

### FIND THE CORPSE

By R. H. WILKINSON  
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"IT REMAINS now," said Inspector Joe Warren, "but to find the corpse."

"That won't be so difficult," volunteered the young man in the tweed knickers, who was idly watching Warren.

"The river's not deep here, but the current's rather swift. Just below our property there is a sharp bend. Nine chances out of ten, Uncle Raymond's body is lodged there. And if not, the river empties into a small pond below the bend. If the pond is dragged—" He ended with a significant shrug.

Detective Jim Bradley, Warren's chief aide, who composed the third and last member of the group nodded approval.

"And that lets us out of a hard day's work, inspector. Let's go home."

He moved, as if to follow in the footsteps of the young man in the tweed knickers, who had already started off in the direction of the house.

But Warren remained standing under the tree.

"Wait a minute, Jim. There might be something to this."

As he spoke, Warren stooped and picked up something from among the grass and leaves.

Bradley turned in faint surprise and annoyance.

The day was hot, beastly hot.

And yet, standing there on the river bank, in the dense shade of the great, thickly needled pine tree, the heat was bearable.

"Suicide," said Bradley shortly.

"Dead open and shut. Old Man Barnes came down ostensibly to take his usual morning dip. His dressing gown is here on the bank. And we have the note, saying he was going to end it all."

"The note was typewritten," Warren reminded.

"And besides, he gave no reasons for wanting to commit suicide."

Bradley shrugged, and there was the barest of a twinkle in his blue eyes.

He had seen his chief reach up and tug at the lobe of his left ear, a certain indication that the inspector had something serious on his mind.

"Suspect the kid?" Bradley asked bluntly.

"Maybe," said Warren.

Bradley gestured.

"Count him out. He wouldn't have been so serious to tell us how shallow the river was, if he didn't want us to drag it. And there's no place else around here to hide a corpse—at least for any length of time."

"Well, there's no one else to suspect right now. Look!" Warren suddenly held out his hand and exhibited the article that he had picked from among the dead grass and leaves.

It was a small wood screw.

Bradley became a trifle sarcastic.

This wasn't getting them anywhere, and it was hot.

"My great powers of detection," he said, "inform me that the article in your hand is a screw. What of it?"

Warren shook his head impatiently.

"Why not say what's a screw doing her, under a pine tree, far from any building? And only one?"

"It's driving me screwy," said Bradley, still sarcastic.

"There's blood on it," said Warren.

"Blood?"

"Sure, look!"

Bradley bent forward, and suddenly became alert. He knew Warren well enough to realize they were getting somewhere.

"Well?" he said.

"I wonder," mused Warren, deliberately changing the subject, "why young Barnes wanted us to drag the river?"

"So we'd find the body," Bradley offered.

Warren shook his head.

"Rather," he disagreed, "because he knew we wouldn't find the body. Why didn't he want us to find it? Why?"

"I'll bite," said Bradley with quickening interest.

"Why?"

Warren tugged at his ear-lobe and frowned.

Once more his eyes wandered to the waiting figure in the aspen grove.

Suddenly he started.

It was not enough of a start to attract the attention of young Barnes, a hundred yards away.

But Bradley saw and became curious.

"Well?" he asked for the second time.

"Jim, I've got it! Young Barnes wanted us to drag the river at once because he knew we wouldn't find the body and we'd give up. Then, after we'd gone away, began looking elsewhere, possibly for the corpse, he'd remove his uncle's body from its present hiding place and dump it in the river. The river is the only logical place to dispose of a dead man. And Barnes knew that after we got through dragging, it would be the only safe place."

"Fine," Bradley agreed.

"Now, all we have to do, is look for the body, or drag the river and then lie in wait for young Barnes."

Warren began to grin.

"Use your head, Jim. Where would be the logical place for the young man to hide the body until he could dump it in the river?"

Bradley frowned.

Things were beginning to develop, and if possible he wanted a share of the credit for solving the mystery.

"Why," he said at length, "in view

of the fact that the old man weighed pretty close to 200 pounds, I'd say that the man who killed him would want to keep him near the river. It would lessen the work when it came to carrying him to the water."

