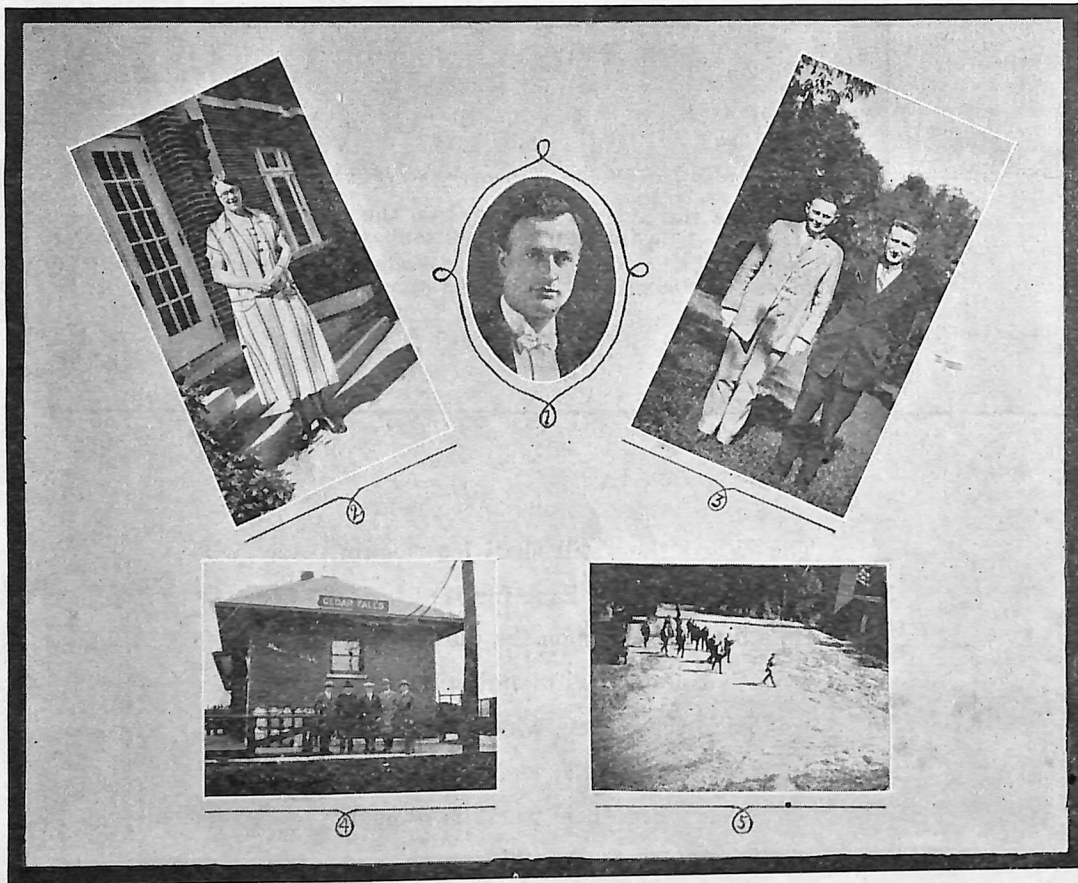


HER DANA MES
A Messenger from Dana

VOL. 6

OCTOBER, 1924

No. 1



1. Mr. Nielsen, Director of Music. 2. Miss Hansen, Dean of Women. 3. Mr. Scott (Right), Instructor in Physics and Mathematics; Mr. Sogge (Left), Instructor in History and Economics. 4. Quartet at Cedar Falls. 5. Campus Scene at Noon.



Luther posting the ninety-five Theses on the subject of indulgences on the door of Castle Church at Wittenberg.

The "hammer-strokes of the "solitary monk" rang thruout all Christendom and announced to the world that a new era of the church had begun."

The Word they still shall let remain,
Nor any thanks have for it;
He's by our side upon the plain,
With His good gifts and spirit,
Take they, then, what they will,
Life, goods, all; and still,
E'en when their worst is done,
They yet have nothing won,
The kingdom ours remaineth.

