

What's Viewpoint

MORE ONE-PIECE FROCKS THAN SUITS.

BY ANNE RITTENHOUSE.
Special Correspondence of The Star.
NEW YORK, May 29.—The choice of one-piece gowns on the first real spring day was so marked and the majority of frocks were so appealing "that one heard many women over forty asking if these were too youthful for them. The answer invariably was that any woman who could wear a suit could wear a one-piece frock; that if they were not too youthful for evening usage they certainly were not for the street. It is, after all, not the garment,

but the way it is made, that leaves women somewhat in doubt about its adoption. In the belt lies the trouble. Tradition has taught women that a definitely marked waist line spells formality and dignity, and that a beltless, loose-waisted gown spells informality and youthfulness.

The greater number of the one-piece frocks of the hour are built according to the latter method. With all the talk of the Victorian waist line, the pinched-in hips and the flaring hips, we have with us gowns in first fashion which do not show any waist line and are cutting in at the hips. They make a survival of the fashions of a year ago, but if their constant usage by the best dressed women slip through each other in the back and hang in streamers to the knees. But then again, women of more delicate taste do not care for these medieval robes in the open, so they get all the comfort and add a touch of elderly dignity by means of a few accessories.

The cape of the hour is an admirable accessory. It has been attached to various kinds of one-piece frocks in all ways gives the effect desired. There is the cape of thin fur arranged in the 18th century manner, which may become one of the notable adornments of gowns; it is built from a wide, straight piece of soft fur that abuts around the neck in a straight line over the top of the arms, meeting in front. It stands out from the figure at the upper edge, which is trimmed with an upright pleating of white organdy or batiste. Its advantage is that it keeps the upper part of the arms held closely to the sides of the body.

Other capes are made of the frock material, faced with a brilliant color or a striped satin, some of them reaching up to the ears, and some with a muffled collar made of gaily colored pongee. Then there is a cape made like the one in the sketch today, that does not go on, but breaks in on the shoulder line and hangs in a wide ripple over each sleeve.

Smocking Outlines Waist.
In addition to the cape on this frock, there is some evidence of a waist given through a wide band of smocking that goes across the sides and the back. There is a deal of smocking on all sorts of summer clothes this season, and dressmakers seem to be using it in no doubt about trimming. It is a not a little becoming, so one should be quite careful about its use. This week, the way is of oyster white cloth, with white organdy collar and pearl buttons.



FROCK OF OYSTER WHITE CLOTH, WITH WHITE ORGANDY COLLAR AND CUFFS AND PEARL BUTTONS.

but the way it is made, that leaves women somewhat in doubt about its adoption. In the belt lies the trouble. Tradition has taught women that a definitely marked waist line spells for-

MANY SALADS MADE WITH TOMATOES.

Blessed is the man or woman who likes tomatoes! For, granted a liking for this succulent summer vegetable, we may always enjoy a true feast when some sort of tomato salad is served.

It is quite possible to serve tomato salad every day for a week without monotony. For the ways of tomato salad are many, and so different that one need never grow tired of them.

Tomato and Onion.
Cucumber and onion are often served together in salad, but the combination of tomato and onion is less usual. It is delicious in this way:

Cut thin slices of very firm, ripe and well chilled tomatoes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and some shredded onion—very thin shreds. Place on ice for an hour and then remove the onion. Arrange the tomatoes on lettuce leaves and serve with French or mayonnaise dressing. There is just the flavor of onion, which, to those who like it, adds much to the tomato salad.

Stuffed Tomatoes.
Stuffed tomato salad suggests all sorts of possibilities to the clever cook. For whatever one may have on hand in the way of left-over vegetables may be used to form the stuffing.

One good combination is celery and green pepper of the sweet variety. The celery must be crisp and chill, and so must the pepper. The tomatoes are sliced thin, and mixed with French or mayonnaise dressing. Then the tomatoes should be sliced and chilled, and the cavities should be scooped from the center with a silver spoon and knife. A big spoonful of the stuffing should be placed in each cavity and topped with a spoonful of mayonnaise. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Another good filling is diced cucumbers and celery, with mayonnaise, and still another is diced tart apple and celery. Stuffed tomatoes can be served either with mayonnaise, French or cream dressing. They should always be well chilled, and the lettuce beneath them should be crisp. Cold cooked green peas or tender string beans can also be used for filling.

