



# MISSOURI OUTLAW



BRAXTON POLLARD

Mystery Number

PROPERTY OF  
BRAXTON POLLARD

Ten Cents



# A New Feature

## Monthly

### Cross Word Puzzle Contest

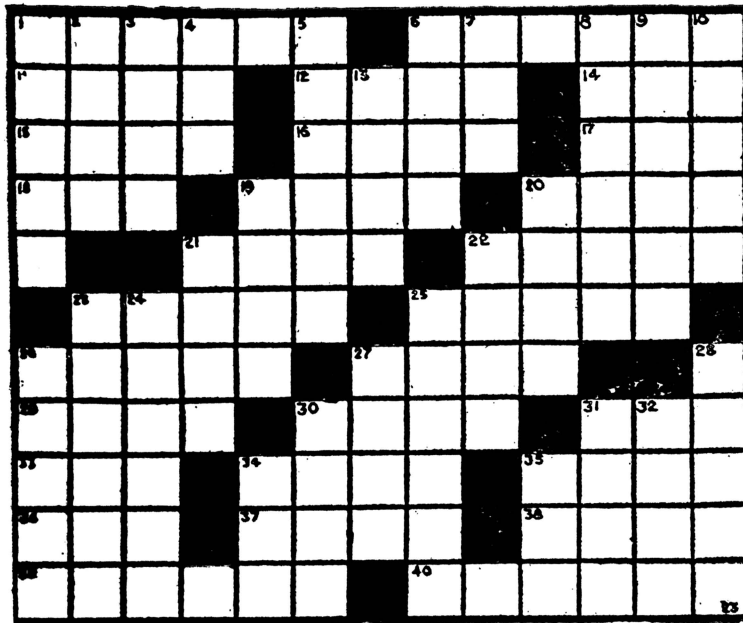
First Prize—\$5.00

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 To improve.
- 6 Home of the pearl.
- 11 To prove.
- 12 To leer.
- 14 Bugle plant.
- 15 Wee.
- 16 Gravel.
- 17 Tatter.
- 18 Worn out.
19. Courted.
- 20 To walk in water.
- 21 Sinew.
- 22 Neaps.
- 23 Poison of a disease.
- 25 Sulked.
- 26 Proof reader's mark.
- 27 Dramatic part.
- 29 Herb.
- 30 Spiral.
- 31 Sheltered side.
- 33 Noise.
- 34 Sport.
- 35 Molten rock.
- 36 Custom.
- 37 Nights.
- 38 Above.
- 39 Calm.
- 40 Length.

#### VERTICAL

- 1 Leader's wand
- 2 Vicious.
- 3 To care for.
- 4 To endeavor.
- 5 Knaves.
- 6 Fetid.
- 7 Still.
- 8 Long speech.
- 9 Eluded.
- 10 Furies.
- 13 Cultivated.
- 19 To close.
- 20 To clean.
- 21 Elm.
- 22 Tax.
- 23 Traveling bag.
- 24 Mangle.
- 25 Gloomy.
- 26 Jay.
- 27 Law.
- 28 Blood pump.
- 30 Nook.
- 31 To wash.
- 32 Level.
- 34 Writing implement.
- 35 Quantity.

#### ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE





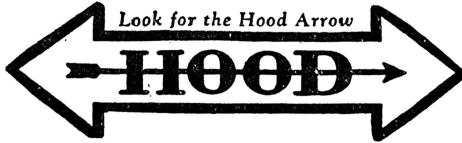
**IT HAD TO BE GOOD  
TO GET WHERE IT IS**

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 position by itself. National advertisers will not use space in a publication that has no sale price. If the public is not willing 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 selection 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.**

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- PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
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**Old Gold**

**COLLEGE HUMOR**

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*America's word for*  
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**You Recognize  
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KEEN competition demands that national advertisers use consistent, well-planned, and well-placed advertising. The merits of a publication are carefully weighed . . . its circulation analyzed . . . its editorial policy scrutinized . . . to determine definitely in advance the results an advertisement 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 advertisers, and an added incentive to better our efforts and put forth an even greater MISSOURI OUTLAW for the Missourians.

**THE  
Missouri Outlaw**

In the East we are represented  
By Roy Barnhill, Inc.,  
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THE COMIC OF MISSOURI



*The Old Man Says "Farewell"*



# MISSOURI OUTLAW

Vol. VII.

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No. 5

### UNSOLVED MYSTERIES

What becomes of the parts when day breaks?

Who killed Cock-robin?

Who picks up the night when it falls?

The Pi Phis

Sally's address

Kappas

Why Scotchmen are tight

What is the matter with the last drop?

Tri Delts

Lon Chaney

Why vocalists have to sing in the rain instead of inside?

How much did the Light Brigade charge?

The Yo—Yo

Einstein Theory

Thetas

Mammy Songs

Chi Omegas

Sex Appeal

Delta Gams

What is the stuff they sell for \$2 a pint?

### A Perfect Substitute

Mrs. Lonebody— My husband is away a great deal at night, and I want a parrot for company. Does that one use rough language?

The Dealer—Lady, with that bird in the house you'll never miss your husband.

### Must Be His

"I found a half dollar in the park yesterday."

"It must be mine—I lost one there yesterday."

"But this was two quarters."

"Yes, I expect it broke as it fell from my pocket."

### Fare Enough

Fare: How much to make the journey to Versailles?

Taxi Driver: Three dollars.

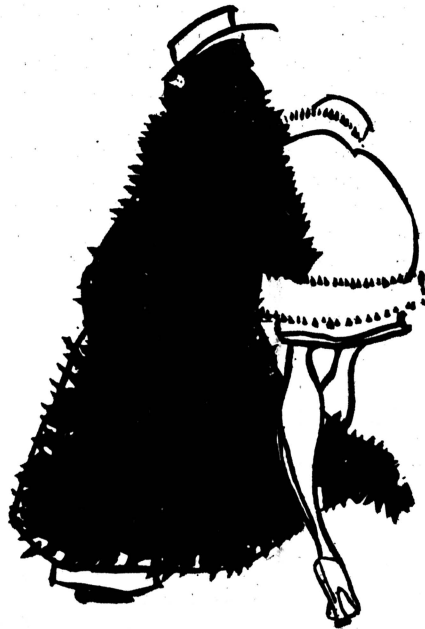
Fare: That is far too much. Get in the cab and I will drive you there myself for half that.

### Very Very Modern

Office Boy (tearfully): I want the afternoon off, sir, it it's convenient. It's my poor old grandfather.

Manager: But I gave you a day off last year to go to his funeral.

Office Boy: Yes, but I'm going to try and get in touch with him at a spiritualist seance this afternoon.



**She: The World Is Full Of Rascals—This Morning The Milkman Gave Me A Counterfeit Half Dollar.**

**He: Where Is It My Dear?**

**She: Oh! I've Already Got Rid Of It—Luckily The Butcher Took It.**

### Tested

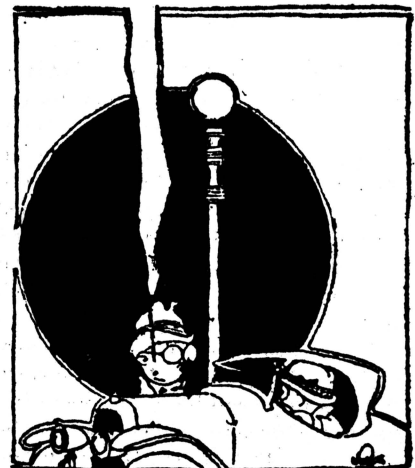
Friend Wife—Don't misunderstand me my dear; I weigh my words before I speak.

Friend Hubby (scale inspector)—Well, nobody can accuse you of giving short weight.

### She Tried To Be Agreeable

Sea Captain (introducing friend to his old aunt)—"This is my old friend Barker; he lives on the Canary Islands."

"How interesting", murmured old auntie, and, gathering all her wits, she adds: "Then, of course, you sing."



**H: Was Your Wife Angry When You Came Home Late Last Night?**

**W: Not On Your Life. She Overwhelmed Me With Flowers.**

**H: How Did You Get That Black Eye, Then?**

**W: Well, She Forgot To Take The Flowers Out Of The Vase Before She Threw Them.**



# WRITE THAT MYSTERY STORY NOW

In everyone is a latent desire or may I say instinct to write a mystery story, be he peasant, pauper, bushwacker, bushleaguer, racketeer, profiteer, or what not. Even the most staid college professor has this secret passion. You take up your weekly magazine, read the weekly installment of a weakly story, written by a weak minded author. You invariably remark, "Why I could do better than that." But could you, can you, will you?

I have never had a mystery story published. In fact, I have never had any kind of a story published. I hope to someday, but until I do I must devote myself to advising others.

There are several important features of the mystery story. (These points may also be applied to stories written for juveniles or even imbeciles.) First, is the plot. Although a plot is not absolutely necessary, it is in good form. The best plot for this type of story has a murder, a mysterious murder with all the doors and windows locked from the inside and no clues that the ordinary reader or character can see. Thus, the necessity for a super-detective arises, a Sherlock Holmes or a Philo Vance. The main idea of a story is to suspect everyone including your maiden aunt or Cousin Minnie of being the murderer. In writing some of my best mysteries, I have sometimes even suspected myself. Remember this; Never give your reader any opportunity to gain the upper hand. Keep him mystified.

