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SMAD

AN ORGAN OF STUDENT OPINION
AT VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
Wellington, N.Z.

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1931.

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EDITORIAL

“That low man adding one to one
His hundred’s soon hit.
This high man aims at a million.”

R. Browning (adapted).

This year of grace 1931 has been remarkable for material progress unparalleled even in the most stirring century on record. Unhappily the spirit of materialism is becoming more pronounced every day, mainly because we are losing the habit of real constructive thinking.

Victoria College is a University College and its members should be students — not men and women who are studying for a mere label that will entitle them to more money or a so-called “respectable” position than their less fortunate fellows, but men and women who approach life and knowledge as Samuel Butler did. “It was one of his foibles not to be impressed by reputations, however great or old; for reputations are only dogmas, and he was against all dogmas. So far as he was concerned the most famous poet philosopher or painter had to win his reputation, not to impose it.”

Victoria is a non-residential College, and inevitably a slave to the lecture system. Now “Lectures are far more than a guide to reading: they are a substitute for, rather than a stimulus to thought.” The evil results have been apparent for some years, but a new day seems to be dawning. Whether it is through the influence of our new lecturers or through the interest aroused in College affairs by the historic Constitutions wrangle we know not, God knoweth, but this year has witnessed a remarkable increase in the use of common rooms for discussions other than of “shop” and a veritable rebirth of purely aesthetic clubs.

The tender plant of thought is with us — let us nurture it against the killing frost of indifference. This tender plant cannot thrive under present conditions—such organisations as the Free Discussions and the Literary Clubs, and the Science Society must meet at present in the College Building away from the disturbing noises of our barn-like gym. Some day we must have a Students’ Union Building, and in this connection we are disappointed to observe that our Executive has made no forward move other than to set up a sub-committee to deal with the matter. Students should insist that this Sub-Committee should be spared the fate of last year’s Song Book Sub-Committee which did not even have a meeting. So much for the Students’ Union Building, which must always remain the goal of our ambition. In the meantime we must make shift with what facilities we have.

Other Colleges have “coffee-evenings” and “dark room evenings”—but they also have Students Union Buildings in which to hold them and enjoy a more lenient supervision by the College authorities. Possibly the best solution of the problem would be to approach the College authorities to allow the College to keep open until at least 10.30 p.m. when meetings are being held.

We would commend the idea of re-decorating the women’s common room, particularly if our women intend to raise the funds themselves. Such a spirit of self-help is very neces-

sary in these hard times, and the present "neo-operating theatre" style of decoration is hardly conducive to comfort.

If such a re-decorating scheme is carried out it might be possible to hold meetings of our non-athletic clubs in the women's common room, far away from the blighting influence of the benches used in the present rooms. This scheme would have the additional points in its favour, first, that the rest of the building could be locked up, and light in only a small portion of the building would be used after 9.30 p.m., and secondly, that suppers could be readily prepared owing to the room's handiness to the Cafeteria.

To sum up then we must have some ideals—let them be high ones. However we may cavil at the S.C.M. and its methods, all must admit that the Movement does set an ideal before its members. If we all get down to bed-rock and really talk, even while we are improving our surroundings, Victoria will never become what it has sometimes narrowly missed being—"a night school."

SPORTING NEWS

THE PLUNKET MEDAL STAKES (Weight-for-age)

The steeplechase was run off over rough country on Saturday the 13th July, in the presence of the sporting crowd which annually attends this meeting. Totalisator receipts were down but the outside betting it is understood was quite phenomenal and several prosecutions are pending owing to doubles cards accidentally falling into the hands of the police. This is most unfortunate for the few who had one leg in on the event and were consequently waiting for the result of the Union Handicap at the Spring Meeting.

This year was notable for the outstanding superiority of the fillies Too Saintly and Rattan. They ran the course very evenly, demonstrating in no uncertain manner what track training and judicious try-outs can accomplish. The veterans Ramsay, and Arabia, lacked finish, while the two-year-olds Te Ra, Stevie, and The Earl might have done better had their riders been more secure in the saddle.

The veteran Ramsay was first on the course but did not fulfil the hopes of his backers. We recommend the jockey to leave his light literature at home. It is not good policy to read while on the horse's back.

Stevie, a sprightly newcomer, opened brightly but at the first fence folded his forelegs over his girth and precipitated his jockey into the brush. He recaptured his mount but was shaken by the fall and faded out of the picture. Arabia, the other

veteran, carefully avoided the rough and showed rare judgment in finding fences which had open gates. He is a steady plodder who sometimes shows signs of better things which unfortunately do not eventuate.

Too Saintly ran a good course and topped the fences well. She has a pretty action and showed to advantage on the home stretch, where although her speed was not dangerous the going was smooth and easy to watch.

The Earl, a two-year-old of promise, ran a good race, but suffered from lack of training. The jockey showed originality in his work but that doesn't count in a race such as this. However we feel that the experience will be very helpful to this stable.

Another youngster Te Ra ran well but baulked at the fences too much. A little less haste in the take-off would help this mount, which however carried rather too much weight for its age.

Rattan running with a very stylish action maintained an excellent course and made no mistakes. This mount it will be remembered has run for place money on several occasions and in this race came well up to form.

The Judges after an interval in which some very acceptable musical items were heard with enjoyment, mounted the starter's platform and declared that in their opinion Too Saintly had won by a nose from Rattan with Arabia four lengths away third. The starter who had during the race been watching with great interest from Chairman's Mount, beamed with joy. The spokesman of the Judges delivered a short speech of encouragement, advice, and two jokes, and presented the trophy.

The Starter then broke forth into an eulogy of this speaker's remarks which must have made even his sporan blush until some kind person put an end to the painful spectacle by bursting into the National Anthem. In the dead language of an extinct race we befittingly and with relief murmured "Hic Finis Fandi" and faded quickly away.

THE WASP.

V.U.C. Dramatic Club

Since the last issue of "Smad" three plays were read: "The Constant Nymph," "Street Scene" and "Ghosts" Our thanks are due to Mr. C. Wright for the preparation of the stage for "Street Scene," which was one of the most successful readings held in the Gym. We have much pleasure in welcoming another member of the staff, Dr. Henning, who has read excellently in "The Constant Nymph" and "Ghosts," Miss Purdie, and Martyn-Roberts, and Davidson, and Messrs. Riske and C. G. Watson, all read very well in these plays. Once again we would remind readers of the production of "Rope" in the Gym. on August 14th and 15th. Particulars of the production will be found in the advertisement columns.

