

*Thou little thinkest what a little foolery
governs the world.*

—SELDEN.

Victoria College

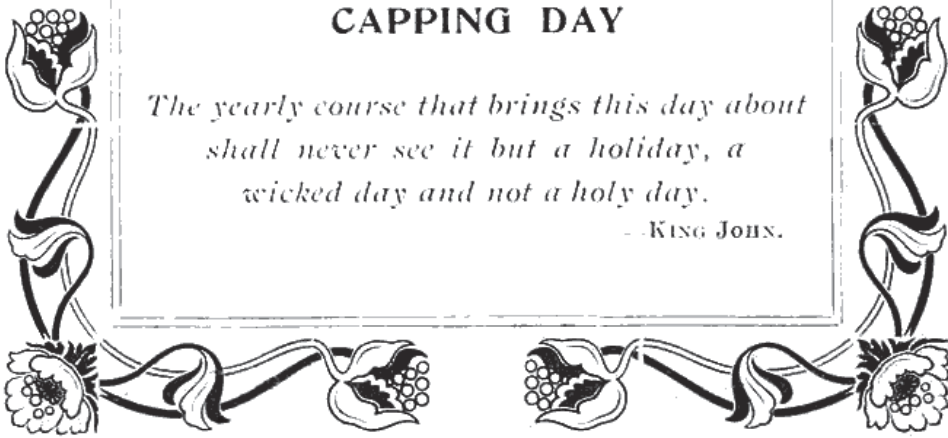


Capping Carnival

Town Hall,

Thursday, June 27th, 1912.

CAPPING DAY

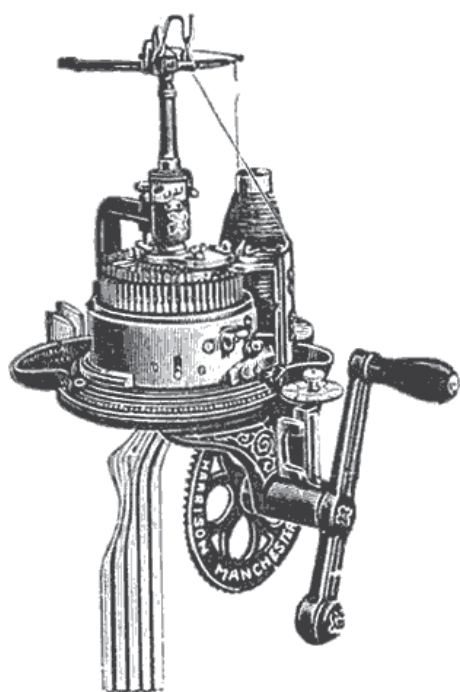


*The yearly course that brings this day about
shall never see it but a holiday, a
wicked day and not a holy day.*

—KING JOHN.

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—Kingsley’s “Westward Ho.”

GRADUATES OF THE YEAR.

"Learned without sense, and venerably dull."—CHURCHILL.

The following Graduates will be capped on Friday, 28th June, 1912, at Wellington :—

Doctor of Science.

Thompson, J. A. (Otago)

"What is it, to be wise?"

Honours in Arts and M.A.

Casey, Ellen C.	Third-class	Latin and English
Graham, Elsie D.	Second-class	Latin and German
Isaac, Nora G.	Third-class	Botany
Jenkins, Harriette	Second-class	Botany
Saxon, Gwendoline	Second-class	French and German
Teychenné, Annie	Second-class	Mathematics and Mathematical Physics
Burns, John C.	Third-class	Political Science
Caddick, Alfred E.	Third-class	English and German
Watson, Ronald S.	Second-class	Mental Science
Mazengarb, O. C. (Otago)	Second-class	Political Science

Master of Arts.

Burns, A. N.

Bachelors of Arts.

Cathie, Winifred A.	Bates, Frederick A.
Everett, Gladys G.	Benge, Alfred J. H.
Fogelberg, Norma E.	Brock, Herbert F.
McHardie, Winifred E.	Castle, Arthur P.
Palmer, Alice M.	Hall, Vincent J. B.
Pemberton, Leila E. I.	Hall-Jones, Frederick G.
Scott, Jessie	Henderson, Hubert
Hird, William E.	Morrison, John C.
Jackson, George C.	Robinson, Alfred H.
Kibblewhite, Bruce M.	Haslett, Aileen I. (Otago)
Millard, J. N. (Otago)	

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next Kirkcaldie and Stains. Fire, Accident, Marine, etc.,
etc. Tel. 136.

Honours in Science and M.Sc.

Burbidge, Percy W. First-class in Electricity ; Second-class
in Heat

*"Yes, Percy, she HAS got blue eyes, but I wouldn't say
so much about it."*

Bachelors of Science.

Levi, Leila E. Robertson, George H.

"Oh, to-night we'll merry be, to-morrow we'll be sober."—MILTON.

Bachelors of Law.

de la Mare, F. A.	Eichelbaum, S.	Oram, M. H.
Acheson, F. O. V.	Cook, H. L.	Dale, J. M.
Kelly, F. E.	West, F. L. G.	Russell, N. R. (Auckland)

*"He saw a lawyer killing a viper,
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
of Cain and his brother Abel."*—COLERIDGE.

Senior Scholarships.

Cathie, Winifred A.	Botany
Brock, Herbert F.	Latin
Robertson, George H.	Zoology
Robinson, Alfred H.	Greek

"What's to be done with these poor helpless chaps?"

Jacob Joseph Scholarships.

Jenkins, Harriette Burbidge, P. W.

Sir George Grey Scholarship.

Fulton, J. G., and Bruce, R. M.

1851 Exhibition Research Scholarship.

Rigg, Theodore (Burbidge, P. W., specially commended)

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the office, Featherston Street, behind Kirkcaldie and
Stains. Tel. 186.**

THE SONG OF VICTORIA COLLEGE.

