

“For the Honour of Armour”



First Prize Story



Morand was not a scrupulous man. He believed he had a right to help himself out of every situation in the easiest possible way which did not involve open breach of honor. He copied other folks' notebooks entire when time pressed, but he was very conscientious about changing the wording of them. He borrowed other men's results for Laboratory work, and "fixed" them by proportion. As a "doctor" of problems he was unequaled in his class, but none of these things ever came to a Professor's notice.

So, on Christmas eve, with the report for the first term of his Senior year in his hand, he was congratulating himself. He had come through well, he said. Of course that last examination would have flunked him, had he taken it straight, but as it was, he was satisfied. Yes, he was lucky, and the proof sheet of the questions, that he had just burned, was cheap at the price. The printer's boy had done him a good turn, for a consideration of course, but he expected that.

Then he felt in his pocket. It was empty, so he took out his wallet from its hiding place among his handkerchiefs. He knew how much it contained, but he counted it again. No, it was not enough. He must spend his vacation where he was. He didn't suppose there was a chance of a job for only a week, except in a grocery, or some such place, and that wouldn't do. No, he would rather economize, and had just decided to change from a twenty-five to a fifteen cent restaurant, when he heard a knock on the door. On opening it, the landlady informed him that there was a man to see him. Morand thought it was a classmate, and called out, "Come in, old man; don't stand there in the hall!"

The person who entered was a stranger; a tall, black-haired man of quick motions and a business-like way.

"Good evenin'," said he; "you're Mr. Morand, I believe?"

"I am," replied Morand.

"You're the man I want, then," resumed the visitor. "You're a Senior at Armour Tech, aren't you?"

Moran bowed.

"And an M. E.? Good. Do you want a job for vacation; a good one, and in your line?"