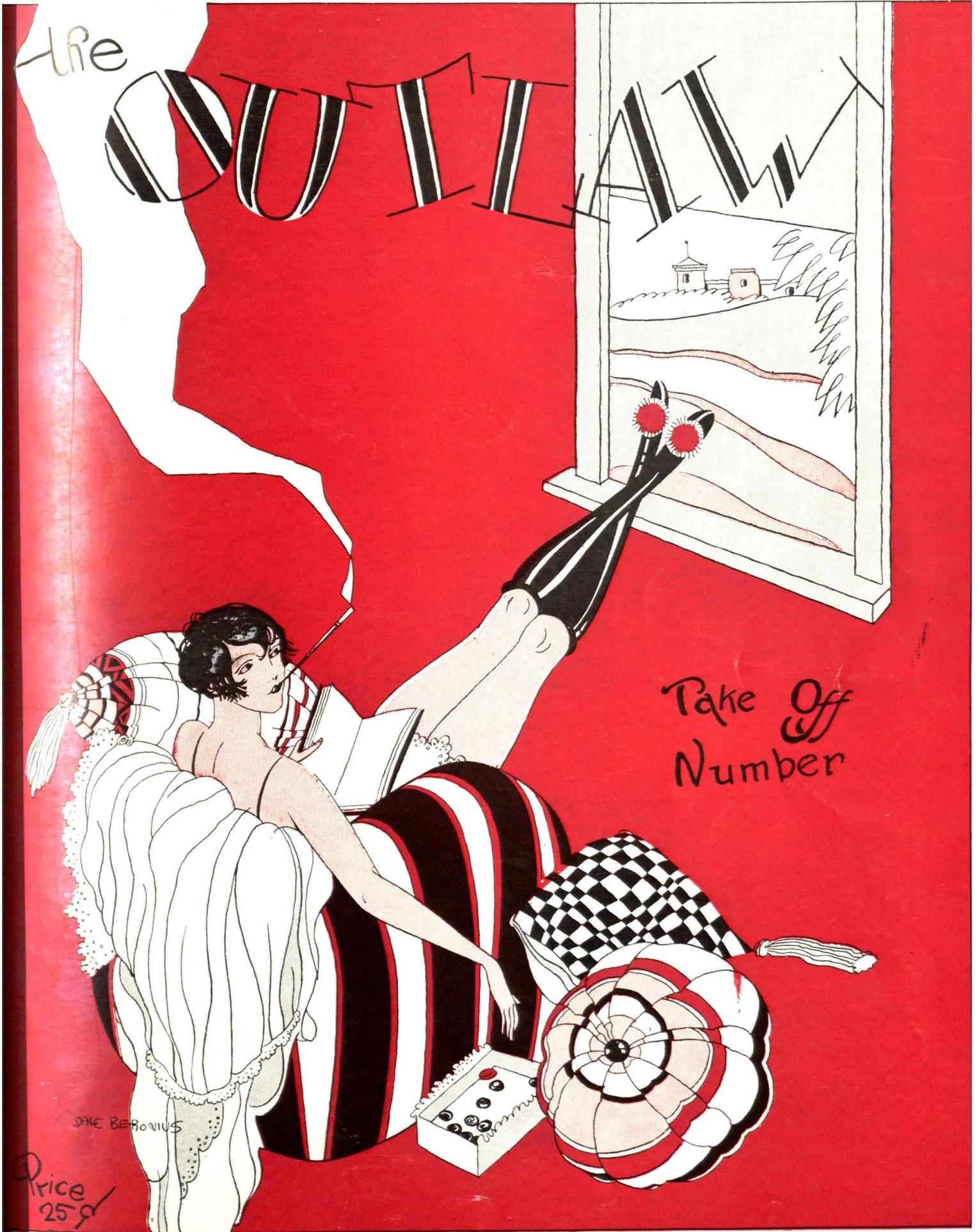


Merry Christmas



Price 25¢

**FRESHMEN, SOPHOMORES,
JUNIORS, SENIORS,
ATHLETES—**

Do You Know "How to Study"

The Students' Hand-Book of Practical Hints on
the Technique of Effective Study

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WILLIAM ALLEN BROOKS

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Good looking clothes do help the
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The CO-OP

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Have You Made Your Christmas List?

We invite you to inspect our stock of gifts. There are remembrances for all, from the nearest and dearest, to the most casual friends. If you want something that is not here, we shall be glad to order it for you.

For Sister

We have the loveliest scrap and memory books. Any girl would cherish one. Some have the seal of Old Mizzou on them.

For Brother

For brother's den, why not give him a Missouri pillow or a pennant? He can never have too many. They give such a comfy look.

For the Girl Friend

The problem of "The Girl Friend" is readily solved by the Co-Op. Buy her a desk set. She will be so fond of it.

For the Boy Friend

Girls, YOUR Boy Friend will be proud to wear a ring with the insignia of Old Mizzou on it. Let us show them to you.

**Christmas Cards Are
Appreciated**



Just when my ego begins to get comfortably inflated, I usually get a letter like the following:

Dear Jim:

You modestly pin the title "salesman" on yourself. How much do kids need to be "sold" on going to the circus? Would it require "salesmanship" to dispose of iced drinks in the Hot Place?

Mennen Shaving Cream is a priceless boon in an otherwise cruel world. It is one human product that has attained perfection. It has changed the slavery of shaving into a mere pre-breakfast gesture.

Salesmanship? Huh! When a man has once felt that creamy, gorgeous lather on his face, seen (not felt) the razor zip off the whiskers, experienced the refreshed after-sensation—you couldn't keep him away from Mennen Shaving Cream with a shot-gun!

Disrespectfully yours,

R - - - S - - -

In a chastened mood, I only add that Mennen Shaving Cream comes in two types of tubes—50c at drug stores.

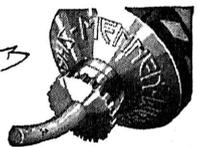
And Mennen Skin Balm—the remarkable new preparation for after-shaving—costs the same in the same stores. Have you met Skin Balm? Have you felt its pleasant bite, experienced the sensation of refreshing coolness it gives, smelled its stimulating odor? Forget all your prejudices—try a tube of Mennen Skin Balm and you'll thank me! And don't forget it has real antiseptic value, too.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

Regular type tube with threaded cap 

YOUR CHOICE OF TUBES 50c

New-style tube with non-removable top 



BRAEBURN CLOTHES

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY IN COLUMBIA BY

Victor Barth Clothing Co.
The Big Clothiers

A little Jewish boy stood in the middle of the street and cried as if his heart would break into forty pieces. A large crowd gathered around the mournful waif, and endeavored to learn the cause for his woe. When the multitude had reached an almost uncontrollable number, the boy took his hands from his eyes.

"What's the matter sonny," asked a member of the crowd.

"Boo-hoo," cried the lad. "Von't somebody please take me to Izzy Ikenstein's clothing store. There is a big sale on men's suits, overcoats, and ties. Everything at reasonable prices."—Whirlwind.

"Don't you think my wife has a fine voice?"

"Eh?"

"Don't you think my wife has a fine voice?"

"That woman is making so much racket I can't hear a thing you're saying."—Yellow Jacket.

"Cultivating old acquaintances," said the farmer, as he drove the harrow over the abandoned graveyard.—Widow.

THINK IT OVER!

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with your University work
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Student's Work a Specialty
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Vanity Fair

Phone 709

8 South Ninth St.

"Jack kissed me last night."

"How many times?"