Aedem colimus Minervae
Acti desiderio
Artes nosse liberales
Hoc in Hemispherio.
Aedem colimus Musarum,
Sub Australi sidere;
Nos a Musis maria longa
Nequeunt dividere.

Studiosi, studiosae
Captant sapientiam;
Circa venti turbulenti
Auferunt desidiā.
Omnium Collegiorum
Surgit hoc novissimum;
Ergo vires iuveniles
Exhibent fortissimum.

Nomen quod profert sodales
Fausto sit oraculo;
Ut Deus regno reginae
Faveat curriculo.
Per vias laboriosas
Doctrinarum omnium
Docti ducunt professores
Obsequens servitium.

Corpus sanum ne sit absens
Properamus ludere
Subter iugum occupantes
Fauste pilam trudere
Oratores, Oratrices
Audias effundere
Voces dignas Cicerone
Et sellas pertundere.

Chorus.

Oh Victoria, sempiterna
Sit tibi felicitas
Alma mater, peramata
Per aetates maneat.

GAUDEAMUS.

"A very interesting biological specimen."—KIRK.

Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenes dum sumus;
Post jucundam inventutem
Post molestam senectutem
Nos habebit humus.

Vita nostra brevis est
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter
Rapit nos atrociter
Nemini parcetur.

Pereat Tristitia
Pereant osiores!
Pereat diabolus
Anti-Academicus
Atque irrisores!

Vivat Academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet
Vivant membra quaelibet
Semper sint in flore.

Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosae!
Vivant et mulieres
Tenerae, amabiles,
Bonae, laboriosae.

Floreat Georgius Rex
Haud minus quam Pater
Ob virtutes sic ametur
Optimus ut appelletur
Patriaeque Pater.

**The Personal Accident and Disease Benefits given by the
STANDARD INSURANCE are very liberal. Low pre-
mium. Office Featherston Street, behind Kirkcaldie and
Stains. Tel. 186.**

Capping Songs.

GO TO COLL.

"TO THE WORLD AT LARGE."—BY AN UNDERGRADUATE.

Air: "Go to Sea."

Do you want to know the finest life that's ever to be had,
 Go to Coll. my lads, go to Coll.
 Do you want to live the life of a jolly undergrad.
 Go to Coll, my lads, go to Coll.
 Oh, whether you take Arts or Mathematics,
 Pol. Econ. Mental Sci. or Hydrostatics,
 Or Jurisprudence, Law or Ancient Classics,
 Philosophy that never makes you sad,
 Go to Coll; Yes, go to Coll.

Then Yeo Ho, away to Coll we'll go,
 And we'll make of you a jolly undergrad,
 It's a life one ought to lead,
 And improve by act and deed,
 It's the best that's to be had.

If you want to know what fees to pay and whom to pay them to,
 Go to Powles, my lads, go to Powles.
 If you want to keep your first terms and don't know what to do,
 Go to Powles, my lads, go to Powles.
 And if you want to be matriculated,
 Have the rules of the Coll elaborated,
 Your golden guineas all appropriated,
 And while you wait receipts made out to you—
 Go to Powles; Yes, go to Powles.

Then Yeo Ho, away to Powles we'll go,
 And we'll make of you a jolly undergrad.
 If you don't pay up in time,
 He'll make you stand a fine,
 It's a thing to do he's glad.

If you want to write good Latin Prose and do not know the way,
 Go to John, my lads, go to John.
 If you want to talk in ancient Greek the livelong night and day,
 Go to John, my lads, go to John.
 Of classic puns (?) you want an explanation,
 On Cæsar's Gallic War a dissertation,
 Concerning Cicero a peroration,
 Or be the hero in a Grecian Play,
 Go to John; Yes, go to John.

Then Yeo Ho, away to John we'll go,
 And we'll make of you a chronic classic swot,
 If you don't attend in class,
 You can never get a pass,
 It's a little way he's got.

If you want to hear a Scotchman's jokes (impossible you say),
 Go to Hugh, my lads, go to Hugh.
 And hear about St. Andrew's, where students never pay,
 Go to Hugh, my lads, go to Hugh.
 And if you want a genial Professor,
 Of noisy undergrads a stern suppressor,
 To Bobby Burns an adequate successor,
 A prince of profs. whom all pronounce O.K.,
 Go to Hugh; Yes, go to Hugh.

Then Yeo Ho, away to Hugh we'll go,
 And we'll number you in brave Mackenzie's clan,
 If his lectures are not clear,
 Write twelve essays every year,
 And you'll pass your term's exam.

I WONDER.

Air: "I wonder who's kissing her now."

"Have you ever done it yourself, Max?"

When a man's getting old and contented and fat,
 He delights to discourse with a friend
 Of the games that he played and the tricks he was at,
 And the dances he used to attend.
 But at times recollection is clouded with woe;
 He remembers with sorrow and pain
 The professors he cursed in the dim long ago . . .
 So he curses them over again.

"I wonder who's cursing them now,
 I wonder who's cursing them now;
 I wonder how they are all getting on:
 Prosy John, Wicked Von,
 Is Laby as gay as of old?
 Has Hunter returned to the fold?
 I wonder if Mac is a golf maniac,
 I wonder who curses them now."

**The STANDARD INSURANCE, Featherston Street, transacts
 all classes of Insurance at lowest rates. Tel. 186.**

When a man's getting old, he is wise to display
 A respectful regard for the truth,
 But he recollects perfectly Rawdon St. J.
 And the humbugs he met in his youth.
 He remembers concocting a famous reply,
 Being fined by the Captain, and how
 He once pulled Beere's leg with a palpable lie . . .
 And he wonders who's pulling it now!

"I wonder who's pulling it now,
 I wonder who's riling him now,
 I wonder who's drilling out on the park,
 In the dark! (What a lark!)
 Is Easterfield weary of fame?
 Has Zedlitz deserted the game?
 I wonder if Short has gone back on the sport,
 I wonder who bullies them now!"

