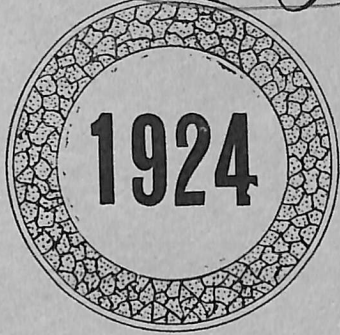


V. 5 #2  
Jan 1924

January



Skriver Nielsen

# HERMES

A MESSENGER  
FROM DANA

K. LAARSEN

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you like.

ANDREASEN & HANSEN, Props.

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THOS. G. RODGERS

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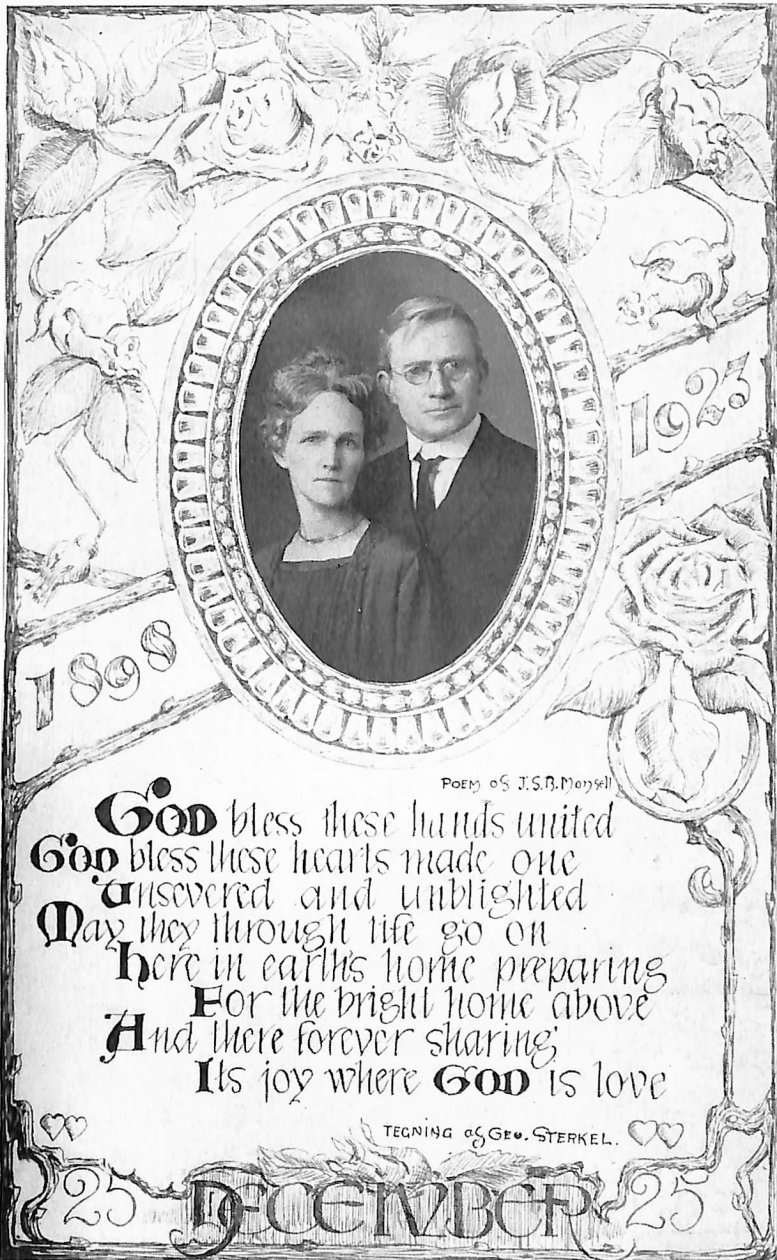
LADIES'  
HAIR BOBBING

# The State Bank

BLAIR'S LARGEST BANK.

**DEPOSITS OVER A MILLION DOLLARS.**

EVERYBODY BOOST FOR DANA.



1898

1923

POEM OF J.S.B. MOYSE

**G**OD bless these hands united  
**G**OD bless these hearts made one  
Unsevered and unblighted  
May they through life go on  
Here in earth's home preparing  
For the bright home above  
And there forever sharing  
Its joy where **G**OD is love

TEGUNG OF GEO. STERKEL.

25 DECEMBER 25

## Good Wishes Homeward Winging

By Einar Rasmussen

Hark! hear a symphony of bells  
Reblend in joyous pealing.  
—Each bell a heart; each heart repeats  
A kind, a friendly feeling.

And, through the peeling, silver-chimes  
In undertones are flowing  
—Half-hidden—like “Forget Me Nots”  
In sunlit glades a-growing.

Each bell a heart; each heart recalls  
A pleasant, bygone minute;  
A gentle word, a quiet smile  
With hidden-beauty in it.

Subdued chimes from far-off bells  
In softer tones are falling.  
And nearer ones in firmer peals  
Resound the distant calling.

And thus the smiles of yesteryears,  
That set our hearts a-ringing,  
Return with warm and fond respect,  
Like pigeons homeward winging.

Thus thanks for pleasant, manly ways,  
—High visions’ shield and token—.  
Thus thanks for all inspiring truths  
In quiet manners spoken.

May peace, like hushed cathedral air,  
Descend and hover o’er you.  
May light from The Eternal’s face  
Shine constantly before you.

Hark! silver-groom and silver-bride,  
For you the bells are ringing.  
Each bell a heart; each heart repeats  
“Good Wishes” homeward winging.



## New Year Poem

By Ruby Nelson

Two strangers met and stood side by side,  
For a little while at the close of day.  
The one seemed troubled and spent and sad,  
The other was hopeful, light-hearted, and gay.  
For the one had traveled a weary path,  
And suffered full many a defeat;  
But the other had yet to begin his work,  
And his courage was high, and the promise sweet.

The snowy air was filled with the sound  
Of ringing bells, and the happy cheer  
Of glad men and children everywhere  
Welcoming in the bright New Year.  
And the Old Year watched with a feeling of pain  
The happiness and joy of men.  
For he knew it was because of his death they sang:  
And he longed for some word of kindness from them.

