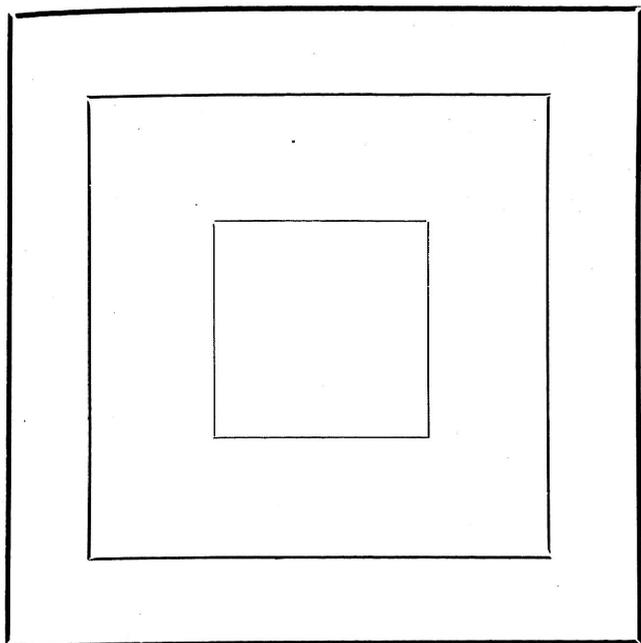
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Delicious and Refreshing

# 5¢



The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.



Portrait of Polar Bear Lost in Iceberg,  
or  
A Cuban Landscape

(Note the delicacy of the painter's brush work.)  
Were you born in February?

**YOUR HOROSCOPE**

Were you born in February?

Then if you look at your palm, you will see much wealth upon your clothes line, some soup upon your bread line, and practically no limit to your waist line.

You will either marry a blonde or a brunette.

You will have a hard time collecting your debts, wits, and self-possession at critical moments.

Remember that though there is a sound of revelry by night there is a sound of reveille by morning. Do not depend upon an ice pack, but paint it with iodine.

---

Stude—"How many calories in this chile, Sam?"

Sambo—"No suh, thaint none of them things in dat chile—this here place am clean!"

---

Journal: "There goes Glib. He claims he knows all women's inmost secrets and desires."

Ism: "Feminist, eh?"

Journal: "No, he writes ads for a woman's department store."



**Dobbs, Stetson**

**Crofut & Knapp**

**Hill & Lopev**

*The best money  
can buy—*

**\$4 to \$7.50**

DIRECTORY FOR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISERS

**Confectioners**

College Inn .....	1183
Harris' .....	89
The Jungle	
Whitman's Superior Chocolates	

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Central Dairy .....	819
White Eagle Dairy .....	360

**Electrical Supplies**

Platt Electric Co. ....	829
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Columbia Floral Co. ....	366
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**Furniture**

Parker Furniture Co. ....	53
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**Groceries and Markets**

Richard's Market .....	270
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Gordon & Koppel .....	Kansas City, Mo.

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Sapp Bros. ....	315

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Campus Tailors .....	1881
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**Beauty Parlors**

Parsons' Sisters .....	795
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**Billiards**

Recreation Parlor .....	927
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Lucky Strike	
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**Emile Coue**

It may be TRUE that Mr. Coué has said that Henry Ford is the leading exponent of auto-suggestion but Coué was RIGHT when he said, "Day by day, in every way HARRIS' clientele is getting better and better."

*Perfection in Confection*

**HARRIS'**

MILLARD & SISSON

You see, it's this way, give our culinary products a try out, get the SHOWME attitude—then you won't have to THINK our culinary art is getting better, YOU'LL KNOW IT.

**Always==**

*Music and Records When  
They're New*

*at TAYLOR'S*

Brunswick & Victor Records

Latest Sheet Music

Bambino Song Hits

Special: "Alumni Song" by  
H. F. MAJOR. On sale now—30c.

**Taylor**  
MUSIC COMPANY

Virginia Bldg.

Boss: "Sir, what does this mean? Some one just called up and said that you were sick and could not come to work today."

Clerk: "Ha, ha! The joke's on him. He wasn't supposed to call up until tomorrow."

"What is so rare as a day in June," sentimentally sighed the editor of a humorous publication.

"Those awful jokes you published last month," snapped the Y. W. C. A. girl with whom he was dating.

"Why do you call your home a court?"

"Because all the furniture is on trial."

THE SHOWME  
February, 1923

The Showme is published monthly from September until March, inclusive, by the Showme Staff, composed of students of the University of Missouri, at the Virginia 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 \$1.50 a year or twenty-five cents a copy when purchased from newsstands.

*Mother, may  
we have more?*

*What of?*

Central  
Dairy  
Ice  
Cream

**You may be a lowbrow; don't be a good-for-nothing!**

Some folks like to talk and brag and make a lot of noise, and sit around and chew the rag, and blow among the boys.

*Others Work on*  
**The Showme**

**Contributions not only welcome, but longed for. Mail them to the SHOWME, Virginia Building.**



Mistress: "Mary, your young man has quite a braggadoccio air about him, has he not?"

Mary: "Yis, pore lad, but it ain't his fault. He works in the livery stable."



February, 1923

Volume 3, Number 5

### Our Bible Lesson

1. And it came about while Solomon, Jr., was at the place of learning that he was invited to the annual blowout of one of the Captains of the Host.

2. And he was informed that it was formal and upon inquiring what this meant, they said unto him,

3. Thou hast done nothing to deserve this, yet must thou adorn thyself and draw a damsel likewise distastefully adorned,

4. And spend the evening looking as if thou wert used to it. Thou shalt dish out the shekels therefore, and declare that hadst a swell time.

5. Thou shalt claim valorously that the music, decorations, date, and refreshments were the best of the year;

6. Thou shalt say the party was a whiz, but in thine heart of hearts thou shalt know that it whizzed by you.

7. And Solomon, Jr., said unto himself, Verily, I shall have to try this wonder.

8. So that he drew forth his full armor and girded it on, and a helmet, and neckpiece that required a shoe-buttoner to fasten.

9. And one of the main rivets which held his breastplate on popped off, but Solomon, Jr., said much and did nothing about it.

10. And when he walked down Jezebel Boulevard seven small boys followed him crying, Lo, a new king has come out of Africa.

11. But Solomon kept his dignity and temper, and also his appointment, which was at 8:30 o'clock. And at 9:00 he and she made their appearance at the Blowout.

12. And she wore a pink and green monstrosity with silver shoulder straps, and the Captain of the Host gave the signal and the panic was on.

13. And at twelve Solomon was in a daze, at twelve-thirty he was in a stupor, and at one passed into a state of coma.

14. And he said, Vulgarity is the spice of life, and a lowbrow is one of the most blessed of creatures.

15. But the funny part of it all was that he made every formal that season.

"Aren't you a little harsh in your criticism?" the Editor asked the dramatic reviewer. "You've taken a slam at all the cast, and even at the scenery. There must have been something good about the show. How was the atmosphere?"

"Blasphemous," returned to critic sourly.

"Helen pulled an awful bone the other night."

"What'd she do?"

"When the hot tamale man came by yelling 'Red Hot', she went to the door to find out which one of the boys it was calling for her."

### WHAT THE FAMILY THINKS ABOUT MY ENGAGEMENT

Uncle Ed—How the devil did she ever happen to fall for you?

Aunt Tabby—Is she a good girl?

Dad—Does she expect me to support her too?

Mother—Can she wash underwear without tearing all the buttons off?

Sister (at home)—What kind of clothes does she wear?

Sister (in high school)—What'd she do when you asked her?

Brother (in college)—What sorority does she belong to?

