

RED TERROR

By Maribel Edwin

"She's a terror, she is! When I think of the times I could have taken her—"
"Sam Birkett, the blacksmith, made a gruesome twisting gesture, then shrugged in impotent disgust and let his huge, hairy fists fall limply to the table.

With an angry exclamation he snatched his left hand up again and thrust the side of it into his mouth. "Well, there's one thing," he muttered, between noisy sobs. "She's got a mark to match this, and I'll warrant she got a crack in 'er neck tryin' to ease the pain."

"I never did hold with making pets of vermin," said his wife, severely. "Nor any other creature, neither; unless, maybe, a nice bird in a cage."
"Pats!" snorted Sam. "You know well enough I meant to train up that weasel to catch the rats—same's you do with the ferret. But since she's so wild she's destroyed more chickens than the rats ever did, and I've got 'er for, too."

He examined his hand ruefully. The dull purple weal, shaped like a horseshoe, was still tender to the touch; the weasel had bitten deeply. He thought again of the matching scar on the animal's flank and grimaced a trifle shamefacedly. Of course, as the Sam loudly and repeatedly declared, Red had deserved all she had got; the searing touch of hot iron added to a blow that had sent her rolling over and over in the dust outside the forge. But he had not been able to forget the sight of his former pet approaching him, with an odd mixture of confidence and bewilderment, though only a few hours had passed since the slaughter of three of his chickens. He was still secretly troubled by the memory of her secret pain. If the hot horseshoe had hurt her, if she had struck her squarely she would undoubtedly have been killed; even the glancing blow might well have brought about her death; and for ten days after the incident at the forge Sam Birkett had thought that it had done so. Then he had missed another chicken. Admittedly, the rats might have been at their thieving again; but one night, a week or two later, Sam had been wakened by a frightened cackling from the hen-roosts and, looking out of his bedroom window, had seen a sinuous form stealing across the roof of a shed in the yard.

"Stopped an' looked up at me," he said, half admiringly, as he re-told the tale to his inattentive wife. "An' the moonlight shinin' full 'er side an' showin' up that bare horseshoe mark as white as 'er little waistcoat. It was Red, sure enough."
"There isn't no room enough on her side for the print of a horseshoe," objected his wife. "She's no thicker than your thumb, the nasty stinking creature."
"I don't care," maintained Sam. "Horseshoe-shape 'er scar is, same as mine. An' she'll carry it 'er dyin' day—which I 'ope will be soon. Six more chickens last night!"

"And not eaten, neither; just killed out of sheer wickedness."
"It's 'er nat' re. All the same, it's got to stop. I'm ready for 'er to-night. Traps an' poison, and my gun. Oh, I'll get 'er this time, never fear! It's real war between me an' Red!"

From the low fork of a solitary and stunted oak-tree a full-grown weasel sprang lightly to the ground, stretched her fore-legs, dug her claws into the dry turf, flexed her slender body several times and yawned; then ambled off towards the nearest thicket. She had not gone far when she suddenly contorted herself and bit savagely at her own hind-leg, removed a clinging burr and spat it out. A young hare, springing panic-stricken from its grassy form, set the broom-bushes swaying, and the tense pods, bursting, peppered the weasel with small shot.

An aerial smell, which had puzzled more than one wild animal of the moorland, had become familiar to the weasel. Although it did not cause her actual fear, she moved away from it when she left the clearing. The days were over when Sam Birkett's Red had done about men: she knew better now than to walk up to a man beside a roaring fire, so she turned away and sought a more secluded animal hunting ground on the far side of the thicket. For some time after she had come in to the blacksmith's possession, as a mere youngster, she had been docile enough, and Sam had been convinced that she was tamable. Even after she had turned on him one day, and dug her sharp little teeth viciously into his hand, there had been moments of uncertainty. Her wild instincts, stirring afresh with her maturity, had not reassured themselves in a flash. More than once during the week following her escape from captivity she had been inclined to relinquish her freedom. The stinging pain of the burn on her flank had settled the matter. The scarred weasel that revisited the hen-yard behind the blacksmith's cottage was a thoroughly wild animal; an enemy. She distrusted all men, and hated the smell of their fires.

