

# The Daily Nebraskan

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## CLASS SONG.

(By Mr. Eugene Barker.)

Today we plant the ivy  
'Neath Nebraska's sheltering wall,  
Where the summer suns shall strike it  
And the rain of spring shall fall,  
Though the snows of winter blight it,  
And its leaves be brown and sere,  
It shall live again in beauty  
With the waking of each year.

As the tendrils of the ivy  
To the well-loved building cling,  
And higher lift its branches  
With each recurring spring,  
Shall our hearts still cling, in mem'ry  
Round our alma mater dear,  
As we dream of days long vanished,  
When we were students here.

Nebraska, alma mater,  
We are leaving little here  
In exchange for all thou gavest,  
For the memories so dear;  
Yet the green leaves of the ivy,  
When today has long gone by,  
Every spring shall tell a story  
Of a love that cannot die.

Other years shall bring their classes,  
Other ivy plants shall grow,  
Our affection still shall linger  
As the swift years come and go;  
And when these old walls have  
crumbled  
By the weight of Time's decay,  
We shall love thee, old Nebraska,  
With a love that lasts away.

## OMAHA TAKES FIRST IN INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

RELAY RECORD IS ONLY HIGH  
MARK TO SUFFER.

WILEY J. MAKES INDIVIDUAL SCORE

Wood Has Easy Time in Sprints and  
Rector Gets Pole Vault—  
Collins Wins 440.

Omaha won first place in the Nebraska interscholastic meet held on the athletic field yesterday afternoon. While the meet was comparatively fast, only one record was broken, that of the relay which was lowered from 1 minute, 37 seconds to 1 minute 36 2-5 seconds. Wiley of York made the highest individual score of 15 points and Wood of Omaha was second with 13.

Wood won the 100-yard dash and 220 with comparative ease and Rector was not crowded in the pole vault. One of the real surprises came when Army Collins, the Lincoln weight man, lead off in the 440 and maintained first place until he crossed the tape. It was generally believed that this event would go to Millard of Omaha, but the latter allowed the Lincoln man to get too far ahead. Wiley made no new records, but was seriously handicapped by stone bruises on his heel and it required the third trial for him to clear the bamboo in the high jump at 5 feet, 7 inches.

The mile was undoubtedly one of the most exciting events. Ludwig of Omaha led off at a rapid pace and was only passed on the last lap. Wright and Hugg covered the last 220 yards with a fast sprint, Wright keeping just ahead by a narrow margin and only succeeded in beating Hugg by a few inches. In the relay Omaha beat her nearest competitor, Kearney Military Academy four seconds. Following is the summary:

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## STUDENTS GATHER ON CAMPUS FOR IVY DAY CELEBRATION

With weather conditions ideal a throng of students gathered on the campus this morning to hear the Ivy day exercises. Shortly after 9 o'clock Chairman Lord called for order. He made a few introductory remarks.

The class poem by Eugene Barker, which appears in another column was read.

The poem created much favorable comment, it being an excellent literary production as well as a good indication of class sentiment. Joseph T. Votava then delivered the Ivy day oration for the class. Mr. Votava is one of the university's best orators, and has spoken often before university audiences, but this was his best effort. He could be clearly heard by all the crowd. His address was one of the best that has ever been delivered on Ivy day if the history of the school.

### The Oration.

Mr. Votava took for his subject "Duty." He discussed the purposes for which the class came to the university four years ago. The first purpose of course was intellectual development along with physical development. We must not only acquire ability for accomplishment is what the world justly demands. Knowledge itself is valueless. Only from its use do we derive value. We must use it, however, in honorable ways or it is worse than wasted.

"Do you recall the sentry of Pompeii? Do you recall that proud, beautiful city of white marble, flashing in the sunshine of Italy? The city where laughter only resounded in its streets, where joy was the thought, the pastime, the occupation? How old Vesuvius sent lightnings up toward the sky, and noon was changed to night. How the entire population was transformed into a pack of savage beasts, struggling, murdering to be the first to escape destruction.

"Did I say the entire population? No, for there outside the city gate,

standing that fearful mountain, stood yet one man—a simple Roman soldier, the sentry at the gate. Does he forsake his post or duty?

"Sixteen centuries pass and Pompeii again sees the light of day. The remains of a Roman soldier in full armor are still found before the sentry booth. Strange people not knowing his name or language or life, pause; pause in reverent awe before the ideal that inspired the soul of that man; in reverent awe before the remains of a man who did his duty."

### The Alma Mater.

Our alma mater has given the class an ideal, that should direct our energies, mental and physical, to service for society and self-denial for ourselves. If the last four years have done the good they should have, they have trained us not only what to do but how and when. By what we do will our lives be judged.

Our first duty is to our alma mater. The graduates must see that her shield ever shines bright and pure. Evils that are sure to creep in must be rooted out. In regard to the home, Mr. Votava said:

"Speaking of this alma mater, my thoughts also run to another alma mater that each of us has. I trust I am not trespassing on grounds forbidden to strangers simply to mention, that it is to the folks at home; that little 'sis,' whose girlish laughter ever bids us welcome home; that brother, our first chum; that silently stern father; that mother, ever thinking of our welfare,—that it is to these we owe our most sacred duty. They are best and probably only known to each of us."

### To the State.

Another duty we owe is to the state of Nebraska. It is very appropriate that we repay the people of the state for their assistance in getting us our education. There is no state more

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## THE LONG DUSTY ROAD.

(Class Poem by Eugene Barker.)

The gates of the campus swing outward,  
And they never again shall swing in,  
For our foes are sent down the long,  
dusty road,  
With its joy, and its grief, and its sin—  
With its longing, its nameless ambition,  
And the victories dreamed of and won;  
Our faces are set, and we can not turn back  
For the things that we wish we had done.

Our path has not all been of roses,  
As we lingered in Learning's bright ways,  
But the sorrows were few and the shadows soon passed,  
And sunshine filled most of the days;  
But the road will begin to get rougher  
When we're out of the campus for fair,  
And we'll miss the kind word and the brotherly smile  
That lightened the burden of care.

We've built us a lot of fair castles,  
That we'll have to give up before long,  
But the visions are good while we think they are real,  
And no one shall grudge us a song.  
But this is the fate of the dreamer—  
The seer of brightness ahead—  
And it often turns out that the dream shall survive  
Long after the dreamer is dead.

The world will be glad to receive us,  
But only for what we can do,  
For the moulder can use in the vessels he casts  
No metal that does not ring true,  
Our knowledge shall gain us no laurels  
For the sake of the knowledge alone;  
It is what we shall give that shall win us the goal,  
And not what we keep for our own.

Ah, friends, we've been lavish receivers,  
Now let us as lavishly give,  
That the world may be glad of the things that we do,  
And someone rejoice that we live.  
For our fellows have made us their debtors,  
And the time is arrived we should pay;  
It is well we should recompense all whom we owe,  
Not tarry an hour or a day.

Let us hew to the plumb-line of virtue,  
Nor stoop to defraud or deceive,  
For the things that we get can not count half as much  
As the things we are able to leave.  
Let us prove that amid the corruption  
There are laborers worthy their hire;  
Let us fight the good fight for the things we hold best,  
With a purpose that never shall tire.

And then never mind what the finish—  
Never mind what the Master shall pay;  
'Tis enough that we know that the Master will give  
All we've earned in the heat of the day.  
And perhaps those we thought were but failures  
Shall be crowned with success after all.  
Let us up, then, and off down the long, dusty road,  
Nor tarry till shadows shall fall.