

1921 Nov.
v. 3 #1



HERMES

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HERMES

A MESSENGER FROM DANA COLLEGE
AND TRINITY SEMINARY

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Editorial

A Word of Appreciation

The Staff realizes the importance of the assistance given by the business people of Blair. Please accept our thanks for your faithful co-operation.

At Dana

We have just commenced another school year and Dana is at work in all of her departments. This year we have a larger enrollment of regular students than we have had at the beginning of any previous year. This is encouraging as we realize that a "Greater Dana" does not mean large and up-to-date buildings only, but a larger enrollment of regular students as well.

To the Subscribers of Hermes

If you should know of anyone who has subscribed for Hermes, but has not received the paper, you would do us a favor by sending us such person's name and address. Will you do this, please?

Education

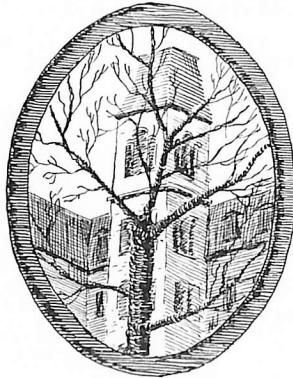
The word education covers a wide field. In fact, you can hardly mention a thing under the sun which it has nothing to do with. It has to do with science, philosophy, business, farming, in short, it has to do with daily life under all circumstances. It has even to do with individual character and personality. Webster defines education as the impartation or acquisition of knowledge, skill, or development of character, as a study or discipline.

To-day the individual confronts so many problems so it is necessary that his or her education should be liberal. This you will find to be true no matter what vocation in life you may choose.

One feature of education often neglected is the building of character. Many a bright and able college graduate failed in the test of life just because he neglected this important phase of his education. We believe that Dana College—being a church school and therefore emphasizing Christian principles—offers to the student a special opportunity for such education.

Pessimism

The melancholic temperament is pessimistic. It destroys, tears down, but does not build—as Søren Kirkegaard. “But,” they say, “there are many lights that should be put out.” Still,—where a candle smokes, is it not better to trim the wick than to put it out? In a dark place a smoky light is better than none—but a bright light is still better.



Make Your Knowledge Dynamic

By Hans Jersild

School life should contribute vitally towards making you and me in a measure, a dynamic person. Although we are only in the role of common men, we should try to become leaders in our own little spheres of activity. As students we are here to get the best out of it. Therefore we should strive to become moving forces morally, mentally, and physically. How can a student set his knowledge in motion mentally speaking? For it should not be just stored up facts, but developed mental power. It should be a power which enables us to think penetratingly and broadly, to speak intelligently and fluently, to act tactfully and tellingly. Briefly it must become a living force.

If your knowledge is a mix up of facts, if there exists confusion in your mental life, if you possess only a jumble of information; you will agree with me that your knowledge will be weak. It will be dying or dead. There is a little adage which reads, United we stand, divided we fall. Apply that to your knowledge, and the same result will take place. If it is divided and illogical you will fall mentally speaking. But on the other hand if it is united, systematized, and logical you will stand and be able to go forward.

In school-work you should organize your material, and arrange it systematically. For instance in the matter of notebook work, it is a good plan to outline it logically and neatly, number the pages, index it, and keep it at all times in good order. If you arrange your work systematically, you will be able to watch your own mental growth in a subject as it progresses step by step.

Closely connected with system, is thoroughness. Never let your knowledge of any study be just superficial, that is, only on the surface or 'skin deep'. Go to the bottom of things. If there is a matter you don't understand don't rest until you have it cleared up. Whenever you do a thing, do it well. Never try to bluff your way through school, but work hard. Whenever

you are confronted by a difficult scientific or mathematical problem do not give up and say, oh, that is good enough, but get to the point where you can not help yourself but must exclaim with a feeling of satisfaction, "That's it!" Get in love with your studies, your school activities, put a certain faith and hope in them, then your heart will be in your work, and a natural consequence will be thoroughness.

If you make it a point to get everything worth while, and get it right, you will experience that your vision will become clearer and wider. You will not be at school merely for gaining popularity, or for recreation or for a pastime, but to make a zealous search for knowledge, to cultivate and develop your thinking power.

To make your knowledge active, you must not only absorb it in the right way, but you must be able to put it into practice. It should be practical and not merely theoretical. Make it count in the world of action. You are not necessarily to make it a material affair that is a 'bread and butter' knowledge, but one that strives for the uplift of humanity, the promotion of good will, and the enhancement of everything good. Your knowledge should not only make for your own welfare, but also for the welfare of society as well. You should become socially efficient. And the result will be that you will influence others, lead others, and be a power where you are.

Make your knowledge an organized, working and living force. For then it will flare up in fire and enkindle others. It will inspire you to action, and drive you on to a definite aim. In short make your knowledge dynamic.