When a man's getting old, he is cheerful and sleek,
 But his muscle and wind do not last,
 So his mind sympathetic with folk that are weak,
 Raises footballers out of the past.
 He laments o'er his own disappearing physique,
 But concludes with this positive vow:
 He would rather be old than get licked once a week . . .
 And he wonders who's licking them now!

"I wonder who's licking them now!
 I wonder who's doing it now!
 I wonder who's dropping the easy pass
 On the grass! (Silly ass!)
 I wonder if all of them play
 In the old lackadaisical way;
 Do the papers still croak? Are the wasters a joke?
 I wonder who's licking them now!"

Saturday, June 22nd, 1912:

Victoria College v. Southern, 18—3.

**STANDARD INSURANCE, Feotherston Street, behind Kirk-
 caldie and Stains, for Personal Accident Insurance. Call
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**Isn't a question if
you are a patron
of the . . .**

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IN KELBURNE AVENUE.

IT'S THE ANSWER.

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call on us.**

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Norwich & London Accident Insurance Association.

Norwich, England - Established 1856

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THE SORROWS OF VIRTUE.

Air: "I've got a motter."

I've always been, since I was three,
Anxious to gain an LL.B.,
That is a job that just suits me,
I'm such a good talker.
I thought I ought to
Come to Wellington;
There at the great 'Varsity
Students are coached for their degree.
There I'd shine,
The profs. would think me "A1."
Now that Adamson's caught the flu
Bright are my chances of getting through.
It's a short life and a gay one.

So I climbed up the hill to swot
Contracts and torts and all that rot,
Garrow soon made the pace too hot,
So I joined the wasters.
I harrow Garrow,
I'm so thick in the head.
His thoughts of me are most unkind,
He says at work I lag behind.
The other day
He said enough to slay one.
"If you don't take my lectures," to me he said,
"You'd better stop working, you're just as well dead."
It's a hard life, not a gay one.

What would you do if you were me?
My style of work seems all at sea.
I don't now want an LL.B.,
I want to stop working.
I'm not a swotter,
They have to work too hard.
I'll look round to try and find
Some soft job that's silver-lined.
The Government
Really ought to pay one,
And then I'll say to myself, Be gay,
You've nothing to do but to draw your pay.
It's a long life and a gay one.

—N'IMPORTE.

Yes, Jerry, it SHOULD be "tigress."

REVELS.

Air: "Shine, Shine, Moon."

Now with reason for a season swat is quite abated,
 While in joyous unison we hold our capping spree,
 From the lab. and from the law school's archives antiquated,
 Swats. Sports, Saints and Heretics in camaraderie.

Sing:

Hi! Hi! Grads,
 Ye we honour while we may
 Factious fads,
 Toil and woe are laid away,
 Now's the time,
 On our jolly Capping Day
 Ere we give you our "good-night."

Though we're thrifty, there are fifty toasts we'd like to honour:
 Our professors and our messers on the Rugby field,
 Students' Ass. and club committees, all the men who don a
 Cap and gown, or pads or jersey, or who win a shield.

For you know
 At our University
 We can show
 Quite a great diversity.
 These we pledge
 On our jolly Capping Day,
 Ere we give you our "good-night."

Many doings, many wooings we would like to publish:
 Williams' three-mile, Freddy's high jump, Burb's electric
 schols,
 Trigg's researches, Daniell's virtues, we would fain establish;
 Or, alas! the fact that Froggy is no longer Coll's.

Ho! boys! Ho!
 Give your voices to the theme;
 We may crow
 That our leaders are the cream.
 Now's the time
 On this jolly Capping Day,
 Ere we give you our "good-night."

But the "game 'uns" who have got there are our choicest topic:
 B.A.'s, M.A.'s, LL.B.'s, and other Bachelors.
 Worthies of the bar and medicine fellows philosophic:
 These we pledge with brimming beaker while our chorus
 roars,—

Hi! Hi! Grads,
 Ye we honour while we may,
 Factionous fads,
 Toil and woe are laid away.
 Now's the time
 On this jolly Capping Day,
 Ere we give you our "good-night."

INTERVAL OF 5 MINUTES.

Running Shoes

AND

Football Boots

A SPECIALTY.

All kinds of Boots made
 to measure. Our Repairs
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 Wellington.

Recognised as Specialists in
 DRESS & FROCK SUITS

Students get the Best Value
 in the City at this Address

A. W. DELAMORE : " *We understand ; purely platonic.*

VAGARIES.

Air : "Moonstruck" . . . "Our Miss Gibbs."

Now here we have men of every kind,
 And most of them sport enough ;
 Some spend midnights making mind,
 But most a time that's short enough, that's short enough.
 They jump like rockets, and they run like hares ;
 They dance like crickets till the midnight wears.
 Talking, quibbling, over rules and such,
 At exams you'll find won't help you much !
 Men are such sillies when they come to Coll.,
 Forget that they swatted when they won a schol.
 Flirting, playing, all their skill displaying.
 Nothing matters to the men at Coll. !

And girls we have of every sort :
 Some are pretty, but the most are not,
 Though every one could be called a sport.
 And bless us ! how the girls can swat,
 The girls, how they can swat !
 They read through volumes, and they cram up notes,
 Know all the points on which each Prof. just dotes ;
 Picken's simple, John Brown means no toil,
 But they forget their charms will spoil !
 Girls are such sillies when they come to Coll.,
 Waste all their "chances" just to get a schol.
 Men are charming, suffragettes alarming,
 Nothing matters to the girls at Coll. !

Now, students they are queer folk, there's no doubt,
 We're none of us so very wise ;
 We come to swat, but we soon find out
 That ambition of learning dies, all ambition soon dies.
 We smile at sages and we mock at time,
 Exams have no terrors for our hearts sublime,
 Profs. may lecture, text-books we may buy,
 We can't get through although we try.
 Who's such a silly as an undergrad ?
 Always apparent if there's fun to be had ;
 Always lacking where there is brain-racking.
 Nothing matters to the undergrad !

—"LUNAR."