"I came to confess, not to boast."—Brown Jug.

Third man from the left—Aha, the trees are leaving, is it not so?

The one next—Yes, but how did you know?

T. M. T. L.—'Tis easy, I can see their trunks.

—Pup

"All my girl's neck—"

"Good Heaven! How lovely!"

"—isn't clean all the time.—Wabash Caveman.

Contributor: Whats the matter with my jokes?

Editor: They're fine except for one little thing.

Contributor: What's that?

Editor: They're not funny.

—U. of Wash. Columns

Magazine Agent: Is the lady of the house home?

Maid (smiling): No; come right in.—Minn. Ski-U-Mah.

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you may die."

That old saying is just as true now as it was in ancient times, if not more. You had better come in to "Eat," "Drink" and be "Merry" before it is too late.

MISSOURI BARBECUE

Interior Decorators

905 University

A Good Place to Eat

MERRY XMAS MERRY XMAS MERRY XMAS MERRY XMAS



Give This Fine Gift

To make it easy for you to give Xmas gifts we offer, for this time only, two 1 year subscriptions, twelve copies each for a five dollar bill. If you haven't got

two friends, send \$3.00 and we'll make one happy.

Father, Mother, Sweetheart, Brother. They'll all appreciate your thoughtfulness.

Don't do your Christmas shopping surly!

Fill out, add check or Money Order for \$5 and mail to COLLEGE HUMOR, 1050 N. La Salle Street, Chicago

2 Gifts to 2 Friends for \$5.00 Name _____ Address _____
 Name _____ Address _____
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Sender's Name _____ Address _____

For Christmas Give

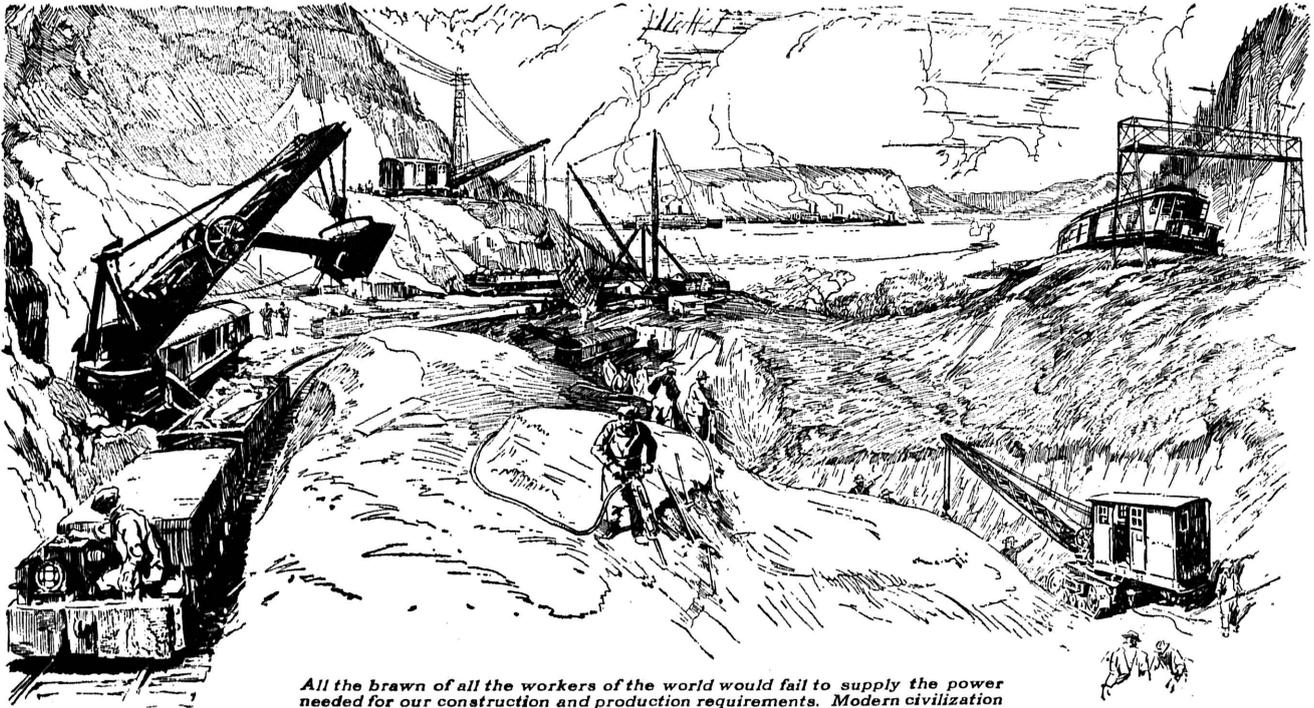
Fraternity Jewelry

We carry a complete line of badges, rings, charms, bar pins, bracelets, programs and stationery.

J. A. BUCHROEDER

Fraternity Jeweler

Columbia, Mo.



All the brawn of all the workers of the world would fail to supply the power needed for our construction and production requirements. Modern civilization is based on cheap power readily applied to tasks of all kinds.

Machinery works: Man thinks

According to college tests, man develops one-eighth horsepower for short periods and one-twentieth in steady work. As a craftsman—a worker who uses brains—he is well worth his daily wage. But as a common laborer, matching brawn against motorized power, he is an expensive luxury.

With a fifty-horsepower motor, for instance, one man can do the work of 400 common laborers. He is paid far more for his *brains* than his *brawn*.

The great need of this and future generations is for men who can plan and direct. There is ample motorized machinery for all requirements of production and construction. But motorized machinery, no matter how ingenious, can never plan for itself.

And that is precisely where the college man comes in. Highly trained brains are needed more and more to think, plan, and direct tasks for the never-ending application of brawn-saving electricity.



In most long-established industries the General Electric Company has brought about important changes making for better products with minimum human labor and expense. And in many new industries the G-E engineers have played a prominent part from the very beginning.

A new series of G-E advertisements showing what electricity is doing in many fields will be sent on request. Ask for Booklet GEK-1.

