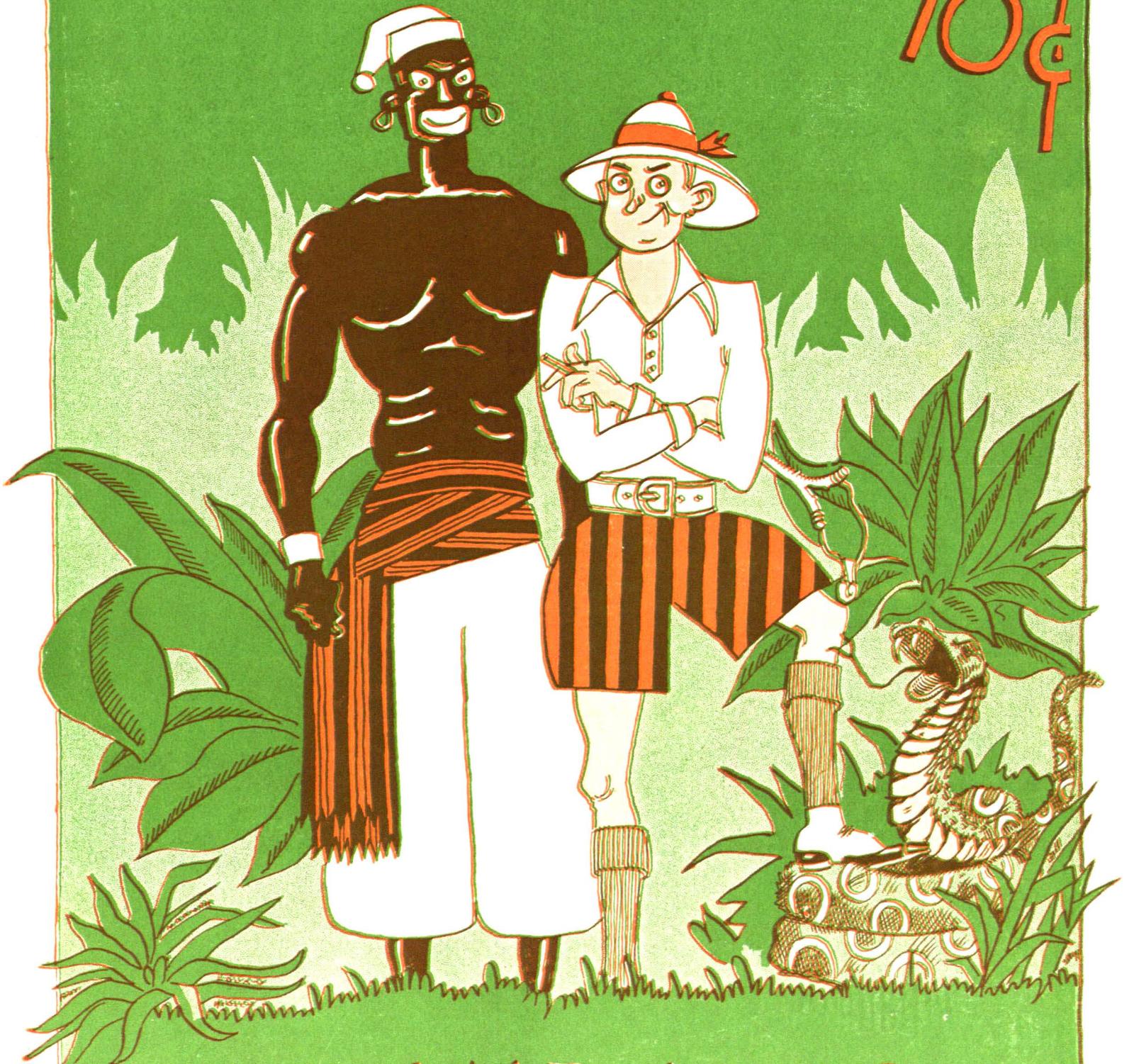


# MISSOURI OUTLAW

10¢



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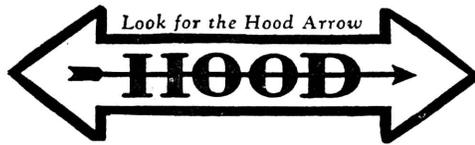
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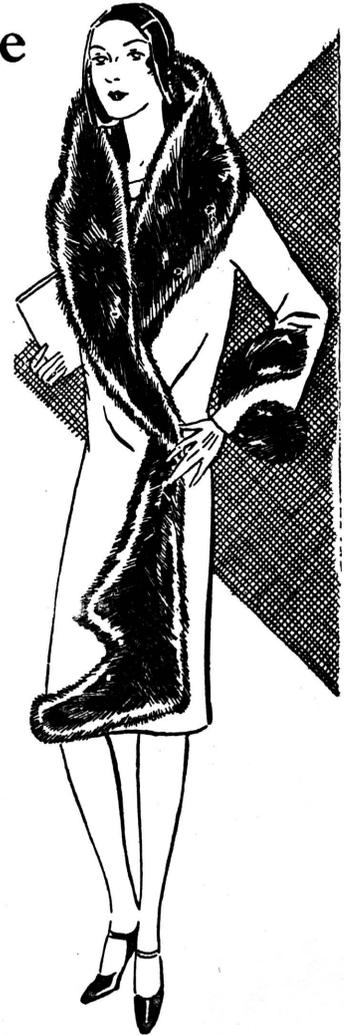
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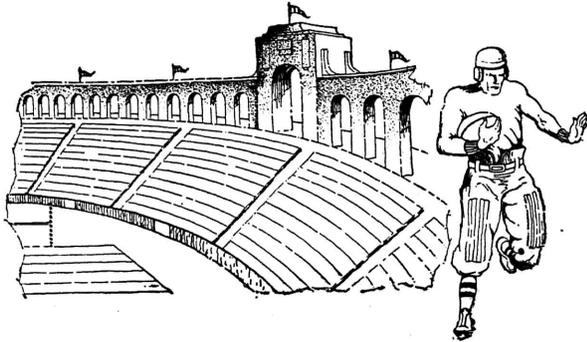
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**SUCCESS** in life oftentimes depends on small things—details which one is so apt to overlook.

For example, the careless hang of one's trousers may ruin an otherwise good appearance—one which would be beyond criticism if Pioneer's slogan "It's the hang of the trousers that matters" had been followed as a guide to sartorial perfection.

PIONEER SUSPENDERS • PIONEER BELTS  
BRIGHTON GARTERS

**PIONEER**  
*America's word for*  
**SUSPENDERS**

By the  
same makers



### BRIDGE SHARK

"Lady, may I trouble you to rise. You're sitting on my hand."

"How dare you!"

"But I'm sure I laid my cards there."

—The Owl.

*There was a young lady from Wales  
Who loved to relate wild tales;  
She told 'em so much  
That she soon got in dutch  
And was left quite alone by the males.*

—Orange Peel.

"Do you have any trouble with *shall* and *will*?"  
"No, the wife says *you shall* and I say *I will*."

He (fastening the little girl's dress) — Didn't your mother hook this?

She—No sir; she bought it.

—Calif. Pelican.

### Impossible

Let's kiss and never tell.  
You know how hard it is for a woman to keep a secret.

### Need a Barber

Editor: These jokes are so old they should have whiskers.

Author Well, I thought they might get in by a close shave.

### I Want Some

Andy. That girl there at the Charity Booth is selling kisses for a dollar.

Sandy: Wonder if she gives away any free samples?

### On Cute Numbers

Whiz: Then you can depend on your chorus?

Bang: Yes, you can count on girls with figures like that.

## INTER-FRAT

Mother (examining daughter's wardrobe): "Did you go to the prom this year, my dear?"

Daughter: No, mother, I ripped that shoulder strap playing tennis."—Voo Doo.

Tramp—"Mornin', ma'am; kin I cut your grass for my dinner?"

Kind Old Lady—"Of course, but you don't need to cut it; eat it just as it is.—Voo Doo.

Prof.—"Now, Mr. Blatz, what countries are on the other side of the Yangtze Kiang?"

Stude.—"Well, professor, it all depends on just which side of the dang thing you are on at the time the questions to be answered."

Traveler—"Do you call this a fast train?"

Conductor—"Yes sir."

Traveler—"Do you mind if I get off and see what it's fast to?"—Aggievator.

Dentist—"Will you take gas?"

Absent-minded Motorist—"Yeah and you'd better look at the water, too—Malteaser.

Johnny—"For two cents I'd knock your block off."

Bill—"Get away from me, you dirty professional."—Gaboon.

"Hear the latest?"

"What?"

"The queen gave the king the heir."

—Baboon.