Insure against loss by Fire with STANDARD INSURANCE,
Featherston Street, behind Kirkcaldie and Stains. Cheap-
est rates. Tel. 186.

“Wumpty=Dumpty,” or “The Classics Up-to-Date.”

(A farcical extravaganza written and composed by the students
of Victoria College.)

OPENING CRORUS.

“THE FALL.”

Air : “There’s a Land.”

Down the grey murky byways, the paths of the lost,
The halt and the pale-eyed, the blight and the frost
Sweep withered and hope-lorn, the prey of the tomb,
Down the chasm of night to the menace of doom.

Shrouded, clouded,
Cowering, lowering;

Legions soul-cankered, engulfed at the fall:

Scattered, shattered,
Groping, hoping:

Go ye among them and rift ye the pall.

Down the ebb of life’s tide, in the ice-chill of hate,
To the dread, sullen threat of implacable fate
Flee the lost horde of Moloch, adrift to the last,
Pursued by the wrath of a desolate past.

Mournful, scornful,
Cowering, lowering,

Swept in the deeps of the gloomiest shroud ;

Battered, shattered,
Groping, hoping:

Go ye among them and rift ye the cloud.

W. CAMPBELL,

GENERAL GROCER.



OUR OWN TEAS.

“REKA” BUTTER.

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1098.	163, Riddiford St., Newtown.

ACT I.**The Political Débâcle.**

Scene : The Witches Cavern, Tinakori Hills.

"Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen,
Then you and I and all the rest of us
Fell down."

WITCHES' SONG.

Air : "Clementine."

We are witches from the ditches
Of the world that lies below;
We are ladies come from Hades,
And to Hades back we go.

Chorus.

It's delightful! It's delightful!
On this earth once more to be.
I'm a land witch, I'm a sand witch,
I'm a witch that haunts the sea.

There be many kinds of witches,
Who appear in sundry guise;
There be witches who have riches,
There be those with dreamy eyes.

Chorus.

We advise you! We advise you!
If your peace of mind you prize,
Have a fear of and keep clear of
Those who use their dreamy eyes.

Oh, the times past, they were fast times,
And we perished at the stake,
But the present, most unpleasant,
Looks upon us as a fake.

Chorus.

It is lovely! It is lovely!
When the creeping flame one feels,
One remembers that one's embers
May be used for cooking meals.

You have read of what was said of
That once gay and giddy spark,
Who was feted, then cremated,
We refer to Joan of Arc.

Chorus.

It is splendid! It is splendid!
 When one seeks an honoured niche,
 To be blighted and then lighted
 As a very wicked witch.

And they frightened unenlightened
 Little children with such tales,
 As that if they stayed in bed long,
 We should turn them into snails.

Chorus.

It was glorious! It was glorious!
 When the vengeance that one wreaks
 Well-intentioned persons mentioned,
 It was met with awful shrieks.

"Double, double, toil and trouble,"
 Let it thunder, let it rain,
 "Fire burn and cauldron bubble,
 When shall we three meet again?"

Chorus.

That is Shakespeare! That is Shakespeare!
 He is dead and in his shroud.
 Why should three meet? Does it seem meet?
 Two's enough, and three's a crowd.

It is charming! It is charming!
 Thus to skip and hop and run,
 But the stitches in these witches
 Are acoming all undone.

Chorus.

Thus and so on we could go on
 Into verses half a score,
 But the audience look so bored, hence
 We wont sing them any more.

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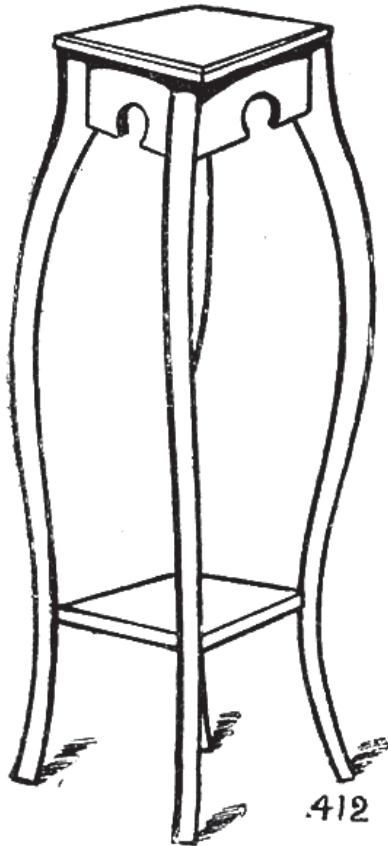
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MANNERS STREET.

INTERVAL.

CAPPING SONGS

LACRIMAEQUE DECORAE.

Air: "Mandalay."

When the mist's dishevelled tresses
 On the hills are scattered free;
 Across the white-fringed spaces
 Slide the long winds gustily.
 No thought for your sweet complexions,
 That sun-tanned tale aside,
 There are forts to be defended
 On the harbour's further side.

Chorus.

Ghosts of College hockey girls,
 Unappreciated pearls,
 We can see all that we owe you,
 And belated homage pay.
 Ghosts of College hockey girls,
 Deem us not unthinking churls,
 For we're lone and sad without you
 On the "Duchess" for the Bay.

We will miss the clam'rous concert
 And the banter backward thrown,
 To sing to the alien foolish
 The songs that we call our own.
 And we'll gloom at the crooked waters,
 And scowl at the shiv'ring screw.
 Come ye back, ye splendid playmates,
 Fly the Gold and Green anew!

Runs a whisper on the wave-tops,
 The waiting ranges moan,
 False are our summer fancies
 As we take the trail alone.
 Lure o' the desperate rally,
 The hot shot driven true,
 Fail when the full street's glamour
 Has taken her tithe of you.

Programme



Thursday, June 27th,
8 p.m.

TOWN HALL

"Then warder, hey warder, pray strike up the band."

