



VICTORIA COLLEGE

tudents' Carnival

CONCERT CHAMBER,
Town Hall

Friday, 20th June, 1919



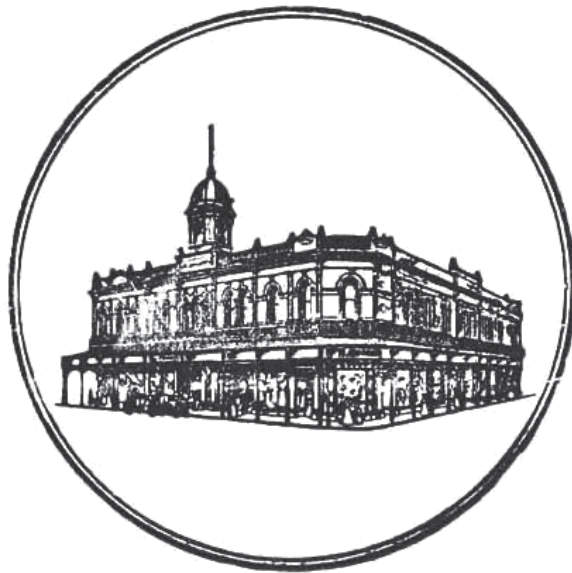
CAPPING DAY

Thou thinkest what a little foolery governs the world.

—SELDEN

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

Focus your attention on this!



Then think of a new
EVENING GOWN

GEORGETTE
is the correct fabric.
13/6 yard, double width,
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METALLIC TISSUE
is a striking accessory,
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from at 6/6 yard to-day.

ONE SHILLING IN THE £ DISCOUNT FOR CASH.



THE ARBO HOUSE

CUBA STREET, WELLINGTON

"Be merry and glad; be no more sad."—THE NUT BROWN MAID.

The Graduates of the Year.

*"Is it for this you gain these meagre looks
And sacrifice your dinner to your books?"*—POPE.

Honours in Arts and M.A.

"Freaks of nature not of art."—FALLEN FAIRIES.

Davies, Edith R.	Third-class	English and French
Dunn, Jessie S.	First-class	History
Kane, Thomas	First-class	History
Kidston, Eleanor	Second-class	English and French
Knight, Winifred E. G.	First-class	History
M'Cartney, Dorothy	First-class	French and Latin
Maclean, Dorothy B.	Third-class	English and French
Norman, Nora P.	Second-class	Economics
Salmon, Olive R.	First-class	Botany
Woodhouse, Iris H.	Third-class	Philosophy
Woodward, M. F.	Third-class	Economics

Master of Arts.

*"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks."*—SHAKESPEARE.

Frayne, Lenora J.

Bachelors of Arts.

*"As for variety they haven't got any,
Morbidly mild in their mawkky monotony."*—GILBERT.

Armstrong, B'yl. G.	Gold, Ailsa L.	Moore, Muriel A.
Bingham, Fanny D.	Henry, Eudora V.	Rowntree, E. H. W.
Blacker, Henrietta	Hind, Helen M.	Rishworth, Eric K.
Byrne, Norman A.	Karsten, Rona P.	Ryan, Bernard J.
Caliphronas, H. M.	Loftus, Mabel U.	Saunders, Gordon F.
Cocker, Alice	M'Carthy, Ita	Smith, Eva H.
Devlin, Nora A.	Martin, Edith	Sutherland, I. L. G.
Espiner, Eileen V.	Matthews, E. M'G.	Wiren, Sidney A.
Falkner, Lilian E.	Miller, Harold G.	Woods, Edith M.

Bachelors of Science.

"Oh, star-eyed science, hast thou wandered here."

Fenton, Ethel W. J.	Martin, Frederick W.
Lynch, Philip P.	Slocombe, Charles S.

Bachelors of Law.

"The world, the flesh, and the devil."

Ongley, Esther E.	Wiren, Sidney A.	Sheat, Joseph H.
Patterson, W. J. C.	McEldowney, W. J.	Meldrum, A. F.
Verschaffelt, P.	Byrne, Joseph	

Bachelor of Music.

"I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing."
—SHAKSPEARE.

Hutchins, William.

Senior Scholars.

"Undebauch'd by learning."—BUTLER.

Fenton, Ethel W. J., in Mathematics (Pure)
Sutherland, Ivan L. G., in Philosophy
Miller, Harold G., in Economics

John Tinline Scholar.

*"I am an intellectual chap,
And think of things that would astonish you."*—GILBERT.

Wiren, Sidney A.

Sir George Grey Scholar.

"Receive the triumph, and forget the war."—PRIOR.

Brodie, John E.

Jacob Joseph Scholars.

"Truly ye come of the blood."—KIPLING.

Dunn, Jessie S. Knight, Winifred G. Salmon, Olive R.

Travelling Scholarship in Arts.

"What is it to be wise?"—POPE.

Braddock, Catherine C.

THE SONG OF VICTORIA COLLEGE

"O, I smell false Latin!"—SHAKSPEARE.

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

Corpus sanum ne sit absens
Properamus ludere
Subter iugum occupantes*

*Fauste pilam trudere
Oratores, Oratrices
Audias effundere
Voces dignas Cicerone
Et sellas pertundere.

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

GAUDEAMUS

"It sounds very well, but we don't know what it means."

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

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

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

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

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

OPENING CHORUS.