The characters. What is a story without characters? Your mystery story is no exception. The most important character of course is the detective. He must be a quiet, thoughtful individual; a pensive smoker; an authority on psychology and human nature; a man whom the reader may rely upon. You just know he has everything figured out and the murderer in a corner from the moment he first glimpses the victim. The detective always must have a slow-witted assistant or policeman to suspect the wrong man and to whom theories of crime may

be expounded. For love interest you should include two young people in some way connected with the case and whose future depends on out-witting the villainous character. Then there is the murderer — a smooth, quick-working individual with a mind only second to our master detective's in horsepower. He or she must never under any circumstances be the one the reader suspects. Minor characters include the butler, maid, cook, plumber, and others, all of whom have something sinister about them. For instance, the time when the plumber's tools were found under the cushions of the living room sofa.

Conversation. If you have ever read a mystery story, you know how the conversation goes. For example: Detective Ames, the eminent Bernard Ames of Scotland Yard, retired, arrived at the murder and immediately took charge. Pipe in

mouth, and reading glass in hand he surveyed every inch of the room and suddenly stopped before some ashes on the floor.

"I say, Grafton, did you notice this?" Ames bent over the little gray heap as he spoke to his friend and assistant.

"Why no, I didn't." Gerald Grafton, retired stockbroker and physician, closely examined the object of the detective's interest, "What is it?"

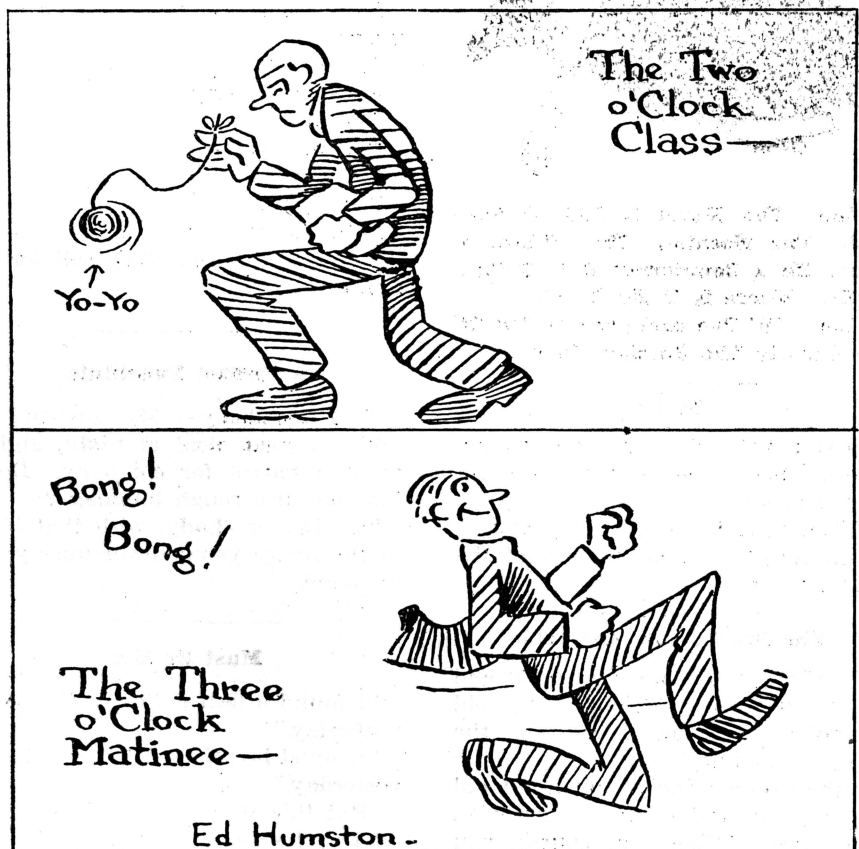
"Cigarette ashes. Do you know what that means?" Ames asked, straightening up.

"I can't say that I do, what does it?" puzzled Grafton.

Ames blew out a great cloud of smoke and answered slowly, "Someone has been smoking in this room."

"Good Lord, you don't mean — — Ames, you're uncanny!" cried the

(Continued on page 11)





# What would a mystery be without these?



THE RICH OLD BLOKE WHO GETS BUMPED OFF!

THE GUN THAT DID IT!



FOOT-PRINTS ON THE DOOR STEP



IRISH DETECTIVE

NOTE - cigars and accessories

and HIS CRAZY ASSISTANT



SUSPECTED (ENGLISH) BUTLER



THE GERMAN COOK



CHAUFFEUR WHO WAS FIRED A WEEK BEFORE THE CRIME (also suspected)

THUG, USED TO THROW READER OFF SCENT OF MURDERER



SCENE OF THE HORRIBLE HORRIBLE CRIME



ah-ha! THE HERO

he, too, is suspected, BUT... OF WHAT?? (more mystery?)



OUR DEAR HEROINE



With love to Alia Sally

this - (photo taken especially for this page)

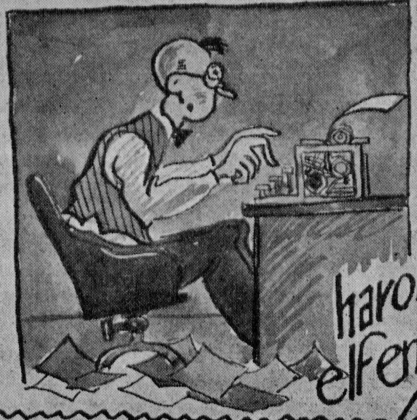


THE CHIEF WHO HAD CHARGE OF THE CASE!

(Case of WHAT?)

and the AUTHOR

THE SCOUNDREL WHO IS AT THE BOTTOM OF IT ALL.



Harold Elfenbein

# COLLEGE LOVE

## *Wherein a Bullied Boy Becomes a Hero and Wins the Fair Maiden*

**Robin "Reddie" Wills went to college small in stature but not in ambition for he remembered his mother's advice to do "something great, or at least something beautiful" to make up for his lack of height. Upon meeting Jade Fitzroy at a dance he is suddenly entranced with her although she wears the pin of his bullying fraternity brother, Randall Lewis. Although he has humiliated Reddy before Jade, Rand refuses to apologize as the peace-making brothers suggest. Reddy is furious.**

**In the opinion of the editor this is the best story ever submitted by a student. It is very interesting and worth your time.**

Several days later, Reddy saw her again, this time on the campus. He attempted to pass by, unseeing. It was the only thing to do. But he could not resist her voice.

"Hello, Hight-hat!" she cried.

He walked up with her to her class. There was no mention of the affair of the previous night, present in both their minds. He kept looking at her sideways. He was refreshed by her vivacity. Like a dash of cold water, he told himself. He noticed her clean-cut short fingernails. "I'm glad you haven't chinaman finger nails," he told her. And they engaged in an innocent discussion of chinaman's finger nails. When she left, Reddy bit his lip till it bled.

Like the period of sluggish inertia between tides was the wait till the next dance. Reddy found himself trembling for another evening near Jade, but he asked Mable French, blonde, popular, and slangy, and of course, petite. While she was being rushed, he stood on the sideline, keenly observant of two dancers in particular but principally one—in green. Reddy felt slightly delirious over such consuming envy as devoured him. He laid in wait for Rand like a cat for a mouse, ready to pounce if circumstances permitted. He imagined a situation where Rand should insult Jade, where she

would become half-angry, half-afraid, where he would rush in with his sword and decapitate Rand in a duel. He never even reached the fadeout, but was rudely awakened from his reverie to see Jade and Rand disappear from the room. They stayed disappeared for a small half hour which seemed to Reddy to be as long as the medieval history of England. During this particular half hour, Reddy turned quite green.

One of the fellows accosted him and understood. "Well, well, so little Nap has met his Waterloo — and so young too — Lawd, Lawd, have mercy on his soul—" his voice died down in the distance.

On the rebound, he sought Mable out and they danced. If Reddy had had eyes for her, he would have noticed her high color, faltering step and decidedly unfeminine breath — all of which denoted that Mable had very recently indulged in a sip — in fact, several sips. But Reddy's eye was on the open door.

"Poor li'l Robin Redbreast — he's sad in the winter — he wants the spring—" she cooed.

"Oh cut," he snapped miserably and carted her around the room so fast and furiously that even those blase persons took notice, including the chaperones who raised their eyebrows.

Then, at length, the party broke up, agreed to adjourn at a roadhouse, the Caballero, which was strictly Spanish with imported Spanish bullfighting waiters from Hoboken and ornamentation that would have passed for exotic in Spain. The men who did not drive

cars, conferred with those who did, and after a heavy conference obtained back seats, if necessary, serving themselves as seats. Reddy did not have a car and to-night, consumed with more ponderous matters, he had passed into a coma of inertia.

"Reddy," demanded Mable, "who drags us?"

"Why," remarked Reddy, "I forgot." And he rushed to various owners, all of whom had premeditatedly and purposely engaged their back seats to someone else.

"For heaven's sake, Bob," he begged one, "hunt me up a bus. I can't afford a cab."

"Don't worry, old man," Bob promised magnanimously. "I'll get you one."

He dashed up to Rand who with Jade was just climbing into his snappy little roadster. "Room for two?" he queried.

Rand's love affair was at that stage where he would have preferred to be alone with it, but Rand's checking account was also at a delicate stage where it needed bolstering, or at least temporary retirement. The back-seaters would have the privilege of enriching the coffers of the Caballero. "Certainly." He waved his arms generously. "Send 'em along."

There was sly handshaking and shady winks between Bob and some of the other men. "They both fell for it," he laughed. "Now they've got to make up. Finesse, men, finesse."

