

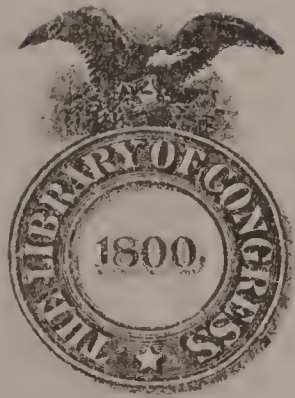
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*Sony and Soimette
in the Tropics*

BY LINA SMALL HARRIS AND VALERIA HARRIS



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TONY AND TOINETTE

IN THE TROPICS



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ONY AND OINETTE

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IN THE TROPICS

BY LINA SMALL HARRIS AND VALERIA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARGRETTE OATWAY DORNBUSCH

ALBERT WHITMAN & CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, 1939

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To Gail, Sally, and Bobby

INTRODUCTION

This little book is written by a mother and daughter, a pair of intrepid travelers who had so many good times on a West Indies trip that they thought it might be fun to share their experiences with some of their young friends

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I. *The Start*

T

HE SNOW was falling quietly on the window sills and against the panes of the snug little house up on Beacon Hill while young Dr. and Mrs. Brown, and Mopsey and Popsey were having a very animated discussion. "It simply couldn't be done," said Mrs. Brown, almost upsetting her cup of tea. "The children are far too young for a trip like that."

"Nonsense," said Grandma and Grandpa Brown, called Mopsey and Popsey by their grandchildren. "We have had them down on the Cape and at Gloucester and—"

"Yes," said Dr. Brown, "I believe they often have a better time with you older people than with us or their own playmates."

"Of course," said Mopsey, reaching for another cup of tea, "we have more leisure to play with them and besides, after having measles and a bad cold, Tony and Toinette should have the change and go to the tropics with us."

"It could be done with the least possible effort," said Popsey, "as the lovely 'Lady Boats' dock right here in Boston and in four days we would be in the warmth and sunshine."

Tony and Toinette in the Tropics

“Of course you would take Arabella,” queried Mrs. Brown, “as the children could hardly get along without her, nor could you in the long run.”

Arabella was a gentle, middle-aged Jamaican woman who had been with the Brown family many years and loved them each and all as her own people.

Just then a great commotion was heard in the hall—laughing and a shout of “Mopsey and Popsey are here for tea” and in burst snow-flecked Toinette and roly-poly Tony. They hurled themselves at their grandparents knowing they usually had some sort of delightful surprise in store for them; little realizing this time what a great one it would turn out to be. Popsey stood before the fireplace and commanded the situation, of course, with a few interruptions from Mopsey. He was telling the children they wanted to take them on a trip to the West Indies and show them strange, beautiful, and warm spots good for little people who have not been quite well.

“Oh boy, boy!” shouted Tony, jumping up and down.

“What about my school?” asked the more serious Toinette.

“I have a map with me,” said Popsey, “and I am sure you’ll learn so much about geography and many other things that when you return you’ll lead your classes.”

With that he unfolded a large map and upon the blue waters were dots of different sizes and col-

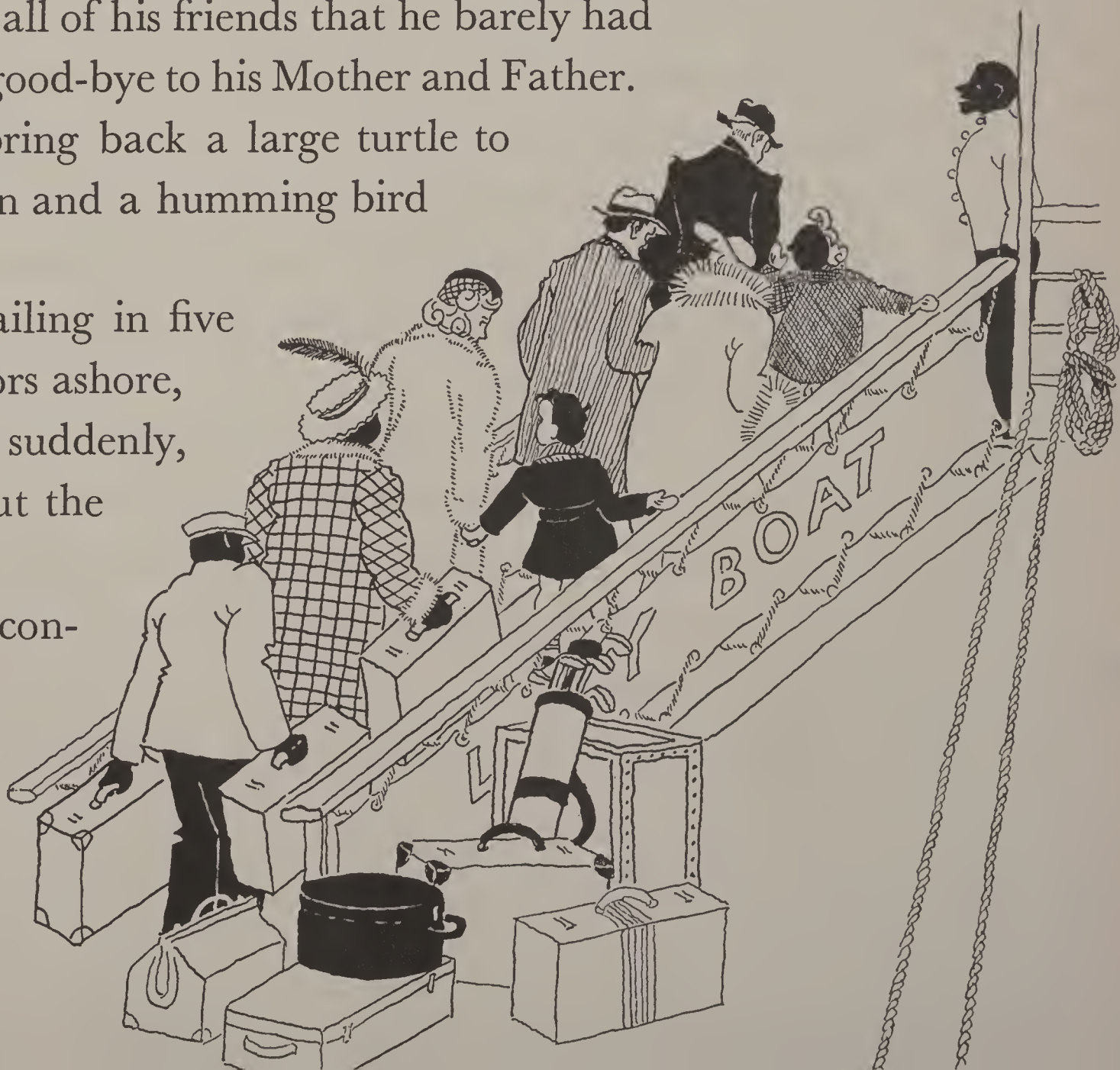


ors, a bewildering chain of tiny islands extending away down to the northeast coast of South America, the lesser Antilles and the Windward and Leeward Islands. Such a project could not be resisted; the children again flung themselves upon their grandparents. Popsey's glasses fell from his nose; Mopsey's hat slipped quite rakishly over one ear; and with that it was all considered settled except for the final arrangements for the actual day of departure.

Two weeks later Browns of all descriptions were assembled at the dock to see Mopsey, Popsey, Tony and Toinette off, and Arabella. There were their sisters, their cousins and their aunts, to say nothing of numerous friends. Dr. and Mrs. Brown, if one used a scrutinizing eye, were a little sad. But when they saw the beautiful staterooms they couldn't help but become very excited. Tony was so busy talking to all of his friends that he barely had time to really say good-bye to his Mother and Father. He promised to bring back a large turtle to Frankie Henderson and a humming bird to Lucy Jackson.

"The ship is sailing in five minutes. All visitors ashore, please," was heard suddenly, echoing throughout the ship.

Oh my, what confusion! Trunks and suitcases were



banged on the decks. People called last minute good-byes, stewards rushed around to see that everything was in order. Toinette clung to Mrs. Brown tearfully and made her promise to write almost every day to tell her what all her playmates were doing. Finally all the visitors were on shore, the gang plank was lifted into position, the engines which had been going for some time began to make more noise as the ship swung gracefully away from the dock. To everyone's distress, Tony was standing on the rail waving his cap and screaming farewells. Popsey was very pleased with everything as you could always tell by an extra little wrinkle which appeared by the side of his nose.

Until lunch time the Browns were all very busy watching Boston Harbor grow smaller and smaller until it seemed just like a thin strip of grey with a few bumps showing the larger buildings. Soon the ship passed the Government Post and was well on its way out into the ocean.

Luncheon downstairs was quite exciting for both Tony and Toinette, as they could order anything they wanted. Toinette was especially pleased as she didn't have to have her usual spinach to make her hair curly.

"Well, children," said Mopsey, "we're really off. I only hope that you have as much pleasure on the trip as we have planned for you."

Arabella's new straw hat waved its purple feather in agreement and Tony and Toinette voiced their hearty approval, in spite of large mouthfuls of fish.

After luncheon everyone took a nap and then walked on deck,

round and round, as eleven laps made a mile. It was fun walking with the cold wind on one's face and watching the waves slap noisily against the side of the ship.

Tony and Toinette went to bed early that night as it had been a very strenuous day. During the night Toinette woke up and peered over at Mopsey who was fast asleep. She was rather afraid at the way the ship was rolling from side to side. Quietly she put on her bath robe and bunny slippers and tip-toed out in the hall to find Tony. Everything was quiet and she nearly bumped into the steward who was fast asleep in a corner behind a trunk. Then she felt rather guilty and went back to her state room, crept into her berth and fell fast asleep.

In no time at all she heard, "Wake up, you sleepy head," and Tony was bouncing on her bed.

"Get dressed and hurry up on deck. It's a galumptious day."

Toinette dressed in a shake of a lamb's tail and was soon playing with Tony but she didn't tell him what she had done the night before. 'Tween you and me he had done the same thing, half an hour later, also being a little frightened.

II. Bermuda

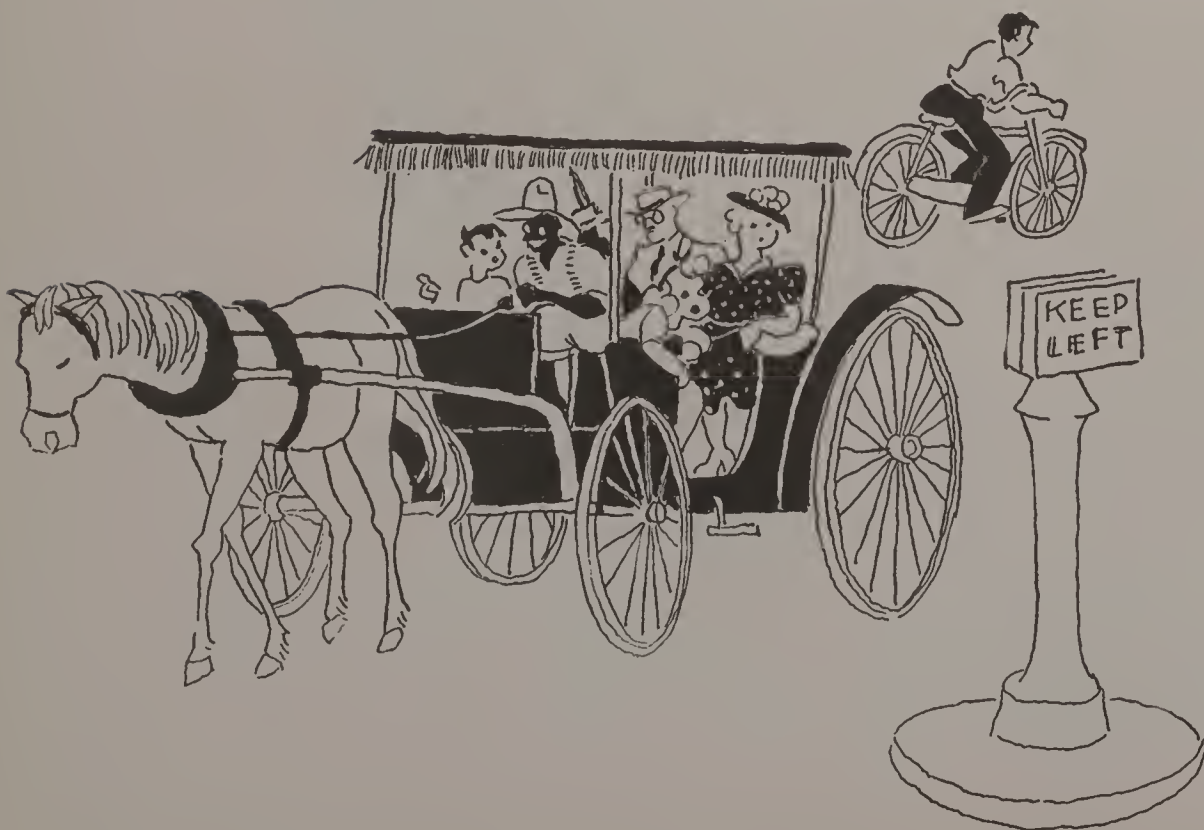
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ONY AND TOINETTE were more than glad when they passed the government buildings and slowly came into the harbor of Hamilton. How exciting it was to see only horse and mule carts and no automobiles whatsoever. With yelps of delight the youngsters tore down the gangplank and were running to the street before Mopsey and Popsey could say "Jack Robinson."

