

THE POETS' CORNER

Edited by Martha L. Spencer
Address all communications to
The Poets' Corner, care of The
Hartford Times.

January.

The dark trees stir
In the silence, blue and deep;
The bent hill grass,

HELEN DOUGLAS ADAM.
The Elfín Pedlar."

Water.

The world turns softly
Not to spill its lakes and rivers,
The water is held in its arms
And the sky is held in the water.

HILDA CONKLING.
ems by a Little Girl."

Miss Brooks Makes Request.

(She was six at the time).
Miss Brooks unto Jehovah:
My head feels very light;
Do you mind if I omit them—
I pray this Sunday night?

NATHALIA CRANE.
Or disturb your dignity?"

Lord God (so she told it
Into succeeding cooks),
To equal in politeness:
Don't mention it, Miss Brooks."

NATHALIA CRANE.
mus Invisible."

Among the children writing verse
are recognized as true poets:
Nathalia Crane of New York, who has
written sophisticated verse beyond her
years; Hilda Conklin, (the daughter of
poet Grace Hazard Conklin of Smith
College) whose poems are of the imagist
school of poetry, and Helen Douglas
Adams of England, who has perhaps
the most sincere gift of the three. All
have published books which are a
pleasure to read.

Verse has been published in this
column from time to time, written by
children. It is the desire to encourage
and develop the gift of poetic expres-
sion.

To-night all of the verse is from
pupils of the Northwest school and is
original work.

Meditations of a Madman.

How many years I have been here I
know not,
And as far as I know I have not any
money;
But who cares about money when he
can see
Miles Standish do the Charleston on a
Persian rug.

ARTHUR BLACKMORE, 11 years.

The Color of My Thoughts.

I have got to go to bed
And company is here;
The color of my thoughts is red,
Bright crimson red.

ARTHUR BLACKMORE.

A Lunatic's Prayer.

A dismal and dark cell stares me in the
face.
The sunshine filters through an iron-
barred window;
Somewhere there is a ceaseless ham-
mering,

SHELDON OPSHE, 11 years.

Meditation in Bed.

At night I think of the most terrible
things,
Skeletons, ghosts and black bats'
wings
Torment, and everything that makes
Your blood run cold.

MORTON N. KATZ, 10 years.

In Prison.

Won't you help me put of this place
ere all I can see is the bare walls'
face
at stasis and grins right down on
me

MARIA FISCHBECK, 11 years.

The Fairies.

My sister and I
Have the loveliest island
Were the fairies dance
And the...

Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley

Hero of the Civil War, Hartford Editor, Governor of Connecticut,
Congressman and United States Senator.

Written to

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

His Lifelong Friend and Associate in Newspaper Work.

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NO. XXXXII.

In February, 1864, General Gillmore
undertook to extend the union hold on
Florida. From Hilton Head he sent out
a force under General Seymour to
move west from Jacksonville and en-
gage the enemy. They came upon him
in force and fought the bloody and
disastrous battle of Olustee.

Hawley acquitted himself like a hero
and the Seventh regiment gave him
cause for pride. It was sent into action
against a superior force and when the
Seventh New Hampshire crumbled in
spite of the efforts of Hawley and other
officers to rally it, the Seventh Con-
necticut came up, gave three cheers for
Colonel Hawley, held the enemy momen-
tarily and even hurled him back a
pace and then covered the retreat.

Lieutenant Burton of the First North
Caroline regiment (colored) when Haw-
ley mentions as being wounded in the
fighting, was Henry E. Burton of Hart-
ford, brother of the Rev. Nathaniel Bur-
ton, pastor of the Fourth church. He
later became the author of the Courant's
great editorial on Memorial day, "Hats
Off To-day."

Hawley felt that the generalship
which ordered the undertaking was
poor. He was impressed by the incom-
petence of much union leadership. On
February 28 he wrote to his father con-
cerning the fighting and his opinion
of the attempt to conquer Florida and
organize it as union territory. Colonel
"Jim" Beecher who missed the unex-
pected fighting at Olustee because he
was absent from his regiment at the
time, was a member of the famous
Beecher family, son of Rev. Lyman
Beecher and a brother of Harriet
Beecher Stowe and Henry Ward
Beecher. The letter.

