

The Campus

A Weekly Journal

THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

Vol. XV

OCTOBER 14, 1914

No. 3

HISTORY STUDENTS GET LIBRARY CONCESSION

Special Books Kept on Reference Shelves

There is now being arranged with Mr. Edwin White Gaillard, Supervisor of work with Schools, New York Public Library, a system whereby it will be possible for students in the History courses to do a great portion of the assigned readings from books which will be kept for their special benefit on the Reference Shelves of the following Branch Libraries.

The list of libraries is as follows:

Aguilar Branch.....	174 E. 110 St.
58th Street.....	121 E. 53 St.
Fort Washington Branch,	535 W. 179 St.
Hamilton Fish Park,	388 E. Houston St.
Hamilton Grange.....	503 W. 145 St.
Melrose.....	910 Morris Ave.
Morrisania.....	610 E. 169 St.
115th Street.....	201 W. 115 St.
125th Street.....	224 E. 125 St.
Seward Park.....	192 E. Broadway
67th Street.....	328 E. 67 St.
St. Agnes.....	444 Amsterdam Ave.
Tompkins Square.....	331 E. 10 St.
Tremont.....	1866 Washington Ave.
Washington Heights,	1000 St. Nich. Ave.
Woodstock.....	759 E. 160 St.
Yorkville.....	222 E. 79 St.
St. George Branch.....	5 Central Ave., Tompkinsville, S. I.

Registration Statistics

Registration in the college proper..	1,454
Last September.....	1,203

ENTERING CLASS, SEPT., 1914.

From T. H. H.....	133
From City High Schools.....	240
From other schools and colleges	65

Total..... 438

Highest previous entering class.. 364

Faculty Lectures

Public School 27, 42nd St., East of Third Ave. "Great Novelists of the Past Century" by Charles F. Horne. Eleven Mondays, beginning Oct. 5th.

New York Public Library, 96th St. Branch, 112 E. 96th St., Man. "The Development of Woman as shown in English Fiction" by William B. Otis. Three Thursdays, beginning Nov. 19th.

Public School 165, 108th St. and Amst. Ave., Man. "The French Revolution and the Advance of Democracy in Europe" by Jacob S. Schapiro. Eight Mondays, beginning Oct. 5th.

Public School 92, Rogers Ave. and Robinson St., Brooklyn. "The Times of the Roman Emperors" by Allan P. Ball. Five alternate Thursdays, beginning Oct. 1st.

Washington Irving H. S., Irving Pl., bet 16th and 17th Sts., Man. "American History" by Wm. B. Guthrie. Eleven Thursdays, beginning Oct. 1.

Erasmus Hall H. S., Flatbush Ave. and Church Ave., Brooklyn. Same course and lecturer. Eleven Mondays, beginning Oct. 5th.

St. Luke's Hall, 483 Hudson St., Man. "Comparative Government" by Nelson P. Mead. Five Mondays, beginning Oct. 19th.

Public School 59, 228 E. 57th St. Man. "Modern Artists and their Message" by Louis Weinberg. Five Thursdays, beginning Nov. 12th.

Brooklyn Public Library, De Kalb and Bushwick Aves. "Paintings and Sculpture in the Metropolitan Museum" by Louis Weinberg. Six Tuesdays, beginning Oct. 6th.

and "Inorganic Chemistry" by Wm. L. Estabrooke. Eleven Fridays, beginning Oct. 2nd.

Commercial H. S. Albany Ave., and Dean St., Brooklyn. "The Chemistry of Common Things" by Frederic Breithut. Eight Mondays, beginning Oct. 5th.

FLAG RUSH FRIDAY

The Freshmen and Sophomores will be given all the chance in the world on Friday afternoon to get back at each other for wounds suffered during the early morning skirmishes on the Campus. The occasion will be the annual Flag Rush on Jasper Oval. As usual we have with us this year a "larger Freshman Class than ever before in the history of the College," and if both classes come out in their full strength, as is expected, they ought to give a fairly good imitation of the war in Europe. Remember that the whistle will blow promptly at four, and the rush will start then and will last for twelve minutes whether the two classes are ready or not.

