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HERMES

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EDITORIAL

“Dana will shine to-night” is the song sung when “our boys” are to participate in an athletic contest. However, not only should Dana shine on such occasions, but at all times. How is this possible? By the diligent pursuance of every student in making use of the opportunities given at college for obtaining an education which will give a clear, conscious view of one’s own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them; by striving to become equipped so as to fill a position in life with credit.

Occasionally we meet those who seem to have the opinion that a college education consists of two main factors: first, the paying of the matriculation fee; second, the receiving of a diploma.—The latter being a sort of magic parchment which is able to transfer them from their unlearned state to the realm of intellectualism. But a diploma does not function in that way. The magic process precedes the re-

ceiving—namely, hard study. Our striving for an education should not be merely for the purpose of receiving a diploma, but for the purpose of preparing ourselves for a place in life. This education should not be “that which is made up of shreds and patches of useless arts; but that which inculcates principles, polishes tastes, regulates temper, cultivates reason, subdues the passions, directs the feelings, habituates to reflection, trains to self-denial and more especially, that which refers all actions, feelings, sentiments, tastes and passions to the love and fear of God.” If such an education is obtained while here at college, then, when we assume our place in the world, we shall be more capable of serving God and our fellow-men—and be assured “Dana will shine.”

WHY AM I A LUTHERAN?

By Lawrence Siersbeck

The question, “Why am I a Lutheran?” might be asked any person of the Lutheran faith. I am reminded of this because of a warm discussion of the topic at a meeting not very long ago. Someone had made the statement that most of our Lutheran young people were Lutherans because their fathers and mothers were. The statement put me to thinking why I myself was a Lutheran, whether I was of that faith because my parents were, or whether I had chosen that position of my own free will. I will admit that there are a good number who are Lutherans by heredity, and for my own personal experience I cannot say that heredity has not been a great factor. The question may not seem vitally important, but it is at least well worth while to apply it to ourselves personally and see if we are consistent in our reasoning by not finding a better reason for being a Lutheran than that it was the faith of our parents.

Some people profess themselves to be Lutherans, and take the stand that all other ground is sinking sand. This is not a small question, but it is one that more than any other places a dark spot upon the character of our church. It is an attitude afflicted with the disease of selfishness, not inviting open-minded criticism that may adjust matters of the

Kingdom of Christ in this world. The reader will readily see that in this conception of the Kingdom of Christ, something more than the Lutheran Church is involved. By the Kingdom of Christ I mean every element or organization in this world that has for its basis the teachings of Christ. It is not meet to say that this man, because he is a Baptist or an Adventist, cannot be saved, but is lost in the sight of the Lord. On the other hand he may be much more worthy of the name "Christian" than any of his adversaries.

Many people are not honest doubters. Are we going to talk with any of another faith and not weigh his conception fairly with that of ours, or are we going to refute every possible statement of his with an unreasoning "no". Such a stand would make the other person indignant because of your stubbornness. The former stand will make him feel that you too are seeking the truth, and that you seek some other basis for it than mere dogmatism, for when you seek the truth in the teachings of Christ, mere doctrines will never convince you, but you must have that confirmation in your soul that Christ died for your sins and through faith in Him are you all saved by grace. It is indeed interesting to note how many different doctrines we have concerning the teachings of Christ, and how many cling to their own as the ideal way of salvation. But let us turn to the question, why we are members of various beliefs, and why am I a Lutheran?

I firmly believe that if I had been reared in a home other than Lutheran, say Presbyterian or Methodist, I should have been a Presbyterian or a Methodist to-day. But I am neither of these. My father and mother were Lutherans, and now I am a Lutheran. Is not this due to the influence of parentage? Take also in schooling, my teacher was a Lutheran, and it was, of course, in a Lutheran school that I was taught. This strengthened my Lutheran faith. If I had been taught in a Presbyterian or Methodist school, the views of my parents might have lost favor with me. If I had gone to public school, my father's and mother's influence would have prevailed. These facts only show that parentage and environment have been real factors in causing me now to profess the Lutheran faith. When we sing the great hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers", do we mean the few chosen in our

Lutheran Church, or is our view not unjustifiably narrow, if we look at it that way?

Is there not a counter-tendency, as I would term it, to this feeling of united Christian efforts? When we gather, all the churches must cast aside their doctrinal differences for the time being, and as soon as we are again dispersed to our own flock, we get that selfish feeling that we are the "only ones". An illustration may suffice here. Suppose people from different parts of a city gathered, some from the lower classes, some from the middle classes, and some also from the better classes. These got together on a common ground of mutual friendship to establish social reforms in the city. Then these returning, would each (group) begin to consider theirs the most ideal part and become lax in aiding each other. All efforts at co-operation and unity are soon destroyed here. The same is true in religious affairs. Now it is better to institute a fair tolerance in our own circles with regard to the rights of others, and to open our minds to fair judgment that Christian unity may be contained and maintained. This by no means indicates that our Lutheran faith must suffer, but it means a more sympathetic attitude on our part towards our brethren of other beliefs. We have no sworn statements that our doctrine is the only correct interpretation. We are followers of the interpretation as written down by our church fathers as they understood them. There are many interpretations; in fact, I am sure that if it should come right down to the point, few of us would ever agree on most things. We all know how the Apostle Paul strove to retain unity in the early Christian Church. Some of the Jews still cling to the laws of circumcision, others to the laws of the Sabbath, and so on. The religious scruples and differences at that time almost seemed a maze of doctrines. Even though the religious differences were great, they had greater unity than we have in the Christian churches to-day.

I have been brought up in the Lutheran faith and taught the principles involving the doctrines of our Church. I see our belief as the way of salvation for me. Our doctrines seem to me to reflect the teachings of Christ as I have been made to see them. I firmly believe they are right and that

they are quite essential in the Christian routine of life. Yet, when I consider the great spiritual men of other Churches, I feel that their purpose is equally as great as ours, that they are as much in earnest, and that their ultimate aim is to win souls for Christ and proclaim salvation to all mankind. The faithful men who preach in the slums of our cities, the ministers in the streets, in negro and foreign quarters, in churches, both poor and fashionable, in hospitals, in rural districts, and many other places, no matter what their denomination may be, as long as they preach Christ and Him crucified, contribute a worthy share to God's Kingdom on earth. Let us criticize less and sympathize more; the least is worth striving for, and we strive for the greatest thing in the world.

At the last international meeting of the Student Volunteer Movement, I saw thousands of students and laborers from the vineyard of God assembled to discuss Christian world issues of to-day. There were young people, teachers, missionaries, and ministers there from all parts of the world. Seated there in the audience greatly impressed by the character of the assembly, I thought to myself: "I am a Lutheran, but what does it matter what I am, as long as I am under His care, and submit to His guidance. I most likely am little worthy of the name "Christian" before the faces of these many people." Great too was my inspiration when the song was announced and the multitude raised their voices to the mighty peal of the pipe organ:

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before."

and in the second stanza we sang these lines:

"We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, and doctrine,
One in charity."

