Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., January 10, 1930.

## HE WHO SERVES

He has not served who gathers gold.
Nor has he served whose life is told
In selfish battles he has won
Or deeds of skill he has done.
But he has served who now and then
Has helped along his fellow men.

The world needs many men today;
Red-blooded men along life's way
With cheerful smiles and helping hands
And with the faith that understands
The beauty of the simple deed,
Which serves another's hour of need.

Strong men to stand beside the weak,
Kind men to hear what others speak.
True men to keep our country's laws
And guard its honors and its cause;
Men who will bravely play life's game
Nor ask rewards of gold or fame.

Teach me to do the best I can
To help and cheer my fellow man:
Teach me to lose my selfish need
And glory in the larger deed
Which smoothes the road and light the day
For all who chance to come my way.

—Edgar A. Guest.

## THE HONOR MEDAL

"Say, Rick, don't you want to come for a walk and coach me up on trees?"

Rick Thornton looked up from the map he was drawing. "Trees!" he repeated with a touch of impatience. "What on earth do you want to know about trees?"

Teddy Baxter's grin was apologetic and a trifle shamefaced. "Well, you see," he explained, I've just waked up to the fact that to-morrow's the last day we can make any points for the medal. I thought if you had time to help me I might get Forestry and maybe Conservation."

"Forestry! Great Scott! You couldn't bone up on that in a day. There's a whole lot to it besides knowing the trees. It took me three or four weeks. Why the dickens didn't you start sooner?"

A faint flush crept into Baxter's tanned, good humored face. "I should have,' he admitted. "I don't know where the time's gone. It's been a peach of a camp, and I expect I've been so busy enjoying myself that—You see, about all the points I've got are those firsts in Swimming and Life Saving. Of course you've got the medal cinched, but I did want to make a little better showing to help out our troop."

Thornton's expression grew slightly less impatient. Privately he felt that he was scheduled to win the medal offered for the best all around scout in camp, but it was pleasant to have that conviction corroborated.

"Oh, I don't know about that," he said deprecatingly, though there was no real anxiety in his voice. "Of course I've got the most points so far, but that fifty they're offering for the best single scout stunt will practically decide it.'

Thornton nodded, his glance returned with veiled pride to the large sheet of paper pinned to a roughly improvised drawing board. It was a scale map of the lake and the environs of the scout camp, exquisitely done and showing an immense amount of ability and hard work. As an example of advanced scout work in this particular direction it could scarcely be surpassed, and Ted regarded it with admiration mingled with a little touch of hopeless envy.

"It's a peach, all right," he commented. "I couldn't make more than about a square inch of it without smearing it all up with blots. You don't think, then, I'd have a chance with Forestry?"

"I don't," returned Thornton decidedly. "Anyhow, I wouldn't have time to even show you the trees. It'll take me all afternoon to finish inking this in, and tomorrow I'll be busy with merit badges."

Ted gave a small sigh and wandered out of the tent, leaned against a tree, his glance sweeping down the rocky slope to rest absently on the ruffled surface of the lake. It had been a wonderful camp, the best he had ever known, and he had enjoyed every minute to the utmost. But now that it was almost over he wished that he had spent less time on swimming and hikes and games and general amusements, and given more to earning points for the gold medal which had been offered by the Local Council for the best all around scout in camp. In the beginning he had planned to accomplish so much, too, and had made an excellent start by winning firsts at both Swimming and Life Saving competitions. But after that, one glorious, golden day followed another with such amazing swiftness that almost before he knew it the end was in sight and he had done almost nothing.

"Of course I'd never have won the medal," he reflected. "With Rick and Garry Haven in the running I wouldn't have a show. But I'd have loved to please Mr. Calhoun and helped our troop out. I wish to thunder I wasn't so dumb."

