

THE MISSOURI  
OUTLAW

10¢



aviation  
number...

LOVAN HALL

# A New Feature

Monthly

## Cross Word Puzzle Contest

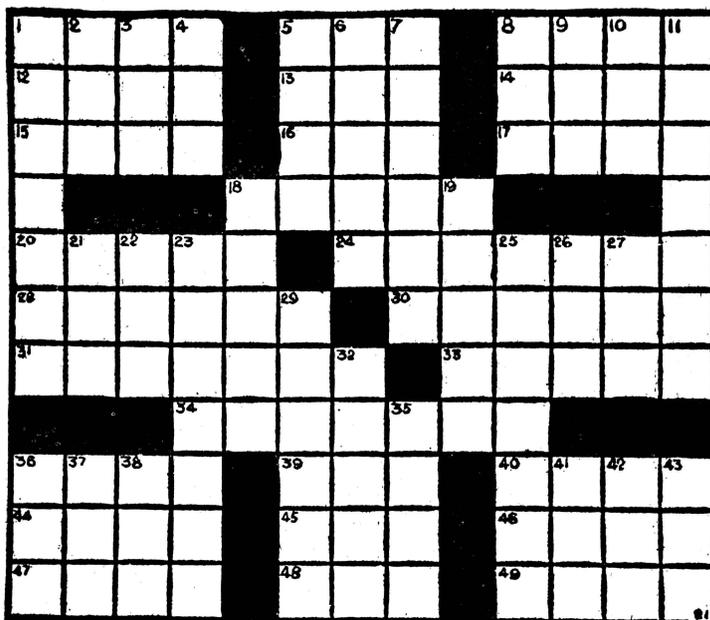
First Prize—\$5.00

Next Four—One year subscription  
to the Missouri Outlaw.

### Rules:

- 1 Must be submitted on a Missouri Outlaw page.
- 2 Mailed to Missouri Outlaw, Columbia, Mo.
- 3 First correct one received will be awarded the prize.

SOLVE IT NOW



### HORIZONTAL

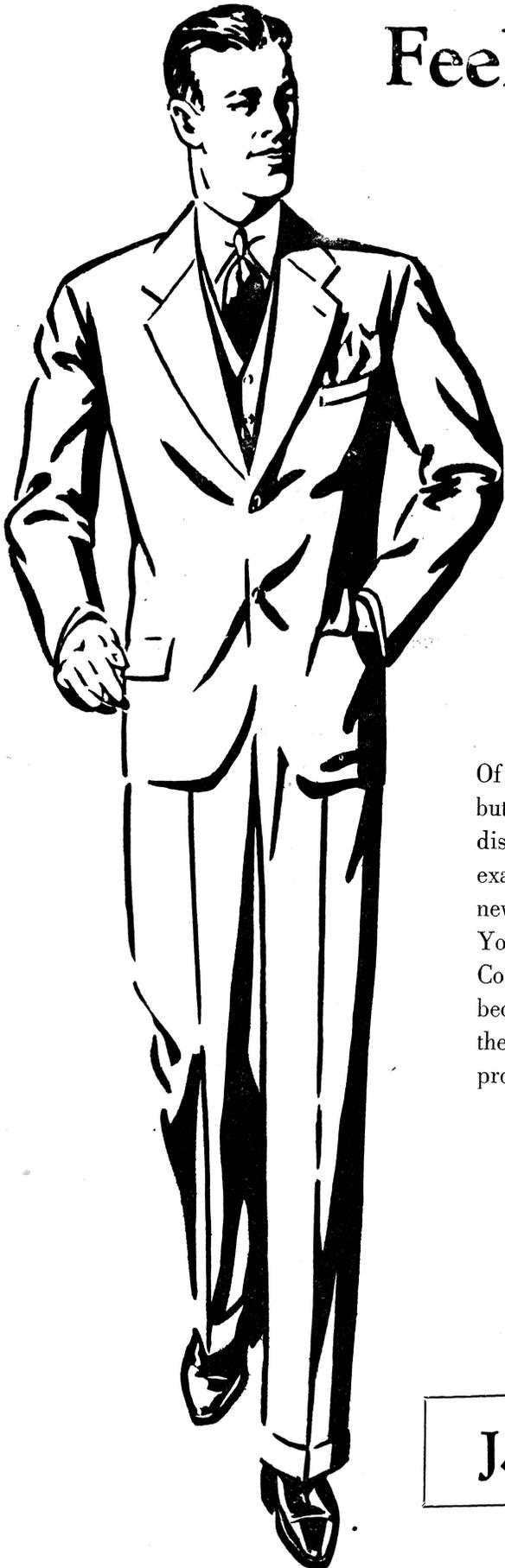
- 1 Fuel.
- 5 Wholly.
- 8 Challenge.
- 12 To insist upon.
- 13 Sheltered place.
- 14 Verbal.
- 15 Long grass.
- 16 Wine Vessel.
- 17 Caterpillar hair.
- 18 Shock of an onset.
- 20 Stop watch.
- 24 Choir screen.
- 28 Optic.
- 30 Sacred.
- 31 Recaptures.
- 33 Domesticates.
- 34 Makes safe.
- 36 To sharpen.
- 39 Wrath.

- 40 Unemployed.
- 44 Pertaining to air.
- 45 Beverage.
- 46 Range of sight.
- 47 To smile broadly.
- 48 To make a mistake.
- 49 Brink.

### VERTICAL

- 1 Custodian.
- 2 Metallic rock.
- 3 Epoch.
- 4 Conducted.
- 5 Nocturnal mammal.
- 7 Inclined.

- 8 Dower property.
- 9 Verb.
- 10 Rodent.
- 11 Passes as time.
- 18 Stopping device.
- 19 Banal.
- 21 Mongrel dog.
- 23 Part of elastic tissue
- 25 Elusive.
- 26 Not bright.
- 27 Unit.
- 29 To narrate.
- 32 More confident.
- 35 Back.
- 36 Joker.
- 37 Pronoun
- 38 Silkworm.
- 41 Achieved.
- 42 Limb.
- 43 Sheep.



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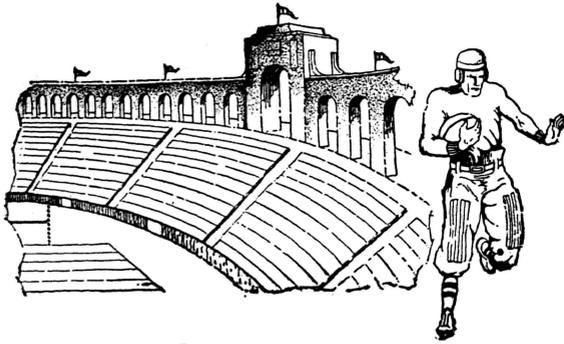
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COLUMBIA, MISSOURI

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10 Learbury Suits and Topcoats will be awarded to the 10 contestants whose selections for this year's All-American Football Team are closest to the one chosen by College Humor. Selections must be made on Learbury entry blanks. Contest closes Midnight Nov. 23rd. Come in now for your free Learbury entry blank.

## Head and Judge

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



**C**OLLEGE men realize that their social standing as undergraduates depends, to a large extent, on how they "shape up" as correct dressers—not only on the clothes they wear, but on how they wear them.

And there seems to be a general recognition among them of the truth of Pioneer's slogan—"It's the hang of the trousers that matters."

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Students' Work a Specialty  
Shoes Shined  
Hats Cleaned and Blocked  
*"We call for and deliver"*

## VANITY FAIR

Phone 2150

Izzy—"Oiy, popah, I gota bids from five fraternities. Wot should I do?"

Izzy, Sr.—"Yo dumbkopf! Oi, for why am I sending you to business colitch? Sell quick to the highest bidder!"

—Jester Columbia U.

Flapper—"I'd like to see the captain of the ship."

Rookie—"He's forward, Miss."

Flapper—"I don't care, this is a pleasure trip."

—Yellow Jacket.

