

CHILDREN'S COLUMN

Up So High.
In the tree-tops, in the tree-tops,
Up so high, up so high,
A little bird sat chirping,
When the spring flitted by.
And she built as nice a nest there,
As ever you did spy.

In the tree-tops, in the tree-tops,
Up so high, up so high,
A little bird sat waiting,
When summer flitted by.
So happy after teaching
Her little ones to fly.

In the tree-tops, in the tree-tops,
Up so high, up so high,
A little bird sat singing,
When autumn flitted by.
Then she flew away so swiftly,
To the South. I wonder why?
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Little Washington.
One day in spring Geordie found a tiny cherry tree growing in a corner of the grounds. When he told papa about his "find," papa said he might have that tree for his very own.

How proud Geordie was of his tree. He watched it closely that spring, watered it several times a day, and tried to wait patiently for the cherries to come. Papa laughed some times and said: "You don't give your 'baby' a chance to grow, Geordie."

Soon the "baby" was covered with tiny blossoms and Geordie knew that that meant cherries by and by. He ran in to tell Mamsie: "Bushels and bushels of cherries, Mamsie, and every single one of 'em for you!"

"Dear me!" said Mamsie. "I should get sick eating all those cherries, Geordie. You'll have to help me." And Geordie hugged her and promised that he would.

But a week later a big storm came, and the ground beneath the little tree was strewn with torn petals. Geordie 'most cried when he saw it. "Only one branchful of flowers left, Mamsie."

But that one branch danced in the warm breezes, and pretty soon the blossoms fell off of themselves, and Geordie could see the little, hard, green cherries there.

"I counted 15 cherries, Mamsie, truly I did. It ain't—I mean it isn't—so many as we thought," he said dejectedly, but soon he brightened up again. "Well, you can't get sick eating only 15 cherries, Mamsie."

Just then Harold Conklin came over to play, bringing his fireman's suit and his red express wagon. "Let's play fire," said Geordie, "and the trees can be the burning houses."

"All right," said Harold. He usually did say that to everything Geordie proposed.

So off dashed the express wagon, drawn by two prancing horses, and drew up before a burning barn, near the "baby" tree; but to you or me the barn would have looked like an old stump. There the firemen alighted and swarmed up to the top of the blazing building.

"We can chop this rotten old stump if we like," said one brave fireman. "Papa's going to cut it down some day."

"All right," replied the other. So Geordie and he backed away until Geordie, with one sharp blow, broke off a great limb, which went crashing down almost on top of Harold.

Now, I don't know how it happened, but the falling limb crashed through the "baby" tree, and the dear little branch that bore the cherries was split off close to the trunk.

Poor Geordie. He threw himself on the grass and cried and cried, till Harold, after vainly trying to comfort him, ran home very much frightened.

Still Geordie lay there, till at last somebody came and took him in her lap, shaking with sobs, and said: "Don't cry so hard, dearie. Mamsie is sorry that Harold broke your little tree, but papa will give you another, and next year there will be two trees full of cherries."

Then Geordie's sobs ceased and he lifted up his head bravely. "But, Mamsie, it wasn't Harold that broke my 'baby.' It was me—" he choked, then went on—"I chopped the old stump—it was a barn, you know—and it fell—and broke my tree all to pieces—so I musn't have 'nother tree 'cause I broke this one."

And to Geordie's surprise, Mamsie hugged him tighter and kissed him and called him her "brave little Washington."

So Geordie waited another year for his cherries, but next time the "baby" tree was loaded down, and Mamsie really did have "bushels and bushels" of cherries, all that she could eat.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Chipmunk.
As we walk through the winter woods, we shall feel that they are less deserted if we remember that many of the creatures which added so much to the interest of our summer rambles are quite close to us, even though we can neither see nor hear them. In this hollow stump, a family of flying squirrels are sound asleep; beneath that great tree trunk, bright colored snakes are coiled round each other in a ball which would fill a water pail. In the side of the hill, there, a pair of woodchucks are curled up and wrapped in deepest slumber, and among the damp leaves and earth with which they blocked the entrance to their burrow, a great, green frog squats, waiting for the spring.

But a prettier creature than any of these is the little chirping squirrel, or chipmunk, whose burrow is under that old fence, and who, with the rest of his family, is now lying snug and warm in a nest of leaves and grass perhaps 10 feet from the entrance.

