

# Former Soldier Held in Trunk Murder Mystery

## Prisoner Seized in Kansas as Le Roy Insists Name Is Ashley and Discharge Papers Are in Omaha

### Real Husband Is Found

#### Friend Here to Identify Body Says Girl Was About to Become Mother

A man answering the description of Eugene Le Roy, the supposed husband and slayer of Katherine Jackson, whose mutilated body was found in a trunk shipped to this city from Detroit, was arrested near Lawrence, Kan., yesterday. He gave his name as Dillard Ashley, of Sadler, Ky., and said a record of his identity and discharge from the army could be found at Omaha.

He was seized while working with a threshing crew. The arrest was made on information from Kansas City and Omaha, where he was known to the police of that city.

While the police of the country continued their search for Le Roy, Mrs. Marie Trumbull, an acquaintance of the victim, arrived here last night to make the identification of the body complete. Mrs. Trumbull had recognized several articles of clothing found in the trunk which she said belonged to Mrs. Le Roy, whom she had known since last December.

#### To View Body To-day

Mrs. Trumbull will be joined by her husband, Leo Trumbull, a member of the Detroit police force, this morning, with whom she will view the body. The authorities have no doubt of the woman's identity, but wanted the Trumbulls to identify the body in order to comply with the legal formalities necessary to the burial of the body against the murderer when he is caught.

Mrs. Trumbull last night added some details to those already made public of her knowledge of the Le Roy. Among these was the fact that the girl shortly before her murder had confided to her that she was about to become a mother. She had also told Mrs. Trumbull the day before her body was shipped to New York that she could no longer bear Le Roy's threats, and was going to tell him that night that she would leave him the next day. Mrs. Trumbull is convinced that these facts, combined with the element of jealousy over the girl's alleged affair with A. A. Tatum, of Birmingham, Ala., resulted in her murder.

Mrs. Trumbull was accompanied by Detective Wencil, of Detroit, and was taken to the Hotel Woodstock. She said she could identify the body, no matter what condition it was in, and referred particularly to two protruding teeth and a scar on the left breast.

The body, after the identification, will be kept a few days longer, and if there is no claimant, will be buried in potter's field. From Birmingham, Ala., however, comes word that the relatives and real husband of the victim have been found, and that they want the body forwarded to them for burial.

From the little Southern town came also for the first time the real story of the death of the girl. It is the old romance of the little country girl's illusions about the enchanted life of the big cities, her impulsive flight to the longed-for fairland and the tragic end.

She was Katie Lou Fondren, the nineteen-year-old daughter of a farmer with a few acres near Sturgis, Miss., a small town, twenty miles from Sturgis. Her father, H. A. Fondren, better known as "Hamp" among his neighbors. He died when she was seven years old.

A little after the age of an awkward country boy, a neighbor, and then her marriage to Kid McCoy Jackson, at Sturgis, on May 26, 1918. But Katie Lou was too pretty for her own good, the neighbors said, and so the matrimonial venture came to a close six months later. The dull life of the countryside was little solace for the girl's visions of the glitter of the cosmopolitan cities, and she packed her trunk and baggage, she fled to Nashville, Tenn. After three months as a waitress in a restaurant there she returned to her home and she returned to her home in April and soon afterward she packed her trunk and case once again and went to Birmingham. Here she met A. A. Tatum, the linotype operator, whose name was started on the trunk by the slayer to divert suspicion toward him and who had visited the girl in Detroit. Katie Lou then journeyed to Nashville and from there to Detroit, still in search of the city's pleasures.

#### Husband Grief Stricken

A photograph of his wife was identified by a cousin, Deputy Sheriff McGee, of Starkville. Her husband, Kid McCoy Jackson, was also found, as was her stepfather, Alfred Vaughn. "Yes, it is my wife," cried Jackson, as his eyes filled with tears. "God, how I loved her! I have waited and waited, believing all the time she would return. She knew I wanted her and would take her back at any time, and that's why she didn't divorce me. I can hardly believe that she has come to this."

Jackson wants her body brought home and given a proper burial, and he would forget the sordid end and wardwardness of the little girl he had loved and waited for since she left him two years ago.

With every effort being made to draw the chain of evidence tighter about the slayer, there are still bits of vital information which the police have failed to find. These are the organs of the body, which, it is believed, were shipped in another trunk from the Le Roy apartment, at 105 Harper Avenue, Detroit.