1. College Songs—(a.) The Song of Victoria College (p. 3)
(b.) Gaudeamus (p. 4)
"It's pretty, but is it art?"—Kipling.
2. Violin Solo Miss Hobie
3. Glees—(a.) Lullaby
(b.) Slumber Song
4. Song Leparello's Song from Don Giovanni (Mozart)
Alic Bocufvé
5. Capping Songs—(a.) Go to Coll
(Usually spelt with an h-e-.)
(b.) I Wonder
(So do I!)
6. Song Miss Tennent
7. Glee To the Death
"Just so; yours till hell freezes."
8. Song The Lute-player W. Goudie.
9. Cappings Songs—(a.) The Sorrows of Virtue
(b.) Revels

Here endeth the first part of the Programme.

Capping Song. "Vagaries," will be sung during the interval,
but don't bet on the pronunciation of it.

Conductor: W. H. STANTON.

Pianist: MISS HARPER.



By Appointment
Lord I

W. Little

& S

Jewellers

Choice Evening
Ornament



Finest Aquamaria
Pearl Pendant
£7/5/0

Inspection & Estimate

222-4 LAM

"Wumpty = Dumpty"



Or

"THE CLASSICS UP-TO-DATE."

Opening Chorus (page 13)

ACT I. Witches' Song (page 14) C. Gamble and Chorus
Interval. Capping Songs—"Lachrymae" (page 17)
"A Protest" (page 21)
"Absent Friends" (page 22)

ACT II. Song "The Troubles of a Virtuous Youth" (page 24)
B. Egley
"The Mayor" (page 25) W. Goudie
Interval. Capping Songs—"Suprema a Situ" (page 27)
"To-morrow" (page 28)
"Sports Chorus" (page 30)

ACT III. "Devil's Chorus" (page 33)
Song. "Satan's Reminiscences" (page 34) D. E. C. Mackay
Final Chorus (page 35)

THE ARGUMENT.

ACT I.—The Political Dèbâcle. Relating how a certain aspirant for Prime Ministerial laurels in March last visited the Witches' Cavern, bribed them to reveal the new Premier, and to conjure up the caucus met to select the Cabinet, and relating how they waxed merry over his shattered ambitions.

ACT II.—Irving's Waterloo. (An entirely distinct act.)

Scene 1.: Irving's dream, the night before the elocutionary contest, 1912. The bribing of the judge.

Scene 2: The meeting of the N.Z. Competitions Society, 1912, showing how certain citizens participated, each after his own style, and the judge gave a startling and original judgment, showing also how world-famed celebrities may yet fall before the powers of our own local talent.

ACT III.—The Fall from Grace. Being a revival of the ancient Greek conception of Hades, showing how the characters in the previous acts would fare at the hands of the Grecian shades, and showing also how Hades itself came to fall into oblivion. Being further a delineation of what might possibly ensue were one of the Gymnasium rules not in force.

Gymnasium Rule No. 25: No women students shall be allowed in the Gymnasium after 5 p.m.

Query: Do the professors think that some such scene as herein depicted might possibly take place if the rule were not in existence?



ent to H. E.
ngton.

Mejohn

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ents.



maine and
ant, V.C.,
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quiries Invited.

TON QUAY.

“Wumpty=Dumpty,”

or “The Classics Up-to-Date.”

A farcical, political, extravanganzical, fantastical, topical, nonsensical and calculated-to-tical play evolved round the central theme of “**The Fall**,” being a parody of Shakespeare, Milton, Erckmann-Chatrain, etc., etc.

Perpetrators: P. B. Broad, A. G. Brockett, A. E. Caddick, G. M. Cleghorn, S. Eichelbaum, and F. Hall-Jones.

“Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
And all the king’s horses and all the king’s men
Couldn’t put Humpty Dumpty together again.”
—Milton’s “Paradise Lost.”

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

ACT I.—The Political Débâcle.

SCENE: Witches’ Cavern, Tinakori Hills.

TIME Just before the selection of the new Premier, March, 1912.

Witch Alpha	C. GAMBLE
Witch Beta	A. T. DUNCAN
Witch Gamma	EVANS
Sirjoe (Bart.)	E. MACKERSEY
Tam Mackenzie	A. B. SIEVWRIGHT
J. A. Miller	F. G. HALL-JONES

Politicians, Political Parties, Press, People, Proletariate,
and Parsons (perhaps).

ACT II.—Irving’s Waterloo.

SCENE 1: Irving’s rooms at “The Grand,” the night before the competitions.

SCENE 2: The N.Z. Competitions Society’s Meeting, 1912.

H. B. Irving	P. B. BROAD
C. B. Neighertz	A. E. CADDICK
J. J. South	E. EGLEY
Professor H. Mackenzie	A. B. SIEVWRIGHT
David McLaren	W. GOUDIE
James Dykes	E. MACKERSEY

ACT III.—“The Fall from Grace.”

The Descent into Avernus, adapted from the classics,

Facilis descensus averni.—(Vigil.)

Satan	E. MACKERSEY
Nicquedemus	C. GAMBLE
Norwood (Mesmerist)	A. T. DUNCAN
Mephisto	EVANS

And the characters of Acts I. and II.

Accompanists: MISS CADDICK AND W. H. STANTON.

Scenic Artist: MRS. HANNAH.

Stage Managers: F. G. HALL-JONES, A. E. CADDICK.

A PROTEST.

Air: "Hardy Norseman."

We've half a Coll. and half a staff,
And half a libraree;
Both underpaid and understaffed,
And underbuilt are we.

The plutocrat of Wellington
Is canny as can be-e-,
He never tries to subsidise
Our Universitee.

In other countries everywhere,
The rich men of the nation
Bequeath whatever they have to spare
To help on education.

The German and the Englishman,
The Chinaman and Yankee,
Is always proud to have endowed
His Universitee.

The donors gain immortal fame,
The nation gains the scholars;
Our plutocrats could do the same
For sev'ral hundred dollars.

If you whose bount y we implore
Can no advantage see
In giving for esprit de corps,
Do it for policee.

