

The Campus

A Weekly Journal

THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

Vol. XV

OCTOBER 7, 1914

No. 2

FACULTY PROMOTIONS PASSED UPON

Board of Trustees Creates Four Professors—Five New Appointments

The Board of Trustees of the College at their last meeting passed upon promotions in rank and new appointments to the City College Faculty.

Four instructors were promoted to the position of Assistant Professor,—Livingston B. Morse of the History Department, Homer C. Newton of the Latin Department, Edward E. Whitford of the Mathematics Department and Samuel B. Heckman of the Education Department.

A greater number of tutors were elected to an instructorship,—Messrs. Damen, Lemaire and Bergeron of the Department of Romance Languages, Messrs. Keppler and Feynich of the German Department, Mr. Corcoran of the Physics Department, Messrs. Tynan and Friedland of the English Department, Messrs. Brewster, Schwarz, Hayes and Toussaint of the Mathematics Department, Mr. McDougall of the Art Department, Mr. O'Niell of the Department of Hygiene, Messrs. Edwards and Brown of the Natural History Department, Mr. Pearl of the Latin Department, and Messrs. Canfield and Stebbins of the History Department.

Dr. Felix Grendson has been granted a leave of absence until February. He is now pursuing his studies at Oxford and Cambridge.

Mr. Cammerer has resigned from the Faculty to take up law practice.

Stanley F. Brown, a graduate of Colby College, has been appointed a tutor in Chemistry. D. D. Robinson recently graduated from Stevens has received a tutorship in Mathematics. Dr. S. B. Benjamin, who taught History at the College four years ago, and who left to teach at Alleghany College, has been re-appointed to the Faculty.

H. J. Kline and F. R. Dieuaide, the latter a C. C. N. Y. graduate of the 1912 class, have been appointed to the teaching staffs of the Physics and Natural History Departments respectively.

CHARLES D. LYDECKER CHAIRMAN OF BOARD

Charles D. Lydecker, of the class of '78, was elected chairman of the Board of Trustees last week.

Col. Lydecker succeeds Mr. Frederick P. Bellamy, who held the chair to the completion of Mr. Miller's unexpired term.

James W. Hyde was re-elected Secretary of the Board.

WILL CHOSE ROTTERDAM INSTEAD OF CARLSBAD HEREAFTER

Dr. Voelkle Declares the Dutch City
Better Suited to His Purpose.

To reduce his coporeal rotundity Dr. Voelkle of the German Department has been in the habit of visiting Carlsbad every two years.

"But all I got to eat in Rotterdam last month was oat-meal and all I got to eat on the passage home was oat-meal. Hereafter I'll take a trip to Rotterdam instead of going to Carlsbad," he declared.

Cautions Freshmen Not To Bury Themselves In Books

Fifty students listened to Everett D. Hood, '15, while he delivered a stirring speech at the Y. M. C. A. Dinner to Freshmen last Monday evening.

Hood said in part—"During the approaching days of your college life, you will hear the whispering of voices; many and varied. Each will plead for your life and your complete devotion. Popularity comes and knocks at the door of your heart and begs admittance as the master motive of all your endeavor. My friends, popularity is to be prized, but do not give your whole life to her, do not make her the master motive of all your endeavor. Then knowledge lifts up her voice and begs for your whole life, your deepest anxiety and your profoundest care.

"Knowledge is precious, but do not give her your full, complete devotion, do not become so absorbed in books that you withdraw from the great rich abounding life of your fellow-man."

COL. LYDECKER ADDRESSES FRESHMEN

Welcomes New Men to the College

In a few well chosen words Col. Lydecker, Chairman of the Board of Trustees welcomed the '18 class into the College last Thursday.

Acting President Werner also spoke and Prof. Baldwin played selections upon the organ.

Among Those Present,—

(Prof. Hunt concludes his interesting account of the experiences of some stranded Americans.)

When you go to Liege you'll not see the Renaissance palace of Justice with Venetian, Moorish and Gothic columns 400 years old; the graceful new bridge thrown over the junction of the rivers Ourthe and Meuse to commemorate the World's Fair; the University and its 300,000 books; the citadel centuries old frowning 500 feet above the town and the house of Curtius. Sieges-guns demolished these. A picturesque, happy and hospitable town is off the map. Brave Liege!

