

### The Trip to Demerara

(W. T. Kinsey, A. H. Scott, and G. H. McLeod, a "Canuck," occupying the same stateroom)

"Baldhead" Kinsey, taking an early start, landed in New York on November 24, having five days before the time for the boat to sail. Every day he would call at the office to see if "Farmer" Scott had arrived. In the meantime, he would be strolling up Broadway or Fifth Avenue every few minutes, standing in the middle of the street with his hat in his hand looking up at the high buildings and electric signs. In two or three days, he did venture in to see a show, such as the Hippodrome, and after becoming a little more broken in ventured to a roof-garden. He had an idea that he knew something about dancing, but the Badin "shimmy" isn't in it. However, he thought he was having the time of his life, and no doubt for years to come he will be telling what a grand time he had in New York.

At last "Farmer" Scott did arrive, and after having dinner Scott and Kinsey started out down Broadway; the first thing they did was to have their picture taken. (This picture was shown in the January BULLETIN.)

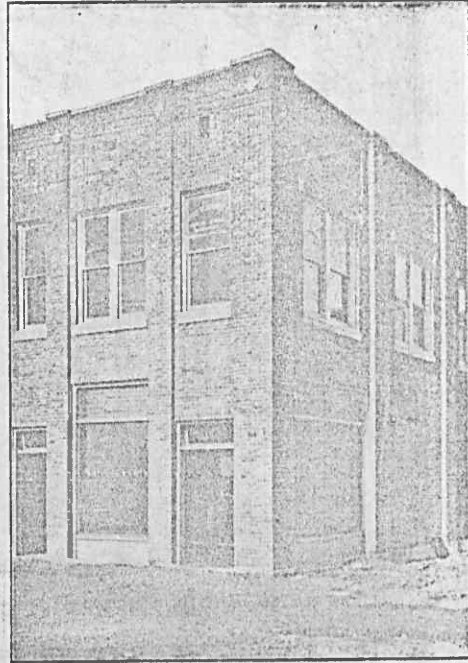
They strolled on down the street, looking around, and spied an electric sign, "Midnight Frolic," which seemed to catch their eye; and in they went. The song that made the hit was, "You Can't Shimmy on Tea." After the show, they retired to their hotel, to get up at 7.00 a. m. to catch a boat which was scheduled to sail at eleven; so they took a taxi, which drove them around and around, because they had time to spare, and charged them twelve dollars for their ignorance. On arriving at the dock, they were assigned to stateroom No. 6, to which they proceeded, and found a Mr. G. H. McLeod, a "Canuck," in possession. In this stateroom there were two bunks and a board, and at once an argument was started as to who was going to sleep on the board; and after much cussing and discussing no agreement could be reached, so the trio went to the Steward, who said "No argument is necessary, all reservations were arranged at the office, a record of which I will look up;" and it turned out Scott drew the lower berth, Kinsey the upper, and the "Canuck" the soft side of the board, which he insisted was a put-up job. However, he was a good sport, and took it all in good spirit.

The ship sailed about 1.10 p. m., when the trio bade farewell to the Statue of

Liberty, singing "Take Me Back to New York Town." About nine miles out the harbor, the ship came to a sudden stop in a fog, and began to back up, and someone remarked, "What the Heck is the matter?" which was answered in reply, "Why nothing but a boat across the channel just ahead." After again getting started out, it began to rain and blow, and blow it did all night and all day Sunday. Then was when the fun began. Preparations were made Saturday night for the worst. Only two garbage cans being available, the "Canuck" and Scott, getting in first, took possession of them; but it being discovered that Kinsey was up above, the Canuck decided to protect himself by hoisting an umbrella. However, nothing serious happened until after "Coffee" Sunday morning; and after a sudden roll of the ship the "Canuck" remarked, "Boys, I feel it coming," and retired to feed the fish. Kinsey went into the smoking-room shortly after, and in a few minutes came out sweating and looking pale, remarked "It's got me." By this time the crew was busy lashing things down on deck preparing for the storm. Oh! but you should have seen the "Farmer" then, who thought the boat was turning handsprings. At least, it had him turned upside-down, and he also ran. The dinner bell then rang, and Kinsey was the only one of the trio to appear at the table. As usual, he kept up his record as a *good feeder*, and the poor "Farmer" went to bed wondering if he would ever see *Badin* again.

The next morning the trio arose, feeling as if they had been granted a new lease on life, the weather having calmed down, and the sun shining brightly.

As it is customary aboard ship to register a small bet as to the number of miles covered each twenty-four hours, they at once formed a pool as to results. The Canuck argued that the boat was anchored unless she made 240 miles per twenty-four hours, which was disputed by "Farmer" Scott, who placed his estimate at 225; along came Kinsey, who would insist that she was going as fast sidewise as forward, and placed his bet at 216. The result was 236; hence the "Canuck" won the bet. The rest of the day was spent, when not eating, in playing checkers, pitching quoits, and tying up "Peck's Bad Boy," which seemed to please all the passengers aboard. The evening was spent in an extended conference around the table, the chief subject "Woman Suffrage," ending in an explanation of the automatic telephone



THE BANK OF BADIN'S NEW DWELLING PLACE

system by our distinguished member "Farmer" Scott. The "Canuck" being the first to become disgusted, retired to the soft side of his board, Kinsey and Scott following shortly.

Tuesday, December 2—About 5.00 a. m., the "Canuck" woke up with blood in his eyes, wanting to know why the ship's whistles kept continuously blowing during the night; and it was discovered later that the mysterious noises came from the upper berth, occupied by "Baldheaded" Kinsey, who in addition to his snoring kept up a continuous conversation with some unknown female during the night, much to the disgust of the other occupants of the stateroom, who demanded, "Why, in heck he did not carry on his business during business hours." While all this was going on, the "Farmer" lay as one in a trance, and thought he was in a Pullman car from Chicago to New York. All arose about 6.30, and proceeded to the bathroom for a cold salt water bath, raincoats being substituted for bathrobes, after which they appeared in the dining-room for coffee. The morning bet on speed of the ship was won by Kinsey, the result being 260. This being taken care of, the trio proceeded to find amusement on deck, such as jumping the rope, playing pinochle, reading, etc., which continued during the entire day, quite interesting to each of them, especially the pinochle game. In the afternoon, the game of quoits was renewed. The