

**VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
CAPPING CARNIVAL, 1921.**

“Done to Death”

AN EXTRAVAGANZA, IN FOUR ACTS,
By WILFRID ERNE LEICESTER and CHARLES QUENTIN POPE.



**OPERA HOUSE,
Sat., Mon., and Tues., May 14th, 16th, and 17th, 1921.**

Te Aro House—For Style and Value.



What is The Spike ?

Webster says it is a state of annoyance.

We say it is the Victoria College Magazine.

If you have the Spike get a Spike, read a Spike, and you'll no longer have the Spike.

You are at the Extravaganza! You must be interested in 'Varsity doings !

Why Not Subscribe to The Spike,

which is full of 'Varsity doings !

Instructive articles that are classical.

Amusing articles that are——NOT.

Write to *The Financial Secretary,*

The Spike, V.U.C., Wellington,

asking to be put down as a subscriber.

First Issue Early in June ! So WRITE NOW !

Victoria University College



GRAND OPERA HOUSE,

Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, May 14th,
16th and 17th, 1921.

Capping Carnival

"The World's a wage, and all the men and women merely payers."
—W. E. Leicester.

Te Aro House—The Drapery Centre.

THE GRADUATES OF THE YEAR

Honours in Arts and M.A.

Allan, John M.A. and First Class Honours in Philosophy.
Johnstone, Dora A. M.A. and Second Class Honours in Botany.
Mackenzie, Jean H. M.A. and Second Class Honours in Botany.
Paisley, Albert M.A. and First Class Honours in Economics.

"Oh World, thou choosest not the better path ;
It is not wisdom to be only wise."—G. Santayana.

Honours in Law and LL.M.

Broad, Phillip B. LL.M. and Second Class Honours in Jurisprudence, Real Property, and Trusts.
Wiren, Sidney A. LL.M. and First Class Honours in International Law, Companies, Contracts, and Torts.

"I was called to the Bar but I suppose I never
heard the call. I didn't always listen."—Max Beerbohm.

Honours in Science and M. Sc.

Fenton, Ethel W. J. M. Sc. and Second Class Honours in Electricity and Magnetism.
Glendinning, Tom A. M. Sc. and Second Class Honours in Chemistry.
Whitehouse, Thomas K. R. M. Sc. and Second Class Honours in Chemistry.

"There are more smells in heaven and earth
than you have in your building, Horatio."—Hy. D. Rogen.

Master of Law.

Byrne, Joseph.

"Them loryers wot know too much of lor 'as
no brains, and 'ow can they ! That's wot I ses."—Barry Pain.

Master of Science.

Bastings, Lyndon.

Brodie, John E.

"Silent upon a peak in Darien."—Keats.

Master of Arts.

Cumming, Clyde M.

Moncrieff, Agnes M.

Espinier, Eileen.

Myers, Margery.

Isaac, Hubert P.

Roy, Rubina A.

Irvine-Smith, Fanny Louise.

Stevens, William H.

"Why should we toil and strive,
We, the roof and crown of things."—Tennyson.

Te Aro House—For Style and Economy.

Honours in Commerce and M. Com.

Neale, Edward P., M. Com. and First Class Honours in Economics.

"From hope and care set free
I thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods there be!"—A. C. Swinburne.

Bachelors of Laws.

Anderson, Henry A.
Bate, Walter E.
Brodie, Henry G.
Buxton, Allan B.
Charles, Leonard A.
Cleary, Timothy P.
Dodd, John H.
Gillon, Reginald E.
Henderson, Kenneth A.
Hendry, Colin A.

Hill, Claude C.
Kitching, William D. P.
Leicester, Wilfrid E.
Perry, David
Randell, William
Seddon, George H.
Smyth, Areita I.
Thomson, Trevor C.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen! Lend me your ears,
I come to plead, "A rose by any other name
Would smell as sweet!" and not to urge you
Once more unto the breach of trustees' diligence."
—O.Y.M.I. Garrow.

Bachelors of Science.

Cullen, Alfred.
Day, Leslie I.

Griffin, Kenneth. M.
Wilson, Joyce H.

"Suppose a clod of earth should rise
And walk about and breathe and speak and love :
How we would tremble and in what surprise
Gasp, "Can you move!"—Harold Munro.

Bachelors of Arts.

Aitken, George G.
Andrew, Edith T.
Beard, Thomas E.
Carroll, Kathleen A.
Chapple, Leonard J. B.
Cousins, Eric G.
Espiner, Eric W. A.
Espiner, Robert H.
Godfrey, Irene I.
Gordon, Norah A.
Harding Winifred M. E.
Heffer, Dorothy G.
Horsley, Hilda R.
Hudson, Edward V.

Jones, Sydney J.
Joyce, Mary E.
Keeble, Lily R.
King, Geoffrey J.
Latter, Mary J. B.
Martin, Annie, McW.
Nicol, John
Price, Cyril J. R.
Roughton, Myra W.
Troup, Gordon S.
Wallach, Ida W.
Weitzel, Hedwig
Wood, George E. F.

"For what are singing and love and wine
To the dreams that we find are true."—A. Jackson.

Te Aro House—Carpets and Rugs.

❧ GRAND OPERA HOUSE ❧

**Saturday, Monday and Tuesday,
May 14th, 16th and 17th, 1921.**

"DONE TO DEATH."

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

The names of the personae of this magnum opus have been carefully selected from among the most cultured individuals and the very best families. If any of the names are imaginary, the authors humbly apologise and assure all sceptics and non-believers that real people are intended.

