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HERMES

A MESSENGER FROM DANA COLLEGE
AND TRINITY SEMINARY

Vol. 5. |

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Editorial

Thoughts

We have more time for thinking than for anything else. Night and morning, all through the busiest day, there are quiet moments of thinking, thinking, thinking. Thoughts are either waste thoughts or useful thoughts. They are definite concepts of life, duty, nature and experience, or they are vague reveries and imaginings which drift into the past.

The power to think is the power to solve the problems of life in a real and true way. We imagine the problems of life will be easier to solve as we go on. They will not. The sign of spiritual growth in our lives is that we are daily set harder tasks to do, given heavier responsibilities to carry, larger hopes to win. One reason why so many people fail in life is that they do not think when they can—when they have time and unclouded faculties. Later on, when they are obliged to make instant decision, they have no balance of judgment, no reserve of insight. They stop to weigh and consider; and the hour of decision, of opportunity, goes forever.

Economy of life demands that we should think right. If we refuse to take the trouble to think right, our thinking makes an incredible disturbance. Nero, Cleopatra, Herod, and the mediæval court fools were all thinkers; but they thought wrong. and the careers of their lives teaches us that the sum of trivial thinking is a trivial life.

The sum of hours of great thinking is a great life. And no one is shut out from great thoughts. In health our minds are free. Our thoughts are larger, more far-reaching, than we dream. When we give a real thought to another we give him something that has belonged to our souls. That is what makes friendship so dear; we exchange our thoughts, our spiritual belongings.

Personality

We often hear people say they don't understand how a certain person manages to 'get on' so easily—why he is so popular with everybody; but they do not realize what an asset he has in his charm of personality. A man must be measured as a whole. His ability to 'get on' should not be gauged by his brain power alone, but by his persuasive force, his ability to please people, to interest them, and to make them believe in him. His appearance, his manners, his atmosphere, his personality, his capacity to make friends and hold them—all these things are as much a part of his 'get on' asset as the gray matter in his brain. A repulsive manner, an ugly, unusual nature often cover up and prejudice us against great ability.

Aim in Life

A man without an aim in life is like a ship's hulk on the ocean, stripped of rudder and sail, buffeted by the winds, a prey to the tide, and the tempest, and the rocks. Half the world is adrift, without aim or purpose, living an unplanned, hand-to-mouth existence. There are thousands of human barques on the sea of life, sailing aimlessly, without chart or compass, and yet they wonder why they never find a favorable harbor.

Is there a more helpless creature on earth than a

man who is not dominated by some mighty aim which gives color and direction to all his acts?

The most hopeful moment in any life is when there comes to it the dawning of a fixed purpose, something definite, a plan.

Self-investment

The best locomotive ever built would not move a train an inch without the energy of the coal, the oil, or the electricity to propel it. It is not enough to have great qualities. They must be utilized. Ability is worth only what it achieves, and the finest ability in the world will never achieve anything unless held by will power and the energy that does things.

The trouble with young people is not that they do not possess successful qualities, but that in most of them the qualities are latent, inactive. There is only now and then a man that gets thoroughly aroused.

One is often impressed, in riding across this great continent, with the vast unutilized wealth—resources everywhere beyond the power of human thought to estimate. But what of the tremendous amount of human faculty of unused ability and of undeveloped mental power in the millions of beings that are only utilizing a meager per cent of their vast possibilities.

Every normal person has sufficient in him to enable him to make a grand success in life if he could only get it out. Success is not outside of you. The possibilities are in you. Therefore, no matter what investment you may make in life, there is no investment so satisfactory as self-investment. Put your very soul into your work.

Smaa landes betydning

Af Paul Nyholm

„Det er et udslag af det preussiske geni — hvis en kommandersergent overhovedet kan siges at være i besiddelse af geni — at betragte al forskellighed, ikke blot som besværlig, hvad den ofte kan være, men som skadelig, hvad den meget sjælden er.” Englønderen H. A. L. Fisher.

Naar en „gullash-grosserer” i Danmark under krigens skulde montere sin nye herskabelige villa eller sit palæ, hændte det mere end een gang, at han troede, at

alt var i orden, naar han blot paa maleriudstillingerne sikrede sig de billeder, der kunde dække flest kvadratmeter vægflade, og hos boghandleren bestilte et tilstrækkeligt antal meter bøger i pragtudgaver og i et til mahogniskabet passende format. Han troede, at det var mængden, der skulde gøre det — som skrædderen sagde, da han satte en daler til paa hver frakke han solgte. Ingen af os har vanskeligt ved at se, at begge de to herrer tog sørgeligt fejl.

Vi ved, at stort undertiden er bedre end smaat, undertiden ringere. Det vanskelige er blot at finde ud af, naar det er det ene, og naar det er det andet. En ung Amerikaner vil let føle sig overlegen overfor en Dansker, fordi der bor dobbelt saa mange mennesker i byen New York som i staten Danmark. Hvis man vil ulejlige sig med en lidt mere dybtgaaende tænken, kunde man spørge sig selv, om det nu ogsaa virkelig er en tilstrækkelig grund til at føle sig overlegen, og om det overhovedet (og da hvorfor og i hvor stor udstrækning) er en fordel, at N. Y. er saa stor, — afdøde Aristoteles, som ansaas for en af sin tids bedste hoveder, mente, at en by havde overskredet grænserne for sund vækst, naar dens borgere ikke kunde høre en eneste byudraabers røst.

Disse linier skal ikke prøve paa at give svar paa dette vanskelige spørgsmaal, heller ikke paa det endnu sværere: Er det bedst, at et land er stort eller lille? Jeg vil blot prøve paa at vise, at de smaa lande har haft og har deres betydning.

