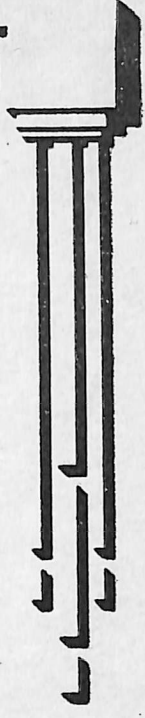


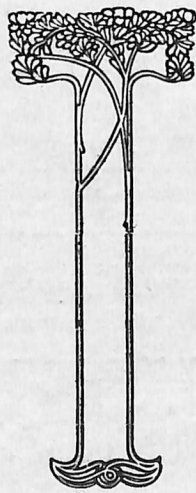
v. 1, #2

May 1920



# HERMES

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# HERMES

A MESSENGER FROM DANA COLLEGE  
AND TRINITY SEMINARY

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VOL. 1.

BLAIR, NEBR., MAY, 1920

NO. 2.

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## Editorial

### WORD OF APPRECIATION

The staff wishes to express its appreciation to the business people of Blair for their hearty response to our solicitation for advertisements. Their cooperation plays an important part in making it possible for us to put HERMES out in its present form.

### SUMMER CORRESPONDENCE WITH HERMES

Address correspondence during the summer months to HERMES, c/o Dana College, Blair, Nebraska. Arrangements will be made to forward all first-class mail to one of the members of the staff.

### CONCLUSION AND POINT OF VIEW

Every day we are arriving at conclusions and, right or wrong, beneficial or harmful to ourselves and our fellow human beings, we are acting upon them; hence the importance of right, beneficial conclusions. To arrive at the right conclusion in any question, we must have in-

formation on that question; not only information in general but we must have all the information bearing upon the question. But even if a person has this he may still arrive at a wrong conclusion. Along with this information he must have an unbiased, unprejudiced mind. Personal preference must be put aside; fairmindedness must be given the word.

How often we hear harsh, severe judgments pronounced on persons. And if we have the opportunity to look into the matter, we find in many cases that they are unjust. And why? Oh, because they are based on only a part of the facts involved or they are the colored product of a biased mind. All the facts are necessary. As a building rests on all of the foundation so a right conclusion rests on all of the facts. Take away part of the foundation and the building will be injured; take away part of the facts and the conclusion will be faulty.

This being true we readily see that a right conclusion is often difficult to obtain. What patience, what care are often necessary to get all the facts. And after this is done what exercise of judgment is needed.

Another consideration intimately related to conclusion is point of view. Look at an object from one side and you get one point of view. Then look at it from another side and you get another. But perhaps the object looks quite different from the different points of view. And if a person wishes to know the whole object as it is he must look at it from all points of view.

How often men disagree because each one, perhaps selfishly, insists on seeing the question from his point of view only. Each one views the question from the position that pleases him. He refuses to see the whole question, the one thing which makes it possible for him to judge fairly.

Every day we are confronted by questions of right conclusion and point of view. If we take the right attitude toward these we have taken one important step toward harmonious living with our fellow human beings. But if we fail we will inevitably cause much unnecessary confusion.



## IN THE HILLS OF GALILEE

By ANDERS JORGENSEN

Eleven years ago a small company was traveling under the eastern heavens. The party consisted of four peaceable young men, afoot and unarmed. They had no hired leader or guide; but the strongest of the four, a Jute by the name of Mads, was looked up to as the executive of the little group.

Every morning when the first rays of light appeared on the eastern sky, he called his fellow travelers, who then put on their shoes and made ready for another day's journey. Usually it was a little difficult for J. P., another member of the family, to get started. He was the one who suffered most from exposure to the extremely hot climate and the strain of travel; but he never refused to rise when Mads called. In this respect the writer of this account caused more trouble. He would often turn over exclaiming, "You always wake me up in the middle of the night; it is dark yet, and I am tired and sleepy; let us rest another hour."

"You just get up now, lazy fellow!" sounded the voice of my friend, Peter; "in an hour the sun will be up, and the people will soon be out in the fields. You don't want them to find us here, do you?"—Of course, I didn't. I got my knapsack on and was ready.

One event that occurred on this trip I remember as distinctly as the happenings of yesterday. It was the twelfth of May.

All day the country had been exposed to the mer-

ciless, scorching rays of the sun. All day the scant trees and shrubs had been longing for relief. For twelve long hours man and beast had suffered the intense heat under the cloudless heaven of the Orient. Only the large mottled lizards seemed to laugh at the trial of fire. Hundreds and hundreds of them dotted the rocks along the narrow, rugged pathway. They enjoyed the sun bath and in a half curious, half defiant manner observed the travelers passing by. Thus was the day. But the event referred to occurred in the evening.