I concluded that we may not be one in doctrine, but we can and ought to be one in hope and charity.

DANNELSE.

„De Kvinder, som blot er yndige, er ikke de rigtige.
De Mænd, som bare er myndige, dem kalder jeg vigtige.”
J. C. Hostrup.

Kipling fortæller i en af sine Bøger om en Englænder, der lever i Øvre-Birma, i den yderste Afsondrethed; og alligevel trækker han altid i Kjole og hvidt, inden han indtager sit Middagsmaaltid. Hans Selvrespekt kræver det! De fleste af os vil maaske ryste paa Hovedet ad en saadan Optræden, og dog kan der ingen Tvivl være om, at en af de vigtigste Grunde til, at Englænderne har kunnet hævde sig som hvide Mænd i deres udstrakte Kolonirige, er, at de har forstaaet Betydningen af at holde fast ved de hævdvundne Former. Lige modsat har Bindestrags-Amerikanere tit tilsidesat disse Ting, fordi de saa, at mange af deres gamle Lands Høflighedsformer ikke brugtes i det nye, — og saa troede de, i alt Fald nogle af dem, at de var kommet til et Folk, der ikke blot var fordomsfrit, men ogsaa formløst.

Dannede Mennesker kan imidlertid aldrig undvære Form. Hvor der ingen Regler eller Love er, der er der heller ingen Dannelse. Intet kan „dannes” uden at begrænses. Der er en Dannelse, der blot er formel — den er ikke meget værd. Det er ogsaa sandt, at selv i reel, virkelig Dannelse er mange af Reglerne ulogiske; og dog vil vi ikke undvære dem. Ja, Livet vilde sikkert blive os alle ganske uudholdeligt, om vi ikke havde visse Omgangsformer. Som det er nu, overholder de fleste et vist Antal af disse — men færre end det er behageligt for deres Medmennesker. Enhver af os er Gang paa Gang blevet meget ubehageligt berørt, fordi andre har tilsidesat gode, gamle Love om, hvad et dannet Menneske maa (og vel navnlig: ikke maa); maaske gjorde de det ud fra falske Frihedsforestillinger, maaske af pure Uvidenhed og Uopdragedhed. Et dannet Menneske vil i saadanne Tilfælde spørge sig selv: Hvorved og mod hvem er jeg ubehagelig? Paa den anden Side har vi ogsaa alle truffet Mennesker, som det var rart at have med at gøre, simpelt hen fordi de overholdt visse Regler for en dannet Optræden.

Men Dannelse bestaar dog ikke i at følge en Række saadanne Regler. Ingen Form har Værdi, uden den er skabt af

et Indhold. Dannelse er meget mere en Væren end en Viden. I mange Tilfælde vil man blot vise sin Mangel paa Dannelse ved at følge visse Regler, som vilde være udmærkede til en anden Tid og paa et andet Sted. Og i alle Tilfælde er det galt at tro, at det er dannet at efterabe „fine” Folks Uskikke, f. Eks. paa en Restaurant at tage flere Kartoffler paa sin Tallerken, end man ønsker at spise. Et dannet Menneske er ikke en, som slavisk følger en tillært Facon, men en, hvem Høflighedens og Hensynsfuldhedens Grundlove er gaaet saadan i Blodet, at han selv kan give Regler for hvert enkelt Tilfælde, eller endnu bedre: handler ganske automatisk efter udskrevne Love.

Dannelse er altsaa mere noget indre end noget ydre. En Frue, som altid tiltaler sin Tjenestepige høfligt, men i Virkeligheden ser ned paa hende, som et lavere staaende Væsen, er ofte meget mere udannet end den, hun foragter. Den franske Konge Ludvig d. 14. gik paa sine Slotte aldrig forbi en Kvinde, selv om det var den ringeste Tjener, uden at hilse hende, men hans Dannelse var kun ganske udvortes — den forbød ham nemlig ikke i andre Tilfælde fuldstændig at tilsidesætte Kvinders Ære. Man maa derfor ikke lade sig blinde af en vis ydre Optræden.

Lige saa lidt er korrekt og smagfuld Paaklædning nogen Garanti; thi Dannelse er først og fremmest Indhold, derefter Form. Ingen kan med Rette kalde en Modedukke for dannet, hvis hun enten aldrig har udviklet eller siden dræbt Lysten til at læse en Bog med Aand i, eller hvis hun ikke kan se, at et Skuespil af Shakespeare er langt at foretrække for en tarvelig Vaudeville eller for en Film af Normalslagsen. Den virkelig dannede kender noget til og sætter Pris paa det værdifulde paa alle Kulturlivets Felter, og kan sige som den gamle Romer: *Humani nil a me alienum puto* (intet menneskeligt er mig fremmed.) Et saadant Menneske findes imidlertid ikke mere; den sidste døde for mindst 50 Aar siden. Vor Tids Kultur er for omfattende til, at nogen kan følge med paa alle Omraader. Og den, der er fjernest fra det, er den, der forsøger derpaa ved at skaffe sig Kundskab derom gennem de dertil indrettede Magasiner eller korte Kursus. Overfladiskhed og tom Eftersnakken er Dannelsens værste Fjender Her kan man huske Goethes Ord: „In der Beschränk-

ung zeigt sich erst der Meister'', (først i Begrænsningen viser Mesteren sig.)

Goethe er Tysklands største Digter, men han var endnu større som Menneske end som Digter. Hans lige anførte Ord faar først sin rette Forstaaelse, naar man ved, at han selv spændte meget vidt, interesserede sig baade for Fysik, Geologi, Malerkunst, Historie, Poesi og meget andet. Enhver, der har vandret gennem hans Weimar-Hjem, der nu er et Museum, vil have et stærkt Indtryk heraf. Vi skulde ogsaa prøve baade at være grundige og spænde saa vidt som muligt. Dannet er den, der ved noget, og derfor stadig vil videre og vide mere, „immer stræbend'', (altid stræbende.) Det er det, Ordet „Student'' egentlig betyder — og saa har alligevel en af Lærerne her paa vor Skole flere Gange sagt til mig, at det, han undrede sig mest over her, var, at saa mange Studenter ligefrem gjorde Modstand mod at lære noget.

