

THE

# SOUTHLAW

university of missouri



*her number*

ONE SHILLING (TWO BITS)

*Barnum*

Said there was one  
born every minute,  
and you will be in  
that bunch if you  
miss the

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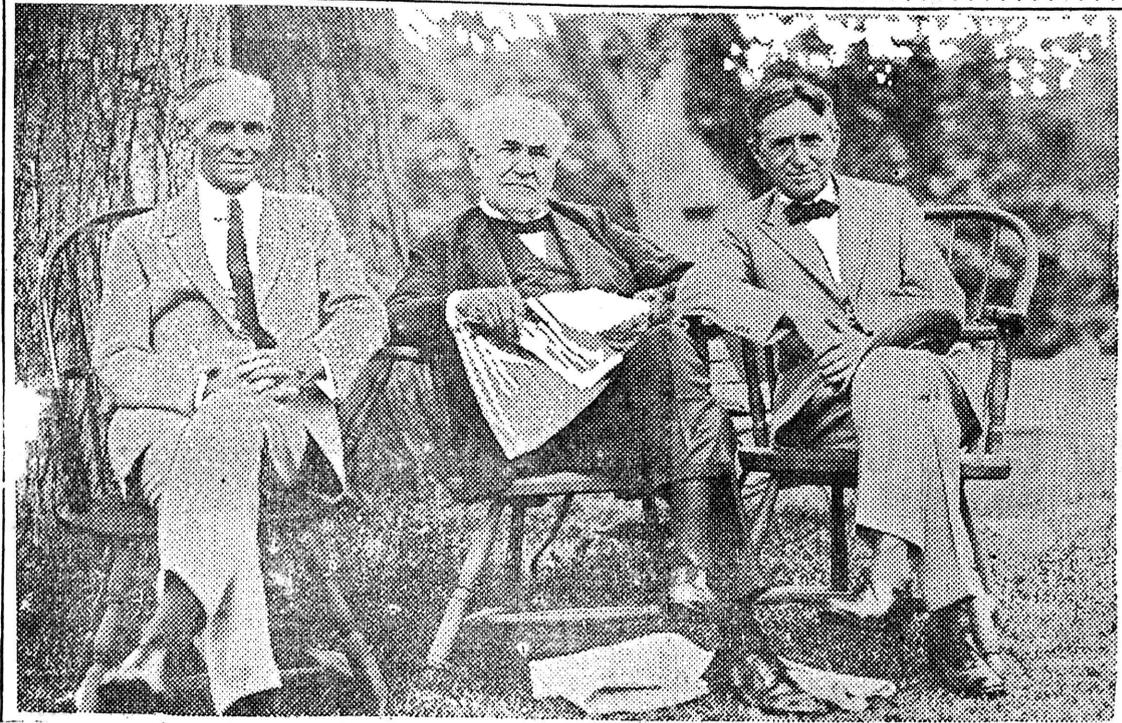
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**Addison Simms, John Doe and Hal Tosis**

“We have bought our subscriptions to the Outlaw and so we get our pictures in the magazine, tee hee,” say these three jolly good fellows who are seen resting in the trees while the old ladies do the washing. Several copies of the Outlaw may be seen reclining behind the ship in the foreground.

**Buy a Subscription and try to get Your Picture in  
the Magazine.**

## THE OUTLAW

### MAKE

THE FIRST KICKOFF  
of the season with a new  
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show you a collection of  
the latest Clothes that will  
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Mutt: Why haven't you bought your Outlaw?  
Butt: I can't read and I refuse to use it any other way.

This is a reproduction of nationally displayed interurban car cards.



DEAN AVERY, Editor,  
"The Pelican,"  
University of California.

Says: "The PELICAN has always regarded COLLEGE HUMOR as the most worthy magazine representing the college comics and is, as ever, behind you, shoulder and all. You may look to us at any time for our utmost cooperation."

HARRY J. TAYLOR, Editor,  
"The Virginia Reel,"  
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Says: "We appreciate your service to us. Your diversified advertising and material, by its nature, approaches our alumni and independent readers in a way which we could not hope to achieve in our own pages."

LAURENCE A. DUNN, Bus. Mgr.,  
"Colorado Dodo,"  
University of Colorado.

Says: "We believe you have done more than any other publication can ever do for all of the college comics of the country."

# College Humor

What it is  
What it does

IT is exactly what its name indicates—**College Humor**—your humor. When it is advertised in street cars and **PRINTER'S INK**; when it is broadcasted by radio and whenever **College Humor** is read it popularizes your comic.

IT is read by approximately 3,000,000 people each issue and focuses the attention of everybody on the college comics.

PAGE 79 of the Autumn Issue now on sale (the cover is reproduced at your left) tells you of the considerate policies of **College Humor**. We now maintain a College Comic Service Dept.

THE three letters at your left speak for themselves—for us—for you.

*The college comic is popularized, advertised and helped nationally by*

## College Humor

Chicago, Ill.

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Are

## THE STUDENTS' STORES.

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NO MEMBERSHIP FEES

Pluto, the great mover, says:

Many an angel becomes a little devilish when mother leaves the room.

It's often the fast girl that gets caught.

It's an easy matter to pass the time with a girl that wears a garter watch.

You can't get honey without getting stung.



We know that it cannot was and that is why she ain't.

The undertaker received an undertaking that he could not undertake. Whereupon the undertaker's undertaker undertook to undertake the undertaker that the undertaker did not undertake. After the undertaker's undertaker had undertaken the undertaking he found the undertaking too much to undertake, so the undertaker's undertaker called the undertaker and he undertook the undertaking that the undertaker's undertaker could not undertake.



LAMP: Is'nt that female a mean dresser?

POST: I dunno; I never did watch her.

"BUY FROM OUR ADVERTISERS"

# Columbus

TOOK A CHANCE

WE TAKE NONE

IN

Our Efforts

TO MAKE

## THE PALMS

### ALMOST A VARSITY INSTITUTION

**DID**

the rain take the curl  
out of your hair?

We have a new Permanent Wave  
Machine that will make those  
beautiful waves last.

**PARSONS' SISTERS**

1005 Broadway.

A florist, falling for a dame,  
Beguiled the passing hours  
By bursting into verbal flame  
And saying it with flowers.  
"Your rosy cheek," he said, "I seek  
To shelter from all harm;  
And if you'll say the word you may  
Become my spotted palm."

A broker, pining at the feet  
Of one he longed to wed,  
Employed the language of the Street  
And to his lady said:  
"Your stock, for me, will always be  
At par or far beyond,  
Should you and I together, buy  
A matrimonial bond."

—George S. Chappell.



HERE IS SOMETHING NEW IN ANATOMY.

At a recent divorce case Mrs. Jones told the  
court that her husband hit her in the bakery and  
broke her gas range.

# ---And Next Month



## Home Coming Number

**Football---**

A raft of humor concerning the predominating college sport that will place the Outlaw another notch higher in your estimation. The Staff, it seems cannot view football in a serious manner, so we have let them run wild.

**Old Grads--**

Artists, cannot draw a handsome picture of the Old Grad, as you will notice in the Homecoming Number. But the drawings and jokes concerning this manhandled creature are worth the admission fee alone.

**It's Better Than a Hosiery Ad**

**OUTLAW**

**HOME COMING NUMBER**

On Sale

**HOME COMING**

*"BUY FROM OUR ADVERTISERS"*

## THE OUTLAW

A NIGHT AT OLD MISSOU IN EARLY FALL  
(With apologies to the best of columnysts from the worst)

**S**TART for the library. Don't get there. Something else happens. A black and gold top freshman tears down the street. A mob of Sophs whanging away after him. See Tommy on the other side of the street. He was pulling a mean date. The Ags start hollering for the hogs to come grunting home. That's right, it is Wednesday. I finally hit The Palms. A date or so in the booths. Am invited to have a coke. Turn it down. The orchestra files in many minutes late. Sandow looks angry. I leave.

The boys in front of Johnny Paul's have a tobacco spitting contest on. Johnny wins the asbestos ice cream freezer. I look on. Am invited to participate. Decline. A few dates inside. About

show time, everybody starts moving towards town. Library looks deserted. A flivver flies by, an Ag on the running board yelling. More yells from the Ag campus. The farmers must be teaching their city freshmen how to call the hogs.

