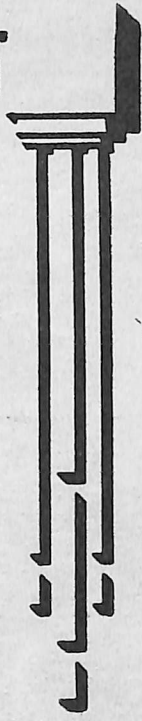
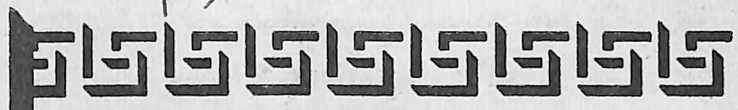


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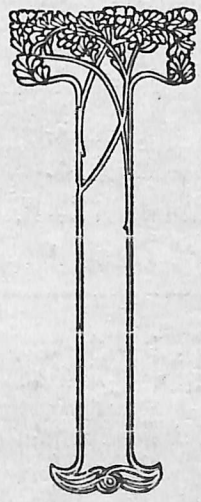
April 1921



HERMES

1921

Skriver Nielsen



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HERMES

A MESSENGER FROM DANA COLLEGE
AND TRINITY SEMINARY

Vol. 2.

BLAIR, NEBR., APRIL, 1921

NO. 3.

STAFF

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ENCOURAGEMENT

A year ago HERMES was first published with the aim of becoming a permanent student publication of this institution. Its first birthday is now past. In our work we have been dealing with problems that were new to us. We have learned and believe that we still have a good deal to learn.

We value the support received from our advertisers, from fellow students and teachers, and from the many who have not only subscribed but have worked to get other subscribers. Special encouragement has come from many who, when renewing their subscriptions, have expressed their appreciation of HERMES. We thank you all for the past and trust you will be with us in the future. If your subscription has expired, don't fail to renew it today.

SPRING

Once more delightful spring has returned with its reawakening of life. Again our Dana family has been reduced to the regular full year students. The winter term closed March 25. The winter students have heard and heeded the call of spring. They have gone to their work. With their arrival in December our family swells in numbers, with

their departure it diminishes. Both changes are felt. Tables in the dining-room that were filled are now empty, seats in the class-room and chapel are vacated.

But we are busier now than ever, for we feel that the end of another school year is drawing dangerously near. Soon its opportunities are past. And the results of the use we made of them are ours, be they good or bad.

SYMPATHY

About a month ago Miss Elizabeth Jacobsen was called home by the sad message that her mother was dangerously ill. She had found it impossible to return; for she was needed to care for her mother, whose severe illness lingers. We express our heartfelt sympathy.

Danebrog-Hesperian

By Leo M. Lang

Schools, the elysiums of searchers for knowledge, are the temples of the muses. Their instruments are books; their products are knowledge. All knowledge, however, is not derived from books, especially the knowledge of human nature. Easily interpreted, this most valuable acquirement is to be had chiefly by association with one's fellow-beings. Nowhere can more appropriate festivities for occasions of worth and association with friends be prepared than in schools, for here is represented the life of many climes, the ideas of divers minds and the talents of every field of understanding. Dana is no exception.

The annual banquet of the Danebrog and the Hesperian societies, preceded by a program, as held on March 11, 1921, gave ample evidence of this fact. Teachers, students, and friends gathered in the chapel at eight o'clock. The platform was tastefully decorated with flowers, latticework and Japanese lanterns. The following program was rendered:

Song by the Audience	
Piano Selection with Second Piano,	Mary Hansen
	Carrie Sinamark
Nail-Holes in the Horseshoe Trail	Spener Petersen
“Paludan-Muller”	Emil Nommesen
Song by Quartette	Dixon, Justesen
	Christensen, Petersen
Scene from “Erasmus Montanus”,	Petersen, Mengers
	Falck
“Patsy”	Lydia Jensen
Anvil Chorus	Choral Union

Space does not permit an estimation of each number, but the program revealed a scholarly presentation of the material. Both the Danish and the English languages were used, representing the two societies.

The program was followed by a brief recess before proceeding to the gymnasium where the banquet was held. After much chatting and commenting upon the program the banquet was announced, and all who had reserved seats proceeded to the hall. Here was served a delightful menu consisting of:

Pressed veal—Salad dressing	Ice cream
Sandwiches	White cake
Sweet pickles	Wafers
	Coffee

While partaking of this repast much chatting and merriment was in evidence, for it is impossible to resist the gladdening influence of a fine banquet and appropriate entertainment.

The tinkling of teaspoons against cups and plates, and a sudden change of attention, announced that the toastmistress had the floor. She introduced the subject “Wisdom” as the basis for the addresses, each speaker expanding upon one of the letters.

This program was arranged as follows:

W		Arnold Andersen
	Vocal Duet	Chris Justesen, Spener Petersen
I		Vilh. Beck
S		Alfred Jensen
	Piano Duet	Agatha Krogh, Mary Hansen
D		Harald Jørgensen
O		Carrie Sinamark
	Vocal Solo (with violin and piano)	Elmer Christensen
M		Prof. P. S. Vig, R. of D.
	Toastmistress:	Caroline Johnson

In listening to the toasts, there seemed to be a pleasing continuity of thought, although both the Danish and the English languages were used, and the subjects were handled in widely different manners. The pleasure of listening to the toasts was greatly augmented by personal acquaintance with the speakers, and the toastmistress commanded her forces with a mastery and grace that did full justice to the occasion. In closing, she gave the following interpretation of the word wisdom, crediting all who had helped to make the occasion a pleasant one:

W stands for waiters,
 How they have worked!
 I stands for idlers,
 But nobody shirked.
 S is for singers,
 Their songs we enjoyed;
 D stands for decorate,
 Good taste was employed;
 O is for orators,
 Quite eloquent their speech,
 M is for music and for menu, each,
 The music was splendid, the menu, rich.