For an hour after turning away from the camp, Red was busy. She began her hunting by pouncing on an unsuspecting bank-voles and crushing its skull with one grip of her strong jaws. Then she caught the scent of a young rabbit and pursued it relentlessly, above ground and under ground, never side-tracked even for an instant by the crossing trails of other rabbits, or by timid mice covering, terror-stricken, within a few inches of her path, until finally she came upon her quarry in a blind burrow and flung herself excitedly at the quivering huddle of fur and warm flesh. With the rabbit's blood still staining her mouth, the weasel crouched in the entrance of the burrow waiting for the next comer. More than enough for the night, she scarcely touched in the darkness behind her, but her bloodlust had been appeased, and it was too soon to abandon the joy of the chase for mere

Red's hunting went on. Sometimes waiting to pounce, she kept so still that she could distinguish even the faintest sounds: the thin scream of a mole, inaudible to most ears; the soft beats of an owl's muffled wings; the click of a beetle's wing-cases as the insect settled on the ground; and the unconcerned munching of a large caterpillar on the heather just above her head. At other times she pursued her victims boldly, relying on keen scent and swiftness rather than on guile, but even in the darkness hunting chiefly under cover. Although at intervals during the night she visited her home, when dawn broke she was still hunting, taking toll of the foolish rabbits that invaded the turf surrounding the stunted oak. At last, tired out and satiated, she curled up in the fork of the tree and fell asleep.

Far into the day the weasel slept, while the sun blazed down on the moor and the blackened broom-pods popped and the willow-herb fruits split and curled. The wind lifted, and the smell of the gipsies' fire was blown right across to Red's home. She stirred slightly, sniffed distastefully, and settled down again. The smell grew stronger.

It was some time after midday that Sam Birkett looked up at the moor and saw a great cloud of grey smoke shot with flame. His forge fire smelled so strongly that the drifting smoke had failed to attract his attention, and the heather was well alight before he had any suspicion of the moor-fire. By the time he reached the fringe of the waste ground half the available moon in the village were on their way to the place.

"Blas't them gipsies!" said Sam, as he snatched up a plank, with which to beat out the flames. "Shouldn't be allowed to camp on the moor. Always up to some mischief!"

Between him and the blazing area ran a shallow stream. As he forced it his eyes fell on a small creature coming straight towards him out of the smoke. "Well, I'm jiggered," he exclaimed. "It's Red."
The weasel came doggedly on, ignoring him completely, and he saw that something dangled from her mouth. At first he thought that she had seized one of the frightened creatures fleeing from the fire, then he realized that it was a young weasel that she carried, and that another squirmed already on the damp grass at the stream's edge. When she had laid down the second youngster, Red hesitated, ran a few yards towards the smoke, then returned to her babies and stood over them, teeth bared, fur bristling, glaring at Sam. He understood at once. There were other babies to be fetched from the danger zone.

"So that's why you left me, Red. Wanted a mate, eh? Got a family now. More chicken killers! Well, in to the water they go—and a good riddance 'o 'em!"

Before Sam could carry out his threat, a wild cry sounded out of the smoke and a gipsy woman, half-demented, came running towards him, grabbing and screaming and imploring him to find her child. Breaking away from her clutching hands, Sam cursed her roughly, but he dipped his coat in the stream and set off at a run towards the smouldering ruins of the camp. There was no sign of the missing child. A hobbled horse, unkempt and half-starved, was screaming fearfully; it nearly kicked Sam when he stooped to cut the rope. A hare, with ears flat and eyes staring, raced past, swerving to avoid him, and took an enormous leap over a low gorse bush that burst into sudden flames under a rocket of sparks from another clump. The heat was terrific. Sam's hands were scorched and his hair and eyebrows badly singed before a message reached him that all the gipsy children were safe, and that he would be better employed helping to beat out the flames on the strip of heather that was being burnt under control, to check the progress of the fire in the direction of the village.

