

78

# THE MISSOURI OUTLAW



E.C. BEAL

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Beautiful in texture, color,  
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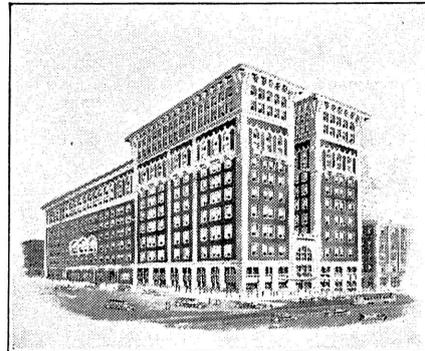
## The Co-operation of "ORGANIZATIONS" Spells Success

We have always been glad to co-operate  
with student organizations in their under-  
takings.

Your personal accounts are welcome and  
appreciated.

### Boone County Trust Co.

Resources Over Two Million



### *Hotel Baltimore*

Kansas City



WHEN hoop skirts and the Virginia Reel were in vogue, and loving hands at home fashioned Grandfather's home-spuns for the prom . . . even in those days, Anheuser-Busch was nationally known to good fellows.

And today . . . when feminine heads are bobbed and shingled, and we dance the Charleston in expensively tailored clothes to the stirring strains of a jazz orchestra . . .

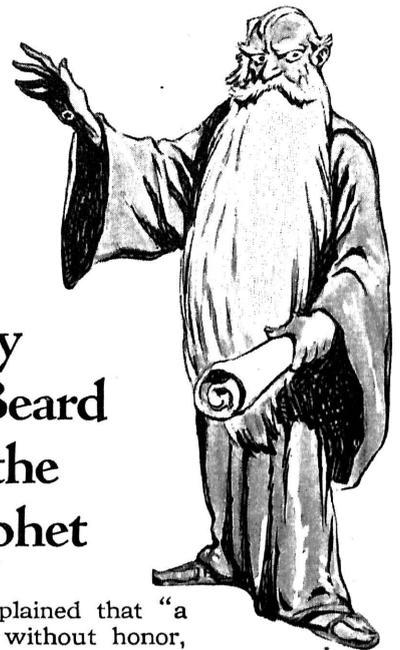
## BUSCH (A-B) PALE DRY

*Ginger Ale*

is the favored drink of college men because, like the college man, Busch Pale Dry is a good mixer everywhere and every time.



**ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS**  
PAYNE-ROTH GRO. CO.  
Distributors Columbia, Mo.



## By the Beard of the Prophet

HE who complained that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country" wasn't working with the Mennen line.

If you have been shaving for about ten years, you may recall my first prophecy that Mennen Shaving Cream would quickly bring about a revolution in shaving method.

Several million men prove every morning that I was right. Then, some years ago, I told you about Talcum for Men. At that time, men classed Talcum with rouge and lip sticks. But today, the custom is almost universal to rub on a velvety soothing film of Talcum for Men, which protects and doesn't show white on your face.

Last year, I pulled my third prophecy. I said that if you would try Mennen Skin Balm, you would find it the most delightful and efficient after-shaving preparation that ever touched your face. Incidentally, it's great for chapped lips or roughened skin—as wonderful for hands as for the faces. Antiseptic and astringent. Right now, today, Skin Balm has won national acceptance, and its sales are amazing.

I am a good prophet—I admit it. But that's because I've had real products back of my prophecies.

Shaving Cream, for example. The instant your razor for the first time leans against a Mennenized beard, you know something has happened to said beard that never happened before. Its proud and rebellious wiriness has gone. It comes off gently and smoothly. That is dermutation.

Mennen Shaving Cream, Talcum for Men and Skin Balm are all results of scientific studies of the skin which have extended through two generations. They should be used together. They give the "Complete Mennen Shave" than which there "ain't no better."

*Jim Henry*  
(Mennen Salesman)

### MY QUESTION CONTEST

Here is another chance to win a magnificent \$50 traveling bag

Send in an answer (100 words or less) to the question below. Best answer wins the bag. Contest closes April 10. I am the judge. Watch for next contest in an early issue.



The QUESTION: For what special reason do you use talcum after shaving?

Mail your reply to The Mennen Company, Jim Henry Contest, 353 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.



The Stars and Stripes Forever—Iowa Cornell Ollapod.

Man in the Upper—Hey, you're snoring.  
 Man in the Lower—How do you know?  
 Upper—I heard you.  
 Lower—Don't believe everything you hear!  
 —Royal Gaboon.

A. What's funnier than a bald-headed man combing his hair?  
 B. A bow-legged man trying to walk knock-kneed.  
 —Pitt Panther.

"That's a dirty trick," said the dealer as he brushed off the cards.  
 —Royal Gaboon.

Brute: You runt. What're youse shiverrin' for?  
 Little 'Un: For Exercise.  
 —Gargoyle.

Ike: "How can I teach a girl to swim?"  
 Mike: "Take her out to the creek, lead her out into the water, put your arm around—"  
 Ike: "But it's my sister."  
 Mike: "Oh, push her in."—Kittykat.

Young Lady (to clerk in music store): "Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight'?"  
 Clerk: "No, madam, but it must have been that guy across the aisle."—Witt.

Don't  
 Beg, Borrow  
 or  
 Steal It

*Unless You Have To*

It's More Satisfactory  
 for You and the Other Fellow

If You

Subscribe for  
 Your Own Copy  
 of the

**Daily Missourian**

*"All the News Thats Worth Reading"*

**W**hen it's the night of the season's most festive dance—and Mimi, herself, has consented to go—when in a last moment before starting you thank your good fortune—  
—have a Camel!



*Into the making of this one cigarette goes all of the ability of the world's largest organization of expert tobacco men. Nothing is too good for Camels. The choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The most skilful blending. The most scientific package. No other cigarette made is like Camels. No better cigarette can be made. Camels are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.*

WHEN the night of the famous prom has come—and in that last fond moment alone you contemplate your luck and your greatness—*have a Camel!*

For Camel adds the glamour of its own romance to every memorable event. Camels never tire the taste no matter how liberally you smoke them. The choicest tobaccos in all the world are rolled into Camels—that's why they never leave a cigarette after-taste. The instant you lift a match to a Camel, you may be doubly sure you have lighted the world's most mellow cigarette.

So this night, as you fare boldly forth to society's smartest and gayest affair—as you pause in the revelry for a hurried chat with the envious fellows—taste then the mild and fragrant smoke. Until you've tried Camels, you'll never know how really fine and friendly a cigarette can be.

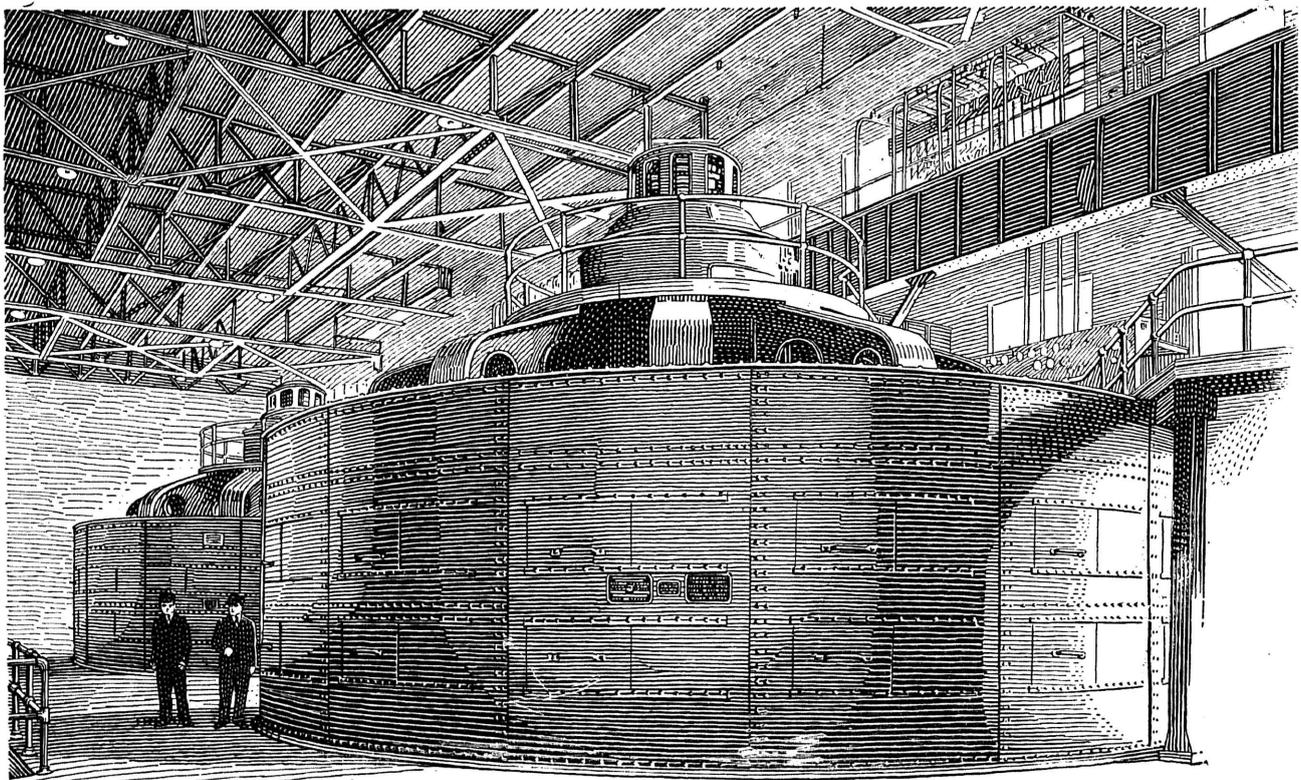
*Have a Camel!*



*Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company





*This giant hydro-electric unit weighs 750 tons and consists of a vertical shaft hydraulic turbine attached to an electric generator delivering 52,000 kilowatts at 12,000 volts.*

