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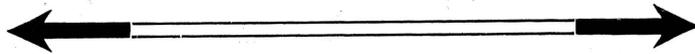
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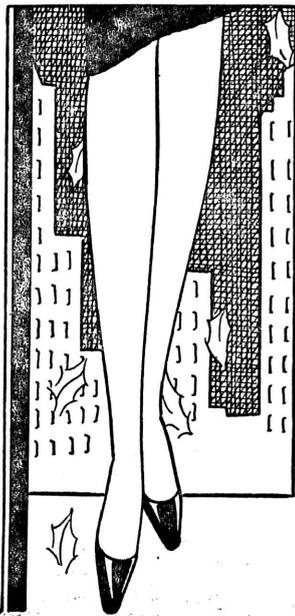
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Woodcut by John Patton Larmer

MISSOURI OUTLAW

VOL. VI.

FEBRUARY, 1929

No. 6

THE AMATEUR POET IS FILLED WITH ROMANCE

The recesses of my heart
Have been pierced by Cupid's
dart.

Oh, how I hate to part
With you, dear, in time.
(Oh, where is a better rhyme?)

No good? I'll try again.
How is this one then?
Roses are red
And I am blue
Thinking, dear, of you.
(This is a failure too.)

How can I say it then?
What can I do?
To prove or say to you
"Oh, how I love you!"

♦ ♦ ♦

Call the Hogs

First Garbage Man: Well, Tony,
house bisness?

Second Garbage Man: Don't
talk slop.

♦ ♦ ♦

Step on the Gas

Mary: You're driving me crazy.
John: Well, it's only a short
drive.

♦ ♦ ♦

Modern Movies

It's easy to make mountains out
of mole hills; it depends entirely
on the camera angles.

♦ ♦ ♦

Sea Dogs; Eh!

Tom: Do you believe in cutting
down the navy?

Jim: No; that would be taking
the barks away from the dogs of
war.

Whose Igloo?

Oogah: What happened to your
igloo? It's all melted.

Neewah: My wife and I had a
heated argument.

♦ ♦ ♦

Yes, It Jingles

Even hush money talks.

♦ ♦ ♦

Aint It the Truth?

Mother: Why do you insist on
a boyish bob?

Doris: Gee, ma, I want to look
like a girl.



"Liza, your dog just croaked."
"Well, doggone."

IN JESSE HALL

*In Jesse the goloshes go
Along the red tiles, row on row,
That mark the floors, and very spry
Another pair goes flapping by,
Scarce heard in all that din below.*

*These are goloshes. Days ago
They were hauled out into the
snow,
Brushed, and grew cold, and now
go by*

In Jesse Hall.

*They seem to squeak like quarreling
foe;
And each with falling arch will
throw
Its wearer; she must raise it high.
If she should break the snap, 't
would lie*

Outcast, and more goloshes go

In Jesse Hall.

—With sincerest apologies to
Lieutenant McCrae.

♦ ♦ ♦

Almost a Setting Hen

Miranda: Your daughter is one
of the younger set.

Sarah: Yes, she wants to set all
the time.

♦ ♦ ♦

Shades of Death

Mabel: Why doesn't Mary
make the bed?

Alice: Oh, I think she's laid
down on the job.

♦ ♦ ♦

Football Heroes

Co: Who are those fellows
strung out along the sidelines?

Ed: They are second and third
string men.

FOR A WOMAN*Who Is Beautiful and Knows It*

My open mind's a stylish place
 Where pretty things may pass the night.
 And I've reserved luxurious space
 For you and your entrancing face:
 A golden suite of golden rooms,
 With peacock tongue and eiderdown,
 Sweet music, and soft light.

My palace is for those whose eyes
 Can sign in mine a pledge that brings
 A little Heaven from the skies—
 For those who are not otherwise,
 Like you, thou arrogant Queen of Queens!
 I worship you? O never, I!
 I am the King of Kings.

❖ ❖ ❖

No, Claudia, a hang-over is not something they
 put aeroplanes in.

❖ ❖ ❖

Doesn't your wife sing the baby to sleep any more?
 Oh, no. The neighbors like the baby now.

❖ ❖ ❖

My girl is false.
 How'd you know?
 'Cause she sings falsetto.

❖ ❖ ❖

Senior: Drop that cigarette, Freshman.
 Frosh: Where, sir?
 Senior: Right here in my hand.

❖ ❖ ❖

King: Give the rascal ten blows.
 Rascal: Well, I'll be blowed.

❖ ❖ ❖

No. 1. I had a good date with Jack last night.
 No. 2. Did he take you out to see the moon?
 No. 1. No, he didn't have any with him.

❖ ❖ ❖

Cop: Say, young man, I've been watching you for
 the last half hour.

Frosh: Well, what frat do you belong to?



"What's he got—a pipe?"
 "No—a hot box."

Life's Greatest Tragedy

The young man eyed the package curiously but without any misgivings. Poor fellow, he little guessed of the terrible surprise in store for him. He hummed a gay little tune as he blissfully untied the string and lifted the lid. Then as the contents met his eye, his face blanched, a sudden faintness surged through his being. He staggered and gripped the edge of the table as he stared repelled, yet fascinated at the sight that met his eyes. For a moment he strove to control his reeling senses, but in vain. With a hollow groan he fainted dead away. It had been too much for him. Too terrible a blow. The ring had come back with a bottle!

❖ ❖ ❖

Do you use gas at your house?
 No—but don't tell. You know how that get's out.

❖ ❖ ❖

Do you college boys waste much time?
 Oh, no. Not unless we have to.

❖ ❖ ❖

What makes you so weak looking?
 Staying up nights, reading my "Strong Man"
 book.

ROMANCE IN BUNKUM CENTER

(A "True Story")

Nelly Green was the village queen in Bunkum Center. All the local boys vied with each other for dates with her while the other girlies sat jealously by. Despite her popularity, Nelly was innocence personified. On Sundays she went to Sunday School and during the week helped to keep her family in victuals by slinging hash in Al's Greek Food Emporium, Bunkum's chief greasy spoon shop. But Nelly was not contented with this humdrum life in Bunkum. She yearned for the city with its bright lights and sugar daddies.

Now one day while old Jim Dawson and a group of the boys were playing horse shoes in front of Al's and another group was discussing politics and engaging in a game of hit the stove (you get three trys at a distance of five feet and use chewing tobacco), an ancient Ford coupe drew up in front of Al's and twenty Scotchmen climbed out, only they weren't real Scotchmen but a vaudeville troupe which had bought out a Scotch secondhand store. Now the leader of this flock of hams was none other than Edgar Snuffle, handsome, debonair, nonchalant city playboy. Eddie was a wild one with the ladies, he said so himself. Mr. Snuffle and his Snufflers all paraded into Al's and seated themselves around the big center table, yelling for beans. In the meantime, as the comic strips say, sweet Nelly had been watching the proceedings from the cashier's box and the minute she laid eyes on little Eddie, she knew that here was someone to love. She swished over to their table and took their order as waitresses will. All the time Master Snuffle had been appraising Nell and beginning to think that his stay in Bunkum might not be so bad. The pride of the community was no mean looker and you may lay to that. After the mutual eyeing and appraising was over, Nell glided away to wake up the cook. Then Snuffle and his Snufflers held silent conversation.

"Hey, Steve. Whadya think of the broad? Some chicken or I've lost my good judgment," began Edgar.

"You aint lost none of your good judgment, big boy, if I know my lifted faces and streamline shapes," answered Steve. The other boys also let loose a string of compliments to Eddie's judgment and then Nelly brought the hash.

"Say, baby, what time do you get off duty in this joint?" piped up Ed.

"I hang up my apron at 8:30, big boy, but dont let that worry you 'cause I'm not in circulation for you bozos," innocently answered Nell, and shyly flicked a dish towel at our hero's left eye. And that was the end of that.

Well, it's the old, old story over again. You've seen the plot many times in "Silly Stories" and "Throbbing Hearts" Magazines. Eddie and his gang played at the Bunkum "Opery" House for two weeks and of course poor deluded Nell fell madly in love with him, the city slicker that he was. And then one morning Nelly's parents discovered that she had eloped with "that actor." A great hue and cry was created that our Nell hadn't been done right by, etc., but to no avail. She had really gone.

Then one stormy night a year later while the lightning flashed and the thunder roared as the mighty battle of the elements held full sway, a knock on the door was heard by the Green family as they had gathered around the cozy fireplace. They thought maybe it was the thunder, but no, it came again more insistent. Trembling, old Pa Green made his way to the door and jerked it open. There, with water streaming down her face, her hair all straggly, and a small blanket wrapped figure in her arms, stood Nell! The happy, fun loving, care-free Nell, who hadn't been done right by. Anyway, there she stood, with the whole Green family staring at her, aghast. Finally Pa came to his senses and pulled Nelly in, shutting the door.

"Well?" said he in a gruff voice like a mouse.

"Here, take him, please," spoke Nell as she held forward the blanketed bundle.

"W-w-h-a-at? Who? You don't mean that it—you—" gasped the

family in one or maybe it was two breaths.

"Yes. Take him. Eddie, I mean. Don't stand there looking at me, I'm soaking wet," spoke up Nell.

