## DETECTIVE CONNOR AND THE GOLDEN RULE

arm chair, in the captain's private office, with his hands clasped bath. in front of him. He was slowly twirling his thumbs as he paid strict heed to the voice of the captain.

"So late a visit, Mr. Connors?" he queried.

"Rather late," answered Bill, "and it's a bad night at that. Do you happen to have a diamond sunburst in your safe, my dear uncle; nice big affair with plenty of shiners in it? Been put up within a week?"

"A sunburst, Mr. Connors?" exclaimed

received from headquarters in Mulberry street.

"This was a second-story case," added the captain. "While the Ward folks were downstairs at dinner, the thief opened a rear window, pinched the sparkler from a dressing table, and made a get-away over an extension roof to the alley in the rear. It looks to me like the work of Blue-eyed Boston. Take it up, Bill, and search every ter as he chatted with the shopkeeper. n. Take it up, Bill, and search every washop in the precinct." Detective Connor realized that he had

a long day's work before him. There were 16 pawnshops in the sixth pre-cinct, and they were scattered all the way from Canal to Fourteenth street, but the most of them were strung along the Bowery, which would help some, as far as the walking was concerned. Into the haunts of the three-balls Big Bill

the haunts of the three-balls Big Bill journeyed, and when night came he had finished a dozen of his is quests, with no sign of the missing sumburst.

Bill dropped in at Bobby Havens oyster place for his evening meal, and then strolled around to the station to report that in the course of the hard. then strolled around to the station to report that in the course of an hour or two his search would be concluded. Just as he started out again rain began to fall in torrents, but Bill never minded the weather, and, turning up the collar of his coat, he made toward the three-ball shop of old man Michelson. Bill recalled that he had not seen old man Michelson since Christmas eve, when the hue and cry had been raised over the robbery of the pawn shop.

On this particular night old man

On this particular night old man Michelson stood, winking and blinking, inside his iron-barred door, with his fat hands folded across the fullness of his waistcoat. He was long and wide and thick—as men go—heavy-cheeked and small-eyed, and short-breathed, as well as short-haired. He was proud of his fatness, proud of the spirings on his fingers, and proud of his fatness, proud of his his his head, and, reaching into the till, his thick fingers picked out a new and bright coin. He laid it tenderly on the counter, which was proud of his fatness, proud of his fatness,

was proud of his fatness, proud of the big rings on his fingers, and proud of the gold and jewels in his iron safe.

Stanton street had known old man Michelson for upward of 50 years; Stanton street owed its bread to him, its drink to him, its clothes to him ever since that eventful day long ago when three new brass balls appeared over the doorway of No. 48. The brass balls were dull with age now, and Michelson was older, too, and stouter, and the gold in his iron strong box a thousand times heavier. He had seen thousand times heavier. He had seen many changes in his day. Old folks had passed away never to return, leav-ing in Michelson's hands cherished

ing in Michelson's hands cherished remnants of lost heritages; young folks had come to him with their strange, young faces marked with anxiety and care, and many a token of youth and hope was left with Michelson.

The day had been long and dreary in the dingy pawn shop. Upstairs, in the living rooms, his wife, Rebecca, had worked in solitude with garment and needle awaiting the hour when Michelson would put up the shutters and climb the stairs for his 10 o'clock tea, and afterward to sit by her side and and afterward to sft by her side and tell her of the profits and losses of the day's trade. As the evening advanced the thunder roared and the rain beat a tattoo on the windows of the shop. Michelson, whistling softly, began put-ting away his trays and his boxes in

Old man Michelson looked up in surprise.

"So late a visit, Mr. Connors?" he

ter as he chatted with the shopkeeper, and was quite out of view of the front door, when that very same door swung open, letting in a gust of wind and rain.

A small, sickly young man, made prematurely old by work and pain, stepped in and closed the door behind him.

Upon the counter he laid a small parcel

wrapped in a newspaper.

Michelson opened it brusquely with an air of business.

"Nasty night, Peter. What you got this time?" he chuckled.
"Only a trifle, Mr. Michelson. There's
nothing else, and will you make it 15
cents. It's bread I must have, Mr.