Hd. Qrs. "Hawley's Brigade"
Jacksonville Fla.,
Feb. 28, 1864.

Dear Father:

Just at this moment, this beautiful
bright still Sabbath afternoon, where I
am sitting, it is difficult to really be-
lieve that there are 6,000 or 7,000 troops
near me; that one week ago yesterday
we fought one of the severest battles of
the war and that we have since been
occupied with a rapid and guarded but
not disorderly retreat, and the fortifica-
tion of this place.

On the night of Feb. 5th. and the
morning of the 6th, a force of 4,000 or
5,000 of whom about 200 were cavalry,
400 or so mounted infantry and 16
pieces field artillery, sailed from Hilton
Head for the St. Johns River. Land-
ing at Jacksonville we advanced slowly
to Sanderson, about 36 miles, westward,
our mounted infantry and cavalry push-
ing on to within 2 miles of Lake City
and finding the enemy in force, it fell
back. We all went back 8 miles to
"Barber's" on the south prong of the
St. Mary's and waited five or six days,
our transportation and provisions being
insufficient. On our advance we cap-
tured 7 pieces of artillery and stores of
considerable value, the inferior force of
the enemy retreating rapidly. While we
waited at Barber's, the enemy gathered
his forces from western Florida and
Georgia. On the morning of the 20th
we started for Lake City. The campaign
will not bear military criticism; it was
in violation of the soundest, plainest
military rules.

After marching about 12 miles our ad-
vance met a few of the rebel cavalry.
(I should have said that Col. Henry's
40th Mass. mounted infantry and Major
Stevens' 200 of the 1st Mass. Cavalry,
with Capt. Elder's flying battery led the
column. My brigade, the 7th Conn.
Capt. Skinner commanding, 7th New
Hampshire, Col. Abbott, and 8th U. S.
Colored, Col. Fribly, came next, then
Col. Barton's brigade; last Col. Mont-
gomery (of Kansas memory) with two
colored regiments, the 54th Mass., Col.
Hallowell, and 1st North Carolina.
Lieut. Col. Reid, Col. Beecher being
absent at the North, not expecting
that his regiment would be called to
battle.

Seventh on Skirmish Line.

The 7th Conn., numbering about 350
(the veterans being at home on fur-
lough) was immediately sent to the
front of the cavalry and all as skirm-
ishers and led the column four miles
rapidly, the enemy's skirmishers falling
back.

The enemy's artillery opened and the
pine woods were full of rebels. Our ar-
tillery took position. The skirmishers
were at this time nearly a mile ahead
of me. I hurried the column along just
as fast as possible. General Seymour,
not thinking the enemy in such force,
had ordered the 7th Conn. to rush in
and take that rebel battery and they
did rush in. Their seven shooting rifles
made a roll like that of a whole brigade
and they found themselves confronted
by four or five regiments. I knew that
my boys were suffering and I hurried
my two remaining regiments. The 8th
I had to leave to go in on the left of
the fight. I brought the 7th N. H. to
within 600 yards of the rebel regiments

open fire. They made a tremendous
roar, and the rebels were checked tem-
porarily and we ceased fire. The 54th
Mass. stood nobly and Beecher's 1st
North Carolina swept past my right and
went up to splendidly.

Gen. Seymour sent me word to fall
back as the enemy was flanking our
left. This was at the moment the 1st
N. C. was going in. I told the aide that
it seemed to me that we were driving
them, and I did not wish to retreat.
He said, "Well, I'll tell the General what
you think" and I advanced again a
short distance and opened fire again.
The 1st North was suffering severely
and slowly stepping back. The 7th
Conn. stood till the 54th and 1st N. C.
had both got back of our line and then
I faced it about and we retreated about
300 yards to where Gen. Seymour had
formed a new line. The rebels advanced
slowly (it was getting dark) and met
a fierce but brief cannonade and were
checked. I had halted by the left of
Elder's battery to protect it. So we
formed a new line several times and
the rebels went back. We halted half
an hour by the crowd of wounded in
the "field hospital" and finally Gen.
Seymour ordered them left with a sur-
geon. (I should have said that the 8th
U. S. Colored suffered terribly from
the enemy in its front and on its left.
Col. Fribly was killed and the major
severely wounded (they had no Lt. Col.)
and they had about 300 (or half their
number) killed or wounded in a short
time and of course they fell back.)
Gen. Seymour sent for the 7th Conn.
to cover the retreat and after their 16
miles march and fight they marched
16 miles back, deployed, about half of
them, across the road in rear.

