

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.



OPERA HOUSE
Wed. & Thurs., May 12th & 13th, 1920

CAPPING DAY

Thou little 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.

A Continual Feast of Good Things

*It is
always
Carnival
Time
with us!*



When the mirth and jollity,
the laughter and the singing,
the capping and the clapping
are over—continue your enjoyment
of good things by inspecting our
New Display of

Costumes, Frocks and Blouses

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new straight skirt, sac coat, finished narrow belt and
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Another Smart Model Cape Costume In Navy Gab-
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three flounces of taffeta on skirt; bodice finished with silver
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Effective Dinner Blouse New Magyar style, round neck,
short sleeves; in Royal Blue Georgette, trimmed handsome
gold lace and terra cotta ribbon. **65s.**

Te Aro House
Cuba Street

.. Victoria University College ..

CAPPING CARNIVAL

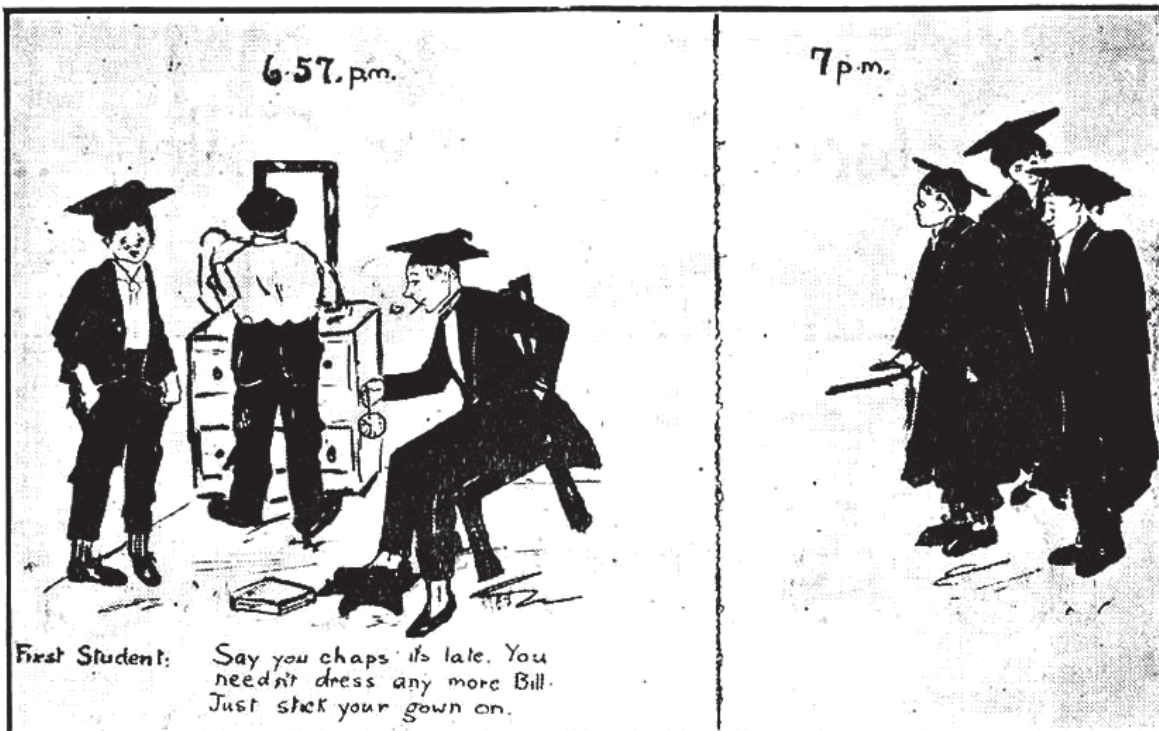
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--*King John.*



*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 **Chiro-podic and Foot Specialist Department**.

We successfully treat **Bunions, Corns, In-growing Nails, Mortons Toe, Hammer Toe, Diseased Nails, Old Fractures, Weak Feet, Flat Foot, Metatarsalgia, Plantar Neuralgia**, indeed all troubles of the feet.

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FOREWORD

In its beginnings the history of Parliament is, the story of a struggle for existence, of thwarted rights and of hard-won privileges. There was only one cause the people's and to maintain it came forth spontaneously the best-educated and the highest in the land.

This struggle ceased only with the accession of William III. Almost immediately the two great traditional parties sprang into existence. Members were no longer selected for ability or worth, but for their willingness to follow whatever lead was given them. Thus was developed the professional politician, a man scarcely known in New Zealand; but whom the exigencies of the system have allowed us to replace only with retired merchants and frowsy farmers—men of independent means though by no means independent ability. We have anachronistically treated this in Act II.

On the dual party system, with its complicated check and counter-check, the whole of our parliamentary system is founded. The result is satirised in Act III. The present era has, however, seen the growth of a new party with all the marks of permanence, a party fighting not only with the traditional weapons of politics but with the constraints of economic warfare. It seems impracticable for the present constitution to contain the altered forces. The present era has likewise seen the vast extension of the franchise and the political freedom of Woman.

Musing on the new factors and on other modern tendencies, musing it now seems in a moment of delirium, we conceived our final Act. Thank God, we don't believe it.

The thanks of the Students' Association are due to Messrs. Kirkcaldie & Stains for receiving us at luncheon after the Procession; to the following who provided lorries: Messrs. Curtis & Co., Colonial Carrying Co., N.Z. Express Co., J. Campbell & Co., Munt, Cottrell & Co., Nielson & Co.; and to the many others who have rendered kind assistance during the Capping celebrations.

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First-Class Service

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PROPRIETOR.

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by seeing our big store displays of—
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Now that our Ladies' Department has been removed a few doors higher up — we are devoting the whole of the premises at 54-56 Willis Street exclusively to men's wear — CLOTHING — MERCERY and BOOTS — all the newest and smartest styles for the Winter Season.

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❖ GRAND OPERA HOUSE ❖
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY—MAY 12th and 13th, 1920
 AT 8 p.m.

“THE DOGS”

A Musical Extravaganza in Four Acts. Perpetrated by the Victoria University College
 Sentimental Quartette.