Startled into action, Ma took the little bundle near the fire.

"Don't wake him, Ma, he's kind of sick. He was chewing on an old shoe and I think he must have swallowed some of it," warned Nelly.

"What! Chewing—old shoe—. Say, what are you talking about?" shouted Pa with his mouth wide open so you could see the back of his Adam's apple as it bounced up and down.

"Why, little Eddie. He just kept barking and I gave him an old shoe to chew on," answered Nelly.

"She's crazy. Ma, open up those blankets and let's see what kind of a kid that is," yelled Pa, almost beside himself, but not quite.

"Kid! Why what do you mean? Eddie is my pet Pekingese," yodeled Nelly while her mother accompanied her on the piano.

"It's only a dog, Pa. I thought maybe it was a ba—a well a—ah—goat. That's what I thought it was," said Ma as she opened up the blanket a little bit.

"Well, where's that good for nothing actor you ran off with. I suppose he left you as soon as you got to the city. Damn him, I'll kill him if I ever set eyes on him again," thundered Pa and took out his eyes and shined them up so that he'd be able to set them on that actor if he ever got the chance.

"Oh, you mean Edgar? He's down at the station looking after our baggage and you certainly will not kill him. He's my husband," quipped Nelly with a loud quirk.

"Well, I'll be damned," said Pa, and he would have, too, if just then Mr. Edgar Snuffle and baggage hadn't made their entrance.

"Well, this is one on me!" said Pa Green, as he headed for the cellar. And they lived happily ever after.

(Moral: All's well that ends well.)

The End.



Her Coat of Arms

Nez: "Why does a fish never sleep?"

Pez: "Who could sleep between two flappers?"

❖ ❖ ❖

Rang: "Dat gurl is a blessing in disguise!"

Dangdo: "In disguise?"

Rang: "Ya, in dis guy's life."

❖ ❖ ❖

Dumb: "Ah ha! I see my friend gave you a black eye."

2nd Athlete: "You never saw de guy what gimme dis shiner."

Dumb: "Well, anyway, he's my friend."

❖ ❖ ❖

Opportunity Knocks But Once

Best Man: Why in the world did you keep the bride waiting at the altar?

Belated Groom: It's the only chance I'll ever have. I'll have to wait for her from now on.

Better Reduce

May: That's a garter snake.

Fay: What? That little thing? He'd have to stretch himself.

❖ ❖ ❖

Maybe It Was Corns!

Giant: Where's the fellow who walks over the naked sword blades and the spikes in his bare feet?

Dwarf: He stepped on a tack this morning and he's not able to perform.

❖ ❖ ❖

Cash and Carry

Whiz: What's the worst trouble with your convertible coupe?

Bang: Trying to convert it into cash.

❖ ❖ ❖

Strike Three!

Rookie: It's too hot to play ball today.

Captain: Stand up there and you'll get fanned.

DISTANT

Oh, I would kiss with Irma
Beneath a silver moon;
But she's as far as Burma;
As distant as Rangoon.

I'd like to walk with 'Cindy
Where singing waters are;
But she's farther off than India
Or distant Malabar.

I'd like to pet with Dinah
Beneath the swaying trees;
But distant she as China
Or spicy Celebes.

I can't have Jane or Nancy,
Nor Mayme, I plainly see;
All girls that strike my fancy
Are distant girls to me.

❖ ❖ ❖

Do Not Disturb

Mother: You must wash your feet before you go to bed.

Bobby: Oh, ma, my feet are asleep already.

❖ ❖ ❖

Light Her Up

When you are up in a plane and the motor goes dead, be nonchalant and light.

❖ ❖ ❖

Suppose It Slipped?

Sweet Young Thing: Do you allow one-piece suits here?

Censor: If the piece is large enough and properly placed, yes.

❖ ❖ ❖

Watch Your Step!

Old King Cole: What's all the excitement down there?

Mother Goose: The Old Woman Who Lives in a Shoe just bought one of Margaret Sanger's books.

❖ ❖ ❖

Eggs Also

Criss: What was that terrible commotion down at that Jewish theatre?

Cross: Oh, that new actor turned out to be a ham.

A PARODY IN TWO ACTS**Act I**

He: Kiss?

She: Not if I have to walk.

He: Either you'll walk or else . . .

Act II

Still elsing.

❖ ❖ ❖

A la Carte

Battling Brown: Today you'll taste defeat.

One Round Hogan: I don't think that's on my bill of fare.

❖ ❖ ❖

Was That Nice?

Agnes: My feet are itching to dance.

Mother: Go home and wash them in salt water and they won't itch.

❖ ❖ ❖

Better See the Dean

Jim: Why did you quit your surgical work at medical school?

Tom: They wouldn't allow me enough cuts.

❖ ❖ ❖

Kitty! Kitty!

Abel: Let me whisper you the old, old story?

Mabel: Oh, say it loud enough so that catty Alice can hear.

❖ ❖ ❖

Don't Tell Grandpa

Ladybug: Do you think we can make the acquaintance of that new bug who just moved in?

Beetle: Sure! It's a cinch.

❖ ❖ ❖

Must Not Have Been Nice.

The last word in closed cars—well, it was too low to hear.

❖ ❖ ❖

You may be a roaring tiger at Mizzou but you're only an animal cracker at home.

Pretty soon the party got hot and we all waxed merry.

And what did she say?

❖ ❖ ❖

Woman in grocery store: My, my! Where's that awful smell?

Clerk: Sorry, the boss is out to lunch now, ma'am.

❖ ❖ ❖

Stranger: Can you please tell me how to find the administration building?

Junior: No. I've only been here three years.

❖ ❖ ❖

Have you any big bottles of Listerine?

Yes, ma'am, how many? A dozen?

Yes, papa, I have the best seat in the class.

Right in front, eh?

Oh, no. Right next to the college widow.

❖ ❖ ❖

Prof. (after being hit by street car): Good Gawd! Where am I—in Paradise?

Prof.'s Wife: Oh, no, Gunnison. Don't you see I'm right at your side?

❖ ❖ ❖

One popular co-ed states: "I do not choose to run," and so gets lots of rides.

ONCE UPON A TIME

(By a Tiger with a Sunflower in his heart.)

*Swinging eastward out of Kansas,
Singing barbarous border stanzas,
Rode your murdered Grand-dad's
brothers*

*With a bunch of hard-boiled
others,*

*Out to get my bloody Grand-dad,
Brave old duck whose pistol hand
had*

*Let the hammer fly off coxie
Ten miles west of Tonganoxie,
Where my Grand-dad shot the
stitches*

*From your Grand-dad's backwoods
britches.*

*Swearing they would make him
squirt blood*

*From the place where his shirt stud
All your murdered Grand-dad's
brothers*

*With that bunch of hard-boiled
others,*

*Spitting fire and belching fury,
Crossed the line into Missouri.
Grand-dad, though, had left the
county,*

*Knowing that a Kansas Bounty
Wasn't any harmless curse on
Any head on any person.*

*All your murdered Grand-dad's
brothers*

*With that bunch of hard-boiled
others*

*Ate my Grand-dad's choicest
chickens,*

*Simply raised the very dickens,
Took the silver, shot the cattle,
Even stole the baby's rattle,
Just because my bloody Grand-dad
With his well-aimed pistol hand had
Let the trigger fly off coxie
Ten miles west of Tonganoxie*

Lament:

*Woe, woe, alas, alack!
Why did my Grand-dad go and
shoot*

*Your Grand-dad in the back?
Woe, woe, alas, alack!
Why did your Grand-dad's broth-
ers come*

And burn my Grand-dad's shack?

*Oh, it's nothing but a pity,
For we're both from Kansas City;
And, to put the matter mildly,
We loved each other wildly
From the start.*

*But while our families rule us,
And while our parents school us,
You must go to Kansas
And I to old Mizzou—
But despite our dear old Grand-
dads,
I-love-you!*

HERE ZEUS, THIS WON'T DO!

"Aw, the dickens," grumbled Zeus, angrily kicking the drape which hung from his waist. "H'm, what's the use of being a god—in fact, the god, when I can't have any privileges?"

"Well, I don't mind so much your gallivanting around," Hera said, and Zeus gave a smile on what might be called the wrong side of his face. "But it's the way you deceive me. You gather all the densest clouds about you and think you can get away with it. Humph!"

"Hera, you're too old fashioned for the office you hold. You've got to snap out of it. Better read Judge Lindsey's article on Companionate Marriage."

Hera mumbled and fussed a while, just to relieve herself a little bit, but she knew matters wouldn't change. In fact, Hera had quite an exciting time when Zeus took a fancy to Callisto.

Callisto was a nymph, small, white, and laughing. She was a favorite companion of the huntress Artemis. One day, feeling bubbly and gurgly, she danced a dance so rhythmical and lovely that even the trees waved their branches in approval. Of course, Zeus wouldn't be missing out on any display of this kind. He raised one bushy eyebrow and thoughtfully stroked his flowing beard as he watched Callisto with the eye of a connoisseur.

"Not bad, not bad. Now, if only Hera doesn't see what I see——" And Zeus looked about for her; then hearing her reprimanding Hebe, the goddess of youth, for having spilt some nectar on her best rose clouds, he grinned satisfiedly—"She'll be happy for a while."