HERMES

Published every four weeks during the school year by Student Body of Dana College and Trinity Seminary, Blair, Nebraska.

Price 50 cents per annum.

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EDITORIAL

For some time the students of Dana College and Trinity Seminary have felt the need of a more frequent student publication. This year, complying with the decision of the student body, the staff will publish HERMES every month in a little different form as this issue shows. We ask your hearty support and co-operation, that it may continue to be a success.

* * *

"Idlers" are never successful and never respected. One should think that this needs no mention at an institution of this kind. Yet, I wonder if they are not occasionally found—not only found, but found out. Why is it at the end of the year we hear of those who have failed to pass in their examinations, or who have to leave without graduating? (It's time to worry about passing and of graduating in May not in October, there may be some who think.) Remember that "the beginning is said to be half of the whole". A successful school year will depend a great deal upon the way we make use of our time in the beginning, before too many activities begin to crowd. Once we get behind it is mighty hard to catch up. Don't be called an idler, let us make use of the time and opportunity allotted to us, keeping in mind the words of Franklin who says, "Dost thou love life? Then do

not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

* * *

Luther at Worms is a scene that appeals powerfully to mankind. It was indeed "the most momentous epoch in the history of man". "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise, God help me" are immortal words, the effect of which is still being felt in the world to-day. Think of this lonely monk facing a mighty ecclesiastical organization unquestioned for a thousand years, and a great empire that ruled Europe. But Luther was not alone. Had he been, his efforts would have been a failure. He was re-inforced by strength from God. Just like the old liberty bell pealed out to our nation the notes of freedom, so did these immortal words peal out a freedom to the whole world. Carlyle writes, "The world's future, Europe and the Americas all lay there: had Luther answered otherwise, all had been different."

A PICTURE—SAD BUT TRUE

By Elizabeth J. Zander

As my thots go back to the night when I walked between Mr. Zander and a gentleman friend, keeping as close to them as possible, while simultaneously trying to have eyes on all sides of my head, I was reminded among other things, of Jacob Riis' "How the Other Half Lives." I had after some persuasion succeeded in convincing my escorts that a visit to London's slum quarter or "East Ham", as it is called, would be interesting, so it was here we found ourselves, in the "Chinatown" section.

I wish I could bring to you with the same vividness that I saw it, a picture of London's tenement, however, it is one of those things in life that must be witnessed personally, in order to be appreciated. No, it was not the deteriorated buildings that made it so awful, it was those debauched souls.

As we walked down a narrow, dark alley, we were initiated into the atmosphere of the place, by a foul odor, which was characteristic of all there. The most thriving business of the evening seemed to be the saloon. Let us take a glimpse into one of them.

In a corner stands a Chinaman

shaking his fist while cursing a white woman, around them are grouped a few drunken people very amused at the affair, while at the counter is a woman with a child in her arms, gulping down some liquor and just coming out of the door is a coarse, hard looking woman with a pail in her hand.

Out on the street are a few dirty ragged little children amusing themselves as best they can; some are Chinese, some are white and others are mixed. Hanging against a wall here and there or strolling about we find some painted women whose appearance betray their profession. Sitting on a low door step or the sidewalk are one-time pretty young women with dejected and sad expressions. Suddenly we see an upstairs apartment with artistic draperies, a dimmed light, and we think "A cozy little home, how out of place here," but after a second glance, we realize our mistake. Everything but a home. On we stroll until a still darker alley appears before us and the men suggest hurriedly, "Let's get out, this is enuff."

Oh, the horrifying wages of sin!

Now picture to yourself a home permeated with the spirit of Christ. What a contrast! There we find a sweet conscientious mother who cares for her dear ones; a father, who is concerned for his own; a home where love and kindness reign, and we must utter:

Oh, the beauty of Christianity!

QUARTET TOUR

E. Christensen

The summer tour of the Dana College Male Quartet ended September 4th at Denver, Colo., the four finding their way on schedule time to all the congregations listed, plus a few additions. The "Pathfinder" or Ford traveled almost 10,000 miles through 12 states, touching in different directions Missouri, Indiana, Michigan, North Dakota, Montana, Colorado, and even losing its way to Canada. During the three months they were out, 80 sacred concerts were given in the Danish Lutheran churches throughout the Middle West to audiences ranging in number from a dozen to over a thousand.