This occasion, teeming as it was with good cheer and buoyancy of youth, will long be cherished as one of the pleasant mementoes of our school year.



„Uden Kendskab ingen Kærlighed“

Af Vilh. Beck

Det er vanskeligt at have Kærlighed til en Sag, som man ingen Kendskab har til. Dette har vi ogsaa forstaaet her paa Dana, men vi haaber, at vi maa faa mere og mere Kendskab og derved mere Kærlighed til Hedningemissionens store Sag, som der her skal skrives nogle faa Ord om.

Hedningemissionsforeningen har i dette Skoleaar haft Møder hver Maaned, hvor der har været talt med Varme, og hvor Nøden har været vist frem for os ikke som et dødt Faktum, men som en Sag, der bør hvile paa enhver Kristens Skulder. Men hvor der er Liv, maa der ogsaa være Vækst, og det har ogsaa været Tilfældet med Hedningemissionsforeningen, thi ud fra den er der vokset et Skud, som vi kalder Missionsklassen, og denne Klasse samles en Time hver Uge til Drøftelse af Missionens store Sag. Vi prøver paa at sætte os ind i Folkenes Stilling, Nød, Længsel og lavt sunkne Liv; og hvem kan læse om deres Nød uden at lade Tankerne gaa op til Gud med Tak og Bøn: Tak fordi vi er født og opdraget i et kristent Land, og Bøn om at vi maa være med til at bringe Hedningene Lysets Evangelium og derved Haab om Frelse og evig Salighed.

Vi har i dette Skoleaar studeret Forholdene, som de findes i Kina, Japan, Korea og Indien. I Sandhed store Opgaver for den kristne Kirke: I Kina findes der 1557 Byer uden en eneste Missionær, i Japan er 80% af hele Indbyggerantallet uberørt af Evangeliet, i Indien findes der 17 Distrikter med et Indbyggerantal af 16,000,000 uden nogen Missionær.

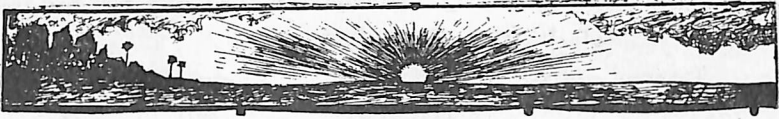
Men, er den kristne Kirke sig sin Opgave bevidst, og du den enkelte, er din Opgave dig bevidst? Mærker du, at Ansvarret ogsaa for Hedningenes Frelse tildels hviler paa dine Skuldre?

Det frivillige Studenterforbund arbejder jo iblandt den studerende Ungdom, for at den maa, tildels, være sig sit Ansvar bevidst overfor Hedningene, derfor afholdt dette Forbund for Nebraska Stat ogsaa sin Konferencé i Fremont i Dagene 25.—27. Februar, hvor der var ca. 130 Delegerter fra forskellige Skoler her i Staten; Dana stod ikke tilbage for de andre Skoler i Repræsentantantal, thi vi var nemlig 16.

Der blev ved dette Møde talt alvorlige Ord til os om at have en Hensigt med vor Uddannelse; thi der er alt for mange unge, som ikke har nogen Hensigt eller noget Maal i Livet; men naar vi saa har sat os et Maal, da maa vi arbejde i Tro og med Bøn til Gud om at han vil lade det lykkes, og om at faa mere Kærlighed til Hedningene.

Maatte dette og de øvrige Møder hjælpe os dertil og give os Lyst til at være med til at bringe Lys, hvor der er Mørke, Glæde, hvor der er Tungesind, og Fred, hvor der er Ufred.





Nail-Holes in the Horseshoe Trail

By Spener Petersen

Last summer Mr. Petersen was a member of an automobile party that made an extensive tour from Omaha to the Pacific coast, stopping at Los Angeles, going northward to Portland, and returning via the Yellowstone National Park. At the Danebrog-Hesperian program Mr. Petersen read a paper describing some of his interesting experiences on this trip. Limitation of space forbids us to publish it in full. So we are printing only a few paragraphs selected from it.

* * * *

Touring across the great plains of Western Nebraska, where only yesterday were the stamping grounds for hundreds of thousands of buffalo is indeed delightful, provided it is the dry season, but woe to the tourist who drives forth in wet weather. Two and a half days will get him to Denver, 500 miles from Omaha, under favorable road conditions, but on a wet gumbo road he may consider himself fortunate if he ever reaches his destination.

* * * *

Leaving Arizona behind, we enter California, passing through Needles, a city said to be below the level of the sea. From this point the trail leads across the Mojave Desert, about two hundred miles long. In the hot months of summer almost everyone makes the trip by night, due to the intense heat of day. At Needles is located a large camping ground, and on the day we arrived this was peopled by about fifty parties, some

of whom had just come across the desert and others who were about to start.