A beautiful young lady boarded the street car. "Oi, lady", pleaded Ginsberg, Ginsberg & Ginsberg, Incorporated, "please don't sit underneath my advertisement."

—College Humor.

"Hear about the fellow who invented a device for looking through a brick wall?"

"No, what's he call it?"

"A window, sap!

—Yale Record.



**First Stewed!** "Watch out Joe, you almost drove up on the sidewalk!"

**Second Stewed!** "Hotdamn! An'I thought you were driving! Pass me those Life Savers, or that cop'll give ush a night's lodging."

## 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

A lady was entertaining a small son of a friend. "Are you sure you can cut your own meat, Willy?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes, thanks," answered the boy politely, "I've often had it as tough as this at home."

—Lyre.

Companionate Wife—"Where were you last last month, you brute."—Life.

Some girls proclaim their beauty from the hose tops.—V. M. Sniber.

# Missourians!

## Grads

### *Why Dine at the College Inn in Columbia*

*Because of the—*

**SUPERIOR FOOD  
HOME COOKED MEALS  
SATISFACTORY SERVICE  
DELIGHTFUL SURROUNDINGS**

*Next to your mother's cooking the College Inn will suit your taste.*

Visit our home-like place for your meals in  
Columbia and you'll always come back for more—

*Because it's*

# **Jimmie's College Inn**

*THE BEST MUSIC IN COLUMBIA*

# MISSOURI OUTLAW

VOL. VII.

OCTOBER, 1929

NO. 2

**Or a Wooden Check**

Criss: So you are in debt; what do you need to keep your head above water?

Cross: A raft of money.

**Modern Times**

Rev. Jones: (absently) The theme song today will be hymn No. 321.

A rather dumb but enterprising young man was the one who set up a booking station outside the stadium for the placing of bets on the pony backfield. Play the ponies!

**It Is a Shovel**

Dumb Dora always calls a spade a spade because her vocabulary is so limited.



**Mabel: Do You Believe In Love At First Sight?**

**Abel: Not Always; Sometimes The Sites Farther Out Are Better.**

**Need a File**

Hubby: This is a very hard bread.  
Wife: It's all right to whet your appetite.

**Almost a Dessert**

Sweet Young Thing: So you are fond of the Eskimos?  
Explorer: Yes, they're my frozen people.

The soup course was ended, but the melody lingered on.

**SHE LOOKED "AYE", BUT SHE MEANT "NO!"**

I eyed him first. When I caught his eye, I didn't know what to do with it, so I held it. He couldn't seem to let go my eye, so I tried to do so by lowering one of my eyes and eyelid (all the while looking at him out of the other eye to see what he was doing, thus being able to see that he saw that I saw what it was all about).

Now his eyes lit up. When I saw the conflagration I had started, I opened my eyes wide — and my pupils recognized their master. The balls of his eyes rolled in various directions but the socket held them in place.

At length I really saw, and having seen, I narrowed my eyes to tiny slits and gave the high-and-mighty stare.

The light in his eyes flickered and died down, and their fire went out as a stream of tears quenched their flame.



**Blonde: Who Gave The Bride Away?**

**Brunette: No One; The Groom Paid Plenty For Her.**

**Dumb Dora thinks:**

- Babe Ruth is too young to play ball.
- The Dodgers are pedestrians.
- The Reds should be deported.
- The Cardinals are a queer lot of birds.
- The Braves and the Indians are the same.
- The Cubs hibernate during the winter.
- The Pirates should be sunk.
- That Goose Goslin must be a queer duck.
- Stealing bases is terrible.
- A fielder's choice is that pretty blonde in the third row.
- That over the fence is out.
- That the Senators should be investigated.

# DEAN JONES' SON

## A Story of Hectic College Life in Ten Parts

### PART TWO

By

### Doris Daly

M. T. (Marvin Theodore) Jones, the wildest boy at Monatauck University and the son of Dean of Men Jones, is introduced to Rosemary Dale, a baby-face blonde, by Kitty Parsons, a sophisticated brunette. M. T., having been interested in Kitty since he was a good, timid little boy, decides to warn her that Rosemary's naivete is cramping her style. Kitty misunderstands him and warns him that "Rosemary's not the kind of girl you want." Hazy from the effects of five before dinner cocktails M. T. decides that he wants to date Rosemary, not only to take Kitty off her high horse but to make Rosemary respect him as no girl has done since Kitty threw that rotten bowl of punch at him Christmas before last.

Yet for a week M. T. forgot Rosemary — almost. In the first place when he and Billy Cash had entered the well filled dining room of the Kappa Beta House there, between Mrs. Larsen, the house mother, and Coach Harley sat — Dean Jones.

Billy saw him first. M. T. was too dazed after that revealing talk with Kitty to see anything but a wavering mass of faces, all staring at him — and grinning.

"She is so a-ash sweet 'n innocent —" he was insisting vehemently when Billy hushed him up again with a violent poke in the ribs.

"Your Dad!" he hissed in a voice so faint that M. T. couldn't make out what he said. Yet seating himself uncertainly at the end of the long table he was surprised to hear

suppressed chuckles emanating from those nearest him. What had Billy said?

Looking down the long table he saw the coach eyeing him and next to him a tall man with a thick shock of gray hair. My God! Dad! He remembered now—Dad had told him only that morning at breakfast



**"WHAT! You Don't Remember Me?"**

that he was invited to the house for dinner. Such a long, long time ago it seemed to his stragglng memory that he had forgotten it entirely — even when Billy had said out there in the hall that "the coach and a coupla the faculty boys are here for dinner."

"Hi Dad", he said loudly, grinning ingratiatingly. His voice had sounded clear to him. Perhaps Dad hadn't noticed how clumsily he had seated himself. But of course he

wasn't drunk. It was the shock of discovering so suddenly how much Rosemary meant to him that had made him a little dizzy.

"Good evening Marvin", Dad replied in his usual even tones.

But why in Hell did that fool Chuck Allen and his equally half-witted side-kick Ray Baird continue to grin at him? Did they think that Dad knew he was — well — had been drinking a couple of cocktails with Billy upstairs?

The rest of the evening — at the Kappa Beta House passed harmoniously. As the meal progressed M. T. regained his clarity of vision and his celerity of tongue. He talked about the new stadium and the first game to be held there. The first of the season it was, too. And with the Ruxton Rhinos. Boy, the Monatauck Wolves would clean them up for a great start this season. That game would be hot stuff. But, why in Hell did Chuck Allen and Ray Baird grin at him so? Dad couldn't know.

But later that evening M. T. discovered that Dad did

know. He accompanied him home in the family Studebaker at Dad's suggestion. Conversation had been limping painfully in the Kappa Beta living room between Dad, Coach Harley, Barstow, one of the younger profs in the engineering school, several of the chapter pillars, M. T. and Billy Cash who had nobly stayed to keep him company. But, M. T., who was feeling fine now, didn't really need the assurance of Billy's presence to keep his spirits up as

he so often did.

He was still engrossed in next Saturday's football game. In fact whenever there was a lull in the talk he introduced the subject:

"An' if they don't whip that bunch of suckers", he told the coach once, "You can call on me. I gotta keen date for the game — but I'll leave that Jane flat. Jus' call me outa the stand, coach, and I'll show you how to clean those Rhinos up." he smirked appreciatively at the laughter which he expected. Of course, he had been kidding. Yet, really, M. T. believed he could be a football player — and a darn good one — if he felt like it.

As if in proof of his secret theory Barstow spoke up:

"Why didn't you go out for the team Jones? You seem so interested?"

"By golly", M. T. blustered, "I never thought of it." (which was a lie). "Not too late, yet is it coach?" he asked, turning amusedly toward that dour individual.

"He's got the build, hasn't he?" Billy snickered, in his support, M. T. thought.

But the coach wasn't interested.

Just then Dad stood up and said that he was sorry but he would really have to go because he had some important business that had to be finished up that evening.

"And I guess you'll be coming along with me, Marvin", he added. "You undoubtedly have some studies to prepare this evening."

M. T. said that he guessed he had. But Billy didn't have to grin at him so foolishly. Of course he had. Especially since he hadn't cracked a book since Monday.

He let Dad out at the front door and took the car around to the garage. He let himself in the kitchen door. From the inviting refrigerator he cut a large wedge of apple pie and munched it appreciatively as he went into the front hall, intending to go right up to his room. But Dad called to him from the living room.

"Huh?" M. T. asked, half choked with apple pie as he sat down in the quiet, dimly lit room at his esteemed parent's request.

Dad never beat around the bush. "You were drinking before dinner", he said evenly, just as he might have announced to a wayward student, summoned to his judicial office, the cause of that summons.