To all whom these presents shall come, greeting!

SINFUL STORIES

The Old Buffers

Once upon a time there was more than the usual number of infants born and as there was no great war on nobody knew what to do with them except to educate them to be useful citizens but the immature infants didn't fancy this so they went to Victoria College where there was lots of fun especially Uncle Ivan and Aunt Campbell who had learnt all sorts of quaint things off by heart and could repeat them so solemnly you'd die laughing and the immature infants lapped it up like one o'clock and said gee isn't this a hang of a great for they were still wet behind the ears and a bit oxy in their ideas and they believed everything their professors told them especially when it was taken out of books with plenty of long words in them. Now there were some old fogeys in the College who ran things old buffers like Rollings and Hurley and Bannister and MacDuff and other King Learns who were so out-of-date that they had forgotten the taste of the dummy especially the long green dummy made of glass with a label on the side saying drink puppy drink and make your will with the Public Trustee. The old fogeys nursed the immature infants through their intellectual teething and made them pull up their socks and fear Brookey and honour the profs sometimes and the immature infants behaved themselves from time to time because if they didn't the old fossils would start to remodel the Constitution and then the law students wouldn't have anything to play with for a Constitution is not a sound body in a sound mind but is really a sort of Ten Commandments and consequently fair game for immoral people which is what lawyers are. But by and by the immature infants thought they knew as much as poor doddering old Pen and the other museum pieces that kept the police away from the College so they said to them what are you hanging on here for how many more centenaries do you want you bald-headed old incubi with whiskers long enough to lace your boots with only you don't want boots you want bath chairs so grab your crutches you antediluvian old barnacles and trundle off to the destructor while some new planets swim into this kennel. The old fogeys were very hurt at this ingratitude and they talked for hours and hours and moved points of order and things like that which only real lawyers could see any sense in but the immature infants said they were fighting for freedom and the rights of small rationalities and in the end they threw the old buffers out on their pink ears and the old buffers crawled away making appropriate remarks especially MacDuff who knew more adjectives than anybody else and Victoria College never saw them again only their names in the Police Court news which lawyer fellows usually write up for themselves and send to the papers with a note saying please dont put advt after it. Then the immature infants started to play up like the Russians and first of all they busted up the furniture in the Womens Common Room which they hadn't had a chance to get at before then they put up notices in the hall without initialling them and when Brookey came out of his rabbit hutch and clicked his finger

at them they tried to crown him with what was left of the radiator and some of them even made jokes to Prof Murphy which is an unheard of thing and just like carrying coals to Newcastle. It was simply awful to think of the things that happened once the refining influence of the old fogeys had gone for the immature infants held capping processions that made Mr. Tanner lie awake at night and wonder if he hadn't been a bit too hard on Hollywood and some of the immature infants even tried to get on the College Council what for Heaven only knows but perhaps they thought they could get milk there without any coupons and by and by the students sighed and said oh for the goodolddays when every thing was more or less peaceful and law abiding and we used to attend Stud Ass meetings with the Standing Orders of the League of Nations in one hand and a balance sheet in the other and nobody ever made a disturbance without first rising to a point of order to provide a reasonable excuse for it. But its a long worm that has no turning and soon the police came up to the College in massed formation and arrested everybody except the Profs whom they had to let go in self-defence and Doctor Sutherland and Aunt Campbell and Marcus who had to make up lectures to show they were not immature and even then the police seemed doubtful but Marcus spoke to them in Russian which made them remove their hats very respectfully because it sounded so like the totalisator and Mr. Miller asked to be arrested too but they'd seen him too often about his old library which he said was vanishing into thin air and they took no notice of him because the air in the library was really too thick smelling of sulphur which is not surprising seeing what sort of books are kept there especially for philosophy students. Well the police took the immature infants to the Court and who should be on the bench, but Mr. Rollings and Mr. Hurley who had become famous Justices of the Peace and Senior Sergeant MacDuff appeared for the police and Mr. Bannister who said he was a lawyer defended at least that's what he called it but he kept defining his terms and making personal references until Mr. Rollings said sit down Mr. Bannister then the Senior Sergeant started to tell some funny stories but Mr. Hurley objected. Finally the Court sentenced them all to get the biffs and reformatory detention in the municipal creche except Mr. Bannister who was struck off the rolls for facetiously referring to the rule against Perpetuities which Mr. Rollings said was contempt of Court and Mr. Bannister had better go into Parliament where jokes were not out of place.

And the moral of this story is shoot if you will these old grey hairs Lest We Forget Lest We Forget and people in glass houses should not stand for the Executive and it isnt how long you stick around that counts but what you get away with while youre here and that's all for to-day thank you.—WOG.

OUR INTERJECTORS

Mr. Hurley at the recent debate on American Influence in New Zealand: "It is a pity that New Zealanders do not come into contact with Americans of the type of the Oregon debaters—"

Voice from the unknown: "POOF!"

Whereas the combined Law Dance

THE NEW WOMAN

No. 5—Miss Dorothy Martyn-Roberts, or "Goodbye to All That"

The relentless clicking of knitting-needles preceded Miss Roberts' majestic entry into the editorial sanctum by at least two minutes. "I'll knit as I talk," was her first remark. "It makes me feel less embarrassed." Our first question was, "What do you think are the two greatest things in life?" "Basketball and suppers," she answered unhesitatingly. "I think basketball's such a fine healthy game for growing girls, provided it's played in the right spirit. I am sorry I wasn't available for the reps.—or at least, I was, until I saw the photo in the papers of the team in those little short skirts. Yes, I am keen on basketball, it's a corker game."

"Supper-committees? Gosh! I'm just sick of supper-committees. Don't put that in though, it's silly, but I'm sick of them just the same. Hey! young Watson, cut that bit out." Here ensued a scuffle in which the "Smad" representatives, we are happy to say, were victorious. After a pause for all concerned to gain breath, the subject of suppers was resumed. "Didn't you think the Haeremai Club's supper was corker at their dance? It was rather a fluke really. Our suppers are just thrown together anyhow. You see, there's always one pharmacy open on Sundays. And besides, most students here are used to boardinghouse meals. By the way, did Peggy Spence-Sales tell you that the reason the Law Faculty Club had so much milk at its dance was that the Club's still in its infancy?" "Smad" representatives were amused, but incredulous. "I wish I could be a member of the Haeremai Club. I'm so fond of hot-dogs and he-men. I once played ping-pong with a man in the women's common-room. That was when I was on the Executive. It was so lovely being on the Executive. Don't you think it was nice of them, though, asking me out to their Brown Owl party after I'd resigned? Oh! did I tell you I was keen on basketball?"

