

**NEBRASKA STARS**

(Continued from page two)

shall have a new birth and that the spirit of civic righteousness shall dwell forever in our hearts. As this Ivy slowly climbs those stately walls, may our spirit and our ideals climb in that same heavenly direction.

"When you, our heroes, return victorious, bearing upon your bodies the marks and scars of battle, you shall sit on thrones of honor. We shall hold in honored memory those of you who may not return. Babes shall be taught to list the names of those who die that freedom might live. The Ivy which you have contributed to this day's festivities shall be mingled in the laurel of your crowns, and this banner that represents you in your absence shall wave high above your heads, when at the last, bells of liberty shall be heard throughout the world."

**THE RIVER**

Senior Poem Written by Edna Hathaway

Surging and foaming, along its swift course,

Leaping rocks, passing in haste O'er mighty cataracts, spending its force,

Dashing on dikes, nature-placed, Rushes the River, gathering strength Augmented by rivulets in its swift race

Till in the face of the onset at length, Quivers a bank, flood-eaten at base, Startles the violets and ferns on its brow,

Tears at the moss roots, loath to depart.

Happy with all the gifts God could endow

Wood-plants, we linger, we try without art,

All in vain—we draw farther from our beloved dell.

Primeval solitude, silence and age, Uncounted legends of former days tell,

Heroes of history sung by the sage; Arts and the science of brush and of pen;

Use of the forces of earth and of air, This may be read in the life of the glen—

Read in the open book Nature holds there,

Still the bank trembles—for one brief hour

Clings—that it might live once more The beautiful past, its most precious dower

Priceless, now drowned in the wildering roar

Of waterfalls plunging and dashing below.

Sunlight recall, and the wonderful days

Of companionship. All we owe To those brave pilot petals who their separate ways

Followed with the courage of freedom and love,

With never a thought of the price or the cost

Of the shell-shot journey on which they move,

Names writ in scarlet, on our hearts embossed,

Always in love be they gratefully held.

Lo! The bank breaks from its mooring and rest,

Waves for an instant are silenced and quelled.

Wood-plants detached, staunch and upright

Float on the River, safe on our way, Beyond see a land, sunny and bright—

Beneath is the River whose will we obey.

EDNA HATHWAY.

**Ivy Day Orator Will**

**Enlist in Army in June**

Everett Randall of Gibbon, who delivered the Ivy Day oration today, awaited only this chance to speak to the University on the war before answering his country's call. Following his graduation this commencement he will apply for entrance into the army.

Randall has been active in the University, especially in the law college, in which department he takes his degree. He is a member of Delta Chi and Phi Alpha Tau.

**MAY ADOPT NEW ADVERTISING PLAN**

(Continued from page one.)

necessary amount of money by soliciting advertising from the Lincoln business houses has proven more or less disagreeable both to the business managers of the publications and to the advertisers, and it is thought that this new plan is much better.

The business men seem enthusiastic over this new plan at the present, and it is thought that they will decide definitely to adopt the system Wednesday. The 1918 Cornhusker will contain no advertising.

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