

MISSOURI Outlaw

IO &

THIS IS
NOT
HEAVEN

Eye Opener
Number



LOVAN R. HALL

SPECIALISTS

THAT'S WHAT WE ARE

IN

Service and Quality

We are ready at any time
to give you prices on your
PRINTING NEEDS.

Ridgway Publishing Co.

12 South Seventh St.

Columbia, Mo.

OUR cleaning and pressing service is marked by the same special care that we use in our laundry work.

WHEN you send your clothes to be cleaned and pressed be sure to send them to Dorn-Cloney. That's where cleaning and pressing is better.

Dorn-Cloney Laundry
and Dry Cleaning Co.

“Youth Never Dies”

So sayeth a wise old sage.
He must have heard about that great
life-presever—milk.

Get in on the fountain of
youth, man. Drink more milk. Drink'er
straight. C'mon and take your health
tonic today. And make it the best.

White Eagle Dairy

“The Cream of Creams”

**ADVERTISING
INDEX**

Please use this Index as your guide when doing your shopping. Our advertisers not only appreciate the importance of the student body as a consumer, but are also broad enough in vision to appreciate their problems and needs. Their sense of humor should guarantee them your favorable regard and assure you that they are just the type that college students enjoy dealing with.

	Page
Boone County Nat'l Bank	24
Campus Drug Store	24
Capital Fruit Co.	21
College Humor — Inside Back Cover	
College Inn	21
Columbia Missourian — Inside Back Cover	
Dorn-Cloney Laundry — Inside Back Cover	
Gem Drug Store	22
Golson's Candy Shop	21
Hecht-Lears	2
Life Savers	24
Lindsey's	22
Marinello Beauty Shop	21
Parsons Sisters Beauty Shop	24
Pioneer Suspenders	1
J. C. Penney Co.	1
Ridgway Publishing Co. — Inside Front Cover	
Taylor Music Co.	22
White Eagle Dairy Co. — Inside Front Cover	
Whitman Candies	19
Vanity Fair	24

**IT'S THE HANG OF THE TROUSERS
THAT MATTERS**



The particular attention given to the details of correct attire is one of the distinguishing characteristics of well turned out university men. And that is why they join with Pioneer in proclaiming "It's the hang of the trousers that matters".

Pioneer Suspenders - Pioneer Belts
Brighton Garters

PIONEER
America's word for
SUSPENDERS

At all the better clothing stores in Columbia.

By the same makers



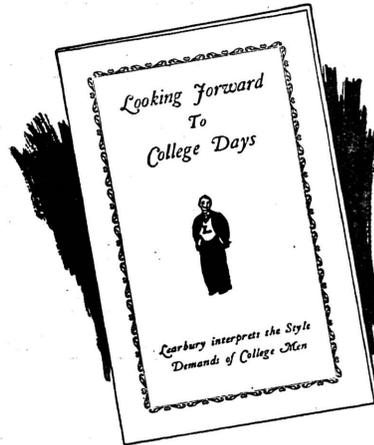
J.C. PENNEY CO.
Columbia, Mo.

Every Purchase at this Store

**Must Build
Confidence and
Good Will**

Home of Values

Call or Write for this Style Leaflet



Last minute information on style trends in clothing, shoes, shirts, etc., gathered from leading campuses by the makers of Learbury, America's most popular clothing for college men.

Head and Judge

Freshman--

Your girl back home would like for you to send her the

Missouri Outlaw

Give her a pleasant Surprise, Just fill out the coupon and mail.

**Missouri Outlaw,
Columbia, Mo.:**

Dear Doctor Outlaw:

I want to be sunny, I want to be gay, I want to stay funny and merry all day. So, magic concocter of laughter and jest, I make you my doctor—come on, do your best!

Outside Columbia

- 10 Regular visits (1 year) \$1.50
 20 Regular visits (2 years) 2.75
 30 Special visits (3 years) 4.00

In Columbia 50c a year less.

Name

Address

City State

There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,
but you never saw a policeman make one.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

The train suddenly came to a grinding stop,
which made the passengers jump.

"What has happened, conductor?" cried a nervous old lady.

"Nothing much, we ran over a cow."

"Why—was it on the track?"

"No," replied the disgusted official. "We chased it into a barn!"

—*Colgate Banter.*

Reformer: Young man, do you realize that you will never get anywhere by drinking?

Stewed: Aain't it th' truth? I've shtarted home from 'ish corner five times already.—*Aggievator.*

'Tain't the clothes what cuts the greatest figure nowadays, it's the figure with the greatest cut of clothes!

—*Pitt Panther.*

*A certain young lady named Corie
Went out for a ride in a dory;*

She began to talk back

She had to walk back—

Have you any dry clothes she could borry?

—*Grinnell Malteaser.*

A lipstick is a little red ticket one is apt to get for not parking properly. —*Green Griffin.*

"You say your girl's legs have no equal?"

"No, no. I said they had no parallel."

—*Sour Owl.*

MISSOURI OUTLAW

Vol. VII.

SEPTEMBER, 1929

No. 1.



He—"I Have A Fine Wrist Watch That Cost Me Fifty Dollars."

She—"Is That So? What's Its Movements?"

He—"To and From the Pawn Shop."

That'll Stop Her

Motorist: "Have you some of that gasoline that stops knocking?"

Service Station Man: "Yes, sir."

Motorist: "Then give my wife a glass."

Strange

Customer: "I want to buy a plow."

Clerk: "I'm sorry, sir, but we don't carry plows."

Customer: "This is a h— of a drug store!"

Why Today?

Voice over wire: "Madam, your husband has been run over by a truck!"

"Good heavens! On the afternoon of my bridge party."

THE CLOCK

Dickery, dickery, dock;
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock in her stocking;
Now isn't that shocking?
Dickery, dickery, dock.

Dickery, dickery, dock;
The mouse got quite a shock;
His small feet did tickle;
The flapper was fickle;
Dickery, dickery, SOCK!!



She—"What Do You Fraternity Boys Talk About At Night?"

He—"Why The Same Things You Girls Do."

She—"Oh, You Evil-Minded Things."

Nor Brainy Either

Nelle: He has more money than brains.

Belle: Well, that doesn't mean he's wealthy.

Keep in Practice

Hen: What does the Snake Eater do on his day off?

Ben: He eats spaghetti.

A Stocking Clock

Ben: Come on, let's stop that clock.

Hen: All right, shoot the works.

A Pretty Pun

Manager: I have a Hawaiian dancing troupe with me.

Jones: Oh, come on, that's too far-fetched.



Pen—"So They Ran When You Told Them You Belonged To Our Frat?"

Ant—"Yeh, But I Couldn't Keep Far Ahead Of Them."

DEAN JONES' SON

A Story of Hectic College Life

In Ten Parts--Part One

By

Doris Daly

Marvin Theodore Jones slouched in a corner booth of the Monatauck Cafe and inhaled another cigarette furiously as he scowled at Kitty Parsons. Kitty, tall, slim and sophisticated, smiled back at him superciliously with the scarlet curve of her wide mouth. Kitty's narrow eyebrows seemed more arched than ever as she bent her dark, meticulously waved head to speak to the girl sitting opposite her.

He didn't hear Kitty say: "That's M. E. Jones sitting back there. Dean Jones' son and the wildest boy on the campus."

But he knew she said it, or words to that effect, because that was the kind of thing everybody who recognized Marvin Theodore said when they saw him any place. Their companion always turned to look at him—at M. T. Jones (Some thought it was Empty), the wildest boy at Monatauck University and the son of Dean of Men Jones.

Now the girl sitting opposite Kitty turned, as M. T. had forseen she would. He was waiting for that turn because he was anxious to see the member of her sex whom Kitty Parsons was favoring with her sole presence. One generally encountered Kitty through a guard of masculine admirers. She turned back again so quickly that he caught only the curve of a fair cheek and a glimpse of blue eye. Like a little doll, that pinky white cheek and big, blue eye, meditated Marvin. Tiny, too, because the top of her small pink felt hat just reached the tip of Kitty's long though, of course, handsome nose.

Well, no use sitting here any longer. The orchestra wasn't going to play anything new. They couldn't play anything that he, M. T. Jones the most up-to-date boy on the campus hadn't had sent to him from Chicago a week before poky Ben Davis, the so-called orchestra leader, was aware of its existence. If he drank any more lemon cokes he couldn't have room for the cocktail that he

and Billy Cash always mixed for themselves in the privacy of Billy's room on the third floor of the Beta Kappa House.

He left his booth with his usual shambling gait but straightened up as he reached Kitty and the doll-like girl.

"I hope your feeling fine, M. T." Kitty greeted him in a civil enough tone. But, dammit, what did she mean by biting the corner of her mouth with a sudden disclosure of sharp, white teeth? Meou! Kitty was her right name!

"Oh," she continued, letting out the suppressed chuckle, "I almost forgot you two don't know each other: Miss Dale, Mr. Jones."

Miss Dale looked up at him, shy as a five-year-old. For a moment M. T. wondered what Kitty saw in her: Big, baby eyes, little rosebud



mouth, blonde ringlets, curling over the brim of her absurdly pink hat as naively as the wig of a prize kewpie doll.

"Rosemary knows a lot of things about you!" contributed Kitty mischievously to relieve the conversational vacuum surrounding them.

Then Rosemary blushed, not pink but red, and turned her little head

aside so that M. T. saw only the downward sweep of curved, golden lashes.

Watching her shy agony it suddenly dawned upon him that here was a rare find—a curiosity in this day when sophistication of Kitty's type was the expected rather than the unexpected. But, he was disappointed to realize that Kitty, who had always awed him, should be so ignorant as to cultivate the friendship of this exquisite chit. Her innocent fragility made Kitty commonplace. The poor girl must mistakenly suppose that Rosemary's childishness set off her own vampish beauty.

