

No. 26



THE



SPIKE

— OR —

Victoria University College Review

OCTOBER, 1914.

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VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REVIEW.

(PUBLISHED TWICE IN THE SESSION)

The Editorial Committee invites contributions, either in prose or verse, on any subject of general interest, from students or officials connected with the College. All literary communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, Victoria University College, Wellington.

Subscriptions are now due, and are payable to Mr. H. M. Ewart Financial Secretary, Victoria University College.

Vol. XIII.

No. 2.



Editorial.

ABOUT three months ago a copy of "Concordia," the journal issued by the Aberdeen University Peace Society, was placed in our hands. The name of the magazine fully explains the purpose for which it is issued—a purpose with which every man, whatever his nationality or his political creed may be, will be in agreement. The ideal of universal peace has occupied the minds of some of the world's greatest thinkers for a long time. It is the ideal for which all true statesmen are aiming; but whether it is possible in present conditions to submit all international disputes to an Arbitration Committee composed of representatives of the nations of the world is a point on which there is great diversity of opinion. It is not our intention here to discuss international arbitration and universal peace; we are concerned with a much more localised matter. Our choice has been brought about by the perusal of an

article, "Lord Roberts's Agitation in Relation to Foreign Policy." For purposes of discussion we assume, to use the words of Captain Brett, that "armaments are for the present a grim necessity," and that "the Naval and Military forces of the Crown should be maintained at an adequate and full strength."

The object of Mr. Maddison's article is to prove that Lord Roberts's scheme of compulsory military training (for which he insists the right name is conscription!) is not only unnecessary, but even a menace to our national peace. We have neither the time nor the inclination to deal with the boggy of conscription or the man who sees in every advocate of compulsory military training "a militarist," but turn to the more serious charges brought by the writer. He is greatly concerned because he sees that the question of compulsory training is "not a mere domestic concern"; it is "a matter of international importance." If home defence is the only question, then, he argues, the case for Lord Roberts falls completely to the ground, owing to the fact that "his scheme is unnecessary with an effective navy, and useless without one." While admitting the great amount of truth contained in the latter part of this assertion, we are by no means convinced that the first portion of it is correct. The standing army of Great Britain, owing to the protection afforded by the Navy, might be quite sufficient to cope with any danger that threatened the United Kingdom. Even as to the correctness of this statement public opinion is by no means unanimous. But is the Army sufficient to guard against **national** danger? That is a question which the writer does not attempt to answer.

He finds in Lord Roberts's scheme an "aggressive Imperialism." "Once his proposals became law, they would be used to create a reservoir to feed expeditionary forces to leave our shores, not to remain here. They are part and parcel of an aggressive Imperialism, alike a menace to democratic liberties at home and a danger to peace abroad." The democratic touch is good. But in heaven's name, why not "a reservoir to feed expeditionary forces"? In the past Great Britain has found it

necessary, in order to protect her interests, to send troops to the Continent of Europe. Will this be quite unnecessary in the future? Even Mr. Maddison recognises that an efficient navy is an Imperial (or at least an English) necessity. But is it sufficient to cope with all difficulties that may arise? A year or more ago Lord Roberts approved of the following words:—"Our military arrangements are wholly inadequate to deal with the grave dangers that threaten the existence of the British Empire." To us these words seem to be a true statement of facts. They do not, however, meet with the approval of Mr. Maddison. "There is the whole thing in a nutshell," he triumphantly exclaims. "The National Service League does not spend large sums of money because it is afraid Aberdeen or Yarmouth will be captured by the Germans. It looks much further ahead than these small islands." And again we say, "In heaven's name, why not?"

Two very vital questions were raised in the book to which Mr. Maddison objects. The first is "the defence of our position in India and the defence of Canada." We are prepared to admit that at first sight the question of Canadian defence may seem a mere alarmist cry. But there are not only Canada and India to be considered; there are also the other British colonies. We do not assert that the writer is correct when he states that the defence of Canada and India is one of "two military problems of the first magnitude arising out of our position as a Continental Power." If we actually believed it to be a misstatement of facts, we should at least not find it necessary on that account to sneer at the intelligence of the British army officer. We think that the members of the National Service League are rightly looking much further afield than "these small islands." To us these words smack too much of the "little-Englander."

The second point is that of the balance of power, with which idea Lord Roberts is, we are told, "quite obsessed." "The necessities of a hundred years ago were very great," Lord Roberts writes, "but, with all history to support me, I venture to think that the necessities and dangers of the future will be even greater, and the straits to which this country will be reduced will be more desperate

unless we, as a nation, are prepared to make the necessary sacrifices to meet them." And in these words our writer discovers the horrifying fact that "it is outside these islands that the conscript force is needed." We are in entire agreement with Mr. Maddison when he states that it is quite clear that Lord Roberts means that such grave national dangers as he refers to can be met only by playing our part as a military power on the Continent of Europe. But we cannot agree with him that this is a thing to be deprecated. Indeed, we doubt whether Mr. Maddison at the present time thinks so himself. Mr. L. C. Amery, M.P., asked in the House of Commons in 1912, "Why should not the Secretary of State for War make the same explicit statement as to the force that would have to take the field in France at the outbreak of such a conflict (i.e., with Germany), and the same recognition of duty of the War Office to provide a force which would make it unlikely that a German attack on France would succeed, and so in the highest degree improbable that such an attack would be attempted?"

This seems to us a perfectly sensible question. Present-day events have proved that had the British Government provided the necessary army there would be no necessity to waste time now in training a sufficient force to take the field. That force would have been ready at once. To Mr. Maddison it seems impossible that such a large number of men would be needed. The scheme for obtaining them is in his eyes, "an attempt to revolutionise our military system in the interests of an aggressive Imperialism, and its immediate objective is Germany." Probably the real fact of the matter is that Lord Roberts saw what Germany's immediate objective was, and wished to prevent a great national catastrophe. Most people have realised since the Boer War of 1899-1902 what the feelings of Germany towards Britain were. It is a mere euphemism to say that they were far from friendly. But we must not hurt the feelings of the Germans by attempting to raise a force equal to the task of coping with the German army. Such a policy would make us, to us our writer's illuminating phrase, "an international nuisance, endangering the peace of the world"! Had Mr. Maddi-

son stopped to think, he would possibly have realised that Lord Roberts had and has no desire for war. He would have realised that a man to whom he concedes the title of statesman, a man who has suffered the bitter loss of an only son in battle, and who can realise to the fullest extent how people individually and the country generally must suffer through warfare, would not urge upon his country the necessity for a scheme to provide a large army, were the need not pressing. He would have realised that a man who has seen, in a period of service extending over almost sixty years, all the horrors that accompany warfare, would not be at all likely to desire his country to enter into another and most terrible one.

The extremes to which Mr. Maddison goes in his article are perfectly amazing. He assumes that the "conscript" scheme is intended to make Britain supreme on land as she is on sea, to make her, again to quote his peculiar words, "an international nuisance." Lord Roberts has nowhere hinted at such a desire. What he did want was a force sufficient to meet the dangers which he foresaw must inevitably confront the Empire during the next decade or two. That force has to be provided now.

But when the writer in his criticism proceeds to make the following statement: "The demand for compulsory military service is the outcome of the disordered thinking which is always associated with militarism," one begins to understand his attitude towards the scheme. Whether Lord Roberts was justified in his attitude, the British people of to-day will judge.

THE PRINTER MAN.

It was a wilful printer man,
As many such there be,
Both foremen, readers, ops and comps,
And cubs of low degree.

I gave my precious manuscript
That printer man unto,
Desiring him, with many prayers,
To print it clean and true.

He took it with a crafty smile
Into his murky den,
Spent twice two weeks upon the proof—
A bare half-page,—and then

Two lines he printed upside down,
Cut one completely out,
Made pie of six or seven more,
And ended with a bout

Of dashes, crosses, blots and blurs
As though, his patience past;
A burst of wild profanity
Had eased his soul at last.

Come, tell me now, thou printer man,
Who gave this right to thee
To cut, and slash, and interchange,
And generally make free?

'Twould please me well, thou proud printèr,
Were one to take thy head
And twist it round and round and round,
Till thou wert dead as lead.

“Ask a Policeman.”

(Together with a few notes on a butcher, a custodian,
and a servant.) •

In London the thing to do when in doubt, or in need of pleasant conversation, is to ask a policeman. We liked it, and did it a great deal, especially during the first days. One day we suffered two rebuffs, but that was very unusual. The first was a semi-rebuff. It was a Saturday, some three-quarters of an hour after mid-day. We wanted to buy things, so we asked a policeman which shops shut at one. “All respectable shops,” was the answer, given in a tone of reproof. So that when I sneaked into a modest draper's some minutes after one, I had an uneasy feeling that I was doing something not quite respectable.

