In this Issue "Has Prohibition Affected Our Health?"
All the New Discoveries and Inventions
Hey, Joe!” Gus Wilson shouted to his partner in the Model Garage. “What do you think this is, a cold storage plant? My fingers are so cold I can’t tell whether I’ve got hold of a monkey wrench or a screwdriver! It’s your turn to manure the furnace this week. Get busy before I turn into a lump of ice.”

Joe poked his head out of the office. “Gosh!” he exclaimed. “It sure is cold out here. I’ll tend to it right away.” And he headed for the heating plant in the pitlike cellark.

The comforting rumble of the furnace grate reassured Gus, and he picked up his tools to resume work, but just then the telephone rang insistently.

“Drat it!” the veteran motor car mechanic grumbled as he champed a greasy hand around the receiver and pressed it to his ear.

“Hello, is that you, Gus?” inquired a faint voice.

“Right here, John, what can I do for you this cold morning?” said Gus, his frown giving way to a smile as he recognized the voice of John Enseley, a young fellow who had recently started out for himself in the trucking business. Enseley apparently was speaking from his “office,” which consisted of a broken-down desk and a telephone instrument in one corner of his tiny garage.

“There’s something wrong with my engine, Gus,” Enseley explained. “I had an awful time getting it started and now after it’s been run only a little while it’s boiling to beat the band. I thought maybe the water was frozen at the bottom of the radiator, so I’ve been running it to get it thawed out, but I just felt the radiator and it’s fairly warm right down to the bottom, but still she keeps boiling. What—would you—er—”

The voice trailed off as though the speaker were moving away from the phone, and Gus could hear only the gentle rumbling of the truck motor.

Gus waited a few moments. “Hello!” he called, but there was no answer. A startled expression suddenly came over his face.

“By Golly!” he gasped. “It’s got him!” And with that cryptic remark Gus slammed the receiver into the hook and tore out of the office as though seven devils were after him.

“Door stuck again?” Joe Clark called casually. He had come up from the furnace in time to see Gus struggling to open the frozen door.

“Shut up and help me,” Gus snarled. Their combined weight broke the ice and Gus dashed quickly toward his car.

“But what’s all the hurry about?” Joe demanded. Gus’s reply, if he made any, was drowned in the roar of the motor. He shoved the lever into first and a shower of sparks flew from the tire chains on the concrete floor. The car shot out of the garage, skidded on the ice, straightened out, and roared down the road.


The distance to Enseley’s was close to three miles over a rutty, ice-covered road. In four minutes Gus roared into Enseley’s driveway, slammed on the emergency brake, leaped from his car before it stopped sliding and raced toward the closed garage door.

He swung it open at once and a vast cloud of blue vapor welled out behind it.

Gus darted around the rear of the big truck and there, slumped down beside the old desk, lay Enseley unconscious. Gus’s hunch had been right.

“One bit of luck anyway,” thought Gus as he dragged Enseley outside. “His face was right close to that hole in the wall and maybe the air coming in diluted the carbon monoxide from the exhaust of the truck enough so that he isn’t knocked out too bad.”

Evidently no one was home in Enseley’s house, for there was no response to Gus’s call for help, but he was able to carry the victim through the kitchen door. He placed him on a couch beside an open window and proceeded to apply the usual first aid for suffocation.

Perspiration stood on Gus’s forehead before Enseley stirred feebly and opened his eyes. “Where am I? What’re you doing here?” he murmured.

“You came darn near not being here at all, you crazy dumb-bell!” snorted Gus. “You haven’t any more sense than a billy goat! Don’t you know better than to run a motor with the garage doors closed? You stay quiet now, while I go out and shut off that truck motor.”

“Was it still boiling?” Enseley asked weakly when Gus returned.

“Like a teakettle,” Gus replied. “What else do you expect when all the blades have been busted off the water pump? The pump must have frozen last night, and when you started it, the ice just naturally sheared off the blades.

“If you feel up to the mark this afternoon, run down to the garage and I’ll put in a new pump impeller. Got a lot of work to do—I’ll...” (Continued on page 133)
Death in Your Garage

(Continued from page 73)

be running along back to the garage now."

Gus poked his nose out of the door and
then drew back shivering. "Certainly is cold.
Where the dickens is my coat? Funny I
can't seem to locate it. I'll have to borrow
one of yours."

"Right there in the closet, Gus," said
Emiley. "Take anything you want. I'm sure
grateful to you for pulling me out of this mess,
but still I can't figure out how you knew what
the matter was."

"Don't worry your head over that," Gus
grumbled as he went out.

"Where was the fire?" Joe Clark inquired
facing smallwood. "Gus got back."

"It wasn't any fire," replied Gus. "Then he
explained what had happened to young
Emiley."

"I didn't know gas worked that quick," said
Joe.

"Any kind of poison gas works quick,"
explained Gus, "but most kinds of gas give
that act as a warning. Carbon monoxide is
practically odorless. That's what makes it so
deadly. You don't realize you're being gassed
until you feel a trifle weak, and then you pass
out cold."

"Of course as far as the carbon monoxide
that comes out of a motor exhaust is
concerned, you have plenty of warning in the
smell of burned oil, but everybody is so used
to the smell of an exhaust that nobody pays
any attention to it any more."

"What I can't understand," Joe interrupted,"is why there are so many cases of carbon
monoxide poisoning now when there weren't
before, when I was a youngster."

"Well, in the first place," Gus explained,"the gasoline us this day and those days it
is a hot spot manifold or even a hot air supply
tube to the carburetor. Of course carbon
monoxide gas was produced, but in much
smaller amounts than nowadays, when the
stuff you get for gasoline is so hard to burn
that the motor is fully warmed up there is a whole lot of carbon monoxide produced."

"Of course," Gus continued, "these gas
poisoning cases happen mostly in winter,
because in summer doors are just naturally
kept open, and the hot weather lets the motor
heat quickly to the point where the carbon
monoxide isn't so serious."

"You can get gassed without running a
motor indoors in winter. A fellow nearly
got killed last week by carbon monoxide driv-
ing along the road. He had one of these
exhaust type car heaters on the floor just
behind the driver's seat. The pipe worked loose
and the gas leaked out so gradually that he
didn't notice the smell. He had the windows
closed because it was cold. Luckily he suc-
cceeded in stopping the car and opening the
door and then he did pass out, but the cold
air brought him around."

"The same thing must happen when there is
a leaky joint in the exhaust manifold," Joe
suggested.

"But that isn't nearly so serious," Gus
said. "Most auto dashes are so tight that not
much gas can get through from under the
hood into the driving compartment. Still,
some does get through, and to be on the safe
side it's always well to make sure the exhaust
manifold gaskets are good and the bolts are
tight. Many a mysterious headache probably
comes from leaky exhaust manifold connection."

"Seems to me keeping one of the windows
open a bit ought to take care of that," said Joe.

"Don't." Gus. "It's a lot colder in the head than gas poisoning if you
begin to smell exhaust fumes inside the
car while you're driving."

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