Shortly before sunset we arrived at a well that was situated near a small village on the low mountain range northwest of the Sea of Tiberias. Some inhabitants of the village just coming down to water their camels directed us on the way to our destination, the village of Mes.

As we were sitting down at the wayside for a short rest, a young Arabian horseman came up. He had followed us a while at a distance. Stopping his horse he greeted us, "*N'harak saide!*"—"May your day be happy!"—According to the custom of the country, we touched our breasts and foreheads and answered, "*N'harak saide um barak!*"—"May your day be happy and blest!"—Then he wanted to know if we spoke Spanish; and as we answered in the negative he asked us in Arabic the questions that we were obliged to answer many times every day, "Whence do you come?" and "Where do you go?" Stating the terminals only of our day's journey we informed him that we came from Safed and were on the way to Mes.

He was going to the same village and was anxious to have us go with him. He was courteous almost to the point of sweetness and offered to place some of our baggage on the back of his horse. We had met fellows of his type before, and we assured him that we were very much obliged but could easily carry it ourselves. As we advanced three other horsemen caught up with us. They said nothing to us beyond the

(Continued on page 58)

## Amerikansk Interesse for dansk Sprog og Videnskab af P. S. Vig

Som Modsætning til den Modvillie mod „everything foreign”, der nu synes at være raadende i Amerika, endog blandt saadanne, som i alleregentligst Forstand skylder „foreigners’ deres Tilværelse, — kan det maaske ikke skade at fremføre nogle Vidnesbyrd om, at saaledes har det ikke altid været, — og saaledes vil det ikke kunne blive ved at være, hvis Amerika ikke skal komme i den værste Modsigelse med sig selv. Men det er med et ungt Land, som det er med et ungt Menneske: det svinger let fra en Yderlighed til en anden.

Der var en Tid, i første Halvdel af det 19de Aarhundrede, da det lille og fjerne Danmark gav Anledning til, at der her i Landet fremkom en meget stærk Bevægelse i de mest vaagne Kredse i Befolkningen, der med levende Interesse grebes af Bevidstheden om sin nordiske Afstamning og Oprindelse, en Interesse, der har sat sine Spor, der mærkes indtil nu paa mere end et Omraade og ikke mindst derpaa, at Kampen i Amerika fremdeles drejer sig om, hvorvidt nordisk „Freedom” eller romersk „Liberty” skal gaa af med Sejren.

Anledningen til hin Bevægelse udgik fra „Nordisk Oldskriftselskab”, stiftet i 1825 i København, men særlig fra dette Selskabs utrættelige Sekretær, Karl Kristian Rafn (død 1864), der i 1837 udgav sit epokegørende Pragtværk i 3 Bind: „Antiquitates Americanæ”, en samlet Gengivelse af de islandske Sagaers Beretninger, om Nordboernes Opdagelse af Vinland det gode og deres Bosættelse der i det 11te og 12te Aarhundrede, ledsaget af oplysende Indledninger, Kort og Anmærkninger fra Rafns flittige Haand. Dette Hovedværk fremkaldte her i Landet en omfattende Litteratur i Form af Afhandlinger i de mest bekendte Tidsskrifter og Blade, samt en hel Række betydningsfulde Bøger, ligesom mange fremstaaende Mænd holdt en Række Foredrag navnlig i de tre større Byer i Østen, og en omfattende Brevveksling mellem Rafn og mange amerikanske Lærde, af

hvilke flere gav sig til at studere Dansk og endog drev det til at kunne skrive til Rafn paa dette Sprog. En Del amerikanske Lærde var Medlemmer af Nordisk Oldskriftselskab, før Rafns store Værk udkom, men flere blev det nu. Af disse skal jeg her kun nævne Historikeren Geo. Bancroft, Digteren H. W. Longfellow, Forfatteren John R. Bartlett, Guvernør Edward Everett osv. Rafn udnævntes til Æresmedlem af mindst 13 historiske Selskaber i Amerika, og det af ham oprettede „Amerikanske Kabinet” i København fyldtes med en Mængde Oldsager her fra Landet, som hans amerikanske Venner sendte ham, og, om jeg ikke tager fejl, har nævnte Kabinet givet Forbilledet for Oprettelsen af lignende Samlinger i Amerika. — Det er derfor ikke uden god Grund, at Rafn har faaet Plads i Appletons Cyclopædie of American Biography, skønt han var født paa Brahetrolleborg paa Fyn, samt at nævnte Værk har et Billede af hans Gravsted i København.

\* \* \* \* \*

Af de Mænd, som tidligst blev Medlem af titnævnte danske Selskab var det Hensigten her særlig at dvæle noget længere ved Ny-Engländeren

*George Perkins Marsh.*

Denne af sit Fædreland og Videnskaben højt fortjente Mand nedstammer fra Engländeren John Marsh, der i Aaret 1635 nedsatte sig i Lebanon, Conn. Hans Bedstefader, Joseph Marsh drog i 1778 til de saakaldte New Hampshire Grants, det nuværende Vermont. Dennes Søn, Fader til Geo. P. Marsh, hed Charles M. og var født i 1765. Han var en meget dygtig Sagfører i henved 50 Aar i Woodstock, Vt. Han var stærkt interesseret i Bibelens Udbredelse og var Præsident for Staten Vermonts Bibelselskab og Vice-præsident for det amerikanske Bibelselskab til sin Død i 1849.

