

1st issue



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A MESSENGER
FROM
DANA COLLEGE



BLAIR, NEBRASKA

FEBRUARY 1918



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THE EDITORS wish to apologize for the appearance of an "ad" on this page. The Blair Clothing Co. wanted the space—and we had to solicit advertisements for two reasons. First to reduce the price of the paper, and secondly to insure cooperation with our own business people.

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CONTENTS.

| | |
|---|---------|
| <i>COVER DESIGN</i> by N. M. Hansen. | |
| <i>AT THE OUTSET.</i> The editors..... | Page 5 |
| <i>THE OLD MAILBOX.</i> Text and drawings by James N. Lund..... | Page 7 |
| <i>THE TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRACY.</i> And. Steensen. | Page 13 |
| <i>AFSKEDSHILSEN TIL DE UNGE.</i> P.S.Vig. | Page 17 |
| <i>FOOD CONSERVATION.</i> Agnes M. Nielsen. | Page 18 |
| <i>A NEW LIBRARY BUILDING.</i> L.A.Laursen. | Page 18 |
| <i>THE TWO POWERS.</i> Anders Jorgensen. Draw- ings by R. Hermansen..... | Page 20 |
| <i>REFLECTIONS.</i> Chris B. Larsen..... | Page 21 |
| <i>OUR SOLDIERS.</i> The editors | Page 24 |
| <i>I HUSLY.</i> Text and drawing by Victor R.Staby. | Page 26 |

This edition is printed in 750 copies.

G e r m e s

A Messenger From
Dana College and Trinity Seminary

Edited and Published by
Chris B. Larsen and Anders Jorgensen.

BLAIR, NEBRASKA

FEBRUARY 1918

At the Outset.

The idea that Dana College and Trinity Seminary should have a college paper is not a new one. The need of such a paper has long been felt at this institution. This pamphlet, however, is not an official publication from the school. It is a private undertaking. But nevertheless we hope it will be considered as a message from this institution, since all the contributors are connected with the school.

In preparing this paper it has been our desire to avoid making it an organ for current tattle and the discussion of politics. It has been our aim to give vent to intellectual forces and assist in developing latent possibilities. In our efforts we have had the interest of our school in view.

In publishing this paper we have received much encouragement from the advertisers. We appreciate your assistance very much. Kindly accept our thanks.

THE EDITORS.



THE OLD MAIL-BOX

BY JAMES N. LUND

Everywhere there was life,—the strong rugged and beautiful life of the mountains. In the stately pine trees,—in the velvet carpet of moss at their feet; in the towering cliffs, in the yawning abyss; in the rush and roar of the mountain stream,—in the deep, still waters of the lake; everywhere there was the beautiful life and strength of nature undisturbed. It was a warm, sunny afternoon late in August nearly 125 years ago. A refreshing breeze from the clear, cold waters of the mountain lake far below whispered through the pine forest on one of the high mountain peaks of Oregon. High up in the branches of a tall pine tree a little, brown squirrel was gracefully jumping toward its nest with a pinon nut between its teeth. But, as it was making an extra long leap, the nut slipped from between its teeth and went tumbling to the ground. Ah, —little, brown squirrel,—why did you drop that seed?



Fate was kind to the little seed. It found a snug resting place beside a big boulder, under a warm covering of moldering pine needles. The hoof of a passing mountain deer buried it still deeper in its warm bed. Here it lay through the cold winter months, lonesome,—but thankful that it had not been carried away to help satisfy the hunger of the squirrel household. Ah,—little brown squirrel,—why did you drop that seed?

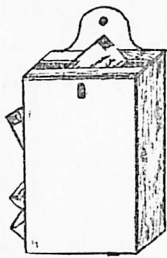
With the coming of spring the little seed awoke into life and became conscious of a wonderful, new power within itself. It entered upon this new stage of its existence by sending forth an inquisitive, pale-green shoot, unfolding itself to a resurrected world. In its eagerness to broaden out its new horizon it grew and grew. Years and years went by. The little seed had grown to be a mighty pine tree. The sunshine of a hundred summers had made it tall and stately. The cold blasts of a hundred winters had made it strong and beautiful. It had furnished food to many a hungry squirrel; many a deer and bear had found shelter under its branches. It had seen the passing of the Redman and the coming of the Whiteman; the passing of savagery,—and the coming of civilization. And with it came an eventful day in the life of the tree. Strange sounds were heard in the forest. A few strokes of an ax,—a thundering crash,—and the big tree had fallen. Hundred years of life brought to an end in so many seconds! Ah,—little, brown squirrel,— why did you drop that seed?

Soon there was an awful noise; a buzzing and humming; a whizzing and whirring; a ripping and screeching. The big tree had passed through the cruel saw mill and lay with many of its old companions unconscious on a railway car, merely a pile of rough, pine boards, consigned to a lumber dealer in Blair, Nebraska. The beauty of hundred years of life—gone.