St. Pauli Domkirke i London

Af Stinus S. Loft

Midt i den gamle Bydel af London staar den store og prægtige Domkirke og vidner ved sit Udseende om, hvad Menneskekunst kan frembringe, naar den bruges i Religionens og Kirkens Tjeneste. Hele Terrænet er omringet af den saakaldte St. Pauli "Churchyard", en Gade godt kendt i den engelske Litteraturhistorie, da mange af de forskellige litterære Personligheder mødtes paa de forskellig saakaldte Kaffehuse, som findes her i Kirkens umiddelbare Nærhed. Naa, men nu er Kuplen og Taarnene i Sigte, og man har ikke Tid og Ro at se efter Kaffehuse. Her'er nu en Del af Kirken i al sin Pragt og Storhed. Den er af mangeartet Interesse, og her har man nu lige foran sig det, man i Aarevis har længtet efter at se, og Sjælen og Øjet fryder sig over al Maade ved det herlige Skue, der aabner sig. Man føler, at man befinder sig paa hellig Grund, og man maa standse for ligesom at rense Sindet og Tankerne og ret blive modtagelig for de Indtryk, man føler, man har i Vente. Ved at rette Øjet opad ser man den prægtige Kuppel, der af sagkyndige er sagt at være den skønneste, der findes. De slanke Søjler, den er forsynet med, fører ens Øje helt op til Toppen, paa hvilken der staar en Statue af St. Paulus. Tæt ved Kirken staar St. Pauli Kors, ved Siden af hvilket saa mange Handlinger, særlig af kirkelig Interesse, er foregaaet i Midlalderen. Mod Syd ser man Tomter og Grundvolde af et fordums Kloster, som siges at have staaet der. En Statue af Dronning Anne findes foran Kirken. Den maa have været rejst for mange Aar siden, da baade Irland og Amerika ligger saa rolig og beskeden ved dens Fødder. Lidt til Siden er der indmejslet en Firkant i Fortouget og en Inskription, som meddeler, at paa dette Sted gav Dronning Victorie Tak til Gud paa sin tresindstyveaarige Jubilæumsdag.

Her har vi saa Marmortrapperne, som leder op til Hovedindgangen; men lad os tøve lidt med at gaa op. Hele Facaden er jo eet eneste Kunstværk. Her foran

Indgangen en lang Række af høje, slanke, korintiske Søjler, ja, og oven paa dem igen nok en Række af samme Slags. Og paa den ioniske Front ser man et Relief af St. Pauli Omvendelse og paa selve Spidsen af denne en lille Statue af samme Apostel, og til Siden en Statue af Peter, og der ved den anden Side en af Jakob. Bag ved den sidste ser vi en af Evangelisterne, og der er nok en een, og der, og der! En hel Skare af hellige Mænd, der bevogter ens Indgang og Udgang. Ved hver Side af Facaden knejser to slanke Taarne. Fra den ene-af-dem hører man nu det liflige Klokkespil, der fortoner og spreder sig ud over Ludgate Hill og videre langt ud over den store, travle By. Nu toner den store Klokke, „Big Paul”, fra det andet Taarn og minder os om, at nok en Time af vores den kostbare Tid er runden. Langsomt kommer det, dong—dong—dong, klart og tydeligt og synes at sætte de musikalske Strenge i ens Indre i Svingning.

Det er med hellig Ærefrygt man betræder Kirkens Indre. Nu først ser man hvor stor Kirken er i sin Udstrækning, hvor skøn og dejlig den dog er! Den romerske Stil, som er ført igennem i alle Enkelthederne, giver en et solidt Indtryk af Stilhed og Styrke. Det første man lægger Mærke til ved Indtrædelsen er Højalteret, det kan ses overalt i Kirken. Men det er bedst at vente til senere med at tage det i nøjere Eftersyn. Et Par Malerier tiltrækker Opmærksomheden. Det ene er „Tid, Død og Dom”, og det andet „Fred og Velbehag”. Mosaikarbejdet er meget fremtrædende i hele Kirken. Der er fire Billeder af Kristus i Mosaik, nemlig Korsfæstelsen, Jordefærden, Opstandelsen og Himmelfarten. I et Hjørne ses indmuret i Væggen Brokker fra Søjlerne og Mosaik fra Gulvet i Salomons Tempel. Der findes Statuer og andre Monumenter omkring i Kirken men dog ikke i saadan en Grad, at Kirkens Hellighed og Brug for Gudsdyrkelse lider under det, som Tilfældet er i Westminster Abbey. De mest iøjnefaldende Statuer er af Wellington og vor Landsmand Lord Nelson. Der er rejst Mindesmærker for disse to Mænd trindt omkring i Byen og da ogsaa her i St. Pauli, hvor de er stedt til Hvile. Nielsen Statuen har Hæderpladsen.

Saul

In surveying the past and looking at the present we are impressed with a profound conviction that we are living in a wonderful age. Our heritage is a vast one. As the years have rolled by men have striven and worked, each adding some contributions to the storehouse of rich treasures that is our common possession and if we do not delve into it and take whatsoever we will we are ignoring the great gifts God has offered us. Others have paved the way for the benefits we now receive. Being inspired of God they have devoted their whole lives towards enriching humanity with spiritual and material blessings. His voice is heard in every age. In His providence He has raised up prophets who have uttered His messages to the people.

Whatever our station in life may be there is one realm from which no one is debarred—the realm of literature. Life in the twentieth century is ever widening. Mankind began with few resources, but slowly and surely they have increased until to-day our store house is full to over-flowing. With each new era came new inspiration. With each new invention man has been freed from one more form of slavery leaving him to listen more to the voices of the prophets. And these prophets are our great writers.

It is not easy to make a discrimination among the personalities of a period which has been eminent for eminent men. The first quarter of the nineteenth century was remarkable for the number of great men who came into existence. Among these was Robert Browning and I think we may without hesitation name him as a veritable leader of his day.

The age in which he lived stands for a new order of things. Philosophy and science had taken a great hold of man's mind. Old theories were examined, traditional truths were not accepted without reasons, so thoroughly were men imbued with the spirit of doubt. It was a time when man's soul was tried as to whether "to believe or not to believe".

In all this trying time Browning maintained a re-

markable poise of mind. He did not withdraw from the conflict, but lived and fought his battles in every field. He was a poet with a message and that was: *The soul of man though in a state of conflict is still sovereign.* Can any poet's message give more consolation than that? It was his work to bring men back to faith.

