THE SPIKE

OR

Victoria College Review

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Index.

Editorial .......................... 7
From the Deck .................... 14
Jottings and Jottings .......... 15
At Evening ........................ 18
The Drama in New Zealand .... 19
To Mick, an Aviator .............. 23
Eleanore ........................... 24
A Note on the Theatre .......... 26
Red Hibiscus ....................... 27
The Easter Tournament .......... 28
Roses ................................ 36
Olla Podrida ......................... 37
Capping Day ........................ 38
Publications ......................... 46
Examination Results .............. 47
Disappointed Sexton .............. 48
Debating Society .................. 50
Christian Union ................... 55
Graduates’ Association ........... 56
Football Club ....................... 57
Men’s Hockey Club ................. 59
Women’s Hockey Club ............. 60
Tennis Club ........................ 61
Amateur Athletic Club .......... 62
Cricket Club ........................ 64
Boxing Club ........................ 70
Glee Club ........................... 72
University Christian Social Service League 73
Correspondence .................... 74
Answers to Correspondents ....... 75
Exchanges .......................... 76
Illustrations—
  Victoria College Tournament Team 42
  Students’ Association Committee ... 58
College Officers.

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MAGAZINE.

Editor: A. E. Caddick, M.A.
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Financial Secretary: H. M. Ewart.
HEN, in January of 1914, the Senate of the University of New Zealand decided to abolish the Capping Ceremony, some comment, favourable and unfavourable, was passed on its action. Whatever may have been the feelings of those directly affected by this departure, there can be little doubt that, for reasons which we shall endeavour to explain, the governing body made a move in the right direction. Indignation was expressed by some at the fact that the graduates should be deprived of the right and privilege of being honoured by their fellow-students and by the public for their well-deserved success. Most people took it for granted that such deprivation would be the natural result of the Senate's decision. We do not think for a moment that such was the intention; nor can we believe that the men governing the University of New Zealand would stoop to such a piece of petty meanness,
In a University constituted as ours is, there are necessarily many governmental difficulties. The Senate is a body not intimately connected with any of the four University Colleges of New Zealand. It is, of course, through the Senate alone that degrees gained by New Zealand students can be conferred; and for this reason the ceremony hitherto held was adopted to present publicly the diplomas won each year. Through no fault of its own, but owing to inherent difficulties in the constitution of the University, the Senate has no disciplinary powers. Since such a condition of things existed, it seems to us to have been a wise action to discard the capping ceremony, and to leave each College to adopt for itself some method of honouring the graduates of the year.

As far as Victoria College was concerned, the ceremony this year took the form of a presentation of "graduands"—those who had succeeded in the examinations of the preceding November. The meeting was held under the control of the College Council, the Professorial Board, and the Students' Association; the public of Wellington was invited to be present. The advantages of such a form of ceremony seem to us to be perfectly obvious.

We think that no one will cavil at the statement that it is only fitting that the graduates of the year should be honoured at a public gathering of this description; it remains to be shown that we think ourselves justified in stating that the ceremony as held this year is in form more suitable than that previously held.

In the first place, there is no doubt that Victoria College should be brought into reputable contact with the people of the city. Situated as the College is on the heights at Kelburne, it is far removed from the business thoroughfares of Wellington, and indeed is, comparatively speaking, little known. A University College should be one of the most important factors in the life of a city, and we hope that our own College, if not so already, is rapidly becoming so in Wellington. Unfortunately, we do not often come into direct contact with the public; nor does the public get an opportunity of seeing what the College is doing. In the Capping Ceremony, however, we have an opportunity of meeting the
people, and letting them see, to some extent, what the College has been doing in the past year. The ceremony as held this year seems to us to be an excellent method for so doing. The replacing of the set and formal type of proceedings by a conversazione is a move in the right direction. Instead of having to sit still until the ceremony is finished, the people present are given a certain amount of freedom of movement, which enables them to intermingle. Such an informal type of proceedings conduces more to ease, and breaks down the barriers of formality which necessarily existed at previous ceremonies. The College is proud of the fact that it is the University College of the Capital City; and it wants the citizens of Wellington to be interested in it and its doings. By means of a College function such as that held this year, we believe that the bonds of sympathy between the public and the students will be greatly strengthened.

But there is another advantage accruing from such a gathering—an internal advantage, if we may so call it. In order to make the function a complete success, it is necessary to have co-operation among the three bodies directly interested—the Victoria College Council, the Professorial Board, and the Students' Association. Fortunately, the most happy relations have always existed among these three bodies; and the students are under a debt of gratitude both to the Council and to the Board; for each body has always been ready to help them in whatever way lay in its power. The students do not often have an opportunity of working with the members of the Council; and naturally, the Council occasionally cannot understand the students' point of view, nor the students that of Council. But by means of this function members of the Council, professors, and students are brought into closer contact. This has a consolidating influence on the inner life of the College, welding all into a united whole.

In all innovations there are necessarily some faults. We do not assert that the conversazione this year was perfect—far from it. There was undoubtedly room for improvement; but with the experience of the past year to
guide them, those who are responsible will doubtless see to it that, in future ceremonies in honour of graduates, such errors will gradually disappear.

We feel that a wise move has been made, and may with reason express satisfaction at the success of the innovation, believing that the new function will prove of lasting value to Victoria College.

"A University should be the brains of the body politic. It should be an institution, a corporation for teaching the individual members of the body politic to think and act for themselves, and at the same time to point out what has been done for the advancement of knowledge by other thinkers and workers, past and present. It is to the University that the community should look for light and guidance in all matters that are concerned in the advance of human knowledge and happiness."

In these eloquent terms the University of Otago describes the function of the modern University. The description leads us by easy stages to consider what facilities have been afforded to Victoria College to carry out this function. It must be remembered that New Zealand has been divided into four districts or provinces for the purposes of University education, and that a grant to Victoria College has been made by Parliament for specialisation in science and law. Coming to our first point, we find that the four University Districts are Auckland, Wellington, Canterbury, and Otago. Now the University District of Wellington comprises the six Provincial Districts of Taranaki, Hawke's Bay, Wellington, Nelson, Marlborough, and Westland. That is to say, that portion of the community which looks to Victoria College for "light and guidance in all matters that are concerned in the advance of human knowledge and happiness" comprises the populations of the six provincial districts we have mentioned. At this stage of our enquiry, a comparison of the populations of the four University districts will be of the greatest interest. Our
figures are taken from the official census returns of 1911. They are:

Auckland  ...  ...  264,520
Wellington  ...  ...  379,371
Canterbury  ...  ...  173,185
Otago  ...  ...  191,130

We contend that it is the Government’s duty to recognise the number of the public “catered for” in each of the University centres. We say that it is essentially just, right, and equitable that, as in Wellington we have to meet the demands for higher education of a community twice the size of that of Canterbury or Otago, we should, unless there be good reason to the contrary, be given twice the facilities of Canterbury or Otago for meeting that demand; that is to say, we should have twice the revenue of either Canterbury College or Otago University.

There is no doubt that the objection will at once be raised to our argument that though Victoria College is theoretically compelled to face the demands of a community equal in number to the sum total of the communities of Canterbury and Otago, yet as a matter of fact there is no such demand for University education in the Wellington University District, that Wellington really is not a centre of education, but that the public in Nelson, Marlborough, Taranaki, Westland, and Hawke’s Bay prefers to send its sons and daughters to one of the other three colleges; in a word, we shall be told that argument on a population basis is fallacious and misleading. To meet this objection we merely append a table showing the numbers of students attending each College in 1912. We take this from the last Report presented to Parliament by the Inspector-General of Schools. The numbers are:

Auckland  ...  ...  279
Victoria College  ...  ...  546
Canterbury College  ...  ...  180
Otago University  ...  ...  502

From this Table it becomes abundantly clear that our contention was a sound one: we have a larger number of students in Wellington than in any of the other three
centres, and we argue that our revenue should be corresponding greater in order to cope efficiently with the greater demand, and more especially to develop the work of the College along the obvious lines of advance.

And now we are confronted with a most astonishing fact. The impartial observer would have thought from what we have said that the revenue of Victoria College would at least be equal to that of any one of the other three University Colleges. We cannot do better than let the damning figures speak for themselves. Here they are:

Extract from the Inspector-General's report, page 14—

PRESENT REVENUE OF THE COLLEGES,

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This is a sufficiently deplorable state of things, but unhappily there is worse to record. From endowments, Canterbury College received in 1911, £9258; Otago University, £6547; Auckland University College, £743; and Victoria College, the munificent sum of £114. Now these endowments increase in value from year to year, consequently the revenue of the two Southern Colleges, as years go by, will proportionately increase, while the revenues of Victoria College, so far as her endowments are concerned, will remain practically unchanged owing to the insignificant nature of the endowments.

So far, then, we contend that we may justly say:—

1. That Victoria College has to provide facilities for the education of a community greater than that of any one of the other three centres.

2. That the revenue of the College is therefore manifestly inadequate.

3. That the disproportionately small revenue of Victoria College, combined with the lack of proper endowments, renders just and imperative her claim that her revenues be increased and placed on a permanent and substantial basis.

But there is a further fact calling for mention. We have said that Victoria College is authorised to specialise
in science and law. There is good reason for this. Otago specialises in Medicine, Mining, Dentistry, and Home Science; Canterbury in Mining and Engineering; Auckland in Mining. Thus the establishment of a Science or Law school in one of these centres would throw additional burdens on these Colleges. The establishment of these two schools at Victoria College was almost inevitable. It is an extraordinary fact that the Inspector-General, while apparently realising and approving the scheme of specialisation at the different Colleges, should have made no recommendation for a grant to Victoria College to enable specialisation in law and science to be carried out efficiently. He recommended that the sum of £7000 be voted the College to provide the additional space rendered necessary by the large influx of students during the last few years, and states that it would be "a very just thing for Victoria College to receive £500 a year" from the higher education reserves in Taranaki. But no grant, as we have said, is recommended to enable Victoria College to specialise in the two faculties in which the Inspector-General himself thinks it right that the College should specialise. Briefly put, the Report proposes a revenue for each College for the teaching of Arts, Science, Law and Commerce of £11,000, quite irrespective of the number of students at each College and of the question of specialisation. This is all the more difficult to understand when we find later in the report a recommendation that an annual grant of £8000 be made to Otago University and of £3000 to Canterbury College to enable those Colleges to specialise respectively in medicine and engineering. In the same report the Inspector-General stated that some £10,000 was required by the Otago University for building additions. The fact will be fresh in our readers' minds that a few months ago the Minister of Education, totally disregarding all the other recommendations in the report, stated that a grant of £10,000 had been made to Otago. This is the more amazing because the Education Committee of the House of Representatives had adopted all the Inspector-General's suggestions, and recommended the House to carry out his proposals in full. We cannot and will not believe that the Minister for Education
in voting this sum to Otago was influenced by any unworthy motive. Therefore we can place only one construction upon the action of the Government. The claims of higher education upon the public purse have at last been recognised by the Government. The grant to Otago is but a prelude to similar grants to the North Island Colleges. A year ago the Macarthy Trustees donated £2000 to Victoria College to found a Chair of Economics. A generous bequest by the late Mrs. Rhodes will also bring to the College a large sum. In consideration of the facts we have enumerated, in all hope and confidence, we look to Cabinet not only to carry out all Mr. Hogben’s recommendations, but doubly, even trebly, to subsidise the Macarthy and Rhodes bequests.

FROM THE DECK.

I looked at the rim of the world where no land is,
       But only the sea and sky;
And I thought of the red-roofed, climbing town,
Where the streets run up, and the streets dip down,
       And the cool land wind blows by.

I looked at the racing clouds that flecked no hills,
       But only shadowed the sea;
And I thought of the play over fern and grass,
Of the glooms of shade as the quick clouds pass,
       And the wind driven by in glee.

I looked at the heaving blue where no peace is,
       But only unrest alway;
And I thought of the hills that steadfast stand,
While the wise old stars look down on the land,
       And the world gains strength for day.

I looked at the blue above and the blue beneath,
       And my heart grew soon to know
The wonderful beauty of changing things,
The joy of the spray, of a bird’s white wings,
       And I felt happier so.

—M.L.N.
Joltlings and Jottings.

The heading is descriptive, and has been chosen after due deliberation. It is my apologia. Having thus warned you, I shall proceed.

Have you ever paid fourpence for a cup of hot tea and found yourself unable to enjoy a sip of it until it is almost cold and with a head on it from violent surging in the tea-cup? Have you ever sat up to look at an especially interesting piece of country, and, before you have had time to glimpse at a grass blade—whack! goes your chin on the window-sill, and your body slithers half-way down the leather seat? I have. I did things like that for almost a whole day, hence my profound knowledge of the art of jolting—a knowledge that has since been deepened by various little excursions over the rolling veldt.

My first experience of importance was from Durban to Jo'burg. After a hot day of grey sky and steady rain the clouds parted at evening, and showed us quickly-widening spaces of delicate, freshly-washed blue, and a golden sun, near to setting. The train steamed out of the Durban station, away from the city of glowing flowers and gleaming fruits; smart rickshaw boys and bangled, bright-robed Indians. Away we went past low-lying fields of vivid green, where rose grey Coolie huts and little Kaffir shanties; past a ruined Coolie Temple with a brown discoloured dome; past Indian women pickaninnies, playing by the way-side,—and so on into the hills.