To Reddy he shouted, "rumble seat over there," cautiously leaving names unmentioned and making a hasty getaway. One by one, the others drove off till only a roadster was parked. Reddy dislocated Mable from the lamp post and headed her for the car in a trot.

"Jump in," invited the male figure at the wheel, turning around.



"Rand!" ejaculated Reddy with a bitter sensation.

"So it's you," Rand's voice was curt.

"Come on, Mable," commanded Reddy drawing her away. "We'll call a cab."

"Reddy!" Jade's voice. "Please, come on. We won't go without you —" Persuasively.

"The devil we won't!" barked Rand.

"Rand, either they come with us or I leave with them."

That clinched matters with Rand. "All right," he conceded, morosely.

Reddy thought of the sweetness of Jade's proximity, and was tempted. It would be the fair thing to do for Mable's sake. Silently, he assented and they slipped in as the car slid on to the road.

It was Jade who kept the atmosphere from complete fog, as much as was within human power. She uttered light nonsense with such a droll air that at any other time there would have been a constant unanimous ripple of laughter. Silently, Rand drove with topping speed. Reddy somberly stared ahead.

"Li'l Robin," asserted Mable, "won't even chirp — not even one li'l stinky chirp." She continued to break in on Jade with sundry and slangy comments. Reddy quickly noticed her drowsy tipsiness and light-headed swaying.

Rand took the corners like hurdles using just two wheels. There was a remark of his Scotch-like thriftiness. Then silence — until they heard the beat of a motorcycle in the rear.

"Slow down, Rand," Jade cautioned. Reddy realized fully the soundness of this advice but he refrained from giving any further counsel, even till the last. The fool, he thought. He'll get us all in trouble.

The cop had now caught up. "Stop!" he yelled on one side. "Stop, Rand," cried Jade on the other, pulling at his arm. For answer Rand raced sullenly, stubbornly on. The pursuer became unnerved. He tried to curb Rand by dashing ahead.

"For God's sake, Rand, stop!" cried Jade tearfully. Rand swerved the car to the side towards the motorcycle. Both stopped — the cop underneath.

They were all pale and stunned with fear. Rand, wide-eyed, nervously wrung his hands. Mable sniveled and clambered out. Jade and Reddy followed, momentarily

dizzy and stricken. Rand stuck fixedly to the wheel. They found the man unconscious, his leg crushed, and part of the motorcycle under the car.

"Back up," Jade commanded Rand, contemptuously.

Rand's face was wan and for a moment it seemed as if he had not heard. Then with a roar, the car backed up, lurching to the opposite side of the road and swung down the drive, the doors swinging and banging in the wind.

They all felt overwhelmed, sickened. Reddy was chilled with horror. Then he gripped himself and looked up. There were other cars parked around and just beyond was the Caballero, with its jazz din symbolic of another, far-off world. No one seemed to have heard the collision. No one came running out. It accentuated the unreality. Reddy walked, then ran inside the roadhouse. His crowd gathered around him and followed outside. Soon the ambulance came and sped away with its burden.

The crowd noticed Jade and Mable. Where was Rand and the car? They asked Reddy, then Jade, then Mable. No answer. But eventually they understood. Somehow they bundled the three into a car and drove them back, crushed and stilled. Mable stumbled inside the dorm. Reddy held Jade's hand mutely and they each read the other's agonized look. Then Jade went inside.

There were glaring blatant accounts in the morning paper. The officer had gained consciousness after his leg was amputated. He knew it had been a roadster. Nothing else. Reddy sat on the edge of his chair, thinking — thinking . . . He was tremendously sorry for Jade and Mable. And Rand. He hadn't known Rand was that bad. Unprincipled, criminal, cowardly. Oh, but why all this useless philosophizing. It was done and that's all. It was done. A blood-red stain on the frat. A rotten shame.

Late in the morning, he dressed and wandered listlessly down the steps. Voices in the front of the house. Rand's roadster, mud-stained, out in front. He walked into the room of the voices where a wave of murmurs assailed him. He saw the dean, stern and explosive, standing importantly in the middle, the chap-erones, looking very much concern-

ed, the fellows, downcast, openly ashamed, Mable, swinging her legs perched on the arm of a chair, Jade . . . and Rand slunk in a corner his back to the world, his chin lowered to his chest.

"Glad you came, Wills. Assume you know something about this." The dean speaking.

"At your service, Sir," volunteered Reddy with a pleased air, drawing himself up to his full height."

The dean continued: "Now here's the synopsis of last night's little episode. An officer of the law was intentionally and brutally knocked down and mangled by a roadster. This morning, Miss French whispers it about the campus as a secret that Lewis, Wills, Miss Fitzroy and herself were in that car when it happened, Lewis driving. One of Miss French's confidants who happened to be a member of a rival fraternity, passes the word on to me. Now the police know nothing of this. They have no suspicions. But, so help me, if I find this murderer, I'll turn him in. The men have all admitted that you four did drive off in that car. In fact, they fixed it that way. "He turned to Reddy and Jade. "Now I want your confirmation of this report. And if you tell me the truth, I'll leave everybody out of it, except the culprit. You first, Wills . . ."

The feeling held by the fellows was prevalently one of utter dejection. Surely Reddy who had been treated so abominably by a rival, would not hesitate to denounce him — especially when a denunciation meant truth. In their minds they had thrown up their hands in the act of drowning, thought outwardly they maintained a passive interest.

Reddy, strangely enough thought not of Rand or Jade or of the matter at hand. He thought of his mother — and what she had said.

"Sir," spoke Reddy lightly and with a tinge of pride, "I think the men will also agree that Miss French — well, not meaning to be ungallant — but, Sir, last night — Miss French was in no position or mood to witness anything. Frankly, she was extremely unbalanced."

Swelling gasps of astonishment filled the air and topping them all, Mable's ejaculation: "Well, I'll be," and her groping for support which was not the effect of liquor.

(Continued on page 11)

# DEAN JONES' SON

## *A Story of Hectic College Life in Ten Parts*

### PART FIVE

[BY

*Doris Daly*

**M. T. (Marvin Theodore) Jones, the wildest boy at Monatauck University and the son of Dean of Men Jones decides to make naive Rosemary Dale respect him although sophisticated Kitty Parsons, whom he has always adored, warns him that Rosemary is too innocent for his type. Then M. T. takes Rosemary to the Univee Hop where she proves to be popular with two of his fraternity brothers, Chuck Allen and Billy Cash, among others. When M. T. asks Kitty how he can keep Rosemary from dating everyone who asks her, Kitty cryptically replies that she has discovered Rosemary knows how to take care of herself. Later Rosemary persuades M. T., Chuck and Billy to take her to a road house. After several weeks of abstinence M. T. breaks down and imbibes freely. Next morning he comes to in the Beta Kappa House.**

Although M. T. had not yet opened his mouth, Chuck, oddly, seemed to read his mind.

"That little girl can take care of herself, I'll tell the universe," he commented with an attempt at humor as he raised himself on his elbow to look at the alarm clock which ticked annoyingly on the dresser. "Gosh, my head", he moaned and sank back again.

"What do you mean?" M. T. stirred himself from the last vestiges of the fog enveloping him. As he did so a large lump on his other side pressed against him at the same time emitting a low grunt which sounded like "Shut up". M. T. realized that finally he had slept successfully three in a bed, and the middle one at that.

"Plenty", Chuck grinned reminiscently in spite of his head.

His room-mate, Ray Baird, now fully awake, remarked happily, "You finally picked out a girl your speed, huh, M. T.?"

"Why, Rosemary's just a darn cute kid. Full of pep—regular baby.

She' as — —" he began his well sung littany but, seeing the significant glances being exchanged between the tousled specimens of college youth surrounding him, stopped abruptly.

"Sweet n'innocent as a flower, of course", finished Chuck. "And she was peppy enough and babyish enough to inveigle that rotten Jean Valjean to desert Alta Prince and take her home instead."

"That was Jean with Alta?" He well remembered the pale, weak-mouthed fellow dancing with the vampish Prince. No wonder he had felt an instant disgust for him — W. L. Valjean, familiarly known as "Jean Valjean", the notoriously dissolute son of the town's most prominent banker. "But I didn't know Rosemary knew him."

"She didn't. But when I told her who he was she flirted with him so violently that he cut in as soon as he could. Oh, boy, what a girl!"

"My, gosh —" M. T. was beginning to see daylight. "And what happened to Alta?"

"Unfortunately for Billy he was the one who cut in on her so Jean could make Rosemary's acquaintance. When they realized Jean and Rosemary had left for good he had to offer to take her home. Then I retrieved you from under the table and between the three of us we managed to dump you in the rumble seat. Boy, it **was** a hard night!"

"And the first time I ever saw you pickled," Ray told Chuck. "Say, I'd like to meet that hot baby."

"No sir," Chuck was emphatic. "We're having a hard enough time holding her down without your help, n'est-ce pas, Jones?"

M. T. didn't answer at once. It was a shock to realize that Rosemary was — a hot baby. She had certainly fooled him. And Kitty, too.

That was what Kitty had meant by her cracks last night. Just the same she was still adorable. Chuck was right. There were enough, too many men swarming around her. He had discovered Rosemary and he meant to keep her — for himself.

"What do you mean, we?" he asked Chuck.

