MISSOURI
OUTLAW
10¢

PROPERTY OF BRAXTON POLLARD

THE CHAMPION SACK-HOLDER

Christmas Number

-harold elfenbein-
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.
3. First correct one received will be awarded the prize.

SOLVE IT NOW

Horizontal

1. "Sunflower state."
6. Famous Revolutionary night rider.
11. Hautboy.
15. Proportion.
17. Careens.
18. Languishes.
20. Required.
24. Helical.
29. Egg-shaped.
30. River in Palestine.
32. Bureau tray.
34. Boundary.
36. Back of the neck.
40. Container.
41. Bill of fare.
42. Sheep.
46. On the lee.
47. Transmitted
48. To cloud.

Vertical

1. Mohammedan Scriptures.
2. Striped cloth.
3. Form of no.
4. To observe.
5. Decorous.
7. Tanning pot.
8. Silk worm.
9. To tear.
10. Artist’s frame.
18. Flower leaf.
19. Game.
22. To sin.
23. Achieved.
25. Bugle plant.
27. Beer.
30. Who is our best golf player?
31. More finical.
32. Sur ped.
33. Where was Joan of Arc burned?
35. Craw.
37. Farewell.
38. Pig sty.
39. Conclusion.
41. To damage.
42. Deer.
43. Born.

Answer to last month’s puzzle

Coal, all dare, urge, Lee, oral, need, Rea, Aeta, seta, A, Brent, prep, Timer, R. redos, ocular, Divine, retakes, tames, secures, where, tide, idle, aerite, treat, view, grin, err, edge
Give Shirts for Christmas

$1.98

Picture the happy man who receives shirts for Christmas. And why shouldn’t you be the one to make him happy? Especially when such fine shirts are priced so low! The shirts in this group are made of fine woven and VAT PRINTED broadcloths. Smart new stripe patterns, plain colors and white are all included. Styles are: Collar attached, neckband and collar to match. At this price these shirts offer the gift seeker and the man who needs shirts, a worthwhile opportunity to buy at a LOW price!

J. C. Penney Co. Inc.

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI
LEARBURY

All-American Contest brings Thousands of replies!

Winners to be announced soon!

The makers of Learbury Clothes ask us to express appreciation for your great interest in Learbury and the All-American Football Team contest. The winners of the contest will be announced as soon as the judges have made their selections.

Come in and see The New Learbury Models.

Head and Judge

IT'S THE HANG OF THE TROUSERS THAT MATTERS

WELL turned out university men know that sartorial perfection depends not alone on the quality of the fabrics of which the suits are made, nor on their "cut", but is equally dependent on manner in which they are worn.

They seem to have taken to heart the words embodied in Pioneer's slogan—"IT's the hang of the trousers that matters."

PIONEER SUSPENDERS • PIONEER BELTS
BRIGHTON CARTERS

PIONEER
America's word for SUSPENDERS

One Every Winter

Jones: Did you buy your wife that expensive fur coat for her protection?
Smith: No, for mine.

Life's a Beach

Criss: One can leave footprints on the sands of time.
Cross: Yes, and the next wave of public enthusiasm washes them out.

Isn't This Cute

Jim: I have no place to lay my head.
Zim: Why not put it on the shoulder of that hill over there?

Nor I

Jones: The girl who is playing the part of Lady Godiva is cold and wants a cloak or something.
Brown: I don't give a wrap.

Cleaning—Pressing—Repairing
Students’ Work a Specialty
Shoes Shined
Hats Cleaned and Blocked
"We call for and deliver"

VANITY FAIR
Phone 7408

SUCH SUCCESS MUST BE DESERVED

Our success among the student body has not been caused by chance. It is due to the finest quality foods, proper cooking, and our service, both delivery and in the store.

A HAPPY VACATION TO YOU

Campus Drug Store
Close By for Your Convenience
Dial 6304 for Immediate Delivery
IT HAD TO BE GOOD
TO GET WHERE IT IS

It is not by mere chance or
good luck that the Missouri
Outlaw has the good will and
backing of the student body.
Consistently publishing the
best that it was able has placed
the Missouri Outlaw in a posi-
tion by itself. National adver-
tisers will not use space in a
publication that has no sale
price. If the public is not will-
ing to spend its money for a
magazine, then they will not
value it highly enough for it
to be a profitable medium for
advertising.

THINK this over. READ the
advertisers below. Surely such
an array of dominating firms
cannot be wrong in their selec-
tion of an advertising medium.
Put your dollars where they
are not wasted. Don’t let a
highpowered salesman induce
you to throw your advertising
appropriation away.

Advertisers

AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
LIFE SAVERS
P. LORILLOD CO.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON
CURTISS AIRPLANE & MOTOR
CO.
EDUADORIAN PANAMA HAT
CO.
HOOD RUBBER PRODUCTS CO.
LIGGETT-MYERS TOBACCO CO.
PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
HECHT LEARS CLOTHING CO.
J. C. PENNEY CO.
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
PARKS AIR COLLEGE
CURTISS FLYING SCHOOL
PARKER PEN CO.
COCOA-COLA CO.
WESTERN ELECTRIC
GENERAL ELECTRIC
FINCHLEY
COLLEGE HUMOR
KAHN TAILORING CO.
CUNARD STEAMSHIP LINES
ADLER-ROCHESTER CLO. CO.
TEMPLE TOURS
CHARTER HOUSE CLOTHES
INTER-COLLEGIATE TRAVEL
BUREAU
MARIEN R. GRAY CO.
BRAEDBURN CLOTHES

You Recognize
The
Leaders

KEEN competition demands
that national advertisers use
consistent, well-planned, and
well-placed advertising. The
merits of a publication are
carefully weighed . . . its cir-
culation analyzed . . . its edi-
torial policy scrutinized . . . to
determine definitely in ad-
ance the results an advertise-
ment in that publication will
yield.