Producer	VYRN EVANS
Musical Director	W. H. STANTON
Stage Manager	W. WATKINS
Business Manager	W. P. KITCHING
Property Manager	A. B. WILSON
Pianist	C. MACKAY
Ballet Mistress	MISS D. GUISE

Costumes specially designed by Miss Marie Richmond and executed under her direction
by women students.

All Ballets under Special Direction of Miss Dorise Guise.

*"Let the scribe's tale be casual and cursory
End where you like but start us in the nursery."*

—G. Frankau.

Te Aro House—Always Good Style.

A PREFACE FOR PHILOSOPHERS.

Philosophy may be roughly defined to mean ideas of a universal scope. "The principles or explanation which underlie all things without exception, the elements common to gods and men and animals and stones, the first whence and the last whither of the whole cosmic procession." Under the frivolity of our extravaganza is deeply hidden a philosophic germ. For the first time since Shakespeare, in so far as the authors are aware, you have here presented the judgment that all human ills spring from obsessions and from enthusiasms misdirected. This is the reconciling factor in scenes so different as China and Crusoe Island. We here shew you four of the popular fads of our own age that you may pass judgment upon them without the uncomfortable feeling that you have condemned yourselves. Pseudo-Orientalism, the aesthetic movement, Bolshevism, and the movie "back-to-nature" craze, coupled with our New Zealand society, are the themes we play upon. These ideas we have in all seriousness chosen to present in four methods with which you are most familiar; that you may see how you reverence the craft of the stage that holds you all the year round. The first act is in the style of the musical comedy a-la-mode; in the second the march of events is strictly ordered as in our older and parent extravaganzas. These we contrast with the American "crook" play in the third act, and in the fourth shew you the model of the new extravaganza as it will be when one great enough arises to write it.

W. E. LEICESTER,

C. Q. POPE.

Te Aro House—Requests Your Inspection.

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Trustees, Executors and Attorneys.**

S. S DEAN, Manager.

326 Lambton Quay

Act I.

BACK TO NATURE.

(Any old time you like)

Scene:—A popular watering place on Crusoe Island. Not more gulls than usual. Highly tropical but not too high. The lives of the actors are not endangered as there are no coconuts. The screaming of a paroquet, with a magnificent plumage of green and gold, is thought to be heard about ten minutes before the curtain rises, but in this oasis of beauty it is a mirage. The sea in the background is seen but not heard. The audience will recognise a promenade with its men and women from society's sitting-rooms. As the play begins on Saturday, there is no Friday on the Island.

Cast of Characters.

MACK SENNETT (a photographer)	A. C. MAZENGARB
"Give me comedy. Since Shakespeare's day, more than a thousand actors have played Hamlet. No wonder he is crazy"—H. L. Mencken:	
JOLIFFE (a sensible censor)	W. PRINGLE
"A censor incensed is in no sense essential."—Havelock Ellis.	
BERNARD SHAW (a creation of Shakespeare's)	L. R. RIDDELL
"A young man does not need a university education to be an ass nowadays." —O. Q. Pope.	
RO-BINSON CRU-SO (the bridegroom to be)	C. GAMBLE
"Robinson Crusoe, the millionaire, He wouldn't have wine or wife, He couldn't endure complexity: He lived the simple life.	
W. W. JACOBS (an alcoholic medium)	R. A. TONKIN
"Eliza Smith always hated me Because I told better lies than he did And so he trapped me and tickled me to death with a hay-rick."—Spoon Fed Anthology.	
MISS FABER-SMITH (a seminary sempstress)	MISS F. CAMERON
"A very multiplicity of clipped negations."—The unpublished works of Charles Wilson.	
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (a poet)	B EGLEY
"His soul was conscious of "something missing" Which neither clothes could give, nor kissing."—I. L. G. Sutherland.	
MRS TICKET (a social event)	MISS M. WILLCOCKS
"She walks, the lady of my delight A shepherdess of sheep".—Alice Meynell.	
LULU TICKET (her daughter, a victim of blood)	MISS NANCY WILSON
"In times like these, unchaperoned of skinny ma, Our finished daughters seek the darkling kinema."—Gilbert Frankau	
CONSTABLE O'FLYNN (her drunken father)	P. J. SMITH
"A little boy bound up in blue, Who's fond, as they all are, of snoozing. In fact—just between me and you— He's not above quietly boozing." "Songs I have seen in the Spike."	

Te Aro House The Fashion Centre.

1. **Opening Chorus.**

(Air—"Irene.")

Far away across the sea
There's a university;
There they work incessantly.
Once a year on capping day,
Duly all respects they pay
To those who are of high degree.

Chorus.

Degrees, the cause of all their nightly
toiling,
Degrees, the cause of all complexions
spoiling;
All their striving,
All their diving,
Into mouldy lectures;
Caused by men
Who now and then
Have hopes to hold prefectures.

Degrees, a tale of lecturers and Profs.,
too,
Whose ears hold fleas!
Tally ho!
Here we go
On the yearly chase
For B.A.'s
Each one prays,
While we make the pace,
Swotting hard
(Swearing barred),
Each to keep his place—
That's how it feels to want degrees.

2. **"Take Your Girlie to the Movies."**

Solo, Sennett.

(Music by W. H. Stainton.)

Now-a-days a courtship's just a simple
thing,
Everything is straight and plain;
There's no sonnet writing, and you
needn't sing
Underneath her window pane.

Just take your girlie to the movies,
To a five-reel flick.
She's no Theda Bara, but if you go
home,
Just imagine she is all that's Louise
Glaum.

Take your girlie to the movies,
Where the love stuff is piled thick,
Then as sure as I'm Sennett you'll
think she's Enid Bennett;
So take your girlie to the movies.