## Bigger Generators— Cheaper Electricity

A 70,000 horsepower hydro-electric unit recently installed at Niagara Falls utilizes the same amount of water as seven former 5,000-horsepower units, yet does the work of fourteen such units. And it saves 700,000 tons of coal yearly for the nation.

As more and still more uses are found for electricity, larger and more economical generators are installed. At the power plant, as well as at the consumer's end, important changes and startling developments have steadily reduced the cost of electricity for light, power, and heat.

And wherever electricity has blazed its trail—in towns, cities, industrial centers, and rural communities—comfort and progress have come to stay.

Generating and distributing electricity concern the technical student. But electricity's application in the betterment of industry, the professions, and home life concerns every educated person. Cheap electricity means many startling achievements *today*, but countless and unbelievable possibilities *tomorrow*.



The General Electric Company, as of December 3, 1924, had 37,716 stockholders, of whom 45 per cent were women. The average number of common shares held by stockholders was 55. In ownership, policies, past and present activities, G-E is unselfishly dedicated to the cause of electrical progress.

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.

1-9DH

# GENERAL ELECTRIC

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK



John (thinking of the new books) "Have you read 'Close On'?"  
Janet: "Silly, no one wears flannels anymore."



### Owed to My Sweetheart.

I might have been good if it weren't for you;  
 I tried to do right, but I wilted.  
 I might have been sober, hard-working, and true;  
 I went to the dogs when you jilted.  
 I learned all the vices, and sank to Death's brink.  
 How quickly my teachings went under!  
 I can't help but thank you whenever I think,  
 I might not have had so much fun, sir.

Due to the recent heavy call for appropriate chaperons an agency has been established by responsible parties. The plan has been passed by the board of censors. The following are the prices.

Blind .....	\$ 5.00 per hour
Blind, dumb .....	\$10.00 per hour
Blind, dumb, deaf .....	\$15.00 per hour

He: "Why is a Ford used by all nationalities?"  
 She: "Because of the strange parts?"  
 He: "No, it has a universal joint."

They sat on the sofa  
 In the parlor  
 Of her sorority house  
 Headshe.

A footstep.  
 The chaperon enters  
 And finds them sitting there  
 He — and — she.

The motto of every sorority should be "Lord Bless Our Phone."

### At the Alpha Ki Dance.

They were standing in the hallway waiting for the orchestra to start playing again.

Tenderly he placed his arm around her waist.

She blushed and stepped back.

"You can't pull that stuff in this house," was her reproof. "But say, kid, we've got a side porch that's the best place in town."

Sweet young thing: "I've always thought that Ag students were pretty good judges of calves."

Ag student: "Honest, Flora, I wasn't even looking."

Love is a game where the man with the Jack takes the Queen.

Cake may be prevented from falling by tying it to the chandelier with a clothesline.

"Snap out of it!" exclaimed the Theta as she discarded the garter.

The trouble with modern college life is that there is too much life and not enough college.



### The Campus Curse.

"I hope that your sons and daughters grow up to be Citizenship teachers."



The Campus King Wants a Playmate.

The Missouri Outlaw, in an attempt to satisfy the howling mob on the Missouri campus, has decided to help the Campus King pick a consort. It has often been suspected that the Savitar staff really picks the Campus King and merely kids the public into holding a Mexican election. The Missouri Outlaw, (a magazine devoted to moral uplift and the broadcasting of the funny sayings of people who try hard to be serious) has consented to run a contest for

**The Campus Queen.**

**Who is the biggest Dilly Dolly on the Campus?**

Remember, there are more horses' necks than horses in Columbia!

Support your favorite and help free the world from Snobocracy!

**Who is the Biggest High-hatter?**

The contest for Campus Queen will be strictly fair and impartial. Mr. John Paul Allen (the Lion of the Jungle) has consented to be Judge of Elections. Judge Allen will have a ballot box in his window and will guard carefully the ballots until the appearance of the next number of the Missouri Outlaw. Promptly at noon on the day the March number of the Outlaw goes on sale Judge Allen will print the name of the winner on his window where all who walk (or mince) can read.

Girls, don't let the mere men get ahead of you, help your sex choose a proper consort for the Campus King. Duke Scoop may be lonely (we told you he'd win it). Boys, support your favorite!

**Rules of the Contest:**

1.—Print neatly the name of your candidate on coupon. (You need not sign your name).

2.—Vote as many times as you please, but use only coupons found in this issue of the Missouri Outlaw,

3.—Each coupon is good for 1000 votes.

4.—In order to make the contest fair to everyone all sorority women are handicapped ten (10) votes. (Remember, Greek Sisters, what an awful advantage you have over the little Barbs).

In a further attempt to make the contest fair to all, the members of the sorority having the most candidates will each be given a handicap of ten (10) votes. In order to make it clear to everyone that the Outlaw is impartial we want it distinctly understood that this is not necessarily aimed at any particular sorority on Rollins Street.

5.—Only girls enrolled in the University of Missouri are eligible to enter this contest. Lady faculty members can be considered candidates at the discretion of Judge Allen. Girls enrolled in Christian, Stephens, Rosenthal, or in Booch's College of Banking can have their contest at a later date.

6.—The Staff of the Outlaw is disenfranchised. If your name appears on our masthead you are barred from the contest. The office of the Missouri Outlaw will be closed on the Queen's Coronation Day. Her Majesty has our permission to crown herself.

7.—Contest closes at noon of the day the March number of the Missouri Outlaw goes on sale. Those wishing to have pictures of their contestant published must send the photo to the Outlaw office. (No Parisian art studies accepted).

8.—Contest starts now.

**Save the World from Snobocracy!**

**BALLOT COUPON**

In an effort to make the world safe from Snobocracy I joyfully and jokingly nominate and cast one thousand votes (1000 votes) for

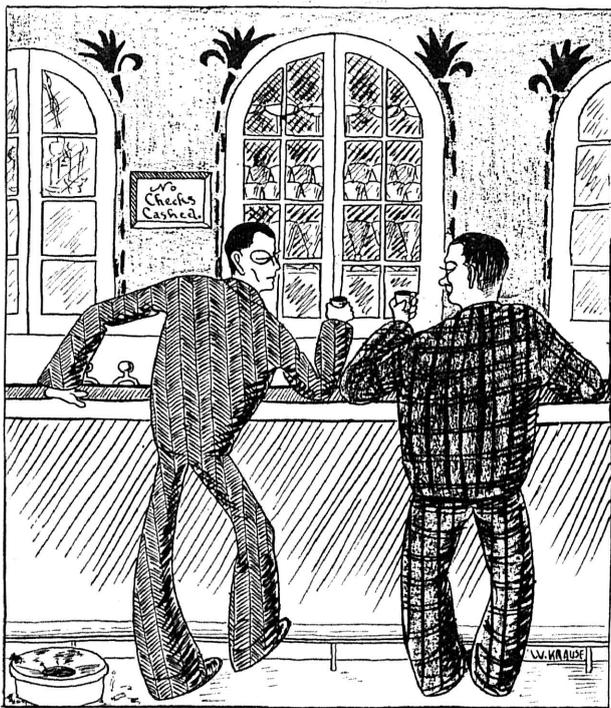
Miss .....

Sorority .....

as my choice for

**CAMPUS QUEEN**

The most prudish prude and the most priggish prig is a Proper Consort for the Campus King.



"Here's to the old folks at home," said Pete, raising a brimming glass of ginger ale. "Heaven bless them and keep them. At home," he added merrily.

Johnny, like most college boys, was broke at the end of the month and in order to give the women a treat and incidently eat, he got the brilliant idea of sending the following telegram collect to his Dad.

If roses are red, violets are blue  
Send me fifty P. D. Q.