It was here that I struck an acquaintance with "Dad", a genial old Irishman from Indiana. He and his wife were driving a Dodge, and had been waiting for someone to come along with whom to make the trip, as they were afraid to go alone. At eight o'clock in the evening we started, with my ears still ringing with the numerous admonitions given me by "Dad", who had a mortal fear of being lost sight of in the desert. My uncle was to drive until two in the morning, and I was to keep my eye on "Dad", which I fully intended to do.

Can you imagine a night-drive through the lonely, weird, stretches of sand. Not a sound can be heard but the moaning of the engine. You may ask, "How can one find the road through such a dreary waste?" There is but one road, but one must be sure to stay on it, for the moment one leaves it he will immediately come to a stand-still, on account of the bottomless sand. But it is easily followed. It is as smooth as a pavement. What wonder, then, with that road, slipping away from under our wheels like an endless white ribbon, with never a jolt or jar, that I fell asleep.

At two o'clock I went on duty, but before starting we had refreshments, steaming hot coffee from our thermos bottles, sandwiches, and cake. There was nothing to mar our little luncheon, excepting the fact that we had lost track of "Dad". I had been unfaithful to my trust. We were about to start when a light appeared in the distance. It was "Dad".

"Have any trouble?" was our first question.

"No," said he. "I was that slapy I was afraid I'd be runnin' her ahf the trail; so I stopped to rist a bit. We must be nearly across, ain't we?"

"Yes," said I, "about half-way." "Dad" used some picturesque language. "Would you like some hot coffee, Dad?" I asked.

„Slet intet i Verden er Gud for smaat“

Af Emil Nommesen

Der var engang en Student. Det var en rigtig Student, en af dem, som der kun gaar elleve af paa et Dusin. Han levede i den store Stad København, og pæredansk var han i Sind og Tanke, skønt han havde faaet sin Opdragelse ovre paa den gamle Sagaernes og Jøklernes stolte og minderige Ø, Island. Iver Asbjørnsen var hans Navn.

Han var, som allerede nævnt, Student, men af den rigtige Slags. Fattig var han, og dog var der ikke noget, han stræbte efter, som det at gøre andre glade. Flittig var han ogsaa, og derfor var han afholdt af alle lige fra Professorerne og til Portnerkonens lille Pige paa Regensen, hvor han havde faaet Friplads. Alle, som mødte Asbjørnsen og gav sig i Kast med ham, blev glade, thi han havde et forunderligt lyst og herligt Syn paa Livet, og saa havde han en fast Tro paa sin Gud og hans Kærlighed til Menneskene, som han udviste ved, at han sendte sin Søn til Jorden. Et Hængehoved var han ikke, men dog et ungt Menneske, som vidste, at den største og bedste Lykke er at tjene Herren ikke med Munden, men med sit Liv.

Nu skulde man imidlertid tænke, at det ikke var saa let for en saadan fattig Student at vise sin Tro i Gerninger, men saaledes tænkte Asbjørnsen ikke. Nej, han tog fat paa Opgaverne saaledes, som han nu mente, de laa for ham. Naar han paa sin Vej igennem den store By f. Eks. løb paa en eller anden, som trængte til hans Bistand, puttede han Bøgerne i Lommen og tog fat med friskt Humør. Særlig elskede han Børn. Naar han mødte en Bydreng gav han sig straks til at tale med ham, og det faldt ham ikke vanskeligt at faa begyndt. Han havde mangfoldige Maader at fange Børnenes Velvillie paa. Her skal fortælles, hvorledes han en Dag tog fat, med sit gode Lune, paa en lille Gut, og hvilken Velsignelse han blev til for ham.

Asbjørnsen var paa Vej til Universitetet, og saa da en lille Fyr slæbe af Sted med to store Pakker. As-

bjørnsens gode Hjerte løb straks af med ham; han løb i en Fart hen til Drengen, og følgende Samtale udspandt sig imellem dem.

„Goddag, Søren!”

„Je hejer itte Søren.”

„Hvad er det da, du hedder?”

Og inden den lille Gut faar svaret „Peter”, saa er den ene af de store Pakker gledet over i Asbjørnsens Arme, og de fortsætter livligt samtalende hen af Gaden til det Sted, hvor Peter skulde af med Pakkerne, men inden de skilles, har Asbjørnsen faaet at vide, at Peter er Søn af en fattig Enke, som levede inde i den fattige Del af Byen, og tillige har han faaet Kendskab til, at der er syv Søskende til, og at Peter er den ældste af hele „Klatten”.

Da de endelig skiltes, var de blevet fine Venner, og Asbjørnsen havde lovet at komme hen og besøge Peters Moder. Næste Aften gik Asbjørnsen hen i Lille Lavendelstræde, hvor Peter boede, og Asbjørnsen var snart kendt med hele Familien. Moderen udøste sit Hjerte for ham som for en god Ven, og Asbjørnsen trøstede hende paa bedste Maade. Tilslidst sagde Moderen til ham, at det var strengt med de mange Børn; men det kunde han ikke forstaa, han mente, at Børn var en vældig Rigdom.