"Toinette, look at all the cute little donkeys. Look at all the bicycles. Look at all the colored people!" cried Tony as they scampered down the street.

Just then a bicycle whizzed around a corner and banged into Tony's shoulder. He tried to be brave about it but soon great tears were welling in his eyes and he couldn't help wiggling his lower lip.

Mopsey and Popsey came to the rescue and decided that perhaps it would be best if they all got in a carriage and took a ride around the town. Tony got the seat up by the



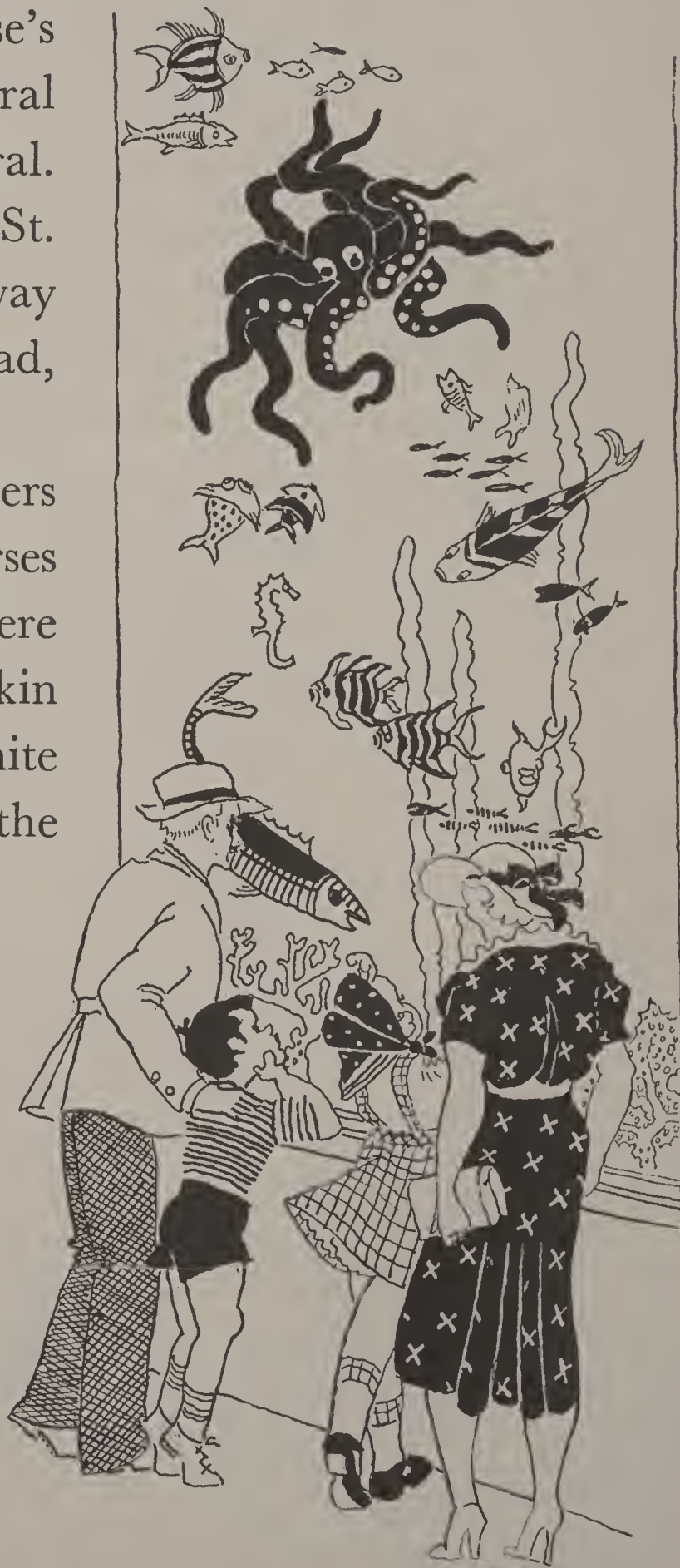
driver because of his accident while Toinette and Arabella sat with their backs to him.

They found Bermuda to be a fairly flat island but very charming, with its brilliantly colored flowers and tiny white roofed houses; it seemed that every house had to have a white roof and most of them had ridges in the roof to catch the rain water.

Clip-clop, clip-clop went the horse's hoofs as he trotted along the hard coral roads. Yes, all the roads are made of coral. The largest town next to Hamilton is St. Georges, but that was about ten miles away so they went to the famous aquarium instead, which was heaps of fun.

There was an octopus with horrid suckers on all its tentacles and dainty little sea horses who climbed up on branches of coral. There was a big yellow fish that looked as if his skin was made of velvet, and tiny black and white fish that darted around so quickly that the eye could hardly keep up with them.

Outside the aquarium was almost the best of all. There was a large cement pond in which swam several large turtles and many black and white penguins. A special platform had been made for them in the center of the pond so that they



could watch the wonders of the world from there also. As soon as the Brown family arrived the penguins started to perform. One after the other would climb very solemnly on the platform and then dive off. Some would go head first and others would land flat on their stomachs, but this didn't seem to bother them at all. Then, beyond the penguins, were some enclosures for birds. There were macaws, finches, and parrots.

After this they went to visit the perfume factory where the famous Fiddlewood variety was made. They saw steaming cauldrons where the leaves of various plants were being burned for their odor. Toinette was so busy sniffing all the perfume bottles that she spilled a whole bottle on herself and for days after her blue linen dress with the little white donkey carts on it could be detected at a great distance.

Unfortunately the ship did not stop very long in Bermuda and the Browns didn't have a chance to see all that they would have liked, but when they said good-bye to the carriage driver they promised surely to come back some time.

III. *St. Kitts*

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HERE WAS great excitement on deck and in the cabins the first day in really tropical waters. Officers appeared on duty in smart white uniforms, voyagers plunged into their baggage for thin clothing and light weight hats. Arabella was having a very busy time with Tony and Toinette getting them to be orderly and put away their warm clothes and socks, hang up their heavy suits and put on linen and cool sandals. Tony was very cross with Toinette because she always seemed to know more than he and this time it was a discussion about the island near which they were to land and be taken over in small boats.

“It is too named for cats,” said Tony.

“Oh, Tony,” replied Toinette, “how can you not know that? It’s positively named for Christopher Columbus and —”

“No, no, children,” said Arabella, who was proud of her knowledge of the Indies. “It was named St. Christopher by Columbus in



honor of his patron saint on his second voyage of exploration in 1493, and some people who talk fast began to call it St. Kitts.”

Tony was much annoyed, for his love of animals included the simple domestic cat, and he had believed the island would abound in them. Popsey's firm knock on the cabin door and his call “Come and see Mt. Misery” brought an end to further argument and they were at once astonished by the sight of the high, extinct volcano, but more by the many colored boys diving from small boats for pennies thrown from the decks by the passengers. Often too, the brighter silver coins would be thrown down and a pandemonium would arise as the divers performed wonderful stunts under water in their eagerness to get the money. Tony and Toinette were good swimmers but never had they seen anything like this and it was hard to get them down the gangway and into a tender. In a few minutes they were whisked across the bay to the little town of Basseterre where Popsey made arrangements for a nice car to drive them to an old fort called Brimstone Hill.

Mopsey and Popsey asked many questions of their soft-spoken driver, whose name was John Wesley Jones, while the children exclaimed over their first sight of sugar cane fields and the little thatched houses on stilts. Also they were worried by the many black children along the road who were sucking sugar cane and holding out their palms calling “Pennies, massa—pennies, missie.”

“Oh why do they do that, Arabella, and why do the little boys wear such funny shirts just to their waists, and how do people carry so much on their heads?”

Arabella had told the children many stories of her own beautiful Jamaica and of her own dear black people but if she had ever known she had forgotten that many thoughtless visitors to the West Indies had brought changes about and that the cute children, almost for miles as one drove along, had been taught to beg. Tony and Toinette soon became more interested in the great number of burros, goats, sheep and chickens ambling along the road; and their shouts of excitement reached a high point when the car slowed down to where there were some darling, new-born baby lambs. Tony wanted one so badly that Popsey promised him something alive to take home at the end of their several weeks' journey.

As they drove up the old fort at Brimstone Hill John Wesley Jones was explaining how it had been fought over by the English and the French long ago, and added, "I do not wish to unease your stomach with overtalk." Tony and Toinette were

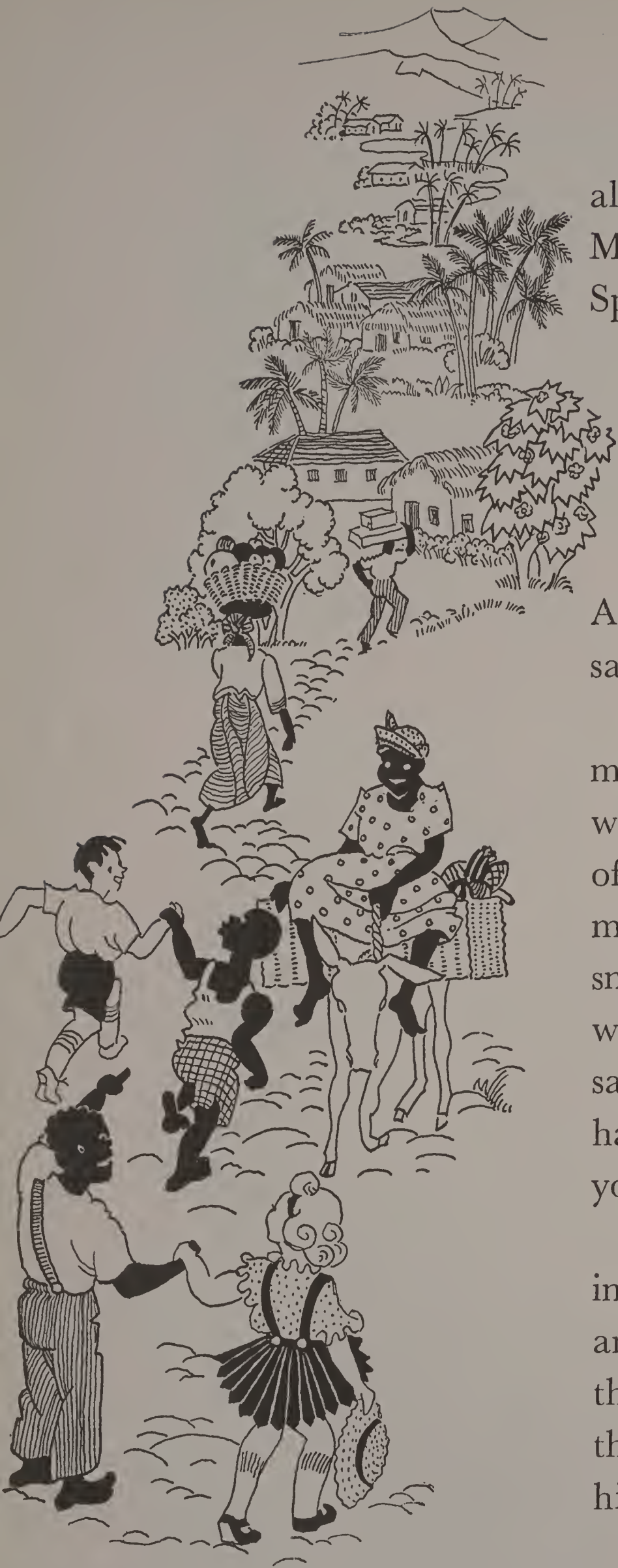


having a new experience with a lovely branch of white and waxy pink flowers. Arabella said its name was Fangy-pangy. She borrowed from a boy one of those queer knives called a cutlass which all the men carry to cut coconuts, yams, cane, and wood. She cut deep into the branch and a milky white stream oozed out. It stung their bare knees but frangipani is supposed to bring luck and it kept them busy seeing which could get the most ooze until they reached the tender. All were hungry and wanted luncheon and then a nap before going ashore on the island of Nevis.