Oh! It was a weary march. Poor
wounded fellows lined the road dragging
along wagons and carts. I took charge
of the wagon train, with the 7th N. H.
(which rallied at the close of the fight)
and we were all about 8 hours in
marching the 6 miles back to Barber's.
There we had some cars drawn by
horses to carry back wounded and stores
and we all stopped for 6 or 8 hours and
rested.

Two and a Half Hours Under Fire.

My staff and orderly and myself were
two hours and a half in the fire, 5 of
us, and Davis was the only one
wounded! We were all mounted too, and
in plain sight of rebels every minute.
The only precaution I took was to keep
Billy stepping all the time so as to give
sharpshooters no advantage. We took
about 5,000 in to the fight and our loss
is 1,773 and five cannon, whose horses
and gunners were all shot down. I have
seen the official aggregate. My brigade
numbered about 1600 or 1650 and its
loss was 687. The 7th Conn. suffered
less in proportion though it was first in
and last out because 1st as skirmishers
they properly and according to instruc-
tions dodged from tree to tree in firing
and advancing; 2d. they kept together
and when the rebels fired our way we
blazed away and checked it; 3d. I kept
the line lying down nearly all the time,
even when it was firing,—for one can
do quite as well if not better with the
Spencer rifle lying down. Only one of-
ficer of the 7th Conn.—it had but 8 or
10—was hit to hurt much and he, Lt.
Dempsey, was killed. "I'm going to die
here." "Let me lie on my side" was all
he said—the blood spurting from his
breast. So far as you and our Hartford
friends or my own here are concerned
we suffered little. Lt. Burton, 1st N. C.
(to be the son-in-law of Mr. Hooker)
was shot through the calf of the leg, as
I heard that night. I tried to find him
and could not, but learned that he was
in good hands. The next day I saw him
pass, lying on his back on some duds,
taking it very philosophically.

Now my dear father, I've given you a
gossipy letter, a good deal of egotism
in it, but as it was from me that you
wanted to hear and judging by myself,
those narratives are most interesting
generally that describe what a person
actually saw and did.

Florida Occupation Humbug.

I should feel much better satisfied if
I approved of this occupation of Florida
either in its political or military ob-
jects. Politically it is a great humbug.
The people left are poor, white-livered,
clay-eating, timid, useless or else treach-
erous. The men at the bottom of the
attempt to make a state, save half a
dozen honorable exceptions, are scound-
relly intriguers. The chief one I have
denounced in a letter to Mr. Welles,
which was read to Messrs. Lincoln,
Chase and Blair, yet he keeps Chase's
confidence. I know him to be a lying
adventurer, and he is so regarded by
every officer in the department who
knows him. His name is Stickney.
As a military enterprise it is a waster
of men. There are only three armies
(with their appended and supporting
detachments) to be kept up,—Meade's,
Foster's (or Schofield's) and Grant's—
Charleston being for the present aban-
doned, 6,000 troops of this department
ought to have been sent elsewhere.

To make this our base and attempt to
hold Lake City (Alligator it is called on
some maps) is to try and keep up a 63
mile line of supplies in a country fam-
iliar to guerrilla Indian fighters and
where Johnston and Beauregard, if they
must get beef from Florida, could con-
centrate upon us at short notice, as they
did this time, 15,000 troops. I think we
fought near 10,000, they having the ad-

If You Know the Machine, Is
Perfect Why Imagine Faults
in Parts You Can't See?
BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

Did the Creator of the universe make
mistakes?