The receptions accorded the students at every place they sang are

worthy of comment, inasmuch as it showed a keen interest in the progress and an actual regard for the welfare of our school. Many of the churches visited had never felt the influence of their own school to any marked degree, nor had they understood the importance of its work in keeping the Synod more firmly united, in short, they had not recognized in our school its function as the heart, giving more and more strength to the Church through its work in preparing young men and women for the work of God. One might say that in many cases there seemed to be but a bare knowledge of the school's existence, as if it were an institution too far away to have any direct bearing upon them. However, the work of the Quartet through its concerts, representing one branch of the work at school, and through its sermonette and school talk, stressed the point that the school is in truth the school that belongs to every member of the United Danish Lutheran Church of America, dependent upon them for its support, even as they are dependent upon it for their workers. Moreover, personal contact with products of our school also did much to strengthen and even create the bond that must necessarily exist between school and church.

If, then, the trip has met with the success that was aimed at, namely the awakening of a keener interest in our school, then let God, into whose hand the whole undertaking was committed, let Him be praised. It is perhaps unnecessary to mention that the Quartet prepared themselves diligently for their trip by constant practice, that besides they met regularly in order that together they might pray for His help in their task, that during the summer it was thought expedient several times to drive all night and all day in order to arrive on time for concerts, that roads were not always in the best of condition, that a long drive in a Ford is neith-

er comfortable nor invigorating, but let it only be said that God's blessing permitted them to fulfill their mission by giving them the strength and love necessary for the work, the ability and spirit to execute it, and that He spared them any sickness or accident that would have prevented the tour.

**KEND HAM PAA ALLE DINE VEJE
OG HAN SKAL GØRE DINE
STIER RETTE**

(Ordsp. 3, 6)

Søren S. Kaldahl

Ungdomstiden er Valgets Tid. Denne Sandhed stadfæstes paa mange forskellige Maader. Men mest sørgelig naar man faar den Beretning med dette Klagesuk, at Livet er forfejlet. Saadanne har ikke faaet det ud af Livet, som de skulde. Dersom man spørger om Grunden, faar man dette Svar, at de har ikke benyttet sig af de Lejligheder, som blev givet dem i deres Ungdom. De havde ikke brugt deres Ungdom, som de skulde. De havde ikke valgt det rette. De var ikke kommen ind paa de rette Stier, som vilde bringe dem Lykke og Glæde.

Der er næppe nogen Tid i et Menneskes Liv, hvor man stilles overfor saa mange Valg, som netop i Ungdomstiden. Det er Tiden, da man skal vælge den Plads, man skal fylde her i Livet, de Venner, som man skal omgaas med, og særlig for os, som er døbt til at høre Herren til,

om vi nu rigtig for Alvor vil høre Herren til og lade ham faa den største Plads i vore Hjerter. Disse Valg kommer maaske særligt til at ligge os paa Hjerter, som er kommen fra et Hjem, hvor man har været under Fars og Mors Opsyn, og kommer ud i Verden, hvor man kommer til at mærke til lidt af Livets Alvor og de Pligter Livet fører med sig og kommer ud iblandt andre unge, som man mærker har prøvet paa at møde disse Valg.

Denne Valgets Tid er en alvorlig Tid for ethvert ungt Menneske og dette særlig for unge, som har været opdraget i kristne Hjem og Menigheder. Unge Ven, disse Valg, som er af megen Betydning for Livet her og for Livet hisset, er altfor vigtige til at betro dem til en ren Tilfældighed. Nej, der maa tages en bestemt Afgørelse. Og denne Afgørelse kan ikke opnaas uden, at man først nøje overvejer Valget, Pro-