Though she may not always look as
sweet as Blanche,
Try hard to be true;
You don't wish to crush her in an ava-
lanche,
Of mail or males, do you?

Just take your girlie to the movies,
There'll be all you wish,
Though you may not have as many
suits as Ray,
You'll out-handicap him on your whole
week's pay;

If her face has just slipped sideways,
Think she's Dolly Gish,
And if she hears from us think that
she's Olive Thomas,
When with your girlie at the movies.

Though your name may not be that of
friend Tom Mix,
And your pulse is rather slow,
When you want a place where every-
thing you'll fix,
I'll tell you where to go.

Take your girlie to the movies,
Try think you're Wally Reid;
Though you may not feel as fit as big
Bill Hart,
You'll not have much trouble once
you're got a start.

So take your girlie to the movies,
And once you work up speed,
You'll soon work a slinter on your
Mary Miles Minter,
If you take your girlie to the movies.

3. **Duet.**

Crusoe and Mrs. Sticket.

(Air—Patience and Grosvenor Duet,
"Patience.")

Robinson:

Oh, dear, Mrs. Sticket, won't you let
me know,
(Hey, but I'm doleful, willow, willow
wally!)

Has our darling Lulu not yet found a
beau?

Hey, Willow-waly-O!
Life is dull and dreary;
Of the chase I'm weary,
Hey willow waly O!

Mrs. Sticket:

Robinson I grieve to say that this is
so,
(Hey, but I'm doleful, willow, willow,
waly!)

But our darling Lulu has not yet a
beau,
Hey, willow-waly O!
But I'll soon discover
For her a nice lover,
Hey, willow-waly-O!

Robinson:

Be not over sure, for there's a dearth
of men
(Hey, but its tiresome, willow, willow,
waly.)

If our darling Loo should be a spins-
ter, then
Hey, willow-waly-O!
Great would be our grieving;
Were she past retrieving,
Hey, willow, waly O!

Mrs. Sticket:

Now, my own dear Rob., you are a
gentlemun,
Hey, but I'm certain, willow, willow
waly;
Though they may be scarce, our Loo
Must marry one.
Hey, willow-waly-O!
'Way with all this sadness,
There'll be cause for gladness,
Hey, willow-waly-O!

4. Solo, Lulu.

(Air—"Alice Blue Gown.")

When I was quite young I was care-
fully trained
In all I should know, and I meekly
refrained
From all that I knew that I shouldn't
have known.
I supped and I snubbed with the great-
est of grace,
And never had powdered my face,
And in fact I had what is called tone.

For according to Snobson Street
You must never sit down on your feet,

And if everything fails
You may ride near the rails,
For Snobson Street girls aren't as slow
as the snails.

If you foxtrot and onestep quite well,
And your voice isn't like a cracked bell
(Now isn't it funny),
If you have some money
They like you and vow you are sweet.
(Chorus Repeat.)

Now when Poppa was near we had
simply no chance,
For Poppa objected to every dance,
And you must give a dance that is
done every year,
For if you don't you are done for, I
fear,
And you might as well die right away,
As be out of the running for aye.

And according to Snobson Street,
That's as bad as to scoff when you eat,
And the tales that are told,
Of the girls who are bold,
Now they sit on damp doorsteps and
often catch cold.
That is sinful and shameful as well,
And deserves a through passage to —
(crash.)
Still its no use pretending—
A miserable ending
Awaits all who're not in the street.

5. Trio.

O'Flynn, Joliffe and Swinburne.

(Air—"Pirates of Penzance.")

Constable O'Flynn:

When a lawyer's not engaged in his
divorce suits,
His divorce suits,
Or summoning his fellows by the score,
By the score,
He's continually abusing us as low
brutes,
Us as low brutes;
That's the name that people call us
when they're sore,
When they're sore.
At times we feel we must arrest our
brother,
'Rest our brother;

Te Aro House—Invites Your Attention.

I realise that very like a pun,
 Like a pun;
 But take one consideration with another,
 With another,
 A policeman's lot is not a happy one
 When you've had a bally bust-up with
 your brother.
 A policeman's lot is not a happy one.

A. C. Swinburne:

When a poet has forgotten all his
 metres,
 All his metres,
 He will surely get entangled with his
 feet,
 With his feet;
 He knows he can be got at by repeaters,
 By repeaters,
 So he chokes himself with words I
 won't repeat,
 Won't repeat.
 It's ten to two he hasn't had a mother,
 Had a mother,
 With hair that ripples silver in the
 sun,
 In the sun;
 So take one consideration with another,
 With another,
 A poet's lot is not a happy one,
 Considering he's never had a mother.
 A poet's lot is not a happy one.

Jolliffe:

When a censor not incensed in all his
 senses,
 All his senses,
 Or slaughtering the movies good and
 bad,
 Good and bad,
 He can hardly earn enough to pay
 expenses,
 Pay expenses.

Unless he retails stories, yes By Gad,
 Yes, By Gad,
 His passionate emotions he must
 smother,
 For the things he sees, they really take
 the bun,
 Take the bun;
 Ah, take one consideration with another,
 With another,
 A censor's lot is not a happy one,
 His perfect pent'up passions he must
 smother.
 A censor's lot is not a happy one.

6. Final Chorus:

Degrees, the cause of all their nightly
 toiling,
 Degrees, the cause of all complexions
 spoiling;
 All their striving,
 All their diving,
 Into mouldy lectures;
 Caused by men
 Who now and then
 Have hopes to hold prefectures.

