

FREEDOM COLUMN

THE DOUBLE STANDARD.

Man no longer obeys God through fear, but because of love. The Dean should not be a tyrant, but a mother. If a college is a place to live, and not entirely a place to prepare to live, why should the young women be forced to eke out a lonely existence? What mother would deny her daughter the pleasure of a gentleman's company? Is a college woman less capable of taking care of herself than the high school graduate at home or in the business world? If so, send her home to be tied to her mother's apron string and become a sour old maid!

Is it fair that the women should receive all the protection and the men left without a word of restraint or guidance? Do not men go astray as often as women? Our college youth demands justice and equality. A. C. C. is no exception. If the men and women were permitted to go together under reasonable conditions, fewer of the men would be found on the street corners and in the slums of the city. A. C. C. students are tired of arbitrary rules that support the double standard.

F. W. W.

DO STUDENTS STUDY ENOUGH?

This is a question that arises in the minds of most of the students and faculty every day. It seems to be the general idea among the students that we do not study enough. Well, whose fault is it? Why don't we? We raise the questions, and it is up to us to answer them.

Now, just what do we mean by study? Mr. Webster says that study is the application of the mind to acquisition of knowledge; to apply the mind closely to a subject; endeavor diligently; v. t. to examine closely in order to learn thoroughly; con. over; devote one's thoughts to.

Most of the students consider study as merely reading books, the assigned lesson, or parallel.

On a whole, the students do much studying. Approximately all are passing their work. Well, what more is needed? Some may ask.

Our teachers, preachers, business men, etc., of today tell us that school is not a place to learn to live, but a place to live. In order to be successful in later life one must begin in early life. "Practice makes perfect," as the old adage goes.

If we will stop to consider, a number of students are paying their way through school. How? Not by reading books, but by working and thinking. In order to work one has to study. To study means to gain knowledge.

We have to fit ourselves into the social, business and religious world. This cannot all be accomplished before entering college. College is the place to complete it.

We desire to be liked by everybody, but first we must know how to meet them, what to talk about and how to act. The best way to do this is by actual experience. We all admit that experience is the best teacher. In college people of all walks of life are met, that is, if we get out any, and stir about. To confine ourselves to our room, reading books, we learn only how others acted and what they thought. We cannot actually experience and think or study out the problems for ourselves, and too, life of today is very different from life of yesterday.

If a student goes up town a lot, meets up with business men, talks with them and observes them, it stimulates him, causes him to day dream of what his future might be, to lay plans, to want to work, and creates a desire to meet more people, see more of the world and gain more knowledge. This is study.

Some one said that a person who never day dreamed would never accomplish much. Considering this true, a person who is a bookworm altogether will never accomplish much.

In order to understand ourselves better we have to think of and compare ourselves more. If all the time is spent in reading, this faculty is neglected; instead, we are always comparing others.

It does a person good to meditate a lot. Of course this may be carried to the extreme, but that applies to all things, and need not be discussed. To

meditate is to see our mistakes, to plan for the better next time and to think, which is gaining knowledge.

Dr. Frank Crane says that "Idleness is the mother of progress." By this he means physical idleness, and mental in that one is not continually thinking on some certain subject, which would be studying. It gives us a chance to think some for ourselves, on different things. When the mind is idle from any one subject it may fall on most any, and the outcome may mean a lot. If it were not for idleness nothing new would ever be discovered or thought of, consequently we would be static rather than dynamic. This is a dynamic universe, and a static person is just out of the race. If one wishes to be successful he must be dynamic and not static.

If we read books all the time we never have any originality or thought. It is always some one else's thoughts. Napoleon spent eight long years in study and thought, planning how he could bring about the French revolution, which was the result of originality in thought. If he had spent most of this time in reading instead of observing and thinking, probably we would never have heard of him.

Do not mistake me to mean that I do not believe in reading our lessons and books, for I most certainly do. It helps us to think. If we know how others thought, we can know better how to think.

