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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."*

MARMADUKE Wood is a "thing" of the past, but still the satellites of his greatness remain and adorn the music halls of the city with the odor of his erst-while renown. "Marmie" was a dead beat. Every one knew it, he knew it himself and it might even be said it was his "profession." To recount his deeds of brazen impudence is not necessary when dealing with the long suffering public of Victoria. But why, may I ask, should honest respectable people who work for a living be subjected to the snobbery of such individuals? There is but one answer, and it is a very poor one, (but, unfortunately, too willingly accepted) because they are the scions of so called "noble families."

It may not be generally known but there is a class in this city who, although playing the same role as Marmie, would not admit the fact. Banished from their "homes," they feel that they must not contaminate the names of their respective families by associating with the common trades people to whom they are deeply in debt. To overcome such humiliation, they formed themselves into a little society of their own, and all went merry until the landlord asked for his rent. The usual promises were given until the weary creditor turned the lock on the door. But he was not alone as a creditor. A poor boy who was ignorant of the nature of "nobility," was induced to perform some work for which he sought remuneration, and, as he gently touched the arm of the noble leader, he said "Please sir, could you pay me to-day; I want to buy something for Christmas." The reply was short. "—you, I forgot about it, call to-morrow morning before I get up." As days pass by, fresh victims are reported. Long may they live, and may their hands remain unsoiled by trade, but may their benign presence be felt elsewhere than in the city of Victoria.

If there is any class of people in the community who more than another should be scrupulous in paying debts, it is rich people. The sacrifice incurred on their parts in so doing is nothing. They simply discharge a duty, and in the act are making for themselves habits which will be of benefit in their business relations in life. But by thoughtless inattention, or a singular reluctance to pay out money, which even those who have much of it exhibit, they do great injustice to others, and get into very bad ways on their own account. When a bill is due to a mechanic or trades-

man, it ought to be paid, and the man who has the money to discharge such debt should take pleasure in paying it. He does justice to them he owes and to himself by the act. By withholding it, he frequently inflicts not only injustice, but causes sensible embarrassment, if not distress, to worthy people.

The whole matter may seem of slight importance on a cursory view, but there is often an injury caused in this way which is important in pecuniary and other effects. The creditor is at an obvious disadvantage in urging payment, for he is in constant fear that in so doing he may offend, and thus lose a customer. He ought not to be compelled to do this. Every man who owes money should take pleasure in clearing himself of the obligation thus incurred. Next to the satisfaction of receiving payment of a debt should be that of making payment for the same, and we are not sure but the two should be on a par here.

A correspondent signing himself "Old Sleuth"—presumably an amateur detective—sends me a rather peculiar communication. "Old Sleuth" states deliberately and without equivocation that there is certain lodging houses in this city which are not conducted on a plan conducive to good morals and the general well being of the community. In proof of his assertion he sends me a long list of the male and female frequenters of these resorts. I desire to inform "Old Sleuth" that THE HOME JOURNAL is not a receptacle into which he or any one else can empty the filthy slops of degraded humanity. In fact every week I consign dozens of such communications to the flames, and some of them being of a highly inflammatory character—burn furiously. If "Old Sleuth" feels that the morals of the community are menaced, he can invoke the aid of the strong arm of the law. This great family newspaper has no desire to arrogate powers which it does not possess and which come properly within the sphere of the courts of justice. Fearing that "Old Sleuth" may follow my advice, I would suggest to those who have been taking undue liberties with the seventh commandment to gently, but at the same time resolutely, turn over a new leaf, and avoid exposure.

There is probably no person on earth who is more sensitive than the poor newspaper man who sits in his sanctum and endeavors to evolve ideas from his inner consciousness,—no one more elated and encouraged by judicious praise, or more cast down by adverse or unkind criticism. Consequently when a literary neophyte steps into the office and baring his high and serene brow, proceeds to comment

kindly on the work of the scribe, it is like a ray of sunshine entering a dark room. It is true the critic tempers his praise with judgment and never goes so far as to unduly increase the size of the scribe's cranium. He says,—“Ah, by the way, I saw a little thing of yours the other day. It was pretty good, yes, pretty good. You are writing some very good things, (with the accent on the 'some'), and I am watching your course with a good deal of interest. You know, of course, that I don't give my unqualified approval to all you write, but, then, you know, no one can do good work all the time.” And then he wisely wags his ears and braying complacently to himself, goes out and leaves the room again in darkness, and the scribe in a perplexed state of mind wondering whether it is his duty to give up writing and take to farming, or to keep on and win more encomiums from his erudite counsellor.

The marriage of Mr. Aaron Lewis, last Wednesday afternoon, removes from the sphere of matrimonial possibility a young man who has been more than ordinarily popular in society. Mr. Lewis was always a welcome guest at social gatherings—being a brilliant conversationalist and clever at retort. His accomplishments made him unusually popular with the ladies, and, not to their discredit, and without violation of any confidence, I would remark that more than one heart to-day is suffering in secret the pangs of unrequited love. But who can point the finger of scorn at Mr. Lewis for the unhappy condition of affairs. In love, as in business, he has been honorable and straightforward. The marriage laws of the Dominion of Canada, justly or unjustly, I will not say, restrained the genial Aaron from marrying every love sick maiden who might crave the pleasure of his smile, and hang upon the music of his speech. In fact the matter had reached such a crisis, that matrimony, hitherto unthought of, seemed to be the only solution of the perplexing problem. Inspired, therefore, with honorable motives, Mr. Lewis crossed the Rubicon, and, in doing so, he has exalted himself in the reverence of the community, irrespective of party or other considerations. I congratulate Mr. Lewis on the happy denouement.

I learn that one of the younger novelists of the day is at present engaged in a curious occupation. He is working on a ship now lying in one of the London Eng. docks, doing duties which fall to the lot usually of dockers and sailor men. Mr. Morley Roberts, the story-writer in question, has gone to the docks for local color and for material for a tale which he has in view, and cuts rather an un-