Degrees, a tale of lecturers and Profs.,
 too,
 Whose ears hold fleas!
 Tally ho!
 Here we go
 On the yearly chase
 For B.A.'s
 Each one prays,
 While we make the pace,
 Swotting hard
 (Swearing barred),
 Each to keep his place—
 That's how it feels to want degrees.

Te Aro House—Are Always Dependable.

BILLIARDS

The game of to-day, to-morrow and all time. The ALBERT BILLIARD PARLOR next to the Albert Hotel, Willis Street. Contains 15 of Alcock Best Tables, including 1 Standard Table which was passed by the British Billiard Association. The Room is Brilliantly Lighted and the Ventilation is Perfect.

B. Mulholland

- -

Manager

ACT II. GERMANY.

(Time—Aesthetic period.)

Scene:—A spare room of the Imperial Palace at Strassburg. Three Rubens (kindly loaned by the Ocean Bay Accident, Fitzgerald Eager Esq.,) adorn the walls. Numerous bits of statuary, mostly broken, lie about the floor. A marble faun, exquisitely designed, by Praxiteles, is behind the stage. It is not visible. A grand piano, made by Rogers and Sons, is on left. The dais is in centre background. Candelabras a la Versailles, furniture Louis Seize.

Caste of Characters.

- THE GREAT I AM (poet, painter, sculptor, musician, playwright and philosopher) A. C. MAZENGARB
 "Poor old Yorick, 'e was a good old cove."—Shakespeare (from memory)
- ALF HILL (of the Lower Rut) R. GAPES
 "I would rather hear a dog when he bayed at the moon than this scrape on the belly of a kitten."—Maxims of Martin-Smith.
- CHOPIN (a lost soul) F. WARNER
 "A wandering minstrel I....."—Mr. J.J. Sullivan.
- VERBRUGHEN (a genius, Australian variety) W. PRINGLE
 "Semitones and sodas! Fiddles and Fizz!
 They put us in carriages and treated us
 like a travelling circus."—Extracts from letter to Bernard Page.
- WAGNER (a composer) V. ROSS
 "His pendulous stomach hangs a-shaking."—Rupert Brooke.
- THEO. TRESIZE (A Terpsichorean treat) A. FREE
 "Beautiful star with the crimson mouth,
 Oh moon with the brows of gold."—Oscar Wilde.
- CHARLES WILSON (a newspaper scribe) L. A. RIDDELL
 "Give a man a pipe he can't smoke,
 Give a man a meal he can't eat;
 And his home he'll fright with his language bright,
 Though the room be dull and neat."
 —Stodart Walker
- SIEGFRIED EICHELBAUM (A Swiss milk chocolate) C. G. KIRK
 "And since he's jolly company and knows
 what good fare means,
 "Unless you give him Bacon you mustn't
 give him beans."—G. K. Chesterton.
- FRANK MORTON (a wolf-scarer, Prince of Petone) B. EGLEY
 "What can such needy wretches do but die
 Standing against the purposes of Kings"—John Masefield.
- THOMAS BRACKEN (a hayseed) C. MOSS
 "What will the harvest be"—Psalm CVI.
- ZORA CROSS (a Christian) MISS M. MILESI
 "You loved me and you loved me not,
 A little, much, and overmuch."—C. A. Swinburne
- OSCAR WILDE (a fleur-de-lys)
 He picks from our platters the plums for
 the puddings, he peddles in the provinces.
 —James McNeil Whistler.
- FRAULEIN VON IMIT (the Kaiser's daughter) MISS D. BAILEY
 "Methinks she is a comely frau
 Getting her trousseau God know's how."
 —"Sayings of Walter Sheat."

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Family Wine Merchants

Empire Hotel

WELLINGTON.

First-Class Hotel
First-Class Quality
First-Class Service

RICHARD DWYER : Proprietor

*A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.*

You would not be here unless you agreed with the sentiment expressed by the poet.

There is no nonsense about our new Chiropodic and Foot Specialist Department. We successfully treat Bunions, Corns, Ingrowing Nails, Morton's Toe, Hammer Toe, Diseased Nails, Old Fractures, Weak Feet, Flat Foot, Metatarsalgia, Plantar Neuralgia, indeed all troubles of the feet.

Be wise then and make your appointment at—

LINDSAY'S LTD., Chiropodists and Boot Importers.
184 Lambton Quay. Telephone 85.

1. Trio.

(Air—"Three Little Maids.")

Wagner, Verbrugghen and Hill.

The Three:

Three great musicians here you see,
Buraptious as ever we can be;
Pictured and posing incessantly,
Three great musicians we.

Wagner:

Mine is the great gotterdammerung.

Hill:

(The name of his father, who was hung.)

Verbrugghen: Pardon our Alfred's
slip of the tongue.

Wag. and Verbrug.:

He's a musician too.

Hill: I'm a musician too.

All:

One musician's a blighted Hun and
One is an over-baked Belgian bun, and
One from a suburb of Wellington—Yes.

The Three:

Three great musicians, we.

Wagner:

I'm always trying new tonal tricks.

Verbrug.:

And Australasian tours I fix.

Hill:

While at the "Triad" I hurl great
bricks.

The Three:

Three great musicians, we.

Wagner:

To me music's a cause for joy.

Verbrug.:

You can't have run a state band, my
boy.

Hill:

And you've not heard my Waiati Poi."

The Three:

Three great musicians, we.

Hill:

One was an over-worked Teuton mutt
—and
One's a conductor who's now gone fut,
and
One was born in the Lower Rutt—so

The Three:

Three great musicians, we.

2. Quartette.

(Air—Yo-ho, Little Girl!)

Wilde, Tresizes, Wilson and Bracken.