"Up Guards, and at 'em!"—DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Tune: "Soldiers' Chorus."

Whither, oh people, will you be led?
What sign see you from the past that's dead?
Forward—and better the past that's sped—

Chorus:

Let's join in the lay,
Our praises array,
And pledge we The Day!

Mingled with dust are the Spartan arms—
Ashes to ashes the Dark Age "charms"—
Too mighty in our age the gold that harms.

Chorus:

Let's join in the lay,
Our praises array,
And pledge we The Day!

THE FOUR EXPERTS.

"Each with a very fine flea in his ear."—GILBERT.

Air: "La Tiddeley Tiddeley Um."

Hanan: Educate, let's educate,
All the youngsters in the State—
The young, the old, the big, the small,
We'll get 'em together and brain 'em all!
La diddeley diddeley dee,
Four Reformers here you see,
So la diddeley diddeley dee,
We'll save the blooming country!

Hunter: But you'll have to raise the cash—
Then you'll have an awful smash!
The rich, the poor, will all combine
To save up the shekels and sink the mine!
La diddeley diddeley dee,
Words are fine futility,
So la diddeley diddeley dee,
Let's have a revolution!

R. & G.: Ah, the morals nowadays!
Oh! the shameless student ways!
Get Dr. Gibb to come along
And dose 'em with Scripture ten thousand strong!
La diddeley diddeley dee,
Oh, the things a man may see!
So la diddeley diddeley dee,
I'll write the blessed papers!

Bell: Educate—but, oh, the deuce!
I'll give a hand, but what's the use?
All your schemes they'll but ignore,
So leave 'em to spout and worry no more.
La diddeley diddeley dee,
Their fathers worked for naught, you see.
So la diddeley diddeley dee,
This talk is all superfluous.

All: La diddeley diddeley dee,
On this one thing we three agree
On this one thing I don't agree (Bell),
So la diddeley diddeley dee,
What O for education!
(So down with education (Bell)).

Satan: Educate and educate,
Why the Devil do you wait,
But there's the Devil yet to pay:
You never get far 'less you go his way.
La diddeley diddeley dee,
Muscle's the thing, as you shall see,
So la diddeley diddeley dee,
We'll teach the kids cock fighting!

THE QUEST OF THE DAY.

"The Devil is a man with his pockets full of irresistible arguments."

Air: "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring."—MIKADO.

There's something astir in the air, tra-la,
So I get on my war paint again.
You'd best learn from me and beware, tra-la—
I've been active this many a year, tra-la,
But my efforts have so far been vain.
I've been scapegoat for longer, I know, than is fair;
Pack up! follow me! I'll make everything clear.
Tra la la la la la, &c.,

Chorus:

He's been scapegoat for longer, we know, than is fair,
Pack up, follow him! he'll make everything clear,
Tra la la la la la, &c.

We'll journey through ages, to-night, tra-la,
(But you'll catch your last car, never fear).
In Sparta they worshipped my might, tra-la,
But in Rome I'd a bit of a fight, tra-la,
Which I'd really prefer to forget.
At present they wonder who's wrong and who's right:
I'll outline the riddle, then wish you "good night,"
Tra la la la la la, &c.

Chorus:

At present we wonder who's wrong and who's right,
He'll outline the riddle, then wish you "good night."
Tra la la la la la, &c.

RUN-THROUGH CHORUS (I).

"I know the value of a kindly chorus."—GILBERT.

Music by Mr. Maughan Barnett.

Hear this half-demented shouting—like a Christian Union outing!
Joey Hanan, Phoebe Myers, Doctor Gibb;
Harry Holland, Jimmy Allen, pouring words out by the gallon,
And the little Frankie Combs that writes so glib;
Tommy Hunter, Nellie Coad, together take the road—
Send the good news out on every wind that blows—
Lo! they one and all maintain, as the light bursts on their
brain,
Education is the cure for all our woes!

So they have no doubt they can point the way.
That the world must follow if it win "The Day."

Each one has a theory, for example, Bishop Cleary
Is enamoured of Pontifical sway;
Joey Hanan's all for tradesmen—up-to-date, enlightened spades-
men;
The plutocrat enquires if it will pay?
Britain's power is on the wane—get the Good Book down again,
Says Jimmy Gibb, but Holland puts his trust
In the peaceful ballot-box or in Tommy Hunter's stocks:
Tommy says we'll educate them, if we bust.

And they've all no doubt they can point the way
That the world must follow if it win "The Day."

MARCHING SONG.

*"Here are warriors all ablaze,
Sabres and epaulettes, ha! ha!
All of them ordered to spend their days
Practising minuets, ha! ha!—GILBERT.*

Tune: "Come Round London with Me."

Trentham to Tauherenikau, tramping over the hill,
When at the summit there's afternoon tea
(One of the many things given you free).
We have no time for pow-wow—leave that to Joe and Bill;
It's really worth while washing your neck
In the Spartan Brigade.

There is one consolation—boiled beef, buttons and beer,
Subalterns, stables, and sugar and stew
(Think of the luxuries given to you!)
All is borne by the nation (you get two shirts a year!)
Live like kings at the country's expense,
Join the Spartan Brigade.

All the tin hats will kindly ask you over to dine,
Captains and colonels and majors and cooks,
Lawyers and clients, too, coppers and crooks,
All vie for your pleasure over the nuts and wine—
If you want to play at democracy
Join the Spartan Brigade.