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37, WILLIS STREET.

ABSENT FRIENDS.*Air: 'A Little Boy Called Taps.'*

When their days are done and their course is run
 In the lecture-rooms and hallways,
 Where the great ships go and the wild winds blow,
 Do they pass and scatter all ways.
 To the gleaming feast of the lurid East,
 As described by Mr. Kipling;
 In their endless quest through the wakeful West,
 Go the strong man and the stripling.

Chorus.

In the wild and woolly places,
 Where the strangest tales are told,
 You will find their friendly faces,
 And perhaps the Green and Gold.
 One may be a bloated banker,
 Or a chap with naught to spend,
 So he be from Salamanca,
 He is just an Absent Friend.

In the sox and ties which their fancy buys
 At the latest fancy prices,
 By the classic groves and the shaded coves
 Of the gently flowing Isis;
 To the ripples' plash and the feathered flash,
 With their muscles all aquiver,
 To the call from shore of "Just one stave more,"
 They are swinging down the river.

Chorus.

You will find them living highly,
 Like the old Olympian gods;
 You will find them hiding shyly
 In the various countries' quods.
 One may be a bloated banker,
 Or a chap with naught to spend,
 So he be from Salamanca,
 He is just an Absent Friend.

Or the hand of Fate through the Golden Gate
 May direct them in their roaming,
 Where the buffalos snort when they're pinked for sport
 On the prairies of Wyoming.
 Or where red deer spoors lie on Highland moors,
 Is the "Sapientia Magis"
 Still an honoured toast and a glorious boast
 As they sit beside the haggis.

Chorus.

You will see them come astrolling
 In some unsuspected land,
 As you watch the ships acoaling
 By a queer old foreign strand.
 One may be a bloated banker,
 Or a chap with naught to spend,
 So he be from Salamanca,
 He is just an Absent Friend.

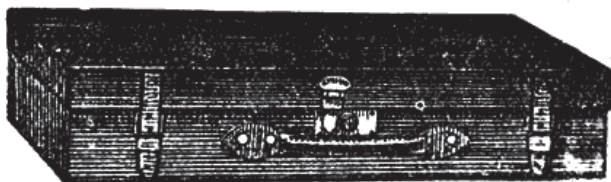
When their backs are bent and their strength is spent,
 And their heads have no more hair on,
 In a few brief ticks they will reach the Styx
 And the jetty owned by Charon.
 With the heroes bold of the days of old
 You will find them intermingling;
 If you stroll that way on a holiday
 It will set your ears atingling.

Chorus.

When you hear familiar laughter,
 And the same old student songs
 That were hurled from roof and rafter,
 In the days where youth belongs.
 Be it shade of bloated banker,
 Or of chap with naught to spend,
 So it come from Salamanca,
 It is just an Absent Friend.

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ACT II.

Scene 1: Irving's Dream.

Scent 2: The Competitions.

THE TROUBLES OF A VIRTUOUS YOUTH.

I'm a virtuous man, I am indeed,
 And above suspicion,
 I warn men (though they never heed)
 Of black perdition;
 I censor posters of all the plays,
 And write to the daily press
 To "Ward" the public against the ways
 Of the actor and gay actress.

Chorus.

I'm a very saintly man,
 And I try as best I can
 To protect the people's minds from pictures
 vicious.
 Oh! the picture shows I'd have
 Would delight His Worship Dave,
 For they'd never be one little bit suspicious.

I love all actor men, I do,
 In a way quixotic;
 But drink, the curse, must surely go,
 That vile narcotic.
 And yet my voice is vainly heard.
 Men go their own sweet way.
 They say I'm really most absurd,
 And trip to Lyall Bay.

Chorus.

I'm a very clever man,
 And I've got a splendid plan;
 Under which New Zealand shall be good and
 beerless;
 Girls from Rectors I would ban,
 Every post-card I would scan,
 As the Ruler of Utopia, grand and peerless.

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THE SONG OF THE VICTOR.

Air: "The Toreador" from Bizet's "Carmen."

Sirs, your toast, a glorious welcome claiming,
 I don the Robes in Mayoral pomp to-day;
 All my supporters poor Smith is blaming,
 Wright is saddened, Biss is maddened at my fine array
 Oh, what cunning! Oh, what strokes of cunning
 I made throughout the fearful fray!
 Once Newman beat me (he'd motors running),
 But I've turned the tables on my foes this polling day.
 Last December I was rejected, for the voters calmly turned me
 down,
 But 'tis now I am once more respected,
 I'm the ruler of this blessed town:
 Look out! Beware! For Dave is Mayor! AH!

Chorus.

Now I am Mayor, I am free from every care,
 Socialist scare, Tramway Night-mare.
 I did not try to poll so very high,
 Biss captured Smith's Wright-ful vote,
 While I stood so shyly by, with modest air,
 O'er them in joy to gloat.

Now I'm in, I'll revolutionise; yes, I'll revolutionise the City's-
 management,
 No more shall Hindmarsh call Smith such horrid names;
 No more strikes, and no more trudging into the City.
 Only wait till I present you with my great municipal newspaper
 daily,
 For I will socialise all private enterprise.
 All the City picture-dens shall change at my command,
 And in the Park the Territorials go marching past as I stand
 by in state.
 See them gaze upon my Mayoral carriage,
 One of three allowed to pass the Gate.
 Look out! Beware! For change prepare! AH!

Chorus.

Hey, for the Mayor. Of McLaren now beware,
 Fuller's and West's must take very great care.
 I will a splendid censorship devise,
 Councils alone shall be shown,
 Then I'll be before all eyes.
 (Won't Semple swear!)
 I've gained the longed-for prize,
 I am the Mayor (three hundred a year),
 I'm there, I'm MAYOR!

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MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA,
CITIZENS' LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD. and
THE AUSTRALIAN WIDOWS' FUND LIFE ASSURANCE
SOCIETY, LTD.