Producer and Director	..	E. EVANS
Conductor	W. H. STANTON
Stage Manager	K. W. LOW
Business Manager	S. MANSFIELD
Property Master	N. BLAKISTON
Pianiste	Miss E. JOYCE
Orchestra	Misses HEINMANN and
		M. JOYCE and Mr. LOMAS (Violins)
		Mr. HUME (Cello)
		Mrs. STEPHENSON (Bass)
		Mr. THOMPSON (Clarinet)
		and Mr. Tucker (Flute).

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

*“The year's course that brings this day about shall never see it but a holiday, a
 wicked day and not a holy day. King John.*

=====

CAST OFF CARICATURES.

PROLOGUE E. K. RISHWORTH

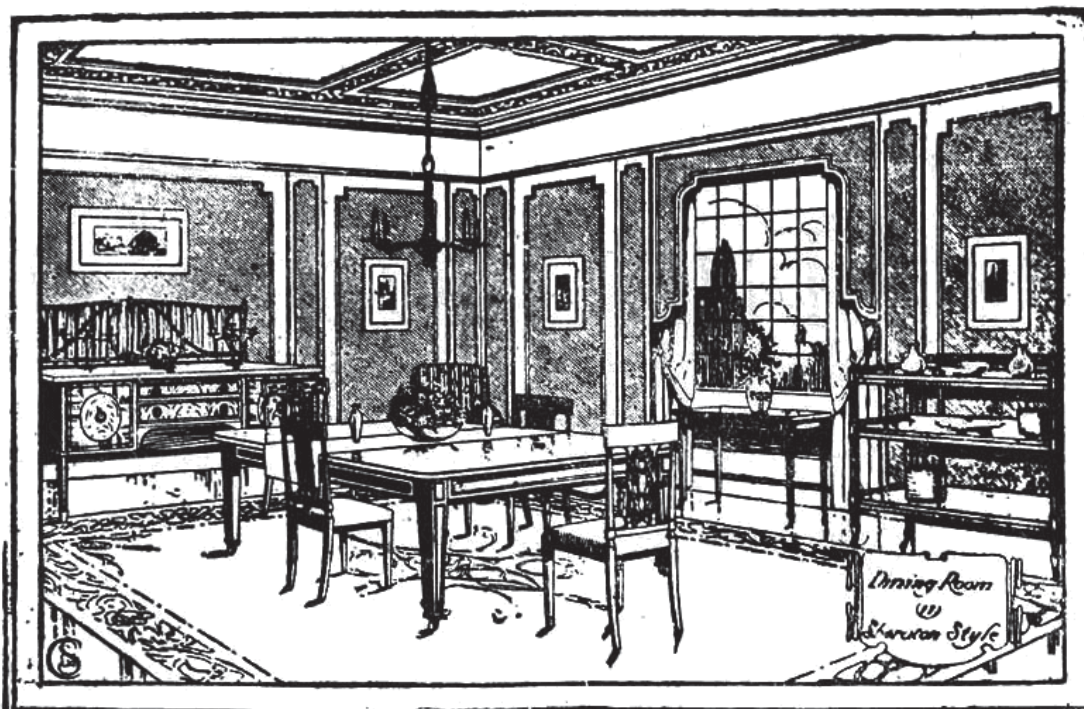
“I am a broken-hearted Troubadour
 Whose mind's are aesthetic and whose tastes are pure”
Longfellow (abbreviated)

ACT I. THE DIRTY DOG
 Being the true and veracious account of the birth of Parliament.

Scene:	A camp-fire in Merrie England
SENTRY	R. COMRIE
NON-COM.	W. P. PRINGLE
SECOND SENTRY	R. R. SCOTT
OFFICER	A. J. MAZENGARB

Let our martial thunder
 Fill your soul with wonder”
 —Wordsworth (re-worded)

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Possessing a character distinctly its own.
Every piece of Scoullar Furniture is a
sincere expression of

THE IDEALS OF THE SCOULLAR WORKSHOPS.

Every piece has the high intrinsic excellence
that only craftsmen who feel and under-
stand the beauty of quality furniture can
adequately and modernly impart.

*Scoullar Furniture has an air of refined
good taste which defies imitation. :: ::*

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THE DOG "JAKE"
 "I'd rather be a kitten and cry mew" *Shakespeare (re-shook)*

ROBIN HOOD E. K. RISHWORTH
 "A dear little lad
 Who drove 'em half mad,
 For he turned out a horribly fast little cad."
 — *(Great) Scott!*

Sir SIMON de MONTFORT Sir PERCIVAL de MARTIN-SMITH
 "He'd everything a man of taste
 Could ever want except a waist."
 — Whittier still wittier.

SIR JAMES FALLEN K. W. LOW
 "Whereat, with blade, with bloody, blameful blade
 He bravely broached his boiling, bloody breast." *Spokeshave.*
 Soldiers, Ballet and a Jam Tin.
 Entr'acte Beautiful Ohio.

ACT II. THE GAY DOGS
 Being a sidelight on a Stuart Election.

Scene: The Village Green at Frankarua

BE-ALL MASSIVE C. C. MOSS
 "Raise him on our brawny shoulders
 Cynosure of all beholders
 Chosen from his fellow creatures." — *PShaw!*

OLIVER CROMWELL N. G. WHITEMAN
 "Assume a virtue if you have it not."
Browning (done brown)

MRS. CROMWELL MISS D. BINGHAM
 "When first I met thee dearest wife
 The bullrush was in bloom." *A. E. Caddick*

DR. GLIPB H. G. MILLER
 "Heck thrawfu' raltie rorkie
 Wi' thecht ta' croonie clapperhead
 And fash with unco pawkie."
Browning (almost burnt)

ICE CREAM VENDORS SIGNOR AND SIGNORINA
 Karantze Vadalla - Steak a da Hoisho.

JOB GONE FRAUD S. MANSFIELD
 "Having reached the summit and managed to cross it, he
 rolled down the hill with uncommon velocity." *Barham*

DYM JYKES A. S. TONKIN

CLERK E. R. MURPHY
 (Not the Prof.)
 Villagers, Batmen and Auctioneers.

