

FRANK HOW - AN APPRECIATION.

On Tuesday, January 27th, 1925, at a little after one o'clock in the afternoon, the spirit of our friend, Samuel Francis ~~Sylvester~~^{Stephen} How, passed from the body which had been its home for so long: whose form and features had been endeared to those who knew him, because that gentle spirit had dwelt therein.

He died at his home, the home which meant so much to him, after an illness of about a week. A cold caught while on the road developed into pneumonia and the strain was too great for his heart which was none too strong.

The funeral services were held on Friday, January 30th, at two P.M. He had felt that the end was near and had chosen his pall-bearers, three of those with whom he worked while on the road and three of his friends and neighbors from Vanderburgh Presbyterian Church of which he was an elder.

After prayer at home by his pastor the body was taken to the Church for services where there would be room for those of his many friends who wished to pay their last respects to his memory. The Church was crowded so that many were obliged to stand. The full choir assisted in the service and sang "Abide With Me," "Rock of Ages" and "Jesus Savior Pilot Me."

The Pastor, Rev. Wm. Lattimore, who first knew Mr. How in Madelia some twenty years ago, took for his text Luke 24 part of 5th and 6th verses "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" "He is not here, but risen." He gave a very brief sketch of the life of Mr. How, spoke of his serving with distinction in the Phillipine Campaign as witnessed by his medals, of his love of

Country, and his patriotic interest in the things that are for the upbuilding of the best in men and women. His interest in his fellow man and unfailing charity were strong within him. He had roamed the whole world over and settled far from his birth place of old Plymouth, but in the new condition he ran true to form and tradition, his father was an elder in the Kirk of old England and he was an elder here. With such a record we need not seek him here, he is risen.

Assisting in the service was Rev. Jas. Steenson, who was pastor of Vanderburgh Church at the time Mr. How joined. He said that in all his relations and intercourse with Mr. How he never received any impressions save those which were perfectly wholesome and sound. To the family he said that the most precious legacy which could be left was the good name and high esteem in which their father was held by all who knew him.

So peaceful he lay among the flowers he had loved so well: two score floral tributes had been given by those who wished to show him honor; that he seemed to be not dead but asleep. As the sun descended in the west he was laid to rest by loving hands in beautiful Lakewood Cemetery, there to wait "till the day break and the shadows flee away."