IV. *Nevis*

POPSEY liked to read up about places and so he knew of the white cloud which is always around the peak of the next island. As they came into the harbor, he told Tony and Toinette that Columbus had seen one too and thought it was snow and called it the French word “neve” which was later changed to Nevis. Tony was more absorbed in seeing a horse taken from its stall on the Norwegian freight boat and put into a large scow from whence it suddenly was seen swimming ashore. After covering the two hundred yards or more and reaching dry land, it shook itself, neighed, and was cheerfully led down the street by a happy colored boy.

For the travelers this time the crossing to shore was made in a large, flat rowboat which Mopsey did not think much of but the children loved. The sun was beginning to go down brilliantly. The little dock was filled with smiling, welcoming faces and Popsey at once talked to a neat and important-looking black policeman dressed in white. He wanted to know the way to the Bath House which two hundred years before had helped make the island famous. The waters were good for rheumatism and lumbago and people from



Tony and Toinette in the Tropics

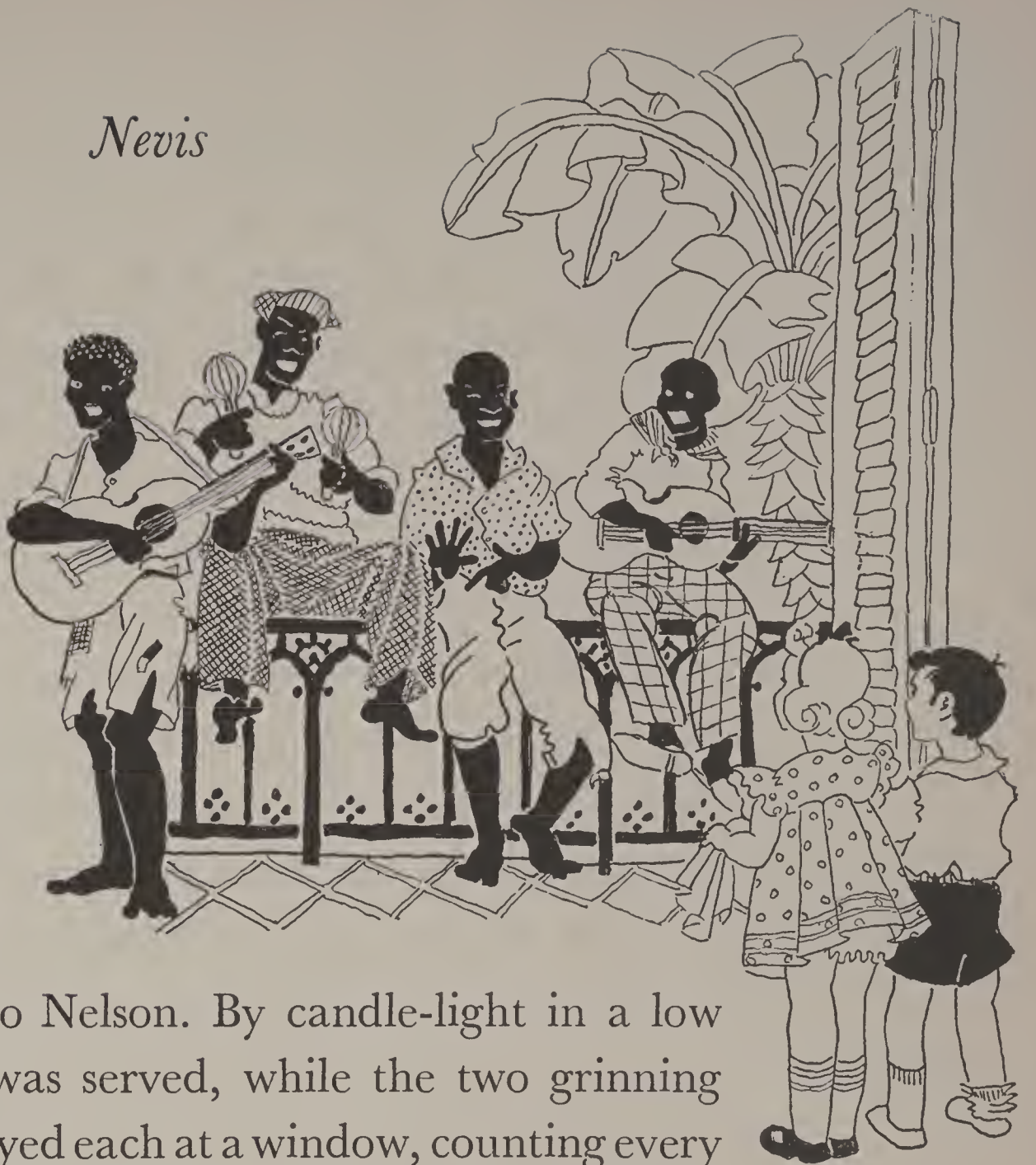
all parts of the world took a cure there as Mopsey and Popsey often did at Hot Springs, Virginia or French Lick Springs, Indiana. Visitors are not supposed ever to walk in the tropics but after Popsey had learned it was only ten minutes up the hill to the hotel, he was determined to make it on foot. Arabella had been left on the ship as she said she wanted "to meditate."

The four started off gaily right up the middle of the road, there being no sidewalks, when all at once they heard a patter of bare feet close to them and soft voices mumbling something. Two very black, small boys with enormous eyes and the whitest teeth looked longingly at them and said, "Lady and Master, the policeman has instructed us to accompany you on your peregrination."

Tony and Toinette were delighted and immediately made friends with Solomon and Moses which the boys claimed were their names. Such questions they asked as they all went skipping and hopping up the hill together with Popsey and Mopsey

Nevis

puffing along behind! Arriving at the Bath House, dinner was ordered. While waiting an old retired New England whaling captain spun yarns of the old days on the island — Stories of Alexander Hamilton, who was born there in 1757, and of the visit of the great



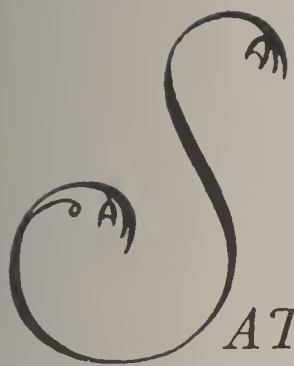
English Admiral, Horatio Nelson. By candle-light in a low ceilinged room, dinner was served, while the two grinning little guards stood wide-eyed each at a window, counting every mouthful. Everyone was hungry and pounced upon the native fish chowder, fried chicken and yams. Just as Tony had his mouth at the fullest he went “Hist” with almost disastrous results. On the very dark balcony, outside the open doors, four shadowy figures appeared, two of them carrying guitars, and began a series of native songs in their low, soft, drawling monotone. The one about the mongoose the children liked the best.

“Oh mongoose went in de’ missus kitchen,
Took out one of the big fat chicken,
Stuck it into his waistcoat pocket,
Oh sly mongoose.”

It was all over too soon and Solomon and Moses were waiting

to lead them down the hill again in the inky blackness. In spite of stumbling feet, Tony and Toinette still were alert enough to ask their guides about their schools and would they promise to look on a map of the United States and find Boston and New York and Chicago. The boys eagerly said "Yes" to everything and conducted them safely and proudly past the policeman to the waiting row-boat. Fifteen minutes' pull across the calm sea and the tired travelers were helped up the gangway to their sturdy ship. Tony announced, "I liked Solomon best," and Toinette was about to tell her preferences when a beaming Arabella came towards them and said, "My precious lambs, I surely have missed you, and now tell me all about your excursion while you get ready for bed."

v. *Antigua*



SATURDAY morning the ship arrived bright and early in Antigua. There were two different parties leaving from the ship—one going to English Harbor, which is famous for its dock yard, and the other to go bathing. Tony and Toinette decided that they could see dock yards almost any day at home but that swimming in warm, clear water in the midst of winter would be a treat.

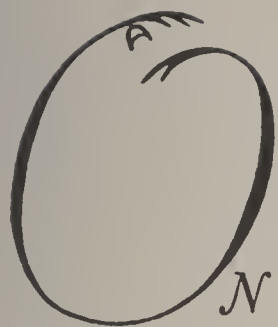
Arabella led the procession as they scrambled down the gang plank into a launch. The boat started to go into the bay at the end of which is the capital city of the island, St. Johns. They all got off at the large dock and went up to the Bath House which used to be old Fort James. There was a big cannon on the lawn but aside from that Tony wouldn't believe it was an honest to goodness fort. It was exciting to think, however, that Captain Blood had once bathed on this very same beach.

As the children were playing in the sand, Arabella suddenly gave forth a cry which sounded like a cow in great distress. Tony and Toinette rushed over to find her hopping around on one foot with a small crab dangling from the big toe of her other foot. No

one seemed to know exactly how to remove the crab, which in the meantime was pinching harder and harder, and Arabella looked as if she were doing a Highland Fling. After a three-minute consultation it was suggested she should go in swimming. She promptly did so and the crab decided that the sandy bottom of the ocean was far more pleasant than a large black toe.



VI. *Montserrat*



N THE AFTERNOON of that same day, the ship went to Plymouth, the capital of Montserrat. Mopsey and Popsey were rather bothered as they got into the row boat—the one launch had burned six months ago and there seemed to be some doubt whether there would ever be a new one—for they had little time and wanted to see some friends. At the dock there were swarms and swarms of colored people, many with large raffia boxes in their hands or on their heads. The Browns pushed their way through to the Post Office to inquire where the Jacksons lived. To the Browns' amazement the clerk at the office had a very black face and very red hair.

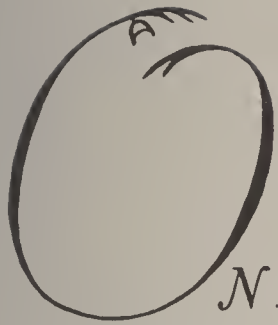
The Jacksons' house was up a hill about half a mile from the docks. It was a very pretty little house overlooking the sea. The Jacksons did not know about the Browns' arrival but were overjoyed and said it certainly was a treat to see friends there, as few visitors ever came to Montserrat.

A horse and buggy drove to the door to take the visitors to see a little of the scenery. They saw Soufriere, a sinister-looking volcano that erupts often, and they looked at it across acres and acres of

bright green lime trees—limes being the chief export of the island. Years and years ago the English ships all stopped at Montserrat for cargoes of limes, as the fruit stops scurvy. So many limes were shipped off that the English are still called “Limeys” on the island.

After a two-hour drive the Jacksons took their friends to the Montserrat Club where Tony and Toinette had some real ginger beer that is made on the island. While they sat in the club sipping it, four little colored children stood outside, strumming their banjos and singing lustily.

VII. *Dominica*



N DECK early the next morning, there was a peppery old gentleman who was very much annoyed as he had been considerably disturbed in trying to walk his daily mile. An object flew and hit him upon his very fat stomach. Toinette said, "Oh sir, I'm so sorry," as she tried to recover the book which had fallen from the top of her head. He grumbled something about "Children should be seen and not heard" and perhaps later added "felt" for as he turned, he collided with a barefooted Tony carrying on his head a large orange with a table knife stuck in it. He was followed by Billikins Beebe who had some cushions on his head and Arabella, to beat them all, was balancing aloft a suitcase in the most dignified manner. The old gentleman finally laughed and exploded with, "Can you beat that!"