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BARRACK-ROOM BALLAD.

*"If ever they were dull or sad,
Our Xerxes sang to them like mad."*—BAB BALLADS.

Air: "Sentry's Song."—IOLANTHE.

Now, I am a chap, as all may see,
Of Spartan bust and brave proportions;
I make them tremble at the knee
As I rap out commands and cautions!
Just watch them as they trip about:
They're frisky now—but things won't be as bright as
This when measles starts a rout,
Or raids begin of spinal meningitis!
But what for these do Diggers care, fal-lal-la!
With food to eat and room to swear, fal-lal-la!
What though our Glaxo Camp run short
Of coal and milk and Stilton cheese,
That runs away and can't be caught—
We've lots of "jam" and O.B.E.'S!
Fal-lal-la!

PRO SPARTA.

"The mountain nymph, sweet liberty."—MILTON.

Air: "Star-spangled Banner."

O land of the brave, O thou home of the free!
Who hast given to thy sons of the freeman's own power,
In the moment of danger, O how could it be,
We withhold from thy help what is Liberty's dower!
O thou spirit of Freedom! thou well mayest call—
In thy need while we live we will give thee our all!
Tell it out on the winds that while Sparta survives,
Her sons to thy service surrender their lives.
From the mist of the past, from the glory of old,
Call the spirit of valour of freedom's own giving;
Call our fathers to life, and as history unfold,
Let the forms of the dead swell the host of the living;
In the blaze of their glory, the glow of that light,
Let us lay on the altar our lives in their sight!
Oh, thou spirit of Freedom! while Sparta survives
Her sons to thy service surrender their lives.

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HERBERT G. SMITH General Manager.

FAREWELL.

“Breakfast here, supper in Hades.”—LEONIDES BEFORE CHERMOYLAE

Air: “Good-bye-ee.”

(Verse by Non-combatants.)

There's a lot of people here
Who are fond of beef and beer,
Who may, so they say
Every day, when they're gay,
Over-eat themselves, we fear!
Now they're going to have their fill
Of a life we've all heard tell,
Where it's hot, they say,
Though supremely gay—
It's the life that's lead in Hell!

Chorus:

Farewell! farewell!
You go down below
To Hell;
Breakfast here, and then—what oh!
You'll be supping in Hell below.
In Hades there are ladies,
And a lot of devil pals of yours,
Who are waiting there,
Just to see you dare
Take a peep,
Then a leap
To Hades!

(Verse by Departing Warriors.)

Beef and bone don't there command
The place they do in Sparta Land.
All you want, so they say,
Is to dance and be gay,
At the stoking lend a hand!
If the Chows chop off your head,
Then you're safe for Hell—nuff said!
For there's fighting there,
And we'll get our share,
So to you, Sparta Land, good-bye!

Chorus:

Good-bye-ee! Good-bye-ee!
We go, don't you know,
To die-ee;
Though it's hard to leave you here,
We're just going to fight Korea!
Korea, Korea.
That's the place we're going to try and queer.
If they turn us down
We will paint the town,
The colour red,
Till we're dead,
Or pretty near.

RUN-THROUGH CHORUS (II).

Music by Mr. Maughan Barnett.

Ah! I have poured in youthful ears
Now you see the healthy hustle in the Spartan day of muscle,
When the youths had nothing else to do;
They were kept in solid training—which was somewhat enter-
taining,
Quite thrilling, till a spearman ran you through.
But they had some chesty nobbs, Imperial Army snobs,
That they'd hired from the Macedonian pay;
Such were Potta and the mob that made this a settled job,
Though they left the gods to keep the foe away..
So the days ran on and the muscle away,
And the Spartans no nearer the wished-for "Day."
But they didn't train for fighting, 'cause the training was
exciting,
Train their muscles to improve their brain;
But the youths in war condition always found a heavenly mission,
A State overcrowded or a reign
That they counted very wrong. The Women raised their song
To inspire them with the Valour of Fire;
And the warriors kissed the dears and resolved to be the freers
Of their brethren from the present tyranny.
So the days ran on and the muscle away,
And the Spartans no nearer the wished-for "Day."

BEWARE OF PARENT AND GUARDIAN:

"Come, now, tell the truth for once."—GILBERT.

Tune: "Chu Chin Chow."

Now in Wellington there resides a don
Much virtue does he feign,
That now and then he takes a pen
And starts a hate campaign;
With his telescope and yards of rope,
He enters on his quest
For graduates at tete-a-tetes,
And never takes a rest.

Chorus:

Beware of P. and G. (P. and G., P. and G., Parent and Guardian)
His eyes on you and me (you and me)
He's just what you'd call a chaperone,
And he's got a way that's all his own
When dancing up at V. (U.C., V.U.C., at the 'Varsity),
Or having social tea,
He'll be sitting on the roof,
C'lecting scandal for the "Truth,"
Make no blunder, he's a wonder,
P. and G.

If you should meet him on his beat
A-practising his art,
Oh. Graduate. just mind your fate,
This warning take to heart,
Or, should you hear a sighing queer
Go floating through the night,
Then listen while I tell of guile
And uncontrolled spite.

Chorus:

THE VARSITY TOAST.

"Charge your glasses, gentlemen."

Tune: "Down among the Dead Men."