Ambling up the street, nodding vaguely to those who greeted the familiar flash of his collegiate appearance, and for a change, unconscious of their morbid interest in him, M. T. decided that he would warn Kitty of the mistake she was making. He and Kitty had always been good pals, although she had thrown practically an entire bowl of unspiked punch at him on their last date together a year ago Christmas. He never knew why she was so mad at him. When he tried to apologize next day she said that it was no use because all was over and henceforth they could only be friends. But they had been friends ever since they were six years old and had started school together. Kitty was also a faculty progeny, her papa being the dean of the School of Education. M. T. had never been angry about the punch (although he did have to send Billy Cash's Tux to the cleaners) because, being unusually cold, it had sobered him up enough so he could greet Dean and Mrs. Jones in a respectable manner early Christmas morning as was their ancient custom, relic of M. T.'s childhood.

Although M. T. enjoyed hearing his contemporaries brag about his miraculous art of consuming liquor, he had yet to hear his esteemed parents mention the fact. Oddly Mar-

vin Theodore esteemed his parents. They tried so hard to be good that he had always felt sorry for them. He admired them as he did the busy beavers in the dam behind the old mill; yet he had long ago seen the error of their ways.

When he was in high school he had grown tired of being Marvin Jones, the son of Dean Jones, you know, and such a little gentleman. His teachers only noticed him when they asked him to pass around the drawing paper or erase the blackboard. He used to be glad to acquiesce when he was in grade school because his mama had taught him to be neat and helpful. The other boys only noticed him when he fell in the mud with his clean white flannel trousers. They laughed as if it were his fault when someone had tripped him up. He always suspected that Rudolph Kleinschmidt who was studying to be a teacher now!

Kitty had always been proud to have him carry her books home when they were in grade school. He was so much more polite than the other boys who ran along side them yelling:

"Marvin's gotta gur—r! Shame on Mar—vin!"

One day when they were in high school Kitty, who generally had already promised to walk home with Rudolph or somebody else, when Marvin got up courage to ask her, suggested that he kiss her. He had been so embarrassed that he had blushed, not pink but red—as that little blonde chit—Rosemary, had blushed just now.

After he pledged Beta Kappa, Marvin, to use his own words, "had turned over a new leaf." He passed out so completely at the first Beta Kappa dance that one of the big brothers had to telephone his mother that he was spending the night with them, to their regret, for sleeping space, with the addition of out-of-town alumnae, was at a minimum. Thereafter he spent many nights, and a great part of his days, in the convivial atmosphere of the Beta Kappa House. Although his mother missed him at home she was glad that he was at last making some close friends. His dad said he was getting sloppy and didn't study as he used to do. He blamed the really negligible part of the change in Marvin which he saw on "Those scatter-brained fraternity

boys." He seemed to forget that he was a loyal alumnus of that fraternity and would have been broken hearted if his only offspring had not made it. But being Dean Jones his offspring would.

Although the transition of Marvin Theodore to M. T. Jones was instigated by himself, it was not unabetted by the Beta Kappas. They earnestly did try to make all freshmen pledges tread the straight and narrow as long as it was comfortably possible. There are various reasons why a fraternity doesn't want the reputation of housing a bunch of bums—politically, because there is always enough dirt dug up about candidates without making any, economically because the old boy alums wouldn't cough up with the dough for the new house if they thought their successors were not more angelic than they themselves had been and patriotically—because of a very real desire to make this chapter of Eat Bita Pie, or whatever it may be, the most renowned of all those conglomerated under the name of this renowned fraternity, as well as the most superior on the immediate campus. A reason that might seem obsolete in this day of M. T. Jones but as existent as the fact that there have always been M. T. Joneses.

Yet, upright as they tried to be, the Beta Kappas could not resist the temptation of displaying Marvin Theodore Jones, scion of Dean of Men Jones, drunk. Dean Jones who had originated such descriptive adjectives as straight-laced, high-minded and earnestly sincere. It was an extraordinary treat to see his son guzzling a quart of gin or shaking a pair of dice in the seclusion of the third floor of the Beta Kappa House until it became common knowledge that he did such things. So common became this knowledge that thus far it had never penetrated the ears of the refined Dean and Mrs. Jones. Their son could scarcely believe that respect for their feelings alone could have kept them unaware of his metamorphosis. Probably they put down any talk to jealous gossip. They were that type.

When he and Billy had said goodbye to the fifth cocktail he found the seclusion of the Beta Kappa telephone booth.

"Lo, Kitty! Lo!" he shouted.

"Hello, yourself, M. T. Are you full now?" asked Kitty, not at all

pleased in spite of the fact that he didn't remember telephoning her since a year ago Christmas.

M. T. laughed merrily at that usual little pun on himself. When the fellows originated it he was griped because he hated to be teased. Now he generally thought it damn funny. Empty when he was always full. Ha! Ha!

"Listen Kitty," he continued, "That was a darned cute lil girl you were with this afternoon."

"Oh, M. T.! Do you think Rosemary's cute?" Kitty began to laugh then, but as usual she was laughing at him.

"Well, why not?" he demanded huffily.

"I just don't think she's your type." Kitty was serious now.

M. T. had never thought whether or not Rosemary was his type; he had only thought of her in relation to Kitty. She was so little and fair, like the rambler roses on the front porch that she clashed with Kitty's blazing magnificence. Kitty was like a red canna. Anybody would think a rambler rose prettier than a canna. He really had to warn Kitty.

"She's so little and blonde and's got such big blue eyes," he began, but Kitty interrupted before he finished explaining what he thought about she and Rosemary.

"Listen here, M. T." she cut in, "You're not going to have anything to do with Rosemary Dale. She's one of the pledges that I'm personally interested in because her cousin is one of my dearest friends. I promised that I would look after her and meant it. Rosemary's not the kind of girl you want. She's never had anything to do with people like you. She's as sweet and innocent as a flower." Bang went the receiver. Kitty, the sophisticated must be abashed by her unusually sentimental outburst.

"Well," reflected M. T. as he lit another cigarette in the seclusion of the Beta Kappa Telephone booth. Kitty was getting on a high horse to think that she could keep he, M. T. Jones, the biggest shiek, on the campus from dating any girl he wanted to date.

He couldn't think of anything more delectable than walking down the street with that exquisite bit of femininity, Rosemary Dale. And, gosh what a name! It sounded as if

(Continued on page 21)



He—"C'mon And Jump! I'll Catch You!"
 She—"All Right, But If You Drop Me, You'll Catch It!"

TO THE INCOMING STUDENT

by

Warden Harmon Q. Snoozer

(From a Convocation lecture delivered before the inmates of the Sing-Sing School of Correction

Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, it always gives me pleasure to speak before such bright and intelligent audiences as a situation like the present brings me before or after as the case may be. To you Convocation is the opening scene of a great adventure. To me it is the same. Which all reminds me of the Scotchman who got married because he read someplace that it is the woman who "pays and pays and pays." But to get down to the real point of my short talk, let us turn

to advice to new students.

If one turns to page 50 of the catalogue, he will find the heading "Directions for New Students" Interpreting this heading to mean that directions for new students are to follow, we read on Let me quote: "It is imperative that all new students (those who have not been here before and others) should send to the Grand Worthy Master and Commissioner of Credentials, cash in advance, their complete credentials." Boiled down this would mean that

ROMANCE

The Horse and Buggy.

Huh?

Uh huh.

Whoa!

The Automobile.

Huh?

Uh huh.

Screech of brakes.

The Aeroplane.

Huh?

Uh huh.

CRASH!!

Gene, the genial genius, wonders if Adam called Eve "Spare Rib."

all those seeking entrance for the first time and perhaps the last time should send their credentials, Latin for credentials, to the above mentioned person. In presenting credentials it is well to mention at least five firms from whom you have previously received credit. I well remember one young man seeking entrance who failed in this point. Dippy Dan I think was his alias at the time. We negotiate with him and finally after contracting for two lineoleums, a portable sewing machine, and a wrist watch, he was admitted without credit.

No remarks need be made concerning registration day except that those used to buffeting their way through large crowds have the best chance and may the best man win.

As to advice for the prospective student let me say that hard work and only hard work, no matter whom you work, will bring a degree. Huston A. Blimp was a freshman here back in '24. He was put back in the shoe department. Did that boy work? He certainly did. For that matter, what Blimp ever failed to work? Try Blimp's Mash sometime and watch it work. While this same Huston Blimp was working on shoes, he studied the resilient qualities of the rubber heel and is now a rubber heel tester for a large factory. His motto is "Don't give up the ship, raffle it."

If others can be successful, so can you. Don't wait for the next man, he never waited for you. Take the advice of a great jeweler, "Buy now, pay later." I thank you.

TRUE TO FORM

Mildred was an active hiker;
 She was fond of lots of walking;
 Took long trips—she was no piker;
 O'er the hills she would go stalk-
 ing.
 Then one night she went out riding
 In a college boy's old "hack";
 Here's a secret I'm confiding—
 She was first to not walk back.

Doris was an expert swimmer;
 She could dive just like a fish;
 Through the waves her form would
 glimmer;
 She was fast as one could wish.
 Yet one day when she went wading.
 In a suit so tight and thin
 That her charms were all parading—
 Took six men to bring her in.

May was strongest in the college;
 She could box and row and fence;
 In her head was lots of knowledge
 And her muscles were immense.
 All the college boys would put her
 And her mother this would vex;
 May would cry, "I would do better
 But I'm of the weaker sex."

"What kind of a girl is Lucille?"
 "Oh, she's dumb. Why she thinks
 "bottled in bond" means prison-
 made liquor!"

Rub: Who originated the slang ex-
 pression commonly used by farm-
 ers, "Gosh, all hemlock"?
 Dub: On with the dance; I'll bite.
 Rub: Socrates, friend, Socrates just
 before his demise.