AN ADVENTUROUS DAY

One time in vacation we boys all left town
To stay in the country for Sunday; and down
By Deacon Gray's pasture a rabbit came out
Right close to the highway and looked all about
Until it saw us and it started to run
Right down the highroad like a shot from a gun;
So Billy Beggs threw off his coat and his hat
And chased it till both of its ears were down flat,
And my, it just ran as if it saw a ghost,
And Bill ran so fast that he caught it—almost!
And under the bridge where it crossed the creek
We saw some fish swimming and darting as quick
As a flash in the water, and one fish would flop
Himself till he almost would come to the top;
So then we got down on the bridge and we tied
A pin on a string and dropped it down the side
With a bug on the pin, and the fishes would look
While Billy Beggs wiggled the bug on the hook;
And one fish was hungry and came up so close
That Bill gave a jerk and he caught it—almost!
And over by Skinner's a big hawk flew by
And lit on a stump that was not very high,

But didn't see us and we crawled up quite slow
Through the grass to the stump with a big stone to throw;
And Billy Beggs said that the hawk was asleep
For it never stirred once; and the grass was so deep
That we got to within a few feet from the stump,
And Billy Beggs pecked, and his heart gave a thump;
And when he got ever and ever so close
He stood up and threw and he hit it—almost!
And then it got cloudy and thundered and then
It lightened just awful and thundered again;
It rained some big drops and we started to run
To get in the barn till the shower was done;
And lightning just spattered and crackled and flashed
And we were all scared as could be, and we splashed
All through mud and water, and then a big crack
Of lightning came down and Bill Beggs hollered back
From 'way up ahead, just as pale as a ghost
And said that last lightning had struck him—almost!

—J. W. Foley.

Don't say anything about it but our circulation ran up to—well, you won't believe it. We want to reach twenty-five hundred before the year's out. Try to persuade the sniper who reads over your shoulder to do his duty.

I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.

—Abraham Lincoln.

The prosperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds usefully employed. To the community, sedition is a fever, corruption is a grangene, and idleness is an atrophy. Whatever body or society wastes more than it acquires, must gradually decay; and every being that continues to be fed, and ceases to labor, takes away something from the public stock.—Dr. Johnson.

In Re Muldoon.

(Third excerpt from Elbert Hubbard's account of Muldoon's will training system.)

Muldoon has a system, a system never tried by any one else, and that never will be tried by any one else, because no other living man dare attempt it, knowing perfectly well it would fail.

And if you know a thing is going to fail, it does. Muldoon's system is not founded on love, kindness and good cheer. These are all secondary, and while they do exist in his mind they are kept carefully out of sight. The plan will die with him.

The key note of the whole thing is obedience. It is necessary to subjugate the will of the patient. Paradoxically you have to kill a man's will in order to build it up. The whip method of breaking horses is along the same line. The trainer goes into the box stall with a whip and terrorizes the animal until he absolutely submits and yet the horse is never struck. Muldoon is cruel only as nature is cruel—you obey Nature, co-operate with her and you find that she is kind. Obedience to Nature brings you everything you need, mental, spiritual, physical. Obey Muldoon and cease butting-in with your stub end of a will and you succeed. The only way you can get the start of Muldoon is to obey him. To obey requires will power. The average man's body has never learned to obey. It is slothful, lazy, slipshod, domineering, indifferent, disrespectful to his mind.

A man may have a creative intellect, and yet his body be a very wretch of a body, that gorges itself with bad food, swills strange drinks, refuses to go to bed at night, and declines to get up in the morning, wooing persistently the means of debility and disease. A great poet may be swag-bellied, bleary-eyed and have title to a slouching, willful, erratic, untrained digestive tract. The man has never forced his body to acquire good habits thru the law of obedience, and after years of bodily back-talk things reach a point where this hoodlum of a physical cosmos is going down and dragging the mind with it. As long as the man can do business he submits to being bullied by his body. All sorts of vicious habits grow up unrebuked. The body demands

cigars, cigarettes, stimulants, strange dishes, novel sights, smells, sounds and sensations, and the mind of the man is powerless, being dragged hither and yon by this willful restless beast. . . .

