

ANIMAL LIFE IN WINTER

SOME PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS IN THE NEW YORK SUBURBS—HOW SQUIRRELS CHANGE THEIR DWELLINGS

TWO SUMMERS ago I took up my residence in one of the thickest tracts of woodland on the Fall-woods. I was so pleased with the advantages it presented for the study of animal life that, as Autumn came on, I still stayed there, and when Winter, in its turn, succeeded, I decided to remain. Indeed, I live there now, happy in having acquired many new ideas in regard to the ways of animals in Winter.

Every one knows how the gray squirrel in Summer-time makes for himself a nest of twigs or leaves in the branches of trees and retires to it in his leisure to sleep or gnaw at the nut which he has gathered in plentifully. During the Summer I saw near my house many such nests, and I caught glimpses of their owners capering along the branches, or peeping at me cautiously, showing only nose and eyes over some thick limb or from behind some excrescence on the tree trunk.

When the nights began to get cool, and long before the frost set in, the gray squirrels changed their Summer quarters and made for themselves nests in holes high up in the larger trees. I knew many of these retreats, for oftentimes I would see the squirrels near them, and they would run into these very holes if I unduly alarmed them.

One day in October, while sitting very still for a long time on a rock under some thick bushes, I saw a gray squirrel very busy on the trunk of a dead cedar tree. He was stripping off the thin bark. He would roll a large wisp of it in his teeth and carry it off to the great hollow oak which he had chosen for his Winter dwelling. I sat there watching him for nearly two hours, and in that time he made three journeys for cedar bark. I naturally concluded that that gray squirrel would continue to live in the oak all Winter, but when I grew weary he moved to some warmer place. Where his new retreat was I could not learn. Thus, he made at least three changes of habitation, all according to the condition of the weather.

Of the red squirrels I got much more exact and interesting information. All through the Summer there was a whole colony of them in the hollows of a chestnut tree. I had several collars in command. The other was in a hickory, and as far as I could learn, there never was in it more than one squirrel, and he lived there all through October and November. These nests were not more than 70 or 80 yards from my windows, so I kept continual watch on them.

At last there came a heavy fall of snow, accompanied by a frosty wind, and my red squirrel in the hickory tree moved. He did not move alone, but went with six others, probably those from the chestnut tree, to a large chestnut 30 yards from my door. In the ground under this chestnut tree there is a hole about as large as a rat hole, and into this the red squirrels flocked to pass the severest part of Winter.

The nest of the red squirrel, like that of its gray brother, is made of cedar bark. I saw fragments of the bark on the sides of the hole under the chestnut tree.

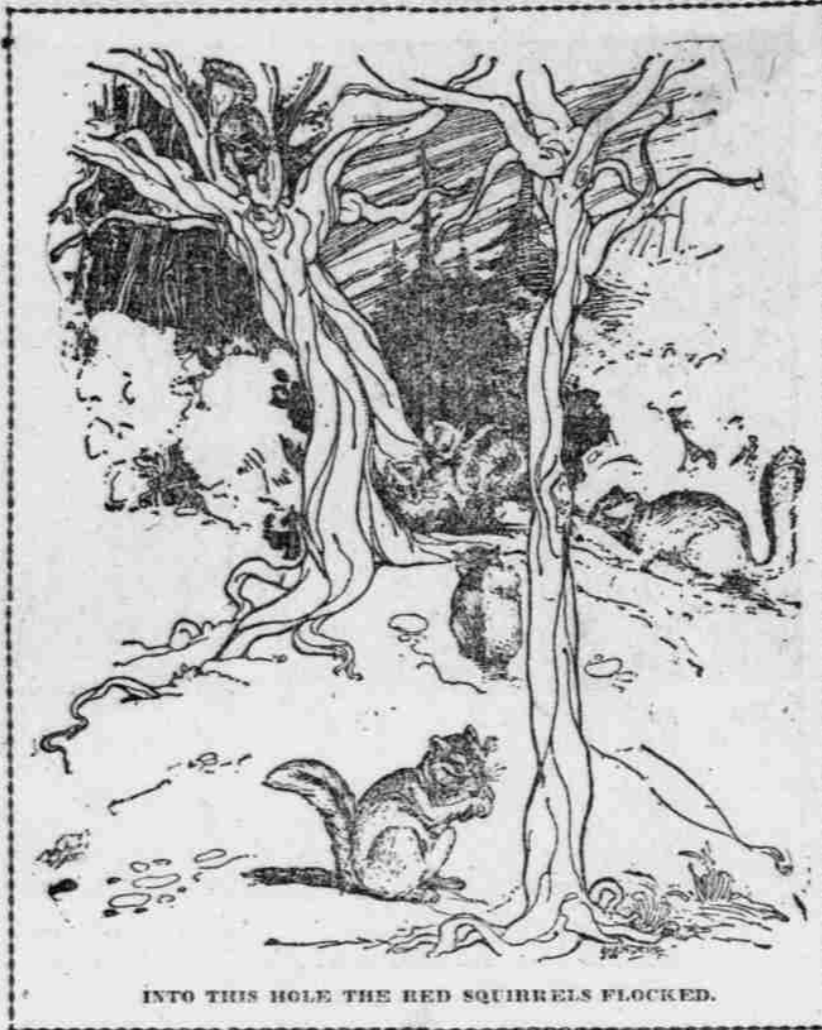
Twenty times during the Winter I put a handful of nuts at the mouth of this hole. If I put them there at midday, they were gone before the sun set, and through the night, but they were invariably taken away within half an hour after sunrise. I found that all squirrels come out of their nests about November 15, and many days they go back in less than an hour and do not come out again all day.