"I don't say much in the common-room. I just sit and listen in amazement. Isn't it a pity that Ola never holds forth now as she used to? I have no complexes and no repressions, but I do like playing basketball and fixing up suppers."

Anti-Climax.

The teams were in position, every girl tense for action. The centre-forwards were grasping their sticks ready for the bully. The referee's attention was concentrated on the large hand of his watch. It reached the minute, and the whistle blew.

One of the centres raised her head and called plaintively to the side-line: "Where's the ball?"

: : :

Memo for 8 a.m. law students: Superiority of Women.

Women have achieved a permanent wave, but men haven't got a permanent shave yet.

Hockey Notes

From observations made during the season, all the teams are weak in "shooting." Time and again good forward movements have come to nothing owing to this universal inability to score when once inside the circle. Lack of practice is the cause of this trouble, and until facilities are available for stick-work practice of all descriptions, the standard of play in the Club will deteriorate.

It has been suggested that in future one or two of the older members of the Senior team should play Third and Junior Grade mainly for instructing in the finer points of the game and helping teams which, at present, consist almost entirely of beginners, to meet their opponents on a more equal footing.

It is with regret that we have to record that W. A. Cumming is going with N. J. Lewis from the Senior A team. Cumming, who plays a very sound game, will leave a vacancy which it will be very hard to fill, as will Lewis's position as left inside in the forward line. J. Foster of the second Senior B team has lately left for Dunedin. He was beginning to shape well as a full-back.

Football Notes

Fourth A.—This team has lost one match and drawn one. It is second in the fourth grade competition. A well balanced team of whom it would be unfair to make any special mention of individual players, Blandford the full back, has only to learn to tackle with certainty and he should go far in that position. The whole team is comprised of young and promising players who will soon be knocking at the door for admission to the Senior team. The way this team turns out to practice is an object lesson to the rest of the Club. The forward play has much improved with the coaching of Roy Deidrich. The pack is a credit to him.

Fourth B.—This team is without a coach, but has been ably captained by Ongley. Lancaster, Andrews, Halstead and Archibald are all playing well in the forwards, while Hall, Burgess and Marshall (in the backs) show promise. Marshall will develop into a good five-eighth if he learns to tackle.

Third B's have had an enjoyable season in the company of a jersey of doubtful ancestry as mascot. This happy team will round off the season with a function at Barrett's.

Not Understood

Mr. Riske at the Plunket Medal Contest: "No one has ever seen an atom, or felt an atom—very few people can even understand an atom."

Not understood. Th' electrons fall asunder

A hundred thousand volts the atom hits.

We pass unseen; men marvel and men wonder

Just what we are, and then we fall to bits,

Not understood

MOLLY M. NEILL.

Is to be held in V.U.C. Gym.

Skeletons from the College Cupboard

(Being Extracts from "Spike")

Answers to Correspondents: E. J. B....d-W....n. Certainly postpone it. What's an honours lecture to a week-end tramp anyhow? (1924).

Dramatic Club: Previous to the general meeting the following plays were read: "She Stoops to Conquer," "Love's Labour's Lost," and Marlowe's "Jew of Malta." (1924.)

Plunket Medal: Mr. Rollings spoke on Louis Pasteur, an original choice from which we hoped much, Mr. Rollings, however, having for some reason to traverse the whole course of history before arriving at his hero, got his speech somewhat out of proportion. It may have been, too, because of the inherent disabilities of such a subject; but as an oration the speech failed to carry weight. With pruning, it would have made a good lecture. Mr. Rollings' fluency led him into some rather infelicitous phrases, e.g., that which carved Pasteur's name on those countless operating tables. In the mechanics of delivery Mr. Rollings was good.

Mr. A. E. Hurley was the last speaker, and gave us the second oration on Gladstone. Mr. Hurley was good; he has an excellent voice and gets it across; he never leaves you in any doubt of what he is saying. But there was no modulation to it; the level surface flowed on without a change until nearly the end, where an effective peroration made a welcome change. There is promise in this speaker. (1924.)

Capping Ball: And it was really a very good dance, and, thank God! undisfigured with any of those crude concatenations of a diseased humanity—jazz effects. (1921.)

Capping Ceremony: Prof. Hunter put in an appeal for residential colleges, and once more defied the Chancellor over something or the other. During his speech the audience was scandalised by the horrid spectacle of one Murphy asleep in an attitude of well-earned but bored repose. We then went home. (1921.)

Haeremai Club: At the general meeting it was decided that the Club should take over the men's new common-room, and supply, if possible, a billiard table for the use of all students. (1920.)

Christian Union: Corresponding secretary, Miss Moncrieff, P. Martin-Smith.; Hon. Treasurer, Miss E. W. J. Fenton, I. L. G. Sutherland (1919.)

Entertainments at Which We Have Never Assisted

Mr. Mountjoy plays the title role in "Dracula." Auckland bigwigs welcome Oregon debaters at station platform.

Mr. Brook plays Postman's Knock in the main hall.

Captain of the Lyttelton Ferry kisses the tourna-

AN OPEN LETTER TO DR. HENNING

Dear Doctor—

Herewith find my prose,
With which I venture to enclose
A gallon of red ink I bought
In case your own supply runs short.
You see, I've just received from you
This study in red, white and blue.
This isn't the first prose of mine
You've chosen to incarnadine;
On some you sketch bizarre designs
And corrugate with wavy lines.
My last one looked as if a hammer
Had smitten it—you gave me gamma.
And here I'd humbly beg to state
That Homer didn't punctuate.
Why, punctuation's just a craze
Come into fashion nowadays.
For if a student gets good sense,
Then Providence will mind the tense.
I used the Present for the Future—
Apparently that didn't suit you.
As you recorded your displeasure
In terms of no uncertain measure.
Was this, I ask, a crime so heinous,
To merit theta minus minus?
Then, why do Frenchmen make a song
Because some paltry gender's wrong?
Woman's emerging, with much clamour;
Why not apply this to French grammar?
Much to my woe, the Prof. still curbs
Originality in verbs.
Hoping to see you on the morrow
And less in anger than in sorrow,
With kind regards from the back bench
I sign myself—Commercial French.