The next rebuff occurred when we asked about a 'bus. The policeman was standing on an “island” in a rather narrow street. “You want a ‘No. 16,’” he replied in answer to our question. One approached, and we made to jump on. “'Ere, not that; the other side,” he called. We paused, both half on the 'bus, wondering whether to try the other end. “Other side of what?” I asked, bewildered. “Other side of the road,” was the withering retort, in an unnecessarily loud voice, while the conductor and some of the passengers laughed, those nasty, sniggering laughs. That decided me. I would be revenged on the force. Next day I sallied forth, passing two keen-eyed policemen, who didn't look as though they could be taken in easily, and selected a nice, bulgy, complacent one. So that I would not laugh, I tried to think of something really sad, and pictured in my mind Prof. Adamson making a speech. Therefore, with becoming gravity, I approached the policeman. As I wished to be alliterative, “please” was left out from my carefully-prepared sentence.

“Vill you tell me vair ees Vitehall, und vitch ees the vay to Vestmeenster?” He smiled indulgently, and explained at length. I knit my brows intently, then, in a

hesitating voice, asked, "Will you tell to me again, more slow?" So he repeated it, and told me I had better take 'Bus 24. 'Bus 80, which I wanted, then came by, so I sprang on board.

"Here," he yelled, "not that one."

"Thanks awfully," I called back, "but it happens to be the one I want." Fortunately, I have not met that policeman since.

That I was "not quite myself" with him reminds me of a subterfuge that somehow seemed forced on me down in Sussex. It happened at Worthing, a seaside resort, a fact you will know if you "earnestly" read your Oscar Wilde (one of the Frog's favourite authors). We were in "Apartments," catering for ourselves, and I did the shopping.

I got into difficulties at the butcher's over a shoulder of lamb. He was a very charming butcher, one of those rosy-faced, helpful young things, who are paternal while still on the sunny side of thirty. That decided my course of action.

"I'm not very used to housekeeping," I explained, bashfully taking him into my confidence. "Will you help me? I don't know quite how much to get."

"With pleasure, madam," said he, beaming, "enough for two, madam, I suppose?"

I blushed, really at my own duplicity—he thought it was just because I had begun to run a *menage a deux*.

"Yes, for two," I murmured, modestly.

When it arrived, we found that it would have done for three for about half a week. Men were deceivers ever!

But, to hark back to our policeman! I was walking along Stratford-on-Avon, High Street, one day, having just come from Harvard House, where I had been shown round with a party of Americans, some of whose phrases I rather liked, and I found myself repeating them in my mind and trying them over. There was a policeman standing at the corner of the street. "Say!" I said, stopping in front of him, "Kin yew tell me if thet's Henley Street stretchin' thet way?"

"Yes, Miss," replied he, "and that's Shakespeare's house over there—tickets is, at the house before."

"I guess this sight-seeing makes the dollars fly," said I. "They've just touched me for sixpence at Harvard."

"Oh," said he, smiling, "but you American ladies have plenty of money."

"You kin search me," said I, beaming on him, as I walked away, feeling quite pleased and proud.

There was the usual monotonous voiced custodian downstairs in Shakespeare's house, but upstairs was a very charming old lady, with plump, be-ringed hands, in which she twirled a little embroidered fan. I had her all to myself for a time, so, to be interesting, I told her I came from New Zealand, and that my father was President of the Wellington Shakespeare Club. When you don't know the W.S.C. that sounds rather top-hole. She was obviously impressed, and conducted me round, and showed me all the treasures, talking meanwhile of Shakespeare as though he were a contemporary and an intimate friend. When the room filled with sight-seers, however, she raised her voice and talked pompously of "The Immortal Bard."

"Here," said she, lifting a little red cloth which protected the writing from the light, "is one of our chief treasures. A letter to Shakespeare."

"Only to Shakespeare," ejaculated a man, with an aggrieved voice and a face like an egg. "Is this the birth-room?" he added, looking round with faint interest.

"No," said she, and his slight look of interest faded. "But, personally," she added, in defence of her own special room, "I consider the *whole house* sacred to Shakespeare."

By the way, I know a very good story about the birth-room, but I can't tell it here, as it's fit only for members of the Heretics' Club. Perhaps, if they send a request and three penny stamps, I might.

After looking over the house, I returned to my lodgings at "Elsinore," where tea was brought to my sitting-room by an elderly maid, as gloomy as the Dane himself.

"Look's like rain," she remarked, in a depressing voice; "hope it clears, though," she added, "then the other lodgers will go out. I hate them playing the pianner. They play them rag-times—terrible noisy music. I likes it soft. Our young lady (she referred to the landlady's daughter) she plays soft, now. It was lovely to hear ner play the 'Dead March' the day Mr. Chamberlain was buried. I can't play the pianner myself, I'm not edjercated. Me sister is, but then she ain't married, while I've been twice. But, as I said to her, 'When yer first dies, and leaves yer with three children, wot are yer ter do?' Yer must find someone ter help keep them, so I married again. My second 'usband been through the wars in South Africa, not the last one. 'E couldn't go to that, 'cos 'e 'ad a bullet in 'is thumb, and can't 'old a rifle. So I used to read 'im the war news—read 'im ter sleep with it. I'm a good one at plain reading, and 'e isn't edjercated at all. But I couldn't say them queer Dutch names; 'e could, though. It was the Zulus wot 'e'd fought, and he's got a lot of curiosities. Why, in my 'ouse, I've got a necklace o' strong human teeth 'anging up!"

Oh, the pity of it! A string of strong human teeth in her parlour, and only two wobbly ones in her head!

Mais, il faut finir."

—M.L.N.

DR. FYFFE.

We wish, in this issue, to express our gratitude to Dr. Kington Fyffe for his work in connection with the Carnival. Although an exceedingly busy man, Dr. Fyffe gave up a good deal of his time to train the chorus for the Extravaganza, and it was owing to his work that the chorus singing was so excellent. The College as a whole appreciated very much Dr. Fyffe's kindly aid, which was given so willingly and cheerfully.

AEDM COLIMUS MINERVAE.

Here we worship wise Minerva,
Prompted by a love sincere,
For the liberal arts and graces
In this distant Hemisphere.
At the Muse's shrine we worship,
Here beneath the Southern Star ;
Nor can all the leagues of ocean
From the Muses us debar.

Student lads and student lasses
Here for wisdom strive and pray,
While the winds that whistle round them
Quickly drive dull Sloth away.
This of all the Homes of Learning
Lifts her head the latest born :
Whence the strength and youthful vigour
That her every act adorn.

May the name that marks her scholars
Be to them an omen fair,
And their toil by Heaven's favour
Fruit for queen and country bear.
Through the thorns and tangled mazes
Of all learning, old or new,
Reverend and wise professors
Give their faithful flocks the clue.

And that health may not be wanting,
Games we play with heart and soul,
Keen to lodge the flying leather
In the adversaries' goal.
Speakers, too, and speakeresses—
One may hear them, far aloof,
With their Ciceronian thunder
Almost bringing down the roof.

Happy fortune, O Victoria,
Ever on thy steps attend,
And thy children's love embrace thee,
Alma Mater, to the end!

Students with the Expeditionary Force.

"We that were bred overseas wait and would speak with our kin." —Kipling.

The call for volunteers for service abroad met with an eager response from many of the men who are students (past and present) of Victoria College. Our hearts are with these men, wherever they go. Mere words seem superfluous at such a time, but we cannot let the occasion pass without placing on record the College's deep appreciation of the self-sacrifice of these students.

The following is a list (as complete as we could obtain to the present) of Victoria College men who have been accepted in the Force :—

ADVANCE PARTY.

Messrs. Clere, Stubbs, Rogers, Busby, Harden, G. Seddon, Atkinson, Collins, Beere, Jowett, Jones, Williamson, Cox, Larsen, Longhurst, Meldrum, Huston, A. Miller, Adlam, C. G. Johnston, Young, C. Freyburg, McCaw, Quigley, O'Shea, Cooper, Hosking, Berendsen, McNab, Lankshear, Walker, Kreeft, Leary, W. J. Robertson, J. O. Smith, Ellis, McCormick, K. Adams, Howard, J. Bennett, Barnard, McClurg, Hudson, Joyce, A. G. Brockett, Liardet, Gow, Wise, Paisley, Peterson, Boyce, Bernard, McCombie, Yeats, Howe.

MAIN BODY.

