

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS

Wake Forest College will celebrate its ninety-eighth anniversary with a Founder's Day program on February 2. Among the chief events to take place will be an address by Judge R. Clyde Allen and a debate between the Philomathesian and Euzelean Literary Societies.

Mary Baldwin's representative at the Buffalo Convention of Student Volunteers, led a discussion on the question of disarmament according to the request of the convention. Mary Baldwin College students voted unanimously in favor of the measure. Accordingly a telegram was sent to Washington, petitioning that a student representative be included in the United States delegation to the World Disarmament Conference at Geneva.

The student officials of North Carolina College will meet for their regular semi-annual reunion on Thursday, February 4.

The purpose of this meeting will be to talk over the progress made on the campus this year, to discuss the effects of new regulations drawn up at the former session, and to make plans for the Spring semester. Dr. J. J. Foust will present the situations on the campus as he sees them.

Leacock Asserts Views On Humor Literature Sacrifices Art For Appeal to Lowest

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

Editor's Note: Dr. Stephen Leacock has written this article on trends of current humor especially for the N. C. Daily Tar Heel.

For many centuries the great mass of the people were devoid of education and did not share in the advantages of letters and culture. In modern times, and overwhelmingly in our own day, education and the opportunities of culture have spread to all ranks and classes. This is wonderful in its general aspect, but like all good things it has of necessity the defects of its own merits. Chief among these is the fact that under such conditions all products of literature and art which are put forth for money—which includes ninety-nine per cent. decimal claims repeated—attempt to appeal to the lowest, since the dimes of the poor add up amount to more than the dollars of the rich. You will remember that Sir Walter Scott tells us that his aged minstrel—the last fortunately of his race, the other boys having beaten out by the new Italian barrel organ—was compelled to "tune to please a peasant's ear, the harp a king had loved to hear." If the old man had lived today, he would find that "everybody is doing it." Our magazines, our press, our stage, more and more are driven to sacrifice excellence of art to width of appeal. Our moving pictures were born into this degradation.

This affects humorous literature as it does everything else. It has got to be intelligible to the bluntest intelligence or it won't do commercially. This keeps it from being pedantic and academic, but it tends to tempt it to be showy, and indecent.

To turn back to the larger aspect. If the culture of the world used to be fed from the top and is now fed from the bottom, what will be the result? The thought of the world is more and more being guided by the thoughts of the mass. On the other hand "mute inglorious millions" are no longer buried in country churchyards. It is my opinion that the world is visibly changing from the greatest age in the history of permanent literature to the new age of the mass production of transitory thought.

With which I wish the *Daily Tar Heel* a Happy New Year and turn back to my morning's funny of trying to think of something funny enough and cheap enough to sell. What I have written for you isn't worth a cent.

MY CALENDAR

By AN OPTIMIST

January:
The blinding whiteness of snow
A lay coil of smoke from a tiny chimney
Polo coats and orange sweaters
A lavender and green blanket
A breath-taking sunrise
Cider

February:
Dainty prints of a rabbit's foot in a damp earth
A cozy chair—a floor lamp
Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon"
An English tea room
Valentine chocolates
A grandfather's clock
The call of a partridge

March:
A swaying pine
A tugging kite
Clear skies
A green-tufted hill
Black nights
A peacock
Rossini's "Overture from William Tell"

April:
Dew
Breath-of-spring
Sparkling raindrops
Violets
Budding trees
Calla lilies
A black and red roadster
A swan

May:
Jonquils and narcissus
New silk dresses
Long days
Stars
A sailboat on transparent waters
A golf course
A lattice fence
A well

June:
Music and dancing
Laughter
Diplomas
Yellow roses
Japanese lanterns
Mountain laurel
Blue silk pajamas

July:
Fire crackers
The ocean
Sun-tan
Houseparties
Magazines
Iced tea
Sea gulls
A black bathing suit

August:
A graceful canoe
Silent mountains
Trumpant peaks of an organ
A blue shirt with rolled sleeves
Squirrels
Sunlight through a stained glass window
A katydid

September:
Golden rod
A crimson sunset
Books
New friends
Apples
A tennis racquet
A gentian

October:
Brown and red leaves
Corn—hard and yellow
A slight frost
A black and white cow
A fair
A cackling hen
A jack-o-lantern
Hooked rugers

November:
An open fire
Marshmallows
Falling leaves
Cranberries
A muff
Wild geese
Christnuts
An ivy-covered tombstone

December:
Dreary days
A surging mob
Poissetras
Telegrams
Skates
Chimes
A monastery
Thoughts
Tears

MY CALENDAR

By A PESSIMIST

January:
The slush of melting snow
Exams
Cold, hard days
Frozen ears
Vicks'

February:
Rain
Bare trees
An automobile that won't start
Boxing matches
Golfshoes
More rain

March:
Biting winds
Red noses
A new hat blown into the gutter
An unheated bedroom
Slippery streets
A cold breakfast caused by a short-circuit

April:
A new dress wet by an unexpected shower
A "wet paint" sign on a park bench
An umbrella
A leaking roof
A bee sting
Weeds
An April fool

May:
A garden hose across the driveway
Snakes
A lost golf ball
Last spring's clothes
The grind of a cement mixer
The cock's monotone
Earthworms

June:
Flies
Long graduation address
Lover's quarrels
A flat tire
Heavy caps and gowns
Footprints of a dog on a newly washed porch
Pollen from a tiger lily on a white dress

July:
Sultry heat
Ocean water swallowed by mistake
Mosquitoes
A cheap phonograph record
Unnecessary noise
Unguentine
Shrimp

August:
The stifling smell of tobacco
Shadows
A repulsive circus
Candy-covered apples
Snails
Going-away parties

September:
A trip to the dentist
Hayfever
School
More books
An electric storm
An alarm clock
A theme on "How I Spent My Vacation"

October:
Dead leaves
An empty fountain pen
Ghosts
Frightened children
Chewing gum
A deserted cemetery

November:
Artificial flowers
Kress's
Smoke from a bonfire
Chapped lips
A carving knife being sharpened

December:
People—people—people
Dirty streets
Wrappings from Christmas presents
Nurshells
Liquor
Greetings from Amos and Andy

SAME BASIC IDEA IN COLLEGE HUMOR

Editor's Note: The following comment on current humor was written for the N. C. Daily Tar Heel by H. N. Swanson, editor of *College Humor*.

I really haven't very much to say on current humor. Young people think more or less the same things from year to year. Their slang may change somewhat, but the basic idea remains—that everything they have been told is grand can stand the searchlight of laughter. If there is any trend today which was not visible ten years ago, I would say it is that humor commands more attention than it ever has in the history of American publishing.

THE TALE OF THE STANDING-UP ROCK

(Continued From Page Two)
At the same time others of the slaves saw a large bleached stone on the mountain pass between the Alleghany and the Blue Ridge ranges. Frightened, the slaves worked inhumanly that day and for the rest of their lives, even after President Lincoln issued his famous Proclamation of Emancipation. The fact that the Register of Deeds of the county court found a clause in the will of the harsh slave-driver to the effect that he be buried standing up on the side of the mountain only added to the terror of the slaves. So, to this day, the negro descendants of the slaves work laboriously during the entire day until the sun sets behind the Alleghany-Blue Ridge mountain pass and night covers the Standing-Up Rock with its darkness.

Showing that the rising generation is up to snuff, the professor said, when marking the figure seven on the blackboard: "Now, what does that figure call to your mind?"
From several parts of the room came the instantaneous answer: "Eleven."

Student: "What becomes of a football player when his eyesight begins to fail?"
Player: "They make a referee out of him."

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