Ah,—little, brown squirrel, why did you drop that seed?

Time passed by,—the unnoted time of unconsciousness. Amid the strokes of a plane, the blows of a hammer, the piercing of nails, and the swish of a paint

brush, it awoke, as from a dream, into life,—a new life in a new world. But those hundred years of life! Was it real?



Or was it merely the winter dream of the little seed as it lay sleeping beside the big boulder? Was it *still* the little seed? Amid such perplexities and confusions, as always occur in the first moments of all life, it woke to the realization that it was a new creation,—a new being,—a mail box! Ah,—little, brown squirrel,—why did you drop that seed?

It is twenty-two long years ago since it entered upon this new stage of its existence. The smiling faces of the student body of Blair College, twenty-eight in number, greeted the appearance of the new mail-box on the wall. This evening over one hundred students pay it a last tribute. For twenty-two years it has been the greatest factor in the life of this institution. For all these years it has served as the great connecting link between the school and the world at large. It has been the means of bringing joy and hope to the loved ones far away. The first letter to pass through the mail-box was from a young man to his father and read thus:

Blair College

November 21, 1895.

Dear father,

I just want to write a few lines to let you and ma know that I am feeling pretty good and getting along alright. Thanks for the letter you sent me last week. I kinda wish I was back home again, cause this is a pretty strict place. We have to haul up our own coal, and carry down the ashes,—and fill our lamps every morning. The monitors come around every morning at 7:30 to look at our rooms, and by that time we got to have the beds fixed—and everything cleaned up. We take turns about sweeping and scrubbing the halls. Next week it's my turn. We all belong to the boarding club and help each other to wash the dishes. I'm glad I learned how when I was home. There's 31 of us in all here

now,—28 students and 3 teachers. Pretty big family,—isnt it? They charge us \$12 a month this year cause everything is so high. Next year they're going to try to start a class in German.

I guess I'll have to close— and get to bed cause its nearly 9 o'clock and I got to get up early tomorrow morning and chop some wood. Give my love to ma and sis and the cat. Is it still alive?

Yours respectfully

Hans Petersen.

More than anyone else the old mail box has helped to establish a reputation for the school and has been a means of inducing thousands of students to come here. Hundreds of young men and women who were stranded on the rocks of financial embarrassment have through the old mail box sent out their cry of distress. Ships laden with gold have come to their rescue and enabled them to sail on through the quiet seas of school life. To rich and poor, to young and old, to teacher and student, it has always been the same,—giving to each a happy thought. No one has come to it in vain. Ah, what burdens it has relieved us of! To it we have poured out our hearts. To it we have come with our tales of woe, and with our songs of joy and love,—with our hopes and our fears,—with our laughs and our tears. And always we have found relief. Faithfully it has kept the secrets we have entrusted to it. Often as we passed it in the hall it has brought to us thoughts of home, reminding us time and again that it was time to write to mother—or a sister. Ah, the millions of loving words that have passed through that old mail box! In the twenty-two years of its existence it has been the means of bringing about many a happy marriage.

Through the lonesome summer months it has amused itself by watching the rats and mice dance in the hallways. Many a ghost has passed by it in its nightly rambles.

To it belongs the honor of having formed the acquaintance of scores of illustrious personages who from time to time have been the guests of the school. Among

these are: an ambassador from a foreign country, a chancellor, Gov. Moorehead, Judge Sutton, a United States Senator, an Indian Poet, an Irish Poet,—noted singers, and lecturers and professors from foreign lands,—and what more shall I say?, for the time would fail me.

In the twenty-two years of its existence a veritable museum of curios has passed through this old mail box: several engagement rings, but also many gallons of tears; a live rabbit, and many smaller animals; a pig tail; peace proposals, and other kinds; false teeth; candy and other sweet things, especially on the first of April; but there have also gone letters to kings and presidents and other great men.

The last, and also the fatal letter was put in the old mail box Feb. 14, 1917. It was by one of that class of young men who have not the courage to speak out the burden of their hearts to the object of their affections. And to such the old mail box has always been a helpful friend.

“My dear Miss X,

It is with beating heart and trembling hand that I venture to write to you for the first time”. Then followed fourteen big pages of loving thoughts which we shall not repeat here, for the young man is among us. That letter was the straw that broke the camel’s back. Faithfully the old mail box had done its work for twenty-two years, but when this love missive was squeezed down between sixty others, the old mail box burst and was laid aside as useless. Such were the last moments of its life. Ah,—little, brown squirrel, why did you drop that seed?



At present it lies in state in the museum of Dana College from whence it will soon be borne in solemn procession to our new crematory with the tall smoke-stack, there to be fed to the flames and add a little heat to some cold room. Then it shall return to the air from whence it came helping to form another pine seed; then shall its mission be fulfilled.

For the following lines I want to offer an apology to: "The Old Oaken Bucket".