A few prominent national
advertisers who have chosen
THE MISSOURI OUTLAW to
represent their products are
mentioned on this page . .
such proof is convincing to
prospective advertisers . . .
gratifying to present advertis-
ers, and an added incentive to
better our efforts and put forth
an even greater MISSOURI
OUTLAW for the Missourians.

THE
MissouriOutlaw

In the East we are represented
By Roy Barnhill, Inc.,
40 East 34th St., N. Y.
Collegiate Special Adv. Agency
503 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

THE COMIC OF MISSOURI
Complimentary Speaking

He—Just imagine that fresh guy telling me that I change opinions as often as I change my shirts.
She—Why, that’s complimenting you on your sense of cleanliness.

I'll Be A Rake

Chloe: I’m going to the masquerade as a Hawaiian dancer with a grass skirt and everything.
Jack: I'm going as a hay tender.

Going Up

Give a girl an inch and she'll whack a lot off before she makes it into a skirt.

Lets All Help

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

Tap Her Gently

She: Doesn’t this moonlight make you dream dreams.
He: Gosh, no! I’m just getting wakened up.

Fine Work

Jack: I’m going to kiss you till you yell, “Stop.”
Janet: Well, I’m just as contrary as you are.

A Ship Now

Mother: You shouldn’t call your girl a skirt.
Son: I know; the reason for calling her that has almost entirely disappeared.

The True Test

The Demonstrator—This cake is made from our celebrated sugar, butter, and egg substitute. Will you try a piece, sir.
—Louisville Satyr

Barred Out

Mayme—Ain’t you goin’ to marry that steeplejack? He makes good money.
Gert—Aw, he says he’s a human fly, and I never could stand flies around the house. They’re so darn insanitary.

That’s a Calamity

Smith: Have you ever been in a railway accident?
Jones: Yes; once I was in a train and we went through a tunnel and I kissed the father instead of the daughter.

In a Knot

Giant: Why didn’t the Contortionist come with us?
Dwarf: He said he was all tied up by his work.

Sharing His Burdens

Mrs. Dryden—Do you find your husband much improved under national prohibition?
Mrs. Wetmore—Quite the contrary. Formerly he told his troubles to the bartenders. Now I have to listen to them.

INSECT!

“What have you there?”
“What insect powder.”
“Good heavens! You aren’t going to commit suicide?”

What’s In It?

George: Can’t you give me a little hope?
Georgette: Sure. I have a hope chest.

Mother— (to her little son in the bath tub) “Larry get right out of that tub!”
Larry—“Aw, go jump in sister bathub, can’t you see I’m busy bathing.”
And Close Them Too
Jim: Are you going out on a blind date?
Tom: No, this is one that will open my eyes.

Pull Them Off.
John: Why don’t you like the Dance of the Seven Veils?
James: It takes me too long to see what it’s all about.

Get Started
Ned: I’ll kiss you and kiss you and kiss you.
Sue: Well, don’t waste time talking about it.

Some Gal
Hal: I’m sorry that I caught your dress in the car door and jerked it off.
Peg: Oh, that was nothing.

Needs a New One Now
Mother: What did you do when your horrid husband hid the can opener?
Bride: I opened the cans with his razor.

NOW, IS THAT NICE?
Miss Jones was a maiden lady of uncertain years but very decidedly wealthy. She was more inclined to talk about her wealth than her age.
One day she was with a crowd of young folks. Gay laughter and banter went the rounds. Miss Jones was, as she fondly supposed, the life of the party. Of course on account of her great wealth she did command a certain amount of respect. But secretly the young folks were tired of her mixing with their set.

“Of course”, she said to a group of youngsters, “I have always had pretty much everything I wanted, but then, you know, I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth.”

“Well,” replied a sweet young thing, “I’ll bet it had 1847 on it.”

Quite a Woodpile
Hi: I hear your son is a chip off the old block.
Si: Gosh, I have a whole stack of chips.

She’s quite domesticated, I hear. Knows how to cook and bake and everything.
Nothing of the sort. Why she couldn’t even cause a traffic jam.
As an author Arthur Jennings was a failure. For years he had written and written but aside from a few skits and jokes and an occasional poem he had made no sales. His articles and short stories invariably come back with a rejection slip.

He had tried a novel or two but was unable to find a publisher. He enrolled in various schools for teaching writing and employed a literary agent but his sales did not increase.

"I will never be an author," he said in despair and gave up the effort and went in for politics. He rose rapidly and from Congress he went to the President's chair. After serving a term as chief executive he retired to private life.

Magazines now begged him to write for them and he commanded a dollar a word for a lot of the old stuff that had been returned to him in other days. HE HAD ARRIVED.

---

THE MONTHLY PRIZE CONTEST

Three cheers for the Rollo Boys. And the cheers were given with a will, but we won't reveal whose will it happened to be. Nevertheless, the Old Man has noticed that several of the comics over the country, have combined undergraduate humor (?) with genuine attempts at literature. A wonderful idea and one that should be encouraged to the limit. There is absolutely no legitimate reason to hinder such a combination. The Old Man hopes to see the day not far distant when such a union is made at Missouri.

The cross word puzzle was solved correctly (except for one letter) by Bernard Pemberton 907 Lowry St., and Barrett W. Fancis, 301 S. 6th St. Only one entirely correct solution was submitted and to Mary Greer, 5635 Cates Ave., St. Louis, Mo., the award for first prize is given. Awards for other than the puzzle were given to Harold Elfenbein, Lovan Hall, Braxton Pollard and Voerge Yeager.

The special title to the next issue will be Mystery Number. Try your hand at being a Sherlock Holmes and perhaps you may solve the mystery of receiving an award.
Even as a baby, Robin Wills had been a diminutive infant. At eight years he was still undersized but he strove stubbornly and earnestly to act like a man, and he imitated all the manly virtues as reflected in his father. His uneven little-boy soprano, he disguised as a laborious bass though during moments of excitement his natural shrill squeakiness asserted itself. He acquired an early and invertebrate dislike for that particular aunt who insisted on calling him "baby" and would blush furiously when that abominable appellation was addressed to him publicly. Especially did he hate his nickname, "little Robin Redbreast," merely because of that all-significant adjective, "little".