So he combed his beard and eyebrows and hair, tied a new drape around his waist, and proceeded to get a "knock-down" to Callisto. Of course, Callisto didn't have much to say about it, Zeus being who he was. But Artemis, just being a girl herself, was pretty disgusted with Callisto and sent her off. She was all for the adage "A girl among girls"—no women for her.

So Callisto took herself to the woods, and in the course of natural events Zeus heard of another son, Arcas. You know how tales fly; naturally Hera received all the news garnished beautifully. For some reason she lost her temper. But she did have sense enough not to go to Zeus; he'd only gather a few clouds around him, and not hear a word she'd say, anyway.

Hera did have a rather nasty grin on her face when she appeared before Callisto; in fact, if she had a mustache she'd probably have twirled it.

"Ah-ha," said she to the nymph, "I shall take away that beauty by which you have charmed my husband's love."

Callisto pleaded and begged, but this only pleased Hera all the more, and she surely rubbed it in. She saw to it that Callisto's body would be all covered with hair, that she had crooked legs and deformed jaws—not an attractive creature any way you'd look at it.

Callisto had a pretty hard time the next fifteen years. Zeus had a guilty conscience and treated her as nice as he could, but it didn't help matters much. Well, after about that length of time, Callisto was roaming through the woods one day, when she saw her son Arcas hunting. Naturally she was all for holding him to her maternal bosom, forgetting, for the moment, that she wasn't the kind of person you'd be willing to have hold you. Arcas had an awful sinking feeling when he saw this grizzly bear rush up to him, so he aimed at her his hunting-spear.

Now Zeus saw all this, and checked Arcas' spear. "H'm," thought he, "I'll make Hera good and sore. I'll raise Callisto to a goddess' height." Whereupon he drew her to the heavens, and that's why we have the Great Bear constellation.

Hera was just plenty mad. Zeus found his ambrosia either overdone or under-done, and his nectar a fasteless lukewarm for the next few weeks. His clouds were the smallest and grayest Hera could find; but that was all she could do



He: Is he fast?

She: Well, I'm not insinuating, but he carries a pocket calendar instead of a watch.

about it.

Zeus simply went to the Acropolis on Mt. Olympus and joined the other "misunderstood" husbands, while Hera grumbled and consoled herself with new sandals and gowns woven by a marvelous new dressmaker named Arachne.

Came the day when Zeus was welcomed back with open arms; as is the way of all wives.

♦ ♦ ♦

WHAT TO DO WITH IT

Every college has its types. They have types of men, types of women, and tin-types. (Business college note: there are stenos, too, but that is just another type, and as far from the subject as a period.) (Ed. note: get on with it, get on with it.) (Author's note: Give me time, give me time.)

The main subject of this is the type of Mizzou women who are attempting to fool nature and are cheating the public. This peculiar female is the one that wears mannish clothes and walks with what she thinks is a mannish stride. These dames have passed in front of my line of vision so long I am beginning to like them like I do caviar.

The main thing to do is something. Just anything won't do; it must be something that will make

this pulse-cheating bunch of females lay off the low heels, discard the men's shirts and neckties, throw away the heavy socks, quit smoking with an accent, stop spitting with an exclamation point, and walk with a sway instead of a swagger. You say it is impossible for a man to remove this clothing even from one of these sex-less creatures. (Ed. note: be carefull what you do in these here columns.) (Author's note: Steady, I wouldn't do it here anyway; bear up.)

Here is how:

1. Procure one sport roadster (child's coaster wagon will do).
2. Take the "near" girl into the country or a deserted spot on the golf course.
4. Stop car, wagon, scooter, or what not, and put arms around "it."
5. Cover the thing with kisses (serve hot but not on a platter).
6. Repeat step four until the feminine person quits struggle.
7. Examine specimen to see if she has fainted. (If she has fainted bring to and repeat step four until she can take it without passing out.)

8. When she puts her arms around your neck **PUSH HER RUDELY AWAY.**

(Ed note: What kind of men do you want for this, anyway?)

9. If she can still talk she will say, "Why?" Tell her she has no sex appeal. Tell her you kissed her on a bet. Tell her you wished you had lost the bet. Take tooth brush from pocket; wash teeth and throw brush away. Ask the thing if it chews climax. Tell her the kissing was just like eating cold gravy.

10. Tell her you have a date with a girl. Let it walk home.

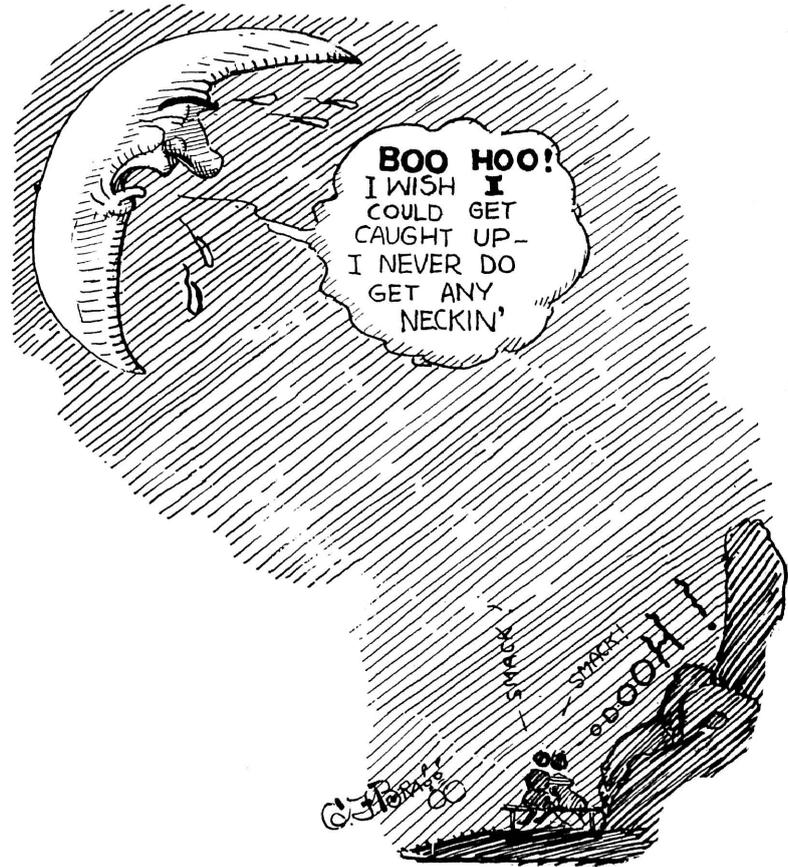
The theory is, of course, that she will be awakened to her possibilities. If this doesn't change her for the better get a sash weight, get two sash weights, get a hammer, get an ax, get something heavy, or something. Something must be done.

❖ ❖ ❖

Innocent Pa

Bobby: Pa, why do they have roof gardens?

Pa: Must be to keep out of reach of the neighbors' hens.



The Original Blue Moon Song

My Girl

Hertha Beck

My girl has the sort of ankles you just long to put your first and third fingers around; the kind of a figure you want to put your arms around, but don't quite dare to, and so want to all the more; a face that's young, but wise enough in sophisticated beauty.

My girl's hair doesn't look as if it had just been arranged by a hair-dresser; it's naturally lovely.

My girl doesn't talk fast or loud. She doesn't tell jokes, but now and then makes witty remarks. She's just naughty enough to be fascinating but never vulgar. She dresses like Vogue, but not as if she worried about it. She dances if she really loves it, and she doesn't talk while we're dancing; what's better, she doesn't expect me to. She appreciates a beautiful moon but she doesn't get "Myrtle Reedish" about it. She kisses just right. She isn't coy. She doesn't seem to have a line. When you awaken

the next morning you don't feel as if you may have lost some of your self-respect; you only feel that you've had enough to know you want more.

My girl never talks about her health, or tells me she's reducing. She never pretends to have an affection for anything I have just to make an impression. She doesn't drink or smoke, but somehow, no one seems to think it's queer; she just doesn't make any remarks about it.

My girl never talks about other men. She doesn't want to reform me. She doesn't talk baby-talk.

My girl never says "Oh this old rag?" when I tell her she's wearing a pretty dress.

My girl doesn't try to own me. She flirts just enough with other men to make them envious of me, and just enough to worry me about whether I can keep her.

My girl—yea, you've guessed it. She's just a dream girl.

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP

Mayme and I went bathing; she wore one of those infinitesimal one piece bathing suits and really looked pretty nifty. The sea was rather rough. The tide was going out. Soon the sands that were now covered with water would be bare.

A big wave caught us and rolled us over and over. I came up spluttering and caught Mayme's arm. I noticed she had a look of concern upon her face.

"Oh, Jim," she said, "I lost my suit. That big wave stripped it right off of me and it is gone."

"Gone?" I said. "Well, you can easily get another."

"I know, but how am I going to get out of here? The tide is going out and the sands will soon be bare and I—"

"Will be ditto," I answered.

"Oh, Jim, you must run up to the hotel and get me another suit before the tide goes out."

Did I go? Well, hardly. I had been taught never to desert a woman in distress so I stuck with her till the tide went out.