We have heard his views in regard to art, music and life and shall now come to his religious views. Browning was a Christian poet. A high spiritual aim runs through his writings. The one central theme of his entire poetic work is the history of a soul. He thinks that anything else is little worth serious study. It is the soul of the individual with which he is concerned, its development in relation to the unseen. He believes that Christianity is a revelation of the soul. He makes man's relation with God the one controlling thought and purpose of life.

He was not a dogmatist or a sectarian. The grand conception of the world which Christianity presents, its lofty hopes and its pure ideals have become inwoven with the texture of his mind. Its spirit has permeated his soul. Its history and its traditions, its life and the mission of the Christ, its profound conception of humanity as related to the unseen world, its struggles of man for spiritual attainment, have seemed to him worthy of the sincerest and noblest poetic treatment. They are to him neither myth nor dogma, but poetic interpretations of spiritual facts. Browning has the deep inner spirit of Christianity. To him it is a life of growth and an outreaching of the finite after the Infinite. It is not a form of thought, or a goal to seek for selfish ends; but it is all that uplifts to make attainment sure, under the spiritual leadership of Christ..

That he went through the struggle without doubt and came forth triumphant in his faith inspires us with a confidence and gives his message incomparable value.

We may be charmed by the songs of mere loveliness for a while, but it is the "outpourings and uproarings of the strong men of humanity which become the real marching songs of the race in the long run". What

Armistice Day

By X. Service

“As one who cons at evening o’er an album all alone—
And muses o’er the faces and the places he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy, till in shadowy design,
I see the shell-torn buildings; seem to hear the bullets
whine.”

It was the evening of the 11th of November, 1921. In a room illumed by a single electric light sat a lone student. He was comfortably ensconced in a large cushioned arm-chair, his feet resting on the window-sill. He was in a meditative mood, wrapt in thoughts and contemplations, and the open album on his lap, gave one the impression that his mind was not focused on the future. He seemed to be cloaked in that impenetrable “Something” which causes people to walk on tip-toe, to speak in whispers and ask no questions. There is a time when it is best for man to be alone, when his heart is in a receptive state, when he hears clearly the voice of God, is moved by events of the past, and is wrestling with problems of the future.

The program of the afternoon, the sight and feel of his old uniform, the significance of the day, the pictures in his album had all combined to put him in a state of reminiscence. He thought of the year before at school, two years ago at home, three years ago—there his mind stayed, he closed his eyes, his brow wrinkled with the effort to recall various incidents. Sometimes he chuckled to himself, then again he appeared sad, yet the expression on his face, taken all in all, was one of smiling seriousness, one felt that he was thankful for having been allowed to return unharmed to his own dear land. We must follow his thoughts and find out what he is dreaming. We want to see the places he has seen, the friends he has had, the experiences and trials, the fatigue and hardships, the joys and sorrows, the fears and emotions, that were a part of the World War struggle, in which he had taken part.

* * *

It was a dark night and the Western Front seemed alive with all manner of activities. Verdun, the impregnable, though nothing but ruins on the surface still continued to receive an unrelenting and unceasing baptism of fire and steel. (Those who have visited the noted city, know that it was practically all underground.)

At a distance of several miles north of this place among the ruins of what was once a French garrison, a solitary sentinel, dressed in the olive drab which showed him to be an American soldier, paced slowly back and forth. As he threaded his way carefully through the darkness, his mind was occupied with thoughts of home and the loved ones there. He seemed to see the old home across the sea all ablaze with light as it was always wont to be, and wondered how soon he would see the old place again. Before his mind's eye came a vision of his mother reading her Bible. No doubt she was thinking of him and his heart was filled with joy to know that he had a mother the fruit of whose prayers he could feel in himself even though so far away. He saw his father at his work, his brothers and sisters at the various pastimes and vocations. He perceived clearly, in his imagination, the face and form of his sweet-heart—loyal, loving, inspiring.

There was a rumor out that hostilities would cease at eleven A. M. the following day, that the war-dogs would then discontinue their barking. Do you then wonder that his thoughts were of home? Do you wonder that a prayer full of heartfelt thanksgiving poured forth from his soul? Do you wonder that his soul seemed filled to overflowing with a living force, a warmth that gladdened him? The remainder of his watch he spent in reflection concerning the good old days when peace ruled the land and a man could be with those he loved. God is lovingkindness—even in the midst of hurrying, rushing, tumult, sickness and despair, he lifts us up out of the turbulent streams of this life and fills our souls to overflowing with joy and happiness. He loves us.

He was interrupted in the midst of his reflections by the coming of the guard who was to relieve him.

Tribute to Hermes

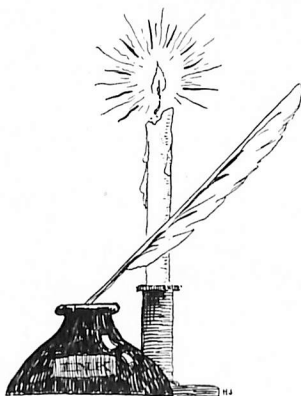
By Harold Jørgensen

Tune: America, the Beautiful.