Vi har i vore dage — og har vist alle dage — haft stærke statsmagter, der har søgt at opluge og ud-slette de smaa lande. Til trods herfor har der dog altid været smaa lande. Man kunde maaske paa forhaand være tilbøjelig til at tro, at de ikke vilde kunne klare sig i „kampen for tilværelsen”, men livet selv viser os noget andet. For blot at nævne eet eksempel: den ældste af alle Europas nuværende stater er det lille land Danmark. En saadan levedygtighed hos de smaa lande giver et betydningsfuldt biologisk vidnedsbyrd om deres værd.

Det staar for mig saaledes, at dette er saa langt

fra at være tilfældigt (et ord kristne overhovedet vanskeligt kan bruge), at det tværtimod er et udtryk for en guddommelig villie og livslov, at landegrænser skal respekteres. Vi finder ogsaa dette bekræftet baade i G. T. og N. T. — se f. eks. 5 Moseb. 2, 5 og 9 og Ap. Ger. 17, 26. Dette indeholder da eo ipso et endnu stærkere vidnedsbyrd — saa stærkt vi overhovedet kan faa det — om, at smaa lande have deres betydning. Det følgende skal derfor ikke forsøge at give nye beviser, men blot bekræfte det allerede beviste. Dette kan vel bedst gøres ved at lade historiens kendsgerninger tale.

Først kan vi spørge: Har det overhovedet nogensinde været til menneskehedens gavn eller glæde, at et lille lands grænser er blevet krænkede? Det vil sikkert være vanskeligt at finde noget eksempel i historien herpaa. Derimod ser vi, at da Portugal i 1580 blev lagt ind under Spanien, sank det hurtigt ned i ligegyldighed og forfald. Kongeriget Polen forsvandt — har det været til virkelig gavn for nogen? Eller hvem kan udmaale, hvor megen fortræd, det har voldt, at kongeriget Lothringen, der tjente som stødpudestat mellem Frankrig og Tyskland, blev tilintetgjort?

Nu, det er et vanskeligt emne, vi her behandler. Lettere bliver det, naar vi gør vor undersøgelse positiv og spørger: Har da de smaa lande, der fik lov til at leve deres eget liv, haft nogen betydning?

Hvis man nu her maatte nøjes med at henvise til et enkelt navn eller en enkelt bedrift, saa vilde allerede dette være tilstrækkeligt. Thi for at godtgøre de smaa landes eksistensberettigelse, maatte det naturligvis være nok at vise, at de havde bidraget til kulturudviklingen i forhold til deres ringe indbyggerantal. Skulde prøven være retfærdig, maatte et land med 100 mill. indb. kunde nævne 20 „navne“, hver gang et land paa 5 mill. skulde nævne eet.

Men det svar, vi faar fra historien, taler imidlertid ganske anderledes, næsten aldeles overvældende til gunst for de smaa lande. Svaret kan simpelt hen formuleres saaledes (som Prof. Fisher, Sheffield Universitets vice-kansler, har gjort det). „Næsten alle de ting

som vi regner blandt vor civilisations dyreste skatte, skyldes oprindelig smaa stater." At nævne alt er fuldstændigt umuligt. Det gamle og ny testamente, Homers digte, de islandske sagaer, det attiske drama, Ibsens og Strindbergs skuespil, H. C. Andersens æventyr, Maeterlincks værker, den græske skulptur, den italienske renaissancekunst, de hollandske malere, Thorvaldsens billedhuggerarbejder, Griegs musik, de græske filosoffer og S. Kirkegaard, er kun nogle eksempler og navne, som enhver kan supplere. Thukydid, Plato, Aristoteles og de florentinske historikere har givet verden „de ni tiendedele af dens politiske indsigt". Amerika har faaet sine demokratiske teorier fra Genf.

Pladsen tillader kun disse Antydninger, men de er maaske ogsaa tilstrækkelige til at godtgøre Sandheden af, hvad Lloyd George i en tale ved verdenskrigens udbrud omtrent udtrykte saaledes: De smaa lande har været de bægre, hvori menneskeheden har faaet sin lifligste vin skænket.

Denne mand, som uden tvivl er en af vor tids største politikere, har ogsaa flere gange gjort opmærksom paa, af hvor stor betydning det er for de store lande at der er smaa stater, som kan tjene som planteskoler og forsøgsmarker. Han mener, at man her meget lettere end i de store stater kan foretage politiske eksperimenter (kvindelig stemmeret f. eks.) og forsøge sig med sociale reformer, som i de store lande maaske let, hvis man ikke andetsteds havde gjort erfaringer, kunde fremkalde skæbnesvangre revolutionære omvæltninger. Man kunde maaske illustrere denne tanke ved at henvise til, at Danmark er gaaet i spidsen med at praktisere udstykningstanken og har udført det paa en saadan maade, at „en saa omfattende plan aldrig i verden er udført med saa ringe gnidning" („Country Gentleman", Sept. 1922) — og at dette vist nok gav Lloyd George mod til at fremlægge sine drastiske lovforslag til jordreformer, nogle af de mest omvæltende i hele Englands historie.

Baade naar vi vil lytte til historiens tale og vil tænke selv, kan vi saaledes faa den guddommelige lov

bekræftet, at der bør være smaa stater. Min plads slipper op nu, men enhver kan selv finde eksempler paa, at et lille land ofte kan give vækstmuligheder, som en stor stat ikke kan. G. Brandes gør f. eks. opmærksom paa, at det ikke var tilfældigt, at Tysklands største digter trivedes bedst i Weimar, en lille by i et lille her-tugdømme („Hovedstrømninger I, S. 218).

Moderne tyske politikere og historikere (Treitscke f. eks.) mener, at det for de smaa lande vilde være en lykke at blive opslugt af de store. Mænd som Wilson og Lloyd George tror at det er lykkeligt for de store lande, at der findes smaa nationer. Kan vi ikke alle være enige om, at det paa mange maader kan give os stolte og lykkelige følelser at tilhøre et stort land, men at det kun er et udtryk for dumstolthed og er til skade for os selv, naar vi foragter de smaa stater og intet vil lære af dem? Jeg er lærer i Dansk og tror, at Amerika kan lære af Danmark, ligesom jeg ved, at Danmark kan og vil lære af Amerika.