Here's our ladye's health and fealty!
Nor hall, nor silver, nor silks has she:
But whoso wears her colours on lance
Will lack not fame nor favour's glance,
This health who drinks not deep and dry.

Chorus:

Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

To the 'Varsity man, then, let us fill,
Hard player, high thinker, wide reader, at will,
Who serves first College, and after, himself,
Whose care is for knowledge and not for pelf,
Who tilts not the dye with kindling eye.

Chorus:

Here's life and luck to the College girl,
Like she piety, tea, or lancers' whirl,
Who risks at the net the tan o' the sun,
And "sticks" at hockey scorns to shun,
Who drains not lief till the last drop dry.

Chorus:

Here's a full-voiced toast to our merry men all,
Who take the field with our foemen all;
In the swelter of summer, the bleakness of May,
Club, leather, and racquet, the self-same way,
Who views not sport with a good sport's eye.

Chorus:

BUCHANAN'S **BLACK and WHITE** **WHISKY**

MONK'S SONG.

"Saved; but so as by fire."—ST. PAUL.

Air: "Dies Irae."

'Tis "The Day!"—a day of sorrow
For all such as see it thorow—
Who knows where he'll be to-morrow.

Raise your voices, true believers,
Of Truth's fabric faithful weavers—
To repudiate such deceivers.

O vile man—to spread such teaching,
To denounce our true-blue preaching—
Our authority impeaching.

Oh, that we who this day bind him
To the stake may one day find him
All subdued—his sins behind him.

Let a guilty conscience chide him,
His own Reason now deride him—
To the flames let us confide him!

THE PROSECUTION.

*"He led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll want to come back."*—GILBERT.

Recit. *Lo, here, good friends, a heretic depraved,
Heart-hardened, graceless,—er, unshort, unsaved;
The job we have in hand is rather sordid—
We shall hereafter be rewarded.*

We are here to see the frying
Of an outlaw, by whose lying
Many children of the faithful have been led away from grace.
Once a very common tater,
He developed strongly later
All the symptoms of rebellion and began to go the pace;
Our young hopefuls sat in wonder,
And 'mid unsound doctrine's thunder,
Like the murderer in Hamlet, poured he poison in their ear.
He's no reverence for the Bible,
In the Worker many a libel
Have we suffered from his pen (but not a word about the beer);
Did you ask him—like poor Peter—
Was he loyal, though discreeter,
Could he give more satisfaction than poor Pete gave the "Post"?
With the hated Hun (and what's a

Hun), with Hegel, Kant and Lotze,
He's communing while the nation's nearly giving up the ghost.
We have gathered from his speeches
Up at Alexandra Hall,
That the doctrine that he teaches
Means discomfort for us all;
So we've come along to burn him
(Dirty job it is, too, durn him!)
In the hope that we may turn him
To a reputable spook.

You will understand, dear Thomas,
When we shortly send you from us,
That we suffer just as you do, and we really wish you well;
We can't really help admiring
The great heights of your aspiring,
And we hope to see established a Progressive League in Hell:
In the commonwealth of Spookdom
You may earn a moral dukedom,
Lead the virtues forth like bloodhounds on the scent of every ill,
But 'neath a mediaeval
You'd provoke a great upheaval,
Break the peace that must be broken only at the Papal Will.
When the Scotchman, Hugh Mackenzie,
Writes the papers in fine frenzy,
Upon freedom in religion or Utopian marriage ties,
Why, we love the "purple patches,"
And his parenthetic snatches,
For we know we're safe from danger while he's thinking in the
skies.
But when dreams no longer please, you
Talk of blows where he aspires—
We lay hands upon and seize you,
Test your fervour with slow fires.
If you really want diversion,
Pray recant and try immersion
In St. Simon Stylites version of the Gospel for To-day.

You have erred, pugnacious Thomas,
And belied your early promise,
When you think the New Jerusalem's to be carved out with the
sword;
Ah, this comes by prayer and fasting—
Beefy wins are never lasting—
And the forces of the spirie are the forces of the Lord.
When Sir Robert gets the dingbats,
And he roars out everything that's
Most improper in the Senate and you want to pitch him out,
Wind your legs about the table,
Hold your breath, and if you're able,
Whisper meekly o'er the table: Calm yourself, dear Brother Stout.
But, of course, it's too late talking—
In a short while you'll be stalking
Where the shades of errant heroes stump disconsolately around;
But among them hold your head up,
For you finished quite unfed-up
With the pranks they all got sick of ere they journeyed under-
ground.

You have had your little fling, Tom,
You have had your little say;
Now it's our turn, and we sing, Tom,
Every dog will have his day:
Men have hopes, but we have wrecked yours—
Heresies and high conjectures—
See, we burn you with your lectures,
And we fire up right away.

Pro. T. Aquinas.

"So full of valour that they smite the air for breathing in their faces."—SHAKESPEARE.

Tune: "I start my day over again."

No, they shan't touch you, Tommy, dear,
Don't you fear,
While we're near,
Though at Socialists they may sneer.

Women (soprano): The idea!
Men (basses): Simply ridiculous!

All: If you burn from whom shall we learn?

Women: From these monks?

Men (vigorously): Rotten skunks!

All: They shan't make a fire of you.

First Half Men: Not at all.

First Half Women: No, they shan't!

Second Half Men: They've no call.

Second Half Women: More they can't!

All: No!

