



The Imprudence of Prue

A Tale of a Maid and a Highwayman

By Sophie Fisher

Copyright, 1911, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

SYNOPSIS.
In the time of Queen Anne, Lady Prudence Brook, widowed at 16 and still a widow at 20 and twenty, while journeying in a coach to London with her cousin Peggy, is accosted by a highwayman who, however, takes nothing from her except a kiss.

The two girls live with their grandmother, Lady Drumloch, who, despite her reduced circumstances, maintains a gay social position in the court circle.

Prue is small, gay, delightful, daring, extravagant, and always in debt.

She is perpetually pursued by creditors and just now is in deep water for want of a few guineas with which to buy a new gown by whose aid she hopes to win back the queen's favor, very recently lost by one of her mad pranks.

She decides to visit Aaron's, a notorious money lender, and asks him to take care of her debts on the strength of her approaching marriage to Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert.

Aaron informs her, however, that Beaudesert is himself head over heels in debt and while Prue is still in his office Sir Geoffrey arrives.

Prue at once secretes herself in a closet and to her astonishment overhears Sir Geoffrey ask for advances of money, also on the strength of their engagement.

Prue reads in a paper an account of the trial and sentence of Robin, the highwayman who had kissed her on the moors, and that he is to be hanged at Tyburn the following Monday.

CHAPTER XV—(Continued.)

"What fun it would be," she cried, with reckless gaiety, "if you were to stay until midnight and unmask with the rest! I wonder if any one would recognize you."

"If the experiment will amuse you, I will stay and try it," said Robin tranquilly.

"How own voice dropped almost to a whisper. 'To amuse me?' she murmured. 'What do you suppose would happen?'"

"Probably nothing at all; I am not so well known. At the worst, they would merely arrest me," he said.

"Merely arrest you! and send you back to prison, I suppose."

"Why, 'tis likely; and then, in a few days, you would be free—to marry some one you love."

"I have had enough of marrying," she said petulantly. "Besides, had I loved one man, I would not have married another, even in jest."

"Even in jest," he repeated. "Well, have a little more and you may laugh as heartily as you please at this merry jest. When you are free, will you—" he hesitated—"I owe you a chance to make a better use of your freedom next time, yet I fear you are not likely to give it."

"Do you mean Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert?" she said. "Do not fear, I shall never marry him."

"You will not?" he exclaimed eagerly. "You do not love him? Oh! you give me new life; I care little what becomes of me, if I am sure you will not marry Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert."

"Hush, hush," she whispered, peering round in the dim twilight of their retreat; "I thought I heard a movement; suppose any one had overheard you!"

He clapped his hand on his sword, but everything was still except the distant music and the airy, tinkling voices of another pair in search of solitude.

"Let us go," said Prue, rising in a tremor and adjusting her mask. "I would not, for the world, have anything happen to you, and I fear you are not safe here; you will be incautiously pruned, begone from this house."

"Do not be uneasy, dear Lady Prudence; I am safe here," said Robin, deprecatingly with his eyes. "I may never see you again; do not banish me."

"Never see you again?" she interrupted. "Why not? I am sure you are in some danger you will not tell me of, else why should I never see you again?"

"Would you care if you did not see me again?" she asked, as he began to whisper again, when Peggy, released from her sheepskin and clad in somewhat scanty drapery intended to represent springtime, pounced upon them, delighted with the nudities that displayed her charming form, while the mask concealed her plain face.

"Have I been away long enough?" she cried, saucily. "Have you had plenty of time to quarrel and make love? Come, Prue, 't is o'clock has struck, and we shall scarcely be in time for a country dance before we unmask. Hasten!"

She was drawing Prue after her by one hand, but she hung back, extending the other to her finer, slender, resolute, longing to follow, yet not venturing, unbidden.

"Farewell," she said, in a thrilling voice. "Frithee, do not linger."

Robin blushed under his mask, for he knew very well that if Prue had not been among the guests, the monk's frock or the student's cap and gown would have been fine enough for his purpose.

"In your mind my dress," he said, shortly. "You can lend me your frock and if you have no further business here, you can do me a service."

As they went out together, Robin explained to his friend the manner in which he had obtained the monk's invitation, and, incidentally, the predicament of Lord Beacombe. Together they sought and found his carriage at a place previously arranged for, and within it the exchange of garments was effected.