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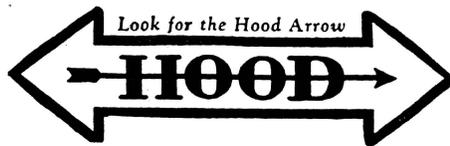
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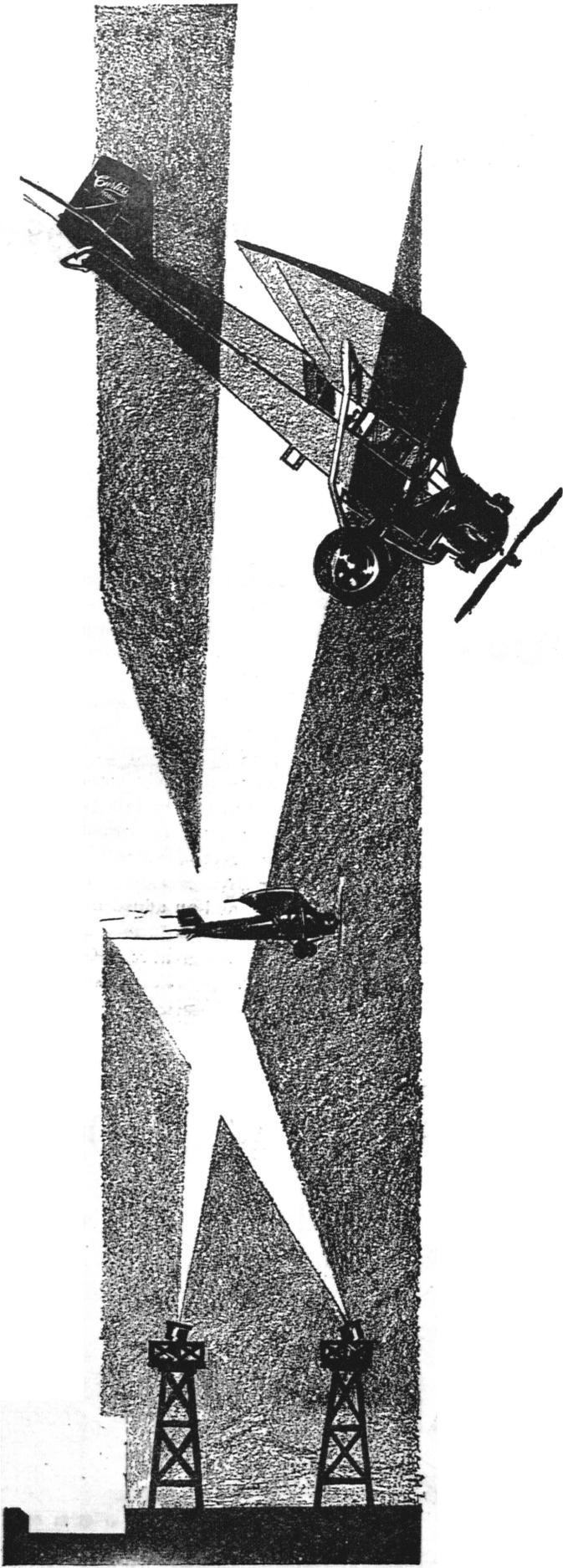
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THE COMIC OF MISSOURI



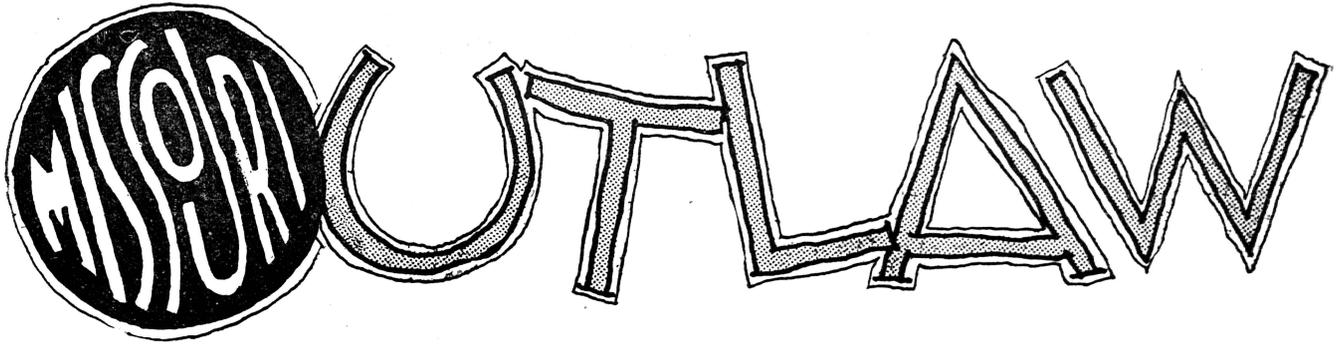
THE  
*Old Man*

Dedicates

This Issue

TO

*Aviation*



VOL. VII

NOVEMBER, 1929

NO. 3

**My First Solo Flight**

It was my first solo flight. I have taken the air many times before but I have always had a companion with me. Four times Willie and I had taken flight together, but this time—ah-ha! — this time, my fate layed in my own hands.

Was I frightened? Was I? I have not yet completely recovered . . . All alone, and how lonesome! More than once I wished that Willie was with me. I kept asking my-self — could I keep my head? Will I be able to get out of all this by my-self? Well, it was up to me now.

Well can I remember how Willie gave me a shove and I took off for the first time alone. At first I found it extremely difficult to crawl through the narrow tunnel we had dug under the prison cell floor!

“Lifer” McGrew.

**Get a Frigidaire**

Jake: Why are you freezing here waiting for your girl?

Pete: I want to make myself solid with her.

**All Over Her Face**

George: She has delicately chisel-ed features.

Georgette: Huh! Looks to me as if the chisel slipped.

**Home**

Joe: What would you do if you had the magic carpet at house-cleaning time?

Jim: I'd beat it.

**Home, James!**

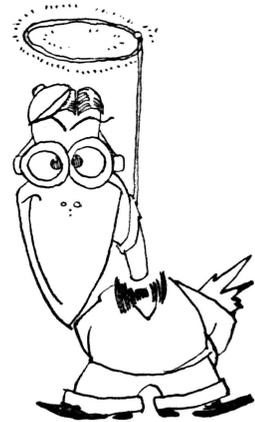
Myrtle, have Simmons warm up the Monocoupe and take Pom-Pom for a ride. I'm so anxious to have the little dear become air-minded.

**Some Boz**

Bobby: Why aren't you going to follow in your father's foot-steps?

Jimmy: Aw, Dad was always afraid to step out.

**Before And**



**After The Game**



**How About Al**

We call him Teddy because he gets next to all the pretty girls.

**Such Lines**

Giant: I don't believe you have an eye for art.

Dwarf: Huh! Ain't I courting the Tattooed Lady?

**As Ink**

Bill: Let's paint the town red.

Jack: The reformers say it must be blue.



HALL

**Fence: Is She Just A Country Maid, Pure And Simple?**

**Post: Well, She's Simple.**

# THAT DEMON RUM

OR

## *The Boy Explorers on the Border*

### Chapter I

"Hurrah!" shouted Jack Dauntless of the Boy Explorers to his chums, Ned Grant and Dick Daring, who were at that very moment innocently feeding cut plug to a neighbor's goat. But at Jack's call they came a running as fast as their stout legs and a motorcycle could carry them.

"What is it? A check?" breathlessly gurgled the ever witty Ned, who had visited his brother in college, bringing a hearty laugh and several encores from his public before the curtain dropped and Jack showed them a letter.

"It's from Uncle Useless Frohanowitz, a sandy haired, blunt old Irishman, who lives down on the Mexican border . . . He says he's just read our last book 'The Boy Explorers Among the Politicians' and says that if we haven't any more adventures right now, to come down and protect the border from the Demon Rum. What do you say boys?" questioned the heir of old man Dauntless.

The boys thought awhile and seemed rather reluctant. Ned had hoped that they would investigate a naval lobby next or something more exciting than going to the old border. Dick was undecided too, for it was he who had suggested starting up a new beer faction in Chicago. Can you imagine the daring of these boys! I can not. However, not for long were these loyal boys undecided and in a trice or perhaps two trices both shouted in a rich barytone, "And how!" Didn't I say they had been to college? All right then I didn't. Have it your own way.

### Chapter II

After many preparations our friends arrived on the border beating the Rover Boys by several days and the Associated Press by an hour. As they rolled up to the Frohanowitz mansion in their two seater monocoupe. Uncle Useless came running out to meet them with welcoming arms.

"How are you, Uncle?" they all asked to be polite.

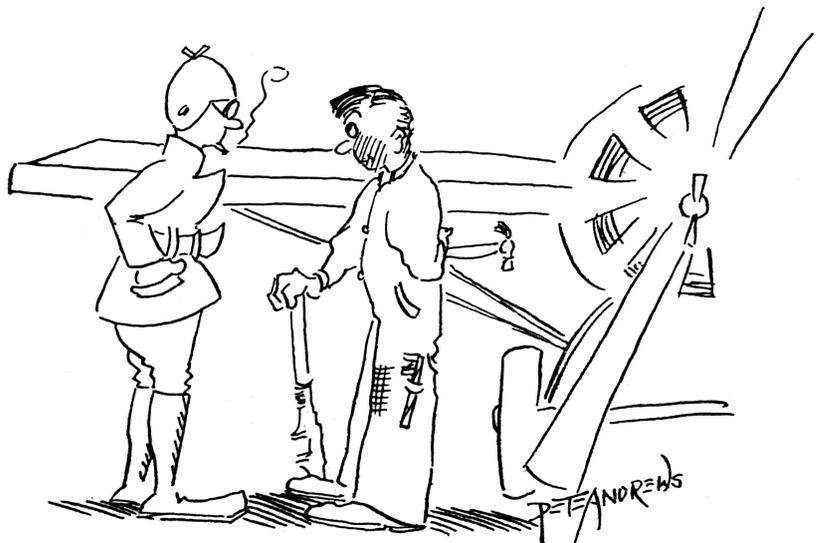
"I'm fine boys, except for my gout, hay fever, halitosis, enlarged larynx, or what have you. Come right in and make yourselves at home." Such hospitality must be deserved. Ask the man who owns one.