A certain amount of physical exercise excites mentality; follow up your out-door work, and mind hibernates. Exercise is an investment—you expend the energy only that you may get back more energy. You spend a hundred dollars to get back one hundred and fifty. All this physical work is to get your body where it can rest and absorb. The body is a storage battery—in order to replenish its cells with potential energy, you have to get it in a perfect state of rest. This condition of perfect rest comes best after slow, moderate exercise in the open air. Muldoon simply carries his men to a point where they can rest and absorb. He knows exactly what he is doing—he nearly kills them, but strangely enough, none die on the premises. Those only die who lack the will to allow him to use his will to amend theirs, and these are of course the deserters. It is so much easier to swallow something out of a bottle, and hire a man to give you massage.

But everything costs—if you would have health cultivate your will and expend energy. We know enough, and if we only had the will to methodize our lives, we could all live a hundred years, unless run over by a benzine buggy. As it is, for lack of will and lack of a Muldoon, we die just when we should be getting ready to live. Great is Muldoon, trainer of men!

The man who is fitted to take care of himself, in all conditions in which he may be placed, is, in a very important sense, an educated man. The savage who understands the habits of animals who is a good hunter and fisher, is a man of education, taking into consideration his circumstances. The graduate of a university who cannot take care of himself—no matter how much he may have studied—is not an educated man.

—Ingersoll.

When the last trumpet sounds some women will ask Gabriel to wait a minute.

1,769,325,821,669,477

*What do you think of Joughlin?
He goes around slingin' stuff, but he's
air. Five sticks about the rest we*

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And chased it till both of its ears were down flat,
And my, it just ran as if it saw a ghost,
And Bill ran so fast that he caught it—almost!
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As a flash in the water, and one fish would flop
Himself till he almost would come to the top;
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A pin on a string and dropped it down the side
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What do you think of Douglas?
He goes around slinging statistics his air. Five sticks about him will break.

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.

Professors Rupp and Dr. Fuentes, Faculty bowling experts ran up high scores of 221 and 213 respectively.

Dr. Saxton, of the Dept. of Mathematics is giving a course for teachers in the Extramural Department of New York University. The course is called a "General Review of Secondary Mathematics," and is to be given in the Morris High building every Wednesday from 4 to 6, beginning Oct. 14. This course is to be followed by a similar one on "College Mathematics," to be given in the N. Y. U. Summer School of 1915 by Dr. Saxton.

Mr. Groesbeck, of the English Department, will have in one of the coming numbers of Lippincott's a character story by himself, entitled, "Come Seven, Come Eleven!"

Dr. William Ward Brown, Tutor in Nature History, went to Brown University, Providence, R. I., last Friday night and stayed over Tuesday, as the College delegate and representative at the university's 150th anniversary.

The following are the recently-elected officers of the Senor Class:

Feb. '15—Pres., H. Feldman; Vice Pres., B. King; Sec., F. Waring; Treas. O. Oestreicher.

The Eastern Club requests that all members attend the first meeting of the term, Tuesday, Oct. 20th, at 1:00 P. M., in Room 214. Officers will be elected for the present term.

The Clinton Club has started its second season and is now ready to receive new members at its next meeting, Thursday, Oct. 15th, 12 M., in Room 14. The Constitution has been revised and a Dance Committee appointed.

The following are the officers of the Bio Club for the coming term.

President, S. Biloon, '15.
Vice President, J. Greenberg, '16.
Secretary, H. Scheer, '15.
Treasurer, E. Linder, '16.

The next meeting will be held on Thursday, 12 M., in Room 315. Papers will be read by Chas. Weiss, on "Cold Spring Harbor," and by J. Greenberg, on "Louis Pasteur." All are welcome.

On last Thursday, the Newman Club held the first meeting of the term. Honary President Prof. Coleman and Mr. Curoe both delivered addresses of welcome to the twenty new men. Plans for the coming term were discussed. The first study hour will be held next Thursday Oct. 15, at 12 M. For further particulars consult the club bulletin board.

The Engineering Society held its regular meeting on Thursday Oct. 18th, at noon. A paper was read by Bristol '15, and Coleman and Schoolman reported on current Engineering Journals.