Brother (out of college)—How many times has she been married before?

Brother (married)—Is she perfectly sane?

She—Do you really mean it?

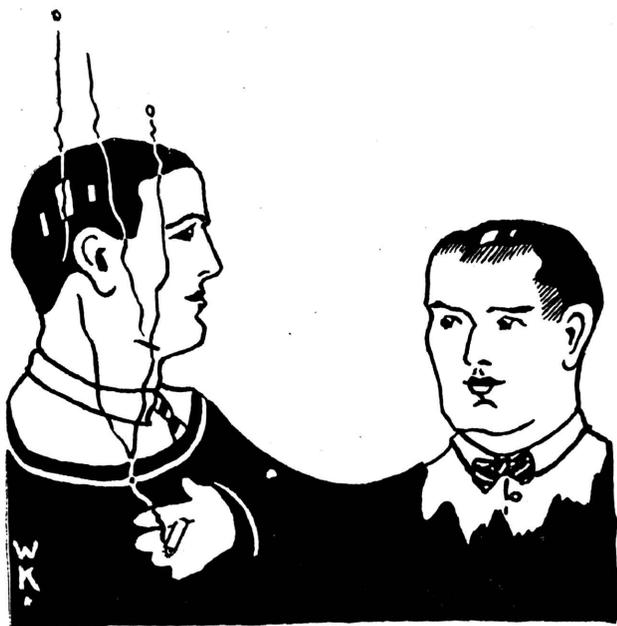
Me—Nothing.

### He Knew Professor Drone.

Dean: "Young man, why did you slip out of Professor Drone's class before the end of the hour?"

The accused: "Honestly sir, I was walking in my sleep."

Dean: "Case dismissed."



1st: "I wish I had Eve for a wife."

2nd: "Why?"

3rd: "She only cost Adam one bone."

### SONG OF THE LIBRARY THRONG

Oh! This is the song of the library throng,  
With their whispers, sighs and cologne.  
There's knowledge galore stacked away on each  
floor,  
But the thirsters for knowledge are home.

Now a co-ed's abode according to vogue,  
(Sorority, Hitt street or dorm)  
Is a place where they eat, write their letters and  
sleep  
And where callers keep calling till morn.  
But the deans and the rest, realizing it best,  
That our co-eds have some study hall,  
At once did prescribe to be placed in the libe  
Enough tables and chairs for them all.

'Twas a beautiful plan and it's helped every man  
Who has fussing to do 'round the school,  
Just a short tete-ta-tate. Good! A library date—  
He waits in the vestibule.

For there's hundreds of girls with thousands of  
curls,—  
And you'll find them each night that you're  
there.

They'll gaze 'round awhile and then roam down the  
aisle,  
Then work with the back of their hair.

Then they'll pat down a yawn and with eyes woe-  
begone,  
They will lean o'er their lessons once more,  
And pretend they're at work, yet they look up and  
smirk

When each couple goes out of the door.  
And now there's some talk—an occasional squawk,  
Of a much larger libe—all befriz,  
But that's foolish row for it's hard enough now  
To pick out your girl as it is.

For, this is the song of the library throng,  
With their whispers, sighs and cologne.  
There's knowledge galore stacked away on each  
floor,  
But the thirsters for knowledge are home.

### Liar.

Psychology prof.: "Jones, what would you do if a beautiful young lady should stop you on the street, throw her arms about you, and give you a passionate kiss?"

Jones: "I would reach for my watch and pocket book."

## THE WORST SHORT STORIES OF 1922

or Beating O'Brien to it.

Each year there appear numerous collections of "the best short stories of the year." So far as we know there has never been a compilation of the worst stories. It is in an effort to fill the void in this field that has led us to make the present collection. That our task is wellnigh impossible will be understood by all who attempt to read modern magazine stories. Our only regret is that we are unable to include most of the current products. Practically all of them certainly belong there.

xxxxTHE FREAK—the story of any college student.

xPUTRID PASSION—a sex story which is so familiar and has been so widely read that it is unnecessary to comment upon it.

\*THE RISING BOIL—a physiological study in psycho-analytical and patheological sociology. No one, including the author himself, understands it.

\*\*FADE OUT—a decent, in fact the only decent, short story of the year. College students of course will neither understand nor enjoy it.

xxMAMMY WASHES HER FEET—a sweet, clean, wholesome and refreshing story of the enduring influence of mother love in shaping the career of a daughter who charmingly murders her husband, and a son who makes his mark in Sing Sing.

SQUALLABOMALACHE—a dashing romance of adventure in the Paleolithic Age. The use of the radio gives it a distinctly modern touch.

BLIND ALLEY—not another Main Street.

THE TOUCH—the deftly handled story of a financial genius.

+CHOLLY IN QUEST OF HIS DATE—a story woven around the principal diversion of college men.

!THE PASSIONATE PETTER—the chronicle of any co-ed's career.

BLANK—the story of the inside of a great detective's mind.

xxxxIndicates that children cry for it.

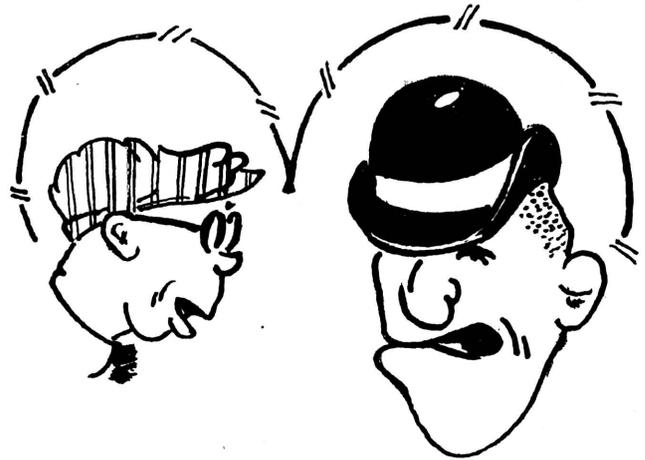
xIndicates that the story was popular with college women.

\*Indicates that it was the superworst story of the year.

xxIndicates that no one read it.

!Indicates that the story has been suppressed.

+Indicates that the story will not prove harmful to invalids.



"Pardon me! Are you Bull Montana?"

"Naw! I'm Jackie Coogan! Whooru, Mary Pickford?"

"Conductor, does this train go by Centralia?"

"No, ma'am, it goes by steam. All aboard."

"Was Jack over to see you last night?"

"No, he went to the stock show."

"I didn't know he was an Ag student."

"I didn't either, but he says he was at a bull session."

"No, Evangeline, just because that widow cremated her husband, that's no sign she has husbands to burn."

## DON'T SWANK

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, and in articulating your superficial sentimentalities, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of the platitudinous ponderosity.

Let your conversational communications possess a clerical conscisness, a compact comprehensibility, coalescent consistency, and a conceptual cogency.

Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity and asinine affections. Let your extemporaneous discantings and unpremeditated expectations possess intelligibility and veracious vivacity without rhodomontade, or thrasonical bombast.

Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous proloxy, and ventriloquial vapidty.

Speak sensibly, naturally; don't put on airs, don't use big words, and in short—don't swank!

"No, Clarice, 'The Book of Job' was not put out by an employment agency."



# SHOWME

## *The University of Missouri*

Vol. III. No. 5

Virginia Building, Columbia, Missouri

\$1.50 a Year

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**A Word to the Public.**

We love criticism,—we have to. Reports coming in from all sides concerning the last Showme convince us that the public cannot take a joke. We hear on the one hand that the last number was suggestive and on the other that it was not racy enough; on the one hand that it was not original enough and on the other that it was too new. We are tempted to laugh. Ha! In other words we are either too pro or too con. Ha!