In the west the sunset flamed; long streaks of gorgeous colour spread out against the dark skyline of the distant hills; while near at hand the green, umbrella-like flamboyants flamed with their scarlet blossom. In the west the sunset faded and the grey shadows crept down the hills and valleys, softening the green of the banana groves and the mealie patches. And then the short twilight deepened suddenly into the darkness of night. On and on we went, still climbing, while the train rocked like
a ship at sea, and the night grew very cold. Down came the mountain mists, and we looked out on a white world, and saw a grove of young wattle trees on a hill-top, show like the ranks of a ghostly army. Here and there from the white sea of mist rose mountain islands and bluff headlands. Then near ten o'clock we saw the golden lights of 'Maritzburg, and the moon struggled through, and the mist parted in long, silver wisps. Up and down the broad station platform were walking sturdy Kaffir boys, who, clad in white suits and red caps, were carrying trays of fruit and sweets, the latter fatally cheap.

We sat up some time after passing 'Maritzburg, and, before turning in, we resolved to be awake for Ladysmith, the gallant little town. What woke me I know not. It did not wake anyone else. When I mildly attempted to do so the ferociously muttered ejaculations of the drowsy one thoroughly unnerved me, and I hastily desisted. We flashed into the station; the lights shone on the black lettering of the name-board—Ladysmith. The train waited a minute, as though to take breath, and then we steamed out. I knelt by the window, a queer excitement possessing me, and looked out. The moon was high in the sky, and it was very cold. I saw little grey stone houses and tall ghostly gum trees. The town itself was further away. Near the railway line were old, fort-like buildings, their walls still showing the great holes made by the Boer guns. I saw soldiers' grave-stones, white in the moonlight. Then came the open veldt, rising to hills in the distance. Very grey, very monotonous it was. There was very little cover, just ant-heaps or rocks, laboriously piled. The shallow water-courses, or spruits, were dry, and a little wind whispered among the short, wiry grass. The moon shone fitfully through rifts in the grey cloud, and all was solemn and very desolate. I watched for an hour or more, thinking and dreaming, dreaming and thinking, of this country fifteen long years ago.

Next day we woke to a different land. We had passed from Natal into the Transvaal—from green to gold. It was a wide and lonely land, a land of few trees, of scattered Boer farm-houses and of Kaffir kraals. We passed Lang's Nek and grim Majuba Hill, where the
brown rock pushes through the short tufted grass. By the railway line grew here and there wild peaches and bright dahlias, while about the flowers fluttered tiny lemon-coloured butterflies. The veldt was studded with reddish-brown ant heaps, which looked like inverted pudding basins, and on them perched the queer saakabollas, black, long-tailed birds, that look like big dragon-flies. Cranes were standing in solitary state here and there; down one of the long red roads, which beckoned who-knows-whither, bumped an ox wagggon; round the scattered farms were herds of goats and groups of stray chickens—all else was solitary. Tawny was the veldt; tawny were the kopjes; brown-red were the sandy roads; grey-brown were the Boer farmers; grey-brown their waggons,—only the great sky and the far-away mountains were blue and beautiful.

About this time the train sped over a small creek of dark yellow mud. "That," said our travelling companion, "is a river." We expressed surprise, and were told the following little saying:—"In South Africa are rivers without water, flowers without scent, women with—" but I won't bother finishing the quotation, as the last part is untrue, and therefore would not interest you.

We stayed a long time in the dining-car, or "Eet Sàlon," as the Dutch have it, not because we had a very big lunch, but it took a long time to get it. We watched with anxiety the passage perilous of the soup from the plate, and were oftentimes reminded of the old adage: "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip." A venerable Dutchman, who said grace in indistinguishable under-tones, made me think at once of Huck Finn's Miss' Watson, who used to "tuck down her head and grumble a bit over the victuals." It was a very good lunch, too.

I was asked some good questions about New Zealand on the train. I am collecting questions and writing them down, but my self-respect forbids me recording my replies. They generally assume that I am English, thanks to the pure accent I acquired at Salamanca. Sometimes I fall in with their ideas, and discourse picturesquely, and I hope truthfully, about the land of my
forefathers. Sometimes I smile sweetly, saying, "Oh, no, I come from New Zealand." The result is generally a blank stare; occasionally somebody astonishes us by knowing that it is near Australia; one person had actually lived there. But that will not happen often, and the most we can hope for are questions, such as the following:—"Oh, New Zealand, is it near Australia, or part of it?" "Oh, it takes three and a-half days to get to Australia." "Do you come by train?" "New Zealand; I once knew some people named Brown who went out there about thirty years ago; have you met them?" "It's very hot in New Zealand, isn't it? Do the natives wear clothes?" Yesterday a learned divine—a Presbyterian—asked me whether there were any churches. The day before a German asked me whether I found the natives made good servants, or did we, perhaps, not live in houses? But enough of this. We have reached the Rand and passed the huge grey mining dumps, and here is Jo'burg, and our jolting is over—for a time, at least.

—M.L.N.

### AT EVENING.

At evening, when the last ray softly lingers
    Among the burnished hills,
        I see your smile;
The sunset sky seems painted by your fingers,
    So ardently it thrills
        O'er me awhile.

Although you are away so far, so far,
    You seem for ever here,
        So calm and wise;
The liquid wells divine of every star
    Reflected in the mere
        Reveal your eyes.

—M.E.H.
Drama in New Zealand.

During his tour through New Zealand in 1912, Mr. H. B. Irving stated in an interview that English actors would find themselves fully repaid in touring the colonies, now that circumstances out here reduced to a minimum the risk of financial loss upon such a venture.

This remark leads one to consider, not so much the treatment that New Zealand now receives in the matter of the English actor, but the more important question of our fare in the matter of legitimate drama.

It is our contention that there is now a large and interested play-going public in New Zealand; that that public, though not necessarily an alert one intellectually, is one quick to perceive and appreciate what is meritorious in drama; and finally, that the supply is not only totally inadequate, but is also of vastly inferior quality to that demanded.

Curiously enough, as regards Shaksperean drama, there is not great cause for complaint. It is regrettable that none of the historical plays has ever been performed here, but as representative of the comedies we have had "The Midsummer Night's Dream," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "Merchant of Venice," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "The Taming of the Shrew." These plays, with the addition of the tragedies—"Hamlet," "Othello," and "Romeo and Juliet," bring the total up to nine. A slender list, certainly, but in considering it one finds a certain solace in the thought that it might quite easily have been worse.

When, however, we turn our attention to the modern drama, we are confronted with a state of facts wholly different. Before going further into the question, we must note one fact that should never be lost sight of. The nineteenth century was remarkable for the growth of two movements—the democratic and the scientific. The gospel of the glory of labour, the spread of education among the masses, and the progress of scientific
knowledge, all combined to produce an enormous and radical change in popular thought. In the midst of the confusion that arose from the destruction of beliefs long held to be divinely inspired, from the birth and growth of new ideals, from the chaos that reigned in the world of thought, a feeling began everywhere to make itself manifest—a revulsion against the tyranny of tradition. This revulsion was productive, above other things, of the demand—an ever-increasing one—for Sincerity, Reality, Truth. As greatly as this change in popular feeling affected popular institutions, upon no institution did it produce a greater effect than upon the Drama. Truth became the inspiration of the dramatist, Reality his theme, and Sincerity his law. All that is most inspiring, most durable and lasting in the Drama of to-day is the work of the writers who are the prophets and apostles of this new drama. Their work has not inaptly been termed by an American critic the "drama of sincerity," and it is by their work that the drama of to-day will be judged in future years.

It remains for us to consider who are the leaders in this movement, and to what extent their works have been produced in the Dominion.

In Europe, Ibsen was the pioneer and prophet of the movement, and though its influence was soon felt in Continental countries, it was some time before its full force was manifested in England. But to-day, it is not too much to say that every notable English drama that is produced bears traces of the influence of the master craftsman.

The two chief dramatists of the "sincere" school in England are John Galsworthy and Bernard Shaw. Galsworthy's plays are some seven in number. One of his earliest—"The Silver Box"—was produced in England as long ago as 1906. "Joy," "Strife," "Justice," "The Eldest Son," and "The Pigeon," have all been staged since then, and his latest play—"The Fugitive"—was presented only last year. Galsworthy is one of the finest, if not quite the finest, of living English dramatists, and at least one of his plays—"Justice"—marks the highest point yet attained by the modern English tragedy. One
would think that there were ample inducement for theatrical firms to offer us, at any rate a taste of Galsworthy’s quality, yet the lamentable fact is that not one of his plays has yet been seen here.

Bernard Shaw’s plays now number twenty-three. Apparently the first to be produced was “Widower’s Houses,” which was staged in London in 1892. Since then his plays have been produced at varying intervals both in England and the United States. His latest satire—“Androcles and the Lion”—was staged last year in England, and promptly translated and produced on the Continent. Yet in the long interval that has passed since 1892, only two of Shaw’s plays, so far as we can ascertain, have been produced in New Zealand—“Captain Brassbound’s Conversion” and “Man and Superman.” Shaw occupies a unique position in the dramatic world to-day: his plays abound in extraordinary dialectical brilliancy; his following is great, not in England only, but in Europe and in the United States; he is generally regarded as the most potent dramatic influence since Ibsen, yet colonial managers have united practically in ignoring his works. Why?

Two other dramatists have made notable contributions to the modern English drama—Granville Barker and St. John Hankin. Their plays have all been staged in England within the last eight or nine years, but New Zealand has as yet seen no one of them.

There are quite a number of minor playwrights who have produced in the last year or two some interesting dramas, very typical of the modern movement in the Drama. These include Stanley Houghton (the author of “Hindle Wakes”), whose death was announced only a few months ago; Elizabeth Baker, Githa Sowerbey, George Moore, and, above all, John Masefield, whose poignant “Tragedy of Nan” takes equal rank in importance with “Justice.” It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the works of no one of these writers have yet been produced here. However, when we consider the treatment that Galsworthy, Shaw and Barker have received at the hands of colonial managers, we feel sufficiently thankful that their plays are available at least in book form.
Among further dramatic productions of recent years in England, we must number the fine poetic dramas of W. B. Yeats, the delicate comedies of Lady Gregory and Synge, and the exquisite tragedies of this latter pair. No, no one of their works has yet been produced in the Dominion. We honestly do not believe that one ever will.

We would like to dwell for some short time upon the dramas of Stephen Phillips, but we can only mention in passing that "Herod" was staged in England in 1900, and "Ulysses" in 1902. Curiously enough, neither has yet visited New Zealand. It is strange to reflect that Oscar Wilde, the dramatic successor of Congreve and Sheridan, has not been greatly drawn upon by colonial actors. "A Woman of No Importance" was staged here two years ago, and twelve years ago, in a fit of wild daring, the Brough Company produced "The Importance of Being Earnest," for one night.

If this is the treatment meted out to the English dramatist in the colonies, we should surely feel no surprise when we find that the works of Continental dramatists have, with one rare exception, never appeared here. The exception is "The Blue Bird." Last year, in London, Mr. Granville Barker ventured upon the experiment of a Repertory Theatre. Some twenty plays were produced during the year, including Maeterlinck's "Death of Tintagiles," and other works by Continental writers. How many years will elapse before we see in New Zealand not only the masterpieces of Maeterlinck, but also those of Ibsen and Strindberg, of Brieux and Bernstein, of Hauptmann, of Tolstoi and Gorky, of Tchekhov, and of D'Annunzio.

It were idle further to extend the list of our grievances. The fact is abundantly clear that all that is fine and enduring in the modern drama, is shunned almost completely by colonial managers. For the life of us we cannot understand why. There is no censorship or Lord Chamberlain "down under" to harass managers. The public is an intelligent one, capable of appreciating the best. The warm welcome extended to "Milestones" and "Man and Superman," no less than to Shaksperean drama, prove the honest capacity of colonials for appre-
ciating the best than can be offered. We can only trust that in some way the eyes of our colonial managers may be opened, and that through its proper medium—the stage—there may be revealed to us the modern Drama, with its earnest and inspiring message, in the passion and strength of its new life, in the fulness of its beauty, in the fineness of its art.

—P.B.B.

TO MICK, AN AVIATOR.

Micky, what's this? Have you too caught the fever, Preparing thus with aeroplane and bomb To send the Teuton or that gay deceiver, The Jap, to Kingdom Come?

What blue-eyed maiden from the land of Von, Her lover slain, will you be taking up? What Nippon "boy" shall hand around the non- inebriating cup,

And draw, to please you, with Mongolian skill His native long-bow? Who would now deny That Hunter's voice may cease to charm the Hill, And Picken's pen go dry,

When you, who promised so much better things, Will give your law-books, Garrow's notes and all, For a propeller and a pair of wings, Bound soon or late to fall?

—F.
ELEANORE.

Dusky waves are creeping
With a sound of weeping
   By the shore,
Tired winds are keeping
   Watch by Eleanore.

Flowers bow in sorrow,
Not a rose will borrow
   One flush more,
Fearing lest no morrow
   Dawn for Eleanore.

Breezes like a feather
Stroke the purple heather
   By her door,
Silently the weather
   Stays for Eleanore.

And our hearts cease breaking
Lest their grief be waking
   Eleanore;
What if death were taking
   Our sweet Eleanore!

—M.E.H.
AD ICCIUM.

Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides
Gazis, et acrem militiam paras
Non ante devictis Sabaeae
Regibus, horribilibique Medo.

Nectis catenas? Quae tibi virginum,
Sponso necato, barbara serviet?
Puer quis ex aula capillis
Ad cyathum statuetur unctis.

Doctus sagittas tendere Sericas
Arcu paterno? quis neget arduis
Pronos relabi posse rivos
Montibus, et Tiberim reverti:

Cum tu coemptos undique nobilis
Libros Panaeti, Socraticam et domum,
Mutare loricis Hiberis,
Pollicitus meliora, tendis?