I ride up town with a friend on the back tire of a flattened-out Ford. Up at Booches the electric piano's playing. Cost some sucker a nickel. The click of balls.

A few pikers hang around in front of Harris'. Some talk of football. Missouri's bound to win. "Rock Chalk Dead Hawk," some birds pipe up. I get tired; move on. Shoot a couple games of pool and am fruited. Start home and the show lets out. Every body there. Finally arrive home. Throw books in the corner. Yawn and decide it's too hot to study. Go to sleep. God only knows when I'll wake up.

**Hurrying for  
an 8 O'clock**



But why hurry? Save time by taking Breakfast at HARRIS', where service is instantaneous. And what could sustain you better than a cup of our savory Coffee; a slice of two of Toast; Bacon and Eggs, if you will, and any choice of Breakfast Fruit.

**Save Time at  
Breakfast Time.**

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Millard & Sisson

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Write for Catalogue  
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You will be a hit in any gathering.

Yet you are getting a thorough education free of charge. In less than three months you will be able to expectorate on the floor with ease and expression. Just sit down and write a joke or article for THE OUTLAW and then call the Editor.

PHONE 1944

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**DO IT NOW!**

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FACE*

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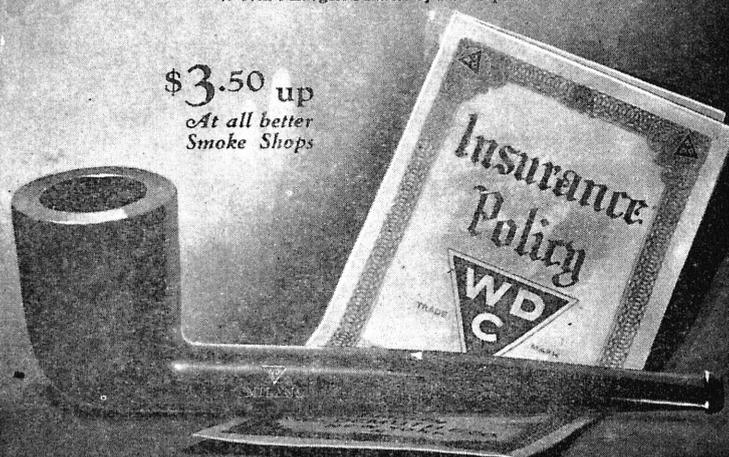
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## University of Missouri

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Volume I.

OCTOBER, 1924.

Number 2

### EDITORIALS.

**W**ITH this issue THE OUTLAW takes the opportunity to doff his derby, and in other ways to pay his respects "to the ladies." "The ladies"—we like to linger over the words. If we could only say all we wished to say about them, it would fill many OUTLAWS, and some of the pages would have to be made from asbestos. Even then, we wouldn't have said every thing. No, we even admit that we don't know all about them—We learn though. Anyway, we are always open to conviction, and so we would make it known that our office boy is instructed to always admit any charming young uady who wishes to enter the editorial sanctum (Kindly check hat-pins at door.)

But to continue: This issue is devoted to girls. So are we. Even in spite of the devastation they wreak upon our heart and pocketbook. No, we won't give you her phone number. Even since people have been able to write, they have used up much stationery on this subject. And so THE OUTLAW follows suit, treading in the footsteps of Shakespeare, Byron, and Dean Priddy.

Last year saw the establishment at Missouri of the School of Fine Arts. With this we are perhaps coming back to our true ideal of a college, which we shall touch upon in this editorial. It is a step away from the merely utilitarian subjects and is an approach to the more refined and cultured.

The School of Arts and Sciences should be exactly what its name implies. The best of the old established schools adhere strictly, for the most part, to the traditional subjects of Greek, Latin, Mathematics, History, Philosophy and the like. Unfortunately, this University has strayed from the straight and narrow path and has not insisted on these subjects, exempting a student from taking them, if he wishes, by virtue of his having had them in high school.

While we would not disparage the secondary schools of the state, still we are prone to consider them perhaps not as adequate to teach these subjects as the college. Or it would be better perhaps to say that the students' mind and attitude at this period are not at the stage where he can fully appreciate these subjects, or at least, not at the point where he can afford to relinquish his study of them. We have listened too much to those, who forgetting the training of the mind and the senses of appreciation have declared the above mentioned subjects of little value, in that they do not have a direct use. The College of Arts and Sciences has departed from the classical standard.

The other colleges of the University with the exception of the School of Fine Arts, are devoted to studies that train the student for a vocation. The two years of Arts and Science work that is taken before entering Commerce, Law, or Medicine are not sufficient to hurt the student.

Indeed we would find ourselves without a school in which one might be free from worldly and material things, were it not for the School of Fine Arts. True, it does not teach those subjects we have mentioned; that is not within its province, but neither does it intersperse its classical subjects with others which are decidedly not of that character. The School of Fine Arts is typical of its name. It fulfills a long felt want. There is no need to enthuse over the muses. Their praises have been sung before. But they are neglected in a modern age. It is a pleasure to see them recognized and brought back into their own again.



"In those good old college days," during which so much of what is now tradition sprung up, the Glee Club played an important part. It is associated inseparably in the memory with Proms, Football Games, Commencements, and other outstanding features of college life. People look back with a good deal of fondness at those days. The strain of an old song brings them to mind. To belong to the Glee Club in those days meant more than it does now. And, correspondingly, the Glee Club meant more to a college than it does today. It was close to the heart of the school. For it did not sing songs that were beyond its sphere, but was content with the simple selections that we all love, American folk songs that we will never tire of, pieces that were known as college songs, and the popular music of the day.

It remained for one of the most famous clubs to break away from the standard. The Harvard Glee Club's repertoire is composed of what is called "classical stuff." Those who have heard them sing these songs cannot deny that they render them in a superb manner, but one does not come away feeling that they have heard that which they came to hear—a College Glee Club.

Similarly with our own Glee Club of the University of Missouri. The songs that they gave last year were of the type just mentioned. Both their audiences at the Home Concert, and on the trip were unanimous in declaring that the singing was excellent, but that the selections were not what a college glee club was expected to sing, nor were they songs that they had wished to hear.

It would be folly to dispute the worth of the classical music as opposed to that of lighter strain, but let the former be given by the University Chorus, whose splendid concert was heard last spring, and let the latter be given by the Glee Club. We do not wish to be thought too radical, we do not ask for jazz, although it forms a great part of the popular music of the day. No, we simply ask that the Glee Club return to the old traditional standards, to the plantation melodies that are dear to us, to the sentimental songs, which we still sing when we are gathered around the piano, to the college songs that will never grow old, and to perhaps a few numbers of popular music, presented in a novel manner. This we believe is what the students want, and what the audiences want—a real *College Glee Club*. We do not mean in any way to belittle the work that our musical organization has done. We applaud its past performances, and we look with anticipation toward its future ones. We are its hearty supporters. This is merely a plea for a return to the true College Glee Club.

A MERE GIRL PLAYS HAVOC WITH THE PROFESSOR IN—



IF one overlooked the fact that Helen drove her own car, was the prettiest girl on the campus, swore in a soft southern accent, and was not averse to going on moderate sprees with the right sort of men, it would be hard to account for her popularity. Helen's father had moved to Virginia from Paris and had married a beautiful but retiring damsel who had since lived in perpetual perplexity over her husband's Saturday night sprees.

Helen, the mother said, took after her father. And more than one fellow who had sat under the moon with Helen and had listened with ears that tried to understand the French love phrases, had said with calflike devotion in his eyes that she *was* a little wild.

On the other hand and four blocks down the street, lived Professor Cranberry, instructor in Latin and husband of Mrs. Cranberry. Misses Cranberry was anatomically constructed similar to, and about three times as large as a depot stove, with temper to match. She had the Professor so trained that his wildest diversion was to watch the automobiles go by.

A few days before the night of Helen's sorority

dance the Professor received a note asking Professor Cranberry and wife to attend the festival in the roles of chaperones. The reply stated that Mrs. Cranberry and husband would be pleased to attend. Which goes to show.

