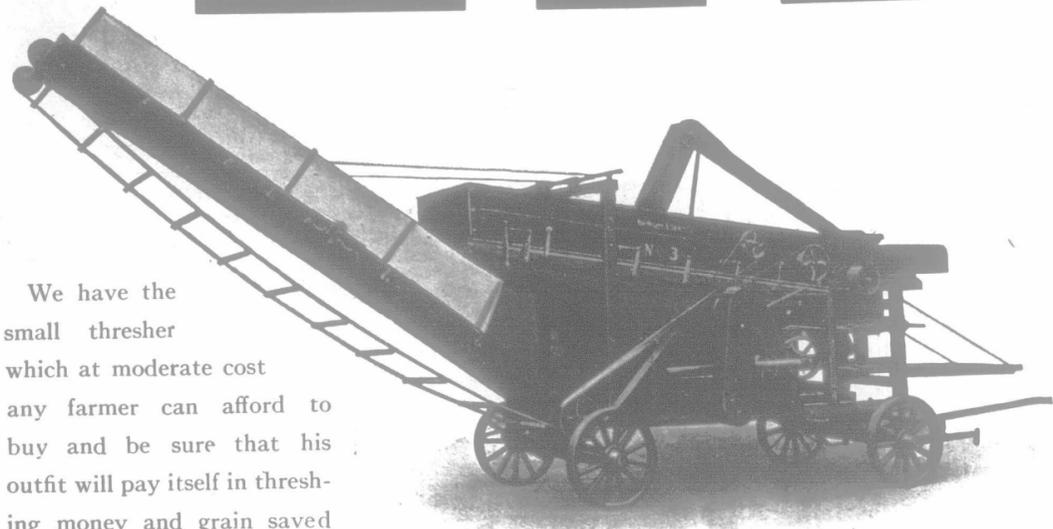


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it was awarded to the man who by common consent had carried to completion, and without a single error, the detailed drawings of the Museum which was finished last year. I am looking at you, Mr. Downey, and again congratulate you. Last year it was awarded to Mr. Buttrick for the masterly way with which he put together the big arches of the Government warehouses—a man whom it would have been my pleasure to congratulate again to-night had it been possible for him to reach us. To-night I think you will all agree with me that this small token, not only of my own, but of your 'personal regard and appreciation' (here he opened the box and took from it a man's ring set with three jewels), "should be given to the man who has carried out in so thorough a way the part allotted to him in the Corn Exchange, and who is none other than Mr. Garrison Minott, who for—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the uproar.

"Garry! Garry! Garry Minott!" came from all parts of the room. "Bully for Garry! You deserve it old man! Three cheers for Garry Minott! Hip . . . Hip . . .!"

Morris's voice now dominated the room.

"Come this way, Mr. Minott."

The face of the young superintendent, which had been in a broad laugh all the evening, grew white and red by turns. Out of pure astonishment he could neither move nor speak.

"All right—stay where you are!" cried Morris laughing. "Pass it up to him, please."

John Breen sprang from his chair with the alertness of a man who had been accustomed to follow his impulse. In his joy over his friend's good fortune he forgot his embarrassment, forgot that he was a stranger; forgot that he alone, perhaps, was the only young man in the room whose life and training had not fitted him for the fullest enjoyment of what was passing around him; forgot everything, in fact, but that his comrade, his friend, his chum, had won the highest honors his Chief could bestow.

With cheeks aflame he darted to Morris's chair:

"Let me hand it to him, sir," he cried, all the love for his friend in his eyes, seizing the ring and plunging toward Garry, the shouts increasing as he neared his side and placed the prize in his hand. Only then did Minott find his breath and his feet.

"Why, Mr. Morris!—Why, fellows!—Why, there's plenty of men in the office who have done more than I have to—"

Then he sat down, the ring fast in his hand. When the applause had subsided—the young fellow's modesty had caused a fresh outburst—Morris again rose in his chair and once more the room grew still.

"Twelve o'clock, gentlemen," he said. "Mr. Downey, you're always our standby in starting the old hymn."

The diners—host and guests alike—rose to their feet as one man. Then to Peter's and my own intense surprise that most impressive of all chants, the Doxology in long metre, surged out, gaining in volume and strength as its strains were caught up by the different voices.

With the ending of the grand old hymn—it had been sung with every mark of respect by every man in the room—John Breen walked back to his chair, leaned toward Peter, and with an apologetic tone in his voice—he had evidently noticed the unfavorable impression that Garry had made on his neighbor—said:

"Don't misjudge Garry, Mr. Grayson; he's the kindest hearted fellow in the world when you know him. He's a little rough sometimes, as you can see, but he doesn't mean it. He thinks his way of talking and acting is what he calls up-to-date." Then he added with a sigh: "I wish I had a ring like that—one that I had earned. I tell you, Mr. Grayson, that's something worth while."

Peter laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and looked him straight in the face, the same look in his eyes that a proud father would have given