HORACE.
A Note on the Theatre.

Wellington has a new Theatre. This may not, of course, be a very disturbing discovery, but our new Grand Opera House has been heralded as the finest in Australasia; also, as being absolutely up-to-date. Unfortunately, it is neither the one nor the other. Already in Wellington we possess a better theatre. If, for our sins, we have to spend an evening at His Majesty’s, we at least have the satisfaction of being in a place more or less aesthetically satisfying, but at the new Opera House we are continually confronted with paintings of an extremely annoying variety; surely twirly-whirly roses flung indiscriminately upon any square foot of wall space do not constitute the heights to which our ideas of mural decoration can rise.

As for the up-to-dateness of the Opera House, that is another myth. In Europe to-day, with the exception of the cinema palaces—and in Germany they too can give us a start, and beat us—there is not a decent theatre which is not built on the one floor principle. When it is realised that every person in a theatre should be able to obtain a complete view of the whole stage from approximately the same angle of elevation—and it can be done—this type of construction becomes essential. Wagner recognised this when he had his theatre built at Beyreuth, so the idea can hardly be called of even recent origin; and yet we are assured that our theatre is absolutely up-to-date! Here, from the heights of the gods we can obtain most fantastic and original perspectives of the heads of the actors, but that is hardly what we go to the theatre for.

Of course, so long as we are satisfied with stage settings which aim at realism, but which achieve merely a rather grotesque travesty of it, there is not much need to trouble about trifles of this variety; but one of these days we shall awake to a knowledge of what the more adventurous spirits have been doing in Europe for the last ten years; then, perhaps, we shall begin to feel sorry.
The art of the Theatre is as seriously to be considered as any of the other arts, and it is perhaps the only one in which a University College can be of really definite service. We have to look no further afield than Adelaide to appreciate the truth of this.

Surely we cannot afford to neglect the work of men of our own time and our own country. What do we know of Synge, of Shaw, of Yeats and Galsworthy, Granville Barker and Stanley Houghton, to mention only a few? And as for dramatists of European reputation like Strindberg, Maeterlinck, Brieux, Hauptmann, Thoma, Schnitzler, the Russians, and the rest of them, why, we haven’t even heard of them. Here is a chance for us to effect a change in this strange state of affairs. Are we willing?

—L.F.

---

RED HIBISCUS.

When I look up and see your flaunting head
And the long tongue that serpent-like shoots out
I ask, as swift thoughts throng in revellers’ rout,
What in the world as wicked is as red?
I see a columned hall and tables spread;
A woman, white and red, with smiles that flout:
Two wine-flushed suitors and a sudden shout;
Quarrels. quick curses, and the red wine shed—
A gleam of swords, a bright and startling stain.
Fear’s frantic flight, and silence in the hall,
Save when the night-wind strays in, flower-sweet,
And from the gutt’ring candles white drops fall
Hibiscus, you do teach of passions pain—
Why do you glow by this grey city street?

—A.O.
The Thirteenth Inter-University College Tournament.

HELD AT CHRISTCHURCH, EASTER, 1914.

Let fate do her worst: there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy.
—Moore.

Easter 1914! These words call up happy memories, memories of one of the most successful tournaments ever held in New Zealand. Our hosts were most hospitable, keen competition and good comradeship abounded, weather conditions were perfect; and if there is regret, it is that many of our undergraduates were not present to share in the pleasures of the tournament and to feel that they belong not only to a College, but also to a University. We have returned with one championship, and—the wooden spoon.

EN ROUTE.

And such a yell was there
Of sudden and portentious birth
As if men fought upon the earth
And fiends in upper air.
—Scott.

Amid hakas and cries of encouragement, a party of some sixty “Victorians,” together with the representatives of Auckland, departed on S.S. Moeraki, en route to Christchurch. Many incidents (amusing or otherwise) served to make the time pass quickly, though everyone turned in at an early hour. A feature of the rising was the “washing” of the night attire of one of our debaters. Rumour hath it that the manager was experimenting with a new type of alkali. Friday morning broke clear and fine, and prepared us for the enthusiastic welcome by the Canterbury students.
THE RECEPTION.

"Give me thy hand. I'm glad to find thee here!"
—The Lover's Melancholy.

On Saturday morning his Worship, the Mayor of Christchurch, gave a civic reception for the visiting students. His Worship, Mr Holland, welcomed the students on behalf of the citizens, and, in a short speech expressed his appreciation of the objects of the tournament, and his hope that it would be in every way successful. Brief speeches of welcome were also delivered by the Chairman of the Canterbury College Board of Governors, and by the Chairman of the Professional Board, Professor Wall. The welcome was duly acknowledged by the managers of the visiting teams, and cheers were given for the Mayor.

As soon as the reception was over all repaired to the Hagley Park Tennis Courts, and the opening matches began.

TEennis.

"What treasure, Uncle? Tennis balls, my liege."
—Henry V.

Canterbury University College is to be congratulated on having obtained a long lease of four such excellent courts as they have at Hagley Park; we further wish to express appreciation of the way in which the Tennis Tournament of 1914 was arranged.

Interest at first centred in the match between Duthie (A.U.C.), the holder of the Men's Single Championship, and Andreae (O.U.). The first set went to Andreae, 6-2, Duthie being somewhat off colour after the long trip from the north. He fought pluckily, however, and was within an ace of winning the second set, which finally went to Andreae, 9-7. And now Victoria thought she "had some chances." Alas for her hopes! Butcher played well in his game, but was somewhat handicapped by the soft tan at the edge of the court. He succumbed to Laurenson, the present champion, to the tune of 9-7, 6-4. Of our other representatives little need be said. They fought
clean and hard, but met better players. Canterbury surprised even itself by getting into all the finals, and the meeting with opposition only in the combined doubles, which ultimately it won, thus securing all five championships.

ATHLETICS.

"Your looks are pale and wild, and do import some misadventure."

—Shakespeare.

Ichabod! The glory has departed. For the first time since the beginning of the Easter Tournaments, the wooden spoon was brought home by the wearers of the gold and green. And yet the three wins registered by the Victoria University College were remarkable for this fact—each established a new record. So despite the fact of our position we can with reason feel proud of the efforts of our competitors.

The first event (putting the shot) was won by J. Boyne, of Otago. Our first success was scored in the mile flat, which was won by A. Hudson in the record time of 4 minutes 32 seconds. Hudson was "out" to break the record, and ran a well-judged race. The 220 yards was won by Mansell of Canterbury, in 24 seconds. Christie of Otago might easily have been first, but he was obviously untrained, and faded away badly at the finish of the race. The Long Jump was won by Harston of Auckland, with a splendid leap of 21 feet 5 inches. Young (C.U.C.), persistently jumped from about a foot behind the taking-off board.

The first race after the adjournment was the 120 hurdles. The two heats were hotly contested. Unfortunately for us, K. Strack fell at the fifth leap, and our chances of scoring in this event were gone. Stewart of Auckland won the final in 16 seconds, a time which many, including the winner himself, are inclined to doubt. The 880 yards flat proved one of the most exciting events of the day. Bishop of Otago judged his race well, and sprinting at the finish gained a well-deserved first place. In the hammer-throwing event, Boyne of Otago, established a new record—131 feet 8 inches—an excellent per-
formance, and one which will take some beating. R. L. Christie (O.U.), won the 100 yards in 10 seconds. This seems almost too good to be true, although the race was run with the wind.

Our second win was secured by A. B. Sievwright in the Mile Walk. Our representative broke his own record of 1913 by completing the distance in 7 minutes 6 seconds. Ross of Otago went ahead at the start, but Sievwright gradually drew ahead; and though the Otago man stuck doggedly to his task, he finished 10 yards behind the winner. In the High Jump, Otago scored three points. Fisher, the winner, jumped particularly well. The 440 yards resulted in a win for W. J. Mansell (C.U.C.) The Three mile, as expected, proved an easy win for Hudson (V.U.C.), with Williams (V.U.C.) second. Hudson went well to the front at the start, and gradually increased his lead, winning in 15 minutes 24 seconds—a record. Luck, however, seemed to be against us to the end. In the 440 hurdles Stewart of Auckland (who was hurdling very well), and K. Strack of “ours,” in the lead, were taking the last hurdle together when Strack fell, and Young of Canterbury and Fisher of Otago “tied” for second place, leaving us with the wooden spoon. Stewart’s time (64 seconds) was the last of seven records broken during the day.

THE DEBATE.

"Pronunciato est vocis, et vultus est
Gestus moderatio cum venustate."

—Tully.

"How now, my sweet creature of bombast?"

—Shakespeare.

The debate for the Joynt Challenge Scroll was held in a dreadful barn, called by courtesy, the King’s Theatre. A goodly number had assembled before the appointed hour, and weird sounds made by members of a “band” gladdened the hearts of the waiting audience. The band retired, and, as Scott should have said,

With that straight up the aisle there strode
Some students, out for gore;
And in their arms a helpless load,
An Easter egg they bore.
A short, sharp, and deadly struggle for possession ensued, and after mangling several chairs and damaging their own clothes the combatants retired to seats in the hall.

The subject for debate was "That Democracy as Typified by the Labour Movement is Detrimental to National Character." In the first debate, F. D. McLiver and L. Phillips (A.U.C.) took the affirmative, and were opposed by G. G. G. Watson and A. B. Sievwright (V.U.C.) The Aucklanders argued that democracy was but a despotism of a new kind, and that under such a system individuality would be crushed. Cultured men would shrink from entering public life, and the country would not be governed by its "brains." The Wellington men argued that democracy improved environment and gave all men a chance in life. As it is by environment that man's character is improved, then as democracy tends to improve environment, so it tends to improve national character, which is but the sum total of the character of the individual.

W. P. Gordon and R. Cuthbert (O.U.) affirmed the motion in the second debate, and R. Lawry and J. V. Wilson opposed it. The Otago debaters made the mistake of making the debate, to some extent, "local," instead of keeping to the broad principles as laid down in the judges' letter. Cuthbert's references to "Red Fedism" carried no weight at all. The Canterbury speakers were not successful in their combined treatment; but Lawry made a telling speech. Wilson had a bad time for the noisy section of the audience.

The debate was rather vaguely worded, and the result was that some of the speeches were merely so much "hot air." One of the best speeches from the point of view of matter was that of McLiver. The combined treatment of the Wellington representatives was easily the best of the evening. Their platform style was also better than that of the others, and they were not so handicapped vocally as the other competitors by the fearful acoustics of the hall.

The win of the V.U.C. representatives was well deserved. Sievwright's speech was well delivered and
sounded convincing; and Watson, though at first seemingly nervous owing to interruptions, settled down in a few minutes, and scored neatly off one of his interruptors. His was a good fighting speech.

Once again, with weariness, we wish to protest against the senseless interruptions that come from students in the hall. This year was no exception. It is true that owing to the barn-like nature of the hall the voices of some of the speakers did not carry very far, but that was no excuse for the foolish interruptions that came freely from some of the audience, throwing the speakers out of their stride. The last speakers were particularly unfortunate in this respect, Wilson being subjected to a continuous flow of noise and alleged witticisms. The general hilarity and fun is all very well in the intervals, but decency demands that the speakers should be given a fair hearing.

CRICKET.

"Good beginning maketh good endyng."
— Proverbs of Hendyng.

The first inter-island 'Varsity Cricket Match was played on Hagley Park on the Tuesday and Wednesday. Bating first the South Island team scored 278 (A. P. Alloo 75, Tweedy 76, A. W. Alloo 24, Walker 24, Young 23, Luttrell 22). The North Island total was 279 (Dempsey 96 not out, Atmore 47, Broad 31, Gray 25, Airey 24). In their second innings, the South declared "closed" with 1 wicket down for 218 (Luttrell 123 not out, Tweedy 59). North made 129 for 3 wickets (Airey 62, Broad 30 not out, Atmore 13).

ENTERTAINMENT.

"I was there from College."
— The Princess.

Though so much business was crowded into five days, there was time, as usual, for the less strenuous and more social side of the Tournament. A casual observer might have been excused for overlooking the business and thinking it all pleasure. The weather was so beautiful. Christchurch so pretty in her autumn tints, the Avon so
alluring (and wet.—Editor.) and the Christchurch people so hospitable, that nothing more could be desired.

Monday evening saw the crowded cars travelling out to Brighton Pier where an impromptu concert was held. This, with supper and a dance, made the moments fly all too quickly.

THE DANCE.
“Tanta est quaerendi cura decoris.”
—Juvenal.

On Tuesday night the University Ball was held in the Alexandra Hall. The committee had calculated to a nicety the dancing capacity of a flow that was in its kindliest mood. As usual, every one was astonished to find time pass so quickly and regretted that dances must end.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.
“Adieu! These foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit.”
—Shakspere

A farewell morning tea and a really lovely passage home concluded a most successful tournament.

THE MANAGER.
“Tarry a little, there is something else.”
—Shakspere

A word of praise is due to the manager, J. C. McDowall, for his untiring enthusiasm in all matters connected with the trip. To his successful work is due the comfort of the V.C. representatives throughout the tournament.