But he said, "It is meet they should think of me so,  
For I have brought them sorrow and care.  
I have caused them to toil, and to grieve, and to fail,  
I have made their lot despair.

I have filled their lives with sin and shame,  
I have tempted their hearts and their souls,  
How can I expect them to praise or thank me,  
Who have exacted such heavy toll?"

"Ah, but," cried the New Year, "it has not been in vain  
They have suffered and sorrowed and lost.  
Their joy will be sweeter after the pain,  
Their success dearer because of the cost.  
They have born struggles and strife, and hatred and sin,  
But Blessings you also have shown;  
By that good which lives on through the coming years,  
Will your real value to them be known.

I offer to men who have failed in your time  
The chance to begin anew.  
I bring them the tidings, 'It is not too late  
To do that which you wanted to do.'  
I take up the work where you let it drop;  
On what you have built, I must build.  
And Old Years will go, and New Years will come  
Till God's wonderful plan is fulfilled."

So the Old Year passed out, and the New Year came in;  
That glorious Grant from above!  
The New Year of promise, and faith and hope  
In His eternal and merciful Love!  
The New Year of action and noble deeds,  
And battle for right against wrong;  
To atone for the sins of the old year's past,  
And to cancel the unkind deeds done.

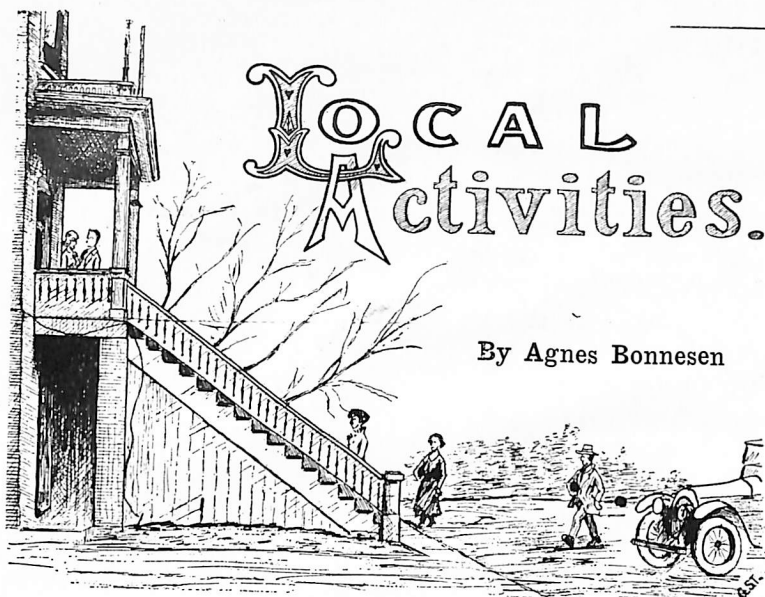
Then let the world be happy and gay!  
'Tis the time for pleasure and mirth;  
When our hearts have been filled with the message of cheer,  
Of 'Peace and Good Will on Earth.'  
Whate'er we have done in the old year now gone,  
Let it rest with the old year for aye.  
Let us turn with a smile to each succeeding New Year,  
As the dawn of a blessed day.

## I Juleferien

Af Thorvald Henningsen

(Mel. Højt fra Træets grønne Top.)

Til en Fest paa dette Sted	Ejnar Larsen Skæget snor
Er vi nu til Stede.	Arthur Nielson savner Mor,
Alle, som kan synge med,	Højt med Emma fjanter
Syng kun ud med Glæde.	paa en Bænk Leander.
Til en Spøg paa god Maner	Med et Æsels Stædighed
Præsenteres for os her	Holger diskuterer;
Alle de Studenter,	Peter Petersen i Fred
Vi til Festen venter.	Albertson friserer.
Der er nu Herr Nicolai,	Esther Jacobsen til Ven
Ogsaa kaldet Jensen,	Vælger sig Herr Steensen;
Asaph Jensen stærk og sejt	Godtfred rolig sover
Ser paa Esther Bentsen.	Til vor Fest er over.
Helen Rasmussen paa ny	Pænt i Haanden Henningsen
Kan for Spøg sig næppe dy,	Agnes Bryhl nu trykker,
Ogsaa Gudmund hvisker	Selv Herr Irving Petersen
Til en Ven, som smisker.	Faar nu ogsaa Nykker.
Her i Krogen sidder kønt	Nyholm med sin Værdighed
Zander med sin Kone.	Siger Andersen Besked.
Sterkel synger højt og skønt	Frøken Johnsen hviler
Med en taktfast Tone.	Paa en Stol og smiler.
Valborg Robertson saa from	Albert Hansen med en Naal
Fra sin Plads sig vender om	Alfred Nilsen stikker.
Spørger efter Elmer,	Edwin Petrusson en Skaal
Medens Øjet skælmer.	Med Begær nu slikker.
Erik Christensen med Fryd	Lauritz og Johannes sky
Anna Swanson leder.	Ser paa Pigerne saa bly,
Martin Steinicke uden Lyd	Mon de ej en Mage
Gumler paa Rødbeder.	Vil af Flokken tage?
Se nu til Lars Hansen, der	Saa! nu er vi alle vist
Spiller falsk paa et Klaver.	Blevet præsenteret.
Milton Hansen hyler,	Derfor lad os nu til sidst
Han er vist Rekyler.	Samlet om Klaveret
Sørensen paa Maanen ser,	Synge ud med Sjæl og Mund,
Edwin Monefeldt blinker	Saa vi ret af Hjertens Grund
Til Maye Pedersen, som ler	Glædes maa tilsammen
Medens Kjøller vinker.	Her i Fryd og Gammen.



The Christmas spirit came upon Dana almost at Thanksgiving time, when most of the students looked forward to the time when they would go home. A number of Christmas programs and festivities also helped along this spirit. Several pieces pertaining to the season were spoken by various students at the morning chapel services during the last week before the vacation.

A very appropriate and enjoyable program was rendered by the Dannebrog Literary Society on Thursday evening, December 20th. A Christmas tree was decorated and lighted. Peter Petersen spoke on Christmas customs in Denmark and several other talks were given by Prof. Stub, Emmanuel Johansen, and Elizabeth Nyholm. The Dana Quartet sang a number of Christmas songs.