Then, as the college freshman. Still small and still sensitive about his smallness. Just a girl's height, he told himself bitterly. He had not stood passively by and waited to grow. He had stretched and exercised, strained and trained, boxed and skated, eaten and drunk. "Bananas—for health," the signboard read. He told him so. But he was not unreasonably small, just a few inches less than the average. He was exaggerating. He remained obdurate, adamant. He was small, he insisted. He was, he was, he was. She could not convince him of the truth in spite of the parallels and comparisons she drew. Then wisely she hit upon an idea.

She told him: "Because you are smaller than the other fellows you'll have to do something about it. For every inch that you lack in height, you'll have to make up in deed. Do things. Stand out and cut a figure for yourself. Do something great, Robin, or at least something beautiful."

He went away inspired. Fired with resolve he plunged into college life headfirst and headstrong. His fraternity brothers called him "Reddy," derived from the childhood, "little Robin Redbreast," a nickname of a nickname. But it really did not suit him. His hair was dark with a slight wave. His healthy bronzed features were set straight in a narrow molded face, mouth pleasant against straight white teeth, eyebrows a long dark arc but narrow. His eyes were dark brown, vivacious and eternally lit up so that when he looked at you, you felt warmed and flattered. The profs spoke of him as brilliant. He took law, and often in the college courtroom he ascended the platform and his vibrant voice sent legal phrases through the assembly. He was greatly affected and every one knew it but they sympathized. Most of his frat brothers towered above him, but he strutted and stalked and swaggered with such manly airs that he seemed to touch the stars. He assumed a pseudo-bass voice and most of the crazy collegiate styles but he held the reputation of a well dressed man, as indeed he was in his less lofter moments. He was popular all around. Like other men, he was keenly alive to the other sex, appraised them, accompanied them around the campus and dated them. They invariably called him "cute" and for once that word was really descriptive. He observed that few of the girls were taller than he. "But they all wear stilts," he told the fellows. So he sometimes went stag.

He did not fall in love till he was twenty-two, the sophisticated age. He first saw her at a frat dance. Her eyes were big, gray, unflinching and the whites of her eye shown in her tanned oval face. Her profile presented a decided silhouette without any jars or mars. Her dress was a light dull green. Later, he discovered she always wore green. Fascinated by her rhythmical swaying movements, her relaxed poise, his eyes turned always in her direction. When she glided, he thought of the rowing crew rippling down the river . . . . Her face bewitched him and haunted his movements. He felt as if he had received a sentence, been doomed, and had no will in the matter. He wanted to bend down at her feet and whisper his love. But she was dancing with Randall Lewis. Rand, handsome, drapper, moustached. Reddy watched her through several dances, waiting for an opening, and always those two danced together and talked a great deal as if they had volumes to tell each other. Reddy wondered vaguely why she was not being rushed — no one had made any attempt to cut in on them.

(Continued on page ten)
DEAN JONES' SON

A Story of Hectic College Life in Ten Parts

PART FOUR

BY Doris Daly

M. T. (Marvin Theodore) Jones, the wildest boy at Montauk University and the son of Dean of Men Jones decides to make native Rosemary Dale respect him although sophisticated Kitty Parsons, whom he has adored since childhood, warns him that “Rosemary’s not the kind of girl you want.” A talk with his father also helps M. T. to decide to reform. Rosemary refuses M. T.’s first request for a date. Later he meets her on the campus and they go to the Montauk Cafe. There Rosemary smokes her first cigarettes, she tells M. T. He is downcast thinking that because she likes him she is trying to live up, or down, to his reputation.

Rosemary seemed to have a great time at the Univee Hop Saturday night. She was cut in on so frequently that M. T. had plenty of time to observe her from the stage line although he was her date. He noticed that Barry Benson and several other Theta Sigmas were giving her the biggest rush. Barry Benson again! Well, he’d have to cut in although he wasn’t used to dancing with his dates too frequently. They weren’t the type that required it.

“Ooh, Mar-vin. I’m having the best time,” cooed Rosemary in the direction of his ear which was at least a foot higher than her rosebud of a mouth. “Honestly, I didn’t expect such a rush. I’m just a green, little freshman you know.”

M. T. had to agree, in his thoughts, that she was green. He had never before dated a girl who talked as naively, yes, as childishly as did Rosemary. He would probably consider her dumb if her exquisite innocence didn’t appeal to him so strongly. If a different type from other girls he had dated—Kitty and Alta—she was nevertheless a popular one, also. He guessed, although he would never have predicted it, that others felt about her as he did, wanted to protect her from the hard

ness of a cynical, yes, even a wicked world of which she was ignorant. But, he would beat them, he, M. T. Jones, who knew more about women than did these callow youngsters, he would make Rosemary Dale love him. She already liked him a lot. joyously these thoughts coursed through him and he began to whistle cheerfully the rousing tune which the orchestra was rhythmically beating out.

“Marvin,” Rosemary broke into his thoughts, “There’s that cute Mr. Allen, you introduced me to at the library.”

M. T. saw Chuck carelessly leaning against the doorway, watching the dancers and occasionally exchanging a word with one of the stags as was his custom. Chuck wasn’t much of a lady’s man. Imagine calling old Chuck, Mr. Allen. She was an adorable youngster!

“Let’s dance close to him so he’ll cut in on me,” Rosemary suggested.

M. T. looked gravely hurt. “Tired of me, Sweetheart?” His tone was part of his stock in trade. But he meant it this time.

“Oh, gee, no. But, I thought, maybe, you’d rather not dance with me so long.”