During the meal that night Mr.

we have to do is find the Demon and run him down," proudly announced Uncle Useless and everybody clapped for more music.

### Chapter IV.

The big battle of the Windy Passage started about ten o'clock that morning, Eastern Standard Time.



Frohanowitz announced through the courtesy of Affiliated Washboards and Ready Wrung Mops that the boys would start work the next day, filming arrangements having been made with United Flickers and broadcasting rights secured by N. B. C. (National Buttermilk Corporation) with Graham McNamee at the "mike."

### Chapter III

That morning dawned clear and cloudless that wonderful spring day and except for several hangovers everybody was feeling fine and ready to fight the Demon Rum.

"Is everybody ready?" asked Jack of the others during the hearty breakfast of cold tomato juice.

"Everything is all ready from the radio equipment to the Hearst syndicated feature articles. Now all

The Red Rumoleon's (Demon Rum) fleet of stock demonstration cars was drawn up in battle front, with the Italian warship Italio Romo playing right end, and the British Coal-ing barge Pride of Wales taking left field. The Boy Explorers had five scows and a blimp and expected the Rover Boys to bring two yachts and a torpedo. You can readily see how the Red Rumoleon's strength compared to that of the valiant Dauntless tribe. No one has been able to say who fired the first shot, but events immediately following that shot are best described in Graham McNamee's language as he described it on that memorable day:

"Folks, you are now listening to the Battle of the Windy Passage. You ought to be here. It's wonderful weather down here on the border, with beautif— oh, oh, the first

shot — — a shot — — the shot heard round the world! Hepe they come, here they come — — no, just a minute, it's Jack Dauntless with a bottle of beer in one hand and a rye bread sandwich in the other. Say folks, I wish you could taste the beer down here. Hello, Joe! Here's my friend Joe down from Kalamazoo. What's that, Joe? Oh, Joe says folks, Joe says the battle's about over. Quite a coincidence, eh, Joe? This program is coming to you through the courtesy of Affiliated Washboards and Ready Wrung Mops . . ."

### Chapter V

The Red Rumoleon's power was completely broken by the Windy Passage error and Jack got the girl. How should I know what girl? Probably that little blonde, third from the left in the chorus. Anyway young Mr. Dauntless and the other boys rode into victory on a landslide of votes. So the Demon Rum is no more and our own Jack is in office. He hopes to stay there if the insurgents and the farm bloc do not get him. Read how he succeeds in "Jack Dauntless With the Lobbyists in Washington on The Boy Explorers and the Side Show Racket."

### Interpreting the Law

Warden (to prisoner) "You say you want a key. What in thunder are you going to use it for?"

Inmate—"I want to sleep home at nights — I was only sentenced to thirty days in jail."

### On a Sunday Morning

Parson, (meeting neighbor bringing home a load of hay)—"Jenkins! Wouldn't it be better if you attended services instead of working this way?"

Jenkins—"Mr. Dawkins, I don't know whether it would be best to sit on the load of hay and think of religion or sit in church and think of the hay."

### Sure Sign

First Boy: We're going to move soon.

Second Lad: How d'you know?

First Boy: Well, I broke a window yesterday an' muvver never

### History Reviewed

Teacher — When Noah had completed the ark and had taken his wife, children, relative and friends aboard, what became of the wicked people? Why weren't they taken along?

Young Byrnes (broker's son) — I suppose they didn't have any stock in the corporation.

### A Vocation

Mrs. Worrymore—"My little boy has St. Vitus' dance terribly. I don't know what to do with him."

Boarder—"You might get him a conductor's baton and have him lead a jazz orchestra."

### Migrates?

Mrs. Debbins—Yes, we have a wonderful cook. She's a bird.

Mrs. Stebbins—I'm afraid I don't understand you when you say she's a bird.

Mrs. Debbins—Oh, she has to go south every winter.

### Filthy Lucre

First Guy—That damnable, dirty paper money: it just sticks to one's fingers.

Second Guy—Yes, you're right — not so long ago they gave me six months just on that account.

### Too Much For Him

Mrs. Currie (to husband)—Now, tell me, dearie, what really made you stop drinking.

Currie—Well, you see, last time your mother was here I came home late one evening and saw two of her and that cured me.

### No Sale

The Salesman — A nice birthday gift for your husband, eh? How would this safety bill-fold suit? Impossible to open it without the key.

Mrs. Justweed—Why, I think that would be perfectly horrid.

### An Expression Misunderstood

Benham — I tell you there's "a nigger in the woodpile."

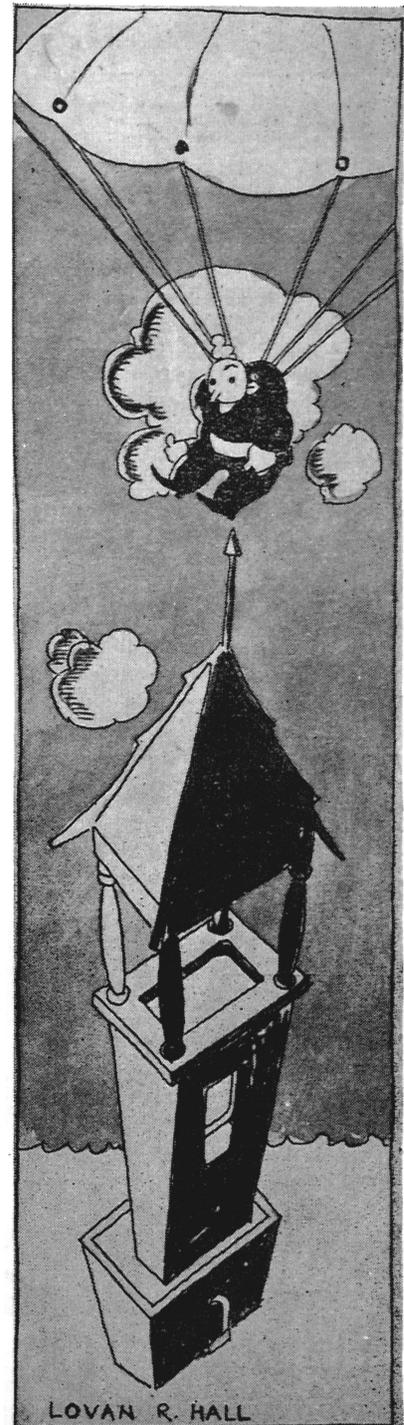
Mrs. Benham — That's a funny place to look for chickens.

### That's Something Different Again

Willie—I have an awful toothache.

Tommie—I'd have it taken out if it was mine.

Willie—Yes, if it was yours, I would, too.



The Parachute Jumper Alights On The Town Hall

### A Matter of Covering

Little Elsie—They're saying that Aunt Lucy is a prude. What's a prude, mother?

Mrs. Frank X. Posure—A prude, dearie, is a woman who wears two-inch shoulder straps on her swimming suit.

# 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 tries to warn sophisticated Kitty Parsons, whom he has adored since he was the teacher's pet, that blonde, baby-faced Rosemary Dale is cramping her style. Misunderstanding him, Kitty warns M. T. that "Rosemary's not the kind of girl you want." Hazy from the effects of five before dinner cocktails M. T. decides to contradict Kitty by falling for Rosemary. His father, who has inadvertently been invited to the Kappa Beta House for dinner that evening, takes him home to tell him of his own shortcomings when a student. M. T. promises to go slow. Later he calls up Rosemary for a date and is disheartened by her refusal.

After dinner M. T. automatically

held it aloft, "Here's to old Monatauck's wolves. Long may they shave — I mean wave."

Ray Baird, his slimmer and darker shadow, drank, too, and, then passed the flask to M. T. But M. T. returned it to Billy. Remembering Rosemary again he remembered that talk with Dad. He'd make her respect him some day, even if she didn't now. He'd quit drinking and next year go out for the team. He had the build.

The boys were kidding him because he didn't want another drink. "Aw, Hell, shut up", he told them. How about a game of poker, Billy. I'm no fish."

Chuck grinned at him again not satirically, but this time, approvingly.