Dannelse er dog ikke en saadan Viden, der baade er grundig og vidtomfattende. Dannelse er — atter her — mere en Væren end en Viden. Man dannes nemlig, som Oehlen-schläger siger, ved at „modnes indefra''. Langt vigtigere end, hvad man læser og lærer, er, hvordan og hvorfor man gør det. Maa jeg igen være ubehagelig? Flere Lærere paa Dana har med Beklagelse sagt til mig, at mange Studenter var glade, naar man fyldte dem med Tal og Navne, men hvis man begyndte at tale lidt om, hvad vi kunde lære af det, man havde for, saa faldt de fra og troede, at ogsaa Læreren faldt ud af sin Rolle. Men man bliver nu en Gang ikke et dannet Menneske, fordi man „kan en hel Læsebog og en halv Geografi udenad'' — tværtimod! I Heibergs „En Sjæl efter Døden'' (sikkert en af Verdenslitteraturens skarpeste Angreb paa Udannelse), kommer dette saa stærkt frem i Aristofanes' Glæde over, at Sjælen ikke kan Græsk. Noget af det samme udtrykkes i den svenske Definition: „Dannelse er det, der bliver tilbage, naar man har glemt alt det, man har lært.''

Den dannede tilegner sig Viden og Aandsværdier, og gør det saadan, at han bliver en Personlighed i Stedet for et Pulterkammer. Derved bliver han i Stand til baade at anerkende andres Synspunkter og have sit eget Standpunkt. Et engelsk Ordsprog siger, saa vidt jeg husker, at det tager tre Slægtled baade for at faa en rigtig Græsplane og for at frem-

bringe et rigtig dannet Menneske. Nogle Englændere paa-
staar endda, at det tager 3 Generationer at lære at sidde rig-
tig i en Landdau'er! I strengeste Forstand er vel kun meget
faa af os dannede, men det gør ikke saa meget, blot vi har
en nogenlunde rigtig Forestilling om, at Dannelse ikke er
noget udvendigt, men en Vækst om en indre Kærne. Saa er
vi inde paa det rigtige Spør, som vi alle maa prøve at kom-
me længere frem ad.

Det har været mig umuligt indenfor en stærkt begrænset
Plads at faa alting med; jeg har end ikke faaet sagt noget
om Betydningen af et godt Hjem, Samvær med kultiverede
Mennesker eller af Rejser. Heller ikke har jeg nævnt den
Aandsmagt, som mere end noget andet kan gøre et Menneske
dannet, Kristendommen. En verdenskendt nulevende Filosof
og Fritænkter, den danske Professor Harald Høffding har sagt,
at hvis man vil være et dannet Menneske, bør man studere
Teologi. Ingen er mere dannet end den, der dannes efter den
store Mesters Billede. Hvorfor vil saa mange hellere puttes i
en fransk Etikettes Støbeform?

Hvad Dannelse til syvende og sidst er, er ikke saa helt
let at udtrykke, men kan vi ikke samle en hel Del af det i
at sige, at Dannelse er Syn for Aandsværdier og en saadan
Sans for det væsentlige, at den fører til Selvbeherskelse og
Hensynsfuldhed og til, at man hellere end egoistisk at ar-
bejde for sin egen ydre Optræden og indre Udvikling vil
prøve paa at være til lidt Glæde for sine Medmennesker?

Paul Nyholm.

BØR EN DANSK-AMERIKANER LÆRE DANSK -- OG HVORFOR?

Af Holger Christensen.

Der kan næppe næres Tvivl om, hvorvidt Dansk-Ameri-
kanere bør lære Dansk; for, om det ret betænkes, maa vist
de fleste indrømme, at det kan have Betydning paa flere Om-
raader, og derved faar vi altsaa Svaret, hvorfor en Dansk-
Amerikaner bør lære Dansk.

En anden Sag er det, hvem man skal henregne til Dansk-

Amerikanere; men det kan vel bedst besvares, at alle, som er født her i Landet enten af danske Forældre eller nære Efterkommere, samt de fra selve Danmark indvandrede maa henregnes til dem. Ganske naturligt melder sig dernæst Spørgsmaalet, om enhver Dansk-Amerikaner bør lære Dansk.

Adskillige indvandrede Danskere er muligvis af den Opfattelse, at de ikke behøver at lære Dansk; for det har de lært allerede, og nu vil de lære saa meget Engelsk som muligt. Dette kan være udmærket, og det er ogsaa ganske naturligt, om de stræber at tilegne sig Landets Sprog. Det kedelige er blot, at en fremmed vanskeligt kan lære Engelsk nogenlunde til Fuldkommenhed og allermindst ved at forkaste Modersmaalet. Det gaar meget let saadan, at det gode danske Maal forkvakles, og det pynter langtfra paa Sproget.

En og anden vil sagtens indvende, at det er ufornuftig Tidsspilde for en født Dansker at lære Dansk i Amerika; men det er saa langt fra Tilfældet. Man maa jo være klar over, at man kan umuligt lære at beherske et andet Sprog, hvis man er ude af Stand til at udtrykke sig tydeligt paa sit eget Maal, og det kan ikke benægtes, at i saa Henseende fattes der meget for en stor Mængde Indvandreres Vedkommende. De fleste taler en eller anden Provinsdialekt, som enten slet ikke eller vanskeligt kan forstaas i andre Dele af Landet og endnu mindre her i Amerika.

Dersom enhver Dansker, som kommer her til Landet, fik sin Dialekt afslebet og tilegnede sig godt og forstaaeligt Dansk, vilde Sproget bedre kunde bevares gennem den næste Generation. Dernæst er det sandsynligt, at Forældre vilde have mere Indflydelse over deres Børn, saafremt de kunde anvende godt Dansk uden Indblanding af noget andet; for Børnene vil maaske ikke alene miste Respekt for det gamle Lands Sprog, som de maa anse for umaadelig simpelt; men de vil rimeligvis ogsaa i nogen Grad tillige miste Respekt for Forældrene, naar disse delvis paa Grund af Sprogvanskelighederne bliver misforstaaet.

Fra det foregaaende vil det fremgaa, at Dansk-Amerikanere, der kommer som Indvandrere, bør lære Dansk; men det gælder i lige høj Grad, at de, som er født her i Landet, ogsaa bør lære Dansk, og der kan nævnes adskillige Grunde hvorfor.

De fødte Dansk-Amerikanere kan vanskeligt sætte sig ind i deres Forældres Stilling uden at kende noget til de Forhold, som har haft Indflydelse paa dem, og den bedste Maade at komme til Forstaaelse af disse Forhold er ved at blive fortrolig med dem fra deres Udspring, hvilket bedst læres gennem Sprog og Litteratur, saafremt man da ikke har Lejligheden til at rejse og undersøge dem ved Selvsyn, og i sidste Tilfælde ville der blive lige saa megen Brug for Sproget, som der er for Studering af Litteraturen.

Ja, vil nogen sagtens gøre gældende; men vi kan faa alle de forskellige Landes Litteratur i Oversættelse. Dette er ganske rigtigt; men det giver ingen absolut Vished for, at Oversættelserne altid fremstiller det saa klart og fuldstændigt som Originalsproget.