Michelson."

The little man spoke in whispers, and sadly, too, with tears in his eyes.

Old man Michelson held up in the dim light the other man's offering—a baby's little sacque trimmed with dainty lace. "Umph! You're right, Peter," grunted the shopkeeper, with a smile of disgust upon his fat face. "Tr's nothing—nothing at all. Ten cents is a risk, my friend—a great risk—" friend—a great risk——"
"Make it 15, Mr. Michelson," pleaded

Michelson's face relaxed and his fat hand sought the till again. Two pen-nies followed the silver dime, and the

small man seized them eagerly.

"They can't call me a hard man.
Peter; Fm the friend of all the poor,"
the shopkeeper cried. "See! I give you
12 cents instead of 10. But it's bad
business, my friend—very bad business."

But the door had already closed on the little man, hurrying away into the night "Bad business-very bad business," re-peated the friend of all the poor, turn-

ing to Connor.

"Yes, d—d bad!" grunted Bill. "Who's the little man?"

"Who? Peter?" exclaimed the other.

"Last name Hardesty. Lives at 86 Stanton street, second floor rear. Nothin' crooked about him, Mr. Connor. He's simply out of work and making a hard fight of it."

Conner took out his notebook and scribbled down the address. Then he took out his notebook and scribbled down the address. Then he bade Michelson good night and went out into the storm. A few steps away he turned and glanced back. The rain beat a tattoo on the windows of the shop. Old man Michelson, winking and blinking, stood with his fat hands folded across the fullness of his waistcoat. "Friend of all the poor," sneered Connor. "The old scoundrel! He'd take the pennies from a dead man's eyes." Iltrab the stairs for his 10 o'clock tea, and afterward to sit by her side and glanced back. The rain beat turned and glanced back. The rain beat turned and glanced at the address the thunder roared and the rain beat tattoo on the windows of the shop. Old man Michelson, winking and blinking, stood with his fat hands folded at the rain beat tattoo on the windows of the shop. It is the stairing and blinking softly, began putting away his trays and his boxes in his notebook and glanced at the address the stattoo on the windows of the shop. Old man Michelson, winking and blinking, stood with his fat hands folded at the address the stattoo on the windows of the shop. Old man Michelson, winking and blinking, stood with his fat hands folded at the address the stattoo on the windows of the shop. Old man Michelson, winking and blinking, stood with his fat hands folded at the address the stattoo on the windows of the shop. Old man Michelson, winking and blinking, stood with his fat hands folded at the address the stattoo on the windows of the shop. Old man Michelson, winking and blinking, stood with his fat hands folded at the address the stattoo on the windows of the shop. Old man Michelson, winking and blinking, stood with his fat hands folded at the address the stattoo on the windows of the shop. Old man Michelson, winking and blinking, stood with his fat hands folded at the address. The stattoo on the windows of the shop. Old man Michelson, winking and blinking, stood with his fat hands folded at the address. The stattoo on the windows of the shop. Old man Michelson, winking and blinking, stood with his fat hands folded at the address. The stattoo on the windows of the shop. Old man Michelson, winking and blinking, stood with his fat hands folded at the address. The stattoo on the windows of the shop. Old man Michelson, winking and blinking, stood with his fat hands folded at the address the stattoo on the windows of the shop. Old man Michelson, winking and blinking, stood with his fat hands folded at the address the

BY WILLIAM M. CLEMENS AUTHOR OF DETECTIVE CONNORS CHRISTMAS

ADVENTURE"



"SAY, YOUNG FELLER," SAID BILL, "ONE OF OUR LEADING PHILANTHROPISTS HAS APPOINTED ME SPECIAL MESSENGER TO MAKE YOU A PRESENT O FTHIS.

moved slowly toward the door of the back apartment, where, according to old man Michelson, he would find the home

A string of curses followed from the ther man, and then the declaration: "Well, I'm going out for a drink. Make up your mind, and we'll settle the thing when I get back." when I get back."