"And to boil it down still further," Warren agreed, "the murderer would likewise spare himself the effort of removing the body far from the scene of the murder for the same reason. And if the scene of the murder was right here . . ."

Bradley turned completely around and let his eyes sweep the immediate vicinity.

The nearest hiding place, it seemed, was the grove of aspens, where now sat young Barnes.

He made as if to start in that direction, but Warren halted him.

"Let's just suppose," said the inspector, "for the sake of argument, that young Barnes is the murderer. Look at him. He can't weigh over 130 pounds, and he looks pretty weak to me. Frankly, I don't suppose he could carry a 200-pound dead man 10 feet."

"So what?" said Bradley.

Warren's eye dropped to his hand, which still held the screw with its splotch of blood.

"Jim," he said quietly, "the most logical and convenient place for young Barnes to hide the body of his uncle is right over our heads, amid the thick branches of this tree. He used a block and tackle to hoist the body up there. A screw must have been loose, and dropped out. I guess we'd better climb this tree and take a look-see. I have a hunch we'll not only find old man Barnes up there, but a complete block and tackle, which the youngster intends using to lower the corpse into the river after we've dragged it. But first . . ."

Warren paused, and his eyes went up and out toward the grove of aspens. Bradley nodded gravely, and the two men set out toward the figure in tweed knickers that waited there, idly switching at the tall grass.

### Finds Gold Vein Hidden Under His Own Kitchen

There was only a small cellar under the Merle Kessey home at Victor, Colo., not big enough to be of much use, and Mrs. Kessey wanted a full-sized basement.

Kessey wanted to please his wife and started blasting out the solid rock that had to be removed.

And that's why the Kesseys now have a gold mine—under their home.

Almost directly under the kitchen stove, Kessey, theater owner and deputy county treasurer, blasted into a vein of gold ore, worth all the way from \$5 to \$20 a ton.

He removed all the ore he could find under the kitchen and moved the workings under the bathroom.

Indications were that he would be under the bedroom shortly.

What will happen to the house when and if he continues his operations remains to be seen.

If it doesn't fall into the excavation, Kessey may have to move his family out and convert it into a mine office.

Thus far Kessey has removed more than 20 tons of ore, most of which is piled beside the house, and he intends to start shipments to the mill shortly. He has leased adjoining property, even obtaining control of mineral rights under the street, on which his home is situated.

The vein has been identified as the old Spicer vein of the Rexall mine, which has not been operated since 1916.

### Precancels and Cachets

Precancels are stamps which have been canceled at the post office before being affixed to envelopes. Thus they do not bear a date. They are extensively used in business and facilitate the handling of mail at the post office. First day covers are new issues of stamps which have been sent to certain favored post offices several days in advance of the time where they become obtainable at all stations. Cachets are pictures printed or hand-stamped on stamps to commemorate an event such as an initial air flight or the like.

### Effects of Salt

If your ancestors ate salt you probably are fair skinned, according to a theory discussed by Dr. Thomas G. Orr, professor of surgery at the University of Kansas. Blond races, says the theory's sponsors, invariably come from the north where salt has been available for centuries. Darker and black skins, on the contrary, are asserted to be derived from ancestors native to intermediate countries such as China, Korea and India, where salt formerly wasn't so plentiful.

### Southern Lights

Aurora polaris is the name given to these atmospheric displays. When seen in the northern hemisphere they are known as the aurora borealis; if in the southern, aurora australis. It is believed that they are caused by electric discharges originating with or induced by the sun.—Pathfinder Magazine.

### Mountains Named for Mineral

The Dolomites, favored by mountain climbers, are the only mountains on earth named for a mineral. The mineral form of the mountains is calcium and magnesium carbonate, which is known as magnesium limestone or dolomite.

### Play Ball for Rain

In the Sahara native tribes play a game called "koura" with a ball made of palm wood as a charm against prolonged drought. So much noise is made during play that it is supposed to frighten the drought devils away.

# Celebrating Washington's Birthday

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

EVERY one knows, George Washington was a man who had two birthdays. He was born on February 11, 1732, but England's adoption of the Gregorian calendar in 1752 changed the anniversary of his birth from February 11 to February 22, the date on which we now honor his memory.