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The Ordinary Life Assurance Policy, under which premiums are payable in one sum, or annually, half-yearly, or quarterly in advance, direct to the Company.

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The Personal Accident Insurance Policy, which provides compensation for disablement by accident or disease, at either annual or weekly premiums.

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Head Office for New Zealand:

235 & 237, Lambton Quay, Wellington.

INTERVAL.

CAPPING SONGS.

SUPREMA A SITU.

Air: "Berlin on the Spree" (Girls of Gottenburg).

Oh! you may have heard before
 Of a certain windy mound,
 With the houses perched on cliffs
 On the minimum of ground;
 Where the streetways are so wide
 Two can walk them side by side,
 It's the first and foremost city in New Zealand,
 Free land, Zealand!
 It's the first and foremost city in New Zealand.

The Empire City see
 Upon the hills beside the sea,
 Though you search you cannot get a
 City site that's any better
 Than the site on Lambton Quay.
 No Christchurch plains for me,
 The ocean's wave I love to see;
 Though Auckland may be Eden,
 And Paradise Dunedin,
 Yet Wellington will do for me.

O! the mob that there abide,
 Cosmopolitan they are;
 Though they nearly all are Chows,
 Or are members of the Bar,
 Though they lost their Lead in Art,
 Baillie's boosting up the mart.
 They're the first and foremost people in New Zealand,
 Free land, Zealand!
 They're the first and foremost people in New Zealand.
 The Empire City see, &c.:

In the month of April last
 They got Labour in for Mayor,
 And though Biss was Wright for votes,
 His lop-sided ways were clear.
 Oh! the leading lights so shine
 That the natives all opine
 It's the first and foremost city in New Zealand,
 Free land, Zealand!
 It's the first and foremost city in New Zealand.
 The Empire City see, &c.:

TO-MORROW.

(By "Next Week.")

Air: "They pushed it through the window."

Undergraduates we are
 Still swatting for Degree;
 We let no trifles worry us,
 We may get through—to-morrow.

To-morrow! To-morrow!
 We may get through to-morrow.
 When all the Profs. are pensioned off
 We may get through—to-morrow.

V.C. has a football team
 (Oh, let us shed a tear!),
 And their chief aim in life is this:
 To win a match—to-morrow.

To-morrow! To-morrow!
 To win a match to-morrow;
 And though it may be by default,
 They'll win a match—to-morrow.

College men are asking for
 A better Common Room;
 The Council blandly promise them
 It shall be theirs—to-morrow.

To-morrow! To-morrow!
 It shall be theirs to-morrow.
 The room the women use to-day
 Shall be the men's—to-morrow.

The Heretics have formed a Club
 (No! No! You must not smile!),
 Just read the list of officers,
 And see the joke—to-morrow.

To-morrow! To-morrow!
 You'll see the joke to-morrow.
 Such "martyrs" in a noble cause
 Will see the stake to-morrow.

**All Workers should be covered against Accident by Employers.
 Call and see the STANDARD INSURANCE, Featherston
 Street, behind Kirkcaldie and Stains, about it. Tel. 186.**

While Tramway men went out on strike
The City Council smiled,
But when the strikers asked for terms,
The Council said "To-morrow."

To-morrow! To-morrow!
The Council said "To-morrow.
The one-horse 'bus will suit us well,
We'll settle terms—to-morrow."

Massey and McKenzie fight,
And imprecations hurl;
Meanwhile the public wonders if
They'll do some work to-morrow.

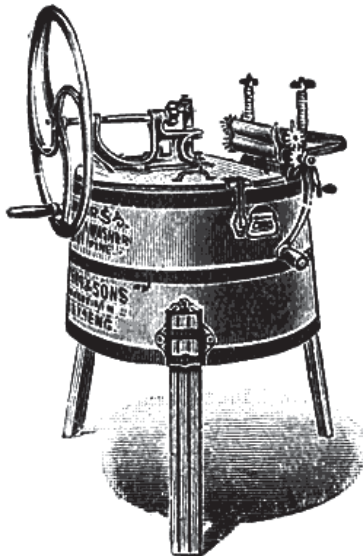
To-morrow! To-morrow!
They'll do some work to-morrow.
When they are tired of touring trips,
They'll do some work—to-morrow!

To RUB or NOT to RUB?

THAT'S THE "RUB."

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SETTLES THE QUESTION.



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SPORTS CHORUS.

(From "The Golden Calf.") (By S.S.M.)

Air: "Huntsman's Chorus," from "Der Freischütz" (Weber).

"Oh, for a beaker full of the warm south!"

When air's like wine in sunny weather,
 And the breeze blows cobwebs from the brains;
 When Latin's folly, Law's a tether,
 And the blood goes dancing through the veins,
 Then hey! for where your fancy races,
 Away from the city's stifling grip,
 To the playing fields and open places—
 And let the world of toilers slip!
 Then here's to the long white road that beckons,
 The climb that baffles, the risk that nerves;
 And here's to the merry heart that reckons
 The rough with the smooth, and never swerves!

Be it hockey stick, or oval leather,
 Or skiff, or racquet, rod or gun,
 Here's luck! for the sport we've had together,
 For chances lost and battles won;
 For the wicket true, and field in fettle,
 And the man who's safe for a tingling catch;
 For the losing team that shows its mettle,
 And the man who wins his heat from scratch.
 Then here's to the sportman's road that beckons,
 The climb that baffles, the risk that nerves;
 And here's to the merry heart that reckons
 The rough with the smooth, and never swerves!

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ACT III.**The Fall from Grace.****DEVILS' CHORUS.**

Satan : Make him rue his sins,
 Pop him in the furnace.
 (Then a man begins
 To feel he's in Avernus.)
 Teach him how to cook,
 Make him join our revels,—
 Lots of fun at last
 For black and shiny devils.

Chorus : Toorilooriloo, toorilooriladdy.

Nick : Place for frying souls,
 Do 'em by the drayload;
 That's the reason why
 None of us are haloed.
 Here is certain proof
 We are pals of Pluto's :
 (Drat this cloven hoof !
 It's hard to walk on two toes !)