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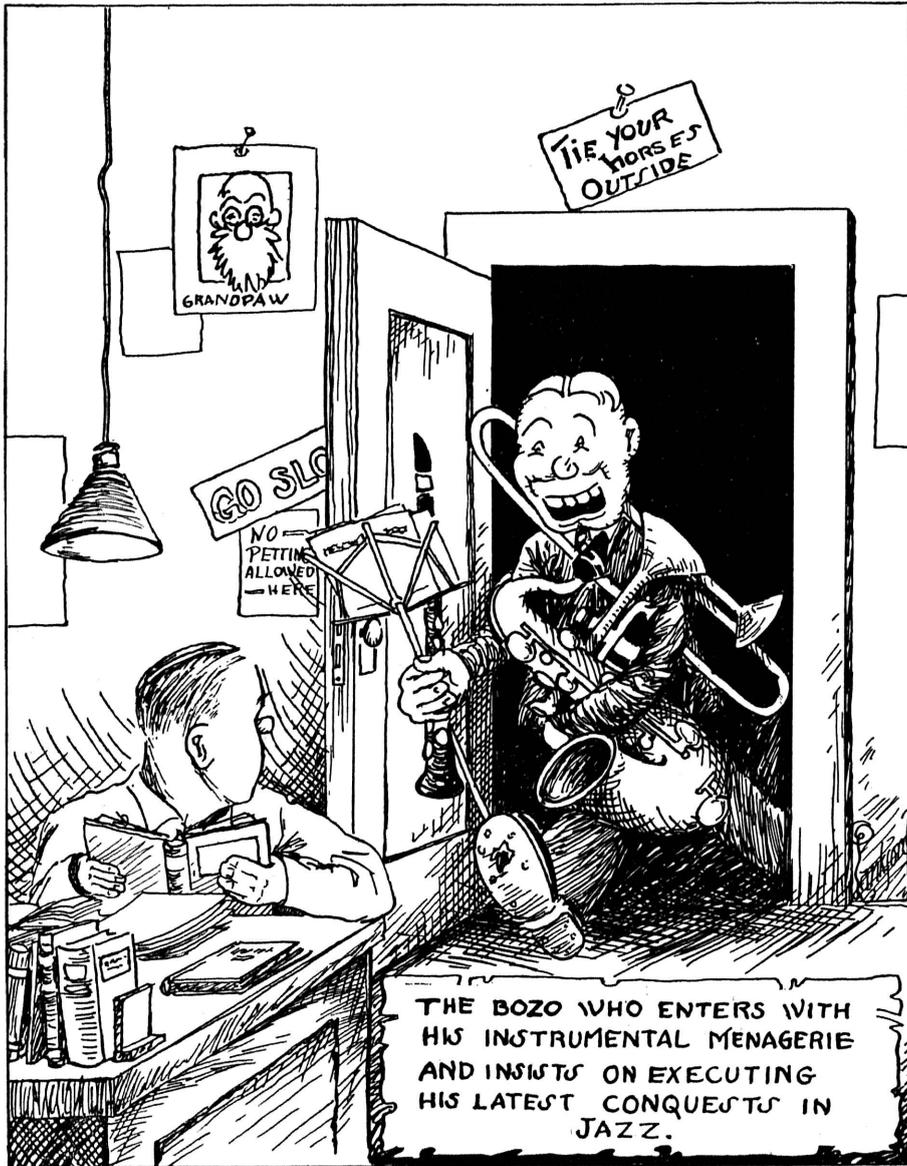
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK



THE ORIGINAL TAKE-OFF

This, my friends, is the "Take-Off" number,
A burlesque on the fantasies of life,
Just a little bit of fun and humor
Beneath the drab of daily strife.
Now there are lots of take-offs
And many is but a joker,
But the best of all the others,
Is the real old take-off poker,
Where one bets a shoe,
Or a lacy this or that,
And, Oh! my goodness how exciting
When all are standing pat.
There are take-offs on the professors
And the innocent young co-ed
But the tragic, most distracting take-off
Is where the grader cuts you dead.
There are take-offs on all the classics
And a pun on every poem.
But I see a darn good take-off
In the upstairs window
Of a certain maiden's home.
Now we could go on forever
Telling take-offs and making fun,
But I see she has pulled the curtain
So I guess the taking-off is done.

The COLLEGE PEIST





VOLUME II

DECEMBER, 1925

NUMBER III

The Outlaw's Own True Confession

Having been asked by the Moral Uplift Committee of the Outlaw to write a story of my life I have decided to bare my heart's secrets to the world in the hope that I may be the means of keeping some girl from going astray. Of course the names and places are slightly changed as I do not want my words to be the cause of any one having to leave town.

I was born and raised in a small Missouri town just as many other girls. My earliest memories are of a sweet grey haired mother who sent me to Sunday school attired in white dresses tied in the back with pink silk bows. Oh, if I had only remembered the advice of my dear old mother I would never have gone wrong! As it is—well I hate to be hard on anyone, but I believe I should tell my story.

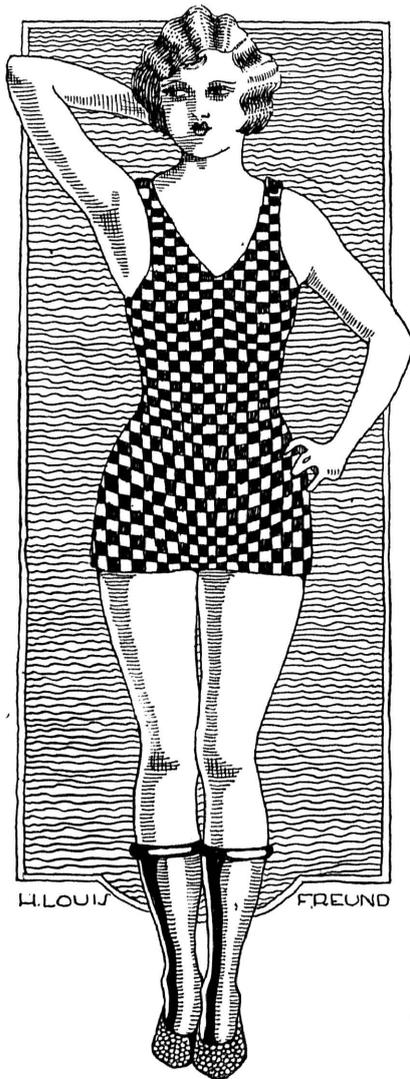
I met handsome Egbert Ralston while he was home on his first summer's vacation from college. His cute wide bottomed trousers, his garterless silk sox, his curly hair and flashing teeth—all held me entranced until my heart was no longer my own. When the handsome Egbert asked me to go riding in his new roadster I blushed discreetly and accepted. His charming manners and quiet masterly way of making me feel comfortable in his big, muscular arms made me forget all of the moral precepts which had been drilled into me since childhood. Of course, being a college gentleman, he did not try to kiss me the first time but asked for future dates. I promised to see him the following evening.

All that summer I went out with handsome Egbert. Every night his car was parked in front of my house, every night jealous girl friends of mine waved their handkerchiefs at me as we sped by them, leaving them and their men in a cloud of dust. I was with Egbert so much that I began to have absolute confidence in every thing he said and did. If I had only not loved him so whole heartedly how much better it would have been! One night he went the limit! Suddenly he pulled a flask out of his hip pocket and pressed it to my lips. Never doubting the sincerity of his love I drank the black coffee which the flask contained.

For nights after that we would park along the roadside or in the rear of school houses and drink the poisonous fluid. Not realizing what I was doing I acquired the habit! Even today the mark of my iniquity is on my face. A soggy complexion is the penalty for my sinful habit.

I finally left Egbert and have almost conquered the foul habit. Living by myself up here in the mountains I manage to make enough money from my poultry yard to support myself and the small but pitiful object that reminds me so much of Egbert as he looked when I saw him last—a Poland China pig which he gave me on my last birthday.

And now gentle reader, if you ever hear of any fair maiden who is in danger of being led in to the habits of evil as I was, please tell her that—"There's a Reason."



"You are concealing something from me," said the hero.

"Certainly I am," replied the girl, "I'm no Salome."

Perhaps one reason mixed track meets aren't in vogue is that they might become neck-and-neck affairs.

Now that Red Grange has abandoned the Illini we guess he is "something intermedjiate" and will now have to wear garters.

"Yes," sighed the great daredevil, "the worst wreck I was ever in was one of those collegiate Fords at M. U."

THE RAH-RAH BOYS AND GIRLS.

Oh we're the fraternity boys, hoo-ray,
We study and grind all the day.

We gather our knowledge
At this noble college.

We work and have no time for play.

Oh we're the fraternity boys, hoo-ray,

We study so hard it's a curse,
But when we get our marks,

Hell, they can't be much worse!

Oh we're the fraternity boys.

Oh we're the sorority girls, hoo-ray,

We love and adore every man.

We love the bright sunlight

And also the moonlight,

In fact, we love all that we can.