Naturally M. T. was the object of a good deal of razzing the remainder of the day. Billy and Ray considered his misinterpretation of Rosemary's character too humorous an occurrence to keep to themselves. However Chuck didn't join them. For one thing, Rosemary had ruined his lilly white record of abstinence. When they teased him about it, secondarily, he looked hurt rather than amused. For another he seemed quite fond of Rosemary himself.

At first M. T. was puzzled as to what to do about Rosemary. Funny that such wide blue eyes, such golden curls and such a rosebud of a mouth could belong to such a mischievous little devil. Somebody ought to spank her — hard. Whenever he thought about how she had fooled him a queer, heavy pain invaded the region of his heart. He might have known that a girl such as he had imagined her to be was too good a thing to be true. He had to laugh, ironically, when he remembered what an ideal daughter-in-law he had thought she would make for his sweet, little mother. Gosh, he guessed that Rosemary had disillusioned him. He, M. T. Jones, the most sophisticated of all the jellies at Monatauck University disillusioned by a little devil of a freshman who looked like an angel.

Finally he called her up although his future plans were as yet vague.

"Oh, Mar—vin", Rosemary cooed as usual and his heart, the crazy thing, jumped a beat. You did pass out last night, didn't you?"

"Why did you run off with Valjean?" M. T. disregarded her.

"You're not mad are you?" she asked solicitously. "He was so nice

to me that I said he could take me home when I saw that you weren't going to be able to."

M. T. wondered if she were laughing at him to herself as Kitty did. She was entirely too serious — for a sophisticated girl. Well, he wasn't going to eat her sarcasm as he did Kitty's. She was such a little thing!

"You bet I'm mad", he said as gruffly as possible. "You could have let Chuck or Billy take you home. I'm not going to let you run around with every rotten bum who asks you to, Rosemary."

Rosemary laughed deliciously. "I guess you'll have to spank me, won't you, Mar—vin?"

"Well, I am going to punish you, you little devil. Doing anything Tuesday night?"

"Do you mean you want a date then? O-oh, Mar—vin, you're not really mad at me. Because, a date — with you — isn't a punishment."

But whether Rosemary believed him or not, M. T. meant to punish her.

He was a little late for his date Tuesday night because he stopped first to have the gas tank filled up, the oil changed and the radiator filled in his Dad's rather antiquated Marmon touring car. Rosemary, herself, opened the door for him in a trim little suit of sky-blue flannel and the inevitable pink felt hat.

"I'm all ready for a nice long ride", she told him, anticipating his thoughts. "There's going to be a gorgeous moon later."

She snuggled up to M. T. and he wrapped his right arm tight around her when they had swung out into the highway. Swift mile after mile dropped behind them as the old Marmon's well-kept engine nosed into the blackness beyond the headlights' glare. Rosemary twittered some times, revealing the queer little thoughts that passed through her wise, yet childlike mind. Sometimes she was silent, her eyelids closed like a good little girl ready for bed.

M. T. looked at his wrist watch. It was almost ten-thirty. Time for all co-eds to be in their sorority houses on week nights. But Rosemary said nothing about turning back. Maybe she didn't realize yet how late it was.

At eleven they swung into the half lighted streets of Metropolis, a somewhat larger town than Monatauck and useful as a place for Uni-

versity students to amuse themselves away from the supervision of the university authorities. M. T. helped Rosemary out at an obscure little cafe. In the usual dim back booth in which such places specialize M. T. mixed the moonshine, which he had not neglected to bring along, with their ginger ale and they smoked and drank alternately. This time M. T. sat next to Rosemary, as closely as possible, instead to across from her as he had done that time he took her into the Monatauck Cafe. And this was more fun! Why, he had been afraid of her before, as much as he was of Kitty, thinking how superior her morals were to his.

An hour later he looked at his watch again. And this time Rosemary finally peered at it, too.

"Midnight!" She giggled, "Oh, gosh I think it is fun to stay up late,



**"I think you're all wet," said Rosemary with finality.**

don't you, Mar—vin?"

M. T. looked at her sternly. She was entirely too frivolous for her own good. Now was the time to start the punishment which he had so carefully thought out for Rosemary's benefit.

"It's too late to go back to Monatauck tonight, Rosemary." He held her two soft little hands in his disengaged one as he looked into those blithely opened eyes. "We'll have to stay here."

"What do you mean?" asked Rosemary just as he had planned that she would.

"I mean we'll stay at the hotel", M. T. told her in spite of the inconvenient thickening of his adam's apple. We can register under an assumed name. I thought Mr. and

Mrs. Theodore Dale would sound nifty. What do you think, honey?"

But instead of the expression in her wide blue eyes changing to consternation M. T. saw that they were merely exasperated.

"I think you're all wet," said Rosemary with finality. Somebody would be sure to recognize us. You anyway. Besides, Marvin ( and this time she did not coo) I might like you a whole lot but only enough to be your girl friend, not your paramour. Do you understand me?" with that she stood up abruptly, pulling on her little gloves and M. T. saw that it was time to go.

In all his foolish career he had never felt more of a fool he admitted to himself as he drove the old Marmon relentlessly homeward. Instead of taking Rosemary down she had taken him for a — long — ride. If not frightened he had at least thought that she would be indignant. Kitty would have been. Why, darn it, any decent girl should have been. He had never intended to go through with the bluff. He understood the risks it involved even more than did Rosemary. But he had thought it such an excellent chance to point out to her just what kind of a girl boys would take her for if she made it a practice to leave tough road houses with men like Valjean the first time she ever laid eyes on them.

After a while Rosemary cooed, "Slow down a little Marvin—boy and don't be mad at Rosemary."

Good Lord! She still thought he had been serious! She probably thrilled to think how primitively she had aroused him. Yet he obeyed her.

"There's that big, old shiny moon", continued Rosemary, "That I came out purposely to see." She clutched his arm tightly. "Look, Marvin, doesn't it look gorgeous climbing over those trees?"

Marvin slowed down even more. Yes, there, sure enough, was the moon. And it hadn't been up for an hour. Why, Rosemary must have known that it rose late this month when she proposed their automobile ride earlier in the evening. It was no mischance on her part that she had stayed out with him so late. Suddenly he swerved the car into a dark, side lane and turned off the engine.

"Um-m", sighed Rosemary as he

(Continued on page 16)





**He: Darling, Don't Tell Anybody We Are Engaged Just Yet.**

**She: Only Lily. She Always Said I Would Never Find A Fool To Marry Me.**

#### That's Different

Judge: And what is the charge against this man, officer?

Officer: Battery of a lady, your Honor.

Prisoner: Say, that wasn't no lady; that was my wife.

Oh Ho: Did ya hear about Flo Ziegfield glorifying the American girl?

Ah Ha: No. Whatsh'er name?

#### Tonsorially Speaking

1st Barber: Why did you eliminate that customer from the studio, Al?

2nd Artist: Ah, he got too dandruff.

Urban: Let's go to the Emporium and see the bear skins.

Rural: No, sir: You don't get me to go to none of them burlesque shows.

Jimmy (coming running) — Oh, Mrs. Johnson, an automobile ran over your husband on the bridge!

Mrs. Johnson—Oh, mercy. Is he dead?

Jimmy—No; he was sitting under the bridge fishing.

#### Economy

Guest — Say, waiter, how long must I wait for that half chicken I ordered a half hour ago?

Waiter—Until some one comes in and orders the other half. We can't go out and kill a half chicken.

#### CROSS WORD PUZZLE CONTEST

Interest in the Missouri Outlaw Cross Word Puzzle Contest is gaining momentum for answers to the second puzzle crowded closely on each other's heels. First honors go to Ed Hupert, 506 Maple, whose correct answer was received a full day ahead of those of other contestants. He will receive the first prize of \$5.00. One year subscriptions to the Missouri Outlaw for the next four correct solutions are awarded to Mildred Gamble, 306 Hitt, C. W. Wood, 709 Hitt, J. Rudolph, 301 Hitt and Rufus Grace, 708 Missouri.



**Billings: Why All The Smiles Of Satisfaction I See You Wearing Every Day.**

**Monty: Bought An Apartment House Several Weeks Ago And My First Tenant Was A Former Landlord.**

#### Far-Sighted

Chaplain: Didn't you consider your future, young man, when you embezzled that money?

Convict: Yes, sir. I put it straight into the savings bank.

#### This Bored Age

"Why do you look so bored, children? Why don't you play a game?"

"We are playing, mummy. We are playing at being grown-ups."

#### A Friend's Warning

Two tramps met in a village.

"What are you doing here?"

"Looking for work."

"Then clear out quick There's plenty to be had."

#### MORE MYSTERIES

Gamma Phi Betas  
Today's Assignment  
Tomorrow's Assignment  
Any Assignment  
What he sees in her  
What she sees in him  
Alpha Gams  
Why they laughed when I sat down at the piano?

A-D-Pis.

Santa Claus

Why an ancient prejudice has been removed?

What a whale of a difference a few sense make

Who wrote this

and

What is funny about this?

#### The Preface to a Touch

Mr. Goodsole—Cadger tells a pitiful hard-luck story.

Mr. Pstunge — Yes, it's quite a touching tale.

#### Better Than "Nothing"

Uncle Sammy—Dat dorg is ma best friend, an' I wouldn't sell 'im for nothin'.

Brownie—I'll give you 50 cents for him.

Uncle Sammy—He's yo' dorg.

#### Didn't Dare Hit Him

Hector: Father, one of the boys at school said that I was just like you.

Father: What did you say?

Hector: Nothing. He was bigger than me.