He received the following from his Dad the next morning.

If roses are red, Violets are pink  
I'll send you fifty, I don't think.

#### The Most Embarrassing Moment of My Life.

I am a sweet girl graduate, just sixteen years of age. My sweetheart is a boy about twenty. One day he invited me to have dinner at his home. I accepted, and anticipated much. We were seated at the table. Chicken was being served. "Neck?" asked William's Dad. "Only with Bill," I replied. Now Bill won't even speak to me, but I'm more popular than ever with the other fellows.

Tracing back your ancestry is a great sport—if you don't go back too far!

#### A NIGHT AT . . . ?

The night was stormy. Rain, pouring in torrents, nearly swept the car from the road. Flashes of lightning pierced the Stygian darkness intermittently. The avenue lights had snapped out when the storm began.

Outside all was dreary. Inside the closed car was comfortable and dry. Suddenly a terrific blast shook the auto to its chassis. She threw herself into his arms and clutched him wildly.

"I wonder—"he began.

"Yes?" she panted.

"I wonder," he continued "if you can work the windshield cleaner while I drive. I can hardly see the road."

Taffy was a Welshman,  
Taffy was a jay,  
Taffy came to my house,  
And lured my wife away.  
I went to Taffy's house,  
He claimed that he was drunk.  
I said, "That doesn't matter—  
I've brought along her trunk."

No, gentle traveling men, those bareheaded persons in knickers are boy and girl students, the insane asylum is in Fulton.



Jay: "A restaurant owner is being prosecuted by the Federal government."

Hawk: "What did he do, sell booze?"

Jay: "No, robbed the males."



Uncle George on Dates.

"No, Hor-russ, a date is a member of the barer sex who gets her name from the fact that she is sweet, easy to look at, but has a stony heart. There are two kinds, Hor-russ, the common, ordinary garden variety that one sometimes marries, and the dromedary date that must be sugared and stuffed before being tasted. It is this kind, Hor-russ, that one spends his money on and takes automobile riding.

"Some dates, Hor-russ, are called bobbed-haired bandits because they use a gun; but most of the women I ever knew got better results without a lethal weapon at all. However, Hor-russ, while all women are potential dates, many a date couldn't cause a man to get a crick in his neck or develop sore eyes even if she were to lose her petticoat at a bachelor party. That doesn't mean, y'understand, the gentle sex isn't dangerous; all are quick on the draw and each usually gets her man. Statistics show that many a man, while on a date, has lost more than his watch and bill-fold. Likewise, Hor-russ, you have no idea how many men have been thrown from their own cars and made to tramp back to town simply because of the tradition that a date never walks.

"I never saw a date yet, Hor-russ, that wasn't hungry. Ask a mother how much a date eats at home and mamma will tell you that little Betty doesn't eat enough to keep a fair sized tadpole from attacking a whale from sheer hunger; yet take that girl into a restaurant whose menu resembles the semi-annual statement of the First National Bank, and she orders enough to feed the starving Armeni-

ans for thirty-nine days, full rations. The only time I ever saw a date eat a reasonable amount of food was the time I took one into a nickle automat and found I'd lost my pocketbook. She had some change, so I ate right heartily. She didn't eat much, however. Women knew what they were about, Hor-russ, when they discarded the fashion of making their figures resemble dumb bells.

"Speaking about fashion, Hor-russ, I see in the papers that the skirt is going to be shortened again. Give it time and it will be up around their necks like a collar. If the necks of dresses are going to be cut lower and the skirts shortened, the two will eventually meet; which will win, Hor-russ, is a moot question to be decided. In the meantime, a great many things will be decided for the men. One advantage of short skirts, Hor-russ, a man doesn't have to wait till after he is married to find out if she is knock-kneed or bow-legged. In the old days when a man blushed on seeing a foot and actually screamed at the sight of an ankle, a woman whose limbs resembled the posterior end of a question mark had as good a chance snagging a man as one of Flo Ziegfeld's hired hips has today. She could pad and drape herself till she made Venus DeMilo look like a scrub woman out on a holiday; and what the man was actually getting was apt to be entirely different from what he thought he was marrying. Imagine, Hor-russ, if your tastes ran to plump ones, marrying a duplicate to the fat lady in a circus, and then at the end of several weeks finding out that she would have to stand four or five times to make enough shadow for a grub worm to rest comfortably in. In these days, all a man has to do to find out what he is getting is to place his date between him and the sun.

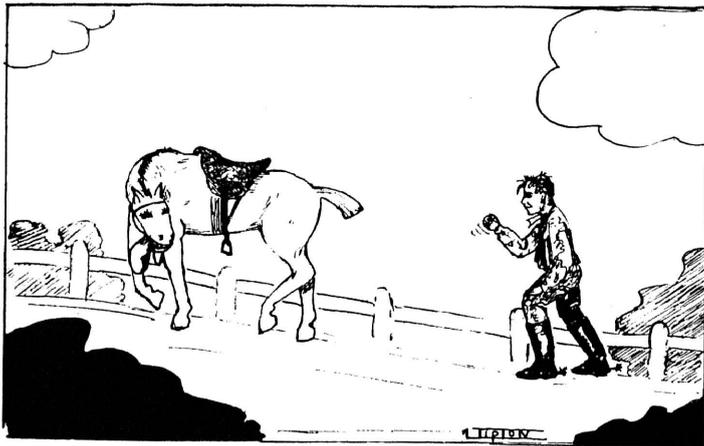
"Getting back to the subject of dates, Hor-russ, a man is in a horrible fix nowadays when he takes a girl out. If he helps himself to a cigarette without offering his date one, she is insulted whether she smokes or not. Likewise, if he tries to kiss her, and she's not that kind of a girl, she is hurt and infuriated; but if he doesn't, she is madder than hops because she thinks he thinks she is slow.

"Dates are a terrible nuisance, Hor-russ, but as long as the little rascals tantalize us, the men will keep on trying to make them."

Reporter: "Why did your landlady ask you to move?"

Skinny: "She got a fatter tenant in order to save money on water for the bathtub."

Who is Dilly Dolly, the Campus Queen?

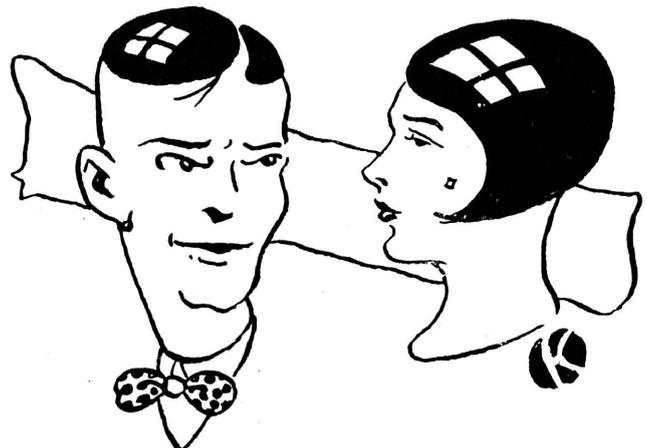


No Pet.

### My College Daze.

The first trip away from home for longer than a week—the strange people and country—the greeting at the station—the college men and other freaks—rush week—lies—lies and more fairy tales—the first classes—my first introduction to other kinds of messes besides stew—the beautiful coeds—the beautiful co-eds—a wonderful coed—hash—hell—hell week—more hash—hell—frosh regulations—the dumb sophomore year—a little realization during junior year—senior and dumb—so dumb I thought I really knew something—graduation—my job as street cleaner—no, I will never forget my college daze.

Beneath this slab  
Lies Tom McCasket;  
He tossed the ball  
In the wrong basket



Vaude: "I had the highest seat in the house last night."

Ville: "Orchestra."

Vaude: "No, third balcony."

We know a girl who is so modest that she won't ride in an automobile because she is afraid someone will strip the gears.