The officers of the Erasmus Club for this term are:

President D. Schmidt
Vice President, E. A. Pettit
Secretary, J. B. McGee

Treasurer, J. E. Lawrence, Jr.
Meetings take place every Thursday, at 12 M., in Room 218.

Harris held its mass-meeting in the Assembly Hall on Friday, October 9th. The meagre attendance was surprising in view of the increased registration at Townsend. The President of the A. A. discussed athletics and the possibilities of championships. The managers of the various teams asked for the cooperation of the student body.

Wrong as unusual! Virginius Snicker says he wants more time to tell how his revivification occurred. And so the space that was to have been his has been filled with some other good thing. Virginius believes expectation is better than realization. We hope for the best next week.

Not So Slow

"You villagers seem to be a rather deliberate sort of people."

"I s'pose we be. There wuz a feller drowned down in the creek a spell ago. He yelled, "Help! Help!" afore he went down the last time, an' the editor of the village paper heard him an' went back to th' office an' put in his paper two 'help wanted' ads an' charged 'em up to th' estate, by gum!"

Real humility is seldom seen, excepting when a man is trying to crawl safely underneath a barbed wire fence.

**PATRONIZE
OUR ADVERTISERS**

ATHLETICS

INTERCLASS CROSS COUNTRY RUN AND SWIMMING RELAYS TO-MORROW

To-morrow at 12, the interclass cross country teams will run over the 181st St. course. Entrants are urged to come out in their suits as soon as possible after the end of the third hour.

At the same time, in the pool, the interclass swimming relays will be held. If you are not entered in either of these events, come out and root for your class.

Fresh-Soph Outdoor Meet

A very large entry is expected for the Fresh-Soph outdoor track meet one week from to-morrow. There will be a 220, 440, 880, mile and 2 mile runs, high jump, broad jump, pole vault and shot put. No man will be allowed to enter more than two events. Only one week more for practice.

Juniors Defeat Seniors in First Interclass Ball Game

Superior team work and hitting won the first interclass baseball game for the Juniors last Thursday. Muldofsky and Kramer did most of the hitting for the Juniors, the latter making a home run. Donaldson's pitching and Farrell's work on first did a great deal toward keeping the game in the hands of the Juniors O'Connell, Wright and Kilpatrick were the particular stars in the Senior firmament.

Dill, Boston and O'Connell each made a hit for the Seniors.

The line up:

1915	1916
Wright, p., s.s.	Lease, 3b.
Dill, s.s., 1b.	Kramer, 2b.
Leikin, c.f.	Farrell, 1b.
Meyer, c.f.	Donaldson, p.
Farb, 3b.	Manz, s.s.
O'Connell, 1b., p.	McGill, c.
Boston, c.	Miltman, l.f.
Kramer, l.f.	Muldofsky, c.f.
Goldberg, r.f.	Shauer, r.f.
Kilpatrick, 2b.	

Hits—1915, Dill, Boston, O'Connell.
1916, Muldofsky 3; Kramer 2;
Manz 2; Farrell 2; Donaldson.

Score: 1916, 12; 1915 4.

1915	2	0	0	1	0	1	0	—	4
1916	4	0	0	3	0	3	2	—	12

Umpire—Carroll.

Inter Class Baseball Schedule

The following is the complete schedule of the interclass baseball series. The game between 1915 and 1916 last Thursday resulted in a 12 to 4 victory for the Juniors.

Thursday Oct. 15,	—	1917 vs 1918
Tuesday Oct. 20,	—	1915 vs 1917
Thursday Oct. 22,	—	1916 vs 1918
Friday Oct. 23,	—	1915 vs 1918
Tuesday Oct. 27,	—	1916 vs 1917

"When Soph Meets Fresh—"

This might rightly be called Fresh-Soph week what with the Tug of War to-day, the Fresh-Soph baseball game to-morrow and the Flag Rush on Friday.

In the tug of war this afternoon the classes will be arranged in teams according to weight. The strongest and heaviest men of the two classes will oppose each other in the three-man tug. There will be a tug for ten-man teams, two tugs for fifteen-man teams and a tug for fifty-man teams. Each tug will last five minutes.

Notes

Join the A. A. now.

Henry Boston has been elected baseball manager. No assistant has as yet been chosen.

George Harrigan is our new property man.