It ought to be understood by this time that the Showme is not a Hot Dog Supplement. We are trying to make a good, cleanly humorous college magazine; if you don't think it is, contribute something that will make it so.

**Elections.**

It is presumed that by this time the Pan-Hellenic Council and Kappa Beta Phi have decided upon who should be the University rulers for the next years. However, just because everything is decided, do not neglect to vote. In case you have forgotten the rules, here are a few:

1. Promise everyone to vote for him. He'll never know the difference.

2. Sign all petitions.

3. If all the petitions are printed, claim that there was a horrible mistake made by some one in including your name.

4. If you get by the strong arm gang at the doors of the voting places, shake the cards, tags, posters and the like from you, go out, and come through again. It is good exercise.

5. If you cannot make up your mind, do not vote for all the candidates. Scratch the whole ticket, and above all don't vote for a reform candidate. They are all fakes.

From all appearances "The Bat" is going from good to pretty bad. Did you see the advertisement?

Two years in New York.

One year in London.

One year in Chicago.

One night in Columbia.

**The Harlequin Players.**

The Harlequin Players' days have been few, but full of publicity. Favorable criticism spurs them to more impossible feats,, and unfavorable

criticism gives them free advertisement. They are working both ends against the middle, and working it successfully. The only danger point seems to be that when one becomes a good actor he seems automatically to become a poor student; the best talent, or at least the most enthusiastic talent, is the most likely to be eliminated.

Whatever the art has been, the enthusiasm has been first class. The wail of a faculty member in the open column of the *Missourian* to the effect that such art should not be tolerated just because it is student effort may have had something to it from one point of view. But tribute enough was not paid to the sheer effort involved in starting such a production. The Harlequin Players at least had the pep to do something; that is more than many campus organizations can claim.

The success of the Harlequin Players is but one evidence of the rather sudden growth of interest in dramatics here. Much credit for this should be given to the Dramatic Club, the faculty organization, which has made possible such things as the successful presentation of "The Book of Job", with Stewart Walker, possible.

#### An Old Subject.

In our efforts to find something serious to write a scathing editorial upon, we discover (1) the honor

system, (2) the pseudo-radical movement, (3) the point system, (4) the honor system, (5) spring poets, (6) the honor system, (7) the Washington's birthday address, (2-10) the honor system.

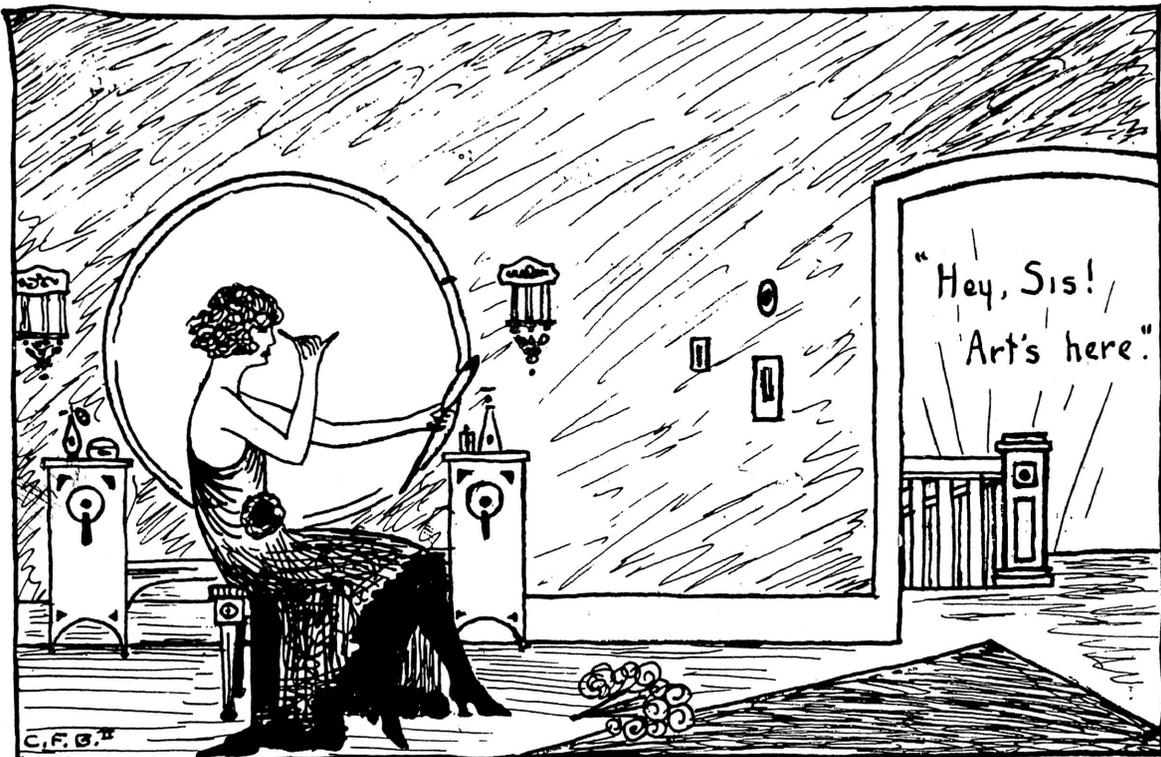
The honor system thus wins by a vast majority. However, a difficulty was encountered in finding something that was new and at the same time serious to write about it. The editor gnashed his teeth and chewed his glasses reflectively for an hour; the art editor sprightly promised to draw an illustration of it; one intelligent cookie offered to organize a serenade to support it.

All of which reduces us to the mere statement that the honor system should be supported now in order that it may become an effective tradition in later years. We would hate to have it said that there is honor among thieves but not among college students.

Prof.: "Do you know what the story of 'Paradise Lost' is about, Mr. Jones?"

Jones (Awakening and turning angrily to his seatmate who just given him a warning jab): "What the devil did —"

Prof. (interrupting): "Correct."



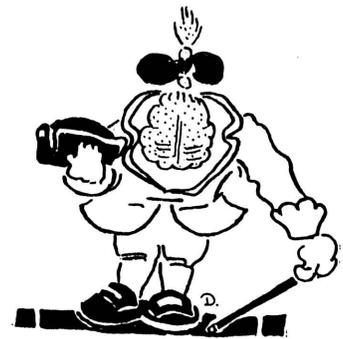
Art for Art's Sake.



1400



1600



1800

## THE EVOLUTION

## These Immoral Rhymes.

Have you ever considered the indiscreet, the careless, the absolutely immoral tendencies of our nursery rhymes? Let us take an instance:

“Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To get a pail of water,  
Jack fell down and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after.”

Here, we have Jack and Jill going up a hill, just any hill, there is no specification; it may be the hill by the Gym, or it may be the hill that runs by the Delta Gamma house. This shows looseness of thought. Furthermore, they have no chaperon.

Then we have Jill tumbling down hill, inevitably displaying a certain amount of lingerie, and filling the child's mind with thoughts that would make Bocaccio ashamed of the Decameron.

Another instance and we will cease:

“Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard  
To get her poor dog a bone,  
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor dog got none.”

Here is a picture of depressing, ever-encroaching poverty. Not even a bone in the cupboard. She may have had a skeleton in the closet, but there is no bone in the cupboard. Is this an encouraging prospect to set before a child, who is already facing the problem of buying Camels or perhaps lipstick? It leads to a feeling of discouragement, and this means failure.

We suggest that we appoint a committee of censors to re-write the Mother Goose rhymes, and remove the objectionable traits.