### Black Magic.

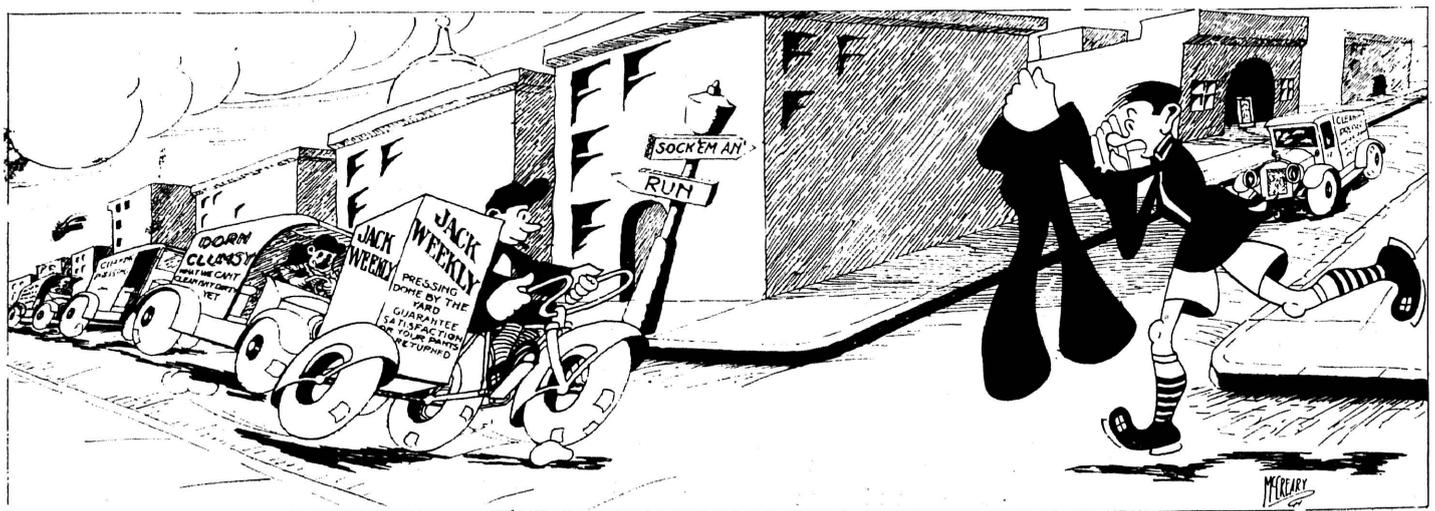
Man pointing at pie in show case! Give me a piece of that raisin pie."

Clerk, with movement of arm: "Shuu u! That isn't raisin pie, that's custard."

Track coach: "Did you ever run the quarter and the half before?"

Student: "I was a bell hop last summer."

Bob Speeler of Campus fame says that if one doesn't eat for seven days it makes one weak.



A PRESSING ENGAGEMENT



### HOW TO TREAT YOUR SWEETHEART (For Co-eds Only)

When your sweetheart comes in to see you, wallop him on the jaw and cry, "Hello, Brutusk! Have a seat." This playfulness will amuse him greatly.

The first question to ask him relates to his dates with other co-eds. He will feel flattered by your interest in his affairs.

Next, wallop him again. See that he falls into an armchair at one end of the parlor. Then seat yourself in the sofa at the other end of the room.

Open the family Bible and commence reading about the punishments for wickedness. Your sweetheart will find your reading both delightful and interesting.

If your sweetheart is too dizzy to rise from the armchair, call a messenger and send him a glass of water. He would be highly offended if you came yourself with a shot of brandy.

Tell your sweetheart about the wonderful looking man with the big blue eyes that you saw on the campus today. Your playmate will be immensely pleased.

Go to the piano. Pound it aimlessly and shriek in accompaniment. This should convince your friend that he is in heaven, listening to an angel with a harp. If he becomes bewildered, and asks how he got there, give the conversation a dextrous turn.

Drop a remark to the effect that your sweetheart isn't very good looking, but he certainly has a great mentality. He will want to kiss you for this.

When he staggers across the room and falls into the sofa beside you, push him away gently, but firmly, and remark: "I'm not that kind of a girl." This will send him into such paroxysms of joy to find that he has come across a real old-fashioned girl, that he will almost die laughing.

If you want to save yourself a sweetheart, bounce his head against the wall. The ill humor caused by this treatment will counteract his joy to the extent that he will return to normal sobriety.

Should he offer you a cigarette, repeat: "I'm not that kind of a girl," and frown. He will thus regain his good humor.

Pull out the family Bible again and show him the pictures of all your ancestors. Your sweetheart will beam with happiness. The one of the Puritan maiden aunt at 60 will undoubtedly strike him as being extremely beautiful. However, don't show him the one of your great-grand-uncle in his coffin, dressed in his Sunday clothes awaiting burial, unless you want to run the risk of making your sweetheart jealous.

When your sweetheart attempts to hold your hand, drag him to the telephone and call the police. Then phone the Dean of Men and register a complaint. This will make your friend so happy that you may again have to bump his head against the wall so that he will not die from laughing.

When your sweetheart is going away in the patrol wogan, hand him his coat and hat to keep him warm, as the night may be chilly.

The day after you read of his suspension from the University, call him up and tell him to come over again.



Bertha: "Remember, you're with a lady."

Hugh: "I've a mighty poor memory."

Bertha (with a sigh of relief): "All right, at least I've done what Emily said on page fourteen was proper procedure."



A Dirty Dig.

#### A Column of Campus Slogans.

Though my features are bad, I still have a perfect frame.

Go slow, I've got to timer.

Sally, always knocks about the country.

Excuse the noise; I've got rings in my head.

A perfect block head.

Baby carriage: I go anywhere you push me.

Genuine bare tin coat.

Did you hear? The wheels spoke!

No one killed in this wreck.

I made walking a pleasure.

E. Pluribus Unum.

Ring Tin Tin, the Famous Road Hog.

We call our car "Teddy" because you just "step in."

Another! Dodge!

Danger! This can contains gasoline!

Editor's Note: The last two slogans won the prize. If the young lady who submitted the "We call our car 'Teddy'" slogan will appear in person we shall award a third prize,

#### Why Are You, or Why Mr. Ford Went Out of Business.

Galileo had a sweetheart in Florence who was very much attached to "Gally." Of course he was an excellent scholar, a very good judge of the better half of the human race, especially when he didn't have too much grape juice under his toga. Realizing the necessity for speedy transportation between his home and that of his Florentine lady he began to think over the various methods of reaching her quickly. As a child he was very precocious and had learned to walk and run at the age of ten, a fact which made him confident in the face of his present problem.

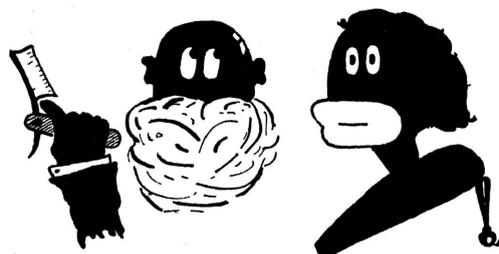
"Send immediately by parcel post, one pushless carriage equipped with: cold storage plant, wine press, chaise lounge, left handed steering wheel, and dictionary of cusswords!"

Upon receipt of this order the circulation manager of the Ford plant saw it was necessary to consult the "Great Rattler," Henry III. Handing the great peace-maker the order he waited for a response.

"I'll be bound. Half leather," he added as a happy thought. Wire back the following:

"We are sending Ford today as ordered. You will find the dictionary of cuss-words very complete and handy. Under 'burnt bearings' we have an excellent assortment of words imported from France. As a special token of friendship we are giving your Ford a "Ducko Finish." In case there are no refinishers in Italy we are sending you gratis (free, for nothing or less) one sack of duck feathers and one pail of glue. This finish will tickle your Ford to death and is guaranteed against fire, fleas, and moulting."—Henry.

When Galileo received the telegram he flew into a terrible rage. Running out of doors he pushed against the Tower of Pisa. Today visitors say that it leans. Well, perhaps it does.



Late: "You're a fine husband, why didn't you shave?"

Date: "I did—when you started to dress."



A Candy Heart is the Best Kind of a Sweetheart.

### Greek Society Plans Huge Home!!!!

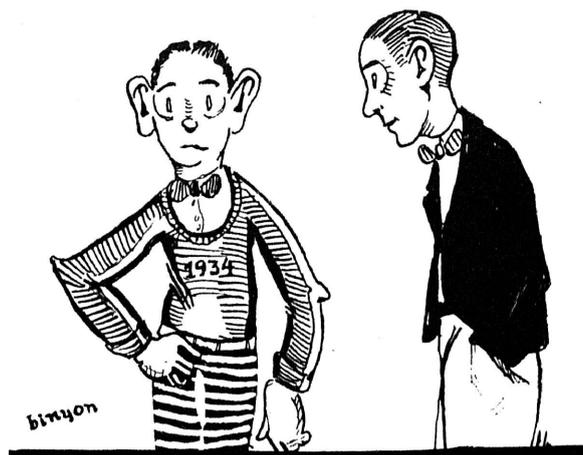
At a secret meeting last night, a Greek society (the Amalgamated Union of Restaurant Keepers) completed the plans for a million dollar table-ware factory to be erected on the outskirts of this city.

Due to the stupendous demand for cutlery, the entire first floor will be devoted to its manufacture. As a special feature, all implements used in the conveyance of food will be engraved with initial combinations that should suit the tastes of the most fastidious collectors. In addition, thousands of dozens of spoons will bear the names of the most famous hotels and restaurants the world over. This idea will save the thrifty students thousands of dollars that would otherwise be spent in travel, and also give them the prestige of having taken a trip around the world. Perhaps this idea may foster many cosmopolitan clubs.