The scenes of my schooldays are dear to me always,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
The orchard, the campus, the dark, winding hallways,
And every loved spot which in school days I knew,
The rolling, green lawn by big shade trees surrounded,
The chapel, reception room—(dearest of all)—,
The class rooms, the teachers who kept me confounded,
And e'en the old mail box that hung on the wall;
The old wooden mail box; the faithful old mail-box;
The shattered old mail box that hung on the wall.

That old wooden mail box I greeted with pleasure,
For often at morn as I went to my work
It served to remind me, at least in a measure,
Of duties neglected, of things I might shirk.
It carried my thoughts to the scenes left behind me
To father and mother and home far away,
It filled me with longing, and seemed to remind me
Of brother and sisters who are busy all day,
The old wooden mail box, the faithful old mail box,
The varnished old mail box that hung on the wall.



The Triumph of Democracy.

By *And. Steensen.*

I believe that the great Concord philosopher, or, if you please, the great American philosopher, Emerson, is right when he says, "We live in an exceptional age; America is another word for opportunity; and our entire history appears like a last effort of Divine Providence in behalf of the human race."

For, indeed, if we make a brief review of the history of America, we shall find that there are certain great epochal events, which we can heartily and enthusiastically celebrate. Such are the discovery of the New World, on the soil of which democracy was to develop as it never did before; Patrick Henry's great lyric speech in the Virginia House of Burgesses, which precipitated the Revolution and which still stirs the hearts like strains of martial music; the skirmish at Lexington; the Declaration of Independence; the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown; the making of the Constitution; and the Battle of Gettysburg.

I say that we can heartily and enthusiastically celebrate these events because they are steppingstones in the progress of democracy. The Declaration of Independence published our theory of government—the Constitution set forth the plan to put that theory into effect. The Declaration helped us to secure our liberty; and even to-day a man of sensibility can not read it without a thrill in his soul. For one hundred and forty two years it has been a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to people everywhere struggling for the freedom to which all men are entitled.

Out of the flaming fire of the Revolution the

fathers of the Republic brought a nation which they dedicated to liberty and human progress. For the nation so consecrated, true men in every generation have labored and struggled, suffered and died, that it might flourish and endure.

142 years ago the manhood of America was called upon to decide whether this should be a nation. Half a century ago Americans were forced to determine whether this should continue to be a nation. To-day the Republic faces a third crisis no less momentous than that of 1776, or that of 1860. To-day Americans must again determine whether their country shall preserve its national ideals, whether it shall have a national soul, whether the United States, for which Washington fought, and for which Lincoln died, shall continue to hold its place among nations.

When in this connection I speak about the United States, I do not mean the square miles of which she consists, but the principles and ideals for which she stands. I mean her very national soul—Democracy, Liberty.

America was reborn by the struggle of the Civil war, but she is reborn every day of her life by the purposes we form, by the conceptions we entertain, and by the hopes that we cherish. These purposes, conceptions and hopes are for universal democracy—universal liberty, and this is the principle and ideal for which we fight to-day.

There are some Americans who do not see the reason why our country has spurned the Pope's and Berlin's peace offers. But we must remember that the United States is at war against one thing, this one thing is Autocracy, or Prussianism. We see the word daily in the newspapers. Our President made a declaration of war against Prussianism—not against the German people. To-day the war is a war between Democracy and Autocracy, and we can not as Americans be true to our principles and still listen to peace proposals which do not provide for universal democracy. I believe President Wilson is right when he says, "If there is one thing this country ought to fight for and that any nation ought to fight for—it is the integrity of its own

convictions". "We must make the world safe for democracy" is the famous statement, made by President Wilson, which echoes around the world to-day. "America was born into the world to do mankind service, and no man is a true American in whom the desire to do mankind service does not take precedence over the desire to serve himself. I believe the might of America is the might of righteous purpose and of a sincere love for the freedom of mankind."

The world as well as our immediate neighborhood, must be made safe for democracy. No future peace, no freedom, no higher life for mankind is possible while Germany remains an armed camp and the German government a military despotism. Europe can no more remain half slave and half free than America could. If the rest of us are to continue free, the German people must attain freedom. The fall of autocracy and militarism is necessary for the triumph of democracy.

But there is another side to the question. Democracy must develop spiritually as well as physically. Lincoln has defined democracy as a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, and if we consult a dictionary we find it defined as a rule by the common people.

But if the common people shall be able to rule they must be educated. Illiteracy is one of the worst obstacles to democracy. In a democracy where the common people are illiterate there is always a tendency to mob-rule. This is proven by the history of Greece, Rome, France, and Russia.

That the United States has seen the importance of this spiritual growth is shown by her press. In almost every newspaper or periodical, we find articles, pointing out defects of our government and devices to remedy these defects.