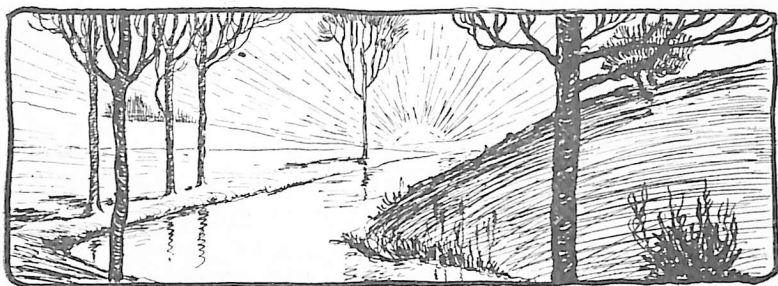
George P. Marsh blev født i Woodstock, Vt., d. 15. Marts 1803. Fra helt lille af var han hengiven til Læsning, en Kunst, som han lærte uden at nogen hjalp ham. Ofte vilde han gemme sig bort med en af sin Faders store Bøger og læse og læse, forglemmende alt andet, ogsaa det mørke Rum, han sad i, saa han led Skade

paa sit Syn, der endog til en Tid var udsat for helt at mistes. Sine Eksaminer tog han alle med Glans, og da han i 1820 tog Afgangseksamen fra Dartmouth College, var det med højeste Udmærkelse.

Han studerede derefter Jura og sad snart i en udstrakt Praksis og var paa Veje til at blive en rig Mand. Rig paa Penge blev han imidlertid aldrig, men derimod paa Arbejde og Viden. Det vilde tage for megen Plads her at opregne alle de betydelige Poster, der blev ham betroet, lige fra Medlem af Vermonts Højesteret til Medlem af U. S. Legislatur, U. S. Sendemand til Tyrkiet og Grækenland (1849—1856) og fra 1861 til 1882 i Italien, hvor han døde i Vallambrosa d. 23 Juli 1882 og ligger begravet paa den protestantiske Kirkegaard i Rom. G. P. M. var et Sproggeni, der inden han havde været ret længe paa et Sted kunde tale med Folk paa deres eget Sprog og havde indgaaende Kendskab til deres Litteratur, enten de var Grækere, Tyrker, Italienere, Tyskere, Islændere, Danske, Franskmand, eller hvadsomhelst.

Det, der gjorde, at Marsh interesserede sig for de nordiske Sprog, var Lovudtryk, som viste tilbage til nordisk Oprindelse, og som han under sit Studium atter og atter stødte paa. Grundig som han var, henvendte han sig til Boghandlere her i Landet for at faa fat i skandinaviske Bøger, men forgæves. Over Tyskland lykkedes det ham med megen Bekostning at faa fat paa noget af det, han søgte. Gennem K. K. Rafn fik han R. K. Rasks Bøger om det islandske Sprog, som han studerede med stor Iver og oversatte paa Engelsk i 1838 under Titel „A compendious Grammar of the Old Northern or Icelandic Language, compiled and translated from the grammars of Rask” — Burlington, Vt., 1838. Paa Grund af de mange Trykfejl kom Bogen aldrig i Handelen. Marsh var alle sine Dage overbevist om, at det var „Gotherne” det vil sige: Folk af nordisk Afstamning, der har gjort Amerika til hvad det er, og han var altid rede til med Mund og Pen at give Beviser for sin Paastand.

Ved Hjælp af Rasks Grammatik studerede Marsh



## Hellig Ungdom

af Einar Rasmussen

Du kække, stærke Ungdomsflok,  
du, med de rene Blikke,  
der vidner om et Aandemod,  
som staar og skælver ikke.

Hvad er dit Maal? Hvad er din Id?  
Hvem fører slig en Skare?  
Thi den, du stander op imod,  
skal sikkert ilde fare.

Og hvilken Løn mon du dog faar —?  
I Fyrsteskrud du træder —?  
Hvor fik du sligt et Vaabenstyr  
og slige gyldne Kæder?

Os fører alle Himles Gud;  
hans Aand vort Blik forskønner,  
thi vi er ej en hvervet Flok,  
vi er hans egne Sønner.

Vi kæmper ej i fremmed Færd,  
for fremmed Borg og Bytte;  
vor egen Arv, vort Barndomshjem,  
med Glæde vi beskytte.