Considering the fact that Washington's birthday is one of only seven days in the year observed in all states and territories of the Union, an honor accorded to no other American, it is noteworthy that Washington himself paid little attention to the anniversary—perhaps even less than the average person does to his own. At least, that is the impression one gets from his diaries, journals, account books and other manuscript records, and they shed little light on the question of whether Washington regarded February 11 or February 22 as his birthday.

True, in a letter dated May 2, 1792, answering a request from Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King of Arms in London, for the genealogical record of the Washington family, he wrote that he was "born February 11th. (old style) 1732." But presumably he did not consider the anniversary, whether the eleventh or the twenty-second, of enough importance to mention it specifically in any of the records which he kept.

If he regarded February 22 as his birthday after the calendar change in 1752, then an event which occurred on February 21, 1754 must have been something of a "birthday present" for him. Returning to Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, after his perilous journey into the West to warn the French off of English lands, it must have pleased the young Virginian to learn that the previous day the house of burgesses had "Resolved That the Treasurer be directed to pay out of the public Monies in his Hands the sum of Fifteen Pounds to Major George Washington to testify our Approbation of his Proceedings in his Journey to the Ohio."

There is no special record in connection with the date until fifteen years later, although his twenty-seventh birthday in 1759 must have been a happy one. For he had just been married to Martha Parke Custis and during the months of February and March of that year he was honeymooning with his bride in Williamsburg. There he was enjoying the dances and other social activities ("routs," Washington calls them) of the colonial capital before going to Mount Vernon to take up his career as master of that plantation and as a prosperous Virginia gentleman.

The entries in his diary for February 22 in both the years 1769 and 1770 are curiously alike. Both record the fact that he "Went to Court (at Alexandria) and returned Home (Mount Vernon) at Night." For February 22, 1775, the entry reads "Went with Mrs. Washington to Mr. Digges' and Dind," but if this was a "birthday dinner" in honor of the man who was so soon to be elected commander in chief of the Continental army, the brief entry in the diary gives no hint of the fact.

The next six years were to be the most eventful in Washington's life. He would repeatedly taste the bitterness of heart-breaking defeat and utter discouragement, lightened only by occasional moments of well-deserved success and victory before Yorktown should bring the ultimate triumph to his efforts in behalf of his country. No doubt, some of those moments of bright hope and dark despair came to him on his birthday, but, if so, there is no record of his commenting upon them in connection with the anniversary.

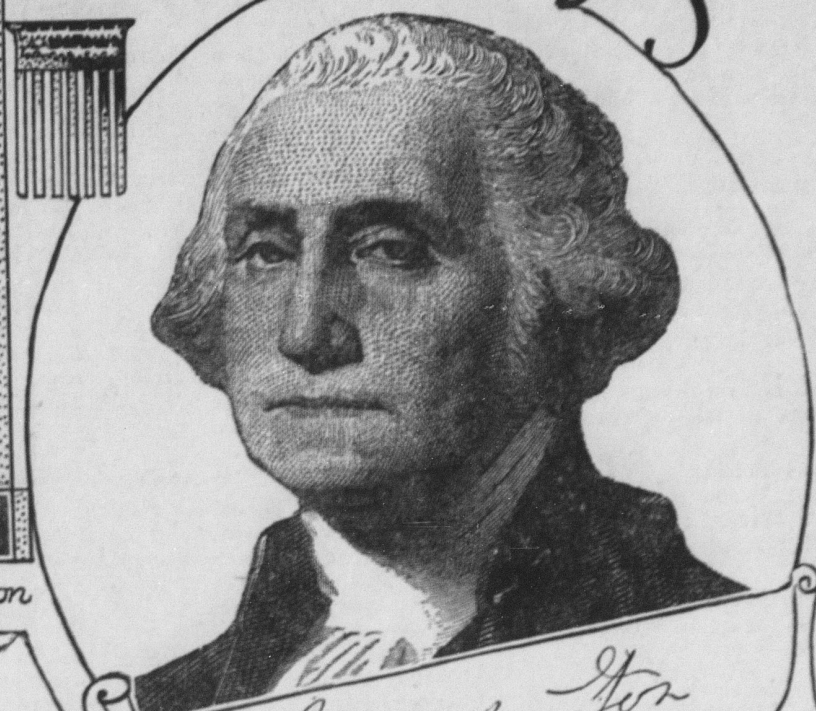
What was perhaps the first "Washington's Birthday celebration" in our history—a meager one, albeit—took place during that time. John C. Fitzpatrick in his "George Washington Himself—A Common-Sense Biography Written From His Manuscripts" (published in 1933 by the Bobbs-Merrill company) tells of it as follows: "The army knew that he liked music and this knowledge carried Procter's artillery band (it was nothing but a drum and fife corps) tramping through the ice and snow of that dreary winter in 1778, in Valley Forge, to serenade their General on his birthday. It was a gesture of affection which brought the ragged musicians some of the very few silver coins left in the purse of the Commander-in-Chief."