But he was not severe. He was subdued, saddened, just as M. T. had known he would be at any revelation of his son's campus character.

M. T. felt sorry for him. He was so uprighteous. But a fellow had to defend himself. "Well, everybody drinks", he argued, "I can't be different just because — I'm Dean Jones' son — can I?"

"No", his father replied slowly, weighing the strength of the argument. "But you took too much."

M. T. scowled.

His father pushed a tired hand through his shock of thick, gray hair. "I wouldn't mind it so much if you got, what they call tight, on certain occasions — such as Homecoming. I could excuse you then for becoming a part of the general hilarity. Other people would, too. But, there's no excuse for over-indulging — continually."

M. T. jumped, but his father restrained him with a gesture.

"Yes, I've been hearing rumors — but I didn't want to believe them. I had no proof — until tonight. I know now there was truth in them. If your condition this evening had been unusual the other boys would have been surprised — some of them shocked because of my importune presence. But, they were just — amused — " his voice trailed off, as he leaned his head, weary, upon his tired hand.

"Oh, gosh, Dad!" M. T. was feeling terrible, too. And he was admiring his Dad. He was smart to see through it all like that. In fact he was so smart that people were saying he ought to be appointed president of Monatauck University. Prexy Carr was getting so old people were expecting him to retire any minute.

"It's bad enough to have my son a laughing stock", Dad continued, "But, it's worse to have him ruining his health with cheap liquor."

"Oh, gosh, Dad, I'm in keen shape", M. T. was cherry. "Didn't they — Barstow and Billy, anyway, say this evening that I ought to go out for the team?"

His father looked at him sharply. "They didn't mean it Marvin. You are well built. But, as you would say, they were kidding you. They knew, as well as the coach, that you haven't a chance. Because you drink."

M. T. laid the remains of his pie on a small table. What a dumb

bell he was! "Aw, what difference would that make? Applesauce!"

"When I was your age, in this same University, I drank, too. There was nothing illegal about it then in those pre-prohibition days. We all drank enormous quantities of beer —"

M. T. had to smile at the vision of his Dad guzzling beer.

"But I managed to drink a little more than the average so that I was frequently too drunk to attend class. I don't believe I would have been able to graduate if it hadn't been for your mother. She was one of the first co-eds — and", he smiled, "one of the prettiest. Out of all the boys she could have loved she picked me. One incentive being to reform me. That was considered a noble undertaking for a young lady."

M. T. was agape at this unexpected confession. He might have known Dad had been — always was — a regular fellow. And his sweet, too gentle mother reforming him. Gosh!

"But what I want to impress upon you", Dad continued, "Is the terrible state to which I descended. Although I had a keen desire to continue my studies that would have been impossible if it had not been for your mother's timely interference. When I was not too hazy from the influence of alcohol I was too tired and nervous for any ambition. I am telling you these things, which I thought long buried, to help you Marvin—"

By this time M. T. was choking back tears. "I'll go slow, Dad", he promised.

For a week M. T. stayed away from Billy Cash's room on the third floor of the Beta Kappa house. He ate dinner at home every evening and made some progress toward "catching up" on studies not yet begun for that semester. Of course he wanted to amount to something fine, like Dad.

Saturday he proudly escorted his "keen date", Alta Prince, to the Ruxton game. Alta, although only a Tri Nu, was one of the hottest mamas on the campus. Which explains her. Red-lipped, white-faced and mascara-eyed was Alta, as full of expression as the features in a modernistic poster design. Since she was from Nashville she spoke with a Southern accent.

They were scarcely seated when  
(Continued on page 22)

## I Was But an Innocent Country Maiden, and He--



**The Half Pint: Pop, Teacher Said That Theme You Wrote Was Simply Terrible. She Said She Didn't See How You Ever Got Through School. The Big Pint: Ha! Is She Wondering About That Too?**

### Yoo Hoo, Scotchmen!

Jill: He's the stingest man I know!  
Jack: How so?  
Jill: He always goes out on a date immediately after shaving so he won't have to buy any powder.

(Prima Dona about to perform).  
And what shall I sing?  
Chorus: Sing — —  
Tomorrow! When I'm Away From You!  
Some place Else! When You're With Somebody Else!  
When You're Gone! A Hundred Years From Now!  
When I'm in Carolina!

I'm glad I'm in love with you, instead of Angela.  
Why?  
Well, I don't like Angela and if I was in love with her, I'd hate making love to her cause I dislike her.

I was only a country maiden from Bowling Green. He was a city slicker—a dude with three eyebrows and an Ingersoll watch from East St. Louis. His father was a big butter and egg man turned sour. He, the son, was the cream of the family dairy. We both had butter and cream in common.

I write my story that all may know the ruthless way of a city man with an innocent country girl!!\*?:? }@}!!!!!! Ah!&@?b!?!%}

One day I dressed myself up like a bootlegger's daughter, and invited him to go driving in papa's tractor. (I had had it down for Rush Week—it was one of the most exclusive tractors made).

He didn't want to go, but yielded with much gracefulness when I pitched him into the seat beside me (Papa always did say pitching hay would come in useful). He asked me to demonstrate the tractor, so I showed him how he could drive with one hand, and, to prove it, I mono-

polized the other. (We were able to get safely out of the ditch). We drove and drove — and I—I snuggled up close where I could feel his vest pocket thumping up and down with his heart underneath pumping it. (It was a terrible cold night).

He asked me to tell him what a petting party was, and I, ever advocating higher education and despising ignorance, explained to him the meaning of necking and gave him samples (I mean examples!) After parking the tractor I turned out the lights and did not long keep him in the dark as to why I did it.

Girls — I say this — my heart-breaking life story that all may know and profit by my technique (experience, I mean!). For my own experience that night was tragic—and filled with black despair. After all my kindness to him, he — that brute! — he dared to attempt to kiss me!!!

But I was only a country maiden, and he — —

Why do girls leave home?  
Cause they can't take it with them.

### Not Bare Skins, Censors!

Kitty: I'm told Jimmy is a wolf in sheep's clothing.  
Meow: Well, almost. He's the family's black sheep in wolf's skin.

May I have this dance?  
(Haughty young thing) Yes — if you can find a partner.

Allez—Why do you like him?  
Oop—Well, for one thing, he's air-minded.  
Allez—Hot air?

Ali—Your nose is running.  
Baba—Really? Then I must stop it. It's too long now.



**First Drunk: I Hear They Aren't Sending Any More Mail to Washington.**

**Second Same: How's That?**

**First Same: He's Dead.**

**Always Belittlin'**

While crossing a railway bridge a small boy was astonished to see two trains running on the same line and about to crash head-on. He stood and witnessed the smash.

Later, some officials, learning that there had been an eyewitness found the lad and asked: "What were your thoughts at the time of the crash?"

"Well," the boy answered slowly, "I thought it was a rotten way to run a railway."

**Stumping the Boss**

The Boss: "Call yourself a typist, and you can't even put a ribbon in a machine?"

The Girl: "Could Paderewski tune a piano?"

**A-Lure**

Gladys was recounting her experiences at the party to her mother.

"Arthur Thompson tried to kiss me," she said.

"How dare he!" exclaimed her mother.

"He didn't. I dared him."

**There's Some More**

Modern Author: My work will be read when Shakespeare and Milton are forgotten.

Critic: Yes, but not before.

**HIS GOOD DEED**

A piercing scream rent the air; Jimmy, the Boy Scout, dropped the big bundle of Saturday Evening Posts he was selling and dashed out into the middle of the street where a girl had got entangled in a live wire that the storm had brought down.

Without an instant's hesitation he brought his scout training into play and turned and dashed for home two blacks away.

In a few minutes he was back with a bundle of newspapers. Using these to insulate his hands he dragged the girl away from the wire. By this time a crowd had gathered but no one had dared to try to rescue her.

Fortunately the wire had not been fully charged and the girl, while badly burned and suffering from shock, would recover.

The people all praised Jimmy but no one could understand why he dashed home for those papers when he had a big bundle with him.

"Why did you take all that time, Jimmy?" some one asked.

"The book said newspapers," was his reply.

**We're Jealous**

That flapper's knee is something to blow about," laughed the saucy little breeze.

**Two Week's Notice**

After parting instructions had been given, the young traveler picked up his bag and started on his initial trip.

"Good luck to you," said his chief. "Wire us important news."

The following day this message was received:

"Reached here safely. Good room with bath. Feeling fine."

The manager wired back: "So glad. Love and kisses. Good-bye."

**Between Two Forces**

Higgins — Peewe seems such a evenly balanced fellow.

Wiggins — He should be. In business the profiteers hold him up and at home his wife holds him down.