Andre igen vil paastaa, at de ingen Anvendelse faar af Dansk, fordi det er saa lidt udbredt. Men er det af saa ringe Udbredelse? Der findes Danskere i hvilket som helst Land paa Jordkloden, og Sproget bevares iblandt dem. — Hvor megen Anvendelse faar vi af de døde Sprog, som vi slider os igennem under megen Hovedbrud? Eller hvor mange faar Brug for Tysk? Dette Sprog har større Udbredelse i daglig Tale; men hvor meget mere af god Litteratur har Tyskland? Vist ikke megen, og Litteratur er snart den eneste Aarsag for Studeringen af Tysk, som jo er en god Del sværere at lære end Dansk og i Særdeleshed for dem, som allerede til dels har lært det danske Sprog fra deres Forældre.

Det burde derfor være Dansk-Amerikaneres Ideal at lære det danske Folk og dets Natur at kende gennem dets Sprog og Litteratur. Den danske Litteratur er saa omfattende, at ingen, som ønsker at blive bekendt med fremmede Forhold, behøver at være i Mangel af Materiale for Studering. Nu kan vel enkelte paastaa, at de er kendt med disse Forhold, fordi de har danske Forældre; men de er sikkert i Vildfarelse her, og det vil let kunne paavises, at det danske Folk og Dansk-Amerikanerne er overordentlig vidt forskellige.

De to Folk har meget at lære af hverandre. Ved at sætte sig ind i andres Levevis og lære deres Synspunkt, udvider man sit eget. Det samme gør sig gældende ved Studeringen af Sprog. Enhver, som lærer et nyt Sprog — tager det baade som en alvorlig og fornøjelig Opgave og undlader at blande

de forskellige Maal i en babylonisk Forvirring, skal utvivlsomt finde ud, at hans eget Sprog ophjælpes, saa han bliver dygtiggjort deri samtidig. Enhver født Dansk-Amerikaner bør ogsaa lære Dansk.

THE SENIOR'S FAREWELL

By **Maye Pedersen**

Here's a cheer for dear old Dana,
In sunshine or in rain,
We'll love the dear, sweet memories
Connected with your name.
Though far away we wander
We'll think of you always.
And we'll be true to the red and white
Until we're old and gray.

Long days you have us harbored,
A home to us you've been,
We've made within your old walls
Many a true and well-loved friend.
Though our ways lie widely parted
And life's storms around us roar,
We always will remember you
And the class of twenty-four.

We love your old walls, Dana,
And though they're tottering now,
We feel a pang of sorrow
That to age they now must bow;
And yet our hearts beat faster
As new hope they are fulfilling
Our dream of Dana's grace.

In a few more weeks, dear Dana,
We'll bid you sad adieu,
But we hope you will remember
The class of the white and blue.
We chose the blue for truth,
The white for purity stands,
And to live to fit our colors
Is the aim of all our plans.

MOSAIC THOUGHT.

“We can not re-live this day.”—Dr. Hansen.

“Don't pitch your tent too near Sodom.”—Prof. Norberg.

“We can't live on half conversions. Man cannot resist God's Word and love Jesus. Those who cast aside God's Word cast away Jesus.”—Prof. Lang.

“Every Lutheran should have three Bibles: the one he reads, the one he has in his mind, and the one he lives.”

—Dr. Vig.

“Have you ever said: ‘This is the life?’ If so what were you doing at the time? . . . Life is that which only Jesus is able to give.”—Dean Miller.

“There must be in the life of every Christian a phase of activity called pure worship.—Our Christian life must show itself in the way we believe, honor God, use His commandments. Putting this aside, we are not in the right attitude with God.”—Prof. Theo. M. Hansen.

“If we drink poison our bodies will suffer; if we harbor an evil thought our spiritual life will suffer.” —M. Kirkegaard.

“How Jesus suffers when we scorn that gift, which cost Him so much to purchase for us!”—Prof. Paul Nyholm.

ECHOES OF THE CHORAL UNION TOUR

By Elisabeth Jakobsen Zander

One severe criticism of America is that we are speed-mad.—Yes, I think it is true, I know it is true; for the Dana College Choral Union started on a trip in a handsome five-ton bus and traveled at the excessive rate of one mile an

hour, and finally became so reckless that at the expiration of eight, thirty-five miles had been covered. "Almost an impossible feat" you say, yes it would have been if the generous farmers had not attached their horses to the bus and helped it get up a couple of hills, and if the chorus had not walked about one-third of the distance, occasionally lending their muscle to the back of the car.

When one goes traveling, it is imperative that a respectable appearance be made, with this in mind, one member had just purchased a new pair of oxfords, another had spent a couple of dollars at the dry cleaners—but alas, an investment in rubber boots would have been more appropriate but never mind it all "came out in the wash", the renovation taking place at Rev. Magnussen's.

Why the above? Here's the answer in verse form handed to us as an expression of a Fond Farewell just as we "pulled out":

When snow turns to mud and mud to slush,
And you all have to get out and push;
When you look at the rain which in torrents fall,
Think of us back home in Dana's dry halls.

From the rest of us.
(Maye Petersen.)

Yes, we did think of Dana's dry halls, we also thot of the people who had waited in vain for us at Omaha, for it was not without keen regret that we cancelled that engagement, and it was with relief that we filed into the Council Bluff's church and rendered there our first program. The next stop was at Staplehurst where we again enjoyed a large audience. The following morning just before our departure a very practical minded man at that place proceeded to cut an inner automobile tube into strips which were distributed among the Chorus members, to give rubbers and shoes stick-to-it-ive-ness to the feet and they did stick, at least in one part thru the entire fourteen hour ride that day.

But now we must make a confession, since it is the second offense, the first one having taken place at Council Bluffs. Just imagine yourself a cook with a delicious dinner going thru a few hours cooling process, while the prospective guests

were—where? Such was the experience of our Council Bluffs friends as well as those of Dannebrog. You know the second sin is always worse than the first and so it was this time. In addition to the dinner offense at Dannebrog we rendered our program one and a half hours late, and still worse, we liked the place so well that we were twenty-four hours late in leaving there.

The next place scheduled was Mason City, but fearing our reputation would forever be lost in Nebraska if we committed more deeds as those above enumerated, we thot best to cancel this engagement and hope that an opportunity to visit Mason City may later be afforded.

Once more on our way, we found ourselves almost at Fredericksborg—the bus doubtlessly felt that its duty had been done when it deposited us in a mud-hole within walking distance of the church, and apparantly we did too, for every one “piled” out in hurry and started for the church basement. A little bird must have whispered that there was a most delicious dinner ready for the table, which we could partake of as soon as some of our mud could be removed.