Chorus :

Satan : Mephistopheles
 Always was a warm 'un.
 I am here because
 I became a Mormon.
 Gave me quite a start,
 Coming down to Hades :
 Nearly broke my heart
 Parting from the ladies.

Chorus :

Nick : Do you see the Frog?
 One of the Port Charmers,
 But he looks his best
 When he's in pyjamas.*
 Watch and see him smile.
 I would give a tenner
 To have him on the rack
 Frying in Gehenna.

Chorus :

*A new style of frock coat.

Satan : We will never have
 Such a roasting time at
 Any other place
 Or any other climate.
 But time is flying fast
 (Can't you hear it tickin'?),
 So give our kind regards
 To Professor Picken.

Chorus :

SATAN'S REMINISCENCES.

*Gymnasium rule No. 18: No women students are allowed in
 the gymnasium after 5 p.m."*

*"Do the professors fear the happening of some scene such
 as is depicted?"*

Kind friends beware the silken mare
 Beset with subtle scheming;
 With crime and bloodshed everywhere,
 And here and there blaspheming.
 Ourselves we made our chief delight
 The moral code perverting;
 In fact, you see us here to-night
 For flirting, flirting, flirting!

Nine days we fell,—an awkward fall
 Through fathomless abysses;
 It seemed a shame to come at all
 For merely stealing kisses.
 I suffer still from nervous shock,—
 It's somewhat disconcerting
 To catch it hot—like Amy Bock,
 For flirting, flirting, flirting!

One man prefers to beat his wife,
 Another hatches treasons;
 My friends are here for taking life
 And other paltry reasons.
 Above I shocked my maiden aunts,
 And found it most diverting:—
 I don't suppose they had the chance
 Of flirting, flirting, flirting!

I think I fairly earned my fate,
 For when I could I kissed 'em :
 Though do not seek to emulate
 My fascinating system.
 But if you do, my last advice
 Admits no controverting,
 Variety is very nice
 In flirting, flirting, flirting !

FINAL CHORUS.

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot.”

Air: “The Old Brigade.”

Just one stave more and the song is done—
 A stave for the olden time :
 One age has passed, and the age to come
 Is the age of the golden prime !
 So praise we men who have passed away,
 Who hold to a legend bold—
 Whatever a sordid world may say,
 Wisdom is more than gold !

Chorus.

So when we are singing of College,
 Singing the songs of old,
 Think of the past,
 Hold to the last,
 That it's wisdom that's more than gold !

For this is the burden of the world,
 Which it speaketh day by day,
 Though many a worldly lip be curled
 With a sneer that it does not pay ;
 In our ears is the voice of a Mammon age,
 In our hearts is a tale that's old,
 The tale of our garnered heritage—
 The Wisdom that's more than gold !

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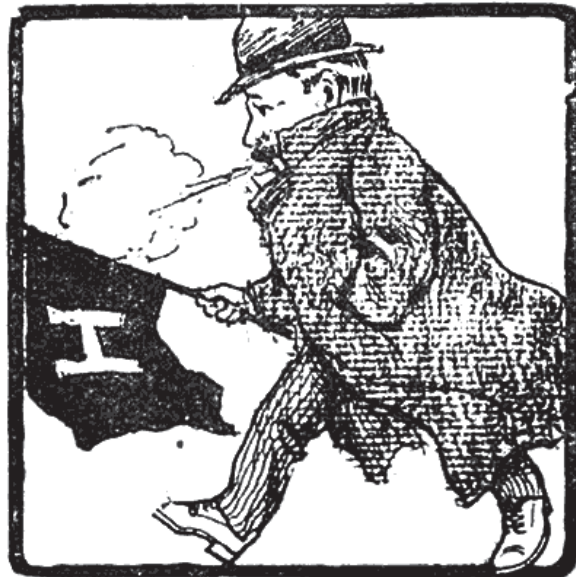
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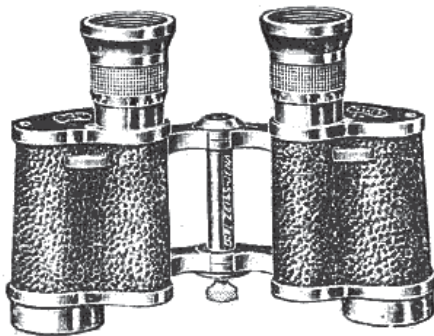
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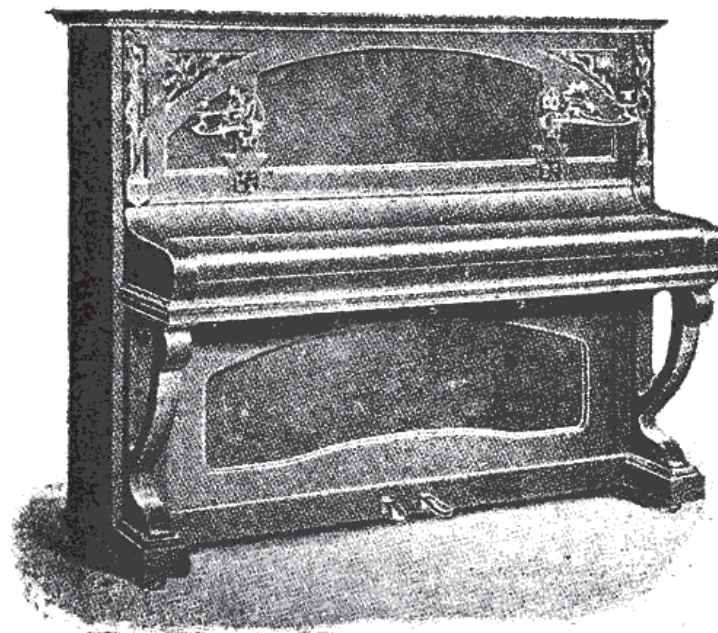
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