Vi tjener ej for jordisk Sold,  
som Møl og Rust fortærer,  
men for en evig Sejerskrans,  
som ikkun Helte bærer.

# Missions-Klassen

af Juul C. Nielsen

Det er vist ofte Tilfældet, at Mennesker i den første Tid, umiddelbart efter at have fundet Freden i Gud, følger Trang til at gøre noget for den Frelser, som har gjort alt for dem. Ofte ligger deres Arbejdsmark dog langt ude i det fjerne — og ofte er det kun en Luftspejling.

Dog sker det ogsaa, at Gnisten er kastet fra oven, Gnisten til at arbejde, hvor man er i Øjeblikket, Gnisten til at vise hver Menneskesjæl, hvor Freden er at finde. I dette Tilfælde vil Gnisten med Tiden faa stærkere Glød og til sidst slaa ud i lys Lue.

Det var den Gnist fra oven, som bestemte Majoriteten af de herværende Medlemmer af Trinitatis Seminariums Hedningemissionsforening til ved sidste Aarsmøde at vedtage at tilsidesætte en Time om Ugen til Sammenkomst af alle interesserede for at faa Kundskab om Tilstandene ud over Jorden i social og religiøs Henseende og faa Interessen for Kristi Evangeliums Indtrængen i Menneskehjernerne gjort stærk og levende. Siden dette blev vedtaget, har Sammenkomsten fundet Sted hver Uge til stor Velsignelse for de Tilstedeværende. Ved Begyndelsen blev to Medlemmer valgt til at udarbejde Programmerne, til at udpege Studenter til at behandle de forskellige Emner og til at skiftes til at dirigere Møderne. Alle Tilstedeværende faar Lejlighed til at bidrage, og efter at det planlagte Program er udført, er der Lejlighed til at drøfte Spørgsmaal, som een eller anden ønsker at faa Klarhed over.

— — Gaar ud i al Verden — til alle Folkeslag —

Hvorfor mon saa mange har begyndt paa at lade sig uddanne til Missionærer; men dog af een eller anden Grund har opgivet Studeringerne eller som oftest Tilfældet, søgt Plads „andet Steds“? Den ene Grund er

allerede nævnt, men mon ikke en anden er denne, at de i deres Studentertid ikke havde Lejlighed til at overveje Nødvendigheden af Kristi sidste Befalings Udførelse ved ikke at have Kendskab til Nøden i de ikke-kristne Lande. Denne Grund er nu bortskaffet, idet Anledningen er kommen, og vi hører om de 30 Mill. af U. S.s Befolkning, der intet har med den kristne Kirke at gøre; om Sydamerikas Millioner, der aldrig har hørt om Kristus; om Japans uberørte 30 Mill.; om Kinas 330 Mill., der „søger Fred” i Forfædre Tilbedelsen, fordi den kristne Kirke i sin Egenkærlighed eller Blindhed har undladt at adlyde Jesu sidste Befaling; om Indiens 300 Mill., der staar med aabne Arme for at modtage Evangeliet, blot nogen vilde række dem det; om de 15 Mill. Indianere i Amerika; om Afrika og de næsten 250 Mill. Muhamedanere spredte over Jorden, som siden Krigen er foruden Overhoved, og hvis Lande nu først er aabnede for kristne Missionærer; om de grufulde Tilstande i alle ikke-kristne Lande og om det dybe Mørke i de ufrelste Sjæle.

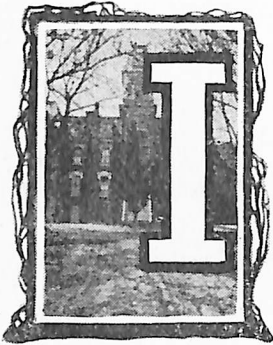
Ved Kendskab til disse Ting faar en Kristen dybere Kærlighed og mere Iver for Guds Riges Fremme hjemme og ude. Det bliver hans daglige Bøn at faa bragt Lys i alle Afkroge. Naar engang han er færdig til at give hele sin Tid til direkte Arbejde, da staar han ikke fremmed overfor noget, men ved hvad han gaar ind til og opnaar derved større Sukces. Han bliver, ved at kende Missionærernes og Præsternes vanskelige Stilling og Arbejdsforhold, i Stand til at lægge deres Sag frem for Gud saaledes, at de kan mærke, i kritiske Øjeblikke, at de ikke er alene i Arbejdet.

Gud give, at disse Møder tillige med alt andet kristeligt Arbejde her saaledes maa gøre sit til at styrke Herrens Tjenere, hvor de arbejder, og til at indkalde nyt Mandskab i det største og vigtigste af alle Foretagender: at bringe Fred, hvor der er Ufred, og Glæde, hvor Fortvivelse raader.

# Memories

By Harold C. Jensen

And with joy that is almost pain  
My heart goes back to wander there,  
And among the dreams of the days that were,  
I find my lost youth again. —Longfellow.