I have heard the chipmunk referred to as "the painted squirrel," and certainly no other of our little fur bearers is more beautifully marked than he. His back is brownish gray, with seven longitudinal stripes—five of them black and two of them of a yellowish tinge. There is a small black spot above his nose, his forehead is orange, and his underparts are white. Occasionally albinos are seen, and now and then one is found which is jet black. The body is rather slender and graceful in its curves, and the tail only moderately bushy. All the feet are delicately formed, the hind ones having five toes and the front ones four toes and the rudiment of a thumb.

The most interesting thing about the mouth of the chipmunk is the fact that he has two cheek pouches, one on either side, each with an opening between the incisor and molar teeth. These pouches are his market baskets, and in them he can carry the nuts, seeds and berries on which he feeds.

He is a very agile little fellow, and of a playful disposition. From early spring until the fall he may be seen in almost any New England wood, scampering in and out of the walls and stone heaps, or sitting on a stump near the entrance of his burrow, eating a cherry pit or a hazel nut. As one watches him sitting there so calmly he seems to have his mind on nothing but what he is eating, yet another step may be enough to send him squeaking to the farthest corner of his underground retreat.

He is not a tree climber; that is to say, he doesn't care for climbing; but if he is surprised away from home he will often dash up a tree for several feet and hang there, with his body pressed close to the trunk, until the danger is over. But he looks most uncomfortable, and is doubtless very glad to get down again.

The chipmunk usually makes his burrow under the roots of a tree, in a bank, or beneath an old wall or stone heap. There is a main tunnel, often more or less winding, which contains a nest large enough to accommodate a family of five or six. From this run lateral galleries, which are used as storehouses, and into these the thrifty little fellow carries food all through the autumn and until stopped by the cold weather. Among the provisions thus stored away are hickory nuts, hazel nuts, wheat, buckwheat, acorns and grass seeds. When out gathering these good things he stuffs them into his cheek pouches and then scampers home, looking very much like a boy with toothache on both sides of his face. He generally pauses for a moment at the mouth of the burrow, and then darts down into it to discharge his cargo. In a few minutes he is back again, with all the swelling gone from his face, and away he goes for another load. When carrying hickory nuts he has been observed to bite off the sharp ends before putting them into his pouches.

When the cold weather sets in he retires to his snug nest, and through the winter, when hunger prompts him, he goes into the storehouse for refreshments. The galleries no doubt also afford him an opportunity to stretch his limbs and take a little exercise occasionally. He evidently makes allowance for very long winters, as there is often a good deal of food left over when the warm weather comes again.

On sunny afternoons in the latter part of February and the beginning of March, the chipmunk comes out for a breath of fresh air, and to sun himself on an old stump, perhaps, for an hour or so. As the weather gets warmer he stays out longer, until by and by he is out all day long.

The young, four or five in number, are usually born in May. There is probably another litter late in the summer. These little fellows make very beautiful, gentle pets. If kept in confinement, however, they should have plenty of room, and constant care is required to keep them happy and in good health. They should never be kept at large where there are cats or dogs, for sooner or later they are sure to be killed. A beautiful squirrel I had not long ago skipped away from me as I was feeding it, and it was killed by a cat before I had a chance to move in its defence.

The chief enemy of the chipmunk is the white weasel. Hawks and owls, foxes, minks and wildcats all prey upon him whenever they get the chance, but once in his burrow he can set all these at defiance. The weasel alone, with his long, snaky body, can follow him to the very end of his tunnel, and in a few minutes can kill him and all his family by biting through their skulls.

Chipmunk himself cannot be held up as a saint, for he is very partial to birds' eggs and fonder still of young birds. Perhaps it is just as well that his climbing powers are no better than they are. It is that fact alone which prevents him from being as great aascal as the red squirrel.—Ernest Howard Baynes, in Hartford Times.

Diseased Dreams.
It is a well recognized fact among alienists and psychologists that there is a close resemblance between ordinary dreaming and the waking delusions of insanity. Indeed, it is believed by some physicians that dreams may have an important significance in indicating the early stages of certain forms of insanity. Oftentimes the so-called absent-minded people, the day-dreamers, so gradually drift into a mental condition in which they confuse their fantastic reveries with the actual occurrences of daily life, and finally come to live in the typical subjective world of shadows and unrealities of the insane, that their mental breakdown is not comprehended until it is complete.

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