Oh, we're the sorority girls, hoo-ray,

We're gentle as gentle can be—

But there's one girl we hate—

She's the pretty pledgee.

Oh we're the sorority girls.

Oh we're the fraternity boys, hoo-ray,

The girlies say they like our looks.

We walk with some beauties,

Some fair co-ed cuties,

With nothing in our pocketbooks.

Oh we're the fraternity boys, hoo-ray,

We're wearing the best kind of clothes—

But **whose** clothes we've got on

The good Lord only knows!

Oh we're the fraternity boys.

An inspector in an army camp noticed that a drill-sergeant was having a great deal of trouble with a new recruit. The "rooky" would march forward, go slowly a short distance, and then halt. Each time the drill-sergeant would have difficulty in getting the "rooky" to march forward again. Finally the inspector approached and asked:

"Is the recruit sick?"

"No, sir, he didn't answer sick-call this morning."

"Is he a pacifist?"

"No, sir, but he has ear trouble and he is so afraid that he won't hear me say 'halt' that he stops every once in a while to listen."

Math Prof: Now, gentlemen, we get $x=0$.

Beta (Sleepily) "Gee, and all that work for nothing!"



ODE TO FLUKIE HADDOCK

Flukie Haddock, with your black and curly hair,
Flukie Haddock, we're going to treat you fair.

Though they say that you go far

In the back seat of your car,

Flukie Haddock, we think you're on the square.

Flukie Haddock, with your black and curly hair.

Flukie Haddock, the idol of the ladies' row,

Flukie Haddock, the hero of every show

Though they say that you high hat

All those not in your frat,

Flukie Haddock, with your black and curly hair,

Flukie Haddock, you can lead us to your lair.

Identification.

Stew: "Let me have a package of cigarettes, old friend. I promise you on the word of a gentleman to give them back tomorrow."

Dent: "Bring the gentleman here and let me see him."

First Co-ed: "I'm so afraid this dress is old-fashioned."

Second Co-ed: "Yes, dear. It hides too much thigh."

"Are there any pious people in this town?"

"So they say."

Clog: Say there is nothing shocking enough to wake the dead.

Blower: How come?

Clog: Some of my Citizenship students chased me out on West Broadway last night and I hid in the cemetery.

Gimmee: Got any matches?

Jimmy: Yah, got matches to burn.

DRAMATIC NOTES

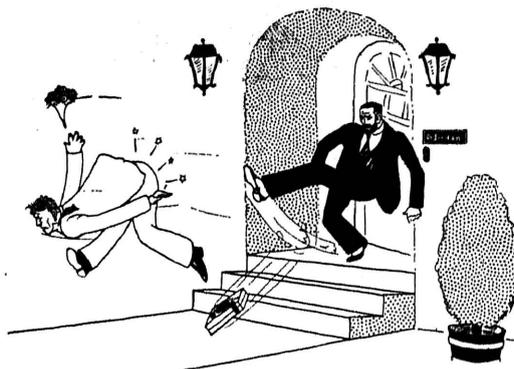
A local seminary for select young ladies reports that the fair students are all agog with excitement over the forthcoming production to be staged by their dramatic club. Last year they put on "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to a large and enthusiastic audience.

The demand for parts was so great that this year they intend to present a super production, bigger and better than anything before.

Even the cast will be bigger! Individually they ought to weigh in at two hundred on the hoof. Five little Evas, three Elizas, two Marks, fourteen Topsyies, and ten tan Toms will comprise the cast. It is whispered in exclusive dramatic circles, such as the inner confines of the local Workhouse, that the play will be unusual. The great problem at present is to secure the necessary kinks by the thirty-first of February, the date set for this great spectacle. Parents need not leave the children at home. Mrs. Barrel of Babble Glass fame has deleted all questionable parts. Even the Topsyies are referred to as being of synthetic origin.

Charm House Hands Have Happy House.

Having won the national agricultural inter-fraternity pig-calling contest, the Charm House Hands are feeling their oats. Every night sounds of "soo-soo-soo" rend the air around their shed. Some of the hands are trying to secure permission from the city authorities to install pig styes in the back yard. Some of the pledges are getting home-sick from having to wear underclothes and shoes so it was thought that pigs and chickens in the back yard would keep the young country gentlemen contented.



A Soul Kiss.



Frigid: "The only men I kiss are my brothers."
Rigid: "What lodge do you belong to?"

Style Note.

Several of our younger men about the campus are wearing their double-breasted coats unbuttoned. They admit it looks a trifle sloppy, but argue that everyone might not know they belonged to a lodge unless the pins were given a chance.

Kelly's Comments

This presentation of stones to the various schools on the campus is a charming idea. The Engineers have long gloried in their possession of a piece of the Blarney stone, the gift of old St. Pat. And now the Journalists have their stone, from London-town. Eminent student geologists are at present engaged in research to determine other stones which might be presented with singular fitness to divers departments of the University. Tentative suggestions include the gift to the Commerce school of a stone from King Solomon's temple in Jerusalem, the tendering to the Lawyers of a full-sized Blackstone, and an offering to the Medics of a chaste and modest tombstone. Numerous flippant suggestions have had to be frowned upon, such as the idea of a barrel of lava fragments to be placed in front of Jesse Hall, with the inscription: "Once hot rocks, now stony broke." Let our motto for the future be "More and better rocks!"

Apropos of the growth of decorative art as expressed by the emblems stenciled on familiar Columbia landmarks, we are thankful that the University does not include a barber college. It is only reasonable to suppose that one of the Columns would look rather bizarre and fanciful if adorned with spiral stripes of red and white enamel.

OUTLAW DAYS

Give me stories of the early days,
Out in the good old West;
Where beat a heart of gold
Beneath a grimy vest.
There in the deadly desert,
Where there were snappin' snakes;
Where men were always men
And there never were no fakes.
The desert heat was terrible,
'Twas a hundred in the shade;
Hens' eggs just fried right up
Wherever they were laid.
And on the lonely prairie,
The prickly cactus grew;
They pulled it up in bunches,
And made it into stew.
And fellers goin' courtin',
Used goose grease for pomade;
Girls used flour instead of powder,
And it stuck where it was laid.
'Twas there lived the gambler's gal,
A kid named "Lovin' Sal";
She killed a dozen men a day,
And was the cowboys' pal.
There too was fightin' "Deadly Bill,"
The toughest of them all;
He only bathed in perspiration,
And was eight feet seven tall.
And then our handsome hero,
He was quite far from dead;
He knocked the villian for a row
And Sal to him was wed.



First Convict: "Says here that it took Milton a year to write one paragraph."

Second Convict: "Nothing at all, I have been here six years and I'm still on one sentence."



Aesthetic

I never saw a woman shave
 I never ever want to
 But none the less
 I must confess
 I've oft seen those who ought to.

The Disappearance of Ag Hats

We reckon these here last few years has seen there ain't so much hats on the White Campus as there used to be. Now we ain't trying to be particular, but we can remember them days when everybody wore one. Them were the good old days, right. Now we kinder got the notion that them there academs with slickered hair is laffin us Ags out of wearing these hats. These here hats was good enough fer our great grandfathers, an we reckon their yood enough fer us.

Now if any of you uns hear jest want to be a sissy like some of these hear city slickers, why just put on your dresses and go down to the pool hall and show off. But if yuh want tuh be a real he-man like us, put on your big Ag hats and get a chaw of tobacker in your mug, and show these hear sissy fellers on the Red Campus they ain't got nary a thing on us Ags over hear on the White Campus.