"The girls" of the Ladies' Dormitory held a party in honor of the lady members of the Faculty on Wednesday evening, December 19th. It was a very "formal affair", but nevertheless, enjoyed by all.

The Male Chorus under the direction of Elmer Christensen and accompanied by Miss Cornelia Johnson rendered a very pleasing concert on Wednesday evening, December 19.

Among the lecturers that have spoken at Dana lately is Dr. Caldwell from the University of Nebraska. He spoke on the subject "Booms and Crisis" of the United States. His

lecture was interesting and instructive and especially so for the United States history students.

On the evening of December 18th Dr. Fling, also of the University of Nebraska, spoke on the topic "World Organization". This is probably one of the best lectures ever delivered at Dana College. Dr. Fling is well known both as a first class lecturer and also as an authority on European history. But he would be especially well able to speak authoritatively on the above mentioned subject as he was with Ex-President Wilson at the Peace Conference at Versailles. Dr. Fling is a firm believer in the League of Nations.

A party or carnival arranged by Prof. Thanning Andersen was held in the gym December 7th. Among some of the performances was a volley ball game between the "Dana Dudes" (Pro-seminary students) and the Seminary students (dressed and masked as farmers). A negro quartet favored us with a few songs while later on we had a glorious time throwing confetti and having our fortunes told. Coffee and cake were served as the last number on the program. The purpose of the entertainment was to supply new suits for the basketball boys, and also to give everybody a "good time".

The first basket ball game played by the college team was played on Saturday, December 22nd, against Clifton Hill, Omaha. Result, 19—13 in favor of Dana. Our boys played splendidly, and we hope they will continue to play in the manner with which they started the season's games.

Mr. Nels Hansen gave a report from the meeting of the "Lutheran Christian Association" held in Lawrence, Kansas, to which he was sent as a delegate. According to his report it was a good meeting. Three universities and four Lutheran colleges were represented there, our representative being the only theological student.

The Student Christian Association held its first Sunday afternoon meeting the last Sunday before Christmas vacation. These meetings are as a rule well attended and we feel that the Spirit of God is working. May they then be a blessing to us so that the Kingdom of God also may come unto us.

The Girls' Glee Club has a number of new songs on which they are working hard so as to be able to appear before the public in the near future. The Choral Union is also

working hard and has already worked up a number of beautiful songs.

On Thursday evening Prof. Grumman, of the University of Nebraska, gave a lecture on Goethe's "Faust". To those who have heard Prof. Grumman it is needless to say that this lecture was good. It was not only well delivered, but it even more bore evidence of a thorough study of the masterpiece of the greatest German writer.

Friday, January 11, was a great day at Dana. Already in the forenoon some hands were busy decorating the dining room. Some were preparing speeches and others were practicing on the piano. There could be no mistake about it that something was going to happen.

At 2:45 o'clock the faculty and students assembled in the chapel. The occasion was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. C. X. Hansen's wedding day. The honored guests were taken by surprise and were asked to be present. The festivity began by a religious service where Rev. Peterson, Fremont, spoke.

Immediately following the chapel service the audience was entertained in the gymnasium by the girls' gym class, of which Miss Due is the leader. Considering that the "stunts" performed were prepared only the night before they were very well rendered. Probably the best proof for this is the fact that Miss Due several times had to hush down the laughter of the audience in order that her commands could be heard by the gymnasts.

When the clock struck five thirty faculty and students met in the dining room for a banquet. Here a well arranged program appropriate for the occasion was rendered. Greetings were presented to the honored guests from faculty and students, from alumni members and former students. As to the nature of these greetings, read Editorial.

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## **Julen paa Dana, 1923**

### **Af Axel Andersen**

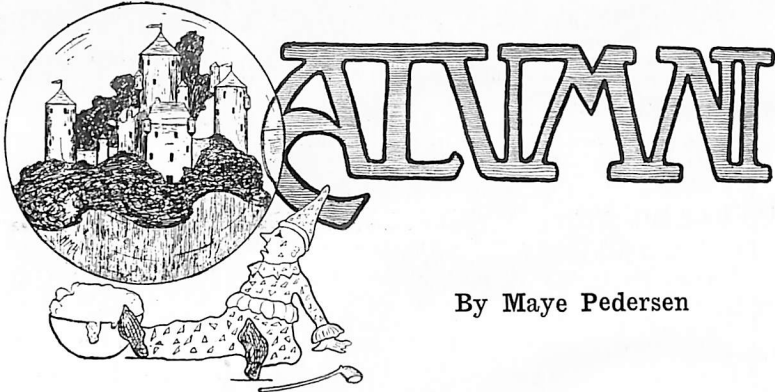
Hvis De skulde spørge: Er det ikke kedeligt at tilbringe en Jul paa Dana? Da vilde Svaret fra den, som holdt Jul her i Aar, blive nej. Næst efter at tilbringe Julen i sit eget Hjem eller hos gode Venner foretrækker vi Dana, som det Sted, vi helst vil tilbringe Julen.

Julen er blevet kaldet Børnenes Fest, og det er vel med Rette. Vi husker fra vor Barndomstid, hvorledes vi kunde længes efter Jul og især Juleaften, hvorledes vore Øjne ligefrem straaledede af Glæde, naar Døren til Stuen, hvor Juletræet stod, blev aabnet, og vi saa det dejlige pyntede Juletræ med alle dets smukke Lys straaale os i Møde. Hvis De

kunde have set os, der tilbragte Julen her paa Dana, særlig da vi samledes om Juletræet Juleaften, i den smukt pyntede Sal i vor dejlige nye Bygning, da vilde De uvilkaarligt have udbrudt: „Deres Øjne straalere, som om det var en Flok Børn.“ Ja, vi følte os som Børn engang mere.