## Just Suppose—

The prodigal son hadn't liked veal.  
MacBeth had been too proud to fight.  
Noah hadn't taken “just one more” that time.  
Rodolph hadn't retired.  
Young Lochinvar had never come east.  
“The Sheik” had been suppressed.  
Peon pants had remained in Mexico.  
Omar Khayyam had been an abstainer.  
The ark had sprung a leak.  
The hero couldn't find the abandoned hut in  
which the villain and heroine are struggling.  
The humorous college magazine had never been  
invented.

“Phew!” cried a Latin student rushing out into the corridor.

“What's the matter?” asked a bystander.  
“Dead languages.”

There was a little guy  
Who made a little rye  
To satisfy his thirst quite unlawful.  
Years in the wood  
Might have made it taste good,  
But in its raw state it was awful.

“A little drop goes a long ways,” said the water,  
as it reached Niagara Falls.

“I hear the side show owner was arrested for disturbing the peace.”

“What was he doing?”

“Punchin' Judy.”



1900



1923



1930

## OF HAT TIPPING

Praise is a great thing. A lot of praise and five cents will buy you one package of gum.

"I say, Chawley, I just thought of a bully joke."

"Elucidate, Botsford."

"Would you call the writers for Life Magazine bread?"

"Why, old dear?"

"Because they are the staff of Life. Clevaw, eh, Chawley?"

"I'm never going to take another drink," said the man, as he took a long drag out of the bottle of wood alcohol.

## THAT DINNER DATE

I have a rendezvous with Beth  
At an expensive eating house,  
When Night comes down at 6 p. m.  
And scent of onions fills the air—  
I have a rendezvous with Beth,  
A fact of which I'm well aware.

God knows were cheaper to be then  
Buried in books with covers brown,  
Where Sleep drones out in a bosso. When  
Snore follows snore, snort succeeds snort—  
Until my roommate cries aloud—  
But I've a rendezvous with Beth.  
It makes no difference if I'm short  
And broke, can't borrow from the crowd—  
For, dammit all, I'm just like you,  
I guess I'll keep that rendezvous.

## A TRUE FABLE

Dismally, dripfully, a drenching rain was falling, a cold, sloppy rain, that ran in little rivulets down the back of your neck and filled your shoes so that they scrunched at each step. Into the auditorium of the Agricultural Building filed a long line of hunched over students, their pockets bulging curiously. Like the well-known specimen of the Ovie Aries that belonged to Mary, I followed.

"Where in Hell is your apple?" sired the man at the door.

"Apple?" I fizzled. "I have no apple."

"Say out, then," he gassed.

Sapristi! Sacre Bleu! A mystery!

With feverish haste I slunk into a nearby restaurant and bought an apple, then glided back.

"Where in Kansas is your apple?" slapped me in the face.

"In my pocket, you dizzy crocodile," I chortled.

"Aha, you are one of us. Enter," he snorted. I skated in.

"For Lord sake, Unconscious, let me in on the secret," I condoned.

"Sh!" he sh-ed. "We have here a course in which you can make two credits without doing a thing. Sh! The name of the course is Preventive Medicine. Sh! The reason you will make two credits without working is that the Doctor will never appear!

"The Doctor will never appear?" I repeated. "And what makes you think the Doctor will never appear?"

"Sh!" he steamed. "We are eating an apple a day to keep the doctor away."

## Wild Yodel Captured at Last

International Geographical Society Backed by the Missouri Showme Makes Startling Discoveries in Alps.

Bernem, Switz.—Telegrams here from Mont Blanc, where Prof. Hornblower, T. B. M., of the Smith Brothers Institute has been hunting for some time past, state that he has at last succeeded in capturing the wild yodel in his lair. This discovery it is thought will revolutionize the science of biology and

"It has been a matter of the utmost patience to trap the wild yodel," stated Prof. Hornblower. "Although it has been known for some time that there was such a bird, no one has ever seen one. It took me over a year to train our special yodel hounds; the crapshooters whom we brought on the expedition have proved to be lazy good-for-nothings and exceedingly poor marksmen."

Prof. Hornblower characterized the bird briefly as "an ambidextrous mammal, gramivorous, with ferrous bicuspid, vermiform appendix, and a peculiar call which seems to come from all directions at once. Its eggs are laid indiscriminately over the landscape, so that they were hard not only for us, but for the bird itself to find."

Particular difficulty was experienced in costuming the expedition. The costume of the inhabitants themselves had to be secured before entering the country, or the natives would have been as hard to catch as the wild yodel itself. The method of trapping the bird is quaintly original. The yodel hounds would start a covey of yodels and chase them to the edge of an Alp. A watcher stationed here would then let out a blood-thirsty cry, and the birds would be so startled as to forget to fly for several thousand feet, and would fall into the arms of several of the expedition waiting below.

A good joke is told upon Prof. Hornblower, who is somewhat absent minded. He had stationed himself on the edge of an Alp, and was waiting patiently for the covey of yodels to appear before him to give his usual blood-thirsty cry. "However," said Prof. Hornblower, "the birds fooled me. One of the birds appeared suddenly in front of me and let out one of his own peculiar calls, and I myself leaped off the Alp, leaving the covey of yodels safely



Above: Prof. Hornblower is seen in typical attitudes in his hunt for the wild yodel. In the circle he is seen at the edge of an Alp. A flock of yodels hidden by their natural camouflage is shown before him.

Below: The expedition dressed in the native costume.

behind. I learned in the few seconds that followed what is meant by mountain fastnesses," and Prof. Hornblower, smiled broadly.

"Too much praise cannot be given to the Missouri Showme," Prof. Hornblower said in an interview. "Its loyal support, both editorially and financially, has made the expedition possible. This is one of the finest examples of the active interest given by our colleges to the realms of science."

Prof. Hornblower is twenty-eight years old, and in spite of his arduous experience is still in excellent health.

(Both the rights and wrongs of this article are reserved by the Sunday Supplement Prevaricating Service.)

My girl is so dumb she thinks Frued is a writer  
Of music that really is swell.  
And Neitche's the fellow who led revolutions  
In Russia, and raised so much Hell.  
Dumas, she thinks, owns a nobby apartment  
That stands on the corner of Hitt.  
Ben Johnson's the Swede who worked in the butcher  
shop  
Up to last week, when he quit.  
Vincent Blasco Ibanez's the Wop,  
Who owns a small fruit store in town.  
And Dante's the cookie who worked as a cop,  
And had such a terrible frown.  
She's dumb, I'll admit it; but if you've seen her  
dance,  
I tell you, old man, you'll be wishin'  
That you could discard all the women you know,  
And get you a low-brow edition.

#### FOLKS I WOULD ENJOY MURDERING

"Thanks so much for taking me. Good night."

"Yeh, it was real corn. Uh huh, all the guys at our house were stewed to the gills, Saturday night. It's got a real kick, all right."

"And now my friends—but that reminds me of a story. It seems that Pat and Mike," etc.

"Yes, he's awfully fast. Why he even tried to hold my hand the very first night," etc.

"That's Chambers, the captain, over there; and that tall fellow's Rogers—No, by George, it isn't either. That little short guard's Chambers, and the guy getting ready to dribble is Rogers—There! that's him—that bird with the Missouri sweater on—No—that's not him, that Hicks," etc.

"Ma-ma! What does that mean? Ma-ma, what are they doing now? Ma-ma, what did he say that for? Ma-ma, now what're they going to do?" etc.