AHAB.

ment hockey team good-bye as they leave the boat at Wellington.

Complimentary dinner given by Wellington Referees' Association to Prof. Cornish and to Mr. J. O'Shea.

Address to the Philosophical Society, by Prof. Rankine-Brown, on "Roller Skating Among the Romans."

Reception given by the Women's Club to Mr. Wrigley, of U.S.A.

Mr. Whitcombe entertaining the queue in the Cafeteria.

Miss Dorothy Spence-Sales addresses the Mothers' Union on "Domesticity."

Mr. Edwards as "Uncle Doug," tells the children some bed-time stories.

Mr. P. J. Smith addresses the Hysterical Association on "Some Notable Extravaganzas of the Past."

Mr. H. W. Dowling leads the singing of O'Reilly's Daughter at a Haeremai Club Smoke Concert.

On Saturday, 29th Aug., 1931, at 8 p.m.

Literary Club

"Meantersay," said Hodge, "I didn't take much interest in that kind of thing as a rule. Not all this highbrow stuff, anyhow. What I say is, give me a good detective yarn and a seat by the fire, and keep your nasty Russians to yourself. Matter of fact, I thought I was going to hear Hairy Hongi at the Hysterical Association and I wanted to hear about that flagstaff business he was mixed up with. So I went up to 'Varsity and got into some big draughty room and sat down at the back among a lot of people with horn-rimmed specs and stiff black hair. Then the Chairman got up and said we were going to have the pleasure of hearing Prof. von Zedlitz give his Inaugural address to the Literary Society of Victoria University College. I kind of lost my temper here and told the chap next to me that I'd come to hear Hairy Hongi and didn't want his Literary Club at any price. Of course, I put it a bit better than that and he turned pink behind the ears and edged away.

"Well, this Prof. von Zedlitz settled himself on the table and made a few remarks about there being no armchairs on deck and nothing but a lot of hard benches. He seemed to think it wasn't the thing for a Literary Club and what he wanted was a lot of people buried in armchairs, smoking pipes and chipping the secretary. Which is what I call a sensible suggestion.

After that, this Prof. von Zedlitz went on to say every Litter Club ought to have possessions. He said that at the one he used to belong to, they had an old snuff-mug and a number of out-of-date weapons. Also he mentioned something about a chunk of old red sandstone being a useful sort of weapon for Litter Clubs. When he got on to this, I kind of hoped that he might be Hairy Hongi, after all, under an alibi or a decree nisi or something, but he didn't produce any sandsoap or greenstone or anything and went straight on to what a Litter Club could do. He suggested translating things. Now I've always wondered what some of those French tags mean. There's that one over the Trades Hall, for instance, "Labor vincit omnia." I asked one chap what it meant, and he said "Yes, it does wink at a lot of things, doesn't it?" Being funny? Well, I dunno. Might have been of course. Anyhow Prof. von Zedlitz knew someone who turned a whole book of Latin verse into English verse, and someone else who put some famous law-cases into rhyme and someone else who answered a question in an exam paper in verse. This made me sort of pensive and I was thinking about the happy old days when I was sitting for my Proficiency and had to write an essay on "What I would like to do when I leave School," when I heard something that made me sit up a bit and kind of gasp. This Prof. von Zedlitz was saying that he though nothing ought to be taboo to a Litter Society, not even the literature of evil. I call that pretty crook you know. Have I—? Well, I've just dipped into it, I don't get much time for reading now. Couldn't see much in it, myself. No,

my wife's reading it now. Anyhow he said he was going to read something from Milton about it and I thought he was sort of going to give a sample. Well, no, it wasn't, really. I didn't quite follow it. That's about all. Oh, I fergot to tell you. There was some man in the audience called Kirk whom Prof. von Zedlitz kept chucking off at and then at the end this man got up and to Prof von Zedlitz he was atrophied or something. Said he'd been talking to his class about it and if he heard Prof. von Zedlitz before giving his lecture he could have added one more humble example to the list. Then there was a girl called Sense-Pales or something like that, who wanted to know whether people ought to talk about books other people knew nothing about. Prof. von Zedlitz said he'd always suspected her of that kind of thing and anyhow he did it himself, as it meant he could improvise men more when he gave an address. After that he chipped the chairman a bit and the meeting finished up. Oh, not had you know. I suppose I'd have been disappointed in Hongi after all. Have a drink? Well, I don't mind if I do."

C.G.W.

Law Faculty Club

The address to the Law Faculty Club on July 13th took the form of a lecture by Mr. P. J. O'Regan on the subject of "The Legal Liabilities for Accidents." Mr. O'Regan is to be congratulated on the very masterly treatment of his subject, and especially on the almost superhuman memory which enabled him to quote case after case with the greatest ease, referring to the very numbers of the pages in the Law Reports where they could be found. On this occasion the attendance was very poor, only about 25 members being present. Law exams during that week were no doubt largely responsible for the absence of many students, but the Club wishes to take this opportunity of urging its members to show a keener interest in these lectures which, besides being interesting, are materially helpful to the law student in his work. At present the committee are making arrangements for a further lecture to be given during the next vacation.

Attention is drawn to the Annual Law Ball held in conjunction with the Wellington Law Students' Society which will take place on August 29th in the Gym.

INSINUENDO

A typed notice adorned various walls of the College which read as follows:

The Common Common Room is reserved for me and women students only."

R. J. REARDON.

Hon. Sec., V.U.C. Students' Assn.

When "Smad's" reporter drew Mr. Reardon's attention to these notices Mr. Reardon remarked that Mr. Larkin intended placing a similar notice on the Women's Common Room door.

Or so soon thereafter as the Parties shall appear.

Letters to the Editor

(To the Editor)

Sir,—May I add something to what "Nec tamen consumeatur" has said in reply to your correspondent "Pro-Neronian." There is in the letter of "Pro-Neronian" that species of passionate ridicule which is simply a confession of thwarted rage. This is the rage of a generation who love facts but hate the truth. It is to be seen on all sides. A great artist, for example, like Jacob Epstein makes a statue, and immediately the critics acknowledge the spiritual truth contained therein by breaking into a frenzy of ridicule and scorn. They detest the truth and by every device of ridicule and scorn they deny it, but they cannot escape it. They go out of their way, as men do, to rail against the truth, and in that very act, they acknowledge it. The letter of "Pro-Neronian" is not a frenzy but at the back of his jibes, there is the same irritation, and behind the irritation there is the inescapable truth—the truth for which the S.C.M. stands.