The destination of this trunk remains unknown and a call has been issued to every express company in the country to examine all baggage uncalled for within the last six weeks.

The authorities are sure that the girl was killed in the Le Roy apartment, having found blankets similar in design and texture to that found in the trunk with the body.

Late last night a woman, giving her name as Mrs. Anna Falk Le Roy, walked into Police Headquarters at Buffalo, N. Y., and told the authorities she was convinced the man accused of the trunk murder was her husband, whom she had married five years ago. According to her story, she married an Abraham Le Roy after knowing him only a short time. She left him seven months later because, she says, of his petty annoyances and fiendish pleasure in torturing her. She said he would never have his picture taken, but that the age, height, weight and other descriptions of Le Roy furnished by the newspapers tally exactly with her husband.

# Six Stowaways Mutiny; Leader, 15, Put in Irons

## Captain of Allies Quells Revolt at Sea When He Throws Ramon Ortez, Youthful Rebel, Into the Brig; Men Refuse to Work; Assail Cook

Captain George Warren, of the freighter Allies, knew that he would have twelve passengers besides his cargo of sugar when he put out from San Juan, Porto Rico, a few days ago and headed for Yonkers. He had been told that the crowded conditions existing in the service of passenger liners made it necessary. But he did not know he had six too many until he was well out to sea. And he never suspected he would be called upon to quell a mutiny.

It all started on a day when the ship was rolling a bit in a rough sea and his twelve legitimate passengers were below. He was on the bridge and, with an unobstructed view of the decks, was first to see eyes on his unexpected guests. There were six of them. They came up for air one at a time. When Ramon Ortez, who was the last to make his appearance, hunched his breeches and cast a disapproving eye out over the gray water Captain Warren thought he was seeing things.

The captain did not have to ask them when they were doing aboard his ship. He knew. The thing to do, since he had them with him and the law prohibited his throwing them overboard, was to set them to work. But he reckoned without Ramon Ortez.

Ramon is fifteen years old. He says he is an American citizen. In fact, when the captain spoke to him concerning the practical use of a swab, and told him where he would find a bucket, young Ramon used his claim to citizenship with considerable effect. He not only refused to work because he was an American citizen, but he so impressed his older fellow stowaways that they, too, refused to do manual labor.

The captain thought that perhaps after they had some food they would be more amenable to reason. So he shooed them to the galley. In about two minutes harsh noises made him return, to find Ramon saying nasty things to the ship's cook and making unpleasant comparisons about the food. The captain called for the irons and had Ramon locked in the brig.

"Now," he said, turning to the other five, "are you fellows going to work or aren't you?"

The five, watching Ramon kicking his heels in the hoosgow, went to work. It was then that, when the Allies arrived here yesterday, she slowed down opposite Ellis Island while the captain yelled for immigration officials to give him a hand with his mutineers.

The most drastic step thus far taken to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act was announced yesterday by Charles R. O'Connor, Federal Prohibition Director for the State of New York. Mr. O'Connor declared that no more applications for permits to sell intoxicating liquor at wholesale would be received or accepted at his office. The order, he said, had been transmitted to Washington and fully approved by the government.

Mr. O'Connor says he has a staff of attorneys engaged in the institution of proceedings for the revocation of permits on the ground that large quantities of whiskey and other alcoholic spirits have been withdrawn from licensed warehouses for non-beverage purposes and sold to liquor dealers. Liquor Withdrawals End

Seventeen hundred wholesalers' permits have been issued by the permit division, Mr. O'Connor said, and applications for withdrawal of whiskey and other spirits have been coming in at the rate of from forty to fifty a day.

"In every case where a permit is revoked," said Mr. O'Connor, "the holder has been disqualified from applying for a new permit within a year, but this provision has been practically nullified by making the application through third parties. It is to stop this abuse that the new regulation has been adopted. This means the end of liquor withdrawals."

The effect of the order, according to attachés of Mr. O'Connor's office, will be to cut down the available supply of whiskey for sale over the bars at least 75 per cent. A drink of "hard stuff" at 50 cents will now go to \$1; 75-cent whiskey will bring \$1.50 a drink, and the "elite" bars uptown, which have been dispensing whiskey at \$1, will advance their price to \$2. The order goes into effect immediately.