The inventor at work on a new ma-
chine employs the whole of his knowl-
edge and skill to eliminate friction and
lost motion and achieve perfection of
operation with a minimum expendi-
ture of energy.

He does his utmost. And if the ma-
chine contains a flaw or is imperfect
in operation, common sense offers but
two explanations. The inventor made
a mistake, or his work was marred by
some influence he did not control.

If a mere man should plan a world,
he would do his utmost to arrange all
things well. Each unit would serve
some useful purpose. Each detail would
harmonize with the whole, and all
things would work together for good.

And though some arrangements
might seem unjust or wasteful or un-
necessary to an onlooker who did not
understand, the plan would be as per-
fect as a mere man could make it.

If that is true—and the truth of it
is obvious—who can doubt that the
Creator of the universe possessed suffi-
cient intelligence to order all things
well?

If man would do his utmost, is it
reasonable to suppose that the Creator
would do less?

Power and intelligence beyond human
comprehension are revealed in the com-
pleted work. Is it reasonable to suppose
that power and intelligence so infinite
should blunder or fail of intended per-
fection?

There were no errors. Common sense
rejects and resents the suggestion that
errors were possible.

And yet men suffer cruelly and die.

Here, surely, is a fault in the plan.

But, no; if the guide book is correct
and the traveler goes astray, it is ob-
vious that he did not follow directions.

If death is part of a perfect plan,
and yet seems terrible, it is obvious that
man misunderstands its nature or by
his own fault changes its nature.

The savage, living simply in sun-
shine and fresh air, is free of nearly all
diseases that afflict civilized men. It
is obvious, then, that man's folly has
changed the nature of death.

It should be the sleep of the weary.
The will to live should weaken as the
body does, and exhausted flesh should
relax in death without pain.

And yet, you say, there is sorrow for
those who live on and sorrow mars per-
fection.

But again you err. Is an eclipse of the
sun an evil because ignorant men are
terrified by it? People sorrow because
they do not understand.

The plan is perfect, and death is part
of the plan. It cannot be an evil; and
since the good of it is hidden, it must
be good beyond our comprehension.

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The Once Over
BY H. I. PHILIPS

NEW-YEAR'S CARD SUGGESTIONS.
(Copyright, 1929, by the Associated
Newspapers.)

1—For a Bear.
Here's wishing you prosperity
As through next year you cruise!!
May 1930 be one round
Of Babson interviews.

2—To Any Broker.
May 1930 bring you joy,
And blessings to you flow,
And when you're asked opinions may
You answer "Yes" or "No"!

3—Cards of Candor for All Purposes.
Happy New Year—
Wish you well!
Cards are cheap so
What the ———!

I'm sending you this New Year's card
To mark the Yuletide season;
We found we had an extra one
And that's the only reason.

Each New Year our thoughts to you
go—
We'll frankly tell you why:
We always get a card from you
And, well, we just reply.

This card is sent
To you by me —
You're lucky it's
Not C. O. D.

We're mailing you this New Year's
card
Upon this New Year's day
Because the folks we meant it for,
We find, have moved away.

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS.
"Don't go near your father or mother
this evening," grandma cautioned the
children.
"Why not?" asked the kiddies.

"Because," explained grandma,
"they're addressing New Year's cards
and they're awfully cross and irritable."

Edwini R. Hardy, jr., boy prodigy who
is the faster of seven languages at 21,
has been ordained to the ministry. Well,
all that will be necessary will be good
sermons in one.

"Unidentified Man Found Slain on
Dump."—Headline. Possibly an apart-
ment hotel tenant who remembered the

nose of ponies, as follows:
"Will Power and Be On Time both
ired. The latter was used up running
black Mark into defeat. Good Habits
ras on the outside all the way. Do To
thers was taken wide and was run-
ing fastest at the end; he was poorly
andled. An Apple A Day broke run-
ing, rushed to the front, set a fat
pace, saved ground, and just laste
Early To Bed had good speed but qui
Pinch Penny tired badly after sev
furlongs. Perseverance was hard r
den and had no excuse. Try Try Aga
could not keep up."