**Little of It Left**

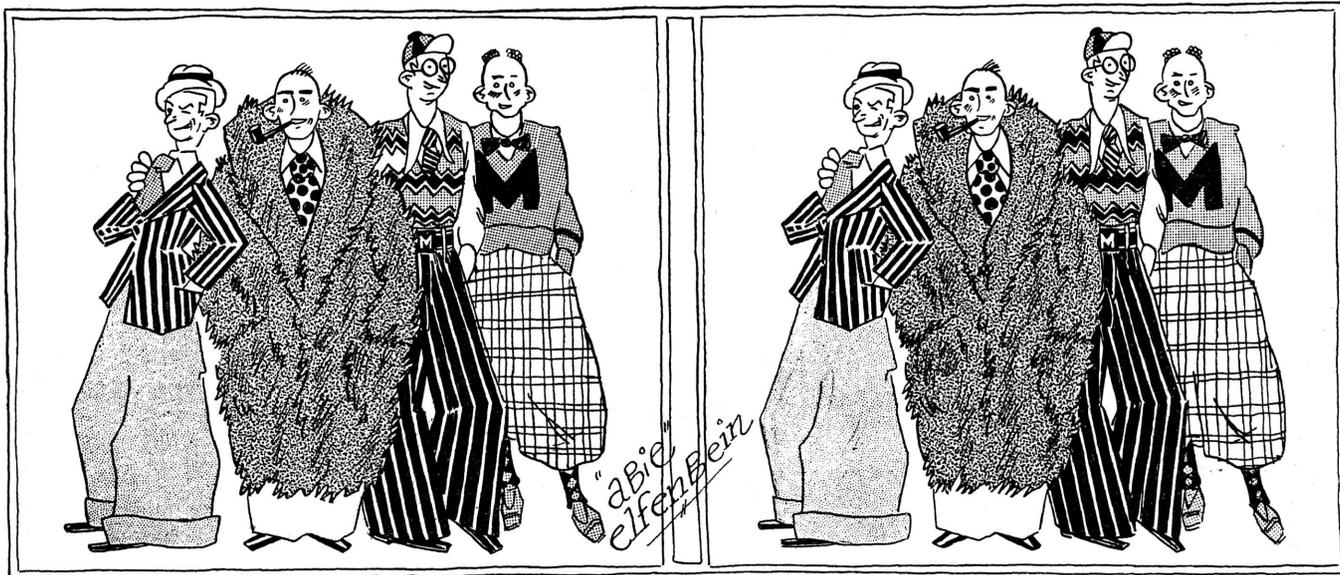
"What is the aftermath, pa?"

"That rapidly fading 'dark brown taste.'"

**His Gentle Answer**

Lady of commanding appearance returns to her seat in passenger car and finds it occupied by small man reading paper — "Sir, I'm sitting there."

Looking up placidly he replied, "Madam, pray remain seated."



**Four Examples Of College Students As Pictured By The Comics, Movies, And Magazines.**

**Four Examples Of College Students As They Actually Are.**

# BARE KNEES

## A Story of College Romance

### Conclusion

BY

### *Hertha Deck*

morning than I ever did on any lessons."

It was still so near to the beginning of the semester that many students had not as yet met Bernice, and even so, the shy, backward girl of yesterday was never associated with the suddenly blossoming Phi Lambda co-ed.



Briggs, after that lecture in the "Palms", found himself thinking more of Bernice than he ever had thought of any girl. Women did not interest him greatly. He found some of them good company when he was tired of his law books, but he had never experienced what his fraternity brothers called love. He had his idea of love, and had enough strength of character not to accept any cheap imitations; he was willing to wait for the real thing or not have anything at all.

With a keenness of perception, he realized that he was falling in love with Bernice

"Won't do for her to know it. Let her go ahead and have a taste of college life first. If she learns to care for me after playing around, o. k. but I'm not going to do any snatching up until she's had experience and knows what she wants."

Bernice felt a sort of intoxication in the first realization of her dreams. She had "made-believe" so often of

what she'd like to be, that now having the outward appearance the rest came easily.

She, too, joined in the session. But her laugh was fresher, newer, than those of the other girls, because the excitement of playing was so new to her. She dated at the best houses; and after the girls' surprise over her rapid change became less, they began to feel the respect for her that every popular girl receives.

Only one thing hurt Bernice, and that was somewhat lessened by the excitement of the new life in which she found herself, Briggs treated her with the cordiality of a friend, but never asked her for dates. Of course he was twenty-two, and she only eighteen, but she knew they could have wonderful times together. She loved him all the more deeply for what he had done for her; and there was comfort in the thought that he had practically remade her.

Bernice bubbled with enthusiasm. "Bare Knees" was what she came to be called. All the pent-up pep and love for fun came rushing to the top and flowed over. She was never coarse, nor did she become hard. The men felt a protectiveness towards her because of the element of innocence through all her fun.

Getting in readiness for the next Phi Lambda party, Bare Knees was one of the many who called and ran from room to room.

"Who's got a long chain of pearls?"

"Ooooh, Vivian, you look so darrrrrling!"

"My gosh, a hole in the only silver hose I own."

"Now! where's that blue ring of mine."

"I'm scared to death I won't get cut."

Shouts, clouds of powder-dust, silken things flying about, the orchestra starting up below.

Soft lights, girls in colored dresses swaying with men in black and white, dignified chaperones sitting

That afternoon Bernice went to the hairdresser's and experienced a thrill of wickedness in disobeying her mother. Gone was the country-girl fluffiness; instead, her blue black hair was combed to her head so sleekly that it fitted like a cap and showed the round curve of the back of her head.

Now having begun — she glanced through fashion magazines with little tingles of excitement. That evening she locked herself in her room and underwent many experiments. Next morning the oily skin was gone; instead her face had been finely dusted with Rachel powder. No rouge only the natural soft rosy glow shone through. And the soft, sensitive curves of her lips were slightly accentuated. So far she had bought only one dress, one she had meant to wear for school, a close-fitting, trim, one-pieced dress revealing her slim but rounded figure. Bernice had had to rehearse in the privacy of her room both the evening before and that morning so as to be able to meet the exclamations she knew she could expect. For the mirror showed her an image startlingly like a model in Vogue.

"Why, Bernice!"

"What've you done!"

"I can't believe it!"

That dainty figure. Such slim ankles. Those lips so sweetly promising. Such a velvety complexion.

Bernice flushed and slipped into her chair at the breakfast table. "I couldn't stand it any longer. And Briggs Tyler got me started, so I kept going before I'd become too frightened, and stop" she said hurriedly and apologetically.

The girls simply stared, amazed. "But in one night. You certainly did well. It sounds like an advertisement."

"Well, the hairdresser helped me. And you know there are loads of helpful articles in magazines, and — —" Bernice blushed and laughed "I worked harder last night and this

in the corner.

One intermission found Bernice and Briggs together. They walked outside and sat in the car. Flakes of snow danced in the moonlight.

Bare Knees was quite experienced in the ways of car-parking now, but with Briggs it was different.

"I'm proud of you, Bernice. You've made me proud of myself," Briggs said, "Are you happy?"

"Terribly so, Briggs, and Bernice placed her hand over Briggs' "And I have just you to thank." Bernice had petted quite a bit; not promiscuously, but when she knew she wanted to. She longed desperately to kiss Briggs, but he was so cold and distant that she only talked of silly topics of the day.

Briggs had not petted since his freshman days, no girl had interested him enough for that. But he loved Bernice, a fine kid and so utterly feminine; always a good sport, and never questioning. But somehow, he felt her to be too much in love with the life she was at present living.

Bernice crept in bed that night with a heaviness of heart.

"I love him so. But he only considers me as a sort of little sister. I can't act as if nothing's the matter very much longer. He doesn't say anything, and still — he watches me like a hawk, and seems so proud of me". Bare Knees was puzzled and hurt. Briggs was the first who had understood her and made her as happy as she now was. She felt so close to him.

A few weeks later and the finals were over. Professors and Deans were on the alert for too much youthful bursting of bonds.

"Whoopee! no more geology. Let's celebrate," and Bare Knees turned on the Victrola and danced a dance of pep and intricate steps.

"Let's do something different," Joyce said.

So four couples of freshmen and sophomores started out in cars, singing and full of the spirit of freedom.

"There's a roadhouse out here about ten miles with a negro orchestra. Let's go for a few minutes anyway, and see what it's like," suggested one of the lassies in a hushed voice.