Memorial Tower to Be Painted!

Latest dispatches indicate that Kappa Nu Theta has accepted the contract for painting the Memorial Tower. Having painted everything else in town they feel confident that they can handle this job. Their activities as a choral club having been discouraged by a resolution, they are anxious to remain a local sign painters' fraternity.

Sheaths and Daggers Present Millinery Masque.

Sheaths and Daggers, honorable millinery fraternity has announced that it hopes to hand out free tickets to its annual production. Last year the officers and gentlemen (we have to print it that way on account of an act of Congress) had to pay people to come to their play but this year they hope to be able to draw a crowd without resorting to bribery. "The Royal None Such" is the name of the coming production. The Kaydet actors want the public to bear in mind that this will not be the same as "The Royal None Such" in Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn." Instead of leaving on the third night of the production the future Napoleons intend to demonstrate their bravery by remaining for the inevitable vegetable barrage from the audience.

Costumes will be supplied by Goslin's Government Draperies (Not Incorporated).

At the Gappa Gappa Yawn House.

Roderica was in her glory that beautiful June evening. Was it not the night of the Gappa Gappa Yawn formal? Hadn't the Gappas succeeded in having their formal at the very end of the social season? And above all else, hadn't the Gappas succeeded in pledging two Darn Clammy queens right out from under the noses of those impossible Fly Highs? The Gappas would certainly receive all their clothes intact from the laundry from now on. If anyone deserved to be happy it was Roderica.

Walking into the ball room she inquired of a pledge:

"Is everything quite in readiness? Have all you pledges mastered the Gappa twist so that the guests can be shot through the receiving line in three seconds flat?"

"Yes, Miss Roderica."

"Are our lorgnettes tilted at the right angle?"

"Yes, Miss Roderica."

"Are you sure that no reporters are present?"

"Yes, Miss Roderica."

"Then go out and get some at once, and be quick about it."

It Put Men in Trances.

There was a young lady named Frances,
 Who was known to have done fancy dances;

In a smile and a veil,

She was taken to jail,

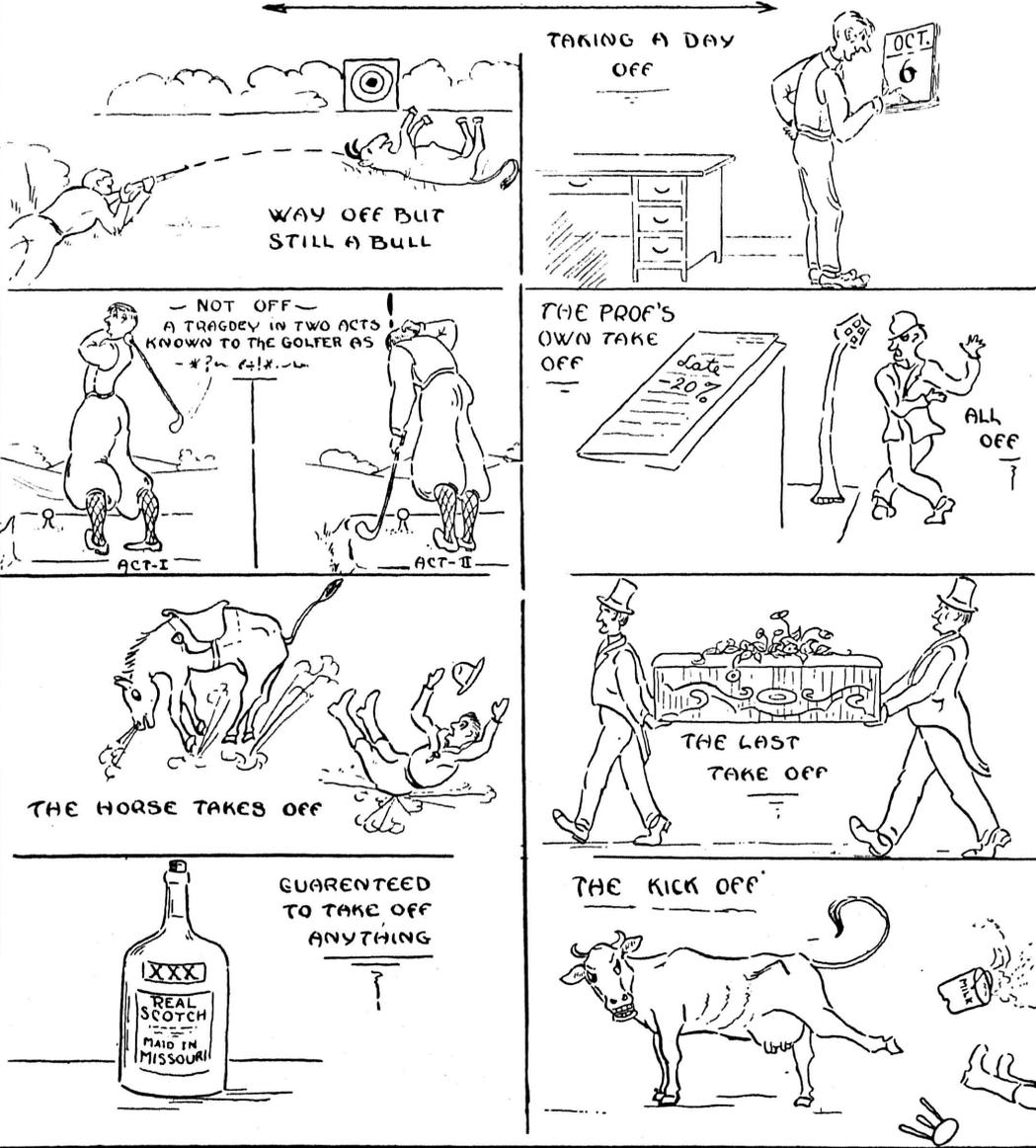
Since then she has quit taking chances.

THE TAKEOFF

ALL NEWS
RIGHT OFF THE
PRESS BUT NEVER
FLAT

Published Off And On

CIRCULATION
1,000,000
OR
NOT FAR OFF



FAKE-OFF ADS

LONELY HEARTS

Lonely men and women the world over, be not downhearted. After great expenditure of time and money we are able to announce that we have secured the services of a great matrimonial expert. He is able to secure husbands for those who always order chicken salad, for those whose best friends won't tell them, and for the underdeveloped.

Do you wish to espouse a real man? Do you ever picture yourself in a little love nest? Do you ever feel lonely, restless, unsatisfied, or run down at the heel? Do you ever see pink spots? Don't let your college career end in failure. Secure a husband somehow.

We plan and carry out marriages on short notice, and without the aid of chloroform, shotguns, or sheriffs. Each husband delivered tied and bound in appropriate holiday ribbon, complete with ring, license, rice, old shoes, ticket to Niagara Falls, and directions for operating.

Shipping Wait—About One Hour.
Get Yours Now

A. K. Sha Supply Co.

Brittania Rules the Waves

Brittania Hair-nets are worn and demonstrated by a prominent faculty member. Many sergeants of the U. S. Marine Corps use Brittania Hair-nets as chest protectors. While you may not be a Marine sergeant or a faculty member, we appeal to you in the name of the starving Chinese hair growers—support the white man's burden, wear a hair net. We are merely engaged in the business of distributing these products to the enlightened world, our family physician having advised us to do this for our health. In our mammoth daylight assembling plant we have developed hair-nets that are tasteless, tangleproof and superior in every respect. To use the words of Oscar Wilde—'We aim to please'!