Those Omniscient Racketeers.
They say the racketeer is into every
thing in New York worth the candi-
But on Eleventh avenue the old trolle
and railroad tracks are to be torn u
this week, beginning with a ceremon
at which Jimmie Walker if he is a
time, will extract the gold plated spike
which were driven in forty years ag
to dedicate the service which late
caused the thoroughfare to be know
as Death avenue. Where have the
racketeers been these forty years?

"Mabel Walker Willebrandt was
stormy petrel of the republican pre-
dential campaign."—New York Wor
No wonder she exploded.

The fact that there are twice as m
opportunities of bumming cigarette
the office when yours have run ou
formerly, is one thing in favor
of women's nicotine habit.

The Scotch Bluebell.

My Dear Sir:
It was indeed pleasing to hear
my old friend Adam School
through the column of the Porti
though what he had to say was
at my own screech. My word, b
stimulating, aye, and more, he
vocate. I ask myself why
glower in critical vein at it
The answer is clear to me, I
hidden to others. It is the i
seeking of his soul for the be
inherited, the call of the bl
were, mothered by the heath
by contact with the stars fron
tops and by communion with
spirit of the moors. So far
but—alas—another element
gives him away. He has been
eyes so long on the hobble
hoof, the hock and the hee
loses perspective. He then w
poise puts what should befo
But I will declare to the er
the heels, but just the oppo
decide the length of a s
MONY, of course, but a ha
begins above, not below.
Meanwhile let us all sin
A guld New Year tae y
And many may ye see
And during all the years
Oh, happy may ye be.
You can't expect people
usually righteous on Sun
since they learned to take
ray.

Automobiles may be air
as war, but they don't m
all day and scratch all r
his is where I belong.
Heart, still your wild beating!"
up a fight among Chi
calmly frisks them, R
seen that picture;

A Lunatic's Prayer.
A dismal and dark cell stares me in the
face.
The sunshine filters through an iron-
barred window;
Somewhere there is a ceaseless ham-
mering,
I think it is someone trying to drive
me mad.
Oh! for the wide open spaces,
Where the air is fresh and clear and
Where there is freedom!
Oh me, that is a luxury I cannot have
For the hammering goes on and on.
—SHELDON OFSHE, 11 years.

Meditation in Bed.
At night I think of the most terrible
things,
Skeletons, ghosts and black bats'
wings
Skeleture, and everything that makes
Your blood run cold.
Sometimes I think of things that are
funny.
Moran and Mack and fat John
Bunny,
I cannot get to sleep.
I look and stare at that white door
frame,
from pure monotony play the
"Count Sheep" game.
—MORTON N. KATZ, 10 years.

In Prison.
won't you help me put of this place
ere all I can see is the bare walls'
face
t stands and grins right down on
me?
—MARCIA FISCHBECK, 11 years.

The Fairies.
Asister and I
ave the loveliest island
Where the fairies dance
nd the elfins prance to the tune of
the violin.

All night long they play there
Sopping now and then
To listen to the rustlings of the leaves
In the fairy glen.

Queen Blue-wing sits there on a
throne
Her crown is of drops of dew
Her gown is made of beautiful gems
Sparkling with every color and hue.
I have never seen the fairies since
But the island is the same as ever
And of all the folk in all the world
I think the fairies, the most clever.

Often I think of the fairies
And my children I shall teach
That fairies are everywhere in the
world
And their glen they will sometime
reach.
RUTH COHEN, 10 years.

Illusion.
Aghast I stared at that small lacy
square
below brave to venture forth among
such squalor!
thought to stop and pick it up but
into
My mind the truth dawned bright
and fair
wastrel child with little weary face
Will come—thought I
and clasp it tightly in her hungry
arms
T'would seem the lining of you white
cloud
had fallen at her feet—
To her it would be more than
ust a handkerchief.
—NORMA HAYNER, 11 years.