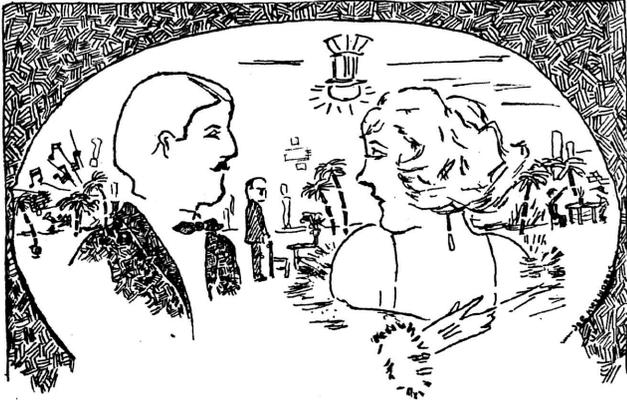
#### OUR MONTHLY ZOOLOGY LESSON

Few, if any of us, have ever seen a fizzlepuppy. Its favorite habitat is the luxuriant swamps of the Sahara Desert, where it buries itself up to its second rib in ice cream, emitting a shrill scream not unlike that of the Wabash pulling into Toonerville. This animal is especially noticed because of its peculiar skin, acquired after several generations. During the Neolithic Age, a Neolithic man chanced upon a youthful fizzlepuppy grazing among a herd of wild Searsroebucks. After a tremendous scuttle across the sands, the Neolithic man conquered the fizzlepuppy by inserting his foot in its mouth, at the same time trying to score a place-kick from the thirty-yard line. Evidently the fizzlepuppy's feelings were hurt, for he said nothing, and great alligator tears streamed down his tail. (His eyes were on the back of his head, children.)

Now Jazzbo, the Neolithic man, carried the fizzlepuppy home to his wife, who immediately had visions of a new fur coat. Finding her marble scissors, Mrs. Jazzbo removed the fizzlepuppy's fur, while the fizzlepuppy blushed in shame. Suddenly the fizzlepuppy's tail divided into eleven equal pieces, each of which ran in a different direction, and scurried out of sight. Mr. and Mrs. Neolithic Jazzbo were greatly astonished, and after a hurried consultation, ran into the next room, locked the door, and watched through the keyhole. The fizzlepuppy, tail-less, stood in the center of the room and made sure that everybody had left. When he was certain of this, he dropped hurriedly to his knees, snapped his fingers, and whispered, "Come Eleven." Suddenly the eleven pieces of his tail appeared from their eleven hiding places, and, after joining together, took their original places. This story is so well known in Africa, the home of the fizzlepuppy, that we still see men dropping to their knees, snapping their fingers, and whispering, "Come Eleven."

That night Mrs. Jazzbo made the fur coat, sitting up late to sew little buttons on it, but when she awoke in the morning the fur coat was gone. The fizzlepuppy had returned and departed with his skin. Today, on moonlight nights, the fizzlepuppy may be seen unbuttoning the little buttons on the front of his skin, so that he may take a bath, and fizzlepuppies are often known to exchange skins with one another, all as a result of Mrs. Jazzbo's desire for a fur coat.

"No, Lucille, the plot of 'He Who Gets Slapped' does not hinge on a kiss."



"Very correct, isn't he?"

"Yes, he even smokes Tuxedo at the formal."

HOGANS THEATER  
3rd and Simpkins Alley  
PROGRAM  
THE GAS HOUSE STOCK CO.  
PRESENTS

"BRING ME HIS TONSILS"

An opera in three struggles

by

Mike McGraw

Presented by the employees of the City Gas Co.

The audience will please refrain from throwing peanuts, flat irons, or gas pipes at the players. "Big Jaw" Mulligan will act as bouncer, and anyone caught bothering the players will be rendered unconscious before being bounced.

Miss Sally Patica will entertain between acts with musical numbers, dancing, spike driving, and will commit three murders.

CAST

La Shinola, a Jewish spendthrift .....Sandy Hook  
"Dip" Theria, a yegg from New Monia ....Ike McIke  
Kocola, the village belle always looking for a  
ring .....Flora Flapper  
P. Mento, a big cheese from Switzerland ....C. Saw  
"Nasty" Morvich, a villain .....Lefty Knifescar  
Al. Uminum, a man of metal .....Hank McMeatball

ACT 2

Scene One

A Beer Garden in Zion City

Musical numbers

"Spaghetti, Don't String Me"

"Gargling Scene" from "Listerine"

"A Pickled Man Is Well Preserved"

Scene Two

Same

Fifty Years Later

Musical numbers

"Bless My Sole, O Cobbler"

"Song of the Scavenger"

Act 2

Scene One

A Forest in the Sahara

Musical numbers

"Bandoline, My Shining Light"

"My Hatchet" from Chopin

"Saved by Lux" by the Three Soaks

Act 3

Scene One

A Street Scene

Musical numbers

"In the Shadows of the Coal Yard"

"Spark Plug, You're a Horse on Me."

"Wouldst I Were a Bacteria"

Scene Two

Anyplace

Musical numbers

"After I'm Gone, I Won't Be Here"

"Love Is Like a Plate of Hash"

"Umbrella Song" from Sloppy Weather

Finis

The Horoscope of Herminia Hot-Dog.

Herminia was a warm sister. But she came by it naturally. Every day her mother drank a half-pint of tobasco sauce and her father—ah, me—he made Rodolph Vasselino look like the north pole. So you see that Herminia had somewhat of a tropical disposition.

So once on a warm June night Herminia drank too much of the native liquid dynamite. And then she went for a ride with one of our Best Young Men. The B. Y. M. slipped his arm around her and she felt her temperature rise. Poor Herminia! At 102 degrees she started to boil. At 200 she was breathing smoke, and at 409 degrees she was nothing but a smouldering crisp! Take care, girls! Beware, beware!

There Had Been Many Men in Her Life.

The doctor

The professor

The minister

The lawyer

The undertaker

### LESSONS TO BE LEARNED FROM OTHER ANIMALS

- The Stork—Night life.  
 The Groundhog—Modesty.  
 The Cootie—Persistence.  
 The Book Worm—The futility of human endeavor.  
 The Bull—Hypnotism.  
 The Garter Snake—The value of upholding old-fashioned institutions.  
 The Yellow Cur—The terrible results of infidelity.  
 The Camel Walk—The secret of perpetual motion.  
 The Easter Rabbit—The art of kidding the unsophisticated.  
 The Devil-fish—Tenacity.  
 The Clam—The virtues of silence.  
 The Moleskin—The ability to stand hard knocks.  
 The Wild Bird—The freedom of love.  
 The Skunk—The potency of self advertising.

---

That first kiss,—  
 It was like a  
 Long, clean dive  
 Into cold water, or the  
 Feeling you have on a  
 Passenger elevator  
 That don't stop for  
 Ten stories.

And the second one is like—  
 Let's see!  
 Which was the second?

---

### HOW TO BE A SHEIK in one lesson.

To be a sheik (no, Percy, I didn't say shriek) one must follow these directions to the letter. First, buy a bottle of vaseline. Second, buy another bottle of vaseline. Third, buy a towel. Fourth, buy another towel. Wrap one of these towels around your head, as per the morning after, and drape the other one artistically around your torso. (In case you do not know where your torso is, consult a competent physician.) Now you are almost ready to be a shiek. Purchase a package of home runs and a corset, and come forth. (No, Percy, it is not necessary to wear ear-rings or a bandana to be a shriek—I mean sheik.)

### A SONNET

I sit me here in solitude, and think  
 Upon the ways of modern man and maid.  
 The cigarettes, the dances, and the drink,  
 The games of chance and poker that are played.  
 And when on these I dwell, I am afraid;  
 The fabric of my life I ought to mend.  
 I see the piper waiting to be paid;  
 He seems to say, "I'll get you in the end."  
 Ah, life is but a burden, after all,  
 And it's best to live it through and get it o'er.  
 And if along the wayside you should fall,  
 They may forgive you on the other shore.