The following afternoon found us in Upland, where a large church was filled to capacity. The children of the community had been dismissed from school in order to attend the program and the business men also showed their appreciation by suspending business that they too might be present.

At Minden we also enjoyed splendid hospitality, and were grateful to that audience which came out in spite of a home town attraction. But from this point on we could offer no more excuses for tardiness as a snow fall prevented the bus from moving, even if its passengers did get out and walk. But it was not nearly so much fun to ride in a train, yet we would not have been so disappointed if it had meant only the loss of our bus but it was the loss of one more engagement—Ruskin. We hope that you, friends, at Omaha, Mason City, and Ruskin will invite us again even if we disappointed you this time.

Having missed Ruskin we once more were forced to impose an extra twenty-four hours on friends, this time at Hampton, but what a splendid “camping ground”. I wonder by how many the number of chickens was lessened?

At Cordova we were again made to feel "at home" and it was with a strange feeling of mingled sadness and gladness that we once more said, "Good-bye", for now we were homeward bound. As the train pulled up the hill into Blair, we could spy the "Dana tower", and all in the train soon knew where the crowd belonged.

May I take this opportunity to thank, in behalf of the Choral Union all the friends who lavished kindness on us and made us truly "glad that we had met you." We're glad we met you because you welcomed us as students from a Christian school, your school; because you appreciated and understood the message of God that we attempted to interpret thru song. It was this that thrilled our hearts, made us so thoroughly enjoy our trip. For we felt the response and it spurred us on in spirit and heart. It expressed to us that "something" uttered when the psalmist rings out:

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

THE MYSTERIOUS BUTTONS

By Nesneets Sredna

When I left United States in May, 1914, for a trip to Europe I was sure that it would be both an interesting and a beneficial trip to me. Europe had then reached the highest stage in civilization and I congratulated myself to see her in all her splendor.

The whole world was at peace then. Nobody dreamed about war (?). Kings, kaisers, presidents, and statesmen searched for words to express their gratitude toward each other. Naturally, then, I thought that finally after a time of 1914 years had the angel's song "Peace on Earth" become a reality.

But alas! As I was on the verge of the most interesting part of my trip the "Great War" broke out. I shall never forget that day. It was at a hotel in Berlin where I was re-

gistering for a room. Although I made use of whatever German I knew I was soon found out to be a foreigner. The hotel keeper, however, did not let me understand so, but ordered a servant to show me my room.

I had been in my room for about a quarter of an hour, I should judge, had just finished writing a letter to my folks and was now pressing some of my clothes when I heard somebody knocking at the door. I hurried to open it, wondering who it could be, and was somewhat surprised to see the hotel-keeper enter my room. Glancing about the room he made some remarks to the effect that he hoped everything would be satisfactory to me. I noticed that a pair of trousers lying on a chair especially attracted his attention. Finally he asked a few questions, how long I wanted to stay, etc.,—and left.

About half an hour later somebody knocked at my door again and after I had opened it the hotel-keeper entered, this time accompanied by a policeman. I was rather surprised when I saw the policeman, but tried to conceal it as well as possible. My host and the policeman made some remarks between themselves which I did not quite understand; then they went over to the chair where the trousers lay. These they both examined very carefully and especially the buttons. They conversed together, but in such a murmuring voice that I was not able to distinguish the words. After a while they asked for permission to take the trousers with them which I, of course, did not dare to refuse since it was the police.

It was a mystery to me what was the matter with my buttons since they seemed so suspicious to my host and the police. I knew that the German used to label their goods "made in Germany" and I had seen, too, that the English sometimes stamp either "made in London", or "made in Liverpool", but I never noticed any such signs on these buttons. Nevertheless, I did not doubt for a minute now that I was suspected to be an English spy.

I did not have much time to wonder about the buttons for the next moment the door was opened again and in came the police, this time attended by another policeman. The rest of my clothes were now examined and whatever necessities I had with me—though without causing any further suspicion. Finally they led me out and took me to jail.

Already the next day I was brought before the court. Here I went through a short, but a very one sided trial. It was my fate to make a bad mistake at the very beginning. When I was asked about my nationality I, of course, said

Thanning Andersen
Ernest Grill



STEPPING OUT



THE DAST



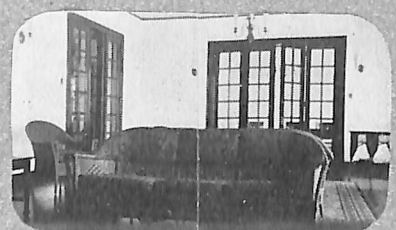
ATHLETES



SATURDAY



PILE ON



RECEPTION ROOM



BUS

Elmer Christensen
Alma Madsen



ALL ABOARD

Choral Union
"mud tour" 1924



HORSE POWER



VOCALIZING

Carl Nelson
Miss
Andersen



SMILE!



HA HA!



UNEMPLOYED



EMPLOYED
Campos Day or
clean-up Day



NOTRE AMI

STUDENT PLATFORM

I'se gwine ter tell yo-all 'bout Mizury. A long time ago ole Mizury done went ont 'n' foun' de bes' spot der eber wuz, 'n' den she stade dar. O' corse all de res' ob de states went 'n' got jel-lus cuz Mizury got dar fu'st, 'n' den dey sez, "Mizury ain't got nuff'n but dese yer ole mules". But we doan mind dat, cuz dem critters reely ain't so ornery nohow. Wen yo-all luk at de map, yo-all kin see dat Indiannie 'n' Minniesorter 'n' Wiskawnsin 'n' Neebraskie's got middlin' good places to be on, but Illanoise 'n' Iway 'n' Kan-zaz 'n' Awkinsaw's got consididabul better places, cuz dey's closer tu de bes' spot. Dey's all akin' ter be war Mizury am. Dat's w'y dey's all croud-in' so tite all 'roun'. But we doan ker. Dar ain't none wat makes eny pow'ful fuss, 'ceptin Kal-liefoni, 'n' dat's cuz she's furd'st away. Sumtimes she go's 'n' gits so busting mad, dat she go's 'n' gits fits o' ertquakes 'n' aks terrabul. But it's awluz jis' so, wen



Harold Tennesen

FACULTY COGITATION

THE SPECIALIST



The specialist is admired. It is a pleasure to observe him. To the student he is an inspiration. To be a specialist becomes the ideal. But between the desire and the goal enters in that most important How? Of the genius it is usually said, he is born, not made. The specialist, however, is made. But he is not the necessary result of simply completing a prescribed amount of work. Not all those who have graduated from a course of specialized study have been specialists.