Tomato Baskets.
Stuffed tomatoes in the form of baskets are a novelty. The tomatoes chosen must be of even size and very firm. Then they should be cut, as orange shells are, into basket shapes, and filled with any of the fillings suggested for stuffed tomatoes. Each basket should be placed on a nest of crisp white or green lettuce leaves.

Tomato and Cheese Salad.
Tomato and cream cheese salad is good.

To make it, cut firm, ripe tomatoes in quarters after peeling them and chilling them. Arrange the four quarters on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves, and between each two sections place a small ball of cream cheese, well seasoned, with salt and red pepper. In the center place a spoonful of mayonnaise dressing.

Tomato and Cauliflower.
Boil cauliflower until tender, drain and chill. Break it into separate flo-

wers. Peel tomatoes, chill them, and scoop out of the top of each a cavity big enough to hold one of the cauliflower sections. Serve with mayonnaise or a cream dressing.

Tomatoes and Cucumbers.
Tomatoes and cucumbers are delicious together.

Slice the tomatoes, firm and cold, and put two or three slices on each leaf of lettuce leaves for each plate. Over this spread eight slices of cold, thin cucumber. Serve with French dressing.

With Watercress.
Sliced tomatoes or small whole tomatoes combined with crisp, fresh watercress are delicious served with mayonnaise dressing. Remember that all tomato salads must be cold, that the lettuce must be crisp and fresh and the tomatoes firm and ripe.

Tips on Summer Trips.
Do you remember the picture of the young married couple who returned to their suburban home after their first summer vacation?

So, if you would not be like the heroes of the picture in question, remember to see to it that your house is left ready for your vacation.

The front porch is fairly buried under a collection of daily newspapers, milk and cream bottles, bags of bread and rolls. Mr. Newlywed had forgotten, and so had his charming bride, to cancel all orders before leaving home, and of course the tradesmen had delivered, per agreement, their daily wares faithfully.

So, if you would not be like the heroes of the picture in question, remember to see to it that your house is left ready for your vacation.

Tell the milkman several days beforehand to stop milk and cream the day you leave home.

Notify the baker of your going. Send direct to the newspaper publishers your change of address for the summer.

Pay somebody reliable to cut the lawn and weed the garden and water it, or else arrange with somebody to do it, and ask a neighbor to pay him for you. Ask somebody who loves flowers to pick yours while you are away, and ask one of the neighbors to make use of your vegetable garden while you are away.

See to it that the house and garden are neat before you go away. Do not leave any unsightly ash cans about, and don't forget a stray length of clothesline, or anything else that might be an eyesore to those who stay at home. Either leave the shades all neatly down, or else pull them halfway down, all of them. Let the house look neat and attractive from the outside, for remember there are always those who cannot go away on a vacation.

Fichus are so fashionable and they can be bought by the yard, which makes easy the making of a dainty summer frock.

LITTLE JOURNEYS INTO FASHION LAND

The graduation or commencement frock must be dainty and youthful. Simplicity should distinguish it. In promulgating a spirit of democracy, many schools, within the past two or three years, have issued orders concerning the extent to which "dressing up" would be permitted on the great day, some having gone so far as to set a price limit on the gowns that should be worn.

This may be carrying matters somewhat to extremes, however, for the sake of good taste, overdressing by schoolgirls of whatever age or station should be avoided.

This season's styles are very friendly to members of the younger generation, and the little frocks developed for summer wear are especially attractive and are generally suitable for graduation or commencement. Tucks and ruffles, the touches of hand embroidery and the pretty filmy fabrics available are all admirable for the purpose named.

