

**University Column**

**REGISTRAR'S OFFICE SOCIAL**  
Wednesday night the members of the Registrar's Office force and a few friends met in Alpha Zeta Hall for a social evening together. An efficient committee had planned the program for the evening. It consisted of games, songs and stories and delicious refreshments, all of which were greatly enjoyed. The young people of the summer school know how to have a good time, even when the crowd is absent on a vacation.

**BALL GAME**

Last Saturday afternoon a picked team from the Summer School and one from the Faculty crossed bats on the Main Athletic Field. The game was rather slow on account of lack of practice. However, it furnished amusement for the summer workers. Another game will be arranged soon. It promises to be much better.

**EXTRACT OF LETTER**  
From Cleveland Frost in the Yale Battalion of Artillery, New Haven, Conn.

My first service on guard duty was uneventful, but rather interesting since it was so new. The battalion equipment is all being assembled, marked and packed over in the baseball cage, which is our temporary armory. The "cage" is a large barn, about as big as the tabernacle. About two hundred thousand dollars worth of stuff is stored there now. Sixteen guns, thirty-two ammunition wagons and thirty-two store wagons take up most of the room. Then there are the ten thousand and ten bits of minor equipment, ropes, axes, hatchets, lanterns and spare parts, extra harness, gun parts, bolts, tents, covers, buckets, etc. etc.

I went on duty first at ten o'clock in the morning, being stationed at the door, with orders to allow no one to pass except on business, and no one in civilian clothes except in company with an officer. The cage swarmed like a bee hive, men busy at work marking the material and packing it away and streams of men bringing new stuff in. The boys worked hard and willingly. It is good for them. We are by no means ready to move yet, but Major Danford is making every effort to get us in shape.

There were also many visitors who passed by just to look—mostly fathers and mothers of boys in the battalion. They all had innumerable questions to ask, most of which either ignorance or orders forbade my answering, and all were more or less obviously anxious. One man in particular I remember, an '86 man, with hair already whitening, who has a boy in this year's graduating class. He wanted to know what we all want to know—when and where we are expected to go. Of course I couldn't answer that and he went on talking, talking so intimately out of his distraction that I felt like an eavesdropper. "Of course he wanted to go. We would be ashamed of him if he hadn't—of course it's your boys that have the hard part—the danger. But it's hard on us old folks too. My wife and I can't get it off our minds. We're thinking of it all the time, in our minds. I remember this morning we both woke up early and lay there staring at the ceiling, not saying a word, but we were both thinking of the same thing, the boy. He's the only one we have." Then quite suddenly he stopped talking and turned away. But before he left, he shook hands and said, "Good luck, my boy."

The night ten to twelve post was not so interesting. The cage was quite deserted, except for the other sentries. My only thrills were when I had to challenge all comers. A figure would be silhouetted in the archway of the gym entrance and then blotted out as the man came nearer, his footsteps ringing out on the pavement. At about thirty paces I would call out, "Halt! Who is there?" The man would stop and give his name and rank. Then I would say "Advance, friend, and be recognized." If he gave a satisfactory account of himself, I let him pass. Others were turned back. It was pure bluff on my part, for automobiles have not yet been issued to us and my holster swung empty at my side.

Once, the Officer of the Day came and made me repeat my general orders. I was glad I had learned them thoroughly. It seems to me that such long orders should be put in verse, so that they might be more easily remembered.

From twelve till three forty, I slept like a log, rolled up in a blanket on a cot in the guard house. Then we were called out for the last and dullest watch of all.

At ten thirty we were all assembled on the campus and then marched to the Center Church, where a special and very impressive

**College Column**

**DEAN RUMOLD AT HOME**  
It will be of special interest to the College students to know that Dean Rumold is spending his vacation in Berea. He is building a garage at present, having purchased an automobile. The remainder of the summer will be spent in—joy-riding.

**MAYFIELD-SWEENEY**

It was a glad surprise to their many friends to learn of the marriage of Samuel Mayfield and Miss Flora Sweeney in Cincinnati last week. They are spending a quiet honeymoon visiting in that city.

Miss Sweeney will be remembered as a popular student of the Normal department during the past three years. She graduated at our last Commencement.