Ever since they had reached St. Kitts, Toinette had been watching the way girls and women all carried loads on their heads, enormous bundles of laundry, large earthen pots, live chickens and heavy bunches of twigs, and had decided that at the first opportunity, she and Tony and their little friends would have a contest



and Arabella must join also. Tony had been especially thrilled by one girl who had an enormous melon with one of those savage looking long cutlasses stuck in it. She was walking as calmly as she pleased. He felt the next best thing with which he could play was an orange and knife, slyly removed from the breakfast table. Toinette's lesson books kept toppling from her head but Arabella never once let the suitcase slip. Mopsey and Popsey had laughingly looked on but said, "No more playing now. See, the Island of Rainbows is in sight and all the little boats are again coming out to take us to shore, and the boys are on rafts to dive for coins." One little fellow in a blue loin cloth had a three-cornered raft made of plain boards. There was a little fence around it on which was painted in bright blue letters "Coronation." He was a favorite with all the passengers and especially so when they saw he was quite a business man. He had a little metal box with a cover attached to the front of his raft in which he put his coins

after taking them from his mouth, where he placed them while under water. Mopsey felt that they'd better move on as she had caught Tony in what she feared was the act of swallowing a large copper coin and she didn't want him to experiment further.

"All aboard, massa—lady, on this fine boat," and off they went bobbing across the lovely bay to Roseau. As it was Sunday morning there were not so many people in the streets and as they drove along



they passed several churches. Arabella decided to go into one while the rest drove and as they stopped they heard the natives singing hymns and saw their shining, eager faces turned towards the minister. Many children were in church too and Tony and Toinette wondered if they had also gone to Sunday School as the two would have had to do at home.

On they went to the Botanical Garden which, though small, is world-famous. Tony and Toinette had exclaimed over the enormous cocoanut palms along their drive. But their excitement was at keener pitch here over the first cannonball tree they had seen. The strange-looking round balls hang in rows down the trunk to the bottom of the tree and are not good for anything, being quite poisonous.

A shower sent the visitors scampering back into the car and they were driven to a high point where they could see the daily promised rainbow. It was a perfect arc of color over the lovely, lush green island—so green because it rains a little every day. A flock of little boys circled the car and held out the quaintest things to sell. Mopsey asked their names—Richard, George and Felix; it was the latter whom she liked best and consequently bought from him a lot of funny little heads made of cashew nuts, with red beads for eyes, and put on long sticks. Richard kept saying, “Mistress Lady, please give me glove for carnival.” Mopsey was wearing a clean white pair of cotton gloves and it seems all the natives love to have some to wear at Carnival time. She wanted to ask many questions but Popsey said, “We must hurry along and find Arabella and go back

to the ship.” She had “immensely replenished her soul” at church, she said, and put her arms about her two precious charges as they bobbed about in the boat. Half of the beautiful rainbow was waning and suddenly two large tears ran down Toinette’s face.

“What is wrong, darling?” asked Popsey.

“Oh it is so beautiful. I wish Mummie and Daddy were here,” she answered.

Tony’s saucy little nose looked more so than usual and to assert his manliness in place of his sister’s sentiment said loudly, “I want my lunch, and lots of it.”

VIII. *St. Lucia*

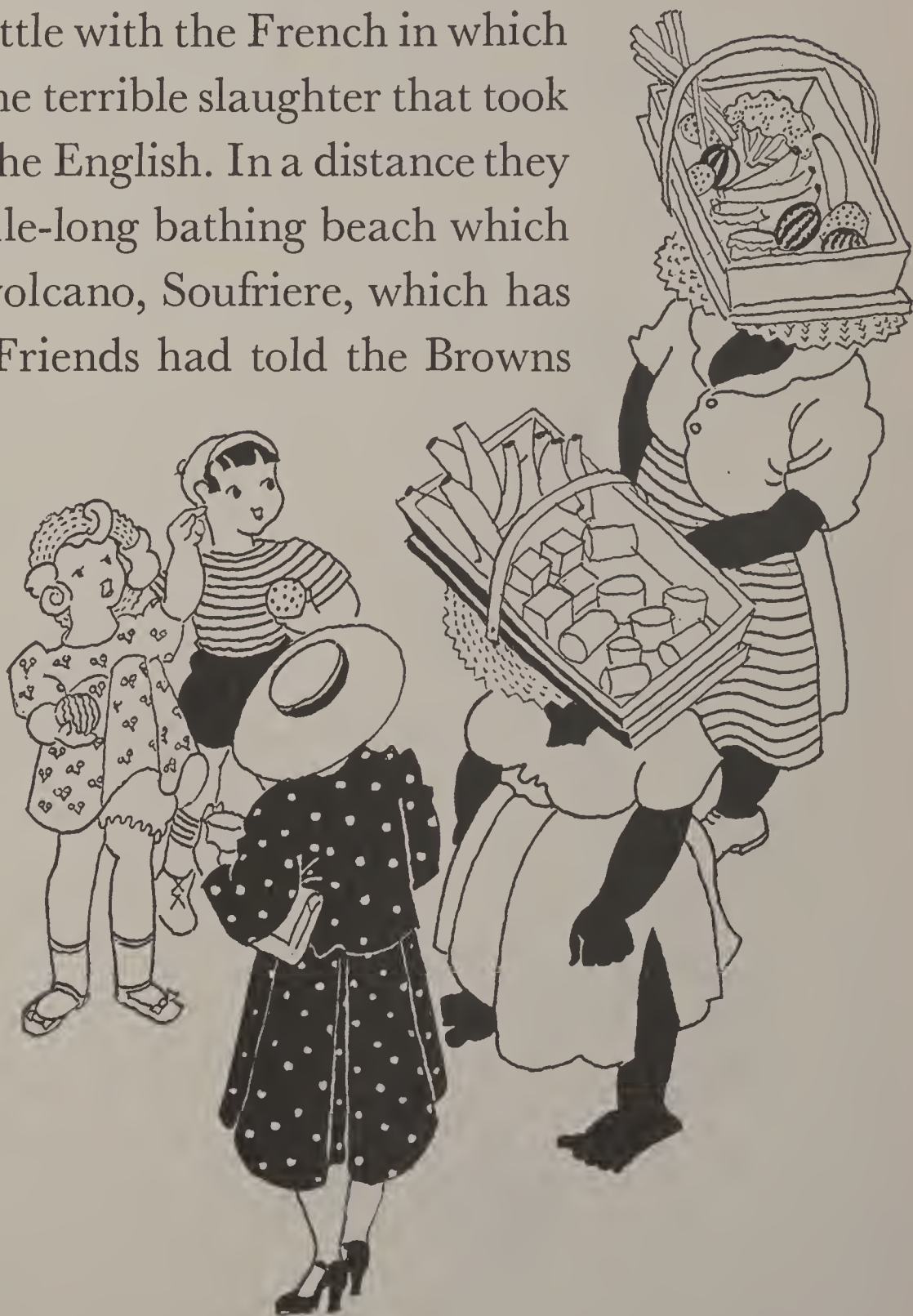
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OR Tony and Toinette a great part of the fun of going to shore had been the choice of the little boats they went in. But this afternoon was the first time Mopsey was truly comfortable as the ship was to land right beside a dock. Castries, the port of call, is supposed to have the most beautiful harbor in the Caribbean, and all the populace are very proud when large ships come right in almost at their front doors and unload cargoes and visitors. As it was Sunday afternoon, everyone was at the dock, and many booths had been set up for the sale of everything from guava jelly to strings of bean beads. The children and Arabella could hardly leave Big Eva who seems to be known to all the West Indies tourists for her size as well as for the splendid guava jelly she makes. She weighs 225 pounds and was dressed in a flowing garment of vivid scarlet satin and a wide brimmed hat trimmed with nodding pink roses. Her face was as friendly and jolly as the brightness of her outfit.

While Popsey made arrangements for the usual drive, Mopsey was ordering some jelly to be put on the ship, knowing how everyone would like it for souvenirs when they reached home.

Toinette had a special errand to do and asked to stop at a shop she had heard about where she could buy a shark's tooth for her charm bracelet. There were many tempting things displayed—baskets and tortoise shells, but the one purchase was quickly made so the Browns could get off for the drive to Morne Fortune (Lucky Hill). There they had a view which brought forth many Oh's and Ah's over the harbor which, Popsey explained as he read his guide books constantly, was called the "Cradle of England's Navy." Then he made them all stand still while he told them a little of Admiral Rodney and his great naval battle with the French in which sixty ships fought, and about the terrible slaughter that took place but saved the island for the English. In a distance they could see the Vigie, a three-mile-long bathing beach which was once a battlefield, and a volcano, Soufriere, which has not erupted for a long time. Friends had told the Browns that they would see many views but never eat lobster such as they would have if they had dinner at Antoine's, up high on a side of a hill where they could also enjoy the most beautiful twilight and the view of lights coming on around the harbor while waiting for their feast.

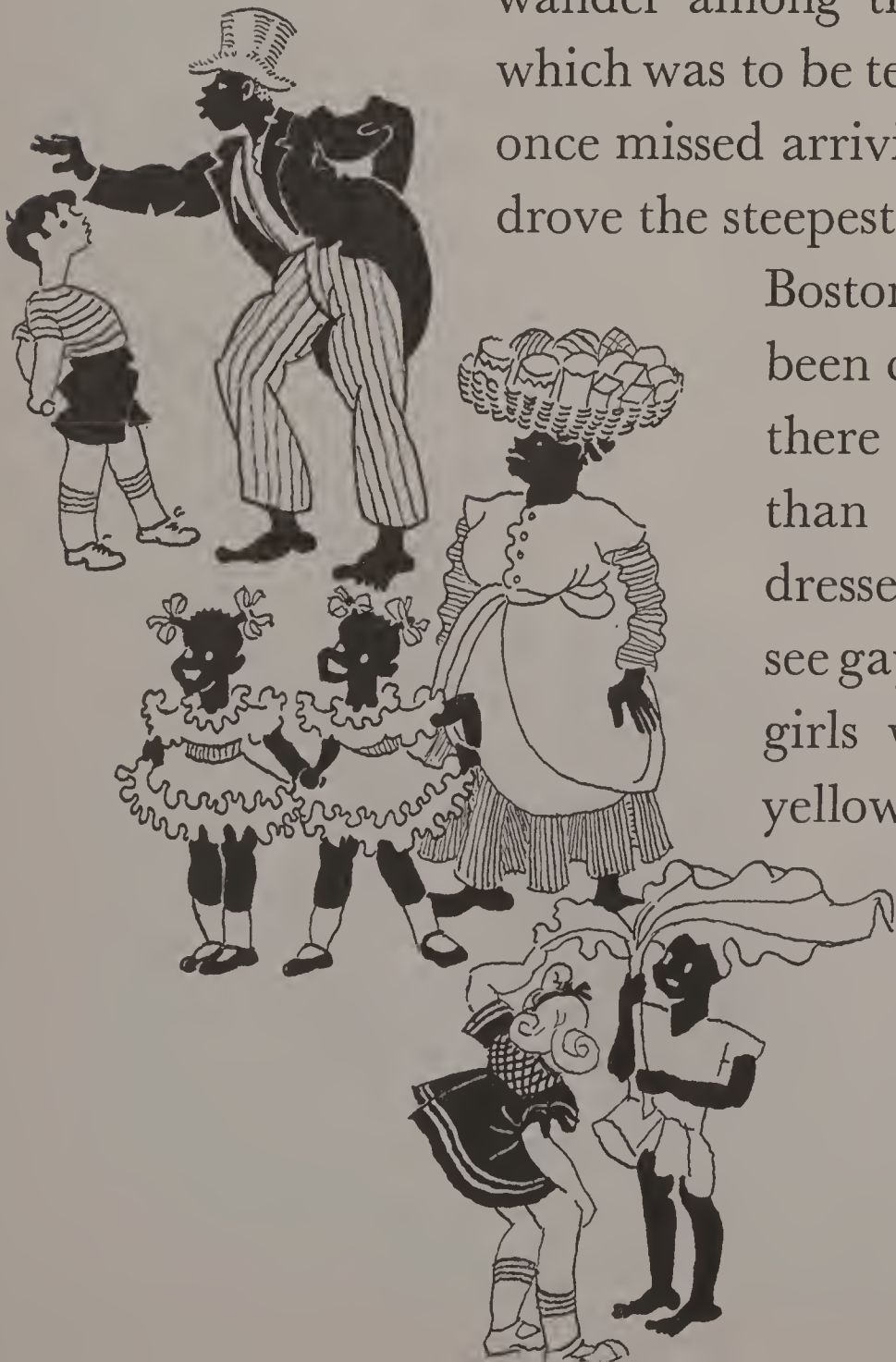
Tony announced, "I



think I've had enough scenery," which really didn't surprise his grandparents and he and Toinette went to explore the sloping terraces from which soon cries of joy were heard. They had found a humming bird's nest with some eggs in it and a strange-colored lizard. The excitement over this kept them busy until they were called for dinner which was so good that they forgot how they were going to hate taking the milk of magnesia Arabella said they would have to have at bedtime. They were served broiled lobster, alligator pears, which are so common at St. Lucia that they are fed to the cats, and stewed guavas with cocoanut cream. All of the Browns said "Um-mmm" and were almost ashamed of the way

they had eaten. They all thought it would be fun to wander among the booths on the dock until sailing, which was to be ten promptly, as their good ship never once missed arriving or sailing on time. So down they drove the steepest of hills, much steeper than any near

Boston, where the children would have been coasting; and back to the dock where there were even more of the population than when they arrived. They were all dressed in their Sunday best and one could see gay colors, pinks and blues and two little girls who perhaps were twins in bright yellow ruffled dresses and enormous yellow bows on their heads, just as if they were going to dancing school or a



party at home. It seemed odd to Tony and Toinette to see these on little black children because they had expected them to be dressed differently in the tropics.