There was a moving of feet inside and

There was a moving of feet inside and Connors tiptoed back to one of the dark corners of the hall. A short, stocky man came out of the door and shambled down the stairs. Bill leaned over the stair rall and saw, by the dim light of a flickering gas jet, the face and figure on the floor below. He felt pretty certain that he recognized in the short man a character well known to the police of a dozen cities. Then it occurred to him that the conversation he had just overheard had something to do with theft, or at least with the pawning of jewels or an article of value. an article of value.

In another mement he had determined

In another mement he had determined upon a course of action. He stepped softly to the side door and cautionsly turned the knob. Lucktly, the door moved and opened, having been left unlocked. Bill drew his revolver and held it in his right hand behind him.

"Excuse me," he said politely to a round-faced, bald-headed man, who sat at a small table in the center of the room. The man was slowly filling a pipe and looked up at Bill with a seewi on his face. Then he seemed to recognize Connor, for, with an oath, he leaped to his feet.

That will do," exclaimed Bill, bringing his revolver into view. "Hands down, my boy! Behave like a gentleman, now, and there will be no trouble. I suppose

you'll walk around and see the captain and make no fuss about it."

"Guess I'll have to," growled the other, with his eye on the gun in Bill's hand. He reached for his hat, and, hand. He reached for his hat, and, seeming to know the method of procedure, stalked toward the door, with Bill and the gun close at his heels. But on the table, under the lamp, the detective saw a very small parcel—something wrapped in tissue paper with a rubber band around it, and he deftly picked it up with his left hand and dropped it in his pocket. Bill kept close to his man all the way

down the stairs. At the street door the hand holding the revolver was hidden in the outer pocket of his coat, while his left arm was locked in the right arm of They walked into the station-house arm

in arm. The captain, smoking a big cigar, was standing at the sergeant's desk. He looked up with a smile on his "Hello! hello!" he cried, "And if here isn't our old friend, Blue-eyed Boston'' Later Bill Connor handed over the tis-

the paper parcel. "And the Fifty-second street sunburst, too!" exclaimed the captain. "Bill, you're

man Michelson, he would find the home of Peter Hardesty.

He had hardly taken half a dozen steps before the sound of voices caused him to and want. When Peter introduced him to and want. before the sound of voices caused him to stop suddenly, stand very still and listen. He was close to a door at his right hand on the opposite side of which two men were evidently quarreling.
"I tell ye, no!" came to Bill's ears.
"Ye can't hock it here! You'd get pinched in an hour. I tell ye we've got to take it to Montreal or Toronto. It's the only blesome cough.

By dint of adroit questioning and persone stops and want. When Peter introduced his wife, a nod of the head came from a couch in the corner, where a thin, pallid face and deep, sunken eyes told of long weeks of suffering. There was a puny baby sleeping in a crib by the window. His hands trembled and he had a troublesome cough.

By dint of adroit questioning and persone stops and want.

By dint of adroit questioning and pertinent inquiry, Bill Connor soon learned the story of the struggle and the fight that the man, the woman and the child had made against hunger and privation.
It was an old story—old to Bill Connor—old to the great East Side with its bedraggled, disheveled, helf-fed multitudes -a very old story, yet always new to those who never journey east of the Bow-ery—that long dividing line between food and famine.

Peter's father had been rich. The son

had never learned to work. Then fall-ure came, and death followed, and after awhile the young man found himself and his wife alone. It is a quick, easy way downward—oh, so very easy. And Peter did not know how to work, nor how to obtain work. His boyhood had been a training for spending money, not for carning it.

carning it.

They kept moving eastward because eastward the rent was lower and the food cheaper, and there was not the embarrassment of meeting old acquaintances on the Elast Side; anywhere east of the Bowery is a place to hide in or to die in. Then there came the baby! There were a few dainty less-triumed sarments for a few dainty, lace-trimmed garments for it, even if food was scarce, for the mother had treasured the materials from other days, better days, long before. And Mrs. Peter had passed through a slege of illness, months of suffering, and Peter, too, had been ill and crippled by pain. Yet they were very proud. They fought the hard fight alone, making no cry, sekfriend that Peter found was old man Michelson, at the shop of the three balls. That was the story that Big Bill Connor learned from Peter Hardesty, and he cheered up the pallid face woman, threw a bit of burner supplies. human sunshine into the dreary back room of Stanton street, and when he went

away he left a wave of optimism and an atmosphere of hope behind him.