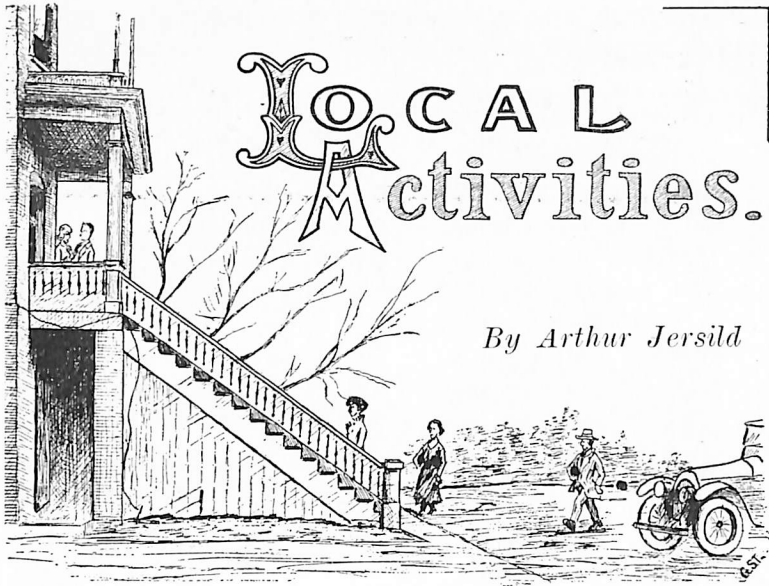
O, speed thou on thy winged foot
Our messages thou bear,
To where the western mountain peaks
Their giant snowcrests rear.
O, speed thou Hermes, speed away
To eastern wave-lashed shores,
To where the Snow King reigns supreme
To the tropics verdant floors.

O, bring to every seeking soul
A word that satisfies.
Tell all whom forth from us have gone;
"Break not the family ties."
O, speed thou Hermes, speed away
And spread both far and near,
The music of the poet's pen,
The wisdom of the seer.

Then let no bloodstains drive thee from
What still for us is home;
But tarry there, our message say
With youth's lighthearted tone.
O, tell them Hermes, tell them then
What we despise and fear;
For what we hope, for what we long
And be thou true, sincere.







By Arthur Jersild

All Danaites point with a certain satisfaction to their last year's achievements in all phases of school activities. This year they hope for still greater accomplishments as prospects for a successful school-year are very favorable. The students, old and new, are entering into the various activities with much interest and the project that belong to this season have taken a good beginning.

Music is an art which all students love. Already this year several musical selections have been rendered that have shown marked talent. The Choral Union has begun its work for the year, very much strengthened by the enrollment of several trained voices.

The girls have organized a gleeclub which also has begun its season's training.

Prof. E. C. Mills, an accomplished singer, visited the school on Friday morning, October 28. During the chapel hour he rendered a few vocal selections which were very much appreciated by the student body.

A course in elocution has been added to the college curriculum. Miss Edmonton, of the Meisner School of

the Spoken Word, Omaha, is the instructor in this course.

The work of the Hesperian and Dannebrog Literary Societies has been resumed. Already two successful programs have been given.

On the evening of Friday, October 28, the staff staged a Hermes Booster, the object of which was to acquaint the new students with their paper. The Booster was a great success and there was a display of genuine Hermes enthusiasm.

The Excelsior Literary Club, composed of the members of the second year English Class, held a picnic-program and wiener-roast in the woods on Saturday, October 22. This Club, under the direction of its instructor, Miss Falk, holds weekly programs for the purpose of giving its members training in public speaking.

A great number of the students have purchased season tickets for the Lyceum Course of four numbers, which is being held in Blair during the school year under the auspices of the High School. The first number of the season's course, a lecture on South America, by Dr. Whitfield Ray, was given on Friday evening, October 7. This first number was very interesting as well as educational. It was attended almost exclusively by Dana students.

The old snap and vigor is being shown again this year in basket ball and tennis. Since the beginning of school the *spirited* Danaites have sought recreation on the tennis courts, but now, with the advance in the season, they are centering their enthusiasm upon basket-ball. Many of the old players are back and there is much good material among the new students, so Dana is promised a team which can represent her even more honorably than did her last year's team.

The girls are also showing great interest in basket-ball. They are being coached by Miss Hazel Andersen.

The Christian Student Association also has its weekly meetings which are conducted alternately in the Danish and English languages. On Saturday the 5th



ALUMNI

By Hannah Bengaard.

The alma mater takes great interest in the careers of her graduates. It is therefore the endeavor of Hermes to get into closer touch with the alumni of Dana—and we welcome any good news the subscribers of Hermes might be able to send us.

The class of '21 is well represented at Dana this year. The following members are back, Arthur Jersild, Ethan Mengers, Marcus Beck and Della Hansen (College,) Niels Nesgaard (theology,) and Hannah Bengaard (normal training.)

Marcus Beck has also entered business as bonded abstracter in the city of Blair, Nebr.

Miss Millie Jensen '21 is teaching school at Ogalala, Nebr.

Søren Kaldahl '21 and Leo M. Lang '21 are attending the University of Nebraska.

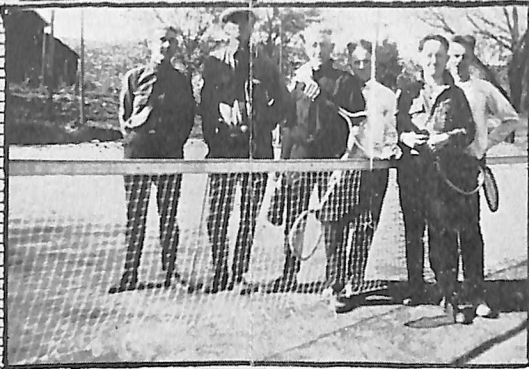
Fred Lund '18 is working for his masters degree at the University of Nebraska. He is also doing assistant work in the philosophy department.

Matt. Christensen '17, Martin L. Kirkegaard '16, Niels Hansen '19, and Rev. Theodor Hansen are studying at the University of Copenhagen, Denmark.