Appended is a list of the Official Results.
## Official Results—Athletic Championships

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>First (2 points)</th>
<th>Second (1 point)</th>
<th>Time (or distance)</th>
<th>Record.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Shot</td>
<td>J. M. Boyne, O.U.</td>
<td>W. J. Mansell, C.U.C.</td>
<td>34 ft. 6 1-2 in.</td>
<td>37 ft. 3 1-2 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mile</td>
<td>A. Hudson, V.U.C.</td>
<td>E. Bishop, O.U.</td>
<td>4 min. 32 sec.*</td>
<td>4 min. 36 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long Jump</td>
<td>E. S. Harston, A.U.C.</td>
<td>C. L. Young, C.U.C.</td>
<td>21 ft. 5 in.</td>
<td>22 ft. 8 1-2 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>880 Yards</td>
<td>E. Bishop, O.U.</td>
<td>J. W. Olphert, A.U.C.</td>
<td>2 min. 8 1-5 sec.</td>
<td>2 min. 3 1-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mile Walk</td>
<td>A. B. Sievwright, V.U.C.</td>
<td>T. W. Ross, O.U.</td>
<td>7 min. 6 sec.*</td>
<td>7 min. 11 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Jump</td>
<td>C. Fisher, O.U.</td>
<td>A. C. Aitken, O.U.</td>
<td>5 ft. 4 1-2 in.</td>
<td>5 ft. 6 1-2 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3-mile</td>
<td>A. Hudson, V.U.C.</td>
<td>H. Williams, V.U.C.</td>
<td>15 min. 24 sec.*</td>
<td>15 min. 30 sec.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Points Scored:

- **Otago University**: 14½
- **Auckland University College**: 10
- **Canterbury College**: 7½
- **Victoria College**: 7

### De La Mare Challenge Cup (One Mile Flat)
- A. Hudson, V.U.C.

### Trevor Hull Memorial Shield (High Jump)
- G. Fisher, O.U.

## Tennis Championships

- **Men's Singles**: J. Laurenson, C.U.C.
- **Men's Doubles**: G. Parsonson & R. Abernethy, C.U.C.
- **Women's Singles**: Miss Tutton, C.U.C.
- **Women's Doubles**: Misses Tutton and Wright, C.U.C.
- **Combined Doubles**: Miss Tutton and Götz, C.U.C.

## Debating Contest

- G. G. G. Watson and A. B. Sievwright, V.U.C.

*Record.*
OUR REPRESENTATIVES.

Tennis—

Ladies’ Doubles: Misses G. M. Lawry and M. H. Sievwright; Misses E. Hare and E. H. Cook.
Men’s Singles: W. L. G. Butcher and K. A. Henderson.
Combined Doubles: Miss Sievwright and W. Butcher; Miss F. W. Cooke and K. Henderson.

Athletics—

220 Yards: C. Wynyard, I. C. Robinson.
120 Yards Hurdles: K. J. Strack, R. V. Kay.
880 Yards: L. J. Shaw, H. Williams.
100 Yards: C. Wynyard, I. C. Robinson.
High Jump: H. Buckley, A. East.
440 Yards: A. F. East, G. H. Seddon.
Three Miles Flat: A. Hudson, H. Williams.
440 Yards Hurdles: K. J. Strack, R. V. Kay.

Debating—

Manager of Team: J. C. McDowall.

ROSES.

Roses round her pathway growing,
Fragrant roses, plead for me.
Tell her all the roses blowing
Are not half so sweet as she;
And of all within her keeping
By the soft night wind caressed,
Say I love the rose that’s sleeping
On her dainty mouth the best.

—"Hidalgo."
Olla Podrida.

The Rescue Officers are good-working soldiers of this corps, always on hand when wanted. Ensign Bath and Lieutenant, with music and song, and Captain Stevens, with the brass.—War Cry.

We don't know the Lieutenant; but we should like to meet this Captain.

* * *

ENGAGEMENTS.
TO-NIGHT!
Thompson-Payne Pictures, Foresters' Hall, at 8 p.m.
TO-MORROW.

Supreme Court, 2 p.m.

Now, really, what does this mean?

* * *

Professor Hunter was in the chair, and about twenty new members.—Evening Post.

No wonder the chairs in the common room are always being broken! But how encouraging for the new members!

* * *

Captain Whiteside was commandeered for Sunday for the Dunedin City Corps; the illness of the Adjutant has necessitated that every available visitor to the City have hands laid on them for this.—War Cry.

A little arbitrary, perhaps, but in these days of suffragettes—!

* * *

The two younger bridesmaids wore cream voile dresses, trimmed with silk lace insertion, and wore satin bands around her heads.—John Bull Jr.

Evidently a modern Cerberus or Hydra.

* * *

The report and 45 members were present, including balance-sheet were read and adopted.—Evening Post.

We wonder who adopted them.... Are you an "Orphan," P. J.?
"For ceremonies to the elder sort are a part of experience not to be missed, and to the younger a part of education."

THE PRESENTATION OF THE GRADUATES.

The year 1914 should be a memorable one in the history of Victoria College, as it marked the initiation of a ceremony unique in the annals of New Zealand University Colleges. As the Senate had decided to abolish the Capping Ceremony which had, in past years, been held under its control, it was decided to hold a presentation ceremony, to which the public of Wellington should be invited. This was not, as has been suggested, a flying in the face of the Senate’s decision. It meets a long-felt want: for it is only by coming into close contact with the citizens of Wellington as a whole that we can expect to get them to realise what claims our University College has on the people of Wellington.

In spite of unfavourable weather, a large number of people assembled in the large Town Hall on Thursday, 26th May. Downstairs, the hall had been partially cleared to allow people to move about in the intervals: but what seats had been left were soon filled. Upstairs, a large portion of the seating accommodation was occupied.

At 8 o’clock the Hon. A. L. Herdman took the chair. On the platform with him were General Sir Ian Hamilton, the Right Hon. W. F. Massey (Prime Minister), the Hon. Jas. Allen, and other dignitaries of State and College.

Mr. Herdman introduced General Hamilton, who had come straight from the train to the Hall. The guest of the evening received a rousing welcome from the audi-
ence. We may be pardoned for printing the Dominion’s account of his speech:—

Sir Ian Hamilton, when he rose to speak, was loudly applauded and cheered. He said that the subject he had chosen for his brief address was discipline. (Laughter.) The reasons which had moved him to do so were apparently quite obvious. (Renewed laughter.) “But,” he continued, “I will enter a little more into detail regarding them, and I would say this: That until you become graduands you are subject to discipline; when you become graduands, for a few moments the reins of authority are thrown from your necks, but after that, when you go out into the hard world of life and business, you will find that that imagined freedom was unreal. You will find that discipline enters into all the relations of life and citizenship. You will find that the man who has not got discipline, if he fails to come into contact with a Judge and jury, at any rate is perfectly certain to get it from his wife. (Laughter.) In fact, the man who is not disciplined is a public nuisance. To enter to-night, in a ten minutes’ address, into the whole subject of discipline would be beyond my powers any way, so I confine myself to one narrow side of it—that of military discipline. “Military discipline is the main force of armies. It is a habit of thought, a habit of respect for authority. A question which one ought to consider in any powerful subject like discipline, is: What lies at the back of it? What lay at the back of the old discipline was fear. I could give you proofs of that from Roman history, from the times of Frederick the Great, or from comparatively recent records of the British Army, but I prefer to go further back still to the memoirs of a Chinaman who lived three hundred years before Christ.” The story which General Hamilton went on to relate concerned a Chinese King, who married 365 wives and had great difficulty in maintaining discipline amongst them. The King called to his aid a philosopher who was a famed exponent of the discipline based on fear. This sage had the wives formed up in military array, with the principal wives in front, and instructed them how to go “right turn,” “left turn,” and “right-about turn.” When he ordered them to “right turn,” the women laughed at him. On the first occasion the philosopher admitted that the instruction might be at fault, but when he had again explained the evolutions and was disobeyed a second time, he had the principal wives executed, with the result that perfect discipline was established, and the philosopher assured the King that if he ordered his wives to march through
fire, ford rivers, or take fortified cities, they would obey un-
questioningly. "That," said General Hamilton, "is a very
good instance of the old discipline which came from fear. What
changed that? What changed that so suddenly and wonder-
fully, that a great many people who are not soldiers have not
yet appreciated properly what has happened? It was no
great moral upheaval. It was a purely mechanical result of
the mechanical effect of firearms. Modern firearms compel the
extensions in attack to be so great that the officer cannot directly
control his men. He can only control three or four of them at
five or six paces interval under fire, and therefore some other
moral force had to be sought than fear. Men had to be got to
go on of their own accord, and what motives could be brought
to bear on them to make them do that? The motives that were
brought to bear on them—and the British officers were about
the first to recognise them—were camaraderie, respect for the
man who taught them and knew his trade better than they did,
and affection. These are the factors which produce modern
discipline. The officer giving the order does not do so now in
his own person. Before he gives the order he reflects that he is
merely the mouthpiece of the State. Speaking to this man and
that gives him an aloofness; it keeps him from bringing the
personal side of his character in, and the men are the first to
feel that. On their part, the men recognise that the man who
speaks to them is not so-and-so of such-and-such a town, but the
authority set over them by their own State which they have
placed in power, to be a vehicle of its wishes to them. That is
the new discipline, and I put it to you, ladies and gentlemen,
that the new discipline is a very fine thing. Just remember this
in conclusion: these are principles. When you go out into the
world you will find that your principles do not always fit in with
the persons you will naturally meet. Never mind! Stick to
your principles. The officer may find the man a silly fellow,
who does not care a hang for the State, and sets himself to
thwart his authority in every possible way. The man may find
the officer an ass in authority, and an ass in authority, let me
tell you, ladies and gentlemen, is just a little worse than a bull
in a china shop. Never mind! Stick to your principles, carry
on, and you will win through well in the long run. I thank
you, ladies and gentlemen, for having heard me so patiently."
(Loud applause.)

Sir Ian was thanked for the honour he had done the
College by attending the ceremony, and as he had to
leave, he was given a hearty "send off" by the students,
who, after singing two songs at the beginning of the evening, had congregated at the back of the Hall.

The graduates were then presented to the Prime Minister and the Hon. Mr. Herdman by the Chairman of the Professorial Board. We should like to suggest that next year the presentation be a little less hurried.

The Prime Minister, in a vigorous speech, congratulated the graduates (we cannot bring ourselves to use the dreadful word "graduand"—at least, not just yet) on their success; but he "hinted" broadly that he thought the proceedings to be a little too orderly. He went on to say that in the Minister for Education the country had "a man whose heart was in his work." The SPIKE hopes that the presence of Mr. Massey and four other members of the Cabinet is a sign that in the near future no one will be able to speak of our Alma Mater as the "Cinderella" of the University.

The Hon. Mr. Herdman, in a serious speech, urged upon all the necessity for a closer intimacy between the public of Wellington and the College, and earnestly put forward the claims of the College on public sympathy and support. His was the concluding speech of the evening.

For a short time the audience and students mingled, and talked about the few things that matter, and the thousand and one that do not, while the orchestra played.

We wish to express pleasure at the success of the ceremony, and our appreciation of the work of the Professorial Board and the College Council in connection therewith. Being essentially a Victoria College function, it was undoubtedly of more interest locally than any similar function could be. One of its merits was its brevity. There were no long speeches (which is as it should be), the official portion of the programme being over by nine o'clock.

The playing of the National Anthem concluded what the Dominion, in a delicious headline, called "a peaceful evening."
THE PROCESSION.

"You should make no noise in the streets."
"You may stay him."
"Nay, by'r lady. that I think he cannot."

—Shakespeare.

The procession was held this year in decidedly trying circumstances. Rain had fallen heavily on the Thursday, and on the Friday it had rained until 12 o'clock. As at that hour there seemed to be some hopes of the weather breaking, students were hastily summoned to the rendezvous, there to don their coats of many colours and their "much fine raiment." Unfortunately, several of the promised "items" were missing, and the procession was consequently not quite up to standard.

In spite of the threatening rain-clouds, crowds of people had gathered in the streets to view the display. Some disappointment was expressed because the procession was not longer, but, on the other hand, most people expressed admiration of those who had braved the wintry weather—some in very decolleté dresses.

A curiously-garbed figure walked in the front as crier, and behind him came the various "items," mostly on lorries—a display of physical culture by some of Royd Garlick's "female" teachers, Holland in durance-vile, the Haining Street Raid, a beauteous "Carnival Queen," with attendant pages. On one waggon we saw the husband and wife of the future; but we didn't envy the man. A war-party of Maori warriors made things lively for the spectators; while adown the main streets two gorgeously dressed couples "tangoed" with great deftness.

At the Post Office a large crowd had assembled; there a few speeches were made, including one by "General Sir Ian Hamilton."

The procession then wended its way homewards to prepare for the evening's entertainment.

THE EXTRAVAGANZA.

"The play's the thing."

—Hamlet.

This year the time-honoured custom of dividing the Carnival programme into two parts was not followed, the
whole of the evening being devoted to the production of an extravaganza, more ambitious in its aim than any hitherto produced. The departure was justified by the well-merited success of the performance.

Once more the large Town Hall was filled with an expectant audience—an audience which could sympathise with the student carnival spirit. The student Chorus first rendered (?) two capping songs, and then people settled themselves comfortably in their seats to view the extravaganza, "Boadicea."

While for the most part of a frankly farcical nature, the extravaganza had nevertheless an undercurrent of seriousness, critical of Britain's Colonising methods. It was probably due to this fact that the author decided on a rather melodramatic ending—an ending which, in our opinion, rather marred an otherwise excellent performance. The change from pure farce to deep tragedy was too sudden for the majority of the audience, which could scarcely be expected to take Boadicea's tragic death seriously.