The Humanity of Barnyards

By Herman Hurdum

What an ideal spot is the barnyard for Mother Nature to cram with bounty and variety of life! Man, engaged in his petty personal pursuits, has considerately contrived to induce nature to smile upon his efforts at rearing domesticated creatures of the wild. The occupants of his barnyard have long since served him as beasts of burden, means of traveling, and sources of food, clothing and other supplies; and so their ancestors many generations back ceased their bemoaning at the hampering railfences and thus caused the descendants to evidence only unruffled bliss at being kept within a strict inclosure. Man in return aids his dumb helpers, and incidentally himself, by providing shelter, food, and sanitation. When such a relation of give and take exists between the man with the right things at heart and his friends of the barnyard who are solely

dependent upon him, what an inspiring picture of consistency in human nature, of love, of tolerance, and of faith is presented.

The humble and conscientious farmer emerges at barely break of day from his house and with a milk pail on each arm starts out cheerily or seriously to do the morning round of chores. Whatever be his mood it does not hinder him from showing the same impartial care, kindness, and solicitude to his stock. If he is tired it is because he has labored incessantly the previous day and sacrificed part of his rest during the night to execute the special duty of caring for some sick animal. His nobleness of nature is amply rewarded. The cows give a maximum of good quality milk and show by their gentle and patient demeanor that they take pleasure in so doing. The horses nicker with delight when he approaches with the feed basket. All through the day's work they mutely attest in their willingness how they appreciate the careful bedding in the evening and the thorough currying in the morning. When he runs to the granary or corn crib to feed the hogs, the pigs tag at his heels in a squealing and imploring mob followed by a host of chickens not satisfied with their regular rations but ready to snap up any stray kernels not found by the pigs. Wherever he goes the bucket-fed calves follow tenaciously and the cats keep up a steady vigil so as to beat him to their pan for milk. Although there is lively interest shown by all the barnyard dwellers from the pigeon in the loft to the steer in the fattening lot, I am sure that none experience any anxiety or real want when cared for by this type of man.

I have known men who found genuine pleasure in performing their barnyard tasks. They seemed to have a feeling of fellowship for dumb creatures which could only be satisfied by contact and extending kindnesses. More farm hands like or dislike horses than those who vividly feel in any way toward the other barnyard folk. A certain hired man I knew took delight in scarcely anything else than caring for the horses he worked

during the day. If he was not at the house to eat or sleep, he could almost always be found at the barn currying his teams. These horses, as a result, besides being better physically than the rest, showed in every way their love and loyalty to their master.

I have known a number of men whose business it was to care for the farmyard herds but not yet have I met one who thrilled with delight at the prospect of tending the cattle, pigs or chickens. This is not the case though with most children, especially those visiting the farm from the city. When I was very small, I remember that I really thought it was fun to milk or do any other chores which I was allowed to do. One summer when my little cousin from Omaha came to visit me, we managed to eke our bit of play out of everything pertaining to chores. We mocked the hired hand who called the pigs in half Danish and half English; teased the playful cow; sported with the calves; and set the faithful shepherd on the cats.

While some farmers prove their integrity by their scrupulousness in doing chores, still others make deplorable and pathetic figures of indifference, slovenliness, and even cruelty. But fortunately these are few in number and not worthy of mention. Surely, also, a man may treat his barnyard charges in an impersonal, unemotional way and be in all respects humane. The conscientious but non-progressive plodder usually cares for his animals according to the old fashioned rut which he has followed all his life, and yet feels pride in his accomplishments although he may never express or show it in any way.

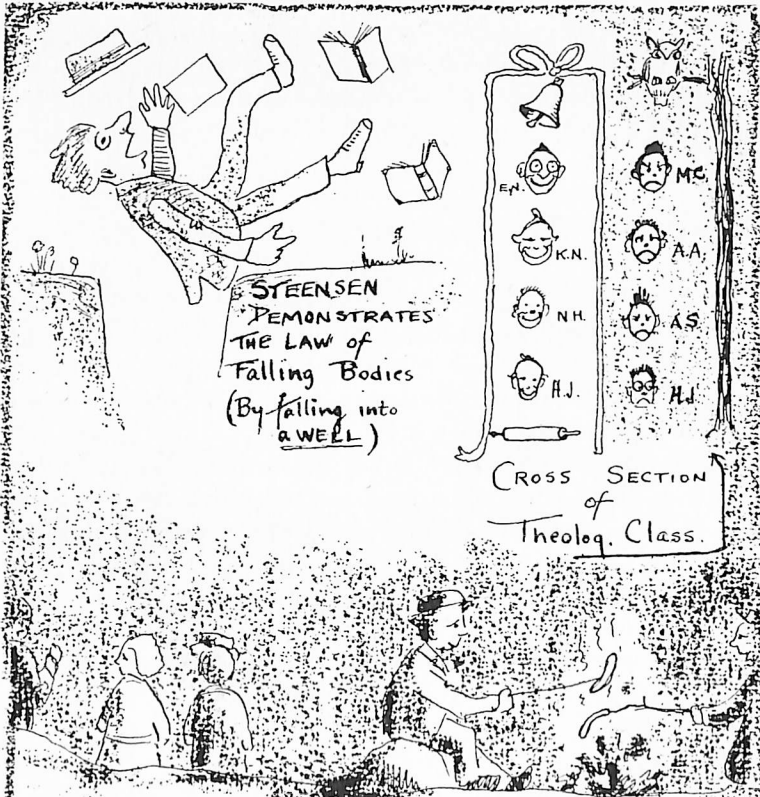
For my part, I now can't feel the same exultation over my work in the barnyard as when I first stripped a cow after she had been milked, buckled the harness on old Dan, or fed the smallest calf; but for me there will always be much to learn of nature and humanity. How pathetic is it, and yet how loyal, that my dog when crippled with a broken leg, an abscessed ear, and a front toe nail torn away would go and get the cattle from pasture as always. How amusing that our old

milch cow, Blackie, should take delight in eating fresh hay from the mow by rearing up (an extreme exertion) when already overfed in the pasture. The barnyard is replete with tales of humanity and nature.