Fiddlesticks, economics!
Coal is all too scarce just now.

GOODBYE.

*"So stand to your glasses steady,
For this is a world of lies.
Here's a glass to the dead already,
And here's to the next that dies."*

Come on Stokers!—Bless my soul,
Shake it up, for we're short of coal.
Why! old Nick will be wanting me—
We're to toss for the job you see!
O, I must have work and I guess I'm the guy
(Pardon me) to be boss on high!
So long to daylight! It's great to die!
Buck up, don't worry.—Good-bye, Good-bye!

*Ah! I have poured in youthful ears
Words that will wake in after years;
Burned is my body, and scattered my bones,
Truth will be able to sum my groans!
I've failed in much I've tried to mend,
I've raised the dickens—but heaven send,
I make a brave Socratic end,
I've done my dash.—Good-bye, Good-bye!*

*I've done nothing I would undo.—
Don't wait parson, for you'll turn blue
Ere I repent. Avaunt! Adieu!
Cheero! chin chin.—I shall eat my pie!
Or take my gruel! Past by the bye—
My love to Semple Abel-Smith Street Temple—Good-bye
Good-bye, Good-bye!*

RUN-THROUGH CHORUS (III).

Now we leave the Spartan Ages and we skip a good few pages
Till we reach the Mediaeval Day,
Where there's still a deal of fighting—on occasion quite exciting—
For the Saints are made of common clay;
But the warfare that they wage, in this other worldly age,
Is with pow—ers of darkness, and the field
Is within the human soul, where the devil takes his toll
Of the virtues that the frail mortals yield..

See the monks and the devil begin the fray!
Accounts will be squared on the Judgment Day!

Since 'tis clear men don't start level in their tussle with the devil,
But the odds are on the Wicked One,
Soon the mortals feeling nervous take to substituted service,
Get priests to put the devil on the run;
But Aquinas, feeling fit, keen to do his little bit,
To work his passage into Bliss—
Puts up a mighty yell and declines to go to hell—
Although the monks have threatened him with this.

See the monks and the devil begin the fray!
Accounts will be squared on the Judgment Day!

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THE GREAT BRAIN AND NERVE REMEDY

The best remedy for weakness, depression and low state of the nerves. Restores health, strength and energy, giving tone to the whole system.

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WELLINGTON

"DER TAG"

OR

"THE PATH OF PROGRESS"

**A Musical Extravaganza by certain Students of
Victoria University College.**

"Try to be Shakspeare, leave the rest to fate."—BROWNING.

"Now-a-days that which is not worth saying is sung."
—BEAUMARCHAIS.

OUR PHILOSOPHY.—

A PREFACE FOR METAPHYSICIANS.

Our extravaganza conceals a "philosophic idea." It is this. The play is (as, indeed, all philosophies are) an attempt to "harmonise our prejudices with our experience." Our prejudices are deep. In the first place we are optimists—and so think it worth while to attack a popular error. There is a growing opinion that the use of Force is immoral. Our second prejudice being found in the Idealist Doctrine, we consequently feel bound to deny the truth of this opinion. Satan—the spirit of Force—has been misunderstood. In Sparta, muscle has the freest play: The Spartans had a healthy interest in this world and in no other very much. In the Middle Ages, the interest has changed to another world and Satan is repudiated. According to our analysis, in the Present the average man is indifferent to both this world and the next: the healthy human interest of the old world is gone, and the Hereafter (or Hereunder) robbed of its old stage properties, has lost its terrors. He puts in the time making money. As to the future, we see a reconciliation, a "higher synthesis" of the opposing elements. Force, controlled by Reason, achieves a spiritual significance: Satan, under the guidance of Japhetrow, stands at the foot of the ladder to take his part in the elevation of the race. Amen.

*"In spite of professorial strictures,
Never believe what can't be taught
To you in coloured pictures."*—G. K. CHESTERTON.

OPENING CHORUS.

1.—PROLOGUE.

*"Peering in the future vast,
We have seen a sign at last."*—CAPPING SONG.

SCENE—Stage of the Opera House, Wellington.

Recitative—"Stock-taking" ... PARENT & GUARDIAN

Song—"The Four Experts" ... HON. J. A. HANAN,
PROF. T. A. HUNTER, PARENT & GUARDIAN,
SIR FRANCIS BELL

Song—"The Guest of the Day" ... SATAN

Run Through Chorus (I).

PROGRAMME—Continued.

2.—THE SPARTAN DAY.

*“This is no world to play with mammals and to tilt with lips;
We must have bloody noses and crack’d crowns.”*—SHAKSPEARE.

SCENE—Outskirts of bush near Tauherenikau.

Soldiers’ Chorus—“Trentham to Tauherenikau”

Song—“Barrack-room Ballad” ... XERXES

Chorus—“Pro Sparta” ... SPARTAN WOMEN

Chorus—“Farewell” ... ALL

Run Through Chorus (II).

3.—THE MEDIAEVAL DAY.

“Deal him a deadly blow, and blessings shall reward you.”
—BAL BALLADS.

SCENE—A Public Place—Rome.

Chorus—“Dies Irae” ... MONKS

Song—“The Prosecution” ... LEADER OF THE MONKS

Chorus—“Pro T. Aquinas” ... VILLAGERS

Song—“Goodbye” ... T. Aquinas, the Hunter

Run Through Chorus (III).

The Cast.

