

The One Out of Ten

By MERCER DE PINA

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Mrs. Ennery gave a dinner for her sister Alice's chum, who was visiting them. First among the invited were Jack Wilford, an old comrade, and Howard Teller, a distinctly eligible friend of Jack's.

People are apt to wonder what formed the bond between Alice and Mary Grant, for the latter gave a first impression of merely quiet charm. There was nothing forceful about her, except, perhaps, an angle of her chin. As a matter of fact she was an athlete of great skill withal, so modest that only her few friends knew of her prowess.

After dinner the guests scattered before settling to bridge—the business of the evening. A few gathered around a window, through which the flare of a street lamp attracted all eyes to a large machine outside the door. Teller claimed ownership.

"Aren't you afraid to leave it out there unguarded?" asked one of the men.

Teller laughed carelessly. "Not a bit! It's anchored, safe enough, with the spark-plug out, and if I should forget to take that precaution, why— even down home, not one in ten of the boys cares to handle that car!"

"You are an enthusiastic motorist, Mr. Teller?" interrupted Mary.

He turned and stared, unable to fathom her tone.

Jack spoke. "He's a fiend, a perpetual break-the-record automaton!"

"Can't help it, with that car!" Jack, who knew Mary well, looked a question when Teller presently drifted away.

Mary shook her head. "He's too sure of himself—and others, I would like to see— Her eyes twinkled as she pulled Jack closer and whispered in his ear.

"Do you think you could?" said Jack doubtfully. "You heard him say— not one out of—"

"I'm the one!"

"But he said 'not one out of ten.'"

"I'm the tenth!" she declared confidently. "If only the spark plug happened to be in!"

"It would serve him right," admitted Jack respectively. "I'll join you as soon as I've telephoned Ben. I'll tell him to meet us at Fox's Bend, but that if we don't show up in twenty minutes or less, we're not coming. He's a regular old clam, and I'm sure of catching him. Wait for me!"

"No fear! I need you as witness," "You're sure—"

"Coward!" taunted Mary.

Not five minutes later, two figures, keeping well in shadow, stealthily approached Teller's machine, Mary, a little ahead, made a hurried inspection of the car before Jack reached her side.

"Fate!" she greeted him. "He has overreached himself—the spark plug is in."

The glare of the street light simplified their start. Under Mary's experienced guidance the car bounded forward, then settled into a smooth, rushing glide. So they sped along, quite inconspicuously, and incredibly soon Jack, who had dictated their route, leaned forward and exclaimed:

"There's Ben!"

Quickly they stopped and descended, extinguishing the lights and replacing the rug over the radiator, lastly removing the spark plug. This Mary slipped into her coat pocket as Jack helped her into the carriage Ben had waiting for them with a fast horse attached.

"Just keep your eye on that car until it's called for, Ben," said Jack, as they drove away, "and your tongue quiet."

"Aye, sir," responded the village factotum imperturbably, quite unconcerned except with the extra bill in his pocket.

The conspirators re-entered the drawing room to find the bridge tables forming.

In the interest of cards the little incident was forgotten, and at the end of the evening no one, in the midst of good nights, thought of connecting it with Teller's exclamation as he looked out of the window. Curiosity drew to his side those who had lingered, and each echoed his cry.

The car was gone! Consternation held Teller's tongue tied. Some one suggested telephoning the police, and awakening to the value of instant action, he hurried from the room without noting the glance exchanged between Jack and Mary.

"I say, Jack, do you mind footing it? I don't feel equal to a hack—it's too slow," Teller made a wry face.

"Just the night for walking!" agreed Jack heartily. "I'll be with you in a minute," and left him alone with Mary.

Teller stared gloomily at his boots. "I thought," she ventured, "with the spark plug out—"

"It wasn't!" snapped Teller, almost impolitely. "I beg your pardon," he added.

A faint laugh, a mere gurgle, parted her lips. Then Jack appeared, and hurried the puzzled and disconsolate Teller homeward. But as they waved good night, Mary thought: "I wonder— he's a good athlete, but—is he a good sport?" Then she sighed, tried to analyze the sharp little sting of compunction that suddenly pricked her; and because she failed to stifle

it, fastened the blame upon Teller, skillfully avoiding Alice's questions, and successfully courted a few hours' dreamless sleep.