It was one of those wonderfully fine spring days. The sun was warm, the leaves were bursting from every twig, and the wind was strong but not rude.

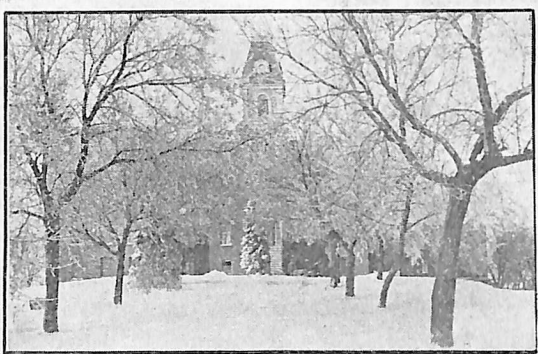
He was enjoying the scene immensely, for he was perched high above the ground. The shouts of the students, as they came and went up and down the college hill, were wafted up

to him with that pleasant sound which distance only can give, and that only on such a day as this was.

Lest there be any misapprehension, let me at once reveal the fact that I am not speaking of a student. If such a one should have occupied or attempted to occupy the place in question, he would surely have come crashing down through the branches, landing ingloriously at the feet of the students, who stopped in twos and threes at the foot of the old stairway that led to the school entrance. He was a bird, and his perch was on a slender branch of the evergreen, which stood in front of the college.

When one is happy one cannot bear the thought that another is not. So when the little fellow became aware of a doleful sighing, he cocked his tiny head on one side, the better to detect whence the sighing came.

“O, dear me,” came the voice so faintly and so plaintively that only a little bird could have heard and understood the words. They reminded him of the time he had flown near the great gulf, on his southern migration. It seemed again as though he heard the waves



# DANA



# "Snaps"

lapping the shores, receding with a swishing sound, only to come back and recede, again and again, until it nearly lulled him to sleep. It was at once sad but restful. It was the old tree murmuring to itself.

“And why are you sad?” chirped the little bird. “It is a beautiful day, and all the world about us is happy. When everything is so pleasant why should anyone be mournful?”

“My little friend,” whispered the old tree patiently, “it will perhaps be impossible for that little heart of yours to understand. You, who have wings and can fly away over hill and dale, over river and village, over farmyard and city, will perhaps be unable to understand an old tree, that cannot but feel sad when its loved ones leave it. For many years have I stood thus and watched the happy boys and girls coming and going, calling to one another, through mellow autumn and hoary winter and fragrant springtime. Each year have I seen them go, but I was not sad for I knew that when the heat of summer had subsided most of them would return, new faces would be among the old and all would be as before.

“It seems only yesterday when the last family of young folks came by ones and twos or in little groups, most of them in the little black car, that has such a hard time getting up the hill but always seems to forget it in the joy of sliding down again. Soon they were at work, those young people. I could catch glimpses of them through the open windows during the day. In the afternoons they would gather apples from my cousins on the hillside. Sometimes a boy would come with a sack, fill it, and carry it away. And I knew he was laying them away for the long winter.

“So slipped away the golden autumn. In November there was great activity. Students bustled to and fro with bundles and with arms full of branches and I wondered what it was all about. At last I was told by a half-frozen democrat,\* who had prepared his winter

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\*) Boxelder bug locally known as democrat or populist.

quarters in a crack in my trunk. He had heard of the event a month earlier when he lived in the college office. There was to be a festival in honor of the president, who had been at the school for twenty-five years. Such bustling and confusion! At last came many strangers up the hill from the town and from the country and from far-away cities, to do honor to the president. The next evening was cold and cloudy and rainy; but in the gymnasium, so the little democrat said, was good cheer, and from time to time I could hear the clapping of many hands.

"Winter came and with it more students. There was at first much snow, and a bobsled would daily come into use on the hillside. Laughing, screaming boys and girls would ride down the hill again and again, with every little while a tumble into the snow banks.

"One day there was great excitement. A doctor chugged up the hill in his car; and when the door had closed behind him many of the students hurried stealthily down the walk with handbags and suitcases. The little black car was again in use; and before I realized what had happened nearly half of the family had left. One of the boys had contracted a serious illness and many feared quarantine. But they were soon back, having had in the bargain, a pleasant, crisp trip down town, a hot supper at the restaurant, and a little stroll about the station. There was to be no quarantine, so nearly all returned.

"Came Christmas with another exodus, this time a more lasting one. A small but happy group remained, and the holidays sped away with happy gatherings and church services and good fellowship.