At last we can pass thro' the gates to "the train" where passengers stand in freight cars and a few get seats in regular cars; the aisles are jammed; and as for trunks,—but that is another story. The long train creeps out but stops at every cross-road and bridge; papers are scrutinized; an autograph album is gravely presented and accepted as a passport by one brash girl who insists on the inspector's signature on the pink page of her book,—and gets it. Old letters are taken as good evidence and as they are handed back the officer asks for the postage stamps on them to use for his collection. Tragedy and Comedy are hand in hand.

Next to me sits a grandmother, brave but tearful; her son is in the English army, and her son-in-law in the "Death Hussars" in Germany; "her baby" was killed at Spion-Kop. The old lady was French and lived in Scotland.

Once out of Liege we crawl through Louvain, Malines, Brussels, and at last reach Ostend and the sea. "No boats running" is the rumor,—a false one. An old side-wheeler built to carry 300, billed to start at three in the afternoon goes at two the next a. m. with 1200 of us, all on deck in the rain which soaks the patient holiday seekers and also covers them thickly with coal dust. The grotesque grouping of the sick ones! Not even the deadly looking, silent

"destroyers," which challenges us could arouse them; but when Dover's Cliffs flashed us signals at daybreak, then and only then they came to life.

All this was one day's journey, but it seemed weeks. The whole thing was a nightmare, it was unreal,—such a war couldn't come and we were all a bit shamed at our haste as we shuffled off the boat under Shakespeare's Cliff, and became celebrated in prose and verse as "stranded Americans."

Another train experience at 4 a.m. and 1,300 pour into Charing Cross to ask for rooms. "We turned 1,700 away last night" is the answer and the sad faced weary guard says: "Go as far away from this region as ever you can, we are 'full up.'"

London is externally imperburbed save in the American room of the Savoy Hotel. Here is a buzzing confusing bee-hive. An instructor in one of our oldest Universities grabs my arm and says:—"Dont let me lose you Doctor, you remember me at C. C. N. Y. I'm teaching at X—now and *must* get home." A federal judge says:—"Oh! what awful experiences and I've lost my safety razor and havn't shaved in four days." The President of a great museum is quieting the ladies but finds time to say:—"What I stand in, here, represents all my belongings in Europe."

The grievance of a great New York hotel owner is that his trunks were thrown out of the front door of a hotel without notice. An actress complained that she "had one week only at Ostend, when she planned a month." Many were objecting to the hammocks of the U. S. transports which were never sent. So restless and anxious were the army of the stranded that the picture galleries of London, closed because of Suffragette outrages, were opened to calm and divert the American visitors. But every newspaper praised the "stranded" for "bucking up" and cheerfully accepting the inevitable.

Then came weeks of weary waiting for a ship, and then we board her, lights out, portholes covered, a coat of gray paint over her funnels and hull and then, the Narrows. A boy yells from a small motor boat. "Aint you glad to get home?" And a Kansas City man behind me mutters:—"Such a question!"

You'll be disappointed to know, that the train I caught from Liege was not "the last one" and that a few more channel boats brought over travellers abroad. We can't all be heroes.

Prof. Liegh J. Hunt.

In Re Muldoon.

His System for Training the Will.

(Continued from last issue.)

"Muldoon's treatment goes under the general term of "dope," and the formula is about as follows:

"You arrive at the long, plain, Quaker gray shingled house on the hill, after a pleasant drive of an hour from the station at White Plains. Muldoon receives you with the quiet dignity of a Chesterfield. You are impressed by the man, only you wish he would thaw out and sympathize with you. Later you ascertain that Muldoon does not effuse over anybody, even a member of the Supreme Court of the United States. In five minutes Muldoon's quick eyes have looked you over and he has decided that you have enough vitality to build on—parties in wheeled chairs or those requiring surgical treatment never find Muldoon at home.

"So you are accepted. You are gently told that you cannot have any visitors, either doctors or laymen, and that books, medicine and stimulants are tabu. The suggestion seems a trifle curt, but you submit, and there bid your friends good bye. You watch their carriage as it slowly circles down the hill and is lost amid the towering elms.

"The first move is to interview the secretary—he being the only person in sight. You pay the genial young man your first week's board of sixty dollars: this advance payment being a part of the dope, a necessary psychologic item in the work of regeneration. You are given a heavy woolen sweater, a gray pair of gymnasium trousers and a pair of felt slippers. Then you are shown to your room and told to put on this suit and go below where the Professor will see you.