"Well, I have an axe to grind."
 thoughtfully remarked the Royal
 Head-Cutter as he raised the heavy
 blade for another stroke at his vic-
 tim's neck.

Strip poker is bad enough without
 starting any of these "Match Pants"
 establishments.

Registration advice Finally "Gets"

a Freshman

"Napoleon and me, and Pershing
 makes three. Join the artillery and
 see the world, it's easy; get to ride
 Springfield rifles with packs. Join
 the infantry, it's easy; get to shoot
 the band and parade every Wednes-
 day. Whoopee, take Philosphy and
 reach for an E. Horses, horse, who's
 got a horse? Botany or Zo', ah that
 is the question; find the answer in
 Parlimentary Law, three hours.
 When in doubt, take Medicine, the
 Preventive kind. Have your matricu-
 lation card ready and don't fire un-
 til you see the whites of their eyes.
 Join the infantry, it's easy."

A ROCKY LIFE

A rock on her finger,
 She is soon to be wed.
 A rock on the cradle,
 And a rock on his head.
 She hangs on her neck
 And rocks on her bed,
 Now a rock's over him,
 He was rocked 'till dead.

Who says chivalry is dead? Let
 he among you without loud colored
 underwear cast the first stone.

Most of these vacation engage-
 ments are just petty affairs.



A Big Reason Why Frosh Dread The First Week.

BARE KNEES

A Story of College Romance

In Two Installments

BY

Hertha Beck

"And that tall Sigma Tau, who's he? He just rushed me to death."

"But I **love** Bill Hastings."

And so, one ecstatic remark burst in on another. Past midnight; a session in full progress; the girls—a slipper off, hair dishevelled, eyes bright and excited; lounging around and chattering continually. The usual session after one of their parties. Phi Lambda dances were considered the elite parties on the campus. But one little girl sat in a corner of the bed seeming out of place and desperately unhappy.

A shrinking little thing was Bernice, drab and colorless compared to the other girls. Her hair shrieked nightly curlers; her dress of trim black taffeta fitted so loosely it reminded you of a last generation's bathing-suit; and shoes that **were** shoes—not dainty, ornamental, but useful, flat-heeled, sensible. She felt a tightening in her throat, and slipped unnoticed, she that, from the room.

"Poor kid," said sleek, sophisticated Wanda, "with a dress like that, and hair, ye gods, what can she expect? There's too much competition. I do feel sorry for her, tho."

"So do we-all. But it's a great deal her own fault. The little nitwit! We've tried dressing her, but as soon as we barely get started, she gets a prick of conscience 'cause her mother despairs of the present-day girl and has been trying to keep her 1870-ish, and Bernice is scared to death of her, so she trips back to those It-less effects of hers."

A sympathetic sigh all around, a moment's silence, and then, a chatter more gay than before.

While in "one of those It-less effects" Bernice lay curled in bed weeping and thinking.

"They're all so different. I don't belong here; they only took me 'cause Mother is a Phi Lambda, and we have money. I never look huggable and kissable; and what they say doesn't seem frightfully clever,

but I just can't talk like that. I'm only eighteen, but what's the use of being young for this. I wish I weren't so scared of Mother." A few minutes more of rebellious weeping, and Bernice fell asleep.

Bernice studied with a sort of despairing determination, as if she were bound to get **something** out of school. She never looked at anyone, feeling as though it were too much of a hardship for people to look at her.

That was the week Bernice's pledge duty was to answer the door for dates. A painful task for her.



She could never think of cute frivolous things to say as did the other girls, and she felt dreadfully self-conscious.

Monday night, the bell rang, Bernice opened the door, and—lost her breath. It couldn't be that dreams came true like that. Why this man looked just exactly like the man she cherished somewhere in her dreams. This man of Bernice's had a mind of his own; you could see that in the stubborn chin and straight mouth. He was sweet and understanding; you could tell that in the full firm lips. There was poise and sophistication and tenderness in the wide blue eyes. And the build was that of an athlete, but an

athlete who looked well in a Tuxedo as in a bathing-suit.

Bernice started as she realized how long she must have been staring. She blushed—and Briggs saw a dark-eyed, badly-dressed little person who reminded him of a mouse caught in a trap wanting, longing to tell the world something but held back in some way.

"I'm sorry. Won't you come in?" A low, soft voice that reminded you of a summer wind crooning through the trees. "Whom did you want to see?"

Briggs smiled pleasantly, "Marian Dunn, please."

On the way to and from Marian's room, she had time to recover from her sudden discovery. When she came downstairs she sat opposite Briggs ready to entertain him until the arrival of Marian. But somehow the casual, impersonal questions would not come easily. She longed more than ever for a bright "line," and then glancing quickly at Briggs, she realized that a line would never be popular with him—too much sincerity and a certain knowledge of people were written on that face.

"You're just a new pledge, aren't you?"

"Yes, a freshman. And you?" Bernice asked the question some way.

"I'm a junior in the law school; rather an old timer", smiled Briggs. Nice little thing, sweet face, different from the hard, knowing faces one saw so much. The eyes looked dreamy and trusting and deep somehow, looked as if she thought about things, wasn't afraid to face hard knocks. Poor kid—she needs someone to set her on the inside of college life.

Briggs and Bernice exchanged casual remarks until Marian came down, eager, laughing, and "all set to go places."

Thursday night and Bernice, restless after having studied all day, played the Victrola and danced

while waiting for dates to arrive. Bernice dancing was as natural as a river rippling, and as lovely. Pent-up expression was displayed in the free, truly graceful movements of arms, body, and feet; and a happy smile curving her lips made her face arresting in its joyous, peaceful look.

Bernice danced and moved about the room to the soft waltz playing when suddenly she felt someone in the room with her. There in the doorway stood Briggs, an expression of intense interest on his face. Bernice wanted to crumble to the earth; and still — she didn't feel as embarrassed as she would have thought herself to be. Briggs didn't look curious nor amused, but as if it was the most natural thing to see Bernice dance and also the most delightful.

"I'm sorry if I disturbed you, Bernice, but I rang the bell and no one answered so I just walked in." Not a word of the dancing, and Bernice felt grateful.

Briggs didn't pay much attention to Marian that night. His mind was full of Bernice, and the way she danced. A good deal of expression in that dancing. That kid has lots to her. Think I'd like to talk to her, and get her to snap into some knowledge of herself.

"Oh, he's so darling!" Bernice whispered into her pillow that night. "And so nice. He's just a gentleman. He just acted as if he never even saw me dancing. I can't help loving him, though I know it's silly for me to. But I don't care, he's worth it, and no one will ever know." Bernice felt no bitterness for the girl with whom Briggs might some day fall in love, only a hope that she would be worthy of it.

Next day Briggs met Bernice on the way home.

"Not doing anything, are you? Come on, let's get a 'coke'". So the two joined the little crowd in the "Palms", luckily finding an empty booth. Bernice could hardly believe that this wasn't a dream.

Beneath the sincere warmth of Bernice's interest Briggs was less reserved than usual, and for the first time was surprised to find himself speaking so freely. While Bernice feeling the sudden need of a good talk, and encouraged by Briggs, burst of confidence suddenly found herself speaking of herself as she had never done before.

"The way I see the girls with the

boys—it doesn't seem hard: I'm that way when I imagine myself on dates. But it's my clothes and hair — just that I haven't any. I don't know how to go about it." Bernice smiled rather shamefacedly. Then she told him of the strict mother she had.

"I see, Bernice. Listen, why don't you just look in the mirror. You should try to make the most out of yourself, and your mother would be easy to manage after you had accustomed her to the new you. You ought to lock yourself in your room, and study yourself. Well — your hair, it doesn't look like other girls, it looks like an old maiden aunt's might. Bernice," Briggs spoke kindly "get yourself one or a couple of these style magazines and study them hard. Get clothes which leave something to the imagination but not too much. Men like to see slippers, silk hose, and coats wrapped close to you. Remember that men are the big, strong ones in the world, and they have a weakness for dainty things. Then before you go on a date, study your man, try to know something about him, and if you don't, why get him to talk about himself. That's bound to work. Don't get hard like some of the girls, though. Don't do things because you think you have to do 'em to be in the swing. But if you want to do 'em, why go ahead. Forget yourself, and just remember to be natural all the time. It'll be hard at first, but after you get the hang of it, it'll be so pleasant that it'll be a snap. Professor Tyler has spoken, and the session's at an end." Briggs ended with a laugh, and closed his hand over Bernice's for an instant.

(Concluded next month)

"Bill has the big head these days."

"He should give up drinking."

—Wisconsin Octopus.

No Finger Prints

It was visiting day at the jail and the up-lifters were on deck. "My good man," said one kindly lady, "I hope that since you have come here, you have time for meditation and have decided to correct your faults."

"I have that, mum," replied the prisoner in heartfelt tones. "Believe me, the next job I pull, this baby wears gloves."

LOST LOVES

My first girl was Eloise;
She was passing fair;
She had pretty dimpled knees;
Golden was her hair.
She was all the world to me;
Priceless as a pearl;
Another chap came by, you see,
So I lost my girl.

Then I went with pretty Sue;
I thought we would wed
But so soon I lost her, too,
Also Winifred,
Chloe and Betty, Opal, May,
Jasqueline and Bess,
One by one they went away—
Left me, I'll confess.

So I married Genevieve;
I thought she would do;
Now all day I sit and grieve,
Gee! I'm feeling blue!
We don't live like turtle doves;
We have lots of strife;
I lost all my early loves,

WHY CAN'T I LOSE MY WIFE?

When she says, "I'm not that kind of a girl" the proof turns to spoof.

A QUART OF EDUCATION

Mary had a little dram
Then Mary had some more;
Mary had always been good
But she'll never be good no more.

When reporting the results of a date with a New York Mannikin the Englishman said, "I don't know where the 'man' part comes from but 'e can part, is bloody well right.'"

