# Ghe thinmp <br> 4 College of the City of NewYYork 




Beyond the well merited felicitations due to the municipal authorities, the faculty, and the alumni, this moment is yet inopportune for an exhaustive dis cussion of the library project. Towards these theee groups and their respective leaders The Campus, as an expression of student sentiment, can feel but a deep gratitude for what they have done for the realization of a plan at the outset as doubtful in its sucgroups The Campus, as an expression of these three looks for a final effort in the spirit of their initial dedication
To the cursory discussion now possible concern ing the interior arrangement of the library building The Campus would add its voice. Of the suggestions aiready made it finds the one that would provide a student restaurant as poor as the one that would in clude an auditorium is good. "Eating facilities" with even the minimum of attendant disorder would disfigure the building as surely as an auditorium with a nodern stage would beget a new efflorescence of the dramatic art at the College. The Campus would building can for the sev reasonably omit a provision for rooms for the several publications, literary and language societies, and for suitable space for recreation and rest. Nor can certain important details such as accomodations for art exhibitions fail to claim the
-

With this issue The Campus suspends publication until the Fall. With its customary temerity, it feels that it has not failed altogether in its purpose to effect those things nearest to the student welfare. And as be

## Gargoyles

## GODDESS

Once a goddess golden-eyed Killed with glance of silver fire Pearls and purple wails denied Once a goddess golden-eyed. Bright-bloods loved her, and all died In her jet and spangled i:
Once a godkiess golden-eyed
Killed with glance of silver fire.
"I am not the least conceited," once said
"Ihatshisname, "but I don't know anybody who has a better right to be!" $\qquad$
vie d'Une ame cerebraliste
Eugene McGutney gloried
The prepossession of a soul
Until his helpmate's snorey din
Necessitated its parole.
When conjugal feelings fade and writhe
In shrieking asthma of the heart,
One pays the alimonic tithe
Aphrodite's counterpart.
So E. McGutney paved his sin
W:th summonses and dollar bills.
Being spendthrift neither in
Daylight jaunts nor nightime Jills.
But E. McGutney's bosom wife
Snuffed out his kid when he was gone-
Benighted sacrifice of life,
While Law and husband still live on!
H. Z. maintains that the original and only way to be funny is to tell the truth. Possibly he's right; and yet sometimes to tell the truth is foolish as well as funny. And suppose someone refused to tell the uples? ciples? No, H. Z., humor is something far more serious and difficult than it appears to you!

## TO JOAN

For all the gestures of a lovelorn pair
Were our own sweet selves the cause? Or should
That on that night was floating in the a
The unqualified duplicity of May

## Dirge $\mathrm{O}_{\mathrm{n}}$ the Occasion of The Death

This first sonnet was written about a year ago at the instigation of Professor Earle Fenton Palmer, who heard it with surprisingly little rebellion against its frank treatment of the subject of love, and its generally wordly attitude.-Editor

Throw out those empty lines of tinkling verse Why carcfully express in carved volu
Of classic prosody the native brute's Vers libre shoutings of man's Springtia Yers libre shoutings of man's Springtime course? To graceful airs on mock Elysian flutes. But in this mating month of May such fruits, Of mild Platonic fancy seem perverse.

Far rather, whe , this stirring season comes. Bring on an orchestra of blatanc cries Shout with the noise of roaring kettledrun And let the voice in trumpet-biasts arise My spirit is preponderantly brassed Strike up. wild band, I am in love at last!

To top off a succession of
BOLSHEVIK.

## fore it has applauded with whole heart the successe of other student endeavors, so now it turns to and congratulates its own complex personality.

And this personality, although it has reached the maturity of eighteen, finds that it is still unsophisticated to the point of sentimentalities. Indeed, it finds it loses its usual editorial fluency as it prepares to say the wider stage. Play it boldly though yor part on that you are but one of an though not forgetting remain sheill ever be ready to gesture, ever ready to soften censure with a graceful gesture, ever re

If The Campus says no more it is because it fears that verbosity and triteness will dull a sentiment that is better felt than expressed.