“My, goosh! Just when I get a couple of seconds with—” but he was interrupted by a firm hand on his arm. Chuck had spied Rosemary.

“How’s my little baby, tonight?” M. T. heard him ask playfully as they danced off.

“But I’m not your—” Rosemary’s voice, seriously protesting, stirred away from his hearing. That fool Chuck. Acting like that about his girl. Just when he decided to make him his buddy instead of that worthless Billy Cash, Oh, well.

M. T. wondered where Billy was. He was feeling thirsty. Rosemary would never detect a drink or two. Now Kitty, that would be a different matter. He found him the first place he looked, around the side of the gym in a basement area way with two other booze hounds.

“Have drink,” Billy greeted him.

M. T. had several swallows before Billy reminded him of Rosemary by saying, “I wanna meet your date. Chuck said she’s a darn cute lil’ mamma.”

Much as he loathed it, he had to take Billy in to meet Rosemary. She couldn’t help knowing that Billy was lit. She was dancing slowly, tightly embraced, by a hulking, red faced fellow. His bright eyes and foolish grin told the world he, too, was fond of moonshine whiskey.

But Rosemary was laughing, her tingly, little laugh. “Gee, you are the funniest boy I ever knew!” Kids like her had no business in co-educational universities.

Then he saw Kitty whirl past in the arms of a skinny youngster, a shade to short for her lithe height. M. T. decided that he made her look awkward. She needed a tail, broad shouldered man, and a blonde one to contrast with her dark beauty. Like himself, M. T. reflected. But Kitty would never do for him. She was too independent, too self-assured to make a man feel comfortable. Anyway, he was going to cut in on her. Just to see how it felt to hold her slender waist again, to look into those deep, dark eyes that were almost level with his own. He could ask her what to do about Rosemary. She couldn’t be mad at him after he told her how he was reforming for Rosemary’s sake. That was a swell excuse to cut in on Kitty.

“How’s Rosemary?” Kitty asked when they had advanced a few feet.

“Well, you ought to know. Isn’t she your protegee?”

“Not any more,” said Kitty, seriously. For once she was serious when talking to M. T.” She’s got-
ten so darned popular I never see her anymore for her dates."

"Just like you," and at Kitty's corrective laugh, "when you were a freshman. But for a junior you get around considerable, old girl."

"Well, but I'm not Rosemary's type."

"That's right" conceded M. T. and, because I know that, too I am worried about her, Kitty."

"Oh, don't let her bother you," said Kitty cheerfully.

M. T. didn't understand her attitude but he continued, "You were worried about her, Kitty."

"Well, but I'm not Rosemary's type."

"No. Rosemary annoyed you," he said, his eyes scanning the room. "Maybe Rosemary wasn't as ignorant as he thought. Or maybe Kitty didn't understand her as well as he did. Of course Kitty wasn't Rosemary's type."

"It's so hot in here," Rosemary said, "I want Rosemary to respect me. I'm trying to reform—now, don't laugh, Kitty. I really am. You can ask Dad, if I'm not."

"Of course, I don't think it's funny. I'm awfully glad, truly. I've wanted you to quit drinking ever since that Christmas when I got so mad I threw a bowl of punch at you."

Since she was in such a mellow mood M. T. almost asked her why she had been so mad at him. He had been too tight to know what happened. But he must finish talking about Rosemary before another partner claimed Kitty.

"I don't think it's right for Rosemary to date every bozo who asks her. If she was a girl like you, it would be different. Maybe you know how I can keep her from it, without making her mad at me, Kitty."

"M. T. was surprised how completely Kitty had snapped out of her peevish attitude toward him. Kitty laughed and flicked her long eyelashes at him—just as if he wasn't M. T. Jones. "I said don't let her bother you," she repeated. Rosemary can take care of herself.

A cut in separated them, then.

M. T. looked around for Rosemary. Any girl old enough to go to college ought to be able to take care of herself. Maybe Rosemary wasn't as ignorant as he thought. Or maybe Kitty didn't understand her as well as he did. Of course Kitty wasn't Rosemary's type.

"It's so hot in here," Rosemary said, "I want Rosemary to respect me. I'm trying to reform—now, don't laugh, Kitty. I really am. You can ask Dad, if I'm not.

"Of course, I don't think it's funny. I'm awfully glad, truly. I've wanted you to quit drinking ever since that Christmas when I got so mad I threw a bowl of punch at you."

They climbed into Billy Cash's roadster parked around the corner.

is I want Rosemary to respect me. I'm trying to reform—now, don't laugh, Kitty. I really am. You can ask Dad, if I'm not.

"Of course, I don't think it's funny. I'm awfully glad, truly. I've wanted you to quit drinking ever since that Christmas when I got so mad I threw a bowl of punch at you."

Since she was in such a mellow mood M. T. almost asked her why she had been so mad at him. He had been too tight to know what happened. But he must finish talking about Rosemary before another partner claimed Kitty.

"I don't think it's right for Rosemary to date every bozo who asks her. If she was a girl like you, it would be different. Maybe you know how I can keep her from it, without making her mad at me, Kitty."

"M. T. was surprised how completely Kitty had snapped out of her peevish attitude toward him. Kitty laughed and flicked her long eyelashes at him—just as if he wasn't M. T. Jones. "I said don't let her bother you," she repeated. Rosemary can take care of herself.

A cut in separated them, then.

M. T. looked around for Rosemary. Any girl old enough to go to college ought to be able to take care of herself. Maybe Rosemary wasn't as ignorant as he thought. Or maybe Kitty didn't understand her as well as he did. Of course Kitty wasn't Rosemary's type.

"It's so hot in here," Rosemary said, "I want Rosemary to respect me. I'm trying to reform—now, don't laugh, Kitty. I really am. You can ask Dad, if I'm not.

"Of course, I don't think it's funny. I'm awfully glad, truly. I've wanted you to quit drinking ever since that Christmas when I got so mad I threw a bowl of punch at you."

