Haste Makes Waste.

He was a Tech Sophomore, walking through the Public Garden on his way to the Institute. The morning was beautiful and fresh and new. The birds were chirping and twittering as birds have done on fine mornings for centuries, and as story-writers have taken pains to let you know for as many centuries. But he was not thinking of the little birds bursting their throats in gladsome song, nor of the tender little shootlets' shooting up from the mellow ground to tell that spring had come again. The beauties of the morning did not affect him in detail; they simply soaked into him and made him feel like lifting a ten-ton weight with his little finger. But as the weight was not handy, he simply kicked the gravel all the harder and took steps long enough and strong enough to rout a Greek phalanx. He had a problem before him this fine day. He must answer two notes which he had received this morning, and he must see that they were delivered immediately.

He would answer that note from his old chum by writing him that he would be unable to go to see him to-night. In answer to Miss Blank's note, he would write her that he would be most pleased to call on her this evening to talk over the plans of the Give-a-Lift Society for the Promotion of Prosperity among the Needy Poor. She had cajoled him into promising to take a part in an amateur play which the society was going to produce in order to raise funds to buy lorgnettes for the worthy blind, music-boxes for the worthy deaf, and perhaps Nabisco sugar wafers for the worthy children of the worthy poor. He had taken part the year before in the Tech show as a chorus girl with rope hair and a complexion bought for the worthy children of the worthy poor. He had spent ten hours. In vain did his teachers try to drum formulas into his head that day. The seed he had spent ten hours. In vain did his teachers try to drum formulas into his head that day. The seed

Then he sat down on one of the settees to write his two notes. It took him three times as long to write one as it did to write the other. After he had written them, he took two envelopes of different sizes from his pocket and addressed each one.

"Aw, get a gait on. My time is wot more den de quarter," interrupted the kid, as though he really believed it.

The Sophomore hurriedly clapped a note into each envelope and handed them to the messenger with the quarter. The two then separated, and the Sophomore resumed his walk to the Rogers building much relieved, and putting himself on the back for his celerity in executing an idea once conceived. All of a sudden he stopped short and cursed, and his face grew pale. Great Scott! He had put each note in the wrong envelope. He remembered distinctly now, because he had written them on the wrong sizes of paper to match the envelopes! He had sent Miss Blank the note meant for his chum! This dear old chum he had known for years and could therefore speak informally — very informally — to him. He remembered exactly every word he had written, leaving out date, salutation, and signing after it his name. This was the note that Miss Blank would get through his mistake:

"I can't come up to see you to-night, you old lobster. I have too many studies for to-morrow, and you know when there are studies to do, everything else, including you, must go to the devil.

And his old chum would get the following, written in his best primary-school hand, and signed with a signature which he had practised for hours, so that he could run the initials together beautifully:

**MY DEAR MISS BLANK:**

*I shall be very glad to call on you to-night. All my studies for to-morrow are done, except a little poetry reading for Arlo Bates. But I'll read poetry to-night without a book.*

He went up the Rogers steps entirely devoid of that fine morning spirit he had been saturated with but a few minutes before. No more did he feel like lifting that ten-ton weight. The starch was taken completely out of him. He felt as bad as if he had split a bottle of ink on a finished drawing at which he had spent ten hours. In vain did his teachers try to drum formulas into his head that day. The seed they sowed fell on rocky ground. Of course he could explain to her later, but the risk was great. And to think that for ten mortal hours she would be in possession of that note! He could have selected a dozen girls to whom he would rather have sent such a note, if the mistake had to occur.

Slowly the day wore on, but the Sophomore's anxiety did not wear off. After he had lived through the day's work and worry, he prepared to visit Miss Blank and explain everything to her if he could. He left his room and slowly walked up the street, re-