"Now go to the house by the river-side, where you will find Lord Beacombe tied hand and foot in the dark in the guard room, and his lackeys in similar conditions in another room. Steal the mask and domino to Lord Beacombe, return him and his varlets to the carriage, blindfolded, and when you have taken them a safe distance from Essex street, set them free to go their way to the bay or to the devil, whichever pleases them."

The carriage drove away and Robin, completely concealed under the monk's gown, made his way back to the house.

When he returned, through the brilliantly lighted main entrance, but this time by a side door that led to the servants' quarters.

CHAPTER XVI AT THE UNMASKING.

When Prue and Robin had left the conservatory a sufficiently long time to insure their return to the ball room, out from behind a clump of plants slipped Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert. Observing her exit from the ball room with a tall and conspicuously habited masker he had followed with the intention of interrupting a tete-a-tete and forestalling one of Prue's little flirtations, which, however harmless in themselves, were dangerous, as he knew by experience, to anterior claims.

When he found that, avoiding the well lighted rooms, Prue guided her companion to an out of the way room, he was unlikely that they would be disturbed by anyone less familiar with the house than herself, his annoyance increased, and with it his anxiety to know who the favored swain might be, and when Peggy, with the good natured intention of giving Robin an opportunity to rid her of the masker, took complete possession of Sir Geoffrey and prompted a baseness of which a moment before, he would have blushed to think himself capable.

The only available concealment was at such a distance that at first nothing reached him but the murmur of voices. He could see that Prue stretched out her hands to her companion, and that he kissed them with ardor, but until his own name was mentioned, he heard nothing but a disjointed word here and there. Then, with ears preternaturally sharpened by something even more poignant than the reproaches of her companion, he perceived himself and her companion in the expression of relief and gratitude for the same.

It was fortunate, perhaps, that the cology was so soon brought to an end by Peggy's eagerness to carry her cousin off to the ball room, where Sir Geoffrey followed as quickly as he deemed wise, only to find Prue already standing up in a country-dance, and a tall masker in scarlet missing. He hunted everywhere for him, but in vain, and finally withdrew to one of the card rooms, where he played with a marked absence of his usual skill, and also of the luck for which he was proverbial.

At midnight a flourish of trumpets announced that the moment for unmasking had arrived. The dancers formed a double line and marched past the dais, each couple unmasking as they saluted the duchess and her royal guest. Following them came an interminable procession of the beautiful, talented and rank of the country, and among the very last of these, Sir Geoffrey's search was rewarded. The tall figure in its scarlet drapery suddenly appeared, he knew not whence, within a few feet of him, doffed domino and mask and revealed the familiar but unlooked-for person of Lord Beacombe.

Instantly there flashed into Sir Geoffrey's mind an explanation of the words he had overheard, which roused him to an almost uncontrollable fury. This man, once his rival, was still in love with Prue, and after goading him into a monstrous wager about her, had exerted some infernal arts or stratagems to induce her to play the jilt once more and thus rob him, at one stroke, of his bride and his money.

"Oh!" he muttered, with intense bitterness, "such a trick is worthy of a man who would not pay his own debts; his dowry, until he was sued for it! He shall answer for this treachery with his heart's best blood, and as for her—his look boded ill for the future of the capricious beauty toward whom his feeling just then was less like love than hate. He was forced into self-control, however, by the reflection that to provoke a meeting on this issue would place him in a more than equivocal position, and that it would be necessary to find some other cause of quarrel.

Beacombe, meanwhile, unconscious of what had happened under shelter of his disguise, saluted his hostess and his sovereign and passed on with a bland exterior and a temper in a highly inflammable state.

Sir Geoffrey lost no time in throwing himself in Beacombe's way. They exchanged greetings and then, "How goes the courting?" asked my cousin. "How is it you are not in attendance on the fair widow?"

Sir Geoffrey's fury choked him. Was ever such impudence as this scoundrel's!

"Do you require an explanation on the subject?" he said, between his clenched teeth.

"Far from it," retorted Beacombe, with a jeering laugh. "It will be quite enough for me to know that she has jilted you; I care nothing for the details. Still, if I were you, I would not carry my willow quite so openly."

"No doubt your lordship regards it as quite permissible to prejudice the Viscountess Brooke against a suitor who has quarrelled with you, dependent on her favor," sneered Beaudesert.