The night of the big dance found the Professor and his wife fully dressed in their home. Mrs. Cranberry was standing before the professor with her *fists*—not hands—resting upon her mammoth hips.

"Now Philbert," she bellowed, "whatever you do, don't make a fool of yourself. Every time you get in a crowd of more than three people you seem to think that you're the only clown in a five ring circus."

"Yes, mam," sighed Cranberry.

"Remember that you have a reputation to uphold among the people who don't know you as well as I do."

"Yes, mam," sighed the Professor.

"My God,, can't you say anything besides, 'Yes, mam'?"

"Put yourself in my place and reconsider that



**He:** Were you ever interested in automobiles.  
**She:** Just ask the boys.



question," murmured Cranberry.

"Shut up!"

"Yes, mam."

\* \* \* \* \*

Helen was getting the grandest rush of the season at the dance. The stags were following her four abreast and her date had given up in disgust and had gone home to bed. A rush like that naturally makes a girl feel good, so after a while Helen looked about the room to watch the people point at her. And then she espied Professor Cranberry.

"Oh, look at that Professor Cranberry looking so sad next to that grotesque wife of his!" she cried. "I'm going over and ask him to dance with me." Her partner took a swig of gin and called for his hat and coat as Helen ran over to the Professor.

"Professor Cranberry, may I have just one dance with you?" Helen pleaded, with a downward sloop of her eyelashes. The Professor received a kick from his wife's side.

"Yes, mam," he sighed, and received a second kick.

"I mean N—." But Helen had dragged him out on the floor and had placed her left hand upon his shoulder. "We're off," she murmured, and Cranberry taking care not to look toward his storm woman, mumbled a feeble protest and began to dance somewhat jerkily.

The music was good. Darned good, in fact. If the professor had gone out nights more he would have called it "hot." There was a steady rhythm about it, and a moaning undertone that soon took the jerk out of the professor's step. He knew that he should have been worrying about what his wife would say, but he was not. The girl pressed closer to him and the Professor's eyes dimmed somewhat. Helen steered him into the darkened palm room and then stopped with a laugh. She drew a small flask from somewhere about her undergarments.

"Professor," she laughed, "I know that I shouldn't do this, but anyone can see that you're a sport."

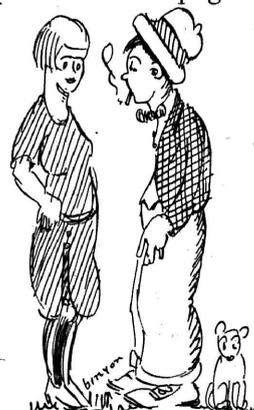
"You're darn right," said Cranberry in a queer falsetto.

"Well, here's to you!" and she lifted the bottle to her lips.

"And here's to you!" the Professor squeaked as she handed the flask to little Cranberry. He gurgled the liquor down like a man.

A few minutes later Mrs. Cranberry saw her husband dancing about the floor lovingly draped about the pretty Helen. Her face grew purple and she rose and strode violently toward the couple. She grabbed Philbert and turned him about.

(Continued on page 20)



**Kilkat:** That memory course is no good.

**Kildog:** Why not?

**Kilkat:** It says to pick a word that rhymes with the word that you want to remember.

**Kildog:** Yes?

**Kilkat:** I started one morning to look for a fellow named Slummock and in five minutes I thought I was looking for Kelly.

## Here's Something Women Have Always Craved

A WARM KNIGHT INTERVIEWED IN HIS BOUDOIR.

By PERCY DOVETAIL

IN ALL TRUTH I must state that I advanced upon the boudoir of Otto Sledgehammer, the Campus Hot Daddy, with a great deal of precipitation. Here was a man whose name was as familiar to women as the fire escape in the rear of their house. Every time his name was mentioned it was accompanied by a prayer for another date just like the last one. You can understand how I felt.

I knocked on the door. Otto came out attired in a butler's coat. "I'd like to see Mr. Sledgehammer," I said. I was regaining my lost composure, and I almost believe that I could have accompanied my request with a slithering sneer if I had so desired.

"Mr. Sledgehammer is unengaged at present so I guess you can see him," Otto said. We entered his room and Otto took off his butler coat and donned a violent purple silk robe. Then he reclined in a huge chair and beetled his brow at me. I beetled my brow back at him.

"I am interviewing you for the press," I said, "and I want to know just why you are so popular with the women." Otto giggled. "Have you noticed it too?" he asked. I restrained from assaulting him by holding both my hands.

"Well," said Otto, "I don't know why it is myself," but maybe you can tell why by looking at me."

"No, I can't." I replied.

"Well, I don't know why it is but—" Otto halted and groped nervously about his head. "Well, I don't know why it—" He looked at me blankly. "Well, I don't know—."

I jumped to my feet in a rage. "No, you don't know why," I sneered, "and besides that you have a severe case of halitosis, the medical term for rotten breath, there is soup on your tie, and your pants look like they contain billiard balls at the knees!

Now what in the devil—."

The phone rang and Otto grabbed it hurriedly.

"Yes, this Otto. Who?—Mary? Yes,, I'll be over at about eight bells. I don't know why it is, but I'm always on time. Now, listen here Mary, you better show me a good time tonight because I can get a better date if I want to. I don't know why it is but I can get a date with anybody I want to. I don't know why—."

I went home to get my jawbone of an ass. I am going to do a little slaying tonight.



### LIFE'S GREAT PROBLEMS.



The wife of the advertising manager of the Blisterine Company discovers to her horror that her husband has at last contracted a severe case of halitosis. She is his closest friend but will she tell?

## HER FIRST TRIP ABROAD.

*Monday*—Everybody came down to see me off.  
Everything is lovely.

*Tuesday*—Am having a fine time. Met the Cap-  
tain of the ship.

*Wednesday*—Captain made improper proposals to  
me, which I indignantly refused.

*Thursday*—Captain is wild with anger. He says  
that unless I consent, he will blow up  
the ship.

*Friday*—I saved the lives of 500 passengers.



I like the girls that paint their lips,  
And wear their dresses tight.  
It gives a chap an awful thrill,  
To watch the movements of their hips  
That shift from left to right.



*Here's to all the bob-haired girls,  
We boys are surely for 'em,  
Recall the hairnets they used to wear,  
And how we always tore 'em?*



**She:** Is this the first time that you have ever kissed  
a girl?

**He:** My God! Am I that crude?



## WITH APOLOGIES

**She:** How much liquor can you drink?  
**He:** Any given quantity.



## IF--

By HELEN

*If you can act a man when all about you,  
The boys are acting jelly beans and such,  
If you can get your neckpin from a girlie,  
Whose got a rep of not puttin' out much,  
If you can hold your licker while the others  
Are heavin' theirs upon the desert sand,  
If you can do the latest step or whirl  
Though the floor rocks like the ocean, not the land.  
If you can take your girlie to a restaurant,  
When the nickels in your pocket jingle few,  
Tell her to go ahead and order truffles,  
Like millionaires and all bootleggers do.  
And next day send the same old gal some flowers,  
Though your board bill and your rent is way past  
due,  
Then you're a typical easy mark,  
And I'll shag around with you.*

SOME MORE PROHIBITION

There are two kinds of men not bothered by prohibition. We refer to those who still have a little, and to those even more fortunate individuals who have a little still.



*Roses ain't blue,  
Violets ain't red,  
A club in the hand  
Beats two on the head.*



**He:** Horseback riding gives me a headache. What does it give you?

**She:** SIR!



"Have you ever been out on any wild parties?"

"None to speak of."



A STUDY IN THE DARK.

IT HAD BEEN A WONDERFUL NIGHT. The dance had been hot and the ride after had been tempting to say the least. Of course there were others along for the ride but now she was going home with him—all alone.

She wondered what was running thru his mind was he thinking of the same things she was. She couldn't just decide how he would attempt to take her in his arms. She would resist a little and then yield. It would be much better then. He would think that he was getting away with something.

The car slid up in front of the house. He sat motionless for a moment, gazing up at the harvest moon that was threshing thru the heavens. She indicated that she wanted to go in the house. He consented without any preliminaries.