**Male: What Is The Most Outstanding Contribution That Chemistry Has Given The World.**

**Female: Blondes.**

(Continued from page 7)

Grandiloquently, the cynosure and sensation of the moment continued. That is, Reddy spoke: "I discredit her story." There was a gleam of unmistakable worship in Jade's eyes which was not lost on Reddy's mind. Rand had turned with a gaping mouth and wonder-lit eyes.

"It's true," Reddy recovered, "that Rand drove us down in his roadster. There we saw this poor fellow stretched out . . . We made Rand drive off in case police should come along and take the poor boy for this criminal. He did, and we went inside for help. That's all, sir."

Mable's head wagged gravely from side to side. Everyone seemed mute. The men looked at each other, a mixture of enigmatic and delighted faces. Rand slid to a chair breathing heavily.

"That," said the dean, "is very hard to believe. As Miss French's escort I have every right to think that you were likewise intoxicated."

"But," ventured Bob, "Reddy would never have defended Lewis if it wasn't the truth — they've been inveterate enemies. Anyway Reddy can always carry his liquor." This last delighted Reddy enormously.

"What do you say," the weakened questioner turned to Jade. She was breathing quickly with suspense.

"It's true, of course", she said decisively.

"Well." The dean grumbled and cast a last curious glance at Mable.

"I'm glad you men are not to have this stain against you." He stalked out accompanied by the chaperones.

They watched him disappear down the walk. Then the spell was broken — pandemonium was ushered in — Reddy was hoisted to the ceiling. The rejoicing was greater even than that reserved for the victorious homecoming football team. "But, is it true?" asked one. And the general chorus: "Of course not — didn't Rand confess to us this morning?" And they sang, "He's a jolly good fellow." They patted his shoulder. Rand shook his hand and cried.

Once back to earth, he turned to Mable: "I'm sorry to have said what I did — but I had to — the fellows, you know—" She forgave gracefully. He glanced at Jade and Rand. They were walking slowly to the door, talking earnestly. His heart sank with each step. He saw Jade look up at Rand appealingly. Rand

### 'S A Good Idea

A: The doctor says I should stop eating.

B: Stop eating what?

A: Seven times a day.

### An Apt Pupil

Old Mr. Fewlox—"Don't you think in time you might learn to love me?"

Young Miss Goldilox—"Well, if I had a nice young tutor I might learn the theory of it."

### She Was Using It

Ella—Got any gum?

Stella—Yes, but it's busy just at present.

### Complying With Conditions

The Lawyer — Your aunt's will provided that her dog should die a natural death before you could succeed to its inheritance. I trust you can prove the animal's death was natural.

Mr. Nexkin—Sure can. I fed the mutt a few grains of strychnine and death naturally ensued.



**In Spite Of His Education Aloysius, The Bright Student, Still Thinks "Canada Dry" Is A Slogan Of Canadian Prohibition Interests.**

bowed his head and left the room.

With the step of a victor, Reddy walked to her side. She turned to him, her eyes intense with admiration.

"Did you know I love you?" she said. Then: "Well — I do."

He had an uncontrollable desire to take her in his arms and kiss her till exhaustion and till eternity, but he refrained and contented himself with looking down at her and whispering. That is, he refrained — till the others had left the room.

(Continued from page 4)

excited Grafton. "How did you make that out?"

"Have you noticed that smoking stand at your elbow, my dear Grafton?" Ames replied smiling indulgently.

Now with proper suspense, screams, high winds, a thunder storm, and the murderer properly cheating justice by diving off a cliff into quick sand or the like you have your story written and one-fourth of your task is done. The other three-fourths is getting your story into print. Some writers advise starting low in the scale of the magazine field and going up; but I personally urge starting with the Atlantic Monthly, Century, or Forum (not advertising) and as each rejection slip comes in, send your manuscript to a magazine lower in the scale. The great advantage of this system is the amount of rejection slips received. Also, another manuscript may be substituted for your own. I once sent an editor a story called "The Murder of the Missing Link" and had returned to me "Confessions of a Floorwalker." It was so interesting that since then I always write "Please substitute" on all return envelopes.

After you have sent your manuscript or a manuscript out many times, you will find that your collection of rejection slips has mounted up. Do not destroy these slips. Use them for wallpaper, give them to the kiddies to make paper dolls, make collecting them your hobby where others collect stamps. I have a beautiful album, myself, and can point with an amount of pride to a Rhodesian Home Journal, an Algerian Animal Hunter, and many others, all different and first editions. If you are interested, the Gordon Artificial Paper Weight Company has a free booklet "The Rejection Slip and Its Many Uses."

In conclusion I advise you to start writing when the impulse is at its greatest height, then the cure may be permanent. So get out your typewriter and start that mystery story now.

### Kind of Him

Gentleman on Boat—I don't feel at all safe in this leaky old boat.

Boatman—Don't you worry, sir. If anything happens I'll take the blame.

# The Two Wise Men

## A Short Story

"You may expect anything covered since the last examination in the one tomorrow. This test of knowledge will give those who are lagging and desirous to regain their standing another chance. To those who have maintained a social hour or slept during my lectures, I extend my sincere hopes and the advice to burn a little midnight oil and study their texts. That is all for today." So declared Professor Wilmer Irvington to his class in Applied Sociology the day before the big exam. Some members of the group stayed after the others had filed out to ask questions. What was Mendel's law? Did Professor Irvington think the present Russian theories would lead to disorganization and demoralization eventually? Would Professor Irvington please repeat and explain Durkheim's law? When all had finally gone their way, the professor hurriedly gathered up his books and papers, stuffed them into a large brief case, and headed for the mimeographing department downstairs and the desk of the head of that department.

"Here are the questions for the examination in Applied Sociology," he said and handed the girl a folded, typewritten paper he had taken from his inside coat pocket. "Print one-hundred copies and have them ready by nine o'clock tomorrow morning. Thank you." And, taking brief case in hand again, he left for his office.

\* \* \*

When Professor Irvington mentioned those who made social hours or slept during his lectures, he probably had in mind especially "Heck" Bigmer. "Heck" could make an enemy line look sick or knock a baseball into the next state, but when it came to Applied Sociology, or Horticulture and General Astronomy for that matter, he just could not raise his batting average. However, "Heck" knew that he did not know and therefore he was wise. In his wisdom he picked Charley Ambledon for a roommate. Now Charley did not know, knew that he did not know, but knew ways to get by regardless, therefore he was brilliant. Under the circumstances it is not so

significant that "Heck" came to his room after Professor Irvington's encouraging lecture fully imbued with the idea that suit-and-necktie-mate Charley could save the day. And Charley endeavored to please.

"And so if I flunk that Applied Sosh quizz tomorrow, I'm sunk. Sunk, that's all." "Heck" impressed upon Charley for the sixteenth time.

"You say," Charley said thoughtfully, "that I can wear your red tie, that new shirt, and borrow five bucks if I can figure out a way to put you through. Well, listen to this. I know the dame that has charge of the questions for that quizz. She's in the mimeographing department; and she told me where they're at. Now all we have to do is get them, you study the answers, and pass the exam. Isn't that simple?"

"Yeah, it sure is. About as simple as an Egyptian cross word puzzle. Did you forget that the questions ain't just free for the asking?"

"That is the hardest part, but here's the lay. There's a window on the north side of the mimeograph room that isn't near any lights. Madge, that's the girl I was telling you about, says the windows are left unlocked. Lazy janitor, you know. Well, one of us stays on the outside while the other goes in and gets the questions. No, how's that?"

"Suits me." said "Heck."

No one saw two figures move stealthily up to a window away from any lights on the north side of old Bolton Hall, open that window, and climb in. Madge had been on the level all right. Here was the desk and in the upper left hand drawer were papers which a guarded flashlight revealed bore the "Applied Sociology Quizz" at the top. Hurry up, take a couple. Leave everything the way it was and get out. Lower that window. And safe in the room at last. Say, old Jesse James, himself, would have been proud of that job. And, this is really putting one over on old Irvy in a big way.

\* \* \*

Professor Wilmer Irvington was reading his customary morning newspaper over his customary grapefruit and remarking that the

### To Save Himself

Magistrate: But if you were doing nothing wrong, why did you run when the officer approached you?

Prisoner: I thought that he wanted to try to sell me a ticket for the policeman's annual concert!

### The Name Explains

X: How long has Mackie been in business?

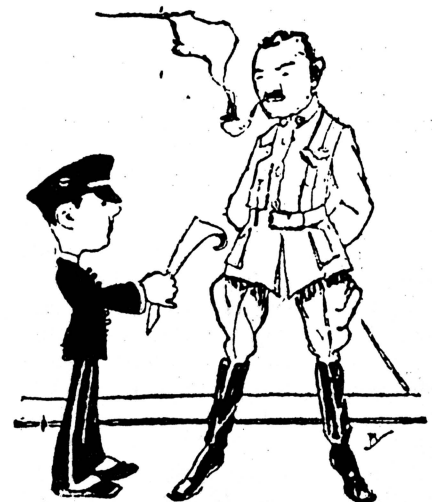
Y.—Judging from his typewriter ribbon, I should say 57 years.

Chinese Nationalists had been defeated again, when his wife interrupted his observations.

"Oh, Wilmer, is this paper any good? I found it in your coat pocket last night when I was getting the suit you wore yesterday ready for the cleaners."

The professor took another mouthful of grapefruit and absently unfolded the paper. He gave an exclamation of annoyance.