Women who have young figures, even if the family Bible does not show that they are really young, have no hesitancy in adopting for street wear the straight up- and-down frock which fastens in the back and has double or triple belts or fanciful yokes placed about the hips and below the bust.

One of the most popularly adopted belts goes around the figure through each of the two, the woman slip through each other in the back and hang in streamers to the knees. But then again, women of more delicate taste do not care for these medieval robes in the open, so they get all the comfort and add a touch of elderly dignity by means of a few accessories.

The cape of the hour is an admirable accessory. It has been attached to various kinds of one-piece frocks in all ways gives the effect desired. There is the cape of thin fur arranged in the 18th century manner, which may become one of the notable adornments of gowns; it is built from a wide, straight piece of soft fur that abuts around the neck in a straight line over the top of the arms, meeting in front. It stands out from the figure at the upper edge, which is trimmed with an upright pleating of white organdy or batiste. Its advantage is that it keeps the upper part of the arms held closely to the sides of the body.

Other capes are made of the frock material, faced with a brilliant color or a striped satin, some of them reaching up to the ears, and some with a muffled collar made of gaily colored pongee. Then there is a cape made like the one in the sketch today, that does not go on, but breaks in on the shoulder line and hangs in a wide ripple over each sleeve.

Smocking Outlines Waist.
In addition to the cape on this frock, there is some evidence of a waist given through a wide band of smocking that goes across the sides and the back. There is a deal of smocking on all sorts of summer clothes this season, and dressmakers seem to be using it in no doubt about trimming. It is a not a little becoming, so one should be quite careful about its use. This week, the way is of oyster white cloth, with white organdy collar and pearl buttons.

FROCK OF OYSTER WHITE CLOTH, WITH WHITE ORGANDY COLLAR AND CUFFS AND PEARL BUTTONS.

but the way it is made, that leaves women somewhat in doubt about its adoption. In the belt lies the trouble. Tradition has taught women that a definitely marked waist line spells for-

It is quite possible to serve tomato salad every day for a week without monotony. For the ways of tomato salad are many, and so different that one need never grow tired of them.

It is quite possible to serve tomato salad every day for a week without monotony. For the ways of tomato salad are many, and so different that one need never grow tired of them.

It is quite possible to serve tomato salad every day for a week without monotony. For the ways of tomato salad are many, and so different that one need never grow tired of them.

It is quite possible to serve tomato salad every day for a week without monotony. For the ways of tomato salad are many, and so different that one need never grow tired of them.

It is quite possible to serve tomato salad every day for a week without monotony. For the ways of tomato salad are many, and so different that one need never grow tired of them.

It is quite possible to serve tomato salad every day for a week without monotony. For the ways of tomato salad are many, and so different that one need never grow tired of them.

It is quite possible to serve tomato salad every day for a week without monotony. For the ways of tomato salad are many, and so different that one need never grow tired of them.

It is quite possible to serve tomato salad every day for a week without monotony. For the ways of tomato salad are many, and so different that one need never grow tired of them.

It is quite possible to serve tomato salad every day for a week without monotony. For the ways of tomato salad are many, and so different that one need never grow tired of them.

It is quite possible to serve tomato salad every day for a week without monotony. For the ways of tomato salad are many, and so different that one need never grow tired of them.

It is quite possible to serve tomato salad every day for a week without monotony. For the ways of tomato salad are many, and so different that one need never grow tired of them.

It is quite possible to serve tomato salad every day for a week without monotony. For the ways of tomato salad are many, and so different that one need never grow tired of them.

It is quite possible to serve tomato salad every day for a week without monotony. For the ways of tomato salad are many, and so different that one need never grow tired of them.

It is quite possible to serve tomato salad every day for a week without monotony. For the ways of tomato salad are many, and so different that one need never grow tired of them.

It is quite possible to serve tomato salad every day for a week without monotony. For the ways of tomato salad are many, and so different that one need never grow tired of them.

It is quite possible to serve tomato salad every day for a week without monotony. For the ways of tomato salad are many, and so different that one need never grow tired of them.