"Pro-Neronian" gives us a picture of the modern Christian showing off in the arena, but don't be reticent, "Pro-Neronian"; show us the rest. Show us by contrast the valiant and modest pro-Neronians picturesquely seated up in the amphitheatre—taking notes. This particular pro-Neronian says that the S.C.M. chooses certain topics and surveys certain sides of life merely to attract people—to advertise itself. He might as well say that the Almighty was playing to the gallery when he made life so fascinating, and that the devilish attractions of the world was only the Lord bidding for popular favour.

The Editor asks for some opinion about the S.C.M. and the scope of its activities. The S.C.M. is concerned with the religion of Christ, and the religion of Christ is concerned with life. It is concerned with finding a principle of unity among things that are outwardly different. If those different manifestations of life try to act by and for themselves alone, they become more or less impotent. There must be some unity to which they can all subscribe, and it is this unity that is the concern of the S.C.M. Does the University foster any comprehensive view of life? It does not. The University does not even foster a decent philosophy, let alone a religious view of life. It gives nothing to unify its blind and scattered branches of culture. There are a dozen or so clubs, each with its own "ideals." There is an athletic club with an athletic ideal, a literary club with a literary ideal, and science clubs with scientific ideals—masses of confused and cross-cutting "ideals." Small wonder that, as soon as the student leaves Varsity, he lumps his ideals together, beats a path straight to the scrap-heap, and flings away the mess of dotage that he has exchanged for his birthright. Now, sir, when the athletic club and the literature club, and the scientific club all contribute to one ideal—a religious one—then we shall be getting a real education, and the S.C.M. will need to be curtailed if it has not earned its full discharge. In the meantime were it not for the S.C.M. many students at our Universities to-day could truly say that "they had never had a day's education in their lives."—I am, etc..

RAMSAY HOWIE, Travelling-Secretary, N.Z.S.C.M.

Dear Sir,

In the last number of "Smad," I made some criticism of the shock-tactics employed by the S.C.M. in this University. I was completely confuted by the two replies from representatives of that movement, which were forwarded to the Editor. It was once again, it would appear, purely a matter of definition which was the cause of the controversy. It seems that I have been under a complete misapprehension as to what a Christian really is. I had always understood that a Christian was bound by a certain definite body of doctrine and dogma, which varied from sect to sect. Thus, if you were a Roman Catholic, you were bound by the teachings of your Church; if an Anglican, you believed in the clauses of the Nicene and Athanasian creeds; if a Christian Scientist, you held the Gospel according to Mrs. Eddy,—and so on. I also believed, that for a person to call himself a Christian, simply because he admired the life and teachings of Christ, without subscribing to the doctrines of the Trinity, of the Divinity of Christ, of personal immortality and so on, would be sailing under false colours. Apparently I was wrong.

Having these totally erroneous ideas about the nature of a Christian, I was extremely surprised by Mr. Howie's letter. He started by bringing forward in his opening paragraph, the irrefutable argument "We're right. Hence it follows that you must be wrong." Than which nothing could be more logical. The S.C.M. stands for spiritual truth, and I attack the S.C.M., therefore I am an enemy of spiritual truth, and in this typical of my generation! It appears that to criticise the S.C.M. is equivalent to desecrating a sanctuary.

Finally, after a cogent little comparison between the methods employed by God in creating the world and those employed by the S.C.M. in advertising itself, Mr. Howie gives us his definition of a Christian. The religion of Christ is concerned with finding a principle of unity among things that are outwardly different. Naturally such a definition disallows my criticism altogether. Also what a crowd of new and valuable Christians it allows one! Obviously Buddha and Mahomet and Plato and Lucretius were first-class Christians. Even the fetish worshipper of Africa is concerned in some measure with finding a principle of unity among things. In fact, if he's a Christian already, it seems almost a pity to baptise him. Surely some of these very early Christians could be canonised now. I suggest St. Socrates and St. Marcus Aurelius as first recipients of the honour. Mr. Howie's idea is really very charming, but I cannot help thinking that the prospect of becoming "Christians in spite of themselves," might have caused them, humanitarians though they were to join in the old cry of "Throw them to the lions." I am still—

PRO-NERONIAN.

Dear Sir,

When the Travelling Secretary of the S.C.M. gave his lecture here on "The Christian Student's place in the University" he struck what I consider a treacherous blow at those beliefs and principles

Now therefore you are holden and firmly bound,

that are the bed-rock and foundation of the Christian faith.

Christianity is a revealed religion. For a Christian to "liberalise" it, is blasphemy; for a non-believer to "partially accept" it, is hypocrisy.

Either the revelations are true or false. There is no middle way.

Is the explanation of this lecture to be found in what was suggested in your last issue: that the S.C.M. has changed from a religious organization to an ethical debating society?

BACK TO THE GOSPELS.

: : :

Dear Sir,

Though as little of the S.C.M. as your correspondent, I should like to reply briefly to the ingenuous complaint of "Pro-Neronian" which I finally unearthed from his sometimes obscure welter of metaphor.

Now whether or not the S.C.M. does carry out those ideals to which it ascribes, I am not in a position to say, but of this I am convinced: that if there is anything at all in their creed which is to be commended it is this very fact about which "Pro-Neronian" complains. That is, their attempt to relate their religion, creed, call it what you will, to that which alone and of necessity must be its province, namely, real life. Once the Church in general and movements like the S.C.M. in particular were commonly indicted for divorcing themselves from everyday life, whose realities after all, they existed essentially to interpret. More power to them now for trying to remove this cause of complaint.

Pro-Neronian however evidently belongs to the grand old school of thought which, in earlier days, when a change of residence was suggested from the leaky cave to the dry but new-fangled hut, staunchly declared that what had been good enough for his father's father would serve for him also. He cannot see that the broad principles of Christianity which its founder laid down simply as a more adequate way of relating oneself to the harmony of life, are elastic enough to be adapted to the changed ways of living of the modern world.

There still exist those who complain because the psychologist has stepped forth from his laboratory and is applying the results of his investigations to the sphere with which they are concerned . . . the world at large. This hoy polloy complaint is analogous to that of "Pro-Neronian," and has as much justification.

I am, etc.,

AGNOSTIC.

: : :

Dear Sir,

The following is a report on the activities of the Executive since its entry into office on July 2nd.