Not so Teller. He was, indeed, a good sport, as well as a good athlete. But the loss of his car overshadowed all other sensations. Teller loved his car. He welcomed the telephone ring that interrupted his thinking, and snatched hopefully at the receiver.

"Information!"

"But I didn't ask—"

"I know, I'm just offering it gratis." The voice was deep and gruff. "Taking it for granted you'd like to hear anything you could about your car—"

"What about the car?" he said.

"Know old Ben's stable, close to Fox's Bend?"

"Yes," fibbed Teller.

"You'll find your car there."

"How do you know?"—fearing a ruse.

"I'm information, that's my business." The voice softened. "The car isn't hurt. Good-by!"

"Hold on!" cried Teller, but too late. He sat down, half dazed, half angry.

"Now, who in—?" he mumbled, "who laughs like that?" He called upon his memory. A dim picture met his effort; a girl's quizzical smile, a few persistent, teasing questions, and the echo of a laugh which had held no meaning for him at the time, but which he now probed with interest. "I wonder!" he exclaimed. "Impossible! A woman couldn't touch that car, above all, not that slip of a girl!"

Jack, with whom he was staying, found him whistling. "It's all right, old man, I've found her!" Jack stared. Teller laughed. "Her—capital H!"

"Where is it?"

"It?"

"The car."

"Blast the car!" cried Teller. "I mean—that is—not entirely. I say, Jack, is she the sort that could do it?" with sudden pleading. "I just couldn't stand a let-down now!"

The maid handed Teller a small package marked "urgent." Teller opened it. The plug of his machine rolled to the floor with a card scribbled "Information."

At the very spot described Teller found his machine. "If she didn't do it," he muttered, "I'll never forgive her!"

As Jack had implied, Mary alone was visible. "Discovered!" shouted Teller, in greeting, and fancied he saw her start. "My car," he added for her relief. "It was the most mysterious thing! Had your breakfast? Good! Want to take a spin—and I'll tell you all about it!"

"Why—yes," said Mary.

"Want to drive?" asked Teller, as they started.

"I?" cried the girl in surprise.

"Why not?" he continued coolly. "Lots easier by day."

"Since you took my car, you'll have to include me."

Again Mary laughed, this time a little uncertainly.

A wave of confusion seized her. "But I had no idea you'd take it this way!" she blurted.

"Never can tell," retorted Teller. "It takes all forms."

"I just couldn't resist," murmured Mary, and grew furious because it sounded like an apology. "You seemed so—"

"A regular bonster," admitted Teller, proving his sportsmanship in the confession, "but you can't say I'm not a good sport."

"I'm not sure," said Mary stily. "May I drive?" she added, with apparent irrelevance.

"You drive—back home, if you like," he commanded. "We'll start fair, all over again; just to prove," he lightened his tone, "that I am a good sport, and a good fighter." But Mary only laughed again, the same low gurgle that had teased his ears and memory; this time, however, with something of a quiver in it that thrilled him to the hope of victory.

CALLING THE CATTLE HOME

In the Mountains of North Carolina the Note of the Yodel Is Still Heard.

I sometimes wonder where the cattle calls heard in the North Carolina mountains came from, syllables sedulously handed down from one generation to the next. Whiffred Kirkland writes in the Outlook:

When the sheep come scuttling and scurrying with sharp, hurried beatings across a pasture sown with howlers gray and shaggy as themselves, the cry that brings them to the salting is "sheep-nan, sheep-nan." When the cowbells are near at hand, the incessant clamor subdued by enfolding tree and bush, there is no need of calling the cows home, but when these are slow in returning from pasturage in the long gold twilight, then the cattle call of the mountains is a cry long to be remembered.

Some mountain woman standing by the bars suddenly straightens and breathes deep, then utters a rich yodel that rings and echoes far and far up the black recessed covey where who knows what mysterious evening herdsman holds the cows. Patient, far-reaching, musical, it summons until the far bells reluctantly tinkle, and slowly come nearer and nearer, presently dusky horns and lumbering flanks emerge from deep forest gloom. While the cows shamble down to the home gate from the haunted ravine rings the sweet bell note of the wood-thrush, chiming on and on, at recurrent intervals, until full darkness possesses the forest, when another bird begins, and the pathos of the whippoorwill issues from the wood like the wail of an elfin fall.

Crow Farmer's Friend and Foe

"Twice as Good as He Is Bad," Writer Says of Persecuted Bird.

