

THE AMERICAN STUDENT

Last fall Edna Ferber landed on native soil in New York with an accusation on her lips, for which she was severely criticized. Miss Ferber stated that she was impressed by the apparent shallowness of the American student as compared to European youth, and by their lack of interest in and understanding of world conditions.

Our first reaction is the indignation that one feels after a personal affront. More careful consideration, however, and conversation with foreign students force us to admit that this statement has more fact in it than we at first realized. Under this consideration it seems to us that the American student population can be divided into three groups.

First, there is the group—and it is a large one—who are well versed in the most recent developments in world affairs. This class is quite able to hold the upper hand in any discussion, with Americans, or Europeans.

On the other hand there is a very large number of students in America who undoubtedly are the ones about whom Miss Ferber was talking. We will have to admit that there are many such "students" who are responsible for the worn and ragged condition of "Life" every week, to the well-being of such magazines as The Literary Digest, Time, Graphic Survey, Current History, and others like these. They are the reason for the immense popularity of the humor magazines printed especially for colleges. They are the ones that go to college to go to college, not to get an education.

We are especially anxious to vindicate, however, the third group of American students who, we believe, are in the majority. This third group consists of those students who would very much like to keep abreast of the current developments, who are anxious to learn everything they can about the world of which they are to become a part, but they are unable to do this. The load of work that they have to carry leaves no time, or too little time, for securing this needed information. The necessary courses that must be crowded into the curriculum of the technical schools, or the ever-broadening demands made on the students of cultural and educational colleges, precludes any effective understanding or appreciation of contemporary developments in every field of knowledge.

It seems necessary that courses in current history should be deliberately inserted into the curriculum of those students who are unable to secure this information independently.

—J. G. M. —In The Commensal.

AN EXAMPLE OF LA FEVRE

Well, I guess I'll have to tie myself down to writing this darn thing and get it over with, though Heaven knows I can't get my mind on it and it's already late. I'm just not inspired about spring now—I wanted to go skating this afternoon anyhow. You know, I believe it's a little warmer today. H-m-m wonder if it will be too cool to wear my new spring coat-suit this week-end—think I'll start paying for more and brighter sunshine. Oh migosh, this is not getting me anywhere on a feature—ye gods! I wish on earth that racket down at the end of the hall—think I'll go see—no harm—only Rachel Carroll's little imitation of Fannie Brice's "Spring is Came" dance. See it's pretty and "springs" outside. I wonder if they're still skaring. Oh, this feature? What the devil is wrong with me this afternoon—I'm tired already. Think I'll run over to the post office a minute.

Well, after a third attempt to think of something original, I've decided I'm hopeless. What in heaven's name does all me? Oook—do you know what I bet I've got? Aw, how did you know??? it is Spring Fever!

A MORAVIAN EASTER SUNDAY MORNING

"The Lord is risen, the Lord is risen indeed!" "Hail, all hail, victorious Lord and Savior, Thus hast burst the bonds of death."

As silently as the dead around whose graves they are gathered, the crowd of worshippers stand reverently listening to the first words of the service, and join joyously into the hymn that follows. The sun is just rising over the hillside, sending its golden rays of light through the cedar trees which surround the graves of the sleepers. Great joy fills my heart, until it seems that it will burst. Joy, too, fills all the hearts present—especially the hearts of those whose people are resting in the graveyard, because it seems that they are present in person. The people are facing the rising sun; and as the preacher leads the service, the sun changes from a huge red ball, into fiery glory that touches everyone with an ethereal light. The wind stirs the boughs of the ancient cedar trees, and causes the flowers on the graves to sway slightly.

At last the service is concluded, and the worshippers sing the closing hymn, led by the band which is standing near by. The crowd then moves forward, toward the iron gates as silently as when they came, still deeply impressed with the solemnity and the beauty of the thoughts behind the service, that the dead are only asleep in Christ, and that Christ Himself arose in the early morning while the mist still dispelled it. —Emma Kapp.

XLIII

Summer, be seen no more within this wood; No you, red Autumn, down its paths appear;

Let no more the false mistwort in trade Nor the dwarf cornel nor the gentian here;

You too be absent, unavailing Spring, Nor let those thuruses that with pain inspire me here.

From out this wood their wild arpeggios fling, Shaking the nerves with memory and desire.

Only that season which is no man's friend, You, surly Winter, in this wood be found;

Freeze up the year; with sleet those branches bend, Though rasps the locust in the fields around.

Now darken, sky! Now shrieking blizzard, blow! Farewell, sweet bank; be blotted out with snow.