He didn't look stupid, and he wasn't —really. When anything of an athletic sort was to the fore, Ted Baxter, with his big frame and well-developed muscles could always be counted on to make a killing. Nor was it altogether physical strength which made him a distinct asset on a team or in a swimming match. There was a firmness about his big, good-humored mouth, a determined mouth, a determined squareness to his chin, a look of competence in the clear, steady brown eyes which indicated no mean mental equipment. But when it came to actual studying, either at school or on some difficult merit badge Ted found the process hard. He had to "dig," as he expressed it, the process was laborious and hard.

Presently he sought his own tent and fishing out a dog-eared Scout manual thumbed the merit badge pages in the vain hope that there might be an easy one he had overlooked. But, as he feared, he failed to find anything with which he had the most remote chance of making himself familiar with in the short time remaining. When he sought the open again his pleasant face was a little troubled.

But his depression was not long enduring. Thornton, who was also a member of Troop One, seemed certain to win the medal, and with this consoling thought and a mental determination to make a better showing next time Ted flung himself with ardor into the various camp activities.

All that afternoon and the next day he enjoyed every minute of the fleeting time. He was the first in the water and the last to emerge. He entered with a whim into preparations for the final council fire, and though he played only a small part in the tent stunt that night his voice was raised vigorously in every song, his applause for the various performances instant, vehement, and sincere. Only at the end there came a sobering moment when the camp director, John Calhoun, made a simple, straightforward little speech about the camp in general and the breaking up next day, concluding with a few words about the honor medal.

"You fellows have made a mighty fine showing—mighty fine," he said in his pleasant, drawling, Southern voice. "Every scout in camp has done something, and though some of you might have stirred yourselves a little more. I expect each one realizes that now and has made up his mind to take a brace next season and do better? he fifty points to be given for the best single exhibition of practical scouting cannot be awarded until I have talked things over with the executive council. As a matter of fact we're not going to make known the name of the final winner until the meeting of the Co urt of Honor a week from Friday when the medal will be presented. I'll read out the points as they stand now."

He did so. Rick Thornton headed the list with seventy-seven points. Baxter's name came ninth with thirty.

A slow flush crept up into Ted's face and he bit his lip. He had not expected it would be quite as bad as that, and somehow the fact that shrimp Warren, diminutive, but smart as a steel trap, stood above him increased his regret.

"You great big dummy" he apostrophized disgustedly. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself letting a kid like that beat you. Gosh, but you're the limit!"

His glance fell as Mr. Calhoun's eyes swept round the circle of boyish faces brightly illumined in the firelight. Somehow he could not bring himself to meet the director's gaze.

"Remember, fellows," the latter said, "the bus will be ready to start at eight-thirty sharp. Every scout must report promptly in front of the mess hall at eight-fifteen to stow away blanket rolls and duffel-bags." He hesitated a moment and then he smiled—that pleasant, infectious smile of his. "Of course if any of you hanker for some real hard work helping Hamilton and Rogers and myself break camp," he added lightly, "he is at perfect liberty to stay on."

Several of the scouts grinned and nudged one another. Later, on the way up to the tents there were a few casual comments.

"He's kidding, and wants to see if anybody 'll bite," observed Rick Thornton. "Of course breaking camp is their job and they're paid for it.'

"Sure," agreed Ed Sloane. "No reason why any of us should spend three or four days slaving for nothing."

"Well, I couldn't anyway." commented Thornton. "I'm leaving tomorrow afternoon to visit friends on the shore and won't be back till a week from Friday."

Most of the others had various reasons for going home with the crowd, amongst them Ted Baxter, who had planned to go on a three or four day's bicycle trip with two other scouts. He made no allusion to this, however, nor contributed in any way to the discussion, but after the lights were out he lay awake a long time thinking.

He knew something about the job of breaking camp. It would take Mr. Calhoun and his assistants a good three day's hard labor to make things shipshape here. Even a single extra pair of hands, especially when these were muscular and callous like his own, would be a help.