Later, when the addition of two or three more fellows had made conversation between two inaudible to the rest M. T. told Chuck about Rosemary. Unlike Billy, whose nature was extraordinarily shallow considering its conviviality, Chuck understood.

held it aloft,



**Rosemary Considered It A Gesture Of Friendliness When Benson Put His Arm Around Her.**

followed Billy up to his room on the third floor. He accepted Billy's flask and was apathetically swallowing its flaming contents when Billy suddenly grabbed it away and threw it into a bureau drawer. Ray and Chuck came in, grinning as usual. Billy only shared his booze with special pals like M. T. And no one blamed him for that because the stuff was darned expensive. Besides M. T. was financially able to return

still see those big blue eyes inspecting him critically as he took that flask from Alta Prince — had relegated football to the back of his mind.

Billy, who was as fond of Chuck as he could be fond of a boy who never got drunk, laughed, too, and reopened his second bureau drawer.

"In honor of the occasion," he said passing the flask to Chuck who characteristically exclaimed as he

a week ago. He had been pleased with them then. Arrogant that he was known as a drunkard, as the wildest boy on the campus. Funny how a woman can influence a man's life. Rosemary would be to him as mother had been to Dad. He could imagine himself telling Dad that in a few months. They would both adore her. Never liked Kitty much, "That saucy Parsons child," mother used to call her. And Chuck would be their friend — the kind you asked over to dinner often. Not Billy.

But suddenly M. T. realized how ephemeral were his dreamings, for he was passing the brightly lit Sigma Theta House. Intoxicating orchestral strains failed to sooth his rising agitation. **He stood motionless, watching the dancers passing the wide window.** He thought or imagined that he saw Rosemary being wafted often from one black arm to another. A tiny, blonde girl in a shell pink dress, all crinkly. From the sidewalk she looked like Rosemary. But he hadn't thought about her being popular — that is a wow. The first time he saw her he had been faintly disgusted as he was about curly haired, pink-eyed poodles. It was her absolute innocence that had appealed to the hidden fineness of his nature. Not many fellows had a hidden fineness.

Then, as if to satisfy his curiosity, the crinkly shell pink dress appeared at the open door. In the glare from the porch light he saw that it undeniably was Rosemary. He knew by the way she looked up, wide-eyed, at that curly-haired Barry Benson. And Benson put his arm around her as they leaned against the porch rail.

M. T. crossed the street and proceeded home to avoid being seen. Of course, Rosemary considered it a gesture of friendliness when Benson put his arm around her. He wouldn't be mad if it had been just across her shoulders. But around her waist. Rosemary didn't know that every fellow wouldn't understand why she let him do that. It burned him up to think of a kid like her loose. Well, he'd call her again next week. She'd have to give him a date sometime if only to get rid of him. Then she'd see how different he was from his reputation. At least she hadn't been lying about her date tonight.

But to his joy M. T. didn't have to call up Rosemary again. He met her quite unexpectedly on the campus one afternoon the next week. He

was plodding toward the library after his last class for the day when a neat little figure in a pink felt hat and a bright blue slicker passed him with quick little steps. He recognized her at once, of course, but was silent, fearful of her attitude toward him. But she turned and smiled shyly.

"Marvi—in Jones", she cooed, no, tinkled like merry silver bells on Christmas trees. "I didn't know it was you until I passed."

M. T. smiled, hesitating, oddly, for words in the presence of a pretty girl. Marvin didn't sound obnoxious the way she pronounced it with the accent on the last syllable. "I'm going to the lib," she said at last.

"Lib. Oh, you mean library", she giggled as if the abbreviation were his own invention, "Mayn't I go with you. I mean I was going, too."

A pair of plump robins chirping for worms as they hopped in the grass sounded like the voices of angels to M. T. as he tucked her notebook under one arm and her rosy, soft little paw under the other. On the library steps they met Chuck also going to study for a change.

M. T. introduced them "Miss Dale meet Mr. Allen".

"My name's Rosemary", she sang with her adorable naivete.

Chuck looked at her harder and grinned. M. T. began to see why other men might think her precious.

In the library they separated because the men had to sit on one side of the high ceilinged room and girls on the other. Crouched under a reading lamp M. T. surveyed the myriads of other lamps piercing the gloom with their circular light. Down at the extreme end, where he couldn't possibly slip her a note as he went to the reference desk to consult the dictionary in the center of the room, sat Rosemary.

Deciding that the situation was more cheerful than he had a right to expect, he opened a heavy tome entitled "The History of Medieval Europe".

"I like your taste Jones. She's a cute little mama, all right." Chuck interrupted him.

Then he couldn't study. How crass to call Rosemary, "mama". It no more fitted her than girlie did Kitty. But Chuck couldn't help being crude in spite of the fact that his character was comparatively spotless. Chuck rarely dated, never smoked, seldom drank and occasionally indulged in

poker with a ten cent limit. Yet, M. T. thought that he himself, who had been something of a devil, more thoroughly understood the exquisiteness of Rosemary Dale.

About a half hour later Chuck interrupted him again with a dig in the ribs. "She wants you."

M. T. looked up to see Rosemary smiling at him from the dictionary. Grabbing up "The History of Medieval Europe" by one cover, he almost bounded toward her.

"I just can't seem to study this afternoon", she said ruefully. I thought I'd better tell you I was going—because you know you might wonder what happened to me since we came together."

The adorable, loyal little thing M. T. stared as if he were seeing an angel. But then one doesn't often encounter a girl like Rosemary.

She jammed the pink hat on the back of her yellow curls, "Good by", she said rising.

"Well, I'm going with you." He was emphatic.

At the door they saw that it was finally raining after a day of low hanging clouds. M. T. hailed a taxi although Rosemary said she had been wearing her slicker all day just to get it wet. Although, of course, she would rather not risk her new hat in the rain. They went to the Monatauck cafe.

Rosemary padded to a dim, rear booth because she said that she looked such a fright in her rainy day clothes. The absurd little creature! After he had given their order M. T. settled back to enjoy his luck, first lighting a cigarette.

"I think your rude", Rosemary observed very gravely. "You're the only boy I ever knew who never asked me if I wouldn't smoke, too."

"I'm sorry?" M. T. knew she was kidding. "But I thought I'd be wasting time."

"Oh, I do think it's nice you don't believe in girls smoking", she exclaimed. "Why, you wouldn't believe that I've gone out with boys who tried to force me to!"

M. T. scowled. That sissified Barry Benson with his curls! That hypocritical president of the Y. M. C. A.!

"Just for fun," she reassured him. "I've often thought I would like to try just for fun. But, of course, when people act like that!"

With the devil of his old self

(Continued on page 20)



**1st Cannibal: Why Do You Say That New Missionary Is Impatient?**  
**2nd Cannibal: Oh, He's Been Stewing Around All Day.**

#### In Ye Bygone Days

Good Old Lady—"Here's ten cents, my good man; but I hope that I don't encourage you to drink?"

Wandering Willie—"Don't worry, kind lay; I don't need any encouragement."

#### Cinching It

Miss Plainsmith—Are you going to have your fiance present at your announcement luncheon?

Miss Mainchance—Sure thing! He hasn't yet acknowledged it before witnesses.

#### Reassuring

Flora—Cyril Sappe says my beauty is intoxicating.

Fauna—It may be for him; he has a weak head. But don't worry, dear; the Volstead law can't touch you on that account.

#### Dry-Cleaned By Dough

Housemaid—I am glad to see you have such nice clean hands, Maggie.

Maggie—Yes, aren't they? But you should have seen them when I started to work up the dough for the cake.

#### Echoes Of The Past

Policeman—Hey! Why don't you get up? Are you drunk?

The Other—Naw (hic); not me. I've (hic) just forgotten w-w-which end goes up-shee?

#### TO MAKE YOURSELF POPULAR AT A BRIDGE GAME

Turn over a few cards in shuffling them. It prolongs the game and starts conversation.

Be conservative—always refuse to raise your partner's bid. After the play has begun, ask what are trumps. If you can't trump your partner's ace, at least throw your king on it. Never keep your attention centered too closely on the game it misleads your partner into thinking you are familiar with the rules—and allowing your mind to wander will give it some much-needed exercise.

After the hand has been played, hold a lengthy post mortem, showing your partner where he could easily have made five tricks instead of one. It will make a big hit with him and put him in a good humor.

When you are dummy, be nonchalant! Pick up a magazine and read a paragraph or two, it shows your indifference to the outcome of the game—and gives your friends the impression that you have money to burn. The fact that your partner is losing, too, should cause you no concern whatsoever.

Follow these rules and your career as a bridge player will be "something to talk about."

#### Not Receiving

The Maid—"It's the doctor, ma'am. You sent for him, you know."

Mrs. Verivane—"I know I did, but my eyes are watery, my nose is red, my lips are blistered and I look too much of a fright to have him see me. Tell him I'm not at home."

#### But You Ought To See Her Now

Mrs. Nextdoor—I hear you were lucky enough to secure a green maid.

Mrs. Hiram Offum—That was last Monday. Since then she has had access to my rouge, lipstick and my eyebrow pencil.