My cellar has served as a Winter retreat for many animals. Late in the Fall some garter snakes came in there to hibernate, and I left them to sleep in peace. When snow came a milk also took up its abode there. He soon discovered and ate several of the garter snakes. Two shrews also put in an appearance, and they came out on sunny days, through a little hole in front of the door, to enjoy the warmth of the Winter sun. They had a regular time for appearing, usually about 20 minutes to 2, and on these occasions they took away the little morsels of meat which I placed by the door for them.

Many other creatures last Winter shared my dwelling with me, numerous large-eyed wood mice being among the number that kept me company.

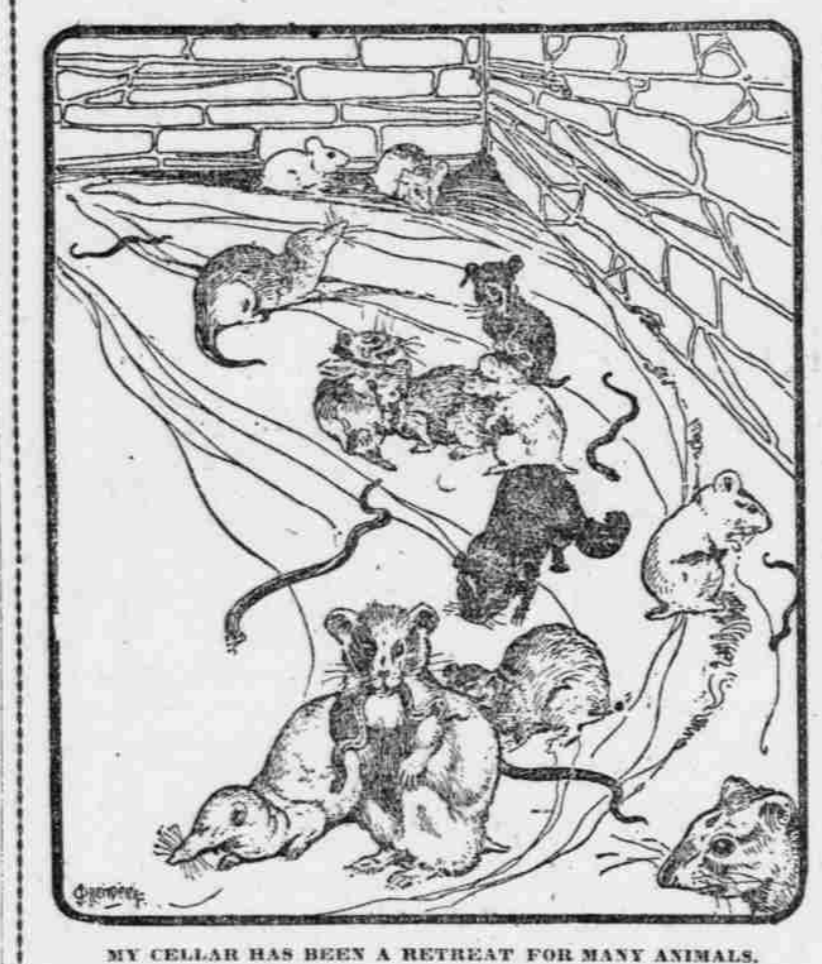
One evening a gentleman called to see me. I had just finished tea and laid the tray with the tea things upon it on top of a snake's cage near my elbow.