Messrs. F. E. McKenzie, Randrup, F. A. Wilson, Bertrand, Winder, East, Corkill, Delamore, Clachan, Cunningham, J. W. Ross, Hall-Jones, Jackson, V. Hall, Inder, Phillips, Morison, Holmden, Shortt, Batten, Stocker, Munro, Richmond, Jenkins,

Included in these lists are the names of some ex-students.

On Lying in General, and Slander in Particular.

If thou hast heard a word, let it die with thee.

—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Have you ever considered the various forms of lying and the different types of liar that exist? Not a very pleasant task, assuredly, but an interesting one nevertheless. Have you ever experienced the joy of tracking down a malicious liar—to see him brazen it out or wriggle and twist in his corner? Interesting again, we assure you; but usually, your liar is a cunning sort of animal, and manages to evade detection.

There are lies—and lies. There is the white lie, the fib, the tarradiddle, the lie polite, the artistic lie, the lie direct, the evasive lie, the mere prevarication, the lie malicious, the cowardly lie, the polite scandal, and at the end of the list, both the climax and the sum of the series (do not mind the figures of speech), the slander.

There are also liars—and liars. We do not propose to deal exhaustively either with all the types of lying or with all the various species of liar. This stupendous task is beyond our powers, and we are afraid that that inquisitive person, the Editor, with his subtle associate, might say in the vernacular, "What's your game?" Moreover, we are convinced that this particular genus would require a library to himself. For Mark Twain assures us, and after studying the beast in his lair, we feel no reason to doubt the truth of the statement, that there are eight hundred and sixty-nine different forms of lying. We presume that no one is master of all these kinds, but has one outstanding type which gives him his distinctive brand. Thus there is the liar who lies for the pure artistic joy of lying (but this type, Oscar Wilde tells us, is almost extinct). There is also the prevaricomaniac. Then there is the liar who lies to avoid some unpleasantness (for

himself) or to escape the consequences of some action of his own—a mean sort of liar this. The list could be extended, but space forbids. We end the digression and turn to the chief of the lot, the *fons et origo* of so much trouble in the world—we mean the slanderer.

“There are eight hundred and sixty-nine kinds of lying,” Twain says, “but only one has been squarely forbidden. ‘Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.’” Unlike the artistic lie, slander seems in no way to be in danger of dying out. On the contrary, along with its younger sisters, gossip and polite scandal, it appears to be growing in strength and stature. Of all the mean, cowardly, contemptible, abominable, and dastardly types of liar, the slanderer is by far the worst. He is the man for whom (so it seems to us) Dante could not find a circle low enough in Hell. He is the man about whom Kipling could have written a companion poem to “Tomlinson.” He smugly swears away a fellow-being’s good name. After all, he has done only what was right. If what he said was not true (and, of course, we must believe the best), then he is very sorry. Still, you know the old saying, “Where there’s smoke there’s fire”; and he had it on very good authority. He did not actually know himself, but his authority was unimpeachable.

A wise man, who lived about two hundred years before the Christian era, wrote a book—from which we had the temerity to quote at the head of this presumptuous and self-righteous article. At the risk of being accused of pedantic egotism, we mention in passing that this book crossed and re-crossed the border of the Biblical Canon, but was finally rejected. With one other apocryphon, it was a favourite of St. Jerome’s, who wrote, “Let the Church read these volumes for the instruction of the people.” One sentence burned itself into our memory when we first read it: “Whether it be to friend or foe, speak not of other men’s lives.” Unfortunately, for over two thousand years this (pardon the presumption, but if we err, we err in good company) excellent advice has been largely neglected; and there still exists that loathly paltry thing, with the soul of a bat, the slanderer.

We feel tempted here to quote Sheridan's delightful illustration of the methods in vogue in the "polite" society of England in the eighteenth century, not because we think we should be holding up a mirror—we don't; but even if we did think so, we believe of the slanderer what Dickens said of one of his characters, "All the Pecksniff family are convinced that no such person ever existed"—but merely for the delectation of any one who has had the patience to read this far. Knowing that our readers understand their Sheridan thoroughly, we restrain the wild desire. As we have no polite society in New Zealand, the system in use here is not quite the same. There is evidently the same directness of method, but it is more cleverly concealed. What is to us the most astounding feature of the whole vile business is the ease with which the slanderer obtains his circle of believers. If we do not believe every tale we hear, or if, having to the best of our small ability somewhat of the love that thinketh no evil, we let such words die with us, then there is some hope for us. But oh! the pity of it! Are we not often willing to credit these stories without giving the one accused any chance to defend himself? A mad world, my masters, and an exceedingly narrow-minded one, too. One can, in such circumstances, understand the fierce curse which appeared in a well-known magazine a year ago, ending in the following outburst:—

"And when the last dread day shall dawn,
And thou shalt cringing come to fawn
For mercy, all the outraged host
Shall cast thee forth, a whimpering ghost,
From ranks divinely oriflamed,
To writhe among the trebly-damned,
Thou liar!"

Whoever wrote these lines must have suffered a great deal from the tongue of his secret traducer; they show the fierce and savage resentment of a man unfairly wounded. Of course, the attitude of the author is wrong. All "nice"-minded people will agree on that point. But for our part, such is our nature, we confess to a sympathy with the writer. The maliciousness of such an offence, the pettiness of it, the feeling of being unfairly hurt

without a chance of hitting back—all these create a bitterness which it is hard to subdue.

It seems fairly certain that this blot on human nature has existed since primeval times. One knows, at least, that it is of very ancient origin. You will remember the Psalmist's cry, "I have heard the slander of many; fear was on every side." And yet in all these centuries we have not been able to rid ourselves of it. In our own little country, the soil seems peculiarly adapted to the growth of this weed. It is not merely the exposing of and gloating over the peccadilloes or the greater sins of another—that in itself is sufficiently bad—it is the fertile invention of certain mean minds that is the hideous thing. A strong public feeling would be a very wholesome deterrent. If an uncompromising attitude were adopted against the slanderer, his vile trade, if it did not actually vanish, would be so seriously damaged that he would not care to continue; then we might obtain a better understanding of and sympathy with human failings. We wonder—!

—A.

SALAMANCA TE SALUTAT!

(Cambridge, May, 1914.)

The silver river first, a mirror fair,
 Where the white May tree's loveliness is seen;
 Then comes a stretch of daisy-starr'd green,
 Hedged with great elms, the cuckoos calling there.
 The scent of lilac steals upon the air,
 Pale gold laburnums o'er the waters lean,
 A copper-beech tree, of a wondrous sheen,
 Glowing in sunlight, is a splendour rare.
 Past colleges and ancient garden-walls,
 Under the bridge's arch we slowly glide;
 We talk of this and that, of other days;
 Our hands we dabble in Cam's cooling tide;
 And now and then a silence on us falls,
 For words are poor in which to sing thy praise!

—M.L.N.

Review.

“Concordia,” the Annual Journal of the Aberdeen University Peace Society.

We received a copy of “Concordia,” with a request to bring it under the notice of the students of the Victoria University College.

The aim of the magazine is to urge upon people the necessity for working to secure international arbitration and to promote universal peace. This can be brought about only by education. “Let all nations be educated to see that war is unnecessary,” says the Editor; and he adds that “the task of educating the people is a heavy one, but it can be done. It will be accomplished all the sooner if the universities of the world rise to the height of their great mission, and see to it that the students and the people are fully instructed with regard to the true relations existing between States.”

The magazine contains throughout good sane writing, though one may at times object to the views expressed. The names of the contributors are a guarantee of the real value of the articles. Probably the best known of the writers are Viscount Esher and Mr. Norman Angell.

We should like to deal fully with the magazine, but, unfortunately, must be content with quoting occasional paragraphs to illustrate the view-points of the writers.

Of direct interest to students in particular is the article, “The Aims and Uses of a University Peace Society,” by Mr. A. G. Harvey, M.P.:—

“It is largely with the minds of men and women that we have to do in spreading the idea of international peace, and, for the great majority of people, putting aside those whose ideas spring spontaneous from the dictates of religion and humanity, the whole argument is of a highly intellectual character.

“If we are ever to lift from human life the horrors and expenses of war and its preparation, we must do what we can to substitute reasoned thought for gusty passion;

and we must overcome narrow and ignorant prejudices which, masquerading under the worthy names of patriotism and nationalism, are really caricatures of homely virtues.

“ . . . Cultured men and women may do a great work . . . by creating, first in themselves, and then in others, a frame of mind hostile to war and favourable to peace. . . . The University Peace Society can do a splendid and unique work. There is a quite peculiar sentiment of inter-relationship between the sons of Universities, wherever they may be. I would advise that the utmost possible use should be made of this, and that as much communication as possible should be established between all for the purposes of better understanding and for the cause of peace.”