It is quite possible to serve tomato salad every day for a week without monotony. For the ways of tomato salad are many, and so different that one need never grow tired of them.

FROZEN DESSERTS.

PISTACHE ICE CREAM.—Blanch and peel one-fourth pound of pistachio nuts, and pound them in a mortar to a smooth paste, adding a few drops of rosewater. Beat the yolks of six eggs and pour over them a pint and a half of boiling milk; add then four ounces of powdered sugar, and stir the mixture over the fire until it begins to thicken. Then pour the custard into a bowl, and when cool stir into it the powdered nuts and a teaspoonful of spinach coloring. Pass the whole through a sieve, and then pour into a mold and freeze. It takes about fifteen minutes to boil the custard. Pure cream can also be used instead of it, the pounded pistachio nuts put with it in the same way.

NESELEBODE ICE CREAM.—Make one pint of syrup from loaf sugar and two cups of water. Then have ready fifty fine large chestnuts, boiled, peeled, pounded and pressed through a sieve; one quart of fresh cream, and the yolks of twelve eggs, well beaten.

Moisten the strained chestnuts with the syrup, adding the cream and beaten eggs yolks little by little. When these ingredients are smoothly blended together, cook in a double boiler, stirring continually, until the cream begins to thicken; then add a piece of citron finely sliced, one-tenth of a pound of nutmeg rinds, seeded and dried, and a glassful of maraschino; then add a quart of whipped cream and the yolks of three well beaten eggs. Stir the cream until it is velvet smooth and very thick, and freeze at once.

VIOLET ICE CREAM.—Scald one quart of sweet cream and one cup of sugar in a double boiler with a small amount of vanilla bean; cool and then add violet coloring, and freeze. Mold in a ring, and fill the center with whipped cream thickly sprinkled with candied violets.

TUTTI-FRUTTI ICE CREAM.—Take a tablespoonful each of the following preserved fruits: Raspberries, strawberries, currants, apricots, green gages, gooseberries, plums and zinger. Add to these a little candied orange peel, cut into thin pieces, and a quart of cream with one-half pound of sugar and add to it a cordial glass of noyau, then thoroughly stir in the fruit and freeze.

TEA ICE CREAM.—Boil a quart of milk and then pour it over one quart of tea leaves; let steep covered for five minutes. Strain into a bowl over a colander and add one quart of cream. Beat the yolks of eight eggs with one-half pound of powdered sugar, stir the milk into this mixture, and place the whole over the fire, gently stirring until it thickens.

LITTLE STORIES FOR BEDTIME

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.
(Copyright, 1916 by T. W. Burgess.)

Jimmy Skunk Keeps His Word

Keep your word whatever you do. And to your inmost self be true.

When Jimmy Skunk shouted down the hall of Johnny Chuck's old house to Peter Rabbit that he would come back at dark he was half joking. He did it to make Peter uneasy and to worry him. The truth is Jimmy was no longer angry at all with Peter. He had quite recovered his good nature

and was very much inclined to laugh himself over Peter's trick, which had sent him rolling down hill in a barrel and had given him the greatest shaking-up he ever had had in his whole life. But he felt that it wouldn't do to let Peter off without some kind of punishment and so he decided to frighten Peter a little. He knew that Peter wouldn't dare come out during the daytime because of the yellow jackets, whose home was just inside the doorway of that old house, and he knew that Peter wouldn't dare to face him, why he told Peter that he was coming back at dark. He felt that if Peter was kept a prisoner in there for a while, all the time worrying about how he was to get out, he would be very slow to try such a trick again.

As Jimmy ambled away to look for some beetles he chuckled and chuckled and chuckled. "I guess that by this time Peter wishes he hadn't thought of

me I happened to say I would do a thing. Yes, sir, I'll have to go back. There is nothing like making people believe that when you say a thing you mean it. There is nothing like keeping your word to make people respect you."