"What do you know about that: I gave a copy of the questions for last month's quizz in Applied Sociology to the mimeographer instead of that for today. These are the questions for today. Both papers were in my pocket and I guess I handed the girl the wrong one. There was no date on it. Well, I'll just have to write the questions on the blackboard." And Professor Wilmer Irvington of Applied Sociology turned back to his grapefruit and newspaper.



**Messenger: My Employer Has Requested Me To Present This Bill To You For Settlement.**

**Liet. Briggs: Well! Well! May I Congratulate You On Having Obtained A Steady Job.**



**Before It's Too Late**

"Why are you running?"  
 "I am going to my future father-in-law. I have just seen in the paper that he has gone bankrupt."  
 "You want to help him?"  
 "No, I want to break off the engagement."

**One In Reserve**

Marie: If you could have two wishes what would they be?  
 Viola: Well I'd wish for a husband.  
 Marie: That's one.  
 Viola: And then I'd save the other till I saw how he turned out.

**Keeps A Collection**

"So our engagement is at an end?" said the man.  
 "It is," replied the girl.  
 "I suppose you will return the engagement ring?"  
 "Certainly, if you wish it. Call round some evening and we'll pick it out."

**The Necessary Doctor**

Mr. Timseed—I see by the papers our congressman's been made a doctor of laws.  
 His Wife—I reckon that's so he can write doctor's prescriptions under the Volstead law.

**Accidents Will Happen**

Judge—You are accused of breaking a chair over your wife's head.  
 Accused—Your honor, it was a mere accident.  
 Judge — What! The striking of your wife?  
 Accused—No; the chair breaking.

**Turn About**

Alphonse—It doesn't take much to turn a girl's head, does it?  
 Hilda—Evidently not. I noticed a silly-looking creature looking back at you just now.

**Some Squad**

First Coach—Why, I thought you said if your football team became vegetarians they would win all their games. How do you account for those they lost?  
 Second Coach—Why, the opposing team threw garden bugs on my men and they became afraid.

**A Very Faint Voice**

Lawyer for Defense (addressing jury) — Gentlemen, remember that my client's hearing is very poor, and that's the reason why the voice of conscience has appealed to him in vain.

**Flattery**

Miss Dimpleton (fishing for compliments)—Don't you think my double chin is terribly unbecoming?  
 Mr. Coldfax (politely)—Nonsense, my dear lady; one is more beautiful than the other.

**His Happy Days Ended**

Mrs. N. (returning from three months' vacation) —Alma, do you think my husband has been longing for me while I was away?  
 Alma—I hadn't noticed anything until yesterday, when he seemed very gloomy.

**Them Wiser City Folks**

Farmer Perkins — Of course, all cows give milk, miss!  
 Miss Citygal—That's strange! I thought some of them gave beef tea!

**Good Portraiture**

Reggy—She is the picture of health.  
 Jane—Yes, remarkably well painted.

**PRIZE CONTEST**

Our old friend Voerge Yeager again receives honors for his literary contributions to the Mystery Number. Yeager must have all the rest of you humorists bluffed because he seems, through no fault of ours, to hold monopoly in his field. To "Abie" Effenbein and Pete Andrews are awarded prizes for the best drawings.

**Lucky Dog**

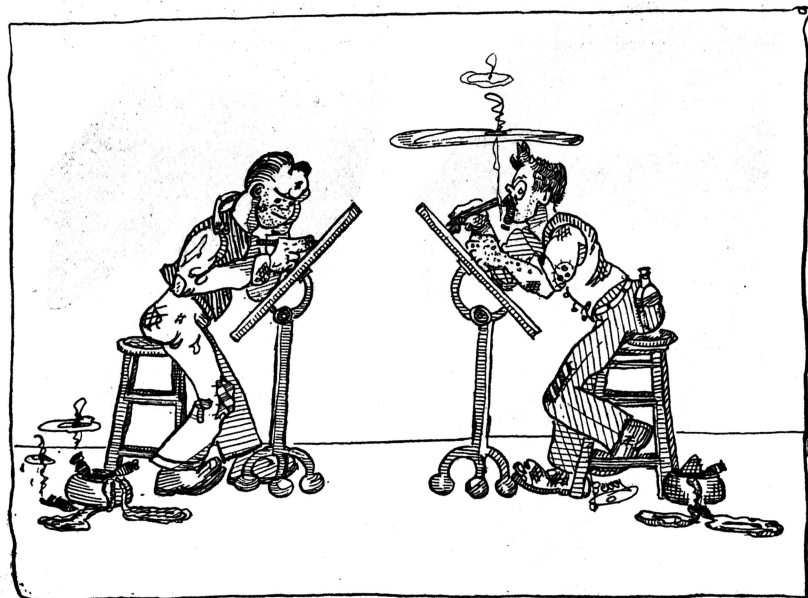
James—I've always had a great luck in love affairs.  
 Lucille—Why, what do you mean? Aren't you unmarried?  
 James—Yes, that's just where the luck comes in.

**It Was Always Thus**

Nan—Donald is certainly tickled with his new mustache, isn't he?  
 Belle (with shy blush)—Yes, but not half as much as I am.

**Never Had to Worry**

Mother: I wonder who it was that never folded his clothes when he went to bed?  
 Little Lawrence pulled the bed-clothes over his head and answered, "Adam!"



**Bunk:** I Understand From Good Authority, He's Writing For The Magazines.

**Bink:** Well, It's True In A Certain Sense. They Were Delayed In The Mails And He Wrote And Asked To Have Another Copy Sent.

### The Unbeliever

At dinner a little girl became highly elated at discovering the wishbone of the chicken on her plate. At this her little brother remarked, skeptically:

"They're stupid things. I've had three wishbones and daddy hasn't got a motor car yet."

### From the Question Box

"Is it the mission of the newspaper to mould public opinion?"

Old Subscriber—No; it's to keep the public opinion from becoming mouldy."

### Bright Hopes

Husband (sadly)—Do I have to throw away my pipe also?

Prohibition Wife — No; the children might want it for a relic.

### Needs Advice

Teacher: Willie, can you tell me how matches are made?

Willie: No, Miss, but I don't blame you for wanting to know.

Teacher: Why, what do you mean?

Willie: Mother says you've been trying to make one for more than a year.

### Truth Above All

Teacher—So you confess to being the one who wrote on the black-board, "Our Teacher Is a Mutt'?

Jimmy—Yes.

Teacher—I'm glad that for once you've spoken the truth.

### This Lad Knows

"With a single stroke of a brush," said the school teacher, taking his class around the National Gallery, "Joshua Reynolds could change a smiling face into a frowning one."

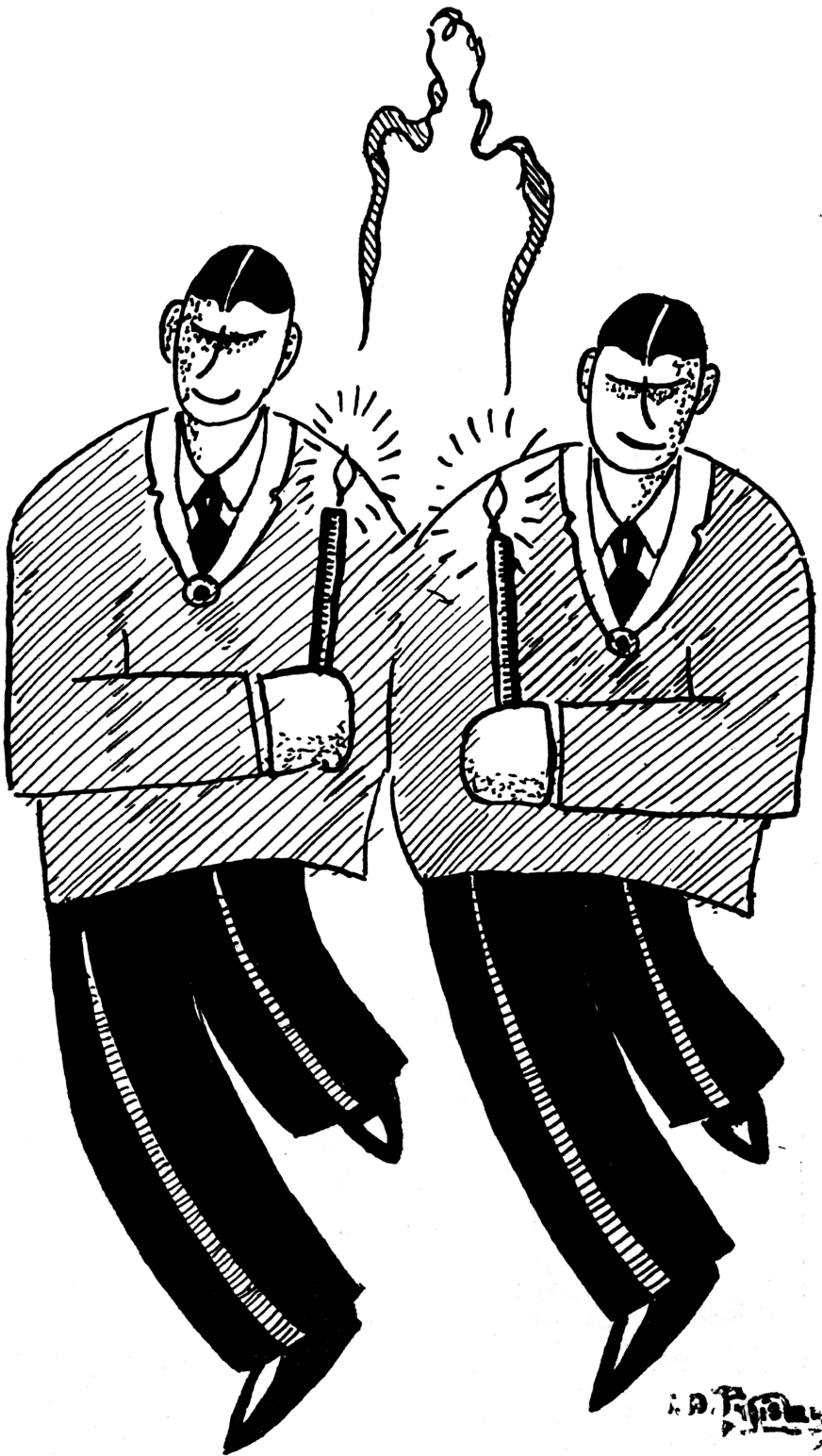
"So can my mother," said a small boy.