But, it seems to be the general idea that study is only reading, but I contend that study consists of more thinking than reading. I believe that on a whole the students of today do more studying than the students of yesterday in that they actually think more instead of reading all of the time.

It is common sense that if a person is not physically engaged, reading or sleeping that he is thinking of something unless he is subnormal, and if he isn't a very immoral person his thoughts are constructive rather than destructive.

J. R. G.

COLLEGE ART GALLERIES.

FROM THE VIEW POINT OF THE VISITOR.

It is a curiosity to those unfamiliar with college life to take a peep into a college student's room. It is more educational than a visit to one of the most popular museums or art galleries. Here pasted upon the wall, one can find everything from the original national hero, Babe Ruth, and Mr. Al Smith with his wet platform to the real Protosoa as reproduced in the laboratory, from which our ancestors probably are said to have descended.

First upon entering the room (assuming that it is a boy's room) the tourist will observe an art selection, a real one taken from the latest Art Magazine for which only the most beautiful ladies of the day are permitted to pose. This selection furnishes an excellent opportunity for a study of the natural curves of the peculiar sex. The next interesting points that catch the eye are the calendars. Upon these the flapper girl and the bathing suit type are predominant.

But in the der. of some other youth who has an entirely different artistic conception we will find that he has ventured forth to prove his ability as an artist. Thus he has the season's athletic scores on the wall and has placed them there as a result of his own skill with the paint. Yet some of these ambitious paint slingers show merits which would be very commendable were they taking inventory to find the field in which their training might be centered.

Still others have a sense of humor and thus decorate their wall with those scenes that will produce a laugh. Among those collections there are such pictures as the most comical football sketches, comic pictures that are characteristic of Valentine, and even comic strips from the daily paper.

Only a few of the most noticeable things have been mentioned. But any one can be sure that a person can be judged from a few unexpected visits. The artistic can be detected by the arrangement of their wall signboards. His interest can be sensed by the type of selection, the football play or athlete will major in the pictures that show the superiority of "brawn" over "brain." Too the respective students housekeeping ability and sense of fitness can be concluded from the neatness of the room. A person can be

judged not so much by their home as by the way that their home is kept.

OVER THE PLATE.

Bill Jones had the speed of a cannon ball,
He could loosen a brick from a three foot wall,
When he shot one across it would hurtle by
Too swiftly for even the surest eye.
No one could hit him when he was right
As no eye could follow the ball's swift flight.
Bill should have starred in a Big League role
But he stuck to the Minor—he lacked control.

Jack Smith had the curves of a loop-the-loop,
It would start for your head with a sudden swoop,
And break to your knee with a zig zag wave
And the league's best batters would roar and rave
At the jump it took and the sudden awe.
Shaves of the Boomerang. What a curve.
But Jack still doomed to a Bush League fate
He could not get it across the plate.

Tom Brown had both the speed and the curves,
A combination that jarred the nerves.
He'd steam 'em by till they looked like peas,
They'd take a break from your neck to your knees.
From the best to the worst in the league, By Jing,
He had 'em all in the phantom swing,
But he, too, missed the mark of the truly great
He could not get it across the plate.

How is it with you may I ask?
Have you got control of your daily task?
Have you got control of your appetite,
Of your temper and tongue in the bitter fight?
It matters not what your daily role
Have you got control? Have you got control?

It matters not what you have, my friend
When the story is told at the games—far end.
The greatest brawn and the greatest brain
The world has known may be yours in vain.
The man who controls is the one who mounts,
And its how you use what you've got that counts.
Have you got the head? Are you aiming straight?
How much of your effort goes over the plate?

—Anonymous.

SUSPENSE.

I'm waiting,
Though I came early
I'm late—
On the front row,
Two minutes to go,
When,
At last,
Here's professor, and—
Two large pages
Filled to the top.
My! he picks up chalk,
Begins—
The two large pages,
By mistake,
Are not exam questions,
But, are late papers coming back;
And only three questions
Appear!

RUN RIGHT TO

Ruffin's

A MODERN DREAMER.