Added Worries

"Look here," said the doctor, "you're run down. Go and cheer yourself up at one of those snappy musical comedies. It will take your mind off business."

"That's just what it won't do," muttered the patient. "I am an artificial leg manufacturer."

Same Effect on Both

Two knights of the road were walking along a railway track and found a bottle of whisky. One took a drink and passed it on to the other. And so forth until the bottle was empty.

After a while one puffed out his chest and said, "You know, Bill, I'm going to buy this railway. I'm going to buy all the railways in the country, all the motors, all the steamships—everything. What do you think of that?"

Bill looked at his companion disparagingly and replied, "Impossible; can't do it."

"Why not?"

"I won't sell!"

As a young boy of about six one of my biggest puzzles, writes a friend, was what made oysters so quiet. As a young man of about twenty my biggest puzzle is precisely this: How does Helen Kane spell those few parting words at the end of her songs which make one feel so much like running up and down the aisles.

Mabel: All right, let's get married just for a lark.

Abel: No; I'm not that kind of a bird.

That's Too Bad

"Well, I'll be blowed," said the bank roll when the tired business man took the chorus girl out to supper.

RADIO AS IT SOUNDED TO THE DUB

The radio announcer from the Kant We Kry Studios at home: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the dinner table. It looks as though we were going to have a good meal this evening. The Missus is warming up in the kitchen. No, it isn't the Missus, it's the hired girl, the grub hawk. Well, we're ready to begin. Here comes the coffee. No, wait a minute. Stand by. Oh, it was only the telephone. Now we're set. Let's go!

"This is some meal. Soup first, vegetable soup. No, it isn't soup, its consomme. Now the crackers. My error. No crackers. Now we're getting started.

"Here comes the—I see by The paper today that some anonymous person wrote criticizing me. Afraid to sign his name. Oh, yes, here's the fish. After the meat we have an important announcement to make. News. Bad news. The gravy is burned. You know the gravy was burned Tuesday and Friday, too. Well, this is the third time Irish potatoes have been served this week. First time up they were scalloped, next they were fried. Now they are boiled. This butter is soft. What no ice? The bills, oh, the bills! Telephone, gas, light, ice, groceries and meat.

"A cake? A cake. Oh, what a cake! A chocolate layer cake. A three-layer cake. No, a two-layer cake. Wait a moment. It is only a one-layer cake. Wait not. Let's see what the cook says. Now we have it. Ladies and gentlement, it's a pie. The crowd doesn't like it, but you can't change the cook's decision well, we're set again. The Die at the Finish Club is with us and the Peep Hole Boys. Now let's wash it down with a bottle of Koki Koly and smoke a car conductor's cigaret. We are now signing off so the neighbors can get some rest."

Even in Alaska

Miner: Hey, what are you and that girl doing here on that sled?

Jack: Necking.

Miner: Well, mush on.



Can—"I've Had Only Two Girls Walk Home On Me."

Ary—"What Did The Rest Do?"

Can—"Ran".



Flapper—"Why Ma, There's No Harm In My Dressing Before A Glass."

Mother—"I Know, But They Tell Me It Was A Window Glass."

As Usual

Whiz: Is that company you are in a holding corporation.

Bang: Yes, but there ain't nothin' left to hold.

Stops Argument

Skepticus: "I hear you're in full accord with all of Longwind's fool theories."

Wiseguy: "Yet; I'd rather agree with him than listen to him talk."

Now You Tell One

Criss: He cursed the day he was born.

Cross: Oh, well, these infant prodigies hardly ever turn out to be smarter than other kids.

On the Dotted Line

Chef: Do you prefer some light meat or some of the dark?

Cannibal Chief: I'm not sure till I see it in black and white.

And He Got It

Marie: There is a scarlet thread in your life.

Mamie: Oh, well, Tom's always looking for color.

Do It Anyhow

Director: We will now take a close up.

Prudence: Indeed, you won't. I'm exposed enough with this short dress on.

Just Like a Boy

Mother: Did you refuse a second piece of cake at the party as I told you?

Bobby: Yes, ma, but when no one was looking I swiped three.

From Poor Folks

Mother Goose: This is the house that Jack built.

Old King Cole: Where did you get the jack?



Mamie Won That Beauty Contest By An Accident.

Yeah, She Got Her Sun Tan Suit On Backwards.

Now Uncle!

Sweet Young Thing: (in swiftly speeding car) Isn't this the poetry of motion?

Uncle Hi: (holding on to his hat) No; it's blankety-blankety verse.

A Bootlegger's Daughter

Little Bo Peep has lost her sleep
And doesn't know where to find it.
Leave her alone and she'll come home
When she gets too drunk to mind it.

A Business Crook

Judge: Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?

Prisoner: No; let's come to terms.

Drug Store Ones—No

Whiz: The cowboys are vanishing.

Bang: Yes, they fade out on the screen pretty often.

A Clever Bird

"I may be cowardly," said the crow as he flew away, "but no one can ever say I showed the white feather."

Keep Her Away

The eternal triangle that has wrecked many a home: HE, SHE and MOTHER-IN-LAW

Ambiguous

James: He's an artist with his gun, isn't he?

Henry: Yes, he's good on the draw.

Like Many Others

Editor: Where did you get the idea for this novel of the great open spaces?

Auther: Right out of my own head.



Foreman—"Why Aren't You Cowboys Out On The Range This Morning?"

Bank—"We Couldn't Get The Flivver Started."

SIMPLE SIMON GOES

TO COLLEGE

Movie schools are getting to be all the rage. In fact, the students are the ones who rage the most. It is said that in Los Angeles that there are many schools who promise to make John Gilberts and Ben Turpins of their students at no charge. All you have to do is to give them \$250 and you're made. And Oh, how they make you!

John Tinklepoof was seated in his room at the University. School was boring him. He made every class, made every fraternity and had made nearly every co-ed. He wanted new worlds to conquer. Suddenly something caught his eye. An advertisement on the back of "Popular Mechanics and Unpopular Plumbers" announced that Whoofs School for Screen Acting was about to open its Fall season. It guaranteed that all its former students were outstanding players. It didn't say they were out standing in line for jobs, however.

Right then Tinklepoof made up his mind. He'd go to that school and go to that school and inject some real collegiate pep into it and at the same time become a successor to Jack Barrymore or Davy Lee. The next day he took up his wooden checks and headed for Los Angeles.

Whoofs School occupied a Door in an old building. It was enrollment day and Tinklepoof saw a line of students before the registrar's office choosing their courses and laying down their \$250. John selected Elementary Love Making and History and Principles of Snarling. He picked a five hour course in Sigh Heaving and a three hour course in Hissing.

By the time Tinklepoof had been in school three weeks he had revolutionized the entire institution. He had organized a student council and already had promoted two factions for political reasons. One faction consisted of a group known as The Tent-Makers. This bunch were studying to be sheiks and they were the bitter rivals of The Garters who were seeking to play supporting

roles.

Three fraternities were organized. The Spitta Chunka Lipsticks were the aristocratic group. They had little use for the Giva Guya Hand-outs, the fellows who were working their way through school. The th was a sorority known as the Digga Potta Gold.

Tinklepoof was well satisfied with his progress. The publicity that the school was getting made it necessary to expand its scope to include instruction in flag pole sitting and hair restoring.



But like all good things there was a hitch. Whistleberry's Academy of Photoplay Art was losing its students. The board of regents met and decided that Whoofs tactics would have to be followed if they wanted to trim any more suckers. So it wasn't long before Whistleberry's went collegiate.

When school had been in session for about two months, old man Whoof, himself, stopped Tinklepoof on the campus (the back alley) one day.

"Tinklepoof," said the venerable old professor. He had been on the stage many years and had written "North Lynn," a sequel to "East

Lynn." But the show went west. "Tinklepoof," he said, "you have done wonders for your alma mater but there is one thing we lack."

"And that is to get people in pictures," Tinklepoof replied.

"Not exactly. We need some athletics. Do you know that Whistleberry has hired a coach and is planning to challenge us to a football game. If we can't answer that challenge it will give every student here a black eye."

"Even if we do answer the challenge they'll get a black eye," answered Tinklepoof. "But the honor of dear old Whoof must not be dragged in the mire. I'll have a team ready to meet Whistleberry on the field on the appointed day."

The next night Tinklepoof called a mass meeting in the back room of a neighboring drug store. This room was the school's auditorium and it was here that the graduating students received their diplomas and were turned out into a cold, cold world.

The auditorium that night was packed to capacity. The merry throng of students ranged from 2½ years to 98 in age. There were ambitious Jackie Coogans with their mamas and old men and women who would do anything for a chance before the camera—even to the extent of doubling for Rin-Tin-Tin.

The school band struck up the University anthem — "Dear Old Whoof, Here's to Thee All Our Cash." After the last notes had died away and were buried, Tinklepoof climbed up on the platform and addressed the students:

"Fellow students, the honor of your Alma Mater is at stake. The time has come when you must do more for her than merely feed money to her coffers. We must fight for her honor. And those who can't fight must stay home and knit underwear.

"Your school has turned out more students than any other similar institution. And it is about to turn out a lot more if they don't come across

with the remainder of their tuitions. But why bring that up? The message I am bringing to you tonight is one of importance. Whistleberry's school has hired a football coach and is going to challenge this school to a football game. Now what are you going to do about it?"

"We'll go to the game," cried the crowd.

"We must do more than that," exclaimed Tinklepoof. "We must answer the challenge. How many here will come out for practice? How about you, Jim? Will you practice?"

"I haven't a piano," replied a big fellow to whom Tinklepoof had spoken.

"I mean practice football," the speaker cried. "Are we going to drag this dear old school? All the big directors will attend the game and you will have, perhaps, the only chance to have a director look at you. Out of my own money I will hire Roswald Ribbon, one of the best coaches on the coast, to come here and teach us the game."