We hear that Elmer Bonnesen '21 is chief trouble finder of the Northwestern Bell Telephone Co. at Audubon, Iowa.

Magnus Petersen, formerly at Dana is attending the Medical school of Omaha, Nebr.

Lydia Jensen '21, is teaching school at Staplehurst, Nebr.



SCHOOL

DAYS

H

ST. PAULI DOMKIRKE I LONDON.

Fodstykket er rigt udstyret med Figurer, der forestiller Nord søen, Østersøen, Nilen og Middelhavet. Ved den højre Fod sidder den britanske Løve, og ved den venstre Fod sidder Britannia og inspirerer de unge Matroser med Fortællinger om den tapre Søhelts Bedrifter. Nielsen var dansk, født og opvokset i Danmark, og vilde have gjort for sit Fødeland, hvad han gjorde for sit adopterede Land, bare det egenkærlige danske Folk vilde have indrømmet hans Dygtighed og Duelighed og givet ham en Anledning til at føre sine Landsmænd frem til Sejr og Ære. Nu hører han det engelske Folk til, og de vedkender sig ham som deres største Helt og tilbeder ham næsten som deres Skytsengel, og det er med ægte britisk Nationalfølelse og Stolthed, at de har indhugget paa Mindesmærket disse Ord:

*Admiral Nelson
Copenhagen—Nile—Trafalgar*

Højalteret og Koret er nu paa nær Haand. Photographer er iøvrigt beskæftigede med at faa et varigt Minde af det med hjem. Paa Altertavlen læses: Sic Deus Dilexit Mundum* i gyldne Bogstaver. Korsangerenes Stole er af Træ, mørkebrune i Farve og smukt udskaarne; alt det øvrige er af Marmor. Væggene og Hvælvingerne er særlig rigt udstyrede med Mosaikarbejde, der gengiver Skabelseshistorien i det prægtigste Farvespil. Der er Plads i Koret til atten Mænd og fyrretyve Kordrenge. „The Lord Mayor” af London har ogsaa sit Højsæde i Koret og benytter en pragtfuld Stol og har saaledes en Førrang for Kongen, da denne, om han er der til Stede, maa indtage en mere beskedne Plads. Bag ved Højalteret findes et stort Kapel, paa hvis smukke Marmoralterbillede staar skrevet: Dominus et Deus Meus**. Ved Siden af Højalteret findes paa Gulvet en meget uanselig Plade. Denne simple Sten dækker Gravstedet af Christopher Wren, Kirkens Bygmeister og Architect. Man læser paa denne de bekendte Ord: „Si Monumentum requiris, circumspice”***.

* Saa elskede Gud Verden. ** Min Herre og min Gud. *** Om du søger et Monument, da se dig om.

I Krypten findes talrige Gravsteder og Mindesten til Ære for mange af Englands afdøde Personligheder, særlig af dem fra det sidste Aarhundrede. Minderne er ogsaa holdte vedlige, man ser, at flere af Pladserne er prydede med grønne Palmegrene og friske Blomster. Nielsens Sarkofag er opført i Centrum af Kuplen. Under en af Hvelvingerne hviler Wellington. Det kan være af Interesse at se Wellingtons Ligvogn. Den er lavet af Malmen fra Kanonerne og andet Bytte, Wellington erobrede i de forskellige Slag. Her hviler ogsaa Howe og Cornwallis.

For at naa op til Kuplen maa man op ad en smal Vindeltrappe. Hvelvingen af Kuplen er prydet med Malerier, der forestiller otte forskellige Scener fra Pauli Liv. Det første viser hans Omvendelse og det sidste Skibbrudet ved Malta. Under disse er der i dertil egnede Nicher smaa Statuer af Kirkefædrene. Længere nede igen er den saakaldte „Whispering Gallery”, hvorfra man har Udsigt over Hvelvingen. Akustikken er her af saadan en Beskaffenhed, at en Hvisken høres i den modsatte Side som en temmelig kraftig Røst, endskønt Kuplen er over hundrede Fod i Tværsnit. Paa Vejen derop faar man Adgang til Kirkebiblioteket. Af særlig Interesse her er en dansk Runesten, som blev funden paa Kirkens Grund. Runerne fortæller, at Konal og Tuki lod denne Sten nedlægge. Hvad selve Formaålet med Stenen var, er der ingen, der kan fortælle os, men den minder endnu om Danskernes Daad i England.

Det er Søndag Morgen. Klokkerne ringer til Gudstjeneste; Færdselen standser, og Folk tager Plads. Orgelet, der er delt i to Dele, sender sine brusende Toner frem og fylder Kirken med Velklang og Sjælen med Harmoni. Korets dæmpede Sang høres, nu forstærkes Sangen eftersom Koret nærmer sig med Korsbæreren i Spidsen efterfulgt af Præster og Biskoppen i Ornat. I Prædikenen, der følger efter, fremhæves Virkningen af et kristent Livs Indflydelse paa det sociale Omraade.

Man tøver med at forlade Kirken; der er noget, som fængsler en, man maa endnu engang omkring i Tværskibet og endnu engang kaste et Blik paa Alteret. Man vender sig uvilkaarlig flere Gange idet man gaar

ned ad Langskibet for at fæste et sidste Blik paa Alteret. Men nu maa det være sidste Gang. Saa forlader man den prægtige Kirke, glad i Sindet og taknemmelig i Hjertet for alle disse herlige Ting, man har faaet Lov til at se og høre og glæde sig ved.

SAUL

Browning has missed in melody he has gained in thought and if he is deficient in form, he possesses a far nobler efficiency—the inspiration and moral power of the noble thinker. It is the message that is of vital importance.