They climbed into Billy Cash's roadster parked around the corner.
COLLEGE LOVE

(Continued from page 7)

Unexpectedly, he saw a pin dangle from her dress. He waited till it fell and then dashed forward and came up before her clutching her pin. Disturbed, he noticed that it was a pin from his frat. Probably Rand's he conjectured bitterly and was surprised at his own mean emotion. She accepted it, smilingly.

"Jade Fitzroy," said Rand elaborately and openly annoyed at the intrusion, "allow me to present Reddy Wills."

"Jade," murmured Reddy unenthusiastically but effectively, "Jade."

"How d'you do." It was the sweetest voice in the world, half-drawl, half-chirp.

"Reddy Wills to dance," announced Reddy, losing most of his heart and all of his grammar.

She cast a mischievous glance at Rand who made a forward move to dance her away, but Reddy had got there first.

"But, my dear," she protested yielding nevertheless, "I really did not say you could."

"But really, you know," was the direct come-back, "you didn't say I couldn't either." And she smiled back — interested.

He knew he could not say the customary line to her and he tried to think of something besides: "Where've you been all my life, Beautiful?"

"I'm tired," she told him. "Let's go outside. I want you to talk to me."

They walked up a dark stairway and stumbled over something in the gloom that let out a sound suspiciously human, followed, in turn, by a higher one undoubtedly of the same species. At the top, she sat down, he followed suit a step below. She leaned her head against the wall. There was a short exquisite lapse of silence. Then there was talk — personal talk about who they were, what they liked, what they did.

Out of the darkness beyond, a tall figure was ascending.


- Then: "Yes, honey, come up."

He came and Reddy felt his glare even in the dusk. "Listen," his voice rose to an angry level, "you might've known she was my girl. That was my pin you picked up. Where do you come in — "

"Listen, doll. Nobody's gonna cut me out. I saw him give you the sick-dog stare—"

"You —" Reddy could get no farther. He was stupefied, stunned. He could not trust himself to speak.

She stood up, switched on the dim hall light and started downstairs. "I wouldn't have had this happen for worlds," she told Reddy. "I'm sorry." She gave Rand a disdainful glare.

"Now lay off," threatened Rand at Reddy, and he followed her downstairs.

Reddy jumped up and ran to his room, slamming the door. Hot, multitudinous, little-boy tears rolled down his cheeks as he stamped up and down the room. The agony of it! To be humiliated in front of her. He could have forgiven Rand anything — anything, but not this greatest mortification. A floundering soul wading in sensitiveness. It was crude and beastly. Of all his frat brothers he had always like Rand the least. Now, he'd show him. He'd pay him back. No one could bulldoze him and get away with it. Rand was a bully and a cheat. Reddy remembered once during exams when a boy had crumpled up and slipped from his seat — fainting from utter exhaustion and overstudy. Rand, the gallant, had rushed to him and together with Reddy had carried him out in the air. Then Rand, depositing him quickly, had turned to Reddy and said: "What a lucky break for me! I could never have passed this without help. What is the answer to the third?" And Reddy, sickened and disappointed, with his faith in humans shattered by just such a tiny blow as this, had answered him evasively and turned away.

That night, Reddy tossed and tumbled on his bed in righteous indignation, fierce hatred and wounded pride, much to his roommate's consternation. But towards morning with calm had come a tenderer, somnolent mood. Drowsily, Reddy murmured: "We are going to love each other for ever and ever."

"Amen," sighed the roommate as he turned over.

Nothing can happen in one house where there are many communal and communicative beings without the word getting around. So next morning when Reddy presented his sleepy self downstairs, he felt the air weighed down with friction and significance.

"The boy looks as if he'd been out on a bender last night. How about it, Reddy?" This was, Reddy thought, the preliminary to the main bout. He noticed Rand looking moody and sour.

"Fellows," announced Bob Ricky, chosen arbiter for the grand bout, "we can't let anything come between us — no matter what. We've sworn to adopt and love each other as brothers. Now the general opinion seems to be that Reddy is in the right and Rand owes him an apology. Your turn, Rand."

Reddy felt warmed and softened. Brothers. He'd accept the apology and try to like Rand. And the girl — as much as it would wound him, he'd give her up. That would be the only brotherly thing to do. He turned to Rand.

"Like hell I'll apologize!" exploded Rand sullenly. "He made us quarrel. Like hell I will!"

There was very nearly a riot in the house that morning narrowly averted by a dozen men who held back an enraged tiger — otherwise known as Reddy.

"You know where you can go, you dirty cheat," Reddy cried hotly to the brother he had sworn to adopt and love . . ."

(To be continued next month)

TILL SAY IT DOESN'T

The faster water is the purer it keeps but this rule hardly applies to flappers.

And Onions

Whiz: That girl watches her step.
Bang: You bet, she knows her bunions.
Have You Seen "The Trail of '98." Say, I'm No Bloodhound.

These Intellectuals

The lights were low. Soft music floated out to the couple seated on the bench outside. It was a night for love.

"There's something I've been wanting to ask you," he spoke low and tenderly.
"What?" she asked expectantly.

"Can I borrow your Sociology notebook over the week-end?"

Equipped for Flight

Miss Gushington—Do you believe that when poverty comes in at the door love flies out the window?
Mr. Hardfax—Sure! didn't you ever notice the wings on Cupid?

Figure It Out

Young Lady—Do you know where John Smith lives?
Policeman—Yes; the third house on the lefthand side of the street in the next block.
Young Lady—But which is the lefthand side of the street in the next block? I'm a stranger in the city.

Was It An Invitation?

Young Chap (much in love)—Miss Daisy, I'm telling you, I'm going to kiss you before I go.
Miss Daisy—Then, sir, will you leave this instant?

A Sinister Motive

Mr. Neighbor—"Why don't you consult Dr. Cutter? If there's anything really the matter with you he'll cure you inside of a month. Your wife will pay the bill."
Mr. Neversweat—"Yeah! I'm onto her. She wants to get me fixed up so I'll have to get a job."