Now that the undergraduates are raising, or endeavoring to raise moustaches, the A. U. R. K. will manufacture spoons with guards and strainers attached. The society also has plans for air cooled soup spoons and bouillon spoons with silencers. It is believed that the latter will sell in great numbers, especially in the cafes where the orchestra leaders are nervous and are not able to stand the strain.

The second floor is to be devoted entirely to other table ware for which there is still quite a demand. The special initial feature may be copied.

The restaurant owners hope that after they have furnished the local fraternity and sorority houses and bachelor apartments, they will be able to help their brother lodge members in other cities.



Bay: "I'm a politician."

Window.: "I don't work either."

### Yesterday.

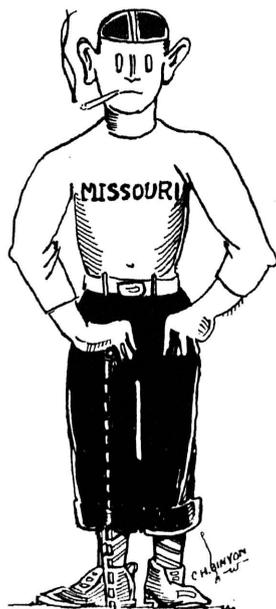
"Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I find I must bewildered be  
By how I can remove this mole;  
Where are the beaux, I cry to know,  
Who would o'erlook my visage drear,  
'Taking me, since I cook and sew;  
Where are the beaux of yesteryear?"

"In the fell clutch of circumstance,  
Oh, for a home-cooked meal, perchance,  
E'er I lie lifeless in my shroud;  
'Where are the girls,' I sadly moan,  
Who but for song and dance have ear?  
What fun is there to starve, alone?  
Where are the girls of yesteryear?"

"Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the horror of the shade;  
And yet, before the dawn appears,  
I'll have on each blue-book a grade.  
'Where are the studes,' I cry perplexed,  
Who read their texts till morn drew near?  
What kinds of studes shall we have next?  
Where are the studes of yesteryear?"

### L'Envoi

Girl, boy and prof have had their say;  
We bring you news of greater cheer;  
Such speeches are not made today;  
Who gives a damn for yesteryear?



Straight six feet down  
Lies Eddie Thayer,  
He tried to haze  
A football player.

#### Spooky Stuff.

A. Conan Doyle (Conjuring up spirit of departed college man): "Well, son, what killed you?"

Spirit of departed College man: "Boredom."

Doyle: "Didn't care much for college life?"

Spirit: "The life was all right."

Doyle: "What college did you attend: Cambridge, Oxford, Princeton, Rosenthal, or Hall's War College?"

Spirit: "None of those."

Doyle: "Which one then?"

Spirit: "Missouri University."

Doyle: "Ah, indeed, you're from the land of Clep-son and Jackstein."

Spirit: "You must read the 'Tiger Independent' the other 'student' paper doesn't print all of the news."

Doyle: "No frivolity now, my young man. Come, tell me where you are now—Purgatory, State of Limbo, Hell or Heaven?"

Spirit: "I'm in Heaven, not that I like the place, though."

Doyle: "What, not satisfied with Heaven?"

Spirit: "No, can't say I am, you see I'm a Beta."

"Doctor!" implored the excited young daddy-for-the-first-time, as the nurse softly opened the door, "tell me quick—am I a mother or a father?"



Ike—"Did the horse-thief take much from the stables?"

Mike—"Naw, he didn't get a bit."

"Don't try to get fresh," said the cheese to the sour milk.

#### Frat Anthem.

We pledge 'em! We pledge 'em!  
You said it! We pledge 'em!  
We pledge our health, don't you see?  
We pledge Lou and Larry, and Tom, Dick and Harry  
Into our fraternal melee!

We pledge 'em as fast as our flivvers can roll;  
We could not make so many calls if we'd stroll  
We're building next year don't you see?

We crush all the dumb ones, as dumb as they  
make 'em!  
We're building next year don't you see?  
We pump at their hands—make believe we're Kris Kringle;  
We shake all their pockets, to hear if they jingle;  
We're building next year don't you see?

We ask all about them to see if they've money;  
Providing they have it they're welcome as honey.  
We're building next year, don't you see?  
But if they are bankrupt, we give them the gate;  
And hurry right on to the next bookish bait.

We're building, we're building:  
You tell 'em! We're building!  
We're building next year, don't you see?

The Ploughboy's Dream.

PROLOGUE

Oh, a sailor's life is the life for me,  
 Joyous, happy and eke carefree.  
 To Hackensack or Toledo, Spain  
 What could be sweeter, or faster, or neater  
 Than the life with the jolly tars?

ACT I

Gutzon (a cook):  
 I gotta get back to the sea again,  
 To the big boats and the sky.  
 Where the skipper's tough and mates are rough  
 And the beans are boiled in lye. (exit weeping.)

Skulch (another miner):  
 The cook is right, (and he's also tight)  
 An' it's me for the Salty pond.  
 Tho' the ship is loggy and the crew is groggy  
 And the officers bottled in bond.

ACT II

Then the gunner socked the bo'sn and the scuppers  
 loudly cheered,  
 While the bowsprit danced a hornpipe and the  
 royal shrouds were beered.

And the mizzen fell to weeping, and the hatches  
 were keel-hauled,  
 And the catlines and the ratlines got every signal  
 balled.

ACT III

Oh, the good ship 'Mary's Ankle' was lost upon  
 the sea,  
 And the skipper wouldn't find her until he'd had  
 his tea.  
 So we shot the cook and cabin-boy and crucified the  
 mate,  
 And the skipper and the bos'n, we buried them  
 in state.  
 Then the ship became a hell-hole, a close and stink-  
 ing den,  
 And all the while we wallowed in the blood of  
 dying men.  
 Nice life, that.

He: Pearls?

She: No, my own of course.

It is easier to get a Yale key than it is to spend  
 four years working for a Phi Bete key at Missouri.

Sweet-heart Throbs.

Far out on the banks of Hinkson,  
 Looking down into the deep,  
 Sat a couple wistfully watching,  
 From the crest of Lovers Leap.

Not a thing disturbing their musings,  
 They were masters of the crest,  
 'Till a bird on boughs above them,  
 Gave faint whistles from its rest.

Then they turned and looked about them,  
 It was nothing but a dove,  
 And they moved with thankful visage  
 Back to thoughts and words of love.

One a youth, and one a maiden,  
 She, eighteen or maybe more,  
 Chanced to ask him how he would keep her  
 When the wolf came to the door.

Then the lad, with sorrow, faced her,  
 Put his arms about her neck,  
 And the tears came forth in showers  
 Causing hearts and hopes a wreck.

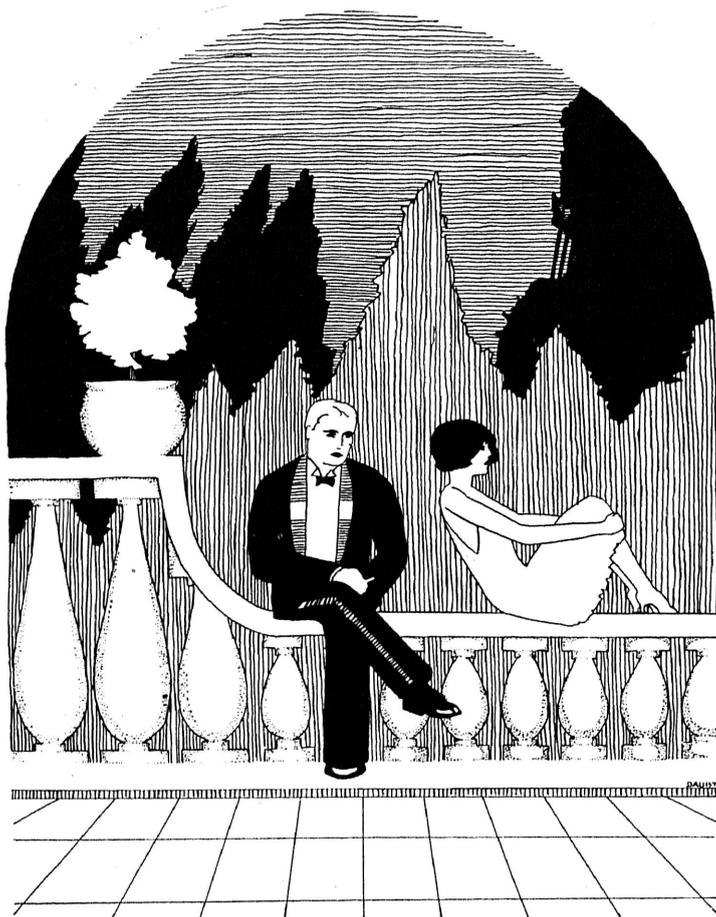
They were really, truly, earnest,  
 There was not a better pair,  
 But the cards were stacked against them,  
 Lives and love they could not share.