The house was in complete darkness. What luck she was in tonight. No embarrassing situation in having to blow them out. They were gas lights.

They entered on tip-toes. A little tingle went up and down her spine. Wouldn't she have something to tell the sisters in the morning.

"The lights are out and they are gas. I don't know how we are going to light them," she said with a touch of inhibition in her voice.

There was complete silence, for a moment.

Again she piped up, "It doesn't make any difference."

He sighed happily, "Just a minute, I have found a match."

## Vignettes

By STUVERSANT LESTON HUNTLEY

### I.

I crushed her slim body  
To me—  
How superbly she danced:  
A gorgeous butterfly—ravishing!  
Tripping on slivers of  
Silver-mist . . . rhythmical . . .  
To the sensual moanings  
Of an over-saxophoned orchestra . . .  
Her tiny hand clasped mine . . .  
A rose-ivory chin rested  
Gently on  
My shoulder. . . Her carmine  
Lips were held up . . . pleadings . . .  
And I stepped  
On the toe  
Of her  
Cinderellesque  
Slipper. . . And I mumbled  
A halting apology;  
And she said—  
“Aw hell, youse dukes  
Aint got the culture  
We got in  
Boston. . .”

### II.

It was raining. . .  
And she was alone!  
I found her in a door-way—  
A lovely, dripping goddess  
Shrinking away from  
The down-pour—  
A huddled beauty . . . Alone!  
She was young  
And her eyes were misty  
Like the rain-drops;  
And her hair shamed  
The nimbus of gold  
That shrouded each street light . . .  
Gallantly I proffered  
My umbrella  
With a sweeping,  
Chesterfieldian bow . . .  
But—  
Just then a car  
Drove up . . .  
.....  
It was raining, . . .  
And I was alone!

### III.

She was ugly . . .  
Awkward  
And danced like a left-handed  
Steam roller running  
Against traffic  
On a one-way  
Street . . . yet—  
She was the most popular  
Girl there . . .  
Others—pretty, charming,  
Deliciously fair  
Were left to themselves  
And to me  
By all other men there . . .  
And I had my pick  
Of the lot . . . And  
I wondered why—  
But  
Today I discovered  
She is a  
Bootlegger's daughter . . .  
That's the insidious  
Thing about it . . .  
And even my  
Closest friends  
Did not tell me . . . !

### IV.

Loveliness . . . A  
Vision of charm, gracile—  
She was.  
And I took her home  
For the first time  
Last night . . . And  
We stood in the shadow  
Festooned hallway  
And I learned  
Her lipstick is  
My favorite flavor  
And her kisses were  
Soft . . . sweet—and  
Flame-tipped . . .  
And she breathed  
Heavily—  
“It's . . . one-thirty . . .  
You . . . you . . . had . . . better . . .  
G—g—g—o—o—o”  
So—I did . . .  
And now  
She won't speak to me.

THE SWEET MAMAS

THESE ARE NOT THE GIRLS THAT MEN FORGET

By

EDWARD D. McCLUSKEY

G is for the "gimmies"  
 that they all develop young;  
 I is for the interest  
 that you pay to get them furs;  
 R is for the Royce  
 that the all expect to have  
 L is for the love  
 they hold for you and I;  
 S is for the slip  
 that they give you by and by.

WHEN you put them all together you have just GIRLS, the fascination of the age. We talk about them, we laugh at them at times, we amuse ourselves noticing the vanities that they create, we criticise their aggressiveness, and determination to make the front line, but after all we love them, everyone of them, even the dumb ones.

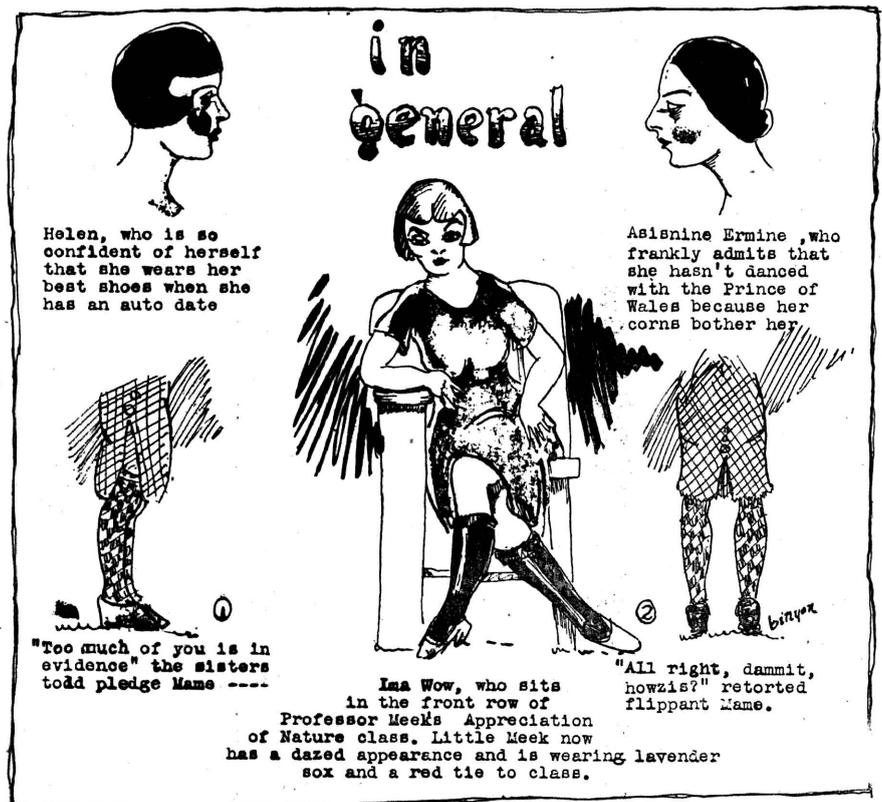
But cheer up girls the Prince of Wales likes you, he said so the last time he was over here.

The American girls are all alike, that is they are alike in that they have something in common. They are all girls. So are automobiles alike in that they are automobiles. Of course there are the types, just as there are in automobiles. There are some that are a grind on the nerves; others that have a purr like the satisfied cat, when she is petted the right way; still others that refuse to go when you want them to. Some there are that hit on all eight, with power to burn, while others struggle along on one, and sometimes have to be pushed.

Now there is the little old-fashioned girl, let's look at her first, because if we don't get her first, she may be gone when we get around to her. You know the kind. Girls, don't you remember your mother putting her up for an example to copy by, and how you hated it. She isn't dumb, but just doesn't know any better. The only kind of a gown she knows is a night gown, and that was one that grandmother had and never wore. Oh, yes, there are a few of these girls left in the world. They are the kind we think of when we say, "God will

(Continued on page 26)

Some Women  
 We  
 Don't Particularly  
 Crave





Right: A goat just horned me.  
 Left: Why don't you cut his horns off?  
 Right: Then he'd butt me.  
 Left: Well why—why do you always put me in embarrassing predicaments?



## All Things Come to Those Who Wait

(A MELLOW MELLODRAMA IN TWO DRAMS)

*Cast of Castoffs.*

(In Order of Disappearance.)

- I. *Gottlotss*, rich enough to get drunk.  
 I. X. *Pectlotts*, on the detour to wealth.  
*Cosmoline*, the parson's daughter. Poor but pure.  
*Al Falfa*, raised on a farm. Has a line you could hang clothes on.  
*Bituminous Cole*, a negro butler; blacker than the heart of a movie villyun.

### ACT I.

The stage hands run up its curtain, disclosing to the large and enthusiastic audience a street scene in New York. It is well to have at least two or three skunks roaming about the stage. They will add to the atmosphere.

Cosmoline, who was formerly the school belle, is to be seen standing in the sitting room. She appears to be waiting for someone. (Wears waiter's costume to denote she is waiting.)

Enter Alfalfa in a wagon. Al has to work for a living. He works anytime and anybody he can. He rolls one with Buffalo to denote that he is saving his nickels.

Al Falfa—Cossie, my love! Fly to me!

Being unable to fly, she runs to him.

Al—Me own!

He kisses her twice on the front porch. He kisses her again on the cheek.