Theo:

I've wandered the whole world over
twice,
And I've never been cheeked before,
Though I've gambled with fate and
loaded dice,
And mastered the slippery floor.

I've lived lean in Limehouse and out
and about,
And never encountered a frown,
Though I've lived in an attic in artis-
tic style,
And eluded the landlord's every wile,
Till I came to this miserable town.

Chorus:

Till he came to this miserable town.

Chas:

Here's a bally quandary.

Bracken:

For 'tis plain as plain can be,
That if Oscar's right,
Then our Theo's wrong.

Oscar:

Let us have a fight.

Chas:

Is it dance or song?

Bracken:

Fist it out, my hearties,
And fight as they fought of old,

Chas:

And prove who is true,
Our little boy blue,
Or the lad with the brow of gold.

Te Aro House—Millinery Specialists.

Oscar :

I'm the author of many word perfect
 books,
 And the Father of great Salome,
 And though I would buck at Maud
 Allen gadzooks,
 Don't think I'm a metronome;
 No one who engaged me in argument
 But was stousted with an epigram.
 The "Importance of Being Earnest's"
 fine,
 And "Dorian Gray" is mine, all mine,
 So for him I don't care a damn.

Chas :

For him he cares not a damn.

Bracken :

Here's a beastly mystery,
 For its quite, quite plain to see
 That if Oscar's IT,
 Then our Theo's not.

Chas :

But my young Tom-tit,
 All this talk is rot.

Bracken :

Fight it out my hearties,
 There's nought to compare with a
 fight,
 And we'll see who is the dub.

Chas :

Terpsichore's cub
 Or the Moon of my Delight.

3. Solo.

(Air—"Rajah of Bhong," Country
 Girl.)

Theo. Tresizes :

I am a dancing master gay,
 Butterfly flitting from day to day.
 Why—
 Just look in my eye.

Chorus :

Just look in his eye.

Theo :

All the nice people their homage pay,
 All of the ball-room beneath my sway.
 Lies.

Chorus :

He's Theo Tresize.
 He's Theo Tresize.

Theo :

For I was christened Theo you see,
 (It means Theodore between you and
 me);
 If you would foxtrot, I'll shew you
 what's what;
 You'll learn to twist,
 Like Theo Tresize.
 (Chorus repeat.)

Theo :

I laid the foundations of Goring Street,
 Saved your young maidens from bore-
 dom sweet.
 Sighs.

Chorus :

Did Theo Tresize.
 Did Theo Tresize.

Theo :

Auckland enlisted my timely aid,
 And to the Davis a trip I made!
 Prize!

Chorus :

Oh, many the cries.
 For Theo Tresize.

Theo :

All tepischorean tumbles I know,
 All that's in Heaven and all below;
 From Polka to prancing there's noth-
 ing in dancing
 Unknown alone
 To Theo Tresize.

(Chorus repeat.)**Theo :**

As a producer I won great fame,
 All that's artistic is in my name;
 Byes!
 (Boys in an Irish idiom.)

Chorus :

There aren't any flies
 On Theo Tresize.

Theo :

All of them love me whose blood is
 blue,
 Gaze on my autographed picture, you!
 Guys!

Chorus :

He's Theo Tresize.
 He's Theo Tresize.

Theo :

For I improved the old foxtrot so,
 Found a new onestep that's all the go
 (I say that it's Spanish, but it might
 be Danish),
 For as I can tell you
 Your Theo Tresize.

Te Aro House—Sells London Successes.

Chorus:

For he, you see, is Theo Tresize,
And once his name blared to the skies,
But now-a-days the cabarets
Are much too full for Theo Tresize.

4.

Solo.

(Air—"If You Look in Her Eyes.")

Morton.

I roamed this way from over the seas
From far Archipelagoes;
I played the candle in Kingdoms of
Greece,

And Mary in "Mary Rose."
I've acted Hamlet many a time,
At after dinner snooze;
But now I chase the wild-cat rhyme,
And dip deep in praise of booze.

Sad is the lot of a Morton,
Roses and rue and ruth;
Oh, if my name'd been Norton,
Now I'd have told the truth!
I would have penned no word of Jour-
nalse,

Or of chimpanzeeze,
Nor of Diction'ries;
Sad is the lot of a Morton,
Oh, for my vanished youth!

When I was young I felt very sure
The world would resound my name.
That my message would long endure,
Written in words of flame;
But Whistler now, alas, feels no more,
And Lindsay I know I am not;
Sad the heart and dreary and sore.
The maudlin Morton's lot.

Bad is the life of a jotter,
Worse it grows from day today;
Now if I had been a potter,
Thumping at his wet clay,
I would have written not a sonnet,
Bought not a bonnet,
Take my word on it.
Sad is the life of a jotter,
With printer's devils to pay.

5.

"Vacation Time."

Final Chorus.

(Air—"Johnny's in Town.")

Let's all be merry,
The weather's fine—very
And before long
We'll burst into song.
Ireland is rising,
Exams are surprising,
And prices will fall before long:
Stokers and stewards working,
Watersiders are not,
So—

Chorus:

Let's all be gay,
Happy to-day;
Who knows that vieu rose will be worn
in May.
Dons and Donlets group around.
Raise your voices—
We have no more early lectures
To Roman Law,
Give the "Haw, Haw"!
Philos in Kolynos may be drowned.
To freedom we're winging,
With voices a-ringing,
Vacation Time has come round.

Te Aro House—The Well Known Corner.

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ACT III.

RUSSIA OF TO-DAY.