A few days later Detective Connor was called to headquarters in Mulberry street, and, with more or less red tape and ceremony, was paid \$500 in crisp bills as his reward for the recivery of the Paul Ward sunburst. Twenty minutes afterward he was climbing the stairs at 88 Stanton street.

street.

Peter Hardesty met him at the door.

"Say, young feller," said Bill, quietly,
"one of our leading philanthropists, who
says he knew your father and remembers
you when a very small boy, has appointed me a special messenger to make you
a present of this wherewithal," and he
laid \$200 in crisp bills on the table.

Peter's sick wife, who had observed
and overheard, began to sob softly Peter
and overheard, began to sob softly Peter

and overheard, began to sob softly. Peter himself, with tears in his eyes, started in to protest. But Big Bill had taken his hat and was already out of the door.

As he turned the corner into the Bow-

In luck."

Then Connor and another plainciothes man hurried back to the Stanton-street house just in time to capture the companion of Bine-eyed Boston as he was entering the room on the second floor.

The next morning the detective again climbed the stairs of the tenement in Stanton street and knocked at the door of Peter Hardesty. He had a good excluse for calling now, for in his official capac-

Address by William D. Fenton Before the Sons of the American Revolution on Formative Period of Our First President.

## DHOOD AND YOUTH OF WASHINGTON

HN BACH M'MASTER, that philose phic and brilliant American historian. has truly said: "General Washington is known to us, and President Wash ington. But George Washington is an un known man." If Washington, the man, is unknown,-there is much fiction and some falsehood in the story of his childhood and youth. The tender and affectionate narrative contained in "Weems' Life of Washington,"-that loving and lovable old 'rector of Mount Vernon' -- has made a profound impression upon the youthful minds of American children, and has left upon the general understanding some in definable notions that Washington as a child and youth, was, in some sense, unlike any other-to be revered and idolized as a model, and yet somebow, with no well-defined or definite traits of character to be specially mentioned or distinguished Speaking of the mythical character given Washington and its author, Henry Cabot Lodge, the distinguished scholar historian and statesman, says: "In its inception this second myth is due to the ftinerant parson, bookmaker, and bookseller, Mason Weems. He wrote a brief blography of Washington, of trifling historical value, yet with sufficient literary skill to make it widely popular. It neither appealed to nor was read by the cultivated and instructed few, but it reached the homes of the masses of the people. It found its way to the bench of the mechanic, to the homes of the farmer, to the log cabins of the frontiersman and pioneer. It was carried across the continent on the first waves of advancing settlement. Its anecdotes and its simplicity of thought commended it to children at home and at school, and passing through edition after edition, Its statements were widely spread, and it colored insensibly the ideas of hundreds of persons who never had heard even the name of the This, you must not forget, is the

criticism of the cultivated, critical and learned American scholar, who is the rich product of the best New England culture, and who perhaps has never seen or fully appreciated the simplicity and sweetness of life among the early settlers in this country, and who has certainly no conception of the privaoarly American of Commonwealths. early American pioneers and builders There is no doubt some ant fiction in the simple and homely

narrative of Weems, and his Washington is in part a reflected picture of the colonial life of the times. The artist paints his own race, in the face of his madenna, and the historian and eulogist is quite apt to dress his here in the familiar garments of his time. bestow upon the character of his distinguished subject the glamo of the simple divinity that gives life and color to the beloved portrait. But, whatever may be the value of this little book as a historical work—it is conceded that its value is chiefly—that more than any other book, it has in spired the young to love and revere the memory of Washington. Who does not remember the story of how Linsecured his copy. It is

