

# THE NEW SHOWME



COLLEGE NUMBER

15¢

# These Silk Dresses Claim Distinction



... with  
Baby Sleeves  
Capelet Sleeves

**\$9.90**

For Women  
Misses and Juniors

By their puffed and bow-tied baby sleeves . . . their capelets that "play" at being sleeves . . . you shall know these new silk dresses for spring! There's a youthful loveliness about these frocks that makes you feel that it just wouldn't be spring without at least one of them! And all in the gay, young prints and solid colors.

**J.C. PENNEY CO.**<sup>INC</sup>

COLUMBIA

MISSOURI

"You say you are following a good rule by quitting college and getting married?"

"Oh yes, women and children first."

—Lampoon

CLARA: "Remember the old maid down the street who was ill?"

BELLE: (A Christian Scientist): "You mean the one who thought she was ill?"

CLARA: "Well, now she thinks she is dead."

C. C. N. Y. Mercury

Sambo: I'se got two cats.

Hombo: Dat so? What's you call 'em?

Sambo: Cook and Perry.

Hambo: Why you call 'em Cook and Perry?

Sambo: 'Cause they is pole cats, that's why.

—Loughorn

Contrary to all prevailing rumors, it was not an apple, but a green pair that started all the trouble in the Garden of Eden.

—Exchange

A little boy was selling newspapers, yelling as he sold—"Great swindle—sixty victims."

An old grouch stopped to buy one, and after looking over the headlines—"I don't see anything about it in the paper."

"Great swindle," shouted the youth even more loudly, "Sixty-one victims."—Drexlerd.

FATHER—How do they start the initiation week?

SON—Well, they start right in at the bottom.

Bridgegroom (in poetic frenzy, as they strolled along the shore)—Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!

Bride—Oh, Gerald, how wonderful you are. It's doing it.

—Harvard Lampoon

"Wanna buy a pair of stockings for my gal."

"What size?"

"Dunno, but I wear a size 7 glove."

—Caveman

"Well, Abie, how are you getting along?"

"All right, but the noises around this hospital are fierce."

"Lots of noises, huh?"

"Sure, I got two day noises and a night, and all homely."

—Lchigh Burr

Hot (passing a certain park near a certain sorority house at night): "Gee, I can't stand seeing 'at guy mug that girl any longer."

Shot: "S'matter, sentimentality stifle you?"

Hot: "Naw, it's my girl."—Kitty Kat.

## Of Interest to Men of Mizzou

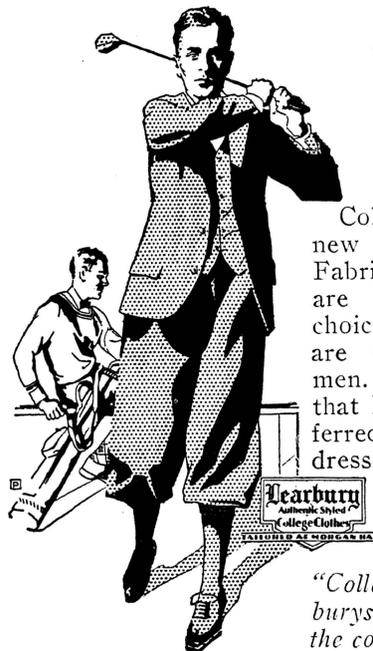
*Harold (Shorty) Owen wishes to announce that he has purchased full interest in the clothing establishment of Head & Judge and in the future the store will be known as—*

# OWEN'S

*Men's Wear*

## COLLEGE MEN

*You get the  
Credit for the  
LEARBURY  
Suit*



College men select the new Learbury patterns. Fabrics used by Learbury are of college men's choice. Learbury's styles are created by college men. Is it any wonder that Learbury is the preferred clothing of well-dressed college men?

*"College men make Learburys, and Learbury makes the college man."*

# OWEN'S

*Men's Wear*



VOL. I

MAY

No. 3

The Missouri Outlaw Combined with  
**The New SHOWME**

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*Cover—BRAXTON POLLARD*

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**And That's That**

With the appearance of this number the 1930 staff of the Showme completes its task for the current school year. Issues have been published for the months of March, April and May. Publication will be resumed with the September number next fall under officers to be elected by Sigma Delta Chi sometime this month. In regard to the work accomplished we know that it is only a beginning but the start has been made, and the Showme, under careful hands, should develop through coming years until Missouri has a great and established comic magazine to add another colorful page to the history of its traditions. To the 1931 staff we leave this comment made by a contemporary at another school: "You spend the most serious moments of your life in a humor office." Our swan song is depicted on the page to your right.

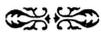
# The Showme Show

## "ON THE SPOT"

OUR heart goes out to Dean Walter Williams who, on June 5, becomes our new prexy. We don't suppose there's anything we can do about it, but the idea of just idly standing by and watching has weighed on our mind, and we have to make a comment of some kind.