Næste Dag, da Asbjørnsen sad paa sit Værelse, bankede det pludselig paa hans Dør, og hvem var det, der kom ind, andre end lille Peter med et stort Brev fra Moder. Studenten aabnede det, men var nær ved at falde ned af Stolen, da han stiftede Bekendtskab med Indholdet. Der stod nemlig bl. a., at eftersom han havde sagt i Gaar, at Børn var en stor Rigdom, saa vilde Moderen nu dele sin Rigdom med ham, og han kunde da faa Peter som sit Adoptivbarn. Nu kneb den. Han som ingen Ting havde, og saa et Adoptivbarn. Ja, gode Raad var dyre, men praktisk, som han var, tog han straks fat paa Opgaven. Han sagde til Peter, at han skulde gaa hjem til sin Moder og sige, at han kom hen til hende om Aftenen. Derpaa gik han til Regensbestyreren og fik af ham langt om længe Lov til at holde Plejebarn paa sit Værelse.

A Toast on the Letter O

By Carrie Sinamark

One of the toasts given at the Danebrog-Hesperian banquet March 11.

“O!”—that is what I exclaimed when asked to give a toast at this occasion, and it flashed upon my mind that right there I had the beginning of my talk.

Just stop for a moment to consider the depth of feeling that is embodied in the exclamatory “O!”. Every person here to-night, I am sure, has often shouted, “O!” with a feeling of pleasure and happiness, or grief and pain. The former you experienced when your gaze fell upon something good to eat, or when some good news was brought to you. The sorrow-stricken mother cries, “O!” when she receives the news of her son’s death on the battle-field. The patient cries, “O!” because of the excruciating pain which he must suffer. The discouraged youth cries, “O!” because of failure or defeat. Just the letter O exclaimed by a person may mean the greatest happiness and pleasure; may mean shattered and blasted hopes; may mean the deepest disgust, or the most stinging pain; and as such it rightly belongs to a language which is common to all nations. It is an international expression. The Englishman says, “O!”. The Dane says, “O!”. The German says, “O!”. The Frenchman says, “O!”. And they may all mean the very same thing, either happiness or grief.

O not only carries in itself a wealth of feeling, but it also has a religious significance. It is round, that is, it has neither beginning nor end, and therefore, denotes eternity. It speaks a sermon because it reminds us of the Creator, God. Nature, like the O, has the feature of roundness. All vegetation resembles it. For instance, the apple tree; its trunk is round, so also the branch, and finally, the apple itself. They altogether, both O and nature’s plants, speak of the eternity of God.

Besides speaking a sermon, the O has a great scientific value. In arithmetic or algebra it is a num-

eral used to designate nothing. Sometimes an O more or less may mean a difference of millions. O added to one hundred thousand gives one million; added to one million gives ten million. You have all heard of the formula H_2O . In this formula O stands for oxygen. Take O out of the air and we would all die, for O is the life giving element. Take O out of the air and we would have no fire, for fire is the burning of oxygen. We realize, then, that, as a scientific term, O has a value upon which our very existence depends.

Another O of importance is the initial O. It is the initial letter of several words bearing out the meaning of wisdom. One of these is OBEDIENCE. A wise man is an obedient man. No man can safely govern or rule unless he has learned to obey. We have a very trite expression which says, "Knowledge is power." Let us substitute the word wisdom for knowledge and say, "Wisdom is power," and as such its possessor is a man of obedience who can wield power.

A second trait of the cultured man is OBSERVATION. Observation should grow as our knowledge increases. A wise man observes as he passes over a landscape, while an ignorant one sees nothing. The cultivated person sees truth and beauty in great works of art, which the uncultivated fails to see.

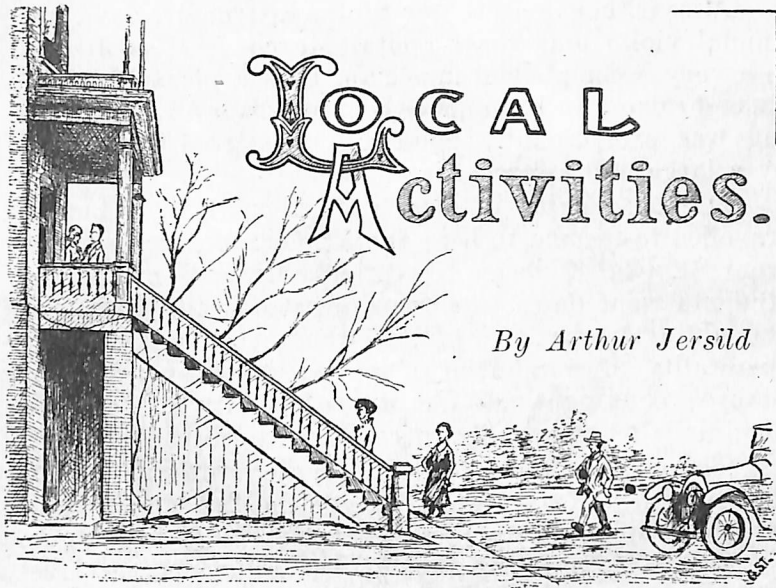
As a third mark of wisdom, I have chosen the word ORIGINALITY. The man of originality is a man who can make old things appear new, who can say common things in an uncommon way. The original man is a resourceful man; and as a resourceful man, he is a man of wisdom. He can take apart old garments and retailor them so that they look brand new. He is a man who knows how to imitate judiciously.

Briefly, O may be called a letter of extremes, for it denotes eternity or expresses nothing. It may be called a letter of opposites, for it displays pain or pleasure, joy or sorrow, disgust or surprise. And, lastly, it initials very important words that name marks or traits found in the character of the man possessing wisdom.