#### Looking for Money

Ella: When are you to be married?

Stella: Whenever the man in the case gets his salary raised to a point where he will not find the alimony I expect prohibitive.

#### Too Soon To Be Captain

The Paying Teller—"Do you know this lady?"

Mr. Justwed—"Really, I can't say. I've been married to her only a month."

#### Romanticism vs. Realism

She (wistfully)—"I think this is the most wonderful month in the year. I wish it would last forever."

He—"So do I. I have a note which falls due on the first."

#### The Humanizing Influence

Mr. Multikids—"I tell you, old fellow, it does a man like you good to get out among his married friends, surrounded by their children. Gives him kindlier thoughts and all that sort of thing, don't you think?"

Mr. Oldbach—"Sure thing! These little devils make me think far more charitably of Herod."

#### Still Missing

The Police Sergeant — "I think we've found your missing wife."

Mr. Henry Peck—"So? What does she say?"

The Sergeant—"Nothing."

Mr. Peck—"Says nothing? That's not my wife."

#### A Suitable Place

Landlady—You seem quite fond of soup.

Boarder — Not necessarily. My physician recommended the hot water cure.



—"Abie" Elfenbein—

Abel: I Dreamed Of You Last Night. I was Just About To Kiss You When I Woke Up.

Mabel: You Mean Thing.

# WHAT NEXT?

What May We Expect in the Future as a Result of the Carnegie Foundation Reports

## Newspaper Advertising

Wanted: One good fullback, three heavy tackles, a quarter back with at least an honorable mention on an All-State team. Salary to be arranged. Must not be afraid of work on a hard schedule. White, presenting references, to Minorka College, Ordway-on-Eden, Vermont.

Coaches, alumni, students, boost your school! Secure the talent of the profession. We have information concerning every promising high school and free lance player in the country. Write for rates. Punt and Punt Clipping Bureau, Suite 446-D. Punt Building, St. Paul, Minn.

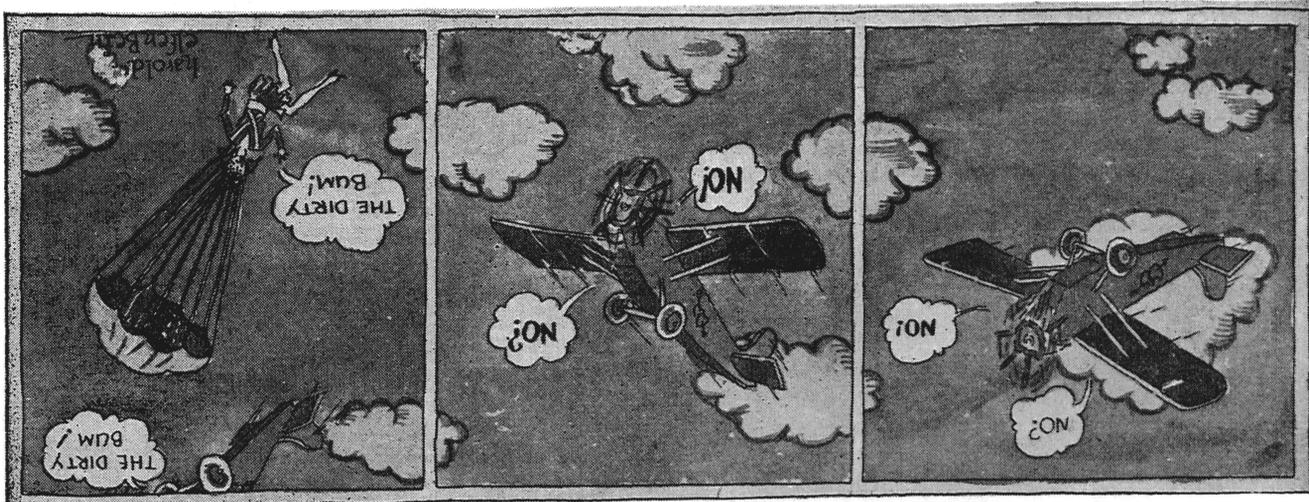
At last! Learn football at home! Be a football player. You may be a potential Grange. Don't hide your talent any longer. Football players of every description are in demand. With our Football Training Course you will be in a position to demand the best. Our course consists of Forty-Two easy lessons requiring only two hours daily (you may take the course and continue your regular work.) With all apparatus furnished. A few of the lessons are: "The Science and Value of the Forward Pass", "The Sixty-Yard Punt and What It Means to You", "Effectively Arguing With Officials", "Taking Out the Enemy Back and Substituting One of Your Own", and many other all compiled by famous coaches. Many of our graduates have become highly paid and famous athletes and playing on the nation's best teams. Send for free book, "Football, And Why".  
— Touchdown Home Training School, Cincinnati. Ohio.

Position Wanted: All-Siskyou Conference center desires position with some good university. Weight 220 pounds. Intelligent. Can also play saxophone. References gladly sent. Address Percy Launcelot Price, Waxton, Wis.



Wanted: High school football players. Do you want to continue your football career? Write Forward Pass Employment Agency of Chicago giving all specifications.

Football players! Join our team and see America. We have games scheduled with teams from coast to coast. We are particularly in need of heavy, triple-threat backs. A glance at our schedule and attractive salaries will convince you. Send for details. Great State University.



A SHORT SHORT STORY

**Verily, Verily**

...Jim: There's a modestly dressed woman coming up the street. Who is she?

Tom: Oh, that's Crazy Annie. No one pays any attention to her. She's quite harmless.

**Come Now, Rip**

Native: Where have you been all this time.

Rip Van Winkle: (yawning) Wait till I go home and take a nap and I'll tell you.

**Some Rinocehorus, Maybe**

Whiz: Why is the National Biscuit Company financing an African expedition?

Bang: They want to get some new designs for their animal crackers.

**Child's Play**

Editor: What's all this jumble of letters on this manuscript?

Proof Reader: The author had his mouth full of alphabet soup and sneezed.

**Nothing New**

"No gnus is good news," said Mrs. Gnu as she picked up a copy of Margaret Sanger's book that some explorer had lost.

**Start the Furnace**

Nina: This is such a cool looking room.

Nor: Yes, we have a frieze around the border.

**Seven, Come Eleven**

Dinah: What yo' all goin' to gib me foh mah burfday?

Sambo: Shut yo' eyes. Now what does yo' see?

Dinah: Nuffin.

Sambo: Dat's de way it looks to me, too.

**Bread and Butter**

Mother: (reading) Little Tommy Tucker, sings for his supper.

Bobby: What's his theme song, ma?

**It's Always New**

Bill: Let me tell you the old, old story.

Jill: Don't you love me enough to think up a new one?

**Doc's Certificate**

Man with wooden leg (seeking life insurance)—"Doctor, will you give me an examination?"

Doctor, after various tests, writes following:

"I find that the wooden leg is in fine condition and will last for years, but the man is frail."

**Chinese Logic**

He had employed a Chinese cook for many years, and one day, after a particularly good dinner, decided to raise the man's wages.

When the Chinese received the increased money at the end of the week, he was very surprised. "Why are you paying me more?" he asked.

"Because you have been such a good cook," the master replied.

"Oh!" the Oriental frowned. "Then you've been cheating me for years, eh?"

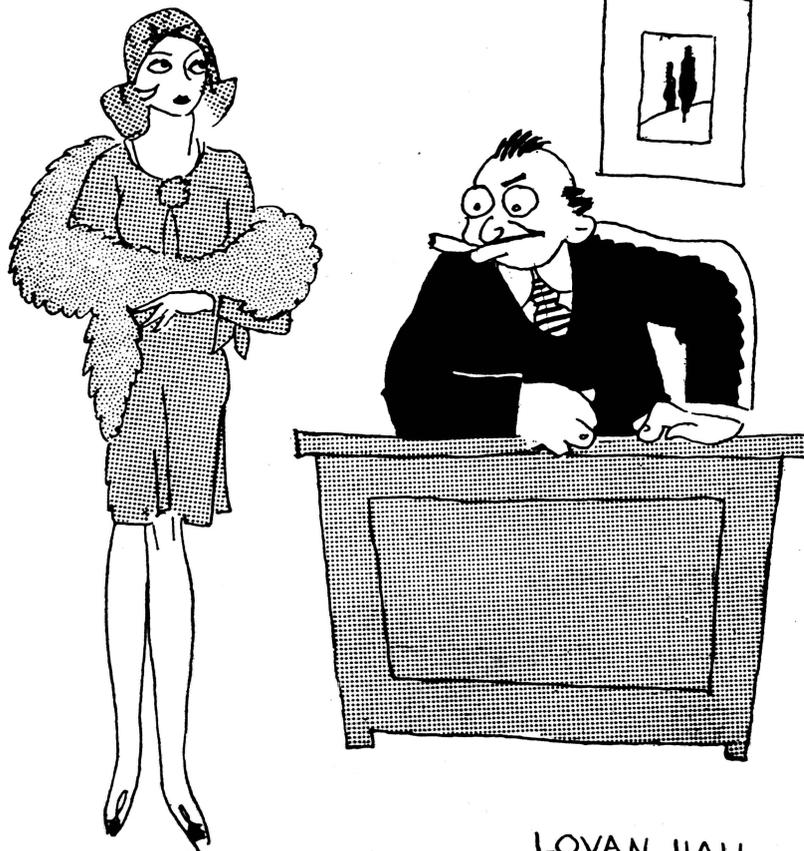
**THE MONTHLY PRIZE CONTEST**

Well, well. Money doesn't have the appeal it used to, sighed the Old Man, as he put his check book away after bestowing the prizes of the month. Seems like those boys Hall, Elfenbein, and Yeager are getting too darn regular with these awards. True they are not enough to make one stay up nights watching, but if a fellow was having a date, two iron men would come in very handy. And how about that marcel you were wanting Sally? Don't be bashful, just oil up the old typewriter and mail your day dream. Who knows, you may win fame and fortune. Copy for the December issue should be in the mail not later than the first of December. Hurrah! Thy're off!