They had built great towering castles  
 Far, far up into the air,  
 But a grave, outspoken question,  
 Left the hopes of castles bare.

Evening came, and still they lingered  
 Far, far up into the night,  
 And the moon, with all its splendors,  
 Kissed them with its beams so bright.

This is all we know, dear readers,  
 Of this sad, unhappy pair,  
 But we hope that in the outcome  
 Something moved to end their care.

The winner of the original joke contest for this  
 month is a former athlete who made the following  
 statement: "When I saw that there were girls at the  
 party and that they were drinking grape juice I  
 only stayed ten minutes. I left immediately after  
 that." If this original humorist will call (in per-  
 son) at the Outlaw office (511½ Hitt St.) we will  
 gladly pay him the prize money.



The Missouri Boys at the Delta Gam Formal  
(Or The Perils of a Sorority House)

By C. S. Newmac

In the manner of Corey Ford

Volume 46—Chapter 1.

"What Ho, Bill?"

"In a minute Joe."

And while we are here waiting for our young heroes to meet and so go out and through 146 more pages of the "Wideawake Series for Boys and Girls," standing for 99.46% pure Americanism and clean dealings in our books for young people, we may as well tell those of you who have not met them that the tall good looking blonde is Bill (Quarterback) Hatson and the dark haired athletic looking youth of 19 winters and as many summers is "Baseball" Joe Yearly. Both of them have been freshman at Yavard College since this series first started—complete list on inside of back cover.

"And what shall we do to make life enjoyable for our young readers today Bill?"

"Why, don't you remember that in the last chapter of the preceding book of this series, 'adding as an aside to to the readers—'The Missouri Boys

among the Jayhawkers,' 'or Wrestling Victory from Kansas,' we had received a bid to the Delta Gam formal and that at last we have attained social prominence? Come on and get dressed so that we can go, or we will be more than an hour early. I hear the Pi K. A.'s are to have a mass meeting first so that their pledges may get acquainted. Their first battalion of pledges has its right guide at Harris's and its left guide at the corner of the University Grabeteria."

"Yes, but where are my collar buttons?" asked Joe.

"Take off your shoes and walk around and you will be sure to step on them."

Joe did as he was advised and immediately gave a howl of mingled rage and pain. "That villain Hairbreath Harry has sought to keep me from dancing tonight," he exclaimed.

But Bill just laughed and laughed and laughed for he knew all the time he had put the carpet tacks on the floor and Joe's buttons in his vest pocket. When he gave them to Joe even the latter was forced to admit it was a "good one" on him. Bill so loved his little prank and was often the death of the party.

### Chapter 37

The formal was coming on nicely with Sarno's Seething Serenaders furnishing the music, and not over all the bids, and many who were not bid, as full of inspiration and Listerine as the musicians. Such a mob as was at that dance, one could not dance without stepping all over his own shins. As fun loving Bill put it "picking out the girl was as bad as trying to get an olive out of a bottle."

But the worst time was yet to come. Our heroes had all the girls and boys crowded around them watching them do the "Savannah" to the accompaniment of "Three Cheers for the Baita Boys"—and the cheers were given with a will, but how that will affect the fortunes of our brave heroes, their author, and his publisher will be disclosed in only in, and exclusively in the next volume of this series entitled "The Missouri Boys Through America," or "Or a Day Coach Ride Over The Show-Me State."

Hairbreath Harry and a group of his worthy cohorts were all dressed so formal that our heroes from the vantage post of the chandelier, which they took to be the lookout mast of the Battleship Oregon, could hardly recognize them at first glance.

"But where is the Little Colonel?" sighed Joe.

"We must look for her immediately," said Bill, "or else this book will run for five extra chapters."

So they went forth from the stag line and tagged the first two girls who passed. After finding themselves stuck for the rest of the evening they began to scan the face of every passerby on the street. Fun loving Bill was very careful to put the faces back after they had scanned them so that Hairbreath Harry would not know they were on his trail.

"We must get away," thought Joe, his mind always on the lovely heroine whom he had systematically saved twice in each volume of the series. So he steered his boat toward the nearest corner, vowing that he would get her some punch and never return.

### Time Passes!

Down, down, down, went Bill and Joe: as they sped along a butler handed them each a glass of punch and a sandwich.

"Hairbreath Harry opened up the trapdoor by which the Deltas rid their house of boresome dates when the Gappa Bigmas along," yelled Bill. "He pulled the chapter's two single girls back to keep back for himself."

"Thank goodness," ejaculated Joe, "now we can devote ten pages to looking for the Little Colonel." "Zounds!" he exclaimed with spirit as Bill leaped into four trucks and rode off in as many different directions, hotly pursued by Tommy the Cop.

### Chapter 99

"At last I have found you, but all on account of this being a series for clean minded, 99.44 per cent young American Boys and girls (Full list on Back Cover), even though I have been so affected for 92 volumes," exclaimed Joe as he reached the bottom of the chute and found the heroine deciding to go to Stephens while Grace Harlowe was trying to persuade her to go to Christian College.

So saying, Joe called Bill in from midfield and kicked the goal that meant the World's Tennis Championship for the Pygmies to the lusty cheers of "Hurrah for the Missouri Boys" given by the combined glee clubs of Kansas, Ames, Oklahoma, and other prep schools.

And here, for the time being (\*), let us say good-bye.

Good-bye.

\*—Another volume out next month (The Dean willing). For sale wherever books for boys and girls are sold, providing they are sold. For complete list see inside back cover of this volume.



A Moonlight Miss.

### The Suspicious Wife.

A certain man was suspected by his wife of receiving phone calls from other women. About twelve o'clock one night the following conversation could be heard:

Husband: "Hello, Elmer."

"Is this you Elmer?"

"You are, Elmer?"

"Yes, I would, Elmer."

"Certainly I will, Elmer."

"No, Elmer, all right, Elmer."

"Of course I will, Elmer."

"Well, good-bye, Elmer."

Then the man turned to his suspicious wife and said:

"Yes, dear, it was really Elmer."

Ikie Itchikoff: But for why should I go to Bible class?"

Abie Zarno: "So that you can learn about the prophets."



The Charleston is a polite dance because the knees tip their caps.

A baby show was held in Cleveland and the winning baby was not announced for a week later. We suppose that was to allow the judges ample time to take refuge in Canada.

#### Leap Frog Coming Back!

Sport lovers all over the campus will rejoice greatly to learn that the old fashioned game of leap frog like some of the more popular old dances is coming to its own again.

A great deal of interest is being taken by the young instructors who have laid aside a court extending from the Memorial Tower to Jesse Hall.

The exact cause for the revival of not known but there are two theories advanced by investigators. The most likely is that upon some fatal day several of the instructors attended one of their lectures in connection with their subject, and were so astounded by the new ideas there presented, that the information dwelled in their minds, till they were forced to act on the new learning.

An opposite view is that after grading blue-books of hundreds of freshmen, and dumb sophomores, a simple sport like leap frog seemed like having a condemned good time. To date, no one has interviewed any of the three instructors, but it is hoped that this paper will be able to present more information at a later date.

#### One on Professor Fairboy.

Professor Fairboy of the English Department of Hokum College was addressing the Parent-Teachers' Association. He had chosen his timeworn speech entitled "Sentimentalism vs. Purposeful Force, or an Attempt to Articulate Will and Emotion." During the lecture he very emotionally denounced sentimentalism, all the time shaking his finger at the audience and choking back the tears which came in his eyes as he told the old favorite about the woman who does more harm than good by giving groceries to the poor. All was well with the eminent authority of Miltonic interpretation until the close of the lecture.

"Does anyone have anything they would like to ask?"

"Yes, Professor Fairboy," replied a cute little youngster in the rear of the room, "when are you going to do something absent minded?"

#### Raise the Ante—Auntie!

Old lady to fighting youngsters: "If you boys will stop fighting I'll give you each a nickel."

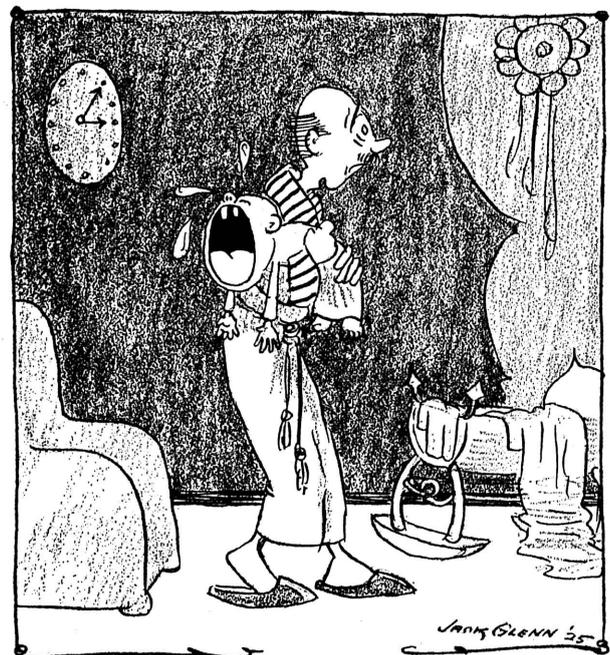
"Not me! I'm after a dime now."