"Your room is furnished with a little table, one chair, and a small iron bed. All toilet requisites are noticeable by their absence. The room looks like a cell, save that there are two open doors, one opening right out of doors and the other leading to the hall that runs the length of the building. These rooms you learn are known as "kennels." You note that there are no locks nor bolts on the doors, and if you are a cosmic it comes to you that the insignificant matter of ventilation evidently is not in the hands of the occupant.

"You sit down on the bed and think about nothing in particular rather en-

joying the view out of the open door, listening to the drowsy hum of bees and the summer wind in the locusts. You have about concluded to lie down on the little bed: and take a nap when an athletic youth in a sweater puts his head in the door and says, "The Professor is waiting for you." And then adds half confidentially, "It's all right if you mind him, but you ought to have changed your clothes at once and not lingered here."

"You murmur excuses and get into the convict's clothes in less time than you usually take to dress. You look about for a mirror to see how frightful you appear. No mirror is to be seen. You go down stairs and enter the gymnasium. The Professor is there in gym dress, putting a class of a dozen thru a course of calisthenics.

"Then occurs exactly what occurred when Chauncy M. Depew entered the same room under like conditions six weeks before. The senator was yellow; there were dark baggy lines under his eyes, but the gymnasium dress into which he had packed his senatorial person offered an excuse for art. He approached the Professor and proffered a small pliocene pleasantry. And the Professor replied, "Sir, sit down," in a low, clear, distinct tone. Depew's punning proclivity vanished. He had really expected that the Professor would slap his thigh and roar, as people in civilization were wont when the Nectarine spoke, or at least smile and ask after things down in Washington. And all the Professor said was, "Sir, Sit down," and went right along with his calisthenics. "Rightfoot—leftfoot—rightarm—left—up, back, down, over, out—neck to the left!"

"The Senator moved over to the window, looked out, strolled down to the end of the gym. The class was working down that way, too.

"Sir, sit down!" suddenly calls the voice of the Professor.

"The Senator is sure the voice is not for him, no one had ever spoken to him like that. He still strolls. Now comes the third order with the Professor walking toward him, "Mr. Depew, sit down!" pointing to a seat along the wall. The Senator is startled, then he half laughs as he comes to him that it is a joke, and he replies.

"Oh, I prefer to stand, thank you."

"The fourth time the order rings out and Depew realizes that it is no joke. He jumps, shivers and stammers.

(Continued on page 7.)

NOTES

We will be pleased to consider for publication any news items of collegiate interest which members of the Alumni, Faculty and Student bodies desire to contribute.

Since the graduation of the members of ex-thirteen, they have by no means been inactive. They have formed a permanent organization consisting of twenty-five men. Meetings are held four times a year at their club rooms, 75 East 121 St. During the past summer a very successful outing was held at Park Inn, Rockaway Park. On October 23, a theatre party will be held and on December 18, a banquet. Batt and Marz, ex'13, have passed the Maxwell examination. George A. Marz, President of the club, resides at 424 East 162 Street.

Mr. Wetzel spent the greater part of the summer in research in the laboratory of Prof. Stark in Aachen, Germany. In November last Prof. Stark discovered what many physicists had been looking for: how to break up or resolve the spectral lines that characterize the chemical elements with an electric field. The effect throws light upon atomic structure and the constitution of matter. Mr. Wetzel investigated the action of strong electric fields upon the spectral lines emitted when mercury atoms collide with the canal rays.

The Engineering Society resumed its activities for the coming year on Thursday, September 24th at 12 o'clock, in Room 102. All interested are cordially invited to attend. The officers for the coming term are:—

President, R. A. Welke, '15, Secretary-Treasurer, W. J. Kupec, '15, Editor, E. S. Bristol, 15.

T. H. H. expects to run a successful season in athletics with the new material and last year's regulars.

Harris will put several champion teams into the field. The outlook for this year's Soccer and Basketball Team is very encouraging and Coach Williamson expects a large basketball squad.

Much is expected from the Soccer team whose work has always been good.

Students are urged to join the Athletic Association or if any move has been made toward the General Organization to join that. The General Or-

ganization is one which will include the clubs, societies and the Athletic Association.

THE WORKER FOR THE SUMMER

If your waiter seems a little new and green

At the summer place you've chosen for the season,

If the porter has a cultivated mein,
There's a reason gentle reader,
there's a reason.