Enter Bituminous Cole—He is smoking, and appears hot under the collar. Al Falfa is shocked.

Bituminous Cole (in a fiery manner)—Shall I pitch Al Falfa out the window?

Cosmoline—No!

Bituminous Cole pitches Al Falfa out as the curtain falls.

ACT II same show.

Curtain rises to disclose Cosmoline tripping across the stage. (Falls down at least once to denote that she is tripping.)

Enter I. Gottlotts. He uses Polarine on his hair. He is a sheik. (Shakes sand out of his pockets to denote he is a sheik.)

Enter I. X. Pectlotts. He is not a sheik. (Displays empty pockets to denote he is not a sheik.)

I. Gottlotts (turning to Cosmoline)—Will you be mine?

I. X. Pecklotts (turning to Cosmoline)—Will you be mine?

I. Gottlotts—I got lots.

I. X. Pecklotts—I expect lots.

Cosmoline—Help! Help!

Enter Bituminous Cole.

Cosmoline—Throw them out.

Bituminous Cole—Not on your tintype!

(This is not original with Bituminous. He has heard it before.)

I. Gottlotts—What's the matter, Cole, are you soft?

Enter Henrietta Doughnut. She is a vampire. (Lights a Milo Violet to denote she is a vampire.) Henrietta was forgotten in the cast. Realizing this, she immediately exits.

Bituminous Cole—Listen! I smell Al Falfa.

Al Falfa stalks in. He is a changed man. He has made his fortune. (Tosses the butler \$10 to denote he has made his fortune.)

Al Falfa—Cosmoline!

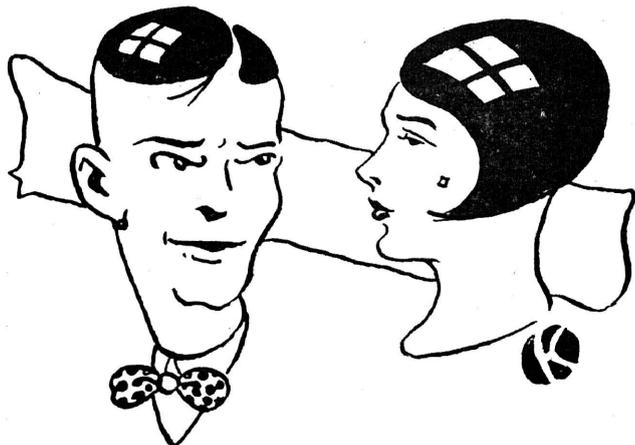
Cosmoline—Al Falfa!

I. Gottlotts—Foiled! (Gnashes teeth to denote that he is foiled.)

I. X. Pecklotts—Foiled! (Tears hair to denote that he is foiled.)

Al Falfa (to Cosmoline)—Will you take a spin in my new Rolls-Royce? (Glances at butler.) I guess we can haul Cole in it, too.

They exit, leaving I. Gottlotts and I. X. Pectlotts alone on the stage. They are still foiled, as the curtain fa—naw, it don't either; the blamed thing sticks and won't fall, but you can all go home anyway.



Denny: Where's Mary?  
 Ellen: In bed with tonsillitis.  
 Denny: I say!



Boy, to the girl who stayed next door,  
 "I cannot study any more;  
 I know I'll never make my grades,  
 Won't you please pull down your shades?"



*Open wide the pearly gates,  
 For Michael Q. Maloney,  
 'Twas just a pint, but the bottle said,  
 "For External Use Only."*



Here lies the body of Samuel Adair,  
 He called on a woman—her husband was there.



Beneath the sod lies Thomas Kife,  
 May his soul be blest,  
 A rolling pin, an angry wife,  
 We'll let you guess the rest.



Among the boarding house pests we have known  
 are the guys who get up at five o'clock Sunday  
 morning.



"Take that, you scoundrel!" said the warden as  
 he gave the prisoner a cigarette.



FIRST MAN—"Speaking of miracles, I've finally  
 seen one with my own eyes."

SECOND MAN—"You don't say. Let's have the  
 dope."

FIRST MAN—"Well, when I was down town this  
 afternoon, I saw a man turn into a bakery."

DANCE MUSIC

(Continued from page 13)

"Philbert Amos Cranberry," she shrieked. "What  
 do you think you're doing?"

Philbert Amos Cranberry straightened and dou-  
 bled his small hands. "Keep off a me!" he shouted.  
 "What in the devil do you think you're doing?"

"Why, you little insignif—"

"Shut up!"

"Why—"

"Do I hafta repeat? Shut up!"

Mrs. Cranberry cast troubled eyes about her.  
 Helen was trying to control her mirth.

"Philbert, dear," murmured Mrs. Cranberry,  
 don't make a scene."

"Shut up."

"Yes, sir."

Philbert's bleary eyes wrinkled in glee. "She  
 said 'Yes sir to me' he shrieked *"To me!"* He  
 walked unsteadily toward the door.

"Philbert, dear, where are you going?" cried  
 Mrs. Cranberry.

Professor Philbert Amos Cranberry swayed a  
 moment before the open doorway and then straight-  
 ened his diminutive form to fullest extent.

"Damn Latin!" he bellowed. "I'm gonna be a  
 travellin' shalesman!"



YOUNG MAN (to preacher)—Are you a preach-  
 er?

PREACHER—That is my profession?.

YOUNG MAN—You do social service work?

PREACHER—I do.

YOUNG MAN—You save souls?

PREACHER—I do.

YOUNG MAN—You save young women?

PREACHER—I do.

YOUNG MAN—Well then, save me one for Sat-  
 urday night, will you?



YOUNG MAN (to clerk in drugstore)—Do you  
 keep Mary Garden?

CLERK—Hell, no. I have a hard time keeping  
 myself on fifteen dollars a week.

Little Willie had the annoying habit of forgetting to bring his book to class, and the teacher was quite indignant.

“William,” said she one day, “What would you think of a doctor who, when he visited his patients, never brought his medicine case with him?”

“I’d think he was a chiropractor,” answered Willie sweetly.

. . . . .

Some men arrived ten minutes later and carried the teacher out.

### THE GIRLS

*I love the girls who do,  
And I love the girls who don't  
But the best of the girls I love,  
Is the girl who says she DON'T, but—  
Just for you I might.*



Jack and Jill went up the hill  
And killed a pint of corn;  
'Twas mostly wood, I've understood—  
Gabriel, blow your horn.



SHE: I saw you last night at the ball.  
DEVIL: When?  
SHE: As I passed out.

“TIGER COMEDY AT ITS BEST”

PHILIPPE'S JINGLES.

O hee! O ho! To M. U. we will go!  
 It rains in flocks, and droves, and herds,  
 Wailing cats, and humming birds.  
 The girls 'pear out in bright-hued slickers,  
 The boys all wear their last year's knickers.  
 We're sure in bad with the the weather pickers.  
 O he! O hee! Our University!

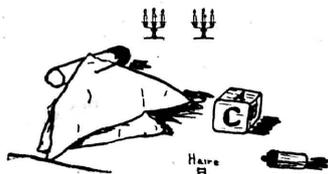


Just who invented this turn-down hat  
 That's worn by the boys both lean and fat?  
 And who invented the wee ribbon bow  
 That the short-haired heads of the girlies show?  
 Who did it? That's all that we want to know.



To a college town in the middle west  
 Came a young man with a miraculous vest  
 Of striping of yellow, and purple and tan,  
 The kind just adored by the chic college man.  
 But then came the tragedy—bear up if you can—  
 There came a big rain and the colors all

R  
A  
N



Her First Pin.



SOME HOLDUPS

HE—"Who was Diana?"

SHE—"Diana was the goddess of the chase."

HE—"I suppose that's why she always has her picture taken in a track suit."

—Jack O'Lantern



"I met Tom today, Nellie," said Jean.

Tom was the man Nellie had refused.

"Did you tell him I was married?" asked Nellie, eventually.

"Yes."

"And did he seem sorry?"

"Yes, he said he was sorry, although he didn't know the man personally."—*Le Sourire de France*

LOTS A TIME.

FRIDO—Good heavens, dear. The clock has just struck three and I promised your mother I'd go at twelve.

FIDO (comfortably)—Good, We've got nine hours yet.