"I hardly fancy it would be diplomatic," drawled the other, not having the clew to Sir Geoffrey's meaning, and relishing his peevishness as evidence of defeat. "As the lady has probably never pardoned my speedy consolation, I doubt not that anything

might say against you would only drive her into your arms. This is the first time I have seen the Lady Prudence since Her Majesty requested her to retire from the court a year ago. She appears to me even more beautiful and vivacious than formerly. I must endeavor to make my peace with her; one can not afford to be at odds with so bewitching a creature, especially if she is to be attached to the queen's household, a place where we shall be obliged to meet constantly."

Sir Geoffrey was so dumfounded by what he took to be the earl's audacity and dissimulation, that he fell back and allowed him to follow in the wake of the subject of their conversation. It was but a small consolation to him that Prue was in his power through her rash marriage; she had already shown him that she considered him her partner in crime, if she did not go so far as to lay the blame on his shoulders. At was plain to him that Beacombe would give him no opening for a quarrel about her and that he would have to find some other cause for the duel which was determined to force upon him, but that gave him more or less trivial causes gave plausible excuse for the indulgence of personal hatred. Sir Geoffrey was a dead shot and a fairly skilled swordsman, and had come off scathless in encounters with far more formidable antagonists than this young lordling, whose prowess was still untried and whose reputation for courage or any other lofty quality was yet to make.

With a wager of five thousand guineas contingent upon Prue's fidelity to him, Sir Geoffrey was not prepared to be overborne about the pretext that would put such an antagonist hors de combat for a few weeks.

While he was turning over in his mind the various baits by which he might draw Beacombe into a quarrel, the latter pursued his way through the crowd, exchanging greetings and receiving congratulations upon the advent of his son and heir, and at last reached his room. It was no easy task to edge his way through the throng of her admirers, nor had he any special reason to felicitate himself upon his success when he had gained it. He came up, bowing low, to his own room, and found waiting for him the customary stream of high-flown compliments and asseverations that the sun, moon and stars had refused their light since her eyes, the bright eyes of all luminaries, had been withdrawn from the world.

Prue regarded him with one of her most beaming smiles. "And pray, sir, when came you from hell?"

"Our friends there—did you leave them well?"

She inquired, with an air of flattering interest.

I might say against you would only drive her into your arms. This is the first time I have seen the Lady Prudence since Her Majesty requested her to retire from the court a year ago. She appears to me even more beautiful and vivacious than formerly. I must endeavor to make my peace with her; one can not afford to be at odds with so bewitching a creature, especially if she is to be attached to the queen's household, a place where we shall be obliged to meet constantly."

Sir Geoffrey was so dumfounded by what he took to be the earl's audacity and dissimulation, that he fell back and allowed him to follow in the wake of the subject of their conversation. It was but a small consolation to him that Prue was in his power through her rash marriage; she had already shown him that she considered him her partner in crime, if she did not go so far as to lay the blame on his shoulders. At was plain to him that Beacombe would give him no opening for a quarrel about her and that he would have to find some other cause for the duel which was determined to force upon him, but that gave him more or less trivial causes gave plausible excuse for the indulgence of personal hatred. Sir Geoffrey was a dead shot and a fairly skilled swordsman, and had come off scathless in encounters with far more formidable antagonists than this young lordling, whose prowess was still untried and whose reputation for courage or any other lofty quality was yet to make.

With a wager of five thousand guineas contingent upon Prue's fidelity to him, Sir Geoffrey was not prepared to be overborne about the pretext that would put such an antagonist hors de combat for a few weeks.

While he was turning over in his mind the various baits by which he might draw Beacombe into a quarrel, the latter pursued his way through the crowd, exchanging greetings and receiving congratulations upon the advent of his son and heir, and at last reached his room. It was no easy task to edge his way through the throng of her admirers, nor had he any special reason to felicitate himself upon his success when he had gained it. He came up, bowing low, to his own room, and found waiting for him the customary stream of high-flown compliments and asseverations that the sun, moon and stars had refused their light since her eyes, the bright eyes of all luminaries, had been withdrawn from the world.

Prue regarded him with one of her most beaming smiles. "And pray, sir, when came you from hell?"

"Our friends there—did you leave them well?"

She inquired, with an air of flattering interest.

In the midst of the laughter that greeted this sally, Peggy was heard to exclaim in a voice of mock-horror, "Prue! how shocking! you are over-harsh for the frailty of a creature so winsome."