Abraham about fifteen years greatly desired to secu-He had in his little Library the Bible, Aesop's Fables, Robinson Cru-soe, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, a History of the United States, and had borrowed from Josiah Crawford Weems' Life of Washington, One night, before going to bed, the lad placed the borrowed book in the opening between two logs of the cabin wall, thinking to care for it—in a place of safety. During the night the place of safety. rain flooded the place, and stained the leaves and warped the binding, and Crawford, who was a stingy man of some wealth, wanted to exatt seventy-five cents from Lincoln as its price. The boy had no money, but loved the book and also wished to pay the debt, so it was finally compromised that he should shuck corn three days for Crawford, in full satisfaction and pay-ment of the debt. Little did Crawford know or realize that this child of poerty, schooled in hardship and nursed in sorrow, should build upon the sim-ple life of Washington, as told by Mason Locke Weems, his own great character that should lead him through civil strife into the same great office -first adorned by Washington, Weems, as you may recall, was a Virginian, born in 1760, in Dumfries, and at the time of his birth Washington about 28 years old. He was rector of Pohich Church, Mount Vernon parish, of which Washington, in the days of his fame, was an attendant. Later he was an itinerant book peddler, employed by Mathew Carey, the publisher of Philadelphia, and as such he lec-tured and wrote, and in 1800, published this book. The first edition was pub-lished by Joseph Allen, and sold by Lippincott, Grambo & Company, No. 14 North Fourth street, Philadelphia. On the title page is printed these works the title page is printed these words, written by Major-General Lee: "The author has treated this great subject with admirable success in a new way He turns all the actions of Washington to the encouragement of virtue by a careful application of numerous exemolifications drawn from the conduct of the founder of our republic from his earliest life." Which one of you can repeat the opening sentence of this classic among children's histories of distinguished men. Some years since it was my good fortune to secure a copy of the original first edition, and made mention of the fact great lover and student of books-Harvey W. Scott — who immediately re-peated the first paragraph which had slept in the chamber of his memory from his early boyhood: "Ah, gentlemen!" exclaimed Bona-

'twas just as he was about to embark for Egypt—some young Ameri-cans happening at Toulon, and anxious to see the mighty Corsican, had ob-tained the honor of an introduction to him. Scarcely were past the custom-ary salutations, when he eagerly asked, "How fares your great countryman, the great Washington?" "He was very well," replied the youths, brightening at the thought that they were the countrymen of Washington; "he was very well, General, when we left America." "Ah, gentlemen," rejoined he. ica." "Ab, gentlemen," rejoined he, "Washington can never be otherwise than well. The measure of his fame is full; posterity will talk of him with reverence as the founder of a great empire, when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolutions."

Bear in mind that these words were

It is not strange that the simple rector of Mount Vernon parish should gather together the sweet and loving traditions that surrounded the childgood and youth of Washington, or that he should put in simple form the stories that placed an affectionate halo about his early life. It must also be remem bered that Washington was the son of a distinguished Englishman, and that he came from the landed aristocracy of his time. His great-grandfather, John Washington, came from East Rid-ing, of Yorkshire, England, with his prother Augustine, in 1657, and settled at Pope Creek, in Westmoreland County, Virginia, where he became a planter, a Magistrate and a member of the House of Burgesses. His grandson, Au-gustine Washington, the father of General Washington, was born in 1694. Augustine had four children by his first wife, who died in 1728, and he married Mary Ball on March 6, 1730, and her first-born was George Washington. On February 22, 1732, 178 years ago to-night, at Pope Creek, near Bridges Creek, in Westmoreiand County, Vir-ginia, not far from the Potomac River, on the old family homestead, and where the Washingtons had first settled upon their arrival from England—this first-born of Mary Washington saw the of Mary Washington saw There were two half-brothers of household. Lawthe baby boy in the household, Lawence and Augustine; the other two children had died, preceding the moth-er. And what were their surroundings at that early time, in Virginia? Sena tor Lodge says: "The house in which this event occurred was a plain wood on farmhouse, of the primitive Vir tor Lodge says: ginia pattern, with four rooms on the ground floor, an attic story with a long sloping roof, and a massive brick chimney. Three years after George Washington's birth it is said to have been burned, and the family, for this or some other reason removed to an-other estate, in what is now Stafford County. The second house was like the first, and stood on rising ground looking across a meadow to the Rappahannock, and beyond the river to the village of Fredericksburg, which was

nearly opposite."