"Look at your elbow," said my visitor. "There was a large, brownish-red wood mouse sitting upon the edge of the tea-tray that I had been drinking from."



INTO THIS HOLE THE RED SQUIRRELS FLOCKED.

away all except six, which I kept in a cage in my snakeroom. Little did I dream at the time that I was scouring the woods for those squirrels that in the Fall I would have a colony of them in a little wooden pavilion at the back of my house. In a cavity in the roof of this pavilion two or more of them made a nest. I would often hear them while reading in the pavilion, and would sometimes see them in the evening and on moonlit nights, for they are nocturnal in their habits. Frequently I would put nuts out for them, which they always took away. I thought that they would remain all



MY CELLAR HAS BEEN A RETREAT FOR MANY ANIMALS.

Winter, but, like the red and the gray squirrels, they had a third and warmer retreat.

WHEN RAMA KILLED THE ELK

STORY OF A HUNTSMAN WHO LEAPED A PRECIPICE AND SWAM AFTER THE ANTLERED ANIMAL

By P. Y. Black. FAR up the Caylon Mountain where the village boys crowded together, the little naked children, open-mouthed and wondering, chattered and admired respectfully around the camp and in the glow of the campfire.

About it lay the dories, the masters, all young men laughing and hearty, with short pipes in their teeth. Between their legs, listening gravely, lolled the veteran hunters, the leaders of the pack, the wiry, low-running, clear-throated beagles. Back in the shadows, with a proud disregard of the village and the villagers, the dogboys and the horse-boys tended their charges, ate their rice and talked of the elk of the mountains.

tain shoulders; he crossed big-bouldered brooks with a rush and a bound. He scrambled down jungles, sprang, swam, and leaped. He dashed up the other side. He climbed the mountain, but the veteran beaters were already there waving arms to head him off.

With set lips—no yelling now—the horsemen followed. And ever at his heels the beagles and the swifter deerhounds yelped and snarled.

Twice he plunged into deep jungle and lay in the depths panting, but the eager beagles worried him out. From the second thicket he fled, wearily. McNaughton had watched the thicket closely.

"Back us lies the Malulla Lake," he condescended to explain; and hardly had he spoken when the jungle opened and out came the wild-eyed elk and charged the crowd.

Clean through them all he burst. Young Prior's horse shied and threw him. The servants howled in dismay and scattered. The elk rushed right through and was again away.

"We have lost him!" "Head him off!" "He's going straight for the lake!" But the dogs and McNaughton followed, and, as swift as a horse on that uneven, stony ground, ran Rama—Rama, the swiftest of runners.

Straight to the lake went the quarry, straight for the precipice where no horse or dog could follow.

At the edge the beast faltered and turned back. The dogs sprang on him, and he tossed them high in the air. McNaughton saw hope and leaping from his horse, drawing his long knife, making ready for the dangerous attack.

But the elk suddenly turned and leaped, and a great plunge followed the leap. The dogs yelled dismayfully on the brink. The elk swam, but, almost as quick as the elk, Rama dove.

McNaughton looked over, silent, breathless. The dogboys cried out in amazement. The elk was swimming. Rama dove deep and came up. The elk saw him and swam madly for him, bellowing. Rama had his long knife in his teeth and dove again.

UNCLE SAM'S ISLAND CHILDREN

ONE MILLION AND ONE-HALF TO BE EDUCATED BY HIM IN THE PHILIPPINES

OF the island domains which Uncle Sam has taken under his care, the largest is the group of Islands known as the Philippines, which you will find on the map lying in the Pacific Ocean southeast of China.