Getting Ready for College

By Lawrence Siersbeck

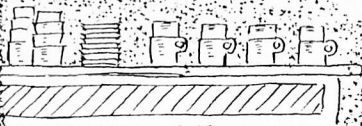
The time it takes for a person to arrange affairs to go to college varies. Usually it takes a girl longer to get things ready than a boy. The latter can go through a single department store and get all the necessities for the school-year. With a girl this is different. She has a finer sense of distinction for the articles suitable to her taste. She will go to several stores and view the articles, and then perform a general process of reasoning as to what is most suitable, probably cheaper and how long it will last. Therefore we can give the girl credit that she is not so often cheated at the counters as the boy. He will take what appears best to him at first sight without going through the same process of reasoning as the young lady. However, this is not always the case; there are some exceptions. Still, boys and girls are not so different when it comes to enumerating the days till school starts. Some begin to get ready as early as August. They get their clothes, valises and other things, fondly imagining that the day is not far off. The day after a feeling of depression takes hold of them again when they consider the time there is yet to elapse. The next stage is two weeks before school starts. They visit their friends, and one would think they were going to leave almost immediately. This seems ridiculous, but is at any rate a good advertisement for the school, and causes others to think, that there must really be something worth while in it, or else it is the fun in school life. This enthusiasm must be limited to the student of his or her first or second year in college. The older student takes on a more venerable aspect. The day before he



STEENSEN
 DEMONSTRATES
 THE LAW of
 Falling Bodies
 (By falling into
 a WELL)

CROSS SECTION
 of
 Theolog. Class.

REMINISCENT of THE WIENIE ROAST



Some of the cups and saucers
 we saw on the Jersilds' Porch
 after the CHARIVARI

IF YOU CAN'T
 SPELL
 HERE IS A
 CHANCE TO LEARN

NO MORE
 MUD IN
 THE EYES
 AT
 BASKET BALL
 GAMES

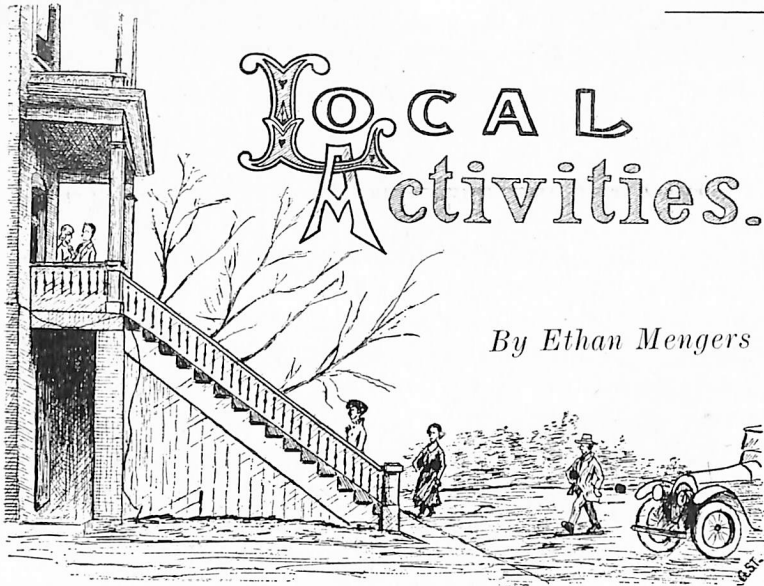
WE HAVE A
 NEW
 SPECTATORS' GALLERY



must leave, he goes to town and gets a few things, then he is ready for college. His farewell to his folks and friends seems sometimes a mere matter of form. Understand this, I claim that there may be some exceptions.

In my own case last summer, I was forced to leave my shopping to the last day. My father, for whom I worked, was very busy and he needed my help to the very last minute. The car was left at my disposal and I made use of it on my shopping tour. Here I will admit that I am not like other boys, because I have my particular shopping places, but that is for a purely economical reason.

Shopping takes considerable time, especially in a larger city. First you find a parking place for your car. You had better leave it there for you may not find any for a long while. This means that most of your shopping tour will be on foot. First you will go to the tailors, and order the suits and overcoats. The tailor says that he cannot finish it that evening. He receives a blow when he is told that you must leave on a morning train. He says he will do his best. One may feel pretty lucky that collars, neckties, toothbrushes, shoes and other articles need no tailoring. The man in the furnishing store says: "Thank you, call again," and you think to yourself: "Not so soon, mister." You go into the confectionery and there you meet the faces of some who have so faithfully served you with ice cream and malted milk at your own expense during the season. The young lady clerk in the ten-cent store is courteous for the first time during the season. Everybody seems happy when you are about to go. You wish you could stay now. Out in the crowded street you meet an old friend, who is very glad to see you, and you hate to tell each other farewell. Then you go to your home. It seems as if the whole city has opened its heart to you when you are about to leave. You tell your father and mother and other relatives farewell at the depot. The train pulls out. Then another factor enters which I shall not discuss, homesickness.



If we were asked why we love the life at Dana we should mention our college activities as one of the important reasons. To find oneself in a group of active, capable young people, to get together with friends and sing, debate, train the body, refresh the mind, do something,—this we find to be a great privilege. Our enrollment is considerably larger this year, and composed of a greater percentage of college students. This fact is reflected in greater energy and spontaneity in all forms of local activities.