For several weeks now we've been going about trying to find the quickest and most certain way to become unpopular. It was as we feared. "Become a college president," was the consensus of opinion. We can't figure out fate's motive in making such a prince of a fellow as Dean Williams president. After all, though, there is some difference between fate and a board of curators. That after twenty years of constructive work, a man is made a college president makes us ponder on the futility of it all. It's almost like having your life savings stolen in the night.

The only thing worse we can imagine would be to be elected president of Mexico where they efficiently get rid of executives by force.



## HEAVYWEIGHTS

NONE among our circle of acquaintances is reliably informed on this matter, but it has been rumored and observation seems to lend proof, that the college women are a bit substantial. Very few are the "wisp of a girl" type if you understand us. Now that doesn't mean that you

shouldn't take a college woman to dinner if you are philanthropically inclined or mentally confused, but perhaps indicates good food and determined diners at the colleges.

It has occurred to us that vibrator salesmen are missing a virgin field, or perhaps the girls are not reading the cigarette ads with care. Horseback riding and other outdoor sports will develop one however, and the girls don't mind, and parents like to see the dainty child they sent off to school come back and creak the furniture, why no one can be bothered.

---

"I hear three were killed down at the tobacco factory."

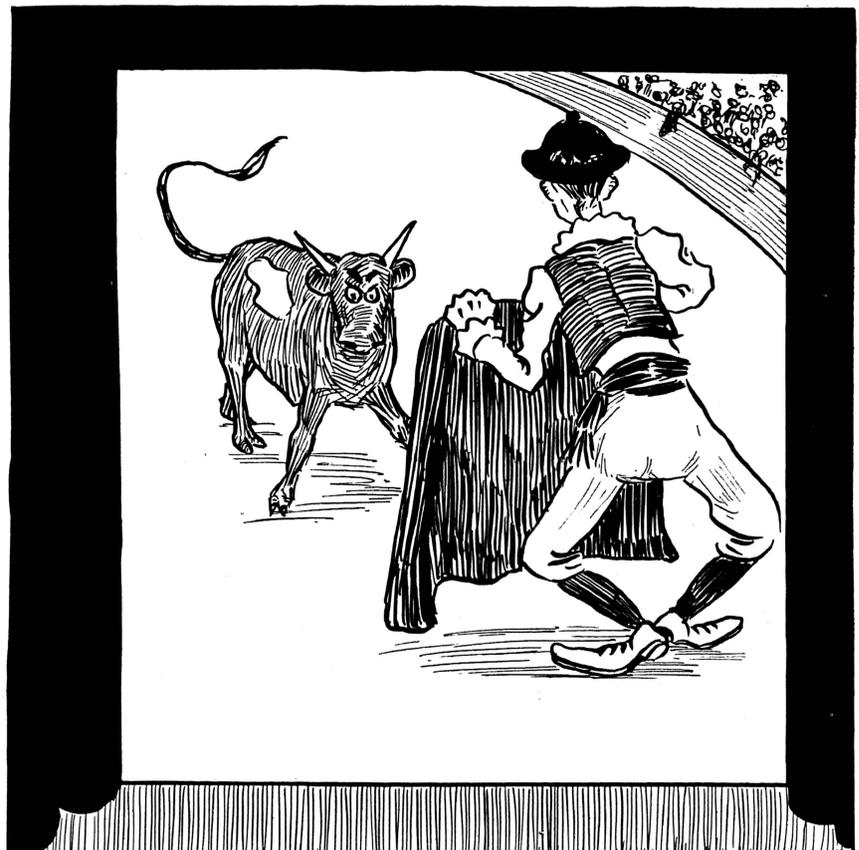
'Snuffed out, I suppose.'

WE wonder if the church and student religious centers still furnish the social half hours as of yore. What wonderful occasions those were for us when we were going collegiate. You, lonely, forlorn would-be-dater, hie yourself around and see if these quaint customs still hold sway. Of course the girls go solely for the spiritual side of things, but then you need guidance yourself. You may get a bid to an open house or a prom (heaven help you) some day. Wear your iron-toed shoes to the latter; you'll need them.

---

"Did you and Jack fall out on that canoe trip?"

"Yes, we had a little tilt."



This is no bull. Our end is in sight.



All Stepins College Girls are supposed to have date slips but some of the young ladies just won't wear 'em!

"Did you go to the politicians' ball?"

"Well, I went to the Phi Gam formal."

\* \* \*

"Nice baby," quoth the co-ed as she put the final touches on her handsome snow man.

\* \* \*

"Be nonchalant. Smoke a Pica-yune."

\* \* \*

No, Belinda, the pole vault is not the Bank of Warsaw.

\* \* \*

First 12-year-old:—"Has your brother come home from college yet?"

Second Ditto:—"Either that or the car has been stolen."

Frosh:—"Do you serve any cheese with your pie?"

Waitress:—"Sure, we serve anybody here."

\* \* \*

"Let me see some hands," said the ex-professor who had turned train robber.

\* \* \*

Prof: "I think you could answer a little more intelligently if you had more sleep before coming to my class."

Stude: "Yes sir, but I only have one lecture before I come here."

\* \* \*

Mother: "Don't use such naughty language."

Son: "Shakespeare uses it."

Mother: "Then don't play with him any more."

## WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME

*Being*

*A Play in Three Pieces and a Moral*

*First Piece*

A handsome Lothario.....(In other words, a snake in the grass)

*Second Piece*

Monkey Business.

*Third Piece*

"Hello, Dearie."

*Moral:*

It's the Woman Who Plays

\* \* \*

"Just a little matter of course," said the golfer as he sneakily lifted his ball out of a ditch.

\* \* \*

Mayme: "Wouldn't you like to see me garbed in the trailing morning mist?"

Maimer: "Yes, I'd pray for the sunrise."

\* \* \*

Ag:—"I suppose you hatch all these chicks yourself?"

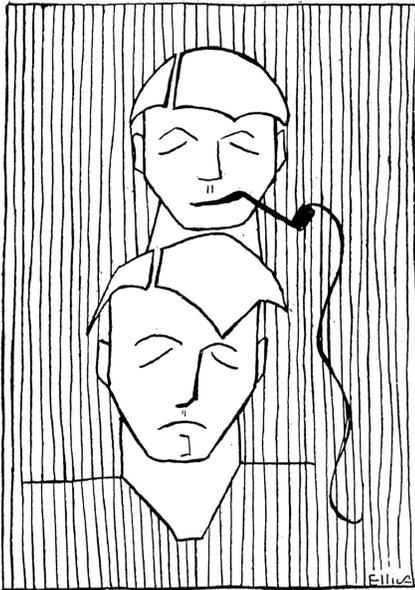
Farmer:—"Oh, no; we let the incubators do that."

\* \* \*

Life's greatest embarrassment: Two eyes meeting through a key-hole.



Got a Christian date?  
No, a co-ed.



Can't you swallow your pride?  
It isn't pride. I'd have to forget all  
the things my mother ever told me.

## GRAVE, WHERE IS YOUR VICTORY

I AM only one more barb in a college that has more Greeks than Aristotle's school for young philosophers. Dear, old State, it's the school of equality. That's where my act is not putting anybody out in the aisles. Persistent effort produces a lot of snubs, and here we are with no pie-plant in the ice-box.

I like to carry the torch and sing about my Emmas. I guess I ought to write for confession magazines, or at least so say the boys at the pool hall where I am really the pebble. When you're under the spell of the blues, and you think of good ones you've missed, and the free drinks you've let slip by—my friend, if you've had that feeling, then you know how I feel all the time.

Reaching for something and not finding anything shows poor judgment, and besides it might not cause leakage of the heart. To wake up in the morning and find the pretty little humming-birds singing outside your window—that is life.

And to watch the pretty little violets grow up into great, strong oak trees—ah, ha, that is life, too.

Then to see a sweet little girl with whom you used to play croquet grow up and be a great, big, beautiful baby, and wear the badge which sets her off as one of God's chosen few—there is life there also.

Moral: There is none; it's about collitch.

Headline in metropolitan daily:  
A HOOVER APPEAL TO YOUTH.

Not sex though, we don't suppose.

"If you know who stole your car, why don't you get it back?"

"I'm waiting for him to paint it."

\* \* \*

She:—"What chance do you think I'd have on the stage?"

He:—"I don't know; how well can you dodge?"

\* \* \*

BULLDOG—Sent several postals Saturday, registered letter; have you received them? Irish Terrier. —"Personal" in the Kansas City Star.

Now who the hell says it isn't spring?



Frank Willmarth

# Who's Who at the Colleges

## Christian and Stephens



*Elizabeth Cramer, Stephens College junior from Oklahoma City, is editor-elect of the Stephens Standard, sec'y-treasurer of Chi Delta Phi, honorary literary society, and a member of Eta Upsilon Gamma.*



*Carolyn Kushner, Stephens College junior from Topeka, Kansas, is an outstanding writer for Stephens publications. She is a member of Kappa Delta Phi.*



*Dorothy Grieves, senior from Olathe, Kansas, is student government president at Christian College. Her activities include vice-presidency of the junior class last year, associate editorship of the College Widow, and Y. W. C. A. cabinet.*

*Lester McClean, Christian College senior, is from Pine Bluff, Ark. Her activities include Phi Theta Kappa, Y. W. C. A. cabinet, and editorship of the College Widow.*



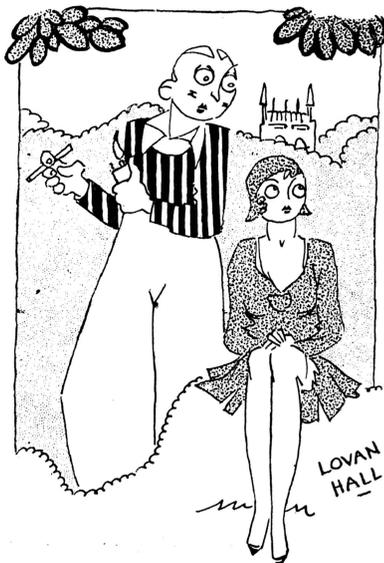
*Doriz Clay, Stephens College junior of Richmond Heights, Mo., is business manager-elect of the Stephens Standard, a member of the athletic association, and a member of Kappa Delta Phi.*



*Virginia Pryor, attending Christian College from Piggott, Ark., is president of the senior class and was president of the junior class last year. She belongs to Phi Theta Kappa and is a member of the student council.*

"TO . . . . ."

