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It may not be, else I could give
To thee the homage of my heart.
It may not be, I could not live
To love thee, and from thee to part,
For as the night must follow day,
So, sweet one, wilt thou pass away.

A Sibyl in the days of old
Held in her hand futurity,
And thou to me mightst now unfold
The veil which hides love's sanctity,
But when the veil was once withdrawn,
A bliss too brief, I fear to mourn.

It may not be, what might have been,
Some day perchance we both may know,
It may not be, that thou, my queen,
I at thy slightest wish should bow,
But in my heart the thought of thee
May leave me lone, but never free.

TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

A CAREFUL analysis of the subject leads me to the conclusion that the man who is unreasonably anxious to please the public does not stand as great a chance of success as the man who absolutely ignores public opinion. My remarks are based upon the records of two public men in this province. One cultivated the people until he became nauseating, and the other went on his way independent of what the public might think of him. The former amounts to nothing now, while the latter is well up the ladder of fame. I do not mention names.

That which is conducive to advancement is presumed to act as a preventive to failure, just as that which precludes failure must make measurable success an absolute certainty. Antithesis of the language does not always mean an opposition of theories. That is the apparently contradictory sentence may best express an incontrovertible fact. We are inclined to accept a theory for a thesis, and a proposition for a conclusion. This tendency sometimes leads us to estimate the actual ability of men by those things that we regard as essential attributes of success. Hence, if we are inclined to think good fellowship a necessity in the struggle for advancement, we will not concede that the reserved disposition is a concomitant part of a nature superior to the average; or if, on the other hand, we regard talkative good fellowship as the babbling of a shallow mind, we can not conceive how geniality and effusiveness can go hand in hand with brilliant professional mentality or business acumen of a high order. It has been asserted by those who have had special opportunities

for the study of human nature that every man's judgment of his fellow men is unconsciously based upon his ideas of those traits that he feels it is necessary for one to possess and cultivate to secure a place above the average. Consequently the man of a naturally effusive disposition admires that kind of good nature that bubbles over, while the reserved man does not believe it possible to accomplish permanent and noticeable success with a rigid adherence to the theory that for a reserved man to speak or talk confidentially, unless absolutely forced to, is fatal to its prospects.

Therefore among many expressions intended to be complimentary, but which very often cause doubt in the minds of those who closely and ably analyze the characteristics that are indicative of a man's disposition, even if they are not an essential part of his true character, may be mentioned the following: "A hale fellow well met," "Nobody's enemy but his own," "Too liberal for his own good," "So honest himself that he can not see anything dishonest in others." All these phrases are used to indicate a trait of character that is considered commendable by those who use them; but, as a matter of fact, they suggest a mental or moral weakness that is no credit to those to whom they are applied. "The hale fellow well met," unquestionably possesses magnetic ways, and takes pride in pleasing all his friends, but when he sacrifices his own interest to advance the welfare of others, he exhibits a weakness that is not at all encouraging to those who are forced to trust him. His honesty is never questioned, but his judgment is entitled to very little confidence. To say of a man that he is his own worst enemy is to intimate that there is something wanting in his will force that will ultimately work him great injury, and, indeed, the man who is his own worst enemy can not be for long a valuable friend, for the injury he inflicts upon himself removes from him all that strength and influence that is essential to successful loyalty to his associates. It may not be pleasant to be called a "skin-flint," but it can not be denied that when money is needed the "skin flint" is generally called upon, for the penuriousness that makes him subject to expressions of derision or contempt is based upon an economical instinct that enables him to save and accumulate. The right to be called "a hale fellow well met" too frequently belongs to those who shatter their own prospects to secure the good-will and compliments of fair-weather friends.

All the world was dark and dripping,
And the skies were drear and dun,

And my soul was chilled within me,
And I longed to see the sun;
And the snow was soiled and sodden,
And the air was damp and raw,
When I met my dainty darling
In a February thaw.

First I chanced to see an ankle
In a gaiter, trim and neat,
And a silken skirt uplifted
As she crossed the muddy street.
Then a lip of laughing scarlet,
And a brow without flaw,
And a cheek of Summer roses
In the February thaw.

There was ice upon the pavement,
So she slipped in passing by.
But I saved her and she thanked me
In a manner sweet and shy;
And my pulses leaped with pleasure
And we neither of us saw
Cupid, with his bow and arrow,
In the February thaw.

Other lovers 'mid the lilies
In the dusk may plight their troth,
Or upon the moonlight benches
By the ocean's foam and froth;
But my love, and I together,
By the same enchanting law,
Pledged our hearts unto each other
In the February thaw.

Men are accustomed to laugh at the odd fads of fashion affected by the ladies, but, with masculine blindness, fail to see anything funny about their own freaks of fancy. Take, for instance the russet and yellow leather shoes which were the pedal adornments and pride of the Beacon Hill dude last summer. They really seemed quite pretty and appropriate for that season, because they did not show the dust, and had something real summery in their appearance. But when the end of the century dude begins to crowd the yellow shoe into the end of the thermometer weather, why even Oscar Bass has to enter a remonstrance, and everybody knows that he was one of the first and warmest friends of the bright-hued moccasin of the pale face. A greater height of absurdity could be attained—and to reach a height of absurdity seems to be the "raison d'être" of the dude—by adopting thick blazers of bright and varied hues, to supplement the cheerful tones of the saffron buskins. A bright red blazer would be a warming sight on a cold day, and would relieve the gray, sombre appearance of the streets when the mercury is huddled out of sight in the bulb and the snow is sifting through all the cracks and crannies of the doors and windows. As the Romans used to say:—*Dudus nascitur, non fit* but if his yellow shoes and his blazer fit, he will be forgiven for his crime of existing.

Speaking of fashions, what lovely things those high puffed shoulders are which the ladies are all wearing now-a-days. They make a lady of good figure look as if she