To be frank, Ted Baxter was no fonder than the average boy of working when he didn't have to. He labored under no delusion, either, that the affair would be any sort of a picnic, and he had been looking forward for some time with eager enthusiasm to the bicycle trip with Ben Wheeler and Garry Haven. But down in his heart there still lingered a strong measure of humiliation and chagrin at the rotten showing he had made in the competition for the honor medal. He had a feeling that Mr. Calhoun was personally disappointed at his failure, and wondered whether, if he stayed behind, it wouldn't serve to show the man he liked and admired that he was capable of doing something at camp besides rough-housing and having a good time.

"I expect I'll be turned down," he reflected drowsily, "but I guess I'll ask him, anyhow."

When he proffered his request directly after breakfast, Mr. Calhoun showed a momentary surprise.

"I thought you and Wheeler and Haven were going on a bicycle trip," he commented.

"We—we were," said Baxter, "but I guess that can be put off till the first of next week if I stay here."

"Breaking camp is pretty much of a grind."

Ted nodded. "I know. I—I wasn't expecting a picnic, sir, but I wanted—" He paused, flushed a little. "Perhaps I wouldn't be any use to you," he added hesitatingly.

Mr. Calhoun smiled. "Of course you would," he answered quickly. "And if you really want to stay we'll be mighty glad to have you. Just speak to Hamilton, he has charge of loading up the bus. And you'd better send a note back to your mother. Tell her we're planning to come down Saturday morning."

Ted dashed away to write the note and then hunted up Garry Haven to explain his change of plan. Here he ran up against a totally unexpected snag.

"Go next week instead!" exclaimed Haven. "Why, you know I can't, Ted. I have to start work in the store Monday."

Baxter's face fell. "I didn't know that was settled," he said in a troubled tone. "Last time we talked it over you only said it might be Monday."

"Well, I got a letter yesterday from Dad that settled it. You'd better see Mr. Calhoun and tell him you can't stay after all. I don't see whee you ever got such a crazy idea.

Baxter hesitated. "I—I don't see how I can, Garry," he returned slowly. I've offered to stay, and if I back out it'll look—"

"Well, if you'd rather do that than go on the trip, all right," cut in Haven, whose rather quick temper had been unknown to Baxter, unduly ruffled that morning by an altogether different matter. "We can easily get somebody to take your place."

Ted flushed, stiffened, and walked away without a word. He could not know that Garry was sorry the moment he had spoken and his natural soreness was not helped by the comments of his own tent mates, several of whom hinted that he was merely trying to get on the right side of Mr. Calhoun.

When assembly sounded at eight-fifteen. Ted made no move to accompany the others to where the bus was waiting on the narrow mountain road. Hurt, sore, regretful over the lost trip, he listened to the shouts and laughter as they climbed aboard and through the open tent flap watched them pushing and good naturedly scrapping for places. When the motor-bus finally started and the voices died away, Ted looked around the empty tent and gave a little sigh. It did seem awfully still and lonely.

But this mood did not last long. When the work of dismantling began there was no time for depression or vain regrets. The tents had to be taken down, carefully folded and put away in the mess hall, poles and pegs collected and sorted, cots stacked up, floors put under cover, and a score of other details attended to. The systematic manner in which the three men tackled the job was a revelation and an inspiration to Ted, There was no evidence of grilling labor. Indeed, twice a day they knocked off regularly for a swim and stopped fairly early for the preparation of dinner and supper. But when they worked, they worked. Every movement counted. There were no slipshod omissions or commissions. Yet all the while they kept up a continual interchange of chaff and joking, give and take, which at first surprised and then actually thrilled Baxter. This was an altogether different side to the men he liked and thought he knew. They might have been three of the fellows off on an outing, and the way they took him in and made him one of themselves completely captivated Ted. Before twenty-four hours had passed his regret at the loss of the bicycle trip had completely vanished in the delight of this unique experience. When Friday noon came and the work had been practically finished, he found himself wishing that it had just begun so that he might live these three entrancing days over again.

All morning the atmosphere had been heavy and oppressive. Even the morning swim lacked its usual refreshing qualities. It was almost impossible to get dry afterward, and Ted was rather glad he wasn't asked to accompany Hamilton and Rogers who planned to drive the rackety Ford over to Tannersville twelve miles away to make a final visit to the post office and pay a number of camp bills.