*Of all the knocks, yours, my dear,  
Was welcomed most at my heart's  
portal.  
You, with all your gallantry,  
Were always more than half im-  
mortal.  
To you, my dear, a puddle meant  
Excuse for you to pick me up  
And carry me. My every whim:  
A rose, a pup, a gardenia, I  
chanced to see  
Within a shop you seriously pro-  
cured for me.  
And ever since, you're always here  
Held close within my heart, my  
dear.  
And there I'll see you'll always be  
While I, in my mock gallantry,  
Will smile and dress for other men,  
And sigh for all that might have  
been.*



Annie: Do you ever do any work in silhouette?

Artist: Well, I live across from a sorority house.

\* \* \*

The cheapest thing at a bargain counter is a man waiting for his wife.

\* \* \*

The man I hate  
Is Dan McKeen;  
He likes his onions,  
But not listerine.



Throw up your hands!  
My Gawd! Them too?

### ACCOMMODATION

It was in Scotland. The driver of a heavily loaded stage was whipping his team on in an effort to reach the next town before night. Three young girls who had boarded the coach at the last stop and were unable to get places inside were on the seat with the driver. It began to rain. The driver, wishing to keep the girls dry, called to the passengers in the coach: "Hey, is there a mackintosh in there large enough to take care of three girls?" All was silent for a moment, then a voice replied: "No, but there's a MacDuff that would like to try."

\* \* \*

George: Love me, love my dog.  
Georgette: Let me start with the dog.

Eve: Adam, guess what I have in my hand.

Adam: All right. I'll bite. What is it?

\* \* \*

She:—"Were you ever pinched in your car?"

He:—"Yes, and slapped, too."



Here's where I make a Christian out of that Stephens girl.

# A Story of Two Loves

*By Pedlum Snoozit*

ERNEST P. Helmingway was a lover and a gentleman. A heady combination. It was only possible that he keep under the bounds of both by confining his love. He did this by loving only two things; his wife and his dogs. I mention his wife first because one of them must be mentioned first.

Ernest P. lived a quiet life with his two loves. An only son, he had been left a large New England country place. He spent all his time, with the exception of an occasional trip with his wife to a dog show, loving his wife and his dogs on his ancestral acres. Again and anon he would give a curt command to his overseer about some important piece of work, such as obtaining a new collar for one of his prize setters or installing a porch swing for his wife. He was happier than any mortal has a right to be. Strange as it may seem there was no jealousy on the part of either his wife or his dogs. No one had witnessed any great show of affection between the two camps but there was no enmity.

Helmingway was not separated from both of his loves at the same time during the twenty-four hours of the day. Perhaps he was happiest after retiring; then he could stretch one hand over the edge of the bed and find the loving and reassuring tip of a cold canine nose, while the other hand was held by his adoring wife.

At times he would take a stout stick, his favorite setter, Queen Maria, and walk about his estate. His mind, at a time like this, was filled with thoughts of love, his wife, and his dogs. He grew especially fond of Queen Maria, but like the gentleman he was, fought against this love crowding out that for his other dogs and his wife.

Ernest P. Helmingway was informed one morning, while at breakfast, it happened that he was giving a piece of crisp bacon to Queen Maria with one hand and pouring his wife a second cup of coffee with the other, that he might expect another Helmingway to take up the business of living within a reasonable time. Let us say again that Ernest P. was a gentleman. While the hand that poured the coffee may have shook a little, the hand that held the bacon was rigid. Such was the consideration for his loves. Setting the coffee pot down carefully, he rose, put both his arms around his wife and kissed her in the middle of the forehead. He told her how overjoyed he was, patted the dog, and sat down.

The three of them spent a great deal of time together in the following months. Some little time after the breakfast announcement, Ernest P. made the discovery that Queen Maria would also be doing something in the line of propagating the specie. The fellow's joy was complete. His face beamed with the goodness of God. He was

busied incessantly, now inquiring after the welfare of his wife, now running down to the kennels to satisfy himself as to the condition of the setter.

Helmingway was awakened one night by his overseer who informed him that Queen Maria was about to become a mother. Gathering his shirt in one hand and his trousers in the other, he bent to kiss his wife. She awakened and whispered, "Ernest, you had better phone Dr. Hobbs, I think—". Helmingway was speechless for a minute. Then never forgetting, even for a minute, that he was a gentleman, he gave a curt order to his overseer and reached for the phone.

Dr. Hobbs arrived in a few minutes and the door that admitted him also admitted the overseer and his assistants. They tenderly carried a large box and deposited it near the bed where Ernest P. knelt and held his wife's hand. The loving husband stretched out his other hand and found the affectionate, cold nose of Queen Maria.