❖ ❖ ❖

Heard Up North

Eskimo Mother: Why are you two sitting here in the dark?

Eskimo Flapper: Oh, ma, we ate the candles.

❖ ❖ ❖

Quite Right

When Mayme appeared on the beach in her scanty bathing suit she turned red as a beet but not from embarrassment—it was the sun that did it.

❖ ❖ ❖

What Of It

Jack: A penny for your thoughts.

Janet: So you're another of those cheap guys?

❖ ❖ ❖

Ask Uncle Robbie

Jim: What are the Brooklyn Dodgers?

Tim: Pedestrians.



The Education of a Private Secretary: Or, Ethel Goes to a Secretarial School

The other day I received a letter from my friend Ethel McGoofish. Ethel is going to a secretarial school with the idea of becoming a private secretary, one of those people who look efficient and are always making odd marks in a notebook and reminding Henry Ford that he was to have lunch with Pierpont Morgan. But in spite of the fact that Ethel will one day look efficient, she wrote me a very interesting letter. I will let it speak for itself, with a few parentheses of explanation.

"January —, 1929.

Greetings, old horse!

Considering the way the weather has been making whoopee, I am thinking of moving to Greenland. I was nearly snowed under the other day. All I needed was Rin-Tin-Tin to think I was in the great

North where men are aviators or mounted policemen.

Do you know anyone who wants a good secretary? Next week I'll be able to fill six or eight positions. I sure am good. But oh-yegods! that typing! Every time I see a typewriter I want to push it in the face. To tell the truth—I do!

The first day I 'a s d f ; l k j - d' until I was nuts. The object of this little game is to get a perfect copy. The one that gets the most gets a knitted bathtub or marble water-wings, or a solid aluminum typewriter ribbon or something.

And are the teachers ladies? Wake me up in the night and ask me! It's just too beautiful. I'm beginning to feel all cultivated. Miss Hashish, the typewriting teacher, says to me, she says, in her quiet voice (oh, what a lady!):

"Now, Miss McGoofish, you make three perfect copies of this exercise." If I'd known then what I know now I'd have busted that typewriter over her head and stalked out of her life forever. But being young and ignorant, I smiled and nodded. Then I started. God only knows when I'll finish—and he's not sure.

I 'a s f d ; j k l d' and 'a s d f j k l ;' until if all the paper I had used typing to get that perfect copy were laid end to end—it would be more than the amount we use writing to Certain People! And, oh! it's just too thrilling for words! I mean really! I've never been so excited! Just imagine getting almost to the end of the exercise and making a mistake!—EEEE \$O‡& !!!! \$\$\$ 7 ☿☿☿ —! And that's not shorthand either! Anyhow I've finished my first lesson with five (5) exercises in it—each being written (or typed, rather) three times perfectly. Which isn't so bad for a beginner with a good common school education and a mild (? Well, I wonder) crush on John Gilbert.

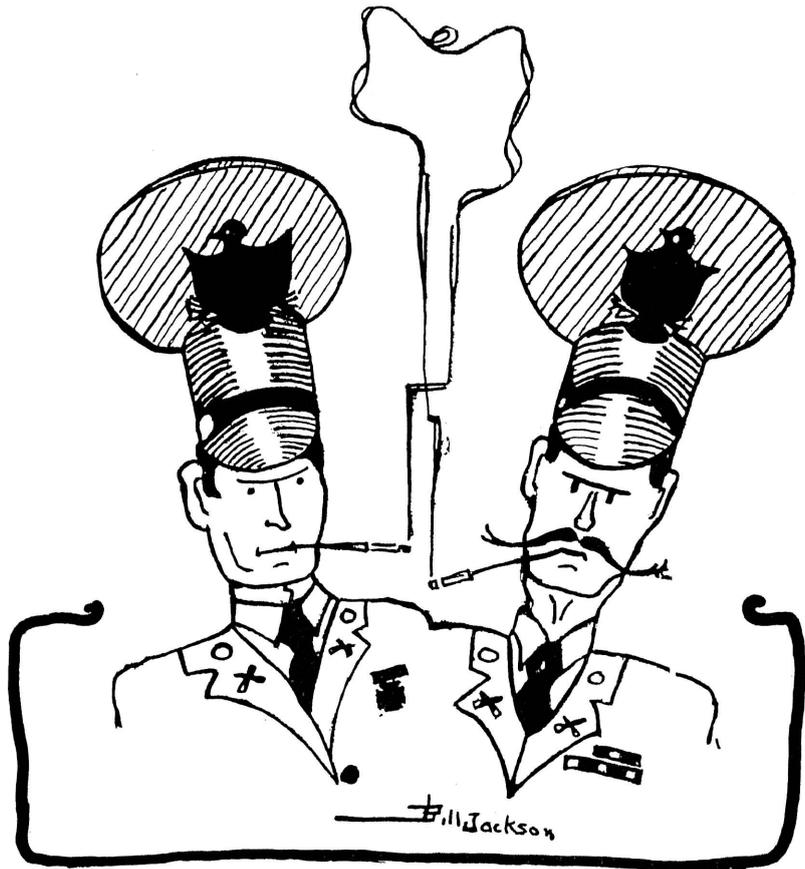
And you should see all the sweet little marks I make in a notebook in shorthand. They're just too adorable for words. 'Te,' meaning 'hat' and 'team,' respectively. I can now work for either a milliner or a truck driver. Oh, yes—I know lots of others. Like 'wreck,' describing me at the end of the day. The farther I look back in the typewriting book, the more I begin to think what a good flagpole-sitter I'd make.

How's every little thing and every big—youknowwhatI mean—thing? (I consider that cruel of Ethel—she knows I don't like being reminded about my unfortunate love affair.)

Regards to Frankie and the sardines—

(Frankie is my next door neighbor and sardines are little fish that grow in cans. The specific reference is to those specimens we consume in the small hours of the night when we get hungry.) As ever,
ETHEL."

So now you see what being a private secretary does to a girl.



First Officer: "Why so glum, old top?"

Second Ditto: "The Colonel just eloped with my wife."

First Knave: "That's pretty tough."

Second Same: "Yeh, they took my wife's maid."

That Long Count

Carefully, Tony, the gangster, prepared the deadly bomb which he was going to throw into the auto of his enemy. He would be along now in a few minutes.

Tony had the bomb all ready. All he had to do was light the fuse, count ten, then hurl it into the passing car and his enemy would be no more.

He heard the car coming and striking a match he lit the fuse and began to count.

"One, two, three—" The car was nearer, now.

"Four, five, six, seven—" Only a little longer and he would throw it.

"Eight, nine, ten, eleven—" The fuse gave a hiss.

"Twelve, thirteen, fourteen—" BANG!!! Tony was blown into a thousand bits and his enemy rode by unharmed.

You see, poor Tony had been a referee in a Chicago prize fight and he tried the long count once too often.

Watch Out Nelle

Belle: Was her bathing suit daring?

Nelle: Daring? I'll say it was. Even the sea-urchins blushed.

♦ ♦ ♦

At the Swimming Hole

Nate: Can we get a drink here?

Pete: Yes, come in. The water's fine.

♦ ♦ ♦

These Foreign Stars

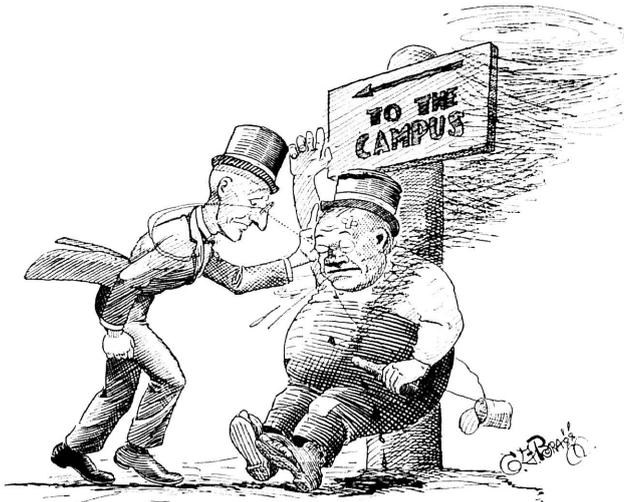
Sign on the Missouri Theater: BANKY'S AWAKENING WITH SOUND EFFECTS.

She'd probably say, "Vell, vot time iss it, Ronald?"

♦ ♦ ♦

And College Students

The only men who profess to drink bonded liquor these days are Englishmen and darned liars.



The College Professor: "Sir! Don't you know you're near a respectable college campus? You'd better take your bottle and move on."

The Bum: "Move on, nuthin'! I was on one four years. Tha's malmer motter—I'm shelabratin'!"

❖ ❖ ❖

Helen says she loves summer time.
And how about the other times?

❖ ❖ ❖

Jim: I went to prep school to learn how to drink.
Jam: Why are you in college?
Jim: To get a fuller education.

❖ ❖ ❖

Ma! C'mere an' have a laff.
What is it, Nell?
Paw's just swallered his false teeth.

❖ ❖ ❖

Stenog: There's a Missouri graduate with his diploma waiting to see you, sir.
Employment Boss: Throw the diploma in the ash can and show the man in.