When Washington was 11 years old. his father, Augustine, died suddenly at the age of 49, and thus was left Mary Washington, widowed and with five children, the eldest of whom was

A look at the map will give us a panoramic view of the birthplace at Bridges Creek, and of the childhood ome, near Fredericksburg. Westmore land County lies between the Potomac and the Rappahannock, and on the south bank of the Potomac, and Bridges Creek is very near the Potomac River at a point where the stream is about five miles wide. It is below Mount Vernon, and by a straight line about 20 miles from Washington City, and about 20 miles northeast from Richmond. Fredericksburg is about 12 miles from his birthplace, and about the same distance from Mount Vernon.

It must be remembered that under he custom and laws of descent then n effect in Virginia, the bulk of the estate of his father went by will to Lawrence, the eldest son and the half-brother. Augustine, the second son and half brother, inherited most of the rich half brother, inherited most of the little lands in Westmoreland County. The farm on the Rappahannock went to George Washington, to become his in possession when he became 21, subject

was praise and of glorious tribute to his ance of the estate was shared by him at all events, in his 14th year, a big. rious-minded a boy of 16 years as was one of that heroic and brave command the great name.

with his three younger brothers and strong, hearty boy, offering a serious George Washington at this formative that had, 1200 strong, storng, both had been strong that had, 1200 strong that had been strong that had been strong to the strong that here is a strong that had been strong to the strong that had been strong that had been strong to the strong that had been strong that had been strong to the strong that had been strong to the strong that had been strong to the strong that had been strong that sister, under the guardianship of mother—thus left without any means beyond the meager income from landed estates of the kind in those early days. Lawrence had been sent to England to be educated, as was custom among the wealthy proprietors of landed estates, but George, owing to the death of his father, was denied this privilege, and was educated in the parish schools of his county. Lawrence, upon his return from college at Captain's commission under Admiral Vernon, and served under him and Gen-eral Wentworth nearly two years. At this time George was only 8 years old, and it may well be that the knowl. edge of his brother's experience im-planted in his childleh heart that love of military and naval fame that after

wards distinguished his career.

After his father's death the boy was ent to live with his half-brother. ustine, at Bridges Creek, where he night attend school and secure some gustine, at advantages over those obtainable with his mother on the Rappahannock, and while living here he became proficient in the elementary studies of reading writing, arithmetic, geography, history bookkeeping and in surveying. Beyond this he had no education or special training. Meantime his eldest brother, Lawrence, had married the daughter of William Fairfax, a cousin of Lord Fairfax and had settled at Mount Vernon. Upon visit to Mount Vernon when he was about 14 years old. Lawrence obtained a midshipman's warrant for him. and George was about to join the navy. His basgage was packed, everything was ready for his departure, but at the last moment his mother broke down pleaded with him to remain at home with her. His strong love for his widowed mother finally overcame him, and he rejuctantly gave up his commission, aban-doned his ambition and returned to

Speaking of the childhood and youth of Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge con-cisely states, in few words, the interest-ing events of that early time: "Unfortunately, these same facts are at firs very few, so few that they tell us hardly anything. We know when and where Washington was born, and how, when he was little more than 3 years old, he was taken from Bridges Creek to the banks of the Rappahannock, where he was placed under the charge of one Hobby, the sexton of the parish, to learn his alphabet and his pot hooks, and whe that worthy mainstore of learning was exhausted, he was sent back to Bridger Creek soon after his father's death with his half-brother, Augustine, obtain the benefit of a school kept by Mr. Williams. There he secured what would be caled a fair common school edu-cation, wholly destitute of any instruction in languages, ancient or modern, but apparently with some mathematical training. That he studied faithfully cannot be doubted, and we know, too, that he matured early and was a tall, active and muscular boy. He could outwalk and outrun and outride any of his com-panions. As he could no doubt have thrashed any of them, too, he was, in virtue of these qualities, which are respected everywhere by all wholesome minds, and especially by boys, a leader among his school fellows. We know further that he was honest and true, and a lad of unusual promise, not because of the good very an expectation. revere put in the mouth of Bonaparte in the door year 1800, and that Washington died George Washington, to become his in at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1739, possession when he became 21, subject trusted by such men as his brother Lawstand and that all the world was full of his to his mother's life estate. The bai- rence and Lord Fairfax. There he was

problem to his mother, who was strug-gling along with many acres, little noney and five children." The story of the attempted enlistment

the naval service is scouted by Mr. Lodge, and he denies that the boy was ipman's warrant was ever obtained for him, but the severe critic of popular tra-dition admits that contemporary Virgin-ian letters speak of his "going to sea" and that Mr. Ball, his mother's brother, a lawyer, who was naturally interested in his promising nephew, distinctly says that it was planned that he should enter the boy op a tobacco ship, with an excellent offence of being pressed on a man-of-war, and with a final prospect of either getting into the royal navy, or that the how might ultimately become or that the boy might ultimately become the captain of some petty trading vessel so familiar to the planters of Colonial There is, however, no doubt Virginia. that the family was much concerned with plans for Washington, and that se rious and sober thought was given to his future vocation. His situation re-quired that he should be making his own living, and opportunities for employment in which he could earn money were few, and not so plentiful as today. Speaking further upon this phase of Washington's boyhood, Mr. Lodge says:

"A bold, adventurous boy, eager to earn his own living, and make his way in the world, would, like many others before him, look longingly to the sea as he highway to fortune and success. Washington, the romance of the sea was represented by the tobacco ship creeping up the river and bringing all the luxuand many of the necessaries of life rom vaguely distant countries. No doub he wished to go on one of these vessels and try his luck, and very possibly the royal navy was hoped for as the ulti-mate result. The effort was certainly made to send him to sea, but it falled, and he went back to school to study more mathematics." And I may add that there is nothing inconsistent in this nar-rative with the touching, fillal story that, after his devoted mother had consented the consummation of plans to send him to sea, and after the boy was about to embark, and after his slender bagage had been gathered for shipment, she broke down and begged him to forego his boylsh ambition and delay a little onger that departure from home that is sad epoch in the life of every motherson going out into the world to make his own place, severing the tenderest of

And so the young boy studied two years more, and gave all his time to preparation for the only gainful pursuit then open to a young man without fortune, the work of a surveyor in the wilds of the Virginia Mountains, locating the unmarked boundaries of vast landed estates, where only the American Indian had been a familiar figure. Mary Washhad been a familiar figure. Mary Washington was a woman of strong affections ington was a woman of strong affections and strong common sense, and her life was given unreservedly to her children. She was profoundly serious in all her thoughts, and the burdens of her little family were upon her shoulders alone. It is said that she placed in the hands of her gifted son at this early time a copy of Sir Mathew Hale's "Contemplations, Moral and Divine." and thus the investee. Moral and Divine," and that the inspira tion of Washington's great life was drawn from this work of this greatest of the Chief Justices of England. Lord Hale

period of his life. His mother had read to him these maxims while he was a lad, and he had heard them read by her to the little family of orphan children from the time his father had died and she alone was left to guide their young minds into right ideals. Is it any wonder that the little volume, with the autograph inscription of Mary Washington, should have been sacredly preserved and cherished by him in his library as long as he lived?

Dr. Jared Sparks has emphasized "the debt owed by mankind to the mother of Washington," and to my mind the sweet and simple picture of those early and tender years when she was forming character, exemplifies the power glory that crown the life work of Mary Washington. Just before her death came to bid her a last farewell on way to the first inauguration as the first President of the United States, but she had forcordained him to that great office while she was a devoted mother training him in the home on the old plantation of the Rappahannock, and while she was fulled his heart and mind with the lotty ideals and splendid sentiments of a clear Virginian home. God bless Mary Wash-ington and all such methers of men-they early every great man in the world. Nor was the gentle influence of Mary