#### Pretty Soft.

"My ole man he done got de softest job in de whole factory, he hab!"

"What does you ole man done do?"

"He done test all de mattresses dey manufacture!"



John Held Jr.

## OUR LITERARY PAGE

### Samuel Pepys: A Portrait in Miniature.

J. Lucas Dubreton—Putnam's.

Biography in undress is popular. Why, lest we cast aspersion on the moral and mental qualities of that metaphysical entity, the average person, we shall not say. But, true it is that no longer is the book market weighted down by such monuments of rectitude and scholarship as were wont in the past to thud from the press. As news-sheets have broken out with "Hearsts" so biographies have been infected by "Snappy Stories." The results have not all been unfortunate. The purpose, theoretically, of a book is to be read; and now biographies are read. Instead of making interesting people dull, tiresome people are now made tolerable, and brilliant persons fascinating. In this particular instance the thumb-nail and analytical method as applied to Pepys has a peculiar felicity. Did ever man so nearly like all of us in piety, inhibitions, daily life and what not reveal himself as did this bourgeois clerk? Diarists, generally, have the habit—not altogether unhappy—of writing for posterity, but never Pepys. His diary is a mirror, not a portrait. Its material has given the author an opportunity for presenting with charming raillery Pepys the man apart from the Pepys the navy drudge. Despite the inevitable loss in translation the verve, the spice remain. Gallic lightness charms where it does not defy (as if that were essential), and once again Pepys has his existence justified.

### The Chicken-Wagon Family.

Barry Benefield—Century

This book in a measure represents a return to an older and possibly a more comfortable tradition. Amid the welter of pseudo-analytic pieces it is pleasing to discover a story simply told. Not that the book is a great novel—the plot is weak and the finale is too Americanese for that. But the lyrical note carries the reader happily to the end with few pretensions.

### The Naked Man.

Vere Hutchinson—Century.

Strong ligaments run through this book, though hardly in sufficient number to justify the naming of Hardy and the Brontes in comparison on the publisher's jacket. Luke Baddock is no impossible person and his problems are such as to warrant attempts at solution. His struggles with nature introduce an epical note but the gap between an epic and a tale with an epical note is huge.

### Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.

Boni and Liveright

If Gentlemen prefer blondes we are certainly unable to determine why. The brunette of the pair seemed infinitely more intelligent. A gold digger, however, apparently has to number neither chastity nor intelligence amongst her virtues. The allegory with reference to the various national short-comings at present flourishing in Europe offered most enjoyable satire. It must take some few brains to write such a consistently dumb book.

### Days of '49.

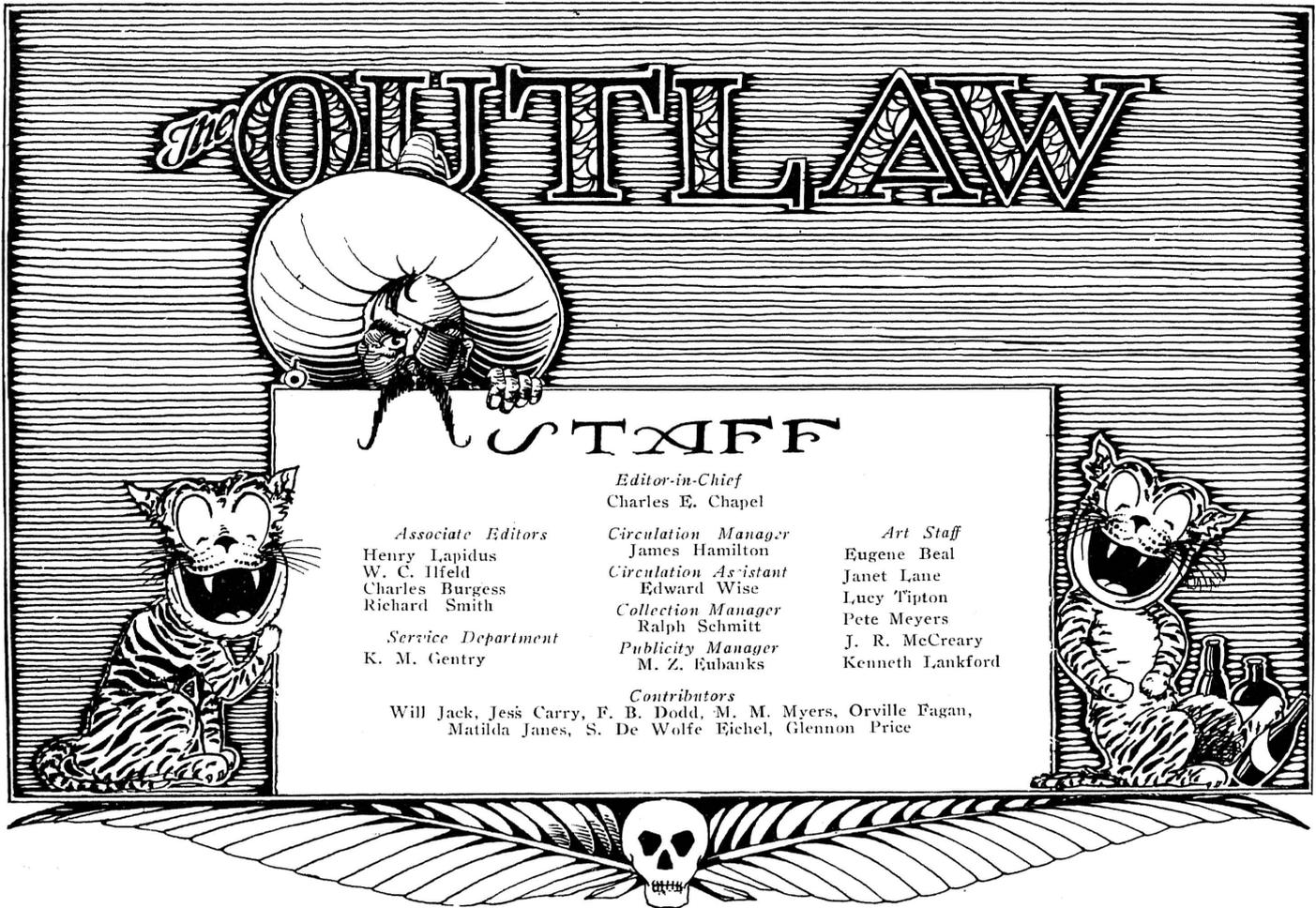
Gordon Young—Doran.

This book is not a novel, but comes in the same class of fiction as Robinson Crusoe, Moll Flanders, and Peregrine Pickle. Of plot there is scarcely any. Of reconstruction, truth, and thrill there is much. The story is not accurate in the sense of meticulous dependence upon facts, but it is true for the atmosphere and conception created.

San Francisco, California, Spaniards, Hounds, and Miners are there, recreated as few novelists have recreated features of American history. True it is the West has not lacked its Horatio Alger. But the American frontier has lacked its Defoe, a writer with such a mastery of the details and such a genius for generalization as to present the truth. It would, off hand, seem easier to write a Wild West story than any other, for the chinks can always be filled with blood and profanity, but to write a first class Wild Westerner would demand superlative ability.

The story as may be surmised from the title is particularly concerned with the Gold Rush. Individuals are negligible. The passion for gold and women, the Anglo Saxon contempt for Spaniards, the incidental, though not unimportant, birth of a new commonwealth, in short the temper of the times are the dominant impressions left by the book.

Dick Hales and Ilona, about whom the thin plot is woven, seem to us far less important than the so called minor characters. Little Martin the Cockney, "Maw" Jones, Clay Freeman, Dona Flavira, Ferdinand, and Stewart Dawes—all symbolize various aspects of life in '49. Insignificant in themselves they bulk large as personifications of the—zeit geist. Hales is a shadow; Ilona a spirit of beauty and purity, a harbinger of, what shall we say, civilization?



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VOLUME II

NUMBER X 6

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

A GRINNING SKULL PUBLICATION

### SWEETHEARTS



JUST as we were about to deliver the old adage about a young man's fancy in the Springtime an enamored student assured us that a young man's fancy turns as lightly to thoughts of love at one time of the year as it does at any other time. That's because the young man is young. While he is young he is anxious to talk about sweethearts, but when he has reached the age when he knows some thing about the subject he is not interested.