### My, What Hair!

The business man were talking about their employees.

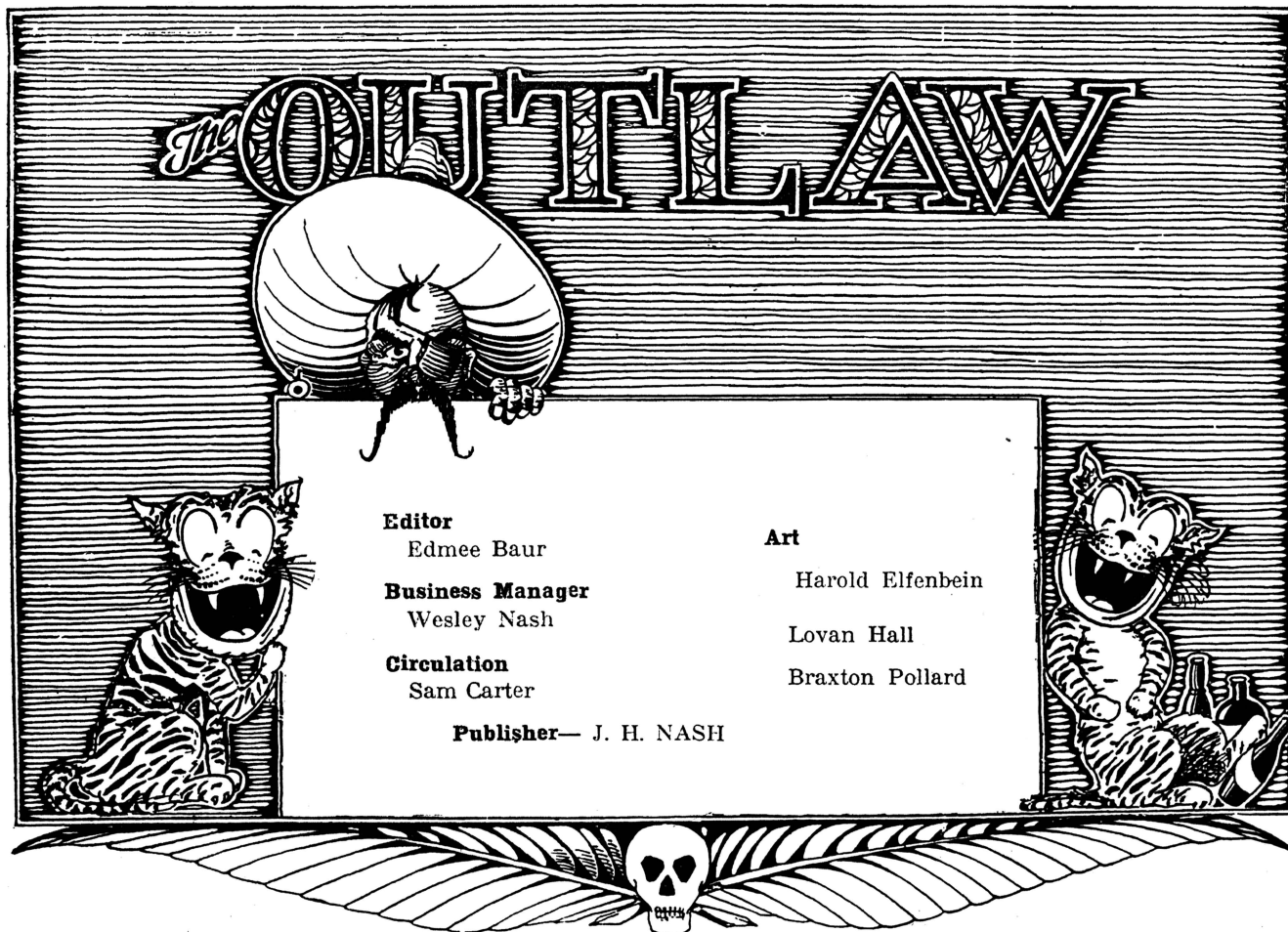
"Well, old Johnson has grown gray-haired in my service."

"I've got a girl with me who has grown yellow, brown, and red-haired in my service."



Whiz: Then you can depend on your chorus?

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



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## JUST IN PASSING

Sadly, the Old Man ponders over the keys of his typewriter, for this Mystery Number of The Missouri Outlaw may be his adieu to the world of Mizzou. A group of enterprising young journalists have long coveted his cherished work for their own. Another month may see it established in their hands if proposed plans work out aright. Once The Old Man was a student as eagerly enthusiastic as these to build a truly great comic for the University of Missouri. There were hard struggles as in any young enterprise but each year of its life has seen The Missouri Outlaw expand — in quality of contributions, in circulation and in established advertising which marks it as a medium worthy of consideration.

It is difficult for an Old Man whose horizon has expanded beyond the limits of the University to adequately conduct a magazine by and for it. Thus he will turn over his brain-child to a strictly student group with the hope that their continuous contact with Columbia will produce upon the firm foundation he has so earnestly striven for a greater magazine, representative of the humorous as well as the more serious sides of life at Missouri; a magazine praised and upheld by every Missourian for it will contain the very essence of their University.

To his friends who have so faithfully helped to make The Missouri Outlaw what it is today, the Old Man extends his sincere thanks and best wishes for their future success.





### Telephone Conversation

"Hello! Hello! Who is this?"  
 "Who d'you want?"  
 "I want Joe Plotz. Are you he?"  
 "No, I'm Knott."  
 "Well, who are you?"  
 "I'm Knott."  
 "Not what?"  
 "No, not Knott Watt. I simply am Knott. And what's your name?"  
 "Watt's my name."  
 "Yes, that's what I asked. What's your name?"  
 "Correct as the dickens. I'm Watt I am."  
 "Say, are you trying to be funny?"  
 "Certainly not. I'm trying to tell you that my name's Watt."  
 "Oh, I see. You're Watt. I'm Knott."  
 "Who's being funny now? Don't kid me, son."  
 "Aw, shut up!"  
 (Bang!)

—West Point Pointer.

Doctor: It's a boy, Professor.  
 Prof. What is?

—West Point Pointer

JOHN DEAR—

Am enclosing hotel bill.

Jane.

JANE DEAR—

Don't buy any more hotels.

John.

—Red Cat.

She: What have you for a young man?

Saleslady: What does he want?  
 —Cornell Widow

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

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

Jones: He didn't sign his name.  
 —Amherst Lord Jeff

### The Eve of St. Agnes

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

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

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

—Reserver Red Cat

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

—Annapolis Log

Street Car Conductor: Your fare, lady.

Old Maid: Thank you, sir.

—Okla Whirlwind

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

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury

"Have you been getting a haircut?"

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

—West Point Pointer

### Ascending Evolution

Prof: Your ancestors were monkeys.

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

### Oh, To Be A Cat

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

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

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

—M. I. T. Voo Doo

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

"Liar! That was a gutter of cement."

—Penn. State Froth

### Oy, Oy, Oy

An oyster met an oyster  
 And they were oysters two.  
 Two oysters met to oysters  
 And they were oysters, too.  
 Four oysters met a pint of milk  
 And they were oyster stew.

—Pitt Panther

A pedestrain is a girl who doesn't neck.

—Colorado Dodo

Wife: Breakfast is ready, dear.  
 Hubby: It can't be — I haven't heard you scraping the toast.

—Washington Dirge

DELICIOUS

**Cold Weather  
FOODS**

Have you tried our

**Hot Chocolate at 5 Cents**

HOME MADE PIES

The Best Chili and

Sandwiches

**M. U. Lunch Room**

Corner Ninth and Elm

**After Six  
Years**

The OLD MAN is preparing to lay down his pen and shears. Able hands are ready to carry on where he is leaving off. One final request, that all his friends will continue in their faith of a greater comic for MISSOURI.

**Missouri  
Outlaw**

French Guide: What do you think of that immense tower over there?  
American: It's quite an Eiffel!  
—Temple Owl

"Have you heard the Prince of Wales' new song?"  
"No, not yet."  
"Over the bounding mane."  
—Aggievator

Just because you have a Roman nose don't think you can have Roman hands.  
—Colby White Mule

Mac: Has yer son an ear fer music?  
Moe: Weel, I dinna ken, but he shure gotta good stomach fer steak!  
—Ohio State Sun Dial

(Continued from page 9)  
took her in his arms for their first kiss.