Three years later there was another celebration by his comrades in arms, only this time it was inspired by a foreigner, Count Rochambeau, the Frenchman. He was in the habit of honoring the birthday of his king, and, as a graceful gesture toward his allied commander, ordered a parade of the French troops and the firing of a salute on February 22. How deeply Washington, harassed by the difficulties and discouragements which immediately preceded the victory at Yorktown, appreciated this courtesy may be seen from the letter he wrote Rochambeau from New Wind-sor: "The flattering distinction paid to the anniversary of my birth-day is an honor for which I dare not attempt to express my gratitude. I confide in your Excellency's sensibility to interpret my feelings for this, and for the obliging manner in which you are pleased to announce it."

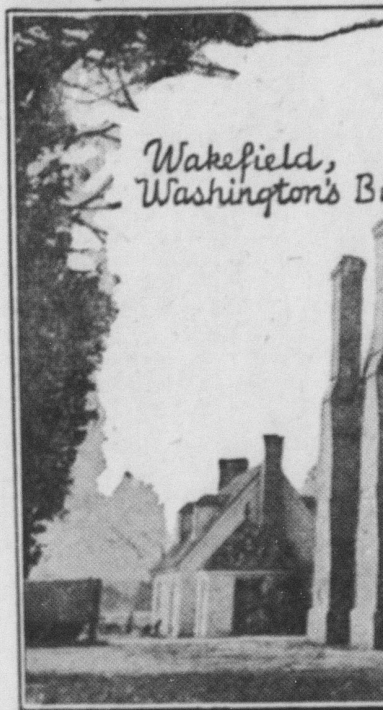
His great task ended at the close of the Revolution, Washington resigned his commission and retired to Mount Vernon, hoping to spend the rest of his days as a Virginia planter. Characteristic of his simplicity and love for the soil is this entry in his diary during 1785: "Tuesday, February 22d. Removed two pretty large and full grown Lilacs to the No. Garden gate, one on each side, taking up as much dirt with the roots as could well be obtained. . . I also removed from the Woods and old fields several young Trees of the Sassafras, Dogwood and Red-bud to the shrubbery on the No. side of the grass



Mary Ball Washington



G. Washington



Wakefield, Washington's Birthplace

"Had thought to have taken the opportunity of the anniversary of the late President's Birth-day to have been to the grave of the great man, but the weather was so bad that I was obliged to stay at home. The day was very rainy and the wind very high. The snow will have a better light of the day than we have had for some time."

The Army Honors Its Chief



Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis

plot." Thus the hero of the Revolution celebrated his birthday—planting trees!

But even more prosaic was his celebration of his first birthday as President of the United States. Says his diary for "Monday, February 22d, (1790) Set seriously about removing my furniture to my new home. Two of the gentlemen of the family had their beds taken there and would sleep there tonight." This "new home" was the first Executive Mansion, the McCombs house on Broadway, just below Trinity church, in New York city, and the mind of the first President of the United States on that historic birthday was occupied, not with the affairs of state, but with the homely details of placing and arranging furniture. However, there was evidently a reception of some sort in his honor at that time for he records, somewhat naively, on February 23: "Few or no visitors on the Levee to-day, from the idea of my being on the move."

Although Washington was loath to encourage any celebration of his birthday, since it might smack of homage to royalty, his people were eager to honor him on that occasion. Especially was this true after the seat of government was moved from New York city to Philadelphia.