There are two characteristics without which the student does not become a specialist: He must have a strong desire to know, and then he must have enough self-determination to enable him to strive diligently to satisfy that desire. Simply to do one's work so as to get a satisfactory grade is not enough. Throughout his entire preparation, the specialist wants to know in the most thorough way. Therefore he generally finds himself forced to do much more work than that which is absolutely required of him. Frequently, too, the coming specialist manifests a singular zeal for a special subject. To work with this is his delight. It is always necessary to be careful not to waste one's time in thinking too much about the specialist-to-be. Get the principles of the specialist and then apply them from day to day. The ideal is then sure to be realized. The specialist is made—by the constant attention to the How of our daily tasks.

Theo. M. Hansen

that I was an American; but as I had no paper to prove this assertion it served only to arouse their suspicion still further. Next I tried to make them believe that I was a Dane who had emigrated to the United States, but as I did not have any proof for that either and since they thought to have caught me in a lie once they would not believe me any more. The result of the trial, therefore, was that I was accused as a spy.

Of course, the mildest punishment the Germans knew for such a crime was death. A certain day was set for the execution, but until that day I was imprisoned. Although I still hoped to escape I began to realize that it was not altogether fun to be accused of spying.

The day of execution—a week from the day I was accused—came. About five o'clock in the morning one of the prison attendants came into my cell and told me that if I had any greetings to send my folks I had better do so right away because in a few minutes I should be shot. He gave me a postal card on which I wrote down a few words to my folks, took it again and left.

About ten minutes later two policemen entered my cell and led me outside to an open place. People had thronged together; the military band was there, playing the German national anthem; a patriotic citizen of rank spoke a few words for the cause of the Fatherland; even the Kaiser himself with his whole house was there to see the English spy be shot.

Finally the eloquence of the orator ceased; the last sounds of the music died away; a stillness of death went through the crowd; the executioner was aiming at the culprit; I was ready—waiting for the bullet.

All of a sudden a voice rang through the crowd from the rear reaching the ear of the executor, "Letter of grace!" A stir went through the multitude of spectators as when a fresh breeze strikes a field of wheat. A ray of hope entered my consciousness. But could it really be possible? The letter, however, was not a letter of grace in the technical sense of that word. It was a letter from my folks in Denmark.

I was led back to my cell, though only for a short time. Already the same day I was brought before the court again. This time I had no difficulty in proving my innocence. The letter had already done so. Hence, I was set free after a short trial. I received a letter from the German government, signed by the Kaiser, which proved my nationality so I could go wherever I wanted in the German empire.

My first thought now was my buttons. What was the matter with them? How could they arouse so much suspicion?

The first thing I did then was to ask for the trousers. The hotel-keeper and the police, feeling a little cheap on account of their suspicion were not very responsive to my request, but as I insisted they finally consented.

I hurried up into my room so as to be alone when I should discover the secret about the buttons. At last I got the package opened. But could I believe my own eyes? Could a word like this arouse so much suspicion?

The buttons bore the sign "Gentleman".



By Olivia Johnson

WOAW Broadcasting: "There's the radio." Nothing is more welcome than the music which we hear from John's radio. After supper he tunes in and opens his window so that the students may get the benefit. Also at 9 or 10 P. M. when an interesting program is picked up, he again opens his window, and we get music while we work. John is not only a good janitor but a good friend as well, and believes in sharing with us students. We certainly appreciate this, and John will always be remembered as one of our best Dana friends.

LITERARY SOCIETIES

The Dannebrog and Hesperian programs have been somewhat alike—each having a debate and a declamatory contest.

The Dannebrog debate was held March 7th. The question was resolved: That the United States should adopt Johnson's 2% immigration law. The affirmative was upheld by Otto Knudsen, Valborg Robertson, and Carl Erickson; the negative by Holger Christensen, Hannah Nyholm, and Arthur Nielsen.

The Dannebrog declamatory contest was held Friday evening, May 8th. Maye Pedersen in her reading "Et Møde" showed her ability as declaimer, receiving the first prize. The other winners were: 2nd, Elizabeth Nyholm, "Klokken"; 3rd, Nena Petersen, "Den grimme Ælling". The other speakers were: Marius Offersen, Peter Petersen, Anna Swanson, Hannah Nyholm, Gudmund Petersen, Viggo Jensen, Arthur Niel-

sen, Anna Beek, Lydia Petersen, and Edwin Petrussen, all deserving praise and mention.

On March 21st, the Dannebrog Society gave the musical comedy "Eventyr paa Fodrejsen" by H. C. Hostrup. Those who took part in the play were: Carl Erickson, Kris Klemmensen, Thorvald Henningsen, Immanuel Johansen, Dagny Nissen, Edwin Petrussen, Walter Nelson, Esther Jensen, Agnes Hansen. All the members of the Society were admitted free, therefore the officers of the Society canvassed the school and tried to get a 100% membership, as the membership fee and the admission charge were the same. Now there are just a very few who do not belong to this Society. The proceeds from this play were used for the prizes for the declamatory contest.

The Hesperian debate was held March 27th. The question was resolved: That the Mellon Tax Plan should be adopted in the United States. The affirmative was upheld by Otto Knudsen, Herman Hurdum, and Chris Christensen; the negative, by Skriver Nielsen, Elizabeth Nyholm, and Ethlar Morton. The teams were well matched and although the decision seemed doubtful during the constructive speeches, the negative proved master in the rebuttal.

The Hesperian declamatory contest, which was held April 28th, was divided into two classes; namely, The Van Deusen Oratorical contest and the General Declamatory contest. This division is made every year as the prizes in the oratorical division are given by Mr. Van Deusen, editor of "The Pilot"; the others, by the Hesperian Society. There were only four contestants for each division. Mr. Esra Jensen succeeded very well in delivering his selection entitled "Education versus War" by H. C. Wegner, and won the first prize. The other speakers were Viggo Jensen, Herman Hurdum, and Arthur Nielsen. Viggo Jensen, and Herman Hurdum winning second and third, respectively.

The winner in the General Division was Miss Louise Feurer, who rendered "At the Matinee". No one could have given this better than Miss Feurer and her French dialect added very much to her reading. The other contestants were Miss Maye Pedersen, Miss Helen Rasmussen, and Miss Emma Petersen. Miss Maye Pedersen and Miss Rasmussen, winning second and third, respectively.

PARTIES.

It has been the custom that our Annual Mid-year Banquet be put on by the Dannebrog and Hesperian Societies. This year it was turned over to the Student-body Organization which has just been organized. This banquet, which was held

March 14th this year, is in honor of the students who come for the Winter Term only.

While the Choral Union was away Dr. C. X. Hansen took pity on us who had to stay home and invited the entire student body down to his home after the Hesperian Debate, Friday, March 27th. Delicious refreshments were served by Mrs. Hansen, and both Dr. and Mrs. Hansen did all they could to make us feel at home.

Saturday evening, April 12th, the Choral Union and the members of the faculty were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. C. X. Hansen.