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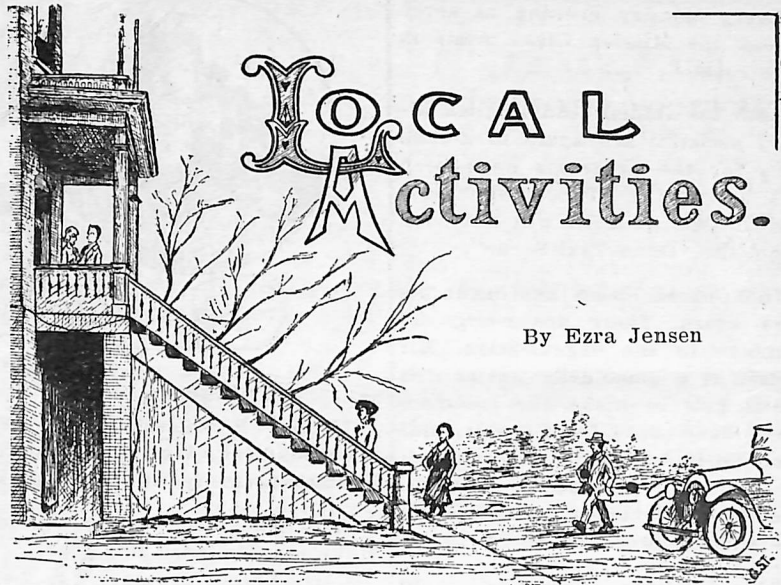
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blemerne og Betydningerne, som et saadant Valg vil have for os. Det maa i Grunden ikke være en Selvbestemmelse. Det maa være en Afgørelse, i hvilken du kan tage Gud med. Dersom du ønsker at føle dig lykkelig i din Gerning og faa de bedste Frugter og Glæder ud af dit Liv, som du skulde have og som ethvert ungt Menneske bør have, saa maa du lade Herren, din himmelske Fader, vælge for dig.

Først og fremmest sørg for, at du faar gjort det Valg, som vil have Betydning for din Sjæls Vel, som vil have Betydning ikke alene for Livet her, men ogsaa for Livet hiset. Saa er jeg fuldelig forsikret om, at naar du stilles over for dit Livs Opgave, at du vil lade Herren bestemme for dig. Over for dine Kammerater vil der komme til at eksistere det samme Forhold, som der var imellem David og Jonathan, da de sagde, „Herren skal være imellem dig og mig“. Du vil da tage Herren med paa alle dine Veje, og du vil faa erfare, at Herren vil gøre dine Stier rette.

At det dog kunde siges om enhver af os her paa Dana for dette Aars Vedkommende, at vi kender Herren paa alle vore Veje. At Herren kunde komme til at indtage saa stor en Plads i vore Hjerter, at det kunde kendes paa vort Liv, vore Samtaler og vort Samvær med Vennerne her. Saa vil vi ogsaa faa erfare Velsignelsen af Forjættelsen, der følger med dette Herrens Ord, at vore Stier vil være rette. Og vi vil faa den Glæde og den Fyldte, som Herren har betænkt enhver af os. Maatte Herren rigtig velsigne dette Skoleaar for os, saa at vi ved Slutningen af Skoleaaret kan se tilbage paa det og bekende, at det i Sandhed har været et rigt og velsignet Skoleaar med mange rige og glædelige Minder.



For a long time the students at Dana have desired a class in Sunday School work. This year the desire has been granted. Under the direction of Prof. T. M. Hansen a Sunday morning class has been organized. This class has for its aim, the developing of Sunday School workers. We need more and better workers in this great field, and hope that this class may be of assistance to those who are planning to return to their homes to take active part in Sunday School work. Luther says, "Count it one of the highest virtues upon earth to educate faithfully the children of others, which so few, and scarcely any do to their own." Furthermore, a Bible class has been

started by Prof. Nyholm. In this class, the intention is to make an extensive study of the Apocalypse.

A Hermes Booster. We can say this about at least one of our last year's students. "She is a booster." Miss Cornelia Johnson of Brooklyn has secured twenty subscriptions for our college paper. Thanks, Cornelia. (We hope that many will follow her example.)

Yes, we are going to have an orchestra at Dana. We have a dozen members now, but there is room for a dozen more.