Mr. Mayfield graduated from the College Department in 1914. He has been teaching since then in the high school at Newbern, Tenn. The young people will probably make their home in Tennessee. They were leaders in their classes in Berea and The Citizen predicts for them a brilliant future.

service was held. We occupied the center of the church, the new holders having voluntarily given them up to us. Back of the pulpit were the American and University flags. Dr. Maurer preached better than I have ever heard him and talked much as I expect Father would on a similar occasion. His text was "I offer you life or death," and after discussing the intricacies and difficulties of right and wrong judgement, he offered conscience and religion as the talisman by which to decide. His appeal to us was to always remember that we are Christian gentlemen. "Then," he said, "no evil can befall you, whatever happens." The whole service was very impressive and uplifting. At the end of the benediction, we sang "America." The most picturesque memory I have of it is of Major Dunford shaking hands with Dr. Maurer on the steps of the church after the service. We were all lined up, awaiting orders, and the people, who had waited until we went out, were beginning to stream out of the church. The Major's khaki and gold shone up against the preacher's black robes and white bands. Both are very handsome men and it made a splendid picture.

Tomorrow noon the battalion mess opens at Commons and we are to be put under full discipline, marching to and from meals, lights out at ten and reveille at five thirty. We certainly are going to be put in good physical trim. Lieutenant Neave sketched out the probable program at parade this morning: Reville, 5:30. Calisthenics, Breakfast, 6:30. Foot drills, riding, special detail work. Dinner, 12:15. Cross country hikes, ending with a swim in the pool. Supper, 6:00. Taps, 10:00. It will do us all good.

Our chances of getting to the border are very slim, although both the Times and the Tribune reported that General Woods intends to send us down this week. But nobody knows. We're certainly in no shape to be of any service. We lack training, horses and ammunition. Don't put any trust in news paper reports until you see that we have actually gone.

**GETTING SENSE.**

There comes a clear day when one realizes that clothes are to keep the weather off you; that food is to give health; that home is shelter and inspiration; that, aside from being clean and inoffensive, one's personal appearance does not signify much; that the main thing in life is to be going toward the goal of your ideals. That isn't getting old; it's getting sense. From then on Time is not master, but friend.—Collier's.

**Goat's Time Honored Calling.**  
In the Farm and Fireside is an essay on the goat, which says among other things:  
"The goat is a great aid in keeping tin cans, brickbats, scrap iron and other rubbish from accumulating around the farm, as he eats all of these things as fast as they appear, and he would be a greater success in this way if he wasn't so ambitious. But the goat is ambitious, and he keeps branching out and increasing his capacity and diet until he takes in the harness and buggy cushions and machinery and carpets and the knobs off doors. He can strip a long line of clothes faster than the best laundryman in the business."

**The Best Kind of Woman to Marry.**  
You take a tip from me, son. When you marry, marry a home woman—a woman who's willing to hang a "God Bless Our Home" sign on the wall without making funny cracks about it.—R. C. Hauck in American Magazine.

**Academy Column**

**DEATH OF WM. A. GUGLE**  
Wm. August Gugle, a former student of Berea College, passed away Sunday night, June 25, at his home in Shelby County after a nine week's struggle with typhoid fever. He came to Berea in the fall of 1914 and entered the eight grade of the Foundation Department. In the Fall of 1915 he entered the Academy Department; but in February he had to leave on account of bad health. He is survived by his parents and a brother, Leonard Gugle, who is also a student of the Academy Department.

**HOWARD WHITAKER'S LETTER**

Butte, Montana, June 27, 1916.  
While sitting here near the window of the office, looking out upon the snowcapped range of the Rockies to the southeast, my thoughts turn to "My Old Kentucky Home far away," and while I have a few leisure moments, I shall write to my friends thru the columns of The Citizen, a little of my trip thru the West.

When I learned that I should have the pleasure of being in St. Louis during the Democratic National Convention, I was very glad of the opportunity, and accordingly, the second day of the Convention we entered the city. It was a splendid sight as we crossed the Mississippi to see the buildings so gaily bedecked for the occasion, with flags and banners floating out over the crowded streets, from the lowest stone house of the Spanish occupant, to the tops of the tallest skyscrapers. I did not feel "at home" until I had followed the example of the crowd,—donned a Wilson button about as large as a cup,—and had I turned my steps toward the Coliseum. But I did not stay for a session of the Convention, primarily, because there were rumors abroad in the city that my friends were considering putting me up as a dark horse for Wilson's running mate, and secondarily, because I didn't happen to have a seat (probably an oversight of the National Committee), and couldn't get hold of one. Being anxious to see more of the West, we left that afternoon.

To make this journey from St. Louis to Butte is a great experience. The Mississippi, calm as a crystal sea, winding its way toward the Gulf of Mexico; those green, fertile farms of the Missouri valley thru which ran innumerable little streams, shaded with willows and water maple with their moss grown and bush covered banks; those broad spreading plains of Nebraska, "the land of cloudless climes and starry skies," running in limitless lines towards the purple horizon; the arid desert land of eastern Colorado; the Rockies to the west of us, with their lonely peaks and pine fringed ridges, stretching from Denver to Butte, all formed a wonderful sight.