❖ ❖ ❖

"My girl's father caught me kissing her last night."
"Was he put out about it?"
"No, but I was."

❖ ❖ ❖

Doc: "HmMMM, my boy, your pulse is much too fast. What have you been drinking?"
Stude: "Oh, I'm not particular, Doc. What have you?"

THE OLD MAN'S MONTHLY PRIZE CONTEST

With the Romance Number, the Old Man inaugurates his new system of prize awards. He congratulates:

Voerge Yeager, a faithful staff member, for winning a prize of \$2.00, offered for the best short story printed this month; Kim O'Donnell, a newcomer among our ranks of humorists, for grabbing two bucks for the swellest humorous article; Harold Elfenbein and Bill Addison, well known for illustrations in THE MISSOURI OUTLAW, for each, coping one iron man for the two keenest drawings; Blaine Bigler, A. L. Firestone, and an anonymous contributor, for each snatching a frogskin in the merry pastime of composing those bits of wit, commonly called jokes, and last but not least, John Patton Larmer, a junior in Arts and Sciences, who received a special award for an excellent woodcut.

Staff assistants for this semester will include the following smart youngsters: Voerge Yeager, Robert Williams, Bill Jackson, Edward Humston, Hertha Beck, John Bickley and Ralph Daigh. Others will be added from time to time according to their merits.

If you are feeling melancholy or exuberant, try writing or drawing, or what can you do? for THE MISSOURI OUTLAW. There is no better remedy for that desire to express yourself. Mail the result to THE MISSOURI OUTLAW, Columbia, Mo., before February 18, and you'll be surprised (maybe). The next issue will be THE PROHIBITION NUMBER (a great issue!).

❖ ❖ ❖

"If the stork doesn't come around pretty soon I won't have any heir at all," said the bald-headed man.

❖ ❖ ❖

Him: "Saaay, what cha always lookin' in that mirror for, when I come to call?"

Her: "Ma told me to watch myself when you were around."

❖ ❖ ❖

Ann: "George says that ill health attacks one's weakest spot."

Lou: "Is your head hurting again?"

❖ ❖ ❖

"I just bought a set of balloon tires."

"Why, I didn't even know you had a balloon."

❖ ❖ ❖

"If you refuse me, I'll dash my brains out against that wall."

"Oh, Harry! How could you?"

❖ ❖ ❖

"What is free love, father?"

"Someone has been lying to you, child."

❖ ❖ ❖

Kiss me quick.

But why?

I'm opportunity and want to be embraced.

COUNTRY SUNDAY

It was a beautiful Sunday morning and the fresh summer sunlight coming in at the windows of the little white church rested as if in benediction on the pews.

Inside there was a quiet hush unbroken save for the droning of a vagrant fly or two and the quiet rustle of the leaves just outside the window.

There was no noise, no confusion; no bustling ushers no deep rumble of a pipe organ.

It was quiet and so peaceful. Here was sanctuary from the ills of the world.

I crept inside. There was no craning of necks, no curious stares. For you see, there was no one there. The people were all out at the country club.

❖ ❖ ❖

Coeds Take Notice

Ned: A penny for your thoughts.

Peg: Nothing doing; the confession editor will pay much more.

❖ ❖ ❖

A Chameleon

"I'm not myself today," said Lon Chaney, as he made up for a new part.

❖ ❖ ❖

These Family Spats

Hubby: You can't teach an old dog new tricks.

Wifie: No, but there is always the possibility of getting a new dog.

❖ ❖ ❖

Look Before You Strike

Jake: Was that a free for all fight?

Zeke: No, darn it, it cost me twenty-five dollars.

❖ ❖ ❖

What's the Diff

Mother: Why, girl, you're shaking like a leaf. Are you scared?

Flapper; No; dancing.

❖ ❖ ❖

You Win

Criss: What do you think of that crowd of rum runners who are using planes to bring liquor in?

Cross: Oh, it's just a fly-by-night concern.



He: "We'll keep it secret."
She: "I'll tell the world."

How was church?
Hell, I didn't even finish the Sunday School paper.

❖ ❖ ❖

I see your son is a fraternity man.
Oh, yes. He always did like tea.

❖ ❖ ❖

I was out with the wrestling captain last night.
Did you learn any new holds?

❖ ❖ ❖

He: Be still now, leave them lights out.
She: But why?
He: Can't-cha see I've got a lantern jaw?

❖ ❖ ❖

"I'll never get onto this," said the chicken as she walked up to the ostrich egg.

❖ ❖ ❖

Saaaaya, what's the matter with this coffee?
Aw, quit crabbin'. You may be old and weak yourself some day.

Do you believe in companionate marriage?
No, my boy friend is a night watchman.

❖ ❖ ❖

Pull up your hose. Haven't you any pride?
Yes, but I haven't any garters.

❖ ❖ ❖

He: I just heard of a girl who can take a shower and dress in four minutes.
She: Why, that's nothing.
He: Well, I'd like to see you do it.

❖ ❖ ❖

A Case for Barnum

Giant: What's the matter with the Tattooed Lady?
Dwarf: She's getting fat and it's throwing her pictures out of focus.

❖ ❖ ❖

I'm For You, Mister

Mrs. Jones: If you dance you must pay the piper.
Mr. Jones: I don't object to that but I'll be darned if I like to think of paying that saxophone player.

Tramp: Oh, good lady, take pity on a poor, broken down man who is tired and thirsty.

Lady: You poor soul! Wait and I'll get you some water.

Tramp: Hell, lady! I said 'thirsty,' not 'dirty'.

❖ ❖ ❖

Have you a cigarette, Bill?

I'd like to offer you a cigarette but—

Aw, go on, stingy! I don't smoke butts.

❖ ❖ ❖

"I'd like a little neck tonight," said the cannibal as he looked in the cupboard.

❖ ❖ ❖

When Rastus and Mandy got married we all gave them a shower.

Well, well, weren't they all peeved at bathing in public like that?

❖ ❖ ❖

Still a Chicken

Jim: She's still on the sunny side of fifty.

Joe: Maybe that's why she's faded.

❖ ❖ ❖

Then He was Fired

"And some darned fools say a change of scenery is good for a fellow," grumbled the stage hand between acts.

❖ ❖ ❖

Red Hot

Hiram: I am wet and cold and hungry.

Sarah: I'll make ye some flannel cakes. They'll warm ye up.

❖ ❖ ❖

Up in the Air

Trans-Atlantic Flyer: The motor has stalled.

Sweet Young Thing: Now, don't be silly. You know we can't park here.

See that woman? She knows about every joint in town.

How stunning! She doesn't look dissipated.

Oh, no. She's chiropractor.

❖ ❖ ❖

Teacher: Now, Johnnie, how many bones have you in your body?

Johnnie: Oh, 'bout a million.

Teacher: But how could you?

Johnnie: Well, we had sardines for dinner.



They were the days when they didn't know the calf of it.

❖ ❖ ❖

Cough Up, Now!

Criss: Why did they arrest the sword swallower?

Cross: For carrying concealed weapons.

❖ ❖ ❖

The Latest Bedtime Story

"Oh, Jack. Please don't kiss me."

" " " " "

" " " " "

" " " " "

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" " " " "

They're up in arms about it.

About what?

Necking, ya poor sap.

❖ ❖ ❖

He: Time makes all things smooth.

She: When are you going to grow up?

❖ ❖ ❖

Hear that new chicken joke?

No.

Well, it's fowl.

❖ ❖ ❖

"Well, how shocking," exclaimed the convict as the warden shot the switch on the electric chair.

❖ ❖ ❖

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

"Well, how much is that per pint?"

❖ ❖ ❖

"Saaaay, don't I look like hell in this cap?"

"Whatza matter with that cap?"

❖ ❖ ❖

Co-ed: Suppose that cow would have a calf, what would you do with the calf?

Agg: I'd give it to a museum—that cow is a bull.

❖ ❖ ❖

So you're a college man, eh?

Hell, no. I found this hat.

❖ ❖ ❖

What did you do when you saw the maid sitting on your husband's lap?

Oh, I changed her position.

❖ ❖ ❖

Is Dot here?

No, she just dashed out.



"How to Get Rid Of a Woman"

By Edward Anthony

*The Bobbs-Merrill Company,
Indianapolis*

Don't start to read this book seriously if you really want to know how "to get rid of a woman." If you are one of those unfortunate creatures endowed with too much IT that answer to your prayers has not yet been discovered.

But Wilton Olmsted, the student of life, who conscientiously exposes his experiences with a wide variety of the fair sex for the enlightenment of his fellowmen, is never bothered with the objects of his past "love affairs." Wilton thinks he has successfully solved the problem bothering all attractive males—and how, we may sarcastically comment.

The funniest humor always results when a dumb character takes his dumbness seriously. Anita Loos successfully employed this method in her well-known masterpiece. Mr. Anthony has also realized its merit. Poor Wilton! If he had known less about getting rid of women he might not have let the very woman get him whom he should have frantically avoided. But he is so dumb that he may never know how badly off he is!

Perhaps, the popular and pestered young man may conclude, upon reading this entertaining book, that it is better to be such a sap that the women get rid of you than to be hopelessly enmeshed in the opposite situation.