"Ted and I will have a good loafing afternoon," said Mr. Calhoun. "There's scarcely anything left to be done and I suppose we might almost have gone home this afternoon. except for those bills and a few small things. You need't hurry back. We'll have supper ready about six."

When the last chug of the car died away, Mr. Calhoun and Ted set out on an inspection of the camp to see that nothing had been forgotten. It was perhaps three o'clock when they returned to the only tent which had been left standing about a hundred yards back of the mess hall and Mr. Calhoun commenced packing up his records.

As he packed he talked in a pleasant, desultory fashion about the various happenings of the camp, their plans for next year, the honor medal, and a number of other matters which interested them both. And presently, almost without being aware that he was opening his mind, Ted found himself trying to express something of his regret at his poor showing.

"There wasn't a chance of my winning the medal," he concluded. "Rick and Garry and two or three others are a whole lot more clever. But I ought to have got down and grubbed if it was only to make some extra points for the troop. I—I really meant to at the start, but somehow every day there was—"

He paused, flushing a little. Mr. Calhoun nodded understandingly.

"It's hard, I know," he commented. "Some fellows find that sort of thing easier than others and I expect that when you get home you'll dig in and get a few merit badges just to prove you can do it when you try." He paused a moment and then smiled faintly. "I suppose I ought not to say this but as a matter of fact you've been a lot more helpful here at camp than some of the fellows who have beaten you in points for the medal."

Baxter stared. "Me—helpful!" he exclaimed in amazement. "Yes. The way you've gone into everything with such enthusiasm, I mean. Hikes and water sports and tent inspection and all that sort of thing. Every camp needs someone who's really keen about it all to put pep into the regular routine and keep the boys stirred up and interested. You may not win any points by it, but points —aren't quite everything. He paused as a low rumble of thunder reverberated through the hills back of the camp. "I rather expected that would come," he went on in a different tone. "We need a good thunder storm to clear the air."

Apparently they were due for one. When Ted, tingling with warmth at Mr. Calhoun's comments, stepped out of the tent, he saw, thrusting beyond the hills that rose back of the camp, a great mass of black storm clouds sweeping forward across the blue sky. For a space he stood watching them, noting with interest the long, ragged streamers reaching out from the main cloudbank like the tentacles of an octopus. Suddenly the sable background was riven by a jagged lightning fork, followed swiftly by the roll of thunder.

"It's coming fast," said Mr. Calhoun, who had come up behind him. "We'd better drop the sides."

By the time this was done and the canvas fastened securely to the board flooring, the shadows were deepening through the woods and in the glades and open spots the light had taken on a curious greenish-sacron glow. The air, too, seemed to have grown even more breathless and oppresive, and as Ted wiped the perspiration from his forehead he was glad the director had not suggested their weathering the storm in the boarded-up mess hall which, he felt, would be quite suffocating.

As the black clouds swept across the sun, darkness descended-suddenly. Turning to follow Mr. Calhoun into the tent Ted caught a glimpse down the tree-dotted slope of the lake, somber, glassy, smooth as a sheet of black lacquer. Then he entered and fastened the tent-flap behind him.

"You'd better light the lantern, Ted," said Mr. Calhoun, standing by the tent-pole, "It'll be dark as a pocket in a minute or two."

A vivid lightning flash lit up the tent, the instant crackle of thunder almost drowning the last few words. Ted felt his way over to one corner where he had left the camp lantern after cleaning it that morning. He had half lifted the chimney and was feeling for a match when with appalling suddenness chaos descended.

A blinding glare of greenish light and the deafening vicious crackle of thunder came simultaneously. The lantern flew from the boy's hand and he was hurled as by an irresistible, tingling force across the tent to land unconscious, against the foot of a cot standing near the entrance.