*“in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.”*—SHAKSPEARE.

I. Parent and Guardian ... MR E. EVANS

“I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players.”
—SHAKSPEARE.

Prof. T. A. Hunter ... MR. W. P. PRINGLE

“What have I done wrong that men praise me?”—ANTISTHENES.

Hon. J. A. Hanan ... MR. E. R. MURPHY

“Words, words, words!”—SHAKSPEARE.

Sir Francis Bell ... MR. W. WATKINS

*“The House of Lords represent no-one but themselves, and
they possess the fullest confidence of their constituents.”*
—BIRRELL.

Satan ... MR. J. BYRNE

II. Sergt.-Major Cheetah ... MR. P. MARTIN SMITH

“Not Understood.”—BRACKEN.

“His gentle spirit rolls in the melody of souls.”—BAB BALLADS.

“The smith a mighty man is he.”—LONGFELLOW.

Xerxes ... MR. E. K. RISHWORTH

PROGRAMME—Continued.

- Lieut.-Col. Purdy ... MR. W. WATKINS:
"Mislike me not for my complexion."—SHAKSPEARE.
- Commodore Pottah ... MR. H. D. C. ADAMS.
"Every cock is proud on his own dunghill."—PROVERB.
- Lord Liverpool ... MR. A. J. MAZENGARB.
"God Save the King."
- Dr. Thacker ... MR. R. SCOTT.
"As mild a mannered man as ever scuttled ship."
- Spartan Soldiers and Spartan Women
- III. Leader of Monks ... MR. K. LOW
"Let us pray."—PUNCH.
- Thomas Aquinas, the Hunter ... MR. W. P. PRINGLE
"What should I do at Rome? I know not how to lie."—JUVENAL.
- Duns Scotus Adamson ... MR. H. G. MILLER
*"Audias effundere
 Voces dignas Cicerone."*—J. RANKIN BROWN.
- A. T. Bothamley ... MR. C. Q. POPE.
"A tall order!"

Monks and Villagers

Interval.

- IV. Sir James Allen ... MR. K. LOW
*"Sticks and stones will break my bones
 But names will never hurt me."*
- Earl of Pukekohe ... MR. C. Q. POPE.
"Blessed are the Peacemakers."
- Baron Bluff ... MR. L. C. HEMERY
"I say the earth did shake when I was born."—SHAKSPEARE.
- The Butler ... MR. W. A. SHEAT.
"No man is a hero to his valet."—PLUTARCH.
- Kun Low ... MR. B. G. MITFORD.
- Genée ... MISS L. LEITCH
- Partner ... MR. L. I. DAY
- Pavlova ... MISS M. MOORE
- Partner ... MR. W. WATKINS
- Members of the National Government and various deputations of
 malcontents.
- V. Japhetrow Wilson ... MR. H. G. MILLER
*"The time is out of joint; O, cursed spite,
 That ever I was born to set it right."*—SHAKSPEARE.

PROGRAMME—Continued.

Shemenceau ... MR. W. A. SHEAT

"The chopping French we do not understand."—SHAKSPEARE.

Hambloyd-George ... MR. K. LOW

"Now I perceive the Devil understands Welsh."—SHAKSPEARE.

Satan ... MR. N. BYRNE

"Every dog must have his day."—SWIFT.

Super men and super women.

*" 'Tis a pity that a Shakspeare's tongue
Should say such un-Shakspearean things."*—GILBERT.

Scenery kindly lent by the Wellington Amateur Operatic Company.

Conductor—MR. F. P. WILSON Pianist—MR. J. C. BEAGLEHOLE

Stage Manager—MR. H. D. C. ADAMS

Costumes specially designed by MISS M. RICHMOND

Producer—MR. E. EVANS

"On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;

'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting."—GOLDSMITH.

The Victoria University College Students' Association desires to express its sincere thanks to all those ladies and gentlemen who have so willingly given valuable assistance in the various activities of the Carnival.

4.—THE PRESENT DAY.

*" 'Tis the day of the chattel,
Web to weave and corn to grind;
Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind."*—EMERSON.

SCENE—Bellamy's.—A Temperance Banquet given by Sir J. Allen, as a welcome to The Earl of Puhekohe and Baron Bluff.

Chorus—"The Conquering Heroes." THE GNASHIONAL GOVT.

Trio—"The Golden Fleece" ALLEN, MASSEY & WARD

Choruses by various sections of Malcontents

Run Through Chorus (IV).

5.—THE COMING DAY.

*"O that I could find a country to live in where the facts are not
brutal and the dreams not unreal."*—G. B. SHAW.

SCENE—Atlantis—The Isle of "The Blest"

Chorus—"The Dawn" ... THE "SUPERS"

Trio—"Imperfect Peace" SHEM, HAM AND JOPHAT

Song and Chorus—"Going Up." SATAN AND THE "SUPERS"

Final Chorus.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

Air: "A Little Boy Called Taps."

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

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus:

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

Not a troopship rides on the guarded tides
To the warworn lands without them.
You will find them there where the bugles blare,
And the smoke hangs thick about them.
In the deathless charge up the gully's marge,
Where the echoes roll in thunder,
There the Green and Gold may be rent and holed,
But it's never down and under.

Chorus:

Ask the guns of old Kum Kaleh,
Ask the guns of Neuve Chapelle,
Who was foremost in the rally,
You will like their answer well.
He may be a simple ranker,
Or a chap with stars to lend,
So he be from Salamanca,
He is just an Absent Friend.