The Choral Union was organized early this year, and has already made good progress toward mastering a repertoire of sacred songs. This body has grown in the last years perhaps even faster than our alma mater. Dana produced a good choir last year under the able direction of Mrs. Jersild (nee Miss Sinamark). Building on this good foundation, Miss Andersen, our

new director, is realizing our expectation that this work will be advanced ever onward, upward, toward its high goal. The membership is much larger this year, numbering more than fifty voices. The Choral Union is learning, among other songs, the beautiful "Gloria", from Mozart's Twelfth Mass.

Wednesday evening, Oct. 25, Dana students were granted the privilege of hearing the foremost Danish violinist of to-day, Axel Skovgaard, and his able accompanist, Alice Skovgaard. The program was not narrowed but inclusive of masterpieces by renowned composers as well as melodies and folk-songs. Mr. Skovgaard showed his ability in excellent interpretation of all that he played.

Mr. Skovgaard gave his audience more than music. He gave us insight into his pleasing personality, his good humor, his sympathetic understanding. An audience is not always so fortunate, for we of the common clay are often made sensitive of the wide gap extending between us and those endowed with particular genius. And no doubt because of their very human characteristics, as well as the high quality of the music rendered, Mr. Skovgaard and accompanist endeared themselves to us. We hope that we may again have an opportunity to hear such able musicians.

It has been a pleasure to those interested in athletics at Dana to witness the enlargement of the gymnasium. This improvement means greater comfort to the spectators, a larger playing floor on which to stage the basket ball games, and a possibility of entering the Conference. The work of building the addition to the gymnasium was done by the common efforts of the students, several of whom are mechanics.

The outlook for the coming basket ball season is very hopeful, as four letter men of last year's college team have returned. The academic team also has excellent material, and has obtained admission to the Conference.

The heavy rains of the last few days have ended tennis playing for some time, if not for the season.

On the evening of October 11th Mrs. Kyde of Blair, assisted by Mrs. Stewart, Miss Kemp, and Mr. John Andersen, rendered a musical program here consisting of vocal solos and duets, readings, and violin solos. It was a pleasing entertainment.

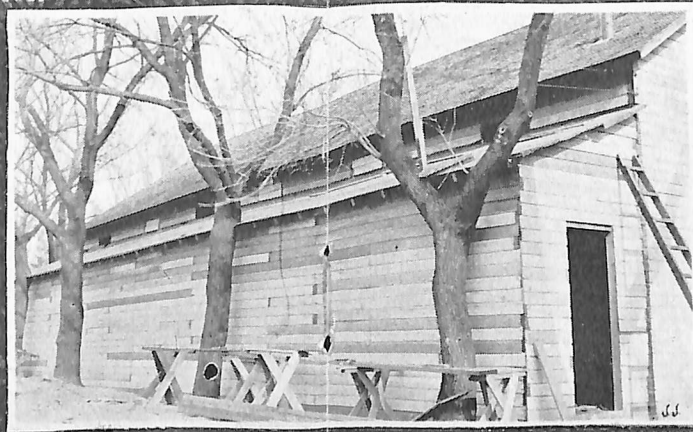
The Students' Christian Association has held devotional meetings every Saturday evening of the school year, alternately English and Danish. The meetings have been well attended. They are a vital and important part of the student's life. One Saturday evening a month is to fall to the meetings of the Dana College and Trinity Seminary Foreign Missionary Society.

The Dana Male Chorus was organized last year as an experiment, and proved a success. With thirty-two members this year it has begun its rehearsals in earnest, and to show its intention of being a permanent organization has adopted a constitution. Elmer Christensen was chosen director. The boys are eager to make this a 'banner' year and are confident that their previous record will be surpassed.

A Male Quartet consisting of Walter Nelson, 1st tenor, Elmer Christensen, 2nd tenor, Holger Berthelsen, 1st bass, and Carl Nelson, 2nd bass, is also 'on the job'. They have been called upon to sing in Blair and vicinity many times, and have sung at Washington and Weeping Water, Nebr., and before a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of Blair and Fremont, and at several other occasions in the city of Blair.

Mr. Bjornskjold, the noted Danish tenor, will sing at Dana on the 10th of November.

The student body was refreshed and inspired by the address delivered Saturday evening, October 28th, by



Missionary J. Dixen, at the meeting of the Students' Christian Association. His speech fairly sparkled with allusions to church and missionary history. He appealed strongly to young students, speaking of learning, living, and suffering for Christ that we might be torchbearers of the gospel.

The Mission Class holds sessions every Monday evening. Its aim is to enlighten the students on the past and present conditions of the mission fields of the world, and this is done by a series of special reports given by the students. This work is proving very valuable.

The Girls' Glee Club is one of the Dana organizations still in the early youth of its history. It is manifesting the characteristic of all Dana's children, vigorous growth—progress toward the Greater Dana. The club numbers about thirty voices, and is directed by Miss Andersen, head of the Music Department.

The Missionary Society held its first meeting on the evening of October 31st. Dr. Vig delivered an interesting and valuable lecture on the subject: "Hvorfor burde vi drive Hedningemission"?

The Hesperian and Danebrog Literary Societies, English and Danish, respectively, have rendered interesting programs on Friday evenings. Friday, November 3rd, the Hesperian program featured a debate on the labor union question.

Immediately after this debate our enlarged gymnasium was initiated by a basket ball game between letter men and a team alumni. Dana energy and enthusiasm were in evidence.

On Friday, October 13th, Prof. Jersild and Miss Sinamark were united in holy wedlock at Fremont, the bride's home. Hermes wishes to extend its heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Jersild.

On Friday evening of the first week of school we had our customary 'social mixer'. Refreshments were served in the dining hall and toasts of welcome were delivered by students and faculty members. New students, notably one from the Atlantic and one from the Pacific seacoast, responded.