"The long winter wore away, the ground began to soften, the birds came back, the surviving democrats crawled lazily from their resorts, and almost overnight spring had come. Again the campus was thronged—this time with a grotesque and motley crew. Here was a sailor, clad in white; here a pair of pseudo-negroes; here a jovial figure in checkered knickerbockers; and there a girlish figure in khaki jumpers and a campaign hat. A tall, bespectacled individual pushed lustily at a cart; a girl and boy tugged at another; and here, there, everywhere scudded blue rubbish cans on brawny shoulders. It was Dana's clean-up day. All were raking and hoeing and carrying to the far corner of the campus where the rubbish was to be burned. A lull came in mid-afternoon, and tools were laid aside for a season; for the cook had promised something good. Soon everyone was gathered about the stairs near me, munching great cheese-sandwiches and drinking hot coffee. Back to work they went for an hour or two; then came games on the campus. But what a change had been wrought. The cross in the bed at my foot had been weeded and cut and now showed plainly a clear green; the walks were trimmed; the grass raked; and a great fire smouldered in the corner.

"This morning I was so glad. Everything was so fresh and clean. I watched the sun rise over the Iowa hills; I could see the glistening river; I could feel the life that was bursting through every alfalfa field and from every tree and bush. The windmill to the right rattled and creaked with good will; from chimneys in the town and outskirts I could see the white smoke curling lazily skyward; I could see an occasional car and



E. J. Bonnesen (guard)      Clem Vig (forward)  
P. F. Falck (coach)      Eli Vig (center)      Roy Lang (guard)  
S. Kirkegaard (guard)      M. Beck (capt.)      Leo Lang (forward)

## Local Activities

*By Elmer J. Bonnesen*

Rev. O. D. Baltzly, D. D., Ph. D., of Omaha is to deliver the baccalaureate sermon Sunday, May 23, at 8:00 P. M. in the Danish Lutheran Church.

Saturday, May 15, has been decided on for the annual picnic of Dana College and Trinity Seminary. Rev. C. C. Kloth of Elk Horn, Iowa, has promised to be with us and speak to us on that occasion.

John C. Romer, Chris B. Larsen, Anders Jorgensen, and A. N. Skanderup will graduate from the seminary this year. John Romer and Chris Larsen will both be ordained at the convention this summer; Mr. Jorgensen and Mr. Nielsen Skanderup will spend some more time in study before being ordained. After the convention Mr. Romer will begin work at Duluth, Minn., while Mr. Larsen will go to Kingaroy, Queensland, Australia, to do missionary work.

Harold G. Larsen and Kai Nyegaard are the graduates from the pro-seminary course. Mr. Larsen will begin studies at the University of Nebraska next fall, while Mr. Nyegaard is contemplating a course at Maywood Seminary in Chicago.

The graduates of the academic course this year are N. M. Hansen, Juul C. Nielsen, May Pedersen, and E. J. Bonnesen. Mr. Hansen and Mr. Nielsen are both going to begin pre-medical work at the University of Nebraska next fall.

Mary Hansen is the only graduate of the music department.

The graduates from the commercial course are Osval Morton, Roy Lang, and Marcus Beck. Mr. Beck has accepted a position in the office of O. T. Anderson in Blair.

As a rule the best comes last. During the last week of the year we will have the opportunity to hear two piano recitals. One will be given by Mary Hansen, who graduates from the department of music this spring. We have heard Miss Hansen several times dur-

ing the winter and the indications are that we shall hear a good rendition of good selections. The second recital will be the work of several of the undergraduates.

Sunday afternoon of May 9th the Choral Union sang at Crowell Memorial Home. In the evening they gave a splendid song-service before a large audience in the Danish Lutheran church. Plans have been made for similar services in Fremont Sunday, May 16th.

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Lærerinden i Dansk: „Hvad Slags Fødder har du i dit Vers, Hr. Borre?”

Borre: „De er ikke alle sammen rene.”

L.: „Man taler ikke om rene Fødder —.”

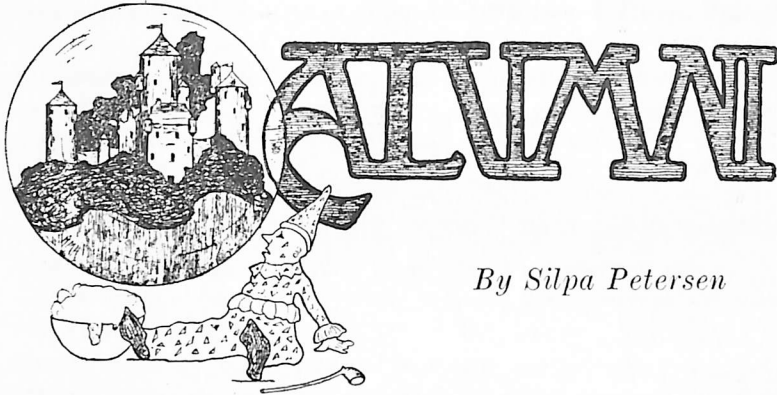
Borre: „Nej, det er vist ogsaa bedst, vi ikke taler om dem.”