// // // // //

INTERVAL

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ACT III. ... THE POW-WOWS
 Being an exhibition of modern business methods as portrayed in parliamentary procedure.
 Scene : ... The 'Ouse

"But then the prospect of a lot
 Of dull M.P.'s in close proximity
 All thinking for themselves is what
 No men can face with equanimity."
Wilde (toned down)

MR. SPEAKER ... S. A. WIREN
 "How would you like this dash tomfoolery
 Every day from ten to two." *Gelbert.*

CLERK OF THE HOUSE ... M. O'DONNELL

LADY BLASTOR ... ANNA P. SLIM

"I cannot sing, I squall
 And this is worst of all
 Away goes my falsetto
 My exquisite falsetto."
—Swift (still faster)

JAY PIP FLUKE O. Beer E. (semaphored) P. MARTIN-SMITH

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When can we make your Wedding Cake?

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WEDDING CAKE SPECIALISTS
 - - and **CATERERS**

Cuba Street
WELLINGTON

The Square
PALMERSTON N.

Avenue
WANGANUI

ACT IV. ... THE DOG DAYS
 ... Being Parliament gone to the dogs.
 Scene: ... Ladies' Evening at Bellamy's one hundred years hence.
 PREMIER ... MISS H. EASTERFIELD
 "Fairest and loveliest of created things." *Shakespeare (shaved)*
 SIR BHOMAS TRINDLE ... E. SAPSFORD
 "And the Amazons simpered and sighed,
 And they ogled and giggled, and flushed,
 And they opened their pretty eyes wide,
 And they chuckled, and flirted, and blushed
 (At least, if they could, they'd have blushed) *Bab.*
 SIR BRANCIS FELL ... C. Q. POPE
 SIR KELLY NOAD ... Miss O. SALMON
 "Woman needs no eulogy she speaks for herself."
Dryden (watered)
 Babes, Jazzists, Parliamentarians, etc.
 No Coleridge (owing to shortage).
 FEET PRASER ... K. W. LOW
 "Thou foster-child of silence and slow time."
Keats Sweets.
 WOM TILFORD ... R. GORDON
 VOSITT ... H. A. ANDERSON
 THE RIGHT HENRY ... A. J. MAZENGARB
 PRESS REPORTERS ... C. HOWE, R. GAPES,
 M. CLARIS
 WILLIE CLASSEY ... C. C. MOSS
 NEWSBOY ... B. G. MITFORD
 MESSENGER ... W. A. SHEAT
 PRINCE OF WAILS ... W. P. PRINGLE
 "An over-devotional super-emotional
 Hyper-chimerical extra-hysterical
 Wildly aesthetical madly phrenetical
 Highly strung sensitive Prince."
—Pope (absolved)
 Potential Princesses, Piffling Politicians, etc.
 Entr'acte ... African Dance ... Montague King

Suits Are Not Dear at James Bell's!

We hold the largest stocks of Genuine Fox's Indigo
 Serge in the Dominion.

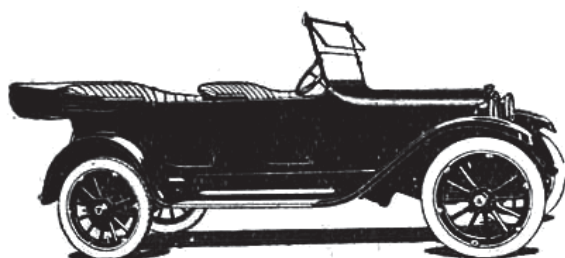
Expert hand-work ensures entire satisfaction.

Ladies! Your Costume will fit you to perfection if
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Is the stepping stone for our New Car Department. How foolish it would be then for us to sell you a car which would reflect badly on us as Motor Car Dealers. We confidently expect to sell every man who buys a used car from us this year a new car next year.

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B. Mulholland - - - Manager

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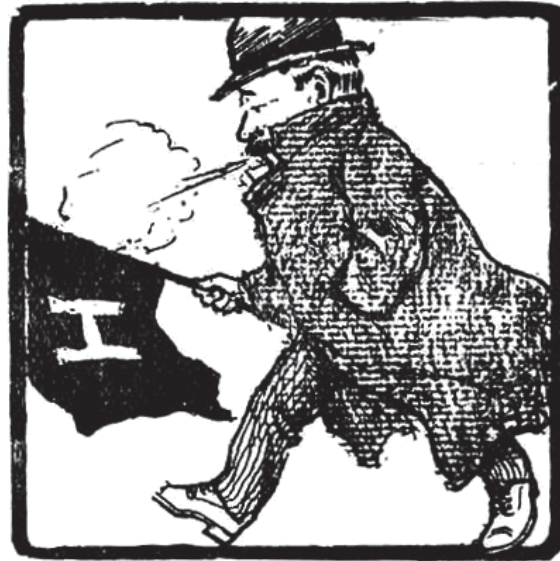
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Box Calf Derby Bals	-	-	35/-
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Best Values in Town.

R. HANNAH & CO. Ltd.
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Means discomfort :: :: :: ::
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Men's Underwear in all weights and
sizes.

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in **Overcoats and Raincoats.**

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The Popular Men's Outfitters

Cuba Street - - - Next Queen's Theatre

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Specialty Dance—

Misses N. Grosvenor, M. Moore, and A. Woodhouse,
Messrs. L. I. Day, W. Watkins and C. C. Moss.

"He has turned us into ballet
And we feel it personally."— *Gilbert.*

:: "THE DOGS" ::

□ □

Extravaganza

In a Prologue and Four Acts

PROLOGUE.

SOLO.....Air : Prologue to Pagliacci

What ho ! How are you, sweet ladies and gentlemen
(And students, too) ?

I am here to present you
To this 'ere play of ours.

To-night we leave our books and midnight oil for light frivolity.
So kindly will you join in this our annual jellity,
And don't give a damn for quality.

To-night we come to play the fool,
And you'll find as you roam o'er the world so gay
That 'tis folly that reigns and her minions that rule
(These are the fools we play).

So then, in true College fashion, to-night's entertainment
Will picture the growth and attainment
Through various ages of Parliament's august control ;
Start with de Montfort and end with de Massey
And his Liberal re-Ward at the poll.