The majority of the contributors, while realising fully the folly of war and the commercial depression it brings, seem to bow to the inevitable fact that for the present disarmament is impossible. In an article, entitled “The Aims of Norman Angell,” Viscount Esher says:—

“I would ask no fellow-countryman of mine to turn his sword into a ploughshare. I can conceive no greater folly than to allow a single drop of rust upon our national sword. It would be inviting national and European disaster if the sword of England could not be thrown into the international scale, so long as prosperity and happiness, the honour and freedom of nations, are measured by the standards now in vogue. It is to the immortal credit of Norman Angell that he is endeavouring to change those standards.”

One of the most interesting and enlightening contributions is that of Professor J. A. Thomson on “The Biology of War.” His argument is briefly as follows:—

“If war be prolonged or frequent, it persistently eliminates the virile, the adventurous, and the brave, leaving the less fit to continue the stock. . . . Wars are bad enough at the time, but even worse is the racial deterioration that follows, through the breeding of inferior stock.”

The same argument is driven home in Mr. R. M. McIver's article, “War and Imagination.”

Mr. Norman Angell writes on "The Irrelevance of War." His main point is summed up in his own words, thus:—

"The effective forces for the accomplishment of the aims which men desire—whether well-being or the achievement of some moral idea—have shifted from the plane of military force to another. . . . Modern conditions enable us to say that war is irrelevant to the end it has in view."

The titles of other articles may give some idea as to the treatment of the subject throughout the journal—The Futility of War; War and Human Progress; War and Armaments; The Church and the Peace Movement; War and Peace in English Literature.

We should like to see "Concordia" placed in the V.U.C. Library, so that it would be available for all. However much one may disagree with the opinions of some of the writers, there is much food for thought in the articles.

THE FIRST FOOL.

When Adam first encountered Eve in Eden's paradise,
He hid behind the nearest tree to make himself look nice !
And as he mused, this thought within his prehistoric brain
Took root ; " Although my image, yet she is not quite the
same."

That knowing rascal Adam, thus communing, with a
laugh,

Began to play detective on his future better half !

Alas ! that he could not foresee the fatal apple bite !

Oh ! that he had displayed the sense to show his heels in
flight !

'Twas not to be ! So Adam like a bloodhound on the
scent

Chased the pretty little stranger with an amorous intent ;
And the outcome of his folly is that every man to-day
Has to follow in his footsteps in much the same old way.

—HIDALGO.

Olla Podrida.

The Princess Pocahontas died at Gravesend in March, 1617. In 1639 she was baptised by the name of Rebecca, and married to John Rolfe, one of the sellers of Jamestown.—*Evening Post*.

The date of birth is not given, thank goodness!

* * * * *

Klaw and Erlanger present LORD CHUMLEY in four parts.—*Picture Theatre Advt.*

What will the craze for sensationalism bring us to? This is a return to mediaeval brutality with a vengeance.

* * * * *

A resident of Lyall Bay was admitted to the Hospital on Saturday night suffering from *slight* injuries to his head. The injuries were caused through a collision with a tram-car.—*Evening Post*.

We trust that the car sustained no serious damage.

* * * * *

Wanted to Borrow, £100, for one year; first-class business security offered; 12 per cent. interest given. Apply G.G., *Evening Post*.

D—the security. The initials are a sufficient guarantee of respectability!

* * * * *

It appears that Thompson had been trying to force his attentions on Mrs. Ginman. On Saturday he threw a number of bricks through the window of her residence.—*Dominion*.

A return to prehistoric methods of love-making! The Bench, however, would not appreciate this delicate way of showing affection.

Mr. F. A. de la Mare, solicitor, Hamilton, notifies his clients that he may be consulted in Kawhia on Monday, 7th inst.

For chronic chest complaints.

—*Kawhia Settler.*

It only needed the alliteration at the end to convince us that it was indeed the "Frog."

* * * * *

TO CHOIRMASTERS.

Young man from Home, first-class Tenor singer, requires Employment, any kind; wholesale grocery preferred; interview if desired. Apply Singer, *Evening Post.*

We don't know that it is advisable to advertise as a tenor. These infernal basses are in much greater demand now, even in the grocery business.

A TOAST.

You may search the whole spectrum of colour and shade,
 Dame Nature's vast storehouse with beauties arrayed,
 And the loveliest object that ever was made
 Is a woman!

So here's to the prettiest,

Here's to the wittiest,

Here's to the truest of all who are true!

Here's to the only one,

Here's to them all in one—

"Sweetheart, to you!"

Youth, 'tis the Spring of Life, radiant, gay,
 Storms do but clear the air, brighten the day;
 Love light in starlit eyes—who shall say nay?
 So, here's to thee, Youth,

Here's to thee, Truth!

And here's to the golden illusions ye bring!

Here's to to-day!

Let cares fly away!

"Drink to the Spring."

—HIDALGO.

Galsworthy's Idea of Tragedy.

If I had one prayer to make, it would be, Good God, give me to understand.—"The Pigeon."

In 1900 Mr. W. L. Courtney, at present the editor of *The Fortnightly Review*, delivered a series of lectures upon "The Idea of Tragedy." These lectures make the most admirable and inspiring reading, even to the humblest student of the drama.

The author, after discussing the inception of the tragic idea in Greece, concludes that "tragedy is always the clash of two powers—necessity without, freedom within outside, a great, rigid, arbitrary law of fate; inside, the undefeated individual will, which can win its spiritual triumph even when all its material surroundings and environment have crumbled into hopeless ruin."

The same theory, he suggests, holds good in regard to Shakespearian tragedy. But there is this distinction: Tragedy is still the fruit of struggle, but the struggle is no longer one between man and an external relentless fate, but between man and the warring elements within him. Every man is his own potential enemy. In the domination of a man by an unworthy passion lies the Shakespearian idea of tragedy: "As in the ancient, so in the more modern dramatist, there is always the obscure desperate conflict between the individual and what for him appears destiny and fate. . . . But if we ask what this fate or destiny was in the conception of our English dramatist, there is only one answer. Destiny is nothing but the man's character—not an external, but an internal agency." Thus, the tragedies of Romeo and Antony are born of their blind unreasoning loves: the ambition of Macbeth, the jealousy of Othello, the egotism of Lear are productive of those tragic incidents in their lives, which Shakspeare has permanently enshrined in his tragedies.

"It is most interesting to notice how the idea of tragedy has changed since Shakspeare wrote. The modern world,

and more especially the nineteenth century, has witnessed the spread, to an extraordinary degree, of what we will call humanitarianism. The gospel of the brotherhood of man is everywhere taught, its principles everywhere expounded, its influence upon contemporary thought a great and predominant one. A hundred years ago, if a man stole a horse, he was hanged; to-day, in all probability, he would be detained for reformatory treatment. In Shakspeare's day the man who wrote treasonously of the Sovereign was burnt at the stake; to-day he is returned to Parliament. In a word, in the long period that has elapsed since Burbage walked the boards of the Globe Theatre, we have perhaps grown gentler than our forefathers, but at the cost of becoming genteel, and the change has not been a profitable one for the writer of tragedy. Tragedy, in its essence, must deal with the elemental facts of life—love, death, birth; but the modern world has an instinctive distrust of the elemental.

A recognition, a frank acknowledgment of this change in the public conscience enables us to realise and appreciate the Ibsenistic idea of tragedy, and it is Ibsen, among the moderns, who still exercises the most direct and powerful influence upon the English dramatist of to-day. "What, in fact," asks Mr. Courtney, "is Ibsen's idea of tragedy? As far as I can see, it is the failure on the part of a given individual to achieve his mission." All men have in them the potentiality of greatness; many men of genius are born who are pioneers in the march of civilization; we look to some outstanding figures for progress in every form of human activity; for such a one to fail in his life work is a tragedy, and such a failure is the motive of the Ibsen tragedy.

With these facts fresh in mind, we turn with added interest to the examination of the dramas of one of the most interesting of modern English playwrights. John Galsworthy has now written nine plays. Of these, he describes one only—"Justice"—as a tragedy, but at least three of his other plays are tragedies in form. These are "Strife," "The Fugitive," and "The Mob." In his remaining plays, the note of tragedy is frequently struck. Indeed, a certain poignancy, vaguely suggestive of

tragedy, is characteristic of all Galsworthy's plays. It is therefore well worth inquiring—What is Galsworthy's idea of tragedy?