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The High Cost of Living received a staggering blow about three weeks ago. For a long time we had been quietly enduring the raids which the profiteers made on our pocket-books. It could not last, however. The last straw was pants. One of the older students made trips to Lincoln and Omaha for the express purpose of purchasing trousers. None could be found that were attached to a reasonable price tag. He returned and while his ire was still up, he persuaded the rest of us to wear denims. The overalls add something of the picturesque to this beautiful old place. Some of the boys are really taking chances, as it is almost impossible to tell them from the janitor.

The beginning of the tennis tournament has been set for May 14th. The weather has not been favorable to tennis, so the tournament will show what short practice can do. We can all become fairly proficient players if we are given time enough; the test comes when we have only a short time to train.

The girls have been placed on an equal footing with the boys. They will be given an opportunity to enter for both doubles and singles. We do not offer any conjecture as to who will win the pennants.



*By Silpa Petersen*

Rev. Franklin Rasmussen, '16, returning home from Ruskin, Nebraska, after partaking in a series of meetings at that place, paid us a short visit Tuesday, April 27. He spoke to us at chapel service and left with us a word of encouragement.

Rev. Rasmussen returned the call extended to him by the congregation at Albert Lea.

Rev. James Christensen, '16, until recently pastor at Brush, Colorado, spent a few days here renewing old acquaintances. He was accompanied by his wife and little daughter, Hope. They are on their way to their new field of work among the natives on the Virgin Islands. Dana friends are glad to see them doing their part in furthering the Kingdom of God on earth and wish them God's blessing.

Chris B. Larsen, '15, received the Phi Beta Kappa honors from the University of Nebraska. We extend our congratulations to him.

A. C. Debel, '12, of Blair, was nominated as candidate for county judge of Washington County at the primaries.

Ezra Petersen, '15, of Northfield, Minnesota, has purchased the Hazelwood Department Store and is doing an extensive business.

Miss Pearl Smith, '16, of Blair, who was attending the Wayne State Normal, was called home at the illness of her father. She is now continuing her work at Dana.

Niels B. Hansen, '19, of Kenmare, North Dakota, now attending the University of Nebraska, will teach the summer school at Ruskin, and will part of the time supply the pulpit during Rev. L. Jensen's absence.

Edwin C. Sorensen, '16, of Dannebrog, Nebraska, now a medical student at Omaha, was a visitor at Dana Sunday, May 2.

Dr. Niels Nedergaard, '12, was February 19 doing medical post-graduate work at the University of London. His work is in the line of tropical diseases. According to information he expects after a few months in London, a few months in Denmark, and a few in the United States to take up work in Central Caiaca. Definite and full information is not at hand.

## Obituary

Dana friends were very much grieved to receive the message of the sudden death of Mrs. Otto Nielsen, '18. According to information she died April 30. April 15 Mr. and Mrs. Nielsen became the proud parents of a daughter. Mrs. Nielsen seemed to be improving as rapidly as could be expected. A relapse, however, set in which proved fatal.

She graduated from the music department here. During the two years spent at Dana she won a large number of friends. She was of a quiet, amiable nature.

In the spring of 1918 she was united in marriage to Mr. Otto Nielsen. Shortly afterward Mr. Nielsen was drafted for army service and sent to France. There he partook in a number of the great battles but returned uninjured. Since his return they have made their home at Northfield where her folks reside.

Mrs. Nielsen was an active church worker always willing to give a helping hand when it was needed. Her greatest desire was to do the will of the Lord and serve Him unto the end. Even on the death bed she feared not the valley of death, nor did she hope for recovery, but her ideal was to be with Christ for this she knew was far better.

She leaves to mourn her death her husband, a son and daughter, a father and mother, a brother, and a large circle of friends.

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## In the Hills of Galilee

customary greeting. "The Spaniard"—as we named the first Arab—gave them all the necessary information.

Soon we began to ascend a steep slope. The Arabs dismounted as their horses were too tired to carry them. Believing that Mes was very close by, and desiring to withdraw from our unwelcome company, we paused at the roadside to let them go on ahead. Becoming aware of our scheme, they sent "the Spaniard" back to persuade us to follow. When the rest of them observed that his smooth talk was in vain, they also returned with their horses.

"Aren't you going to Mes?" one of them asked in a gruff voice.

"Yes, sir!" we replied in a tone that invited no more questions.

"Get up, then!" he commanded.

To their great surprise we did not obey. In a language more international than Arabic we told them that we considered this to be our own private affair, and we were not at all inclined to be commanded by them.

It began to grow dark and we felt somewhat uneasy in the company of these half-civilized men, fully equipped with knives and firearms of all descriptions. In a partly childish, partly criminal manner they examined us very carefully, touching us all over to find out whether we carried guns. We let them carry on their investigations; but when they came too close to the spot where the revolver usually is hidden, we gave them a friendly tap to indicate our unwillingness to let them explore that vicinity. It would not be well to let them find out that we had no weapons.