Thus Dr. Schailer Mathews, Dean of the Divinity school of the University of Chicago, wrote an article in "The Constructive Quarterly" on the subject, "The Challenge set to Democracy now is Spiritual." He says that the test of democracy will be moral—now that it has gained power it must learn to use power. He di-

vides his article into four parts, each of which treats of one of the following requisites: (1) A triumphant democracy must resist the temptation to substitute centralized efficiency for personal values—as example he gave the fall of the Roman empire. (2) A triumphant democracy must avoid materialism. (3) A successful democracy must learn to *give justice* rather than to *get right*. (4) A successful democracy must rely upon contagious spiritual idealism rather than upon force.

But let us go back to the physical growth of democracy. I said before that this is a war between Democracy and Autocracy. I can also say that it is a war between good and evil, between right and wrong. But how can we talk about the triumph of democracy to-day when it seems that the Kaiser is leading the whole world into destruction? This question has caused me a good deal of trouble as I have been working on this subject; and according to people's utterances it has caused trouble to others also. But then Lowell's "The Present Crisis" came into my memory and especially this stanza:—

“Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone
is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her
throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all
wrong.”

and Bryant's:—

“Truth crushed to earth shall rise again!”

That will be the triumph of democracy.

Afskedshilsen til de unge.

Af P. S. Vig.

Melodi: Farvel, min Ven, snart mig Døden kalder.

Farvel, I unge, som gaar til Hæren,
Det gælder Frihed, det gælder Æren;
Vær med at danne en trofast Vagt
For Folkefrihed mod Vold og Magt!

Vær med at ofre, naar Pligten kalder,
Hvor Kugler hvisler og Bomber falder,
Vær med at dø for den gode Sag,
At der maa komme en bedre Dag!

Vær med at lide saa haardt, det svier;
Vær med at gaa paa de tunge Stier,
Vær med at kæmpe for Sandheds Sejr;
Vær altid med i de ædles Lejr.

Vær med at haabe paa Fredens Komme,
Selv gennem vældige Folkedomme;
Vær med at bane for Freden Vej
Og mane ned det, som duer ej!

Vær med at bede til Gud i Himlen,
— Han raader end over Folkevrímlen —
At Fred og Frihed maa vinde Magt.
Han skærme jer med sin Englevagt!

Farvel, I unge, som gaar til Hæren,
Gaa bort med Gud og kom hjem med Æren
For Folk og Frihed, for Land og Flag,
Med Sejr for Folkenes store Sag!

Food Conservation.

By *Agnes M. Nielsen.*

This has been and is becoming a more and more important question all over the world. I do not believe there could be found a home, eating house of any kind, or boarding school, that has not felt its effects.

The students at Dana College and Trinity Seminary are also trying to do their bit toward Food Conservation. A meeting was called in November for the purpose of calling all the students' attention to the necessity of saving,—especially on sugar, wheat, and meat. All the students showed that they were willing enough to do their bit by "scraping their plates clean" at each meal; and to do with a little less of the "sweet eats" which we all like more or less.

We are now having sweetless and wheatless dinner every day, except Sundays. We also have a meatless day every week. And I am sure if any one came to take a look at our dinner tables, he would not call us slackers!

A new Library Building and Science Hall for Dana College and Trinity Seminary.

By *L. A. Laurson.*

Do we need it? Come and see! There will then be no question in your mind. Teachers and students alike are well aware of the fact that our library and laboratory facilities are such that they must be termed inefficient.

Have we done anything to obtain a new building? Yes, in 1917 the faculty of Dana College and Trinity Seminary adopted a resolution stating that such a building was most urgently needed. This resolution was sent to the "School Board". That body took favorable action and recommended it to the annual convention held at Neenah, Wis., June 1917. The convention went that far that it granted permission to the Board of Trustees to erect a library and science hall when the necessary sum was collected.

What will such a building cost? According to an architect's statement it could have been built in 1917 for \$15000 but very likely it will cost close to \$18000 to-day. But then bear in mind, we will then have a building that will not only answer a present need but one that will be sufficient for years to come.

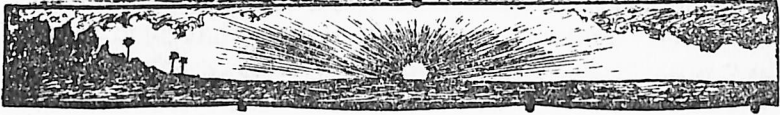
Can we get such a building?

This is the question for you to answer or at least assist in giving a satisfactory answer to. May Dana College and Trinity Seminary reckon with your cooperation; may this institution, to a reasonable extent, depend upon your assistance, your boosting for this cause; may the "school on the top of the hill" enlist your service to work for a new library and science hall?

How shall we go at it?

Wherever there is the slightest opportunity—where none is, create one—to talk library, to bring this cause before the people, tell, show, demonstrate, argue, convince in season and out of season that Dana College and Trinity Seminary must have a new library and science hall. Are you ready to enlist in the service for the good cause, then let the writer of these lines know, as he is appointed and authorized to subscribe and collect the sum needed for the desired building.