Neighbors of Helmingway can now see on almost any day of sunshiny weather, a picture that would touch the hardest heart. Ernest P. Helmingway with an old setter dog on a leash at his belt, with a chubby infant in one arm, and his wife on the other, is strolling around his estate while four setter puppies gambol at his feet.

## For Stephensofias

WE saw the grim building in the distance. The moon, like a quick-snuffed wick, shone as a dull hematite in the coal bin. The northern wind blew and whistled. I forget the tune, but nevertheless it whistled. We plodded on through the ice, and the water seeped through our zippers reminding us that King Winter was upon us and we were upon Stephens College, where we were to attend an open house with our little country cousins even though the thermometer resembled a scoreless tie. We were used to the cold for we had been doing a lot of outside reading.

She welcomed us, the darling little soul, and we decided to call this affectionate little one "Goldy," so that we might always remember her fancy bridgework. Then we met the other charming darlings, little

cameos of joy and laughter. They were all perfect like fine old lace. They were every bit as old and much more determined. Historical folks, you know, who remembered when Broadway was a prairie and had probably bought stove wood from General Grant.

They were cute, but so are trained seals. One girl looked like the devil. She had a fork in either hand, and bade us come toast of the luscious marshmallows. We, game sons of old Missouri, obeyed, and the gods smiled on us as we sipped of punch sticky with champagne. We gazed into exotic eyes while our thoughts turned to the open road and a hamburger at the Jungle.

Nonplused, we quickly organized a quartet of first bass, second bass, shortstop and center field, and, in a low and pleasing manner, render-



Bessie—Why did that young attorney jilt you?

Mabel—Technicality! He said some of my lines were not properly filled out.

ed "When I'm With You I'm Lonesome." Jokes and witty sayings were passed out like Rolla Miners on St. Pat's, but still the merriment went on. Some rolled on the floor; others were content with the divans.

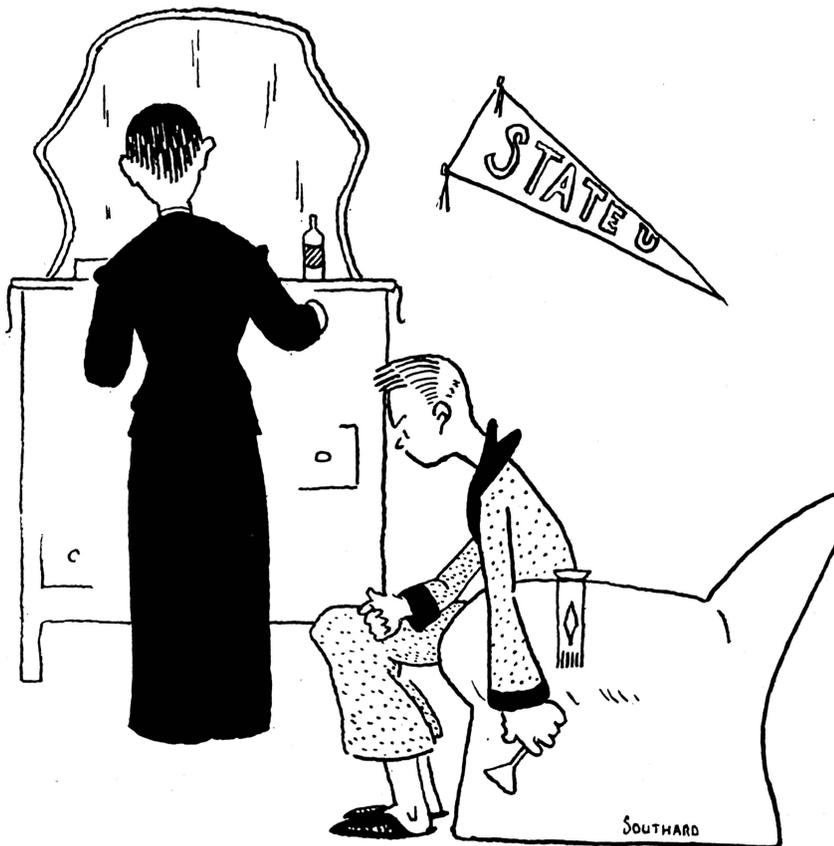
Youth was having its fling, we had eaten four sandwiches, and knew a halt must be called somewhere. But, alas! The house-mother had lost her voice. Then one timid little member of the D. A. R. stepped forward and in a bashful, quiet, little voice said: "Kind sirs, I know no card tricks No singin' can I do I know no jokes, or anecdotes A poem I will recite for you."

Then with gestures, she continued:

"You lie—I saw you steal that ace  
A crashing blow across the face  
A pistol shot and death's disgrace  
Was in that deck of cards."

Now I'm bucking the line for another dear old, state institution every time the quarter-back calls No. 28,671. Hell, yes. I shot her.

Ever step off the sidewalk on the campus grounds and leave imprints of your number sixes when your best boy-friend is coming just behind you?



How come you're engaged to this dame at Christian?  
The doctor told me to keep away from wimmen.

## Accurate Journalist Is State's Key Witness

Q—What is your name?

A—My birth certificate shows it to be Snickland Well.

Q—Mr. Well, where were you the night of March 19, 1930?