"The Joyous Pretender"

By Louise Ayres Garnett

The MacMillan Company, New York

The author of "Master Will of Stratford" has turned to a fantasy of modern times. But the "Joyous Pretender" is only a fantasy as seen through the eyes of young Luke. The story itself would seem ineffectual if it were not for his interpretation of it.

There is an old story, foremost in the plot, revolving about Christopher, the disguised heroine, whom Luke adopts for his lost mother. In another novel by a great novelist like Hawthorne, or George Elliot, Christopher's story would end sadly.

But, the creator of Christopher has not the cynical pessimism with which most writers of the "woman who went wrong" are possessed. She has a practical point of view which deals with the situation in a manner more true to life than a melodramatic tragedy would be.

The beauty of her story lies in its telling. Luke's mind is filled with the odd associations of an imaginative child's mind. How while we understand his amazed consternation when he says: "Something in me shouted louder than a live mountain clapping its hands." As in a poem the significance of the story is implied for it is vaguely glimpsed through Luke's eyes. And the poetry in its telling is not overly sweet although like Pollyanna, Luke does teach the worth of living. But his doctrine is unconscious as is the natural joy of every youthful "Pretender."

Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island

By H. G. Wells

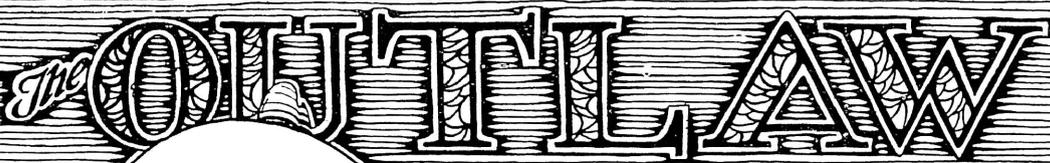
*Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.
Garden City, N. Y.*

This is primarily the story of Mr. Blettsworthy's mind, which, of course, concerns Mr. Blettsworthy, himself. It takes him from the age of five to manhood, from a complacent English life through weird adventures that prepare him for that pre-eminent terrible adventure—the Great War.

But unlike Swift's famous satire, H. G. Wells' is not bitter. His book is an attempt to answer those who declare civilization a hindrance rather than a help to man's welfare. At Rampole Island Blettsworthy sees the follies of savagery. But later he finds parallel follies in civilization so that, for him, the whole world becomes "Rampole Island." However, with the help of the friend whose treachery started his mishaps, he realizes that our "civilization" is only a short distance from savagery. Although it has progressed a few steps, an unlimited progressive future lies before us.

In a way Mr. Blettsworthy's story is related to the myriad modern novels which deal with the growth of a youthful soul but it is also related closely to "Gulliver's Travels." Like Gulliver, Blettsworthy, who in spite of his clumsy name, is a likeable youth, visits a strange land, the life of which is a travesty on civilization.

"The Joyous Pretender" and "Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island," donated for review by the Doubleday, Doran Book Shop, St. Louis, Mo.



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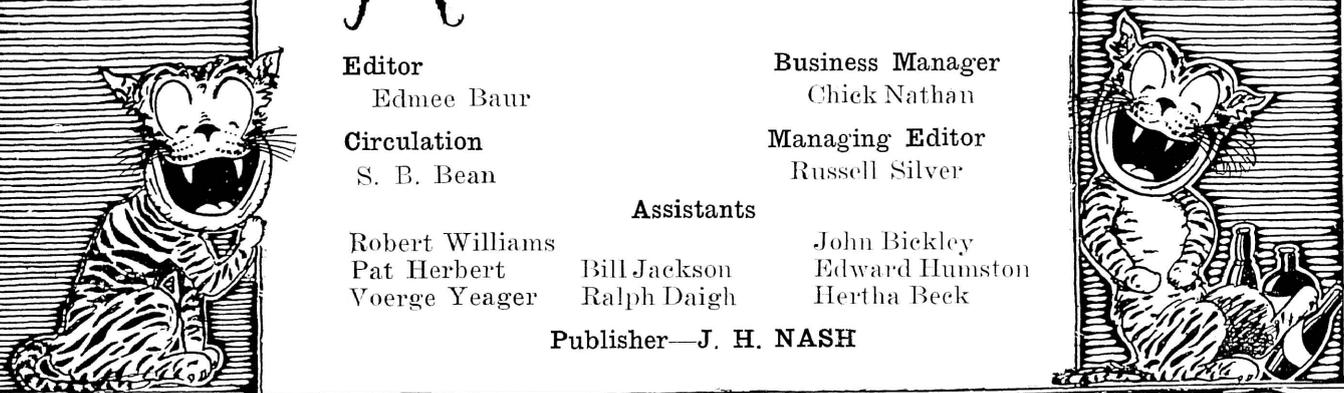
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Publisher—J. H. NASH




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ROMANCE

Ah,—what a delightful subject. A subject that more humans have written about than could ever be numbered. And still what do we know of it? Very little. Every time a boy and girl meet, there immediately is created a situation that might develop into anything from murder to marriage. No one can foretell what the final scene will be.

But in spite of this uncertainty of love and its outcome, very few there are who will deny the wonderful emotions and situations brought about by this mutual feeling. Every ed, and co-ed, if not already deeply engrossed with someone, is actually longing and wishing for the hour when the dream-lover is met in reality.

SAY, STUDE—

DID YOU see Louis Wolheim lead the mob in
"The Tempest?"

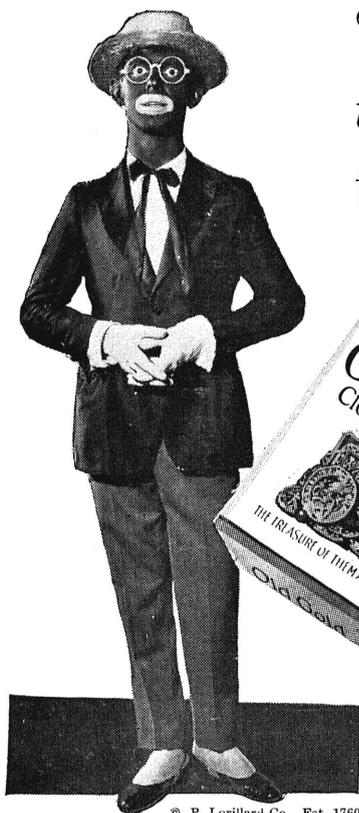
WERE YOU over to the Governor's Ball to
watch the proceedings?

HAVE YOU ever noticed how many men and
women on the Missouri campus

DRINK MILK??

THESE THOUGHTS ARE NOT CONNECTED. NEITHER
IS THERE ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN ORDINARY
MILK AND

CENTRAL DAIRY MILK
RICH, FULL OF CREAM, HEALTHY, 100% ANTI-FLU.



"Folks, how can I make Whoopee
up here . . . when down in front
the 'coughers' are whooping?"

"Maybe the audience would be grateful if I stepped
to the footlights some night and voiced the above
protest about the 'coughing chorus' down in front.
"But that wouldn't be kind and it wouldn't be just.
The cougher doesn't cough in public on purpose.
He can't help it. It embarrasses him as much as it
annoys his neighbors.

"What he needs, to avoid that throat tickle, is an
introduction to OLD GOLDS."

(SIGNED)

Eddie Cantor

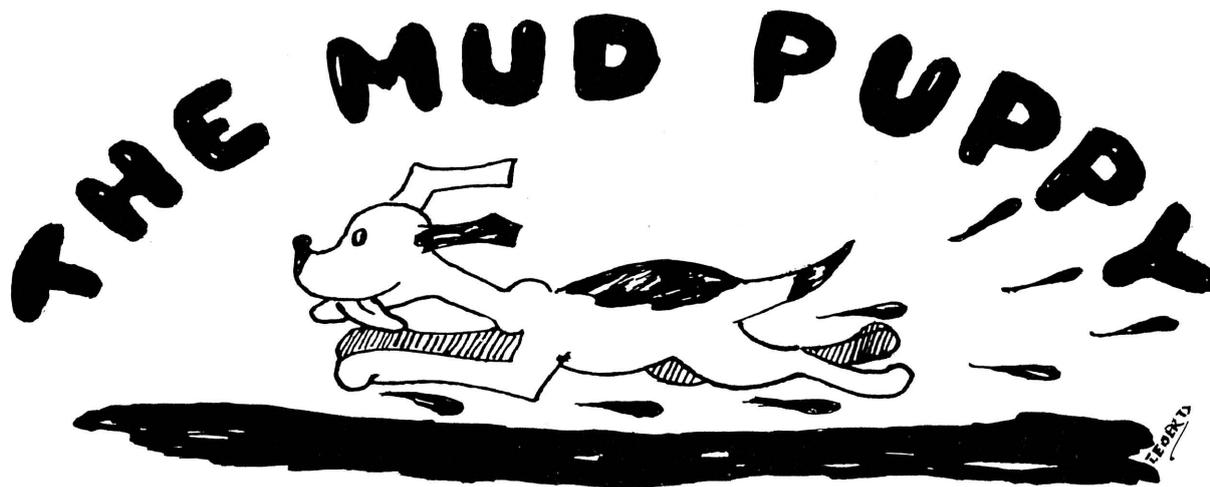
Why not a cough in a carload?