Everybody has heard of the Philippines now; but before Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila Bay, at the beginning of the Spanish War, the people of the United States knew hardly anything of this vast archipelago.

The United States is starting on a census of the Philippines now. It is estimated that there are about 8,000,000 people there. If the estimate is correct, Uncle Sam took over with the islands the task of providing for the education of something like 1,500,000 of children, many of whom had never thought of such a thing as going to school.

Some of the children are little, savage negroes, living away up in the mountain forests. They have black skins and their hair is kinky as that of an African. They are a small race, many of them almost dwarfish, and they file their teeth to a sharp point. They live mostly by hunting and fishing, and use spears and bows and arrows as weapons.

There are some other savage tribes, and down in the southern islands are the Moro children, living in the large island of Mindanao and in the Sulu Islands. All of these, Uncle Sam has said, eventually shall put on clothes like American children and go to school.

The great bulk of the inhabitants of the islands, however, are not savages, but civilized people. Their civilization is not as high as that of United States, to be sure, but they are civilized after a fashion, and they had schools in many places before the Americans came.

Except in Manila, however, the schools did not amount to much. The most progressive people seen in the islands to the other, but now you hear English spoken everywhere. The children learn to speak the language with astonishing ease.

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The children of Luzon are thirsty for knowledge, and, even in Spanish times, many of them used to go to Manila to complete their education, while those who had wealthy parents went to Europe for a college course.

Uncle Sam has been building and buying schoolhouses all over the islands, and now has 150,000 children attending school every day, which is probably three times as many as ever went to school before in the history of the islands.

In a few years he hopes to have 1,000,000 pupils enrolled in his Philippine schools. So eager are the children of the Philippines to learn that in Manila and some other large towns, night schools have been established for the larger children who have to work during the day.

Besides the 150,000 children Uncle Sam has 10,000 grown-ups attending school in the islands. These grown-ups go to school in order to learn English. Before Dewey sailed into Manila Bay an English word was seldom heard spoken from one end of

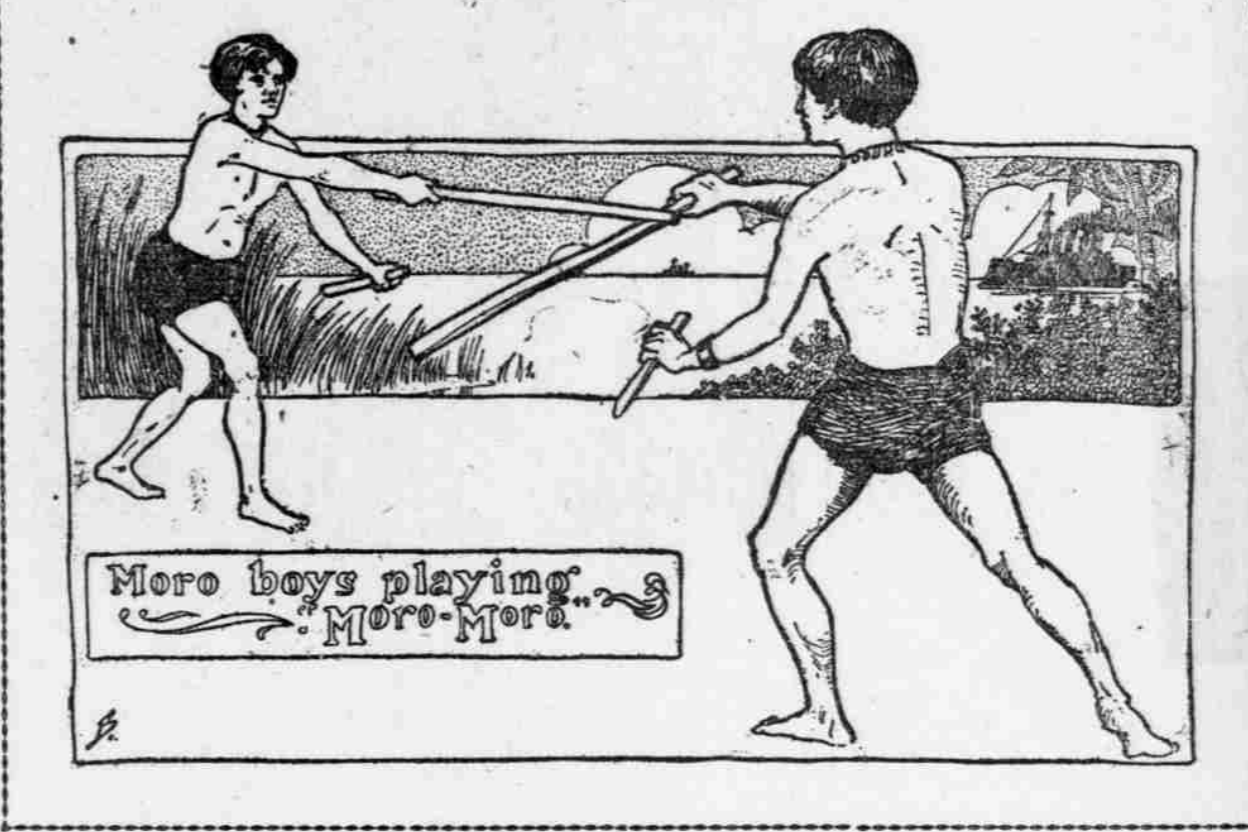
to be the Tagalogs, on the Island of Luzon, and, considering the poor opportunities they had, it is surprising how many Tagalog boys and girls learned to read and write.