"I want to be the fellow in white pants who blows the whistle," spoke up a grandfatherly old gentleman.

"There will be places for all of you. Are you with me or against me?"

The words were greeted with a great cheer and the school yell rent the air, paying two weeks in advance.

Weeks of intensive practice followed. Following the challenge of Whistleberry's, the athletic board of each school met and agreed upon the rules. The age limit of players was set at 5 to 73. Students who had never seen a picture camera were denied playing privileges, corresponding to freshmen in regular colleges. All players must be passing in all courses—especially in theatrical cussing and elementary soul kissing.

The outstanding player on the Woof team was little Billy Bullseye, quarterback. Billy, although only seven years old, could go through left tackle almost at will. He shot through the right side of the line with east and could circle the ends as graceful as a toe dancer. At first Coach Ribbon thought he had another Red Grange, but later learned that nobody was trying to stop him.

However, Billy was the mainstay of the team and without him the other ten men would be lost.

"Just keep a stiff upper lip," Bil-

ly would tell the others. Whereupon, invariably, old Henry Clothspin, aged 71, right tackle, would say, "Can't do it, Sonny. Haven't got my upper teeth in today."

The day of the big game dawned clear and cold. Whoof's team had been whipped into shape and almost kick out of shape. Nevertheless, they were on their toes and were ready to go out and fight for old Whoof.

A good crowd filled the bleachers and the team was in high spirits—too high for clear thinking. But suddenly gloom was over the grid players. Where was Billy Bullseye? Had he been seen today? Nobody knew where he was. The referee called the two teams together for the toss-up. But Billy was still missing.

"We can't win without him," Tinklepoof moaned. "He is the only one who knows the signals, including the whole team."

Suddenly a cheer split the air. Billy was seen running across the field.

"Where have you been?" demanded Tinklepoof.

Billy was out of breath. When he could talk, he said: "I've been over at the Parafox studio. They need about fifty more people for a mob scene."

Both teams made a wild dash for the gate and were last seen running at top speed toward the Parafox lot. (Was the game ever played. Yes, it was. Don't miss the next installment in next month's issue.)

These Modern Dresses

May: The wind bloweth where it listeth.

Fay: Well, I hope it doesn't list my way.

And How

Drunk: (waking up in cell) Pinch me to see if I'm dreaming.

Guard: You've already been pinched.

Across the Styx

Nelle: I'm going to give him the gate.

Belle: Better make it a pearly one or he'll be back bothering you.

Wild Eyed Paw

Marie: So you want to marry me? Has there ever been any insanity in your family?

Harry: Never till now according to dad

And the Taste

"As purty a bit of horse-flesh as ever I see," said the cow-boy when he opened the can of "corned beef."

Nor College Comics

Ben: My "Life" is in your hands.

Alice: Well, take it; I don't care for humorous magazines.

Ben Turpin's Wife

Criss: So she looked daggers at you?

Cross: Yes, but you know how a woman's aim is.

A Bum Steno

Brown: How does it come you've put your brand on this cow? She belongs to me.

Jones: I guess I must have made a typographical error.

He Hasn't a Flask

Whiz: Let's go through his pockets.

Bang: No, I don't feel frisky tonight.

Must Be Some Car

Father: (angrily) That young man can't park on my front steps every night.

Flapper: Now, dad it doesn't matter if he is headed the right way.

Maybe Walking

Jack: Let's burn up the road.

Janice: No. I want to come back this way.

**WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE
PRESIDENT OF YOUR
STUDENT BODY?**

We can make you that and many other things if you will but send in for our pedagogical masterpiece of correspondence literature entitled, **STUDENT PREXYS! WHAT THEY ARE MADE OF—WHO MAKES THEM AND HOW TO BECOME ONE.** It is true that there can be only one student president for each student body but **IT MIGHT AS WELL BE YOU.**

Each of the many embarrassing situations that a student leader is exposed to is carefully explained and analyzed. It is not necessary that you have light curly hair or blue eyes. Neither is it necessary that you wear the expression of a cherub that has just been handed a strawberry ice cream cone. Do not refuse a drink on the grounds that you are setting a bad example and then sneak around on the Q. T. and gurgle, "Say, have you any of that left?" Just because you are allowed to set in the student council and hear the faculty settle all disputes is no reason that you should speak to every individual on the campus—besides he might be the janitor or an Ag. Student. Neither is it necessary to assume that plane of respectful equality with a member of the faculty. The old custom of ribbing

a Prof. is still permitted. Those historic lines, "Your courses are the only ones that have any real value," will outlast that immortal gasp, "I Love You." We advise the adjective, "charming" to be used in reference to the wife of a professor and the word, "remarkable" for his children.

Every little problem that tires the brain cell of the student leader is dealt with thoroughly and conscientiously. Under, **WHO TO DATE AND SHOULD I LET ANYONE PAY FOR MY LUNCH?**, we find the following: "Never date the same girl more than twice unless she says, 'It is no thrill to be mugged by a student prexy.' A third go is necessary under these conditions and if she isn't thrilled in three innings we recommend two more sets."

"It is no longer fashionable to pull a Tammany Hall on the quiet. The correct procedure is to come right out and say, "You find me three votes and I'll make you Grand Keeper of the Royal Seal if I have to make the state legislature put in a zoo. Always be open and above board even if it is only a checker board and never raise a two card draw."

Write today for this splendid little course that will be sent immediately in care of your favorite pool room.

The Monthly Prize Contest.

The Old Man is inaugurating a new prize contest policy for the coming year. The awards will be made entirely on a basis of merit, and will be judged by the staff. The awards this year will be \$2.00 for the best humorous article, \$2.00 for the best short story, limited to 1500 words. \$1.00 each for the two best drawings, and \$1.00 each for the three best jokes that are published each month. In addition to these, there will be an award of \$15.00 each semester to the most enthusiastic and interested staff member.

Contributors to the Eye-Opener Number were: Seymour Frank, Ralph Daigh, Harold Eifenbein, Lovan Hall, Voerge Yeager, Al Steen, Blaine Bilger, Doris Daly, Hertha Beck, E. A. Humston and Charles Knapp. The award for the best short story goes to Hertha Beck, Harold Eifenbein and E. A. Humston, each received an award for a drawing. Voerge Yeager, Blaine Bilger and Ralph Daigh were given the prize for the best jokes.

For the benefit of those who do not know, the cover drawings are open to competition each month, and the one used is given an award of \$5.00. These various prizes permit each one to have a chance. Copy for the Aviation Number which will be on sale October 10th, should be mailed to the Missouri Outlaw, Columbia, Missouri, not later than the 25th of September. Everybody get busy now, and send your work in on time.

Why Not?

George: Let's spoon?
Georgette: Do you want to stir up trouble.

Handy Andy

Whiz: He makes mountains out of mole-hills.
Bang: Oh, one of them camera sharps, eh?

But Maybe She's Tough

May: Do I look good enough to eat?
Tom: Yes, and there's not enough dressing to make a fellow sick.



She—"Say, This Makes The Fifth Fraternity Pin You've Given Me This Week."

He—"Well, It's Not My Fault That All Those Fellows Are Amateurs With Dica."

LAUGHS FROM THE CAMPUS

C'MON LOVELY—
LET'S GO TO THE
JUNGLE!

IF YOU THINK
YOU'RE GOING TO
TAKE ME OUT IN
ANY WOODS—
YOU'RE JUST
CRAZY!

IS THIS
GOVERNMENT
ALCOHOL?

WHAT
GOVERNMENT!

DID YOU
MAKE WHOPEE
AT THE DANCE
LAST NIGHT?

NAV—DIDNT
EVEN KNOW
SHE WAS
THERE!

WOULD YOU
LIKE TO JOIN OUR
NEW MISSIONARY
MOVEMENT?

I'AM WILLING
TO TRY— IS IT
ANYTHING LIKE
THE VARSITY
DRAG?

THIS IS OUR IDEA
OF THE BIGGEST LAUGH
OF THE WHOLE YEAR

PI THIS
HOLD NATIONAL
CONVENTION AND
OPENLY DENOUNCE
SMOKING!

BRAXTON
POLLARD—



Do Your Stuff, Gal

First Hula-Hula Dancer: That is my man out there.

Second Hula-Hula Dancer: Well, I wanted him myself; suppose we shake for him.

Introduce Her to Me

Fred: Why did you quit Mayme? I thought you said she was worth her weight in gold.

John: I know, but I found another girl who is worth her weight in bank notes.

Plunk-Plunk

Criss: How's the banjo player?

Cross: He's in the plink of condition.

Be Careful John

James: She's a grass widow.

John: Well, I must make hay while the sun shines

Or Peek

Rule for busy-bodies: If at first you don't succeed pry, pry again.

And One Pea

Diner: This soup isn't fit to eat. Why did you tell me it was as good as gold?

Waiter: Well, it's fourteen carrots.

Maybe She Couldn't

Wife: I wouldn't be seen in such a dress.

Hubby: I know, it's rather thick.

Now! Professor!

Wife: You say the co-eds are swimming in the creek. Did they have bathing suits on?

Absent Minded Professor: Really, I forgot to look.

That's Right, Mabel

Abel: Let's live together as man and wife.

Mabel: I'd just as soon as knot.

The Last Thing

Annette: I'm going to bare my soul to you.

Rodney: Ye, Gods! I wondered what you would bare next.

Stung

Criss: So that man is a great bridge builder? He must be a famous engineer

Cross: No. He's a dentist.

Lucky Dog

Jim: So you were intrigued by a glimpse into her hope chest. I suppose it's full of dainty, fluffy things?

Tom: Oh, I guess so but what impressed me was a lot of pretty stocks and bonds.



Her—"Gimme A Light "Will Ya?"
Him—"Sorry, I Haven't The Engine."

Wonder What For

Iceman: Why are you ordering so much extra ice this morning?

