

"HOME, SWEET HOME"

(Continued from page 1.)

lost the boyish beauty which had made his talent seem greater than it was. So he went to London, where his acting had the same fleeting successes, and then began to use his pen, under the encouragement of Irving. The latter writes in 1823:

"Don't cry out before you're hurt, nor send conjectural bad news, for want of real—all seems to be going very well.

. . . What are you groaning and fretting about—you are getting money enough from the Coburg to keep you going, and the Roulier will bring you in a rouleau (excuse my small joke) and the Richelieu, &c., will bring in money for current expenses."

And again:

"Write to me whenever you please, or rather whenever you are in good humor, but no corking letters—fabricate good news if you please, but suppress all bad—& let us have no suspicions and doubts—constructions—nor cut your fingers in cutting your bread & butter. I suspect there's more in that cutting letter of Elliston's than you imagine. I doubt you've been coming 'captain grand' on him some previous occasion—above all things don't doubt & despond without good reason, remember fortune is an errant female, and most apt to play false with those who doubt her.

Yours ever, W. I."

THE DEAR DEPARTED.

On Friday night, October 14, 1910, the spirit of Clarence Bardwell wafted its flight to the "better land." The funeral occurred on Sunday afternoon and the remains were laid to rest in the Che-

mawa cemetery. The services were conducted by Rev. Bauer of Salem.

Poor Clarence, the brave and patient little sufferer, was about 17 years of age and was born to Mr. W. S. Bardwell and wife at Snohomish, Wash. Something like three years ago he was afflicted by bone tuberculosis and during his long siege of suffering he was patient and cheerful at all times, and by his many noble traits of character he set an example worthy of emulation by all of us. All were his friends and the death of so bright and manly a boy left a feeling of gloom over us.

Clarence was survived only by his father and one sister, Mrs. Richards, of Dawson City, N. W. T., Canada. Both were in attendance of the last sad rites, Mrs. Richards having just arrived from Dawson City. We all extend our sympathy to the bereaved relatives.

WHEN THE BAND PLAYS "AMERICA"

The Atlanta Constitution, one of the representative papers of the South, has this to say regarding the national anthem:

Patrons of parks and other public resorts throughout the East have adopted the custom observed in the United States army of paying the tribute of a silent salute whenever the band plays "America," the national anthem.

Visit any American post, and as the strains of music roll out, you will see officers uncover and place their hats over their hearts.

It would be a pretty and graceful innovation if the same practice were observed at Grant park and similar resorts in Atlanta when the band concerts reach their regular conclusion with the national hymn.

Simple in itself and requiring little exertion, the act is a very pretty tribute to patriotism, for which every man is better off.—Ex.