Whisky Found in Taxi

Joseph Amorisi, of 2 James Street, Manhattan, was held yesterday in \$1,000 bail by United States Commissioner Hennessy, of Brooklyn, on a charge of transporting two bottles of whisky alleged to have been found in a taxi cab in Amorisi's possession. Amorisi, accompanied by Miss Rosemary Trainor, nineteen years old, of 533 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, and another man and woman, was arrested by Policeman Grennan, of the Adams Street station, just after the taxi had crossed the Manhattan Bridge. Miss Trainor had become hysterical and her cries attracted the officer's attention.

The officer followed the taxi to the station, where Miss Trainor was given treatment.

J. R. Voorhis, 91, Works Eight Hours at His Desk

President of Board of Elections, on Birthday, Says "Just Be Natural, That's My Motto"

John R. Voorhis, who as president of the Board of Elections, is credited with being the oldest active public official in the United States, celebrated his ninety-first birthday yesterday by working for eight hours at his desk in the Municipal Building. Mr. Voorhis was born at Pompton Plains, N. J., July 27, 1829.

"I haven't an ache or a pain and no rheumatism at all," said Mr. Voorhis as he received the congratulations of friends. "Moreover, I have no formula. I am not one of those old codgers who always telling people what to do in order to live a century. Just be natural, that's my motto."

Mr. Voorhis, who lives at 786 Greenwich Street, was one of the settlers in Greenwich Village when the village was considered a suburb. He has two children, four grandchildren and one great grandchild.

"Instead of observing the usual custom of receiving presents, I said 'then I would give them each one, which I did,'" he said.

He entered the public service more than fifty years ago. In 1901 he organized the Board of Elections and was appointed Commissioner of Elections, a position which he has since held, with the exception of a few years.

Weather Report

Sun rises... 4:48 a.m. Moon sets... 7:34 p.m. Moon rises... 5:38 a.m. Moon sets... 2:47 a.m.

bed, was to set them to work. But he reckoned without Ramon Ortez. Ramon is fifteen years old. He says he is an American citizen. In fact, when the captain spoke to him concerning the practical use of a swab, and told him where he would find a bucket, young Ramon used his claim to citizenship with considerable effect. He not only refused to work because he was an American citizen, but he so impressed his older fellow stowaways that they, too, refused to do manual labor.

The captain thought that perhaps after they had some food they would be more amenable to reason. So he shooed them to the galley. In about two minutes harsh noises made him return, to find Ramon saying nasty things to the ship's cook and making unpleasant comparisons about the food. The captain called for the irons and had Ramon locked in the brig.

"Now," he said, turning to the other five, "are you fellows going to work or aren't you?"

The five, watching Ramon kicking his heels in the hoosgow, went to work. It was then that, when the Allies arrived here yesterday, she slowed down opposite Ellis Island while the captain yelled for immigration officials to give him a hand with his mutineers.

The most drastic step thus far taken to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act was announced yesterday by Charles R. O'Connor, Federal Prohibition Director for the State of New York. Mr. O'Connor declared that no more applications for permits to sell intoxicating liquor at wholesale would be received or accepted at his office. The order, he said, had been transmitted to Washington and fully approved by the government.

Mr. O'Connor says he has a staff of attorneys engaged in the institution of proceedings for the revocation of permits on the ground that large quantities of whiskey and other alcoholic spirits have been withdrawn from licensed warehouses for non-beverage purposes and sold to liquor dealers. Liquor Withdrawals End

Seventeen hundred wholesalers' permits have been issued by the permit division, Mr. O'Connor said, and applications for withdrawal of whiskey and other spirits have been coming in at the rate of from forty to fifty a day.

"In every case where a permit is revoked," said Mr. O'Connor, "the holder has been disqualified from applying for a new permit within a year, but this provision has been practically nullified by making the application through third parties. It is to stop this abuse that the new regulation has been adopted. This means the end of liquor withdrawals."

The effect of the order, according to attachés of Mr. O'Connor's office, will be to cut down the available supply of whiskey for sale over the bars at least 75 per cent. A drink of "hard stuff" at 50 cents will now go to \$1; 75-cent whiskey will bring \$1.50 a drink, and the "elite" bars uptown, which have been dispensing whiskey at \$1, will advance their price to \$2. The order goes into effect immediately.

Whisky Found in Taxi

Joseph Amorisi, of 2 James Street, Manhattan, was held yesterday in \$1,000 bail by United States Commissioner Hennessy, of Brooklyn, on a charge of transporting two bottles of whisky alleged to have been found in a taxi cab in Amorisi's possession. Amorisi, accompanied by Miss Rosemary Trainor, nineteen years old, of 533 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, and another man and woman, was arrested by Policeman Grennan, of the Adams Street station, just after the taxi had crossed the Manhattan Bridge. Miss Trainor had become hysterical and her cries attracted the officer's attention.