May I hear from you?



THE TWO POWERS

A SONNET

By ANDERS JORGENSEN

*They call our earth a desert dry and bare;
They say that only thorn and thistle grow;
They think that nowhere living waters flow;
They claim that dust and filth possess the air.—
I know that noble flowers are few and rare,
That desert-sand and dirt and ice and snow
Would like to kill, defile and overthrow
The Life from God in earth's oasis fair.
But ah! from Paradise each day anew
A stream flows on, creating gardens bright
With flowers of Mercy, Love, and Friendship true,
And Purity, the loveli'st flower to sight.
The very air is cleansed with Heaven's Dew;
There is no darkness; God provides the light.*



Reflections.

By *Chris B. Larsen.*

Virility is a rare quality. Two thousand years ago the noted philosopher walked in the streets of Athens with a lantern in his hand by daylight, and when asked what he was looking for, cried out that he was looking for a man. The streets of Athens were full of people, but there were no men there. I trust that the conditions have improved since that time, and yet I sometimes wonder if one still needs a lantern to find a man.

If you want to be a man you must face the world with the convictions of your soul. You must stand alone if circumstances demand it. The man, who is a man, is not in every respect governed by the prevalent opinion. He does not follow the demagogue. This does not mean that one has to be stubborn in order to be a man. The true man yields when he sees he is mistaken.

By acquiescing and following the crowd, one can avoid much unpleasantness; and it is the sure road to popularity. But that should not be the aim in life. The man should follow the convictions of his heart in spite of opposition and prevalent opinion.



The sun gives out a vast volume of light which is composed of the primary colors with their combinations. This white light represents radiant energy, and the different colors are determined by the various rates of vibration that are required to produce the distinctive impressions upon the retina. Every object

in nature appropriates more or less of this energy. The rose absorbs all the rays except the red which are reflected backwards upon the eye. The leaves absorb all the rays except the green which are reflected and produce a green image upon the retina. —

The greatest source of all energy—God—also emits a flood of light or energy. Every human being is subjected to this stream of vital energy. Some people appropriate much of this energy, others not so much, and again others none at all. A person's value is determined by the amount of energy he receives from God. The man, who receives none at all, is of no value in this life or the one to come.



Every river has its source in the higher altitudes.— The glittering crystals of snow on the mountain peaks succumb to the powerful rays of the sun, and the water begins to trickle down through the crevices and soon a little stream of limpid water rushes down the mountain side.—As the stream proceeds in its course it gradually becomes a river. As the river enters farther and farther into the lowlands and makes one meander after the other, it becomes more and more sluggish in its movements, and the water is turbid.—

Every human being has his origin in the regions above—the celestial regions.—Our lives were intended to be clear and pure, but so many deviate from the straight path and enter into regions that put the stamp of defilement on their souls.—The stream of their life has become turbid.—

You who realize that you are groping in darkness, and that your innermost life is polluted, why do you not return to the regions where purity is found?



We live in an age where everything has to be proved. It is of little use to make a statement if you can not substantiate it by data and facts. If you make the statement that a function of an acute angle is equal to the cofunction of its complementary acute angle, you must be ready to prove it. Everybody wants facts. The farmers want facts, the businessmen want facts, the students want facts, the professors want facts, and most of all, the scientists want facts. If facts are presented and the problem conforms to reason, people will believe it — not otherwise. —

It is a peculiar irony that those who refuse to accept or believe anything unless they can see it and grasp it with their own limited minds, seem to forget that several of the fundamental theories in the sciences are hypothetical. That is true of the atom theory, and it is true of the molecule theory. We determine the number of atoms in a molecule, and yet, we have seen neither the atom nor the molecule. The same is true of the electron theory. We believe the electrons exist, yet, we have never seen them. Some scientists have even calculated the mass of an electron to be $1/1760$ that of the hydrogen atom. We see that this involves very exact calculation when we remember that an atom is a part of a molecule, and a molecule is so small that it cannot be seen separately by the highest power microscope. The ether is also hypothetical. We believe it transmits heat and light from the sun to the atmosphere, and yet we have never seen it. We believe it exists everywhere in space in spite of the fact that we cannot detect it. —

All this we believe although it is hypothetical. But when we want to believe that there is a creator behind the universe, a ruler of the heaven and earth, then we are ridiculed by those who know better, those who believe that there is no god just because they cannot see him. — Such people are to be pitied.

Our Soldiers.

Dana College is well represented in the United States Army. Below appears an incomplete list of students and graduates from this school, now serving under the stars and stripes.

Prof. Laursen has donated a sum sufficiently large to make possible the sending of a copy of this paper to each one of the soldiers.—

The editors extend their cordial greetings to all the boys.

