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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."*

WITH this issue THE HOME JOURNAL enters upon its third year of publication. To say that the success which has attended the paper from its inception has been gratifying to its promoters is putting it mildly, indeed. The fact that the subscription list has increased at a phenomenal rate is strong evidence that the efforts of the publishers to produce an independent paper which would become a tremendous power for good in the community have been appreciated. Of course it has not been all smooth sailing. There were those who spoke discouragingly of the venture at the start and have ever since been predicting the early demise of the paper; but the publishers heeded not the lugubrious wail, and to-day they have the satisfaction of knowing that their publication is supported by the most influential people in the community. Improvements in the paper are contemplated with the hope of making it even a more welcome visitor to the homes of Victorians in the future than in the past.

Let the fate of the daring fellow at Nanaimo, the other day, be a warning to all who have any inclination to scoff at our brave militia. This man presumed to stand by, while the brave Captain Praeger was drilling his battalions in the Black Diamond City, and requested the onlookers to "git onto de sojers." He did not mean his invitation to be taken literally, but the valiant Captain saw at a glance the danger that

menaced his troops in case the crowd made the mistake, and at once had the dangerous fellow arrested and put in prison. When Col. Prior parades his warriors on Beacon Hill, or in the new Drill Hall, no outsider must dare to invite the bystanders to "git onto de sojers," under any circumstances. None but a colonel or other officer is allowed the privilege of "gitting onto" or swearing at "de sojers."

You must have noticed those imitation cowboy hats that the alleged Englishmen and practising dudes have been sporting this summer. They look like a piece of dirty grey blanket badly folded up and stuck on the head in a hurry, or they seem as if the owner had been on a prolonged spree and took this means to hide the traces of the outing. Several respectable men have been wearing them, but it is because they have caught the disease from some of the dudes. There is every hope, though, of the ultimate recovery of these poor fellows if they are taken in hand early and receive the proper treatment. The chief force of the epidemic has been felt round about the law courts, where there are quite a number of swelled heads to which these hats are peculiarly adapted.

A representative of THE JOURNAL had the pleasure of an interview with Miss Ellen Terry during a recent visit to Minneapolis. Miss Terry speaks rapidly and cordially. The conversation drifted to American customs in general.

"Americans are a wonderful people. They have done big

things in this great country. What the people need now is a little quiet—what shall I say—assimilation. But I am not criticizing a bit, I am filled with enthusiasm at what I have seen. Those old Romans, you remember, used an axe and a sledge hammer and they fashioned magnificent architecture, too. But then followed the Goths with chisels to give the finishing touch. What a difference in method, and that is what is taking place now. You are hewing out great things in America, the repose, the finish will come later.

"In Europe we are too finished, we are slow, reserved, we need to be shaken up out of our shells. The golden mean is a blessed plane to strike.

"The people one meets on the street in London look resigned and dull; in America every laborer has a great hope in his face, and that's what makes him succeed. Hope is the vital breath of success. Hope and work always—I don't believe anyone ever did anything without that.

"What do I think is the object of the drama? To diffuse beauty and truth. I have just enough of learning to misquote, but I think it's Keats who said, as I remember it: 'Beauty is truth; truth, beauty; that is all we know on earth and all we need to know.' Isn't it terrible to think how short life is and how much we have to learn in that time? We have got to have faith and do our best, believe and obey. We can't reason out life's problem.

"What do I think of the American woman? She is a mystery to me. Why? Oh, she succeeds at everything. How is it you manage your clubs? It seems as