

The Procrastinator

The second term of school would be over in a week and George Raymond had about three week's work to do in that time. George was always behindhand and, as he sat in his room pouring over his books, he vowed to himself that hereafter he would keep his studies up to date. But even as he made the vow, he knew he wouldn't keep it. Hadn't he said the same thing to himself scores of times before and hadn't he always forgotten it before a week had passed? It was nearly eleven o'clock and he still had half a report to write.

His mother opened the door on her way to bed.

"George, dear, why don't you go to bed and finish that to-morrow? You know you were up late last night and you look tired out."

"Can't do it, mother. I've got to finish writing up this physics experiment. It's got to go in to-morrow."

"Well, get up early and finish it. How much longer will it take?"

"Oh, about three hours, I guess. That is, if I don't get stalled somewhere."

Mrs. Raymond saw it was no use to argue longer and as she closed the door she fervently hoped that some day George would see the folly of his ways.

George was a smart young fellow. No one could deny that. If he had not been smart he never would have reached the junior class of one of the hardest technical schools in the country, nor having reached it, held his own. He was not at the head of his class but he stood far from the foot. George was all right. The fellows and the professors would all tell you that but how he ever kept up in his studies was a mystery to them. He seemed to have so much more time for social duties than they.

In the morning when he came down to breakfast, his eyes were heavy and he yawned at intervals.

"How late did you work, George?" questioned his mother.

"Oh, I don't know,—'bout one, I guess."

"Did you finish the experiment?"

"Sure; that's what I sat up for. I have three more to do this week."

"George," exclaimed his sister Mabel, "when on earth do you think you will do them?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered George indifferently, and the rest of his meal was eaten in silence.

He returned that evening about seven o'clock. Supper was over and the family had settled down to their evening occupations.

"Had your supper, George?" they asked him.

"No, but I haven't time to eat any. I'm in a hurry."

"What are you going to do?" asked his mother.

"There's a dance on. I've got to hurry, too. I'm on the programme committee."

"But George, what about that work you're behind in," queried Mabel.