Once again, after a long rest, the tennis rackets are in motion. Both the Tennis and Basketball Clubs have been organized. Basketball practice, however, has not yet begun; we are waiting for cooler weather.

Religious meetings are held every Saturday evening as usual. However, this year, the committee in charge has tried to have a more varied program than in years past.

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Every Monday evening at seven o'clock the Mission Class meets in class room C.

Both the Danish and English literary societies are again in action. Thus far the programs have been very interesting. Those who were present October 17th will not soon forget the "Dana Taxi Scene".

The Choral Union has begun its work again. There are nearly 50 members in the organization. Mr. Nielsen is a good drill master and knows how to make the members work. Some songs from the St. Olaf Choir Series are to be used as well as others. At present an effort is made to memorize the beautiful song "As Sinks Beneath the Ocean".

"The Nordiske Læsekreds" is to hold meetings again this year. The old members are looking forward to the first meeting which is to be held in the near future.

Thus far the usual Wednesday evening prayer meetings have been well attended. It is indeed a privilege to attend a college where opportunities for such gatherings are given.

Saturday evening, October 11th, a number of students enjoyed a werner roast.

Dannebrog and Hesperian are making plans for a Luther Festival October 31st. The chapel is to be decorated and an appropriate program rendered.

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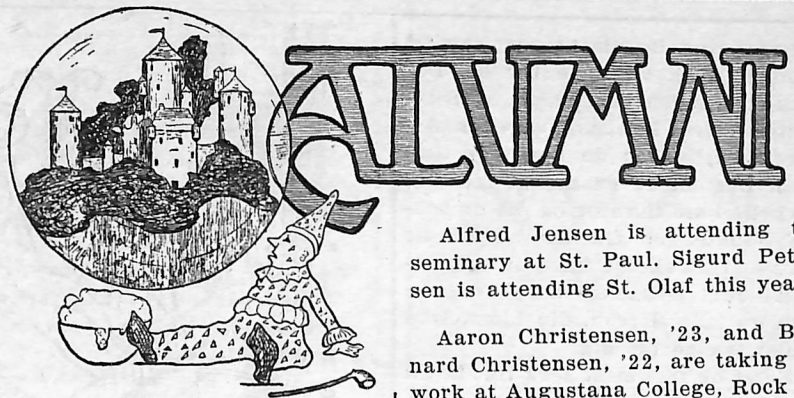
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By Lillian Lund

Holger Berthelsen, '24, writes from Madison, Wis., that he is enjoying university life very much.

Axel Andersen, '22, is attending Maywood Seminary this year.

Carl Viggo Jensen, '24, better known as "Omaha" is taking nurses training in Bellevue, N. Y.

The following "Danaites" are attending the Nebraska University this year: Leo Lang, Arthur Jersild, Lawrence Siersbeck, Marie Simonsen, Ruby Nelson, William Goldbeck, Lilah Johnson, Dagmar Kildebeck, Herman Hurdum, Viggo Petersen, Theo. Christensen, and Elna Nielsen.

It is interesting to see old friends come back to Dana altho it be only for a short visit. Marie Simonsen, Lilah Johnson, Ingried Beck, Anna Kaldahl, Rev. Nommesen, Lawrence Siersbeck, and Leo Lang have been to see us.

Rev. and Mrs. N. B. Hansen, Hampton, Nebraska, have just moved into their new parsonage. The dedication services were held September 21st, 1924.

Ida Johnson is teaching music at her home at Shelby, Iowa.

Alfred Jensen is attending the seminary at St. Paul. Sigurd Petersen is attending St. Olaf this year.

Aaron Christensen, '23, and Bernard Christensen, '22, are taking up work at Augustana College, Rock Island.

Anna Beck is teaching school near her home in Westby, Montana.

Hannah Nyholm is teaching in the primary room at our mission school at Oaks, Oklahoma.

Emma Jensen, '24, is working at the Orphans' Home at Elk Horn, Ia.

Agnes Bing and Anna Kaldahl have entered for nurses training at Immanuel's Hospital, Omaha.

Rev. Harold Jensen, Brush, Colorado, is soon to have the privilege of conducting his services in his new church. A recent letter states that the roof is just being completed.

