

appears to have been popular in England in the eighteenth century. We find many such "errands" recorded in "Poor Robin's Almanac" as early as 1728. Friends or neighbors were sent to the village store to purchase the "History of Eve's Grandmother"; to the grocer's to purchase a pint of pigeon's milk; to the cobbler for some strap oil. And there was always someone simple enough to go on the errand, to the delight of the crowd that followed discreetly behind.

In 1860 practical joking was carried to extremes in England. In March of this year many people of prominence received an invitation, in all appearances pretending to be official, to witness "The Annual Ceremony of Washing the White Lions on Sunday, April 1, 1860. Admitted only at the White Gate." All that Sunday morning hundreds of cabs rattled about Tower Hill in vain search of the White Gate. The perpetrator of this April-Fool's joke was, fortunately for himself, never discovered.

LENTEN SERVICES BRING INTERESTING SPEAKERS

Wednesday afternoon, March 23, the Rev. Mr. Cheatham, of Pinehurst, N. C., conducted the regular Lenten service in the Saint Mary's Chapel. His sermon was based on the verse, "And seeing Him, who was invisible." As Mr. Kroman was away, Mr. Cheatham held the service alone, and his interesting and winning personality as well as his talk was an inspiration to everyone.

Last Wednesday, in spite of an attack of laryngitis, Dean Noble C. Powell of the National Cathedral in Washington, D. C., was the visiting speaker. From his text, "And the Lord was with him; and he prospered whithersoever he went forth," Dean Powell explained that although Saint Mary's is not a reformatory in the strict sense of the word, it offers great opportunities for reformation and development. He used the large number of students who are content just to "get by" to illustrate how few people really live. He says that it is not the student who tries to take more courses than anyone else who really covers the work, but the student who selects her courses well, applies herself, and learns them. If a person wishes to succeed anywhere, he said, she must apply herself wholeheartedly to the business at hand.

MUSIC STUDENTS GIVE INFORMAL RECITAL

Thursday afternoon, March 31, Miss Stuart's voice students gave the first in a series of informal recitals open only to the voice pupils themselves. The program was as follows:

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| "Memory of You"..... | <i>Oley Speaks</i> |
| Catherine Wellman | |
| "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny"..... | <i>Stephen Foster</i> |
| Margaret Griffin | |
| "Cradle Song"..... | <i>Brahms</i> |
| Kay Castles | |
| "In the Luxembourg Gardens," | |
| <i>Kathleen Lockhart Manning</i> | |
| Elise Martin | |
| "Nocturne"..... | <i>Pearl Curran</i> |
| Yvonne Rumfeldt | |
| "Chanson de Marie Antoinette"..... | <i>Jacobson</i> |
| Mrs. Howard Barrow | |
| "Hark, Hark, the Lark"..... | <i>Schubert</i> |
| Sarah Griffith | |
| "My True Love Hath My Heart"..... | <i>Marzials</i> |
| Wanda Philips and Wycliffe Allen | |

KEEPING SUSIE CLEAN

or

A BATH BETWEEN BELLS

"There goes the bell for the end of study hall," shouts an enthusiastic student as she races up the stairway two steps at a time. A second later, she bounds into her room on the third floor of Smedes, almost flooring her bewildered roommate as she crashes in. "Where's my bathrobe?" she shrieks, stumbling into the closet and snatching the hunted garment from its hook.

In a flash, she is out again, making a mad dash for the bathroom. As she skids around a corner, her soap gayly hops from the soap-dish and goes skidding down the hall and under a radiator. With a disgusted moan, she turns to recover the lost article, dumping the balance of her toilet articles in the middle of the floor. After spying her lovely cake of Cashmere Bouquet embedded in a heap of dust behind the radiator, she attempts to coax it from its corner. Assuming a comfortable position on her stomach, she cautiously reaches under the hot radiator in an effort to drag the soap out into plain view without being burnt.

"Ah!" comes the satisfied sigh as the hidden treasure is recovered and she is once more on her way to the bathroom. "I bid for the little tub!" she yells as she nears the bathroom door from which floats the merry chatter of a dozen other girls.

On entering and inspecting each of the two tub compartments she finds to her great dismay that both are filled. "Who's next on the little tub?" she demands in a much provoked tone of voice.

"We are!" shout three girls in a chorus.

"Well, has the old one a waiting list, too?" she questions.

"No," comes the far-off reply, "but it takes twenty-five minutes for it to drain, and there isn't but twenty minutes left till room bell!"

To have tried so hard to reach the bathroom first and then to arrive last is an extremely discouraging matter; however, there is nothing to do but wait, so she reluctantly parks herself on the window-sill until a vacancy will appear. Impatiently she sits counting the minutes and informing the girl in the tub of each one that passes. Oh, will she never get a bath?!

Finally, after an endless delay of exactly eighteen minutes, the last girl finishes her bathing and leaves the impatient waiter with two minutes to scrub, and a dirty tub to do it in at that!! There is no time for argument, however, so she ignores the other girl's thoughtlessness and hurriedly sets about working up a lather, scrubbing vigorously.

"One ear to go, and I'll be through," she thinks, there being a half a minute left to work it in.

Within a moment, she finishes that ear and throws on bathrobe and slippers, not bothering to dry her dripping body. There is no time to spare for such trifles—the bell is here to ring any moment now. In a mad rush she gathers up her things and races wildly to her room.

The next minute the anticipated room bell peals loudly so that by the time it ceases its ringing she has shut the door behind her and flopped on the bed in thankful relief.

MARGARET TAYLOR.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Don't you know it's so!