Cook: The master is giving a big house-warming tonight.

Pedigreed

Patron: I'll bet this gin is synthetic.

Bootlegger: Of course; but it's the real synthetic gin.

Too Far-Fetched

Jones: Your face looks familiar.

Doris: Well, it should. I lived with you three months last fall as a companionate wife.

And Wheeze

Whiz: What do you think of the talking movies?

Bang: They're a scream

Still It Runs Away

One thing to be said in favor of the auto is that it never gets its tail over the lines and runs away.

She's True American

Jim: Did Mayme ever make any altitude records?

Zim: With her skirts, yes.

Prohibition Athlete

Jim: What do you think of ski running?

Tom: I don't know anything about it but I do know that rum-running pays so I'll stick to that.

Help!! Murder!!!

Abel: If I tried to kiss you would you scream for help?

Mabel: Not unless I thought you needed it.

It Would Be

Jack: Don't you like my salt and pepper suit?

Chloe: I think it's poor taste.

Brown vs Black

Jones: My horse won the Great Derby.

Brown: Aw, you're talkin' through your hat.

From Use

May: White lies are no harm.

Fay: I know, but you've told yours so often they're getting black.



"THE HOUSE OF JOY"

By Jo van Ammers-Kuller

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York

Lucas Veraart called his theater, "The House of Joy," for it was his ideal that it should bring glamour to the dull lives of its audience. But Jenny Heysten who was one of his actors found it rather, a House of Ecstasy, and also one of petty quarrels and intrigues.

Jenny sought joy in the life of the actor as surely as does the clerk who comes to see and hear the acting. In doing so she gave up Nico Maes and the peaceful life of a loving and beloved wife. But for joy she found only thrilling emotions of triumph.

The story is seen through the eyes of Jenny's former teacher and late guardian. Just as the average man or woman fails to understand the unbalanced love-lives of the people of the stage so was Margaret Schepp unaware of the befogging influence of an actor's life where the real and the unreal become confusedly mixed. Through Jenny she understands these things but only at the expense of the complete reversal in the character of the once shy, modest young girl.

We can sympathize with Miss Schepp who will always worry, wondering if she were wrong to encourage the impressionable Jenny to go on the stage. Yet so skillfully is Jenny's character portrayed through another's sight that we know she would never have been content as the wife of a conventional doctor.

"The House of Joy" is the novel of Jo van Ammers-Kuller, a Dutch writer whose, "Rebel Generation," published in the United States last

(Continued on page 21)

"MINSTRELS IN SATIN"

By Elisabeth Cobb Chapman

Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

Although Elizabeth Cobb Chapman is the daughter of Irvin S. Cobb the news value of her second novel, "Minstrels in Satin," also lies in its own value.

Penelope Marvel, sincere yet sophisticated, is a modern Cinderella. She is not relegated to rags and drudgery as is her ancient predecessor but rather to misunderstanding and unappreciation. Gorgeously seductive is sister, Camilla and darkly sensitive brother, George. Therefore they merit admiration and flattery for their talents, while poor Penelope's tact for keeping the family out of difficulties goes unnoticed by the casual observer. But her mother, the child-like Fanny whose God is youth, resents that ability and the sting of her displeasure wounds Penelope as keenly as did the cruelty of the fairy tale step-mother.

But Penelope, being a worthwhile, if old fashioned heroine, learns to take the best from life as she finds it—in the sun of Italy, the gloom of an Illinois country town and the austerity of a New York mansion. Finally she breaks away from the role of her sister's keeper and in doing so gains the respect of that sister as well as the man she loves.

But seriously this is no "goeey" book. It is a keen and clever analysis of the conflict of two natures, basically unlike, yet invincible drawn together through the love of kin for kin. It is a story of two sisters depending on each other, yet ever in conflict who for a moment understand each other—perhaps, never to do so again.

"EARLY CANDLELIGHT"

By Maud Hart Lovelace

The John Day Company, New York

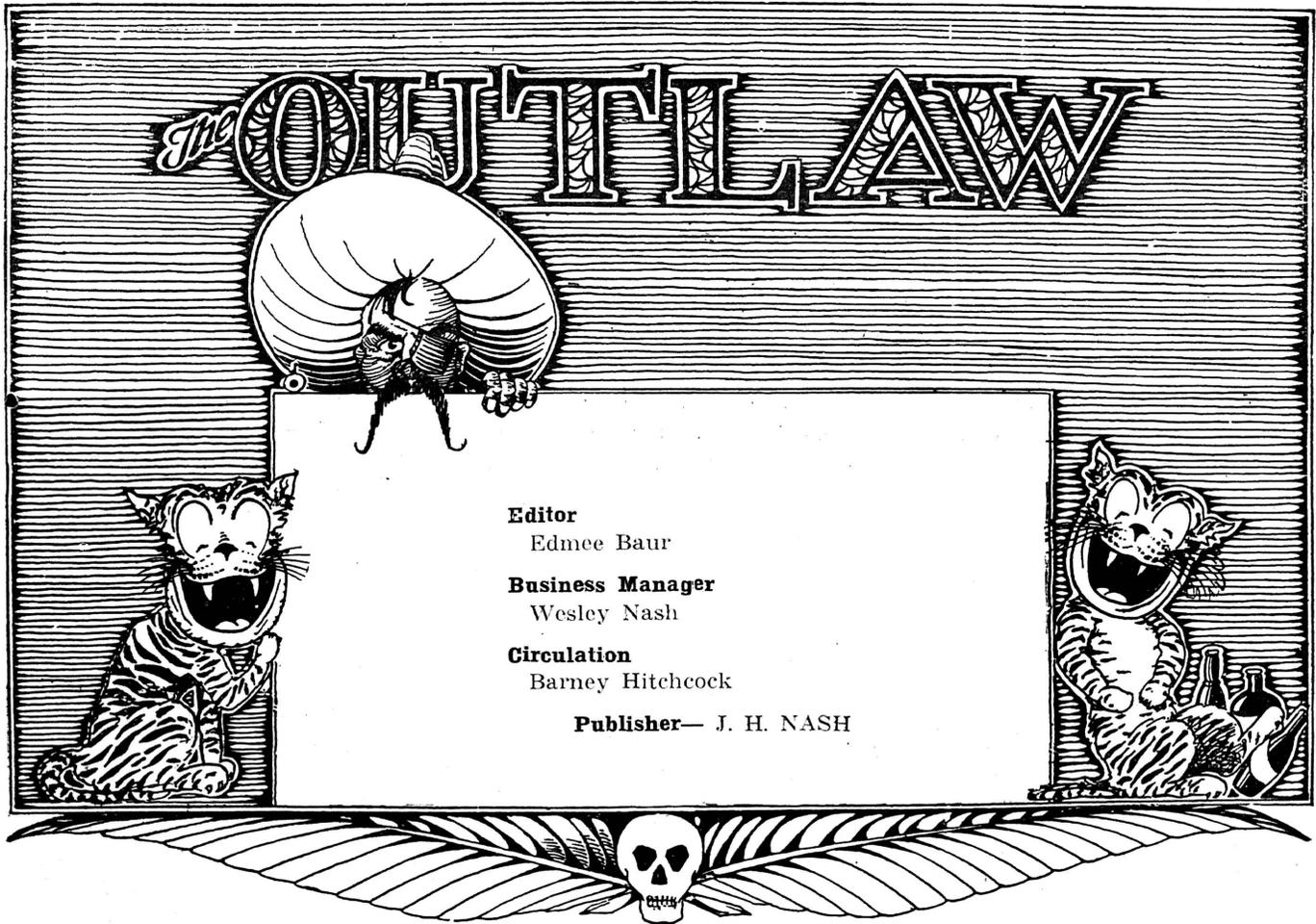
The title, "Early Candlelight" is reminiscent of the evening glow in pioneer cabins. Actually its setting does deal with the nucleus of a big city, now St. Paul but then a mere handful of settlers, Pig's Eye.

But in spite of the historical environment and a suggestion of events taking place a hundred years ago which were crowding the Red Man from his land coveted by white usurpers the story is undoubtedly that of DeeDee DuGay.

As vividly colorful as her pioneer life, with its strapping "voyageur" half-brothers, the innumerable little brothers ever claiming her attention, the friendly Indian neighbors, the gay atmosphere of social life as well as the soberer atmosphere of military life at the adjacent fort and especially the gorgeous home of M'sieu Page who lived like a city man, is DeeDee herself.

Yet, life could not always have been interesting—especially in winter when the snows held them prisoners in the one-room cabin which housed a numerous family. Yet DeeDee, who knew no other life, became a necessary part of her small community so earnestly did she make herself a part of it.

Of course, we know from Chapter III, when DeeDee is scarcely twelve that she is destined to marry M'sieu Page, the gallant trader whom she idolizes with the rest of the countryside. But DeeDee's mature conception of his character, in spite of the halo still surrounding him, is a surprise that endears her in spite of other perfections. It is a real pleasure to see her married to him.



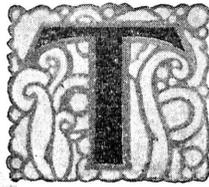
Copyright, 1929, by the Missouri Outlaw. Exclusive reprint rights granted to College-Humor magazine.

TIGERS! That is what we are; and that is what the newcomers enrolling for the first time will soon be. Strange as it may seem, only a short while is necessary for the greenest Freshman to become a loyal, fighting TIGER. A football game or two out in the Memorial Stadium turns the trick. When the team sweeps on the field amid the martial music of the band, and the thundering cheering of thousands, an exultant pride creeps into the stoniest heart as the student feels a warm glow spread all over himself.

The Old Man has witnessed many stirring games. He has seen the TIGERS beaten according to the score board, but with a valiant fighting heart, march down the field, five—ten—twenty-five yards at a play, until with a final bit of strategy the goal of the opponent was crossed with the winning points. And the shirt-tail parades those nights were good to behold.