It is not easy to find a satisfactory answer to this question, but the one we are about to suggest, however inadequate it be, seems to us a conceivable one. Galsworthy looks into the complex system of modern life, as a biologist studies a drop of blood beneath the microscope; he contemplates the vast stream of hurrying humanity; he passes from the homes of the rich to the hovels of the poor, and sees everywhere "blank misgivings," as it were, of creatures "moving about in worlds not realised." All men and women are faced with thousands of perplexing problems; they frequently misunderstand them; they themselves are frequently misunderstood. Of misunderstanding is born disappointment, disillusionment, despair, and finally—death! Thus the lover, who, too late, discovers that the object of his veneration has had to resort to prostitution to keep body and soul together, is a figure of tragedy; the woman, who leaves her home to seek her emancipation, and finds that there is only one profession open to a woman of her class, and who, in her disillusionment and despair, finds in death a welcome haven of refuge, is a figure of tragedy; thus also the idealist, who cherishes his ideal in the face of popular misunderstanding and hostility until he meets his death is, too, a figure of tragedy.

It remains for us to examine those plays of Galsworthy's which belong to the sphere of tragedy, with a view to showing that our contention is one which may be reasonably upheld. In "Justice," as has been pointed out by Mr. Shaw, the dramatist has succeeded in writing a tragedy which contains no character vicious in itself. Falder, a solicitor's clerk, is, of his type, perfect; without ambition, yet without vice. The sole thing that differentiates him from the thousands of his fellows is that he has fallen in love with a woman who is ill-treated by her husband. This fact spells tragedy for Falder. In order to fly from the country with Ruth Honeywill, he forges a cheque to obtain the necessary means. Discovery follows. Falder is delivered to justice by his just and

conscientious employer ; he is tried by a just and conscientious Judge ; he is condemned to three years' penal servitude ; and we actually see him in durance vile, where three of the most amazingly just and conscientious men on record—the Governor, Chief Warder, and Prison Doctor—hold counsel, to the end that Falder's lot in prison may be made an agreeable one. After two and a half years Falder is released on ticket of leave. His imprisonment makes him a marked man, and he is unable to obtain employment. As a last resource, he goes to his old employers and asks for a further chance. However, unknown to him, an insurmountable obstacle stands in his way. His old love, Ruth Honeywill, has had to leave her husband, and has been forced by circumstances to earn her living by what the Sherriff in "Blanco Posnet" very acutely terms "the primrose path." Falder, after his release, resumes his perfectly innocent intimacy with her ; but his old employers, knowing of the woman's former life, refuse to engage him unless he cuts short his intimacy with Ruth. Their refusal leads Falder slowly to a realization of the ghastly fact that the woman, whom he venerates, has suffered the contamination of the streets. At this moment, when the horror of his disillusionment lies as a thick cloud over Falder, a detective arrives to arrest him for a minor offence, which will mean at the most a short term of imprisonment ; but Falder, with the bark of his soul foundering upon the rock of his shattered ideal, sees nothing but unimaginable misery ahead ; the fair fruit, the vision of which had lightened the days of his incarceration, has turned to dust and ashes in his grasp. He flings himself down a flight of stone stairs, and is picked up—dead.

It seems to us that the tragedy of Falder is born of his disillusionment. We cannot understand the views of those who contend that the tragedy of "Justice" is the tragedy of the separate confinement system. As beautifully as the prison scene is painted, as harrowing as is the picture of the effect of separate confinement upon the prisoner, these scenes appeal to us as being only incidental to the action of the play. Falder has lived through the years of his imprisonment, cheered by the

thought of his love. At the moment when life seems to hold fresh promise for him, when a "vision splendid" of future peace and happiness gleams before his eyes, he becomes aware of the fact that he has been living in a fool's paradise, and the shock of disillusionment is too great; death is preferable to life.

"Strife," "The Fugitive," and "The Mob" are all in a marked degree Ibsenistic. "The Fugitive" may almost be described as a sequel to "The Doll's House," and Stephen More, in "The Mob," is a devoted disciple of Dr. Thomas Stockman. The plot of "The Fugitive" is this: An ultra-modern woman, married to a wealthy man of her own station, finds that she and her husband have nothing in common. Quarrel succeeds quarrel, until they finally part. The woman, brought up to a life of ease, manages to live for some time by obtaining employment in a shop, but she is discovered, and seeks oblivion again in other occupations; success does not attend her, and she finally meets a man, an author, who in happier days had paid her attentions. With him for some months she lives in happiness; but his employers hear of the intimacy, and he is threatened with ruin. This comes to the knowledge of Clare, and the unfortunate fugitive is again faced with the problem of how to live. She tries different means with no success, and is ultimately confronted with the alternatives of death or—if we may use the language of Frome—the sale of her body. With the intention of pursuing the profession of Manon Lescaut, she repairs to a racecourse hotel. She is duly "sized up" by an habitu , accepts his invitation to dinner, and agrees to meet him later. He goes out to settle for the dinner, and returns to find that the Fugitive, sickened by the prospect of the endless years of misery in front of her, has fled from all her troubles by taking poison.

We again suggest that the tragedy of "The Fugitive" is the fruit of disillusionment, though this moral is not so obvious as it is in the case of "Justice." Clare is the daughter of a clergyman; she marries, expecting the happiness of married life; she is misunderstood by her husband, and disillusionment follows; she leaves the

husband, with whom she cannot live, hoping to find in the larger world other paths to happiness. She is again disappointed, and is forced to realize the fact that the world holds out few hopes for one of her temperament and upbringing; with the final, desperate intention of living the only life open to her, the prospect, even then, proves too horrible, the sight of other women—daughters of joy—is too prophetic of what she herself will become, and her final disillusionment leaves her only one course of action.

“The Mob” is Galsworthy’s latest play. It reveals the direct influence of Ibsen, and many scenes in the play seem echoes from corresponding scenes in “An Enemy of the People.” The story is briefly this: Stephen More, a rising young statesman, is a passionate idealist. An English missionary is killed in a savage country. England threatens war, and finally engages in it. More believes that the war is wrong, and his voice is heard from the first in opposition. Popular fury is aroused against the man, who denounces the war, while his countrymen are being killed, and More finally meets his death at the hands of an unruly mob, which has broken into his house.

To be misunderstood is a tragedy. This seems to have been the idea uppermost in Galsworthy’s mind in writing the play.

We have left ourselves but little space to discuss “Strife,” one of Galsworthy’s earlier plays. “Strife,” as the name implies, is a drama dealing with a strike. The action takes place near the Trenartha Tin Plate Works, on the borders of England and Wales. A strike has been in progress all the winter, and seems incapable of settlement, owing to the fact that the leaders on each side are men of unflinching determination, who decline to concede one point more than they consider just. However, the matter is taken out of their hands. The men revolt from the leadership of Roberts, and agree to place the dispute in the hands of a Trades Union official for settlement. The employers, alarmed by the suffering caused by the strike, come to the same resolution, in the face of the strong opposition shown by their leader. The best men on either side are thus deposed, the wife of the

strike leader dies a death of agony by starvation. The whole people have suffered bitterly through the winter, and the gain has been nil to either party. "A woman dead, and the two best men both broken! All this—all this—and what for?" In the first place, there is misunderstanding; misunderstanding begets the bitterness of strife; strife obscures reason and judgment; both parties fight at cross purposes, until they are forced by sheer weight of physical suffering to realise the futility of their struggle; and all this bitterness and misery have been the fruit of the failure of each party to understand and appreciate the aims of the other. Of such elements is the idea of tragedy composed.

It is not surprising that Galsworthy, seeing in the world endless instances of the grief of disappointment, the terror of despair, the agony of remorse, and the other consequences of man's failure to understand the questions with which he is faced, has placed in the mouth of his ruined French adventurer the supplication—"If I had one prayer to make, it would be, Good God, give me to understand.

—P.B.B.

EXCHANGES.

The Editor wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:—"Otago University Review," "Canterbury Agricultural College Magazine," "The Canterbury Collegian," "The Kiwi," "The N.G.C.," "The Wanganui Collegian," "The Timaruvian," "Otago B.H.S. Magazine," "Wellington Girls College Reporter," "The Waitakian."



