

The Wasp
March 20, 1886

Society Notes

Owing to the prevalence of Lent most of the entertainments now held at the mansions (palatial) of our elite are shrouded in discreet mystery, the accounts being supplied to only two or three daily newspapers.

The Friday evenings of Mrs. Tuplufty are as delightful as ever. Our reporter attended the last one — the last for him — on a proxy from one of the regular gang. He says the kicking out was presided over with great skill and success by Professor Pondropedes, an uncle of the fair hostess, and the pitching out of the hat afterward was under the personal supervision and direction of the lady herself.

It is, in our reporter's judgment, a mistake, however, to hold these elegant and enjoyable reunions on Friday evenings, many of the guests being thereby reminded of a most regrettable incident in the life of one of Mrs. Tuplufty's ancestors, namely, his death. The manner of it our considerate reporter prefers to leave to the charitable inference of the reader.

Old Mumchump has gone to San Jose to bring home his daughter, who recently married the man from Butter Creek. She is described as a symphony in black-and-blue. It will be remembered that this paper was earnestly opposed to the match, but the girl's family chose to be guided by the views of a loathsome contemporary, with the result that might have been expected.

When the body of that accomplished sign-painter, the late Mr. Swan, was prepared for burial, loving hands placed beneath the head a beautiful satin pillow artistically embroidered with the word "REST," both the R and the S being "turned the wrong way." It is not believed that Mr. Swan complies.

The engagement is announced of Lieutenant Downey Sloe to Miss Lieutenant-Colonel Thunderstunner, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Blaise Thunderstunner, commanding the United States forces at Milpitas. Lieutenant Sloe is said to have greatly distinguished himself at the Military Academy by prompt and regular attendance at chapel. At a recent fashionable wedding at the Church of the Holy Calamity, as the happy couple were leaving the sacred edifice an old shoe was thrown after them for luck, striking the groom on the end of the back. The person throwing it was the bride's brother, who had just arrived from Arizona in time to hear his sister and the gentleman of her choice pronounced man and wife. He threw the shoe without removing it from his foot.

The De Stressings have taken the large and elegant residence at the southwest corner of Elite street and Recherche' avenue and are having it altered for occupancy. The laundry in the basement will be converted into a nursery. For reasons obvious to those who had the advantage of knowing Mrs. De Stressing in the early days of the Comstock Lode, a laundry is the last thing she wishes to have in her house. As her mother still carries on the business at the old stand, we suggest that a suitable cipher code be devised and the family washing done by telegraph.

It is hoped that for some weeks to come the sin of back-biting will be less common in our upper circles, flesh meats being prohibited during Lent.

(Source: Archive.org: <https://archive.org/stream/waspjanjune188616unse#page/n12/mode/1up>)