Sunday, May 11th, the Christian Students Association held its annual picnic at Petersen's pasture. Rev. F. Rasmussen of Neola, Iowa, spoke, songs were sung, and all present had a pleasant time.

LECTURES.

Rev. S. Miller of the St. Paul Bible Institute gave a series of seven lectures April 4th, 5th, and 6th. The majority of these were conducted in a class-like way. The students took a great deal of interest in these meetings. All felt he came with a message. Although all have been acquainted with the Bible from childhood, still we saw new truths, and felt that God had used him to call our attention to things which we had overlooked.

Attempts have been made in the United States to obtain slides showing views of different countries so that this country might get better acquainted with them. Dr. Hansen was fortunate in securing a series of slides of Denmark which had been collected for this purpose, and on Monday evening, April 21st, Prof. Nyholm explained these slides to us.

On Wednesday evening, April 30th, Edgar C. Raine, of Fairbanks, Alaska, gave an illustrated lecture on Alaska. Mr. Raine has been in the government employ in Alaska for twenty years and his work required a visit to every town in Alaska once a year. From these trips he has many experiences which make his lectures very interesting.

CONCERTS.

The Choral Union gave their first concert at the Crowell Home, Sunday afternoon, March 16th.

As the Senior Class is putting out an Annual this year, we have all tried to do our best to get subscriptions, but this alone will not pay for it. It was then decided that we give a musical program down town, Tuesday evening, April 15th. This concert consisted of Choral Union, Male Chorus, and Male Quartet numbers. There were also piano quartets, piano solos, and a few readings.

.. The Choral Union gave their regular concert in the church Sunday evening, May 20th—Easter Sunday. This was their last concert. As a detailed description of their trip, written by one of the members, is in this issue of the *Hermes*, I will not attempt to write more about their concerts.

Prof. Swihart, instructor of violin, and his String Club of Fremont, Nebraska, gave a concert Monday evening, May 5th. This concert was supported by the Student-body Organization and the proceeds were given to the treasury of the newly formed student-body.

MISCELLANEOUS

As you can see by some of the above statements, the Student-body Organization has begun its work. The purpose of this Organization is to facilitate the handling of the many issues that confront the students from time to time. The permanent officers have now been elected and are as follows:

Christian Justesen, President.

Ernest Grill, Vice-President.

Myrtle Hurdum, 2nd Vice-President.

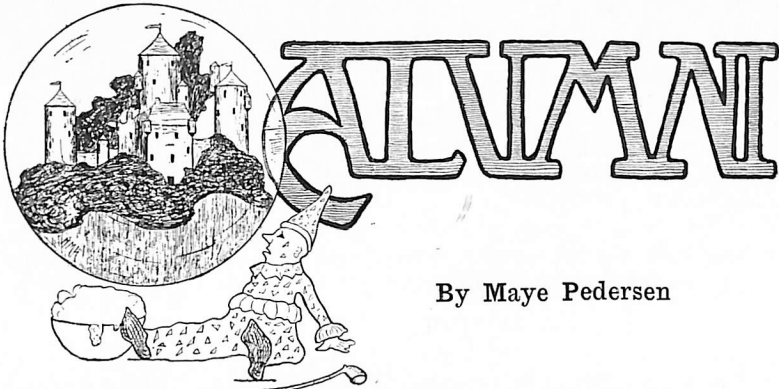
Olivia Johnson, Secretary.

Irving Petersen, Treasurer.

Monday, April 15th, was chosen as "Campus Day". We took the afternoon off and made a thorough clean-up, not only on the campus but inside as well, and did our best to make everything look nice for Spring. We worked from 1:00 to 4:00 o'clock—no one was allowed to be idle. At four o'clock a lunch of sandwiches, doughnuts, and coffee was served out on the lawn, after which we played games until supper time.

So far this year we have had three gym-exhibitions; two have been given by the girls alone. In the last one, which was held March 17th, the boys also took part. Although their class was not organized until the beginning of the Winter Term, they showed that they had made good use of the time and proved to be able gymnasts. The girls are now working for the May Festival. Elizabeth Nyholm, of Council Bluffs, has been chosen as our May Queen.

The annual Pre-medic Day at The University of Nebraska College of Medicine in Omaha was held this spring on May 9. Among the group who motored down from Dana were Lilah Johnson, Marie Simonsen, and Herman Hurdum, Pre-medics; Esther Bentsen, Marie Christensen, and Elizabeth Nyholm, Zoölogy students; Ruby Nelsen and Soren Kaldahl. Upon reaching their destination, they were conducted through the University Hospital until time for the Clinics, when they observed major operations performed by Dr. B. B. Davis and Dr. J. E. Summers.



By **Maye Pedersen**

Mrs. A. K. Peitersen, wife of the late Dr. Peitersen, has recently undergone a serious operation at her home at Ft. Collins, Colorado. She is now well on the road to recovery.

Mrs. Peitersen intends to teach at Ft. Collins next year.

Marcus Beck, '21, has been on the sick list for the past two weeks as result of the treatment of an abscessed tooth. He is getting along nicely.

Arnold Andersen, '21, has been re-elected to the history department of the Eau Clair High School.

Agnes Petersen, '16 intends to take up dramatics and education at the Northwestern University.

Lillian Lund, '22, is planning on coming back to Dana next year.

Dagmar Kildebeck, '22, has accepted a position as teacher at Hardy, Nebraska, for the coming year.

Mary C. Hansen, '20, will graduate from Drake Music Conservatory this spring.

The following interesting facts were obtained from several of the cards which "Hermes" sent out to some of our alumni members:

John C. Romer, pastor in our Duluth—Superior charge, was recently elected secretary of the Twin Ports Lutheran Pastors' Association. He expects to drive by auto to our annual convention at Fremont in June and to attend the Bible School at Dana College immediately after the convention.

Marius Hansen is a medical student at Nebraska University; member of Phi. Rho Sigma medical fraternity.

Rev. W. V. Bondo, pastor of Gethsemane Lutheran Church, Racine, Wisconsin, 1914—1924; is a member of Japan Committee of the United Lutheran Church.

Smith Kirkegaard, window washer, all-around yard man, painter, carpenter, and medical student, will head for Denver June 1st to see his mother.

LIFE'S MORNING is a most excellent book. A masterful presentation of some of the important problems of youth it is. The elements of the successful life are put before the reader in a clear, direct, and interesting manner. The book is rich in illustrations drawn from the world's history and literature; and better than that, it is written from the Biblical view of life. It contains much wholesome food for thought for the young man or woman who is concerned about knowing how to live. A careful perusal of its pages is well worth while, particularly for the younger student.