—From "Fatal Interview," by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

If in the years to come you should recall, When faint at heart or fallen on hungry days,

Or full of griefs and little if at all From them distracted by delights or praise;

When failing powers or good opinion lost, Have bowed your neck, should you recall to mind,

How of all men I honoured you the most, Holding you noblest among mortal-kind,

Might not my love—although the curving blade From whose wide mowing none may hope to hide,

Me long ago below the frosts had laid— Restore you somewhat to your former pride?

Indeed I think this memory, even then, E. S. Nominations: Must raise you high among the run of men.

—From "Fatal Interview," by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

"ONLY THE GREAT—"

Aha—sweet essence of bliss, ecstasy, rapture joy and any other synonyms per Webster, Raget, Soule, Keats, Campbell, Archdeacon Smith or any other etymologists, I have at last found success! Who is it that says nothing comes to him who waits? Oh—well—the authorship is not really necessary, but to continue:— After twenty-two years life's futile fever, I have found that something does come to him or her who waits long enough. On several occasions I had almost decided to stop waiting, but knowing that proverbs are seldom wrong, I managed to stick it out. As I have not said before, I have always wanted to be great. Why, even from mere infancy I have aspired to such great heights as only Cleopatra, Sapho, Bernhardt and Jeanne d'Arc have reached. And now I'll tell you the whole secret, which reminds me that if I don't soon get to the point I shall become as exhausting and glibly-gabbling as the unfortunate "Tristan" Shady himself. The other day I came across the following statement: "Only the great can profit by criticism." Oh—yes—I thought you'd remark that that doesn't cut any ice, but hold your jaw! I profited by criticisms and so per statement I am great. Of course you're not as yet convinced, but *audite!* (with apologies to Professor HicDonald). For example I recall that I profited by criticism on my Biology notebook to such an extent that instead of spending three hours in Lab. I learned that I could spend five with great profit both to the appearance of the book and to my grade. I also have profited through English criticism. The next time my answers on quizzes shall be more definite and not as inadequate as those of previous times. Now I ask—haven't I profited? Yes. Therefore I am great because "only the great profit by criticism."

—Kathleen Adkins.

LIFE

The sky was as blue as spring's first periwinkles. The songs of happy birds broke the stillness of the morning. From all parts of the garden came the odor of new spring flowers—lilies of the valley, irises, violets, Easter lilies. On the fresh grass, young leaves wore a network of shadows. Somewhere in the distance a small stream trickled over tiny waterfalls.

Then from out of a cave tomb came a Figure clothed in amazing whiteness. His soft brown eyes took in the beauty of the scene, but He was more beautiful than all. As a grief-stricken woman came slowly down the dew-drenched path, He turned to her and said, "Fear not; It is I."

—Kathleen Adkins.

CHRIST THE MAN

Lord, I say nothing; I profess No faith in Thee nor Christ Thy Son; Yet no man ever heard me mock A true believing one.

If knowledge is not great enough To give a man believing power, Lord, he must wait in Thy great hand Till revelation's hour.

Meanwhile He'll follow Christ the man, In that humanity He taught, Which to the poor and the oppressed, Gives its best time and thought. —W. H. Davies.

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FAMOUS AUTHOR LECTURES ON IRISH DRAMATISTS

(Continued From Page One)

Throughout its existence it has been defined first one way and then another, according to the spirit of the times and ideas of the leading literary persons of the period. Synge came to make his wonderful contribution and then died at a lamentably early age. Lady Gregory has contributed an understanding wit and humor of everyday life.

Recently the drama has been led by W. T. Murray, St. John Ervine, and Lennox Robinson. As young writers they revolved as youth will do against some of the practices of their predecessors, but still clung to the purposes for which the theatre was established. At present a still younger generation is rising to turn the tide in still a different channel. Throughout the years, however, as Mr. Robinson repeatedly emphasized, the Abbey Theatre or the Irish National Theatre has remained and will continue to remain the voice of the Irish people speaking the drama of real human living.

ELECTION DAY FURNISHES GREAT EXCITEMENT

(Continued From Page One)

Fire Chief—Alice Stough, Katherine Lasater.

Nominations for Annual Editor-in-Chief—M. L. Brinkley, Mary Katherine Thorpe.

Assistant Editor—Elizabeth Leake, Alice Stough.

Business Manager—Ghilian Hall, Ruth Croust.

Assistant Business Manager—Jean Patterson, Frances Hill, Anne Shuford.

Nominations For Salemite: Editor-in-Chief—Mary Louise Mickey, Josephine Courtney.

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