IS BACKED BY UNCLE SAM

Kills Young Chickens and Destroys Eggs of Other Birds, But on Other Hand He Kills Field Mice and Insects.

Washington.—The United States biological survey sends out a bulletin about the crow. It says that the big, black fellow is the farmer's friend and should not be exterminated, and it goes on to assert that many crows recently examined were found to eat 38 per cent grain and 62 per cent may beetles, tussock moths, grasshoppers, gypsy moths, army worms, chinchbugs and brown moths. So he is about twice as good as he is bad.

But the crow also kills young chickens and destroys the eggs of other birds, George F. Burba writes in the Columbus Dispatch. Charge that up against him along with the 38 per cent grain which he eats. Then on the other hand, set down a large number of field mice and cutworms which he also gets away with and there is still a balance in his favor. Besides, much of the grain the crow eats would be wasted anyway, since he picks up the scattered kernels in the field and eats a lot of very poor corn and wheat that wouldn't be any account to anybody else.

Hunted Become Intelligent.

The government bulletin isn't going to have much effect, one way or another, however. Everybody takes a shot at a crow whenever he gets a chance, but the crows persist. They have been warred upon so much that they have become very intelligent.

Take note of that—anything that is warred upon or hunted becomes intelligent. The hunted birds and animals acquire knowledge and cunning, or whatever you want to call it. Otherwise they would disappear.

If crows were stupid and sat around on fences when they see a man in the field with a gun; if they built their nests where the nests could be easily broken up; if they did not help each other by giving warning of approaching danger, there would be no crows. But everyone seems to be an enemy of the glossy fellow, and he knows that he must keep at a safe distance.

He learns that he must build his nest high up in a tree, away from human habitation, and watch out every moment for somebody or something that would kill him. All of this has made him what we call one of the most intelligent of birds.

The Crow as a Pet.

And still the crow is a sociable bird. He likes human beings, when they

treat him right. He makes a splendid pet, although a naughty one, in that he is always getting into trouble. If you will take a crow when it is young and raise it it becomes as gentle as a chicken.

He likes to be around the house, where there are a lot of boys, but at every opportunity he will fly upon the table and snatch the food, or carry scissors or thimbles or spoons of thread or jewelry away and hide them. He is a mischief maker with the hens and chickens and fuses and quarrels and wrangles with the dog that sleeps upon the porch.

But he will not desert the family; he will remain with the boy that feeds him and attends to him, although he may take a trip occasionally to the fields and talk to the other crows, coming back at night to his regular roost.

Girls Beat Boys Spelling.

Tiffin O.—Girls in the Seneca county schools are better spellers than the boys. Honors at the county school spelling and speaking contest held here went chiefly to the girls. Miss Gertrude Bertsch of Thompson won the seventh and eighth grade spelling contest. Harry Sperow of Hopeville the fifth and sixth and Irene Hatton of Attica the third and fourth. Rosamond Showalter of Attica and Thomas Watson of Old Fort won in the two divisions of the speaking contest.

Audience Applauded as Snake Crushed Trainer

Applause from a large audience resounded in the little theater at Serbruck, Switzerland, while a gigantic python slowly crushed its trainer to death.

The trainer, a Hungarian girl named Ciro, realized her peril and shrieked for help as the coils of the serpent closed about her, but the audience believed her cries were part of the entertainment and cheered loudly.

Fraulein Ciro's manager rushed on the stage and shot the snake, but not until the young woman was beyond help. It was not until after the performance was over that the people were apprised of the fact they had witnessed a gruesome tragedy.

Now Crows Over the Doctors.

Huntington, W. Va.—Marguerite, the twenty-month-old daughter of E. W. Stoller and wife, was slowly wasting away. Physicians saw no hope of her recovery. She was seized with a fit of coughing and a watermelon seed she had swallowed last September was disgorged. Now she will get well.

Met Death on Duty.

Lawrenceburg, Ind.—Capt. Wesley L. Moore, aged seventy-eight, river pilot, often said he hoped he might die on the Ohio river. Death came to him as he wished. He was found lifeless in his cabin on the Ivory Wood, a vessel he operated between Cincinnati and New Orleans.

Tell Ships of Ocean Noises

Secret Ears to Be Placed on Merchant Ships by the Government.