We'll show our fathers fighting
For Truth and Freedom's cause ;
The Commons uniting
Their long and their bitter wars
With Royalists and with Papacy
Their hard-won conquest and power.

Veitch & Allan - - *Cuba Street*

Time was ambition incited,
Great statesmen to govern a country united ;
But parties arising chose their leaders
Not for worth and honour, but for a faction's glory ;
So runs our story.

The pageant rolls onward.
Labour parties are forming to struggle for freedom
All peoples uniting
Olden party strife fails to restrain them —
Doctrines and customs fade.
Unplanned yet the building,
Comes there also, mayhap to guide us,
The new vision of women beside us.

With the plot we are furnished,
In its solution high carnival making.
Up, then, ring up the curtain !

ACT I.

OPENING CHORUS Air: "Bonnie Dundee."

Plantagenet spearmen and bowmen are we,
Enjoying our bit of a smoke after tea;
For when we've marched twenty long miles in the day,
At night, you bet, Bacchus and baccy hold sway.
 When night's on the forest, when red camp fires shine
 With embers of birch trees and odours of pine,
 When limbs stretch out lazily, life's bounding free,
 We all make as merry as merry can be.

Our battle formation would gladden your heart:
In the centre the birds with the halberds take part;
On the right our grim maces soon harrow the foe;
And to left every archer is tied in a bow.
 Then while the fire's ruddy we tell o'er the fight,
 With Memory coaxing us, far in the night;
 So pile up the friendly logs, let the blaze free,
 And all be as merry as merry can be.

At the first shaft of dawn we our bivouac break,
In the swirl of the river our energies wake;
A march, and an ambush, the armies pass by—
But unmarked, unremembered the fallen must lie.
 So logs to the burning—the flames leaping high,
 Drive Gloom to the forest, snatch Joy from the sky;

Veitch & Allan, Clothiers and Mercers

And if song and laughter the flames shall decree,
Why, we'll be as merry as merry can be.

THE JOYS OF A SOLDIER.....Air: "Day After Day."

1. A glorious life is the army ;
We've nothing to do all the day
But draw from the quarter our rations,
And spend at the canteen our pay.
And such pretty medals they pin on your chest,
And they blow the reveille when we want to rest.

Day after day, week after week, month after month, and
year after year,
They feed us up fatly and send us to fight
For King and for Country and Right against Might ;
And Trentham camp is the place
Where they drill us all the day long :
Form fours to the right,
Then move to the left,
Day after day, week after week, month after month, and
year after year.

2. The Colonel inspects us each morning,
His temper of pepper is made,
And so all our faces are shaven
Before he appears on parade.
He travels along from the left to the right,
Our buttons and badges are shiny and bright.

Day after day, week after week, month after month, and
year after year,
The same old brasso on buttons we rub,
The same old radium polish and scrub,
The same old bully beef stew,
The same old hard biscuits eat :
A life, you would think,
That'd drive one to drink,
Day after day, week after week, month after month, and
year after year.

3. The boss of the show is Jim Allen,
And he's not at all a bad chap,
But to the wowsers he's fallen ;
For our thirst they don't care a rap,
And now all the pubs they are closing at six
If you shout for a cobber you're well in a fix.

Veitch & Allan sell at Popular Prices

Day after day, week after week, month after month, and
 year after year,
 We march and we drill while we're learning to fight.
 We're working all day, but we're dreaming all night
 Of the days before the war
 Or apres la guerre finie,
 When pubs close at ten
 And to drink we'll be free,
 We'll have ale after ale, stout after stout, rum after rum,
 and beer after beer.

4. Now Holland is chief of the workers
 He talks about ruling the land,
 With Socialist slackers and shirkers
 He's head of a Bolshevik band ;
 The cost of living still rising apace,
 While profits and wages are having a race.

Day after day, week after week, month after month, and
 year after year,
 We read all the leaders they put in the "Post."
 Of facts and of figures they quote us a host ;
 But still we hear Harry say
 The social system is wrong ;
 The workers should rule
 And the landlords should work,
 Day after day, week after week, month after month, and
 year after year.

2.—ALE TO BACK US..... Air: "The Brave Old Oaks"

Now seize ye the cup and tip it up,
 And drain it good and dry ;
 Nor seek ye to stop while remains a drop,
 For to-morrow we may die ;
 But while we have breath we'll mock at old death,
 And while we have wine will we sing ;
 So fill, merry men, fill, fill all again,
 Let us shout till the welkin ring.

Then let us drink, while drink we may—
 Who knows what may fall to-morrow
 And let us sing till the dawn is grey,
 And say good-bye to sorrow.

Then here's to the ale, be it dark or pale,
 That is brewed for deeply quaffing ;

Try  *Veitch & Allan*

And there's naught so fine as a draught of wine
 To set you merrily laughing;
 For life's a jade, and her heart is made
 Of flint, so we'll forget her;
 We'll drink to-night till the sun springs bright,
 And we'll soon cease to regret her.
 (Chorus)

—ROBIN HOOD'S STORY Air: "Honour and Arms"

Robin Hood: All wet canteens we now must close (ter).

Chorus: And why the devil's this, who knows? (bis).

'Tis damnable, most damnable.

Robin Hood: Come gather round while I unfold
 Headquarter's iniquities untold:
 Wherefore the tin hats have put an end to our diggers'
 beanos,
 List, I now expose.
 All wet canteens we now must close (ter).

Chorus: And why the devil's this, who knows (bis),
 And why the devil's this been done, we beg you to dis-
 close.

(Basses) 'Tis damnable! (Tenors) A beastly bore!
 (Basses) Most damnable! (Tenors) But what's it for?

Robin Hood: Because some fool inebriate
 (Blind, stunned, or a trifle potty),
 As he was returning from his grog,
 Did hurl at the tail of the colonel's dog
 A tin of plum and apple of an antique date.

Chorus: Let's bag him! And scrag him!

Robin Hood: So we poor mugs without our booze
 Must fill up with tea (or what you chose),

Chorus: And wet canteens we now must close.

OUR MODERN CRAZE.....K. W. Low

What's all this uproar? Must I call attention
 To regulation 3 enjoining silence?
 The seventh volume of the training manuals
 Should have prevented further mention.