Women were holding the darlinest babies to be admired, Big Eva was smiling all over, happy about a good day's sales, with her red satin billowing around her. Funniest of all was a little old black man with a grey beard and bare feet dressed in a much worn cut-away suit and a silk hat green from age. He was going about from group to group saying a few words—"Blessings upon you, kind lady." "Happiness to you, good sir." "Lord be with you, little children." They were told later that he was an inmate of the asylum up on the hill.

The whistle blew and though it seemed as if all the passengers hated to leave this lovely place, they scrambled to be first in going up the gangway; except Mopsey, who said she always wore the wrong shoes for shore trips and rowboats and gang planks. Slowly the ship backed out of the harbor. All the people on the dock waved to the passengers, everyone happy over their visit. Toinette sighed, "They look like chocolate."

"Who?" asked Mopsey.

"Those darling babies, but I don't believe I want anything more to eat tonight."

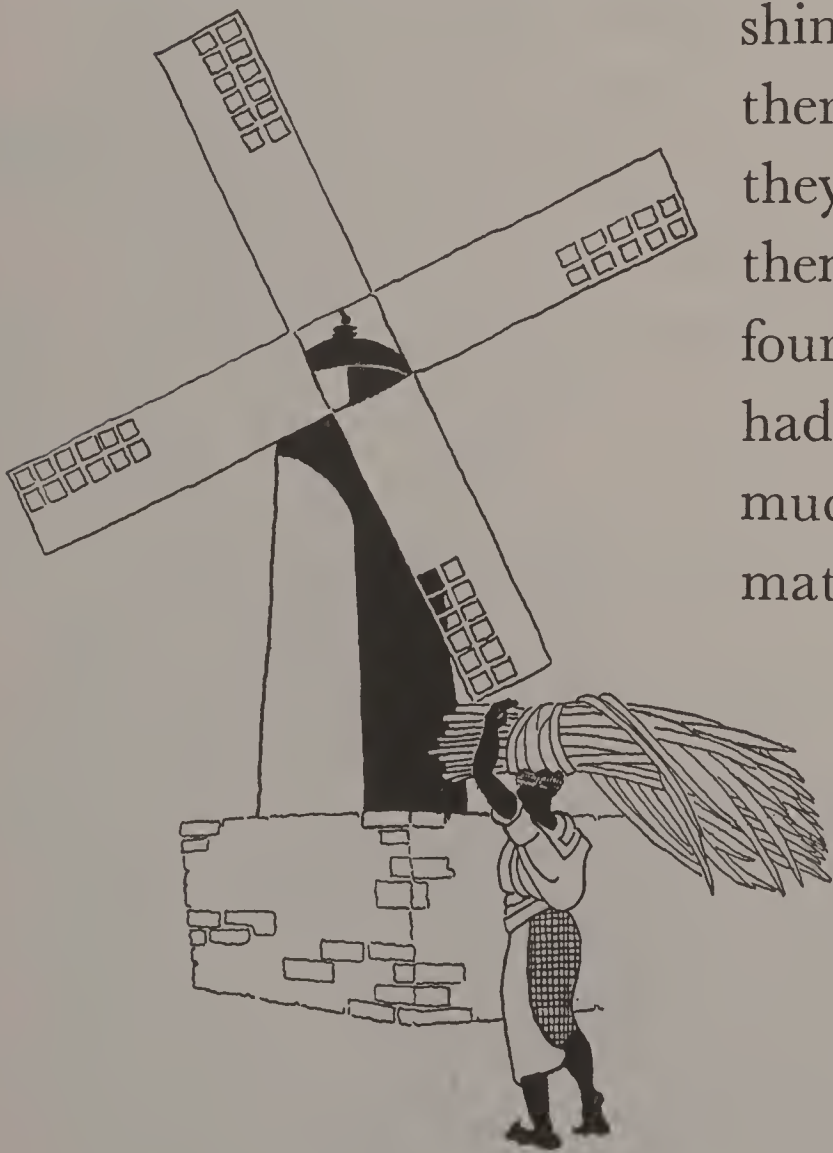
IX. Barbados

T

TONY AND TOINETTE got up very early the day they arrived at Barbados for they knew they had a busy time ahead of them. Toinette insisted on wearing the hat she had bought at Dominica—the funny flowered one that didn't fit very well. Barbados looked somewhat like Bermuda from the ship—flat, with

shiny white houses tucked in here and there. The children were very excited as they were allowed to go on shore all by themselves in a boat which was rowed by four sturdy black boys. On arrival they had to go through the Customs Office and much to Tony's chagrin, his rubber bathing mattress was taken away from him because the Customs Official with the big black beard said it might be used for smuggling.

The Brown family took a long drive before luncheon. For the most



part they passed fields and fields of sugar cane, dotted by windmills used for grinding sugar in the old days. Here and there were neat little houses surrounded by gardens and there were many baby lambs and goats along the wayside which gave Tony special delight.

At the other side of the island they stopped at Hackelston's Cliff, very high, with a big drop to the rocky coral reefs and the town of Bathsheba. Although they didn't go to the town they were told by their driver that some very ugly people lived there who were called Red Legs—"the ugliest people that ever lived," he said.

On the way back to Bridgetown, which is the capital city, they stopped for a few minutes at the Crane Hotel, which has a very large beach where the waves roll in three or four feet high. Tony was nearly lost there as he found a baby lizard and he just had to chase it away down on the rocks and scramble after it. Popsey screamed and shouted but Tony couldn't hear him or maybe he pretended he couldn't; at all events after some delay Arabella went and got him and the party was off again. After the long hot drive they went to the famous Aquatic Club for a swim. The sand was almost as white as snow there and the water very warm. There were several other children playing on the beach and soon Tony and Toinette were shouting with laughter with them and making a big sand castle. They felt one o'clock arrived all too soon when they had to get dressed for luncheon. They had flying fish that were the colors of mother-of-pearl, and really too pretty to eat. The natives make necklaces and bracelets from the fish scales.

In the afternoon Tony and Toinette took their grandparents by the hand and walked them through the streets of Bridgetown. They saw many wonderful things made of tortoise shell in the many little shops and the busy wharves where boats were continually edging their way in and out. Barbados is called a heaven for children and old people and they all liked it very much though they rather missed the wooded mountains and vivid green vegetation of some of the other islands.



x. *St. Vincents*

WHILE Tony was tucking away his breakfast in very large spoon- and fork-fuls, Popsey was telling them all again the story of Captain Bligh, famous for the *Mutiny on the Bounty*, which they had seen in the film. The story really began here, for St. Vincents was to have the first botanical garden in the West Indies and Captain Bligh was sent to Tahiti for breadfruit trees and brought back many kinds and from then on he was called "Breadfruit Bligh."

Tony and Toinette were not so interested in botanical gardens as somehow they felt animals should be there too, but after hearing the Bligh story again they could hardly wait to get ashore. In going down the gangway, Tony almost got into the boat with eight small English school boys and their teacher, who were being taken from Barbados to St. Vincents for a short visit. They all wore little blue flannel jackets with an emblem on the sleeve and had a package of books under their arms and behaved like well trained little soldiers.

Kingstown was the name of the landing place and Arabella wondered if it would be like her Kingston in Jamaica. As it was very different, much smaller and quieter, she enjoyed herself.

The Botanical Garden was filled with beautiful palms which the children now knew well. There were breadfruit trees, very fragrant lime trees, and the arrowroot plant which is sent to the States and used for baby food. Popsey also wanted to be driven to a spot where they could see where sea-island cotton is grown, which many people think is the best in the world; and he explained the difference between it and our own southern cotton, as they drove along.

The most important building was Saint Mary's Catholic Church, as it was built in rather a strange way with many small passages around the main building. Tony and Toinette kept shouting, "Oh, look," and "See this," when suddenly Mopsey stopped quickly and, putting fingers to her lips, she beckoned with the other hand for them to follow. They all tiptoed through a hall and stopped in front of what seemed to be three large arched, glassless

windows. Facing them were about thirty of the dearest looking little black boys and girls who were having a lesson. They all were so neat and clean and their eyes grew rounder and larger with fun as they saw what Mopsey, the leader of the eavesdroppers, was trying to do. Their teacher had her back turned to the Browns and was saying, "Now, children, recite your tables. Two times three makes—" The camera click-clicked and Mopsey felt sure she had a fine picture of these happy-looking little St. Vincent children in their open air school room. Teacher



St. Vincents

didn't seem to mind not knowing what had gone on behind her back, and turned to wave with the children.

Popsey felt they should walk down to the boat in order to see some amusing sights. On the way, Tony and Toinette were skipping ahead and suddenly stopped and jumped up and down before a nice old colored woman who was carrying a basket on her head filled with six live chickens. They couldn't understand how the chicks could be so quiet but Hepsediah, who loved children as all colored people do, told them they were tied with a loose cord and some massa-lady would soon eat them and "everybody be happy." Popsey gave her two large copper coins to thank her for stopping and letting them photograph her and hardly had he done this when a boy came along wearing a lamb around his neck, just the way Mopsey wore her silver fox fur at home; only this was a live lamb and its little feet were tied together and its little face was quite sad. Popsey knew this might make Tony cry and suggested hurrying down to the rowboat and so Arabella trotted him off ahead. The little craft was waiting and once in it they had a great surprise, for they were being rowed across amid many flying fish. At moments it seemed as if they would fly right into the boat and eager hands reached out for them but no one had any luck. In the excitement Tony forgot all



about the lamb and thought of his luncheon and the afternoon trip ahead of them.

“Oh what a beautiful, beautiful harbor,” said Mopsey, as she put her camera in position to snap the little town of St. George. Low hills and then higher ones and over all of them were growing delicious spice and many cocoa trees. There are so many hills that it seemed as if the natives had a funny walk—going up all the time. “I want *Angel Baby*,” called Toinette as she pointed to one of fifteen small boats gathered to take them across. It was painted bright blue inside and had a large spray of gay purple flowers tied to the stern. Popsey waved to the owner and soon they were ashore and again had to take a car to see as much as possible of what is called the Spice Island of the West, in the short time they were to be there.

Such an amusing driver—Pierre Etienne Jacque Alfons Dodet, he said his name was—which may seem strange on an English island, but many French names and customs survive the old days. Tony and Toinette giggled and giggled, trying to see which could say it the fastest. Amid this game they arrived at a point where there was one of the most beautiful views they had seen and a perfect flaming sunset. Mopsey and Popsey were snapping many pictures and that started the driver chatting and he said that he had a photograph of himself he was sure they would like to see. Of course they all agreed they would. Pierre said it was too bad the wind had blown and spoiled the crease in his trousers when the picture was taken.

The Browns had a short stop for tea at the tiny hotel, a sort of three-cornered affair which might have been tucked away in one of the hill towns of Italy. While Mopsey and Popsey had their tea, Arabella took the children to a stream nearby to see the women washing their bundles of clothes and using the rocks for a sort of washboard. Tony wanted to try it but Arabella knew the experiment would probably end by his slipping in the water and she wanted him to stay dry; also she didn't think much of this way of doing washing.