In 1793 a ceremonious function was held in the Capital in honor of the President's birthday and the following year an even more elaborate one was given. Fitzpatrick says of it: "The church-bells rang, the light horse, artillery and light infantry seized the opportunity to turn out in full strength, to show off their new uniforms, and artillery salutes were fired. Congress, the state officials, the clergy and others visited the President to pay their respects and in the evening the Assembly gave a ball, which the President and Mrs. Washington attended, which was, Dunlap's Advertiser reported, 'the most brilliant display of beauty, perhaps, ever exhibited in this city.'"

But the socialites of the nation's Capital were not the only ones who celebrated Washington's birthday at that time. Out on what was then the Western frontier there was another celebration, of a somewhat different sort but nonetheless sincere. In the library of the United States Military academy at West Point are preserved the orderly books of Gen. Anthony Wayne, kept during his campaign against the Indians in 1792-95, and of his successor, Gen. James Wilkinson. In them appears this entry during the year 1796:

"Head Quarters Greenville (Ohio) February 21 'Tomorrow being the Anniversary of the Birth of George Washington, the Illustrious President of the United States; The Auspicious Day will be Distinguished by a display of the flag from the Citadel at Sun rise and a federal salute from the Park at 12 o'clock—All Fatigues are to cease—The troops will draw an Extra Gill of Whiskey, and The Officers of Duty are Requested to Dine at Head Quarters."

No doubt the soldiers, enjoying both the fact that "All Fatigues are to cease" and that they would "draw an Extra Gill of Whiskey," were quite willing to wish their commander in chief "many happy returns of the day!"

Soon after the Revolution closed and even before Washington became President, his Virginia friends instituted one celebration of his birthday which lasted for many years. This was the "Birthnight Ball," first held in Alexandria and

attended by the hero of the Revolution whose diary betrays his great fondness for "routs" and who never failed to attend one of these functions until almost the end of his days.

Washington's last birthday, in 1799, was marked by the marriage of his beloved adopted daughter, Nellie Custis, who requested him to wear the splendid new uniform of General of the Armies of the United States, an office that had been created for him the previous year. Instead, the general presented her with the magnificent white plumes from the uniform and appeared at the wedding clad in the uniform in which he had won his greatest fame—the old Continental buff and blue. Beneath his arm was a faded cocked hat with a simple ribbon cockade, a reminder of those stirring days when he was waging his fight for the liberties of his country. Just as simple and unassuming as this gesture was his comment in his diary for this, his last birthday. He merely wrote: "The Revd Mr Davis and Mr Geo Calvert came to dinner and Miss Custis was married and Candle light to Mr Lawrence Lewis."

Credit for the nation-wide observance of Washington's birthday as a day of commemoration after his death is due more, perhaps, to a Boston woman than to any other individual. She was Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, who also had a part in preserving historic Mount Vernon as a national shrine.

Born in Boston in 1796 Eliza Henderson Borden, even before her marriage into the famous family of Otises, had wealth and social position. A widow at thirty with five children, she took them abroad to educate them. Returning after nine years in Europe with her patriotism and pride of country stronger than ever, she decided to commemorate Washington's birthday by a public reception in her mansion at 41 Mount Vernon street in the Massachusetts capital. In those days the gulf between the socially-elect and the "common people" was wider than it is today and, although her society friends had regarded her as "daring" and "eccentric" before this, they were much scandalized at the idea of her throwing open her home to all-comers, even for such a purpose as honoring the Father of His Country. But she did it and she treated the common folk who came with the same gracious courtesy accorded to her society friends, most of whom came more out of curiosity than through any approval of her idea. But the first reception, held on February 22, 1842, was such a success and won so much commendation from all who attended that she continued them each year from that time on to her death in 1876.

In the meantime, largely due to her influence, governors of the commonwealth began holding informal receptions on Washington's birthday, although these semi-official functions occupied second place to Mrs. Otis' reception, in the estimation of the citizens of Boston. It was her influence also that resulted in February 22 becoming a legal holiday in Massachusetts. Other states followed its lead until now the anniversary is thus observed in every state in the Union.