Anton Jensen is at the head of French and Spanish at the University of Nebraska.

Fred Jensen, who is assistant in Chemistry at Lincoln, will get his Ph. D. next spring.

Elizabeth Nyholm is teaching school at Council Bluffs.

Lydia Petersen is taking nurses training at Atlantic, Iowa.

Agnes Bonnesen, who also was in training at Atlantic Hospital, is recovering from a recent operation.

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Dr. E. J. Dailey

THE THREAD FROM ABOVE

It was a beautiful September morning. The meadows were glistening with dew, and floating through the air were the fleeting summer's silken threads. From afar did they come, to distant places were they going.

Here were many spreading shoots and branches among which he could spin a net. And the spider went to work. The thread from above, by which he had come, he used to support the upper corner of the net.

The finished web was large and beautiful. There was something peculiar about it. In empty space it seemed to hold up. No one saw what held its upper edge. For sharp eyes only would discern a spider's thread so thin and fine.

Day after day passed. The fly-catch diminished, and the spider had to enlarge his net to reach out farther and catch more. Thanks to the thread from above, the larger net was a success beyond all expectations. The spider built his web higher and higher into the air, farther and farther out to the sides. The net spanned the whole width of the

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order, his temper remained sullen.

In the farthest edge of the web he came upon a thread that suddenly seemed strange to him. All the others extended hither or thither. The spider knew every twig that held each one. But this puzzling thread reached nowhere, it just went straight up.

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One of these threads stranded in a tree-top, and the aerial pilot, a little yellow and black speckled spider, stepped out of his light craft and found a firmer footing on the leaves.

But the place did not suit him. With a quick resolve he wove a new thread and lowered himself down into a hedge of briars.

hedge; and as it hung full of sparkling dewdrops in the wet October morning, it looked like a veil beset with pearls.

The spider was proud of his workmanship. He was no longer the mere little thing that came sailing thru the air on a string of web, penniless—so to speak—and without any possessions other than his spinning-glands. Now he was a big, fat, well-to-do spider, with the biggest net in the whole hedge.

One morning he awoke ill-humored. The night had chilled him. There was not a single ray from the sun. Not a single fly buzzed in the air. The spider sat hungry and idle the entire dreary fall day.

To kill time he started a round through his net to see if it should need a little fixing here and there. He jerked at each thread to make sure that all were securely fastened. Though he found nothing out of

The spider arose on his hind legs and looked up with all his eyes. But he could not spy whither the thread went. It looked like it led directly up into the clouds.

The spider grew more and more provoked the longer he sat and gazed. He no longer remembered that once on a clear September day he had come down on this thread.

W. F. Hemphill
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Neither did he remember how useful this particular thread had been when the web was built and enlarged.

The spider had forgotten it all. He saw here nothing but a meaningless thread. It went to no reasonable place whatever, only up into empty space. "Be gone!" said the spider, and with a single bite the thread was cut.

Instantly the web gave way, the entire network collapsed, and the spider found himself lying in the midst of the briar-leaves with the net like a wet rag over his head. In a single moment he had destroyed all,—because he failed to understand the value of the **THREAD FROM ABOVE**.

—Translated by Rev. E. Romer from the Danish, „Traaden ovenfra” ved Johannes Jørgensen.

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AUTUMN
J. Jorgensen

Gently touching with colors subdued,
Autumn paints with her soul imbued;
Enfolding the world in a tinge-dipped veil,
Covering so softly the green summer's trail
That leads o'er the hills to the verdant dale,
Splashing her browns on the gaunt tall trees;
Etching with gold the grass-grown leas
That billow and wave with the warm-breath'd breeze

To white-sand shores of pale green seas;
To dreaming masses of distant blues:
And versi-colors with glorious hues
The heavens of God with splendor suffuse.
Mystic autumn, when nature may rest!
Season most beauteous, season most blest!
Hark! from the deep-flushed far northwest,
Stirs a chilling sough, like the dead's unrest,
Boding the coming of death's white storms:
And the gaunt tall trees bow their thinning forms.