"There they come," called Toinette, as Pierre drove up in his Chevrolet, and with a really sad feeling they left the island, for in many ways they thought it the most beautiful of any. They were astonished discovering that the water between them and the ship was a deep jade green while in all the other ports it had shaded from one blue to another.



XI. *Trinidad*

T

PART I

THE HUBBUB was at its height on the good ship *Lady Hawkins* among those travelers who were leaving her for good to go ashore at Trinidad. Tony and Toinette were saying good-bye to their favorite officers, stewards and the two page boys who had run many errands for Mopsey and Arabella when the children sometimes hid at bedtime. Toinette had her school books in a sack held fast under her arm giving her a feeling of having worked more on her lessons than she really had. Tony felt most important for he was carrying his amusing toy, a giant baby panda, which he had not taken ashore before. People kept asking, "Tony, what is that?" and he told them. "My Aunt Ruth sent it to me from Chicago for Christmas and its name is Mei-Mei, like the one in the zoo there."

"Come, come," said Popsey, "we have a three-mile ride in a tender to Port-of-Spain." If the excitement on the ship had been bad it was worse at the dock for the first thing Tony saw was a boy leading a chicken or rather pulling it by a long cord around one leg. He stopped and let the boy look at Mei-Mei while he examined the strange motion of the poor chick. The Customs people did not take

long to go through the baggage and the Browns were soon installed in their hotel, which Mopsey decided was quite the noisiest she had ever stopped in. Tony and Toinette were thrilled with all the confusion and until arrangements were made for their first drive, had much fun opening and closing the venetian blinds in their room. There



were seven on one side and ten on the other, controlled by little plugs which were great sport to pull in and out. "Lookit," said Tony, as he had heard the natives say, "no window—just these things." Toinette was examining the large mosquito nets hung over the bed which stood in a partly walled off space, making a sort of separate room inside the shuttered place. She had a feeling that sleeping inside this tent affair might be great fun.

Mopsey called and they all hopped into a large car with a chauffeur whose name was Shippy. He told them he had been a ship's carpenter a long while and that's why he had that name. He proved to be a splendid guide. First they made a complete tour of the town which was humming with business, as it has seventy thousand population and people of all races were mingling and walking about. They saw bank buildings and shops but none over two stories high, and they drove through the section where the Hindus live. The men were wearing turbans made mostly of rags but walking

proudly, and the women had scarfs of bright pink, blue, or yellow. Popsey wanted them all to stop to see the well-known Hindu snake charmer and so they all piled out on one of the main thoroughfares into a small shop which was full of silver bracelets and stuffed alligators. A Hindu wearing a red fez showed them through the tiny store and then outside to a fairly large yard which was littered with boxes and cages. There were four monkeys which chattered at them nervously, many vari-colored birds and last of all, many different kinds of snakes. The fer-de-lance and the bushmaster are both very deadly. Tony had his picture taken with a seven-foot boa constrictor. "Oh, boy," said Tony, "that was swell. Lots nicer than those gardens without animals."

After luncheon at the rest house of the Benedictine Monastery, away up on the hillside, and a nap, it was decided that Shippy would take them to what is really the best botanical garden in the West Indies and he would show them "Razy wazy" which he said was magic. The Browns all had "calla loo" for luncheon, made of green vegetables, mostly spinach and crabmeat, but they became so sleepy they didn't think they'd be able to start out later. At about four o'clock however, they all met on the wide



veranda, which was crowded with tourists, and saw Shippy waiting. During the short drive Tony and Toinette made up a game of naming the fruits and trees they had seen. Sometimes when one got stuck, Mopsey and Popsey would give them the first letter of a word so they could go on. It was a race and often the words would pop out at the same time. Coconut palms, elephant ear palms, sugar cane, cashew tree, grapefruit, oranges, lemons, limes, mango, plantin, bananas, coffee beans, cocoa beans, bamboo, paw-paw, breadfruit, sour-sop which they had had in ice cream, sapidillo which looks like a little brown Bermuda potato, cannon ball tree, and “Here we are,” said Shippy, as they drove up to a beautiful park in which the governor’s house is also located. At once, about six boys flocked around them. “I show you, Master, Lady.” “I’m best guide.” “Please little Master and little Mistress, I show you many wonderful things.”

“Oh, let’s take him,” said Toinette, for she liked the darkest one’s earnest, pleading face.

“All right,” said Popsey. “What is your name?”

“Jonah, sir.”

That seemed to settle it, but first Shippy had to show them his magic before they would go farther. He disappeared for a moment behind some shrubbery and re-appeared with two ferns. He placed them on the back of his very black hands and said “Razy wazy” and on one hand was a perfect powdery silver fern and on the other a gold one. Tony and Toinette were most excited over that and were quite willing to go farther looking for wonders. Jonah took

them all in charge and they started across the beautiful lush lawns, Tony in the lead shouting, "I know, that's a cocoa tree and that's a nutmeg." Jonah was quite astonished at this. When he talked he pressed the knuckles of his two hands together until they looked quite white in his earnestness to tell them everything. He also shouted a little, which annoyed Mopsey, as she couldn't see how he knew she was slightly deaf.

"This is the date palm, with the long tassels. Dates very good to eat."

"This is the bay tree, from which bay rum is distilled and gentleman like for shaving."

"Here are rubber trees, from which your motor car tires are made."

"This is the fristick tree, used for dyeing khaki uniforms."

"Master, lady—here is the low traveler's palm, which has water inside, and the tall echo palm, which when struck resounds all through the desert. Both palms a great comfort to wanderers."

"This fern all shrivel and die when a hand touches." And at once that was what Tony and Toinette wanted to do most.

"Come this way across park and see this wonderful sight. Dragon's blood tree." Jonah cut the bark with his knife and the most dreadful deep red gore oozed forth. It made them all a little sick and so he next led them to a beautiful shrub upon which were growing Napoleon buttons of white and delicate pink. "Looking like the ones the brave general gave his soldiers," he said, as he plucked one for each to wear.

With shouts of joy the next exhibit was greeted—Moses in his cradle—a little green boat-shaped cocoon, with a white substance inside, growing in clusters at the base of an oyster palm. “Here is the logwood tree from which black dye is made.”

“This way please, to the candle tree—often called Christmas candle tree.” This was a most unusual tree with many green waxy candle-shaped growths about twelve inches long. Jonah assured them that they couldn’t be picked but saw Popsey’s hand in his pocket for what he hoped would be a large tip. That made him feel safe in giving them each one. They left the park like a procession, holding their candles and Arabella exclaiming, “For the Lawd.”

On the way home Shippy had one more surprise for them—the saman tree, which is supposed to be the largest of its kind in the world. It is said to be several hundred years old, the trunk five feet in diameter and its height about seventy feet. “Oh, isn’t it wonderful?” said Toinette, nestling against Mopsey. “But I like my candle best and I’m going to take it home to Mummie.”



PART II

THE NEXT DAY the Browns were awakened practically at dawn by the loud chirpings of the kisskadees, but they were glad as they wanted to see as much as possible of Trinidad. At eight o’clock they had finished their breakfasts and were merrily going

along the road to Pitch Lake, which was about fifty-seven miles distant from Port-of-Spain. On the way over they passed miles and miles of sugar cane and also the oil fields. Here they saw tremendous tanks where the oil is kept for refining. The oil industry in Trinidad is huge. Over eleven million barrels of crude oil are produced in a year.

At last they reached the famous Pitch Lake which they had heard so much about. At first the Browns were disappointed, as it looked just like a tremendous grayish mud puddle. When they actually walked on the lake and were told all the details of it by a guide, they became far more interested. They learned that the pitch was removed from the lake early in the morning, late in the afternoon and all through the night, as it is far too hot for the



workmen during the day. The pitch was loaded into carts and hauled up into main buildings a few hundred feet away. There it was partly refined and packed in boxes and sent away on ships to places all over the world. The lake occupies a hundred acres and is of a different consistency, in some parts being almost as hard as stone. Tony proceeded to stick his hand into one of the soft parts and got pitch all over his hand and face and couldn't get it all off. The amazing part of the lake is that it has a practically never ending source and although tons of pitch are removed a day, the holes are always refilled by the next day.

From Pitch Lake, the Browns motored across the island to Manzanilla Bay, where they had heard that the bathing was excellent. There were no bathhouses so they dressed one by one in the car, which proved a little difficult. Shippy had brought his bathing suit too, so as the waves were quite high, he showed them how to ride in on them.

Manzanilla Bay stretched out about ten miles and all the way along was a gleaming white beach banked by coconut trees. After a short swim they had a picnic lunch. Tony tried to climb a coconut tree for one of the large nuts but was very unsuccessful, so they called to a native boy who happened to be passing by and he gladly climbed a palm for them and tossed down several coconuts.

Later they went swimming again. Shippy told the children to stand still in the water, till the wave was just about to break, then give a big push towards the shore and lie flat. Tony and Toinette tried again and again to ride the waves, but with very little success.

It was getting late and the children were tired, so the Browns got into the car and started back to Port-of-Spain and by the time they reached the Queens Park Hotel, Arabella and Shippy were the only ones awake.

The next morning, the Browns all went swimming to Macquerie Bay, which is on the north side of the island. They were enchanted with the bay which was enclosed by high cliffs on each side and had on the beach three diving boards and some rafts. On the lowest diving board there was a man standing with a big pole in his hand. The children stood watching him politely for a long time for he didn't seem to feel like talking. Finally Tony tapped him on the arm and he turned out to be a very nice man. He said he had seen a two-hundred-pound grouper there the day before and was hoping to spear him. He assured them groupers were harmless, but even so the Browns were careful not to swim far out after that.

Mopsey and Toinette had clicked their cameras all along the trip until it didn't seem possible there could be a click left, but there was one more place where they felt they would use many films. It was at a private estate said to have grounds with six hundred varieties of orchids and thirty-five thousand other plants. So off they trotted. Even Tony was willing to stop playing with the cutest tame marmoset which was in a cage out in front of the hotel.

The head gardener took them through and their progress was made amid a series of exclamations, for it seemed unbelievable that there could be so many orchids, really acres of them. They were hanging from trees, strange shrubs, in moss containers on sticks, in

baskets, among rocks and in an open conservatory. Of course they were not all in bloom, but enough were to keep the cameras busy and make Tony restless until he discovered a cage with some white herons and troupials, who whistle all the time. After a two-hour visit they decided that it had been a fine afternoon.

At dinner Popsey had a twinkle in his eye and told them he was going to have a surprise party. They walked three blocks to a large green and yellow building which turned out to be almost the nicest moving picture house they had ever seen. The Walt Disney comic couldn't have been funnier. It was about a big hound who sat on a nest of chickens and then brought them up. The Browns roared with laughter and even when they went to bed they were still chuckling.

XII. Tobago

PART I

*A*LL THE BROWNS and Arabella were particularly looking forward to the island of Tobago as Popsey had told them so much about Robinson Crusoe, who had been shipwrecked on its rocky shore, found a cave and lived there for twenty-seven years. The ship which took them over from Port-of-Spain was only a little over one hundred feet long and Mopsey felt right from the start that something was going to be wrong. They got themselves into small neat cabins and into the hardest of bunks and shortly after they had been under way the trouble began. Sounds of misery came from every cabin except that of Tony and Toinette, as they were too sleepy to realize that the cross-current in those waters causes the strangest motion and brings general discomfort.

Popsey, who looked almost green in the morning, said he had been seasick for the first time in his life and that the motion of the ship had been “like a bucking broncho with the wiggings of an excited angleworm.” All the discomfort, however, was soon forgotten amid the business of getting settled in nice new and airy rooms in the small Robinson Crusoe Inn near the village of Scarborough. As

the Browns were going to be there several weeks, trunks and bags were unpacked and Arabella with the children helping her, was trying to put things into apple-pie order.

For the first few days they all wanted to sleep a good deal and watch the Caribbean as it roared upon a shallow beach in front of the Inn; and ask questions about Robinson Crusoe and where to drive and what to see. Toinette began her lessons with Mopsey and of course she was more interested in geography than anything else now and could tell much about the West Indies and if they were Windward, Leeward or Virgin Islands—about the different nations they had belonged to and the battles that had been fought over them. Arithmetic also had a share in the lessons, as she was learning to count in English money.

Popsey had Tony read to him a little every morning and say his tables so he would not be behind the other boys when he got back to school. An enormous grey and white cat named Friday used to come and settle down at their feet and that made Tony and Toinette keep asking, “When may we go to see the cave where Robinson Crusoe and his good Man Friday lived?”