The officer followed the taxi to the station, where Miss Trainor was given treatment.

J. R. Voorhis, 91, Works Eight Hours at His Desk

President of Board of Elections, on Birthday, Says "Just Be Natural, That's My Motto"

John R. Voorhis, who as president of the Board of Elections, is credited with being the oldest active public official in the United States, celebrated his ninety-first birthday yesterday by working for eight hours at his desk in the Municipal Building. Mr. Voorhis was born at Pompton Plains, N. J., July 27, 1829.

"I haven't an ache or a pain and no rheumatism at all," said Mr. Voorhis as he received the congratulations of friends. "Moreover, I have no formula. I am not one of those old codgers who always telling people what to do in order to live a century. Just be natural, that's my motto."

Mr. Voorhis, who lives at 786 Greenwich Street, was one of the settlers in Greenwich Village when the village was considered a suburb. He has two children, four grandchildren and one great grandchild.

"Instead of observing the usual custom of receiving presents, I said 'then I would give them each one, which I did,'" he said.

He entered the public service more than fifty years ago. In 1901 he organized the Board of Elections and was appointed Commissioner of Elections, a position which he has since held, with the exception of a few years.

Weather Report

Sun rises... 4:48 a.m. Moon sets... 7:34 p.m. Moon rises... 5:38 a.m. Moon sets... 2:47 a.m.

# Lid Tightened, Whisky Sells At \$2 a Drink

## U. S. Director for New York Says No More Permits Will Be Granted to Sell Liquor at Wholesale

### 100% Raise Is Predicted

#### Prosecution of All Dealers Who Abused Privilege Is Next Move on Program

The most drastic step thus far taken to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act was announced yesterday by Charles R. O'Connor, Federal Prohibition Director for the State of New York. Mr. O'Connor declared that no more applications for permits to sell intoxicating liquor at wholesale would be received or accepted at his office. The order, he said, had been transmitted to Washington and fully approved by the government.

Mr. O'Connor says he has a staff of attorneys engaged in the institution of proceedings for the revocation of permits on the ground that large quantities of whiskey and other alcoholic spirits have been withdrawn from licensed warehouses for non-beverage purposes and sold to liquor dealers. Liquor Withdrawals End

Seventeen hundred wholesalers' permits have been issued by the permit division, Mr. O'Connor said, and applications for withdrawal of whiskey and other spirits have been coming in at the rate of from forty to fifty a day.

"In every case where a permit is revoked," said Mr. O'Connor, "the holder has been disqualified from applying for a new permit within a year, but this provision has been practically nullified by making the application through third parties. It is to stop this abuse that the new regulation has been adopted. This means the end of liquor withdrawals."

The effect of the order, according to attachés of Mr. O'Connor's office, will be to cut down the available supply of whiskey for sale over the bars at least 75 per cent. A drink of "hard stuff" at 50 cents will now go to \$1; 75-cent whiskey will bring \$1.50 a drink, and the "elite" bars uptown, which have been dispensing whiskey at \$1, will advance their price to \$2. The order goes into effect immediately.

Whisky Found in Taxi

Joseph Amorisi, of 2 James Street, Manhattan, was held yesterday in \$1,000 bail by United States Commissioner Hennessy, of Brooklyn, on a charge of transporting two bottles of whisky alleged to have been found in a taxi cab in Amorisi's possession. Amorisi, accompanied by Miss Rosemary Trainor, nineteen years old, of 533 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, and another man and woman, was arrested by Policeman Grennan, of the Adams Street station, just after the taxi had crossed the Manhattan Bridge. Miss Trainor had become hysterical and her cries attracted the officer's attention.

The officer followed the taxi to the station, where Miss Trainor was given treatment.

J. R. Voorhis, 91, Works Eight Hours at His Desk

President of Board of Elections, on Birthday, Says "Just Be Natural, That's My Motto"

John R. Voorhis, who as president of the Board of Elections, is credited with being the oldest active public official in the United States, celebrated his ninety-first birthday yesterday by working for eight hours at his desk in the Municipal Building. Mr. Voorhis was born at Pompton Plains, N. J., July 27, 1829.