Briefly, the story was as follows: Julius Caesar has landed in Britain, the people of which are awaiting instructions from their queen. In spite of the advice given her by the Chief Druid, Boadicea decides to attempt to conquer Caesar, not by giving battle to his forces, but by using her personal charm (!) to enslave him. Caesar, however, is proof against her wiles, and in the end rudely disillusioned her by telling her bluntly that Britain is merely a Roman province, in fact has been so for three years, and that she is queen only in name. His former assurances of good will were merely diplomatic prevarications. The queen realises too late that the old Druid has been right, and the curtain falls as she is brought in to die after having been brutally flogged by the Roman soldiery. She was flogged. We saw the marks.

The brunt of the acting was borne by Messrs Leary, Rogers, and Broad. Mr. Leary, as the amorous Boadicea, was excellent. At times, however, his utterance became too rapid, and occasionally he spoke so low that his voice was audible only to the front rows. His "by-play" was very clever throughout, his interludes with Crassus being
delightful. He was especially good in the "Maud Allen" dance, which the audience enthusiastically encored. Mr. Leary looked such a really delightful young hussy that one could not help wondering at Caesar. Mr. Rogers, as Crassus, "centurion and ragtime expert," was quite the hit of the evening. The character suited its interpreter, who fairly revelled in the part. He proved that he could improvise, if necessary, and deserved the tribute of the green "floral bouquet" which was delicately thrown to him from the audience. Mr. Broad, as the Chief Druid, made more than any one else could have done out of a difficult and comparatively poor part. His voice carried well and his lines were all distinctly heard. He displayed histrionic talent of no mean order. Mr. Batten did fairly well as the prosy, rely-on-faith Pontifex; and Mr. Meldrum as Llewellan looked convincingly savage with his tremendous club; but he has not yet learned to modulate his voice. Mr. Ewart as Caesar was not sufficiently majestic, and his voice was not full and resonant enough. With the exception of the first three, the gestures of the actors were unconvincing and rather stilted.

It was unfortunate, but unavoidable, that the attention of the audience should have been drawn from the clever Bible-in-Schools' dialogue, by the laying of the table for the banquet.

One of the chief features of the performance was the chorus-singing which was really excellent. It was quite a change for an audience actually to hear the words of a chorus; the enunciation was so clear that the words could be easily heard well back in the circle. The combined singing was one of the things which helped to make the production a distinct success.

The "colouring" was beautiful. Possibly the best grouping was that of the banquet scene, with the Roman Soldiers in the back-ground, though the final chorus with Romans and Britons coming forward alternately, was good. The marching song of the Romans was also excellent.

Taken as a whole, the performance went with a swing—in spite of the fact that once the prompter's voice was
heard floating gallery-wards. The men and women who took part in the extravaganza have every reason to feel proud of the success of their efforts. A special word of praise is due to those women who worked so hard in connection with the costumes—in particular to Misses Richmond and Hueston.

But one thing worries us. The office boy was disappointed. He complained. Yes, really he did. He said that the play was a fraud. He said that he agreed with the "Evening Post" reporter. The reporter was right, he said, in stating that an umbrella in the time of Caesar was "a gross anachronism." Moreover, he said, one or two other "what-do-you-call-’ems" had escaped the reporter's notice. Or was it that he did not know? For instance, Caesar was murdered nearly a hundred years before Boadicea reigned. Why didn't Mr. Leary learn history? Such "a gross anachronism" was "going too far." Further, the queen carried a suit-case and—. Here we mildly interrupted and tried to explain the word "extravagana." But we could not pacify the lad, so we sent him to the "Post" to compare his indignant criticisms with those of his comrade of the press.

THE DANCE.

"Saltare est dulce puellis"
Reminiscences of a Third Form Boy.

On Thursday evening, after the Presentation Ceremony, the dance was held, and proved very delightful. The hall was quickly cleared, and the dancing had begun before the audience had gone. Supper arrangements were good; the music was good; but we had finally to desist.

THE DINNER.

Romeo: "A fair assembly. Whither should they come?"
Servant: "Uph—!"
Romeo: "Whither?" Servant: "To Supper."

The Graduates' Dinner was held in the Hotel Cecil on Saturday evening, and in spite of the length of the
toast list, etc., passed off more pleasantly, and with less boredom, than such evenings usually do.

As this year there was no dinner for undergraduates, morning tea was partaken of by a large number of students at "Kirk's" on Saturday. This was a happy little gathering, and being informal, it was quite successful.

Thus ended the Capping Carnival, 1914—one which is of great importance to us, and again to use Mr. Herdman's words, "a memorable one in the history of Victoria College."

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**PUBLICATIONS.**

Glancing through the advertising columns of the College Calendar, we noticed that there were numerous omissions from the List of Publications by the Staff and Students. In justice to the authors, we feel compelled to mention the following:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Publishers</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1900</td>
<td>H. MacKenzie</td>
<td>Letters on Bible in Schools</td>
<td>Daily Papers</td>
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<td>1901-1906</td>
<td>H. MacKenzie</td>
<td>More ditto</td>
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<td>1907</td>
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<td>Treatise on Wandering Cows</td>
<td>ditto</td>
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<td>1907-1950</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>More Letters on Bible in Schools</td>
<td>Still the same</td>
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<td>1910 et seq.</td>
<td>'T. A. Hunter</td>
<td>University Reform Essays</td>
<td>Daily Papers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1912-1912</td>
<td>D. K. Picken</td>
<td>Orations in Chancelloremen</td>
<td>The Dominion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1914</td>
<td>D. K. Picken (with H. Von Haast)</td>
<td>Danger of Polishing Stoves</td>
<td>Woman in Print</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;One Man, One Ship, One Navy&quot;</td>
<td>Himself</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1913</td>
<td>P. W. Burbidge</td>
<td>Utility of Using Washing Water for Drinking Purposes</td>
<td>Evening Post</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1913</td>
<td>T. H. Lady</td>
<td>Edicts</td>
<td>Himself</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1914</td>
<td>J. C. MacDowall</td>
<td>The Brook (a poem)</td>
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<tr>
<td>1914 (to be continued)</td>
<td>B. Horace Ward, B.A., London</td>
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Examination Results.

The following Students of the Victoria University College completed Degrees this year:—

Honours in Law and L.L.M:

Delamore, Adrian W.  Third-class  Roman Law, Contracts, and Torts, Negligence
Mackersey, Lindsay J.  Third-class  International Law, Contracts and Torts, Company Law
West, Francis L. G.  Second-class  Roman Law, Contracts and Torts, Company Law

Bachelors of Laws:

Berendsen, Carl A.  Burridge, Ross R.
Clere, Frederick T.  Griffiths, Herbert L.
Hall-Jones, Frederick G.  Hill, Reginald B.
Morrison, John C.  Nathan, Carrol A.
Quilliam, Ronald H.  Taylor, Cuthbert H.
Watson, Gibbes G. G.  Williams, Henry
Lyon, William A.

Senior Scholarships:

Heine, Werner  German
West, Francis L. G.  Contracts and Roman Law

Honours in Arts and M.A.:

Coad, Nellie E.  Third-class  Mental Science
Duff, Ethel M.  Second-class  Languages & Literature
Pigott, Mary E.  First-class  Botany
Tolley, Jessie  Second-class  English and French
Gondringer, Bernard, J.  Second-class  English and French
Paulsen, Norman M.  Second-class  Latin and French
Ranston, Harry  Second-class  Greek and Hebrew
Robson, Harry  Third-class  Mental Science
Wolter, Frederick F.  Second-class  French and German

Masters of Arts:

Everett, Gladys G.  Watson, Gibbes G. G.  Wild, Cyril T.
Bachelors of Arts:

Clachan, Mary C.  Stitt, Isabelle A.
Hopkirk, Margaret S.  Armstrong, Purvis F.
Hueston, Dorothy L.  Blake, Bert N. T.
McKenzie, Mary B.  Combs, Frank L.
Ross, Fanny L.  Cox, Edwin
Shirer, Elizabeth M.  Eagar, Edward F.
Gibb, George H.  Heine, Werner
Hewlett, Henry C.  Moss, Leyon M.
Strack, George S.  Ross, Kenneth

Bachelor of Science:

McDowall, James Campbell

Sir George Grey Scholarship:

Armstrong, Purvis F.

THE DISSAPPOINTED SEXTON.

The sexton of a village near Sydney recently resigned because the locality was too healthy, and there were not enough deaths for him to make a living.—Newspaper item.

The Sexton's spade was red with rust,
Through painful lack of digging;
No dust had mingled with the dust
To keep the old man jigging:
No man had hopped
The twig, or flopped
When climbing up the rigging.

No doctors here to bring disease
To comfort or assist him,
No germ could stand the healthy breeze
Which blew about and kissed him.
A burglar shot
At Mr. Sprott,
But most unkindly missed him.
The people formed a happy crowd,
    Quite free from any vices,
And scorned the undertaker’s shroud,
    Though he reduced his prices;
And Mrs. Bell
Became quite well
    (She suffered once from phthisis.)
And when young Phil, the local Nut,
    Who sought the squire’s daughter,
Was met by stern papa’s “Tut-tut,”
    He vowed a grim self-slaughter,
And drank a phial
Of substance vile,
    Which proved but coloured water.
Then Alfred, too, renown was his,
    The famous village bowler,
Received a ball upon his phiz,
    But only lost a molar.
While Mr. Jones
Had bust no bones
    That time he met the roller.
And so where Death itself had ceased,
    The Sexton soon grew tired;
The graveyard had he nearly leased,
    His picks and shovels hired,
When old McGown
Lost half-a-crown,
    And thereupon expired.
The Sexton figured out his bill,
    And, naturally elated,
Went in to hear them read the Will,
    In which ’twas clearly stated
That old McGown
Be shipped to town
    And quietly cremated.
This broke his heart, the Sexton pined,
    His thoughts grew black as thunder,
And when at last the man resigned,
    The Parish couldn’t wonder.
And when he died
Of wounded pride,
    The new man dug him under.

—S.E.
Acting under the impression that the "play was the thing" wherein, if not "to catch the conscience of the king," at least to draw the interest of students generally towards the Debating Society, the committee arranged for a series of dramatic readings to take place during the Long Vacation. In all, some thirteen plays were read, and the Reading Circles qua Reading Circles can now justly be pronounced to have been a distinct success; but as regards the secondary object with which they were arranged, that is, of increasing interest in the work of the Debating Society, the time is yet too soon to speak.

Of the thirteen plays read, six were by Bernard Shaw, two by Oscar Wilde, and one play each was contributed by Galsworthy, Bennett, Ibsen, Goldsmith, and—William Shakspere. The Committee would have gladly included more plays by this Mr. Shakspere, but, unhappily, its chairman was a simple soul, whose spirit took no joy in the reckless massacring of blank verse, and after the reading of "Twelfth Night," poetic drama was shunned.

The Society began its session this year with a public debate—"That only by the success of the Labour movement can organised society continue to exist." Mr. Edward Tregear was kind enough to lead the debate. He was seconded by Mr. John Robertson, M.P. for Otaki. The motion was opposed on behalf of the Society by Messrs. Watson and Sievwright. Mr. Tregear, as is well known, is one of the accredited, and certainly one of the most respected, leaders of Labour in New Zealand. But on this occasion, we confess we were not a little disappointed by Mr. Tregear's opening speech. With a great opportunity to enlist the sympathy of a large body of interested students, in the objective of the Labour body, Mr. Tregear sadly neglected his opportunities by indulging in many irrelevancies, and in not
confining himself to an exposition of those principles for which organised Labour stands. We don't in the least agree with him that a man is unfitted to possess and administer large estates to-day, because his great-great-grandmother was a mistress of Charles II. But if Mr. Tregear was disappointing, Mr. Watson, in opening, was heart-breaking. We thought better of thee, G. G. Though he had really no argument to reply to, Mr. Watson did not drive that fact home to the audience. Mr. Watson is, we understand, an Honours student in Economics, and he stated at an early stage of his address that he proposed to pulverise any argument that could be advanced for Socialism by showing its economic fallacies. He forgot to do so. We were also sorry to note the absence from Mr. Watson's address of that "sweet reasonableness" that had characterised Mr. Tregear's speech. Mr. Robertson made a very capable and effective reply to Mr. Watson's arguments. Mr. Sievwright, in seconding Mr. Watson, dwelt upon the influence that Socialism would have upon the morals of the community. The debate was a highly successful one, from the point of view of the audience. It is clear that the Society is moving in the right direction in arranging these debates.

The first "regular" meeting of the Society was held on 25th April, when Mr. H. E. Evans, seconded by Mr. W. F. Hogg, moved "That the Massey Government has merited the confidence of the people of New Zealand." Mr. Leary, seconded by Mr. Ewart, opposed. The debate was well attended, and very successful. The judge (Rev. Mr. Herries) placed the first five speakers as follows:—1st, Mr. Evans; 2nd, Mr. Moss; 3rd, Mr. Sievwright; 4th, Mr. Leary; 5th, Mr. McNiven.

At the second meeting, on 9th May, Mr. Cornish, seconded by Mr. Cunningham, moved: "That the deportation of the Labour leaders in the recent South African strike was justified." Messrs. Byrne and Sievwright opposed. The meeting was wretchedly attended. Mr. D. S. Smith placed the following:—Messrs. Cunningham, Watson, Sievwright, and Schmidt (equal), Byrne, and Rogers.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Sievwright upon winning the Union Prize for 1913. Probably no previous winner has ever put in more arduous and determined work. Mr. Sievwright's success proved that genius is "the capacity for taking infinite pains." We have also to congratulate Mr. Borer, who was awarded the New Speaker's Prize.