When Popsey said “Tomorrow,” they were overjoyed. Cupid was a nice young driver who had been chosen to take them about the island



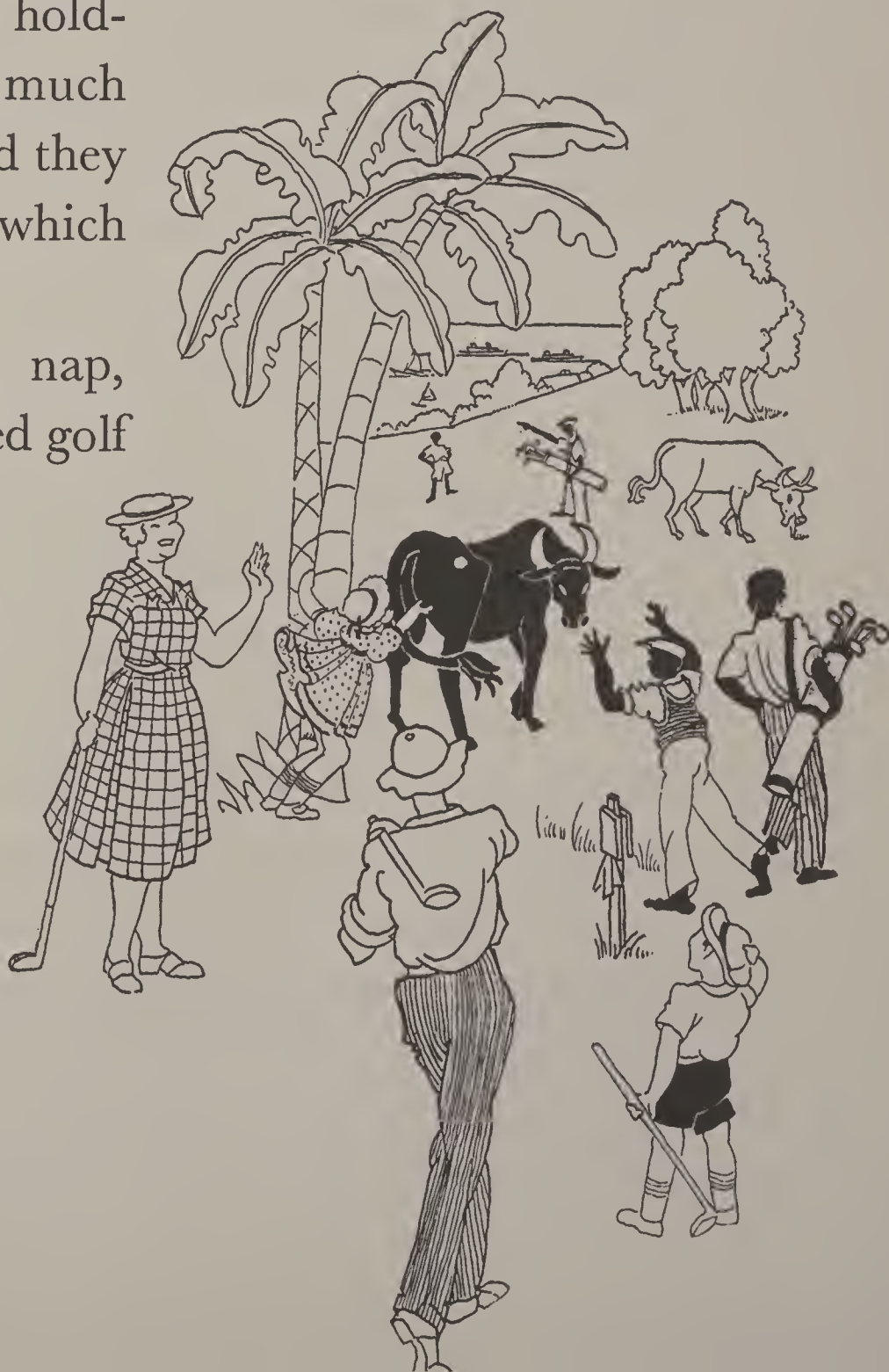
and was most pleased to lead them to the famous cave. They drove through a jungle road and an abandoned vegetable garden. Then they got out of the car and almost crawled through some prickly bushes and at last reached a very rocky promontory. It was as forlorn as Defoe's legend described and the children, led by Cupid, slipped and stumbled down over the huge stones to a narrow ledge and in single file reached the cave. It had a small opening and when they got inside they heard strange sounds which were made by large bats. The children came rushing out, looking awfully frightened and for some time Tony kept hold of Mopsey's hand. A few days later he said suddenly, "I don't like that place where Robinson Crusoe lived at all—I don't."

From then on, they thought the best part of the day was morning, when they started in a jitney or village bus with large letters *LOVER'S LANE* painted on the back and drove about seven miles along the road where friendly natives smiled and waved to them, and by an open school where the children seemed to watch for them. The last two miles passed through closely planted coconut palm groves where often they caught sight of beautiful corn birds—black with bright yellow tail feathers and a vari-shaded blue king of the woods. Tony and Toinette could hardly wait to reach Pigeon Point and run quickly to find a nice little bathhouse and scramble into their bathing things. They spent many hours making sand castles and tunnels on the beach and were always calling to each other, "Look, Tony"—"Toinette, do you see this?"—"Look, Mopsey and Popsey"—as they were pleased with their games. They took long

walks along the beach with Stuart, a nice little English boy who spoke with such a broad "A" that at first they couldn't understand him at all; Louise, who loved turning handsprings, and Jimmy with the large solemn eyes, who at first had kept aloof as he didn't like girls until he saw Toinette standing on her head in and out of the water. Then there was Bally, a chubby little boy of two, who giggled whenever he fell down and who was always throwing mud at people. They found many pieces of coral and baby conch shells, which were the loveliest pink inside and gathered quite a collection to take home to their friends. They had great sport too, chasing land crabs that crawled "on the bias," Jimmy said.

Tony called the water "so hold-uppety" and was learning to swim much better even than at Cape Cod, and they all had races out to the raft, in which he joined.

After luncheon and a long nap, Mopsey and Popsey usually played golf on the funniest little six-hole course and the children were allowed to go along if Arabella did not take them for a walk through the village or the government experimental farm where they loved to see the horses, donkeys, pigs, and chickens. Each



person had two caddies, one who carried the clubs—another called a fore caddy who ran ahead to see where the balls landed and so when they all got under way it made quite a procession. The children had the best time scampering along as the course was also a pasture and had several flocks of sheep and goats and herds of cows and some zebus. None of the animals seemed to mind the balls flying around at all and once when Popsey hit a zebu he just gave a look of pained astonishment, flicked his tail and moved slowly on. The greens were a special nuisance to Mopsey, who hated climbing over the wires which protected them from the roaming cattle.

Often Popsey played tennis with Toinette and other afternoons they took drives with Cupid who showed them where there were beautiful views of the hillsides covered by trees of flaming immortal blossoms and to little bays and sand bars where there would be large flocks of strange, solemn birds and Popsey would sing

“Heigh-ho, look at the pelican
Whose beak can hold more than his belli-can.”

Sometimes Mopsey and Popsey had quite heated arguments, never a real quarrel, but Popsey's latest plan almost brought one on, as he and Tony shared their love for animals and reptiles—the stranger the better. A trip was to be made to Castara Bay near which Popsey had been told he could see boa constrictors in their native jungle and he thought Tony would like that and perhaps see some rare birds as well. Mopsey almost cried and Arabella said, “Master Brown, please do not take my child to that Garden of Eden where snakes am abounding.”

Finally Popsey went with a friend who also liked snakes and the rest stopped on the beach at Castara and had a fine swim and a lovely picnic luncheon. Tony forgot all about his disappointment over not going to the jungle for he found some of the cutest turtles, and the time passed quickly, watching them and deciding what he should name them. Toinette and Arabella had gone into the woods looking for butterflies.



An old, old, colored man came along and politely spoke to them and asked if they liked the beach. As they all did very much Mopsey thought perhaps he wouldn't mind telling them his age. He proudly said he was the oldest man in the village and he was 87 years of age. She then asked how many people lived in the village and he answered, scratching his head in a puzzled manner, "Mistress, that problem would take me considerable time to estimate." She almost giggled in his face for she knew there were only about two hundred souls in the tiny place. Soon the party were all laughing, for Popsey returned looking too bedraggled and crestfallen and mosquito-bitten for words. He had spent four hours hacking his way through the jungle with one of those native cutlasses and had not even seen one snake. Tony was so glad that he had not gone along and promptly displayed his treasures named Rosey, Posey, Mosey and Josey.

One morning early they went to the open market in the main square of the village where the natives came for miles around carry-

ing their vegetables, fruit and chickens on their heads—to be sold to the townsfolk all amid the greatest chatter imaginable. Then on they drove up to a cocoa plantation where the natives were “Cocoa Dancing.” After the beans are taken from their large pods and have fermented they are spread out on the roof of a shed in the sun and on them the natives, both men and women, do a sort of shuffle—chanting a queer “Loco-poco.” This goes on a long while until the many feet have polished the beans and then they are sent to other lands where they are ground into delicious cocoa.

*PART II*

AN UNUSUALLY LOVELY DAY was chosen to make the trip to Speyside which is at the other end of the island. The Browns and Arabella started out with Cupid, who seemed in a particularly good humor. The drive took an hour and a half and all the while the children were practically hanging out of the car in order not to miss anything. They passed beautiful bays with sandy beaches and tiny little villages nestled among the palms all along a very winding road. Finally they came to Speyside, where first they investigated the picturesque, deserted old sugar mill all covered with purple Bougainvillaea.

When the Browns went swimming Toinette suddenly started to scream bloody murder and everyone was frightened to death. She

had been stung by a Portuguese man-o-war, which is a sort of jelly fish, and although the pains subsided shortly she had a scar on her face for several days. At three o'clock the great excitement began as they were all going out to Little Tobago, which is a small island three miles away from the mainland. Everyone jumped into the large, heavy sort of rowboat after some difficulty, as the boat couldn't be hauled all the way on the shore and they had either to get their feet wet or leap into the boat. Mopsey and Popsey got theirs very wet.

Four sturdy oarsmen with bulging muscles, rode them past Goat Island to Little Tobago. There is but one woman living on Goat Island. She has not even a dog for company and when she puts out a little flag, the people on the mainland know that she needs help.

After going through swirling waters and large waves, the small craft landed on the shore of Little Tobago. Here in 1909 a certain Sir William Ingram brought twenty-six pairs of birds of paradise from New Guinea. When he died it was found in his will that he gave the island to the government and requested that the birds be brought fresh water twice a week and that fruit trees be cultivated in sheltered parts of the island so that the birds could live and multiply.

After landing, a steep climb brought the Browns to the Government Rest House. Mopsey's face was so red and her cheeks so puffed that it looked as if she might burst any minute. They rested for a few moments and then the owner of the boat, Christopher, led them along a tiny path to the place where the birds fed late in the afternoon. He started giving low, sharp whistles and presently an answer

was heard. The birds were very timid so Tony and Toinette took off their shoes and crept along the path like Indians.

They all stood quietly in a sheltered grove where Christopher whispered the birds were likely to be. "Awk-awk" they now could hear several birds calling. Presently there was a whir of wings and a beautiful bird alighted on top of a tree close by to them. He had a yellow head and golden brown wings and best of all a long golden tail in full plumage which blew from side to side with the wind. The Browns lay quietly concealed for about an hour and saw nine birds. Tony wanted so badly to catch one to bring home but Christopher told him sternly that no one is ever allowed to catch one of the birds of paradise.

The boat ride back to Speyside was even rougher than crossing and once Mopsey gave a shriek when a large wave came over the side of the boat and completely doused her.

What a nice man! Christopher sold his cutlass to Tony for thirty-six cents and all the way home he sat on the front seat, holding it and looking as proud as a turkey-cock.

One fine Sunday morning the Browns were invited to a picnic. Right after breakfast they held a consultation over what they should wear. Toinette decided for her bright blue jumper and Tony for a white suit, as it was Sunday, and they both wore their sandals that the shoe-maker Caesar had made for them in Scarborough, even though they much preferred to go bare-footed the way most of the native children did.