A—It is believed that I was on Main Street.

Q—Whereabouts on Main Street?

A—Witnesses say at a point between Tenth and Seventeenth streets.

Q—What were you doing?

A—According to bystanders, I was going east on Main, and went into a drug store.

Q—And what did you do in the drug store?

A—It is probable that I used the telephone, or I might have bought a stamp; it is impossible to secure definite information concerning the incident.

Q—And where did you go from there?

A—It is rumored that I went to a penny arcade in Eastland Heights.

Q—And did you not there meet a companion?

A—The best sources of information disclose that fact.

Q—Who was she?

A—Indefiniteness clouds that point, although it is understood that her name will create a sensation among upper social circles.

Q—Was she married?

A—That is the general belief.

Q—Were you two intimate friends?

A—It was understood that we were, although later information causes the fact to be discredited.

Q—You understand, Mr. Well, that it was on the night of March



Snickland Well

19 that the unidentified body of a man was found at the bottom of a cliff in the west end?

A—All indications point to that being the truth.

Q—What else do you know of this crime?

A—Only that it is alleged that he was pushed off the cliff, although he may have fallen.

Q—Where was your wife that night?

A—It is reported that she was at a temperance meeting, but there is cause for this to be doubted.

Q—And this is all you know?

A—All except that the police are said to have in their possession the names of three persons who they are sure will be able to clear up this murder and that the authorities are quoted as saying, "This will not be another unsolved murder!"

The State rests.

PERSON who lost purse containing \$20 need worry no longer; it has been found.—Adv. in Walla-Walla (Wash.) paper.

Well, that's a load off his mind.

\* \* \*

William M. Russell, 24, who has been married five times, divorced twice, and who now is the husband of two women, was back with his 63-year-old wife today, forgiven as "just a bad boy" for having married a 27-year-old widow recently.—The Associated Press.

And really not bad; just mischievous, that's all.

\* \* \*

SALESLADIES—Two; ready-to-wear for Saturday. Be here by 9 o'clock a. m. Collum Commerce Co., 1119 Grand.—Want-ad in the Kansas City Star.

Get a bottle of cod liver oil on the way home for that worn-out feeling.

\* \* \*

### Contributors Please Read

How dear to my ear are the jokes  
of my childhood  
The anecdotes, puns, and the  
wisecracks I know.  
Those quaint funny stories that  
once seemed so wild would  
Emit such an odor of age if in  
view  
That I pray that the gags of the  
last decades wags  
Be assigned to an eternal grave  
as their due.  
With long, ancient whiskers they  
come promenading  
And lift up their faces so oft  
seen before,  
Repeating their display of wit  
that was fading  
When Pilgrims beheld the American shore.  
Oh, curse to perdition this sad  
repetition  
Of wit resurrected from jokers of  
yore!



The illustration features a central scene with a closed box of Whitman's Prestige Chocolates and an open box showing various chocolate pieces. The scene is framed by a decorative border with heraldic motifs, including a crown at the top center and two knights in armor holding spears on the sides. The word 'Prestige' is written in a large, stylized gothic font across the middle. Below it, descriptive text and the Whitman's logo are present. At the bottom of the frame, the word 'PRESTIGE' is repeated in a large, decorative font.

**Prestige**

All that Whitman's have learned in eighty-eight years about making good chocolates is summed up in this box of Prestige Chocolates.

The pieces are small, shaped with care. Centers are covered with three kinds of Whitman's chocolate coatings, vanilla, milk and semi-sweet.

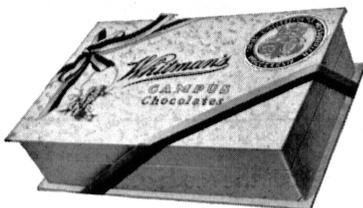
Sold everywhere by the selected stores — usually drug stores — that sell the Sampler and other Whitman's candies.

*Whitman's*  
PRESTIGE CHOCOLATES

in one, two & three pound — \$2 the pound

**PRESTIGE**

© F.W. & Son, Inc.



Special Missouri Package

Whitman's Famous Candies are Sold By  
**Peck Drug Co.** **Harris Cafe**



Please, Daddy. All of the girls have such a good time there.

## CHOKES

Just when neckties first came into use, I don't know. Of course, one form of neckties is almost as old as man, but that type was never popular with the wearer; it took one's breath away. Yet a necktie is as necessary to correct attire as pants buttons are to suspenders. The whole thing though is a lot of vanity and outlet for Christmas spirit.

Back in the Gay Nineties when the whole country went House of

David in chin upholstery and the Smith Brothers had their pictures taken, a necktie was really superfluous. Why, they still tell of a case where a man strangled to death, and when the coroner held an autopsy it was discovered that the man had donned a necktie in his youth and had forgotten all about it. After that sad experience, the U. S. department of forestry issued a warning to all men with fur-lined chins, advising them to wear their ties on the outside of their whiskers.

The rapid rise in the popularity of overstuffed furniture about this time put cut whiskers at a premium, resulting in smooth chins and the return of the necktie.