Being naturally rather lazy, Jimmy decided not to go any farther than the edge of the Old Orchard, which was only a little way above Johnny Chuck's old house, where Peter was a prisoner. There Jimmy found a warm sunny spot and curled up for a nap. In fact, he spent all the day there. When Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills and the Black Shadows came trooping across the Green Meadows, Jimmy got up, yawned, chuckled, and then slowly ambled down to Johnny Chuck's old house. A look at the footprints in the sand on the doorstep told him that Peter had not come out. Jimmy sat down and waited until it was quite dark. Then he poked his head in at the doorway. The yellow jackets had gone to bed for the night.

"Come out, Peter, I'm waiting for you," he called down the hall.

That joke on Reddy Fox and himself, said he. "Perhaps I'll go back there tonight and perhaps I won't. He won't know whether I do or not and he won't dare come out."

Then he stopped and scratched his head thoughtfully. Then he sighed. "But I guess I'll have to. I said I would, and so I'll have to do it. I believe in keeping my word. If I shouldn't and some day he should find it out he wouldn't believe me the next

time I happened to say I would do a thing. Yes, sir, I'll have to go back. There is nothing like making people believe that when you say a thing you mean it. There is nothing like keeping your word to make people respect you."

Being naturally rather lazy, Jimmy decided not to go any farther than the edge of the Old Orchard, which was only a little way above Johnny Chuck's old house, where Peter was a prisoner. There Jimmy found a warm sunny spot and curled up for a nap. In fact, he spent all the day there. When Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills and the Black Shadows came trooping across the Green Meadows, Jimmy got up, yawned, chuckled, and then slowly ambled down to Johnny Chuck's old house. A look at the footprints in the sand on the doorstep told him that Peter had not come out. Jimmy sat down and waited until it was quite dark. Then he poked his head in at the doorway. The yellow jackets had gone to bed for the night.

"Come out, Peter, I'm waiting for you," he called down the hall.

That joke on Reddy Fox and himself, said he. "Perhaps I'll go back there tonight and perhaps I won't. He won't know whether I do or not and he won't dare come out."

Then he stopped and scratched his head thoughtfully. Then he sighed. "But I guess I'll have to. I said I would, and so I'll have to do it. I believe in keeping my word. If I shouldn't and some day he should find it out he wouldn't believe me the next

time I happened to say I would do a thing. Yes, sir, I'll have to go back. There is nothing like making people believe that when you say a thing you mean it. There is nothing like keeping your word to make people respect you."

Being naturally rather lazy, Jimmy decided not to go any farther than the edge of the Old Orchard, which was only a little way above Johnny Chuck's old house, where Peter was a prisoner. There Jimmy found a warm sunny spot and curled up for a nap. In fact, he spent all the day there. When Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills and the Black Shadows came trooping across the Green Meadows, Jimmy got up, yawned, chuckled, and then slowly ambled down to Johnny Chuck's old house. A look at the footprints in the sand on the doorstep told him that Peter had not come out. Jimmy sat down and waited until it was quite dark. Then he poked his head in at the doorway. The yellow jackets had gone to bed for the night.

"Come out, Peter, I'm waiting for you," he called down the hall.

and was very much inclined to laugh himself over Peter's trick, which had sent him rolling down hill in a barrel and had given him the greatest shaking-up he ever had had in his whole life. But he felt that it wouldn't do to let Peter off without some kind of punishment and so he decided to frighten Peter a little. He knew that Peter wouldn't dare come out during the daytime because of the yellow jackets, whose home was just inside the doorway of that old house, and he knew that Peter wouldn't dare to face him, why he told Peter that he was coming back at dark. He felt that if Peter was kept a prisoner in there for a while, all the time worrying about how he was to get out, he would be very slow to try such a trick again.



"COME OUT, PETER, I'M WAITING FOR YOU," HE CALLED DOWN THE HALL.

That joke on Reddy Fox and himself, said he. "Perhaps I'll go back there tonight and perhaps I won't. He won't know whether I do or not and he won't dare come out."