—Reel



"Mother, does the young man next door have a godfather?"

"Not that I know of, dear."

"Well, that's funny. Last night I heard him having an argument with somebody, and he kept saying, 'My godfather.'"

—*Black and Blue Jay.*



"Your advertisement said that at this hotel there is a beautiful view for miles and miles."

"So there is. Just put your head out of that window and look up."

—Record



The professor who comes in ten minutes late is very scarce. In fact, he is in a class by himself.

—*Purple Parrot*



THIS IS NOT ORIGINAL.

Someone read somewhere about a man who gave ticket agent at the depot thirty cents for a ticket to Chicago.

"You can't go to Chicago for thirty cents," said the indignant agent.

"Where can I go for thirty cents," persisted the man. Twenty men, who were waiting in line, told him.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*



Absent-minded Professor P. Smith had left his berth in the sleeper to find a drink of ice water and was hopelessly lost in the middle of the aisle. It was about midnight and the train was speeding through the country.

"Don't you remember the number of your berth?" asked the conductor.

"I'm—er—afraid not," was the reply.

"Well haven't you any idea where it was?"

"Why, uh—oh, yes, to be sure."

The professor brightened up perceptibly. "I did notice at one time this afternoon that the windows looked out upon a little lake!"

—Judge

PROFESSORS, TAKE NOTICE!

At a recent banquet the principal speaker was exceedingly long-winded. The chairman, becoming annoyed by the ever-increasing disorder, gave a tremendous thump on the table with his gavel. Off flew the gavel head, coming to rest swiftly and surely upon the bald cranium of a very bored man, who, without ever a groan, slid under the table. Upon being told that the victim was regaining consciousness, the speaker went on again.

"My Gawd," said the stricken one upon opening his eyes. "I still hear his voice; hit me again!"

—Michigan Gargoyle



Our idea  
Of  
The world's  
Most pathetic figure  
Is  
A burglar  
In  
A fraternity house.

—Chanticleer



A DUET

A dillar a dollar,  
This full dress collar,  
I wish it were in hades,  
It hurts my neck,  
It looks like heck,  
And just to please the ladies.

I must confess  
This backless dress  
Detracts from all my boys.  
It must be tight  
To stay up right,  
And just to please the boys.

—O. A. C. Orange Owl



College Widow: I've known quite a few boys here.  
Frosh: Yeah, Grandpa told me about you.

SHE (coyly)—"Is it dangerous to drive with one hand?"

HE—"Rather! More than one fellow I know has run into a church doing it."

—London Opinion



MOTHER—"John, these grapefruit are not as good as usual—they seem to be pithy."

YOUNG SON (who lisps)—"I'll thay they are spithy Mother—thith one I'm eating just spith all over my father."

—All Sports



BILL—"She asked me to kiss her on the check."

AL—"Which cheek did you kiss her on?"

BILL—"I hesitated a long time between them!"



COUNT—I learned to play gawf in Scotland.

COUNTESS—You mean golf, don't you?

COUNT—Yes, but we knock the 'ell out of it over there.

—N. Y. U. Medley



- - - AND IT'S A FACT

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TRADE**

IS TO BE FOUND AT

**THE JUNGLE**

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DIFFERENCE

MUSIC  
TOO,  
NEARLY  
EVERY  
NIGHT

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**HOPPER-POLLARD DRUG CO.**

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907 E. Broadway

*Nonsense Rhymes.*

ALL SPORTS MAGAZINE

The halfback could not skirt the end,  
 Nor dash across the goal,  
 Because his putt was stymied just  
 Beyond the seventh hole!

The quarterback gave out the signs,  
 And scowled upon his foes—  
 No use—he'd wasted all his time—  
 The object ball was "froze."

The battered fullback still advanced,  
 Though badly bumped and spoiled—  
 But the horse fell, coming down the  
 stretch,  
 And so the tip was spoiled!



A very self-satisfied man arrived at the gates  
 of Heaven, and asked for admittance.

"Where are you from?" asked St. Peter.

"Hahvard."

"Well, you can come in, but you won't like  
 it."—*Rice Owl.*



COUNSEL—"What happened after the prisoner  
 gave you a blow?"

WITNESS—"He gave me a third one."

COUNSEL—"You mean a second one?"

WITNESS—"No, I gave the second one."—*Le  
 Rire, Paris.*

FIRST NAVAL OFFICER—Ever been in Tim-  
 buctoo?

SECOND DITTO—Year-r.

FIRST DITTO—Ever been in Buenos Aires?

SECOND DITTO—Year-r.

FIRST DITTO—Ever been in Stamboul?

SECOND DITTO—No.

FIRST DITTO—Ah, now, that's THE place.

—*Log*

FIRST GOLF ENTHUSIAST—"Shall we have an-  
 other round on Wednesday?"

SECOND GOLF ENTHUSIAST—"Well, I was going  
 to be married on Wednesday, but maybe I can put  
 it off."



BILL—"D'you like women who talk all the time  
 as much as others?"

ERIC—"What others?"



BLINK—"What are you doing with that water?"

PROF—"Analyzing it."

BLINK—"What's in it?"

PROF—"Two-thirds hydrogen and one-third oxy-  
 gen."

BLINK (very meekly)—"And isn't there any  
 water in it at all?"

—*Blue Baboon*



PROF—What is steel wool?

STUDE—The fleece of a hydraulic ram—*Yale  
 Record.*



DADDY—Well, Mary, you have a brand new ba-  
 by sister.

MARY—Oh, Daddy, can't I be the first one to tell  
 mother?—*White Mule.*



FIRST FRESHMAN—I saw something strange hap-  
 pen. A man threw a match off the bridge.

SECOND FRESHMAN—What is strange about that?

FIRST FRESHMAN—It lit on the water.—*Maniac.*



JACK—How come you got home so early last  
 night?

TOM—It was this way. I called on my girl last  
 night and I tried to hold her hand. She struck me.  
 I tried to put my arm around her. She struck me.  
 I tried to kiss her. She struck me.

JACK—Well?

TOM—I called it three strikes and out—*O. A. C.  
 Orange Owl.*

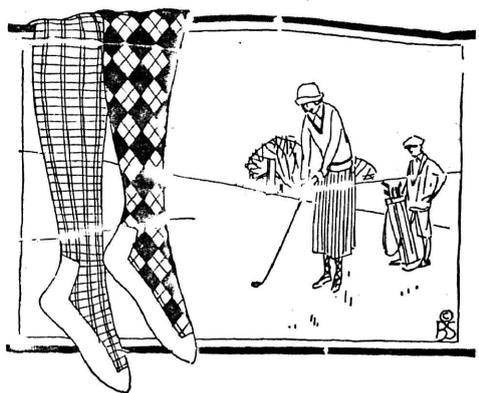
**PORNOGRAPHY.**

One day I saw her. . . . .  
 A vision of silver hair. .  
 Rounded curves and slimness,  
 White alabaster skin. . .smooth,  
 Cool—inviting to touch.  
 But she was indifferent to me:  
 Not seeming to notice  
 That I was passionately  
 In love with her.  
 Day after day I would  
 Leave my work early  
 That I might have time  
 To see her.

.....  
 That day I met her  
 Alone.  
 Just she and I  
 Together, while  
 The great vaulted ceiling  
 Of the room was above  
 Us.  
 So I crept up close  
 To her and put my hand  
 On her smooth, white arm.

.....  
 Long minutes, I dreamed  
 Until I was startled  
 By a voice:  
 "Young man  
 How long are you going  
 To lean against  
 That statue."

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Of worrying about that little party up in your room, we will send you your food—*toute suite!*

Every afternoon our 7-piece orchestra will entertain you with the latest.

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## THE OUTLAW

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**HIGBEE & HOCKADAY CLOTHING COMPANY**

ONE PRICE CASH CLOTHIERS

Hi—"What do mean by telling dot I'm a fool?"  
HARRY—"I'm sorry—I didn't know it was a secret.



"What do you think of mud as a beautifier?"  
"Well, it hasn't done much for the turtle."

—*Judge*



Generally speaking, girls are—generally speaking.—*Wasp*.