Photo by Olesen

Student Body and Faculty
Dana College and Trinity Seminary 1920-'21



LOCAL Activities.

By Arthur Jersild

MUSIC

Again this year we were given a rare musical treat when, on Friday evening, February 4, our instructor in piano and voice, Miss Carrie Sinamark, gave her annual piano recital. In a short introductory talk Miss Sinamark gave us an adequate conception of the meaning of music, showing how a composition is the portrayal of a thought, mood or scene in tones. This talk, together with short explanations of each selection, enabled the listener to derive great pleasure from her rich and varied program. Of all the numbers of her program the most noteworthy was the last one, namely, "St. Francis Walking on the Waves," by Liszt. In this selection we have a tone picture of St. Francis as he walks fearlessly while the waves tumble and roar about him with ever increasing force and speed; then the sea becomes calm, and the listener hears the last foot-falls of St. Francis. The program was greatly enjoyed by a large audience.

The Choral Union, is working on the cantata "The Eternal City", by Gabriel, which they expect to render in public before the close of school.

Miss Ethel Jensen, our violin instructor, gave her annual violin and vocal recital March 7. Miss Jensen is a very accomplished musician. It is a pleasure at all times to listen to her music. Her program on that evening was exceptionally good and was greatly enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience.

On the evening of March 31, about fifty Danaites travelled to Omaha to hear the St. Olaf Lutheran Choir from St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minn. Some of the students went down in cars; others took the train and stayed in Omaha over night, where they enjoyed the hospitality of a number of people belonging to Rev. Staby's congregation. We are especially grateful to them and Rev. Staby for providing us with lodging.

The concert was excellent. In the words of one of the Omaha dailies, it was "one of the few great musical events in the history of Omaha." The choir sang as one voice. We are sure that all the Dana students feel themselves amply repaid for the trip.

A number of instructive and interesting lectures have been given at Dana during the last few weeks. On the evening of February 27, Rev. M. N. Andreasen held an appreciated lecture in Danish on the treasures we have in our Danish hymns. He pointed out the unusual degree of aesthetic and deep religious values embodied in them. He called our attention to the fact that among Danish hymn-writers, three great names stand out, namely, Brorson, Kingo, and Grundtvig.

Dr. Paine, a traveller and lecturer of much note, gave a very interesting illustrated lecture on the subject, "America, the World Nation," on February 5. The following morning, Sunday, he gave a lecture on Palestine.

Mr. George Cooper, U. S. ex-consul to Peru, delivered an interesting lecture on "Peru, the Old and the New."

On March 14, Dr. Banks, one of America's foremost archeologists, gave an illustrated lecture on "The Seven Wonders of the World." He showed us that the ancient peoples far surpassed us in certain branches of art and architecture.

seventy per cent of the games played were Dana victories.

Record of season's games:

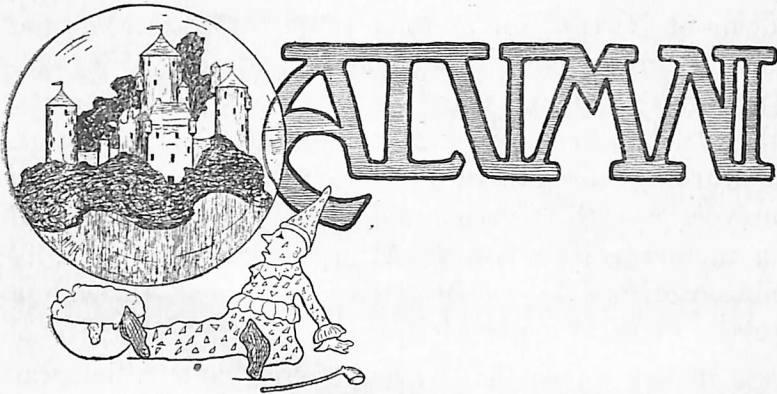
Opponent	Where played	Dana	Opp.	Date
Calhoun	Dana	36	16	12—3—'20
Calhoun	Calhoun	28	17	12—10—'20
Grand View	Dana	33	16	12—17—'20
Seward Luth. Sem.	Dana	19	18	1—14—'21
Seward Luth. Sem.	Seward	6	19	2—5—'21
Grand View	Des Moines	22	57	2—11—'21
Atlantic	Atlantic	22	16	2—12—'21
Pearl Mem. Kops	Dana	43	15	1—28—'21
Wayne State Normal	Wayne	22	12	2—18—'21
Wayne State Normal	Wayne	18	40	2—25—'21

Although not so successful as the College Team, the Academic Basketball Team has also participated in official games this year.

With the coming of spring and good weather outdoor recreations are being renewed. Horseshoe playing holds full sway at the present time. A tournament will soon be held.

Tennis is also coming back into its own. The courts are being prepared for a hard season.

Some say that work is a pleasure, others have a different opinion. However, all Danaites will agree that the work done in beautifying the college campus on clean-up day was a pleasure indeed. On the afternoon of March 23, we were given a half-holiday, to be devoted to cleaning up the school-grounds. Everybody worked, and in a few hours the rubbish of winter gave way to the freshness of spring. In the middle of the afternoon our excellent kitchen-folks served an outside lunch, and for half an hour all ceased their labors to enjoy the grand picnic. Those who come here to school next year will look forward with joy to that happy day which marks the beginning of spring—Clean-up Day.