- Andersen, Thanning, 18th Field Hosp. Co. Ft. Riley, Kansas.
- Bonnesen, Elmer, 7th. Co. C. A. C. of Oahu, Ft. Kamehameha, H. T.
- Bollesen, M. P., 350th Amb. Corps, Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Ia.
- Christensen, Tinus, U. S. Aviation School, Champaign, Illinois.
- Christensen, Mathias, Med. Off. Training Camp, Ft. Riley, Kans.
- Christensen, Paul, Med. Dept. Ft. Riley, Kans.
- Debel, N. H., Fort Taylor, Louisville, Ky.
- Hansen, Alfred, Address unknown.
- Hansen, Bennie, Address unknown.
- Hansen, Laurice A., Quarter Master Dept., Ft. Riley, Kansas.
- Hansen, T. S., c/o M. O. T. C. 5—M, Ft. Riley, Kans.
- Houmark, W. J., Last heard from at Ft. Snelling.
- Jensen, Herman (Doc.), 347 Inf. Reg., Camp Pike, Ark.
- Jensen, Anton H., Amb. 4, 335 Sanitary Train 309, Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.
- Jensen, Elmer D., 109 Headq. Mounted Police, Camp Cody, N. M.
- Jensen, Carl (Lyons, Nebr.), Address unknown.

Jensen, Fred (Lyons, Nebr.), Address unknown.
 Jensen, Jens (Laurel, Nebr.), Address unknown.
 Jorgensen, J. C., M. D. 62 Inf. Camp, Fremont, Cal.
 Kragh, Hans, Co. G. 362 Inf. Camp Louis, Tacoma,
 Wash.
 Kirkegaard, Phillip, Med. Corps, Ft. Omaha, Nebr.
 Kirkegaard, Smith, Med. Corps, Ft. Omaha, Nebr.
 Lang, Roy, On the way to France.
 Larsen, Chris (Lyons, Nebr.), Address unknown.
 Larsen, Andrew K., Gen. Hosp., Ft. Porter, N. Y.
 Lothrop, Norman, Cornet Horn Sousa's Navy Band,
 Great Lakes Training Station, Ill.
 Nielsen, Juhl, Sanitary Detachment, 355 Inf. Camp
 Funston, Kans.
 Nielsen, Andrew, 312th Reg. Ammunition Train, Camp
 Funston, Kans.
 Nelson, Robert, Headq. Co., 134 Inf., Camp Cody, N. M.
 Nygaard, Kaj, 355 Inf. Co. H., Camp Funston, Kans.
 Pedersen, Alfred (Elk Horn), 8th Co. C. A. C., Ft.
 Rosecrans, Cal.
 Pedersen, Einer, Somewhere in France.
 Petersen, Magnus, Med. Dept., Ft. Omaha, Nebr.
 Peterson, James C., Chaplain, Camp Dodge, Des Moines,
 Iowa.
 Pedersen, H. C., Co. 18, Fort Riley, Kansas.
 Poulsen, Hans, Address unknown.
 Sinamark, Dr. Andrew, U. S. Navy, Guam.
 Sinamark, George, 2nd. Bat. Kelley, Field No. 1, So.
 San. Antonio, Tex.
 Sorensen, Andrew, 3rd. Co. C. A. C., Ft. Kamehameha,
 Oahu, H. T.
 Sorensen, Maurice, Bat. B. 127th F. A., Camp Cody,
 Deming, N. M.
 Sorensen, John, Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.
 Swanson, Elmer, 354 Amb. Corps, Camp Funston, Kans.
 Thomsen, Jens, Hosp. Corps, Ft. D. A. Russel, Wy.
 Vig, Peter, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.
 Woodard, David, Bat. B. Heavy Field Artillery, Camp
 Cody, Deming, N. M.
 Zander, Chris, Med. Corps, Post Hosp., Ft. Omaha, Neb.



> X - HUSLY <

AF
VICTOR R. STABY.

Joe Webster stod og ragede i Gløderne med en Ildtang, derpaa lagde han nogle Pindestumper paa Ilden, alt imens han smaasnakkede med sig selv, en Vane han — som de fleste andre Eneboere — havde tilegnet sig alle de mange Aar, han havde boet alene derude paa Nord Dakotas Prærie: „Aa ja, Gud ske Tak da, at man har noget at bide og brænde i disse stormfulde Dage,” fortsatte han, „en begynder ogsaa at mærke at man ikke er ung mere, skønt 62 er jo dog ingen høj Alder, naar ens Far blev 93.”

Joe stoppede sin Pibe og satte sig til Rette saa tæt ved Kakkelovnen, som det var muligt, saa begyndte han igen: „Det er nu baade saa som saa med at være alene i Livet, aa ja, en savner jo alligevel noget, saadan i Retning af at være god imod en eller anden, som Præsten udtrykte sig, da jeg var til Kirke sidste Efteraar. Naa, men nu er man jo en Gang alene og maa vel finde sig i det — gifte sig, nej da! saa skal man jo pyntes og pudses, barberes hver fjortende Dag, og jeg ved ikke hvad!”