"I haven't an ache or a pain and no rheumatism at all," said Mr. Voorhis as he received the congratulations of friends. "Moreover, I have no formula. I am not one of those old codgers who always telling people what to do in order to live a century. Just be natural, that's my motto."

Mr. Voorhis, who lives at 786 Greenwich Street, was one of the settlers in Greenwich Village when the village was considered a suburb. He has two children, four grandchildren and one great grandchild.

"Instead of observing the usual custom of receiving presents, I said 'then I would give them each one, which I did,'" he said.

He entered the public service more than fifty years ago. In 1901 he organized the Board of Elections and was appointed Commissioner of Elections, a position which he has since held, with the exception of a few years.

Weather Report

Sun rises... 4:48 a.m. Moon sets... 7:34 p.m. Moon rises... 5:38 a.m. Moon sets... 2:47 a.m.

# JOHN WANAMAKER

Broadway at Ninth, New York Telephone Stuyvesant 4700 Store Hours 9 to 5

## Courtesy Days in the August Furniture Sale

All the furniture—regular stock and special purchases—is tagged with the lowered August prices, and selections are now being made, deliveries to begin next Monday

### The Sun Is Rising Out of the Ocean

and the morning star, a diamond more brilliant than any of Queen Victoria's jewels, has hidden itself in the bosom of the sky.

A wide belt of carmine, silky-looking ribbon ties together the sea and the green shores, which have been permanently wedlocked for centuries.

While gazing at it all there comes to me the ancient fable that follows—

The Story of the Sunflower

perhaps almost forgotten. Clytie was a water nymph who loved the sun and worshipped him as a god. She constantly gazed at the object of her affections when he rose in the mornings and while he passed along on his daily course. She had no eyes for any other object. At last her limbs rooted and her face became the sunflower, which turns on its stem so as always to look at the sun.

Even a flower can teach us a lesson, and the daily life of the Stars, where many come, offers much of beauty to see, hear and think about.

The Two Wanamaker's—in New York and Philadelphia—have beyond dispute the largest stocks of furniture in the whole world. These stocks are interchangeable. They represent in the open market the largest unit of purchasing power in furniture. They dominate the market. This brings to them, by right of magnitude, which means efficiency and economy of manufacture and distribution, the very lowest prices. Bulk manufacture and distribution eliminate waste; leaving wages intact and in full; bringing actual economies to the retail purchaser.

Wanamaker furniture in the August Sale is so far below market prices that to fail to take advantage of these stocks and these prices, if needing furniture, is to be blind to one's own interests.

Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Galleries, New Building.

An example of the Sale

is this very moderate price bedroom suite of walnut or mahogany that costs only \$257.25 complete—

Poster bed, full size...\$55 for the...\$69 grade  
Dresser...\$72 for the...\$90 grade  
Chiffonier...\$61.50 for the...\$77 grade  
Dressing table...\$68.75 for the...\$86 grade  
Complete...\$257.25 for the \$322 grade

All pieces also sold separately.

Poster bed, full size...\$55 for the...\$69 grade  
Dresser...\$72 for the...\$90 grade  
Chiffonier...\$61.50 for the...\$77 grade  
Dressing table...\$68.75 for the...\$86 grade  
Complete...\$257.25 for the \$322 grade

All pieces also sold separately.

Poster bed, full size...\$55 for the...\$69 grade  
Dresser...\$72 for the...\$90 grade  
Chiffonier...\$61.50 for the...\$77 grade  
Dressing table...\$68.75 for the...\$86 grade  
Complete...\$257.25 for the \$322 grade

All pieces also sold separately.

Poster bed, full size...\$55 for the...\$69 grade  
Dresser...\$72 for the...\$90 grade  
Chiffonier...\$61.50 for the...\$77 grade  
Dressing table...\$68.75 for the...\$86 grade  
Complete...\$257.25 for the \$322 grade

All pieces also sold separately.

Poster bed, full size...\$55 for the...\$69 grade  
Dresser...\$72 for the...\$90 grade  
Chiffonier...\$61.50 for the...\$77 grade  
Dressing table...\$68.75 for the...\$86 grade  
Complete...\$257.25 for the \$322 grade

All pieces also sold separately.

Poster bed, full size...\$55 for the...\$69 grade  
Dresser...\$72 for the...\$90 grade  
Chiffonier...\$61.50 for the...\$77 grade  
Dressing table...\$68.75 for the...\$86 grade  
Complete...\$257.25 for the \$322 grade

All pieces also sold separately.