STAGE HAND (to manager)—Shall I lower the curtain, sir? One of the livin' statues has the hicups.—*Belle Hop*.



"Let us depart for a short round of golf," said the first flea, as he climbed down off the bear's left fore-leg.

"Golf?" said the second flea, "but where shall we play?"

"Oh, over on the lynx!"—*Iowa Frivol*.

"Honesty is the best policy," said he speaker. Instantly ten insurance agents in different parts of the room rose to dispute his word.—*Siren*.



"How do you teach a young lady to swim?"

"Put your arms gently around her waist, take her hand in yours, and put . . ."

"Bah! She's my sister."

"Throw her off the dock."—*Wasp*.



FIRST MIDSHIPMAN—I had an interesting experience at seamanship today. I came across a man floundering around in the water holding on to a keg.

SECOND MIDSHIPMAN—You effected a rescue, I suppose.

FIRST MIDSHIPMAN—Well, yes, you see, I had to hit the fellow over the head with an oar, but I finally got the keg on board.—*U. S. N. A. Log*.



JOHN—I'm boss around this house, see. What I say goes.

WIFE—Dear, please say "John."—*West Virginia Moonshine*.

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## THE OUTLAW

### THE SWEET MAMAS.

(Continued from page 18)

protect the working girl." She probably will bounce upon life all of a sudden, and then end the struggle by marrying a traveling salesman.

Did you ever meet that girl with that peculiar disease, commonly known as the "gimme, letme-take, and haveyougot." They will take everything that you have except your name, and they will ruin that if you let them alone long enough. Some vulgar people call them "Gold-diggers," but I wouldn't be so specific in my criticism. They don't stop at gold, they will take silver and copper without very much argument.

They have a line that you can hang clothes on, but after you listen to it for seven nites a week (and they usually hook you strong at the beginning, cuz they know that it won't last) you kinda wish that you had used the rope on her. She is the kind of woman that knows everything that is going on. She is the social calendar. Her favorite way of getting acquainted is something like this:

"Do you know Jack Whatchamacallhim? He and I were engaged last year, but I soon got his K. O. and invited him to the air."

And so on. She knows everyone. She has been everywhere. She makes you believe that you are in wonderful company. She puts on a million dollar front, but nine chances out of ten it is cotton underneath. The next time you meet one, just notice. She is the kind of a girl that says *isn't* when she means *ain't*

And the sweet ones. They are the kind you wish you had out walking when you meet your family or the minister on the street. They are the innocent remnant of the fair sex, who have not tasted the bitter cup. May the Lord be with them and never introduce them to a bootlegger.

The only rolls they know about are honor rolls, and they are the queens there. I tell ya' boys, if you ever run across any like these, the best thing to do is to grab—pardon my foreign interruption. Grab, I will explain to you, comes from the Latin, *Grabatum*. It is said that Nero was the coiner of this word. When he was the mayor of Rome it was customary for him to conduct the sale of slave girls. One day while he was busy carrying on the business, and his bookmaker, Cinninnatus (no relation to Cinninati, O.), was close by his side recording the sales, it is reported by authentic (all

this took place before the fire) persons that the Mayor was heard to exclaim, "Grab her." Since that day the word has been used, somewhat abusively, but constantly, with very little variance in its connotation.

Let's see, where were we. Oh, yes. We were speaking of the sweet ones. Well in contrast to them let me introduce the hard ones. They aren't really hard, just a little homesick. They are the ones with the drug store complexions you know. You've seen them. Every town has one, no matter how small the burg is. She is the one that the gossips like to pick their material from. Some even go so far as to say that she is girl that the song, "The Girl that men forget" was written about, but I think they are only guessing. She is the girl that is always breaking into the movies. It usually is an awful smashup.

She has the Woolworth lowdown on all the latest fads. She can dress like a queen on ten per. Of course there isn't much overhead where she gets her stuff.

Ten minutes after you have met her, yes, she is calling you daddy. They can't count to ten, but they can name the best eat places in the city, verbatim. I believe the first thing they learn to say after they have cut their baby teeth is, "where do we eat."

Now we come to the Universal girl, the Flapper, or the Co-ed. I call them the Universal girl, becuz they are like the Universal car, they are easy to get and everyone has one. They are the product of the twentieth century literature and prohibition. Bob-haired, as little clothing as possible, just enough to keep them within the pale of the law. Did you ever see one beyond?

Maybe before we go any further a slight distinction should be made. The Flapper and the Co-ed are sisters, only the Co-ed goes to school. Of all the types I believe they are the most popular.

They will dance all nite and go to school or work in the morning, which ever it may be. I have heard that they like their gin, but I wouldn't go so far as to make that assertion.

(Continued on next page)

## HETZLER'S MARKET

"Where Quality and Sanitation Reign Supreme"

They are the kind that you read about in all the popular magazines. They are the home breakers not the home makers. If you ask them what they are looking forward to, they will tell you, a career. They sure have picked a fast one in the last few years.

They are the high powered class. They are the ones that tell you that they wear asbestos shoes. But don't be fooled boys. There are holes in these shoes somewhere becuz all the heat escapes.

I once heard remarked that they were one of the effects of the war. I wonder how long it will take for the reconstruction period to get under-way.

Just to show you their speed, I will tell you what I heard one of them say. She was playing the piano, and some one asked her if she could play a certain piece in E Flat. She replied that she could play in any flat if she had the key.

But, coming from the ridiculous to the sublime, and I really am getting serious, take them all in all they are a pretty fair gang. Now you probably have a mama, and a sweet one too, and maybe she is an old-fashioned girl, maybe she is a gold-digger, or maybe you fell for a sweet one or a flapper or a Co-ed. More power to you boys. She is your mama and you're not worrying what type she belongs to. If you love her that is all that is necessary.

Cuz boys, when she looks up at you and those big blue eyes fill with tears, what do you care if she is a gold digger—you probably will give it all to her anyway.

‡ ‡

LADY TO CONDUCTOR—I want to get off at 23d and Pitt.

TONGUE-TIED CONDUCTOR—Yeth mam.

### SUSIE'S PRAYER.

I wish I was a little egg  
Away up in a tree.  
Away up in a tree so high as  
High as high may be.  
And then I wish a little boy  
Would climb up in that tree,  
And then I would bust my little self,  
and splatter him with——me.

‡ ‡

### ALL RIGHT, BUT—

"No love affair is a real love affair until you've seen her in perspective."

"Say, it's all right to be modern and all that, but, by gosh, I'm still decent!"

—Siren.

‡ ‡

He took her hand in his and gazed proudly at the engagement ring he had placed on her finger only three days before.

"Did your friends admire it?" he inquired tenderly.

"They did more than that," she replied coldly. "Two of them recognized it."

—Bison

‡ ‡

### RADIO STATION—B. V. D.

FIRST OCCUPANT OF THE BATH HOUSE—"Are you dressing for bathing?"

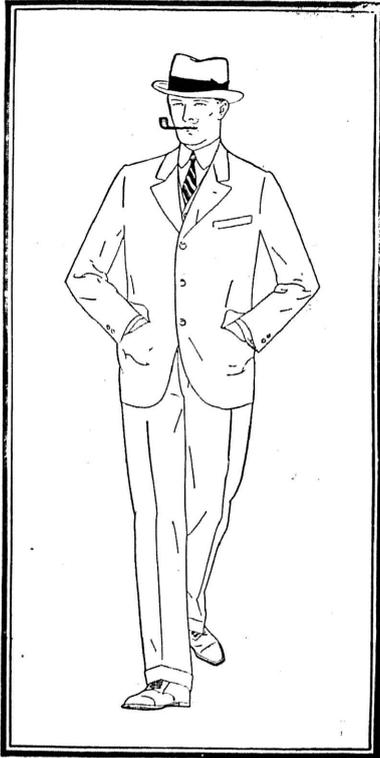
SECOND OCCUPANT OF THE BATH HOUSE—"No, just taking off my clothes to see if I have my underwear on."

—Gaboon.