1. It has been decided that in future meetings of the Executive will be open to the students. This innovation is by way of experiment for the purpose of creating among the general body a more lively interest in the affairs of the Association.

2. The following grants have been paid: Cricket Club £78, Tennis Club £113, Social Service Club £15, Swimming Club £10 10s., Debating Society £15, Free

Discussions Club £5, Maths. and Physical Society £1 5s., Tramping Club £8, Boxing Club £20, Football Club £35, S.C.M. £15, Rowing Club £16.

3. Sub-Committees have been set up to go into the following matters: (a) Constitution, (b) extravaganza and capping, (c) cafeteria, (d) blazers, (e) finance.

4. The Association has affiliated to the W.E.A. for the current year and R. J. Reardon has been appointed the students' representative to the Wellington District Council of the Association.

5. In future stationery etc., can be purchased only from the cafeteria.

6. It has been arranged with the firm of C. Smith Ltd., Cuba Street, that china ware, comprising coffee sets, ash trays, etc., will be sold only on production of an order from the Association.

7. Mr. R. Bannister has been appointed Editor of "Spike" with the following staff: Miss C. Drummond and Messrs. I. D. Campbell, J. Carrad and A. Crisp.

8. Mr. R. J. Larkin has been appointed Editor of "Smad" with the following staff: Miss C. Drummond and Messrs. G. Watson, R. B. Phillips and K. Kirkcaldie.

9. Messrs. C. S. Plank and W. Harris have been appointed Tournament Delegates for the year 1931-32.

10. The Tolan Printing Company's tender for the printing of "Spike" has been approved.

11. The Executive has been successful in its application to have the name of Weir Hostel changed to Weir Hall.

12. It has been decided that in future no Committee meetings are to be held in the Common Common Room.

13. Three one-act revues will be staged next year instead of a three-act extravaganza. Students are invited to submit entries until December 31st.

Yours faithfully,

R. J. Reardon,

Hon. Secretary,

V.U.C.S.A.

: : :

(To the Editor)

Sir,—On reading your comments on "Our Finances" it occurred to me that the time was opportune to draw attention to the fact that an M.Com. had offered his services as Treasurer of the Students' Association at the last election and was turned down.

Now, Sir, I have nothing against the present Treasurer, and my object in writing this is certainly not to belittle him. However, I wish to suggest that in future it be the accepted thing, that a Commerce Student hold the position of Treasurer. I might state in passing that I have no designs on the job, but am sure that any number of Commerce Students could be found who would do it, and who are well fitted to make a success of it.—Yours faithfully,

A. P. O'SHEA.

All excuses being laid aside, to attend the same.

The Editor,
"Smad"

Dear Sir,

I notice with strong approval that the Students' Executive of Otago University have recommended that smoking be prohibited in the Women's Common Room. Our Executive might well consider the advisability of following such a lead instead of pandering to popularity by abusing the Professors in public, by having open Executive meetings and by other periodical doses of democratic eye-wash.

But to prohibit women from smoking in their Common Room is but partially to remedy the abuse. They should be absolutely forbidden to indulge in their favourite brands of nicotine poisoning within the precincts of the University.

It would not be a very great hardship. After all ninety-nine women out of a hundred smoke for the same reason that they partake of any other oddity—namely for the purpose of attracting notice. Affectation has always been women's bane. In the matter of smoking the ladies of a bygone age had a nicer perception of the elementary decencies when they prohibited their men folk from smoking within the house. But what after all do the elementary decencies mean to the modern women? We had one of them preaching free love to us a week or so back!

One of the peculiarities of this so-called women's fight for equality is that for the average specimen of the allegedly fair and certainly false sex the phrase means "equality in vice." If a man is allowed a certain number of pre-marital infidelities then women must have the same. Man is permitted to throw away his money and strength on strong liquor—women must be hot on the trail, the only difference being that the money is usually that of a foolish male. Man smokes twenty cigarettes a day, ruins his health, stains his fingers, discolours his teeth, poisons his breath—the sweet young thing must emulate these doughty deeds.

Yours etc.,
HEARTHTRUG.

Editor's note: The above letter was submitted to one of the women students who replied as follows:—

The Editor,
"Smad."

Dear Sir,

It is almost impossible to take "Hearthrug's" absurd diatribe seriously.

Granting for the moment that man, as such, has the right to enforce prohibitions or commands upon woman, because she is woman: Would prohibiting the women from smoking at Varsity stop them from doing so? The result would be precisely such as always follows upon dogmatic prohibitions. If as "Hearthrug" suggests, we are showing-off when we smoke in the privacy of our Common Room, where smoking or non-smoking is taken as a matter of course, then with how much more abandon would we smoke when doing so implied a risk, and made us appear daring!

But "Hearthrug" or any of his sex has yet to prove that he has the faintest shadow of right

to lay down the standards by which women shall live. The day when he could do that is past.

"What women really mean by sex equality, is equality in vice." He makes the statement as earnestly as though he were showing us all an awful secret which he had laboriously unearthed. Yet another glimpse of the obvious. Of course we want "equality in vice." That is, we want freedom to choose for ourselves between "vice" and "virtue" to suit our own conception of what our lives should be.

Your correspondent's rant is illogical and out-of-date. In fact it leaves one faintly puzzled at the futility of such a belated cry from yesterday.

I am etc.

DOOR-MAT!

THIS HUI MARAE.

In the March issue of "Smad" there appeared a stirring exhortation to the women of this College. Contributed by a member of the committee of the Hui Marae, it described in eloquent terms the proposed activity of the Club, and urged every girl to take advantage of the social opportunities it would present.

"The Old Women's Club," it cried, "has tottered to its silent grave and in its place, great and glorious, the Hui Marae has leapt to life . . . To belong to this club is to be one of the bright and busy girls around the place . . . Freshers join up and launch out immediately into the world of social activity at Victoria College . . ." etc. etc.

Further comment is almost superfluous. But one must drop a silent tear. Alas, for the Hui Marae, great and glorious; alas for its leap to life of which it must have repented; and woe to the girls who might have been so bright and busy (!)

If the committee has found itself bankrupt of ideas for running the club, one wonders why it has not bothered to get in touch with similar clubs in and beyond New Zealand. Apparently the enthusiasm of its initial appeal proved to great a drain on its energy; why else the lethargy which has since enveloped it?

Either this Hui Marae should frankly announce its own burial, and disappear into the vault where its sister lies, or it should stir itself to some purpose, and show that it does consider worth while the object for which it was created.