RULE BRITTANIA!

The SARNO Piano

(Named for the Great Dance King)

A Reproducing Piano of Excellence

Crossed with a cash register this piano is known to have reproduced Jew's Harps. We will not be responsible for results if left in room with saxophone.



This piano will play victrola records, penny ante and strip poker. In ordering specify whether you wish a "Eugenic" or a "Non Eugenic" model. Also specify age of player.

\$9,875.00 f. o. b. Bolivar, Mo.

LOST!

On the Evening of
Friday, December 4, 1925

One 5x8 rug.
One porch swing
Eight (8) milk bottles
One boudoir lamp
One Clothesline (complete with family wash.

(Signed)

**VARIOUS CITIZENS
OF COLUMBIA**

FOR SALE OR RENT

By Sheaths and Daggers
(Honorable Millinery Fraternity)

1 rug, 5x8.
1 porch swing
8 milk bottles (empty)
1 boudoir lamp
1 clothesline with family wash attached

Address

KAYDET KOLONEL SHEDS



Christmas "Eve"

"Her dad is in charge of a large number of Mis-sourians."

"What is he? Mayor of a city?"

"No; he delivers newspapers."

"Necessity is the mother of invention," droned Professor Sonorous.

"Then what about Edison?" asked one young innocent.

Snipper: "I see in the papers that a Russian inventor can send pictures of moving objects over the radio."

Snapper: "Does that mean we'll soon be able to follow Prof. Burner in a lecture?"

A FUTURE CHRISTMAS

"Women of Future Will Be The Stronger Sex"—
News Headline.

"Don't cook the meal tomorrow, John,"

Said wifey to her mate.

(She crushed him to her manly breast).

"Christmas, we'll celebrate.

We'll eat our goose at Gippem's lunch;

Then see a show, what say?"

(She squeezed his little hand in hers).

"At night, a cabaret!"

"What would you like for Christmas, John?"

"A bottle of perfume?"

(She lit her stylish Dunhill pipe).

"Or maybe, say, a broom?"

John rested in her big strong arms;

Upon her chest, his head;

(He looked up to her whiskered face).

"A new silk dress," he said.

At the "Big Fore Barber Shop."

"Say," said the student, "is that toothpaste?"

"No, sir," said the barber, "that's shaving soap."

"Then, sir," said the student, "don't put any more in my mouth."

Inee Briate says that, although he sets a limit for himself, he gets drunk before he reaches it.

Another Man on the Staff.

Editor Outlaw:

"Look here, mister, we need humorists on the Outlaw staff."

Freshman contributor: "Yah, that's why I want to be on the staff."

Catty.

First Meow: "Those twin sisters from Saint Louis are decided blondes."

Second Meow: "Yes, but they only decided in September."

Pie Canned Alfalfa Doings.

"We always send our pledges out of the house when the bill collectors come around."

"Oh, I wondered why there was a battalion standing at rest in your front yard all day long."

A Haymaker.

Shed Fields, the actor: "I'm going to retire from the stage."

Noid Lewell: "The people will miss you."

Shed Fields: "That's the idea, I'm tired of being hit."

SONG OF OCULAR FASCINATION

Our rah-rah boys may shout and yell;
The co-eds giggle fit to die;
In pompous tone the pulpit's own
May puff and bawl and plead and sigh;
Some profs may put their studes to sleep,
And others rave and tear their hair;
And some mad prof may bite a dog . . .
We all admire a baby stare!

In gay plus-fours the studes my strut,
With checkered sox and neckties red;
Their shaven maps be smooth perhaps;
Their feet may thump the walks like lead;
With cheap perfumes the girls parade;
To stifle all who pass, prepare;
And Switzler Hall may fall apart . . .
We all admire a baby stare!

Some drunken stew may hit the trail;
The undertaker do the same;
And football players break their necks
To earn their pay and win the game;
The prudish may go in for art,
And hang their walls with bodies bare;
Though higher education frown . . .
We all admire a baby stare!

L' Envoi.

The earth may crack; the world may end;
We all admire a baby stare.

At the Awful Ganga Dumbells' House.

"Is it true that blondes have less pep than Tians?"
"Ask Halberta, she's been both."

Ed: "What do girls do in sorority meeting?"
Chloe: "Think about the men. What do men do in fraternity meeting?"
Ed: "Try to forget about the girls."

One: How is her line?
Two: Judging from the crowd following her it must be a tow line.

Shoemaker: Mary is one of my best customers.
Friend: Yes, she is a good girl.

Bogg: How is her form?
Blower: Good all around.

One: What's the idea of carrying a rifle?
Two: Do you expect the damn thing to walk?

Out to the House.

Isadora: "I'm through with you, here is your pin."
Isadore: "Who is the other man?"
Isadora: "Do you intend to fight him?"
Isadore: "No mam, he might be a fraternity brother and I could sell him the pin."

At the Zigma Cry House.

National Inspector: "What a rich bunch of boys we have here. Are they the sons of oil kings?"
Zigma Cry: "No, but four kings and a queen are responsible. I was at the poker game that gave us our start."

Because of W. S. G. A.

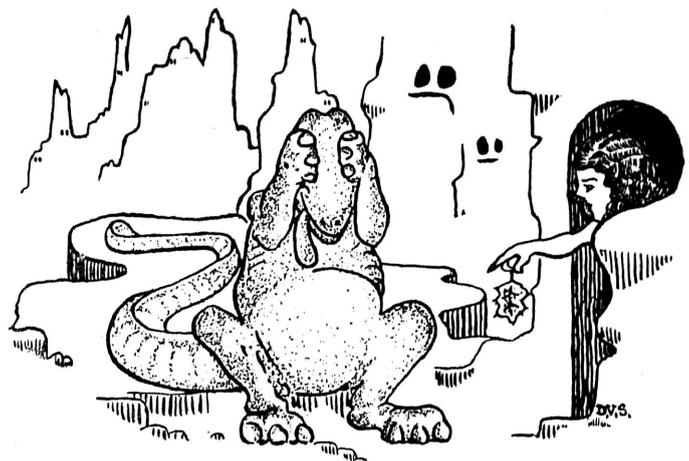
Chaperone: "Now, Egbert, the last time you came to this house you promised to never get drunk again."
Egbert: "This isn't again. This is yet."

At the Dollar Thirty Five Law Frat.