VEITCH & ALLAN - **Clothiers and Mercers**

Our modern craze, viz., Officialdom
 Makes regulations for everyone
 Countless, cheap and pernicky,
 It turns 'em out for everyone.
 We've laws and by-laws, the decrees of fashions;
 We've statutes, notices and ordinances,
 On buying sugar, chaperoning dances;
 On wages, coal, the flu, golf, poker, rations.
 This sorry craze has a symptom new:
 'Tis printing forms off—green, pink, and blue;
 And should you fail to fill any
 Form 90 (j)—'tis all up with you!
 Now Sunday tennis must be awful naughty,
 According to the light of Mr. Forsyth;
 Though stout Sir Robert is with vicars more blithe,
 I never knew Sir Bob was half so sporty.
 Says Thomas Forsyth: "Professors should
 "Hush up these frolics—the courts seclude,
 "In case such sins should shock us,
 "Who are so good—we are so good."
 "For two days' cricket, if you hire the Basin,
 "Our charge is £2/4/0," so the City Council;
 "But for athletics, usual charge for grounds 'll
 "Be," what our Mr. Brook would term amazin',
 "Hire twenty quidlets—deposit ten—
 "Pay advertising—employ our men—
 "Marking—two guineas extra—
 "The pit ten bob—repairs your job"
 (We regret we cannot condense all this letter to a single
 chorus. It's scandalous entirety will be found in the City
 Council's letter-book, and we suppose in their regulations.)
 And every evening, as I turn home laden
 With latest forms and rules from every quarter,
 I think how many who are sane and healthy
 Must act like fools to please the ones who made 'em.
 If this continues I'll stoush those fools,
 Who gazette their whimsies (Queensbury rules),
 Then spend an early dotage
 Evading State asylum rules.

—WAR CHORUS Air: "Dear Old Home of Mine"

Soldiers: I like the boozing
 And the sumptuous sense of losing

VEITCH & ALLAN - Sell at Popular Prices

All my woes in a tankard of ale;
 I think a dandy
 Pony shandy comes in handy
 When there's not a drop of brandy to assail;
 I like the feeling
 I like the frisky
 Fizz of soda in my whisky;
 I take a stout or rum,
 Each time I shout a chum;
 When the ceiling is a-reeling,
 When my second sight redoubles
 All the barmaids and the bubbles;
 I shave the doorway,
 As I end my merry soiree,
 So I cuddle the lamp-post's slim waist;
 I hole-out in the gutter,
 With my brolly for a putter,
 And the lobster is a ball of taste;
 It's a dreary road and weary
 When I'm going home to deary
 Without my optics bleery,
 As the rest of me is beery,
 And I'm twice as cheery as your China tea.

Ballet: We hold the lands, the goods, the wealth,
 And we're as powerful as can be;
 But any change might spell disaster,

Insure Against—— **FIRE, ACCIDENT, MARINE!**

With the Oldest International Insurance
 Company in the World—

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HERBERT G. SMITH General Manager for N.Z.

So when rebellions chance along
Masters we'd cease to be;
We must support authority;
And if Jim Fallen says you ought to, why
You've got to stick to China tea.

TANGI.....Air: "Put on your Ta-ta, little Girlie"

And so Sir Simon died a hero,
He died a martyr to the cause;
Slain by the traitor, Jimmie Fallen,
Upholder of Licensing Laws.
We are off to battle for our freedom—
A soldier's rights, don't you forget—
Till every hero is free to drink Waipiro—
Yes, we'll have a Soviet yet.

ACT II.

—OPENING CHORUS Air: "Till we Meet Again."

In the Village of fair Frankarua
All uninterrupted life's dream
Drifts lazily by,
Till elections draw nigh—
Then we dance, sing and feed on ice-cream.

Chorus

Then each candidate will state his views,
Blow hot air and falsify our news;
Each pot calls each kettle black,
Each proves his opponent slack;
We, of course, uphold the farmer's cause—
He's the man to regulate the laws,
For he's the country's primest need:
He supplies the feed.

Though to-day the electors are fewer,
The excitement is really intense,
For the War's Party Fed.
Will be split (so 'tis said),
And it seems a bit over the fence.

Chorus (as before): So once more we farmers must unite,
For the country (and our interests) fight;
Down the opposing candidate,

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Be-All Massive reinstate;
He will keep the country in its groove
Await we now with dance and song
(So our patriotism we shall prove);
Th' election coming on.

—FINALE Airs from "The Grand Duke"

Dykes: Solo (Ludwig) and Chorus, No. 22.
A truce to all this yelling
That down the breeze is swelling;
It really is repelling,
And on my nerves it's telling.

Chorus: All silent be.

Dykes: Solo (Herald) and Chorus, No. 23.
Come, gather round the rostrum,
All ceremonial scorning,
And choose who will become,
On this beautiful morning

Your member from these thrum,
Who stand the scene adorning;
We have to hit on one
On this beautiful morning.

Chorus: Repeats as in score.

Dykes: Your pandemonium stow,
More businesslike we must be,
The candidates also
Are looking rather crusty;
Then let's move on, although
The singing's not so dusty—
Yet it's hardly "comme il faut"—
More businesslike we must be.

Dykes: Air-Recit. (Ludwig), No. 24.
Come then to the polling. You know the nominees,
You must elect the man you think the swell one.
I count the polls and scan the physiognomies—
And first of those with sympathies Cromwellian.

Clerk: Let them stand forth.
Who try to be superior with sympathies Cromwellian—
Now, who votes for Job Gone Frand,

And who polls for Bill?

Dykes: Air: "The Prince of Monte Carlo"

I think it's plain to us all
That Massive's the victor of this fray;
Three hearty cheers I call
For Be All. Hip

Chorus: Hip-ray! Hip-ray! Hip-ray!
 Fraud's off his pedestal;
 We hope he takes the warning,
 And Cromwell's looking quite small
 On this beautiful morning.

PLAIN AS PLAIN CAN BE. "Air: Got 'em on the List"—Mikado

When a little Ulster laddie I departed for this shore,
I vowed I'd ever be as plain as I could be;
I settled as a hayseed, and it wasn't long before
The neighbours said to me: "You're plain as plain can
be."

