

Adams is to be our scoutmaster and he is just fine. There will be lots to do, no fear. And then besides we are to be in Mr. Griswold's group down at the club."

Donald sat up. "You are?" he said. "Well, let me tell you, that you fellows don't half appreciate a leader like that."

"Oh, but we do!" cried both boys in breath.

"You think you do, lads, and I'm not blaming you," said Donald gently, "but what I mean to say is that you haven't the same reason to know him and care for him that some of the rest of us poor devils have."

The boys looked at him wonderingly, but did not speak, and he went on passionately. "Yes, it's the fellows that he has followed and helped through thick and thin that know him. Why, he came out there to the construction camp and worked as a common navvy during his college vacation, just so he could help the men. He was so young and boyish that we all called him the 'Kid.'

"I was in with a gambling, drinking set and he just came in and made friends with us, and never once did he look at us as if he knew we weren't fit for decent people to speak to, not he. Oh, he was white from the ground up, the Kid was. Then he followed us one night into a gambling hell, where he had heard there was going to be trouble, and he saved my life. Yes, saved it at the risk of his own. That's the kind of a man he is. Did he cast it up to me afterwards? Not on your life! He clean for-