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

Chorus:

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

SPORTS CHORUS.

From "The Golden Calf."

Air: Huntsmen's Chorus, from "Der Freischutz."—Weber.

When air's like wine in sunny weather,
And the breeze blows cobwebs from the brains;
When Latin's folly, Law's a tether,
And the blood goes dancing through the veins!
Then hey! for where your fancy races,
Away from the city's stifling grip,
To the playing-fields and open spaces—
And let the world of toilers slip!

Then here's to the long wide road that reckons,
The climb that baffles, the risk that nerves;
And here's to the merry heart that reckons
The rough with the smooth, and never swerves!

Be it hockey stick or oval leather,
Or skiff, or racquet, rod or gun—
Here's luck! for the sport we've had together,
For chances lost and battles won;
For the wicket true, and field in fettle,
And the man who's safe for a tingling catch;
For the losing team that shows its mettle,
And the man who wins his heat from scratch.

Then here's to the sportsman that beckons,
The climb that baffles, the risk that nerves;
And here's to the merry heart that reckons
The rough with the smooth, and never swerves!

S.S.M.

War News: That the Turk fruiterer at Boulcott Street was paired with the Greek bootblack on Lambton Quay.

The CLOTHES QUESTION?

Isn't a question if you
are a Patron of the

MILLIGAN'S
Merchant Tailoring Service

IN KELBURN AVENUE.

IT'S THE ANSWER.

If you are uncertain where to get
your next Suit, be sure to
call on us.

That the Turks objected to the Bulgarity of the war.

—“*London Opinion.*”

That the war was a triumph for Bulgarian arms and Turkish legs.

—*Ibid.*

THE CONQUERING HEROES.

"How chance thou art returned so soon?"—SHAKSPEARE.

Air: "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

Welcome to Joseph and salaams to our Bill,
They've been 12,000 miles and have not been ill.
All of the world has heard of Joe's exploits,
And as for William—think of his deck quoits!

So welcome to William and kow-tow to our Joe,
Greatest of mortals and oppression's greatest foe!
Look how they shrink in charming modesty,
How truly Irish is the attitude you see!

So Welcome to William and salaams to our Bill!
Hail to the travellers who scorned to be ill!
All of the nations list to Joe's exploits,
And hail to the warrior, the champion at deck quoits.

SONG OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

*"They say there's but five upon this isle; we are three of them;
if the other two be brained like us, the State totters."*

—SHAKSPEARE.

Air: "The Little Tin Gee-Gee."

Bill: Behold the pair that fixed the Peace—
And accomplished your heart's desire!

Joe: We made the American babbler cease—
And put up your wool price higher.

Both: And that should please our squatter friends
And make their enjoyment full!

Bill: Than the good of all we had no other ends—

Joe: But we raised the price of wool!

Bill: The times are right rosy, the coming days hold
Prosperous days for all.

Sir Jas.: But hold your blether, you pirates bold,
That answered the sick world's call—
And put up your wool price higher!
And learn that while you have everywhere whirled
Your bill has run up the slate!

Bill and Joe: But my dear Sir James, we've saved the world!

Sir Jas.: And meantime you've killed the State!

Bill and Joe: O, I say, we expected bouquets to be hurled!

It seems that isn't our fate.

Sir Jas.: The Bolsheviks triumph at every poll—
And Holland and Semple are in!
With women in Parliament, why, the whole
Derned show will be falling in!
To read "Quick March" leaves a nasty feel—
And Joe says the teachers are swine.

Bill and Joe: It seems now we've settled the wholesale deal,
We're back in the retail line!

Bill: This is awfully rotten!

Joe: Disgusting, Bill!

Both: We have done our little bit.

Bill: As a matter of fact, I'm already quite ill!

Joe: For myself, I'm not feeling just fit.

Bill: Yet if they rob us of our beer—

Joe: Deny we make New Zealand pay—

Both: O come what may, why should we fear?—
We are pals to our dying day!

RETURNED SOLDIERS' DEMANDS.

Question: What has war done for democracy?

Answer: The war has done for democracy.

—CHILD'S GUIDE TO PATRIOTISM.

Air: "Another Little Drink."

We have a little club—

The R.S.A. is its pet name—

'Tis a little 'Sociation

That has quite a little fame;

And that little 'Sociation

Finds with growing mild alarm—

Another bit of land wouldn't do us any harm.

Another bit of land, another bit of land, another bit of land,
Just to make a little farm.

Another bit of land, another bit of land, another bit of land,
Wouldn't do us any harm!

And some really sultry artists

Were the men who went out first—

For they didn't get the shekels

When the money bags were burst.

No, they didn't get the shekels

When we jolted Massey's arm.

So another quid a week wouldn't do us any harm.

Another quid a week, another quid a week, another quid a week
Wouldn't do us any harm!

EDUCATIONALISTS' DEMANDS.

*"Some to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use."*—POPE.

Air: "Do it for me.

Things we know

Were long ago.

We want more screw;

Just see how hard we work!

If you but knew

How much some people shirk

Then you would see

(And surely then you'd agree!)

We've kept on teaching and still are preaching

Pitched overboard,
We thank the Lord.
We want more cash,
And we want it right now,
Else we go smash
And to the big bow-wow!
Now, see here, Ward,
We really cannot afford
You more trips
On ships
Without a rise in our pay.

