

me worse. The remedies they recommended at the Hospital added to the fever in my brain. Finally I went to Max Wyer. He told me he had been disappointed because his new puzzle system of examinations had not been accepted. We plotted to blow up the University. But I was foiled! Foiled! Foiled!" he shrieked. The reporter escaped through the door as Mommer went into another spasm. After that it was impossible to get him into a rational frame of mind.

All efforts to find Maximilian Wyer, the co-plotter, with the Houn' Dog composer have been in vain. The cadets have been searching for him along Hinkson Bluffs. Marshal Black-sides and his force have been beating the back bushes on the campus but have found no trace of him.

According to information furnished a Yellow Extra reporter by James Eads Wow, a hobo, Wyer was seen at 10 o'clock this morning desperately working a handcar along the Em Kay & Tee tracks towards McBaine. It is possible that he intends to make a last stand in Rocheporte cave.

Was Easy Says Harmer

Celery Harmer was modest and retiring about his exploits when interviewed by a Yellow Extra reporter, following the arrest of Mommer.

"Simplest thing in the world," said Harmer, sticking out his chest. "Nuts like these may be hard cracking for Sherlock Holmes and W. J. Burns, but to a man who has fought 'musketeers' in Cuba and Old Crow at the Columbia Club, it is as simple as tearing up the sod on the campus with a regiment of drafted soldiers.

"I was exploring the underground tunnel that carries the steam pipes to the University buildings, with a view of using it as a dungeon for students who cut military. While on this tour of exploration I heard Wyer and Mommer plotting to destroy the University. I slipped up on them and got the details of their plan. Mommer was to set the thing off by one not one his piano. The scheme was worked out on some new fangled theory of vibrations that Wyer has discovered. Mommer's piano was equipped with a transforming apparatus and all wires centered in this instrument.

"Of course, I could have arrested them there, but that would have spoiled all the dramatic effect. I selected eight of my most trusty minions and concealed them under Mommer's front porch last night. Then I trailed Mommer from his studio to his house. We watched through the window until we saw the old man rear up to set her off and we broke in on him.

"That's all there is to it. I think Carnegie might come across with one of them medals and a diamond studded sword from the state legislature wouldn't be bad taste. It takes a wise head to figure out such deep, dark plots and I want all that is coming to me."

Wise Tells Of Dark Plot

The scheme by which Max Wyer, celebrated psychologist and theorist, and Prof. H. W. Mommer an authority on harmonics, planned to destroy the University of Missouri is quite simple," said P. A. Wise, a close friend of Wyer's, this morning. "Although aware of the plan of the plan I had no idea that these gentlemen had

Hajors Will Grow Hippopotami In Sunken Garden

Practical Use Found For Campus Frog Pond---Bud Smoore Afraid to Tackle Huge Beasts

The College of Agriculture has appointed Maurice W. Hajors to raise hippopotami at the University of Missouri.

Ever since the hogs of the village began to wallow in his beautiful sunken gardens, he has been conducting experiments to see if the gardens could not be put into practical use. After several years of hard labor, a great expenditure of time and money and much burning of the midnight oil, the idea cropped out. He evolved this economic idea of converting these beautiful gardens into a hippopotami farm.

There was only one hindrance—there was no tamer in the University of these wonderful creatures of flesh and blood, and the University was too short of coin of the realm to hire a professional. There was one man in the University, Mr. Bud Smoore, who has trained everything from a wampus bird to a hyponderae, except a hippopotamus, and he was afraid to

brood over their supposed wrongs until they actually intended to put their scheme to a test. That they could have succeeded but for outside interference, there is no doubt in my mind.

"Mr. Wyer and Mr. Mommer had built an electric vibrator, stronger and more sensitive than any I have ever seen. The vibrator was attached to Mommer's piano in such a way that a single note from the piano would set in motion the powerful force of the vibrator. Wires connected from this vibrator to a series of vibrators in each of the buildings on the campus the wires being carried through an underground tunnel constructed for steam pipes.

"It is a well known fact that a small dog trotting over the largest bridge will set in motion vibrations and tremors by the rhythm of his foot-falls. Should these tremors become perfectly attuned to the movements of the dog, the animal could swing the bridge off its foundations. Soldiers always break step when crossing a bridge. A note from a violin may shatter a wine glass. Suppose there is a piano and a guitar in the same room. Some one sits down at the piano and begins playing. If the vibrations of the music happen to fall into harmony with the natural vibration of the instrument not being used, sounds may be heard emanating therefrom. The whole thing centers around the idea of harmony of vibrations and scientifically placed energy.

"Wyer and Mommer had gone farther than any scientists before them. They had figured out the natural movement of the earth and had attuned their vibrators so that instantly complete harmony could be secured. One note from the piano was all needed to set in motion these irresistible forces. The effect would have been similar to an earthquake, with the exception that the disturbance would probably not have been severe enough to wreck any buildings but those where individual vibrators had been placed."

WYER'S BODY MANGLED IN COLLISION

Reported Death in Slaw-bash Catastrophe Confirmed—Brain Aids In Identification.