Why do I thus bewail my helpless fate?  
 I just spent seven bucks on a bum date!

---

University note: Pistol firing will be a requirement in the home economics department, beginning next term.

---

Also Pontias Pilate.

Literary note: "Salome" made Oscar Wilde.



Dum: "I heard that an inmate at the insane asylum killed himself."

Dummer: "What was his reason?"

Dum: "He thought he was a sentinel on duty, and he shot himself when he forgot the password."

## For Women Only

### FASHION'S FORECAST

by Cornelia Crimp.

What Dame Fashion decrees for the coming season is always a question of importance. The latest hints from Paris whisper that the capricious lady has set her heart on wire and wicker for the glad spring time. These charming materials well reflect the spirit of the season, combining as they do youth with durability. As for being chic—a smart wire frock trimmed with wicker panels will cause heads to turn anywhere. In place of the passé plume, the new hats bear a long brass curtain rod, falling gracefully over the shoulder cape.

Speaking of hats, one charming model seen in a Paris, Ohio, window is in the shape of a corn-cob uniquely embroidered with picture tacks. Among those recently selected by Lady Fluff Mordant is one of tissue paper trimmed with brass roses. This will be adorable for a garden party.

As for evening gowns, they will be as evening as ever. Milady still insists on a very ultra black, offset with crimson bed quilts. For the quite young girl, a simple frock of dotted Alpine is suggested, trimmed with cool, green moss. One of the exclusive shops downtown is displaying an unusual and fascinating development in evening gowns done in Italian marble—reminiscent of historic castle facades.

Capes will be made of antiseptic gauze in any color. Many of these will have a hood attachment, either worn down the back or thrown about the head, and may have a special strangling attachment.

### A Dainty New Salad Recipe.

A recipe for a different kind of salad has been given to this department by a prominent local hostess, long famed for her unusual and delightful menus. This recipe, says the proud possessor of it, has been in the family for over six months and until now has been a jealously guarded secret. It has been praised by such widely different house guests as Lady Ascot Marquith and Harold H. Wrong, the novelist.

The first essential ingredient for this salad is a box of standard shoe polish, white, black, or brown. The contents of the box are dumped into a salad mixing bowl; then come a brass door knob, finely ground up; some highly polished splinters

from the library floor; odds and ends of seasoning, such as machine oil and furniture polish; and a few drops of denatured alcohol. When the salad has been thoroughly stirred up, individual portions are served on oak-tree leaves. An attractive garnish of rose thorns may be added.

### Meals for a Cent a Day.

Mrs. Mary Millson Blah, for the last twenty years chief cook for King of Tasmania, has given out a list of dormitory menus that can be prepared for a cent a day. Mrs. Blah is an international expert on all gastronomic matters, and her suggestions are eagerly awaited and welcomed. Mrs. Blah guarantees these menus to be as delicious as they are economical and as nutritious as they are delicious. Only one cent is needed for this daily market basket.

	Breakfast	Lunch	Dinner
1.	Water	Toothpicks Vanilla	Water Napkins
2.	Water	Vanilla Toothpicks	Vinegar Tea Salt
3.	Water	Sugar Water Soup	Nabiscos Coffee
4.	Water	Tea Biscuits	Pepper Ginger Ale Apples
5.	Water	Biscuits Tea	Bread Butter Soup
6.	Water	Fish Baking soda	Napkins Water
7.	Water	Paprika Vaniilla ice	Weakened water Biscuits

Ag. Student (to roommate who has just returned from a blind date): "How did you make out at the petting bee?"

Roommate (Disgustingly): "Hell! I sure did get stung!"

**He Thought:**

It would be awful if  
Some one saw us like this.

I know my breath is awful;  
Forgot those Life-Savers!

This is just the way  
Rodolph did  
Last night.

I wish she would change  
Her perfume.

How long is this  
Going to last . . . .

**He Thought She Thought:**

She thinks I am a  
Man of the world, and  
Am used to this.

She's a shallow one, and  
Likes this.

She thinks I don't know  
Exactly what she is  
Thinking.

**ANYTIME, ANYWHERE  
or Why Do They Do It.**



**She Thought:**

It would be awful if  
Some one saw us like this.

I know my breath is awful;  
Forgot those Life-Savers!

This is just the way  
Pola Negri did  
Last night.

I wish he would change his  
Hair polish.

How long is this  
Going to last . . . .

**She Thought He Thought:**

He thinks I am  
Experienced, and am  
Used to this.

He's a shallow one, and  
Likes this.

He thinks I don't know  
Exactly what he is  
Thinking.

Mr. S. Oh, Mr. Gallagher! Oh, Mr. Gallagher!

Mr. G. What can I do for you next Wednesday, Mr. Sheen?

Mr. S. Oh, I've found a place to sleep  
That is really very cheap,  
It's the finest place that you have ever  
seen.

Mr. G. Why, Mr. Sheen. Why, Mr. Sheen.  
I think I know exactly where you  
mean.

People go up there to snooze,  
By fours and threes and twos.

Mr. S. Is it the Tavern, Mr. Gallagher?

Mr. G. No, it's History, Mr. Sheen.

**Discoveries.**

1. Peroxide isn't good for class cuts.
2. You can light a cigarette on both ends at once, but only an expert can smoke it.
3. An umbrella can be used as a cane on a rainy day.
4. A fork cannot be used as a toothpick.

## BOOKS

*If you read the book reviews, and lie with discretion you can get by anywhere*—George Ade.

"Perfect Behavior: A Parody Outline of Etiquette,"  
by Donald Ogden Stewart: Doran, \$2.00.

The parody "Outline of History" was enough to place Don Ogden Stewart in the first rank of American fun-makers; the parody "Outline of Etiquette" only establishes that place more firmly. The humor is double; the parody, both of the reading matter and of the illustrations of the many etiquette books, is excellent and complete, and the humor apart from the parody is just as perfect. The etiquette of courtships, of engagements and weddings, travel, all the standard subjects including the etiquette of dry agents, are fully treated.

An example: the following is Don Stewart's version of the "Language of the Flowers":

Fringed gentian—"I am going out to get a shave. Back at 3:30.

Goldenrod—"I hear that you have hay fever."

Bloodroot—"Aunt Kitty murdered Uncle Fred Tuesday."

Iris—"Could you learn to love an optician."

Deadly Nightshade—"Pull down those blinds, quick!"

Passion Flower—"Phone Main 1249,—ask for Eddie."

Raspberry—"I am announcing my engagement to Charlie O'Keefe Thursday."

Wild Thyme—"I have seats for the Hippodrome Saturday afternoon."

Here is the proper equipment for a schoolgirl:

1 Dress, chine, crepe de, pink, for dancing.

1 Dress, chine, crepe de, pink, for petting.

4 Bottles, perfume, domestic, or

1 Bottle, perfume, French.

12 Dozen Dorines, men's pocket size.

6 Soles, cami, assorted.

1 Brassiere, or riding habit.

100 Boxes aspirin, for dances and house parties.

1 Wave, permanent, for conversation.

24 Waves, temporary.

10,000 Nets, hair.

100,000 Pins, hair.

1 Bottle Quelques Fleurs, for knockout.

This is a sample, and the rest is just as good.

If this is lowbrow humor, we're doomed already, and glad of it.

"Town and Gown," by Lynn Montross and Lois Montross. Doran, \$2.00.

"Town and Gown" is F. Scott Fitzgerald moved west. It is college life at Princeton translated into mid-Western university life. The book consists of short stories told in the usual blase style of writers of collegiate sports and sins. The horrible tragedy of the girl who learned to pet and could not unlearn is told realistically. The college men and women of all types are set forth from the gilded youth variety to the solemn, well-meaning type.