At a time like the present, when the immediate welfare and the future destiny of the Empire are at stake, the decision of the Debating Society to discontinue its programme of debates will meet with general approval. Many of the members are with the Expeditionary Forces, and there is a tendency towards a lack of interest among those remaining. The Plunket Medal Competition, too, has been indefinitely postponed. On reviewing what the Society has actually accomplished during this year, one must feel satisfied that much improvement has been made; interest in debate has been stimulated, and a high standard of speaking has been attained. The Joynt Challenge Scroll once again adorns the portals of Victoria University College. Long may it there remain. On 20th June, Mr H. A. Cunningham moved: "That the New Zealand Government should vigorously embark upon an extensive system of immigration." Mr. C. F. Atmore supported, and the motion was opposed by Mr. G. G. G. Watson, M.A., LL.B., and Miss North. Statistics were the weapons of warfare, and so no heads were cracked. Still one Celt told us of the "fertility" of one country going to make up the "sterility" of another. There was no lack of bandying of words, but even the carrying of the motion will probably have little effect upon the future policy of the Government of New Zealand. Our thanks are due to Mr. P. Levi, M.A., for judging the merits of the speeches. He placed the first five speakers as follows:—Miss North, Messrs. Moss, Cunningham, Watson, and Byrne.

The debate on "University Reform" was nearer home. The movers, Messrs. J. C. McDowall, B.Sc., and W. F. Hogg, showed that they were well acquainted with the needs and shortcomings of our University system. The lady opposers, Misses North and Tolley, M.A., like all good politicians, were ready to com-

promise. They urged reform in some matters which were essential to the improved training of a University career. They were prepared to grant better libraries and to economise in finance, but they plainly told their opponents and the world in general that University professors should be compelled to devote their energies entirely to the academical side of University administration, and leave the business affairs to men of commercial training. "Ne sutor supra crepidam." A two to one majority holds out much hope for the glorious band of "Reformers." No less interesting were the remarks of Mr. J. A. Hanan, M.P. It is to be hoped that his audience profited by his advice as to "getting on" with those whom Providence "might join" for "good or ill." The first five speakers were placed as follows:—Messrs. A. B. Sievwright, L. M. Moss, J. P. McDowall, W. F. Hogg, and Miss E. M. North.

Perhaps one of the keenest debates held at Victoria College for some time past was one "That State Control is a Solution of the Liquor Problem." Messrs. A. B. Sievwright and A. E. Caddick, M.A., were the movers, and Messrs. W. J. McEldowney and L. M. Moss, B.A., opposed. As supporters of temperance reform, the movers regretted that during two decades of No-License and Prohibition agitation, no real temperance progress had been made in New Zealand. The amount of liquor consumed per head had in that time increased 25 per cent., and the convictions for drunkenness had nearly doubled. It was high time that the electors of the Dominion had a chance of trying a new plan, and that plan would be found in some form of State Control or in placing the trade under a Board of Commissioners, as had been suggested by the Hon. A. L. Herdman in Parliament. The opposers were up in arms. They wanted to turn the tap off altogether. They wanted Prohibition. State Control had not operated with absolute success where it had been tried. The storm of debate raged with a vengeance, and even Mr. Atmore's "little joke" did not stem the tide. The battle of Waterloo wasn't in it. The intimacy of certain students with some well-known taverns was a feature of the debate, and one speaker was able to give expert evidence of the shortcomings of a few establishments under the present system. A few of the speakers had a troublesome time. Did the mover use unparliamentary language? Did he tell a rude interjector to "shut up"? However, he withdrew, and peace reigned while he poured forth his eloquence in deadly seriousness in support of "my scheme." This was truly a fitting debate to conclude a year of earnest endeavour. Some sixteen speakers gave their

views on this all-important subject. The judge, Mr. C. E. Statham, M.P., placed the first five speakers thus:—Messrs. L. M. Moss, A. B. Sievwright, W. J. McEldowney, Schmidt, and A. E. Caddick.

During the two short vacations, various plays have been read. A series of readings are being arranged for the summer vacation. This has proved itself to be an excellent way of maintaining interest in the Society in the "off" season, and it is to be hoped that the large audiences of the past will be present in force. Ample notice will be given.

In the middle of July, our President, Professor Easterfield, delivered his annual address. His subject was "Some Reminiscences," and the Professor gave a brief survey of his experiences of English and European Universities, and also touched upon the events which led up to the time of his appointment to the staff of our College as one of its first professors. He detailed a short history of Victoria University College, and appealed to his audience to endeavour to make for it an honoured place in the story of the development of New Zealand. A hearty vote of thanks to Professor Easterfield was carried by acclamation.

Our congratulations are due to Mr. L. M. Moss, B.A., the winner of the Union Prize for 1914. Mr. Moss is a comparatively young speaker, and has made much improvement during the past year. He has been chosen, with Mr. P. B. Broad, LL.B., to represent Victoria University College at the University Tournament, to be held at Auckland next Easter. We hope that they will maintain the fine traditions of the representatives of Victoria College in their efforts to retain the Joynt Challenge Scroll. Our best wishes are with them in this endeavour.

Messrs. Cunningham and Schmidt also deserve congratulations on sharing the New Speaker's Prize. They have both made marked progress.

LADIES' DEBATING SOCIETY.

During the second term the Women's Debating Society held three debates. The subjects were as follows:—

June 25th: "That the tendency of women to enter public life is detrimental to their domestic efficiency." The motion was lost, on being put to the meeting, by a majority of 13 to 4. The

judge, Mr. L. P. Leary, placed the speakers in the following order:—Misses Taylor, Edwards, Daniell, Tolley.

July 16th: "That Kipling is a poet of the first order." The motion was lost. The judge, Mr. A. E. Caddick, placed the speakers as follows:—Misses Taylor, Davies and Hueston (equal), Richmond and North.

July 24th: "That it is expedient to adopt a system of No-License throughout New Zealand." The judge, Mr. G. G. Watson, placed the speakers as follows:—Misses Newman, Taylor, North, Stevens.

It was decided not to hold the Women's Oratorical Contest this year.

Christian Union.

On account of the great European crisis, the activities of the Union have been somewhat handicapped; nevertheless, we have had some very successful fortnightly meetings, and the Study Book is proving well worth the study for those who have been following it through.

One of the most unique meetings held at College was that addressed on July 11th by Mr. Dan Crawford, Livingstone's successor in Africa. The Social Hall was crowded, a large proportion of the audience being students; and Mr. Crawford received a sympathetic and appreciative hearing. He delighted the audience by his raillery at students in general for the more formal aspects of their life. One could not but feel that here was indeed a man, one who had accomplished things, one who had really done something; and the simple story of his actual experiences and the results of his work among "his people" in Central Africa leads one to believe that if we cannot fully appreciate the greatness of his work now, succeeding generations who will see the onward march of civilization in Africa will have cause to be thankful that these people were first approached by men like Crawford, and were consequently more fitted to receive the mixed blessings of a somewhat mixed civilization. We recommend Mr. Crawford's book, "Thinking Black," not only for its breeziness and originality of style, but also for its record of a work which, in some ways, eclipses that of David Livingstone.

The Annual Social, held on July 25th, was a great success, because it was a "social." The students present thoroughly enjoyed themselves, the evening passing with a surprising swiftness, as things were "kept moving" so busily. During the supper, a welcome to Mr. Burbidge on his return to New Zealand was signed by all present, and forwarded to catch him on his way out.

Our next meeting was to have been addressed by the Travelling Secretary, Mr. Young, but as the war excitement was at its highest at this time, formal meetings were out of the question.

Owing to financial considerations, the General Committee deemed it inadvisable to go to the expense of calling Mr. Young over to the meeting held in Melbourne this month; and so members of the Union quietly subscribed sufficient to allow Mr. Young to attend this important meeting. It is such spontaneous acts as these which show the interest taken by all in anything which will improve the work of the Union, for the idea came from outside the Executive, and was therefore the more welcome.

Conference this year is to be held at Waimate, and those who attended Woodville will need no further urging to attend this year's camp. To all those who have never attended one, the writer of this report, who, prior to his first experience (last year), was somewhat sceptical, heartily recommends them as being, from many standpoints, the strongest and healthiest thing possible.

Like other College bodies, we have given of our best to the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. Many of our members have gone with the Advance Party to Samoa, or are at present in training at one of the concentration camps.

It is a noteworthy fact that the last three 1851 Exhibition scholars (Messrs. Rigg, Burbidge, and Hercus) have been very active members of the Union. It is sufficient answer to many students who excuse themselves from taking part in the Union's activities on account of lack of time, that these men found it worth while to give up so much of their time for the Union. We are pleased to say that, at the time of writing, Mr. Burbidge has arrived at Fremantle, much improved in health. We hope that he will be able to resume his studies at Cambridge when he has fully recovered health and strength.