Numb, dazed, bewildered, and a little sick, Baxter's eyes opened slowly to darkness and the pelt of rain. For a space he lay motionless, a huddled heap, striving to remember what had happened. Then suddenly a lightning flash illuminating the tent for an instant touched an elusive chord of memory and partially cleared his clouded brain.

His last conscious memory was of that blinding glare of light which seemed centered about the tent-pole, and of being hurled irresistibly through the air. A moment before that Mr. Calhoun—

A sudden shiver went through Baxter and he strove to pierce the darkness with wide dilated eyes. "Mr. Calhoun!" he called in a queer hoarse voice, "Mr. Calhoun!"

No answer came. A strange, terrifying stillness seemed to lay over the tent, broken only by the lashing of the wind and the driving pelt of rain against the sodden canvas. Ted caught his breath in a half sob and moistened his dry lips. His head ached and throbbed and his right arm and shoulder seemed curiously numb. He tried to gain his feet and failed. Teeth gritted, he made a stronger effort and managed at length to get on his hands and knees just as another lightning flash revealed a dark shape sprawling near the center of the tent.

A strangled cry escaped the boy's set lips and for an instant he crouched motionless, a sick, sinking sensation overwhelming him. His heart sank, then leaped, driving the blood into his face, and he began to crawl slowly and painfully across the rough board floor.

It seemed ages before he reached that still huddled figure and extended a hesitating hand. The man lay on his back, his face a wedge of white against the surrounding gloom. The hand Ted touched seemed icy, and when he fumbled for the pulse and failed to find it a wave of horror syept over him. "No!" he muttered. "He—he can't be—"

Hurriedly, yet with fingers that seemed all thumbs, he unbuttoned the director's shirt and bending across his body put his ear to the man's heart. 't was still beating weakly, irregularly, with moments when the faint throb almost seemed to cease, but beating—!

"He's alive!" gasped Ted. "He—"

The rest of the sentence clipped off abruptly as Ted, rising to his knees, slid one arm under the unconscious body. There had been no conscious pause for thought or consideration. Instinct, born of experience—the experience of countless times that he had given artificial respiration—moved him solely. But after he had rolled Mr. Calhoun on his stomach, turned his head to one side and got astride of the man's body. Ted realized with a momentary little sinking qualm that never before had he done it save as a demonstration—never before had his patient been actually unconscious.

"But its got to work," he muttered his hands sliding down along the man's body. "They'd never teach it if it wasn't— practical."

His spreading fingers sought the spaces between the lower ribs and exerting pressure he bent slowly forward, hesitated an appreciable moment, and relaxed. Again he bent forward and drew back, again and again, pressing and relaxing with a slow rhythmic motion that was automatic. Not once did he pause or vary that motion by a hair's breadth. Heedless of aching muscles and throbbing head, he worked ceaselessly.

Ten minutes dragged into seeming hours. The rain ceased, the storm rumbled off to the south, the darkness slowly lightened until at length the sun came out again and a stray beam slanting through a crevice in the tent-flap played about Baxter's ruffled brown head and strained white face. And yet in all that time no single sign of returning life had come from the unconscious man.

Still Ted did not desist, he could not. With dogged persistence he kept it up, fighting against physical pain and weariness, striving to choke down the feeling of horror and despair which presently began to creep over him. There came at length a moment when each movement was a torture and his senses began to swim and the objects within his limited range of vision seemed wrapped in a queer wavering haze. He bit his lips and tried to shake the perspiration from his smarting eyes. His face had become a livid mask in which only the eyes seemed alive—strained, dilated brown eyes in which dogged determination contended with despair.

Suddenly Ted caught his breath and for an instant there was a tiny break in his ceaseless, rythmic movements. Swiftly these took on again their careful regularity, but as he bent forward and back, pressing and relaxing, his whole being seemed concentrated in listening. At length it came again—that sound which had struck upon his brain like an electric shock—the faint sound of a sigh.