OLD GOLD Cigarettes are blended from HEART-LEAF tobacco, the
finest Nature grows. Selected for silkiness and ripeness from
the heart of the tobacco plant. Aged and mellowed extra
long in a temperature of mid-July sunshine to insure that
honey-like smoothness.

EDDIE CANTOR
Premier American comed-
ian starring in the glo-
rious new production,
"Whoopce."

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

eat a chocolate . . . light an Old Gold . . . and enjoy both!



The hero of our little monthly story, the illustrious Mud Puppy, had spent a weary night trying to find luscious bones upon which he intended to feast. But alas, nary such a bone was found and the only results of his lengthy searches were those dried, aged, scaly things that usually belong to skeletons that reside in family closets. So he dragged them hence to the table, but instead of eating the darn things, he examined them very closely and found to his unbounded joy that they contained for him an acute interest. Pictures, livid, vivid pictures of the raging past were painted all over them.

The most startling of all was the picture of Phyllis Clay. She is the type that bows crowned heads and dents sleek ones. Complexion—oo, la, la, and if it is imported from the powder barrels of drug stores, they are legion. One never notices the young lady until she comes in contact with a stiff wind, and when she does—but that is what I'm trying to tell you about. However, one day, way back in last semester she permitted herself to be inveigled into a little, harmless party at the Belvedere Apartment. Several of our most potential campus Kings and Queens attended and in truth, the party did maintain its respectability until at last—Oh, I can't, I mustn't say it, but, well, liquor was produced and the vile stuff was paraded up and down before the girls until. . . . That is the question; would you, dear reader, under similar circumstances, permit yourself to, let us say, partake? This party was but

the forerunner of others. But for more definite details, one must obtain them from Miss Clay, herself, or from the management.

Every institution has its curios; they may be inanimate or human. Mizzou has its quota of the animate variety and as it pays to advertise, here they are: The first one for your disapproval, ladies and gentlemen, is Sally Juden. Now what on earth? Yes, sir, that's it exactly; what on earth! Her clothes, imported from Hanche and Genou, Parisian Shop, and Montgomery Ward, must cost a pretty penny. She has agreed to rub elbows with us common people for nearly three years now and she is becoming quite used to us. Intensive study has made her very thin, so very thin in fact that one may dance with her and only suffer minor bruises. Maybe Ronny hasn't been feeding her enough lately. Stop.

The seven-passenger bath-tub goes to Lucille Major for being The Dumbest female in these parts. Her psychology professor requested each member of the class to submit a question, written, pertaining to the subject. This requirement soared way beyond her intellectual capacity, and so she coerced a willing lad into doing the said duty for her. He did. It was submitted without even being read by the young lady in whose name it was signed. "If it is an ascertained fact that I am biologically descended from a silly jack-ass, it is no doubt apparent that conditioned reflexes are responsible for many of the wrongs that are committed in this

naughty world." Miss Major's batting average is quite consistent.

She waits at the foot of stairs, at drinking fountains, in remote passes of murky corridors. She waits and waits. Kathryn Stephenson spends half her hectic life waiting for boys. My dying impression of Katy will be her waiting, her lengthy figure, angle upon angle, propped against a wall—waiting and waiting.

The Beta boys are always good for a yarn. Here's the latest: It seems there is a kick to be had by taking Adeline McBurney to the movies. She is so intensively dramatically emotional that the effects of the screen make Adeline do queer things such as grasping a steady knee or yanking a bit of available hair, no matter to whom it belongs, and thus help the cinema heroine to overcome plots for her destruction. During the comedies she has a slight relaxation but she occasionally emits a squeal of ecstasy whenever a wayward custard pie pops itself in contact with a face. I guarantee nothing; try it yourself.

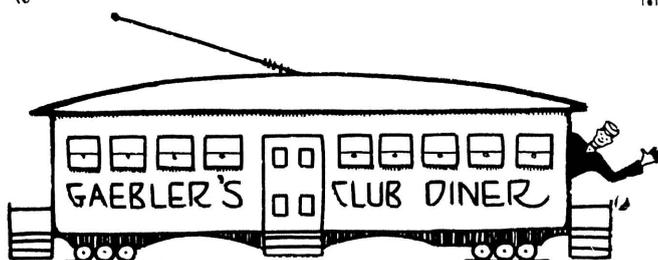
Whenever entertainment waxes dull, the Phi Deltis undertake to amuse themselves. They either wise-crack each other to death or else they indulge in their private little pastime called "Going Up." This game is very simple to learn or else how could the Phi Deltis master it? An unsuspecting brother is seized by the seat of his trousers and hoisted mightily into the air. His situation is precarious; his legs strain in vain at—
(Continued on page 22)

“Pin-man and non-Greek,
 Woman-hater and sheik,
 When hunger calls aloud,
 Are found in the Diner crowd.”

—Olde English Proverb.

Gaebler's at meal time is a jolly place.
 There the fellows and girls gather, chat,
 and EAT. They put out SOME meals
 there.

“You know where 'Tis”



When Eve ambled through the fens of the historical garden in quest of dazzling fig leaves . . . she had a problem on her hands.

When Coeds at Missouri think of their gowns and dresses for all occasions, they shun fig leaves and jungles and face their annual problem of choosing THE spring attire logically. They have this proposition on their hands:

- (1) There are many places in town to buy spring attire;
- (2) WOLF-BERGER'S have the BEST attire, hence,
- (3) WOLF-BERGER'S is the best place in town.

OUR NEW SPRING COATS, DRESSES AND
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Reasons Why—

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- (4) Our drivers are courteous and all the studes like them.
- (5) Our cleaning and pressing service is recognized as the best.

**Dorn-Cloney Laundry
 and Dry Cleaning Co.**

Phone 114

Q Missouri Coeds-

The coeds at the University of Missouri are a cosmopolitan crowd. They hail from all parts of the country. As students at Mizzou they are known all over for their charm, their poise, **their good looks**. Good looks are either "made" or "lost" by proper hairdressing. Coeds know that we know our business. That is why the word is going around—"Marinello does it best."

Our guarantee is one of the reasons.

**MARINELLO
 Beauty Parlor**

27 North Tenth Street

Phone 5-3-5 for Appointments



Up-To-Date

"Now, children, up around the North Pole lives a cheery, jolly old man with a red nose and a big tummy. In his castle of ice he lives all year, surrounded by his faithful hobgoblins and dwarfs. No one has ever seen him or talked to him, although once a year he visits every home in the country, riding through the air over the roof tops and crawling down the chimney into the bedroom of every little boy and girl in this wide, wide land. You may think there can't be such a man, but we have pictures of him, and many stories about him to tell you. Now, class, who is he? All together!"

"Lon Chaney!"

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

❖ ❖ ❖

High Hat

Uncle Mose, in spite of his illiteracy, had built up quite a competency from his whitewashing and calcimining trade.

During the course of some business with a notary, the latter produced a document saying, "Please sign this here."

"Look heah, sir," Uncle Mose said with offended dignity, "I doesn't ever sign my name. suh. I's a business man, suh, wid no time fer sich trifles. I always dicates my name, suh!"—Goblin.

❖ ❖ ❖

Ex-Cheer Leader: Brethren, let us now sing hymn 333, and talk it up.—Yale Record.

❖ ❖ ❖

I want to go West, where the women are tried and found willing.—Carolina Buccaneer.

They were playing strip poker, and the Good Little Girl had lost steadily; she was down to her last garment. This was terrible; she racked her brain for a way out. Ah!

"I'll have to stop," she told them. "I've no more clothes to stake."

"Your chemise," they chorused.

"But slips don't count, you know," she said.

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

❖ ❖ ❖

"You wield your brush like a master," said the critic. Then he frowned thoughtfully. "Still, though, I advise you to take a little more pains along the curbstones; the mayor's getting awfully particular."—Brown Jug.

❖ ❖ ❖

Judge: Gentlemen of the jury, have you come to a decision?

Foreman: We have, your Honor. The jury are all of the same mind—temporarily insane.

—Reserve Red Cat.

❖ ❖ ❖

John: Please be a good sport and—

Joan: I won't! If you don't kiss me again I'll scream for Mother!—Wash. & Lee Mink.

❖ ❖ ❖

"And you'll love me always when we are married?"

"Of course, Henry! I've begun to dread getting a divorce already."—Michigan Gargoyle.

Pass

An official of the telephone company was rudely aroused from his slumbers by the ringing of the telephone. After bruising his knee on a chair, he reached the telephone.

"Hello," he growled.

"Are you an official of the telephone company?" asked a voice.

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

"Tell me," said a voice, "how it feels to get out of bed at two o'clock to answer the wrong number."—Blue Gator.

❖ ❖ ❖

Sh-h!

Kappa: "Mary has the grippe."

Phi: "You don't say. Did she get the password?"—Burr.

❖ ❖ ❖

"What makes you think Jack is from Wyoming?"

"Well, Grace said he acted like a paw knee Indian."—Siren.

❖ ❖ ❖

"Doggone this Indian underwear," exclaimed Si, "always creeping up on me."—Octopus.

❖ ❖ ❖

Advance

Soldier: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Abie: "Matzos."

Soldier: "Passover."—Red Cat.