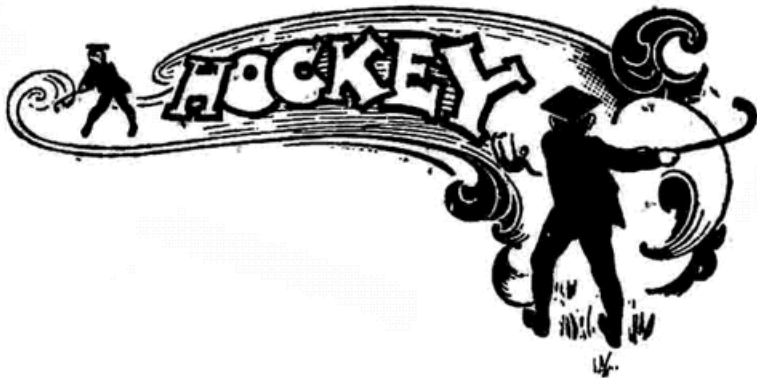
Cricket.

Like other clubs, the Cricket Club has suffered by the departure of some of its members with the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. In spite of the decreased membership, we should be able to put two fairly strong elevens into the field. Wicket-keepers are sorely needed; we hope that the fates will show one to the Selection Committee before the season commences.

Once again we feel constrained to touch upon that very vital part of our work—practice. Last year a lamentable lack of interest in practice was shown. The result was the loss of several matches which should have been won. Again and again we have uttered the common-place truth that no team can succeed unless its members practice consistently. A few willing players are always to be found in each team; but we want to see all members at the nets on every possible occasion. In order that a team may work well on the field, combination is necessary; not the machine-like combination required in a football team, but a knowledge of the men with whom one is playing, which gives one the ability to help the captain, especially in the field.

Every year the vexed question of finance must be touched on. This season, owing to the decrease in the number of members, the Committee will have to consider the matter almost immediately. Members would assist the Executive very much if their subscriptions were paid by December 1st, in accordance with amended Rule 16. Incidentally, they would save themselves five shillings.

Last season we played two matches with other University Colleges, and we had hoped to play three during the coming season. It is doubtful, in the present circumstances, if all these games will eventuate. Still, it is too early to foretell what will be done, but we trust the committees of the clubs concerned will endeavour to have all games played.



From a casual glance at the Hockey reports in the "Evening Post" during the latter part of the season, one is immediately convinced that hockey in Wellington is surely on a downward path. It is not that the players are wanting in enthusiasm, but Saturday after Saturday it was found necessary to postpone all games on account of the bad weather. Our players, however, with a true 'varsity spirit, have turned out in any kind of weather, and have a name for being good mud-larks. The Seniors particularly always seemed to score well on a wet day, while the Juniors and Third-Class teams smiled bravely through the sprays of mud from the grounds at Newtown Park or at Kilbirnie. It seems time that the Association should encourage our young players by providing them with better grounds. The small number of games played by each team is due to the many postponements rendered necessary by the inclemency of the week-end weather.

None of our four teams succeeded in annexing a cup, though each team occupies a high place on its championship ladder. The Seniors are runners-up for the Senior Championship. The lower grade teams, particularly the Third-Class, are to be congratulated on their keenness and on the way in which they have turned out under adverse circumstances.

We congratulate the following on securing representative honours this season:—C. Strack, G. Strack, K. Strack, E. Rountree, and F. Gaze. All these journey to Auckland to assist the representatives to bring back the shield. J. McDowall and S. Castle, of the Seniors, also played in representative trial matches; while McCaw, Jones, Morice, were chosen in the Junior representatives.

The following is a summary of the matches played by the various teams:—

SENIOR.

(Captain: G. Strack.)

- v. Metropolitan. Lost, 5—1. A very willing game, but Mets found us unprepared. The Sports Edition was not as kind to us as it was last year.
- v. Karori. Won, 4—2. The rain seemed to aid us in this match. 'Varsity usually prove successful mud-larks. Hostich made his debut by scoring two pretty goals.
- v. United. Lost, 5—2. The less said the better concerning this game. United proved too much of a surprise packet for our battling eleven. Boyd and Co. quite upset the calculations of our invincible rearguard of 1913.
- v. M.Y.M.I. Won, 3—0. This was a very enjoyable game. Our forwards seemed to require a wider goal mouth. The shooting was very bad. We recommend service with the Expeditionary Force to train our forwards' eyes.
- v. Wellington. Won, 7—2. A very easy game. Forwards in excellent form, and all took a hand at scoring. Even Salek was successful with two beautiful goals, which were quite too fast for Skipper Morpeth.

JUNIOR A.

(Captain: R. St. J. Beere. Vice-Captain: E. Fitzgerald-Eagar, on whom, be it known, all the work devolved, owing to the Major's want of skill on horseback.)

- v. Metropolitan. Won by a large score. Hostich proved a valuable goal-getter.
- v. Hutt Valley. Result, still in doubt. Six heroes went to Hutt Park, and found four Huttites. Neither side had a ball, and so, as it rained torrentially, we went home again. The day was enlivened by various Bible stories by Cleg-horn and Jones.
- v. Karori. Postponed, and—never played!
- v. St. Augustine's. Lost, 5—10. Their parson so favourably impressed us that we gave up in admiration of his flow of language.
- v. United B. Won, 4—1 (Eagar 2, Cleghorn 1, Jones 1). On the line our College lady players did great service by cheering our shots. They owed us that much, for their heavy (?) going previously had simply cut the ground up.

- v. Junior University B. In this game, Cleghorn, McCaw, Leonard and Eagar each scored. The B's got one goal by great good luck. One of the circles was extremely well gravelled.
- v. United. Lost, 4—1. Eagar the only scorer.
- v. Kelburn Anglican. The Church again was victorious. Cleghorn learnt a new vocabulary. We were but five men—patriotism sent six of our team to Samoa.

JUNIOR B.

(Captain: Ewart. Vice-Captain: Seddon.)

- v. Karori. Lost, 8—1. We were two men short. Whitehead scored.
- v. St. Augustine's. Lost, 7—1. The weather was very bad. Only seven men turned up, the absentees including the Captain and the Vice-Captain.
- v. United B. Won, 5—3. This time we made up our minds to do something, and we notched a good win. The game was a success, and we played up to our very best form. Scorers were Edward (2), Wright, Armstrong and Whitehead.
- v. Insurance. Drawn, 3—3. We had a charming walk from Newtown Park to Kilbirnie, where we played a slow game in more senses than one. Brockett scored all our goals.
- v. University A. The A's, by a mixture of craft and skill (?), blended with luck, managed to beat us. Whitehead again scored for us. Lost, 4—1.
- v. United A. Lost, 3—0. Thompson sustained a fractured eye-glass, and went home with a cut eye. We were then three men short.
- v. Kilbirnie Anglicans. Won, 5—4. Both sides were one man short. We made a forward game of it. Scorers: Seddon (2), Ewart (2), and Saxon.

On the whole, we did not do badly. We came about sixth on the Championship ladder, and had not then played all our matches. Perhaps we might have notched another win had we continued. We think so.

THIRD-CLASS.

(Captain: R. Edwards.)

At beginning of season everything promised well for the "Thirds." The members were all very enthusiastic, and practised assiduously. Luck was against us, however, for we played very few matches, because of the weather. Again, on one occasion we were drawn to play at Kilbirnie, but, on arriving at the ground, we found it in possession of two teams of Navals. Our persuasive powers were of no avail, and, strangely enough, our members (though some have since joined the Expeditionary Force) seemed disinclined to resort to violent tactics. Eventually we began playing at 4.15 p.m., and scored two goals in a very short time.

Results of games are as follows:—

- v. Wesley. Won, 5—0. A very satisfactory beginning.
- v. United. Won, 7—2. Our goal-keeper thawed in the second spell by acting as an assistant "three-quarter."
- v. Wellington A. Lost, 0—6. Again our goal-keeper was in trouble. On two occasions he cleverly stopped the ball, and then watched the Wellington players hit in six goals. Try an electric battery or antipon, will you, goal-keeper?
- v. Wellington C. Won, 10—1. This was the eventful match at Kilbirnie. The Seniors even have never done better than this.
- v. Wellington B. Won, 6—0.

In conclusion, we would urge upon all hockey players the necessity for increased practice and for a greater interest in a game which has always been successful at our University College. Next year we hope to have five teams again in the competition. To do this we need the co-operation of all active hockey players and the assistance of the many enthusiasts of the game.

AUCKLAND TRIP.

At last it is possible to report that our much-talked-of return visit to Auckland 'Varsity has been paid. Owing to there being five of our Seniors selected to represent Wellington in the Shield match against Auckland, the opportunity was taken of getting the remainder of the team away too. For various reasons, difficulty was experienced in getting our best team away, but we managed to fill our ranks from the Auckland Camp, where

several of Salamanca's men who have responded to the call of Empire have been undergoing training before leaving our shores. We are also indebted to two or three others of the Rep. team—all ex-University players—for filling the gaps. Two of these had to leave before the match was finished, in order to catch their train, otherwise we might have been able to have given a better account of ourselves. As it was, we were defeated by 3 goals to 1, after a most enjoyable and well-contested game.