It was interesting to note that on the desert in the western part of Nebraska and also in the eastern part of Colorado, for a hundred miles or more there was not a tree, weed, shrub or blade of grass on the great sandy wastes; but that white flowers, something like those of a wild rose, were scattered here and there over the desert, unprotected, and exposed to the scorching rays of the sun. While thinking of the difficulty a flower must have in the fight for existence in such a region, my eye chanced to fall upon a paragraph in the book I was reading, Trine's "On Life's Open Road," which read something like this: "The most unattractive life has some beautiful traits if we but pause to look for them; the darkest days have some sunshine, difficult as it is sometimes to see and believe." I could not help but think of the parallel to those lines, which was spread out before me.

It was toward the middle of the afternoon when we entered the Wind River Canyon, in Wyoming. It was a sight never to be forgotten. The many-colored granite walls heaved their mighty masses high into the air, approaching each other so nearly at the top, that only a narrow strip of blue canopy above could be seen. The little pine trees, sending their searching roots into the few earth-filled crevices, stood watch at intervals, all the way up those gorgeously colored and fantastically unreal slopes, like sentinels on the heights of Quebec. From the tops of those jagged peaks and under those granite cliffs, came little streams and springs which joined the raging, foaming torrent, which ran dashing and glistening in the sunlight at the foot of those almost perpendicular slopes. Down thru the green dark ravines, it swept until, coming into a river, changed from a wild, storming rivulet into a quiet stream. Along its banks one might see wild flowers and ferns; along the side of those steel bands over which we sped, the larkspur and bleeding

**Normal Column**

**COMMUNITY CENTER SONG**  
**It's A Short Way to the Schoolhouse**  
(Air: "Tipperary")

To a Schoolhouse came a lonely man one night,  
Saw the building filled with folks,  
The windows gleaming bright,  
Sounded songs of neighbor-greeting,  
Joys that all might share.  
It burst the hands that bound his heart to find a Welcome there.  
—Chorus:  
It's a short way to the Schoolhouse.  
It's a short way to come.  
It's a short way to the Schoolhouse.  
There's one right near my home.  
Then, Good-bye! Gloomy Evenings!  
Farewell! Lonesome Care!  
It's a short, short distance to the Center, and I'll meet you there.  
Th' lonely man bethought him of a lonely girl he knew,  
Sat him down and wrote a note:  
"I have good news for you;  
Move into this Neighborhood, for here's a trysting place—  
A common ground, where bars are down, and folk meet face to face."

Chorus:  
Th' girl who had been lonely wrote him back a glad reply:  
"Deed, I'll stay right where I am, and—if you'd have me nigh,  
Your pal for jolly evenings, then I'll tell you what to do—  
Just steer your Ford right over here—for we've a Center too."

heart bloomed in profusion. At the same moment one might leave these evidences of summer and look high above the timber line at the piling snows rifted against those mighty boulders. It was quite a contrast.

As we emerged from the Canyon, the setting sun cast a glory over the closing portals, as it lit up its base, lastly its crest and peaks. The little party of tourists were silent, feeling that a word would detract from the grandeur of the scene; a silence which was only broken by this question proposed by one, "After all who made it? Did it come by chance?"

Ah, could one gaze upon the splendor of that scene, one whose "Beauty thrilled us with rapture, Whose stillness filled us with peace," and say that it all came about by chance? Those mountains themselves answer, No. One cannot feel the spirit of those hills without feeling God. We felt his very presence in the hush of that mysterious twilight.

After four days journey we reached Butte, the metropolis of Montana, and greatest gold, silver and copper mining center in the world. A city of fifty thousand population, it has been built up within the last three decades, and is a most flourishing and progressing city.

I am in the office of my uncle, who is Manager of the Butte & Great Falls Mining Company, and also Secretary of the Homestake Copper Company. I like my work very much and the climate and surroundings are hard to beat.

With all good wishes to the Editor and my friends:

**Vocational Column**

**FORMER BEREA STUDENT IS NOW WAR BRIDE**

Just twenty-four hours before her fiancé expected to entrain for Mexico with troops of the Akron, O. machine gun company, O. N. G., Miss Florence M. Turner became a "war bride," when she was united in marriage, June 26, to Carl L. Nolan of Akron, O. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. R. Willard at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Will Watkins, who will be remembered here as Miss Mildred Turner.

"I am sure Carl won't be gone very long and I'm not the least bit afraid that anything will happen to him," said Miss Turner. "We had decided to wait, until he returned, but we changed our minds at the last moment, so now we haven't much time to spare. You know its sort of thrilling to be a 'war bride.'"