The favorite delicacy of the Filipino child is the "bebinka," a pancake made of fermented corn and rice flour mixed and baked in a pan over live coals. The cake is then covered with shredded coconut and a Filipino child will eat all the "bebinkas" he can get. In Manila the children have candy and other sweets, but through the rest of Luzon the bebinka is the joy of the children.

Though Filipino children are small, they are wiry and strong for their size and are fond of wrestling. In this sport their quickness makes them a match for American children of larger size.

One game in which they indulge is called the "moro-moro." It is a fencing game. Two boys will stand up to each other, each having in his right hand a long stick to represent a bolo—a sort of long knife or thick sword—and in his left a short stick to represent a dagger. They fence with each other according to a set of rules which govern the game, and the one who touches his opponent oftenest

learned it. In some of the schools this is still found to be an effective way of enforcing study, but as a rule American methods have been introduced entirely.



Moro boys playing Moro-Moro.

sharp point. They live mostly by hunting and fishing, and use spears and bows and arrows as weapons. All that the children are taught is to shoot an arrow, throw a spear and to fish in the mountain streams. But they are taught these things very thoroughly, and become expert at such exercises almost as soon as they can walk.

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The children insisted on studying their lessons "out loud," as they had been accustomed to do under the old Spanish system.

Besides the teachers sent out from the United States, there are 2000 native teachers, teaching the children in the primary departments, so you see Uncle Sam has not made a bad start in educating the children he has gathered under his flag.

The Filipino child is a nervous little youth, and does not like long school hours; but he is remarkably bright, as a rule, and learns quickly. The old Spanish way of punishing a child who did not know his lesson was to make him kneel on the floor in a corner with his book until he

wins the game. Sometimes this game will be kept up for an hour without either boy showing signs of giving out, though, as a rule, the Filipino child is not fond of much exertion. In fact, the climate is such that nobody wants to exert himself any more than necessary, for, like all the other of Uncle Sam's newly acquired possessions, the Philippines lie within the tropics and there is perpetual Summer there.

If you are fond of fruits and flowers you would, no doubt, like to go to school in the Philippines, for outside of some schoolhouses are helleboreous grown into great bushes six feet high, and geraniums run riot like weeds. There are fields of sugar-cane, groves of bananas and coconut trees, fields of pineapples and trees from which hang fruits, many of which you probably never have seen, such as the lombay and louait, which are like fine, large plums; the mangosteen, which looks like a baked potato, but has a white, delicious pulp within; and the lanzon, which tastes like a wild strawberry.

HOW TO PLAY AT AUCTION

NEW GAME LIKELY TO PRODUCE A MERRY AND LIVELY EVENING, WITH SURPRISES THROWN IN

By Mary Davison. NEVER heard of an auction party? Well, I'll tell you about it, and if you don't get worked up when you play it, then you certainly need a good bracing tonic.

Some little preparation is necessary before you can hold an auction party, but there is nothing tiresome about the preparation. The coming event casts its pleasures before, and the half hour spent in arranging for it is a delightful part of the frolic.