A late report from the scene of the wreck on the Slawbash Railroad confirms the report that Dr. Maximilian Wyer was killed when the Limited and Fast Express collided near Halls-ville this morning. Dr. Wyer did not attempt to escape over the Skatz-branch by means of a handcar as reported by a tramp but took the Slaw-bash which left here this morning. The body was taken from the wreck in a badly mangled condition. Identification was made by his abnormally developed brain.

tackle even one of these huge beasts.

After much urging Hajors himself consented to undertake the task.

When asked about the matter by a reporter of The Yellow, Dean Bumford of the College of Agriculture refused to make a statement, but said, "We have been extremely fortunate in having such a man as Hajors to take charge of this new industry. He'll make a good 'un—one that'll make these other guys that travel from town to town with the circuses look like thirty cents worth of dog meat with the three rubbed off. Now, if we could just get Smoore, for he is a daring, happy-go-lucky fellow, and likes to dodge the hand of fate, we would have a pair that would make this old institution of learning cause all others to hunt ice water when it comes to popularity. I'll tell you they haint any pair in the world that could keep up with the pace that Hajors and Smoore would set with them Hippopotamuses. They'd just set the world afire. And we'll get Smoore, too, for we've just got to have him."

It will certainly be an economic improvement over the old mudhole that now adorns the southern extremity of the campus. Everybody should get their back to the wheel and help boost this new move.

Wed After Life-Long Courtship

The romance of two childhood sweethearts, to whose ultimate union their fond parents had long looked forward, attained its full fruition and culminated in the nuptials of Barlet Row and Leonidas Hollins yesterday, for which neatly engraved invitations were issued.

Leonidas Hollins is considered a very nice young man of sterling worth and high promise and friends applauded Miss Kown's choice of a help-mate. The wedding set the whole town agog although it was a quiet and simple affair, with only a few friends and relatives of the contracting parties in attendance at high noon.

The bride-elect wore an elegant creation of chiffon trimmed with lace, and a diamond ornament, the gift of the groom to be, in her hair. The groom was attired in the conventional black. The hymenal altar was banked with the season's flowers. The bride was the recipient of many handsome and costly presents.

At a light collation where delicious refreshments were served, the happy benedict took the floor in the midst of the gay throng and waxed eloquent in praise of his blushing better half before an enthusiastic audience. In his own inimitable way he painted a picture, pointing poetically to primrose paths, pursued by persons patiently plying parsimony persistence and piety—poverty's priceless panacea. He promised to protect his partner from piteous penury and paused to present plans for pleasant pastimes, peace, plenty and perpetual paradise.

The lines of the poet are suggested: "Would but some angel ere too late Arrest the yet unfolded roll of fate, And make the Stern Recorder Enregister, or quite obliterate."

AFTER HIM TOO.

Johnny Mean had done wrong in the school room and the woman teacher was punishing him. He stood her well directed whacks for a while, but the pain soon became unbearable. Thereupon Johnny fled and hid under a nearby barn.

The teacher not wishing to overstep her womanly dignity, sent the principal of the school, a brawny man, after the boy. After a search he found him and started to crawl in after him.

Seeing the principal crawling in the boy turned his head and said, "Ah, prof, is she after you, too?"

We hear a lot about the self-made man, but never anything about the self-made woman. Ask the drug clerk.

Your Spring Apparel

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Landladies' Protective Union Begun

Students Room Decorations Copies of Master-Pieces—Next Year's Bill of Fare the Same.

The Landlady Club was organized yesterday afternoon. The object of the organization is to promote the interests and welfare of the boarding and rooming house keepers of Columbia. The club will also look to the quelling and controlling of boisterous students. About 150 landladies were present.

Mrs. Van Grown read a paper on "The Moral and Sanitary Elements in Student Room Decorations." She said she had visited the Archaeological Museum and had made a careful study of works of art there. She had then made a careful comparison of the pictures in students' rooms. The subject matter and the manner of treatment of the pictures that she found were somewhat similar, which made it evident that the students' pictures are works of art. Many of them seemed to be copies of the museum masterpieces.

According to the speaker, barber poles and store signs are going out of style as decorations. She attributes this to the fact that so many of the students are now taking the course in Appreciation of Art. She has found signs containing some profanity in some rooms. She recommended that these be translated into esperanto.

The bill of fare that has been in use in the boarding houses this year was adopted without change for next year. It was decided, however, that in case the price of beans advanced hominy would be substituted on the days beans were due.

Mrs. N. O. Noyse spoke on "The Roughhouse." She said that this malady always existed where more than one student occupied a room. It increases directly with the number of students in the house. The speaker said that roughhouses were most frequent between 11 and 1 o'clock at night. According to the census re-

port for 1910, the average number of students that engages in any one roughhouse is 7. She said that she had found from experience that a \$2.75 Sears & Roebuck iron bed with an extra pair of slats would last one semester with weekly repairs.

Mrs. Trillie Ball sang a solo, "They Gotta Quit Kickin' My Furniture Around."

The next meeting of the club will be Saturday afternoon. Mrs. T. E. Kettle will read a paper on "The Vinegar Pie—Its Origin and History."

If you draw a cover for a magazine and it proves to be too large, why not ask the editor to change the size of his magazine?

"I'm a little late," said Jonah as the whale let him loose. "I wonder what Mrs. Jonah will say when I tell her I have been to a fish dinner."



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