He offered his hand to lead her into the supper-room and the magnetic thrill of her touch sent the blood surging through his veins in the old accustomed way—he looked down into the sparkling depths of her lovely eyes and straightway forgot—everything that he ought to have remembered. It needed but the gleam of crown of Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert to incite him to offer the most effusive attentions and Prue to permit, if not actually encourage them, until wearying of a pastime that had nothing to recommend it, she turned abruptly to the battery of her fascinations in another direction.

(Continued Next Week.)

FIRE GOES TO ENGINE HOUSE TO BE PUT OUT

Cincinnati—Cincinnati firemen recently were asked to fight one of the most novel fires in the history of the local department. And they did not have to go after this fire; it went to them.

A trainload of merchandise on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad was set on fire by sparks from a passing locomotive. The cut of cars was standing on a siding.

Immediately a call was made to the roundhouse for an engine. When it arrived the cars seemed doomed. There was no possible chance of getting a line of hose to the fire.

The fireman of the locomotive studied the situation a few moments and then made a hurried half-mile run to the nearest fire house, where they got the aid of the fire company and extinguished the flames.

A Level-Headed Parson

From Norman E. Mack's National Monthly.

Just before the collection was taken up one Sunday morning, a negro clergyman announced that he regretted to state that a certain brother had forgotten to lock the door of his chicken house the night before, and as a result in the morning he found that most of the fowls had disappeared.

"I doan want to be pussional, bredd'n," he added, "but I hab my spicions as who stole dem chickens. I also hav reason fo' b'lievin' dat if I am right in dose spicions dat pusion won't put any moneys in de plate which will now be passed."

The result was a fine collection, not a single member of the congregation feigning sleep. After it was counted the old parson came forward.

"Now, bredd'n," he said, "I doan want your dinners to be spoilt by wondering where dat brudder lives who doan lock his chickens up at night. Dat brudder doan exist, mah friends. He was a parable gotten up fo' purpose of finances."

An Explanation

From Harper's Weekly.

The two friends were exchanging confidences.

"What ever induced you to accept Toady Johnson, Mabel?" said Annette.

"Oh—why—well," said Mabel, "you see Toady put his—his arm around my waist, and he said the truth, I yielded under pressure."

TURKISH TERMS ARE HELD UNREASONABLE

Balkan Allies Refuse to Consider Offer and Peace Delegates Recess.

London, Dec. 30.—"These terms do not form even the basis for negotiations," was the unanimous outcry of the peace envoys of the allied Balkan nations Saturday after Reshad Pasha, the chief Turkish delegates, had read the reply he had received from Constantinople to his request for instruction.

What Turks Offer. The proposals presented by the Ottoman delegates were:—The province of Adrianople to remain under the direct administration of Turkey.

"Second—Macedonia to be converted into a principality with Saloniki as its capital. The principality to be under the suzerainty of the sultan of Turkey, but governed by a prince chosen by the sultan of Turkey. This prince to be a Protestant and from a neutral state.

"Third—Albania to be autonomous under the sovereignty of the sultan and governed by a prince of the imperial Ottoman family, who is to be chosen for a term of five years, with the possibility of a renewal of his appointment.

"Fourth—All the islands of the Aegean sea to remain Turkish.

"Fifth—The Cretan question not to be one for the decision of the conference, as it is a matter between Turkey and the great European powers."

The sitting of the conference today assumed a quite different aspect from that of its last meeting at which the Serbian envoy read the terms offered by the allies.

They Call It Mockery. Today, even while Reshad Pasha was engaged in reading the Turkish propositions, the Balkan delegates could not refrain from manifesting their astonishment and indignation by means of gestures and expressive exclamations.

"What is the return for our victories?" "Doesn't the blood shed by 100,000 glorious victims deserve some other reward?"

"This is a mockery and not a serious conference!" were some of the sharp ejaculations which crossed the picture gallery in St. James palace.

After the conference had decided to adjourn until Monday the conversation became even more animated.

Turks Seem Pleased. Reshad Pasha was the only calm person present. With his right hand in his trouser pocket and his left hand caressing his beard as though hiding a smile, he stood without uttering a word.

Today's meeting, which might appear to superficial observers to be bordering on a rupture, must, according to qualified opinions, be interpreted otherwise. Both sides, it is pointed out, have now laid down their maximum aspirations and neither of them expects to see the maximum demands realized.