We hesitate to write an editorial about sweethearts because there seems to be only two ways to treat the subject, in a humorous vein or in a serious vein. If we treat the subject in a humorous vein some wan lover may try to organize a boycott

against us, while if we treat the subject in a serious vein everyone will think we are funny and will wonder why College Humor doesn't copy our editorials in their columns. There seems to be no middle course.

At this time of the year it is too late to talk about valentines and too early to talk about Springtime; that is why we chose sweethearts for our subject this month. We have already convinced you that sweethearts are not confined to Springtime, but it would be a much harder task to convince you that valentines have nothing to do with sweethearts. We all have pleasant memories of valentine boxes which we had in grammar school, back in the days when little girls looked forward to the day when they could wear long skirts. It would be a hardened editorial writer who would dare joke about valentines, unless it were the kind that freshmen send to English instructors.



## Whitman's NEW CLOISONNÉ

A Box of Candy! Yes, if you will, but such a box! and such candy!

*Cloisonné* describes the rare and patient artistry of the box.

*Cloisonné* somehow suggests also the care and skill in making and choosing and packing the chocolates inside. Each piece a striving for perfection — the survival of the fittest after eighty-four years of candy-making.

If you want to give a girl a thrill, here's a hint: Give her Whitman's *Cloisonné* Chocolates!

In one size only, holding three and a half pounds. Five dollars. Decorated and garnished, if you like, with a gay Valentine band.

An uncommon expression of unusual regard. A fitting gift from a prince to a princess.



A Fussy Package for Fastidious Folks, that green-and-gold package of nut and nut-combinations in chocolate also can be had with a Valentine band in one pound and two pound sizes.

What better Valentine than this heart-decked Standard box of Whitman's? The direct descendant of the chocolates that served the belles and beaux of 1842.

Pink of Perfection describes the contents. This dainty box in gold, black and pink gives a hint of the new and perfected forms of chocolates compacted in it.

To be had at the nearby Whitman Agency—usually the leading drugstore in each neighborhood.



Whitman's  
Chocolates

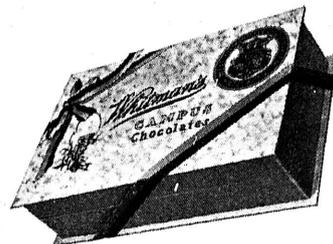


Whitman's Famous Candies

are sold by

PECK DRUG COMPANY

Special  
Missouri  
Package





### Our Dictionary.

**To Pet:** Being kind to dumb animals and dumb animals being kind to each other.

**Home:** A vacant place where the postman leaves mail. A plate ball players use.

**Neck:** A collar rack. A device for spending an evening.

**Engagement:** A military skirmish. Period before the real battle.

**Forward:** Ahead. What a girl thinks a fellow is when he doesn't stop with saying "good night."

**Hose:** Cotton filled with water. Silk filled with charm.

**Compact:** An article signed in the Mayflower. Also for restoring the skin your love to touch.—Pointer.

### Good Night!

"I don't mind washing the dishes for you," wailed Deacon Carson to his better half the other day. "I don't object to sweeping, dusting and mopping the floor, but I do object to running baby ribbon through my nightdress to fool the baby."—Bison.

"Come on out for a ride with me, Betty. We'll be back before the intermission is over."

"Promise me that you'll not try to kiss me?"

"Aw—well, all right, I promise."

"Guess I'll go with Ed, he wouldn't promise."—Ski-U-Mah.

"Over the fence is out," sighed the convict, scaling the last wall. —Banter

### Her Comeback.

A portly negro mammy was puffing and exerting herself as she tried to rise from her seat in a street car. "Better eat some yeast, aunty, and you'll rise better," a fresh young collegian advised her. Like a flash came the answer: "You all try it yo'self, young man, an' maybe you'll be better bred."—Witt

The professor rapped on his desk and yelled, "Gentlemen, order."

The entire law class answered: "Beer!"—Kittykat.

### The Formula.

"George, phone call for you."

"I'm taking a bath. If it's a woman tell her I'll be over at nine; if it's a man, say I'll take a quart.—Dirge.

"I got a rare old gift for Christmas. One of Caesar's coins."

"That's nothing. I got some of Adam's chewing gum."—Frivol.

The Girl: "How could you tell it was me at that distance? You couldn't see my face!"

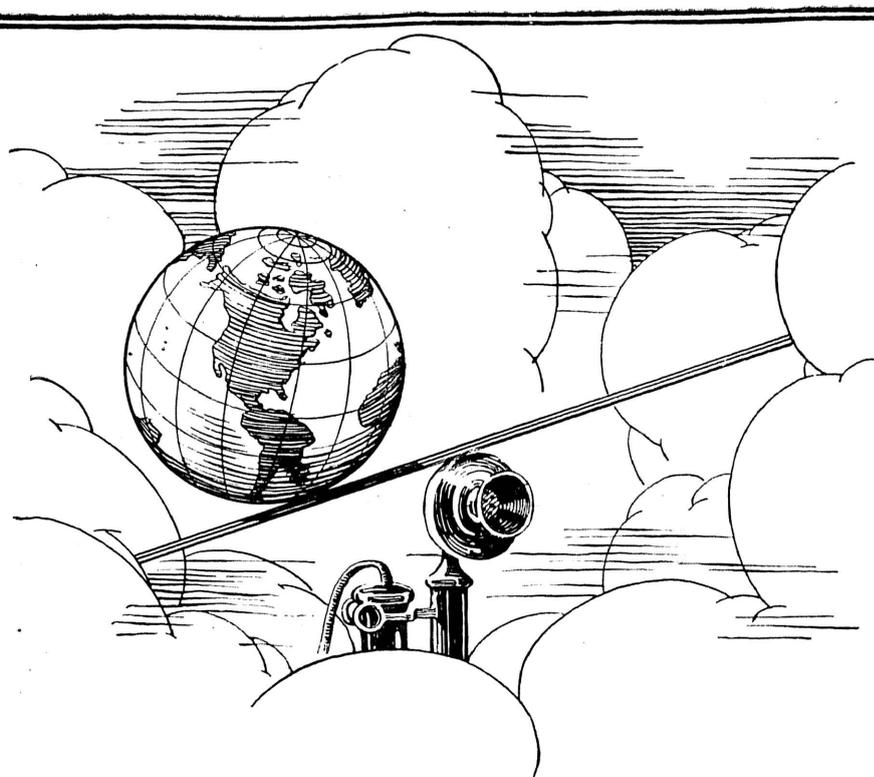
The Man: "Oh, that didn't matter: I'm very quick at figures."—Goblin.

"They say that a single oyster will lay from one to eight million eggs a year."

"Gosh! Think of the married ones!"

—Michigan Gargoyle





## A fulcrum for every modern Archimedes

“GIVE me a fulcrum—and I will move the earth”  
said Archimedes. Too bad that he lived  
twenty-two hundred years too soon.

For you modern followers of Archimedes, you men who apply his well known principles in the study of mechanical engineering, the fulcrum is ready. If a part in helping the earth to move appeals to you, look for your fulcrum in the communication art.

A world of possibilities opens up here for the man whose bent is mechanical. Distances shrink because mechanical engineers have found how to draw well-nigh every bit of air out of a repeater tube. A million telephones are made—and the millionth is like the first because mechanical ingenuity has shown the way. Quantity production in a great telephone plant calls for constant improvement in mechanical technique.

Every day is a day of new facts, new things, new achievements by mechanical and electrical engineers. Nothing stands still. Here the world *does* move.

*Published in  
the interest of Elec-  
trical Development by  
an Institution that will  
be helped by what-  
ever helps the  
Industry.*

*Published for the Communication Industry by*

# *Western Electric Company*

*Makers of the Nation's Telephones*

*Number 55 of a series*

Decorate  
yourself with  
the degree  
of P. A.



THAT means "Pipa Amoroso" in the Latin, or "pipe-lover" in plain campus English. P. A. has certainly endeared a pipe to more men than any other letters in the smoke-alphabet. Because Prince Albert lets a fellow smoke all he wants to—and makes him *want* to!

Cool as the stare of a marble Venus. Sweet as the approach of vacation. Fragrant as spring blossoms. Think up your *own* similes, Fellows. You *will* when you pick P. A. and a jimmy-pipe for permanent roommates. Prince Albert is great tobacco, and that's not blah.

Get yourself a tidy red tin of Prince Albert today. Fill the bowl of that old jimmy-pipe to the brim and borrow a match. Then you're set for some great smoke-sessions, as sure as you're a foot high.

**PRINCE ALBERT**

—no other tobacco is like it!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.





THE COCA-COLA COMPANY ATLANTA, GA.

# RIGHT OFF THE ICE

With a drink so good  
'tis folly to be thirsty

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS — 7 MILLION A DAY



Toasting brings out the hidden  
flavor of the world's finest tobaccos.  
A combination millions can't resist.

# LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