THE SPECTATOR.

(To the Editor)

Sir,—May I bring before your notice a tradition of this college, which I feel is worth breaking down. I refer to the reserved table set aside in the caf. for the staff. In other colleges it is the practice of the staff to have afternoon tea with the students. As at Cambridge, where the social centre is the dining hall, so could Victoria break down this unmean attitude of dignity. Here is a chance for the staff to exert an influence on the students, not through their subjects but through their own personal enthusiasm.—I am, etc.,

D.G.E.

Herein fail not at peril of missing

(The Editor, "Smad")

Dear Sir,

My attention has been drawn to an article in your last issue in which the subject, degree courses for LL.B. is discussed, and in particular I have been asked to express an opinion on the argument as far as English is concerned.

Speaking generally the argument is largely vitiated (I consider) by the demand for something that might be of permanent value to those concerned. This is an old plea against which anyone with a regard for University training will resolutely set his face. True education is ever indirect, and it is not inconceivable that to study the language of the Popocatapetls would be as "useful" as to study economics. The tendency to seek for "easy options" requiring no special equipment and no intensive study is surely regrettable.

But to meet the argument on its own ground — is it certain that to study the earlier stages of English is an exercise quite without value to the lawyer? Legal terminology is essentially archaic; in no profession is a nicer sense of the precise meaning of words more desirable; while there is at least as good a reason for being able to read old English charters, wills, etc., as to be able to decipher those in Latin.

Nor am I convinced that it is possible to divorce linguistic and literary studies. Among the three greatest names in English literature must be included that of Chaucer, and it is extremely doubtful whether his work can be appreciated without some philological training. Shakespeare again is a language study in himself; while all the great poets and not a few of the prose writers have been diligent students of the earlier forms of the language.

Having said all of which I am prepared quite graciously and merrily to capitulate in part and to admit (particularly when I think of the work that is actually done under the present system) that there are difficulties and that some reform is desirable. Many suggestions have been made. The ultimate solution of the problem lies without question in making a distinction between a Pass and an Honours B.A., whereby an Honours man will be required to study this subject (as others) in the only feasible way, that is historically, while the man who has neither the time nor the inclination to do that will be provided with a syllabus, even at the advanced stage, which he will be able to cover "without tears."

I am, etc.,

A.B.C.

P.S.—With respect to the first point made above it is perhaps worth adding that candidates for the Home or Indian Civil Service (many of whom will be called upon to exercise the highest judicial functions) are quite unrestricted in the choice of degree courses. (Incidentally Latin is a pre-requisite for any degree course.) The essential thing is that they should have laid a broad cultural foundation; technical ability will come later.

Books of the Month

"THE GIRL WHO STAYED AT HOME."

Revolutionary-mystery-drama of Mme. Dorothy Dufarge, the woman who snapped her fingers at the Powers. Fallen from grace, she preserves a chilly silence, and consoles herself by knitting endlessly. To those of her friends who question her she can make only one reply—"Shrouds for the Exec!! Shrouds for the Exec!! Shrouds for the Exec!!!"

: : :

"SHY LITTLE VIOLETS."

By Peggy McPeggie.

The verses in this charming little booklet are so exquisitely tender, so delicately intimate, that it seems a pity to have published them. Those who thrill to the fragrance of the crumpled crocus, the naivete of the narcissus, or the sighing of the sassafras, will linger long over its trembling famb. (Bulletin: 6d.)

: : :

"UNCLE TOUSAINT'S CABIN."

By W. J. Killjoy, Jr.

On the fly-leaf of this tear-drenched novel, we learn that the author has dedicated it to "Z.H., an apt pupil."

A preface informs us that the gentleman has not intentionally plagiarised any of the work of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

After this the novel. We were most affected by the dedication. (Plunket: 7/6).

: : :

"AFTER DINNER SPEECHES AND STORIES."

By "Bish"

"Bish" is remarkable. In this collection he treats the most sublime subjects in the most light-hearted manner. The limerick on Thomas a' Kempis is full of unconscious (and unmentionable) humour.

In similar vein are his "Undelivered Orations" on St. Francis of Assisi, Napoleon, Arthur Mee. (Plunket: 1/-).

Mistaken Identity

We have recently learned that the Chinese Consul-General was greatly relieved to find ultimately that the four gentlemen who attacked him in the street-car were not Wellington apaches; but merely members of the S.C.M. of V.U.C., who had mistaken him for Dr. Koo and were welcoming him in the new spirit of muscular Christianity.

The finest show for years.

Fugitive Thoughts of the Depression

By SIR ROTTO ANAEMIA

Finding myself in a cloudy and speculative mood, the spirit moves me to psycho-analyse this Dragon that is abroad in the land, yclept "The Depression."

Economists say the origin of all our woes is psychological, and Psychologists say it is economic.

But I, the least of them all, having cancelled out all their contradictions of each other, and turned to the matters (if any) wherein they are in agreement, find myself left with nothing at all! Ergo, my children, there is no cause of the Depression—it just 'grewed,' like Topsy.

What difference is there between the times that were and the times that are, save only this, that formerly, "What we lost upon the Roundabouts we made up on the Swings"; whereas now, "What we make upon the Roundabouts we lose upon the Swings"—the quotient in each case (bear me out, O ye Mathematicians and Logicians) is zero—so why worry?

Our most excellent political leader bethought him that the Depression would take unto itself the wings of a dove could he but fuse his own party with that of his doughty opposer, to whom thus spake he: "Redoubtable Sir, what art thou doing re fusing?" "Refusing," quoth he.

Without a doubt he mistrusted him of the dire peril that lurks for him who would dally with a fuse.

The Hon. Guy Fawkes once tried to purge Merrie England that way, but the fuse functioned not; and so the whole race of politicians has been preserved even to this day—the Lord is indeed merciful!

The unemployed—why do they stand thus idle? Verily, because they will not labour without receiving a "Quid pro quo," which means "£1 per day," or I am but an indifferent interpreter of the classic tongues.

The Honourable the Financial Wizards do rage throughout the land saying the currency of this blessed isle is depreciated, and that no salvation can come till it be appreciated once more. I sit in judgment on no man, but yet do affirm I have seen nought of this need for more appreciation. What little lucre your humble servant receives is greatly appreciated—would I had more!