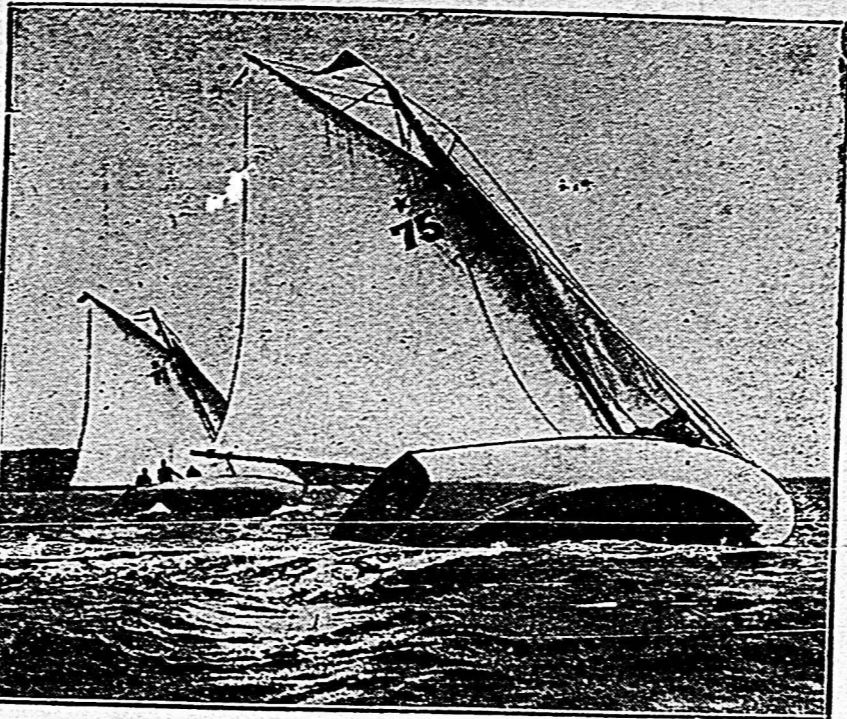
Choking and cursing still more furiously, Sam stumbled back to the stream to soak his coat once more and to pick up his plank. As he flung the coat over his head he again caught sight of Red, but such a Red! Scorched and blackened, bear-eyed and wheezing, the weasel staggered weakly from the smoke-cloud with another young one drooping from her aching jaws. Sam Birkett was a rough fellow, but pity and admiration stirred in him as the mother weasel added a fourth limp creature to the pathetic heap on the damp grass and fell down beside it, utterly exhausted. He prodded her charred body with his boot. Red opened bloodshot eyes and snarled. A feeble protective movement towards her family was all that she could accomplish. Her eyes closed, her jaw sagged; she lay still.

"Dead!" muttered Sam. He looked uncertainly at the four little weasels. Their eyes were open, but they were not more than a fortnight old, still quite dependent on their mother. Knowing that they would die without her care, Sam decided that he could safely leave them where they were in the meantime. He had come to regard all weasels as pests, but somehow he could not bring himself to throw the helpless litter into the stream while the body of the gallant and devoted mother was still warm. He was glad that she was dead and that he need not finish her off with a stone. The horseshoe scar, gleaming white on her blackened skin, seemed an accusation.

Sara was so busy for the next few hours that he forgot all about the weasels. In the evening, when all that remained of the moor-fire was a lingering smell of charred wood and a few wisps of smoke trembling above the black heather stumps, like seed-wool on a wintry hedge, he came strolling up the slope by the streamside, pulling at his pipe and glancing to right and to left. He was looking out for smouldering shrubs, which might yet cause trouble, and it was not until he reached the spot where Red's family had lain that he recalled the incident. With a start of surprise he stopped and stared. The long grass still bore the imprint of the huddled little bodies, but no young weasels were there, and no Red.

