

DETECTIVE CONNOR'S CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE

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

Bill Connor sat in a big arm chair, in the captain's private office, with his hands clasped in front of him. He was smiling, and his thumbs as he patted his head to the voice of the captain. "A diamond sunburst stolen from the residence of Paul Ward, in Fifty-second street; six large stones in center; smaller stones in circle; \$500 reward for recovery," read the station, handing the detective a blue, printed slip received from headquarters in Mulberry street.

"Rather late," answered Bill, "and it's no night at all that. Do you happen to have a diamond sunburst in your mind, my dear uncle; nice big affair with plenty of shiners in it? Been put up within a week?" "A sunburst, Mr. Connor?" exclaimed the old man. "You make me stop my breath. I haven't seen a good stone of any kind in a month. Mr. Connor! Business has been very bad, very bad. I'm too generous, Mr. Connor. I help so many people. I'm the friend of everybody. Connor. But diamonds! Huh! They don't bring sparklers to old man Michelson any more."

CHILDHOOD OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

JOHN BACH M'MASTER, that philosophic and brilliant American historian, has truly said: "General Washington is known to us, and President Washington. For George Washington is an unknown man." 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 "vector of Mount Vernon" has made a profound impression on the youthful minds of American children, and has left upon the general understanding some indefinable 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 somehow, with no well-defined or characteristically known or to be specially mentioned or distinguished. Speaking of the mythical character given to Washington and his author, Henry Cabot Lodge, the distinguished scholar, historian and statesman, says: "In its inception this second myth is due to the eminent revisionist, and book-seller, Mason Weems. He wrote a brief biography 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 a million of the people. It found its way to the benches 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 civilization. Its anecdotes and its simplicity of style 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 author."

It is not strange that the simple pastor of Mount Vernon parish should gather together the sweet and loving traditions that surrounded the childhood and youth of Washington, or that he should put in simple form the stories that placed an affectionate hand about his early life. It must also be remembered 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 Riding, Yorkshire, England, with his brother Augustine, in 1555, and settled at Pope Creek, in Westmoreland County, Virginia, where he became a planter. His great-grandfather, Augustine Washington, was born in 1594, and died in 1723, and he married Mary Ball on March 6, 1730, and her son, George Washington, was born on February 22, 1732, at his father's plantation, at Pope Creek, near Braddock's Creek, in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the old family homestead, and the Washingtons had first settled upon their arrival from England—this first home being a small log cabin 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 one or some other reason removed to another estate, in what is now Stafford County, Virginia, where the old plantation house, and the second home was built, 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.

At all events, in his 14th year, a big, strong, hearty boy, offering a serious problem to his mother, who was struggling along with many acres, little more than a subsistence, and a family of seven children. The story of the attempted enlistment in the naval service is recounted by Mr. Lodge, and he denies that the boy was to enter the royal navy, or that a midshipman's warrant was ever obtained for him, but the severe critic of popular tradition admits that contemporary Virginia 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 navy as a boy. The boy on a tobacco ship, with an excellent chance of being pressed on a man-of-war, and with a final prospect of either going into the royal navy, or that the boy might ultimately become the captain of some petty trading vessel so familiar to the planters of Colonial Virginia. There is, however, no doubt that the family was much concerned with plans for Washington, and that serious and sober thought was given to his future vocation. His situation was aspired that he should be making his own living, and opportunities for employment in the various trades 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 the highway to fortune and success. To Washington, the romance of the sea was represented by the tobacco ship creeping up the river and bringing all the luxuries and many of the necessities of life from vaguely distant countries. No doubt he wished to go on one of these vessels to try his luck, and very possibly the royal navy was hoped for as the ultimate result. The effort was certainly made to send him to sea, but it failed, and he went back to school to study more mathematics." And I may add that there is nothing inconsistent in this narrative with the touching, ill-dated story, after his devoted mother had consented to the consummation of plans to send him to sea, and after the boy was about to embark, and after his slender baggage had been gathered for shipment, also broken down and begged him to forego his boyish ambition and delay a little longer that departure from home that is a sad epoch in the life of every mother's son going out into the world to make his own place, severing the tenderest of all earthly ties.

Address by William D. Fenton Before the Sons of the American Revolution on Formative Period of Our First President. One of that heroic and brave command that had the honor of being at the assault on the redoubt, and the 500 that survived the assault. He had returned late in the year 1742, only to see his father suddenly called to the other world, and 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 commission as major in the Colonial Militia, and as adjutant-general of his military district. At the age of 21, he was appointed as a landed proprietor in Fairfax County and gave to the broad estates the name of Mount Vernon, in honor of George Washington, the English statesman with whom he had been active service in the defense of the British flag. George Washington was at this time only 19 years of age, but he was a man of noble spirit and devotedness. He lived on the old family homestead on Bridges' Canal, and there he finished his final preparations, at the age of 21, to become a surveyor in the wilds of the Blue Ridge Mountains.