Until Mr. Calhoun's natural breathing was resumed he must "piece it in" with care and judgment. It was the most difficult and delicate part of the treatment and presently struggling against the deadly lethargy which threatened to paralyze both brain and muscle, Ted was overwhelmed by another wave of despair.

If only Hamilton and Rogers would come back! He couldn't keep it up much longer, he knew, and the realization made him feel desperately alone and helpless and afraid. Suppose through his inability to complete the treatment, Mr. Calhoun should—

Ted's face grew white and his lips twitched. All at once from somewhere just outside the tent, a thrush burst into sudden song. Rich, true tender, the bird's soaring notes swept into the boy's heart and brought a momentary moisture to his eyes. His nerves were so ragged and unstrung that for a moment or two he failed to recognize the familiar approaching chugging of a motor. When the meaning of it finally penetrated his fogged and weary brain, the car was stopping with a final clatter, and he heard the sound of voices. He tried to shout, but a hoarse croak was all that he could master. He was so far gone that when the tent flap was jerked aside the faces of the two men who entered hastily were vague and blurred against a background of swirling golden mist.

Ted heard them both cry out sharply, but words were indistinguishable. Senses swimming, he felt himself swaying forward and did his best to draw back. But nerves and muscles had reached the limit of endurance. When two arms closed around and lifted him from the body of the prostrate man, the boy's chin fell forward on his chest, and with a weary sigh his eyelids flickered, and closed.

On Friday evening of the next week every seat in the big hall where the Court of Honor held its meetings was filled. From the size of the audience it looked as if each member of the nine troops in Middleton had brought along his entire family, and even distant relatives, while the low platform was occupied by the members of the Council, the mayor and several other town officials. The scouts themselves, immaculate as to uniform and equipment, and uncommonly decorous in behavior, took up a large block of seats in the immediate center of the hall.

The meeting was opened by a brief address, followed by the presentation of various merit badges and other awards earned since the previous meeting. At the conclusion of this part of the program, the Scout Executive arose.

"As you all know," he said in his easy, pleasant manner, "the chief feature of interest tonight is the awarding of the camp medal. For the benefit of anyone not familiar with the conditions, I will say that this honor has been offered by the local Council for the scout making the best record during the period of camp."

Briefly he outlined the scale of points which had been adopted for merit badges, competitions and the like, and read a list of names with the number of points already won. "In addition," he continued, "fifty points has been offered for the most valuable and practical exhibition of the principles of scouting. Referring to my list you will see that anyone of the first nine scouts on it who wins this fifty points will be the winner of the medal. The day, but in order to add interest to this meeting of the Executive Committee on Wednesday, but in order to add interest to this meeting, it was agreed not to announce it till tonight. His Honor, the Mayor, who was also consulted in the matter, has kindly consented to make the presentation, and also say a few words."

Under cover of applause that followed Ted Baxter, sitting between Garry Haven and Ben Wheeler, leaned forward and grinned at Rick Thornton two places farther on.

"I'm betting on you, Rick," he whispered.

Thornton made no reply, but there was a momentary self-conscious expression on his faintly flushed face. It vanished, however, as Mayor Thompson rose and stepped to the edge of the platform.

"It has been a privilege and a pleasure to me to be taken into the deliberations of your council," he said in a clear, mellow voice, "and I may say that the experience has given me a far greater insight into the value of Boy Scout work than I ever had before. The exhibitions, if this is the right word, entered for the best single scout feature were particularly interesting and illuminating. One of these was a board containing, I should imagine, every knot that was ever tied, another scout collected and arranged no less than forty-seven specimens of wood, all found within hiking distance of camp environs."

He paused, his glance sweeping the rows of eager, boyish faces, and then he smiled.