Furnishing References

The Manager—Yes, we need a young lady in the canned goods department. Have you had any experience as a demonstrator?
Miss Gushington—Well, I have a gentleman friend who says I am awfully demonstrative.

Getting Together

Mother—Hush! You two children are always quarreling. Why can't you agree once in a while?
Georgie—We do agree, mamma, Edith wants the largest apple and so do I.

George: Can't you give me a little hope?
Georgette: Sure, I have a hope chest.

And How He Yells

"Can your little brother talk yet?" "He doesn't need to. He has only to yell and he gets what he wants."

A Sensitive Bird

Bird dealer (to customer who has bought a parrot on credit)—"Here's your bill. Are you going to pay for it or not?"
Customer—"I've had the parrot one whole month and he's never said a word."
Bird Dealer—"Well, you see, this Polly is so very sentient it never speaks until it has seen the receipted bill showing it has been paid for."

Before And After

Dryden—The humble little Band of Hope was the precursor of national prohibition.
Wetmore—And we thirsty old sports are the postcursers.

Time For Improvement

Train Conductor: How old is this boy?
Mother: Four.
Conductor: How old are you, sonny?
Small Boy: Four.
Conductor: Well, I'll let him ride free this time, but when he grows up he'll be either a liar or a giant.

Fame

Mabel: I see that they have a town in Massachusetts named after you.
Morris—Well, what do they call it?
Mabel—Marblehead.

A Gentle Rebuke

Thurston—"Huh?"
Dryden—"You evidently misunderstood me. When I proposed that toast I said 'Let us drink to success', not excess."

Still in Danger

Jones—Is your son out of danger at the hospital, Mr. Brown?
Brown—Not yet. The doctor is going to make two or three more visits.

Mayme: Ain't you goin' to marry that steeplejack? He makes good money.
Gert: Aw, he says he's a human fly and I never could stand flies around the house. They're so darn insanitary.
That's The Difference
Prospective Tenant: I would like to see one of the bedrooms.
Owner: Modern or comfortable?

No Time To Waste
Old Lady — Aren't you a bit ashamed, a big, strong man like you begging? Have you never tried to work?
Tramp—Yes'm, but it took away too much of my time.

Broadly Speaking
Miss Visits—Don't you think that traveling brings out all that is in one?
Sea Captain—Yes, indeed; especially ocean travel.

On The Job
The Motorist—Say, friend, my engine's stalled. Think you can help me find out what's the matter with it?
Constable Talltimber—I can, but I won't just now. I can't pinch you for speedin', but in ten minutes I'll fix up your engine, an' then pinch you for parkin' here too long.

Let's Make It Fifty-Fifty
She—Man was made first—Woman came after him.
He—Yes, and she's been after him ever since.

From Mr. Grouch
Mrs. Benham — A man may be down, but he is never out.
Benham—Well, it's different with a woman; she's always out.

Her Busy Day
The Supervisor — Why did you give that party the busy signal?
There was no one on the line.
The operator—I was busy doing my nails.

A Good Field
Tough McNutt — I've got to get busy and get myself a spring coat.
Rough Rudolph — Which restaurant do you get yours from?

Too Late
Elderly Maid— Did you advertise for a lady with an engaging personality.
Manager— Yes, but it's too bad, miss; you're about twenty years too late.

A Modern Factory
Servant: Your highness there have been no babies born for two days.
King Solomon: Well, we must try to speed up production a little.

We Hope So
If a girl loses her head on a petting party she usually finds it on some boy's shoulder.

Sounds Like Thunder
Mayme: Isn't this silence wonderful?
Chloe: You bet: I never heard anything like it.

Not The Last Chance
"Constable, catch that man. He tried to kiss me."
"Don't worry, miss. With your beauty you will soon get another."

Is This Nice
The man who hides behind his wife's skirts in these days would have to go to the rag bag to do it.

Do Tell
A girl's face may be her fortune but her knees are not to be passed over lightly.

How About Uncle Sam
A fellow with a mint of money has trouble to keep from making a hole in it.

Nor Sing Either
Whiz: Why don't you stop that infernal singing?
Bang: I cannot refrain.

Squeeze Her Then
Tattooed Lady: So you love the Strong Man?
Fat Lady: Yes, he has quite a hold on me.

A Tickler
Jim: I just brushed her lips with a kiss.
Tim: Yes, that's a funny looking little brush you have on your lip.

Ouch!
Daughter: How do you know that is dad cruising around down there in the dark?
Ma: Oh, I heard him when he started on a new tack.

Ship 'Em Back
"Sunday is surely a day of pests," said Hiram when he looked out and saw three carloads of visitors from the city.
HER CHARMS

My sweetheart has the sweetest mouth;
It's shaped just like a Cupid's bow;
Its equal is not north or south
Nor any place that I may go.
I will maintain it's Cupid's-bow
No matter how you sneer or scoff;
For it is always shooting off.

My sweetheart has the clearest eyes;
They're like deep-shaded forest pools
And in their depths a magic lies
That turns the wisest men to fools.
Like forest pools, those eyes of hers,
Or like a river after rain,
Or like a lake amid the firs —
They're watery, that much is plain.

My sweetheart has the cutest nose
Tip-tilted to the smiling skies;
It gives her quite an air, I s'pose,
For on that line its duty lies.
Thought it may catch the summer sun
And balmy airs from hill and plain
Sometimes this nose is not much fun
For the darned thing will catch the rain.

I KNOW A MAN

I know a man who thinks a combination is a system they play at Monte Carlo and that a step-in is a kick-plate on an automobile.

He also thinks a bloomier is something that a people pull, a Teddy the name of a bear and a camisole something used in cooking.

A slip, to him, means something that causes a fellow to miss his step and lingerie something that is long drawn out.