Det er ikke min Hensigt at nedskrive Juleaftens Program i Enkeltheder, men kun at nævne Hovedbegivenhederne. Klokkeren halv seks samledes vi alle omkring et i alle Maader veldækket Julebord, der fandtes mange lækre Ting paa Bordet, blandt andet en dejlig fed Julegaas, som snart fik Ben at gaa paa, efter at vi havde haft den under Behandling et Øjeblik. En Time efter Aftensmaden var spist, samledes vi til Juletræet i den ene Halvdel af Spisesalen, som var lavet til en lille Sal for dette Brug. Her sang vi de velkendte gamle danske Julesalmer, hørte Juleevangeliet samt et Par smaa Taler om Julens Herre, hvis Fødselsdag vi fejrede. Vi har mange Talenter her paa Dana College baade paa Musikkens og Sangens Omraade, ogsaa de bidrog til denne Del af Programmets Udførelse. Efter at den aandelige Del af Programmet var sluttet, begyndte den mere materielle. Den bestod af Konfekt, Nødder, Æbler, o.s.v. Der var ogsaa en lille Julegave til hver af os. Hvorledes gik det til, at vi fik Julegave? Hver Student blev anmodet om at bringe en lille Gave, disse Gaver blev saa blandet, saa at man ikke fik sin egen medbragte Gave igen. Stor Overraskelse og Glæde herskede overalt, da de hemmelighedsfulde Pakker blev uddelte og aabnede. Nu til den sidste Del af Programmet. Vi samledes nu om veldækkede Kaffeborde, fyldte med dejlige danske Julekager. Ved Kaffebordet havde vi igen et lille Program, bestaaende af Musik, Sang og smaa Taler. Resten af Aftenen tilbragte vi med Leg. Vi sluttede Festligheden med at synge Julesalmer. Saa gik vi hver til sit, glade og taknemlige for den gode Juleaften, vi tilbragte med hinanden.

Hver Dag gennem Julen har vi tilbragt dels med Læsning, dels med Sang og Leg. Den fjerde Januar om Aftenen sluttede vi den festlige Del af vor Ferie, idet vi samledes til et ganske morsomt Program bestaaende af uforberedte korte Taler. Fru Jungersen gjorde sin Del til at gøre Aftenen festlig; idet vi blev trakterede med Kaffe, Kager og dejligt Smørrebrød. Men hvad er dog det for en Støj paa Gangene? — Det er Studenterne, der kommer tilbage fra Juleferien. Nogle raaber velkommen tilbage, andre raaber glædeligt Nytt-Aar.



By Maye Pedersen

Arthur Jersild, '22, who is attending the University at Lincoln again this year, gets his Bachelor's Degree this spring. He is representing the Young People's League of Lincoln at the convention at Indianapolis.

Hannah Christensen, '22, is teaching school near Estherville, Iowa.

William Goldbeck, former student of Dana, who is attending the State University, had an operation for appendicitis shortly before Christmas. He is reported to be getting along splendidly.

Juul Nielsen, '20, Marius Hansen, '20, and Magnus Petersen are students at the Medical College at Omaha. The latter spent a part of his Christmas vacation with us here at Dana.

Helge Borre, '22, Elna Nielsen, and Anna Schmidt are continuing their studies at Lincoln this year.

Matt Christensen, '23, reports from Canada that he is terribly busy. Good work, Matt!

Dean Petersen, '22, is working for a lumber firm at Lincoln, Nebraska.

Lydia Jensen, Margaret Jersild, both former students of Dana, and Esther Bonnesen, '22, are teaching at Kimballton, Iowa. We have had the pleasure of having several visits from them this year.

Rev. Adolph Vammen has accepted the call from Oaks, Oklahoma.

Elmer Jensen, '16, who has been connected with a law firm in West Duluth, has accepted a position in Minneapolis.

Mrs. Soren B. Nelsen, '18, of Alberta, Canada, is traveling in the States.

Alfred Petersen, '14, sold his share in the garage business at Elk Horn, Iowa, and is now in the moving picture business at West Union, Iowa.

Agnes Nelsen, '18, has sold her millinery store at Elk Horn, Iowa, and is leaving February 1st for the Iowa State University where she will take a course in home economics.

Alma Jensen is teaching the third and fourth grades at West Branch, Iowa.

Mr. Paulus Falek, '14, skriver fra Wyoming, „Inde i en Aspeskov ved Siden af en lille Elv vil du finde en lille „Log” Hytte. Og inde i Hytten vil du finde min Broder, min Hund og mig selv. . . . . Det glæder mig at høre, at alt gaar vel paa gamle Dana. For den har i Virkeligheden et varmt Sted i mit Hjerte.”

Mr. S. C. Knudsen, Lærer i Esbjerg, skriver i et Brev: „Det har været mig en Fornøjelse at læse Artiklerne om Dana College. Den Skole, som jeg har megen Kritik at fremføre imod, men dog undertiden længes efter. Da jeg læste om Indvielseshøjtidelighederne, tænkte jeg mangan Gang, det havde egentlig været rart at være med; det var for mig næsten som om jeg hørte noget hjemmefra.”

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## Reading

By C. A. Stub

Reading is one of the needs of the present—we have well nigh forgotten to read—or was it ever learnt? I do not mean that we do not consume enough reading-matter, far from it. We devour too much. Nor do I mean that there is no study. It would be foolish to deny what one sees before his eyes daily. There is enough study and too much wallowing in newspaper print for the good of our souls. But those things can not be dignified by the name of reading.

What I am thinking of is not reading for utilitarian purposes or for curiosity. I am thinking of reading as a sport, a pleasure, an entertainment, an exercise to which you abandon yourself for the mere joy of doing it, like the true sportsman throws himself into his activity or game, not for

winning or to show himself off, but for the love of the sport itself. Of such reading there is certainly not much.

When we learn to read in that manner, we shall no longer care for the sensationalism of newspapers, periodicals, or trashy novels. Such reading matter does not possess qualities capable of satisfying thoughtful people so soon as they learn the art of reading. It is hollow inside like an empty barrel. When you handle it, it makes much sound; and it does not take much practice to be able to say that it is only noise.

We may ask now: What is the value of reading? But such a question seems superfluous, for a real reader does not ask for values or utility. He is concerned only with reading for its own sake. And yet the question is pertinent, for such reading has the very greatest value.