To begin with, you need 25 blank cards. One large sheet of pasteboard, costing 5 cents, will make this number, if you want them small of size, and two sheets will be sufficient if the cards are to be quite large.

Number the cards from 1 to 25 inclusive, and upon each paste a picture of some salable article clipped from newspapers or advertisement cards. These articles should be as diverse in character as possible. A list distributed would be about the proper thing:

chair or other elevation and auctions off the articles upon the cards one by one, treating them as if they were bona fide belongings and not merely representations.

Each player bids what he chooses, or rather what he thinks the article is worth. Each thing auctioned goes to the highest bidder. The profit or loss is the difference between the money received and the price marked on the backs of the cards. When a player has purchased an article, it is handed over to him without further delay.

If any player bids more for an article than he has in hand, and his bid wins the article, which, as a consequence, he is unable to pay for, he must deliver up 5 cents to every member of the party. The article is again placed on sale. Such a bid is called a "bluff." If any player is suspected of bluffing, but fails to win the article, no attention is paid to him. It is only when he succeeds that the fine is exacted.

The auctioneer or an "accountant," appointed for the purpose, takes down the sum for which each article is auctioned and keeps the statistics for future reference.

When all articles have been auctioned profit and loss are computed. The winner of the game is the person who has made the best bargains, getting the most for his money and who, consequently, has the greatest amount of money and goods in hand.

The values of the goods purchased are counted up and to them is added the sum of the money that remains to the purchaser.

For an auction where many varieties of goods are handled, almost any useful and attractive article happened upon in the shops will serve appropriately as a prize. There might be a principal prize, with one or two "boobies." The auctioneer should receive "a token of esteem in appreciation of his services."

An amusing auction trick can be carried out with little trouble in connection with the supper menu. Secure any useful and dainty white boxes as you expect guests and in each one pack away a dainty supper, using lettuce leaves, paraffine paper and ribbon to make things look chic and appetizing. Have exactly the same things and the same quantity of them in each box, but do not let your guests know that such is the case.

Let the auctioneer take up his stand one corner on the chair and redistribute the supper menu. The auctioneer is to ask high bids for the boxes. The would-be bidders take it for granted that there is some difference in the values and will bid in a lively fashion for the receptacles that appear most tempting. When all have been auctioned, opened and found to contain exactly the same refreshments the bidders will realize that they, like the supper, have been "sold," a deceit which is readily forgiven in the enjoyment of the tender sandwiches, delicious salad and bon-bons, which the boxes contain. All boxes should be opened simultaneously.

He Was a Bright Boy. Memphis, Tenn. "I believe that I have the brightest office boy in the city," declared a gentleman to a friend in a certain well-known cafe in the city this morning.

"That is a rather broad assertion," replied the friend. "What particular claim to brightness has your boy?"

"Well, I have had lots of trouble with my office boys of late, and they have been so decidedly unsatisfactory and worthless that I have had at least 15 in the past 30 days. I have kept a sign out on my door stating that I was in need of a bright boy's services for the entire time, almost and it reads as follows: 'Boy Wanted About Sixteen Years.' The boy I have now was secured in response to the sign, and it was his answer more than his appearance that secured him the place."

"How was that?" queried the friend, with some interest.

"The boy strolled into the office and said he had read the sign. 'Do you want the place?' I asked him. 'Guess I do,' he replied, 'but I don't know that I would want for the full 16 years.' I employed him on the spot when he realized that I had omitted the comma from the sign."

A baby is whatever its parents make it. This is so even to the first stages of gestation, when, if the mother gets proper treatment, the baby will be a jolly, laughing, good tempered, robust little angel. Nature when aided by Mother's Friend will give a beautiful child with a free and graceful body, which is evidenced in elastic action of the limbs, clear skin, bright eyes, fine hair. We explain involuntarily over such a creation, "How beautiful!" meaning not necessarily that the child is pretty, but that its general effect is one of seeming attractiveness.

Women's Friend is a liniment for external application. Women's own pretty fingers rub it gently on the parts so severely taxed, and it is instantly absorbed and so lubricated.

Your druggist sells it for \$1.00 per bottle. You may have our book "Motherhood" FREE.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.