Nothing holds roommates together like neckties—"the tie that binds," as the poets say. The boy with the stock of knockout neckwear sticks by his less fortunate bed-fellow in the hope that the latter will some day return the ties he has borrowed—like hating to abandon a project in which a lot of money has already been sunk.



Jeez! Dis place is gettin' as bad as a girls' school!

It pays to buy solid color ties. Suppose you get a good quality cream-colored silk cravat on sale for 69 cents. You wear it a week and startle the natives. Then you eat grape fruit for breakfast, and what is the result? A water-wave silk! Four days later the ketchup bottle backfires, and you have an entirely new turn-out. Another week or so and dip the lower half of the tie in a bowl of pea soup. Presto! A two-tone duco job.

So, while we listen to all this talk of relegating the good old necktie to the discard, let us remember the ancient adage, "A four-in-hand is worth two in the bush." Woodman, spare that tree—there's a squirrel's nest in it!"



He's an old rake.

Yes, several of his teeth are missing.

## CHANCE

Blind dating is almost a universal practice at the colleges, but in this era of hit-and-run drivers people take fearful chances whenever they cross streets, so think nothing of it. The idea is much like the one used in the good old game of trading sight-unseen. You offer your time, and what is more valuable, tickets to the show, for the company of a girl who may be as pretty as Mary Brian but who is much more likely to resemble the girl you dated in high school.

Once, long, long ago, a man met a good-looking girl on a blind date at one of the colleges, but then some people win lottery prizes and others get hit by automobiles.

Teacher—If you subtract fourteen from a hundred sixteen, what's the difference?

Johnny—Yeah; I think it's a lot of foolishness, too.  
—*Orange Peel*

WILLIAM: "How did you break your leg?"

BILL: "I threw a cigarette in a manhole—and stepped on it."  
—*Colgate Banter*

"Niggah, whah at you gwin widout no shoes on?"

"Gwine huntin' 'possums. Dese heah are my stalkin' feet."  
—*Chaparral*

X. A.: "Say, there's a fly in my ice cream!"

2nd Girl Chaser: "Let the little devil freeze. He was in my soup yesterday."  
—*Exchange.*

John: If you wear that dress to the dance, you'll be pinched.

Jean: I don't care as long as they don't go any further.  
—*Virginia Reel*

Voice from Car—Shay, offisher, is thish the way to go to the football game?

Badge-Bearer—You bet. And if I wasn't a cop I'd go that way too.  
—*Widow*

An optimist is a person who doesn't know what's coming to him and hopes it doesn't.

—*Drexerd.*

A small boy strolled into a New Mexico drug store and said to the clerk:

"Give me a nickel's worth of asafetida."

The proprietor wrapped it up and passed it over.

"Charge it," said the boy.

"What name?" queried the druggist.

"Hunnyfinkle."

"Take it for nothing," retorted the languid druggist.

"I wouldn't write asafetida and Hunnyfinkle for no nickle."

—*Buffalo Bison*

## The Popular Choice of the College Miss

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### Artists & Color Engravers

Mother: You're surely well tanned except a small area that was covered by your bathing suit.

Daughter: Yes, ma, the sun surely does hue to the line.

\* \* \*

A study in the nude—a sweet young thing trying to decide whether to use the hot or cold shower.

\* \* \*

The poor old dog who used to trot under the wagon now trots under a flivver and then he trots no more.

\* \* \*

Hen: Did you enjoy your visit to the poultry farm?

Dan: No, I had a perfectly lousy time.



LOVAN HALL

Boss—"What are your lowest terms for stenographic work?"  
Applicant—"Unbearable drudgery."

Mate: The whisky is all gone.  
Captain: Shift to port.

\* \* \*

George Washington: I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet.

Father: Well, young man, you're barking up the wrong tree.

\* \* \*

Jones: My wife just sent me a telegram that she is undone. What shall I do?

Brown: Send her a wire.

\* \* \*

Criss: Why aren't leg shows any attraction any more?

Cross: Too much amateur competition.

\* \* \*

I'll bet when Eleanor Glynn played tag at school she was always IT.



I hear your candy taster is sick. Yes, he hasn't done a lick of work this week.

Parents who assure their college sons and daughters they are glad to pay their educational bills usually get a lot of pleasure out of life.

\* \* \*

Mr. Coolidge sure gets the breaks. What if he had had to write something really important—like his autobiography, for instance—in 500 words, as he is now doing the history of the history of the United States? And at the same time only getting \$1 a word for his Horatio Alger, Jr., story.

\* \* \*

We can just imagine Al Capone, upon his arrival in financially-stricken Chicago after his stay in Philadelphia: "Geez, I've only been away a few months and look at the mess Thompson's get things in!"

\* \* \*

We think the best thing for the country is to have Senator Heflin take a course in pantomime. Just think how little publicity he'd get since they'd only print his actions and not words. The subject-matter, too, is ideal for self-admiring persons, and we're sure he'd love it.