Night Song.
One on a hill with pine trees around
me,
blue sky far above—the stars twink-
ling in the heavens,
the cool wind, the fragrant wind
laden with the scent of the pines—
this is where I belong.
Heart, still your wild beating!"
up a fight among Chi
calmly frisks them, R
seen that picture;

**waited at Barber's, the enemy gathered
his forces from western Florida and
Georgia. On the morning of the 20th
we started for Lake City. The campaign
will not bear military criticism; it was
in violation of the soundest, plainest
military rules.
After marching about 12 miles our ad-
vance met a few of the rebel cavalry.
(I should have said that Col Henry's
40th Mass. mounted infantry and Major
Stevens' 200 of the 1st Mass. Cavalry,
with Capt. Elder's flying battery led the
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Capt. Skinner commanding, 7th New
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Seventh on Skirmish Line.
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my two remaining regiments. The 8th
I had to leave to go in on the left of
the fight. I brought the 7th N. H. to
within 600 yards of the rebel regiments,
and gave it the order to "deploy," that
is come from column into line when it
mysteriously broke into fragments.

Hawley Seeks to Rally Troops.
I appealed and stormed and begged
and threatened; I faced their flag to
the enemy and rallied a dozen or twenty
or fifty to it, but they kept sliding
back and breaking up. Myself and my
staff of 3 lieutenants did our best for
20 minutes, but it was useless. There
was a steady shower of balls, and men
falling constantly.
I galloped to Gen. Seymour and told
him the reg't had broken all to pieces,
and then I galloped back and worked
at them more. Then the flag of my own
gallant 7th came up, my men having
of course got out of the front when our
main forces came up. The men were
scattered of course, but the flag halted
and the bugler's sounded our peculiar
regimental call.
The men quickly gathered, each offi-
cer bringing in his squad from skirm-
ishing and as the little line moved off
to the left, the men gave "3 cheers
for Col. Hawley," the handsomest com-
pliment I ever had. Col. Barton had in
the meantime come up with his brigade
and the 54th (colored) Mass.
We were nearly out of ammunition
and I had sent back for the wagon. As
soon as it came, Col. Barton's brigade
having begun to settle back, I advanced
100 yards and as a rebel column (not
line) came bearing down, I told the
men to fix their sights carefully and

(to be the son-in-law of Mr. Hooker)
was shot through the calf of the leg, as
I heard that night. I tried to find him
in good hands. The next day I saw him
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vantage of chosen ground. It was a fair,
square, hard fight, one of the very hard-
est of the war. Gen. Gillmore reports
800 loss—that was what he was told
then. It was 812 in one brigade—a
larger one than mine 587 in mine—1,773
in all, of whom perhaps 75 deserted.—
low lived conscripts that selfish people
buy up to send here to demoralize good
troops. The 7th has lost 4 or 5 scoun-
drels since it came to Florida by deser-
tion.

To pass the summer in some of these
localities will kill us faster than the
enemy could in Grant's or Meade's
army. I have spent two summers down
here and have had my share of defeats.
I wish Gov. Buckingham could get us
sent to Tennessee or Kentucky, but is
useless to hope for it. Gen. Gillmore
calls the 7th his best regiment and will
not let us go. He is admirable as an
engineer, but I said long ago that I
earnestly hoped we should make no in-
land campaign under him. He and
Seymour managed the terrible Wagner
fight, now they have tried it again.
Gen. Seymour is very kind and cour-
teous to me and I like him personally,
but Napoleon wouldn't stand such man-
agement as we had at Olustee.
"Give my love to Mother. I know
she will thank God for keeping her boy.
I am thankful and I ought to be more
so, never have I had even a garment
touched by the enemy. Love to Dia
and Molly.

Yours as ever,
JOE HAWLEY.
(Continued To-morrow.)

MR. BORAH REPORTS.

