

Floppit

FLOPPIT and Wid and I were in the trusty canvas-covered cedar canoe. But first I had better introduce Floppit. She is of that species, tribe, class, type, gang or bunch known as the daughter of wealthy parents, who has nothing in particular to do. Floppit is from fifteen to twenty years old.

She is ugly, good looking, plain or pretty, but always and ever she is seen and heard.

She always has a mamma and a papa, generally a big brother or a little brother.

If the big brother is a nice big brother, he escorts her, chaperones her, pets her, but if not he wipes her off the face of the earth for her damphoolishness. If her little brother is cute, as he so often is, Floppit has a sorry time apologizing for the impossible truths he tells about her.

He is the one fly in her ointment, the big thorn in her flesh.

He is the real Heaven-sent article to help Floppit work out her Karma.

Floppit is numerously found at all real nice summer resorts, in handsome city houses, and on board first-class steamers.

She speaks of maids as though they were an absolutely different race type, and the way she says, "It is only the maid." "No one but the maid," "Mother was without a maid," shows at once how superior, how much more worthy she is of consideration than a maid.

She is unnecessarily aware of her sex attractiveness and giggles and simpers, squeals and haw haw's with other Floppits alike over the maudlin love ravings of the boy of sixteen or the silly flattery of the old fool of sixty.

Her standard of values is found in "The up-to-date." "The very latest," "Isn't it swagger," "It's so chic," and her utter contempt for the "Not at all correct," "Last year's," "So dreadfully common," and "No one but a factory girl would wear that."

Perfectly lovely is her pet expression, whether speaking of her wardrobe, the last luncheon party, Shakespeare, or a sunset.

Remember I am not blaming Floppit, I am just remarking.

But to the canoe. This day the paddle was in the upper lake.