



"A very convenient toilet," said the reporter, grimly.
 "Old man, are you crazy, or am I?"
 "Nobody," replied the sagamore. "I been thinkin' this thing over since I come home from Toronto and Montreal, and I'm gonto make squaws put on style. Gonto what you call civilize 'um right away."
 "What did you see in Toronto and Montreal?"
 "I went to them playhouses," said Mr. Paul.
 "Ah! the theatres. Did you visit more than one?"
 "Ah-hah"
 "And what did you see?"
 "One place I went heap girls come out on platform showed their legs."
 "Displayed their shapely limbs," corrected the shocked reporter.
 "Same thing," said Mr. Paul. "One old bald-head 'longside me said it's best show he seen this winter."

"And it was at the theatre you got your ideas of dress?" queried the reporter.
 "Ah-hah."
 "And from the display at one and the other, you concluded that a correct and complete costume would be such as your granddaughter wears."
 "Ah hah," rejoined the sagamore.
 "Shades of Venus and Detective B-ers of Montreal!" ejaculated the horrified reporter.
 "That's all right," said Mr. Paul. "Us Injuns git more like white people every day."
 The blanket at the door was pulled aside at this moment. As the Indian maiden re-entered the reporter took to his heels. He resolved at the very earliest possible moment to acquaint the people of Montreal and Toronto with this latest phase of the effect of modern civilization on the savage mind.



The reporter pulled aside the blanket that guarded the entrance to the sagamore's wigwam and was about to step within when a glimpse of the interior caused him to close the aperture with a jerk.
 "Come in," called out the voice of Mr. Paul.

The reporter waited a few moments before again pulling the blanket aside. He did not pause before closing it a second time, for the interior of the wigwam was the same as before.

"If you don't come in here right away you git heap good lickin'," yelled the sagamore.

Thus admonished, the scribe reluctantly pulled the blanket aside, and even as he was commanded so did he. But he kept his eyes fixed studiously upon the floor and blushed clear up to the roots of his eyebrows. For seated at the other side of the fire was something that did not come within several yards of cloth of his ideal of the eternal fitness of things. To put the matter bluntly, it was a person whose apparel was not a very marked improvement on the traditional costume of the savage. And the person was a female. Nor did the forest maiden appear at all abashed. The reporter was conscious, on the contrary, that she regarded herself with no small degree of complacency and pride. Nor was Mr. Paul at all disturbed in his mind. He smoked with the air of a man who was perfectly satisfied with himself and his surroundings. To the reporter, who had been nurtured under the eye of the Citizen's League, this revelation came with the force of a shock. To his infinite relief, the forest maiden rose presently, and after a coquettish movement, which the scribe felt was aimed at him, threw a blanket gracefully about her person and went out.

"Who or what, in the name of all the Greeks, is that?" gasped the reporter when she had gone.

"My gran'daughter," said the sagamore, with evident pride.

"And hasn't the poor thing any clothes?"

"Got all he wants," said Mr. Paul.

"Then why, in Heaven's name, doesn't she put them on?"

"He's dressed up to day," proudly replied the grandfather.

"Dressed up, did you say?"

"That's what I said."

"Well," commented the dazed reporter, "perhaps she is. Look at me, Mr. Paul. Do you notice anything wild in my appearance?"

"You look pooty scart," said Mr. Paul, after a critical survey.

"I could have sworn," murmured the reporter, drawing his hand across his puzzled brow, "that that girl had scarcely anything at all on in the way of costume. And I wasn't drinking last night, either."

"You're all right," said Mr. Paul, assuringly. "That's what you seen. He's dressed up to-day."

"Then I went to that other playhouse up town. Good 'eal more style up there. Got to pay more money git in there. I got up in that gallery place. I seen women in them boxes. They show their arms—their necks—their shoulders—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the reporter hurriedly, "that was a fashionable theatre. The ladies were in evening dress. Those were private boxes."

"Well," said Mr. Paul, "that's best place go to."

"It costs more," said the reporter.

"But you kin see more," said the sagamore.



This is the effect as far as it had gone at the time of his last visit.

SOME USE.

"There's one thing about Stanley's rear column."
 "What's that!"
 "It's about the most successful advertising column on record."

THEY ARE NOT REPEATED SO OFTEN.

"Have you ever noticed how the last words of great men cling to our memory?"
 "Humph! They don't stick half so well as the last words of small women!"

AN OBSERVER'S OPINION.

"What do you think the most notable feature of American literature to day?"
 "Uncut edges."

HIS FIRST LESSON.

PLUMBER'S BOY (out of breath from running)—Here's the solder—I found it on—the bench—'n'—ra-ra-raced back—all the way!

BOSS PLUMBER (Biff—biff—biff!)—Take that! Th' idea of a plumber's 'prentice running! Do you want to set an example that will ruin the trade? Go on back to the shop 'n' fetch me some rosin; 'n' if ye git here in less 'n' an hour and a half, I'll discharge ye.