Among his great poems which are noteworthy in sustained splendor of thought and imagery, 'Saul' is one of the poems which men will not readily let die. In 'Saul' Browning has attained the rare achievement of perfect form and harmony. Browning is not the only one who has been attracted by the tragedy of Saul. Other poets, dramatists and musicians as well, have made lasting monuments for him. And he is truly a fascinating figure in history.

Saul does not stand alone in history as one who has been overthrown in his greatness. He is one among the many who have fallen. Browning gives us a picture of his recovery. David is his mouth-piece hence the poem is in the form of a monologue. The germ of the poem is to be found in the Bible, I Samuel xvi: 14—23.

'Saul's' mind became darkened and enfeebled from his sin and in desperation, he denied himself food and drink, withdrawing into his innermost tent. After three days and nights pass with no sign of life from him, his servants become frightened. They dare not cross the forbidden threshold. Abner, his faithful servant, growing desperate, sends for David. It is pitiful to think of the great king being alone in his dark hour. We cannot do without human sympathy. It is the lot of all great men to stand alone in moments of great crisis, as we have learned in our study of literature. What a wonderful power in sympathy! It heals where medicine has no effect. Browning would have us believe that the recovery

of Saul begins with these words, "In my darkest hour there came a friend."

David comes. In his hand he carries his harp, the strings of which are tied with lilies to protect them from the heat. He stops before the door and ponders what form of message he shall bring to the king. We all know the value of silence. There are times when silence is more comforting than any words. At this extreme crisis, David had to battle for the recovery of the soul of Saul, something more fearful than his fight with Goliath. He breathes a prayer to God that He teach him the ministry of sweet song.

The ancients knew of the power of music in cases of mental diseases as well as we in the present day do, although their conception of insanity was quite different from ours, they thinking that it was some evil spirit who had taken possession of the sick one.

The scene is an impressive one when David stands before the king who is clinging with outstretched arms to the pole of the tent, dumb, sightless, and stark, like the serpent in the solitude of the forest awaiting its transformation. First he tried the influence of pastoral tunes; those which call the sheep back to the pen, and stir the sense of insect and bird; then he passed to the song of the reapers—their challenge to mutual help and fellowship; to the warrior's march; the burial and marriage chants; the chorus of the Levites advancing toward the altar. At this moment Saul sent forth a groan though the lights which leaped from the jewels of his turban were his only sign of motion. Then David changes his theme. He sings of the goodness of life, the joyousness of youth, the gratitude of old age. He sings of labor and success, of hope and fulfilment, of high ambitions and of great deeds; of the great king in whom are centered all the gifts and the powers of human nature—of Saul himself. He justifies the ways of God to man. Trouble has its ministry, suffering its mercy. The stroke of lightning is no less than the dew an aid to the harvest; the sweetest perfume comes from the bruised flower; if a palm tree dies, its dates will live to supply men with food when crossing the desert, and if old

age is a winter that strips the trees of leaves, the leaves fall only to make way for a lovelier beauty in May. Therefore, good deeds done, truth sown as seeds, shall rise again to new harvests of beauty.

Then he goes farther calling forth a vision of immortality which unfolds itself before the king, and he becomes himself. David has sung of the beauty of nature, the joy of human existence and the glory of a life now lived for the coming ages of mankind; but none of these hopes satisfy Saul. Only when he sings of the redeeming love of God and that infinite blessedness which Christ reveals, is the king made to have faith. The whole passage which sets forth the Christly nature of God's relation to man is one of exceeding beauty—

“Then the truth came upon me. No harp more—no song more! outbroke—
I have gone the whole round of creation; I saw and I spoke;
I, a work of God's hand for that purpose, received in my brain
And pronounced on the rest of his handwork—returned to him again
His creations' approval or censure: I spoke as I am.”

He sees in the work of God that all is love, yet all is law. The glory of man does not lie in submission to law, but in aspirations to something higher than ourselves; not in self-repression, but in the passions which scorn the limits of time and space, and in the bright endeavors toward results that are unattainable on earth. Such aspiration is indeed the very law of our nature; but it should not waste itself in wild and wandering ways, or in idle dreaming. The work of everyone counts though it be but as a dewdrop in abyss. Our knowledge is not to be compared with the wisdom of the Infinite. If we task any faculty to its utmost to image success our eyes are but opened to see the perfections of the Creator, the preciousness of all the glory of sky and earth as manifesting His power and love. Through humility and love we are lifted to His feet. Our gifts are given to us to be used, not repressed—God has given, He will continue to give; we can never overtake Him, so let not that thought of rivalling Him keep us from striving.

If we in our human love would suffer for mankind, how much more would He in his infinite love suffer for us! To Him nothing is impossible. Will He not in His good mercy through immortal life repair the defeats of the life that is? Will He suffer Saul to be lost?—

“To make such a soul,
Such a body, and then such an earth for inspiring the whole?
And doth it not enter my mind (as my warm tears attest)
These good things being given, to go on, and give one more, the best?
Ay, to save and redeem and restore him, maintain at the height
This perfection,—succeed with life's dayspring, death's minute of night?
Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul the mistake,
Saul the failure, the ruin he seems now,—and bid him awake
From the dream, the prolation, the prelude, to find himself set
Clear and safe in new light and new life,—a new harmony yet
To be run, and continued, and ended—who knows?—nor endure!
The man taught enough, by life's dream, of the rest to make sure;
By the pain-throb, triumphly winning intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles of this.”