A sudden uneasy suspicion dismissed

The Thrills of Yachting



Thrilling moment as graceful racing yachts turned first buoy in race sponsored by Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Club, off Halifax, with Buccaneer heeling into wind. Blue Heron was first to cross finish line, but lost race to the Creia II, through handicap.

ed the thought of birds-of-prey and carrion-eaters from Sam's mind, and he looked upwards just in time to see the dauntless mother weasel making off over the brow of the nearest hill. All his animosity revived. Shouting with anger, he gave chase. Red quickened her pace, but did not make much headway. She was tired and in great pain, and the body of her young one impeded her considerably. She dropped it for an instant to get a better grip; then began to run again. Sam shouted. Red looked back over her shoulder and the little weasel dangled in full view. Again Sam shouted, and Red was off with a sudden spurt of panic. It did not last. She faltered, stood still for a moment, trembling violently, and then, to Sam's surprise, dropped her burden and sped uphill without it.

"Aha!" he sneered. "There's a fine mother—savin' 'er own skin." He reached the young weasel and bent to examine it. It was dead; really dead, not merely exhausted as Red had been when he had left her lying by the streamside. Sam nodded thoughtfully. "She wouldn'ta dropped it if she hadn't been sure it was dead; no matter 'ow near I was." Baffled, but not altogether vexed, he watched the indomitable weasel urge her pitiful wreck of a body to a final dash for liberty. The powdery ash rose in a little black cloud behind her, as she ran across the last bare stretch of burnt moorland toward the dense bracken-patch that hid the three youngsters she had contrived to save. She flung herself desperately into the sanctuary. The cool green stems and fronds swayed for a moment and grew still.—John O'London's Weekly.

Why can't Jones and his wife agree? "He married an automobile girl on a wheelbarrow salary."

He Still Teaches at 97 Professor Francesco Berger, London's oldest music teacher, is still giving piano lessons at 97. When reminiscing, he talks enthusiastically of Charles Dickens and many other Victorians. He knew Mendelssohn and a host of famous musicians, and his memory is unusually keen.

Paris.—Captains of trans-Atlantic liners report that there are almost no icebergs to be sighted at sea just now, although this is the normal time of the year when the great bergs come floating down from Greenland.

Usually about the beginning of May the icebergs between Labrador and Greenland begin to break up, and giant bergs float south into the steamer lanes.

It is believed that the huge ice masses have been "shipwrecked" on the Labrador and Greenland coasts. French meteorologists expressed the belief that while most of the bergs may have run aground, those which continue floating south do so because each year the warm Gulf Stream spreads farther north, melting the ice masses before they can endanger shipping.

Icebergs Fail to Appear On Atlantic Route

Hat Pins Stage Comeback in Hats

Modern Chapeau Perches Half on and Half off the Head

New York.—Hat pins—mother will remember them—are coming back in the wake of new hat styles.

Bobbed hair put hat pins on the shelf; bobbed hair and the fact that the long points were invariably jabbing people. New millinery is jabbing them back.

The pins will be of junior size; short and useful for anchoring the new little hats. Coiffures will undergo changes, too. Women either will permit their hair to grow or use tricky false curls and even switches.

The modern bonnets "roost" half on, half off the head.

French milliners have introduced a band of ribbon which ties across the left side of the head. American designers have employed an elastic bandeau to keep the hat on.

The ribbon and the bandeau, women have found are a nuisance. In lieu of something to keep the bonnet clamped tight women are renewing their friendship with the hat pin.

The new hats are reminiscent of the days of Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon III.

