

### SLEEPY-TIME TALES

## THE TALE OF SANDY CHIPMUNK

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

**CHAPTER XVI**  
**Rowdy Runs Away.**  
Rowdy Red-Squirrel jumped from one tree into another until he reached the beech tree in which Jasper Jay had caught sight of Sandy Chipmunk.  
Now, Sandy had not seen Rowdy stealing upon him. And the first he knew about the fight was when he happened to turn around. Then he saw Rowdy Red-Squirrel right in front of him. And before Sandy could move, Rowdy had jumped straight at him.  
Now, as you know, Sandy Chipmunk was not the most nimble of climbers. He was a ground-squirrel; and though he often climbed into the lower branches of trees, he always felt more comfortable on



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the top of a tall fence or a stone wall. But Rowdy Red-Squirrel could cling to the smallest branch. The more it swayed beneath his weight the better he liked it. His hardest battles had been fought in the treetops. You see, he was never the least bit afraid of falling.  
Sandy Chipmunk was plucky—as you know. And at first he had no thought of running away, when Rowdy Red-Squirrel jumped at him. Even when Rowdy sank his sharp teeth into one of his ears, Sandy fought his hardest. But when Rowdy pulled on his ear, Sandy's feet almost slipped off the limb.  
Then Sandy tried to get away. And at last he tore his ear out of Rowdy Red-Squirrel's mouth and scurried quickly to the ground.  
Rowdy Red-Squirrel, dashing after him, shouted with glee.  
"He's running away from me! I've whipped him!" he called to Jasper Jay, who had come nearer, to see the fight.  
Sandy Chipmunk had reached the stone wall between the woods and the pasture. And he was still running. But the moment Rowdy Red-Squirrel sprang upon the wall, to his great surprise Sandy whisked around and jumped straight at him.  
It was Rowdy's turn to be startled. And when Sandy gave his nose a cruel bite Rowdy turned tail and darted off as fast as he could go.  
After him dashed Sandy Chipmunk. No longer was he afraid

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of falling. He was quite at home on the stone wall. He knew every stone in it, and every nook and cranny. He knew exactly the best way to run along that old wall. So all he had to think about now was catching Rowdy Red-Squirrel.  
But Rowdy escaped after he had run a long way he jumped into a tree and climbed to the very top of it where Sandy Chipmunk did not dare to follow him.  
"Come down here, if you want to fight," Sandy called to him.  
"You can't fool me," Rowdy answered. "The other six of you are hiding behind the wall. And the moment I came down you'd all jump at me again. I said I could whip six chipmunks. But seven are one too many."  
Sandy Chipmunk didn't know what Rowdy was talking about. And he could not understand what made Jasper Jay laugh so loudly.  
"You played a trick on me!" Rowdy told Jasper Jay. "You had six chipmunks hidden behind that wall. And as soon as I came down where they were, they all sprang at me. With Sandy Chipmunk, there were seven of them. And that's one too many."  
"Hal ha!" laughed Jasper Jay. "Yes! There's one too many for you. Sandy Chipmunk is one too many for you!" And he flew away to tell the joke to every one.  
You see, Rowdy had been so frightened when Sandy turned and bit his nose that he actually thought there must be at least seven chipmunks chasing him.  
"Though he boasted just as much afterwards, Rowdy Red-Squirrel never wanted to fight Sandy Chipmunk again."  
(Copyright, Grosset & Dunlap.)  
A fifth wheel has been patented which can be mounted on the back of an automobile to enable it to serve as a tractor for a horse drawn vehicle.

### Holding a Husband

#### Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

The Way Madge Helped Dicky to His Wish.  
Haven't you any other reason for selling the house than just the money you are receiving for it?" I asked, putting as dubious a note as I could into my voice.  
I detest duplicity, but because I could not let Dicky suspect that the news of Edith Fairfax coming to live next door to us had completely changed my attitude toward the sale of our home, I wanted to draw him out, hoping to find something upon which I could predicate the capitulation to his wishes which I desired to give.  
"Yes, I have," he returned a bit shamefacedly, "although I suppose you'll laugh at it, and think I'm the original person that could feel a crumpled roseleaf through seven mattresses. But that change at Jamaica in going to New York has been getting my goat ever since I came back from across seas. You just get settled in a seat and comfortably to reading or talking when you have to trail off on the platform. And you know that in cold weather it's no joke standing out there."  
"Yes, I know," I shivered reminiscingly. "But how will you better yourself anywhere else? You're not going to leave Long Island if you sell?"  
"Not on your golden wedding day!" Dicky rejoined. "But there are any number of places, pretty ones, too, where you don't need to change."  
"I don't believe I'd like to go over to the Sound," I said, not caring particularly what I said, just so it would prolong the conversation until

Dicky should forget having spoken of Edith Fairfax.  
"You don't have to. There are several other places on the middle line, within three or four miles of Marvin."  
"I never knew that," I said, with simulated interest. "I thought conditions were the same everywhere. That is an inducement, I will admit, to have through train service to New York."  
"Dicky's Promise."  
"Don't you think you'd better change your mind, sweetheart, and sign the pay-papers?" Dicky coaxed. "You sound exactly like the villain in a melodrama," I laughed. "Well, I'll defy any melodrama to produce a lovelier heroine than the one I'm enfolding in my arms," he returned unblushingly. "But—honest, you won't be obstinate, will you?"  
"Remember, I don't approve," I said, and it was my turn to be unblushing now. "But if your heart is so set upon it I won't stand in your way—except that you must first obtain your mother's consent, without her knowing that I have yielded to your persuasion. Then have her come and ask me to reconsider, and I will promptly grant her request."  
"Why all this folderol, and trip around Cape Horn?" Dicky frowned. "Simply because she intensely disapproves of the sale and made me promise to be firm in my refusal, and not yield to you," I answered, smiling.  
"I see!" Dicky grinned. "You don't want mother to think you're a doormat wife. Well, we'll try to keep from her the deadly secret of your being the reincarnation of Patient Griselda! And about obtaining her consent, just watch your Uncle Dudley. Before the day's over she'll be around flaying you by inches because you have dared oppose my scheme." His prophecy was fulfilled, to the

letter, as I learned a few hours later, when Mother Graham sent Mandy to summon me to her room. Dicky had slipped out of the house most discreetly a few minutes before, and when I entered his mother's room I knew by the expression on her face that he had been able to make her believe "black was white."  
"Margaret, I am surprised by what Richard tells me of your obstinacy," she began, her voice metallic, her face grim. "The poor boy! He has shown me convincingly, how necessary to his health it is that he move to some town where he will not have that pneumonia-breeding wait in winter, and I have given my consent to his selling the Marvin house. But he tells me that you are obstinate, despite his having pleaded with you, and has begged me to use my influence with you to change your decision. Now, what have you got to say for yourself?"  
"I think Dicky misunderstood me, mother dear," I said sweetly. "I have been simply waiting for your decision before giving mine. Of course, I shall sign the deed."  
(Continued Tomorrow.)

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