We are beginning what we hope to be a successful season. The team will be there every minute, doing its part, amid mud or snow. Your support is the vital part of success. Get out at the games and let us know you have good lungs.

Ten times more attractive



THE small chocolates in the Prestige assortment are attractive with their glossy coatings of chocolate in three shades.

But ten times more attractive, and candy-hunger compelling are the *centers*. Everyone recognizes the goodness of Whitman's but a feast for the eye is overlooked unless one occasionally peeps inside, where we lavish so much care.

Whitman's

PRESTIGE
CHOCOLATES

In art metal chests (which will find constant use) holding one pound, two or three pounds. At \$2.00 a pound.

On sale only at selected stores, each one of which is supplied with fresh and perfect candies, direct from Whitman's.

© S.F.W. & Son, Inc.



Whitman's Famous Candies are Sold by
PECK DRUG COMPANY HARRIS CATERING CO.



"What was the topic of conversation in the smoking car this morning?"

"How to get rid of the smoke nuisance."

—Stevens Stone Mill.

"What is that man doing with the six letters on his sweater?"

"Why he just made the girls' basketball team."

—Okla. Whirlwind

Liza: So you think I've got the nicest form in town?

Rastus: Yup, Ah knows a good thing when Ah seize it.

—Colorado Dodo

Biff: What is curiosity?

Bang: Curiosity is that thing that makes a man smoke a carload to see if the manufacturers are not over estimating their claims.

—Colby White Mule

"What are you doing, young man?"

"None of your business." He was right, so they fired him.

—Colgate Banter.

"I see the South China army was defeated."

"Yes They did very well on the attack, but had too many chinks in their defense."

—Virginia Reel

"What do you think of Freud's psychoanalysis?"

"Aw, Freud is just a dreamer."

—Notre Dame Juggler

Sally: I adore the ice man.

Alley: Why do you adore the ice man?

Sally: He has such pretty blue ice.

—Arizona Kitty-Kat

He: What do you drink?

She: I often wonder

—Ala. Rammer-Jammer.

Nail 'Er Down

And then there's the absent minded carpenter who sawed off his wife's wooden leg in the middle of the night.

—Reserve Red Cat

Our idea of nothing is a bladeless knife without a handle.

—Pennsylvania Runch Bowl

"I believe she meant it," said the boy, as his face was slapped for the sixth time.

—Hamilton Royal Gaboon

The key to too many women's hearts is a gold one

—Wisconsin Octopus

"Where are you going?"

"Trying to find where them pigeons live."

"What for?"

"Want some holes for my desk."

—Golden Bull

"Why do they call her Catherine de Medici?"

"They say it is because of her poisonality."

—Ohio State Sun Dial

During a grouse hunt, two sportsmen were potting the birds from butts situated very close together.

Suddenly a red face showed over the top of one butt, and the occupant said, "Curse you, sir, you almost hit my wife just now."

"Did I?" said the man, aghast. "I'm terribly sorry—er—have a shot at mine over there."

—Stevens Stone Mill

"There's a girl who holds her lick-er well," he thought as he watched the office girl stamp envelopes.

—Boston Beanpot.

"What nice little boys you are. And how old are you?"

"Twelve years old."

"But you can't be that old."

"Yes'm. Six years apiece."

—Georgia Cracker

Sociology Professor: What is the chief fault with our police system today?

Class: They raise the price of our liquor.

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

Frosh: Is college good preparation for life?

Grad: I'll say so. I learned to make eight o'clocks. And it's a pipe to make the early train

—Colgate Banter

"Why is Betty bristling up like that?"

"Oh, Harry patted her the wrong way."

—Pitt Panther.

Students

Compare our food, our service and our prices, then draw your own conclusions.

Plate Lunch ----- 35c

Regular Dinner - 50c

Special Dinner -- 75c

College Inn Cafe

"where Tigers fete, mete, etc & grete"

DEAN JONES' SON

(Continued from page 5)

Kitty had made it up to suit that un-Kitty-like description — "sweet and innocent as a flower."

M. T. thought it would do him good to date a girl like that. No rough stuff with her, of course. Treat her gently, delicately as one would a flower, a dainty rumbling rose. She would admire him, look-up to him, yes, respect him as no girl had done since Kitty threw that bowl of rotten punch at him Christmas before last.

An insistent rapping on the glass door of the telephone booth finally caught his attention.

"Come on in to dinner, dopey!" Billy was yelling at him.

"Billy, old man, I've gotta new broad. A lil girl that's sweet and innocent as a flower," he confided as they neared the dinning room door.

"Buck up," hissed Billy between his teeth. "The coach and a coupla faculty boys are here for dinner."

Dammit, Billy thought he was tight!

(Continued next month)

A REGULAR PLACE

Quick Service—

Clean food, prepared right—

Square prices—

Music while you eat—

THAT'S

Golson's

Candy Shop—Cafe

THE Highway TO Health

Fruit with every meal and a good bit in between meals keeps you feeling fine and fit.

START TODAY

Capital Fruit Company

Retail and Wholesale

Old Lady: Sonny, where in the world did you get that cigarette?

Little Boy (aged five): My father gave it to me

Old Lady: What! Your father gave it to you! Is he in his senses?

Little Boy: Yes, ma'am. He said he'd rather I learn those things at home to picking them up from every lady who comes by the corner.

—Black and Blue Jay

About 1933

Jack: Will you marry me?

Janet: When I have a vacancy, yes.

THE HOUSE OF JOY

(Continued from page 17)

year was an immense success. "The House of Joy" with a few changes in names and places, would be taken for an American story—or an English one so basically human are her characters. An interesting study of Dutch stage life, it gives, nevertheless, an insight into the stage life of any country in any age. It can throw light on the abnormal marriage mortality in Hollywood.

The novel was ably translated from the Dutch by H. van Wythe.

BEAUTY

It is only skin deep, that is why it must have constant care.

We are ready to give you prompt service and the prices are so reasonable you'll want us to serve you.

Phone for Appointment

MARINELLO Beauty Shop

North Tenth St.

“His comments last night were bitter.”

“Yes, I know it. He’s not very good with a cocktail shaker.”
—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

“Well,” said Dante, grinning, “I’m the man that put Hades on a pain basis.”—*Cornell Widow.*

Notice (outside second hand store): Mrs. Molinsky, having cast-off clothes, now invites inspection.
—*Yale Record.*

She’s so unconscious she can’t think what she’s thinking of.
—*Orange Peel.*

Necessary Equipment

Every student needs a good reliable alarm clock. Otherwise tardiness and cuts result. We have attractive clocks for your needs.

And a fountain pen, made by WAHY, to fit your style of writing, with a life time guarantee on every pen over \$5.00.

Specialists in Watch Repairing

LINDSEY’S

“Gifts that Last”

Time Well Spent

Is the time you spend listening to the new records at Taylor’s. All of the best records always in stock.

Come in and wander around, we have most anything you are looking for.

Columbia’s Most Interesting Store

TAYLOR

Music & Furniture Company

“home of the quadrangle orchestra”

Immediate Delivery

That’s what we mean when we say we will deliver any purchase from five cents up between noon and midnight, free of charge.

Gem Drug Store

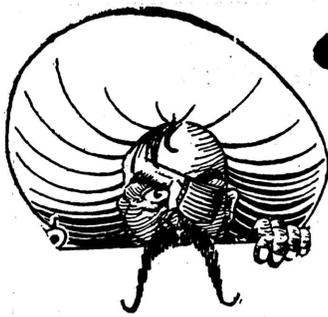
CALL US AND SEE

To The Public--

The Missouri Outlaw has a far larger paid circulation among the student body, than any other publication in Columbia, Missouri

If you want your message to really get across to the student body you must use the pages of the Missouri Outlaw.

Missouri Outlaw



THE OLD MAN AND THE CAT



A Page of Good, Clean Fun, Edited by
The Old Man's Son, Jesse James, Jr.

Welcome Missouri Students! We're glad to see you back. This summer has been lonesome, not being able to talk to you. We've been playing around all over the States and the Continent—working some of the time and just being lazy a good part of the summer. MY, but it was hot in some of the spots. Went swimming a lot although the Cat avowed he didn't like to get wet. Oh yes, and we played tennis and golf a good many mornings in the blistering sun. At night we rode and danced, when we weren't too sleepy. But our program will be somewhat different from now on. Attending your games, parties, classes and listening in on your tete a tete conversations and bull sessions.

The collegiate world has awakened again and for another nine months the Eds and Co-eds will reign supreme in their kingdom of Missouri University. We are wondering what is going to happen in the old town each night.

The King, we already know who he is. Our student president. But the Queen! We have no doubt that in the heart of all the fair Co-eds there is the wonder who will reign in supreme popularity

Familiar faces and familiar places to many of the students, and to some it will be a place of bewildering happenings and people for some time. But everyone loves it. The Columns, the beauty spot of the campus and traditional part of the University. The walks, down which many a happy couple has promenaded, the warm red bricks of the buildings on Red Campus and the austere whiteness of those on White Campus. They all hold within them the memories of laughing faces and sad faces, laughter ringing through the halls of those of the past. But now it will be alive with the mirth and voices of those of the present. Let us hope that it is only happiness that rings through everything this year. There are the Greek Letter houses, too, with their laughter and mirth of the present, their memories of the past, and their dreams of the future.

Rushing ought to be over by the time this comes out and we hope everyone is happy and satisfied. Bigger and better pledges.

We, the Cat and I, are wondering what kind of parties you are going to have this year. We hope they'll be good uns. Plenty of moonlight, pretty girls, good looking men, and good music. Why doesn't some one

give a Pirates' Ball or something like that. We're awfully tired of watching at the same kind every year. We crave something new and different. Something nice for the man who wins! We are going to give the grand prize of a full set of hand made silver from the dime store to the group that gives the best and most original party, this year. But remember there is only one prize, so you'll have to work some.