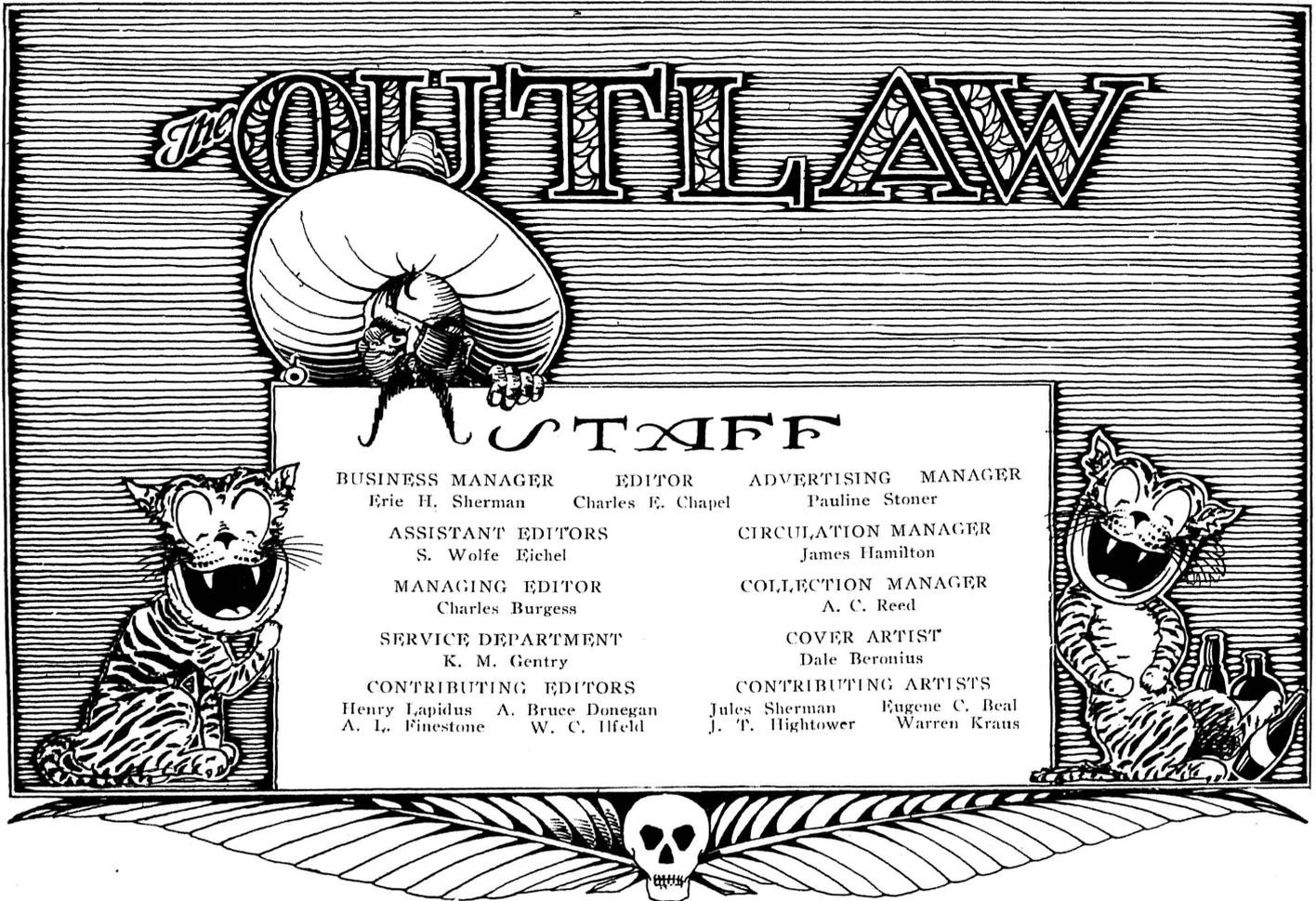
Pre-Law Student: Do you have many criminal lawyers among your alumni?"
Dollar Thirty Five President: No, they all joined the Fly Dollar Fly bunch before they graduated."

At Read Hall.

Girlie: "Oh, I'm so warm, let's not dance for awhile."
Boyee: "There's a lovely bench out in the orchard."
Girlie: "Why bother, I'm not that warm."



The Original Take-Off, as Seen by Christian College



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VOLUME II

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NUMBER III

O. O. M'INTYRE, THE OUTLAW'S GODFATHER, NEW YORK CITY

A GRINNING SKULL PUBLICATION

ALL OF US

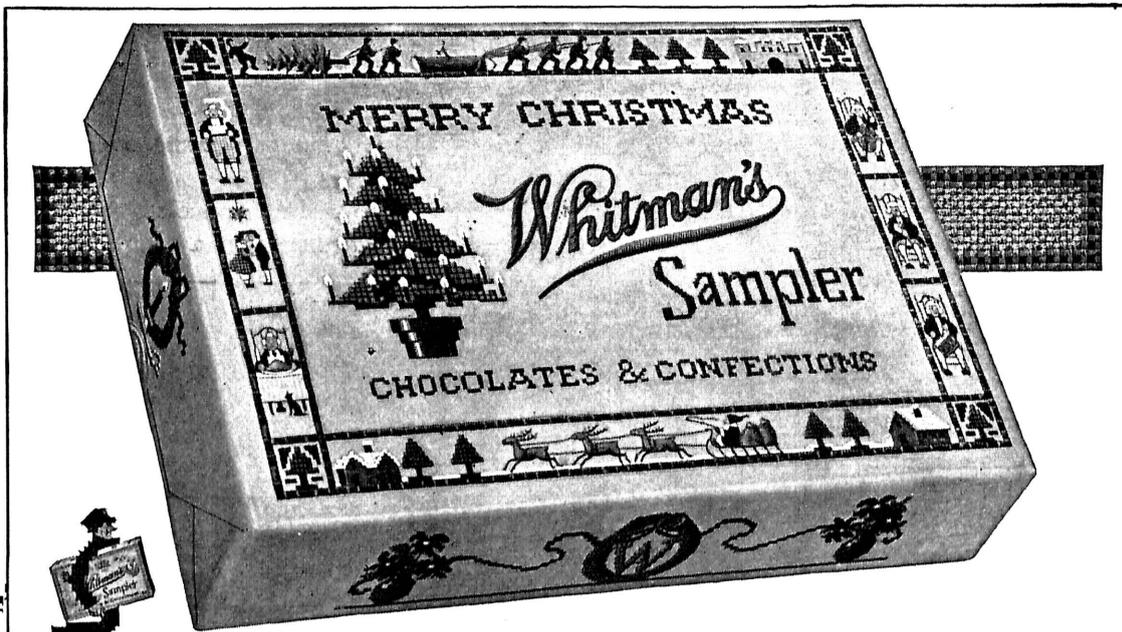
This magazine is supposed to be funny. Those readers who find nothing within its columns which makes them laugh will agree that this statement is a joke. In that case they are satisfied. Many of our readers save the price of an Atlantic Monthly by reading their neighbor's OUTLAW. But we are afraid that they do not buy the Atlantic Monthly either. All of this brings us to the statement that we are a feeling people but not a thinking people.

Because we are a feeling people instead of a thinking people we measure values in terms of sensations. The shortest joke, the raciest novel, the most sensational Sunday School teacher is the most popular. Measurement of life according to its "kick Power" is responsible for the erection of stadiums while law buildings stand unfinished, and for the maintenance of college courses which train us what to think rather than how to think.

Feeling our weakness we herd together in "exclusive" groups organized largely for mutual admiration. Those who come down to our level and conform to our standard we welcome by the dozen; those who fail to help us in our self-worship we will receive with smiles in public, but behind their backs we brand them as "impossible."

Perhaps the satiric pen can do something to raise us from the slough of complacency and herd feeling.

The OUTLAW wishes to thank the following contributors for their work on this number: Lawrence Brille, Matilda Janes, Nelle Dahnke, Dick Jones, William Jack, Edward Wise, Mary O'Reilly, Kenneth Lankford, Marjorie Lewis, Frances Kelly, Herman Sarno, and Francis Chinn. We especially wish to thank our new representatives, D. Virginia Smith of Christian College, and Grace Jones of Stephens College.



This Christmas give *Whitman's*



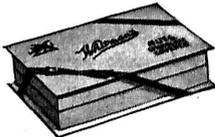
A FUSSY PACKAGE—
Nuts and nut combinations
in chocolates



**CHOCOLATE COVERED
FRUITS AND NUTS—**
A luxury package



SALMAGUNDI—A new
assortment of chocolates in
artistic metal box



**NUTS CHOCOLATE
COVERED—**Whole nut
meats, heavily coated

Not merely good candy but joyous, bright packages that speak the language of sentiment. The spirit of Christmas expressed in the gift universal—candy. There's a Whitman package, and assortment, suited to every taste.