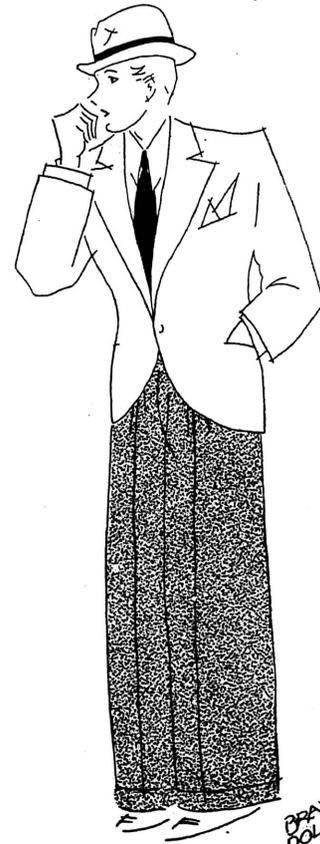
"It'll be just too bad for us if we're caught. Road-houses are black-listed, you know," said Bernice.

"But no one'll know if we just stay there long enough to see what it's like," coaxed another date.

AND WHERE  
DID YOU LEARN  
SO MUCH ABOUT  
FEMININITY?



WELL-I DIDN'T  
STROKE THE VASSAR  
CREW—FOR  
NOTHING!



BRAYTON  
ROLLARD

"Aw right, far be it from me to ruin a party. But let's just stay a few minutes, and then go down to Varsity. I'm dying to dance."

The four couples finally reached the Black and Tan and bounded onto the dance-floor. None of them had ever been there before. Seated at a table, Ted drew out his flask, and they all proceeded to "make whoopee" as George described it. Bare Knees made a pretense at her drink. She never could learn to like liquor

"One dance and away we go." They rose — and through the doorway they saw the dean of men and the dean of women who had been watching them.

Road-houses were strictly black-listed; there was liquor on the table; nothing could be done, and eight young people were expelled—humil-

iated and youthful enthusiasm dimmed.

Bernice was so ashamed that she refused to see Briggs who called on her several times during the next few days when she was getting ready to leave; nor would she speak to him over the phone. Finally she received a note—

"Bernice—

I know how you feel, and I want to see you. There's something I have to say to you."

Briggs.

Briggs understood the motive which had led the young folks into their trouble; he knew how much Bernice demanded sympathy for there certainly would be none at home for her.

Bernice longed to see Briggs, but  
(Continued on page 12)



**Hubby to Wife in Phone Booth:  
I'm Going To Take A Turkish Bath,  
Alice.**

**Wife to Hubby: Now, You Keep  
Away From Them Harems.**

#### But No More

Jack: Gee, you have a nifty knee.

Dancer: Yes, I guess I'll have to spin and bare it.

Bill: I can't live without you.

Coo: Can I depend on that? I'm leaving you and your insurance money would come in so handy.

#### Without The Door

Butler: Your boot-legger waits without, sir?

Biggs: Well, then, what's the use of waiting?

1st Senior— "So Abe's taking Italian. That makes his third language."

2nd Souse— "Yeh —quick with his hands, y'know."

#### Easy to Learn

Bob: How did you ever learn to be a thief?

Ned: Oh, I picked up a little here — a little there.

He: Did you ever read "Through the Looking Glass?"

She: Why, no, I never knew you could.

#### BARE KNEES

(Continued from page 11)

her humiliation prevented her from even being free with the girls. His note raised some hope in her, but that was overpowered by the feeling of unworthiness for anything he might have to say to her.

So one morning the girls found Bernice's room bare. She did not go home and Briggs was worried. She was so young, and this was the first time she had done anything of which she could be ashamed.

The maid found a letter in Bernice's hand-writing in her dressing-table, addressed to a friend in Chicago.

"She must have forgotten to mail it", said one of the sisters.

"I think we ought to open it and see what it says. No one knows where Bare Knees is, and this may help."

The letter related the road-house episode, and then said — "So if you'll let me, I'd be so glad if I could stay with you now as you've

asked me so often to do. I can't go home — and I'll find something to do."

"How lucky! Let's tell Briggs. He's been haunting the house for information about her ever since she left."

A Saturday morning — Bernice downcast and ashamed, and Briggs' hand on her shoulders.

"Bernice, you mustn't feel that way. You did nothing really wrong, just indiscreet." Then — "I love you, dear."

Bernice glanced up quickly. She had begun to suspect that Briggs loved her from the time of his note, but she had been too afraid to deem it positive. Then after a few moments—"Briggs, I've a confession to make." Bare Knees didn't dare to look at him, but she smiled. "I really meant to be self-sacrificing but at the last minute I didn't have the courage so I purposely left that letter in the room."

"Sweetheart, you **did** learn a lot, didn't you?"

#### Not Out

Mrs. Jones: Doesn't your little boy swear horribly?

Mrs. Brown: Yes, he's sowing his wild oaths.

#### Part Of His Family

Jake: Why does that cat yowl when I play the fiddle?

Zeke: I guess them fiddle strings must strike a responsive chord in him somewhere.

#### Ate Too Much

Hi: I see by the paper that ship foundered at sea.

Si: I wonder what it found to eat 'way out there.

#### Mine Works — Sometimes

George: Does your cigarette lighter work?

James: The only time it ever lit was once when I dropped it.

#### Count Up To Two

Nate: You are a girl in a million.

Kate: What I want to know is whether I'm the one or just one of the ciphers.

#### Cross Eyed

Ted: What's the matter? Crossed in love?

Ned: No; double-crossed.

#### Call A Diver

Diner: There's a fly in my soup.

Waiter: Wait just a minute till he stops kicking and I'll take him out.

#### We All Do It

First Burglar: Garn, don't tell me Bert was copped because 'e left 'is fingerprints be'ind! 'E ain't such a fool.

Second Ditto: Well, 'e did, then. Saw a 'wet paint' sign in the 'all, and couldn't resist seein' if it was true.

# LAUGHS FROM THE CAMPUS

"I AM STILL CARING"



ALL THE LATEST SONG HITS 35¢



I AM SORRY I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO PLACE YOU.



DO YOU DRINK MILK?



NAH. CAN'T GET THOSE WIDE MOUTHED BOTTLES IN MY MOUTH!

BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE HELEN SMITH



I WAS - BUT I GOT KICKED OUT!

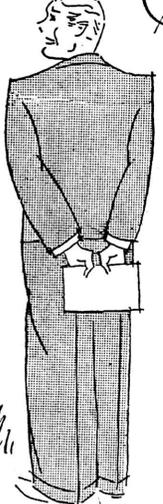


YEAH - ONCE A MASON - ALWAYS A MASON - ONCE - END!

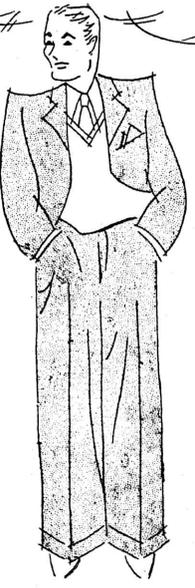
PLEASE LOOK WHERE I - AM NOT!



I CAN'T SEE THAT FAR!



DO YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MASON AND A KNIGHT?



BRAXTON POLLARD



**Jim: I'm Dying For A Kiss.  
Beth: Yes, I Notice The Mortality  
Amongs Saps Is Pretty Great.**

#### An Agreement

She—I thought we had agreed not to use any of our wine stock except in case of sickness.

He—Yes, my dear, but you see on several occasions I didn't feel at all well, but I didn't want to worry you by speaking about it.

#### I Could Cry

Will—I just saw a touching scene.  
Bob—What was it?  
Will—Two fat men in a 4x6 elevator. They touched on all sides.

#### He Knew Where, All Right

"You say your father was wounded in the war?"  
"Yes, sir, very bad."  
"Was he shot in the ranks?"  
"Nossir; in the stummick."

#### Following Instructions

The Boss—Funny, they're all gone. Did you post that notice to the employes, "You have work to do here, so be at it?"

The Typist—Yes, sir; but I must have left out the space between "be" and "at."

The girl who used to play the game "In and Out the Window" when she was younger now goes to a young woman's college and still plays it only with somewhat more reality.

#### Profit and Loss

First Tramp—I'm sure hungry. How kin we git a bite to eat?

Second Tramp—I'll tell ya. I'll give ya a black eye.

First Tramp—A black eye! What for?

Second Tramp — Sure, then you run and ask that old lady in that house over yonder for a piece of raw meat to put on it.

#### All Is Not Lost

She: Here is your ring—I find we are not suited to each other.

He: Tell me the truth — you love another?

She: Yes.

He: Tell me his name—I insist.

She: You want to harm him?

He: No, I want to sell him this ring.

#### Depended on the Weather

First Office Boy—It's pretty cold weather for baseball.

Second Office Boy—Yes, I don't think my grandmother will die until it gets warmer.