LABOUR PARTY'S DEMANDS.

*"A Pacifist believes in the abolition of war,
A Militarist in the establishment of permanent peace."*
—A CHILD'S GUIDE TO PATRIOTISM.

Air: "Tickle-toe."

Everybody ought to know
Socialism's all the go!
The first step is, O, so simple,
Follows quick as smile on dimple—
State control of all we know,
State control of all we know,
State control of all that's working, shirking, State
Control of everything—
Everybody ought to know
That this really should be so.

BOLSHEVIKI.

"Poins, Poins, these be noisome fellows."—SHAKSPEARE.

Air: "Here come the Married Men."

We are the Bolsheviks!
We are the Bolsheviks!
We're out to raise the devil everywhere—
(*Shaking fists*)—
"Frustrate the knavish tricks,
Confound the politics"
Of old John Bull, Bill Massey and Joe Ward—tear their hair!
(*Joyously*)—
So on a lamp we'll string
You up and let you swing
And as you gently dangle in the breeze
You'll wish—you might wish wuss—
You had been born a Russ.
But now go down—down, you lubbers, on your knees (*threaten-*
ing), on your knees!
Thumbs up for the Bolsheviks!

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RUN-THROUGH CHORUS (IV).

Lo, the Spartan strength has vanished, and men think that they
 have banished
From their minds the spell of priestly rite;
So they burst the chains that bind them, leave their slaving days
 behind them,
And the scales fall straightway from their eyes!
They have tipped their altars over and made every man a rover
And a pirate on the Roman Main!
Lo, they set a puking babe on a course of Jos. McCabe—
And man is their God once again.
 Though the monks are done, and have said their say,
 Still our eyes are closed to the coming "Day."

But since men unaided falter, soon they raise anew the altar—
And the Dollar is the object they revere!
Lo, the modern Hur and Aaron, with the covetousest glare on,
Supporting on each hand the Prophet-eer!
From the Plute that hoards the wheat to the loafer on the street.
It's the Dollar that has got 'em in its hold:
Tisn't Moses, but it's Ike, the prophet that they like,
And the serpent isn't copper, but it's gold.
 Still the days run on and the Dollars away,
 And our eyes are closed to the coming "Day."

THE DAWN.

Air: Land of Hope and Glory.

The sound of conflict dies away,
 And with the increasing dawn,
The warmth, the promise of the day—
 A great new hope is born!
The light that shone in dying eyes
 In yonder scene appears—
Their wisdom come to make us wise
 And light the coming years!

Chorus:

Glory upon glory coming days shall see!
Truth in all her beauty thorned and crowned shall be;
Freedom in her mountains shall her race increase,
Love shall teach the freemen all whose ways are peace!

Beloved, written in the dawn,
 A better world shall rise!
The strength of sacrifice, newborn
 In those it succoured, make them wise;
A new life, purged in battle heat,
 Inform society;
In every human breast shall beat
 The pulse of Liberty!

Chorus:

IMPERFECT PEACE.

“And the earth was filled with violence.”

All: Three doughty moderns here you see—

Japhetrow's Peace Society—

Embarked as Henry Ford might be—

Our Ark a model Tin-lizzie! (Honk! Honk!)

Shem: The Bolsheviks were out to smash!

Ham: The horrible Hun to biff and bash!

Japh.: I'll keep an eye upon the cash!

All: Japhetrow's Peace Society.

Japh.: My father sailed the “Mayflower” Tub,

Ham: His great grandfather kept a Pub;

Shem: His earlier forebears used the Club

To keep the peace 'f antiquity.

Japh.: Ah, man. they were pugnacious men!

They taught Japhetrow that the pen

Would never keep (while men were men)

The world safe for Democracy!

Ham: The war is over! now I'll gorge

Myself in spoil till you may forge

From Teuton Ham a Tab-loid George!

All: Behold rewarded piety!

Ham: My resolution's undestroyed,

Intentions all quite unalloyed,—

Yet I've inside an aching void

Unfilled by this society!

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89 WILLIS STREET, WELLINGTON.

Shem: Now pray, dear people, don't assume
We disagree, if our new broom
Does not sweep well, but strews the room
With severed straws—

All: Quite litterly!

Shem: If 'neath the Turkish carpets fall
Some dynamite—it's naught—for all
That matters, is this: *that we sweep!*

All: The war god weeps most bitterly!

All: Three modern Peacemakers behold!
We'll keep the peace till we grow old,
And when the stone on us is rolled
We leave the Peace Society!

Shem: Have we, of life, think you, long lease?

Ham: Never till Peace Societies cease!

Japh.: Though we're Society more than Peace!

All: Still it's a great Society!

GOING UP.

*"What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me."*—BROWNING.

We're on our way
Up to the Promised Land.
It is The Day, you down there lend a hand,
And set 'us true on the course to the source
Where by force, where! where!
(Can't you stop your pushing down there).
War will cease to have the place
It did before (we've washed the Kaiser's face).
We're going up (bis.),
Like the furies madly hurled,
Seeking to reform the world.

FINAL CHORUS.

*"The night is cold,
Alas, it matters little;
The end is near—
The tale is nearly told.*

"Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot."

Air: "The Old Brigade."

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

Chorus:

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

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

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HIS SERVICES ARE ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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