Scene: A room, rather sombre. On the walls are hung pictures of Karl Marx, the Examiner, Lenin the Liberator, Trostky the Triumphant, and Massey the Maudlin. A picture of Wilford is not hung. It resembles a thieves' kitchen. A table in centre, round which sit a number of old men knitting.

Cast of Characters.

CARL MARX (editor of the "Maoriland Shiker") C. GAMBLE

"What have you gained by the strike you follow?
What do you mean by the song you sing?
What will you do when the supper is gone?"

—Mr. F. K. Hunt, S.M.

MANNIX (of the Bureau of Free Love) V. ROSS

"As I was coming from St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives."
—Nursery rhyme.

ITCH (the village idiot) W. PRINGLE

"Thou wilt play thy part full well brother."—Anonymous.

SZCZOPENOWSKA (agent for Fluenzol) N. WHITEMAN

"Oh, what a fall there was my country-
men,
When you and I and all of us fell down
and bloody tyranny
Flourished over us."—H. Mackenzie.

CRAIG KENNEDY (a scientific detective) C. MOSS

"There is a conspiracy of silence against me."—T. A. Hunter

MISS TROTSKY (a Bolshevixen) MISS M. MILES

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night."
—Wm. Blake.

MARGOT ASQUITH (a woman of no importance). E. K. RISHWORTH

"His beauty smoothed earth's furrowed
face,

He gave me tokens three:—

A look, a touch of his winsome mouth
And a wild raspberry."

—Francis Thompson (with variations)

VYRN EVANS (an English gentleman) S. C. W. WATKINS

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And mate of the Nancy brig."

—Composed by E. Evans personally.

HARCUS PLIMMER (of Plimmer's steps, pressman) W. A. SHEAT

"And if my pen will bring me pelf
Damned if I don't turn Socialist myself."
—B. Murphy.

SIBERIAN SAM C. G. KIRK

Te Aro House—Carpet Specialists.

1. **Chorus of Bolsheviks.**

(Air—"Lil' Liza Jane.")

Solo:

Who are these men, all fearsome
browed?

The Bolsheviks.

Who is it sways the trembling crowd?
The Bolsheviks.

All:

Oh, the Bolshies, bad Bolsheviks,
We're the Bolshies, bad Bolsheviks.
We're the Bolshies, bad Bolsheviks.

Solo:

We are really as quiet as lambs,
Are Bolsheviks.
Peaceful as nursemaids pushing prams,
Are Bolsheviks.

All:

Oh, the Bolshies, bad Bolsheviks,
We're the Bolshies, bad Bolsheviks.

Solo:

Much and many the tales are told
Of Bolsheviks!
Half of them true as fairy gold
To Bolsheviks.

Chorus:

Oh, the Bolshies, etc.

Solo:

Not till you hear St. Peter's hail,
Ho, Bolsheviks.
Will you be told the truthful tale,
Of Bolsheviks?

Chorus:

Oh, the Bolshies, good Bolsheviks,
We're the Bolshies, good Bolsheviks.

2.

Solo:

Siberian Sam.

(Air—"Toreador's Song"—Carmen.)

See our sabres drawn and ever fiercely
gleaming,
See each regimental flag unfurled;
Brothers come and quit your fruitless
dreaming,
Come with me, come with me to con-
quer all the world.
Down your needles, drop your foolish
knitting,
Come with me ~~where~~ man's work waits
to do.
Pouches and pistols,
These are more fitting,

Hear your country calling loud to you.

Seize your rifles,

And on to battle,

Where the stabbing shots the gloam-
ing tear;

Hear the limbered batteries crack and
rattle,

While the sweating drivers shout and
swear.

Come then with me, come then with
me—Ah!

Southward we'll march to conquer,
South to the sea,
South to the sea,
With all of our trampling armies,
Southwards, who'll march with me.
Though many fall and die,
South to the sea,
Though many fall and die.

(Chorus repeat.)

Where the bayonets fixed in scattered
rows are shining,
And the batteries dug and hidden deep,
Where the troops upon the firestep
lining,

Pray for guns, pray for guns, their
weakening front to sweep;
Where the endless column marching,
seeming

From the dusk to dawning of the day,
Crackling of rifles,
Starshells are gleaming,
Wounded scattered lying by the way.
Hear the aeroplanes
With roar arising,

Hovering on high above the way;
See the bold Cossacks danger despising,
Rushing foremost to the fray.

(Chorus.)

3.

Solo.

(Air—"Dividing the Spoil.")

Itch:

The one who would rule in the Bol-
shevik school
Said I was the fool of the village,
For come there what may, I guess I've
my say
When it comes to dividing the pillage.
If I think the moon cheese I believe
what I please,
I suppose you can't seize on the reason,
For the mystery is one I will tell to
my son,
When my son is the star of the season.

Te Aro House—For Men's Hosiery.

All:

Yes, the silly poor mutt has gone clean
off his nutt.
When he thinks him the star of the
season.

Itch:

Oh! they say I am mad, which is all
very sad,
If it chanced not to be so amusing.
Yes, they think one so gassey, should be
Honourable Massey,
And say I'm so classy—refusing.
See, there peace in the sky as you'll
see by and bye,
And you wonder my words did not
trouble you;
You'll be sorry one night, when you
find that your plight
Is that society, I.W.W.

All:

Well, its rather a dream to see ships
in the stream
That are manned by the I.W.W.

Solo.

(Air—Specially written by W. H.
Stainton.)

(Margot sings.)

I am a much maligned maiden fair.
And this last insult is all I can bear,
For I've a sensitive heart.

Literary longings I've always had,
But my intentions were never bad,
For I've a sensitive heart.
But when a publishing firm I knew,
Offered a cool ten thousand to
Conceal my sensitive heart,
What could I think, and what would
you do?