## Wednesday a Day for Linens

Some new importations and others out of stock at prices that are not equaled (and we have searched to find comparisons) in other stores, unless some one reduces his prices to meet this competition.

We say Wednesday is the day to get these linens, because most of them will probably be snapped up before the day is out.

Tablecloths and Napkins

Ordered a year ago—these Scotch damask tablecloths of splendid wearing quality are quite unusual to find at these prices.

68 x 68 in.—\$8  
68 x 86 in.—\$10.25  
68 x 104 in.—\$12.50

Napkins to match, 22 x 22 in.—\$11.50 dozen

Hemstitched Silver-bleached Tablecloths and Napkins

Cloths—56 x 56 in., \$6.50. 56 x 70 in., \$7.75. 56 x 80 in., \$9.  
Matching napkins—16 x 16 in., \$6.50 doz. 18 x 18 in., \$9 doz.

Silver-bleached Damask Toweling

—pure linen; the first of this good old quality that we have had in stock for five years. This importation has just arrived—suitable for roller or hand towels; 17 in. wide; only 800 yards. 60c yard

300 Turkish Bath Mats

—with slight imperfections in the weave—one-third less \$1.25 to \$4.75 each

Candle-sticks

In aquamarine, light green, smoked amber and dark green, are \$5, \$6 and \$8 each.

Large center-dishes in the same colors, and very lovely in design, some of them on short stems so that they resemble large compotes, are \$12 and \$15 each.

Small candy compotes are \$4, \$5 and \$6.

Lovely urn-shaped vases in white and aquamarine and other colors; \$8 and \$10.

Short-stemmed compotes for fruit; \$4.

Lovely shallow bowl-shaped vases with curving sides. Price \$4. Separate dessert plates; \$4.

Large center plates, 17 1/2 inches in diameter; \$15.

Others 22 inches in diameter; \$25.

Tall-stemmed covered compotes in lovely designs; \$15.

Vases in the form of three lilies growing from a deep bowl; \$10.

Nubian figures, in black and white and gay color; \$20 and \$25.

Glass trees in pale green, to be placed in fish bowls; \$10.

Sets of bottles for the bath room copied from old English glass are in three sizes and may be had in three colors, crystal, rose and blue. Prices \$2.50, \$3 and \$3.50, according to size.

Large toilet bottles in rose and white; \$5.

Powder boxes to match; \$8.

All white and colored center-pieces in the form of masses of flowers are \$35 and \$45.

Single flowers; \$2.50 each.

Fourth floor, Old Building.

# Bedtime Stories

## Peter Rabbit Is Missed

### By Thornton W. Burgess

A pleasant thing it is to learn One's absence causes friends concern.

It proves that your friends really do care for you; that you have a place in their affections. And after all there is nothing in life finer or more to be desired than true friendships.

Now you know Peter Rabbit had been in the habit of visiting the Green Forest and the Old Orchard every chance he got. He was almost as much at home in those places as in the dear Old Briar-patch. For the first two or three days that Peter remained at home in the Old Briar-patch his friends in the Green Forest and the Old Orchard gave him hardly a thought. But when several more days passed and Peter hadn't been seen he was missed.

Sammy Jay was the first one to mention the matter. Sammy keeps a close watch on everybody and everything, and there is little going on in the Green Forest or the Old Orchard that Sammy doesn't know about. Early one morning, as he was making his rounds, it came to Sammy that he hadn't seen Peter for several days. Sammy said nothing until he had visited all the places where Peter was likely to be found. Of course he didn't find Peter. Then he began to inquire of the other little people if they had seen Peter recently. No one had.

"That is queer," muttered Sammy to himself. "I have never known Peter to stay away so long before. I wonder if anything can have happened to him. He saw a lot of relief cross Sammy's face and right away he guessed just what had been in Sammy's mind. 'Sammy has missed Peter Rabbit and thought I might have caught him,' thought he, 'really hadn't thought anything about Peter until Sammy mentioned him and then it came to me that I haven't seen him or any trace of him for some days. I wonder why.'"

Sammy and Reddy guessed for a few minutes, and then Sammy remembered that he had an engagement over in the Old Orchard and, spreading his blue wings, flew away. Reddy watched him out of sight. "So I'm not the only one who hasn't seen Peter lately," he muttered. "That blue-headed fellow hasn't been seen either, and I'm trying to find out what has become of him. I wonder if anything has happened to him. Neither Mrs.