**Under The Table Too**

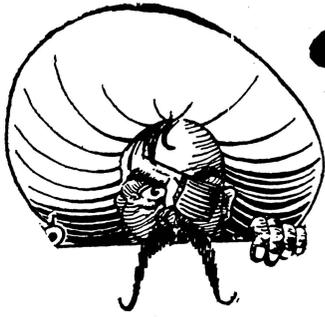
Mabel: So Belle's going to marry a Dutch boy?

Bessie: Yes, she believes in Hans across the sea.



LOVAN HALL

**You'd Like To Be A Stenographer Young Lady? What Are Your Qualifications.  
I Have No Brothers And My Father Is Dead.  
Hired.**



# The OLD MAN AND The CAT



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

Well, Hello Folks! The Cat and I overslept last month so we can promise you quite a line of chatter this time.

By the way, we note that the famous secret organization, (Chi) of the girls on the campus, is meeting again. Wonder if their policy is just the same? You know last year they used to meet and have friendly little chats in Sampson's. Oh yes, the hill drinking fraternity (T N E) recommended the girls to be rushed this year. They certainly got the low-down in a short season. The headgear worn by the members at rush parties is white (by way of information to the curious).

Now children we'll tell you some nice little bedtime stories that we've heard about.

First of all, we are still wondering what certain girls, who live in a certain house on Richmond, with columns, were doing, sitting in the middle of the hall floor, about two in the morning, and playing with a lot of paper? Perhaps they were trying to fashion costumes to wear during the cold weather? But we think not, we have a sneaking suspicion that they were pledges performing a pledge duty.

In a certain fraternity house, next to a house being quickly built on Kentucky, there occurred a very amusing little incident one night or perhaps it would be better to say early one morning. A frater of rather pink complexion and sun-colored hair wandered into his own house, strange as this may seem, in a very happy and noisy condition. Whence he came from or where he had been not even he remembers. The house was extremely quiet for

five o'clock of a week-end morning, this fair young chap seemed to feel that all was not as silent as he would have it. He went down the halls yelling at the top of his voice for everyone to be still. This finally aroused a brother who felt soliticious enough to put him out of his agony.

The cat and I take off our hat to the girls on Kentucky. Their motto seems to be, "Get your man", judging by the number of pins put out this season. They really must get them too, for pins aren't generally put out on the good old M. U. campus until Spring. Say, the Cat asked me if I had any idea what these same girls gave one of their house boys to make him feel so good on the night of November 1, year of our Lord, 1929?

We suppose that there will be a lot of friendly tearing of hair and so on, now that the sorority girls in the so **very long** house on Rollins are to have "across the street" neighbors who will have a house just a little longer than theirs. Then too they are such dear friends! But don't be fooled, that's only on the surface. These same girls that live in the new house already built had a party of theirs disturbed Hallowe'en night. It seems that the boys who live in the white house on the hill payed a call and wished to give the girls a present of some extremely live pigeons. When one of the girls promptly protested at this **terrible outrage**, she was kidnapped with no undue ceremony and carried out of the house. Followed shrieks and yells rather alein to this superior group. But the boys didn't demand

a ransom, as much as they favor this sorority with their attentions. Maybe she was one of the cellar gang!

The stadium seems to draw the usual crowd — at night. Also the open roads and the little by-ways. We even saw a battered old Ford touring car, with two couples in it, cross the creek in front of Lover's Leap to find a better place to have "car trouble". They certainly go far and strong for Love, spelt with a capital .

The Memorial sign, in front of the columns, was used for a public sign board during the campaign. There are those who wonder if the sorority mentioned as good hunting grounds was using this as an advertisement or if some dumb hicks were just trying to be clever?

The eating clubs around Providence and Burnham are somewhat perturbed at the coming presence of a group of neighbors on Burnham, who are entirely too distinguished by their "yell" and their mode of dressing. It seems that there is no possible means of discouraging them moving into this neighborhood as they are carefully completing their new home and paying daily visits to it. The best than can be hoped for is that they will leave their country ways with the rest of the old things at their old home and be properly influenced by their new gentile atmosphere.

The flying or aviation part of this number is about Homecoming. As per usual the collegiate lads indulg-

(Continued on next page)

**USED TO IT**

The road stretched before us like a ribbon in the moonlight; a soft wind was stirring the tall poplars on either side. It was an ideal night and as the snappy little roadster hummed along I surely had the time, the place and the girl.

My arm stole around her waist. She didn't flinch, or giggle, or try to draw away as some girls do. For all the notice she took I might never have touched her.

I gave her a dig in the ribs but still she did not stir.

I then tried to tickle her but with her eyes on the gleaming ribbon of road ahead she paid no attention.

I stopped the car and gave her a mighty hug.

"There do you feel that?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she murmured. "I was just wondering when you were going to come to life."

"Come to life? Didn't you know I've had my arm around you for the last mile?"

"No," she said, "you see, I've been using one of those electric vibrators for the last month and I've got so I don't notice any one trying to tickle me."

**I PLEDGE**

I pledged a fraternity. There was nothing else to do. As a pledge I was supposed to show what a generous nit-wit I was.

I lent my brothers ties, shirts, hats, and shoes. They borrowed by car, used my gas, and dated my best girl. I used newspapers for bed-covers so that Active Jones might not have chills because of lack of cover.

At Homecoming I gave my bed to an alumnus. I slept in the bath tub with two other pledges.

Its all over now. I broke my pledge. I will lend them anything, but I refuse to have them fooling with my cigarette-lighter.

**Also Conclusion**

Hal: Shall we write finis to our romance?

Beth: Well, you might write, continued in our next.

**Some Imagination**

Criss: Why didn't you count sheep jumping over a fence when you found you couldn't sleep?

Cross: I did but their confounded baaing kept me awake.

**PHILOSOPHIC POME**

I cried out to the world:  
Give me Pain!  
The cold world,  
Ruthless,  
Cruel,  
Sped on through nebulae  
Aeon on aeon to  
Eternity  
And then some!  
While the sun set  
And the dark cloak-cloud  
Covered all,  
Suddenly a sword  
Of light — of light.  
Broke through!  
And the teeming world  
Below,  
Down below  
Knew that  
Tomorrow would come  
Once more again  
With joys  
And sorrows  
But still no Justice.  
And people wondered  
And were sore  
Afraid — of war —  
What war?

—Grabernick.

**At A Boy!**

Boss: So you want of this afternoon, eh? Grandmother dead, I suppose?

Office Boy: No, indeed she has two tickets to the game.

(Continued from preceeding page)  
ed in several kinds of benders. One boy who lives in the "hotel" came out the victor in a fistic battle, the worse for wear and with a beautiful eye. The gathering and eating place just off Hitt was the celebrator's delight the night before the game. Boys with the good old Tiger spirit also other spirit and somewhat influenced by the condition they were in, insisted on leading cheers for dear old Mizzou throughout the evening. Two of them even felt so friendly that they decided it would be a good idea to play with the pumpkins.

Oh yes, this is quite a flying season. There is one fraternity, who is even trying to fly high in the social world, regardless of the fact that they didn't have social privileges. They invite the "best girls" to their weekly dinner parties.

And so we sign off, hoping for a clear sky, now that you've read this.



**One-Eyed Connolly Crashing His Last Gate.**



### "THE GARDEN OF VISION"

By L. Adams Beck

Cosmopolitan Book Corporation,  
New York

L. Adams Beck has set herself the difficult task of portraying spiritual rather than physical adventures. A convert to the eastern system of mental and physical discipline which is both a religion and a philosophy, she presents, in "The Garden of Vision" her second novel explaining this system.