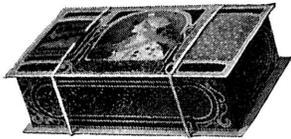
We wish some one could write of the modern college, and hit the happy medium between a mid-Victorian and a super-sophisticated style. The world needs it.

"Slings and Arrows," Edwin Francis Edgett. Brimmer & Co. \$1.25.

Someone has beaten us to it. The galosh may be passe, but the following remark is not. It is

(Continued on page 20)

# Six Answers to Six Tastes



## LUXURY

Salmagundi. Bear in mind the name when you select chocolates to please a luxurious taste. It has a wide variety including some new and most attractive chocolates. In an art metal tin box worthy of the contents.

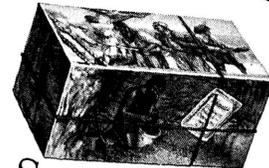
*Whitman's*  
SALMAGUNDI  
CHOCOLATES



## VARIETY

Everybody's taste has approved the Sampler and chosen it as America's foremost candy. It contains selections from ten favorite Whitman's packages which can also be purchased separately. It appeals to the taste for quaint, dainty things.

*Whitman's*  
SAMPLER



## SURPRISE

A taste for mystery, romance, treasure trove—the element of surprise and the pleasure of new flavors—all are answered in the picturesque Pleasure Island Box of Whitman's. Have you explored its bullion bags?

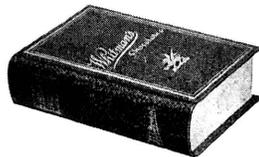
*Whitman's*  
PLEASURE ISLAND  
CHOCOLATES



## EXCELLENCE

Super Extra. A name that harks back to 1842 and the original Whitman's Chocolates that are still the standard. The assortment is one that has been selected with great care, changing slowly with the public taste during the eighty years its popularity has endured. It answers the average cultivated taste for sweets.

*Whitman's*  
SUPER EXTRA  
CHOCOLATES



## ODDITY

This book-shaped box bound in green and gold has a list of contents inside the cover differing from any other package. It has proved an assortment perfectly selected for many tastes. The Library Package is an appropriate gift for many folks and many occasions.

*Whitman's*  
LIBRARY  
PACKAGE



## RICHNESS

There's a distinct appeal in whole nut meats thickly coated with Whitman's famous chocolate. Those who like walnuts, pecans, filberts, almonds and all the favorite nut meats, at their best, declare this package to be their favorite.

*Whitman's*  
NUTS CHOCOLATE  
COVERED

*Whitman's*

Quality Group

Whitman's famous candies are sold by

Peck Drug & News Co.

**The Bank of**

**STRENGTH**

**CHARACTER**

**SERVICE**

**Boone County National  
Bank**

R. B. Price, Pres.

*66th year in business.*

(Continued from page 18)

from "Slings and Arrows", by Edwin Francis Edgett.

The Overshoe Flappers.  
With bare necks above  
And unbuckled  
And dishevelled  
Overshoes below,  
They parade the streets  
These wintry days,  
As if they had  
No purpose  
In life  
But to show  
The extremes  
Of feminine  
Mental aberration.

And this:

When a man  
Is without  
A stable mind  
And his opinions shift  
Like straws  
With every changing  
Of the wind

He calls himself  
An independent  
And rejoices loudly  
In his own conceit.

The author says that these lines are not verse, free or shackled, but are so written only in order to hit the eye of the reader. They do!

Business Man: "So you're working for 'art's sake only', are you? What have you drawn most recently?"

Discouraged Artist: "A permanent place in the bread line."

**Whoopin' Things Up.**

An Indian's lucky  
On vacations;  
He always has  
His reservations.

—Sun Dial.

The checker championship is always won on the square.

**Fellows**

It Goes Without

Saying

**LEVY'S**  
"QUALITY FOOTWEAR"

Have the Snappy

**Oxfords**

—for Spring

Almost a Triolet.

She was a blacksmith's daughter,  
I was a college man.  
She always ordered water.  
I was a college man  
I asked if I could kiss her;  
She said, "You hadn't oughter."  
Did I? Do you see that black-eye, boy?  
She was a blacksmith's daughter.

Free: "What's the difference between platonic friends and lovers?"

Love: "Platonic friends always tell each other everything, while lovers don't dare tell each other anything."

"Oh, it's coming down!"  
"Will a safety pin be of any —"  
"Fresh! I mean the rain!" —Yellow Jacket.

"The scene of this play stretches over two continents."

"I say, what a lengthy play."

Richards' Market is in Columbia, noted for extreme care given to Quality and Sanitation in the handling of all meat products.

Start the year right by arranging with us to give you this service, and the cost is no more than you pay for ordinary meats.

Phone Two Seven "Oh"

*The First Touch*

The furniture displayed at the Formal —not intentional but nevertheless it is displayed. Can't it be regarded as the final touch?

**Furniture With Character**



16 North Tenth Street

D  
O  
N

R  
E  
C  
O  
R  
D  
S

For Her

What could be sweeter and more appropriate than a dozen large American Beauties' on her birthday.

*Where there's a will there's a way*

*Prove It With Flowers*

Columbia Floral Co.

Phone 366

—across from postoffice—

## A SHINE?

**O**F course you wear corduroy trousers and a flannel shirt and get by with it.

But unshined shoes and a dirty hat shout to the world and everyone notices them. The remedy is to drop in at

The  
**Vanity Fair Shoe**  
Shining Parlor

8 SOUTH NINTH STREET

### PIVOT POINTS FOR PLAYS

(Editor's Note: The following pivots, given in obvious narrative form, are reprinted without permission from the Short Course in Play-Writing, conducted by Prof. J. Glurg Wiseinwine. The course aims benevolently to give each member enrolled a dashing dramatic technique, regardless of previous inclination or training. Any one of these pivots, or turning points (as they are laughingly called in slang of the stage) is enough to build the rest of the play into the kind of hokum that has endeared itself to the American public these many years. The course in fact guarantees each graduate the Pulitzer consolation prize.)

1

"The woman always pays," says Celeste, breathing heavily. The gas light blinks in sympathy. The room is very still.

"Always pays. Always—"

"Say, lady, I ain't got time to wait here all day. If yuh can't pay for your meat, why did you order it? I got other deliveries to make yet today."

2

"I did not do it," Laurence mutters drearily.

"God knows I'm innocent. Am I to suffer for the crime of another man?" His bowed head falls into his hands.

"Well, Mister, you think I can tell whose ashes they are? Us boarding-house ladies has other things to do besides clean up after your cigarettes on the mantels and rugs. One more time like this—"

3

The clock strikes twelve. The Twitching Hour. Betty Anne strokes his hand with a wistful tenderness.

"It's no use, David," she murmurs brokenly. "We can never be happy together. You have your career and I have mine, and never the twain shall meet."

"Everything Kipling said isn't always true. You know that. For my sake, Betty Anne, give up painting shoe trees and come back to me!"

4

Yes, he was hers, by every law of man and jury. Nothing should take him from her. With

**Q** To be fashionable a suit need not be expensive—

**Q** Our distinguished models have unusual preciseness of style, fit, and tailoring—  
See

## Campus Tailoring Co.

*Reasonable Prices*

—Across from Jesse Hall—

Soft Water Shampoos



*Parsons Sisters  
Beauty Parlors*

1005 Broadway

Phone 795

her last breath she would plead her right to guard his tender little life. Defiantly she faced the box.