If you find a stableman is up in Greek
And the clerk discusses Isben with each corner,

Here's the answer to your question ere you speak,

He's a college student working for the summer.

You will find him on the steamers,
scrubbing deck,

You will see him in the stokehole,
where he swelters,

You will find him picking currants by the peck,

And he labors in the factories and smelters;

He's the canvasser who lingers at your door,

He's a trolley-car conductor and a plumber,

And the extra clerk who serves you at the store

Is a college student working for the summer.

The iceman—you had best be kind to him,

For he may be champion strong-man of his college,

And the girl you hire to keep the house in trim

May be Vassar's very pride and full of knowledge.

There is nothing that a student won't essay;

He's a willing little toiler and a hummer;

You will find him near at home or far away,

The college student working for the summer.

—Burton Braley.

Get complete results of all class elections in the next issue of THE CAMPUS.

**PATRONIZE
OUR ADVERTISERS**

ATHLETICS

To-morrow at twelve the student body will assemble in the Great Hall. Representatives of the athletic association, coaches and captains of teams will speak on C. C. N. Y.'s athletic prospects for the coming year. Every man in college owes it to himself to attend this meeting. Freshmen will miss an opportunity to learn about the A. A. and the athletic situation at the college, if they do not attend this meeting.

The Basketball Outlook

Coach Palmer reports that an unusually large squad is reporting for basket-ball practice. It is so large that three teams will be organized from among the best and a man will be shifted from one team to another according to his merit. Those who remain on the first team at the beginning of the actual playing season will be the five who will represent C. C. N. Y. against other teams.

Feldman and Drake of last year's team are back again. Chick Saltman, of 1912-13 fame, has returned and is showing up very well. The whole squad means business and Coach Palmer is going to make the men work very hard. Besides the regular scrimmage practice, there will be extra time devoted to shooting practice during the lunch hour and during the half hour before regular practice. The men must confine themselves to the use of only one basket for this purpose.

For preliminary practice, games have been scheduled with six professional teams. These games will be played at night and behind closed doors.

An interesting feature of this year's schedule is the game with Manhattan College, who, last year were the only team to beat West Point and Annapolis. This game should arouse a great deal of enthusiasm among lovers of the sport throughout the city.

Johnny Finley, the mascot of the basket-ball team, is back on the job after having been arrested twice in Europe. John will be on hand in a uniform every Tuesday afternoon to help the coach in his decisions and the players in their plays. With his efficient help we cannot help but have a successful basket-ball season.

Freshmen Inactive

To date the 1918 class has done little except dodge the blood-thirsty sopho-

more. There are a number of good men in the class, but they have not yet awakened to the realization of the fact that they must stir the class into activity. Certainly by this time the newness has worn off, and we can reasonably expect the Freshmen to show some interest.

The cross-country team needs men; men are needed for the 1918 soccer and basket-ball teams, while track and swimming also furnish a chance for good hard work. The Freshmen of to-day are the 'varsity men of to-morrow, and if they don't come out now what will become of athletics? Come to the Athletic Association mass meeting to-morrow and think over what you can do for athletics.

Mr. Mackenzie is 'at home' in the gym every day for the reception of candidates for all teams. All athletes are assured of a hearty welcome by Mac. Go and find him immediately.

Swimming Practices Begins

Altho the swimming squad has not yet officially organized, several swimmers are already out for individual practice getting ready for a hard winter. Nick O'Connell and Cathcart are doing some fine diving. Kilpatrick, Shauer, and Gross are also working hard. Among the new men are Harway and Wade from T. H. H. and Gehan a promising young plunger from Morris.

The schedule will probably include a meet with Princeton at Princeton, one with Penn in Pennsylvania, a meet with Yale here and one with Columbia. Meets are also being arranged with Williams and Brown.

Cross Country

Rimback, Schroeder, Gunners, and Scholer are the only cross-country men whom we have seen doing any work. That is a good nucleus but we've got to have more men than that out if we are to make any kind of a showing against Lafayette and Columbia.

Flag Rush and Tug o' War

The official date of the Tug o' War, regardless of what may have appeared on bulletins around college, is Wednesday, October 14th. What remains of the Freshmen and Sophomores will hold the flag rush on Friday, the 16th. Both of these classic contests will be held on Jasper Oval.

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"The accumulation of a fund from the profits . . . which fund shall be used to aid, foster, maintain, promote realize or encourage any aim which shall go towards the betterment of College and student activities . . . This corporation is not organized for profit."