Perhaps it would not be out of place here to put in a plea on behalf of the Debating Society. The Society is one that,
should appeal to all students. It is the one Society at the College that provides a common ground upon which all may meet for discussion of topics of the day. By means of the Plunket Medal Contest, and public debates, it brings the student into contact with the public. By means of reading circles it constitutes a bond between students during the vacations. At present the Society is wretchedly supported. Just come along and give it a hand.

V.U.C.W.D.S.

During the first term this Society remained quiescent. The annual general meeting was held at the commencement of the first term, and was fairly representative. Owing to the shortness of the term, and to the stress of Capping preparations, no further meetings were held. What might have been audience for a debate, was generally found at Dorcas meetings on the top floor.

The Society began its ordinary meetings by a very successful evening on June 12th. The programme was one of impromptu speeches. Each speaker was allowed three minutes. Miss Watson, President of the Society, was judge. Nine members spoke, Miss Edwards being awarded first place.

We would take this opportunity of reminding all women students that this Society is going to be very much in existence this year. It should play a very active part in the life of the College. It is the Society in which women students of this College can best cultivate the formation of individual opinion, and forceful, eloquent expression of such.

A very attractive syllabus has been arranged for this year, but is intended in no wise to detract from attention to the syllabus of the main Society. One of the aims of our branch is to fit women speakers to come forward and speak in debates held on Saturday night.

THE PLUNKET MEDAL COMPETITION, 1913.

The Plunket Medal Competition for Oratory was held in the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall on Saturday, 4th October, 1913, at 8 p.m.
The judges this year were the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Ward, Messrs. C. B. Morison, K.C., and C. E. Statham, M.P.

The competitors spoke as follows:—

Mr. F. E. McKenzie, B.A., on “The Duke of Marlborough.” Mr. McKenzie was a speaker unaccustomed to platform oratory, and it is not surprising to note that he was exceedingly unhappy in the matter of gesture, vocal delivery, and stagecraft generally. He opened in strenuous tones, and with some gestures strongly reminiscent of the bayonet exercises. Except in the matter of gesture, his speech greatly improved as he proceeded. Mr. McKenzie did not seem to realize that a speaker may impress an audience by restraint, dignity, a sense of something held in reserve, even more than he can by the adoption of the “big bow-wow” style. We can’t, for the life of us, understand why Mr. McKenzie should apply to the Duke of Marlborough, Shelley’s fine lines on Keats.

In clear contrast with Mr. McKenzie, Miss M. L. Nicholls spoke on “Joan of Arc” with a fine delicacy, pathos and restraint. Her enunciation and pronunciation were excellent; her gestures, few but most apt and happy, and her stage presence as appealing as the wicked hour of midnight. We are unwilling to criticize Miss Nicholls’s speech at all adversely, but we do wonder that Miss Nicholls did not attempt to analyse the character of Joan of Arc. We shrewdly suspect that she did not want to alarm the muddleheads who still flourish in our midst.

Mr. C. A. L. Treadwell, in his speech on “Joseph Chamberlain,” opened quietly but confidently. He was, in fact, a thought too confident, and became at times almost dictatorial. His use of the “pause” was very effective, and he shared with Miss Nicholls the honour of being the most cultured speaker of the evening. His speech was, in our opinion, a decided improvement on his previous ones. He was forceful and free throughout, and his gestures, though too few, were admirable. We must suppose, in charity, that the judges had good reasons for not placing Mr. Treadwell a very close second to Miss Nicholls, but frankly confess we are unable to perceive one.

Mr. Meldrum spoke on “Dean Swift.” In point of matter this was one of the best speeches of the evening, but in point of manner it was execrable. Mr. Meldrum gave a very fair and impartial estimate of Swift’s character and works. His voice, unhappily, was unequal to the demands made upon it, and his reckless use of the upper register soon reduced it to a condition
of huskiness, that became more and more irritating as his speech proceeded. His gestures were spasmodic, jerky, and as mechanical as the action of a railway engine. His speech was largely arranged in the form of a series of climaxes, which tended to become monotonous, and brought him at times dangerously near to bathos.

Mr. A. B. Sievwright spoke on "William Pitt, the Great Commoner." Mr. Sievwright and Mr. McKenzie had many faults in common. No restraint, no half lights, misuse of the voice, and a gross extravagance of gesture. But while Mr. McKenzie's gestures reminded one of the bayonet exercises, Mr. Sievwright's gesticulations made one think he had been studying the action of the sails of a windmill. Mr. Sievwright's matter did not impress us, and his pronunciation was wicked. We didn't in the least like wuldl and wurrld (world), orrl (all), retardid, hez (has), inarrt (inert), corrud (cord), brot, glorrecteous, etc., etc.

It was quite a pleasant change to hear Mr. McConnell's light tenor after the booming basses. Mr. McConnell spoke on "Florence Nightingale." He had the Irishman's usual appeal and natural eloquence and ease on the platform, and touches of naivety throughout his speech were not unwelcome. The chief defect in the speech was a certain lack of force and life.

Mr. O. Borer had chosen as his subject "Lord Lister." We fear that Mr. Borer will never achieve fame as a public speaker. He lacks the first requisite. He has not the faintest, remotest, least suspicion of a sense of humour. We quite sympathise with Mr. Borer's wish to shed light upon the little known life of Lord Lister, but why he should have given us the harrowing details of Lord Lister's laboratory experiments, we don't know. It wasn't kind, and it very nearly caused Professor Picken to suffer from apoplexy. Mr. Borer's gestures were incongruous and grotesque, and at one stage nearly endangered the life of people in the front row.

Mr. Rogers, the last speaker, treated "The Life of Gladstone." His gestures were stilted, he does not know what modulation is, and his pronunciation left much to be desired, e.g., "essit" (asset), "edggersated." His speech generally was colourless and unconvincing—a perfectly orthodox piece of recitation.

The judges, after consultation, placed Miss Nicholls, first; Mr. Sievwright, second; Mr. McConnell, third; and Mr. Treadwell, fourth. We quite agree with the award as to the first and third places.
Christian Union.

The general meetings during this term dealt with subjects bearing on the basis of the movement. These have been arranged with a view to making clear to all exactly what they are committing themselves to by signing the declaration of active membership. The question of signing a membership slip has been left over until next term, and the fact that joining a Bible Study Circle does not in any way commit a student to holding our tenets, has been emphasised. The Bible Study text book is Oldham's Mark.

The practice of having a Mission Study once in every four weeks has been dropped, and fortnightly Mission Study Circles are being arranged for those who wish to do Mission Study. The Text Book is Mott's "Decisive Hour."

On July 11th Mr. D. Crawford, who is known as Livingstone's successor in Africa, will address the students. He was for 22 years in the heart of Africa, and is the author of "Thinking Black." As a speaker he has a great reputation, so there is evidently a treat in store for V.C.

Throughout the long vacation a vigorous circle of 25 members met fortnightly, under the leadership of the Rev. A. T. Brainsby, in Victoria College, Wellington, to study the "Fact of Christ." by Carnegie Sampson. Keen discussions of a specially interesting character resulted.

This year the Annual Conference was held at Woodville. There was a record attendance of 158 students, and the camping arrangements were carried out with a thoroughness that is characteristic of the Secretaries, Miss Abernethy and Mr. Young. The Study Book was "Thy Kingdom Come," a series of six studies arranged by the Rev. John MacKenzie, and based on "Christ's Message of the Kingdom," by Prof. A. G. Hogg, M.A. The study of this book gave to many a fresh vision of Christ, and pressed home the great truth that the powers of the Kingdom are available for all who will lay hold of them by believing in prayer.

On Saturday a One Day Conference, based on Annual Conference lines, was held at Belmont, Lower Hutt. Though the weather in town was somewhat threatening, 70 students caught the train for Belmont, where a very full programme was gone through. We were addressed by Miss Wilson and Mr. Young and by several of our own students.
Students who had been to Woodville felt that the speakers had made the spirit of Conference theirs, and were passing it on. "Freshers" had put before them the methods and ideals of the movement, and those seeking the truth were invited to "Come and see Him in whom is no darkness at all."

The Graduates' Association.

This Association was founded by some of the first graduates of our College in 1906. In doing this they had the example of other colleges before them, and so, as the constitution puts the matter, the Association was founded "to enable graduates to express a collective opinion on matters affecting them educationally or academically." The chief matter on which a collective opinion has been expressed is University Reform. The Association also takes a great part in elections to the University Senate and to the College Council.

The ninth annual meeting was held on March 30th. Resolutions were carried deploiring the refusal of the Government to appoint a Royal Commission on University Reform, and recommending the incoming committee to promote that reform in every way possible. The Annual Report stated that in consequence of purging the rolls of names of those who have ceased to be effective members, there was a nominal decrease in membership. On the other hand, however, there has been a notable increase in active members, and the subscriptions have increased. The membership is over 100, and the funds show a credit balance of £5 10s.

Wanted, by practical Gardener, Work, 1 or 2 days a week. Apply Practical, Evening Post.

Evidently he wants a Garden of Eden. Here's a shining example of the oppressed worker. For further particulars, apply to G. W.
The boisterous weather which has visited Wellington, and apparently taken up its permanent residence here, has seriously militated against the good old game, and so far only two senior club matches, one junior, and one third-grade match have been played. Nevertheless, the results so far are by no means unsatisfactory, and, when one considers that at the time of writing University has to its credit 72 points, and only 24 against it, it must be held that our football is at last coming into its own. I have always held that the true test of a club's strength is its vigour in the lower grades, and I am naturally optimistic in finding that 18 men journeyed to Porirua to uphold the honour of the Third Grade, and did uphold it handsomely. The Thirds are an eager, vigorous lot, and should be heard of this year. The Juniors are somewhat light in the forwards, but must also be reckoned with. The Seniors have so far not had a win, but they have met the two strongest teams in the competition, and have already secured quite a following "on the bank."

We must congratulat Mr. P. J. Ryan on his election to the position of Club Captain, which he holds in addition to that of captain of his side. After the game against the Athletics, an old Athletic player informed the writer that Ryan was, in his opinion, the best five-eighths in Wellington. This is encouraging both to the team and to the individual. Another good player is Prussing, also seen on the five-eighths line. He belongs to Masterton, but we are hoping to keep him in Wellington. Robertson has once more donned the jersey, and Luke—erstwhile captain of Wellington College—is a worthy substitute to Quilliam. Of the other players, most played last year, but the additional experience of a year is already making
itself felt. I would not be surprised if, before the season ends, more than one veteran team in the Senior competition met its Waterloo at the hands of University—but then, I always was an optimist.

I cannot conclude without noting one pleasing feature in the play of all three College teams—signs of individual training. Many a College match, hard-fought throughout, has been lost in the last quarter-hour through want of that essential factor—soundness of wind. But no one who saw the strenuous game against Athletics can say that University did not put just as much energy into the second half as into the first.

The results of the individual matches are as follows:—

SENIOR FIFTEEN.
(Captain: P. J. Ryan.)
v. Wellington. Lost by 13 to 11. University had all the worst of the luck, and should have won.
v. Athletic. Lost by 11 to 3. A magnificent game, probably the best ever played by a University Senior football team.

JUNIOR FIFTEEN.
(Captain: T. O'Shea.)
v. St. James. Won, 25 to nil. St. James, playing only nine men, abandoned the game after 20 minutes' play.

THIRD FIFTEEN.
(Captain: A. Hudson.)
v. Porirua. Won, 33 to nil. Played in the rain at Porirua Eighteen University men turned out. Porirua did not have a full team, and several of those they did have were under the mistaken idea that it was "soccer" they were playing.

The Club entered a team for the "seven-a-side," and were defeated in the semi-final by the winning team (Wellington) to the tune of 5 to nil. They were successful in beating both Selwyn and Poneke B. It appears that College would have done better had its players indulged in long passes.

IVOR DAVEY.
Last season the Club was successful in annexing the Senior Cup, and there is every prospect of this season being a successful and an eventful one for the various teams.

The Club this time decided to have an opening day at Karori Park. This took place on 18th April. The players were honoured by the presence of several of the Professors and their wives, while many 'Varsity enthusiasts of the stick game rolled up to see the fun. The Ladies' Club kindly took part in the day's sport, and generously assisted at the afternoon tea arrangements. Professor Brown, in a neat speech, declared the season open. A team of men players, attired in the latest tango colours and hobble skirts, did battle with the ladies' eleven. The score was forgotten in the general amusement and excitement which this game created.

At last our Club is known as the University Club. No longer will the cry of 'College! College!' echo across the fields.

The ranks of the Senior Eleven remain practically the same. Salek is again in the forward line, while Cockerill replaces Morice as the guardian of the net. Castle fills the vacancy in the half-line, and has fully justified his inclusion. We are still uncertain as to who is to fill the vacancy in the forward line caused by the loss of Griffiths, who now plays for Wellington. S. L. Jones filled it for the first Saturday, but Hostick will take his place in the next match.

Alas! for our once redoubtable Senior Eleven. What was wrong with the machinery when Mets. romped over them to the tune of five goals to one? Too much colour, no doubt, and perhaps the sticks—those artistic sticks—were not yet in working order. Wake up, Seniors; you must retain the cup at all costs this year!
The Junior A Eleven won their first match, after a good spectacular game. No wonder, when they are captained by that renowned war-horse, Rawdon Beare.

The Junior B Eleven, captained by Ewart, were, after the first match, in a position to sympathise with the Seniors in their defeat. Hutt Valley vanquished them by 7 goals to 1.

The Third-class team is proving a very strong combination. The first match was easily won, and all the members are enthusiastic over their chances. In fact, there is already a fine esprit de corps established amongst this team of young, keen players.