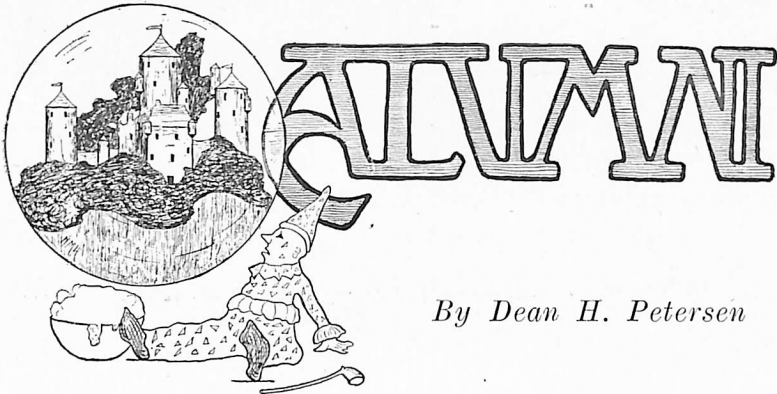
Dr. C. X. Hansen is making good progress toward recovery from his unfortunate accident.

An orchestra has just been organized and had its first rehearsal last Thursday. The orchestra will consist of about fifteen pieces. Miss Andersen is director.

The students and faculty expressed their best wishes to Prof. and Mrs. Jersild by means of a charivari-surprise party on Thursday evening, October 19th. The students showed they could cheer lustily at the proper occasion. The visitors were pleasantly entertained. Prof. and Mrs. Jersild were presented a tiffany from the students and faculty members.

This issue of Hermes shows, among its snap-shots, a picture of the work that is being done toward realizing the dream of "Greater Dana". As has been noted in the periodicals, the excavation for the Girls' Dormitory has been made and the concrete work is now completed. It is the intention of Hermes to show in pictures this work as it progresses. This particular snap-shot which was taken October 28th is the work of Mr. Johannes Jorgensen.

Last Friday evening at about 9:30 a violent electrical storm passed over Blair. All our buildings were left in darkness. The lightning struck the tower of our main building, and peeled off a number of boards from a corner of it. "Even the forces of nature are pointing toward a new Dana," remarked Mr. Steensen.



By Dean H. Petersen

The summer vacation is over, and again we experience that old thrill that comes when we meet those familiar faces that haunt the campus at this time of the year. Perhaps the reason for these faces being so numerous, is the fact that our dreams for a "Greater Dana" are beginning to be realized by the beginning of construction on one of the new dormitories. At any rate, there are quite a number of older students, who have returned to spend the 1922—23 school year with us here at Dana.

Rev. Prof. Theodore Hansen, '09, has just returned from a year's study abroad, in the University of Copenhagen. Prof. Hansen graduated from the Chicago Lutheran Seminary in 1915. He took his A. B. degree, from St. Olaf College in 1921, after having spent five years as a pastor. We all rejoice in his return to Dana as a professor. He is teaching Philosophy and History.

Leo M. Lang, '21, is teaching school in Pequot, Minn. Miss Hannah Bengaard, '21, is also teaching at that place.

Miss Silpa Petersen, '18, who is working for the Mohn Printing Co. of Northfield, Minn., secured a promotion shortly before the school year opened, which altered her decision of coming back to Dana to school.

Mr. Spener Petersen is continuing his studies at the Lutheran Seminary, St. Anthony Park, St. Paul, Minn.

Arnold Andersen, '21, is attending the St. Olaf College at Northfield, Minn. He expects to take his A.B. from there in the spring. He will probably return to Dana next year, and take up his work in the Seminary.

Rudolph Nielsen, '22, and Alfred Jensen, former Dana student, are also attending St. Olaf College at the present writing.

Christian Justesen, former Dana student, has achieved the distinction of becoming a member of the St. Olaf Choir. The St. Olaf Choir is a world renowned chorus, and we consider it quite an honor to have our college represented there by a former student.

N. Toftdahl Nesgaard, '21, who is attending the Mount Airy Lutheran Seminary at Philadelphia, Penn., writes his many friends that he likes the school very much.

The following note was taken from the „Kristeligt Dagblad“:

Præstevalg paa Jegindø. — Tirsdag Aften holdtes paa Jegindø Afstemning om Ansættelse af Sekretær Anders Jørgensen som Øens Præst. Resultatet blev 91 Stemmer for Ansættelsen, 5 imod og 5 blanke Stemmesedler.

Sekretær Anders Jørgensen er teologisk Kandidat fra Præsteskolen i Blair, Nebraska, og har siden sin Hjemkomst i 1920 været Rejsesekretær for „Derude“.

Miss Hazel Andersen, '22, is in nurse's training at the Cromwell Coggshal Hospital at Henry, Ill.

After having made a tour of the western states, Miss Esther Bonnesen, '22, has taken up her duties as Superintendent of Schools at Kimballton, Iowa.

“By their deeds ye shall know them.” At least this is true in the case of Miss Alma Madsen, '22. We learn that she is taking advantage of the training she received at Dana College by teaching music in Brush, Colo., and vicinity, having a class of fourteen pupils. We all wish her luck in her work.

Axel Andersen, '22, has just returned from a summer's visit to his native country. He is very enthused over his experiences while abroad and still believes that there is no other country like Denmark.

Arthur Jersild, Soren Kaldahl and Helge Borre are attending the University of Nebraska.

Elmer Bonnesen, '19, is taking up an Electrical Engineering course at the Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa.

Mathias Christensen, '17, who studied at the University of Copenhagen last year and at the University of Tübingen last summer, is back at Dana this year and has resumed his studies in Trinity Seminary.

Miss Dagmar Kildebeck, '22, is teaching at Ruskin, Nebraska, this year.

Three marriages have taken place among the Alumni during the summer. The first was that of Mr. Marcus Beck and Miss Agnes Lund, who were married on the 14th of June and now have their home in Blair, where Mr. Beck has his business. The second was that of Mr. Juul Nielsen and Miss Rena Jensen. This wedding took place on the 21st of June. Mr. and Mrs. Nielsen now live in Omaha where Mr. Nielsen has taken up the study of medicine. The third wedding was that of Mr. Niels Hansen and Miss Metha Sorensen of Askov, Minnesota. This wedding took place on the 26th of September. Mr. and Mrs. Hansen now live in Blair, Nebraska, where Mr. Hansen has entered Trinity Seminary as a student of Theology. We extend our hearty congratulations to the couples, and may the long life that we wish for them be showered with blessings.