By Fred Klyver, Jr.

Although this department of HERMES is devoted to the special interests of the Alumni we feel free to publish items concerning former Dana students who are not strictly speaking alumni. We appreciate at all times receiving word from any former Dana student. Furthermore, we follow with jealous interest the careers of those who are no longer with us on the campus.

It is therefore that we take much pride in reporting on the recent work of Allen Reith, at present of the University of Chicago. After spending some time at Dana, Mr. Reith attended the University of Nebraska, first at Lincoln and later at the State Medical College, at Omaha. While yet at Omaha he directed his attentions eventually to the study of bacteriology. It was with the aim of becoming a bacteriologist that he transferred later to the University of Chicago. We may judge of his accomplishment by considering his recent work. Approximately two months ago he accompanied Dr. Jordan, of the Chicago University and the leading bacteriologist of America, to Pasadena, California. The purpose of their trip was to gather data in connection with the study of the respiratory organs of the human body. Their work at Pasadena was done in the laboratories of the California Institute of Technology, a branch of the University of California. Using the stu-

dents of the Institute as their subjects, Dr. Jordan and Mr. Reith prepared two hundred and fifty-seven cultures in agar-agar with the germs taken from as many throats. Of these over sixty contained unusual germs. Discarding the others they returned to their home university with the remaining ones. These will be used in further research work. After so promising a beginning we hope to see Mr. Reith go ahead through a career of noteworthy success.

In September 1921 a competitive examination was held at the State Medical College at Omaha. Its purpose was to bring to the front the individual best prepared to become an interne at a California hospital. Edwin Sorensen, '16, won the honors from a large field. Mr. Sorensen spoke of his plans of going to California when he visited us on the occasion of the Joint-Program. He will leave shortly after graduation this spring.

Two of the Alumni were elected to the Phi Beta Kappa recently. They are Herman Jensen, '16, and Fred Lund, '17. Mr. Jensen is interested in the study of medicine. Mr. Lund's speciality is philosophy. The Phi Beta Kappa is an honorary society which recognizes only the greatest merit in scholarship. So it is no mean place to which these men have attained.

L. C. Hansen, '19, and Agatha C. Mengers, '18, were married on March 30, at Webster Grove, Mo. Mr. Hansen has accepted a call from Chicago.

It is with regret that we announce the departure from Dana of two of the Alumni prior to the end of the academic year. Miss Mary Hansen, '20, returned to her home at Elk Horn. Harold Larsen, '20, has returned to his home in North Dakota. Miss Hansen has been doing graduate work in music. Mr. Larsen has been pursuing college work.

En Jernbane Ulykke

Af Joseph M. Girtz

Det hurtige Iltog og et Fragttog kom fra hver sin Side og pustede og stønnede for at naa Toppen af Bjerget. Her skulde de mødes, og det, som kom først, skulde gaa ind paa et Sidespor og der vente til det andet havde kørt forbi.

Iltoget pustede og stønnede, saa det var en Lyst at se og høre paa, men man mærkede dog, at ingen Røg steg op fra dets Skorstenspipe. Det var et mærkeligt Fænomen. Passagerne sad saa ligegyldige paa deres Stole og lod, som om de havde kørt mange, mange Dage, og som om det var dem en ligegyldig Sag, at de nu nærmede sig Toppen af de høje Bjerge. Lokomotivføreren stod og stirrede ufravendt ud paa det forstyrrede Landskab, som saa meget ud til at det havde været hjemsøgt af en stærk Storm.

Uagtet alt dette, var enhver nok saa munter og glad, og enhver sad og saa fornøjet ud og smilte frem for sig. Hvad smilte de dog ad, og hvem, i Grunden, var disse Folk? De sad jo her og kørte deres Undergang i Møde, og alligevel var de glade, men de kunde da heller ikke vide, at der kom et andet Tog fra den anden Side, og at Føreren ikke havde Herredømme over Lokomotivet, og heller ikke syntes de synderlig at bekymre sig derover.

Jo, disse Folk skulde ud paa Udflugt, eller rettere sagt, ud paa Jagt med Kongen. Det var der bleven sagt, ialfald. Men hvad vilde en Konge her til Lands, og hvad vilde saadan en broget Skare af Mænd, Kvinder og Børn gøre paa en Jagt efter vilde Dyr?

Men Toget fortsatte med ualmindelig Hurtighed over de stejle Klipper, og da Banen var meget ujævn,

blev nu og da en eller flere slynget af deres Plads paa Sæderne. Trods Stød og den haarde Tur blev de dog hjulpen op, og smilte som før. Ingen Ting syntes at tage Humøret fra dem, og ingen Ting syntes at ødelægge Stemningen. Kongen selv sad henne i en Krog paa den anden Vogn. Hvorfor mon han sad der saa tavs? Han sagde ikke et Ord. Mon han anede noget af den Fare, som deres Liv svævede i? Han tænkte vel paa sit Kongerige, som han havde forladt for at gaa paa Jagt her ude paa de stejle Klipper.

Toget kom endelig til Toppen af Bjerget, og nu skulde det vente paa Fragttoget, som endnu ikke var kommen op til Toppen, men hvad skete? Iltoget standse ikke, men blev ved at køre med uformindsket Hastighed nedad, lige imod Toget, som kom fra den modsatte Side. Var Lokomotivføreren gal, eller kunde han ikke standse Toget?