And I've many times reflected, as I drove the placid cow,
Or filled some poet's musing homeward plodding from
the plough,
That that was why they chose me for the Road Board, and
I polled.

For I was very commonplace, but I did as I was told;
And I never thought or studied, 'cause with brains I disagree;
You get on best without 'em—be as plain as plain can be.

One day, as on a haystack I was gazing at the blue,
 They came and spoke to me: "Now as plain as plain
 can be,
 "If you always vote for farmers there's a vacant seat for
 you.

"Get us the 'L.s.d.'—it's plain as plain can be."

Now, my ideas were passeé and I wasn't classy, so I got known as plain Bill Massey, and they showed me where to go.

And I became Prime Minister, Right Honourable P.C.,
While a famous University made me an LL.D. ;
And if you have ambitions for the top perch on the tree,
You try and be like me—as plain as plain can be.

VEITCH & ALLAN - - **Cuba Street**

Quarrel Duet Air: "I don't want to play in your Yard."

- J.G.: While war reigned chaotically
Be-All and I
Quite patriotically
Let parties die.
- B.A.: Then to the Motherland
We sailed away;
Left Allen in command,
Red Feds. to keep at bay.
- J.G.: Kaiser's invincibles
Conquered have we;
On other principles
We can't agree.
- B.A.: Problems most intricate
Still we must solve;
Let us not vacillate
Nor party strife involve.
- J.G.: You're a dawdler, Be-All Massive,
Your reforms are all too slow,
While the people starve you're passive—
What you need is Liberal "go."
I should nationalise the coal mines,
Have State flour mills, boats and banks,
Build cheap workers' homes in whole lines,
Legislate to suit all ranks.
- B.A.: Job Gone, you've foolishly
Spoilt the whole plan;
Since you've mulishly
Split up the clan,
This opportunity
Labour will seize,
Then the community
How shall we squeeze?
- J.G.: People implicitly
Trust Liberals' cause
(We won't illicitly
Gloss profit laws).
When the returns come in
We'll top the poll;
Squarely we'll try to win
Justice for the whole.
- B.A.: J.G., you're a bally turncoat;
Interests you have sought all through,

Or to run a kitchen tea.
 But the culminating blow,
 Anna Stout's idea, you know,
 Was Stat. 14, Maud c.3.
 Which enacted that each person,
 Whether dotard, nursed, or nursin',
 Be enrolled M.P. apace.
 And it let the mere males come,
 So that WE could see them home.
 Thus we've put them in their place.
 So come, won't you come to Parliament?
 For it costs you not a cent;
 Come and teach them why you're sent,
 With your powder-puff and scent,
 To Parliament.

ACT III.

CAVE CANEM (Which being interpreted meaneth —according
 to the Junior Latin Class—Beware lest I sing).

—PSALM. Air from English Prayer Book.
 Psalter—Morning Prayer.
 Te Deum Laudamus—Second Chant.

1. Gaze ye, O gaze | upon | us,
 The wise men | of our | gener | ation;
2. For unto us the future | of the | land
 Is as the clay in the | hands | of the | potter.
3. From the setting of the sun * to the rising up | of the same,
 We commune together for the | greatness | of the | nation.
4. Lo, we are the publicans of this | gener | ation,
 And unto us are committed the shekels | of a | stiff-necked
 people.
5. And he that asketh, receiveth | only | one-half
 Of | what — | — he | asketh;
6. So that the University | we have | builded
 Only | half — | — suf | ficeth.
7. Wherewithal and howsoever may we | tax the | farmers,
 And cast out from our midst | those that | profit | eer,
8. We no | manner of | means
 Have as yet or ever | shall — | have dis | covered;
9. Behold, when the ful | ness of time
 Shall | call us | to our | fathers,
10. St. Peter shall provide us * at the gate each with the wings |

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- of an | angel,
Likewise a sweet-sounding harp | and all the | latest | tunes.
11. Then shall we twang * seated each on a | golden | cloud,
Bright with the haloes bestowed on us | for our | goodly |
labours.
12. Verily we shall make there | soulful | music;
But we shall leave as an inheritance to our successors |
Wellington's new | railway | station | .

The Good Old Times. Air: "A Maiden's Lips."
(From "Going Up.")

Gone are the trousers of last year,
And consumed its ice-creams;
Never to come again, we fear,
Save to men in their dreams.
For though we feed them, pet them, all their lives,
They're still the dear old tabby things,
Queer, old tabby things;
Dressed in their trousers of last year
That they wear in their dreams.

IN DEBT.....Tune : "Shurrup!"

O, my name's Henry Wright, and I think I'm not wrong
If I say my profession is debt;
It's not elevating but "tanto pro quid,"
And you don't get your neck in a sweat.
Now, everyone here who has seen my top hat
Will admit it's a topping affair;
The cheques on my trousers are crossed as you see,
So you might as well stay where you were.

Refrain :

Suppose there were five thousand grocers who groced,
Engrossed in the getting of pelf;
And lots of your friends had big shares in the same,
Great Wombats ! you'd get some yourself.
Suppose now, Bill Massey, with tears in his eyes,
Said, " Henry, won't you have a spot ?"
You'd say, " I don't think ! It leads one to drink.
Eh—what !"

Some fortunate people look down on my trade,
Which doesn't admit of degrees.
If it did, which it doesn't, there can be no doubt,
Professors are hard ones to squeeze.

VEITCH & ALLAN - For Style and Quality

Now if one tried to square me with Roman Law Notes,
That he'd written all out of his head,
And one was a Bolshevik brutal and bad,
I'd say what I always have said :—

Refrain :

Who knows that I mightn't have been a prof., too ;
I can profit a lot in my way.
I might be the scion of some noble king,
Or a rajah who lives at Bombay.
I might be a hunter, a punter perhaps ;
As a child I was filched from my cot.
My pedigreed blood you see from my stud,
Eh—what !

O, girls, if you'd seen me just three months ago,
As I tapped at the door of Lloyd George :
" If that is you, Henry, then come right inside."
He was forging notes fast in a forge.
He offered me poison for Highlander Milk ;
I said, " Here, old boy, don't you fret.
New Zealand is hard up, so hand out the pay—
I've come for the National Debt."