TEST PROVES IT A SUCCESS

Hydrophone, Government Controlled Invention, Can Explain Many Sea Mysteries—Tried Out on Destroyer.

New York.—In olden times when Chinese shipbuilders designed and constructed their lateen-rigged craft for war or commercial purposes, prominent and oftentimes ferocious "eyes" were located on either side of the bow.

Today modern America, now the leading nation in ship construction, is proposing to equip her merchant vessels with "ears," the location of which, like the eyes on the Chinese junk, are

on the ship's bows, but under instead of over the water. While superstition induced the Chinaman to equip his ship so it could "see" its enemies and work its way into a safe port through shoal water, hidden rocks and through crowded waterways, science has designed the "ears" for the same purpose.

Test Is Made.

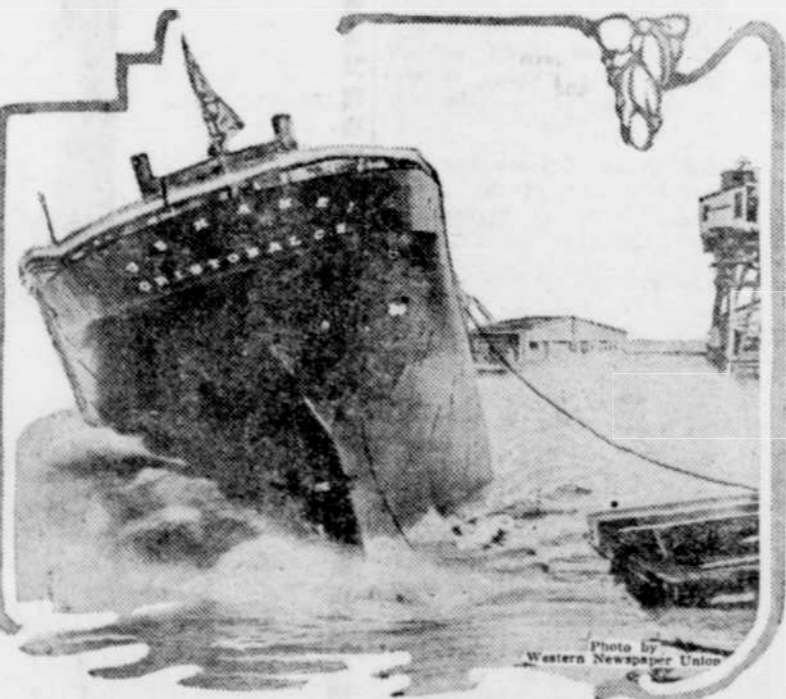
With the destroyer Breckenridge equipped as a demonstration ship, 40 or more representatives of leading steamship lines have just had an opportunity to see and test the efficacy of the listening device. It is now a government-controlled invention, used on fighting ships during the war as a protection against submarines and officially designated by the navy as "the M. V. type, hydrophone." Its object is to disclose in surrounding waters the presence of other craft, to foretell the approach to shoal waters, apprise the navigator of the vicinity of lightships equipped with submarine bell signaling devices. It is expected also to disclose with a remarkable degree of accuracy the depth of water where the ship so equipped is floating.

Tells Depth of Water.

The apparatus includes 48 hydrophone receivers located in a tank of water in the bow of the vessel so that an equal number is on either side. In the test the sound of the propellers of a steamer five miles distant was heard. The depth of the water is ascertained by listening to the noise made by the propellers of the vessel carrying the hydrophone as it is echoed back from the bottom of the sea. In depths beyond 100 fathoms, however, the hydrophone refuses to record. It was explained, but as a majority of collisions occur near a coast line and at congested harbor entrances, the inventors and officers of the navy predict that its adoption will remove many of the hazards of navigation now caused by fog.

Dr. H. C. Hayes, formerly of Swarthmore college, said the device had been installed on one transport, Von Steuben, and on one occasion probably saved the ship from running aground on the Long Island shore during a heavy fog. Doctor Hayes also claims that the invention will enable a mariner to locate icebergs, through the reflecting back to the operator from the submerged portion of a dangerous berg the sound of the operating ship's own propellers.

Big Freighter Launched Sideways



View of the sideways launching of the steel freighter Mamei, built for the Panama canal commission. The vessel has a capacity of 10,000 tons.