The delegates of Bulgaria, Greece, Montenegro, Serbia and Turkey gathered at 10 o'clock. It was the turn of the Turks to preside and Reshad Pasha took the chair.

FEWER CATTLE BUT PRICE WAS GREATER

Chicago Stock Yards Report Shows Big Slump In Receipts for Year.

Chicago, Dec. 30.—Fewer cattle by 281,298 have been received at the Chicago stock yards this year than in 1911, according to figures announced tonight. Despite this fact, however, money was paid for beef during 1912 than in 1911 by \$3,282,735. The total paid out this year was \$183,488,909.

Three reasons are given for the increased price of beef. The western states did not raise as many cattle as usual, owing to droughts, many farmers are turning their pastures into wheat fields and the demand has increased. It was explained that the population in the United States has increased in the last 20 years 20 per cent, while the increase in cattle production has been only 8 per cent.

Beef exports fell off this week, owing to the big home demand.

CITIES WANT RIGHT TO CONTROL SERVICE

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 30.—Favoring the establishment of a public utilities commission, but opposing giving it power to control the service or rates of any public utility, unless invited to do so by the city interested, the convention of representatives of cities having the commission form of government in Illinois went on record today by a vote of 18 to 6, as being in favor of home rule for cities in the matter of public utilities.

Resolutions were also passed favoring legislation granting cities the right to purchase and operate public utilities; favoring a uniform system of regulation of the books of cities and favoring also a law increasing the power to raise funds for municipal improvements.

WILSON INAUGURAL TO BE BRILLIANT AFFAIR

Washington, Dec. 30.—Major General Leonard Wood, chief of staff, who has just been named as chief marshal of the approaching inauguration parade, has begun to outline his plans for the military, naval and civic demonstration.

General Wood's purpose is to make the Wilson inauguration parade as well balanced as possible in the matter of the representation of the cavalry, infantry and artillery of the army, the blue jackets and marines of the navy, an adequate and liberal representation of the national guard and a well proportioned civic display.

ENGLISH AVIATOR DASHED TO HIS DEATH

London, Dec. 30.—Edward Petrea, a well-known English aviator, was killed today near Redcar while undertaking a flight from the Brooklands aerodrome to Edinburgh. He intended to cover the distance without stopping. His monoplane ran into a heavy gale on the way and his machine was dashed to earth. The motor fell on Petrea, killing him instantly. He narrowly escaped death near Aldershot on October 24.

EBERHART TO ASK MANY STATE LAWS

Governor Wants "Blue Sky," Public Domain and Other Measures Passed.

Minneapolis, Dec. 30.—Gov. A. O. Eberhart announced Saturday that in his message to the 1913 legislature he will recommend the following measures:

The creation of a state land department to be supervised by commissioner of the public domain.

The creation of a department of agriculture to co-operate with the state college of agriculture in disseminating information among the farmers of the state.

Congressional and legislative reapportionment.

Presidential preference primaries.

The creation of a state public utilities commission to have supervision over all public utility corporations not now under the supervision of the state railroad and warehouse commission.

A law which will enable the state to control the issuance and sale of all stocks, bonds or other securities, this law designed to prevent the sale of "blue sky" securities.

A workingmen's compensation and employers' liability act.

Stricter regulation of woman and child labor.

The extension of agricultural and industrial training in the schools of the state and the establishment of social centers.

The improvement of state highways.

Reform in judicial procedure and legislation uniform with that adopted in other states on marriage, divorce and other subjects.

Measures designed to prevent crime by removing the causes.

More stringent public health measures and increased vigor in the fight against tuberculosis.

Laws encouraging publicity and development work for the state.

EXPLORERS START TRIP UP AMAZON

Expedition Will Penetrate the Wilds of South America and Study the Cannibals.

New York, Dec. 30.—An expedition to explore the upper water of the Amazon and the regions inhabited by the cannibals in the foothills of the Andes, starts today with the departure of A. Lange, a young American explorer, and Admiral Jose E. Carvalho, of the Brazilian navy, for Para, where they will take the special expedition yacht Pennsylvania for the cruise. They will be joined at Para by Dr. Franklin Church, of Johns-Hopkins university, the biologist of the expedition, and Capt. J. H. Rowan, a former commander of the United States navy, and Sandy McNab, former chief of police of Frankfurt, S. D., who explores the Amazon with Dr. Lange on a previous trip.