Consider the Sampler with bright Yule-tide outer wrap of sampler cross-stitch design. See the seductive Pleasure Island package enclosed, for Christmas, in a Pirate's Chest.

Study the beauties of the Cloisonné Package, a metal box of real cloisonné design compact with selected chocolates. Admire the art study by Franklin Booth on the new package of Bonnybrook Milk Chocolates, a new Whitman assortment. Observe the bright bands on the Standard and other packages—a little touch of Christmas cheer.

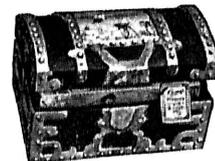
Think of all who would enjoy the Fussy Package, Fruits and Nuts, Salmagundi, Old Time Favorites, and the children who would delight in the Wonderbox.

The Whitman agency near you gets every package direct from Whitman's not through a jobber. Write for booklet "On Choosing Chocolates" and folder illustrating the beautiful Whitman fancy boxes and baskets for Christmas gift-giving.

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**BONNYBROOK MILK
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With special "Merry Christ-
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Missouri
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THE KING OF SIAM

Who is the King of Siam?

I am, Gosh damn!

I derive all my joys

From fat little boys.

I'm a heck of a guy,

I am.

One: Dorothy had a beard on her face last night.

Two: How did that happen?

One: A thrilling lumberjack she met last summer, came to see her.

Newsy: Poipah, mister, poipah? Big moider!

Illuminated gent: Awgwan. I bought one lasht week.

The class in American Diplomatic History has decided, after exhaustive research, that Lulu is a "persona non grata."

What's technique?"

"Technique, me boy, is telling an inquisitive rushee that the house he asked about is all right, but with just the right inflection of the voice to let him know that they are a bunch of thugs, morons, or worse as compared to your own house."—Widow.

A Good Substitute.

Passerby: Good heaven! What's that going on over in your barn? Murder?

Owner: Nope, that's one o' them Fraternity 'nitia-tions.

—Panther.

Hogg: "My ancestors came over on the Mayflower."

Hike: "Yes? Mine canceled their passage because they heard there was a rough bunch aboard."

There was a young girl from Dubuque
Who got on the wrong train by a fluke;
She opened a winder,
And in flew a cinder;
And her language was past all rebuke.

"It isn't the presents I care about," sighed the broker. "It's the futures."

Ike: "Who killed Liliom?"

Mike: "The guy who acted it for the Play-makers."

Our idea of an optimist is an engineer on the local Katy.

One: Did you get your necker's manual?

Two: My what?

One: Your student directory.

Some girls are silent toward their dates because they do not have anything to say; others because they do not have to say anything.

"That girl over there a bareback rider? Why, she's an imposter!"

"Yes. But she rides in an evening gown."

A Picture's Frame.

Gay: I think Tom's girl is as pretty as a picture.
Lord: Yes! But what a frame!

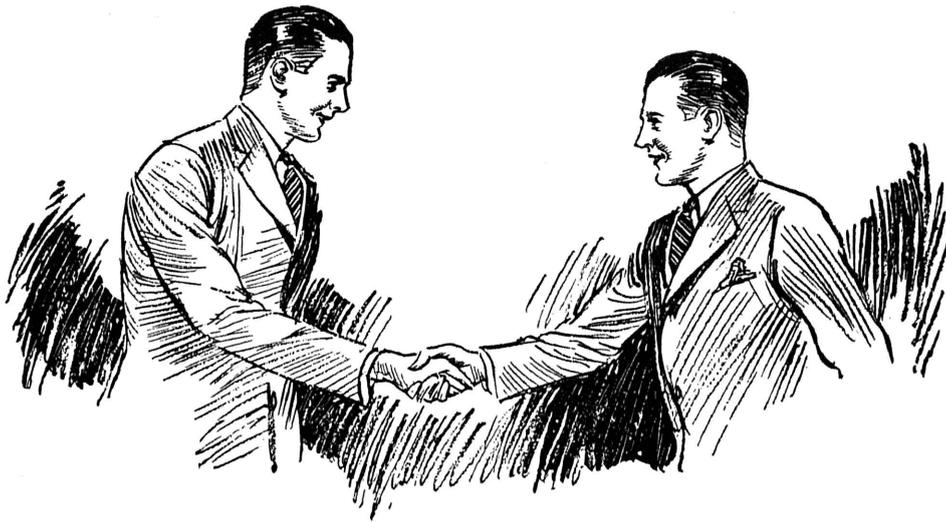
—Panther.

"This is fit to kill", said the warden, as he adjusted the electric chair.

—Royal Gaboon.

The Finis.





You are cordially invited to meet — *yourself!*

WHICH is the real *you*? Where lies your fundamental aptitude? What work will call forth your ability and enthusiasm?

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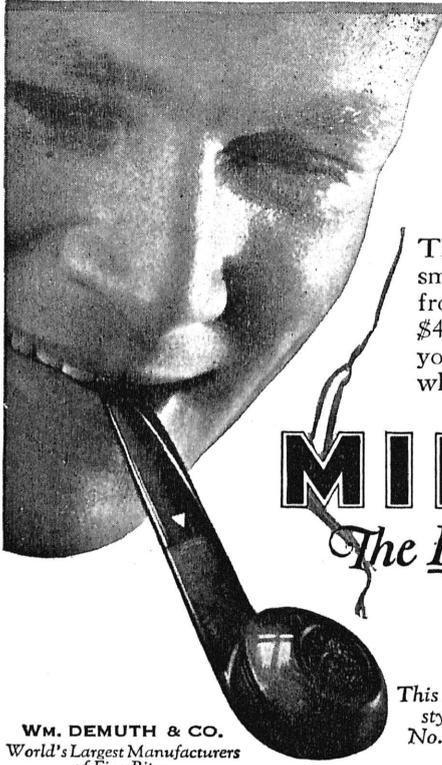
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Wife—George, I'm going into amateur theatricals. What would folks say if I were to wear tights?
Husband—They would probably say that I married you for your money.
—Royal Gaboon.

Night Watchman—"Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?"
He (straightening up)—"No sir."
Night Watchman—"Here, then, hold my lantern."
—Black and Blue Jay.

"Pace Cleaners:" "The house president promised to pay my bill today."

Houseboy: "Nuthin' doin' boss, ah ain't got mine yet."

"Have you lots of friends in the navy?"
"Oh, yes—Gobs."

—Hamilton Royal Gaboon

We call our li'l woman Detour, because she's such a long way around.
—Royal Gaboon.



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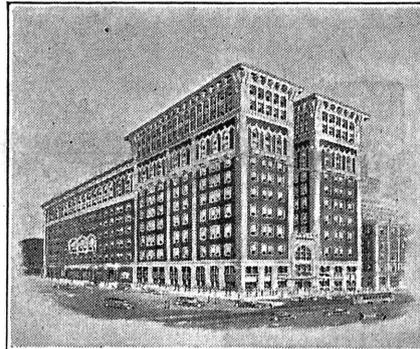
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***“That was the
insidious thing
about it.”***

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Serre Fleurie

A few cents difference in the price makes a lot of difference in the quality, so why not, in making up your Christmas list, give good perfumes to mother and sister, and friends.

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Have a Camel!



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