*—Article of Incorporation of
The Campus Association.*

Man is an irresponsible, impulsive, and impetuous heterogeneity. He requires restraint. To

Red Tape

combat his irresponsibilities, impulses and impetuosities, a beneficent Providence has endowed man with a happy faculty,—common sense. But the influence of common sense is as naught compared to the power and sway of Red Tape, a mighty lord who leads and guides the destinies of mankind, omnipotent, omniscient and ubiquitous. Red Tape compels the thinking man to reflect again before he leaps; therefore it is the father of reflection. Red Tape restrains the hasty from undue and dangerous haste; thus it is the father of prudence. Red Tape prevents the breaking of precedents, and the shattering of customs; hence it is the sire of tradition.

The Gods in their gentlest moods conferred the priceless boon of Red Tape upon a grateful humanity. Incalculable are its benefits. Freed from the

bonds of Red Tape, we might even be so unfortunate as to be able to do the right thing in the shortest time. Horrible condition! Pity efficiency which has no paternal Red Tape to guide it.

In all walks of life we come under its fostering influence. It guides our faltering foot-steps from straying into the mazes of originality and initiative; it guards against expediency and wards off the use of common sense. And furthermore a demonstration of efficiency is weak, indeed, without an intricate tangle of Red Tape,—double width! Vive le Red-Tape!

Over the spot where in the near future will rest the "keystone bag" or second base of the baseball diamond of the Stadium athletic field is a huge mound of large gray rocks. This mass of geological deposit unearthed to make room for the bases of the concrete pillars, daily forms the subject for discussion between lunch eating Freshmen and Sophomores. The difficulty of its removal, the time and labor necessary and the financial expenditure required, all serve as topics for the pleasant conversation which physiologists declare is necessary for good digestion.

But a superficial and hasty philosopher thinks he has a better plan for the removal of this mountain of rocks than the Stadium construction engineers have. Witnessing a fistic set-to between Sophomore and Freshman, he believes that it is merely an exhibition of excess animal energy seeking an outlet. This energy, he believes, may be turned into a useful channel—if the art of the squared ring is really useless. With no deep practical investigation, he connects a mountain of gray rocks over a future second base with an excess of animal spirit and energy, and concludes that Freshmen and Sophomores be asked,—nay, compelled to remove the enormous heap of rocks, one by one, sans outside aid, to their final resting place in the river.

When that is done he thinks, a Freshman-Sophomoric pugilistic combat on the Campus will be a thing of the past.

While most of us were spending the summer either in the enjoyment of a well-deserved rest, **The Microcosm** or in the daily chase of the dollar, a small group of individuals was working at personal sacrifices for the welfare of the

college in a particular field of endeavor. THE CAMPUS takes this means of satisfying the 1915 *Microcosm*. Board that it cognizant of the arduous summer toil, and fully appreciates the effort made on the part of the board to continue one of the oldest functions of the institution. THE CAMPUS, moreover, suggests to the student body that, in consideration of the difficulties that often arise in the publication of so large a book, and in consideration of the fact that the 1915 Board is doing in three months what has hitherto taken a year, the students await the arrival of the annual with more patience and forbearance.

How Ideas Spread

"Ideas are propagated in the minds of the multitude chiefly through affirmation, repetition, prestige, contagion and faith," says *Popular Science Monthly*. "Reason does not come within the enumeration, its influence in the matter being substantially null."

"Affirmation pure and simple, without reasoning and without proof, is one of the surest means of planting an idea in the popular mind. The more concise it is, the more free from every appearance of proof and demonstration, the more authority it has. The religious books and codes of all ages have always proceeded by simple affirmation. Statesmen called upon to defend any political cause, and manufacturers advertising their goods, know what it is worth. Yet it has no real influence, unless it is constantly repeated, and, so far as possible, in the same terms. Napoleon said that repetition was the only serious figure in rhetoric. By repetition an affirmation is encrusted in the minds of the hearers till they at last accept it as a demonstrated truth. What is called the current of opinion is formed and then the potent mechanism of contagion comes in. Ideas that have reached a certain stage, in fact, possess a contagious power as intense as that of microbes. Not fear and courage only are contagious; ideas are, too, on condition that they are repeated often enough.