"I know you're anxious for me to get on, so I'll be brief, "he continued. "As I have stated, all these things struck me as of extraordinary interest and values—in their way. They show study and industry and real cleverness, and their makers deserve credit. But to my mind—and this is also the opinion of your committee—the skill which results in the saving of life is infinitely more vital. There is no need for me to tell in detail the story of a man struck down by lightning and the scout who worked over him for nearly three hours before he was rewarded by even the flicker of an eyelash—who kept himself to it by sheer grit and dogged persistence until help came, and then fainted of exhaustion. You are all familiar with the case. Without scouting that boy would have no practical knowledge of artificial respiration, and all the grit and courage in the world would have been of no avail. I think every person here will agree with me that this exhibition, instinctive, unpremediated—so unpremeditated that, I understand, the boy does not even consider himself a competitor—has fairly won the medal. If Scout Baxter will step forward it will igve me great pleasure to—"

The remainder of his sentence was drowned by a great burst of applause which swept the hall from end to end. It rose and fell in waves, beating upon the ears of Ted Baxter, who sat motionless, his expression dazed, bewildered, uncomprehending.

"It's you, you old idiot!" whispered Garry Haven fondly. "Get up can't you?"

Hoisted to his feet, Ted stumbled out into the aisle and face flaming managed to gain the platform. The thing was so dazing and unexpected that he could not really believe it true. He managed to pull himself together and stand at attention, before the mayor, but his confusion was so complete that he scarcely heard a word of the official's gracious comments as he pinned on the glittering medal.

One thing heartened him a little—a glance from Mr. Calhoun sitting a few feet away, the arm which had been burnt by lightning still bandaged and in a sling. But when shouts of "Speech," Speech!" came from the scouts Ted's face took on even a deeper hue of crimson, and with a salute and a muttered "Thank you, sir," he turned and fled.

As he went down the aisle he was pummeled and pounded on the back and his hand almost wrung off by the scouts, whose relaxed discipline met with no official reproof. It was only when he had regained his seat that a measure of composure returned, and at that moment he caught a glimpse of Rick Thornton's face.

"It's really rot giving it to me!" he exclaimed impulsively. "I didn't work a bit in camp. Rick ought to have had it. Why that map—"

For just a second Thornton hesitated, his expression still sore and little resentful. Then abruptly his face cleared and jumping to his feet he grabbed Ted's hand and pumped it hard.

"Shut up," he exclaimed, "The mayor's dead right." There was genuine appreciation and enthusiasm in his voice. "Why that map was just junk compared with—your stunt."—Reformatory Record.

## WHEN YOUR CAR WON'T START

Helpful advice to the motorist who wishes to avoid the hardship and inconvenience incident to the failure of his motor to start in cold weather is given in a bulletin just issued by the Keystone Automobile Club.

"'Can't start 'er,' is the principal cold weather complaint of the motorist," says the bulletin, "and the average driver usually is at a loss to account for the balkiness of is motor.

He can, however, overcome the difficulty by:

First. Having his battery fully charged.

Second. Changing from heavy to light oil.

Third. Making sure his gas line and carburetor are clean.

Fourth. Checking the ignition and spark plugs.

"Battery weakness is one of the main causes of failure of the motor to start in freezing weather. But even a strong battery will have difficulty in turning over a motor if heavy oil is used. It frequently happens that the failure is due to dirt in the gas line or carburetor, and when all other factors are checked the cause of trouble may be found in the ignition or spark plugs.

"Only slight expense is involved in putting the car in shape for frigid temperatures, but whatever the expenditure the comfort and convenience will be well worh the cost. It is time to point out to motorists that the defects in safety factors disclosed by the recent inspection of motor vehicles will continue to develop, and that frequent checking is the only way to keep a car in shape for safe driving."

## THE FIRST PUBLIC UTILITY

Gas was first of the public utilities. It was followed by electricity which, in the opinion of many sages was to sound the death knell of the gas industry.

This was a logical belief, for the early use of gas was restricted almost entirely to lighting. But when electric power took its place in this field, a period of progress began in the gas industry in other fields that is still continuing.

A steadily increasing number of homes favor gas-fired heating systems. In industry, where manufacturing and chemical processes require heat, gas has more than 2,000 uses.

The gas industry is a major factor in our economic and social development. First of the ultilities, it remains one of the greatest.