## PARSON'S STUDIO

Good Taste and Skilled Craftsmanship in Photography

## THE OUTLAW

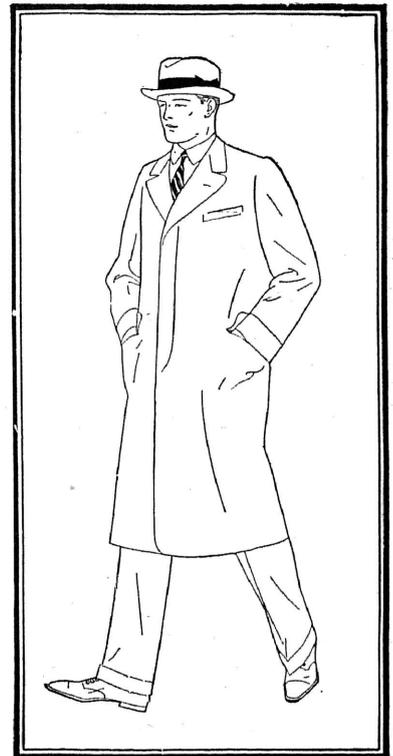


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HATS ~ SHOES  
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HE (after breaking in on a dance)—You know I've never met you.

SHE (indignantly)—Do you know who you are dancing with?

No?

You are dancing with the only daughter of a United States senator.

Do you know who you're dancing with?

SHE (interested)—Why, no.

HE (walking away)—Nobody!—*Virginia Reel.*



"John, is everything shut up for the night?"

"That depends upon you, my dear."

BYSTANDER (to souse who is getting on horse backwards)—"Hey, you! You're getting on backwards. Turn around toward the horse's head."

SOUSE—"Aw go to 'ell you'sh don't know wish way I'm goin'."



The doctor was examining a naval hospital orderly for advancement in rating. "What would you do if the captain fainted on the bridge?"

"Bring him to," warbled the aspiring orderly.

"Then what?" asked the doctor.

"Bring him two more," returned the man, promptly.—*Tid Bits.*

### OPENING UP

Rastus: What's your brother doing now?

Rufus: He's in jail.

Rastus: How come?

Rufus: For opening a grocery store.

Rastus: Since when is it a crime to open a grocery store?

Rufus: Well, you see, it was this way, my brother opened the store about three o'clock in the morning with a chisel.

We open at 6:30 A. M.—close at 10 P. M. Saturdays. COME TO SEE US.

**ROBERT ROGERS**

9 North 9th St.

Phone 179

## THE OUTLAW

### A SONG OF PROHIBITION

He winked his eye  
And ask for rye  
The barkeeper gave him lye  
Goodbye.



Love is like eating mushrooms—you don't know whether it's the real thing until it's too late.



### CATS!

WHITE CAT: "Do you like to climb poles?"

BLACK CAT: "No, I'm not that kind of a kitty."

—*Sun Dial.*



### TID-BITS.

Girls and billiard balls kiss each other with about the same amount of real feeling.

—*Widow.*



Acting sensibly under the harvest moon is a good way to display your ignorance.

—*Lampoon.*



CLERK—"You want a narrow man's comb?"

BOOB—"No, I want a comb for a fat man, with rubber teeth."

—*Answers.*

I took my girl to the Bronx Park Zoo,  
The animals to see;  
And when she saw the elephant;  
She had no use for me.



It isn't so much that she wouldn't, but she hates you to think that she would.

—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*



CHORUS GIRL: "She don't look good in nothing."

THEATRICAL MANAGERS "You should not say  
CHORUS GIRL: "Naw, that ain't what I mean."  
that. Say, 'she looks good in nothing.'"

—*Mercury.*

SAY SWEETTOOTH!

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## THE OUTLAW

### MUD SLINGING.

Bill was making men of mud  
In his pa's back yard,  
Figures of some foreigners—  
Working very hard.

First he made a grinning Chink,  
Then a funny Dane,  
Then a scowling Portuguese,  
Then a man from Spain.

Couldn't make an Englishman,  
Not from lack of stuff,  
But because the soggy mud  
Wasn't "thick" enough.

—*Hi-Tide.*



"Papa, vot is a cynic?"

"A cynic, my son, is vot your momma vashes  
the dishes in."

—*Lampoon.*



MAID—That fortune-teller skipped without pay-  
ing his bill.

LANDLADY—Well, I guess we will have to charge  
it up to prophet and loss.—*O. A. C. Orange Owl.*



Men are like fish, neither would get into trouble  
if they would keep their mouths shut.—*O. A. C.  
Orange Owl.*



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## THE OUTLAW

"YES, PET."

SHEIK—"By the way do you pet?"

SHEBA—"How bold! Don't you receive a lot of rebukes for being so abrupt?"

SHEIK—"Yes, and I get a lot of petting too."  
—*Exchange.*

Ψ Ψ

MONDAY MORNING.

Alarm clocks—curses—five minutes more in bed—those tired feelings—Sunday papers on the floor—missing books—unprepared work—five minutes more in bed—headaches—dreams of overdue letters—spry roommates—realizations of week-end bills to be paid—five minutes more in bed—victorious sleep—three cuts.

—*Tiger.*

Ψ Ψ

When a man is in love, he closes his eyes to his duty; when a woman is kissed, she, too, closes her eyes.

—*Tiger.*

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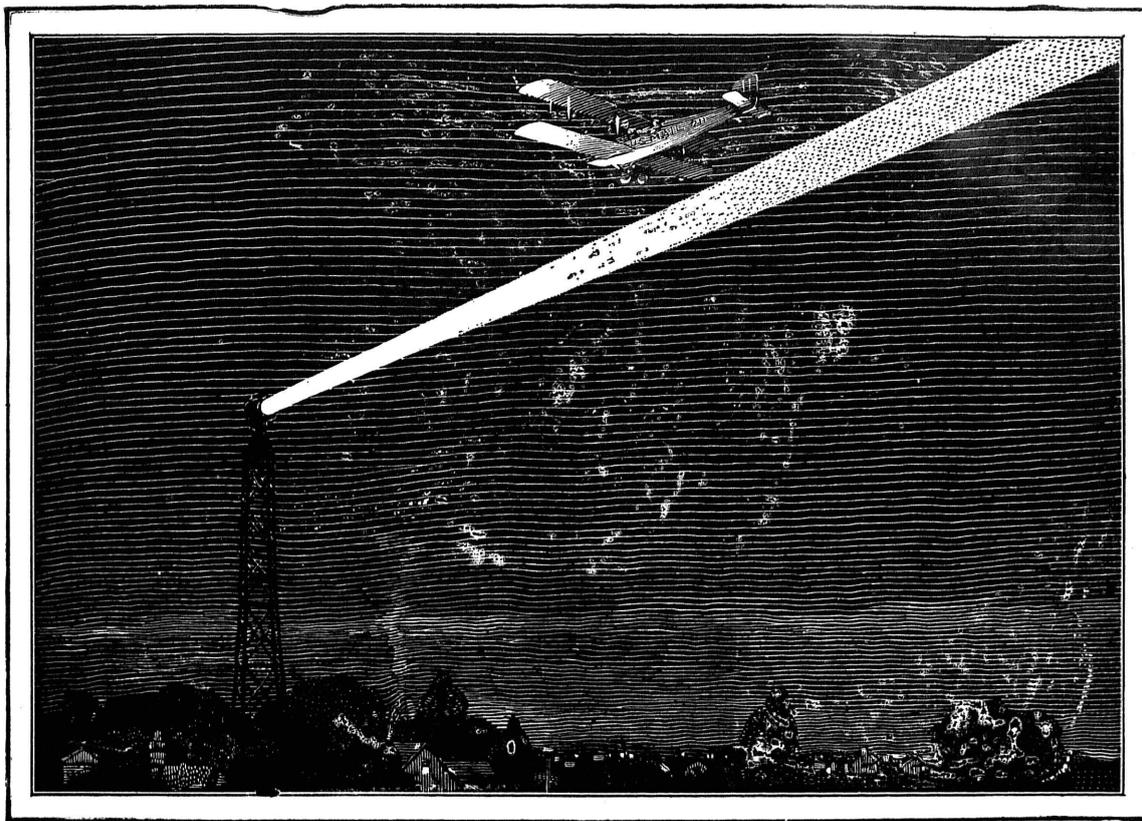
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