

THE REPUBLICAN.

Mr. Wilkins gives his Objections to Girls.

BY JOHN QUILL.

"But, Wilk—"

"Now, Mrs. Wilkins, there's no use of saying anything about it. No more hired girls come into this house. I don't want any more women about."

"It's bad enough to have you and the girl we've got fooling around, trying to reconstruct this family into a petticoatocracy, and getting up woman's rights conventions in the kitchen, without having another intelligent office represented here by some red-headed siren, who will gorge herself with my marketing, and then think she is doing me a personal kindness to stay and keep the place!"

"But you know, Wilkins—"

"Yes, I know. I know that I don't intend to have it. I know you are a able-bodied woman, with muscle like a heathen gladiator, and such an absolute fitness for the wash-tub, that I am sorry I was ever fool enough to take you out of your normal sphere."

"Ain't you ashamed to talk that?"

"But you get none of my revenue to pay wages with, mind that now. Why don't you turn to yourself and do some of the work, instead of loafing around all day making signs to that abandoned blackguard of a lawyer over the way, who kisses his hand to you when he knows I'm down town. I'll smash the whole head off—"

"Mr. Wilkins, that's perfectly scandalous—"

"No, I don't want any imported female around here, you know, making a snug harbor of my house while she is waiting for some affectionate sport or other to court her, and having her spotting the milkman and trying to kindle a flame in his bosom, and keeping the front door open every morning and freezing the family while she sparks him. Not much, I say; no emigrant shall locate around here and take snifters out of my cooking wine and ale, until she gets as tight as the money market, and goes to sprawling around in the parlor when we have company. I like to see a girl sociable, but I don't want to see the thing run in the mud, you understand!"

"Mr. Wilkins, you talk like a—"

"I say it's against my principles to encourage any class of women who go around the house absorbing promiscuously dry goods. I don't want any more weak sisters brought here to annex my handkerchiefs, and to be constantly making Christmas presents of my shirts to their relations. No exile of Erin shall meander around in my clothes, if I can help it, do you understand? and I don't intend that any Genius of Liberty who wears number nine brogans, and doesn't change her socks more than once per annum, shall stand up on the outside of my front windows and pretend to wash them, while she soaks water down on every new hat that she gets a chance at."

"Mr. Wilkins, no girl ever—"

"No, and I'm not anyways anxious to have any female around who absorbs all my remarks at the table, and then takes a broom under a miserable pretense of sweeping, and gets out and holds conversation in the back alley with the girl next door, who tells her folks, and they tell the people I talked about, and the first thing you know I'm engaged in the manly art of self-defense with some man or other, and very likely come home with a black eye and a bloody nose."

"But Wilkins, you needn't—"

"I'm a reasonable man, Mrs. Wilkins, but I'll be hanged if I'm going to spend my cash supporting a vivacious female, who never does a stroke of work, but who goes foraging around in the cellar altering whole pies at a single bite into the shape of the new moon and very likely blowing out the gas, and filling the house with it, and running the risk of lifting the whole concern up like a balloon, and floating it off into space. I won't submit to it; I don't care about going up yet. I'm no second advent man, I'd like you to observe."

"There's no danger of any such—"

"But I tell you there is danger. There's danger that some of my innocent and joyous children will have their young affection blighted for life, actually blighted for life, Mrs. Wilkins. It was only last Monday that our present hired girl told me that Bucephalus Alexander had been sending her valentines stating that if she loved him as he loved her, no knife could cut their love two, or words to that effect, and representing two hearts hung on a strait fish hook with gray drooping from them; and she said that while she was wringing out the clothes that boy suddenly fell on his knees as though he had the cramp, and insisted that she should come, oh, come with him, the moon was beaming, and behaving generally like such a chronic, unquestionable jackass, that she fetched him a wipe over the countenance with a wet shirt, and one of the buttons like to put his eye out; and besides—"

"Pshaw, Mr. Wilkins, you talk like a simple—"

"And besides, there's Holofernes Montgomery; only last night he stood outin the slush underneath her window and tried to sing something about coming where his love lies dreaming, so that Smith next door, he fled away over his fence with his ball pup under the impression it was cuts, and came near making an awful example out of that boy by crippling him for life. Do you think I'm going to encourage that sort of thing any longer? Well, I should think not. And besides—"

"Wilkins, you know that's not so—"

"There's Mary Jane. What must she do but get up an idea that her heart was the soap fat boy's, and she goes to work and tackles him in the summer kitchen and asks him if he knows that there's nothing half so sweet as love's young dream, which he thinks is blasted foolishness, and consequently asks her whether she ain't a gassin'? Why it's absolutely awful, and yet you want to bring another girl into the house, and the first thing you know, have your idolized boys running off with them and coming meandering back and asking for my parental blessing. Why a woman like you ain't worth a cent, you actually ain't—"

"It's not at all like—"

"But I'm an easy man. I let you

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[May 13.]

A. L. SHAW.

Impose on me, and if you must have a waiting maid, why get one and take the consequences; all I ask is, that she shall have a sweet breath and no snaggle teeth, that's all I want."

"What do you mean?" What for? "Oh nothing, only the last one you had, had a habit of stopping to kiss me in the entry, and—"

"What?"

"She used to be continually kissing me, and I want the next one to be all right about the jaws, you understand."

"That's what I say, and I want the next one to be nicer, so that—"

"There won't be any new one, Mr. Wilkins; I declare you are perfectly outrageous. I wouldn't have another hired girl if I died first."

"Oh, you'd better get one, I want something to kiss; you see I'm tired slobering around over you, and—"

"There now, take that, and don't you come near me for a month, you monster."

There was a noise as of Wilkins being kicked out of bed, and falling on the floor, and then I heard him going down to the bar room. But it was only a love spat; for I heard Wilkins abusing his spouse next day because he snatched his undershirt by mistake.

"Mr. Wilkins, that's perfectly scandalous—"

"No, I don't want any imported female around here, you know, making a snug harbor of my house while she is waiting for some affectionate sport or other to court her, and having her spotting the milkman and trying to kindle a flame in his bosom, and keeping the front door open every morning and freezing the family while she sparks him. Not much, I say; no emigrant shall locate around here and take snifters out of my cooking wine and ale, until she gets as tight as the money market, and goes to sprawling around in the parlor when we have company. I like to see a girl sociable, but I don't want to see the thing run in the mud, you understand!"

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