On Saturday, May 9th, while several of our players were away doing time at Takapau Camp, a seven-a-side tournament was held. The A team is still in the semi-final. Let us hope they will win. The Club usually has had luck at seven-a-side tournaments.

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LADIES’ HOCKEY CLUB.

This year the Ladies’ Hockey Club can boast of a membership of some thirty players. It has again entered a Senior team, and in addition to this a Junior team. The Senior team has been fortunate in obtaining representative players, one from each of the following places:—Hawke’s Bay, Nelson, Palmerston, Otago, and Wellington. In the first matches of the season both teams were successful in gaining victories, which is very encouraging to all the players.

The Senior team last year obtained a fair place in the championship list, but we hope this year that it will come higher still, and we also hope the Junior team will come high up on the list.
In point of numbers, the Tennis Club last year maintained its usual satisfactory position, but we regret to say that the quality of the play has not been as high as in past years. We unfortunately lost, from various causes, three members of our Senior team, and the end of the season found us bereft of the shield, which we had held for the past two years.

Owing to the inability of the Association to procure suitable courts, the usual inter-club competitions were not held last year, but after Christmas a system of inter-club challenges was introduced, by which the holders of the championships in the various grades might be challenged for their supremacy. The first challenge was by Wellington for the Senior Championship, when our representatives succeeded in repelling the attack, Fathers obtaining a good win over Jefferies. However, later in the season we were badly beaten by Brougham Hill, our players being very much out of form.

The men's Junior team played two challenges, one against Brougham Hill, and the other against Petone. In both matches we were beaten by a narrow margin. The Third Grade played one match against Brougham Hill, which they lost; and the Fourth two, one against Brougham Hill, when they succeeded in wresting the championship from that club, and the second against Trinity Church, which they also won.

Our ladies' teams played two matches, a Senior and Junior, the former against Lower Hutt, the latter against Newtown. In both we were sadly outclassed. We end up the season, therefore, the proud possessors of the Men's Fourth Grade Championship.
At the Easter tournament, our representatives, as was expected, met with little success. We must congratulate Canterbury College on their wonderful performance, in that all the finals but one were fought out between their own players.

The Club competitions have not been carried on with much interest, owing to a great extent to the fact that many of our players are away for so long during the summer school holidays. W. H. Stainton has won the Club Championship and the Professors' Shield.

The courts were top-dressed at the beginning of the season, but the usual trouble has occurred with number four court, a coating of mud having been washed on to it by some of our torrential rains. Something should be done to remedy this.

Tennis is still being played by some throughout the winter, and should the weather be suitable some profitable practice should be put in.

Victoria College Amateur Athletic Club.

The fortunes of the Athletic Club have fluctuated a good deal this year. Throughout the season the brilliant performances of various members in outside competitions led us to expect great things, but for the first time in history, we have had our name inscribed on the "Wooden Spoon." In contrast with 33 points in the McVilly Shield Competition, put up against teams including the picked athletes of New Zealand, in the University Tournament, we scored a bare 7. Incidentally, the scheme for allotting points is entirely different in each competition; this, however, does not affect the main point at issue, viz.: One was a really good performance; the other a poor one. To account for this startling difference in the results does not require the genius of a "Mercury." The trouble was that our Easter team included no field men, a position most ably filled in the McVilly Shield contest by "Tiny" Bennett. Next year we hope and pray that this defect will be remedied.
Cutting out the Easter Tournament, we can claim, in accordance with the time-honoured customs, to have had a successful year, and a record number of members. Our own sports, in spite of a southerly wind and driving rain, went off very well; and big fields, with close finishes, helped to make the afternoon interesting for those who had braved the elements. Afternoon tea in the College gymnasium provided a pleasant break at half-time, and in this connection we wish to thank all those ladies who so kindly assisted in the arrangements.

Sievwright and Karl Strack are to be congratulated in winning the best performance and most points cups respectively.

The results of the various events were as follows:—


3 Mile Handicap.—A. Hudson (scr.), 1; H. Williams (180yds.), 2; S. R. Ellis (350yds.), 3. Time, 15min. 36 3-5sec—College Record.

High Jump.—G. Strack (2in.), 5ft. 4in., 1; K. Strack (4in.), 5ft. 2in., 2.

120yds. Hurdles.—K. Strack (5yds.), 1; G. Strack (scr.), 2. Time, 17 3-5sec.

440yds. Hurdles.—K. Strack (15yds.), 1; C. Strack (scr.), 2; G. Strack (scr.), 3. Time, 66 2-5sec. (See Prof. Kirk on Heredity and Environment.)

220yds. Flat.—Final—H. Tily (22yds.), 1; A. B. Buxton (22yds.), 2; I. Robinson (3 yds.), 3. Time, 24 1-5sec.

440yds. Flat.—H. Buckley (20yds.), 1; I. Robinson (12yds.), 2; A. East (8yds.), 3. Time, 54 4-5sec. Buckley put in a great finish, and won by about 12yds.

880yds. Flat.—A. F. Meldrum (50yds.), 1; C. McNiven (50yds.), 2; H. Williams (10yds.), 3. Time, 2min. 14 4-5sec. At the end of the first round Shaw (scr.) looked a certain winner, but he had run himself out, and actually lost ground in the second lap. His time for the first 440 was 56sec., which is remarkably good.
One Mile Flat.—J. Rigg (50yds.), 1; A. Hudson (scr.), 2; L. J. Shaw (40yds.), 3. Time, 4min. 48 3-5sec. Hudson passed all the field in the beginning of the last lap, but Rigg, running with great judgment, hung close behind him, and sprinted past in the final burst.

Putting the Shot (Handicap).—W. Bennett (scr.), 1; L. A. Rogers (9ft.), 2. Distance, 32ft. 4in. (Why isn’t “Tiny” eligible for Easter?)

One Mile Walk.—A. B. Sievwright (scr.), 1; W. Rowntree (200yds.), 2. Time, 7min. 10 3-5sec. A College record. Sievwright walked in his usual faultless style, and won as he liked.

The inter-faculty contest resulted in an easy win for Arts and Science.

Cricket.

"How is this reason (which is their reason) to gauge a scholar's worth
By casting a ball at three straight sticks and defending the same with a fourth."

—Kipling.

There are some optimists in the Cricket Club. At the beginning of each season they anticipate with confidence a match with the Professorial Board—which is another way of saying that the Senior Eleven will win the Championship. That match has not yet been played, but with the team we had in the field last season, it should have been.

During the season we met Otago 'Varsity at Dunedin, and Canterbury College in Wellington. At Easter the first inter-Island 'Varsity cricket match was played in Christchurch. We were represented in the game by Atmore, Broad, Dempsey, and Caddick. Dempsey skippered the North Island team. After the match, a meeting of delegates from the four colleges was held. It was decided to make the fixture an annual one, and rules deciding eligibility of players were drawn up.
The Senior Eleven has been disappointing during the past season. It was probably the strongest eleven we have ever put in the field, and yet it succeeded in winning only three games. Bad fielding was noticeable. Indeed, the match against Petone was thrown away by wretched mis-catching at the most critical stage of the game. Practically no fielding practice was indulged in last year, and we have seen how disastrous the result has been. Given the same team next year, and provided that the members practice seriously and steadily, we shall have that match yet. Frank Joplin and G. Howe are to be congratulated on winning places in the Wellington representative team. Joplin played against Canterbury, Southland, Otago, Auckland, Australia; and Howe against Auckland, Hawke's Bay, Australia (twice), and Canterbury. We have been greatly helped during the season by the advice and example of Mr. Arthur Fenton, whose untiring energy and unfailing persistence have given us an example of the way the game should be played.

SENIOR ELEVEN.

Matches played, 9; Won, 3; Lost, 6.

v. Central.—Lost by seven wickets. Central, 206 and 16 for three wickets. College, first innings, 69 (Howe 16); second innings, 152. Birch (41) and Dempsey (35) batted very well. Other scorers were: Beechy 27, Dickson 14, Fanning 13. Fenton took three wickets for 44, and Duncan three for 42.

v. Old Boys.—Lost by 50 runs on first innings. College, 214 (Joplin 66, Beechy 48, Atmore 27, Dickson 13, Dempsey 11); Old Boys, 264 and 52 for five wickets. In their first innings Macintosh took five wickets for 71 runs.

v. Hutt.—Won by 275 runs on first innings. It rained, and Fanning won the toss. Oh, lucky Jim! Rejoicing greatly, we went to the wickets, and scored 374 for eight wickets (innings declared closed). Joplin (116) and Birch (103 not out) batted splendidly, putting on 167 for the third wicket. Other scorers were: Atmore 41, Howe 30, Fenton 28, Beechy 21. Hutt made 99 when they went to the crease. Duncan (three for 14), Dickson (two for 14), and Macintosh (two for 19) bowled well for us.

v. East B.—Lost by 65 runs on first innings. Our fielding was not up to the mark. College, 172 (Beechy 47, Howe 46, Fenton 20, Atmore 16, Duncan 10); East B, 232.
v. East A.—Won by 89 runs on first innings. We opened disastrously, having lost four wickets for 17 runs. However, Uncle Jim and Atmore smote the bowling cheerfully. It was all alike to them. The crowd especially enjoyed Fanning’s "side-steps" to the leg side as he smote the ball heavenwards. We made 198 (Fenning 45, Atmore 44, Macintosh 32, Fenton 27, Dempsey 12, Caddick 11); East A, 109. Fenton bowled splendidly for College, taking eight wickets for 41 runs.

v. Petone.—Lost by two wickets (and bad fielding). College, 114 (Joplin 26, Dempsey 20, Dickson 20, Atmore 13, Howe 11) and 120 (Griffiths 27, Joplin 15, Fenton 20, Dempsey 14). Petone, 153 and 84 for eight wickets. Members are silent as to who dropped those catches.

v. East A.—Lost by 33 runs. Our fielding was again weak. College 81 (Howe 24, Fenton 16 not out); East A, 114.

v. North.—Lost by an innings and 66 runs. This was our worst defeat. College first innings, 115 (Fenton 31, Dickson 23, Birch 12, Dempsey 11, Atmore 11); second innings, 102 (Birch 43, Caddick 16, Fenton 11). North, 273.

v. Hutt.—Won by 3 runs on first innings. This proved an exciting finish. We wanted 50 to win when Howe joined Caddick, eight wickets being down. The latter foolishly threw his wicket away when 14 runs were still wanted, but Duncan and Howe just secured the necessary runs. College 154 (Birch 34, Howe 27, Caddick 23, Joplin 16, Dempsey 14). Fenton (five for 40) again bowled excellently. It seems strange to us that Fenton did not gain a place in the representative team.

Batting Averages.—Birch, 27.36 (11th for Wellington); F. Joplin, 24.7; Atmore, 20.2; Howe, 18.66; Fenton, 18; Beechey, 16.7; Dempsey, 13.5; Dickson, 11.75.

Bowling.—Fenton, 49 wickets, average 14.4; Dempsey, 7 wickets, average 16; Dickson, 25 wickets, average 19.6; Macintosh, 13, average 19.6; Duncan, 13 wickets, average 19.9. Fenton secured the highest aggregate of wickets for all clubs during the season.

JUNIOR ELEVEN.

Matches played, 9; Won, 3; Lost, 6.

The Junior Eleven, so far from obtaining the fine record of the previous season, finished eighth on the Championship list. The cause of this falling away from grace is not hard to seek.
Faulty fielding lost three matches, and irresolute batting another.

Lack of practice was responsible for much of the failure. Our batsmen are good enough, but too uncertain in form to create much confidence. The bowling figures would suggest a weak attack; but in reality the bowlers would have done well enough but for that particular bête noire of dropped catches. The slip fielding in particular was on many occasions too bad for words.

**v. East.**—Won by six wickets. College, 84 and 73 for four wickets. Longhurst 35 (not out) and 22, Stott 14 and 10, Graham 19. East, 94 and 56 (four men short second innings). Bruce (three for 22, and Martin, three for 27) bowled well.

**v. Porirua.**—Lost by four wickets. Faulty fielding threw the game away. Porirua, 187 and 42 for six wickets. College, 72 and 156 (Ward 36, Graham 32, Broad 30, Bruce 20, Longhurst 17). Broad took four wickets for 34, Martin three for 22, and Duncan three for 17. A good recovering was made in second innings, but four chances were dropped while we were in the field the second time. Alas! Likewise—er, yes!

**v. Petone.**—Lost by an innings and 28. Unlike the Seniors, we lost the toss, and fielded all the afternoon in the rain. College, 43 and 197 (Caddick 70, A. Miller 31, Broad 30, Morton 16, Stott 16, Ward 15). Petone, 268. Longhurst took six wickets for 68. The lost toss meant a lost game.

**v. Artillery.**—We were no match for the team that ultimately won the Championship, and lost by an innings. Artillery, 212. College, 59 and 72 (Ward 26 not out, Broad 14, Caddick 10, Longhurst 10). Ward took three wickets for 16.

**v. Old Boys.**—Lost by six wickets after leading on first innings. Our batting utterly broke down on the second day. College, 80 (Bruce 35, A. Miller 11) and 69 (Martin 20 not out, Ward 11). Old Boys, 63, and four for 90. Martin (five for 28, and G. Miller (three for 52) shared the bowling honours.

**v. Brooklyn.**—Won by 88 runs. College, 187 (C. Joplin 53 not out, Broad 40, Ward 20, O’Shea 17, Le Grove 11), and eight for 149 (Joplin 54 not out, Broad 22, Ward 20, Morton 20). Brooklyn, 98 and 151. Wickets were obtained by Ward (six for 60) and G. Miller (eight for 65).