Pooh! Pooh!

Edythe: I suppose that this talk about a college man's life being all wine, women and song is exaggerated.

Frederick: It certainly is; you very seldom hear singing in the dormitories.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.



He: I won't graduate from college this year.

She: Why not?

He: I didn't go.—*Minn. Ski-U-Mah*.



"Hey mister, who discovered America?"

"Ohio, sir."

"Ohio, you're crazy. It was Columbus."

"Yes, sir, I know. But I didn't think it necessary to mention the gentleman's first name, sir."—*Annapolis Log*.

"THINK FIRST OF WARDS"

Missouri students have already realized the value of a store like Montgomery Ward and Company in a university town. Students, of all classes, appreciate substantial savings at no loss of quality.

MONTGOMERY WARD AND CO.

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI

Ninth and Cherry

Phone 2400

☐When we Marcel or Handwave, or attend to Milady's hair in any capacity, she is **ready**.

☐Ready for a photographer's art. Ready for the scrutiny of the evening, whether it be dance, tea, or just dinner.

☐Milady may have the most stunning dress, the most daring habit, the most fashionable of shoes—but if she neglects her coiffure, then she is not **ready**, in every sense of the word.

☐A trial will be a conviction.

PARSONS SISTERS

"IN THE HEART OF BROADWAY"

Two thousand years ago, Buddha said:

"Good sandwiches, toasted sandwiches, make life less boring."

Two thousand years later

Campus Drug

whose telephone is

2150

acknowledges his keen insight and wise philosophy

ANNOUNCEMENT No. 1

A DEPARTURE

"The Palms" is gone forever.

AN ARRIVAL

Golson's Candy Shop—Cafe

John A. Golson is managing the newcomer to Campustown. He is no stranger to Tigers. He was in the candy game for fifteen years. Then he made fine home-made candy at Harris'.

Now Mr. Golson has taken over the Palms. Complete changes will be made, including new decorations, menus, stock.

GOLSON'S CANDY SHOP—CAFE

Offers to Mizzou eds and coeds:

- (1) Fine Cafe Service.
- (2) Home-Made Candies.

GOLSON'S CANDY SHOP

CAFE

BREAKFAST—LUNCH—DINNER

after the show and dance.

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est and safest.
When you call a
cab call the
best. It costs
no more.

814 CABS

INTELLIGENCE TEST
No. 12837635263

Billy Sunday was NOT the
Black Brigand of the Bar-
bary Coast.

Confucius did NOT elope with
Gilda Gray and start the
holy-rollers.

George Jean Nathan is NOT
holding revivals in Chicago-
town.

Bishop Manning was NOT ar-
rested for shooting craps in
Gotham.

**MISSOURI DID BEAT KAN-
SAS THIS PAST YEAR IN
FOOTBALL.**

if this is true:

Then we're the guys that put
the "lore" in

Loren Dairy

MUDPUPPY

(Continued from page 18)

tempt to regain the floor, he claws
the air for support. When the
hoister's arm tires, he chucks the
victim to the floor so violently
that the poor lad distributes his
entire anatomy over it. The finale
is a chorus of yelping laughs ren-
dered by the good old gang.

Frank Knight defend yourself!
Are you, or are you not, doing
your job as our president should?
Your very inactivity gives rise to
the suspicion that you're letting
things slip. Have you made any
attempts to secure much needed
funds for the University? Have
you done any student body pro-
motion? In other words, are you
an asset? Our yearly budget was
denied an amount exceeding five
million dollars; our Memorial
Tower project is perceptibly slow-
ing up, our Y. M. C. A. efforts,
due to negligible leadership, are
a certain failure when success was
looming. We prefer a noisy presi-
dent to an unseen mouse.

If Winter comes, can Spring,
etc., Took a drive the other night
out to our adjacent sticks: golf
course, Lovers' Leap, stone quar-
ry, and didn't see a soul. Not a
tell-tale rear light could be dis-
cerned, not even a squeal and a
slap. I suppose everybody is
studying now or else hanging
around parlors; not an awful lot
of dating, either. Well, wait until
Miss Spring pops her little head
around the corner and tells us to
hike out into the woods and quar-
ries and make nay-nay while the
moonshines. Ah, that's the life!
But until that does happen, kids,
keep your feet planted far apart
and may your slides not be slips.

Is it moral for a college girl to
stay out all night? Supposedly
not; that is, if her escort is con-
sidered an unstable lad of doubt-
ful character but if she is accom-
panied by a nice T. N. E. or a
rollicking Kappa Beta Phi, the all-
night business should be encour-
aged. Several maidens and their
dates left their respectful, I mean
respective sorority houses upon a
Saturday eve not long ago and
hied themselves, not to a show as
their gullible chaperones were led
to believe, but to the Coronado,
one of those You'll Come Inn and

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When the Tiger
calls you will usu-
ally see a 491 rush-
ing to the scene.
That's the reward
for years of reli-
able Cab Service.

491 CABS

"I want to see the proprietor. Is the gentleman in?"

"Yes. I'm in."

"Are you the proprietor?"

"No, I'm the gentleman; the proprietor is in the back room."—Penn. State Froth.



College Man (in telegraph office): Now be sure these three words are underlined. — Reserve Red Cat.

WHY WORRY?

Let Cupples tires solve your problems. They are Non-Skids, rugged and fully guaranteed. Buy yours now and stop skidding.

EPPERLY REPAIR SHOP

25 South 10th St.

Have your repair work done where it's cheaper and better. Our work is fully guaranteed.

When you go out to shop and are looking for anything in ladies' wear such as lingerie, costume jewelry, dresses, purses, Madame Grace Corsets or hosiery, be sure to stop at Columbia's newest and most finely furnished ladies' shop.

The Purple Shoppe

Tiger Hotel

You'll Pass Out places, and made some of the hottest whoopee this shocked Mud Puppy ever took in. They drank a little, guzzled a bit, absorbed a few, and tossed a couple of shots apiece and then spent the remainder of the dark and tight hours snapping out of it. In fact, the remainder was spent so well that some failed to return until Sunday morning church bells attracted the penitent darlings to home and cold towel compresses. My favorite hobby, you know his name, had the closest shave ever administered. Further details will be given upon application at the Sigma Chi house. Although trouble-shooters may howl to doomsday over such parties NOT ONE OF THE GIRLS WAS REPORTED! The influence of these parties is very far-reaching; it will bring many students to their senses and prevent them from allowing their studies to interfere with their school work.

Men o' Mizzou, to keep the heretofore immaculate reputation of our Alma Mater intact, to keep within her walls the codes of Honor and Chivalry that have always prevailed, to continue to thrust Missouri's fair name onward into Infinity, come to the aid of your own Mud Puppy and do as he bids: by fair means or foul we must prevent Mel Sherman from capturing the exalted throne of CAMPUS KING from my proposed candidate, Kenneth Torrance!

Betas have always been recognized for the reliable criterions that they are in all matters as to what or what not should be done. Sig Eps, upon emerging from their shells of social ignorance, are now following the Betas in their new movement toward Expression of Individuality. At the Pan-Hellenic dance, which is, supposedly, absolutely formal, three Betas and as many Sig Eps appeared in every day street clothes. Yes, they were noticed. Probably the vivacious Sig Alphas will go them one better and designate full dress as knickers, overalls and pyjamas; and informal wear as a swallow-tail with a red ribbon.



"Whisky kills more people than bullets."

"That's because bullets don't drink."—Wash. & Lee Mink.

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The "Hallmark Self-Instructor" is the title of this method. Eight years were required to perfect this great work. The entire course with the necessary examination sheets, is bound in one volume. The first lesson is unsealed which the student may examine and be his own "JUDGE and JURY." The later part of the "Hallmark Self-Instructor" is sealed.

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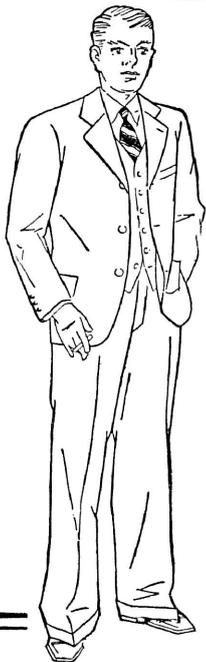
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"SUNDAY NIGHT AT COLLEGE"

A drama in one part—the stomach.

Seen—at the University of Missouri.

First Act—The gang are whooping her
up at the house. Sunday night! Hun-
ger! Thirst! Books! **Smart fellow:**
"Let's eat."

Last Act—The gang are whooping her
up at the MODEL LUNCH down
on North Ninth; where they have
the best steaks in town; where the
students go for their Sunday night's
meal and others.

IT'S CURTAINS FOR YOU—if you
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hurry! We have the finest taxis in
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TOMORROW ARRIVED TODAY

Youth doesn't wait for the approval of time. Youth doesn't linger to copy or follow. Youth takes precedence by virtue of enthusiasm. Youth leads with the spirit of adventure, the desire for change. For youth, tomorrow arrived today. And so in the pages of COLLEGE HUMOR you will find a certain something that is young, swift-moving, colorful and gay. Humor, novels, and features that will keep you mentally young! Your copy of the latest issue can be secured at the leading dealers.

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