AL: Why so cocky, my friend?  
 PAL: I crown the Queen of the Prom tomorrow night.  
 She's my date.  
 AL: Ma! I dethrone her. She's my late date.  
 —*Sour Owl*

Jane—"I think necking is positively repulsive."  
 Mary—"I don't like it, either."  
 Jane—"Shake, sister, we're both liars."  
 —*Yellow Jacket*

"Moses, is my bawth warm?"  
 "'Deed suh, the wahmest Ah ever was in."  
 —*Ghost*

Have you heard the chiropractor song? No? "Ad-  
 just you, adjust me."  
 —*California Pelican*

'How did you know he was from Notre Dame?'  
 "He said he never lost money on a football game."  
 —*Octopus*

Physics prof. to debonair co-ed: "Do you know what  
 the line of least resistance is?"  
 Debonair co-ed meekly: "Yes."  
 Voice from back of the room: "That's right!"  
 —*The Beanpot*

Reformer (addressing bum): Can't you mend your  
 ways, my good man?  
 Bum: No, ma'am.  
 Reformer: But don't you know that you are captain  
 of your soul?  
 Bum: Yes, ma'am, but the captain can do nothin' when  
 the ship is sunk.  
 —*Exchange*

He: Give me a kiss.  
 She: I will—like hell.  
 He: That's just the way I like them.  
 —*Punch Bowl*

"So Jack told you of his love?"  
 "Well, not exactly. He just went through the mo-  
 tions."—*Friivol.*

First Stenog: How do you like that third vice-presi-  
 dent?  
 Second Stenog: He's got the nicest lap in the whole  
 firm.—*Friivol.*

"I kissed Dot on the chin last night."  
 What did she say?"  
 "Heavens above."  
 —*Burr.*



**Mash: Why is a Life Saver like  
 a perfect golf score?**

**She: A hole in one.**

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"How does Jane kiss?"

"Have you ever tried to play a tuba?"

—*Tennessee Mugwump*

Child: (learning to read)—Look, Mom, it will cost you five dollars to spit.

—*Chaparral*

#### SIGN ON HIGHWAY IN SCOTLAND

Detour—Toll bridge ahead.—*Judge*

"Sire, Lady Godiva rides without."

Sire (after glancing without): Very tactfully put, my man.

—*O. A. M. C. Aggievator*

A gallant knight laid his mailed hand gently on a maiden's knee . . . and broke her leg.

—*Kansas Sour Owl*

Executioner (to Mary Antoinette): Pardon, may I cut?

—*Voo Doo*

Man (at church confessing his sins): Father, forgive me, for I kissed a pretty girl.

Priest: How many times did you commit this terrible sin?

Man: Father, I came here to confess and not to brag.

—*Buccaneer*

1st old maid: I thought I heard a man in the room.  
2nd old maid: You close the door while I shut the window.

—*Exchange*

Cop—"Hey, what are you trying to do?"

Drunk—"I'm trying to pull this lamp off the bridge hic, my wife wants a bridge lamp."—*Bison* . . . . .

"Are you an educated woman?"

"Well, I was a maid in a fraternity house for three years."—*Octopus*.

He—"Pull yourself together, you're losing something."

She—"That's all right; slips don't count."

—*Froth*

"There's gold in them thar ridges," said the theatrical producer as he looked over a line of new chorus girls.

—*Puppet*

Imported Farm Assistant—There was a mouse in that bucket of milk.

Woop—Did you take it out?

Assistant—No, sir; but I put the cat in.—*Goblin*.

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*At Columbia's Busiest Corner*

The squad of recruits had been taken out to the rifle range for their first try at marksmanship. They knelt at 250 yards and fired. Not a hit. They were moved up to 200 yards. Not a hit. They tried it at 100 yards. Not a hit.

"Tenshun!" the sergeant bawled. "Fix bayonets! Charge! It's your only chance!"—*West Point Pointer*

Then there's the story about the freshman who, on his first visit to the bank was asked to endorse his check, and wrote, "I heartily endorse this check."

—Purple Cow

"So your father is a southern planter?"

"Yes; he's an undertaken at Atlanta."

—Froth

Caller: "Is the editor in?"

Office Boy: "No."

Caller: "Well, just throw this poem in the wastebasket for him, will you?"

—Goblin

"My brother is living in Chicago and says that he is delighted."

"What? Delighted to be living in Chicago?"

"No. Delighted to be living."

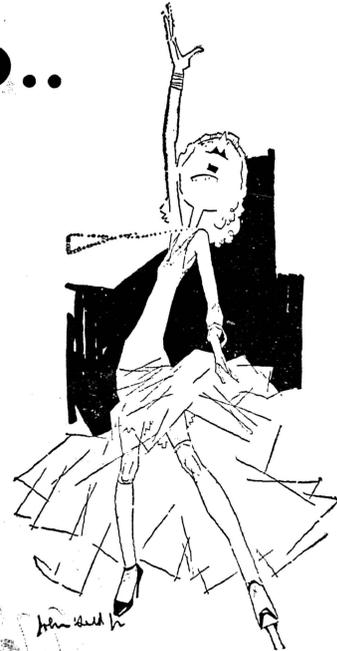
—Georgia Cracker

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John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807-1892

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(Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844)

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