Glimmerings of dawn lightened the sky as they neared the outskirts of Monatauck. M. T. didn't want Rosemary to get into trouble for getting in so late. Gosh, he was mad about that little devil now. She was wild, all right. And yet she could take care of herself. Why, she was smarter than Kitty, who was too snooty, or Alta who was too obvious. Rosemary had all the advantages of both the good girl and the naughty girl because she could make you think she was one while she was really the other. He decided on a plan that would straighten things out for her although it would be embarrassing for him.

"Rosemary," she was dozing against him. "It's so near morning maybe we better stay out a little longer. If you get in just before breakfast you can tell them you spent the night with Kitty Parsons. Kitty's an old friend of mine and I'll go around and fix it up with her right away."

But Rosemary laughed sleepily. "Kitty of all people! Why she just detests me ever since she discovered how big I'm going over, didn't you know that, Marvin? Never mind about me. I've handled situations like this before." Undoubtedly she had.

(To be continued next month)

**Missouri  
Outlaw**

Monthly Bulletin

The stage is set. Ring up the curtain. The show is on. Step up and get your ticket for a box seat.

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**Missouri Outlaw**

Columbia, Missouri.

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

Johnny—"For two cents I'd knock your block off."  
Bill—"Get away from me, you dirty professional."  
—Gaboon

"Hear the latest?"  
"What?"  
—"The queen gave the king the heir."  
—Baboon

A beautiful young lady boarded the street car.  
"Oi, lady," pleased 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!"

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

He (fastening the little girl's dress) — Didn't your mother rook this?  
She—No sir; she bought it.  
—Calif. Pelican



PAGING

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**Four Hershey Bars**

AT

**Poole & Creber - J. M. C. Market**

### 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; at it just as it is.—Voo Doo.

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

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

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

Conductor—"Yes sir."

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

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.

## Have You Heard This One?

Such !\*\$?! shirts, no !\*\$?! buttons on this one either. Red, loan me a shirt will you? The buttons are off mine again.

Here it is, but this is the last time. I told you to send your laundry to THE TIGER LAUNDRY. You don't find any buttons off of my shirts. Now get out and after you wear that shirt send it to the Tiger Laundry and yours with it.

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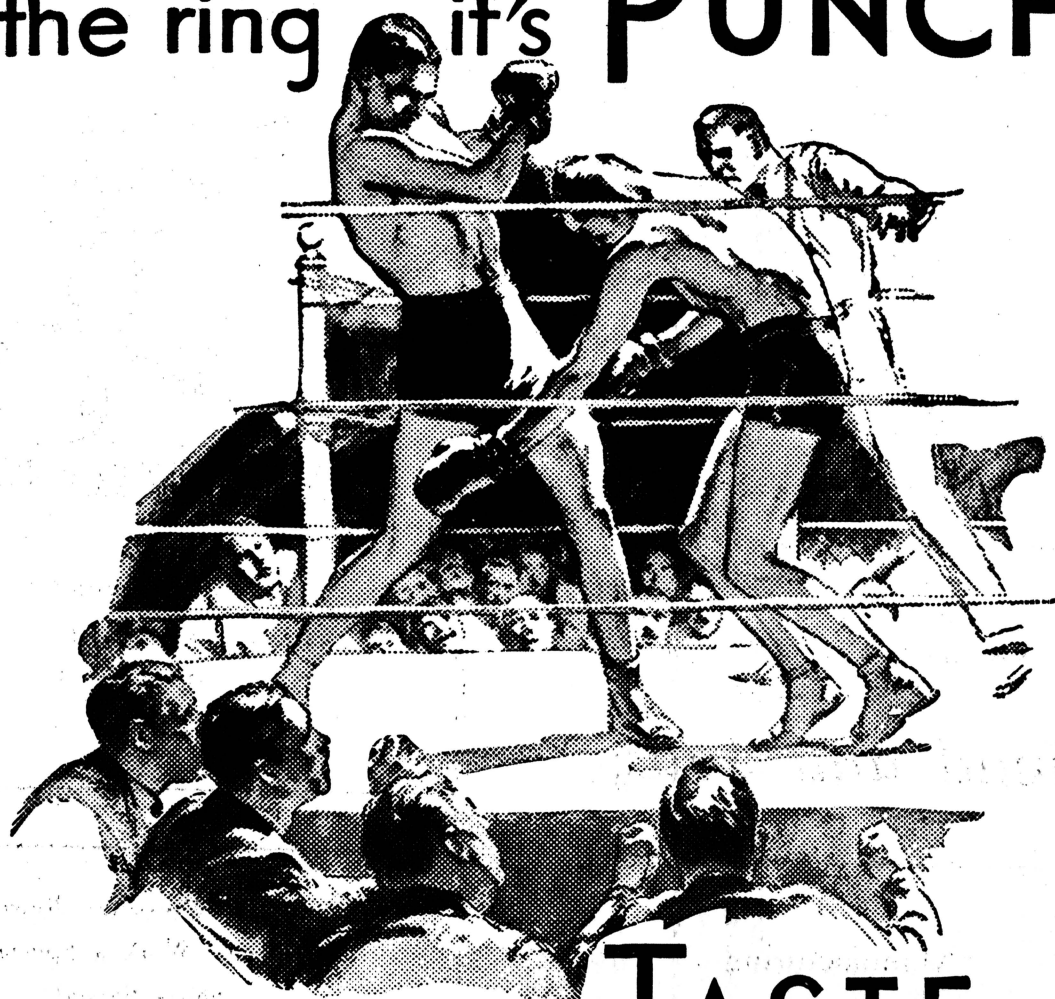
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Suit and Topcoat for selections closest  
to the team chosen by College Humor.

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IRVIN BEVILL  
North Carolina State, Raleigh, N. C.  
J. O. WILLIAMS, JR.  
Southern Methodist U., Dallas, Tex.  
ARTHUR DEVOSS  
Ohio Wesleyan U., Delaware, O.  
HARRIS EDWARDS  
U. of Georgia, Athens, Ga.  
PAUL B. KREBS  
U. of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.  
ROSS CONLEY  
Hopemont, W. Va.  
ROY J. WINDERS  
U. of Iowa, Iowa City, Ia.  
EARL RICE  
Tuscaloosa, Ala.  
C. FURLONG  
Milwaukee, Wis.

*Favored by the vast majority of the mil-  
lions of well-dressed college men at the  
games was the Learbury type of garment.*

*Send for Red-Boy Stickers and  
1930 style leaflet*

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Fraternity Jewelers

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# ALL THE NEWS

SPORT

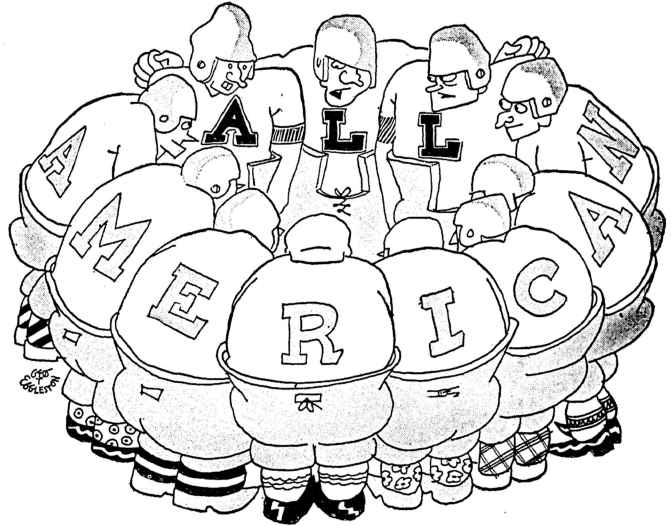
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# COLUMBIA MISSOURIAN

## College Humor's MONTHLY BULLETIN



**A**N All-American magazine for the youth of all America!

In the versatile pages of *College Humor* you will find fiction, sports, styles and the cream of the nation's wit.

This year *College Humor*, with the help of a select group of well known sports judges, has chosen a real All-American team. Leading sports authorities from the four corners of the United States sent in sectional choices to be carefully weighed for All-American possibilities.

In the February issue, one hundred and seventy-six football players receive rightful recognition and honor berths on our All-American and All-Sectional teams.

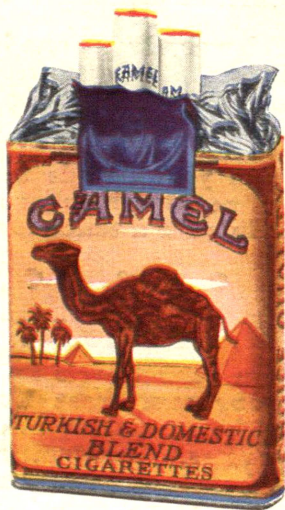
Once again youth leads the field—and "the magazine with a college education" crosses the line for a touchdown.

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Articles on your travels in Europe, the Orient or our own great Western playground will be acceptable at this time, at our regular rates. Send your manuscripts, with snapshots out of your album of collegiate tours, to the Travel Editor, *College Humor*, 1050 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois. 3,000 words, typed, with return address and postage.



COME ON, let's get going . . . now  
these essayists . . . who wrote  
Sartor Resartus? . . . Who cares?  
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. . . when you hit the exam tomor-  
row . . . curfew shall not ring to-  
night . . . somebody bring a pot of  
coffee from the Greek's . . . and  
another deck of Camels . . . thank  
heaven, the Camels never fail us.  
. . . Come on, let's get going. . . .



*Earnest seekers after knowledge learn in the wee, small  
hours that Camel's goodness never palls; that the last  
Camel is as good as the first.*