Such was my experience. I read the book with great interest at nineteen. Doubtless it was a factor in bringing me to Dana. Nearly ten years later, when a student of Trinity Seminary, I glanced thru its pages. In doing so I was surprised to find how many of the truths expressed there had remained with me as a part of my general stock of knowledge.

The author is Dr. L. H. Schuh, a Lutheran minister and educator of broad scholarship and much experience with young people. The Danish Luth. Publ. House has it in stock.

Rev. Einar Romer.

“JEST OURSELVES”

Mr. Hansen: “Is there anyone who doesn't understand this problem now?”

A. B.: “I don't.”

Mr. Hansen: “Then watch the board closely and I'll run thru it.”

B. H. (having come to M. C.'s room): “Have you any asperin tablets?”

M. C.: “No, we haven't any tablets, we use history paper!”

J.: “Are you taking the Pro-Sem or Academic course?”

L. S.: “I am taking the epidemic course.”

THAT WEEKLY LETTER

Dana College.

Dear Ma and Pa:

You know that it is so hard to study this nice weather, but I just have got to buckle down as we are soon to have our exams. I don't want to flunk this time anyway. You asked who it was that took me to the weinie roast, well you don't know him, mother dear, it is so hard to explain thru mail.

You should have been here a few days ago in our general science class. We were diskussing Darwin. The prof. was telling how the survival of the fittest came into existence and said it was well to think of that for examination. Well, to think of all the lessons I have learned and that I have not broken down under the strain I surely think that I must be pretty fit.

Thanks for the box of eats and the check. I will buy a curling iron as I need one so badly since I had my hair bobbed. It looks a fright if I don't curl it all up.

It is 10:15 so I must put the light out; however, I will go into my closet and finish this letter then they can't see my light.

I am going to send a poem to you that I handed in to my rhetoric teacher. She said it was not very good and said, "Why, Miss Johansen, I thot you could have done better than that." Well, she gave me D on the paper so I guess that isn't very bad when you think that D stands for dandy.

The name of it is "Morning at Dana".

There is a hustle and a bustle and a stir about the place,
A combing of the hair and a washing of the face,
A jumping down the stair-way and a running thru the halls—
An answer to a summon—and answer to a call
From the dining-hall.
There's a standing, there's a waiting for some one to start
the song,
And the waiters lose their patience for the waiting is so long.
Finally the one comes rushing in to take his usual spot,
Starts the singing—starts the serving
From the oatmeal pot.
Oatmeal, syrup, cheese and coffee is our usual bill-of-fare,
Which we hasten to devour as to breathe the morning air.

ing socks; that **Ezra Jensen** is a man of few words in Latin class; that **Esther E. Jensen** likes "Cyc"ology; that **Esther V. Jensen** was almost frozen out of her room one night—(we wonder why?); that **Harold Jensen** is increasing in weight—and knowledge; that **Ingeborg Jensen** never chooses friends of her own size; that **Sarah Jensen's** favorite expression is, "You're funny"; that **Violet Jensen** was fond of getting her Fill; that **Hans Jersild** believes that when "it is Greek, it cannot be read"; that **Ethel Johnson** likes to get up high; that **Ida Johnson** is an all-round musician; that **Lilah Johnson** has two pairs of glasses, one for every day and one for Sundays; that **Earl Jensen** never walks; that **Olivia Johnson** patronizes Sears and Roebuck; that **Christian Justesen's** favorite dish is fish and peanuts; that **Johannes Jorgensen** was a candidate for the May King; that **Anna Kaldahl** is also getting practice in housework while at college; that **Frimodt Kofoid's** favorite poem is "For he who runs and fights his way may live to run another day"; that **Soren Kaldahl** would make a good orphan home director; that **Joseph Kjoller** believes in dependence; that **Otto Knudsen** has started a laundry; that **Einar Larsen** needs our dough; that **Jens Larsen** went thru Midland College—once; that **Harold Madsen** is the Dana volley ball star; that **Margaret Madsen** likes them "little and handsome"; that **Viola Madsen** prefers quietness; that **Esther Markussen** has had the measles; that **Arthur Mehrens** resembles Paderewski; that **Jens Miller** takes long steps; that **Edwin Monfelt** does not believe in saying hello; that **Farabee Moore** went to chapel one day; that **Ethlar Morton** eats seven "snails" before retiring as he doesn't believe in going to bed famished; that **Arthur Nelson** is a graduate from the 8th grade; that **Alfred Nelson** is shorter than "she" is; that **Carl Nielsen** persists in procuring an excuse even tho he attends classes; that **Ruby Nelson** tries to make others learn while she learns; that **Carl A. Nelson** likes to do the heavy looking on; that **Skriver Nielsen Von Stocken** likes to go joy-riding; that **Walter Nielsen** believes in getting his education while he sleeps; that **Dagny Nissen** has an Otto; that **Emil Nommesen** never came late to class (?); that **Elizabeth Nyholm** is to ascend a throne "where honor may be crowned"; **Hannah Nyholm** has a gray hair from worrying; that **Stellan Olsen** keeps fresh by sleeping with "Salty"; that **Laurits Pedersen** may get an A. B. this year; that **Maye Pedersen** started a bank account with prize money; that **Godtfred Pedersen** is the cook's pet; that **Alice Pedersen's** motto is "Think all you speak; but speak not all you think"; that **Emma Pedersen** is not afraid of bats; that **Esther Pedersen** likes to sing duets; that **Gudmund Petersen** won three prizes in Hampshire hogs; that **Irving Petersen** has a fertile upper lip; that **Sena Petersen** is a good bicycle rider; that **Lydia Petersen** needs a tuning fork of a lower key; that **Lydia M. Petersen** knows the Maine man at St. Olaf; that **Nena Petersen** is willing to wait till all have finished eating; that **Peter Petersen** will receive his A. B. this year; that **Spener Petersen** never lost in a pie eating contest; that **Edwin Petrussen** may complete his education in Elk Horn; that **Helen Rasmussen** is quite fond of America; that **Lozein Rhoades** would prefer to stay at the college; that **Marie Simonsen** likes to study in the reading-room; that **Leander Sorensen** is studying to obtain his doctor's degree; that **Anders Steensen** is a double bachelor, A. B. and —?; **Anna Swanson** favors banjo music; **Eli Vig's** favorite past time is to play "Happy is the miller boy"; that **Lawrence Siersbeck** believes in "the windy satisfaction of the tongue"; that **Cornelia Johnson** would like to have a nose protector; that **Valborg Robertsen** "when her lonely laughter shows, they look like rosebuds filled with snow"; that **Esther Miller** believes that it is better to learn late than never; that **Christian Zander** is a (sail)maker; that **Milton Hansen** frightens wild animals; that **Ansgar Christensen** does not use the curling iron; that **Harold Tennesen** came to Dana with the sole purpose of learning something this year? That's all—we thank you!

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