In this passage we see one of the controlling thoughts of Mr. Browning: that man here is in a state of preparation for another life, our nature here is unfinished, imperfect, and this life is but a probation. The greater the sorrows we experience here, the greater will be the bliss of the great Beyond. The things of the earth are but means to an end sought by the spirit. It is a time of importance because through time one enters into eternity. Life on earth may seem but a succession of failures,—failures, however, which are in truth the highest glory of a human being.

Saul, now a ruin and a failure, shall awake to new light and life and endure.

"By the pain throbs triumphantly winning intensified bliss
And the next world's reward and repose by the struggles in this."

And then, because David believes that the

"Acknowledgment of God in Christ,
Accepted by the reason, solves for thee
All questions in the world and out of it,"

he points out to the stricken king that mysterious double star shining forth in man's dark night. 'Would I suffer for him I love?' "Then so will God, so will God."

"O Saul, it shall be
A face like my face that receives thee, a man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever!
A hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee,
See the Christ stand!"

David's prophecy has rung through the universe; and as he goes home in the darkness, the atmosphere is full of the expectations of a new era, the seal of a new promise is on the face of the earth.

To Browning, Christ is not a mere captain of salvation, but a realized explanation of all that God is to men in his infinite love and tenderness. What is hard and formal of the exterior in Christianity, Browning excludes from his mind and heart. What is large, spiritual, and of the inner life in Christianity, he embraces with eager conviction. To him it is not something written in a book, but the law of that ever living process of incarnation by which God reveals Himself in the voice of humanity. It is the calm sweet voice of the Eternal One speaking to men of life's worth.

His acceptance of the internal and spiritual significance of Christianity is seen in all those poems wherein he has dealt with Christian stories. He is concerned for them only as they are the means of unfolding spiritual truths. In "Saul" he has finally interpreted his conception of Christ as an expression of the human love and sympathy of God. God feels for man with a man's tenderness and yearning.

The poem is full of magnificent music like that of some great organ. But such poems as this owe their greatness to the thought which is in them. There is no other poet or writer who will so repay the attention of the theological student as Browning. He has so vivid a vision of invisible things, so intense a grasp on spiritual facts, that he pierces into the heart of religious mystery as no other man of the time has done, and it is impossible to rise from a course of Browning without a sense of added or invigorated faith.

The noble words spoken of the Apollo Belvidere might not be out of place here: "Go and study it; and if you see nothing to captivate you, go again, go until you find it, for be assured it is there."

ARMISTICE DAY.

This ended his duty for that night so he started for his billet. As he made his way towards the ruins that his company occupied, he was brought back to the realization that the joy he had experienced was but an inward happiness, that it had nothing to do with the noise going on about him. Above him he heard the intermittent

loud and soft throbbing of an aeroplane motor. The booming and banging of cannons, the whizzing, whistling, groaning of projectiles hurtling through the air, the sharp crack of exploding shells, the popping of machine guns spitting fire and lead, smote upon his ear. Was it possible that a few hours hence all this destructive activity would entirely cease?

He threw himself on his bunk as soon as he had entered his quarters, and fully dressed, lay listening to the various sounds he could hear about him. There was the heavy breathing, the coughing of his comrades, but above it all he heard again the humming of the aeroplane, this time much nearer than before. Although steeled against becoming alarmed when planes were hovering about, yet this one caused him a certain uneasiness which he was unable to account for. He remembered how many times before he had lain down wondering in his heart whether the light of the next day would shine for him. Those who have experienced it know the feeling—it is difficult to describe.

All at once there was a thud of something heavy falling followed by a sharp terrific explosion that almost knocked him off his bed. Plaster and bricks fell all around. Instantly all about him was confusion, men running hither and thither, stumbling, falling, crawling in their efforts to get away—away—anywhere but there. Some unknown Power held our friend where he lay. The minute the explosion had occurred some inward reasoning whispered to him to stay where he was, that it would be of no benefit to run. He therefore remained motionless for a few moments, then arose and made his way toward the place where he thought the explosion had been. Carefully and cautiously making his way to the door which connected with the other end of the building, he opened it. In the opposite wall he saw a hole big enough to drive a team of horses through, the ceiling had collapsed and the floor was strewn with bricks, lathes, and plaster unloosed by the bomb. Several of his comrades joined him while he was gazing at the debris before him, and together they searched through the wreckage, hoping against hope that they

might not find one of their friends there. They found no one, but when the company was again assembled it was discovered that one member had received a fragment of shrapnel through the calf of his leg, another had been badly bruised about the body, and another had received a few minor scratches. Such were the fortunes of war; one minute comparative peace and quiet, the next, pain and commotion.

The next morning the front appeared even more active than ever before. The event of the preceding night caused everyone to be more or less quiet now, yet the topic concerning the cessation of hostilities was much discussed. Was it true or was it not? They wished it were true that an agreement to stop fighting had been entered upon, for the idea was a very welcome one. The sun rose higher and higher in the heavens. At five minutes to eleven the guns were still booming, sharp explosions were rending the air, projectiles still continued to come, whistling and groaning on their missions of destruction. Aeroplanes were still hovering about like birds of prey ready to swoop down at a moment's notice and the "pop-pop" of machine-guns seemed to ridicule the idea that peace was so near at hand. At eleven o'clock all was quiet. The sentry of the night before stood tinkering with a gun that had been rendered useless the previous night. He noticed that everything had suddenly grown calm. The sun smiled serenely on the motionless battle-fields below. Not an aeroplane was in sight.

"I must be dreaming," he thought to himself; "but no, there comes a car all decorated with flags."