And now let us talk of the "most unkindest cut of all." Who has not been stricken with the abhorred shears which have lopped off one-tenth of our modest incomes? Comfort ye with the thought that this act is hallowed in antiquity. "I give tithes of all I possess," groaned the Pharisee in the Synagogue when the world was young. He, too, had received a ten per cent. cut.

A Daniel has come to judgment (again your humble servant)! I will tell you how we may transmute into a Royal Road to opulence and ease this Via Dolorosa wherein now we walk.

Hear ye!

Professors and Soothsayers—an Entente Cordiale among you all, and no more wranglings.

Farmers—become ye disciples of the sage Coue; say unto yourselves without intermission, "In every

bail, and in every pail, we are getting better and better butter."

Shpeherds—What is this I hear of the dwellers of this land being carried on the sheep's back? Get off and walk, say I, and give the poor beasties a chance to grow some wool!

Manufacturers—Look ye for salvation to our good friend Euclid; whatever your "line" may be—PRODUCE it, to infinity.

And now, my children, the peace of Allah be upon you all.—SELAH!

DEGREES WITHOUT TEARS

[One of the American debaters tells us that in Chicago University a student is allowed to sit his exam, whenever he feels capable of passing it, whether at the beginning of the year or the end. If he passes it, well and good. If not, he is told to go back and study a bit more, then have another try.]

American Varsities—cheerful to know—

Degrees in a far different spirit bestow
From that which affirms that to miss taking terms
Shall spoil one's degree, however one squirms
Beneath this unlucky embargo.

The city of Thompson, of tinned stuff and crooks
Exacts not such rigid attention to books.
It gives its degrees, just whenever you please
To try the exam, and to pay the right fees
To the Board of the Profs. of Chicago.

The man who cans pork and who wishes to pass
Exams, in the art of amassing the brass,
Need never submit in a college to sit
To gather up crumbs of its lecturers' wit
And the rest of its wordy farrago.
The gunman who wishes to take a degree
In shooting or snaffling, need just pay a fee.
And they don't care a damn, if he sits his exams
Without undergoing interminable cram
Beneath the Prof. Board of Chicago.

And if he has failed to answer the test,
The Profs., I suppose, would remark with some zest—
"Though at present, we fear, the right knowledge
you lack,
We'll see you come back, when you've managed to
stack

Your brain with a suitable cargo."
A Week, or perchance even less, he devotes to his
swot

And fills his dull skull with whate'er he's forgot,
Then turns to the fray and proceeds to make hay
Of questions he's answered not ten days away.
That fortunate youth of Chicago!

—OH YEAH.

It has been suggested that last year's annual balance sheet should be forwarded to Mr. Philip Snowden.

: : :

Just a point that puzzles us: When ordered out of a lecture-room, does one mark oneself present?

To all whom these presents shall come, greeting!

COMING EVENTS

Aug. 14.—PRODUCTION OF ROPE in Gym. at 8 p.m. Dance and supper to follow. Admission 1/6.

Aug. 15.—PRODUCTION OF ROPE in Gym. at 8 p.m. Admission 1/-. Haeremai Club Smoke Concert, Dominion Farmers' Institute, 8 p.m. Admission 3/6. Vacation till September 7.

Aug. 27.—S.C.M. Soiree in the College Hall.

Aug. 29.—Combined Law Club dance in Gym., at 8 p.m. 5/- double.

Aug. 31.—S.C.M. concert at Porirua. Any students with cars who are willing to transport concert party are asked to communicate with the secretary.

Sept. 4.—Dramatic Club reading in Gym. at 8 p.m. "Tons of Money."

Sept. 5-7.—S.C.M. week-end camp.

Sept. 11-12.—Tramp. Orongorongo Peak. Leader A. R. Offwood.

Sept. 12.—Haeremai Club. 1/- dance in Gym.

Sept. 18-19.—Mt. Maymorn. Tramp. Leader T. McKee.

Sept. 18.—Dramatic Club reading "Berkeley Square."

Sept. 25-26.—Tramp. McKerrow-Wainui. Lowry. Leader A. G. Bagnall. Watch for "Smad's" Farewell Number out on September 23.

Gleanings from our Contemporaries

Ladies!

No more aching backs on Monday night
The ——— Laundry washes them white
Our van will call right at your door. Our service is Prompt, Efficient and Economical.
We hope the vans are comfortable for the ladies.

From the "Dominion" 7/8/31.

Secretary of the P. and T. Dept. at the Annual Smoke Concert: "However on October 1 the roof seemed to leak as it were, we went downhill at such a rate that we could not keep pace with it. When March 31 came we had reached a position where we just scraped through."

Is this a sly reference to Arapuni?

BUSINESS NOTICES

Editor: R. J. Larkin. Phone Nos. 43-087 and 22-079.

Sub. Editors: Miss C. E. Drummond, Phone No. 20-267, Messrs. R. B. Phillips, 'phone Nos. 40-197 and 42-448 and C. G. Watson, 'phone No. 20-030.

Business Manager: Mr. K. Kirkcaldie. 'phone No. 43-147.

The next issue will be a special Farewell Birthday Number out on 23rd September. Help us to make this number a worth while production by submitting material and club notes before September 14th in great quantities, snappily written and in good order. We would welcome sketches as long as they are done twice the size they will appear in the paper — sketches cannot be any larger than half-page of letter-press.

Reserve your next year's copies of "Smad" by paying the annual subscription of 1/6 now. If you are leaving Wellington next year, pay us 2/- and we will keep you in touch with College affairs by posting six issues of "Smad" promptly and regularly to you.

We would request readers to patronise our advertisers who make this publication possible. Support them and they will support us. Above all don't fail to say "I saw your advertisement in "Smad."

"Spike," V.U.C.'S. annual, will soon be out with a greatly improved cover and format. "Spike" will be excellent value for the money. See any member of the "Spike" Committee and order your copy or you may miss something worth while.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Gains": Sorry not snappy enough. Would like to hear your views on other subjects. Please sign next time.

D.G.E.: 1. See Students' Association letter re Weir Hall name. 2. Held over owing to lack of space.

After the match meet us at —

The Grand Hotel

*The home of the 'Varsity Boys
Where all good sports foregather*

*Thos. Collman,
Proprietor.*

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When these prices crashed, Wall Street heard the echo and was shamed!

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WOULDN'T 20%
BELIEVE 20%
IT! 20%

20%

... But when the shouting was over they found it was still the same.

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— OF MEN'S WEAR —

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The Popular Outfitter in Cuba Street

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TOP”**