Roll-top means a desk and nothing else and he thinks a brassiere is something used for burning charcoal.

He doesn't know much about knickers except that they are something a horse does and he also thinks that a negligee is French for being careless or something like that.

He thinks dance sets refer to the couples who sit around spooning while the music plays and slip-overs are deals when some one puts something over on you.

Yet he says he knows all about women's clothes. He can see through them easily.
CHRISTMAS used to be a season of sober jollity and fun. Now it is just another excuse for getting away from the drudgery of school work. When that last class is over an audible sigh is heard escape every college. And it is no wonder. All work and no play makes Jack a dull ass. Perhaps he is one anyhow, but a holiday now and then, gives him ample time to prove differently. Which brings us to the point of this ditty, Don't Go Home and Make an Ass of Yourself! College is a much better place to do that, you have so much more company.

Across word puzzle has appeared on the pages of the Old Man's comic efforts. Seems like there were a few mistakes in the definitions which of course he takes no blame for but merely says, "see the printer". Even if it were his fault he would not admit it. However every effort is made to make this month's puzzle correct in every detail. Get your pencil sharp and start in to solve it. They are not especially difficult and should be finished in a short while. That five dollars will be an easy way to pay for the present you bought on credit for ——— her. If you don't indulge in women, or if you're a woman and don't tolerate the men, well use the five spot for any other noble purpose you may think of, like redeeming that last hot check you give that merchant.
"Swell carriage!"
"Yeh, but I don't like her lips."
—Green Goat

"Yes, I heard a noise, and got up in my nightgown, and there under the bed I saw a man's leg!"
"Good heavens! The burglar's?"
"No, my husband's. He had heard the noise, too!"
—Columbia Jester

Him: May I phone?
Her: I'm sorry. I'm married.
Him: "O.k. I'm married an' just as sorry.
—U. of S. Calif. Wampus

The most recent example of a perfect pessimist is the man who bought cork tipped cigarettes for a sea voyage.
—Yale Record

"Mama—where from doth elephants come? And don't try to thall me off wiv that gag about the thtork."
—Jack O'Lantern.

QUANTITY PRODUCTION

"Do you fellows wash your clothes at the house?"
"Heck, no."
"Well, what's that washing machine for?"
"That's no washing machine. That's our cocktail shaker."
—Cornell Widow.

My bonnie lies under the auto,
My bonnie lies under the car,
Someone hurry and send for a garage-man,
It's lonesome up here where I are.
—Pointer.

Filled With Pathos
She (at party): "And while in Florence I visited Pitti Palace."
He (same party): "Oh, did ums?"
—Banter.

Somebody Washed the Dishes
"Did you take your cold shower this morning?"
"Naw. There wasn't any hot water."
—Gargoyle.

One of the Gallery Gods
Eeny: "Did you have a good seat at the show last night?"
Meeny: "Naw, punk. Every time I laughed I hit my head on the ceiling—Punch Bowl.

Femmes
There are three classes of women— the intelligent, the beautiful, and the majority.
—Gargoyle.

His Best Friend Told Him (or Her)
"Did you enjoy the Alpha Geshink party?"
"So they tell me!"
—Pup.

"Where does Doc McLeod get his income?"
"Well, he makes quite a bit in the stork-market."
—The Chanticleer.

The One and Only
Owner of Collitch Car on Witness Stand: "And then the truck bumped the fender on my car."
Attorney: "Which fender?"
Witness: "The fender."
—Octopus.

My Goodness!
A little colored boy was sitting slumped down in a chair with his feet resting on top of the table, when his mammy came into the room and said: "Lord, yo is a lazy boy, youse zackly like yo pappy. Thank God I didn't marry dat man!"
—Carolina Buccaneer.

Interfraternity Council
She— "The only men I kiss are my brothers."
He— "What fraternity do you belong to?"—Drexerd.

Maybe the Clouds Will Rise
Friendly Bootlegger: "Looks like rain."
Collegiate: "Yes, but it tastes faintly like yeast."
—Rice Owl.

Two deaf old folks met at a reunion and were talking over old times. Said the old lady to the old man:
"Do you remember how we used to play together when we were young, and how I used to spank you when you didn't behave?"
"Heh? Oh, yes; you would hardly recognize the old place now, would you?"
—Puppet.

Dentist (peeping out of office): "Who next?"
Flapper: "I do, but this ain't the place for it."
—The Owl.

The Jealous Lover (passionately):
"Lie to me if you wish, but swear that you have been true to me!"
—Iowa Frivol.

Some eat and grow fat,
Some eat and grow thin.
If you don't like our jokes
Try handing some in.
—Oklahoma Aggievator.

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo-ho-ho—and a bottle of rum,
I know the men and I've tasted the rum,
But where did this Chinaman Yo come from?
—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.

"Wait a minute, big boy, you just restrain yourself awhile."
"Why, Emmeline, I haven't even strained myself yet!"
—Froth.
Whitman's highest quality—greatest assortment—most desired for your Christmas list

America's favorite in a new, gay, festive wrapper that carries your "Merry Christmas" in a delightful way.

The SAMPLER
This loved package needs no introduction. Each piece in the Sampler is the favorite of tens of thousands of people. Send a Sampler—and win a smile.
In one, two, three and five pounds.
$1.50 the pound

The FLORENTINE
A delightful gift. And useful, too. This art metal box, beautiful in coloring and design with the famous Santa Maria in full sail is sought after for constant use.
$4 the box

The SALMAGUNDI
"A medley of good things" in chocolates packed in a charming metal box. And the box finds many feminine uses.
In one and two pounds.
$1.50 the pound

The PRESTIGE
The ultimate in candy gifts! Distinctive in design—useful in box—delicious to the eye and taste in contents. Each piece especially designed for the Prestige—daintier in size with infinite hand work and luscious costly centers. In one, two and three pounds.
$2 the pound

The PLEASURE ISLAND
Here is plunder of the most luscious fruits and nuts and varied centers from all over the world enclosed in Whitman's famous chocolates.
In one and two pounds.
$1.50 the pound

Whitman's Famous Candies are sold by

Peck Drug Company
Harris' Cafe

Special Missouri Package
NOW LISTEN FELLOWS!