A person who learns the art of reading will certainly become a lover of books and then only will he be able truly to know books; for no man has ever known that well which he did not first love. He will know good books, he will be able to judge of these whether they are true or false, where they come from, and what the motive is of those who spread them. He will not believe a book is good because it is well advertised or popular. He will first look to the man who produced it and to other men, lovers of books, to see what they have to say about it, for he knows that they alone can tell him whether or not a book is good. And when he himself reads the book, he will know whether it is good for him.

And so truth will be promoted. Books will not be read for the glamour the world may raise around them, but for their intrinsic merit. All the falsehood—or half-truth, which is worse than falsehood, for it is not so easily detected—which we call advertising or propaganda will fall down and reveal its real flatness. The book-lover will soon learn to detect the sham and hypocrisy he meets on his way and to look beneath the surface of things and see reality—the true face of men and events.

And goodness—there is much goodness in the world, but we cannot see it for evil. The book-lover will steadily have before him the manifestations of good and evil. He will see how these two opposing forces are always at the throat of each

other; he will see how good always conquers in the end and evil defeats itself, and how good and evil are their own rewards. Those things are constantly before his eyes, and he has learned to see their real significance. How can they help having influence over him?

Book-lovers are generally good-natured. Perhaps the reason for this is to be sought in the fact that goodness is one of the fundamental qualities of good books. What is good will live in literature much longer than what is bad. If we try to recall as much as we can of what we have read, we will be sure to remember much more of what is true, good, and beautiful than of what is evil. Look back upon history and you will see that the men who are known are remembered for the good they have done rather than the evil, with a few supreme exceptions.

Beauty is another quality which the true reader learns to know and appreciate. And it is with beauty as with truth and goodness that not all which is proclaimed as beautiful is so at all. Much of it is really hideous when you scrutinize it more closely. Likewise much that at first seems commonplace is in reality very beautiful, when really seen. As a matter of fact, nothing which is not true can be beautiful. Sham, veneer, hypocrisy are not beautiful. They are hideous. Is Abraham Lincoln beautiful? Not if we do not know him; but if we so do, his features seem illuminated by an eminently beautiful soul. Then he is beautiful. Truth and goodness are always beautiful; and nothing is beautiful which is not true and good. These are the very fundamentals of all good books, and therefore reading of the kind which has been discussed is highly valuable, although the reader himself does not ask for value. He is merely interested, and so he reads.

The reader has a broad and a fertile field at his disposal; he need never fear that he will run short of material. His field is literature, the widest and most productive of human good of all the intellectual pursuits of man. He has all the books of all the ages, if he cares to use them, containing the purest, noblest, and most aspiring thoughts put forth by men. All this is the book-lover's field of choice; and every one who is a true reader and lover of books will choose good books, if not always the best.

This literature treats especially of three things: God, man, and nature, which in their sum are everything. But man is the central figure in all literature. It is with his feelings, aspirations, thoughts, and actions that it deals, especially with everything concerning the hidden inner life of the human race. So if we desire to understand the why and wherefore of human actions and affairs, there is no place we can learn so much as in literature. Religion teaches us what God has done for man; science tries to show us how nature works; history tells us what man has done; but literature explains it all: it shows man's reaction to what God has done and to nature as revealed by observation and by science, it explains the human motives that lie back of historic events, and, more than anything else, it treats of man's relationship to man.

From this it is easily seen that the popular novel, which is the most extensively read of all branches of literature, is quite an inconsiderable part of the whole field of literature. It is included, to be sure, some of it, that which can stand the test: truth, goodness, and beauty.

A book is not good because it has a truth here, goodness there, and beauty another place. It must be true, good, and beautiful as a whole before it can be called a good book; and only in proportion as this can be said of it, can it be called good. The more it partakes of these three qualities, the longer will it be remembered and read. Most books die very soon, and the reason is that they lack something. Perhaps they were seemingly true at one time but are not so any longer. Their truth was not of the right stuff; it tarnished. Perhaps they were thought beautiful once; now they are not: Our superficial sense of beauty changes, and the book contained only superficial beauty, nothing deeper.

There is one thing more about reading and books I want to call attention to, namely, sympathy. If a book is good, there will be sympathy in it, sympathy for those who suffer and are ill-treated. There will not be sympathy for evil but for him who is in the clutches of evil, either in himself or from the outside. Perhaps this is one of the greatest things to be got from reading: sympathy and understanding. By reading much we see so many sides of life, so much of underlying motives,

that we cannot but see our own lives reflected here and there. This teaches us better to understand ourselves and our neighbors, to be more lenient in our judgment of others, to see ourselves as their equal only, no more. That is the true state of affairs. Before the profoundest facts of life we are equal.

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## Pligt

Af Holger Christensen

Dette lille Ord har en underlig haard Klang i manges Øren, og dog er der sagtens næppe noget Menneske, som ikke til en eller anden Tid ser det som en Nødvendighed at anvende dette Ord og adlyde, naar det i et vist Forhold bliver fremholdt som ens egen særlige Pligt at udfylde et Hverv. Det bliver da i Udførelsen af Pligten, at Forskellen og Betydningen af Ordet antager sin egentlige Vekselklang.

Ved den stærke Agitation, som en Fare fra fremmede Magter steder et Land i, bliver Soldaten opildnet og finder ikke til at begynde med, at hans Pligt er saa svær; tværtimod gaar han med Lyst til sit grufulde Værk; men der er da tillige visse Ting, som kaster deres Fortryllesesglans over Tilstandene. Der er Æren, Eventyrlysten og en ældgammel Trang til sanselig Ophidselse ved selve de barbariske Skuespil. En anden Side af Sagen er, at med de moderne Mordmaskiner og tekniske Artikler bliver han snart ført ud af sine Vildfarelser, om han har været ufornuftig nok til at lade sig rive med af en Begejstringsrus, og da bliver Pligten sikkert en skurrende Lyd, eller i hvert Fald taler Tvang og Nødvendighed stærkere, og ingen af disse Ord kan paa nogen Vis afdæmpes ved Menneskets bedre Følelse.