Then he stopped and scratched his head thoughtfully. Then he sighed. "But I guess I'll have to. I said I would, and so I'll have to do it. I believe in keeping my word. If I shouldn't and some day he should find it out he wouldn't believe me the next

time I happened to say I would do a thing. Yes, sir, I'll have to go back. There is nothing like making people believe that when you say a thing you mean it. There is nothing like keeping your word to make people respect you."

Being naturally rather lazy, Jimmy decided not to go any farther than the edge of the Old Orchard, which was only a little way above Johnny Chuck's old house, where Peter was a prisoner. There Jimmy found a warm sunny spot and curled up for a nap. In fact, he spent all the day there. When Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills and the Black Shadows came trooping across the Green Meadows, Jimmy got up, yawned, chuckled, and then slowly ambled down to Johnny Chuck's old house. A look at the footprints in the sand on the doorstep told him that Peter had not come out. Jimmy sat down and waited until it was quite dark. Then he poked his head in at the doorway. The yellow jackets had gone to bed for the night.

"Come out, Peter, I'm waiting for you," he called down the hall.

That joke on Reddy Fox and himself, said he. "Perhaps I'll go back there tonight and perhaps I won't. He won't know whether I do or not and he won't dare come out."

Then he stopped and scratched his head thoughtfully. Then he sighed. "But I guess I'll have to. I said I would, and so I'll have to do it. I believe in keeping my word. If I shouldn't and some day he should find it out he wouldn't believe me the next

time I happened to say I would do a thing. Yes, sir, I'll have to go back. There is nothing like making people believe that when you say a thing you mean it. There is nothing like keeping your word to make people respect you."

Being naturally rather lazy, Jimmy decided not to go any farther than the edge of the Old Orchard, which was only a little way above Johnny Chuck's old house, where Peter was a prisoner. There Jimmy found a warm sunny spot and curled up for a nap. In fact, he spent all the day there. When Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills and the Black Shadows came trooping across the Green Meadows, Jimmy got up, yawned, chuckled, and then slowly ambled down to Johnny Chuck's old house. A look at the footprints in the sand on the doorstep told him that Peter had not come out. Jimmy sat down and waited until it was quite dark. Then he poked his head in at the doorway. The yellow jackets had gone to bed for the night.

"Come out, Peter, I'm waiting for you," he called down the hall.

That joke on Reddy Fox and himself, said he. "Perhaps I'll go back there tonight and perhaps I won't. He won't know whether I do or not and he won't dare come out."

Then he stopped and scratched his head thoughtfully. Then he sighed. "But I guess I'll have to. I said I would, and so I'll have to do it. I believe in keeping my word. If I shouldn't and some day he should find it out he wouldn't believe me the next

time I happened to say I would do a thing. Yes, sir, I'll have to go back. There is nothing like making people believe that when you say a thing you mean it. There is nothing like keeping your word to make people respect you."

Being naturally rather lazy, Jimmy decided not to go any farther than the edge of the Old Orchard, which was only a little way above Johnny Chuck's old house, where Peter was a prisoner. There Jimmy found a warm sunny spot and curled up for a nap. In fact, he spent all the day there. When Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills and the Black Shadows came trooping across the Green Meadows, Jimmy got up, yawned, chuckled, and then slowly ambled down to Johnny Chuck's old house. A look at the footprints in the sand on the doorstep told him that Peter had not come out. Jimmy sat down and waited until it was quite dark. Then he poked his head in at the doorway. The yellow jackets had gone to bed for the night.

"Come out, Peter, I'm waiting for you," he called down the hall.

That joke on Reddy Fox and himself, said he. "Perhaps I'll go back there tonight and perhaps I won't. He won't know whether I do or not and he won't dare come out."

Then he stopped and scratched his head thoughtfully. Then he sighed. "But I guess I'll have to. I said I would, and so I'll have to do it. I believe in keeping my word. If I shouldn't and some day he should find it out he wouldn't believe me the next

time I happened to say I would do a thing. Yes, sir, I'll have to go back. There is nothing like making people believe that when you say a thing you mean it. There is nothing like keeping your word to make people respect you."