You Need Not Scratch Your Head and Say —

"Gosh, there's only ten days left for me to get a Christmas Gift for her, and I can't think of a thing."

Well we will assist you with Libson's exquisitely sheer chiffon made for her individually. We know they will delight her when she sees they're made for her. Libson.

Your Gift Problem Is Solved

For your convenience we have assembled a group of inexpensive gifts for the Christmas season that you cannot overlook. We will be more than glad to have you drop in the store and look them over. They are all priced within reason and are very serviceable.

CO-OP STORE

"The Students Store"

"Who is that girl standing over there?"

"Wait until she sits down; I can't see anything but her face."

—Aggievator

Taking a Chance

Father—Didn't I tell you not to let me catch you doing that again? Little Willie—Yes, sir.
Father — Then why did you do that?
Little Willie — Because I didn't think you would catch me.

DEAN JONES' SON

(Continued from page 9)

there were enough people there to make it even stiffer than the spacious gym. He recognized Alta Prince dancing sensuously with a pale, weak-mouthing man, too old to be a student. And he had dated a girl who dated fellows like that!

Rosemary crowed gleefully as she seated her, like a small queen, at their corner table. Billy ordered ginger ale audibly. Yet, with it appeared, in a plated coffee pot, something less legitimate. The master of ceremonies, Billy prepared cocktails. "Just a little bit for a little girl", he had sense enough to mix.

"Oh, but now I can't taste any bitterness at all", Rosemary acted like the four year old denied a taste of papa's coffee.

She danced with them all in turn. She told M. T. that she was having a marvelous time. It was so much more thrilling than the dance at the gym. He guessed that, unused to dating as she was, the fact that she was the only girl, and a popular one, among three men went to her head. He remembered as he sat at the table drinking with Billy and watching her dance with Chuck that he ought to take her home. Chuck had never acted so mushy about a girl before. He was trying to rub his cheek against hers. She was laughing. Well, maybe he was only acting playful. Still —

Suddenly, struggling through a fog of smoke, he saw Chuck looking down at him. He wasn't dancing with Rosemary after all! Then M. T. realized that he was lying on Chuck's bed in the Beta Kappa House. The sun was streaming in the open window. My God! What happened to Rosemary! (Continued next month)
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—“Morning, 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 question is 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?”—Aggrievator.

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.”—Gaboon.

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.

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 month, you brute.”—Life.

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

Intelligent and Courteous SERVICE

TILLIDON’S JEWEL SHOP
COLUMBIA, MISSOURI
JEWELRY for CHRISTMAS

A present that gives pleasure not merely for a few days but for years is the ideal Christmas gift. That is why jewelry made by master workmen and sold at moderate prices is fast growing in favor. Designs full of the beauty of art in glistening profusion are to be found at this store.

Choosing here is not a task but a pleasure.

Diamonds, watches, pendants, bracelets, novelties, and everything in high class jewelry.

LINDSEY'S

WISHING YOU ALL
A MERRY CHRISTMAS

After your return to school continue to send us your laundry and cleaning work.

We are certain to please you and preserve your garments.

Dorn-Cloney Laundry and Dry Cleaning Co.
DIAL 3114
We Call For and Deliver

THE CONVENIENT PLACE TO EAT

Red Robin Waffle Shops
Try one of our delicious wholesome waffles and coffee like mother makes.

O. P. (Roundup) SENTER
Manager
No. 4 Shop

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR
For Brighter and More Comfortable Days
SEE
Dr. Blakemore, Optometrist
302 Exchange Bank Bldg. Dial 5444

H. E. PARRISH
JEWELER
9 South Ninth St.
It has been a LONG TIME since we started in business. Every year our store has grown larger. We have been able to give better service and better prices year by year.

So this YULETIDE we want to extend to you our best wishes. After the holidays come in and we will have the best records and music that has been published in the meantime.

Taylor Music & Furniture Co.
Home of Quadrangle
"Columbia’s Most Interesting Store"

WHEN this time of year rolls ’round and you are still on speaking terms with your girl, you realize that some sort of gift is in order. With this question weighing you down, you stop to purchase the magazine you always take to her on that first night of each month. . . . Your eyes light up at the thought . . . an idea . . . your own brain child! Why not give her a subscription to this best of all books-of-the-month? Another year of holding hands and reading the smartest humor in America—the “humor with a college education.”

What a break! A special Christmas offer of $2.50 each for two subscriptions or more. You can include yourself, Mother and Dad and of course the Nuisance, now at preparatory school. You write a check and COLLEGE HUMOR does the work, not to say the trick, by sending out an attractive Christmas card, announcing your thoughtfulness. No standing in line with parcel post packages under your chin.

Send COLLEGE HUMOR and a nice big Christmas Card to

Name: 
Address: 
City: State: 

Send COLLEGE HUMOR and a nice big Christmas Card to

Name: 
Address: 
City: State: 

COLLEGE HUMOR, 1050 N. La Salle, CHICAGO
AN ANCIENT PREJUDICE HAS BEEN REMOVED

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE has cultivated the fertile field of opportunity and invites everyone to roam in search of desired pursuits. Nothing remains of that ancient prejudice which bound the apprentice, without choice, to his career.

“TOASTING DID IT”——

Gone is that ancient prejudice against cigarettes—Progress has been made. We removed the prejudice against cigarettes when we removed from the tobaccos harmful corrosive ACRIDS (pungent irritants) present in cigarettes manufactured in the old-fashioned way. Thus “TOASTING” has destroyed that ancient prejudice against cigarette smoking by men and by women.

“IT'S TOASTED”

CIGARETTES

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.