Tvang og Nødvendighed er altid haarde i Klang, — hverken Uegennytte eller Kærlighed kan formilde disse, saaledes som det er Tilfældet med det lille Ord „Pligt”. Naar Barmhertighedens Udøvere følger en Hær og udsætter sig for Farer og Anstrengelser, da sker dette ikke under de jernhaarde Betegnelser Tvang eller Nødvendighed; men de gør det af uegennyttig Pligt, hvilket maa anses som Aarsagen til, at de bedre udholder Besværlighederne, som uden Tvivl i Forhold til de tjenendes fysiske Udvikling er større end Soldatens.

(Fortsættes paa Side 57.)

# HERMES

A MESSENGER FROM DANA COLLEGE  
AND TRINITY SEMINARY

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Vol. 5. | BLAIR, NEBRASKA, JANUARY, 1924 | No. 2.

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Subscription Price 15 Cents per Copy, 50 Cent per Year.  
Published four times a year.

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## Editorial

### *A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR TO ALL OUR READERS*

This issue of HERMES is dedicated especially to our honorable president and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. C. X. Hansen, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage which was celebrated in their home on Christmas Day, but which we are celebrating at the College to-night, the eleventh of January, nineteen hundred and twenty-four.

We wish, therefore, not only in behalf of the staff, but also in behalf of all the students of Dana College and Trinity Seminary to extend hearty congratulations to the silver-groom and bride.

We are wont to speak of Dr. C. X. Hansen as a man who has devoted himself entirely to the interests of Dana College. And we firmly believe that he is entitled to this reputation. But we also believe that Mrs. C. X. Hansen should share this distinction with her husband. Professor Hansen's devotedness to the College must have been done at the expense of many of the comforts and pleasant hours which a happy home has in store for its members. From early in the morning till late at night we find Professor Hansen in his office at the college—with hardly enough time in his home to enjoy his meals.

As students we feel that we are especially indebted to Dr. and Mrs. C. X. Hansen for such sacrifice. It has been a great problem for us as to how we could best express our gratitude. One thing that we are all aware of is that Dr. Hansen needs a vacation. This we have been conscious of for some time and attempts have also been made to arrange for such a vacation. These attempts, however, have met with great difficulties as a vacation that would be of real value to Dr. and Mrs. C. X. Hansen would involve large expenditure. Our attempts also had to confront the difficulty of arranging for the vacation otherwise and also of providing a man to take Dr. Hansen's place while he was gone.

But a week or so before Christmas the students of Dana decided that Professor and Mrs. C. X. Hansen should have the needed vacation in spite of all the difficulties and hindrances. The student body assembled in the chapel; someone presented the proposition; lists were circulated; recommending speeches were given by a number of students from all departments of the school; music numbers were also rendered—and while this took place the students subscribed \$241.50. This sum has increased since then to \$300. It is our intention to throw this money in with the money which was collected by the alumni last year. We will then have a sum of approximately \$550.00. This sum of money will be only a small token of the gratitude which the students and former students of Dana College and Trinity Seminary feels towards Mr. and Mrs. C. X. Hansen.

It is our wish then that the other hindrances may be overcome so that the plan may become a reality next summer. It would be worth while our efforts to see our dear Professor come back from a trip refreshed spiritually as well as physically.

The Alumni Editor wishes to appeal to all the Alumni members and former students of Dana College and Trinity Seminary for a little help in securing the alumni news. It often occurs to us that our alumni members either are entirely too modest or else they are ashamed of themselves since it is next to impossible to find out about their whereabouts or what they are doing. HERMES is trying to work in the interests of Dana College, but it also aims at bringing all

former students in closer touch with each other. This aim will be a failure unless the alumni members feel it as their duty to help us.

By this issue of HERMES the editorship passes over into the hands of a new staff. It was with trembling that we accepted the position as Editor-in-Chief two years and a half ago; first because at that time HERMES seemed to be a failure, and secondly, because we were unfamiliar with journalism. But now when we look back over that time it is with pleasure and confidence. It is always a pleasure to be engaged in a work that serves a purpose and is appreciated; it always gives confidence to see one's work bring results and succeed. This is not a bouquet for ourselves. If it were not for the faithful co-operation of the faculty and the students, our readers in general and the business men in the city of Blair HERMES would never have become a success. We wish therefore on this occasion to express our sincere thanks to all who have been of assistance to us and it is our hope that the same loyalty will be shown in assisting the staff which is now to succeed us.

Anders Steensen.

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## A New Year's Gift

By Elizabeth Nyholm

Christmas had been beautiful everywhere but especially so in the small village of Lanesville. The Christmas angel had brought joy and blessing to every home. The children played; the young people sang, and the old people felt again the Christmas spirit enter into their hearts.

The angels in heaven also were happy. They rejoiced because the people were so happy and contented. But over in one corner sat an angel all by himself. He did not look as happy as the others. On Christmas eve he had gone on a special mission to minister unto a little lame boy and therefore he had not had time to deliver his own Christmas gifts. How sad this was, for he had really the greatest of all gifts; the gift of brotherly love. All the other angels gather around

to help him. "Dear brothers," he said, "I had to spend so much time with the little lame boy that I could not take care of my own gift and now I am too tired to do so. Will some of you help me find the man on earth who has done the most for his fellow men, and who deserves the gift of "brotherly love"?" Three little angels immediately volunteered to go to earth and find out what they could for the tired angel.

Away down to earth they flew looking for the man who they thought had done the most for his fellow men. They visited rich men and poor men, great men and small men, learned men and illiterate men, strong men and weak men, young men and old men, famous men and common men, good men and bad men. From palace to cottage, from the east to the west, from the cold lands to the warm lands they flew. Everywhere, everywhere they flew, until at last they returned to heaven; each one thinks that he had found the man who had done most for his fellowmen.

All the angels gathered together to hear what the three angels, who had come back from earth, had to tell. Quietly and intently they listened as the first began: "After searching far and near for the man who has done the most for his fellowmen I finally stopped at Lanesville. Here I found a great man who men now call "good old Joe". When he was a boy he was always good and kind to his comrades and friends. Although he had a great many things, he was always willing to share them with others. He was more happy in giving than in receiving. He took advantage of his good educational opportunities and always stood at the head of his class. He became a prosperous and successful business man. Though honest and upright he soon became one of the richest men in the country. Unlike most men his wealth only increased his selfishness. Now he gives liberally to the sick and poor. He contributes to every hospital, every charitable institution, every mission, and to every organization which serves some good purpose for mankind. He gives great sums of money to colleges and churches thereby advancing education and religion. He is to-day known in every country as the most unselfish man among mankind. This man I think should have the great gift," said the angel as he finished his story.

