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TALES OF THE TOWN.

*"I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind
To blow on whom I please."*

A FEW nights ago, I paid a visit to the Chinese quarter and, candidly, I was astonished to find such a disease breeding place in the heart of our beautiful city. The Health and Sanitary officers will find work for many a day in the reeking tenements of Chinatown. Windows decorated with lottery tickets and smoke laden with opium are features of the filthy section. Dropping in at the store of a prominent Chinese merchant, I became inquisitive and asked whether the labor market was overstocked. In reply, the "boss" stated that he could supply five hundred laborers for one dollar each per day. Three thousand Chinese inhabit this city, and twenty-five hundred find employment. Taking out my note book, and figuring that each Chinaman earns one dollar per day, I found that Victoria pays \$2,500 per day for Chinese labor. In one month, \$75,000 is expended, and the yearly sum required to support a race detrimental to our own amounts to \$900,000. Many persons argue that the Chinese question is a dead issue. Some day, it will become a question whether the teeming millions of disease breeding mongrel slaves or the down-trodden workingman of our own race will inhabit this province. Single tax and other kindred aids to lessen the load carried by our people sink into insignificance, in my mind, when the Chinese question has been considered.

My next visit was to the street on which Chinese missions and a "refuge home" are located. In the last mentioned place, I discovered a number of sleek, well dressed, well fed Chinese girls. The "home" is under the management of a religious body of white Christians. I understood that the girls are fed and educated at the expense of a number of philanthropists. I imagine the soul of a Chinese woman is as valuable and as well worthy of the consideration and care of a Christian teacher as that of any human being; but, if the Chinese woman is so much in the eyes of the church, why, in the name of common sense, are they permitted to retain the dress, customs and language of their country? Talk to one, she turns to another and speaks Chinese. Look at their dress, the Chinese is there; ask them to sing, Chinese again.

The third place visited was the home of a sick white man. His wife and children needed food and raiment. I found no matron there; no sleek, well dressed, well fed girls. They were all of our own race, "and," to use the expression of many

Christians, "should provide for a rainy day." I found no refuge home for their comfort. Sorrow and affliction were their twin companions; misery and want their lot in life. The overflowing millions of China receiving the bread, while the men, women and children of our flesh and blood receive the stone! The suicidal idioy of the friends and employers of the Chinese is, in my opinion, apparent in Victoria today. Dull times will surely follow the expenditure of nearly one million dollars yearly to support the lowest class of laborers on the face of God's green earth. Where happy homes should be seen, there are long tailed parasites in the semblance of human beings; jabbering machines, capable of supplanting us and poisoning the very atmosphere we breathe. Our greed for gold is responsible for this state of affairs, and the wonder is that the hard times we experience now were so long in coming.

My old friend, Mr. Foster Macgurn, appears to take very much to heart an item which appeared in these columns recently. I did not intend to write anything that could be construed as a personal attack upon the late president of the Victoria lacrosse club, for I am aware, that to that gentleman, more than any other person, is due the credit of infusing interest into the game in this province. The reflection, as Mr. Macgurn styles it, was not intended to be so sweeping; simply an honest criticism of the action of the officers managing the affairs of the club, and as an incentive to the new executive. In the "very few words" used by Mr. Macgurn, he studiously omits the very point which I criticized, viz., irregular expenditure in connection with the importation of lacrosse players, who have traded on their reputation to the disadvantage of those who had the courage to come and go under no one's patronage and without expecting the exercise of any influence in their behalf, to take their chances as artisans or in other branches of trade. The expenditures quoted by Mr. Macgurn I do not dispute. It was in the interest of lacrosse and with a desire to prevent, if possible, a repetition of the bitter lesson taught by last year's expenditures that I made any reference to them whatever. No one knows better than Mr. Macgurn the almost disastrous effects resulting from such expenditure.

Next Tuesday night the ladies of Victoria will be given an opportunity to investigate Miss Mabel Jenness' comprehensive but uncomplicated system of physical training. From a careful study of all the best systems of physical culture Miss Jenness has evolved a system especially adapted to the requirements of ladies who are working for no profession-

al results, but for health, grace and beauty. The exercises depend on no mechanical contrivances, though they embody both energizing and devitalizing agencies. The movements of strength are supplemented by beautiful movements of grace, slow and stately, and the best evidence of their potency is seen in the perfect development, exquisite grace, the sinuous, supple motions, and superb carriage of their youthful exponent, who is herself a society girl, and yet finds time to practice her system, and in the midst of her multitudinous duties is never tired, never sick, doesn't know where her nerves are, and is a stranger to headaches. Miss Jenness obtains and holds several poses seen in antique sculpture, her favorites being those of Diana and Mercury. Her method of exercise is as picturesque and original as all the appurtenances of her toilet, based upon Grecian motives. In her lectures she shows the right and wrong way of performing her exercises, which are too numerous and delicate to be summarized.

I am reminded, by the death of Walter Morrow, that all acquisitions should only be pursued with a view to promote the design of existence, viz., serving the Creator and doing good. It is not often that one hears as many remarks of regret as have been made since the death of this young man. Every person I have met within the past week or so seems to have regarded Mr. Morrow in the light of a personal friend. The great stimulant of his life appears to have been to secure a reputation worthy of a man, and, in truth, the consummation of his ambition was realized in his life. He measured his duties to others by the Divine standard of social obligation. He felt that a thoughtless inattention to the claims and comforts of others was selfishness. In Mr. Morrow, benevolent principles were so inwrought as to produce a firmly-rooted habit, and he was, therefore, studious of the good of all around. Practising these precepts daily and casting sunshine along his path, is it any wonder that his death was the signal for universal mourning? There were many things in the life of Walter Morrow which young men entering upon life would do well to study.

There is trouble brewing up at Christ Church Cathedral. From the information at hand, it appears that one of the shepherds of the flock has been preaching a series of sermons favoring the adoption of the confessional. I am not going to say a word either in favor of or against confession, but it occurs to me that it is rather late in the day for the Episcopalians to adopt features which have so long been regarded as the exclusive property of the Roman Catholic Church. That I am not