Paris Reports Drop in Tourist Trade

Paris.—Directors of tourist agencies, here in connection with the conference of transatlantic steamship companies, said recently that there is no use denying that this year's tourist season is a failure. One of them said that his business so far is 80 per cent. less than it was last year.

An agreement was expected in the conference regarding proposed reductions of transatlantic steamship fares.

The popularity of comfortable one-class liners was advanced as a reason for converting all but the biggest and fastest liners into cabin class steamers. This consideration was expected to weigh heavily in favor of maintaining approximately the present rates for first class accommodations in the fastest liners. British companies, it was reported, continue to favor at least a 25 per cent. cut in first class rates.

"Nowadays a show has to be a wow or it doesn't go. There's nothing between a furor and a flop."—Arthur Hammerstein.

Obeying Orders

A railway director rebuked a ticket collector who allowed him to go through the barrier without producing his pass.

"No matter if you do know who I am," he said, in reply to the collector's excuse. "I am entitled to ride free only when I am travelling with that pass. You don't know whether I have it or not."

The collector, nettled into action, demanded to see the pass.

"That's right," exclaimed the director. "Here—why—where—well, I declare! I must have left it at the office."

"Then you'll have to pay your fare," responded the collector grimly.

And he did.

The Public

The public man needs but one patron, viz., the lucky moment. It is astonishing how capricious, how sudden are the changes in value of a public man. All depends upon whether the public want or believe they want the man. And that is a question upon which the public do not know their own minds a week before nor do they always keep in the same mind, when made up, for a week together. If they do not want the man, if he do not hit the taste nor respond to the exigencies of the time, whatever his eloquence, his abilities, his virtues, they push him aside or cry him down. Is he wanted? Does the mirror of the moment reflect his image? That mirror is an intense magnifier, his proportions swell, they become gigantic.

Norway's Role in Greenland Stretches Far Back in History

The secret action of a party of Norwegian hunters in planting their national flag over a section of Eastern Greenland and claiming the area in the name of their sovereign has raised the question as to the ownership of that vast frozen plateau.

While Greenland is considered by Norway as a colony belonging to the Danish territory, it was discovered by Norwegian expeditions in the early days. For 499 years Norway and Denmark were united, and Greenland was a colony belonging to both. Also, Norwegian expeditions have made the section claimed by the hunters a base of operations, and have thus come to look upon it as theirs by right of occupation.

The first record of Greenland dates from the beginning of the tenth century, when the Norwegian Cunniborn is reported to have seen a land to the west of Iceland, believed to have been the southern tip of the country. In 982 another Norwegian, Eric the Red (whose son, Leif Ericson, is believed to have reached America in 1000), sailed from Iceland, discovered the land described by Gunniborn and spent three years exploring it.

Then followed the colonization period by Norwegians. The settlers established churches and monasteries, and, until the middle of the thirteenth century, had their own republican government. About 1250 they were induced to swear allegiance to the King of Norway.

For centuries the history of Greenland follows the history of Norway and Denmark. In 1397 these two

powers, with Sweden, were united under a single King, Erik of Pomerania. In this union the Norwegians were dominated by the Danes, who seized the high administrative posts in the government. At length, after the Napoleonic wars, in 1814, the union was solved. Greenland, Iceland and the Faroes were not mentioned in the dissolution agreement, as they were all kept by Denmark.

In the meantime the relationship between the Greenland colonies and their motherland, Norway, had gradually faded away. The last ship known to have visited the old Norse colonies in Greenland returned to Norway in 1410. With no support from home the colonies decayed rapidly, the settlers either being destroyed by the Eskimos or absorbed by intermarriage with them. When John Davis visited Greenland in 1585 there was no sign of any people there except the Eskimos.