Der gjordes dog ikke noget Forsøg paa at sagtne Farten af Iltoget, men tværtimod satte han al Kraft ind paa at styrte ned af Bakken. Du skulde have hørt, hvordan det stønnede og pusede.

Det varede ikke længe før Passagererne opdagede, at der kom et Tog dundrende lige imod dem, men til stor Forundring syntes de ikke at ænse Faren, for de smilte, og nikkede saa venligt til hinanden som for at sige, „det gaar glimrende”. Men de sagde det blot ikke.

Pludselig var der et stort Brag, og alle styrtede hovedkuls ned af Stolene, og alting var et stort Virvar. Nu var Ulykken sket. „Bravo,” sagde Drengen, „det var et dejligt Sammenstød; men hvor er min Konge bleven af?” Han havde knust Hovedet.



Tempus

By Ethan Mengers

What is time? Let us stop and ponder what this wonderful thing really is. We all have a conception of what it is, yet it cannot be defined.

A definition, however, is not necessary for a realization of those truths about time which are important for us.

Benjamin Franklin once said: "Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of." It is indeed true that we cannot conceive of life, or of any activity, except as going on in time. It is necessary that we be given time in order that we may act, may perform anything, in order that we may live. Being necessary for life itself, time is an invaluable gift. Yes, it is a gift, but from whom? From the great Giver of all gifts.

What a wonderful gift it is, meted out, second by second, at the same rate to rich and poor! But what are we to do with our time so graciously bestowed upon us? The answer is, we are to live in it, yes, really *live* in it, act in it, so employ it, that when we look back upon a day that is gone, we can ask ourselves: "What did I accomplish in this hour, or that hour?" and know that it was not wasted. Oh! could we but realize more vividly that we are responsible for every hour that we are given, that we shall be judged not only by what we do, but also by what we omit doing. If an hour slips from us unemployed, not only is our life really that hour shorter, but we are guilty of a deed which we can never undo. Let us every evening call back the moments we were given, and ask each hour: "What did I do in you? What did I experience in you that has added to my life? What has transpired in you that has lifted me upward and added to my character? What thought or deed has brought me nearer that aim for which life itself was given me? What did I do in this hour that makes me better fit to meet my last hour?"

Then our lives will become richer, and our sojourn on earth will be happier.

NAIL-HOLES IN THE HORSESHOE TRAIL

(Continued.)

"Sure, an' I would that—'tis a bit of an eye-opener I'm nading."

So the old people were soon smacking their lips over some piping hot coffee, of which we had a goodly supply, but they did not care for anything to eat. Having received instructions from "Dad" to stop whenever he blew his horn, we continued our journey through the dark night. Soon all were fast asleep but "Dad" and I. Picture us sitting stiffly at our respective wheels, looking like stone images, staring at the road ahead. Hour after hour passed. It required an effort to keep awake. All at once I was roused from my stupor by the penetrating call of "Dad's" klaxon. Answering his signal, I stopped the car. "What's up, Dad?"

"Can ye give me another pull at the bottle?" asked "Dad".

"Sure," said I, and handed him the thermos bottle. It was four o'clock by the little clock on the dashboard. "Dad" was feeling fine again, so we climbed aboard and resumed our trip. Three hours later we rolled into town where the Chinaman who kept the restaurant welcomed us for breakfast. Here we pitched our tent and turned in for a nap; at two o'clock in the afternoon we broke camp and started on our way to San Bernardino.

Here we enter one of the greatest fruit belts in the country. At this point we put away our khaki, gladly welcoming a bath, and clad ourselves according to the custom of the people who dwell among the orange-blossoms, roses, and palms. Still continuing westward we passed through Riverside, the center of the southern orange industry. The yearly shipments from this city amount approximately to 6000 carloads of oranges. Rubidoux Mountain with its Sunset Cross and The Sheman Institute, a school for Indian children, are the points of interest at this place.

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NAIL-HOLES IN THE HORSESHOE TRAIL

(Concluded.)

In this area (Yellowstone National Park), in their native state, are found great numbers of wild animals, such as the grizzly, the black bear, the buffalo or American bison, moose, and elk. The National Park Service officials estimate that there are in this park between 20,000 and 30,000 elk.

One day as we were driving along one of the highways, a bear was sitting out on the bank curious to see the passing tourists. We were just as curious as he was, so stopped alongside of him, and I threw him a piece of candy, as bears are very fond of sweets. He, not being as afraid as I had expected, came over to the car, after having picked up the candy, put his front paws upon the car door and struck an attitude that said as plainly as words: "Give me more candy, please." I hurriedly complied with his unspoken request, fearing that any hesitation on my part might prove fatal to myself. Piece after piece disappeared, and I began to wonder how I could make my get-away without incurring his wrath. Each sweetmeat brought him nearer, and when I was slow in getting the crumbs from the bottom of the paper bag, he would urge me on by clawing impatiently at my coat-sleeve with his long black claws. Throwing the last piece on the ground, I stepped on the starter and applied the gas.

Mr. Bear looked longingly after us, licking his mouth suggestively with a long red tongue. But it is the fate of the traveler, thus to strike up an acquaintance, then to part never to meet again.



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„SLET INTET I VERDEN ER GUD FOR SMAAT ”

(Sluttet.)