Refrain :

He said, " Who'd have thought it to look at your face,
It's the funniest face that I've seen."
I answered, " You rude man, where's Parent and Guard ?
He's sure to be here on the scene.
Now out with the tin." And he handed it out,
And here's little me with the lot.
O, girls, it's all true, so what shall I do ?
Eh—what !

THREE JOLLY REPORTERS.

Air: "A Man who would woo a Fair Maid." ("The Yeoman
of the Guard.")

Three jolly reporters we be,
In a manner refreshing and free,
(Posing) With valour unswerving
The public we're serving,
And this is how it's come to be:
From our neat little porch near the door
We decided the issue of war,

VEITCH & ALLAN - Cuba Street.

And at an all-night session
 We showed great discretion,
 While two of us slept on the floor.
All: Oh, many the dodges we know,
 And much is the tact we must show;
 Three jolly old scribblers,
 We follow these quibblers
 In the way we would like them to go.
2. Members' faults we explain all away,
 In a manner now grave and now gay,
 Now, chasing some hobby
 Into the wrong lobby,
 He suddenly thought he would stray.
 Neat phrases we oft introduce,
 And we make all their grammar look spruce,
 For in bad punctuation,
 And enunciation,
 Our Parliament here is the deuce.
All: Grammatical slips we correct,
 In a manner you'd scarcely suspect;
 Three jolly reporters,
 We teach the untaughters,
 And a fee we disdain to collect.
3. I'm a Hansard reporter all day,
 And I follow each member alway;
 But, alas! emendations
 Are made by rotations
 To what he had meant he'd say.
 But a staff of good printers employed,
 I half of the year keep annoyed,
 And in castle and hovel
 You'll find that fine novel,
 And there's it's extremely enjoyed.
All: Oh, much is the fiction we write;
 H. C. Wells we beat right out of sight;
 Threee jolly old jotters,
 Inveterate spotters,
 And safer—when we are not tight.

A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD..... Air: "Bachelor Gay."

A Prince of the blood we are—
 In fact, we have always been—

Veitch & Allan - Clothiers and Drapers

Our wife must be quite particular—
We're son of a king and queen.
So they toured us about in U.S.A.,
But they'd never a girl to suit;
We're now inspecting the distinguees,
Colonial maids (here's a choice array),
Till we make up our mind to do it.

Chorus: We only wish he'd do it.
But oh, the notes the ladies word so neatly,
To coax a word of thanks!
And oh, the photographs all smiling sweetly!
(Especially from the Yanks!)
But we've a heart that falls in love discreetly—
That's twice a week, old bean—
And the Knave of Hearts they call us,
From the gent who stole off all those
Sweet young things when trying to draw the Queen.

The life of a modern Prince
Isn't all it's cracked up to be;
All your life you endure folks' stares and squints,
With never a chance to spree;
At luncheons, reviews with blaring bands,
You smile 'midst great applause;
But you miss the colonial wonderlands,
For you have to shake kiddies' and soldiers' hands
With the tip of your aching paws.

At Panama a lassie jazzed divinely—
How we shocked the chaperones!
Hawaiian belles can fox-trot superfinely,
With twinkles all their own.
In Rotorua maids haka-ed leoninely
(Our nose has been tender since);
But at Wellington the dances
Are official sets of lancers—
Which is Hades for a really modern Prince.

—“ OFF TO SAMOA.”

Air “ On the Right Side of Bond Street.”

For we must off to Samoa,
On the high eastern road,

VEITCH & ALLAN

Guarantee Satisfaction

For it's the new "White man's burden,"
 And we've taken up the load,
 With all its workmen from Asia—
 Tusitala's abode,
 And its utter isolation from New Zealand.
 Till we get to Samoa,
 We'll have movies aboard,
 Swedish jerks and Prof. Marsden—
 Then we'll see if its a fraud
 Working labour indentured
 When it won't of its own accord—
 And Samoa's been indentured to New Zealand.

ACT IV.

OPENING CHORUS Air: "Tingle-Ingling"

Once on a time, when men came dining
 There was no great fuss made:
 If one, a lover, had been pining,
 Your place was next him laid.
 A hundred things you mentioned to him,
 But not one thing he'd wish,
 And your side glance would quite undo him,
 As he'd refuse each dish.
 But just one little kiss and then,
 Oh, what a difference you make, you men!

Chorus: We have to hustle—ustle—ustle—ustle,
 Hustle some more
 Than we've before;

We've got to step around and look quite lively;
 We have to bustle—ustle—ustle—ustle,
 We have to hustle—ustle—ustle—ustle.

Why, why,
 We have to fly,
 We have to fly;

We want to wear nice frocks, for see,
 We have some men come to tea!

In those old days when men were pleasing,
 You played around a lot;

TRY



VEITCH & ALLAN

You sometimes tried your hand at teasing;
Sometimes you thought you'd not.
But when a chance came for flirtation,
You seldom passed it by;
That pastime has exhilaration
With which nothing can vie.
Just one little kiss, and then,
Oh what a difference you make, you men!

HOW WE PUT THEM IN THEIR PLACE.

Air "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes."

Nigh a hundred years ago,
We had men to run the show,
In their titivating way.
And of course the womenfolk
Weren't allowed to swear or smoke,
Only honour and obey.
Then, like Kaa in Kipling's Jungle,
Sprang the War, and what a bungle
Of it all the stern sex made.
So the She Club at the College
Ceased to scrub and stir their porridge.
And their slogan on parade
Was: Come, won't you come to Parliament?
Come and teach them why they're sent.
So the women won the war,
And our Lady Nance Astor
Was the first to top the poll.
Then Miss Melville had a try,
But the Auckland men turned shy,
Which for Auckland's mighty droll.
Soon an honourable Mrs.
Introduced her Bills with kisses,
Till she had an Act pushed through.
Whereby members of both Houses
Brought their sweethearts or their spouses,
And the call broke out anew:
Come, won't you come to Parliament?
Bring your powder-puffs and scent;
You may get a handsome lover,
Like John Luke or Albert Glover,
If you come to Parliament.
Next, all men must learn to cook—
Mrs. Beeton's their set-book—

Now you're harping on a durn note,
 "Help the country" (which means you);
 You've neglected your electorate,
 Bunked when things were at their worst—
 Gosh, man, you make me expectorate.
 Slope! Your whole damned tribe's accursed.