#### Protection

Doctor: There is not much wrong with you—take this medicine, but whatever you do, don't play the cornet. (Patient goes).

Friend: Why did you tell him not to play the cornet?

Doctor: He lives just under me.

#### Poor Fellow!

Wife: Oh, Jack, I'm so glad you've come. I gave that tramp one of my cakes to eat, and he's gone to sleep over there.

Husband: Oh—er—I say — you're sure he is only asleep?

#### THE MONTHLY PRIZE CONTEST

The BIG GAME NUMBER establishes a new record for numbers of contributors. That's a good joke. As a matter of fact there were just a few. Awards went to Lovan Hall, Harold Elfenbein, Voerge Yeager, Blaine Bigler and Braxton Pollard.

No matter what your talent may be, send in your best and rest assured it will be given a square deal. The next issue is the AVIATION NUMBER and copy is due on the first of November. Get your typewriters, and pens well oiled, (but not yourselves). Then throw a dream on paper. That's all there is to it. Address, MISSOURI OUTLAW, Columbia, Mo.

#### Foolish Thought

Mrs. Junbride—Somehow I can't help suspecting that you're leading a double life.

Her Husband—Nonsense! Only a single man can afford a double life.

#### The Landlubber's View

Stranger( to Farmer Tufts. cross-the ocean for the first time)—Pretty rough going, isn't it?

Farmer Tufts—Wal, 'twouldn't be so rough if the cap'n would only keep in the furrows.



**Alice: He made his money in oil.  
Doris: Then it ought to burn easily.**

## Casey on the Gridiron

The prospects weren't brilliant for  
the Mudville squad that day;  
Defeat seemed almost certain a-  
gainst that enemy array.  
And so with Casey on the sick list  
and Burrough near the same,  
A sickly fear came over the pa-  
trons of the game.

A few refused to go, but on the other  
hand the rest  
Attended with the hope that  
springs eternal in the human  
breast.  
They thought, if only Casey could  
break away today,  
They'd bet their bottom dollars  
Casey'd make 'em pay.

Blake went in for Casey and Flynn  
for Jimmy Burrough,  
The former was a hoodoo, the lat-  
ter very slow;  
But Flynn made gains at center, to  
the wonderment of all,  
And Blake, the much despised,  
ran riot with the ball.

And when the half was over and  
the teams had left the field,  
The scoreboard showed two zeros;  
the home-team wouldn't yield.  
Then from the maddened thousands  
there went up such a yell,  
It beat against the hillsides, it  
echoed in the dell;  
It thundered on the mountain tops;  
it seemed to promise fate,  
For Casey, mighty Casey, was ad-  
vancing with his mates.

There was pain in Casey's visage as  
he limped into his place,  
There was fight in Casey's bear-  
ing and a frown on Casey's  
face,  
And when, ignoring all the cheers,  
he swiftly joined the rest,  
No member of the crowd could  
doubt that Casey'd do his best.

Ten thousand eyes were on them as  
they plunged and hit the dirt;  
Five thousand tongues applauded  
when they came back al-  
though hurt.  
Then while the opposing captain  
ground his teeth and bit his  
lip,  
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye,  
and a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the wind-filled pig-skin  
again came hurling through  
the air  
And Casey stood awaiting it with  
determination there,  
Close by the sturdy player and  
enemy back came near  
"That ain't my style", thought Casey,  
and the crowd sat tense with  
fear.

From the benches, black with  
people, there went up a muf-  
fled roar,  
Like the beating of storm waves  
on a stern and distant shore.  
"Stop him! Stop that guy!" scream-  
someone in the stand.  
And it's likely they'd have stop-  
ped him had anyone been at  
hand.

But strange as it may seem, that  
pass was incompleated;  
Despair stilled the rising tumult,  
as if they'd been defeated.  
He signaled to the center, and once  
more the pig-skin flew;  
And Casey tried off tackle, to go  
for a yard or two.

"Fight!" cried the maddened thous-  
ands and an echo answered  
"Fight!"  
But another smash from Casey,  
and the aspect was as bright.  
They saw his face grow stern and  
cold, they saw his muscles  
strain  
And they knew that Casey was  
determined to make a gain.

The play is called, another pass,  
and Casey runs to catch the  
ball,  
He lunges with des'prate violence;  
his straight arm makes 'em  
fall.  
And now the passer holds the ball,  
and now he lets it go,  
And the air is shattered by cries  
of joy and then of woe.

Oh somewhere in this favored land  
the sun is shining bright,  
The band is playing somewhere,  
and somewhere hearts are  
light,  
But there is no joy in Mudville —  
its days of joy are passed,  
For 'twas toward his own goal-  
line that Casey ran so fast.



**She:** Doesn't this moonlight make  
you dream dreams?

**He:** Gosh, no, I'm just getting  
wakened up.

---

### Use a Crow-Bar

Whiz: Your wife has lock-jaw.  
Bang: Gee, I hope they don't find  
the key!

---

### Oh Yes They Have

George: That dress doesn't leave  
much to the imagination.  
Georgette: Well, men have no  
imagination.

---

### Such a Fortune

Fay: My face is my fortune.  
May: Yes, fortunes are made over  
night.

---

### Yes, I'll Bet

Wifie: Now, don't forget you're  
married.  
Hubby: (starting on a trip) Gee,  
I'll be reminded of it often!

---

### Good Idea

Bill: How do you keep from hit-  
ting your fingers when you drive a  
nail?  
John: I keep one hand in my  
pocket.

---

### Very True

Mother: Here, take your medicine  
like a man.  
Bobby: No, I'm not going to make  
any fuss.

---

### Let Me Cover Them

Producer: I wish to have my bath-  
ing beauties insured.  
Agent: All right, I have a blanket  
policy that will cover them.

### Naturally So

Teacher: Now what shall X represent?

Bobby: Aw, the place where the body was found, of course.

### How About Ice

Author: I have a story that will chill the blood in your veins.

Editor: We have a very efficient cooling system, thank you.

### A Sardine, What?

"Self-preservation is nature's first law," said the old soak, so being a law abiding man he got pickled.

### And Tipsy

She was only an oculist's daughter but she drank till she was goggle-eyed.

### A Fisherman

Jones: You've made quite a haul.  
Fisherman: Can't tell till I see the net contents.

### Wine Is Better

Abel: I like to sit here and drink in your beauty.

Mabel: Yes, but I think you've been mixing your drinks.

### How Cute

Joe: Is she your best girl?

Jim: No, she's my everyday one; I have a better one for Sunday.

### Lazy Now

The Village blacksmith doesn't stand under the spreading chestnut tree anymore. Since the advent of the automobile he has made so much money he has retired and you'll find him sleeping under the old tree.

### And How

"The modern dresses allow more freedom," says a fashion expert. Yes, and most of the young fellows take advantage of it.

### We'll Be There

The best hosiery display in the city — when Peg gets into the rumble seat.

### Where It Starts

"Where does a petting party end?" asked an advertisement. Why, in court, of course.

### And Plenty Too

Ned: I can't give you anything but love.

Sue: Well, hurry up, let's have it.



**Manager: Why Do You Insist In Going To The Movies Every Night While You're In Training?**

**Wrestler: I'm Learning Some New Holds From John Gilbert And Greta Garbo.**

### Call the Police

Joe: What did you do when you blundered into the star's dressing room by mistake?

Jim: Oh, I had presence of mind. I locked the door.

### Get An Adding Machine

Nurse: Your wife has just given birth to triplets.

Brown: Gosh, that's what comes of her working in the recorder's office! Everything is triplicate.

### Go To Night Clubs

Alice: He has more money than brains.

Doris: I'll soon equalize them.

### And Me Too

Jack: Give us a kiss.

Janet: Wait till I see who's with you.

### Ha! Ha!

Mrs. Brown: You don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago.

Mrs. Jones: (delighted) You don't say?

Mrs. Brown: No, you look about thirty-five years older.

### Perhaps There Is

Criss: Why does a chicken cross the road?

Cross: She thinks there is some easy picking over there.

### Who Wouldn't

Jim: Would you love a girl with one arm.

Jake: I'd rather use two.

### How Dumb

Then there was the absent minded professor who made a rule that the co-eds should not roll their hose and then forgot to notice if they obeyed.

### Be Careful

Love makes the world go round for love never looks where it is parking.

### Put the Brakes On

Jack: Slip us a kiss.

Jill: Mine are the non-skid kind.

### Gold Digger

Hal: Would you be willing to share my lot with me?

Sal: If it's a good corner lot I might be able to sub-let it.

### Watch Out

Sweet Young Thing: Can I try on that slip in your window?