The first, "The House of Fulfillment", an offshoot of two non-fiction works on the subject, is an attempt to explain the effects of the Hindoo Yoga upon an impressionable Western girl and incidentally to impress the reader with its benefits.

But "The Garden of Vision" more than fulfills the spiritual life of its heroine, also a daughter of western Protestantism. With an attempt to explain Zen Buddhism, the religion philosophy of Japan, is the story of its energetic revival by a group of brilliant Japanese scholars and their dream of impressing its truth not only upon apathetic Orientals but of converting the entire Christian world through a comparison of its relation to western science. That is an idea for reflection by smug Christians.

Obviously it is impossible for the casual occidental reader to understand what Zen Buddhism is all about when, according to the author's accounts, it takes months and years of earnest apprenticeship to "get it." Some of its basic principles are similar to modern tendencies in Christian religion. Others seem to belong hopelessly to the type of mystery performed by

### "A TEXAS TITAN"

By John M. Oskison

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

This story of Sam Houston isn't only about the fighting man who helped to found the Lone Star state. It is also about a man who was elected governor of Tennessee and whose national prominence as a protege of Andrew Jackson caused him to be twice considered as a candidate for the presidency.

Why Houston suddenly deserted the governorship of Tennessee and why he never became the president of the United States as well as why he championed the birth of Texas, living the rough, crude life of a frontiersman when he had been accustomed to the fine clothes and luxurious mansion of the dandy politician of Tennessee, although he grew up in a crowded cabin and chummed with the Indians as a boy, as indeed he did throughout his life, is explained by Mr. Oskison's very human conception of this Texas Titan.

If you are sentimentally inclined the story of Houston's love affairs may overshadow your interest in him as a politician, a fighting man or a drunkard. Four in all, including three marriages, they intrude through every phase of his life, inevitably molding it.

Howard Thurston. Yet the adherents of Zen Buddhism claim to understand the laws which Jesus evoked to perform his miracles.

"Weird" is the word which aptly describes this religion-philosophy of old Japan to the western mind. In-

(Continued on page 20)

### "THE MERIVALES"

By George Barr McCutcheon

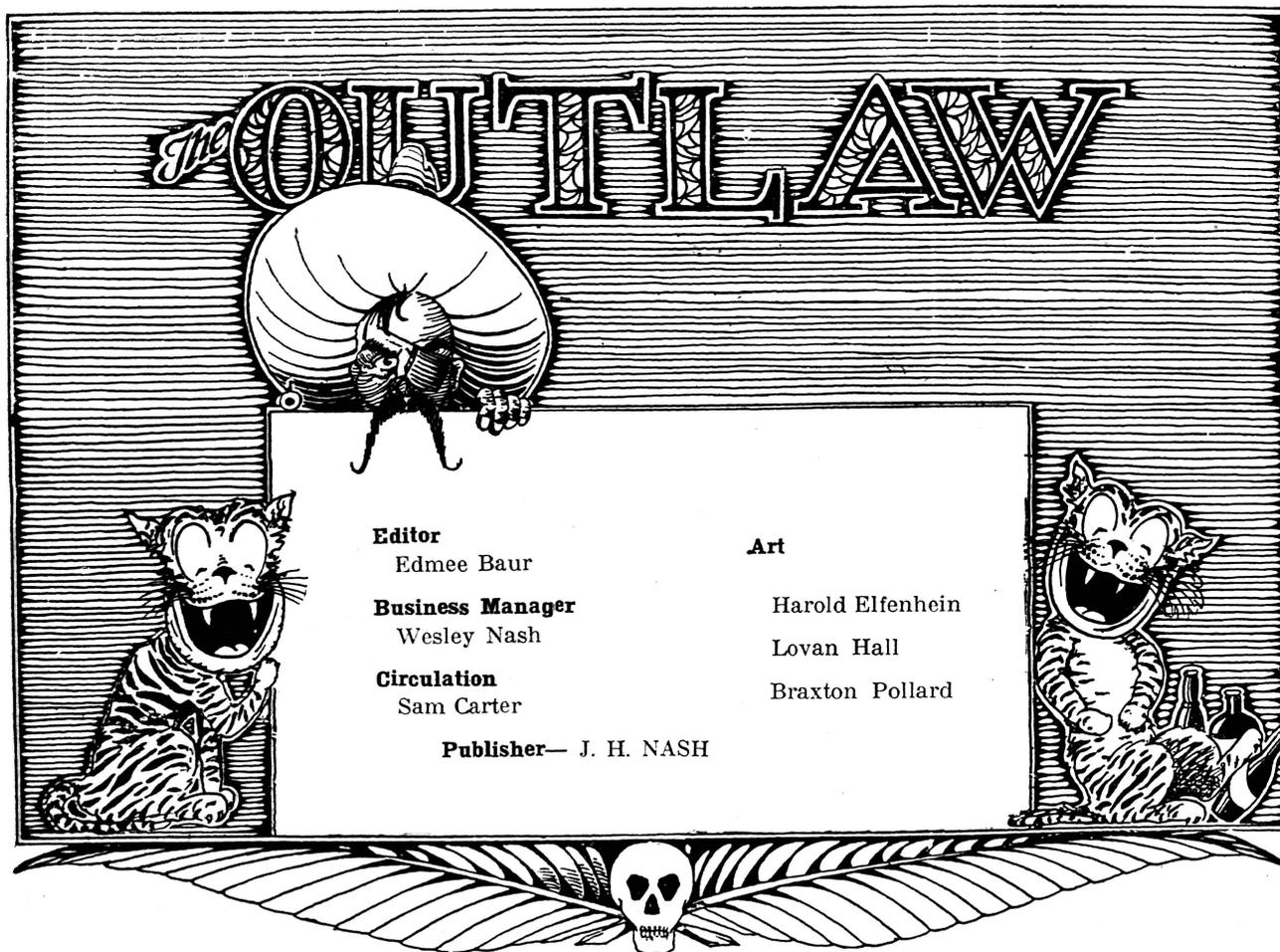
Dodd, Mead & Company,  
New York

Among the some forty-five novels and novelettes which he produced in his long career the Graustark series is the most widely known, so much so in fact that George Barr McCutcheon is regarded by many as a romantic historian of a fictional royal family.

In "The Merivales" he has proved that he can tell a story of an American family. Around old Ursula, Spain, the action revolves, and the portrayal of the aristocratic, yet intensely human old lady is a masterpiece, excepting that it is reminiscent of the grandmother in *Mazo de la Roche's "Jalna"*.

His understanding of Ella and Joe Bellwilliger, in their teens, yet the parents of twins, is more startling. Ignorantly audacious yet pathetically lovable he has made them to old Ursula Spaine. Likewise Miriam Traffordson, who represents a more sophisticated type of modern youth and David France who is the serious yet modern young man, quite prevalent, yet often overlooked today, are loved by this seemingly eccentric octogenarian. Thus must McCutcheon, himself, have loved and understood the youngsters of his acquaintance.

Although "The Merivales" is no philosophical or moral treatise it does contain an unusual fillip to its plot which lends more attraction to the old lady around whom the story revolves than the outward manifestations of her influence on a large family.



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**L**awrence, noted chiefly as the abode of the Jayhawk. Well the Tiger likes Jayhawk meat and we feel very, very confident that this year will see the first Tiger victory in the Memorial Stadium at Kansas. It would be the proper fitting to a mediocre year for the Black and Gold. Starting out with a rush that seemed destined to sweep all opposition before it, the team has somehow lost its scoring touch and now seems befuddled when near the opponent's goal. Here's hoping Coach Henry can instill a spirit into the boys before they take the field at Lawrence, that will pile up the largest score a Missouri team has ever made. The boys are able to do it. Come On Give Them A Boost.

**W**hen this is done we all will be content to feast Thanksgiving Day on the bones of the Sooner. That's always a great game, and this season the teams are evenly matched according to pre-game dope, which is usually wrong. Therefore we are going to win and decisively too. That's one way to demonstrate that Missouri has the best team in this part of the country.

Chocolates that have won a definite place for themselves. Salmagundi is a special assortment selected by a critical lover of chocolates. Identified by the charming metal box with design by Mucha, the queenly figure shown above.

If you do not know Salmagundi get acquainted at the nearest Whitman agency. The store that shows the Whitman sign receives Whitman's candies *direct* from the makers and guarantees satisfaction.

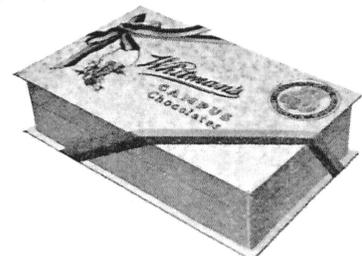
*Whitman's*  
Chocolates

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

Whitman's Famous Candies are Sold by

**Peck Drug Co.**

**Harris' Cafe**



*Special Missouri Package*

## When at Home or Abroad

or at work, school, or play.  
pause a minute and refresh  
yourself.