Washington unaided in the development

of the great character of this young man

He was only 14 years of age when Lord

Pairfax, his subsequent patron and employer, first came to Virginia. He was, as Woodrow Wilson, the historian, tells-us, 'a man of taste and culture; he had written with Addison and Steele for the Spectator; a man of the world, he had acquired, for all his reserve, that cas; touch and intimate mastery in dealing with men which come with long practice, of such men of fashion as are also men of sense. He brought with him to Vir-ginia, though past 50, the fresh vigor of a young man, eager for the free plonee life of such a province. He tarried bu two years with his cousin, where the colony had settled to an ordered way of living. Then he built himself a roomy lodge, shadowed by spreading plurass. and fitted with such simple appears sufficed for comfort at the the forest, close upon 70 miles away within the valley of the Shenandoah where a hardy frontier people had but begun to gather. The great manor house he had meant to bulld was never begun. The plain comfort of "Greenway Court" satisfied him more and more cas-ily as the years passed and the habits of simple life grew increasingly pleasant and familiar, till 30 years or more had slipped away and he was dead at 91, broken-hearted, men said, because the King's government had fallen upon final defeat and was done with in America. It was in the company of these men and of those who naturally gathered about them in that hospitable country that George Washington was bred." he uninfluenced by the achievements and ambition of Lawrence Washington, his eldest brother. He was only 25 years of age when the father died, April 12, 1742. He had been, as we have seen, educated in England, and he was past 21 when he returned to Virginia. Three years before his father's death the mother country had called for troops to go against the Spanish armies in the West Indies, and Lawrence Washington enlisted ed a commission as a captain in the Virginian regiment that had volunteered to go to the defense of England. He saw service at Carthagena, with Vernon's fleet and Wentworth's army, and was

vived the assault. He had returned late in the year 1742, only to see his father suddenly called by death, and to have thereby cast upon him the headship of the family and the care of a widely scattered landed estate. And still his love for military life led him to accept a com-mission as major in the Colonial Militia, and as adjutant-general of his military strict. He settled down among his eighbors as a landed proprietor in Fairfax County and gave to the broad estates and as a compliment to the brave sailor with whom he had seen active service in defense of the British flag. George Washington was at this time only 10 years old, and in common with all others in the colonies at that time, his young heart was full of love for the land of his fathers and their heroic deeds by land and sea inspired him to emulate their zeal and devotion. The boy was much of he time at Mount Vernon, sometimes at Belvoir, the country seat of Lord Fair-fax, and at other times with his mother on the Rappahannock. He lived on the old family homestead on Bridges' Canal, that had been his ancestral home since his great grandfather had first ascended the Potomac, and there he finished his school days and completed his final prepsecome a surveyor in the wilds of the

In March, 1748, when he was but a nonth past 16 years of age, Lord Fairfax commissioned him to lead a little band of hardy woodsmen, with George band of hardy woodsmen, with George Fairfax, a son of William Fairfax, into the mountains upon the waters of the Shenandeah and the upper Poto-mac. Here, with these plain and sim-ple people, in the wilds of these moun-tain forests, big sturdy have exceed the tain forests, this sturdy boy carned his first wages as a surveyor, and schooled himself to the hardships of outdoor life, with only now and then a rude cabin in a small clearing as the only sign of that wonderful civilization which was so soon to cross the Blue Ridge and Allegheny Mountains and make represent of the wilds of Teach make conquest of the wilds of Tennes-see and Kentucky, both settled and conquered by the brave sons of Vir-ginia and the Carolinas. This employment continued for three years, and because of his success and reputation as a careful and competent surveyor, and upon the recommendation of Lord Fairfax, he received at the hands of the president and master of William and Mary College the appointment as official surveyor for Culpepper County, But the course of three years in this arduous outdoor life was suddenly ended by the illness of his brother, Lawrence Washington, in 1751, when George Washington was still only 19 years old. The privations of the years old. The privations of the ca years old. The privations of the cam-paign in the tropics, under Vernon, had bred the fatal malady, and in the Au-tumn of 1751 Lawrence Washington was sent to the Bahamas, a victim of consumption. And so it became the duty of George Washington to attend him more the last towards and to him upon the last journey and to min-ister to the brother who had been both brother and father to him in all these years since their father's death, in 1743. Lawrence did not survive, and passed away the next Summer, at the age of 34. George became his brother's executor and residuary legatee of the estate of Mount Vernon, and rap-idly succeeded to the place of respon-sibility and trust hitherto resting upon Lawrence Washington.

He became, by appointment of Lieu-

(Concluded on Page 5.)