If a respectable firm you knew
An offer did impart?

So a few stories I revealed,
(Things that had better lain concealed)
Of my sensitive heart.
Gladstone and Goblets and gambling
came in,
And something else that resembled sin
To a sensitive heart.

But it was a success you know,
All of my friends have assured me so,
Bless their sensitive hearts.
And the young royalties rolling in,
And as for critics, oh, what a din
To a sensitive heart.

So off, to Russia at last I've rushed,
And I'm not lightly aside to be
brushed,

For all my sensitive heart.
More material here I seek

For a news column in "Once a week,"
Run by a sensitive heart.

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and get a New Hat.
Latest Up-to-date Styles.

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ACT IV.

CHINATOWN 2,000 B.C.

Scene.—On the right a house; in the foreground a pavilion and in the background an orange tree; to the right a peach-tree in full bearing. A fence runs round the estate. A bridge to centre, and at one end a willow-tree, to left an island with small cottage. Two turtle doves in back of picture. If this picturesque scenery leaves any room at all, there is a laundry in background. Being in China, the owner of the laundry is naturally a white woman.

Cast of Characters.

JOE LOO (Emperor of Pak-a-poo) C. GAMBLE.
"TWENTY-FOURTH OLD MAN:—I am glad I am not a Chinaman; it must be very inconvenient to be a Chinaman."—Maeterlinck.
TUAN WILL FOO (his son) E. EVANS
"I swung the word a trinket at my wrist."—Thompson.
HOW ELI (chief torturer) R. A. TONKIN
"His creations approval or censure; I spoke as I saw."—Browning.
MRS. CHU CHOWS (Keeper of "Willow Pattern Laundry") A. MAZENGARB
"She was a lady of great renown."—Baritone song.
YANG KWEI-FEI (his beautiful daughter). MISS M. PIGOU
"Now I found that joy could be as high
as Mount Ohong Nan,
Sorrow as deep as Lake Shang."
—"A Soul's Progress."
CONAN DOYLE (a tourist) C. MOSS
"Do you see anyone coming sister Anne?"—Tale of Bluebeard.
S. HOLMES (An unsolvable mystery) C. G. KIRK
"Where do flies go in the winter time,
From January to June"
Sir. Francis Bell.
CHO PIN (a lost soul) F. WARNER
"Nor lost, nor stolen, but simply gone astray."—Rev. Frank Gorman.
SEM PUL (secretary of the union) W. A. SHEAT
"I stood for the rights of my countrymen, I stand—still."—Orations of Dunbar Sloane.
COMRADE DAVY SU, COMRADE STEVIE DORE (members of the Union)
M. GIBB, A. N. OTHER

1. Laundry Chorus.

"From Here to Shanghai."

Each day we wash anew
Clothes red and white and blue,
And peg them out in line.
Of Hudson's we've lost hope,
We don't use Sunlight Soap;
But still our washing's very fine.

Just watch us rub
As we wash and scrub.

There is no dub
In Laundrytown.
Clothes turn and twist
As we twirl our wrist,
And every time we rub, the suds fly
up and down.

We peg them out each day
In a neat and nice long row,
And we can shew the way
That will make them white as snow.
Forever toil on the clothes you soil
Always on the boil in Laundrytown.

Te Aro House—For Popular Prices.

Te Aro House—For Ladies' Underclothing.

Shirts and silk collars too,
And tablecloths we do,
And wear and tear and fray
Old dungarees once blue.
Nothing we wash is new.
When you take your clothes away.

2. Chorus.—“Hail to His Majesty.”

(“Country Girl.”)—

Here he comes—here he comes,
With majestic bearing.
With his bodyguard he comes,
They are peaches, pearls and plums,
And their dress is daring—
Yet they seem uncaring
This high stately, until lately,
Emperor of all
Doffs his splendor, on a vendor
Of soft soap to call.
Cheer him, cheer him,
Cheer him, one and all!
Hurrah for the Emperor!
The Emperor of all!

3. Duet: Emperor and Mrs. Chows.

“You Must Have the Ticket.”

(Air—“You Can't Do Without It.”)

Mrs. Chow:

You must have the ticket.
Indeed, I'll not stick it.

Emperor:

You don't think that I'm a pot of glue
For if I think you do
I'll have the head of you.

(Motioning to soldier):

Chop him off,
Chop him off,
Nanki-Poo.

Mrs. Chow:

You may do your dirty
But don't think you're shirty,
For if you do you'll have a task.
I'll burn it to a cinder before I will
give it up.
So put that in your fleay ear you nasty
little pup.

(Together):

I (you) must have the ticket,
Or else I'll (she'll) not stick it.
I (you) must have the ticket for your
(my) shirt.

Emperor:

I once had a ticket,
But by some fool trick it
Was lost or stolen or strayed.
Oh, every dodge I've tried,
To every god I've cried:
“Give it back, give it back.” How I've
prayed!
But all of my longing
And all of my wronging
Availeth nothing now.

I haven't got the ticket, so I cannot
have my shirt;
Let me weep upon your shoulder and
won't you call me Bert?
For I've lost the ticket,
Yes, I've lost the ticket.
I've lost the only ticket for my shirt.

4.

Duet.

Will Foo's Song.

(Music specially written by W. H.
Stainton.)

Will Foo:

A Prince of the realm am I
Who has loved you for years on end,
Yet never you turn, O proud Kwei-Fei,
Or even once yet unbend.
For the peaches have bloomed—a month
ago,
And my love is overdue;
So do not depart in weal or woe
Until we have seen a picture show,
Where I might propose to you.

