

and I were both very sick with Scarlet Fever, and were at the hospital at the time Mother died. The last time we saw her, she was in bed, very near to death, though we did not realize it then. I can remember tho, that she cried and kissed us both her last goodbye. We were taken away, and when we returned, Mother had died and had been buried. The house seemed empty, for what is a home without a Mother and a Mother's love? No one can realize what it is to have to grow up without parents, except those who have none, and it certainly means the world to have parents and a home to call your own.

Harry seemed to be Mother's favorite and of course he felt it terribly. He realized what it meant and I can remember he cried for days after.

Then too, we were raised in an Orphanage that is to quite an extent. We were there for some 4 or 5 years and during that time, Henry was always obedient and truthful. Of course you must realize that a training like that can never be what a home training is. Being closed up, not coming in contact with the world or its people, not realizing anything of the affairs going on, makes it very hard for a child coming from such an institution to get along in the world. It makes it hard to choose companions, and this is where I think Henry failed. The home Henry was taken into, was a