Man Fell Into Bear Pit; Arm and Leg Torn Away

August Kabler, a medical student at Berno, Switzerland, was terribly mangled by bears into whose pit at the zoological gardens he had fallen while he was throwing carrots to them. He was taken to the hospital in a serious condition, his left leg and left arm being entirely torn away.

None Dies in This Town.

Cranmore, Cal.—This town asserts itself as the healthiest community in the state, basing its claim upon the fact that the local cemetery has not had a grave dug since 1883, the date of the last funeral in Cranmore. Since that time several residents of the community have died in other sections of the state, but it is a remarkable fact that not a single death has occurred in the community since 1883.

NEW REVOLT LOOMS

Outbreak of Junker Army in Pomerania Feared.

Kapp Supporters Scattered Among Big Estates Obviously as Farm Laborers.

Stettin.—Everyone in this section of Pomerania will tell you something is going to happen, but they do not know what.

Former Minister of War Reinhardt, who is trying to find the answer and to devise a lid for threatening outbreaks, feels the same way, but apparently he is satisfied there is no immediate danger. Under his direction the headquarters of two Junker outfits have been raided and closed, and the militarized police force has been strengthened. There are no outward signs, except that general unrest indicates a tension in the situation. Everybody is sleeping on his arms,

one eye open. No confidence is felt in the Reichswehr, which still retains most of the officers who supported the Kapp forces, and these still have their arms and are scattered among the big estates, obviously as farm laborers, but in reality more like small bands of mercenaries as bodyguards for the Junker barons.

The opposing forces are the actual workmen. On the estates there nominally are two organizations, but it needs only the first hint of a monarchist coup when they will be under one leadership ready for battle.

Let the Defense Hang Itself.

Noblesville, Ind.—Mrs. Rosa Davis, administratrix, suing the Central Indiana Railroad company for the death of her husband, Charles E. Davis, didn't have any witnesses, but on the evidence of the railroad's witnesses she was awarded a verdict of \$3,000. All testimony for Mrs. Davis was brought out on cross-examination.

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ANNAPOLIS FOUNDED IN 1604

Nova Scotia Earliest Colonized Land in North America, With Exception of St. Augustine.

Nova Scotia may lay claim to being the earliest colonized land in North America, with the exception of St. Augustine, Fla., where the Spanish establishment was made as early as 1565. Port Royal, now the little town of Annapolis, was founded in 1604, three years before the English settled at Jamestown. The brave French pioneers found it necessary to suspend their colony for three years, but the settlement was re-established in 1610 by a group of Acadians.

The Acadians were in almost constant conflict with the English. The colony fell into the hands of the English twice, and was each time returned to the French before the English finally captured it in 1710. The Acadians remained steadfast in their hopes that French rule would some day return, but their hope was destined never to be realized. They, however, persisted in maintaining their identity even against the English insistence that they abandon their allegiance to their mother country.

The descendants of the Acadians, numbering 800,000, are to be found in Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and Louisiana. When the Acadians were expelled from the Basin of Monas, Grand Pre, when they refused to take the oath of fealty to the English sovereign in 1755, many of them escaped to the wilderness and later drifted back to their former homes only to find them occupied by new settlers from New England states.

Alpine Wonderland.

The Griasons, Switzerland's largest canton, may readily be described as an Alpine wonderland. It is broken by no fewer than 135 valleys, varying greatly in size, traversed by wild rushing torrents and streams and animated by roaring waterfalls and transparent mountain lakes. Dark green fir woods and velvety pastures cover the slopes and form the transition from the region of the hills to the realm of the high Alps. And in this radiant paradise of vales and mountains there stands on almost every height a little place of worship, an emblem of peace and good will, sending greetings far and wide.

New Zealand.

Discovery of the Island of New Zealand is attributed to Tasman in 1642, but exploration did not take place until the time of Capt. James Cook, 150 years later, while colonization was delayed until 20 years before the American Civil War. Colonization resembled the settlement of the American colonies in that settlements were made in half a dozen places instead of being promoted from a central base, according to the usual British method.

When Swallows Fly Low.

It is a sign of rain when swallows fly low. When the atmosphere gets surcharged with moisture all insects make for shelter and come to earth. As the swallow hawks for insects on the wing it naturally flies low in search of its prey.

Added Percentages.

A 50 per cent increase for an article that costs \$1 would make it cost \$1.50. But for the article that has doubled in price the new price is 200 per cent of the old.