The Auckland men gave us a sample of their noted hospitality, and made the trip most enjoyable from all points of view. They motored us round for a three hours' spin one afternoon.

Monday was the day of the match, and after the game the ladies of the 'Varsity provided morning tea. It would not do to omit to mention the enjoyable evening spent at the University ball on the Saturday night. Rumour has it that some of the programmes were very much mixed.

We were also the guests of the Aucklanders at the "Smart Set" on the Friday night.

On Monday afternoon the crowd gathered for a trip to Lake Takapuna. The boat took us across "Dishwater" to "Bayswater," where we embarked on the famous steam trams for the beach. After a slight respite in the shape of afternoon tea at the kiosk, we were kindly allowed access to the picturesque grounds of Mr. Brent's estate. We returned to Auckland about 6 p.m., and left the same evening at 9. Several of the V.C. soldiers were down to bid us farewell, and we were thus enabled to give the crowd several College songs, finishing up appropriately with "One Stave More."

All the boys from Camp send farewell greetings to their many friends "on the hill."

LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB.

The ladies' hockey teams, both Senior and Junior, have had a very successful season this year, the former being runners-up for the Senior Championship. The Seniors were beaten on one occasion only—by Ramblers A. This match was evenly contested from start to finish, and it was very near the call of time when Ramblers succeeded in netting the winning goal, thereby

winning the Championship. At the Six-a-Side Tournament the 'Varsity Six were successful in carrying off the honours.

The following is a result of the matches for the season:—

SENIOR.—10 played, 6 won, 3 drawn, 1 lost.

JUNIOR.—8 played, 4 won, 2 drawn, 2 lost.

Three of our players—Misses Neumann, Dobbyn and Carrick—were chosen for the Wellington representative team, and distinguished (?) themselves in the match against the English ladies.

Correspondence.

We have received a letter from a science student, inquiring as to the College Council's reason for taking Professor Kirk's fine collection of glow-worms and "posting" them at intervals in the Main Hall and corridors. Our correspondent, while sympathising deeply with the natural desire of the Authorities to instil into the hearts of all students a love of natural history, thinks it exceedingly hard that the worthy Professor should be deprived of his specimens—a collection gathered only after years of careful work. He thinks, however, that it is more probably an instance of the base commercial spirit that is permeating our University life at the present day, and hopes that the Council will shortly recover its "lost aesthetic mental balance"! Parts of the letter are hard to read; parts are not printable; so we give our readers merely a résumé.



SUMMARY FOR THE YEAR.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points	
					For.	Against.
Seniors	12	4	8	—	76	109
Juniors	9	3	6	—	51	147
Thirids	8	2	4	2	51	57
	—	—	—	—	—	—
Total for Club	29	9	18	2	178	313

The results for the year cannot be considered unsatisfactory. The excess of "points against" over "points for"—135—would have been considerably reduced had not the Juniors tried conclusions against Orientals in the vacation with a very weak team, and succumbed to the tune of 56 to nil. To play and be beaten, no matter how large the score, is obviously very much more sportsmanlike than to lose by default, and the Club may be proud of the fact that no matches were so lost this season.

It is always pleasant to find one's prophecies coming true. The "I told you so" spirit is just as deep-seated in the writer as it is in the editor of the "Notes on the War" columns of certain local newspapers. Hence we really must chronicle with extreme satisfaction the splendid victory of the Senior Fifteen over the champions, Athletics. If the Seniors would only play their easier matches with the same vim as that they display against the big combinations, their list of wins would be very much increased.

After the vacation, with its tale of woe, the Juniors pulled themselves together, and put up some excellent fights, especially against Petone, Athletic and Poneke.

The Thirds started excellently, being beaten only once in the first five games, but lack of systematic training in the gymnasium told its tale in the latter part of the season. The team has excellent material, and on paper appears hard to beat, but—the same old question of training.

It was unfortunate that all matches with other Universities, so keenly looked forward to each year, had, through various unforeseen causes, to be postponed. It would have been financially fatal to all concerned if Sydney University had travelled over to these shores after the declaration of war, and the guarantors may consider themselves extremely fortunate that Germany was so considerate as to hasten her entry into Belgian territory. We hope that these matches will all be resumed next year.

Congratulations are extended to Ryan, Faire, Beard and Sim in attaining to representative, and (in the case of Ryan and Beard) inter-Island representative honours.

SENIOR FIFTEEN.

(Captain: P. J. Ryan.)

- v. Poneke. Lost, 17—3. University played very disappointingly.
- v. Petone. Lost, 3—0. A fine game on a wet ground. East assures us to this day that he forced the ball before the Petone-ite made the only score of the day.
- v. St. James. Won, 16—3. Faire and East each scored twice, and Ryan and Beard each converted one.
- v. Melrose. Won, 12—0. East scored twice, Miller once, and Shaw once.
- v. Oriental. Lost, 11—0. Our men returned home distinctly annoyed.
- v. St. James. Won, 6—3. St. James looked like winning on several occasions.
- v. Petone. Lost, 22—0. The large score does not indicate the respective merits of the teams. It was a fine game, and Petone's kicking accounted for most of the points.
- v. Athletic. Won, 10—3. The most sensational win in the Club's history. The result resurrected the waning interest of the general public in the Championship, and proved a boon to the Union.
- v. Oriental. Lost, 13—10. Our men again annoyed, Oriental resurrected McLeod and other old players.

- v. Wellington. Lost, 9—5. An exciting game, the winning of which enabled Wellington to tie with Athletic for the Championship.

JUNIOR FIFTEEN.

(Captain: T. O'Shea.)

- v. Oriental. Lost, 56—0. The vacation was responsible. Luckily, the Thirds had a bye.
 v. Selwyn. Lost, 20—0. A very good game.
 v. Petone. Lost, 6—0. Also a good game, played in the wet.
 v. Wellington. Lost, 26—3.
 v. Athletics. Lost, 12—3. A good game.
 v. Poneke. Won, 14—5.
 v. Petone. Lost, 22—6. We had only 13 men.
 v. St. James. Won by default.

THIRD FIFTEEN.

- v. Johnsonville. Drawn, 3—3. Dodson kicked a goal.
 v. Hutt. Drawn, 0—0. The referee was unpopular. Our men claim two scores.
 v. Wellington College. Lost, 14—0. A good game, but the College boys too well trained.
 v. Exchange. Won, 10—3.
 v. Petone. Lost, 17—0.
 v. Hutt. Lost, 11—0.
 v. Oriental. Lost, 9—5.

We regret that reports of several clubs and societies have not reached us for publication in the current issue. Those responsible have told us that in the present circumstances there is little or nothing to report, as many club members are either on active service or preparing for it. This is undoubtedly the reason for the non-appearance of certain reports. In these circumstances, SPIKE must be necessarily smaller than usual.

The Editors Uneasy Chair.

The production of the current number of the SPIKE has been attended by a number of minor difficulties, which have slightly disturbed the peace of mind of the Magazine Committee. They have also affected the secretaries of clubs; at least we surmise that this is so, from the reports we received.

We want to grumble a little. It is very easy to grumble, but we cannot help mentioning one or two grievances (more or less real). Our first is that only a very small number of students attempt to write anything for the SPIKE. The reasons given are many and varied—so many and so varied that we are certain that, in a few cases, their authors would be successful as writers of fiction. Our benisons be upon those who sent us in articles! But there is something rotten in the state of Denmark when the number of contributors who are actually attending lectures can be counted on the fingers of one hand. We do not wish to stress the fact; but we hope this lack will be remedied in the future.

Our second grievance is concerning club reports. Some of them would disgrace a school-boy. We do not ask for typed reports, but we certainly do expect them to be legibly written. When we are obliged to use a magnifying glass and strong language to decipher them, our thoughts on secretaries (with whom really we sympathise as overworked, unappreciated serfs) are apt to develop homicidal traits. These remarks apply only to one or two. One other point about club reports! Secretaries are requested to hand them in by a certain date. They trickle in one by one, some as much as a week overdue, and a wild-eyed and dishevelled member of the Magazine Committee has to try to explain to a weary and patient printer that nevertheless the magazine must be "out" by such and such a date. Will secretaries kindly remember?

Enough of grievances. We are proud to chronicle the fact that we are now the "Victoria University College" in name as well as in fact. Accordingly the name has been so printed in the current number of the SPIKE. It is not before time that our real designation has been bestowed upon us; and we hope that it will be realised by public and students alike that we are a University College.