Being naturally rather lazy, Jimmy decided not to go any farther than the edge of the Old Orchard, which was only a little way above Johnny Chuck's old house, where Peter was a prisoner. There Jimmy found a warm sunny spot and curled up for a nap. In fact, he spent all the day there. When Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills and the Black Shadows came trooping across the Green Meadows, Jimmy got up, yawned, chuckled, and then slowly ambled down to Johnny Chuck's old house. A look at the footprints in the sand on the doorstep told him that Peter had not come out. Jimmy sat down and waited until it was quite dark. Then he poked his head in at the doorway. The yellow jackets had gone to bed for the night.

"Come out, Peter, I'm waiting for you," he called down the hall.

That joke on Reddy Fox and himself, said he. "Perhaps I'll go back there tonight and perhaps I won't. He won't know whether I do or not and he won't dare come out."

Then he stopped and scratched his head thoughtfully. Then he sighed. "But I guess I'll have to. I said I would, and so I'll have to do it. I believe in keeping my word. If I shouldn't and some day he should find it out he wouldn't believe me the next

time I happened to say I would do a thing. Yes, sir, I'll have to go back. There is nothing like making people believe that when you say a thing you mean it. There is nothing like keeping your word to make people respect you."

Being naturally rather lazy, Jimmy decided not to go any farther than the edge of the Old Orchard, which was only a little way above Johnny Chuck's old house, where Peter was a prisoner. There Jimmy found a warm sunny spot and curled up for a nap. In fact, he spent all the day there. When Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills and the Black Shadows came trooping across the Green Meadows, Jimmy got up, yawned, chuckled, and then slowly ambled down to Johnny Chuck's old house. A look at the footprints in the sand on the doorstep told him that Peter had not come out. Jimmy sat down and waited until it was quite dark. Then he poked his head in at the doorway. The yellow jackets had gone to bed for the night.

"Come out, Peter, I'm waiting for you," he called down the hall.

That joke on Reddy Fox and himself, said he. "Perhaps I'll go back there tonight and perhaps I won't. He won't know whether I do or not and he won't dare come out."

and was very much inclined to laugh himself over Peter's trick, which had sent him rolling down hill in a barrel and had given him the greatest shaking-up he ever had had in his whole life. But he felt that it wouldn't do to let Peter off without some kind of punishment and so he decided to frighten Peter a little. He knew that Peter wouldn't dare come out during the daytime because of the yellow jackets, whose home was just inside the doorway of that old house, and he knew that Peter wouldn't dare to face him, why he told Peter that he was coming back at dark. He felt that if Peter was kept a prisoner in there for a while, all the time worrying about how he was to get out, he would be very slow to try such a trick again.

As Jimmy ambled away to look for some beetles he chuckled and chuckled and chuckled. "I guess that by this time Peter wishes he hadn't thought of

me I happened to say I would do a thing. Yes, sir, I'll have to go back. There is nothing like making people believe that when you say a thing you mean it. There is nothing like keeping your word to make people respect you."

Being naturally rather lazy, Jimmy decided not to go any farther than the edge of the Old Orchard, which was only a little way above Johnny Chuck's old house, where Peter was a prisoner. There Jimmy found a warm sunny spot and curled up for a nap. In fact, he spent all the day there. When Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills and the Black Shadows came trooping across the Green Meadows, Jimmy got up, yawned, chuckled, and then slowly ambled down to Johnny Chuck's old house. A look at the footprints in the sand on the doorstep told him that Peter had not come out. Jimmy sat down and waited until it was quite dark. Then he poked his head in at the doorway. The yellow jackets had gone to bed for the night.

"Come out, Peter, I'm waiting for you," he called down the hall.

That joke on Reddy Fox and himself, said he. "Perhaps I'll go back there tonight and perhaps I won't. He won't know whether I do or not and he won't dare come out."

Then he stopped and scratched his head thoughtfully. Then he sighed. "But I guess I'll have to. I said I would, and so I'll have to do it. I believe in keeping my word. If I shouldn't and some day he should find it out he wouldn't believe me the next

time I happened to say I would do a