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News from home is the most welcome gift to a soldier, a student at Fort Snelling writes. The Nebraskan is trying to furnish every Cornhusker in war service daily news of former classmates by sending them the paper free of charge. So far only a limited number have been reached because addresses were lacking. You will be doing something that your friends in the training camp will appreciate if you will send their names and addresses to the business office of The Nebraskan.

We all know that "war is the great leveller." In the American army there are no rich and poor, no blue blood and gamon. They are all soldiers; they sleep and eat together, they fight and die together. But war may also be the great obliterater. We had a glimpse of that possibility last Sunday evening, when two thousand drafted men marched through the streets of Lincoln. They were on their way to Camp Funston, and they came from both South Dakota and Nebraska. Cowboys and Indians from the north and west were there; rough-clothed farmers from the hills and trim men from the offices of the towns and cities. They were two thousand individuals; every one of them was distinctly different, in dress and carriage, from the man he marched beside. Two months from now, as they march by the headquarters of their cantonment camp, they will be two thousand soldiers, dressed in uniform garb, marching in measured step, as much like a machine as human endeavor and drill can make them. The individual is lost and in his place is an army. That picture can bring pride to our hearts, and, were it not for American character it could also bring fear. With the loss in individual appearance comes the loss in individual identity. At home they had ideals, reputations and traditions to anchor to. In the army they have nothing but the standard of the whole to guide them. In that huge machine America is now building—her army of millions—we may be both proud and glad that every man is fighting for an ideal which will hold up as a standard for these millions the principles of right conduct and clean living that they maintained as citizens.

THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE

Is Nebraska to solve her own social problem without a dictum from above? If she is, a definite policy should be formed at once. It is evident that there is a social problem for us to face, the problem of how and to what extent students are going to indulge in the pursuit of pleasure. Everyone realizes that we must put more time at work and less at play than in the blissful, carefree times of peace. This does not mean that there must be no social life; nothing would be more ridiculous than to go to extremes in moderating it. But on the other hand a frivolous and extravagant year like the University normally goes through cannot be countenanced under present conditions. It would be bad taste if nothing else to waste so much money on amusement for ourselves when that money is needed so badly for more worthy things. The all-University party committee meeting last night, reached what they consider a partial solution to the problem by arranging the regular schedule of all parties and planning more entertainment than ever before. It was the opinion of the committee that these parties should constitute the nucleus of the social life this year; that there should be found the amusement, the good times, the relaxation from the strain that every student is unconsciously carrying. Around this nucleus it is expected will be arranged a reasonable number of informal parties by University organizations. But students have yet to decide whether they

can adjust the prospect of the usual round of formal with their ideas of propriety.

IS ROMANCE DEAD?

The twentieth century with its machine-run industries, was supposed to have witnessed the death of romance. That was before Kipling wrote McAndrew's hymn. Most of us find little romance in the present war or, for that matter, in the war-worn world. But The New York Post sees in the Atlantic, filled with giant, steel-clothed warships and lurking U-boats, a sea more romantic than the one the bold Captain Kidd roved in days of old. Following is The Post's comment:

"Brutalized as the seas are today by German wickedness and ruthlessness, unparalleled since the days of the men who sailed under the black flag, which the German submarines ought to be flying, there never has been a period when there was more of the dramatic, the romantic, and the mysterious, as well as the tragic, in the stories that filter to us through the veil of the censorship. Great ships almost daily slip out of the harbor never to return. Vessels appear bringing tales of wanton destruction and hairbreadth escapes to parallel which one must turn to the pages of Marryat, Cooper, and Kingsley. Our harbor contains craft bound for foreign parts of types not thought fit for ocean service these fifty years. The submarine has sent the coastwise schooner to voyaging abroad, has put masts into barges, revived the glories of square-rigger days, and brought to our docks tiny ships whose normal orbit was from Hull to Sweden or Flushing to London. Hulls years in the sands of California and Cuba are being dug out to take their places as of old in the traffic of the seas, and everywhere men's minds are turning to water transportation as never before in living memory.