DRINK

# Coca-Cola

"in sterilized bottles"

Delicious and Refreshing  
Manufactured with a care that  
makes it pure as sunlight.

## Coca-Cola Bottling Co.

Columbia, Mo.

Ole, the night porter, was testifying before the jury after the big bank robbery.

"You say," thundered the attorney, "that at midnight you were cleaning the office, and eight masked men brushed past you and went on into the vault room with revolvers drawn?"

"Yah," said Ole.

"And a moment later, a terrific explosion blew the vault door off, and the same men went out past you carrying currency and bonds?"

"Yah," said Ole.

"Well, what did you do then?"

"Aye put down my mop."

"Yes, but then what did you do?"

"Vell, Aye says to myself, 'Dis bane hell of a way to run a bank.'"—Thalia.

"My father's death was caused by a falling spade."

"You mean to say someone dropped a shovel on his head?"

"Oh, no! The ace dropped out of his sleeve in a poker game."—Log.

**3 SUITS PRESSED — \$1.00**

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Cleaned and Pressed

**\$1.00**

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A CLEAN AND PRESS

Will Give You That

*DISTINGUISHED APPEARANCE*

**WE KNOW HOW**

**F**itting it is that your store, vitally a part of the University should emphasize the spirit of play . . . building strong bodies . . . exercising, making every physical efforts to achieve success on the field.

**B**aseball, football, basketball, swimming, track and tennis all invite you to take part in their sport. Proper equipment is very essential to your game. Here at the Co-Op you will find everything for the girl or boy athlete . . . PRICED within your budget.

# CO-OP

Basement of Jesse Hall

...in a kick it's **DISTANCE!**



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

"DO ONE THING, and do it well." In making cigarettes, choose the one thing that counts—*good taste*—and give full measure!

From start to finish, that's the Chesterfield story. Good tobaccos, skilfully blended and cross-blended, the standard Chesterfield method—appetizing flavor, rich fragrance, wholesome satisfying character—

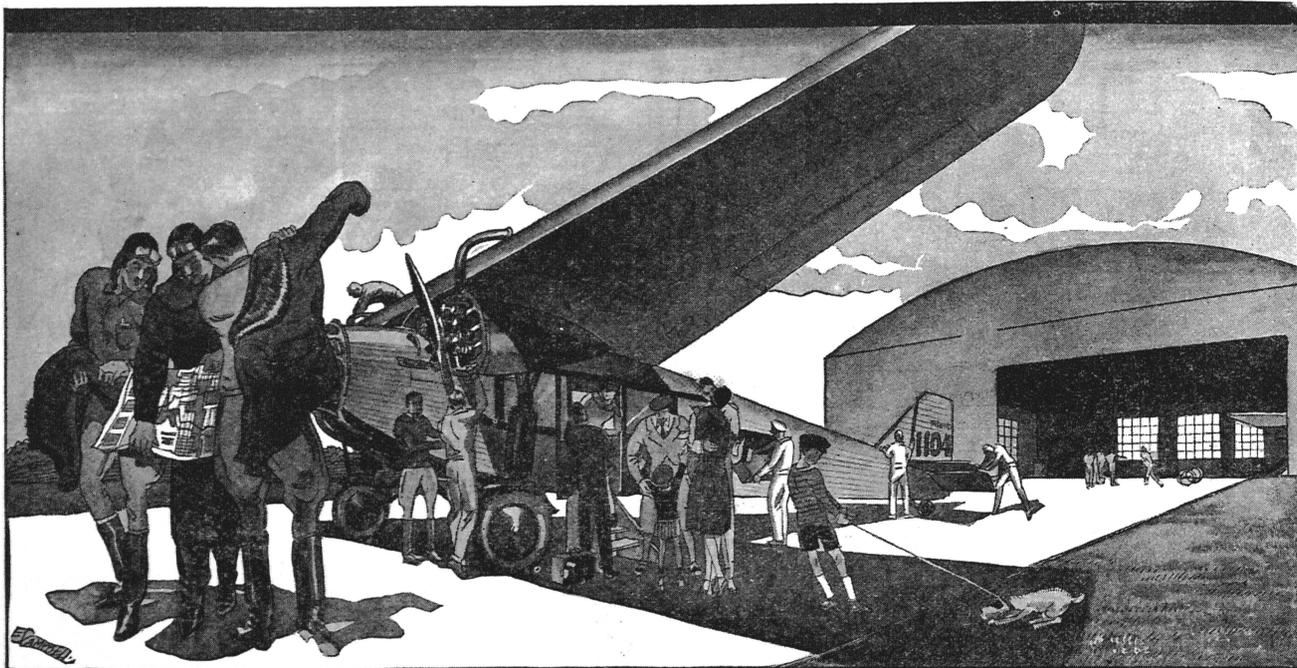
"TASTE *above everything*"



MILD... and yet  
THEY SATISFY

# Chesterfield

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos, not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED



Aviation demands steady nerves and strong courage. There is no food the equal of milk and its products for building up iron constitutions. Our products are the leaders in this community.

## White Eagle Dairy Co.



"The old-grads are putting up with us during the Reunion."

"You mean we're putting up with them. They'll be decorating their breaths with everything they can lay hands on."

"They're 'holey a subject for Life Savers."

### DEAN JONES' SON

(Continued from page 9)

rising M. T. handed her his cigarette and Rosemary took a dainty puff. Astoundingly the smoke jetted through her nose. "I didn't know what else to do with it," she giggled.

Just for fun M. T. explained how to inhale. Breath the smoke in naturally. And Rosemary did. A smart kid.

But later that evening M. T. was feeling blue. Rosemary had given him a date for the next Saturday night. With him, M. T. Jones. But he had taught her how to smoke the first time he had ever been with her. Her first cigarette, she had admitted reluctantly. The kid did like him. But she thought she had to keep up with his reputation—the wildest boy at Monatauck University.

(To be continued next month)

### "THE GARDEN OF VISION"

(Continued from page 15)

credible it is to our insistence upon practical, concrete explanations. Yet for ages it has said of the universe what science today says: "All things are soluble and changeable — It is idea only." Perhaps, a solution to the problems now troubling the western mind whose religion clashes with his science. Truly a vision.

# ALL THE NEWS

SPORT  
SOCIETY  
CURRENT EVENTS

Subscribe Now

## COLUMBIA MISSOURIAN

# College Humor's MONTHLY BULLETIN



## Click!

**T**HE show is on. The December issue takes a bow. A fast stepping, wise cracking performance, with your own Joe College or Carl Campus as master of ceremonies.

A last minute news reel, with its college spotlights, a splendid picture of the University of Nebraska, smart styles. . . . The feature begins. **COLOSSUS**, by Holworthy Hall, illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg, a glamorous novel of college life, featuring a man and three girls; sophisticated things by Eric Hatch and Katharine Brush follow. . . . Short subjects covering modernistic furnishings for fraternity and sorority houses, and all the varied interests of today's college crowd.



College Humor's Outboard Races will be inaugurated next spring. Is your college interested in staging one of these colorful regattas and water carnivals? Complete details will appear in our January issue. Perhaps you have heard that College Humor is presenting a number of Gruen Paladin watches to individuals achieving marked success in the college field. Coach Bob Zuppke of Illinois, whose teams have won two consecutive football championships, was the first to be honored.

And, by the way, College Humor has a new sports editor—Les Gage, formerly director of publicity of the University of Wisconsin, and one of her foremost athletes.



**Sally Lou:** How do all these aviators whistle the latest tunes, Mary?

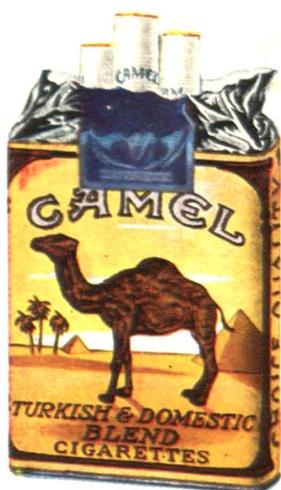
**Mary Lou:** Oh, they hang around the Taylor Music Co., during their spare moments.

ALL THE BEST ORCHESTRAL RECORDS  
AT EARLY RELEASES

### Taylor Music & Furniture Co.

Home of Quadrangle  
"Columbia's Most Interesting Store"

CAMEL, Joe? . . . come on—  
team! . . . aw . . . oh well . . .  
now hold 'em! . . . will you look  
at that red-headed baby three  
rows down. . . . Don't worry, I  
*am* looking. . . . Pass! Pass! Go  
back and break it up! . . . Shut  
up; they can't hear you out  
there. . . . I know, but it relieves  
my feelings . . . like a good  
smoke. . . . Camel, Joe?



*Camels are just so good that they are always better. Those  
who have tried them all will tell you that.*