(New York Times)
While some senators are badgering
the National Commission on Law Ob-
servance and enforcement for its
secrecy and delay, and crying for a
preliminary report, Mr. Borah kindly
reports to the country and settles the
whole business. He is not impatient
with the commission. He doesn't care
what conclusions it comes to. He
knows all the "great facts." There is
the prohibition law. There is the su-
preme court's construction thereof. It
is easy enough for officials to under-
stand the law. The trouble is that they
don't want to execute it. "It will never
be enforced with the present personnel
from top to bottom." Get the right
sort of officials. That is the one thing
needful. The commission can be of no
help in bringing this about.
So airily does he rebuke the presi-

dent and congress and one of his in-
numerable former selves. His personal
opinion is to overrule public opinion.
But how is he to get the right kind of
officials? The important federal offi-
cers are confirmed by the senate. Evi-
dently there must be a new senate as
well as a new president. Even then,
sheriffs and juries are beyond the reach
of the grand executor's magic power.
There will have to be a new Civil Ser-
vice commission, but the prohibition
agent who is up to the Borahesque
mark doesn't exist. If Mr. Borah him-
self hadn't the whole world to look
after, he would be his own ideal secre-
tary of the treasury or commissioner
of prohibition.
If anybody but Mr. Borah had spread
these utterances upon the Christmas
breakfast tables of the nation, his in-
tention to make Christmas merrier with
his quips and gambols would have been
understood.

And when you're asked opinions may
You answer "Yes" or "No"!

3—Cards of Candor for All Purposes.
Happy New Year—
Wish you well!
Cards are cheap so
What the ———!

I'm sending you this New Year's card
To mark the Yuletide season;
We found we had an extra one
And that's the only reason.

Each New Year our thoughts to you
go—
We'll frankly tell you why:
We always get a card from you
And, well, we just reply.

This card is sent
To you by me—
You're lucky it's
Not C. O. D.

We're mailing you this New Year's
card
Upon this New Year's day
Because the folks we meant it for,
We find, have moved away.

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS.
"Don't go near your father or mother
this evening," grandma cautioned the
children.
"Why not?" asked the kiddies.

"Because," explained grandma,
"they're addressing New Year's cards
and they're awfully cross and irritable."

Edwini R. Hardy, jr., boy prodigy who
is the faster of seven languages at 21,
has been ordained to the ministry. Well,
all that will be necessary will be good
sermons in one.

"Unidentified Man Found Slain on
Dump."—Headline. Possibly an apart-
ment hotel tenant who remembered the
elevator boys and doorman only with
Christmas cards.

Proof.
You ask me how I can be sure
That I'm in love with you,
And how I know it will endure
For aye—and longer, too.

Now Just think back a little while—
Your doubts will all be gone;
Do you recall . . . I've seen you, chil',
Without your makeup on?
MARTIN PANZER.

DR. HOLT ON COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

(Baltimore Sun.)
Dr. Hamilton Holt, who was defeated
for the United States Senatorship from
Connecticut by Hiram Bingham, is now
president of Rollins College in Florida,
and is doubtless at least as content with
the life of an educator as his late ad-
versary is with the life of a senator.
Dr. Holt has taken the Carnegie re-
port on professionalism in college ath-
letics under advisement and congratu-
lates Rollins upon having such poor
football teams that the Carnegie sleuths
did not have the heart to suspect them
of subsidy. Rollins lost all her games
last year and did little better in the
season now ended, a record which Dr.
Holt presents as a fairly clean bill of
health.

The president of this unique institu-
tion adds further that he has heard
that the taint of professionalism is so
general that it is almost impossible for
Rollins to get a game with a team as
amateur as hers is. "If it is impossible to
find enough colleges geographically
proximate to play with under purely
amateur conditions," he says, "I am
ready to suggest that we abandon our
pretense of amateurism and come out
open and aboveboard for professional-
ism. I would be perfectly willing to print
our catalogue just how much we pay
our pitcher, our quarterback and high
jumper. I never could see any moral or
other distinction between a man who
plays a game for fun or for money. Why
it is considered proper for a boy to
support himself through college by wait-
ing on a summer hotel table, and im-
proper to receive money for playing on
a hotel nine, is beyond my intelligence."
In this illustration, which is by no
means fantastic, Dr. Holt puts his finger
on one of the absurdities of the at-
tempt to maintain amateur standing by
all sorts of devices having little to do
with actual professionalism.