The west coast of Greenland is designated as Danish Greenland, the eastern part being more under Norwegian influence. Its trade is a monopoly of the Danish Crown, dating from 1774, and for purposes of government and trade the east coast is divided into two inspectorates, southern and northern. Each inspectorate is divided into districts, these again comprising about sixty trading settlements which dot the coast for a distance of 1,000 miles. These little colonies consist of merely a few houses. There are only a few hundred Europeans in Greenland, and probably about 12,000 Eskimos.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Pattern Furnished With Every Pattern

The next time you are on a picnic and are handed a well-folded paper napkin with your lunch, you may be using a napkin which has been inspected by the magic electric eye.

A large Mid-Western manufacturer of paper products has adopted this device as an aid in making neat folds in its paper napkins.

Says B. S. Havens, of the General Electric's News Bureau, in a recent press bulletin:

"The paper napkins are manufactured in various designs and colors. The paper is fed from rolls to machines which emboss it, fold it, and cut it. Heretofore it has been difficult to keep the paper in the correct position so the napkin would be folded in the center with the edges even and, since folding double, any error in alignment, it took but a very slight deviation to result in napkins poorly folded and, consequently, rejected."

"The situation was remedied by using the photoelectric relay, a device which is sensitive to changes in light intensity. This relay is set to keep a watch on the edges of the tissue paper as it runs through the machine, and by means of signal lights, warns the operators to change the position of the paper when it is not in the correct position for producing neatly folded napkins."

"The arrangement of the equipment is as follows: A lamp is fixed to shine down on the tissue paper at a point just before the machine folds and cuts the finished napkin. Immediately below the edge of the paper are placed two photoelectric tubes so arranged that a decrease of light actuates one, and an increase of light actuates the other. The one affected by decrease in light is a little to one side of the paper, so that the full amount of light normally shines on it. Thus if the paper moves away from its correct position toward that relay, the amount of light striking the tube is diminished by being intercepted by the tissue paper. The other tube is placed a corresponding distance under the paper itself, and its normal condition is to receive light already diminished by the interception of the tissue paper. Thus, should the paper move away from the correct position in the other direction, the second relay will be actuated because its tube receives more light than it normally should."

"Each photoelectric relay controls an indicating light visible to the machine operator, one a red light and the other green. When the operator sees the light flash on, he knows he must shift the paper back to the correct position, and the color of the light tells him which way to shift it."

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Demand for Livestock Increases

Regina, Saskatchewan.—A marked increase in the demand of Saskatchewan farmers for live stock is indicated in the records of transactions under the Saskatchewan Live Stock Purchase and Sale Act, during the 1930-31 fiscal year, now being compiled by the Live Stock Branch of the Provincial Department of Agriculture. Exclusive of feeder steers which were handled under a different option, approximately 1,300 head of cattle have been purchased by Saskatchewan farmers under the provisions of the Act during the fiscal period referred to, this being the largest number in any year since 1919. In addition, 230 bulls were purchased, the largest number since 1922. British demand for sheep and swine also is noted, the 3,500 ewes purchased being more than in any year since 1918 and the 1,000 sows being four times as many as in any previous year.

Lines to a Practical Man

By Anderson M. Scruggs, in The Herald Tribune (New York).

You who have tossed the sun aside and quenched

The rainbow in the darkness of your mind,

Whose ears are deaf to winds, whose thoughts are clenched

Like rivets to the turmoil and the grind—

You can not shut your heart forever

Against the siege of laurel from a hill;

A sparrow's note will batter down your door

In that last hour when all but thought grows still.

Then shall the illiac's breath come back to blow

Over the deepening twilight in your brain.

The moon return like a rejected lover.

The creatures of the heart your hands have slain

Shall find a tongue, and from the darkening sky

Forgotten stars will stab like a cry.

A Song

Mine is the simple heart that knows
The fresh green grass, the warm brown soil,
The lingering touch of dying light
On window panes, the day of toll.

Mine is the simple heart that asks
No more, nor less, of love than this:
That there be laughter in your eyes,
And your contentment in my kiss.

—Guy Fincher in Embryo.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS—BORROWING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS