

A Continual Feast of Good Things

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always
Carnival
Time
with us!*



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Te Aro House

Cuba Street

Victoria University College ..

CAPPING CARNIVAL

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

CAPPING DAY

Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the
world. *Selden.*

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

—*King Jahn.*

❖ 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. STAINTON
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
OFFICAH	A. J. MAZENGARB

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

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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. GLIBB 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 'stil' faster

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

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WELLINGTON

The Square
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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

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"An over-devotional super-emotional
Hyper-chimerical extra-hysterical
Wildly aesthetical madly phrenetical
Highly strung sensitive Prince."
-Pope (absolved)

Potential Princesses, Piffing Politicians, etc.

Entr'acte ... African Dance ... Montague King

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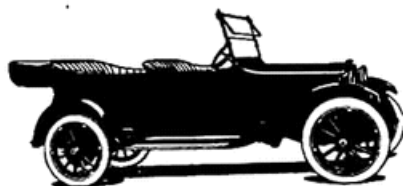
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Specialty* Dance—	
Misses N. Grosvenor, M. Moore, and A. Woodhouse, Messrs. L. I. Day, W. Watkins and C. C. Moss.	

"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'
 beans,
 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 pernickety,
 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 broily for a putter,
 And thé 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!**

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 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 Tu-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,

VEITCH & ALLAN - Guarantee Satisfaction.

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.

Comé, 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,

VEITCH & ALLAN

Ladies' Outfitters

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,

VEITCH & ALLAN

Ladies' Outfitters

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 p'ò 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 chevrons 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 always;
 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;
 Three 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 hustle—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 wayway's stwuck, and we want to cw. y.
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 —

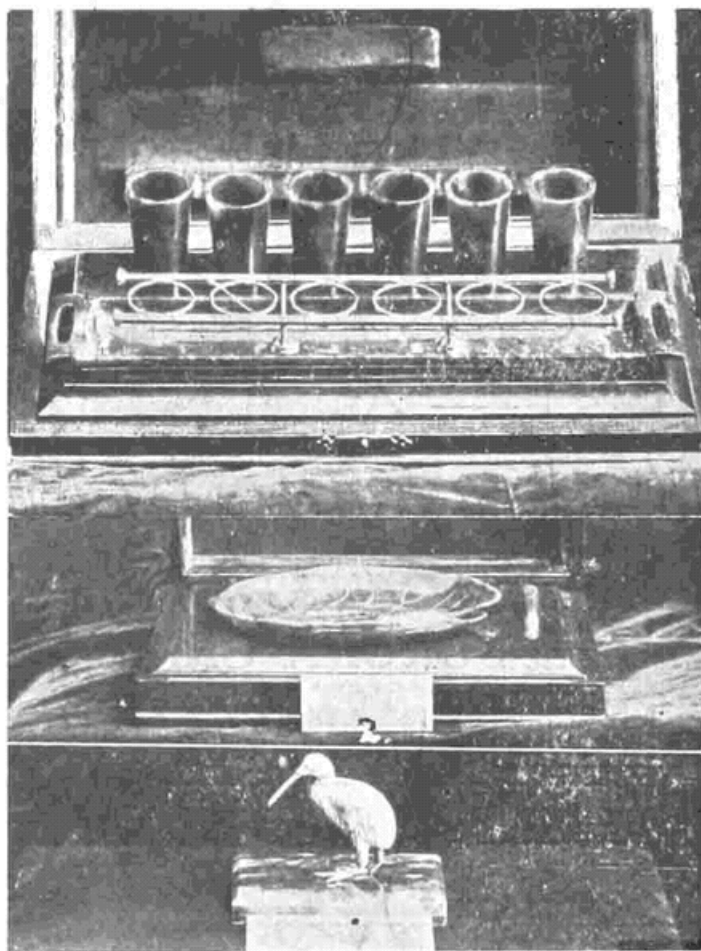
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