

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

Devoted to Social, Political, Literary, Musical and Dramatic Gossip.

VOL. I., No. 3.

VICTORIA, B. C., OCTOBER 31, 1891.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

TRUTH AND FICTION.

NOT MANY YEARS have passed since the New Mexico frontier was the abiding place of numerous odd characters, and amusing stories are yet told about them. In those days any man was considered a doctor who put out a shingle and doosed and cauterized and mangled the sick and wounded. Sometimes these doctors were caught in court and forced to show their ignorance.

On one occasion the judge asked the doctor:

"How many ribs are there in the human body?"

"Sixteen, may the court please," promptly replied the doctor.

Soon after he quietly slipped into a back room and was seen with his coat and vest off feeling of his sides. He reappeared and addressed the court:

"May it please your honor, I desire to correct my testimony in regard to the number of ribs in the human body. There are twenty-four instead of sixteen."

When the Lemmon tragedy occurred in 1867 the fight took place in the street in front of the doctor's office. Chavez and Cleaver were on opposing tickets for delegate to Congress. Lemmon headed the Chavez procession and Kelly the Cleaver procession. When they met, Lemmon demanded the right of way, which was refused, and in the fight which ensued Lemmon, Kelly and some one else were killed and left on the ground, while the victorious procession pursued the vanquished. The doctor carried the bodies into his office for the purpose of, as he afterward declared, of holding a post mortem examination and refreshing his memory and knowledge of anatomy. Before beginning operations he went across the street to get a drink, and during his absence friends of the dead men entered the office and carried the bodies away. When he returned and missed the bodies the doctor became highly indignant. He declared that to enter his office and remove the bodies was a gross violation of courtesy, "and, more than that," he exclaimed, "it is the severest blow ever inflicted on the profession of New Mexico!"

DURING my last visit to England, says a newspaper contributor, the Queen visited Derby to open a charitable institution, and to show her appreciation of courtesies knighted the mayor, a very worthy man, who was married to a very worthy woman. The royal party, in the course of events, registered in the visitors' book at the town hall, a clean page being headed:

"Victoria."

Beneath this the wife of Henry of Battenberg, who was in the party, signed herself: "Beatrice."

The mayoress, whose turn it was to sign next, caused a gasp of astonishment from the royal party. She nervously nibbled her pen for a moment, deeply lost in thought, and then wrote:

"Jane."

She evidently thought that mayor's wife, and especially one whose husband had just been hit a clip on the shoulder with a sword, was entitled to due deference, and perhaps not so far removed from the privileges of the great ones who had signed before her.

YES," said the young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school teacher. "I love you, and would go to the world's end for you."

"You could not go to the world's end for me, George. The world, or the earth, as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course I did, but"—

"And it's no longer a theory. Circumstances have established the fact."

"I know; but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah, Angelina, if you but knew the aching void"—

"There is no such thing as a void, George. Nature abhors a vacuum. But admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?"

"I meant to say that my life will be lonely without you; that you are my daily thought and nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in darkest Africa or at the North Pole, I would fly to you. I—"

"Fly! It will be another century before man can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome there still remains, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance—"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I've a pretty fair balance in the bank, and I want you to be my wife. There!"

"Well, George, since you put it in that light, I—"

CHAS. W. HANDSCOMB, writing to the Winnipeg Free Press, says that it is one of the most astonishing things in regard to the melodramas of the present day that those which pay the best are the ones which present the most realism in the way of scenery and effects, no matter how thin or uninteresting the plot or incidents may be. For some unexplained reason, people will rush to the box

office eager to pay for the privilege of seeing a horse shod or a cow milked on the stage, when they can see the same thing done a dozen times a day for nothing. Stage conflagrations and explosions have fallen into disrepute as attractions because they are only counterfeits. No matter how commonplace the alleged novelty may be, it must be real. A pump must discharge real water and thereby make the stage uncomfortable, even though the business requires nothing but the action. Real hogs, unpleasant as they may be, will make a farm-yard scene a success, even though the proprieties are violated by allowing a "piggy" to meander around on a green carpet and poke his nose in at the kitchen door. Real burglars cracking a real safe with real tools have been so successful that real pickpockets are now suggested to carry out the progressive realism by working the audience. There is no end to the enthusiasm that can be excited by a clever discoverer of novel effects in realism. Refined and educated people will witness with breathless attention stage effects in realism which, in actual every day life, they would scarcely turn their heads to notice; indeed, the more commonplace the effects, the greater the interest excited. Melodramatic playwrights are exhausting the field, and the next innovation will be the introduction of real trees, grass and flowers, stiffly set about the stage, instead of the artistic and beautifully painted counterfeit.

Advertise in THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL. It will pay you well.

The next Comus Club dance will be held in Philharmonic Hall about November 10th.

THE LACROSSE MATCH.

The championship lacrosse match, played at the Driving Park last Saturday, was one of the best that has been witnessed in the province. As predicted, the Vancouver team came out on top, owing to their hard and constant practice and training for two or three weeks previous to the match, while the Royal City team were unfortunate in not being able to play Stewart Campbell, and the accident to McKenna necessitating his retirement in the fourth game. There is no doubt the best team won on Saturday. Especially toward the end of the game did the Vancouverers show their training by several grand rushes and determined effort to score. It is reported on good authority that several players of the mainland teams have gone back East to spend their vacation and enjoy a Christmas dinner with their families. It is not expected they will return in time for next season's schedule. Tudhope and Frost, of the Vancouver team, are expected to reside in Victoria, and will assist the team of this city next season in regaining lost honors.