Gamle Joe satte sig magelig til Rette i Lænestolen, hans Snakken blev svagere og svagere og endte med at forme sig til en sagte Mumlen, som efter at være bleven overdøvet af den sydende Tekeddel, standsede helt. Gamle Joe sov.

Men udenfor føg Sneen i vild Fart hen over Prærierne og udslettede ethvert Spor af Vej og Sti. Stormen rev i Huse og Halmstakke, og de smaa Træplanter, som tre Vintre i Træk havde været truet med Døden, bøjede Hovederne i Opgivelse. De havde jo ogsaa hørt

saa ofte, at de ingen Fremtid havde for sig i den Del af Verden; men hvor skulde de rejse hen, og hvem forstod dem?

De anede ikke, at der var en i Nærheden, som havde lidt den samme Skæbne som de, var bleven plantet i et forkert Klima og bar kun Selvopgivelsen i sig, strejvende om ganske alene uden Maal og uden Vilje, blot optaget af Døgnets Spørgsmaal: „Lidt at putte i Munden og en lille Smule Ly mod Kulden.”

Træplanternes Lidelsesfælle var en Vandringsmand, som kæmpede sig gennem den bløde Sne. Den forslidte Frakke havde han omhyggelig knappet og fæstet om Halsen med en Naal. Huen var trukken langt ned over Ørene og Panden, kun Næsen og Øjnene var ubeskyttet mod den hvirvlende Sne og den bidende Frost. Hans første Tanke, da han nærmede sig den lille Plankehytte, var en Blanding af Trods og Frygt, men med raske Skridt nærmede han sig den lave Dør og bankede paa, mens Tankerne kredsede snart om en varm Kakkelovn, snart om en bister Hund, som Ejeren maaske vilde hidse paa ham. —

Joe Webster vaagnede og for op, som om han paa en Gang var bleven 20 Aar yngre: „Hva — hva — er dette hersens for noget, hvem kan det dog være, som huserer uden for Folks Døre paa denne Tid af Døgnet og i et saadant Herrens Vejr.”

Han skævede hen til Bøssen, som hang paa en Knag i Kakkelovnskrogen, besindede sig imidlertid og gik ud og aabnede Døren stiltfærdigt. Gennem Dørsprækken skimtede han en sammenbøjet Skikkelse med Hænderne dybt begravet i Frakkelommerne. Gamle Joe skammede sig over de frygtsomme Følelser, han for et Øjeblik havde været betaget af. Han derude tænkte vist kun paa at komme ind i en varm Stue og blive optøet lidt; stakkels Fyr, han havde nok intet ondt i Sinde.

Joe aabnede Døren, og uden videre Ceremonier bød han den fremmede indenfor. Han vilde lige til at rette et Spørgsmaal til sin underlige Gæst, men hvad var her at spørge om nu? I det blaafrøse Ansig

og det pjaltede Tøj laa baade Spørgsmaal og Svar nok for Joe.

Denne begyndte at smaasnakke med sig selv om Hundevejr — Fattigdom — Skæbnens Gang, mens han samtidig puslede omkring, fik et lille Maaltid anrettet for den fremmede og bad ham sætte sig til Bords.

Uden at lade sig nøde gjorde vor Ven sig til gode med Retterne, der var sat frem for ham.

Omsider blev han færdig med at spise. Gamle Joe ryddede lidt til Side, bød den fremmede en Pibe Tobak, og nu satte de sig begge hen til Kakkelovnen for at nyde Varmen. Saa begyndte Joe uden Formaliteter: „Naa, hvad er du saa for en Fyr?” Men Gæsten syntes at være baade tavs og indesluttet. Dette huede ikke rigtig Joe, og da han havde gjort flere Tilløb for at faa sin Gæst til at fortælle noget om hans Maal med at gaa omkring i et saadant forrygende Vejr, brød det ud af ham:

„Hør, bitte Far, jeg kunde da nok lide at vide lidt om, hvem jeg har i mit Hus!”

Den fremmede saa op med et Udtryk, der talte om baade Trods og Sorg, og svarede nølende: „Hvad bryder Folk sig om min Historie, men dersom du ønsker det, kan jeg jo godt fortælle dig den. Livet har ellers lært mig at holde Sorgerne ved mig selv. — Ja, mit Navn er George Smith, jeg er Søn af en Købmand i Minnesota.”

Gamle Joe lyttede. Hvad laa der i den fremmedes Maade at tale paa; han forstod det ikke selv, men det slog straks ned i ham, at han havde med en at gøre, der havde kendt bedre Dage.