Clerk: No; we don't want our window smashed.



### "EARLY REAPING"

By Cale Young Rice

The Century Company, New York

With poetic conciseness Cale Young Rice, long an outstanding American poet, has described the growth of Clive Howell.

Another American tragedy dominates Clive's adolescent life. His father, degenerate scion of a wealthy family, is accused of murdering a man through jealousy of his mother, daughter of a "common-law" wife.

The effects of a father in the penitentiary and a mother who is considered inferior by his father's people have a blighting effect on the sensitive youth. The dread inferiority complex evidently attacks him, for he fails to seek Sylvia who appeals to his esthetic as well as his physical taste. Instead he accepts the advances of Willa being possessed of a nature that demands love.

The blurb on the jacket states that Mr. Rice's novel deals with the theme of heredity and mismating in modern life. Rather, it seems to this reviewer, to point out the effects of environment. Clive's father was too much of a cad to consider Mamie Lurton's unhappiness married to him, mismating. Clive and Willa are undeniably mismated, but their marriage is only a phase or a cause of Clive's struggle to overcome his blighting environment.

If written subjectively, rather than objectively Mr. Rice might have made Clive a more real character. Nevertheless his writing contains the clear, unflinching, beautifully descriptive words of a true poet.

### "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

By Erich Maria Remarque

Little, Brown & Company, Boston

Perhaps you said that "war is Hell" but you didn't really have proof, did you? Erich Maria Remarque, German by birth and French by descent, proves it.

"This book is to be neither an accusation nor a confession, and least of all an adventure, for death is not an adventure to those who stand face to face with it. It will try simply to tell of a generation of men who, even though they may have escaped its shells, were destroyed by the war," is his truthful summary of it on the title page.

Vividly we see Paul's direct descriptions of — the agony of wounded horses, the horrible mutilations of men, the attempts to kill the loathsome trench rats, the graveyard which served as a battlefield and, as comedy relief, the struggle to catch a fat goose, or the bringing of a bed and armchair to the front from a deserted village.

There is no attempt at sensationalism although the book is essentially sensational, relating in detail, as it does, the life of the common soldier of every nation participating. Neither is there any obvious attempt at propaganda against war, although Paul and his companions often voice their opinion of its usefulness. But, reading it, you would agree with them, would realize you always knew war was like that, although you had not dared to think of it.

No wonder that over 500,000 copies of "All Quiet on the Western Front"

### "ELVA"

By Durwood Grinstead

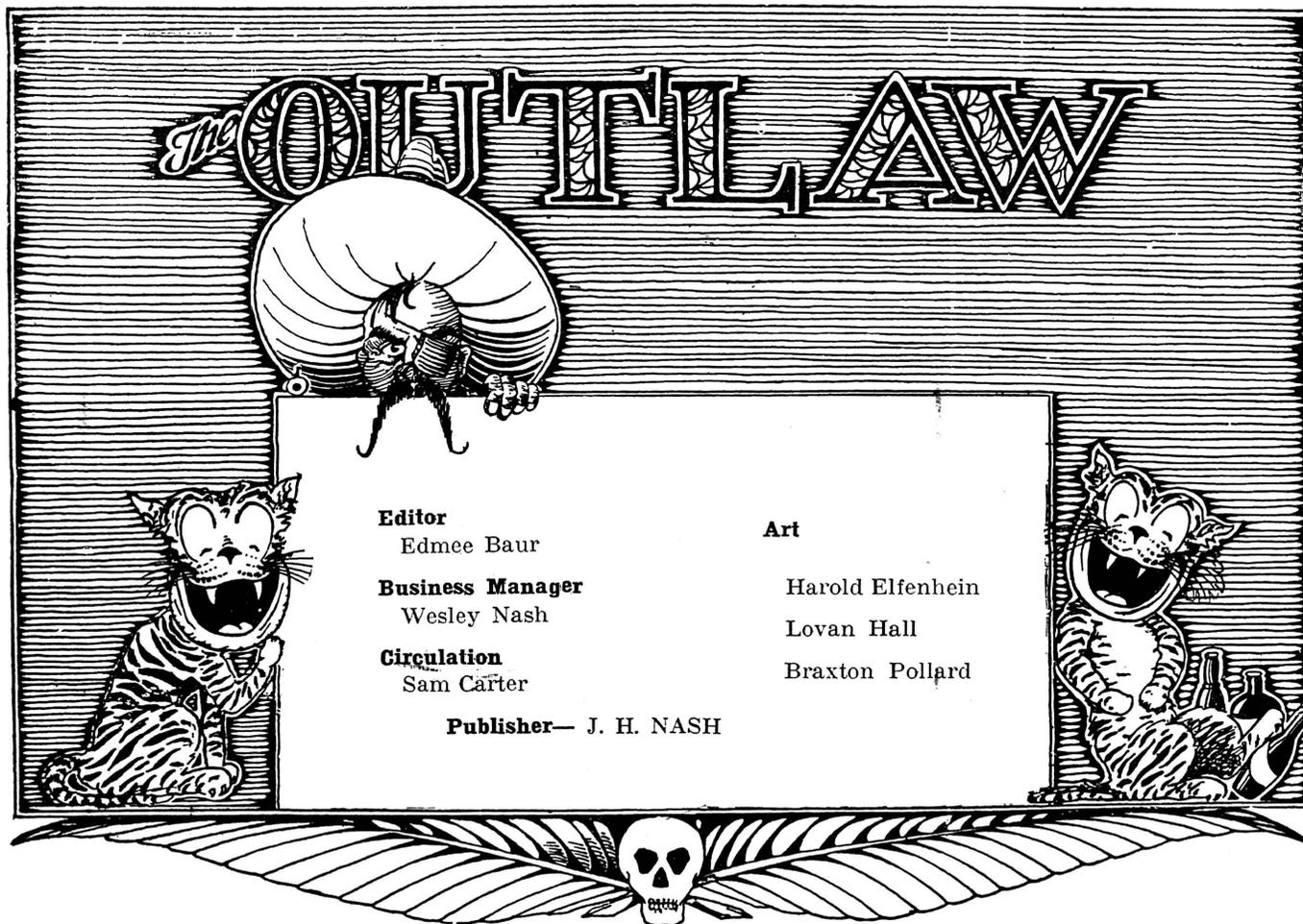
Covici-Friede, New York

Witch-craft days in Salem Village! Women and children seized with dreadful convulsions and torturing pains. Accused witches, frightened or defiant, maintaining their innocence or confessing when threatened with death — or extortion. Crude hangings on hillside trees. Frightened people watching, wondering.

All this is the story of "Elva", a novel laid in those bleakly repressed, superstition ridden New England days of the seventeenth century. The first part of the book is the best for it deals mainly with the outstanding character, Elva Pope. From a very modern, psychological standpoint it describes the effects of the atmosphere of Salem on a high strung, emotional nature. It makes you think what fun one of our psychologists would have had analyzing our ancestors whom, we realize with a shock, were more warped and repressed than we ever expect to be.

The second half of the book deals with the witchcraft phenomena in such varied detail that it smacks too strongly of history, interesting as it may be. Elva is relegated to the background. She is no more a heroine than are any of her neighbors. The author has merely chosen her to demonstrate more fully the influence of the witch scare on an individual.

were sold in Germany in the first five months of publication and that Christopher Morley says, "It is to me the greatest book about the War that I have yet seen."



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**A** GAIN we are come to the time of the year at Missouri when all good grads come to the aid of their Alma Mater. And Missourians are no exception. They arrive, crowding the sidewalks, filling the streets with a traffic problem, and we, students, likewise, are jostled into the streets and involved in minor automobile accidents. But of course, we don't mind any more than do these herds of good-natured alums. Without them there would be no Homecoming.

For us, who are already at "home", there is no thrill of meeting old friends and reviving glorious days of the past. Decidedly, we are thinking of the present — and most of all of the Big Game. Who wouldn't walk a mile, yes, even several miles to see that kickoff and watch our gold and black stripped team surge victoriously up and down the gridiron on a cold, crisp day with the sky overhead the color of azure. Of course it will be like that!

And do we welcome the Nebraska Cornhuskers to our Homecoming? With anticipation. For the Tiger is already filing his teeth for a meal off these robust fellows. He is planning to make it a heartier one than he enjoyed last Homecoming when the tiny, but tough, little Jayhawk invaded his domain. All of us, old and young, will watch him.



**Cherries**  
 Favorite of all fruits in chocolate. An Italian tid bit floating in a fondant cordial.

**Pecans**  
 Perfect whole nuts from Texas, imbedded in chocolate.

**Walnuts**  
 Pick of the Chabertes from France—sweet, sound, whole nuts, uniform in flavor, in clusters wrapped in chocolate.