New songs and cheers wanted for the C. C. N. Y. song book.

Some of our inventive geniuses might work on an idea for a new and visible score board for the basketball games.

We entertain the Lafayette cross country team on Oct. 31.

C. C. N. Y. will enter a team in the intercollegiate cross country run to be held with Yale at New Haven in November.

"Yes," said Mrs. Malaprop, describing the last illness of a friend, "she was taken suddenly sick with pantomime poisoning, and four doctors came to the house and insulted about her and diagrammed her case very closely. They decided that she had eaten something that had paragraphs in it, and so they gave her a hypocritical dejection of a serial that would destroy the basilea but she soon was in a state of chromo."

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Published by the

CAMPUS ASSOCIATION, Inc.

at

THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
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Price - - - - Two Cents

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Vol. XV. October 14, 1914 No. 3

"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.

In order to justify its reputation as a paper representative of the different strata of college life and its activities, THE Correspondence Column CAMPUS inaugurated the Correspondence Column. The response to our appeal for letters has not disappointed us. Every reader is a contributing editor.

Are you a bromide? This is an important question. If you are not a bromide you must be a sulphite, for, according to Gelett Burgess, humanity consists of bromides and sulphites. And Mr. Burgess knows whereof he writes. He is an authority on human nature, as is evidenced in that charming pastoral poem entitled "The Purple Cow."

I never saw a purple cow.
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one.

Any one who can pen such a natural sentiment must be an authority on bromides and sulphites, as the reader will agree if he will take the trouble to reread Lewis Carroll's philosophical poem of "The Walrus and the Carpenter." The logic of the one is the logic of the other. According to the theory propounded by Mr. Burgess, every one will want to be a sulphite, for sulphites alone possess originality, spontaneity, individuality and the gift of humor. Bromides, on the other hand, are commonplace, conventional and distressingly trite and obvious. Therefore, of course, the reader will elect to be a sulphite and with the sulphites stand. The reader may not know whether he is a bromide or a sulphite, but Mr. Burgess has collected a list of bromidic utterances, and if the reader has uttered one of them he is a bromide. Here is a selection from Mr. Burgess's list:

You know what Sherman said war was.

Of course if you leave your umbrella at home it's sure to rain.

I don't know much about art, but I know what I like.

My mother is 70 years old, but she doesn't look a day over 50.

Wasn't it warm last summer?

That dog understands every word I say.

You'll feel different about these things when you're married.

It's the greatest war the world has ever seen.

It isn't money, it's the principle of the thing I object to.

The Japanese are such interesting little people!

Everybody reads THE CAMPUS. No, I don't play chess. I haven't that kind of a brain.

Its militarism I'm opposed to. No, I never intend to be married.

I thought I loved him at the time, but of course it wasn't really love.

If you'd only come yesterday this room was in perfect order.

I don't care for money—it's what I can do with it.

War is a terrible thing. Now this thing really happened!

I don't know what we ever did without the telephone!

Of course if you happen to want a policeman, there's never one within miles of you.

And now dear reader, conduct your own case. You must act as prosecuting attorney and as counsel for the defence.

You must be your own Judge and your own jury. Are you a bromide or a sulphite? Guilty or not guilty?

—Auctore Non Cognitato.

LIBERTY

What man is there so bold that he should say
"Thus, and thus only, would I have the sea"?

For whether lying calm and beautiful,
Clasping the earth in love, and throwing back

The smile of heaven from waves of amethyst;

Or whether, freshened by the busy winds,

It bears the trade and navies of the world

To ends of use or stern activity;
Or whether, lashed by tempests, it gives away

To elemental fury, howls and roars
At all its rocky barriers, in wild lust
Of ruin drinks the blood of living things,

And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of desolate shore,—

Always it is the sea, and men bow down

Before its vast and varied majesty.

So all in vain will timorous ones essay
To set the metes and bounds of Liberty.
For Freedom is its own eternal law;
It makes its own conditions, and in storm

Or calm alike fulfills the unerring Will.
Let us not then despise it when it lies
Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm
Of gnat-like evils hover round its head;
Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times

It shakes the torch of terror, and its cry
Shrills o'er the quaking earth, and in the flame

Of roit and war we see its awful form
Rise by the scaffold, where the crimson axe

Rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering kings.