**v. Wellington College.**—Lost by 97 runs on first innings. Fielding again! We made 145 (Ward 27, O’Shea 20, G,
Miller 30, Martin 13 not out), and 201 (Broad 50, C. Joplin 47, Longhurst 20, Willis 24). Wellington College made 242. Bruce took six wickets for 70.

v. North.—Lost on first innings by 19 runs. Still the tale of the dropped catch! North, 148 and 264 for three wickets. College made 129 (Willis 23, Castle 23 not out, Bruce 17, Broad 15), and 96 for five wickets (Castle 36, Broad 20, O'Shea 12).

v. Hutt.—Won by an innings and 43 runs. In this game the team played as it should always have done. College, 263 (Castle 63, O'Shea 49, Salmond 44, Broad 20, Bruce 33, Ward 15). Hutt, 117 and 102. Martin (five for 43, O'Shea (six for 69), and Ward (six for 46) bowled best for us.

Batting Averages.—Joplin, 81; Caddick, 22; O'Shea, 21; Broad, 18.17; Castle, 15.2; Ward, 15.13; Willis, 14.7; Longhurst, 14; Bruce, 10.5.

Bowling Averages.—Ward, 18 wickets, average 12.8; G. Miller, 29 wickets, average 13.7; Broad, 15 wickets, average 15.9; Martin, 22 wickets, average 18.9; Bruce, 10 wickets, average 22.8.

THIRD ELEVEN.

The Third Eleven has not had a very successful season so far as the winning of matches is concerned, but it is a joyous little company, and has intimated its intention of practising hard next season.

v. Central.—An auspicious opening to a successful (?) season. After punishing the opposing bowling for at least ten minutes, our tenth wicket fell with the score at—well, we won’t mention it. Top scorer, Mr. “Extras.” Despite Barney’s “googlies” and “wrong ‘uns,” the other side won.

v. North.—Very exciting for the other side. Robertson’s little finger nearly knocked off by our fast bowler (?). Mr. “Extras” again busy.

v. Karori.—Best game of the season. We went in first, and compiled a fair score (about 50, in fact), of which O'Shea made 20. Karori’s innings closed when they were 10 ahead. O'Shea’s bowling terrified the suburbanites. Note.—We turned out with 14 men. As we had a lady scorer, the extra men helped to score.
v. Saint David's.—Our bowling improved quite out of sight. In fact, it was over the fence most of the time. Score forgotten. "'Tis better thus."

v. Johnsonville.—A delightful trip to the country, although wet. On inspecting the wicket, we decided that discretion was the better part of valour. Having formally declared the game won by default, we decamped. Our first (and last) win.

v. Old Boys.—Same old story. Despite Jerry's eloquence, the game went the way of all our games. Butcher complained that he had left his bag at home.

VICTORIA COLLEGE v. OTAGO 'VARSITY.

Our second encounter with Otago 'Varsity took place on the Carisbrook Ground, Dunedin, on December 26th and 27th, under ideal weather conditions, and proved to be one of the most enjoyable games of the season. Dempsey lost the toss to Tweedy, who sent Otago in to bat on an excellent wicket. Their score had reached 168 when the last wicket fell, Tweedy making 59, and Uttley 22. Dempsey (three for 42), Martin (three for 46), and Duncan (two for 34) obtained most of the wickets.

Our first wicket fell at 16, but Broad and Howe took the score to 48 before the former was dismissed. Good stands were made by the fourth wicket (F. Joplin and Caddick), and the fifth wicket (F. Joplin and McCaw), our innings closing for 253. F. Joplin batted splendidly, treating all bowling alike. His score of 117 included 19 fours. The other double figure scorers were Howe (34), Caddick (28), McCaw (24), Broad (14), Dempsey (10).

In their second innings, Otago, batting much more vigorously, made 263 for seven wickets, Tweedy (84) and Bannerman (52 not out) being chief scorers. Our second innings realised 99 for two wickets. F. Joplin again batted well, scoring 52 not out; Broad made 31 not out. The game was thus drawn.

Our thanks are due to the Otago men for their very hospitable treatment of our team. We carried with us from Dunedin many pleasant memories. The trip was good, but, as Fred. Martin (H.B.P.) would say, "Dunedin is always good, especially—."
VICTORIA COLLEGE v. CANTERBURY COLLEGE.

We met Canterbury College on January 21st and 22nd on Wellington College ground, and after many weary years of trying, at last managed to defeat them.

Canterbury batted first, and scored 115 (Guiney 26, Gurnsey 29). Dempsey bowled well, taking seven wickets for 43, while Morton secured three for 16. In our first innings we made 306. Broad, the reliable (54), tired the Canterbury bowlers, one of whom, in desperation, bowled at him under-hand. Griffiths (62) batted well, and C. Joplin "whanged" lustily for 45. Atmore (43) batted in his usual good style. Others scorers were Dempsey 23, Fanning 20, Martin 18.

Canterbury, in the second innings, made 287. Hollis (78) out-Broaded Broad for patience. Luttrell scored 51 very breezily, and Moore (55) and Smith (54) also batted well.

Requiring 97 runs to win, and having 45 minutes to get them in, we commenced our second innings. Griffiths (43) and Fanning (45) scored the runs, with ten minutes to spare, each hitting vigorously. V.C. accordingly won by nine wickets.

Victoria College University Boxing Club.

During the summer vacation the Boxing Club held a series of meetings, with a view to preparing for the Inter-University Boxing Tournament. The team, as originally selected, included Messrs. E. Stewart and J. D. Brosnan. Unfortunately, neither of these was able to compete, the former owing to an injured hand, and the latter owing to pressure of work. Thus deprived of its two best boxers, the team was necessarily a weak one, and we were unable to send representatives in either the Heavy or Feather classes. Our men, however, all put up good fights, and Hudson succeeded in getting into the final of the "Welter" weight, while Hudson won the Light-weight Championship.

The points scored by the various Colleges were:—

Otago—2 wins (Middle and Welter).
Auckland—1 win (Heavy).
Canterbury—1 win (Feather).
Victoria College—1 win (Light).
The results of the various bouts were as follows:

**Welter Weights.—First Round.**

H. McP. Marshall (Otago) a bye.

W. Dudson (1ost. 9lb.) defeated Jolly (Canterbury), 1ost. 4lb.

Dudson made all the fighting, and easily outclassed Jolly.

**Final.**


In this bout Dudson met a really good man. Marshall opened out willingly, and showed plenty of pace, combined with skill. He proved very successful with his left. Dudson put up a good fight, but was rather hampered by insufficient training.

**Feather Weight.**

J. R. Cuthbert (Otago), 8st. 10½lb., was defeated by V. Holderness (Canterbury), 8st. 9lb. The verdict went easily to Holderness.

**Light Weight.**

A. Hudson (V.C.), 9st. 2½lb., beat Reed (Otago), 9st. 5½lb.

Götz (Canterbury), on account of being in the tennis finals, did not box, so this bout was the final. In the first round it was chiefly give and take, Hudson doing the bulk of the leading. In the two following rounds Hudson went right after his man, and by means of a tempestuous attack soon tired out his more scientific opponent.

**Middle Weight.—First Round.**

Jolly (Canterbury) a bye.

T. H. Nisbet (Otago), 1ost. 8¾lb., beat A. F. Meldrum (V.C.), 11st. 2lb. In the opening round Nisbet did most of the leading, but Meldrum put up a sound defence, and gave evidence of a very powerful left. Nisbet had a very long body punch, and, in the close fighting, showed up well with brilliant rights and lefts. With a little more attack, Meldrum might have won, but as it was the verdict was easily Nisbet's.

In the final, Nisbet secured an easy victory over Jolly (Canterbury).

**Heavy Weights.**

In the final, McLean (Auckland) defeated T. Denniston (Otago). Denniston gave a fine exhibition of forceful fighting, but he was quite outclassed by McLean's steady scientific defence. In the final round the Otago man slowed off somewhat, and McLean made most of the leading.
Owing to the demand of the capping choruses on the musical talent of the College, the Glee Club has had to curtail its term considerably to allow its members more freedom for attending the capping practices. This, combined with the unusual shortness of the first term, prevented the Club from getting the start the enthusiasm of its members merited.

But now that capping is over, and an examless term lies before us, there is every prospect of a most successful year. It is urged that all members continue to show the enthusiasm that has already been displayed, and do their level best to make the Club a success.

This term is to be the term of the year. Within the first eight weeks the Club will endeavour to hold a concert to the Missions to Seamen, while the annual concert and dance will be held at the end of the term. The Porirua trip, which, unfortunately, was put off last year, will be held after the November examinations.

The membership last term was very nearly complete, and there are only a few vacancies remaining. Consequently, all students who are desirous of joining the Club are urged to do so immediately, as the Club can on no account allow its membership to be overcrowded.
The University Christian Social Service League.

As the result of the Student Movement Conference held at Woodville at the end of last year, some developments in the work of the League have taken place. In the first place, Social Service Leagues have been established in Christchurch and Dunedin. There are consequently now organisations like our own in each of the other three centres. In the second place, it appeared at Woodville that the simplification of organisation, where possible, is in itself a social reform. The practical result of this conclusion has been the closing of the Girls’ Club in Jacob’s Place, carried on by the Women’s Branch, and the linking up of the women’s work with that of the Young Women’s Christian Association. The latter institution, with its greater equipment, and ampler resources had recently undertaken work for girls on the lines of the Girls’ Club. Accordingly the League transferred its equipment (though not without money or price), its workers and as many as possible of the girls attending the Girls’ Club to the Y.W.C.A. The Women’s Branch reports that more effective work is being done under the new conditions than under the old. The chief disadvantage is that fewer of the poorest girls are now being reached. It is a question for consideration whether this disadvantage outweighs the advantages of the new arrangement.

As a further outcome of the Woodville Conference, it was resolved to obtain accurate information as to the religious and social life of some of the smaller towns in New Zealand. Lists of questions have been prepared, and are being sent to the League’s members and helpers in the country districts of the Wellington Province. The same lists are being circulated in the other Provincial Districts. By the end of the year, some reliable and useful information should be available.

The Men’s Branch continues its educational work at the Boys’ Institute. There are 20 boys on the roll, and the average attendance is 12. The boys are taught for the Sixth Standard Proficiency Examination. The Inspector’s examination should take place three months hence.

Once a month the Men’s Branch provides speakers for the Sunday evening meetings for boys.
The League was invited by the Social Democratic Party to provide an address on the subject of "The Evolution of Law." The invitation was accepted, and the address given in the Esperanto Hall on 18th May last. Though questions were rife at its close, the most friendly spirit pervaded the meeting, and a further invitation was promised. The League feels that great good can be done by such friendly interchanges of thought.

Opportunities for service continue to open out. The adaptation of the Workers' Educational Association, and of the Adult School Movement to New Zealand needs is a task worthy of accomplishment by the League as soon as may be. Other duties, however, press insistently on the League's members, and this piece of work must be postponed for a time. Perhaps our College Professors have already bethought themselves of the adaptation of the Workers' Educational Association to the needs of this Democracy of ours!

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Correspondence.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—If we cannot still march with the old Company, it seems we can still help it.

As your readers know, there are always a number of 'extras to be provided, which make all the difference to the efficiency and comfort of the Company.

Pending the creation of a comprehensive Hon. Ter. scheme, perhaps the best way we can help would be to have our names carried upon an honorary Company list, for which we shall be privileged to pay, say, half-a-crown a year. Sergeant E. Prideaux (whose address is P.O. Box No. 483, Wellington) has kindly consented to act as Treasurer of the subscriptions raised.

May we ask all old members of the Company to give the movement their hearty moral and financial support.—We have etc.,

F. L. G. West, Lieut.        Trevor Holmden, Sergt.
S. A. Atkinson, Lieut.       R. H. Quilliam, Corpl.
Rev. B. H. W.-rd.—Yes, even a caretaker will turn.

Prof. G. W. von Z.—True! Times have changed. Even we remember a time when Professors, with their wives, wandered along to College dances and similar wearinesses to the flesh. In accordance with your suggestion, the SPIKE will, in future, publish the record of professorial attendances at such resorts.


G. G. G. W-t-s-n.—(1) We are ashamed of you. When debt collectors come to College again to dun you, don’t try to blame the Stud. Ass. It isn’t gallant. (2) Yes. It is rather annoying to have the police ringing you up at 8 a.m. But if you will do these things, you can’t expect them to be kept secret for ever, can you? (3) Joke rejected. Humour even more ponderous than usual.

G. S. Str-c.k.—The Star Boating Club advises us that swimming and boating are kindred sports, and are generally taken together. We have written to the Royal Humane Society. Still it was hard to have the boat owner quoting, “There is no great comfort in this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him.”

H. H. D-n--ll.—Glad to hear you enjoyed yourself at Easter. Motoring is a pleasant pastime. How many times were you warned for being fast?

J-s. Br--k.—We are glad to hear that your book, “The Great Illusion,” or “How to Avert Ward,” is to be published this year.
T. O'Sh--.--.—We do not believe that you are the champion elocutionist; but we know from our own experience that you cannot recite "Crossing the Bar" without tears.

"N."—Afraid your "poem" won't do for SPIKE. You should have tried the man in charge of capping programmes. However, to encourage you, we publish four lines:—
Our army is certainly "Godley,"
And Mac. says our schools are as well;
But according to Garland and Bodley
The scholars are heading for h—.

O. W. Williams, T. Milligan, Rev. R. Wood.—Not space.

S. W. D-mp-s-y.—No. We do not know why he should call you "the Hayseed."

EXCHANGES.


In Memoriam

Norris Mansfield.