The angels clapped their hands. They were so glad that

the little messenger angel had found such a great and good man. They thought that the gift should be sent to him immediately. The second messenger angel however wished to tell his story and began to speak to the excited listeners." In Lanesville I found a man who is called "Alfred the Good". He is now old and gray and bent with age. His wrinkled brow is an indication of many mental battles. In the prime of life he left his native land, his kinsmen, his friends, and all that was dear to him and went away across the sea to the land of the heathens. Here he worked day in and day out, preaching, teaching, singing, waiting, talking, and helping whenever he could. His great aim was to save the countless number of souls from sin and death. His food, his rest, his sleep, yes, his very life he sacrificed for his work. The climate caused his dear beloved wife to become sick and die. His three beautiful boys were sent home to his native land. In spite of all these hardships he worked faithfully for his cause until he became old and weak and feeble. New missionaries came to take his place and to reap what he had sown through the many years of hard labor. Today I found him back in his native land spending his last few days with his youngest son in Lanesville. The laurels that he has rightly earned are bestowed upon him. He is overwhelmed with praise and honor for all that he did. Many countries recognize him as the greatest missionary of the day. The mission stations which he begun have flourished as no other stations ever flourished before. His influence is felt throughout the heathen lands. He is known among men as the "Great Missionary".

As the angel finished speaking he looked around. The angels neither clapped nor talked. They were quiet and they were thinking. Just a few minutes ago they thought that they had found the best man and now here was a man who had sacrificed more, loved more, and worked more; and they were yet to hear one more story.

Finally the third little messenger angel began his story. "The man that I think has done the most for his fellowmen is not great or rich. Neither is he honored or renowned. Day in and day out he goes toiling through life. Today I found him living alone in a little humble cottage in Lanesville. As a little boy, Martin, for that was his name, was pious and good, conscientious and obedient. Diligently he worked at his

Helen Rasmussen



Mary Pedersen



H.C.J.

studies at school and his duties at home. At an early age he left his home to support himself. To become a servant of God, a minister among men was his great aim, but fate wished him to be a more humble servant and to be educated in the great school of life. By constant saving he soon had a small sum of money with which he wished to begin his education. Just at that time he received a message from his only brother which read, "I am sick and without money. Will you come and help me?" Calmly and slowly he read the message. Deliberately he took the small sum that he had been gathering together for so long and went quietly to his sick brother. Tenderly and lovingly he ministered unto him until the time of his death. Now penniless and friendless, Martin had to face the cold selfish world again. Back he went to his workshop, back to his shoes and his nails, taking up his daily duties, while his heart was bleeding with great loss, loss of his dearest friend on earth, loss of the realization of his long cherished hope.

Faith and hope kindled anew his zealous spirit. With more energy than before he set about to save, but many unexpected hinderances came in his way. The people who brought shoes to him were poor and could pay very little; sometimes nothing at all. In spite of this he would welcome them with a smile and say, "Pay when you can." Everyone soon began to love him and his welcoming smile. Many came to him in grief, in sorrow, and in need, and with an open heart and a ready hand he did for them, all that was in his power to do. One of his neighbors who had always scorned him also came to him in the hour of need. Forgetting the past the good cobbler had sympathy for him; and helped him when no one else would help. Thus went year after year. Daily striving, sharing, working, sympathizing, helping, advising, loving, and giving characterized his life. From youth he passed into middle age, from middle age into an old man as he is now. No longer does he entertain the hope of studying and becoming God's servant as a minister. His soul is satisfied that God has not called him for that; but called him to be a humble cobbler and to serve a few lowly beings.

This morning when he arose he felt more happy than ever before, and as he sat reading a few words from the Precious Book, a new desire came to him; not a desire for fame or glory, for riches or wealth. Within him seemed to burn a new light, a new longing; a longing to see his Master and to mini-

ster unto Him. In a state of revery he set about his work, keeping his eyes all the time on the pavement in front of his windows. It had snowed the night before and Old Stephan was cleaning the walk. Stephan was weak and feeble. He was loved by no one. The bitter wind made him cold and numb and his bare hands could hardly hold the cold shovel. Martin saw him trembling in the cold and hurriedly called him into the warm room. Placing a chair before the fire, he bade him rest and warm himself. As Stephan was leaving, Martin quietly handed him his only pair of gloves. With tears in his eyes, Stephan pulled the gloves on his trembling hands. "God bless you," he said as he got up to go out into the cold, but which did not seem cold any longer for within him a new love was burning and the whole day he found joy and happiness in his tedious work.

Again Martin set himself to his work, but his thoughts left the little room; out and up they flew to his dear Master. "If only I could do one little thing for Him," he sighed. The morning slipped away and he began to prepare his simple noon meal. Presently he heard a sobbing and crying. Going out, he found a poor little boy who told him that he had lost his mother's last five-cent piece. Gently, Martin took the boy in, warmed him, shared his frugal meal with him, and gave him his last piece of silver as he got up to go. With a light heart the boy sped home, forgetting the cold and the snow.

As Martin sat at his work during the afternoon, the thought came again, "Is it not possible for me to do one small service on the last day of the year for my Master?" He was aroused from his thoughts by loud knocking and heavy footsteps and in walked a distinguished looking gentleman. Martin recognized him as his poor neighbor whom he had helped long ago. First hesitating then more confidentially, he told Martin that he was in great distress and that nowhere could he find help so at last he had come to him for he knew that Martin would help him. Martin took the Holy Book from the shelf and read a few words to him. Laying the book aside, he knelt beside his chair, the visitor involuntarily followed, and together they prayed for a poor lost sinner. With tears in his eyes the visitor thanked Martin for helping him remove the great burden of sin which had for long oppressed him sadly. The visitor left and Martin was alone.