Forever in thine eyes, O Liberty,
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,

And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee!

—John Hay.

Courses in Fallacy

Overburdened millionaires in search of purifying outlets for their excess possessions could do much worse than to endow chairs of fallacy in our universities. One doesn't have to be any high-

er in the scale of animal life than an awe struck freshman to know that our universities, like the surrounding world of which they are microcosmic, are sorely beset with fallacies.

The trouble is that there is no effort to attack these fallacies in a scientific manner and dispose of them. Under the present scheme of things it is bad taste, not to say disreputable, to mention them above a whisper. It is one of those everybody's businesses which is nobody's business. Nobody has the authority.

"But if we had Departments of Fallacy, duly authorized and organized, and in charge of expert Professors of Fallacy, it would be their business to unearth fallacies wherever they existed, both in and out of the curriculum. The fame of such a professor with his always interested band of students—and it would easily be the most popular course in college—would vary directly with their ability to revitalize the dry bones of inherited educational and economic irrationalities and to show us just exactly where and how we are getting the least return for the greatest expenditure of energy, time and money. Is any millionaire equal to the monumental importance of this educational step?"—*E. O. J. in Life.*

Seeing Eye To Eye

The wind swept a cloud of dust about them as they turned the corner of the street.

"Did you get any dust in your eyes, darling?" He asked fondly, holding her closely to him, as though to keep the too eager wind away.

"Yes," she murmured, searching for her handkerchief.

"Which eye, dearest?"

"The right one, love. Did you get anything in yours?" she asked anxiously, seeing his handkerchief appear.

"Yes, darling."

"Which eye, dearest?"

"The right one, love."

"How sweet!" she exclaimed, with a glad light glowing in her well eye. "Do you suppose, dearest heart, that it could have been parts of the same piece of dust that got in our eyes, darling?"

"I hope it was," he said, beaming with one eye and wiping the other.

"Wouldn't it be sweet, dear?"

"Wouldn't it, love?"

And the wind howled round the corner as though it was in pain, and from the house three doors below a dentist's sign fell off into the street. —*Tit-Bits.*

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.

The Campus does not necessarily support correspondents' views.

One of Many Expressions of Grief
To the Editor of THE CAMPUS.

Sir: I am a regular reader of THE CAMPUS. This week, owing to a slight lateness, I could not obtain any issue, and I tried hard enough. Can't this be remedied in the future?

Harold Hutchinson.

C. C. N. Y., Oct. 9th.

To the Editor of THE CAMPUS:

Sir: The Employment Bureau has at present a number of first class positions for graduates and is unable to find men to fill them.

Williard W. Bartlett, Sec'y.
C. C. N. Y. Oct. 8th.

Locked Doors

To the Editor of THE CAMPUS.

Sir: I do not know whether it has become a matter of general notice that many of the doors leading into and out of the College buildings are either permanently closed or locked at inconvenient hours. To be more specific, only two of four swinging doors of our lower main entrance are in use. The gates in front of them are locked during the late afternoon. The doors of the gymnasium locker rooms are open and shut on scheduled times. For the most part this all seems without reason. The first mentioned entrance is without doubt the one most used by students. The doors are substantially built and heavy, and are set behind a storm-board so that the complaint of a draught blowing them open and penetrating into the building would be no excuse for their present condition. The inconvenience to the students can easily be understood. It is never agreeable to have to choose an inconvenient door especial-

ly if one is carrying books or bundles. Many of the students who are occupied until late in the afternoon have to make long detours to reach their lockers because the gates are closed. Team members and voluntary gym-workers obviously have more trouble than others. It is annoying, inconvenient and dangerous. Buildings such as ours, with a capacity for so many persons should not be thus barred up.

Melville A. Shauer
C. C. N. Y. Oct. 7th.

KNOW THYSELF

Do you realize you are a one-hundred point man? All CAMPUS readers are 100 point men. You'll be described to a T in next issue of THE CAMPUS.

The Organ Recitals

To the Editor of THE CAMPUS.