Realizing that our solicitous friends had no thought of leaving without us, we again began to ascend. Now we noticed that their horses were so tired that they could hardly climb the hill. Not yet, however, seriously suspecting them of any evil intentions, we mingled freely with those stout and haughty Saracens. I happened to walk between two of the strangers somewhat separated from my countrymen. Suddenly one of them seized my mantle which was fastened to my knapsack. Instantly my suspicions were aroused. I turned around and began to rail at him in Arabic to the best of my ability.

Without sacrificing our dignity by direct flight, we certainly approached our speed limit very closely. It was getting so dark that we could hardly distinguish the path. Every now and then tripping over rocks and knolls, our weary feet bore us speedily up this disolate way. The tired horses hindered the would-be robbers from following up, so that we gained about a hundred paces. Having reached the table-land and still not being able to see the lights of Mes, we were much disappointed.

Now we heard one of them coming up. He had left his horse with his comrades. Soon he overtook us, and, without using force, tried in every other way to delay us until the others could catch up.

Our steadfast Jute led on. We followed. The villain attempted to bar

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## In the Hills of Galilee

(Conclusion)

the way, but Mads pushed him aside with his elbow. Seeing that he accomplished nothing in this manner, the evil-doer assumed a threatening attitude. He bent down as if to take up a stone, seized our weaker friend, J. P., with one hand, raised the other for a blow, and commanded us to stop.

Now Mads showed himself resolute. With an authority that might have suggested power to crush him, the Jute jumped up and cried out in a tone that left no room for doubt, "Y a l l a h!" — "Get you hence!" — And the motion of our leader's hand in the direction of his left inside pocket suggested better than words, "Or I will shoot!"

The situation was saved. He apparently did not wish to be a target of four automatics. There he stood motionless, facing the hero of the day, our brave Jute.

In greatest haste we continued till the footsteps of our adversaries died away. Then, knowing that they did not have any dogs with them, we sought refuge a short distance from the road in a patch of tall horse beans.

Resting our heads on our knapsacks, looking into the starry firmament, we listened intently. Soon we heard voices and clattering of horses' hoofs,—and then everything became quiet. We commended ourselves into the care and keeping of God and soon forgot all the troubles of the day in sound, sweet sleep.

## Amerikansk Interesse for dansk Sprog og Videnskab

(Sluttet)

Angelsaksisk, som han var særdeles vel hjemme i. Sit store Sprogkendskab har han særlig lagt for Dagen i de i højeste Grad interessante Forelæsninger, han holdt ved The Lowell Institute, Boston, i 1860—61 og ved Columbia College, N. York, i 1858—59 og siden udgav i Trykken under Titlerne : "Lectures on the English Language" (1859) og "The Origin and History of the English Language and of the early Literature it embodies" (1861). Den, der læser disse Skrifter, vil forbauses Gang paa Gang over hans indgaaende Kendskab f. Eks. til det danske Sprog og dets Historie samt dets Litteratur i ældre og nyere Tid. Hans Bibliotek siges at have indeholdt den største Samling af skandinavisk Litteratur, som fandtes noget Sted udenfor de skandinaviske Lande. Han skrev det danske Sprog, som var det hans Modersmaal, hvorom hans Breve til Rafn bærer Vidne. Universitetet i Vermont blev ved Hjælp af Rigmanden Fred. Billings (d. 1890) i Stand til at købe den største Del af Geo. P. Marsh's rige skandinaviske Bogsamling. Hans Levnet er udgivet af hans Hustru, der desværre kun fik 1ste Del færdig. Det vilde være et fortjentstfuldt Arbejde at give en udførlig Skildring af denne udmærkede Mands Liv og Virksomhed.

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### Memories

(Conclusion)

wagon coming down the long road from town; and right across the peaceful landscape puffed a tiny engine, trying to hide behind a hill but finding none.

“Then came the news. It was no news to others; but I am only a tree and must stay in one spot, so I did not find it out as soon as the rest. The same little democrat who kept me informed last winter came with the story that soon the college is to be moved away beyond the river, unless something happens, but what that something was he did not know. What if it should be true? I shall stand here, but I shall be alone. No friendly lights will gleam from the windows; the boys and girls will be gone; no happy voices will come up to me from the campus. How lonesome I shall be!”

The little bird had grown quite sober. He stared at the old tree with his little shiny eyes, as if waiting to hear more. But the old tree was silent. Then the wind stirred softly in its branches, and again he heard, ever so faintly, the waves of the sea, swishing, lapping, receding, coming, receding. And as if in answer the little bird fluttered, plucked his feathers, and was gone.

And the old tree was alone—alone with its sad thoughts—alone with its faint echoing of the distant sea that it had never seen.

But from below came happy voices calling, one to another. And in the hedges the birds were chirping to their mates.

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