

Again this trio struck it luckily. The people that the "Canuck" represented had a private yacht to meet him at the boat, so they bade farewell to all the passenger friends they had met, and went ashore, proceeding at once to the Queen's Park Hotel, where they were comfortably situated, and again we will say that to describe Trinidad Island, or Port of Spain, would be impossible. In fact, to give report of this trio will make quite a long story.

They are now in the tropics, temperature ranging from seventy-five to about eighty degrees, at the present time; and here the customs are particularly interesting to this bunch, especially "Farmer" Scott and Kinsey. Much to their surprise, there are many American conveniences, viz.: the street car service, the Bell Telephone Company, the automobile service, etc. The original natives and coolies wear only a cloth wrapped around them, and the married women rings in their noses. The donkey cart is also quite prominent.

Wednesday, December 10—Scott and Kinsey took a trip to Point-a-Pierre with the "Canuck," where he was being sent to estimate the damage to a wrecked pier. Point-a-Pierre is thirty-six miles out of Port of Spain, but the entire distance is over macadam roads, and through large estates of sugarcane, coconut groves, and other tropical fruit orchards. Along this road were several villages of natives; in fact, it is very thickly populated in this section of the Island. Another very interesting thing along this drive was the railroad train and cars, which were very small. On reaching Point-a-Pierre they were met by the Oil Company people, and taken aboard their yacht to the pier, where they found the battleship Calcutta anchored, so Kinsey and Scott got aboard her. This trio seems to be right at the front, and took in everything that was going on. Scott and Kinsey went aboard the Matura Wednesday evening, where they remained until Thursday afternoon.

Thursday, December 11—Again being met at the dock by their "Canuck" friend, the party hired an automobile, and took a drive around what is known as the "Saddle," out from Port of Spain, which is a wonderful scenic drive, covering a distance of about twenty-five miles. After dinner, they took in a show.

Friday, December 12—The day was spent ashore in the town, and as Kinsey and Scott are strong on dances, had the

opportunity of taking in a native dance Friday night.

Saturday, December 13—The party continued to take in the town until four p. m., when the trio parted, Scott and Kinsey going aboard, to sail for their final destination, Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana, S. A. This proved to be the roughest part of the voyage, especially for "Farmer" Scott, who again got very seasick. However, he pulled through all O. K., and said he would give five dollars if he could get that fellow Kinsey sick.

Sunday, December 14—Was spent making their last lap, reaching Georgetown.

Monday, December 15, 10.00 a. m.—They were met at the wharf by a representative of the Demerara Bauxite Company, and escorted to their offices.

However, in conclusion, will say on reaching the office Mr. Kennedy remarked to Mr. Scott, "Haven't I seen you somewhere before;" and it developed they had been in Massena together. Hence we will end the story where two old friends meet again.

LOST—One large black feline, yclept Alex. Finder please advise Mrs. C. W. Coffman.

In regard to the above, we wish to suggest the perusal of the adventures of the Rotary Cat, in the February BULLETIN.

Mr. Ben M. Williams, Principal of Badin Schools, has returned from Cleveland, whither he went to attend a National Educational conference.

The coal screen at the French Tipple will soon be in operation, and we hope Jersey's troubles will be over.

The new gas producer has been installed in the Carbon Plant, and the same is working nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Moore have been the guests of their son, Mr. Aiken Moore, on Nantahala Street.

Mrs. Maggie R. Littleton, who has been quite sick at the Club House, is now much improved.

Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Shaver have occupied the house vacated by the Rainey's.



H. C. RAMSEY

"Junk"

Ramsey came from Pittsburgh town
A-looking for good junk;
He gathered it in box-cars—and
He put some in his trunk.
"My middle name," he said to me,
"Is changed to Reclamation.
Chasing the elusive scrap
Is simply recreation."

'Twas well the pots were bolted down;
The Rotaries made fast.
We almost lost a crane or two.
He stopped them as they passed.
And when the slug press caught his eye,
He gave a shout of glee;
"What good are those two tons of iron;
Why not give them to me?"

A carboy here, a barrel there,
An old wornout dump car
The stokers made in Kokomo—
All marked "Ship H. C. R."
A piece of six-ply leather belt,
Frayed, but good and firm,
He gathered; and, all unawares,
An influenza germ.

His head felt like a buzzsaw sounds.
His back was aching, too.
"Shades of Farmer Scott," he said,
"I believe I've got the flu."
He only stayed in bed a week;
But from the situation
Appeared a new charge on the books—
"Sterilizing Reclamation."