"Yesterday there arrived a ship's officer who had gone down with the Iberian, the Canadian, and the Devonian, and is still willing to risk his fate upon the ocean. From Queen Charlotte Island comes the news of the safe arrival there after seven weeks in a lifeboat of part of the crew of a Japanese cargo ship wrecked July 27 in Alaskan waters. From England comes by mail the story of the survivors of a torpedoed British crew who landed on a rocky African shore, only to be killed or captured by hostile natives—thus duplicating an adventure of American sailors nearly one hundred years ago. And on top of all this come now the facts to show that we have gone back to the days of Drake and Nelson and are sailing ships in great fleets under great convoys. Four separate instances in which these convoys have been successfully attacked since August 15 now lie before us. Just as daring French corsairs in the Napoleonic days cut rich prizes out of the great fleets of East Indiamen in sight of home shores, so the German submarines, traveling now in company, have sunk as many as five ships in a convoy guarded by destroyers, cruisers and armed trawlers and sailing in plain sight of the Irish coast.

"And, despite all secrecy, the fact is that there are still German rovers abroad in the Atlantic and Indian oceans, or were until a little time back. Thus the Mongolia was sunk in the Indian ocean by a mine dropped by a German raider called the Wolf, and the British government refuses to answer the question in the Commons whether the raider is still afloat or not. Only today comes the narrative of how a German rover sailed for a day and a half behind its victim in the Atlantic while the Englishman's crew rejoiced in being safely beyond the limits of danger from submarines, and in the company of the friendly stranger astern. Today there are sailing the seas majestic German vessels flying the flag of the United States, and many others soon will be. What a dramatic situation lies in this, and what will be the feelings of the first German submarine officer to fire on one of these vessels so lately the pride of his own country? And then we have the new camouflage of the sea—new today yet as old as the hills—the submarines lurking behind a captured victim, or rigged as trawlers, as innocent schooners, hoisting signals of distress, and luring their victims by every trick that the last of the privateers employed to bring them alongside of their prey. Truly, it would take the genius of a Kipling to set it all forth; to tell us of new McAndrews driving their imping half-sunk craft to safe British beaches; of captains on their bridges six days and nights; of one who saw three ships go down off his port bow on a single voyage, and yet himself escaping though beholding countless periscopes rising up out of the seas about him; of days and nights in open boats, with suffering unheard-of in its frequency; of men torpedoed twice in a day and, most terrible of all, those dreadful tales of the violation of the finest and oldest law of the sea—that every mariner shall save the life that is in danger no matter what the risk to his own. Literally, not since the days of pirate ships has the ocean witnessed what was done to the crew of the Belgian Prince—made to stand upon the deck of a submarine while their boats were destroyed, their life-belts flung into the ocean, and then the craft they stood upon submerged under them. Walking the plank before the pirate's pistol was not so cold-blooded or so merciless. And as for the Luxemburg dispatch, it has been suspected that some of the mysterious disappearances the seas have recorded was due to a fixed policy, but surely never be-

fore in the history of civilization has a government given orders that merchant ships should be sunk "without a trace" in order that crime might be done and the guilty escape the odium of the crime.

"It is a relief to turn from this horrible picture to the many stories of gallantry, of sea rescues, of daring adventure where there is nothing but good to the credit of the human animal. There is the fascinating story of the wonderful cruise of the schooner Ayesha across the Indian ocean with the escaped men from the Emden; only last week it was announced that survivors of Admiral von Spee's ill-fated squadron sunk off the Falklands in 1914 had but now sailed their way in a cockleshell safely to a German harbor. When the tale of that is told, of thousands of miles in an open boat, of the lieutenant who did this and then reported for duty the next day after his arrival as a matter of course, we shall have a narrative unexcelled in the history of modern adventure, and all the more astounding when one thinks of the seas crowded with cruisers, buzzing with wireless and harbors on the lookout for every waif of the seas. Volumes will be written of what men have endured in the submarines, under honest flags as well as the black. Volumes will and should be written to tell the tale of the tramp steamer that throngs our harbor, as never before, and has risen to an estate no one had foreseen. For is it not now known of the world that it is the tramp which is the great provider of the world's goods and food, beside which transcontinental and trans-Siberian railroads take second place?"

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