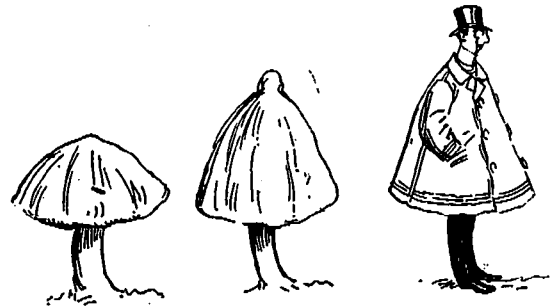


MRS. JIMSECUTE ON SOCIETIES AND MEETINGS.

"OH these everlasting meetings!" exclaimed Mrs. Jimsecute, "I'm sick and tired hearing about them. There's always something goin on every night to take the men away from their homes into town and I really believe that it's only just an excuse half the time so that they can get away from their wives and meet a lot more good-for-nothing fellows and have what they call a good time, though I can't see where's the satisfaction of sitting in a hot, close hall, listening to a lot of idiots talking or going through some tomfool performances, and then going out to drink more beer than is good for them. For as I often say to Henry, 'if it's beer you want,' says I, 'I'm not so straightlaced that I object to your having a glass or two at home in the evening like a Christian, or smoking a cigar either, anywhere except in the parlor where it would spoil the curtains, but what you want to go gallivanting all over town for and never getting back till midnight when everybody ought to be in bed I do not know,' and I don't either, Mrs. Dewsbury.

"Not that Henry ever comes home drunk, I want you to understand. He'd better not, indeed! But out every night, and night after night at some society, or lodge or association or other, and what pleasure or satisfaction a



THE EVOLUTION OF THE MUSHROOM ARISTOCRAT.

more of them because the papers put in a line saying Mr. So-and-so seconded the motion, or something of that sort. I declare I have no patience with these societies and meetings, for they just take up a lot of time and money, and induce men to make fools of themselves and stay out nights, just as if it made any difference to us whether Jumbo Campbell is allowed to speak in the Park on Sunday afternoons, or Mr. Kelly-Everett, or somebody else, gets the Street Railway—only, however they settle it, I do hope they won't allow the aldermen to collect the fares, for I don't think they're to be trusted the way they go on stealing everything they can lay their hands on, if you can believe the papers, which, of course, you can't always do, only where there is so much smoke there must be some fire, and I would not trust 'em, because they always seem to elect the worst kind of men. As I tell Henry, if they could fix it so as we could ride on the cars free, there would be some sense in his going to meetings, and fussing and worrying about what the Council were going to do about the street cars, but he positively laughed at the idea, and says, 'I don't understand municipal questions,' and I'm sure I don't want to, for it seems to me just a lot of useless worry and excitement about nothing at all, for everybody knows those aldermen are a lot of rogues that'll just make all the money they can out of it. Why, do you know, there was a new sidewalk put down on our street a few weeks ago, though most of the planks were quite good, but they carted them off, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if some of the aldermen got them, and I really do not see why they are all the while tearing up the pavements, if it isn't to make work for the friends of the aldermen, and I think it would be far better if decent people was just to stay at home and enjoy themselves, and mind their own business, instead of bothering their heads about what the aldermen are doing, for it doesn't make a bit of difference, and the taxes are getting higher all the time."

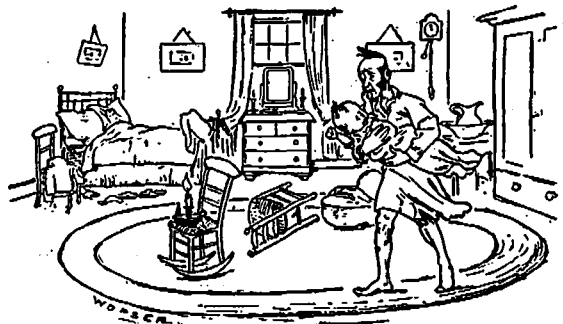


A DROP OF BLUE BLOOD (AMERICAN)

AS IT APPEARS UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

—Life.

man can find in leaving his nice comfortable home instead of staying in as a reasonable man ought to after he's been in town all day at business, and taking up a book or paper or having a quiet chat with me, is just one of those things which I can't imagine. It's always either the Masons or the Oddfellows or the Single Tax Association or else a political meeting or the City Council. It's my belief it's just sheer vanity and conceit that makes the men so fond of going to those places—nothing else. They talk about the vanity of women, Mrs. Dewsbury, but it's nothing to the conceit and egotism of these men that are so fond of going to meetings, for I'm sure no sensible woman, like you or me, would go to the trouble of spending two or three hours of a warm evening in a half-empty hall, listening to the nonsense and twaddle talked by a lot of nobodies, just to get a chance to jump up and second the motion, or rise to a point of order, so that they can see their names in the paper next day, as if that did them any good, or made anybody think any



THE HOME CIRCLE.—Pick-me-up.