Chorus:

Sweet, chinky chink,
I love you, O so muchie.
Believe me when I say
Sweet chinky chink,
I get so very touchy
When things go another way.

Te Aro House—Gives Compensating Value.

Te Aro House—For Ideal Draperies.

Sweet chinky chink,
How can you be a Dutchie
With lovers by the score,
For I fancied I was past love
Till I met you, O my last love;
And I love you as I've never loved
before.

Daughter:

My Ma keeps this laundry clean,
For you see I'm her daughter fair;
But this much I know, and this I ween,
That the place is on the square,
And the money she makes is hers, not
mine,
Tho' the fact is hard to bear.
I always noted that wealth's the sign
That what's not yours cannot be thine,
And you love wealth everywhere.

Chorus (repeat).

5. Duet: Holmes and Conan Doyle. When Wild Spooks Come to Blows.

(Air: "Dirty Work.")

S.H.:

The further that I go with you
The more I do dislike you.
I think we ought to go and give it best;
You think that everything is true,
Oh, dear, how very like you!
When I went to bed at night I could-
n't rest;
So my blood begins to boil,
And I tell you straight, friend Doyle,
That your beauty I will spoil,
By jove I will!
When my brain is all on fire,
Then my thoughts are dark and dire;
If you're cute you'll send a wire,
I'm out to kill.
Have a care, C. Doyle, have a care,
I'm not afraid of spooks.

C.D.:

Steady there, steady there,
S. Holmes. I'll tell the lukes."
With my medium,
Who's a regular Turk,
She's a devil for a fight,
She will make things hum;

(Both)

There'll be dirty work
At the cross roads to-night.

S.H.:

In questions of intelligence
I laugh at your deductions.

C.D.:

That's mighty cheek from you, upon
my word!
And as for finding where or whence
To carry out instructions,
Your actions are, to say the least,
absurd.

S.H.:

You remind me of a pet
I once had, a marmoset.
I can almost see it yet.
When you're in view.

C.D.:

Well, there's nothing odd in that,
Why, I've seen a sewer rat
Who, suppose he'd worn a hat,
Looked just like you!

S.H.:

Have a care, C. Doyle, Have a care,

C.D. (repeat)

Both (repeat)

6. Watersiders' Chorus.

("You'd be Surprised.")

Busily working each day,
Trundling a trolley each way,
If you but knew us you'd be wishing
to be us too,
Lounging around with great skill,
Old animal time to kill.
We are the best of bold bad men,
From the Watersiders' den.

Oh, if you knew of the work
That we will work hard to shirk,
You'd be surprised.
We really toil very hard.
And if you knew what we barred,
You'd be surprised.

Te Aro House—The Reliable Store.

Te Aro House—For Men's Clothing.

We really don't look much as toilers,
But (read Rex Beach's "Spoilers")
We have the faces of mushrooms,
But there's a nettle in our eye!
We don't look much as a crowd,
But if you said that aloud—
Would be surprised.

We can go down on our knees before
the blinking P.C.'s,
You'd be surprised.
At voting and at work, we've got to
admit that we do a big shirk,
But when the lunch hour comes,
You'd be surprised.

7. Love Duet.

Tuan and Kwei Fei.

(Music specially written by W. H.
Stainton.)

Tuan:

Eastern skies are pale before
The lustre of your eyes;

No sweet dream from Day's Bay shore
May pacify my sighs.
Sweetest flower of all the world
Come nestle on my bosom.
Dew drenched rose with petals furled
The earth's one perfect blossom.

Kwei Fei:

Let us stand beneath
The wan westering morn,
Till in darkness death
Brings the day too soon.

Tuan:

Alone with thee,
Alone with thee,
Ah! ———

Kwei and Tuan.

Eastern stars are dim before
The splendor of our love.
No dark dream from Lethe's shore
May cloud our sky above.

Tuan:

Eastern stars are dim

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"SWAN" Self-Filling PEN

GEO. JEFFERY, THE PEN DOCTOR,
LAMBTON QUAY.

Te Aro House—Interests Ladies Always.

Kewei:
Before our love's splendor.

Tuan:
Before our love's splendor.

Kewei and Tuan:
Lost to all but thee.
Ah! ———
Ah! ——— (To end.)

Final Chorus (Abey.)

8. "Kewei-Fei's Wedding Day."

Ding-dong, ding-dong,
Ring out the bells;
Come to Kwei-Fei's wedding day.
See all the bridesmaids arrayed in
great style,

All of the wedding guests crowding the
aisle;
All the family,
Shrieks excitedly;
Dressmen, pressmen, tread on the toes
of me;
Grandma, grandpa jumping in glee,
On Kwei-Fei's wedding day.
(Repeat.)

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

Custom cannot wither, nor age stale,
our infinite lack of variety.

—The Authors.

Te Aro House—Where the Boys' Suits Come From.

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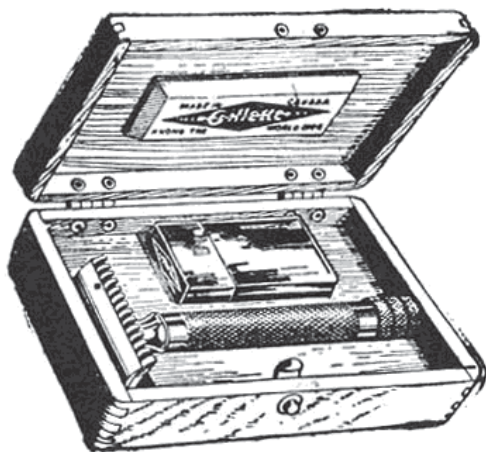


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