Ingried Beck, '22, is taking a nurse's training course at Emanuel Lutheran Hospital, Omaha, Nebraska.

Catherine Jensen, '22, and Laurinda Layne are taking a nurses' training course at Augustana Lutheran Hospital, Chicago, Illinois.

Sportens Plads i Studentens Liv

Af Ernest Th. Grill

Det har været Skik i mange Aarhundreder, at Ungdommen i de forskellige Lande deltog i Sporten i deres Land.

Det er naturligt for de unge at være interesserede i Sport og Leg, fordi de unge af alle Arter er tilbøjelige til at deltage i Leg. Tag for Eksempel Kalven, Føllet og Hvalpen, alle hopper og springer og paa den Maade giver de Udtryk for deres Glæde ved Livet. Hvorfor skulde Studenter saa ikke deltage i Sport?

Der er megen Sport i vor Tid, og jeg synes, at det er nødvendigt i en Students Liv, fordi en Student burde prøve paa at udvikle sit Legeme og bevare Sundheden, og hvordan kan en Student gøre det naar han ikke deltager i Sport?

At bevare Helbredet og udvikle et sundt Legeme er det første en Student burde tage i Hensyn; thi naar han gør det er det muligt for ham at udføre noget i Livet og være til Gavn for sine Medmennesker.

Et sundt Legeme ærer Gud. Naar vi ser et Hus, der er bygget godt, priser vi Manden, som udførte dette Arbejde. Og ligeledes priser vi Gud naar vi ser et sundt Legeme.

Gud er Mesteren som skabte vort legemlige Hus, derfor burde vi prøve paa at holde dette Hus i Stand og ikke ødelægge vort Helbred. Ingen er saa tilbøjelige til at skade deres Legeme som de unge. Deltagelse i Sport bevarer Sundheden og derfor burde Sporten indtage en stor Plads i Studentens Liv. En Student burde være rask, fordi en sund Student kan udrette mere i een Time end en svag kan i to Timer. Det kommer ikke an paa hvor længe en Student studerer paa en Lektie, men hvordan han selv er, naar han studerer. Naar han er rask kan han lære mere i kortere Tid.

En Students største Interesse burde være hans Helbred; thi hvad Gavn kan han faa ud af megen Vis-

dom, naar han er svag? En sund Mands Chance til at udrette noget stort i Livet er bedre end en svags.

Der er Tilfælder i Historien, hvor en svag Mand blev berømt. Men for hver berømt svag Mand, kan vi nævne mange flere sunde Mænd, der er berømt for hvad de gjorde.

Sporten udvikler Legemet og bevarer Sundheden for en Student, men den kan ogsaa udvikle hans Karakter. En Student faar Villie og Styrke ved at deltage i Sport, og naar han kommer ud i Livet kan han møde Livets Problemer bedre, fordi han fik Mod ved at deltage i Sport.

Der er Sport, som ikke er gavnligt, fordi den er brutal, men en Student behøver ikke at øve sig i saadant. En Student kan tage Del i for megen Sport, saa han forsømmer sine Lektier; men dersom han er en virkelig Student vil han ikke gøre det. Sport burde kunne føres saa vidt, at det blot er et Middel til at holde Legemet i Stand, saa at man kan studere bedre. Der skulde være Tid til at lege og Tid til at arbejde. Man burde ikke forsømme det ene for det andet. Sport stifter Kammeratskab mellem Studenterne. Jeg tror at man faar flere Kammerater, naar man leger sammen med Studenterne, end naar man kun arbejder sammen med dem.

Den passende Tid at lege er, naar man er færdig med sine Lektier. En Student kan ikke have saa travlt med sit Arbejde, at han ikke kan faa Tid til at lege, fordi hans Legeme kræver at røres, og det er absolut nødvendigt, at han giver Legemet Øvelse, ellers bliver det svag.

Dersom et Barn bliver født og lagt i en Seng, hvor det ikke kan røre sig, er alt Haab forbi med det. Men er det lagt, hvor det kan røre sig, vil det snart vokse. Det er ligesaa nødvendigt for en Student at bevæge sig som et Barn, og derfor tror jeg, at Sport burde have en stor Plads i Studentens Liv.

An Oriental Shop

By Johannes Jørgensen

It was late afternoon. The sun was sinking behind the sand dunes that separate the city and the Pacific Ocean as I was hurrying up one of the streets of that portion of the city called "Chinatown". The buildings dirty and ugly, cast a solid shadow on the narrow, crooked streets, making a gloomy half-light.

Curiosity had drawn me to this huddled mass of buildings where thousands of Chinese, Japanese and all the riff-raff of the west live in their malodorous dives. Curiosity satiated and a slight fear taking its place, I set my mind on finding a way out as soon as possible. Greasy fat Chinamen standing immobile in the low narrow doorways, sinister gleaming beads set deep in shining yellow flesh, followed my rapid stride. Occasionally a short-legged squatty Japanese sitting on his heels, body as still as a statue, head remaining unmoved, turned his dark almond-shaped eyes on me as I went by. Shivers raced up and down my spine as hostile glances from gleaming slits in the yellow shriveled faces of aged Chinamen seemed to bore into my back. Murderous greed was in the air and I looked fearfully over my shoulder many times.

The purifying effects of the sun became less powerful and with the cool of the evening the thousand stenches that only a Chinatown can bring forth hung nauseously in the damp dusk. Half in fear, half in disgust, I increased my pace, brushing against silk-trousered, kimono-clad girls and orientals, incessantly smoking, of every description in the falling gloom.