"When the mechanism of contagion has begun to work, the idea enters upon the phase that leads to success. Opinion that repelled it at first, ends by tolerating and then accepting it. The idea henceforth gains the penetrating and subtle force which sends it onward, while at the same time creating

a sort of special atmosphere, a general way of thinking."

I know not what discoveries, what inventions, what thoughts may leap from the brain of the world. I know not what garments of glory may be woven by the years to come. I cannot dream if the victories to be won upon the fields of thought; but I do know, that coming from the infinite sea of the future, there will never touch this "bank and shoal of time" a richer gift, a rarer blessing than liberty for man, for woman and for child.

—Robt. G. Ingersoll.

The established systems of Education, whatever their matter may be, are fundamentally vicious in their manner. They encourage submissive receptivity instead of independent activity.

—Herbert Spencer.

"Hours of Daily Study"

"It is vastly better, according to Todd, to chain the attention down closely and study hard for a one hour than to keep it moderately fixed and engaged for a greater length of time. He who would study with all the attention of which the soul is capable need not fear but he will yet stand high in his calling. But it must be study as intense as the soul will bear. The attention must be all absorbed; the thoughts must be all brought in and turned upon the object of study, as you would turn the collected rays of the sun into the focus of the glass when you would get fire from those rays. Do not call miscellaneous reading, or anything which you do by way of relief or amusement, study; it is not study. Study should be done as much as possible in the morning. The mind is then in good order. * * *

(Continued from page 3.)

"Well, I would have you know that I am a gentleman, and am used to associating with gentlemen. You evidently do not know me—I am Senator Depew."

"I know," says Muldoon with exasperating coolness, "I know you, but evidently you do not know me. You seemingly have come here to give an after dinner speech, to present a lecture on *Delsarte*, or to favor me with lessons in etiquette—SIT DOWN!"

This time the order comes like a knock down blow, and Depew sinks upon the seat and sits there dazed like a boy awaiting punishment for stealing jam from a high shelf."

(To be continued)

CORRESPONDENCE

It is not reasonable to suppose that all readers will agree with our editorial comments in their entirety. We would be pleased to receive letters on subjects discussed in our columns, and, in fact, on all matters of collegiate interest. Anonymous contributors will not obtain consideration, nor do the editors guarantee to publish all letters addressed to them. A most liberal policy, however, will be adopted, and readers having comments worthy of expression should take this opportunity to state their views. Unless otherwise requested the name of the correspondent will be printed.

The Campus does not necessarily support correspondents' views.

Kind Words from Dr. Finley

To the Editor of THE CAMPUS.

Sir: Though I live officially now in a "classical" structure, I find that my thoughts are often visiting the Gothic buildings on St. Nicholas Heights. And this afternoon your thoughts, doubtless all unknown to you, found their way between two of the great columns pictured above, into my room. I mean by this to say that to my delight THE CAMPUS has again begun to come to my desk. (Vol. vx., No. 1.) That it may continue to come I send my subscription fee for a year. And I will put you on my exchange list. I like the new type because it gives more information in the same space (and Dr. Woll's prescription for my eyes enables me still to read even nonpareil.) With best wishes, Sincerely yours,

John H. Finley.

The University of the State of N. Y.
Sept. 30th.

Appreciative Readers

To the Editor of THE CAMPUS:

Sir: The present editors of THE CAMPUS are to be congratulated. They have succeeded in moulding THE CAMPUS into a real newspaper—worthy of the undivided support of the entire college. The innovations are of an advantageous nature; the double column and the "fat" page make possible the publication of twice the amount of news as formerly, under the old management; and the installation of a Correspondance Column enables the students to become a part of the paper by contributing their views anent matters of collegiate interest.

Joseph Weser.

C. C. N. Y., Oct. 1st.

To the Editor of THE CAMPUS.

Sir: Accept my heartiest congratulations on what from a cursory glance, seems to be the best issue of THE CAMPUS in years. The new form is a marked improvement. The spirit of the articles is admirable.

Lorenz Reich, Jr., 11.

N. Y. County Lawyers' Association.
Sept. 30th.

To the Editor of THE CAMPUS.

Sir: I want to congratulate you on your opening number of THE CAMPUS, both the "make up" and matter being superior to any issue I have seen.

S. E. Perlman.

U. S. Forest Service, Missoula, Mont.
Oct. 1st.

Don't read over your neighbor's shoulder. It is dishonest. Be a social reformer. Discourage dishonesty.