"He's mine, all mine," she cried, her voice sometimes a broken reed under the strength of her emotions. "You have no right to take him away. It's me who has suffered for him! No one else can have a claim to him!" Even the foreman sniffled.

"All right, he's yours—take him. But after this you keep that cat out of neighbors' garden patches."

5

The gate clicked—faintly. But not too faintly to reach Iris' numbed consciousness. Dumbly, she arose from her huddled stoop by the window and ran to the partly opened window.

"Wait, oh wait," she called in a voice choked with sobs. "I didn't mean it! Come back! You know I didn't mean it!"

But only the wind answered—mockingly. The C. O. D. man had already sped far down the street with the two hats she had refused to accept.

6

Oriental moon-flowers diffusing a subtle fragrance over the languor of the twilight. In the sky

INC. 1885.

**AMERICAN  
COLOR  
ENGRAVING  
CO.**

*Artists-Designers-Engravers  
for all Processes  
and Purposes.*

*Offset and Photo Litho.  
Specialists.*

*914 Pine St.  
St. Louis.*

**Multicolor  
Plate Makers**

hangs a round red sun. "North is South." Sensen murmurs in her stumbling English:

"Melican man, take me to your country. Sensen is tired of father's rule. No leave me alone, Melican man!"

I'm sorry, but as a permanent thing, you know, I prefer Yucatan."

Bimbo: "Forsooth, child, the goldfish hath contracted eczema!"

Bozo: "Of what import? 'Tis but on a small scale." —Yale Record.

"Say, cull, don't git gay wid me—I'm so hard I scratches de bathtub."

"Dat's nuttin'. I'm so hard I shaves wid a blow torch." —'Ee-'Aw.

"How ddi you keep your donation secret?"

"I sent an anonymous check." —Lampoon.

"Agnes slipped on her veranda last night."

"Well, did it fit her?" —Tar Baby.

## Not for Lowbrows



nor for highbrows, but for all people who know and appreciate quality in food and service. Those people are the ones who eventually find their way to

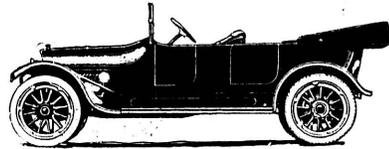


## Jimmies' College Inn

"The Place with a Personality"

## The Excello Car

Knitted to fit the form—positively will not run.



Quiet, even when guests are presnt.

Chain drive

Coxatomie, Mo.

First Prisoner: "Well, partner, what are you in for?"

Second Ditto: "Found some jewelry."

F. P.: "Well, they didn't send you up for that, did they?"

Second D.: "Found it before the owner lost it." —Tiger.

It: "I don't believe that distance lends enchantment."

Him: "Perhaps not; but it's easier to like a girl that's well off." —Sun Dodger.

"Say, Bill, I've got an idea on how to make pants last."

"How?"

"Make the coat first." —Orphan.

If the modern chorus girl is a clothes rack, then Lady Godiva was a wardrobe trunk. —Judge.

"She's a wonderful queen, but I'm not the king who has the jack to go with her." —Jade.

**The Home of the**

Missouri Tigers  
and all the Cubs

Come here for  
that delicacy

Music 3-6 and 8-11  
Every Day



Across from Library

**Rubbing It in.**

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

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

**Use Lux.**

"Why do they call him Flannel?"  
"Because he shrinks from washing."  
—Sun Dodger.

There was a little girl, and she had a little curl,  
Right in the middle of her forehead.

When she was good, she was very, very good,  
And when she was bad, she was—popular.  
—Hamburg.

Prof. (at 1 o'clock class): "Is there anyone  
who doesn't know the meaning of 'service'?"

Late Stude: "Yeh, the guy that hops table at  
our boarding house."



**It's  
toasted**

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She (bitterly): "Twenty years ago when you married me, you swore that our hearts were beating in tune."

He (indifferently): "Proves conclusively that I never did have much of an ear for for music, doesn't it?"

Lady (confidentially): "And just before he kissed me, he called me his 'little love bird'."

Friend (sweetly): "Probably noticed the crow's feet about your eyes, my dear."

Speaking of indoor games—how about ring-around-the bathtub? —Black and Blue Jay.

She: "Did you find good cooking in France, Ted?"

He: "My dear girl, simply rippin'. Best meals I ever drank." —Record.

Young Man: "I wish to buy a-a-er a sleeping garment for my wife."

Clerk: "Knapsacks two aisles over." —Pitt Panther.

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**THE MILLENNIUM WILL BE HERE**

When men with red noses are friendless.

When colleges pay salaries to students.

When men never look down on the women.

When camels cost a nickel.

When somebody writes for this d— magazine besides the editors. —Puppet.

Because you're a ham is no sign that you're swift. —Froth.

"Where can I get some information on manicuring?"

"You might try the nail files at the library." —Banter.

**Always!**

Diz: "May I call you my little dyspepsia tablet?"

Liz: "Why?"

Diz: "Always after a large, heavy dinner." —Ski-U-Mah.

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Gang always  
Meets at  
Both places

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Citizenship is  
Poor,  
Try Your  
English here.*

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Stetson Hats.  
Metric and Kingly Shirts  
Campus Caps.

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THE BIG CLOTHIERS

### Believe It or Not.

In PHYS. Ed. A3 a Freshman in the following answer to the question: "What is Anatomy?"

Anatomy is the human body which consists of three parts, the head, the chest and the stomach. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any. The chest contains the lungs and a piece of liver. The stomach is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y.

—Jester.

### Good Jokes, But We Hate to Print Them.

"Are you on the Showme staff?"

"Yes, I pen for the book."

"Well, you ought to be booked for the pen."

Wm. J.: "How did you get that on your head?"

Souise: "Musta-hic-bit myself."

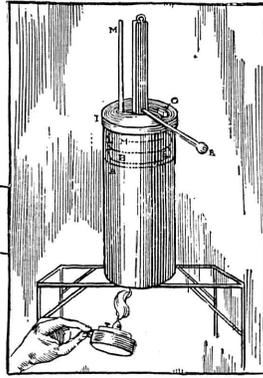
Wm. J.: "How could you bite yourself up there?"

Souise: "I gesh I mustha stood on a chair."

—Pitt Panther.

DENIS PAPIN'S

STEAM CYLINDER



## They Weighed Air— and Charles II Laughed

**S**AMUEL PEPYS says in his diary that Charles II, for all his interest in the Royal Society, laughed uproariously at its members “for spending their time only in weighing of air and doing nothing else since they sat.”

This helps to explain why Charles has come down to us as the “merry monarch.”

The Royal Society was engaged in important research. It was trying to substitute facts for the meaningless phrase “nature abhors a vacuum,” which had long served to explain why water rushes into a syringe—the commonest form of pump—when the piston is pulled out.

Denis Papin had as much to do as anyone with these laughable activities of the Royal Society. Papin turned up in London one day with a cylinder in which a piston could slide. He boiled water in the cylinder. The steam generated pushed the piston out. When the flame was removed, the steam

condensed. A vacuum was formed and the weight of the outer air forced the unresisting piston in.

Out of these researches eventually came the steam engine.

London talked of the scandalous life that King Charles led, and paid scant attention to such physicists as Papin, whose work did so much to change the whole character of industry.

The study of air and air pumps has been continued in spite of Charles's laughter. In the General Electric Company's Research Laboratories, for instance, pumps have been developed which will exhaust all but the last ten-billionth of an atmosphere in a vessel.

This achievement marks the beginning of a new kind of chemistry—a chemistry that concerns itself with the effect of forces on matter in the absence of air, a chemistry that has already enriched the world with invaluable improvements in illumination, radio communication, and roentgenology.

General  Electric  
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