Then with great relief I noticed the outlines of the buildings change and soon the tall skyscrapers on the hills stood silhouetted against the flaming sky. My intention was to get as far away as possible from sinister Chinatown but, suddenly my eye was drawn toward a gorgeously decorated shop front. The narrow doorway stood open. I looked in and almost involuntarily

was drawn by what my eyes had seen. Everything was quiet for a second and the contrast with my alarmed jaunt through the oriental quarters was indeed pleasant. It was a part of the oriental quarter, yet it seemed entirely safe and a feeling of almost sacred solemnity pervaded the place.

As I looked around, two small creatures that looked like large dolls tripped forward to meet me. The flowing, purple silk kimonos embroidered with cherry blossoms and life-like butterflies that seemed to be settling on them, rustled and swished around their tiny forms. They bowed deeply, the light from the Japanese lanterns glinting in the blue-black hair and tinting the enameled lips and cheeks. As they raised their heads, I was favored with the Japanese idea of the height of courtesy, as they made a slight noise in sucking air through their tiny pearl teeth. I bobbed my head in acknowledgement.

"What can do?" It sounded like the chirping of a bird.

"I like see," I replied.

"Please to show," again came the chirp, my meaning having been more perfectly clear than if I had explained at length my desire to look over their shop.

I turned and glanced around. No need to inquire; here, indeed, was a genuine oriental shop, a museum. In the rear of the room a large figure of Buddha, richly ornamented, cross-legged, grotesque, with wide sightless eyes stared from a high throne. Incense was burning at its feet, the smoke slowly floating around the cold smooth stone face, filling the low-ceiled shop with a peculiar deadening odor. Everywhere priceless articles were scattered and were hung. Ancient tapestries, richly colored with human figures and flowers, covered the walls. Odd paintings of an earlier Japanese art, stood in the corners. Here and there sketches of flowering cherry trees and snow-capped mountains blending strangely yet beautifully were fastened to backgrounds of silken cloth. All varieties of Japanese art, the finest porcelain and a thousand little odds and ends peculiar to the Japanese lay promiscuously about the shop. Large artificial chrysanthemums hung from the ceiling, the sound of singing canaries coming through the petals. An occasional whiff of finest perfume mingled with the pungent vapors of incense creating an atmosphere of enchantment so that I would have purchased my life away without knowing why. I went up one side of the magic place examining silver and gold in fine spun art. Quaint old jewelry in the finest and intricate designs captured my attention for many minutes that passed unheeded. Great black and jade green vases, beautiful but priceless, held my gaze. Bright colored baskets and containers of complicated reed-work lay here and there, some for sale, others simply used as receptacles for oddities. I came to a teakwood table. On its polished surface lay reflected several swords and daggers, evidently of an ancient period. I picked up an engraved dagger. It was a hiri-kiri knife, one that the Japanese use when they do the most honorable of all acts, that of committing hiri-kiri or suicide. I laid it down shuddering at the thought of how many it might have made honorable. I proceeded; the Japanese women smiling broadly and nodding. Suddenly I stopped. A kneeling figure looked at me with upturned face. The expression on the face was so hopeless and the eyes pleaded so mutely, that my heart ached with pity. My pity was wasted, however, for it was but the wood-carved figure of a laboring coolie. But it fascinated me. The color of the brown skin of the Japanese was exactly reproduced. The texture of the skin, criss-crosses, wrinkles and callouses were so natural that I could not resist the impulse to take the hand expecting it to be warm and the blood pulsing in the veins that showed so delicately on the back of it. The hair seemed to grow naturally from the scalp. But I could not keep my gaze from the carved face and the many emotions that were revealed there. The look that is found only in those who are without hope, that had so stirred me

at the first sight, stood out more strikingly, and made me wonder then and many times afterwards. I almost imagined I could see a soul in the entreating eyes.

When I came to myself I found that time had not waited for me. Hurriedly looking for an article within my means I picked up a beautiful box that struck my fancy and turned toward the Japanese women. One of them came to my side and smiling expectantly as she balanced on her toes, informed me how "nice" it was. I was to understand that it was of a precious wood found only in Japan and that it had been lacquered seventeen times. The flowers that looked as if they were a part of the wood were painted that way by a secret process known only to Japan. I was repeatedly told that it was "nice" but the word "price" or the idea of buying was not mentioned until I asked, upon which I was the recipient of bows and suckings of air that would have honored a mikado. I took my package with the highly colored wrapping and also a last look at the kneeling coolie that I could hardly believe was not alive. I left the fairyland with the smiling dolls bobbing and bowing, while over their shoulders Buddha stared at me through the incense smoke.

Outside, I took a deep breath to clear my head and turned my steps toward the lights of the city away from the smells of sinister mysterious Chinatown.

Jokes

Serenely in her studio, the instructor of music permitted her fingers to pass idly over the keys, and soothing tones floated gently into the air, becoming fainter and fainter as they reached the world beyond. Suddenly, into this peaceful scene, rushed frantically a music student crying: "O, what is that dreadful sound that comes from the room below my practice room? There is someone groaning as if in intense pain!"

"Hush," calmed the instructor, "don't be frightened. That's only an aspiring vocalist exercising his lungs."

And soon again serenity reigned supreme. Ah! Such is the way of the world.

Miss Falk: "Reconstruct the following sentence, 'I will try to trace my experiences through the year now passing in a few words.'"

Hannah: "Passing a few words I will try to trace my experiences through the year."

Instructor: "What is a satellite?"

Student: (After some deliberation): "What kind of light did you say?"

En Dag efter Messeøvelsen prøvede Studenterne at synge den latinske Messe brugt ved Bispevielser. Da de var færdig udbrød Mr. Nommesen med et dybt Suk: „Ja, man kommer mere og mere bort fra det latinske."

FOUND!

The undersigned has found a fountain pen. The owner of this found fountain pen may have this found fountain pen by identifying this found fountain pen. If you wish to identify this found fountain pen, see the one who found this found fountain pen.

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