**Pineapple**  
 Picked ripe from the Hawaiian crop. In a shell of chocolate with a center of syrup.

**Strawberries**  
 With the matchless flavor of the soil and the climate of Hood River Valley in Oregon. Also a liquid center.

**Raisins**  
 Selected giant clusters from California. Dipped in fondant and then in milk chocolate—forming a liquid center.

**Almonds**  
 Crisp and sweet, genuine Aetna nuts from Italy. A perfect cluster of delights.

**Brazil Nuts**  
 A tropic favorite imbedded directly in the famous Whitman chocolate, without fondant.

**Filberts**  
 Delicately flavored nuts from Turkey, where the best filberts grow. Clusters in chocolate.

*Whitman's*

**CHOCOLATE COVERED FRUITS and NUTS**

The gardens, groves and orchards of all the world give of their best to fill this luxurious box of chocolates.

Each individual piece has a character of its own.

Each won a place in this very precious collection by its peculiar excellence and popularity.

Out of all the Whitman line (The Quality Group) this is the one selected to carry the jolly Hallowe'en wrap—

An Ideal Gift for Hallowe'en

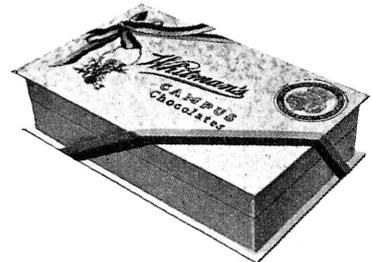
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**Whitman's Famous Candies**

are sold by

**Harris Catering Co.**

**Peck Drug Co.**



Special Missouri Package



### The Eve of St. Agnes

It was the night of the annual Celestial Ball. St. Peter was there in all his glory. Never had he been such a perfect bouncer. St. Patrick and his band had never been so hot. Never before had there been so many beautiful angels present.

St. Vitus had come stag. He was having a glorious time. Never before had he met so many beautiful cherubims, seraphims, or what have you. All at once he noticed one beautiful angel standing alone in a corner. He started elbowing his way through the crowd. Finally he reached her side. Just as the music started, he slipped his arm through hers. She became nervous, she trembled, she fairly quivered.

"This," said St. Vitus, "is my dance."

—Reserve Red Cat

"I'm bringing a red, red rose as long as I can get by without orchids," says Joe Scotch.

—Annapolis Log

Street Car Conductor: Your fare, lady.

Old Maid: Thank you, sir.

—Okla Whirlwind

And then there was the absent minded college professor who dropped a nickel in his pants pocket and put his hand in the beggar's hat, dismissed his class and went to his very inefficient stenographer, and came home and kissed the maid and said good afternoon to his wife. But maybe he wasn't so very absent minded.

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

She: What have you for a young man?

Saleslady: What does he want?

Cornell Widow

Jones: A fellow wrote me a letter saying he'd shoot me if I didn't keep away from his wife. I'm terrified.

Smith: Why don't you keep away from his wife?

Jones: He didn't sign his name.

—Amherst Lord Jeff

"Have you been getting a haircut?"

"No! I just had my ears moved down an inch."

—West Point Pointer

### Ascending Evolution

Prof: Your ancestors were monkeys.

Sweet Young Thing: Gee, wouldn't they be proud of me?

### Oh, To Be A Cat

Maria Cat: Tom is surely leading a pretty fast life?

Tabby Cat: Yes, he's already on his seventh.

In Paris the other day, an American was arrested as a suspicious character. He had an American passport, American clothes and an American accent, but in the restaurant he had not ordered liquor!

—M. I. T. Voo Doo

"I saw you groping in the land of inebriation last night."

"Liar! That was a gutter of cement."

—Penn. State Froth

### Oy, Oy, Oy

An oyster met an oyster

And they were oysters two.

Two oysters met two oysters

And they were oysters, too.

Four oysters met a pint of milk

And they were oyster stew.

—Pitt Panther.

A pedestrian is a girl who doesn't neck.

Colorado Dodo

Wife: Breakfast is ready, dear.

Hubby: It can't be—I haven't heard you scraping the toast.

—Washington Dirge.

French Guide: What do you think of that immense tower over there?

American: It's quite an Eiffel!

—Temple Owl

"Have you heard the Prince of Wales' new song?"

"No, not yet."

"Over the bounding mane."

—Aggievator

Just because you have a Roman nose, don't think you can have Roman hands.

—Colby White Mule

Mac: Has yer son an ear fer music?

Moe: Weel, I dinna ken, but he shure gotta good stomach fer steak!

—Ohio State Sun Dial

.. off the tee it's **DISTANCE!**



.. in a cigarette it's **TASTE!**

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# CO-OP

### DEAN JONES' SON

(Continued from page 7)

Alta tugged at his hip pocket.

"How about a drink for yuh baby, honey?"

M. T. furtively drew out his flask. Of course it was filled now. A date with Alta demanded that. When she handed it back for him to sip he turned, meaning to look flirtatiously into her black eyes. Instead he looked into blue eyes, whose owner, sitting just in front of Alta, had turned to survey him critically. Rosemary Dale!

Lord, he had almost forgotten Rosemary, that sweet and innocent little girl, whom he had promised Kitty he would date, in spite of her protests. He slipped the flask back into his hip pocket, untasted.

As soon as he had taken Alta back to her sorority house he dashed to the nearest telephone, rang the Chi Gamma house and asked for Rosemary. Her voice came to him, shy and low as he remembered it.

"M. T. Jones?" she sounded surprised.

"Don't you remember me? Kitty introduced us in the College Cafe."

No answer.

Desperate, M. T. continued, "I saw you at the game today — and I thought you recognized me."

"Oh—" then slowly, "were you the big boy with Alta Prince?" She slurred over Alta's name. Of course she wouldn't like Alta. She wasn't her type.

She wouldn't give M. T. a date. She had a date that night to the Sigma Theta dance. With that cute Barry Benson, she naively added. Imagine Alta or Kitty discussing one boy friend with a would-be one like that!

Melancholy, M. T. walked to the Beta Kappa house for dinner. Of course a sweet, little girl like Rosemary wouldn't date him. Especially after seeing him with Alta Prince. And she thought Barry Benson was cute! The president of the Y. M. C. A. Good Lord!

(Continued next month).

Diana: Fussetics? There may be a course in it, but you don't get credit for it.

Aphrodite: Oh, yes, you do; all over the campus!

—Wisconsin Octopus

### Or An Eskimo

First, the hooded figures made him crawl in and out of the street car on his hands and knees. Then he swallowed three methyl blue tablets in rapid succession. Then they arranged for him to fall off a stepladder into a barrel of road tar. Finally he pulled the buttons off a cop's coat.

"There," he quoth with a beautiful grin, as he was clubbed into unconsciousness, "I guess that makes me an Elk."

—Reserve Red Cat

Stude (in the woods): I've lost my way.

Co-ed Stude: Don't flatter yourself. You never had a way.

—Colby White Mule

Bud: What's your occupation?

Fifi: Oh, I'm a co-ed.

Budding: Fine. What telephone office do you work in?

—Texas Ranger

AGAIN WE WELCOME

# Old Grads

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OF

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# College Humor's MONTHLY BULLETIN



## Pigskin!

**C**RISP autumn Saturdays . . . the smell of burning leaves . . . huge yellow chrysanthemums . . . the mad, glad rush at the stadium gates . . . the hysterical blare of the bands just before the kick-off . . . the colorful pageant of college football is on!

College Humor is the ticket that admits you to the show, the program that gives you the information you need. The epic of football, a first novel called PIGSKIN by a new novelist, Charles W. Ferguson, gets under way while the eyes of the world are directed toward gridiron giants like Sphinx, its hero. A complete schedule of college football games compactly tabulated for your convenience is a feature of autumn issues, and word pictures of famous coaches, such as Rockne and Zuppke, give interesting highlights on unique personalities.



Bradley will send you a photograph of the 1928 All-American football team suitable for framing. Write Bradley Knitting Company, Delavan, Wisconsin.

Learbury is giving away a dozen suits and overcoats to the college students who come closest to predicting College Humor's 1929 All-American football selection. Get entry blanks from Learbury Dealer or write direct, Learbury, Morgan Hall, St. Louis, Missouri.

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"Does your wife know how to cook beans?"

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Five people were killed in a railroad accident in Chicago recently. There's news for you.

—Amherst Lord Jeff.

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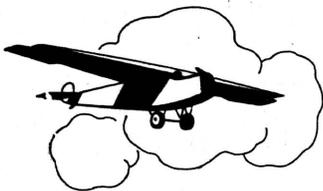
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