



CHUCKED!

LA BELLE FRANCE.—Excuse me, Mr. Bull, this belongs to you.
JOHN BULL.—Don't apologize, my dear; but I wish you'd find some other place to throw it.—From *Judy*.



The Sagamore

“Mr. Paul,” said the reporter, “it has been intimated to me that you are thinking of visiting the Grand Llama.”
“Ah-hah,” assented the sagamore.
“You will have a pleasant time, no doubt,” said the reporter.
“Ah-hah.”
“You will assure his Llameness of the continued fidelity of the Milicetes to the faith of their fathers.”
“Ah-hah.”
“Perhaps some honour will be conferred upon you.”

“Mebbe.”
“You might be made a Knight of the Order of the Holy Huckleberry, for instance.”
“Ah-hah.”
“Or a member of the Sacred Nobility of Lunkeheads.”
“Mebbe.”
“You might even be honoured with the rare distinction of being made a Most Potent Walloper of the Sacred Feather Bed.”
“Ah-hah.”
“Or an Eminent Chevalier of the Gracious Gang of Hop-toads.”
“Ah-hah.”
“What a feather that would be in your cap!” exclaimed the reporter.
The sagamore winked and nodded.
“Do you think you deserve such signal distinction?” queried the reporter.
“If he says so,” replied the sagamore.
“If who says so—the Grand Llama?”
“Ah-hah.”
“What does the Grand Llama know about you? Will you tell him all the little contemptible tricks you have at various times resorted to in order to be re-elected chief of the Milicetes? Will you tell him that the unfortunate Milicetes will have to whack up the cost of your junketing tour in search of these high sounding titles?”
“S'pose I'm heap fool?” curtly rejoined Mr. Paul.
“There will be a heap fool somewhere,” said the reporter with a shrug, “if anybody loads your carcass with decorations. The apotheosis of Humbug would be a fitting after-piece to such a prelude. Do you know what that means?”
“It means you think I'm old humbug—eh?”
“Yes, it means that—sure.”
“That's all right,” complacently observed Mr. Paul.
“Humbug makes big pay in this country.”

“I should think,” said the reporter, “that a man of your age would stand on higher ground than that.”
“If you see little boy brought up among thieves,” observed Mr. Paul, “you look to see him steal too.”
“Well,” said the reporter, “and what has that to do with this matter?”
“I been brought up among white men,” answered Mr. Paul. “That makes me humbug too.”
The logic of this was conclusive, and the reporter hung his head and went away. If the press should announce presently that Mr. Louis Paul, sagamore of the Milicetes, has had the high honour conferred upon him of being made a King of the Rooster by the Grand Llama, the responsibility must not be laid at the door of Milicete philosophy or precedent. Such an event would be a paleface dodge, pure and simple.

Stray Notes.

Couldn't see the Point—Humorist: Hereafter I want fifty cents for each joke instead of twenty-five
Editor—We have no further use for y u; you're getting too funny.—*Epoch*. * * *
Too Much So—“Did you read my last article?” said one writer to another.
“Don't you think it was a pretty exhaustive review of the subject?”
“I found it so.”—*Washington Post*. * * *
Politician (angrily)—These newspapers tell abominable lies about me.
Friend—And yet they might do worse.
Politician—Do worse! What do you mean?
Friend—They might tell the truth —*Kate Field's Washington*.