Just a little bit of free advice from us. It is rather dangerous business going to sleep in classes. Of course the prof realizes that you need sleep, but then he can't hand in a grade per gratis

We're hoping for big things from our football team this year. We want to win. Speaking of games. How about Homecoming? Hold that line and let them come.

Then there are vacations, serenades, and the big season of politics where friends turn enemies for the time being. You just can't imagine how much we've missed all these things this summer. We're so glad to be back, even if it does mean a little work on the side.

The Cat and I are now going to sit back and enjoy ourselves and have a private little chat that we'll tell you about the next time.

In these days of straight eight graft, the boy whose ambition was to be a policeman didn't make such a bad choice at that.

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

A man sued for his overcoat and lost his suit.

—Colby White Mule

Chem Prof: A catalyst is something that aids in the completion of a reaction but takes no active part in it. Can you illustrate?

Student: A glass egg.

—Colgate Banter

For that tired feeling—sit down.

—Ohio State Spn Dial

Lloyd George: American Women have lost their nerve.

Coolidge: You ought to see some of the entries in our beauty contests.

—Virginia Reel

There was another Scotchman who always jumped over the gate to save the hinges.

—Lehigh Burr

Night: Why is he always playing polo?
Gown: He came to college just to horse around.

—*Colgate Banter.*

Two small boys were out hunting in the woods and one of them stopped and picked up a chestnut burr.

"Tommy!" he called excitedly. "Come here! I've found a porcupine egg!"

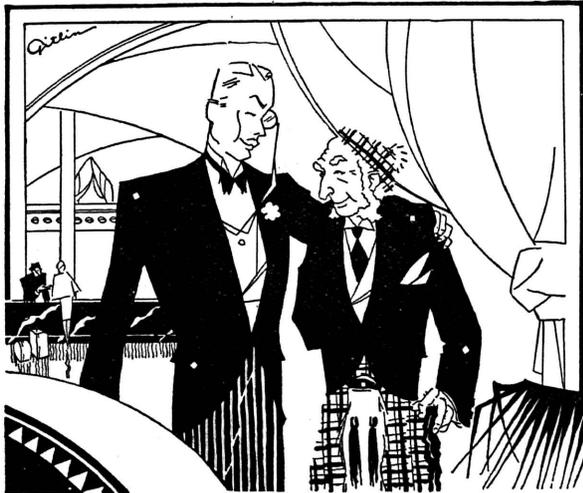
—*Notre Dame Juggler*

A Scotchman, not feeling as well as usual, called on his family doctor, who looked him over and gave him some pills to be taken at bedtime. Whisky also was prescribed for his stomach's sake, a small glass to be taken after each meal.

Four days later, Sandy again called on the doctor, stating he was feeling no better.

"Have you taken the medicine exactly as I instructed?" the doctor inquired.

"Weel, doctor," replied the patient, "I may be a wee bit behind wi' the pills, but I'm six weeks ahead wi' the whisky."
—*Wesleyan Woofus.*



"Sandy, what would you do if your friend MacIntosh offered you a Life Saver?"

"Hoot mon, it would take my breath away."

Rush Parties

With all the beautiful clothes, gay laughter and fun can easily be ruined for you by neglect of a very small and inexpensive matter.

And that's your Marcel, my dear. Or perhaps a Handwave, or . . . well, perhaps we can help you in deciding.

Parsons Sisters

Boone County National Bank

72 Year in Business

R. B. PRICE, President

CONVENIENT

GOOD FOOD

CLEAN SERVICE

Free Delivery Service

Campus Drug Store

Phone 2150

Cleaning—Pressing—Repairing

Students' Work a Specialty

Shoes Shined

Hats Cleaned and Blocked

"We call for and deliver"

VANITY FAIR

Phone 2150

College Humor's MONTHLY BULLETIN

WITH the new college year, College Humor greets its audience and pulls back the velvet curtains on a stage alive with beauty, gayety, movement and humor.

Its principals are the wittiest satirists and most modern dramatists of the season: Walter Winchell, Eric Hatch, Charleson Gray, James Aswell, George Brooks, Lynn and Lois Montross, Don Herold, Arthur T. Munyan, F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, Morley Callaghan and Westbrook Pegler.

Short, sophisticated sketches will alternate with such romances as **ONE LOVELY MORON** by Lucian Cary, the exciting adventures of a beautiful girl and a young professor who packed a gun; **COLOSSUS** by Holworthy Hall, a new triangular situation of a professional football player in love with three co-eds; and **NAVY WIVES** by Whitman Chambers, in which post-Annapolis officers and their idle brides meet tragedy and love at a tropical submarine base.

Listen to the music; watch youth whirl across the stage on diamond heels, skirts flashing; laugh with the comedians and smile at your generation, satirized and burlesqued. Here we have blended sentiment and romance with scepticism and mad clowning.

Announcement to All

College, prep and high school students **MAJESTIC --- COLLEGE HUMOR ESSAY CONTEST**

Win one of Grigsby-Grunow's gorgeous prizes—five Majestic Electric Radios—for your fraternity or sorority houses.

The best five hundred word essays on "Why We Bought a Majestic Radio" or "Why Our Next Radio Will Be a Majestic" will receive these five radios.

First Prize—New Majestic Combination Radio and Electric Phonograph.

Contest closes November tenth. Address all essays to The Contest Editor, Grigsby-Grunow Company, 5801 Dickens Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Missouri Men

We are ready to give you the best of everything to care for your car.

Greasing Washing Polishing

Tire Service — Repairs — Batteries

Missouri Motor Co.

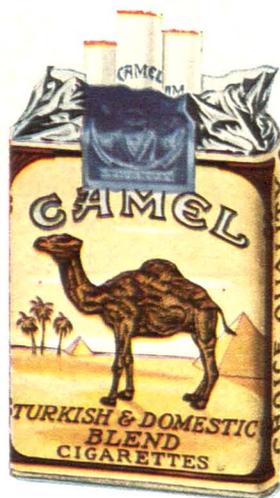
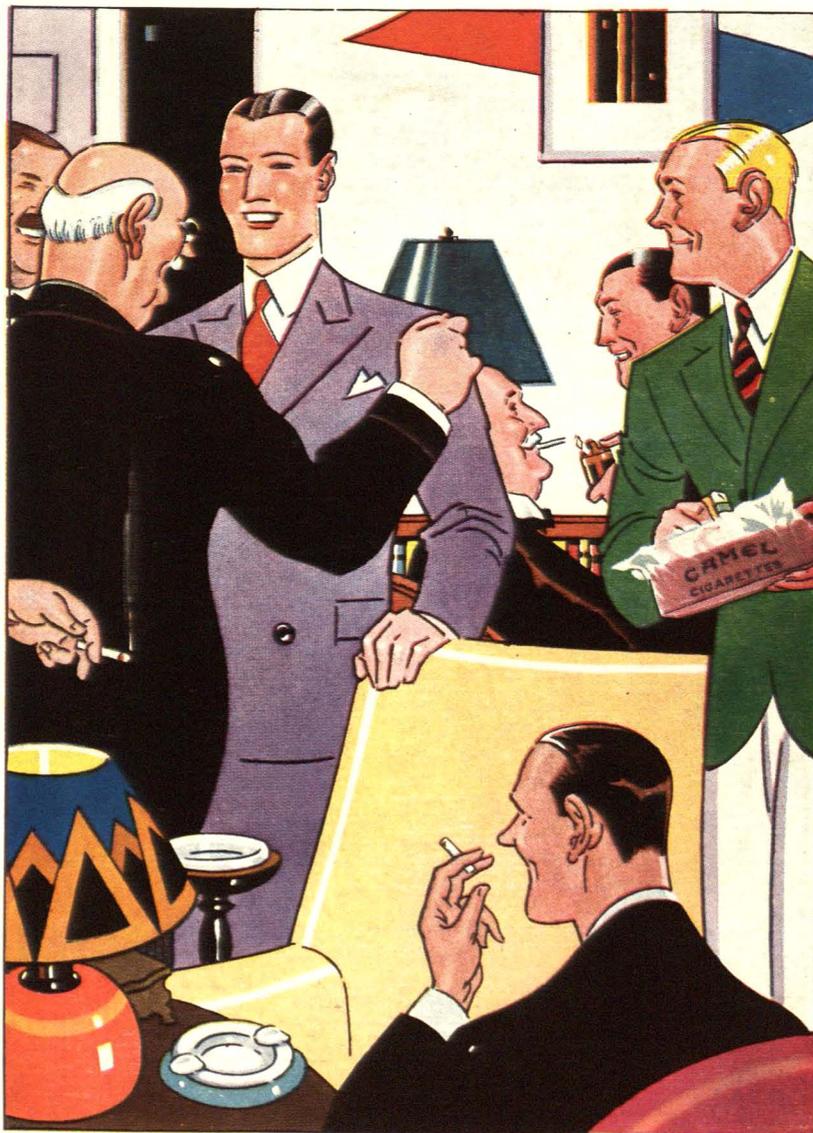
ALL THE NEWS

SPORT
SOCIETY
CURRENT EVENTS

Subscribe Now

COLUMBIA MISSOURIAN

PLENTY hoopla tonight . . .
27-3 . . . what a score! . . .
Stuffy, fill that box with Camels
. . . show a little hospitality for
the alumni . . . house needs a
new piano. . . Here's Hinks . . .
played a great game, boy. . .
Speech, Hinksy. . . "Thanks,
fellows . . . we uh—just did our
best . . . who's got a Camel?"



When they come to regard pleasure as the chief consideration in a smoke, Camel appeals equally to the oldest living undergraduate and the youngest old grad.

PROPERTY OF
BRAXTON POLLARD

© 1929. R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.