BABIES' CHORUS.....Airs: Three Blind Mice "
 "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star"

Boo, hoo, hoo. We want um milk,
 But Massey's let the pwice get so high,
 And Johnny Luke's wunning a short supply,
 And the wailway's stwuck, and we want to cwyl.
 Boo, hoo, hoo.

How we love all nice M.P.'s,
 'Cos dey wash dere hands and knees,
 And answer, "Fank oo," "If oo please,"
 But we're fwightened when dey sneeze.
 Does oo know dere latest wheeze?
 Nursie's hard dey want to squeeze,
 But nursie says oo mustn't tease—
 Nasty, naughty, bold M.P.'s.

(Blubber--the useful product of a dead whale, the
 useless product of a live baby.)

Boo, hoo, hoo. Boo, hoo-oo, hoo.
 Bubba wants to get out of um pwam;
 Put bubba to bye-bye quick as oo can,
 Bubba so sleepy. Oh, nursie, oh—
 Boo, hoo, hoo.

FINALE Air: "Destiny"

Man Solo: In Parliament's earlier history
 One man would represent all
 And sit on that most august mystery
 That met in the Westminster Hall.
 And these men would govern (most stealthy)
 According to their own ideas
 And satisfy none but the wealthy,
 Ruling through long, long years.

Chorus: But we have found a scheme
 To let all have a say;
 We no more work by team,

VEITCH & ALLAN - Clothiers and Mercers

Each votes in his own way.
Man or wife or child
Talks, quarrels as of yore;
All, by none; beguiled,
Ruling for evermore.

Lady Solo: Women have proved that as talkers they can
Fitly hold their own with your oratorical man;
And now in the House family quarrels hold sway,
Having usurped the place of party strife of yesterday.

Chorus: When all have come to rule,
All are to Duty bound,
For all the tocsin's call,
All rally to the sound;

On and ever on,
Each striving for all;
On, ever on
Till the last menace fall.

Each shall strive for all,
To each the tocsin call;
So onward, ever on,
Till every menace fall.



Pinny's Pianos

— Are —

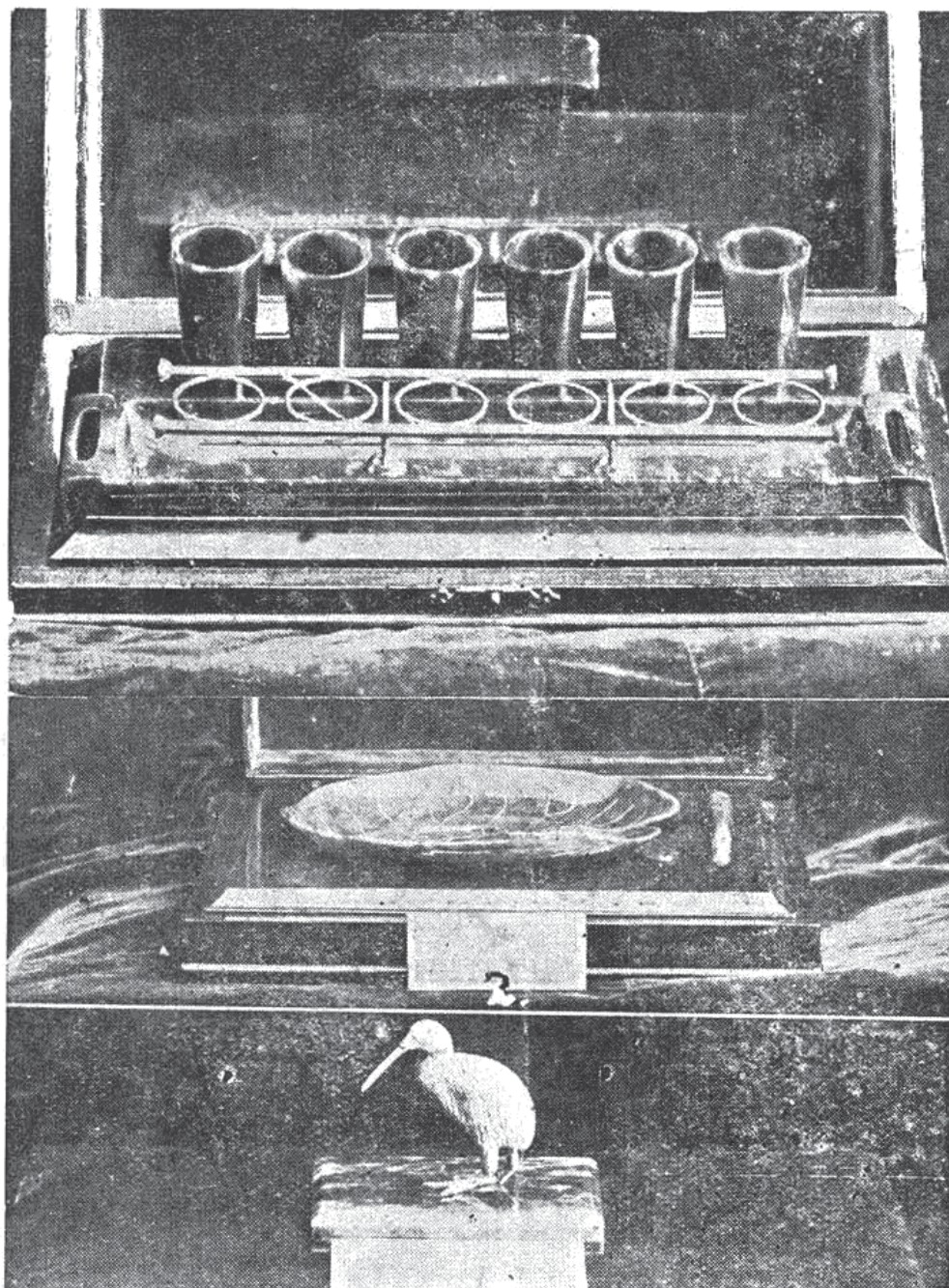
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