Concerning Mr. Viereck

To the Editor of THE CAMPUS:

Sir: I would like to call your attention to an indiscreetly arranged utterance in the news columns of your last issue.

"..... On this occasion one of Alma Mater's younger geniuses, George Sylvester Viereck editor of the "Fatherland," and author of "Nineveh," "The House of the Vampire" and "The Confessions of a Barbarian" will present the German side of the titanic conflict."

The arrangement I allude to is obvious and the ground for my complaint more so. Please give this matter your acknowledgement.

Di. R

THE CAMPUS received the notice concerning Mr. Viereck from the City College Club, a recognized news center and printed it precisely as worded by the publicity official of that organization. Clearly then, the arrangement was not the result of our malice prepcense, invidious and sinister. THE CAMPUS has no apology to offer and will continue to print matter contributed by the City College Club precisely as it is sent unless restrained by injunction.—
Editor of THE CAMPUS.

Wants Novel Topics For Debate

To the Editor of THE CAMPUS:

Sir: Anent the European war, it is my opinion that the department concerned ought cut the entire subject from the courses in Public Speaking.

The old arguments and the effulgence of oratorical and rhetorical babble and drivel about the war,—must they be listened to again and again with clenched fists and perspiring brow? Pish-tush! Give the war a rest. There is enough evil in it now. Undoubtedly one of the horrors of war is the amateur attempt at hash argument and oratory concerning it. Let it alone. It has talked itself out in an incredibly short time. Observe newspaper editorials. Back to "More Seats for Strap-Hangers" and "Cheap Fish Emporiums" Why choose the war as a topic, you scintillating debaters? What about the novel questions, "Whether Labor Unions Benefit the Working Class" and "Whether Government Ownership of Railroads is the Correct Thing." There's novelty! More later.

Rex Lumbricus.

C. C. N. Y., Oct. 1.

WE KNOW IT

To the Editor of THE CAMPUS:

Sir: What THE CAMPUS needs is a good proofreader.

Junior III.

C. C. N. Y., Sept. 29.

ARE YOU A BROMIDE?

The next issue of The Campus will contain many surprises. Did you know you were a bromide? If you aren't a bromide you are a sulphite, because all humans are either bromides or sulphites and you are human. You possess a human curiosity, don't you? If you are curious to know whether you are a bromide or a sulphite your curiosity will be satisfied next Wednesday morning for the insignificant sum of two cents.

ATHLETICS (Continued)

The A. A. is arranging a book for distribution among its members. The book will probably contain C. C. N. Y. songs and cheers, the constitution of the association, past records of C. C. N. Y. athletes and much other data of interest to the members of the A. A.

Besides the trophy for the winning team in the interclass baseball series the A. A. is considering the advisability of giving medals to the individual members of the team.

A. A. membership tickets are still on sale. Remember that this year there will be a great many more home games than ever before, and that your ticket entitles you to free admission to all of them.

Besides the regular interclass soccer teams there will be a Freshman Varsity soccer team this year, which will play high schools and Freshman teams of other colleges.

The baseball and soccer managers will be chosen this afternoon.

The office of Assistant Property Man will be open to Freshmen for two more weeks.

The date of the Faculty-Senior baseball game is being arranged.

Harold Wright was chosen cheerleader with Helmuth Moerchen, as assistant, at the last meeting of the A. A. board. Another assistant is yet to be appointed.

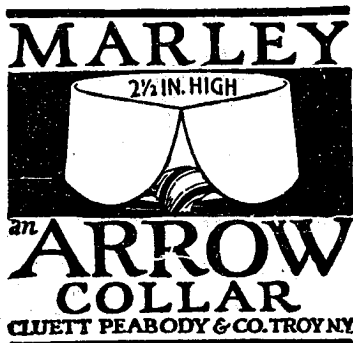
Past issues may be procured at THE CAMPUS office, Room 410 Main.

O I SAY!

Virginius Snicker has come back to life and may tell how his revivification occurred in two columns and a few sticks next issue...George Fitch, Raymond Hitchcock and James Montgomery Flagg run scratch with Virginius.

Uncle Jack (patronizingly) - I understand the angels brought you a little brother last night.

Small Bobby (with scorn) - Say, you better come over to school to-morrow and join our class in sex hygiene.



NOTICE TO STUDENTS

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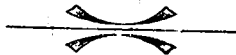
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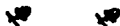
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