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"JEST" OURSELVES

Astrid Hansen: "Are you going to church to-morrow, Grill?"
 Grill: "No, it is a holiday and the church will be closed."

Kofoid: "Hr. Anker Christensen vil nu tale fra den anden Side af Jorden."

* * *

Miss A.: "Oh, there is a democrat bug on my pie."

B.: "You should worry about that, it doesn't eat much."

Isn't this funny? "Say, Al, can you loan me a tenner?"

"No, I sing bass this year!"

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J. Jorgensen: "Say, Henningsen, have you ever taken philosophy?"
 Henningsen: "Not yet."

J. J.: "I tell you, when you once have studied philosophy, you will realize that you cannot depend on your senses."

Henningsen: "I don't have to take philosophy to learn that, I have already found out in geometry that I cannot depend on my own senses."

Miss X.: "I am laughing so that I can't find my mouth."

Mr. Y.: "How can you possibly miss it!"

Heard in English class-room: "An infinitive is a verb that modifies a noun, adjective, or another adverb."

J. P. Johnson
THE MERCHANT TAILOR

Two Minutes From
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THAT WEEKLY LETTER

Dana College, Oct., '24.

My Dear Mother:

I shall write the first letter to you, the next one will be for dad—you know the reason why, don't you?

Well, I got to Dana alright and it surely seems nice to be back. The only thing that I don't like is the fact that so few of the old students returned. I miss the old gang quite a bit, both boys and girls, Becky, Bonnie, Bennie, Steensen, Pete, Boske, and Ted. I'll soon make new friends, tho. You know how easy it is for me to get friends. It seems

funny that there are more girls at the college this year than boys. I asked, the the other day how it could be, and I got the answer that the Quartet had been out this summer. Maybe they will send a girl's quartet next year, if they do maybe I can go with them. I can't understand why I didn't get in the Choral Union, maybe he has forgotten my name.

We have a new conductor for the girls this year. I think she'll make the girls have good conduct, too. It was four days before I knew it was her, I thot she was one of the students.

The other evening the cook invited the girls down for lunch. Only the girls. The boys surely had a hungry look the next day when we told them, but it is good enough for them as their rules are not so strict as ours.

I forgot to take the apples out of my trunk till yesterday and you can imagine how my recital dress looks, there was a hole in the sack. Perhaps if you tell dad in a nice way he may take the notion to send me a new—

I must close now, to-morrow I take my first quizz so I must cram.

Best regards to you all,

Always your loving daughter,
Jensinq Maren Johansen.

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* * *

Several colleges and universities require swimming become a part of the student's work in college, refusing to grant a degree to a student who fails to pass a fixed swimming requirement. It is hard to learn to swim under a shower.

BLUE MONDAY

It was a Monday morning,
And I was feeling blue;
I came down to the class room
And didn't know what to do.
I did not have my lessons,
My brain seemed very numb,
It is a terrible feeling
To be so dumb, so dumb.
The teacher shot one question
And another right at me,
She got me so confused,
That I could hardly see.
Then sternly she asked me,
My, how can this be?
I turned and looked right at her
And said un-cheerily:
Oh, this is Monday morning,
That is the reason you see.
Now I've learned a lesson
That I shall ne'er forget,
I'll study them on Friday
And I'll get 'em now, you bet.

FINIS.

Jensine Maren Johansen.

"The more we study we the more discover our ignorance,"—and some of us don't need to study much at that.

* * *

It ain't the individual
Nor the army as a whole,
But the everlasting team-work
Of every bloomin' soul.

—Kipling.

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„Hvad søger I efter?” var det første Spørgsmaal, Jesus gav sine første Disciple. Det er ogsaa det første, han spørger os om, — og det er tillige det største Spørgsmaal, vi kan blive stillet over for. Thi „et Menneske kommer til sidst der hen, hvor det inderst inde selv vil”. Hvis vi ikke søger ham, kan vi ikke finde ham. Men hvis det er vort største Maal at søge ham, vil han finde os og vi finde ham, og i Tilgift vil vi faa alt andet, som er til vort Bedste.

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