The University of Pennsylvania is backing the expedition with a fund of about \$100,000. The hope of the Brazilian admiral is to explore the upper tributaries of the Amazon, some 600 in all, and to open this great country to commerce. The scientists in the expedition will collect specimens of birds, mammals, flora and minerals and make an effort to determine the origin of some of the tribes of the cannibal Indians.

It will be three years before the explorers return and during most of their absence they will be completely out of touch with civilization.

WOULD PLACE STREET LIGHTS ON BUILDINGS

New York, Dec. 30.—Abolition of street lamps and the substitution of street lights on buildings is the novel proposition which the executive committee of the Broadway association is considering in its scheme to make Broadway "the best lighted thoroughfare in the world."

The incumbrance of lamp posts and the shadows which they cause are responsible for the movement for bracket lamps, the cost of which owners of Broadway property are to be asked to help meet for the sake of the improvement. It is proposed to have the new lights every 20 or 30 feet. While much of Broadway is already known as the "great white way," there are many stretches of the thoroughfare which are poorly lighted.

OLD LANDMARK WILL BE TORN DOWN SOON

New York, Dec. 30.—Like so many old landmarks in New York, the building on the west side of the city, which is one of the few old landmarks that are left among the newer buildings. The passing of the old Grapvine, a little gable roofed old house, Sixth avenue and Eleventh street, announced for the new year to give place to a modern structure for purposes. Alex McClelland, a Scotchman, has preceded over its dusty old mutton pie for 40 years, is going retirement. The old two-story house has many traditions and its time it has been visited by many distinguished persons. The old year will be served by the old year passes.

PARCELS POST CUT

New York, Dec. 30.—Eggs and country butter, the farm to the house, parcels post to reach here, the parcels post New York and its environs, the latest plan announced by Julian Heath, president of the Housewives' league, her plan will become effective on January 1, the new year to be opened on parcels post.

Registry bureaus for parcels post will be opened next Wednesday in principal cities of the country, Mr. Heath declared.

TWO PLEAD GUILTY TO JEWELRY

St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 30.—Kaufman, 19 years old, and Ellis, 23 years old, whose husband in Colorado, pleaded guilty to larceny before Judge Orr in district court today and were suspended sentences.

WIFE ADMITS HIRING HER HUSBAND KILLED

Georgia Planter's Wife Confesses Following Admission of King's Slayer.

Macon, Ga., Dec. 30.—Mrs. James King, widow of a Round Oak, Ga., planter, who was killed near here, confessed last night that she plotted with Nicholas Wilburn, a farmer, to slay her husband so that she might marry Wilburn and get \$2,000 life insurance carried by her husband.

Mrs. King was arrested after Wilburn had confessed to the police that he shot and killed King because Mrs. King offered him \$600 to commit the crime and promised to marry him.

In her confession Mrs. King declared that if it had not been for the \$2,000 insurance policy she never would have planned to kill her husband. Mrs. King was arrested December 12, while hunting. Investigation led to the arrest of Wilburn and a negro, James Barber, who the police say has stated that Wilburn told him he was going to kill King. Mrs. King is 35 years old and Wilburn is 25.

In his confession to the police Wilburn is quoted as saying: "Mrs. King had offered me \$600 to kill her husband. She said she wanted to get rid of him and promised to marry me if I killed him. He had \$2,000 life insurance.

"On December 12 I was passing the King home. She called to me and told me that King had gone hunting and for me to shoot him. I followed him and when he stopped to rest I sneaked up behind him, grabbed his gun and shot him. He begged me not to shoot him any more. Just then he fell over."

"I put his gun in his hand and arranged the body so as to make it look like he had shot himself, and then went back to the house and told Mrs. King what I had done. She said I was a good boy and she thought a lot of me."

Mrs. King is the mother of six children. Her oldest daughter married a brother of Wilburn.

UNITED STATES FAR BEHIND IN AVIATION

France, Germany, Russia, England, Italy and Japan All Lead Uncle Sam.

Washington, Dec. 30.—The United States, home of the first heavier than air flying machine, is far behind other nations in military aviation. This is the assertion of Captain Washington L. Chambers, U. S. N., chief of the navy's aviation corps, an expert who is devoting his entire time to the science, he says:

"France leads the world in aviation and all that she does is worth nothing at a short time ago, in response to an inquiry by the minister of war over 3,000 officers signified their desire to learn aerial navigation. Germany leads