

The Wasp
February 20, 1886

Society Notes

The assertion of a contemporary (whose society editor got his qualifications as a waiter) that human flesh will be generally abstained from during Lent is untrue. It will be worn, as usual.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Slapton Dope to Mrs. Wrinclay Phatsacque, The former is engaged to paint the latter's house.

The most enjoyable funeral of the week was that of our distinguished townsman, the Hon. Galoot Dambosch, the well known advocate of Chinese immunity.

The reception last Tuesday evening at the Comethuplikeaflower mansion was blinding. The guests began to hook on about nine o'clock, and by eleven the place was a circus. As the night wore on, the festivities kept up with the times, and at fourteen o'clock you never saw such a sight in your life! Where all were extraordinary it would be no square deal to mention any, but we must toot once if we die for it: Sal Heyceide, of Murder Gulch, who is chin-racketing the Stuccuppes, was niftier than a spotted comet, and her togs were the remarkablest in the whole outfit. Grub was laid on all night, and there was enough grape-suds to float a drive of saw-logs. It was not the kind of occasion to be disremembered.

A silent effort is being made to set aside the rule that forbids allusion to the past in the social intercourse at our best houses. This movement, it is thought, can be traced to the ladies of several old New England families which have recently established branches in this city. If it is ever fastened on them they will find themselves excluded from some of the newest and most magnificently furnished mansions in this social jurisdiction.

It is with deep regret that we learn that Mr. Joseph Irwin, the accomplished society editor of the *Call*, has severed his long and honorable connection with that organ of the aristocracy. It is stated that the proprietor of the paper, Colonel Pickering, is at fault in the matter, having wickedly insisted on charging advertising rates for the list of bridal presents displayed at the recent Van Ness-Lamb wedding. Mr. Irwin sarcastically remarked that this was a new departure in journalism, but Mr. Pickering, unmoved by the taunt, replied that possibly the bookkeeper could inform him that it was not so new as he supposed. This opened to Mr. Irwin's astonished consciousness a gulf of depravity that his innocent fancy had never conjectured, and with a feeling allusion to the sordid purposes for which even the purest men may be used by base and unworthy employers, he handed in his dress coat and began life anew.

The Hon. Ben. C. Truman telegraphs from New Orleans that he thinks of making that city his native place and becoming a creole.

Colonel Dickinson is having a great deal of trouble with his regiment, most of whom declare that as militia they have the undoubted right to disband in case of foreign invasion or domestic disturbance. Their claim has reference to the Chinese troubles and the possibility of a collision with rioters. That is why the Colonel's handsome and cheery face is now so seldom seen in the circles of the gay and giddy.

The picture of the tramp in our last week's issue was not an ideal one: it is a likeness of a well known society editor connected at present with the *Argonaut*. The clothes are, of course, not such as he commonly wears, but the face is all his own. The fact of his willingness to sit for that kind of picture shows that true nobility is not incompatible with even the most nefarious profession.

Mr. Clarence Greathouse returned last week from a short visit to the Oakland wharf.

Captain Lees will leave shortly for Europe, to recover from the injuries he might have received in his combat with the burglar Rees. He expects to be absent long enough for a new nose to grow in place of the one that Rees wanted to eat off. The Captain will be greatly missed among our bitter classes.

Mr. J. C. Flood proposes to give a dinner soon to the various aspirants to the Gubernatorial Chair. The Mechanics' Pavilion has been engaged for one-half the guests. The other half, consisting of Mr. William Dunphy, will be entertained at six restaurants.

Mr. John P. Irish now wears a collar, but still leaves his cuffs to the imagination.

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