Miss Turner was a student here in the Vocational Department about three years ago and her many friends here wish her every success and a speedy return to her husband to make her happiness complete.

**GIVE THE GIRL A CHANCE**

By Florence Davis  
Should a girl be trained for what she will probably do in life? Of every 100 American girls who live to be 25 years of age 87 marry. One can form a fairly accurate judgement of the proportion of these 87, who have been prepared for their adventure. Probably not over 10 per cent of the girls have had systematic training for the varied tasks which will be thrown upon them.

Parents very generally want their daughters prepared to take care of themselves, regardless of what happens.

Girls from high school and college should learn housekeeping and prepare themselves for marriage if nothing else.

The average girl does not think of or consider this—she thinks if she has set the table attractively and prepared the dessert—she feels that she has done a substantial part of the work. That is, she does the part she enjoys most. The ability and desire to look after these things satisfies her.

That a meal means more than linen, silver and china, food not only appetizing, but nourishing, and at the same time within the limits of her father's income, she has never been forced to see.

She is perfectly willing to see that the house is decorated to suit her taste and take that as her part of the work; but the foresight which not only keeps things in perpetual order, but in perpetual repair, she knows nothing about.

The women whose backs have been bent because they did not know how to think far enough to fit the height of their tables and the length of their broom handles to their stature are more than those who have thought.

Nothing is more difficult in a home than to break up established methods of doing things. For example, the outfit for washings in many homes are kept up as they began—a tub, a board and a boiler.

It seems incredible that women should make washing a hard and unhappy business.

Why not break up their fixed ways of doing things to train the mind of the girl to do her work openly, to arouse interest in experimenting, in fitting her work to her needs and ways to her particular situation.

Whatever the school does it should have the co-operation of the home, that is, what is taught in the one place, should be applied in the other—the teacher and the mother should work together.

If we have the girls perform tasks at home which have been taught at school we would have results, not in making beds and cooking meals, merely, but in the science of business.

It is neither sensible nor useful to complain because things are not done now as our grandmothers did them. The only point is that our grandmothers succeeded in doing something which we would like to see done for all girls and which through a right kind of an education for our girls, ought to be worked out.

It is generally accepted that a man has no right to marry until he can support a wife.

From the start his training is devoted to making him productive in order that he may marry and rear a family. He is supposed to be more or less a skilled person. But the girl who must handle his skilled earnings, no intelligent person will deny that her function is as important economically as he is.

It is as unfair to both of them as it is when two men, one a manufacturer, the other an unskilled buyer and salesman, try to run a plant on equal terms.

Give the girl a chance, not to learn box-making or typewriting or book-keeping, but to do the things she must do in life.

**To Address the President.**

The address of the president is simply "The President of the United States." In the first congress there was debate over a title, and it was proposed by several members that he be addressed as "His Excellency" and by others as "His Highness," but a committee reported that it is not proper to annex any style or letter other than that given in the constitution.

In the constitutional convention the first report fixed the term of office at seven years without eligibility to reelection. In debate various periods from "good behavior" to twenty years were favored. The limit of four years was finally adopted in grand committee and ratified by the constitution.

**Baby Carriages.**

The first thing every newly married couple ought to invest in is a baby carriage. They come in one, two and three passenger sizes and should be replaced every two or three years.

As a substitute for a motorcar the baby carriage has no equal, although it contains the possibility for more accidents. Baby carriages, as a rule, are propelled either by proud fathers wearing silk hats or by total strangers. Each baby carriage is provided with a brake, which prevents it during its lifetime from exceeding the speed limit. This early example of rectitude, however, does not always have its effect upon the occupant in after life.—Life.

**Bulletin No. 5**

**The Bethlehem Steel Company's Offer to Serve the United States**

At a time when the expenses of the Government are so enormous—  
Isn't it worth while finding out the actual facts before plunging ahead into an expenditure of \$11,000,000 of the people's money for a Government armor plant?

To clear up the whole situation, and to put it on a basis as fair and business-like as we know how to express it, we now make this offer to the Government:

The Bethlehem Steel Company will manufacture armor plate for the Government of the United States at actual cost of operation plus such charges for overhead expenses, interest and depreciation as the Federal Trade Commission may fix. We will agree to this for such period as the Government may designate.

The House of Representatives voted down a proposal to empower the Federal Trade Commission to determine a fair price for armor, and allow private manufacturers opportunity to meet that price before the Government built its plant.

Isn't our proposition fair and ought it not to be accepted?

The measure is now before the United States Senate.

CHAR. M. SCHWAB, Chairman  
EUGENE G. GRACE, President

**Bethlehem Steel Company**