The automobile came right up to where he stood, and then stopped. It was immediately surrounded by excited and gesticulating soldiers, our friend among them, who wanted to know whether the armistice had been signed or not. Yes, it had been signed—they had not seen it, but were not all the towns they had passed through decorated in gala colors and were there not celebrations in all these places? Of course, articles had been signed. No doubt at all in their minds. When the soldiers heard this, they shouted aloud for pure joy, danced about, embraced each other, began yelling, pounding, whistling,—anything just to give vent to

the feeling of extreme ecstasy, that had been held in thrall during the days of incessant fighting.

During the enacting of this demonstration the captain stepped up, and placing himself on the runningboard of the car, announced that it was true that hostilities had ceased. Again there was shouting and yelling.

"Now that the war is over," added the captain, "I suppose there is one question that is uppermost in the minds of all of you, and that is—"

But he was not allowed to say it, for with one accord, the men about him sang out, "When do we go home?"

The smile on the captain's face showed that he had received the answer he had expected. Do you remember the day? That was Armistice day.

While the last was being enacted in the mind of the student, one of his friends chanced to enter his room, and stood watching the gesticulations made by him. The watcher was sympathetically amused at the different shades of feeling that lighted up the face of our friend. The young man in the chair seemed to feel that someone was watching him, and opened his eyes.

"Why, hello Tom," he explained, as he arose, "I'll bet you can't guess where I've been."

"Sure, I can," his friend replied, "you've been dreaming."

At which they both laughed.

"Seriously, though, I was honestly in France a few minutes ago," Jack replied in a thoughtful tone of voice. "The old scenes were made real again, I heard the noises of the battle and the events during the last few hours before the armistice were lived over again. When I think of the months spent across the sea I can't but feel that I attended there a school the like of which is given to man to attend but once in a life-time. That makes me think that instead of trying to impress others with our importance at having been through the mill, as it were, we should be thankful for having survived life's hardest school and show our appreciation of that fact by being real men, the kind of men that make great nations. To dream of those days, to live over again the events of that struggle awakens in me a sense of obligation, a feeling that that struggle prepared me for a calling which I have not yet succeeded in filling. I hope to fill my place in this world some day, and that is why I think it is good that past events arouse my feelings; my understanding is made more acute and I see more clearly the goal that must be reached. For me, Armistice Day will never be an anniversary, but just "Armistice Day."

LOCAL ACTIVITIES.

of November we were favored by an address given by Rev. N. J. Bing, Elk Horn, Iowa.

Trinitatis Seminariums Hedningemissions Forening afholdt Møde den 12. November, hvor Student Kaj Nyegaard holdt et Foredrag over Emnet: „Den lutherske Mission i det 18. Aarhundrede."

A short Reformation service was held in the Chapel on the evening of October the 30th. Miss Falk, Einer Romer, and Prof. P. S. Vig D. D. took part in the program.

GREEK:

Instructor: "Mr. K. You may translate the next sentence."

Mr. Kr. "The bridge crossed the river."

Naar nogle af Teologerne sidder paa Puder i Klassen, fostrer det saa ikke Bløddagtighed?

ENGLISH.

Instructor: "Did you bring some new words, Mr. J.?"

Mr. J.: "Yes—ultimate."

Instructor: "Can you use this word in a sentence?"

Mr. J.: "The ultimate examination comes at the end of the year."

ALUMNI NOTES.

Mary Hansen '20 is teaching school at Kimballton, Iowa.
Prof. Stinus S. Loft is instructor in the science department at Dana.
Meta Sørensen '18, is teaching school at Elkhorn, Iowa. She teaches the eight and ninth grades.

May Petersen '20, is teaching school at Kennard, Nebr.

Dana has been greatly pleased by the visits of the following alumni and former Students, Smith Kirkegaard, Marius Hansen, Magnus Petersen, Elmer Bonnesen, Agnes Nielsen, Søren Kaldahl, Rev. C. M. Videbeck and Meta Sorensen.

Fred Klyver '19, is studying at the Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, Calif.

Joseph Girtz, Spener Petersen and Otto Nielsen are studying theology at Luther Seminary, St. Paul, Minn.

Silpa Petersen '18, is working as clerk in her brother's store at Hazelwood, Minn.

Less We Forget

Andrew E. Sorensen.

Do you remember four years ago,
When bugles called you to war—
When friends had gone from wishing you luck
In the battle against the foe—
Do you remember,—Do you recall,—
The tears that your mother let fall?

Do you remember in facing the hun,
That comrade next to you fell,—
That men and lives were counted for naught
Until battle was fought and won,—
Do you remember,—Do you recall—
The horror and smirch of it all?

Have you remembered since close of war,
That scars and wounds are not bealed,—
That countries and men are still plunged in woe
Because of astrocity's gore,—
Have you remembered,—Can you recall—
The longsuff'ring patience of all?

Let us remember as days go by,
What sacrifice really means,—
What loss of home, of country and son
To our war-torn neighbor seems,—
Let us remember,—Let us recall—
With constant love for all.

IN FRENCH II.

Teacher: Translate "My friend has three horses and a carriage."

Pupil: "Mon ami a trois cheveux* et une voiture." *Hairs.

A LITTLE GRAMMAR.

Instructor: 'Is 'set' transitive or intransitive?'

M. O.—"Transitive!"

J. N.—"It's intransitive too, a hen 'sets'."

Now, does a hen "sit" or "set"?

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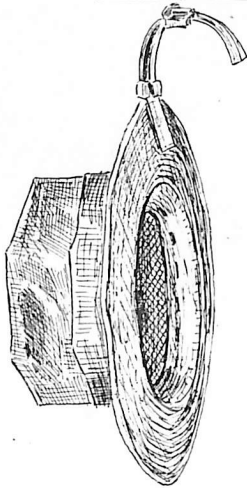
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