The sun set in the west; the world became quiet and peaceful, the stars shone forth in clearness and brightness, the moon sent its beams of light down to the dim world below, the snow fell quietly, and New Year's eve drew nigh. Wearily, Martin put away his work with a last glimpse into the street. All day long he had been looking for his Master, but he had not come. Again he took from the shelf his favorite book, and sat long in the twilight reading."

The third angel stopped speaking. No one moved or spoke. A deep silence fell on them all. The critical moment had come for them to decide who of these three men deserved the angels' blessing. "Martin, Martin," they all cried at once. The decision was made and now the angel with the gift began to prepare for his flight to the world. The other angels lingered around; some even went with him as he started toward earth to bestow his gift of blessing and brotherly love on poor, old Martin.

Martin still sat reading in the precious Book. He dwelt long on the words, "For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in." His eyes closed dreamily; his book dropped. Suddenly he heard a voice saying, "Martin, I am here." He rubbed his eyes. Was not that old Stephan over in the corner? The vision disappeared, but again Martin seemed to hear a voice saying, "Martin, I am here." Frightened and startled, he stared over in the dark corner, and there again he saw a vision, a vision of the poor little boy, but who now seemed to be well and happy. Martin thought, "Surely I must be asleep." He got up and shook himself and moved about; but behold, there again was a light, a voice and a vision. Martin trembled as he saw plainly the face of the visitor, illuminated and bright and heard clearly the voice saying, "Martin, I am here."

The light, the voice, the vision was gone. Alone was Martin in the dark, quiet room; but he was happy for he could hear his Master saying, "Verily, I say unto you, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done unto me.' Martin rejoiced and back to him came the words from the beautiful story of Abou Ben Adam:

"I pray thee then, write me as one who loves his fellowmen."

And again:

“And showed the names whom love of God had blessed  
And lo, Ben Adam's name led all the rest.”

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## Pligt

Fortsat fra Side 47

Ogsaa i Fredens Tider synes Kvinderne at være særlig udholdende, om end det for de mere kultiverede giver sig Udslag i de mærkværdigste Foretagender. Vi kan tænke paa saadan Galskab som at sætte Danserekorder, hvor heldigvis hidtil kun en ringe Procentdel af det svage Køn har udført deres Evner til at udholde Strabadser. Men hvor mange udfører ikke Dag til Dag et Arbejde, der er beundringsværdigt og egentlig tydeliggør, at de er det stærke Køn, naar man skal være ærlig og gøre Indrømmelser. Her kan vi som Danskere eller Efterkommere af danske Indvandrere være stolte; for med Hensyn til det huslige er det en Kendsgerning, at den nordiske Kvinde staar højt.

Hvad har saa Kvinden som Løn for sit Slid? Maaske ofte kun Tilfredsstillelsen i sin egen Bevidsthed ved at have gjort sin Pligt; men paa den Tanke kan hun vedblive længe efter, at de fleste Mænd vilde have ladet det hele gaa, som det kunde bedst.

Der er dog ogsaa Mænd, som udviser Troskab i den Plads, de er sat paa under lige saa utaknemmelige Forhold, om end de er færre i Tal. Vi kan nævne Forstanderen for Dana College, Dr. C. X. Hansen, som ved sin stille Færd og Redebonhed staar som et følgeværdigt Eksempel for dem, som i en svag Stund kunde have mest Lyst til at overgive sin Sag og sig selv til Forglemmelse; for han staar trods Modstand og Angreb, fordi han kender sin Pligt og udfører den med Glæde.

— — — Sig mig saa, mine medstuderende, hvor megen Alvor lægger I ind paa Studierne? Er de kun en Plage for jer? Jeg fristes næsten til at tro, at dette er Tilfældet for et stort Antal; — dog haaber jeg paa dette Punkt at have gjort en Fejltagelse — og jo større des bedre. — Her tænkes særlig paa, hvad der forefaldt i en Samtale fornylig blandt nogle Studenter, hvor Talen tillige faldt paa fremmede Sprogs Betydning.

Der kan vel være delte Meninger om, hvorvidt et levende Sprog har større Rigdom at meddele en Student end et andet. En Kendsgerning er det imidlertid, at ved Studeringen af fremmede Sprog faar man altid et Indblik i dette og tillige mere Færdighed ogsaa i sit eget Modersmaal, hvortil kommer den afgjorte Betydning, som det har, at man kan sætte sig ind i andre Nationers Tænkemaade og tilegne sig deres Erfaringer.

Du unge Mand, som bereder dig til en Gerning, hvor du efter al Sandsynlighed vil komme i Berøring med dine egne Stamfæller, holder du paa den Anskuelse, at det danske Sprog er fattigt og betydningsløst, da kan jeg vel indrømme det første, men ikke det andet. Dette Sprog kan meget rigtigt siges at være fattigt, dog er det saa udtryksfuldt som noget. En amerikansk Konsul i Danmark skrev i National Geographical Magazin om Landet, Folket og Sproget. Han nævner et Tilfælde, hvor et dansk Udtryk efter hans Mening dækkede Betydningen af et Forhold bedre end det tilsvarende engelske Ord, og der kunde nævnes mange.

Hvad vil du, Læser, foretage dig, hvis f. Eks. du bliver kaldet til Præst i en Menighed, hvor der er en Del ældre Mennesker, som har haft Hjem i det gamle Land og daarligt nok har haft Tid til at lære engelsk Sprog? — Tænk dig en Stilling som denne, at du skal besøge en ældre Kvinde, som altid har været stærkt optaget af huslige Sysler og nu — ved sine Dages Ende, træt og udslidt, forventer Trøst fra Sjælehyrden. Kan du da med god Samvittighed sige, at du er ude af Stand til at udtrykke dine Tanker i det danske Sprog? — Du har en Lejlighed til at lære dette Sprog, og det indeholder Skatte, som enhver, der for Alvor vil, kan uddrage af dets Litteratur. Vil du her afvise en Pligt og samtidig blive til Skamme i saa Henseende sammenlignet med Mænd som Longfellow og andre højagtede Borgere i dette Land, som lærte Dansk, endda de stammede fra andre Nationer, og end ikke engang havde det som en paatvingende Aarsag, at de kunde have Anvendelse derfor i deres Livsstilling?

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