Peter kom saa hen til Asbjørnsen, og de to levede et herligt og smukt Liv sammen, og de delte troligt alt. Peter havde Byplads, Asbjørnsen sled i det med Ekstraarbejde, og det manglede aldrig. Peter laa om Natten i Skuffen af en gammel Dragkiste, og naar det saa blev Sengetid — nej Skuffetid maa vi vel hellere kalde det i alle Tilfælde for Peters Vedkommende — bøjede de deres Knæ sammen og bad paa barnlig Vis den store Frelser og Gud bevare dem.

Saa var det en Aften, at Peter kom hen til sin Adoptivfader og sagde til ham: „Aa, du skulde bare vide, Asbjørnsen, hvilken Lyst jeg har til at komme i Tivoli og paa Dyrehavsbakken.”

„Ja,” sagde Studenten, „det kunde nu ogsaa være helt rart, men vore Penge, hvordan gaar det med dem, tror du?”

De satte sig saa til at tælle Pengene, men de havde ikke engang nok til at betale Vaskeregningen med. Nu kneb det, for Asbjørnsen vilde i Grunden ogsaa gerne en lille Tur ud. Der hengik saa en lille Stund, saa begyndte Peter igen først lidt stammende men senere mere flydende: „Hør, hør, Asbjørnsen, ku—ku—kunde det ikke lade sig gøre, at bede Gud om at give os en Dyrehavstur?”

„Jo,” mente Studenten, „vil Gud forunde os en Dyrehavstur, saa skal han nok lægge det til rette for os.”

De bad saa paa barnlig Maade, om Gud vilde hjælpe dem, og saa stode de paa, at alt vilde gaa, som det skulde.

Der var fjorten Dage, til de skulde af Sted paa Tur, saa de finansielle Forhold kunde jo ændre sig meget i den Tid, men til at begynde med saa det ikke ud til, at Turen skulde blive til Virkelighed. Hver Aften forhørte Peter sig hos sin Stedfader om, hvorledes Pengeforholdene var, men der var stadig Ebbe i Kassen. De naaede endelig Dagen, da Turen skulde foregaa. Saa skete der noget forunderlig stort og skønt.

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Asbjørnsen gik ned ad Gaden lidt nedtrykt i Sindet, da han jo gerne vilde glæde Peter. Pludselig bankede det da paa et Vindue, og en Røst bad ham komme ind, og da han kom ind, var det en rig Købmand, som havde hørt om al Asbjørnsens Godhed mod syge og fattige, og af den Grund gerne vilde give ham et lille Bidrag til Hjælp. Det kan nok være, Studenten blev glad. Han var i en Fart hjemme hos Peter, og de fik hurtigt gjort sig i Stand, thi nu var de blevet saa velhavende, at de kunde tage af Sted. Først takkede de dog Gud, fordi han saa tydeligt havde vist, at han gerne undte

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dem den Glæde. Saa tog de først paa Dyrehavsbakken, og det kan nok være de soldede. Først en Karuseltur overskrævs paa de fine Heste, saa et Par Honningkager henne hos Kagekonen og tilsidst en Kop Kaffe. Derefter tog de hjem og gik en Tur i Tivoli for at se paa alt det skønne der, og selvfølgelig, en Rutschetur kunde de ikke lade gaa fra sig, og under det hele lo de og var saa glade.

Pludselig hørte de dybe, smukke Klokketoner inde fra Vor Frue Kirkes Taarn, — der var Aftengudstjeneste. De skyndte sig da ud af Menneskemyldret i Tivoli og ind i den skønne gamle Kirke, hvor der lød stærke mægtige Toner om, at Glæden ved Guds grønne Jord og Glæden ved Guds Naadesord godt kan forenes; men tillige Ord fra Guds hellige Bibelbog om at: „Hvis I ikke bliver som Børn, kommer I ingenlunde ind i Himmeriges Rige.” —

IN THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS

Teacher—“For what is St. Louis noted?”

M. J.—“For its production of silk.”

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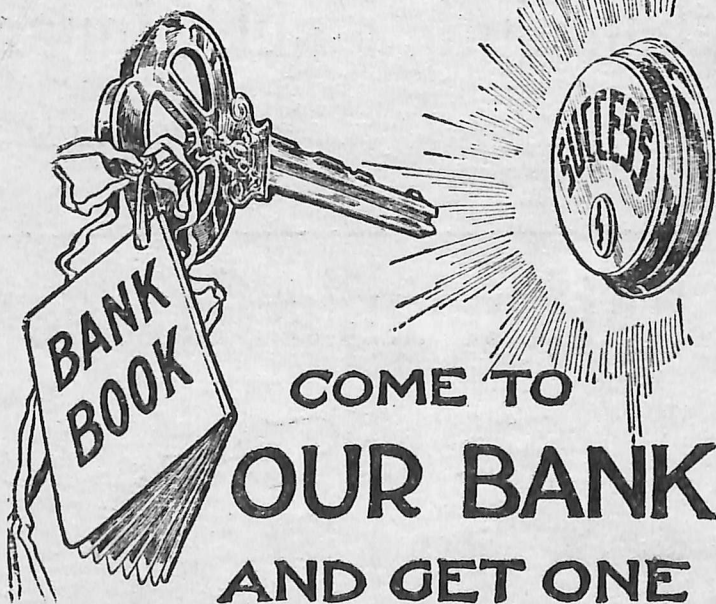
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