„Mine Forældre var gode og retskafne Folk, og da jeg voksede til, var det Fars Hensigt, at jeg skulde hjælpe ham i Forretningen. Jeg fulgte ogsaa hans Planer et Aars Tid; men mere for en Forandring end af nogen anden Grund, bad jeg om Tilladelse til at studere, hvad jeg ogsaa fik. De første Aar i Højskolen syntes at gaa forholdsvis let, men lidt efter lidt mærkede jeg, at jeg havde overvurderet mine Evner. Omsider slap jeg igennem Højskolen, blev optaget paa Universitetet og slæbte mig igennem de to første Aar. Men Maalet for mit Arbejde var stadig ude af Sigte.

Hvad skulde jeg dog gøre? Det syntes mig umuligt at udholde!

Saa husker jeg det tydeligt, som var det i Aftes — hin Foraarsmorgen, da jeg søgte uden for den store Universitetsby for at finde Lindring for mit beklemte Sind. Træt og fortvivlet satte jeg mig ned ved Vejkanten; ude i Naturen syntes alt at protestere mod mit Tungsind. Solen skinnede og bebudede Vaarens Komme, Træerne stod beredt til at springe ud, og Landmanden havde travlt og begyndte Arbejdet i Haab; men i min Sjæl var det mørkt. Jeg græd — græd, som kun den kan græde, der hører et Hav af spildte Forhaabninger bruse bag sig og ser en Afgrund af Selvopgivelse gabe sig i Møde. En Følelse, som kun den kender, der ikke fandt sin rette Plads i Livet.

Da med et drev noget usynligt mig bort — bort fra Storstadens Tummel, bort fra Skole og Bøger; jeg gik og gik, hvortil længe ved jeg ikke. Mørket begyndte at falde paa. Landboerne red hjem fra Markerne paa deres trætte Heste, Frøerne begyndte at kvække, men endnu var jeg ikke kommen til klar Bevidsthed om, hvor jeg drev hen.

Ja, saa ved jeg for Resten ellers ikke, hvad jeg skal sige; fra den Dag har jeg flakket omkring som en hvileløs Sjæl, en unyttig Skabning i det store Univers, og dog holder vi stakkels Mennesker jo fast ved Livet saa længe, vi kan, og det er vel ogsaa en af Grundene, hvorfor jeg søgte Ly hos dig, gamle Ven, i dette Herrens Vejr!" Saa tav han.

Gamle Joe sad foroverbøjet og skjulte Ansigtet i Hænderne, han havde vel næppe forstaaet alle de forskellige Trin i den unge Mands Sjælekvaler, men saa meget begreb han, at han husede en fortvivlet Sjæl i sin tarvelige Hytte. Taarerne trillede ned ad hans Kinder; mon han, den gamle egenkærlige Pebersvend kunde være til lidt Gavn for et af sine skibbrudne Medmennesker. Han forsøgte at sige lidt om, hvad han havde læst, og hvad Præsten havde sagt en Gang, han havde talt med ham; men Ordene lød ganske klangløse.

Helt mekanisk gik gamle Joe Webster hen til et lille Bord, hvor en Bunke Aviser og Seglgarn laa op-

stabet, trak en lille Sangbog frem, og med brusten Stemme og dirrende Røst sang den gamle den velkendte Sang af Thomas Moore:

„Kom du bedrøvede søgende Hjerte,
Kom til Guds Trone, hvor Kærlighed bor;
Kom med dit saarede Sind og din Smerte:
Himlen kan læge al Kummer paa Jord!”

Da Sangen var endt, gik Joe og George Smith til Ro og sov trygt, mens Stormen jog hen over Prærien.

— — — —

Fire Aar er forløbet siden hin Aften. Det er en varm Sommerdag og gamle Joe Webster gaar ude og sysler paa Gaardspladsen. Men hvor ser alt dog forandret ud: det gamle Hus er blevet ombyttet med et hyggeligt, lille Stuehus, de gamle Skure er forsvundet, og en stor moderne Stald har taget deres Plads, alt ser nyt og indbydende ud, kun gamle Joe ser ældre ud, end da vi saa ham sidst, og sin gamle Vane at snakke med sig selv synes han ogsaa at holde fast paa:

„Aa ja, hvem skulde have troet, man skulde have faaet det saa godt paa sine gamle Dage. Vor Herre har alligevel tænkt paa en gammel Stakkel, da han sendte George Smith. Den George er nu en prægtig Fyr, som han kan tumle et Par Heste og bruge en Fork, jo, da — og hans Kone, det kan nok være! Det var nu ellers min Skræk at faa Kvindfolk i Huset, aa ja, men naar saa man mærker en hjælpende Haand, naar man er syg, og alt bliver lavet saa hyggeligt for en, saa kan man jo næsten fristes til at skifte sin Mening. Saa nu kommer George fra Byen i Automobil, det Uhyre faar han mig nu aldrig op i; men Hovedsagen er ogsaa, at han fornøjer sig — — det var da nu godt, han fandt Husly mod Stormvejret.”

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