Sir: The Organ Recitals have started simultaneously with the new term. Twice a week,—on Sundays and Wednesdays our beautiful Great Hall is filled with an appreciative audience. But the observer notices that it is composed almost entirely of non-students; one has to strain his eyes hard to find more than a handful of C. C. N. Y. men. The public is perfectly entitled to the recitals but certainly the proportion of our own students ought to be greater.

Of course on Sundays it is not convenient for many of our scholars to come to the Great Hall and it is then usually packed to its limit. On Wednesdays, however, there is more room, and it is a pity that as a rule City College students do not avail themselves of these educational and profitable opportunities. Students having a sixth hour on Wednesdays could easily attend say, about one recital a month at least to show their appreciation of the City's efforts in their behalf. We should bear in mind that New York is one of the few cities in the country which offers public organ recitals. I thank you for the courtesy of space for this matter which should be taken up at once by our students.

H. Williamson.
C. C. N. Y. Oct. 7th.

None left for the Advertising Solicitors
THE CAMPUS desires a few only slightly handled copies of the last issue.
Campus Office, Room 410.

The Partial Campus

To the Editor of THE CAMPUS:

Sir: I have noticed accounts of Fresh-Soph activities in your paper, which to my mind were partial to the Soph. Class. I am certain that they were written by a '17 man. Why don't you get an impartial Upper Classman to write such news?

Otto V. Tabor.

C. C. N. Y., Oct. 9th.

Upper Classmen can't write.—
Editor of THE CAMPUS.

Of Course You Will Remember
These Pleasing Rules.

Each year a host of new people clamor at the gates of that institution known as "Society." A few get in. It is for the benefit of the aforesaid few that the following hints are written.

"Newcomers into the social whirl are frequently at a loss as to how they should behave in emergencies and how to do the right thing at the right time.

"Here are a few pointers that will prove of inestimable value:

"First—Never eat soup with your fingers. If no sponges is provided, either eat with a spoon or with a fork, as you prefer. In no case eat soup with a knife. This is no longer done by fastidious people.

"Second—Should you decide, at a dinner party, to use the table cloth for a napkin, do not stuff the corner of the cloth into the top of your vest. Only Chicagoans do this. Pin it neatly about your neck.

"Third—Don't asked to have your finger bowl filled with beer unless those of your fellow-guests already teem with that refreshing beverage. If soap is not laid beside your finger bowl do not hesitate to ask your hostess for it.

"Fourth—Do not offer to shake dice with your hostess at a formal dinner to see who shall pay for the spread. She might win.

"Fifth—Should you find an extra spoon in reach at such a dinner assure yourself that it is of sterling silver, and then slip it unostentatiously into your pocket. A true gentleman will seldom carry away more than three spoons from a single meal.

"Sixth—Do not wear a crash suit with a fur-lined ulster, except on Easter Day.

"Seventh—A really well-dressed man no longer wears a silk hat or patent-leather boots while bathing. Conveni-

ent as such articles undoubtedly are, they savor of ostentation and (unless the bath is of marble) are out of keeping with their surroundings.

"Eighth—Connoisseurs on minor points of etiquette are still in doubt as to the advisability of wearing evening dress to a dog-fight. Better keep on the safe side and wear pajamas.

"Ninth—When (at a dance) you happen to spill a plate of soup over the white gown of the woman nearest you do not look frightened or embarrassed. Merely ask her if she prefers mayonnaise or French dressing on her salad. This simple speech will at once stamp you as a man of the world and a wit.

"Tenth—Never (except in very wet weather) wear rubber hip boots at a dance. In any case remove your overcoat, mittens and hat before leading the cotillion. Exacting as such rules of dress may seem, you must yield to them unless you wish to be thought eccentric.

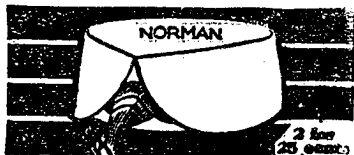
"Eleventh—Always wear a collar when paying a formal call. Do not sit in your shirt sleeves or light a pipe on such occasions without first asking your hostess's permission.

"By strict observance of the foregoing stringent rules of good society you need not be surprised to see yourself looked up to in the course of time as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form."

"Unless you are lynched first."

—Albert Payson Terhune.

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advertisements? If not, let us know.*