I lay on my bed at midnight,
The nightbirds were singing high,
And the moon in a robe of beauty
Went dashing through the sky.

My eyes began to get heavy
As I closed my window screen,
And soon I was sleeping,
And lo, I had a dream.

I dreamed that there was a garden
Out on the village square,
And there among the roses
I saw my Lady Fair.

I silently advanced toward her—
The one, for whom, my life I'd give,
For while in her apparel of beauty
One so fair could ne'er have lived.

I saw as I approached her
That a smile was on her face,
And her eyes as sparkling diamonds
Bid me quicken my pace.

I came up close beside her,
And as I gently grasped her hand
She said, "It's simply wonderful
That we've met in flowery land."

She bid me look at the roses
In the moonlight (their eyes did beam),
And she said she'd love a garden of
her own
Down by the village stream.

I asked her to come with me
To a seat that was close by,
And there our future we would see
Beneath the starlit sky.

A vacant lot there is, my dear,
Beside the village stream,
And ere you say, your love's for me
You shall soon realize your dream.

"My love is for you but before a promise I make
I choose to consider awhile,"
Those words she spoke in a trembling voice,
And her face it lost its smile.

Then approaching a garden from a street on my right,
A Nobleman's son I spied,
He dared not wait as though he was late,
But the gate he opened wide.

"Who's that?" I asked in surprise,
As I turned to my lady fair,
Ah! Suppose 'twas out of order this night
For me on this scene to appear.

No appointment with this young nobleman,
Have I made for tonight,
But rather, I refused his last request
And wished him out of sight.

He's not welcome she further said
As the tears came in her eye,
And ere he hears what I've to say
He will soon have passed on by.

"Pardon me fair children"
The young nobleman softly said,
"Some roses I've come to take
For a wreath for my step-mother dead."

Again we soon were seated
On the garden's lawn so true,
Gazing with mellow solitude
Into the sky so blue.

—A Student.

OPEN-MINDEDNESS.

Open-mindedness is an admirable trait of character in a man or woman, boy or girl. But first let us consider just what we would term open-mindedness. The mind is the entire psychological being of man. It is that part which thinks, feels and wills; to have determination. Open means to be expanded; free to be entered or used; not shut or closed. Then we might say that an open-mind is an unclosed psychological being in man. All of us should be open-minded in our thinking each day. We must be willing to take facts and weigh the evidence that is contained in them and if there be any new truths contained in them we could accept them and adjust them to our lives. If we keep our mind closed all the time and remain narrow-minded can we ever hope to get out of the "ruts" in which our forefathers were? Will we ever be able to catch a new truth? A truth is a principle in which everybody can follow therefore we should be willing and glad to accept something as an example for each of us. Every man wishes to succeed but success does not come to the man who does not try. "The elevator to success is not running, take the stairs." Let us apply a little thought to this and I think that we can get along better when we become open-minded and take other views than our own conservative ideas.

WONDERS.

Wonder what would happen if: Mr. Grim announced that there would be no term papers in Education this term.

The athletes were to begin studying something other than the game. Chapel attendance were one hundred per cent strong.

The students were to decide that they would not like to miss any more classes.

The students began studying. It were announced that the boys and girls were to have all the privileges they desired.

Some of the boys were to take a bath. The legislature declared it unlawful to eat beans.

The new course in golf were to require a breakage fee for the replacement of all broken windows.

IMAGINATION

Some definitions of the term imagination are:

Ruth Manning wearing Margaret Osborne's dress.

Cecil Reel missing a breakfast.

Violet Goodwin being blue.

Ranny Munn staying away from the President's for one day.

Miss Reid getting to meals on time.

A boy not finding a girl any time he desires to speak to her.

A girl not talking out the window.

Mr. Hamlin not giving an A on history.

SAD—AIN'T IT?

I winked at her,
I became blind;
I spoke to her,
I became dumb;
I listen to her,
I became death;
I felt her—in my arms,
Here I awoke.

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