At eleven o'clock they all piled into the jitney and started for the

picnic. Oh my, oh my, what a lovely place had been chosen! They could see their friends far down on the side of the road in a beautiful bamboo grove. The trees grew in clusters which joined in arches thirty feet overhead.

Tony and Toinette immediately rushed into the bathing houses of coconut palm leaves which had been made for the occasion and put on their suits. Then they scrambled down a little path to a small waterfall which ended in the prettiest pool they had ever seen. On each side were high rocks overgrown by thick green shrubs. The water was, of course, not salty as in the sea and the children couldn't get over how different it felt. They had heaps of fun standing under the waterfall, but could not do that for very long because it felt as if big rocks were landing on their heads, and very soon they were famished for a big luncheon. They had never been to such a picnic before. All the dishes were on a table under a long canopy of palm leaves and there was everything imaginable to eat—a roasted pig with apples in place of his eyes, chicken and rice, wonderful shrimp salad, tremendous kegs of cider, and all sorts of cakes



and fruits. All the guests sat on piles of bamboo poles and ate and ate till they thought they'd burst.

Then there was Princess. She was an old, old woman—ninety-two years old to be exact. She had no teeth, but even so she had the kindest smile and her brown face became a mass of little wrinkles whenever one spoke to her and she made a little bob curtsy. Tony and Toinette thought she was the nicest person they had ever met and begged her to stop serving the guests and talk with them.

Popsey and Mopsey had all this time been sitting with their friends, but just before the dessert was served, Popsey sauntered off saying he wanted to take a look around. He returned some five minutes later, rather sheepishly, for in his hand was a snake. Mopsey took one look at it, gave a loud scream, picked up her skirts and ran. Popsey called her back to show her what a really nice snake it was. Tony thought that it should be called Princess because it was so nice and brown like his newly found friend. Finally Mopsey came back and took several long looks at it and decided she liked it and even held it in her hands for a few short moments. At three o'clock the guests began to go and Popsey, looking very crestfallen, walked down the path to let his snake Princess free. Everyone agreed that they had never been on such a wonderful picnic.

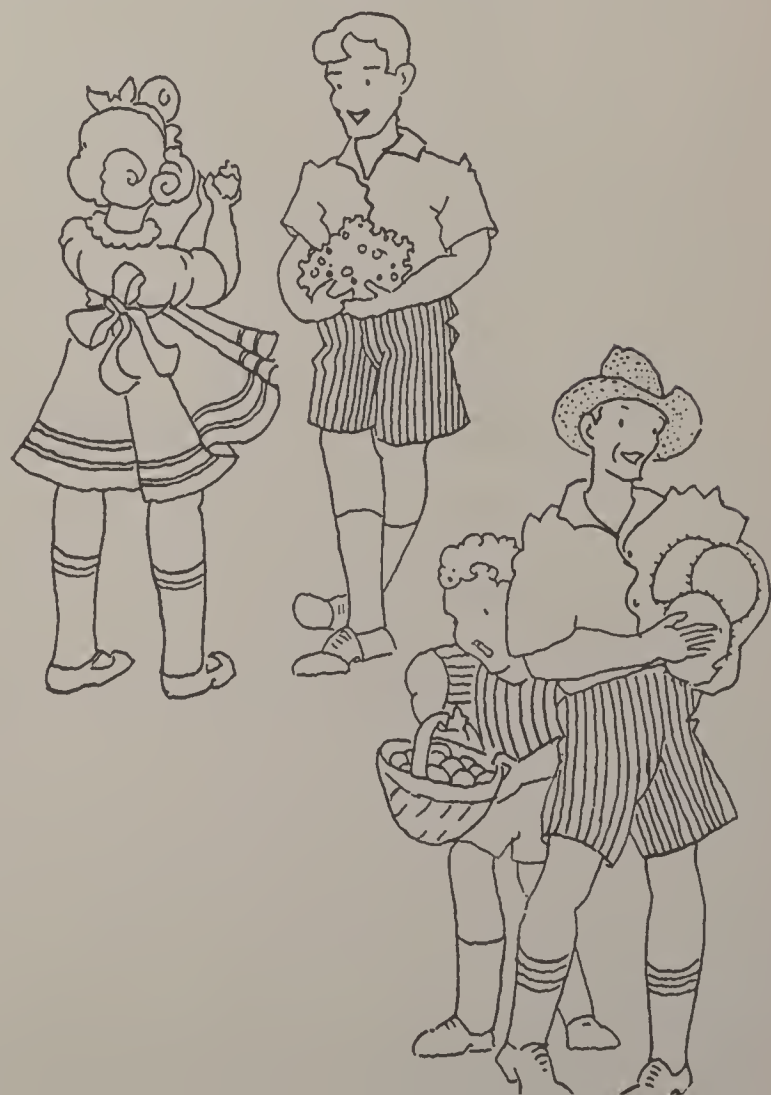
The day before Ash Wednesday a large English battleship came into the harbor and the population all over the island was excited. About 27,000 black people and about two hundred white. The sailors marched through Scarborough village and added to the festivity of carnival time, which is looked forward to all over the West Indies.

The natives paint their faces and wear funny masks and clownish costumes and go about in groups from house to house carrying old guitars and banjos and sometimes tin pans and reeds and sing what they call “calypsos.” One group was all dressed in green satin and gold and a little boy, as a page, led by a heavy chain a man who was dressed in green scales and an enormous head like an alligator’s. He kept lifting it up and looking around to see if people liked him, which they did very much, and his was voted the best group.

Mopsey took many photographs with her little Eastman including a very amusing one of Popsey and Tony crawling on all fours after a pair of large iguanas who appeared on the terrace as if to see the festivities too.

Countless postcards had been sent to Mummie and Daddy and the mail three times a week was eagerly awaited but the day for departure seemed to come all too soon. The last drive to the beach, an especially long swim, waving farewells to all the natives who had begun to know them along the way and after an especially long nap, saying good-byes.

One of the caddies brought a bag of mangoes, another two eggs. Cupid had four coconuts for them as farewell gifts. But best of all was an enormous piece of white coral which Jimmy had brought down to the boat for Toinette. They stood on deck with the funny little crowd and their friends called long and loudly, “Have a good trip.”



XIII. *Martinique*

PART I

THE TRIP back to Port-of-Spain was quite smooth and even though the Browns had all disliked leaving peaceful and beautiful Tobago there was great anticipation over being in a city again. Such a wonderful thing happened while they were rushing from office to office their first morning with passports and tickets to check up on their transportation to Martinique. They came across some friends from home who were on their large power yacht in the harbor on their way down the coast of South America. It was such fun going out to visit the *Mizpah* and to play with the darling little fourteen months old Marianne who lives on the yacht and has a regular play room on the upper deck. The commander had some beautiful radios aboard and tuned in on some fine music from all over the world. However, the homeward journey had to begin and so again in a tender, crowded with passengers and pulling a smaller boat filled with luggage of all kinds and descriptions, the Browns went out about five miles to the French ship *La Flandre* which in just twenty-four hours would carry them to Martinique. The children and Arabella felt so strange as they couldn't speak French and none

Martinique

of the stewards of whom they began asking questions could understand what they wanted. Mopsey and Popsey pulled out their dictionary and began brushing up their vocabularies and all went well.

Tony and Toinette were a little frightened about going to Martinique as Popsey had told them the sad story of the volcano, Mt. Pelée, which one afternoon thirty-six



years ago had burst wide open and had destroyed the entire city of Saint Pierre with its thirty thousand inhabitants and even the ships that were in the harbor. Mopsey was not so anxious to see the scene of this horror and Arabella began to look almost pale, but Popsey, who really was very inquisitive about places, felt it would be foolish to pass by without stopping when it was on the way north. At the Customs he almost changed his mind, for never in all their travels had the Browns' luggage been so thoroughly examined. Popsey always told Mopsey that she took too many things and this time she almost cried, for the inspector pulled out all the drawers of her innovation trunk and pawed into everything. Tony had a sort of pop gun among his possessions and when it went off in the man's face the Browns were really pleased. The golf clubs were almost

taken away from them as there is no course on the island and it seemed as if they were considered some kind of weapon.

After two hours and a half of misery they at last went their way to a pretty retreat called the Club Lido on the sea through the quaintest one-way streets with shops and houses and balconies so small they almost seemed like play houses. On one street all the buildings were painted in gay colored stripes—blue, green, yellow—as that shows goods are sold by the yard. It all looked so different from the English Islands in this town of Fort-de-France. But when Tony and Toinette saw where they could play and go bathing Popsey and Mopsey knew they would be happy, and they got settled for a few days.

Toinette, who had the feelings of a good housekeeper, had been puzzled by plumbing arrangements all along the trip. As bathtubs are practically unknown one has to become accustomed to a cold shower. As the hotel only took care of ten people there was quite a bit of doubling up. Mopsey and Toinette shared one contraption under a staircase in a little closet off from their room. They stepped into a concrete basin, pulled a chain to the shower which seemed in some way attached to kitchen pipes just back of them, and gurgled quite loudly. Of course Toinette had to show it to Tony, who had to experiment and unexpectedly got soaked several times. This made Arabella quite cross and she pointed out to him how good and polite the little French children were. He said, "I don't like shaking hands all the time, I don't." He and Toinette had seen at once on the beach and even in the water how the little boys and

girls would bow and politely and solemnly shake hands. The day Tony brought Mei-Mei down to plunge her in the surf as her fur had become quite dusty during her weeks of travel, the little children gaped in astonishment and shrieked "Oh Maman. Oh Papa," as their nurses told Arabella that a toy baby panda was utterly strange to them. They all asked to hold it and then thanked Tony very politely.

The Browns intended going to the other end of Martinique to see Mount Pelée but only Popsey wanted to climb it and look into the crater of lava. On the drive over to Morne Rouge, the starting place for the climb, the children clamored all the time. Mopsey had turned a sickly yellow and Arabella kept saying "For de Lawd" as the road turned and turned. Popsey said about thirty-four turns per mile. They stopped at the quaint church of Balata where way at the top was a figure of Christ with hands outspread in blessing and as the clouds moved the figure seemed to move towards them. That comforted them as they drove and Toinette began to tease Popsey to let her climb with him. He had a solemn way of looking around the side of his glasses and saying "We'll see."

Their horror over the curves was helped by a distraction when Arabella called, "Oh Master, Mistress, look at those ferns. More beautiful than in my Jamaica." They were actually driving through miles of tree ferns—trunks from twelve to fifteen feet high and then a spread of large ferns like an enormous umbrella. On one of the worst curves Popsey would stop and take a picture of these trees.

The village of Morne Rouge has about five hundred souls and it seemed as if half of them gathered in the one street to find out just what this strange American family wanted to do. Popsey became involved in a long conversation accompanied by many gestures on both sides with several men, but finally a guide was chosen. Tony had hold of Mopsey's hand and didn't share the excitement of Toinette who hoped that her grandfather would take her, especially as she had heard the climb would only be about an hour. It had rained quite a bit and the clouds were low but at just that moment the sun peeked out and Popsey couldn't refuse to let her go along. The others were driving to the new Saint Pierre to wander about among the ruins of the old, also to visit the museum with its relics of the disaster. It is a snug little building which has been erected through the kindness of some American gentleman and contains pieces of glass and china dug from the ashes and gives an idea of how the heat had changed them. There were several stereopticon machines showing the lovely Saint Pierre before the dreadful catastrophe of Mount Pelée's eruption and also the other famous volcanoes of the world. Amid the fun of working these machines Tony forgot about the horror of what really had happened here and the time went rapidly until Popsey and Toinette returned from their climb, both dripping wet and their poor little colored guide purple from the cold. It had taken them just fifty-two minutes to climb to the top of the crater where there was a cross erected to a young man who had fallen off the side in 1936. Popsey felt very sorry for the guide and incidentally both he and Toinette were quite tired although they wouldn't

admit it to each other as they started back. Mopsey bustled along down the street to buy Popsey a new shirt because his was so wet, and came back with one that was much too large for him. Anyway it was dry and Toinette put on a fresh suit and sweater. After the two hikers were fairly rested the Browns started back to the Lido Club. Popsey was in rather a bad humor as he didn't have as good a view from the top of Mount Pelée as he had expected. Toinette thought it a grand adventure.

PART II

POPSEY was a man who, when he made plans far ahead in traveling, became quite agitated on finding they couldn't be carried out. He arrived puffing up the hill to the Lido and said explosively, "We can't leave tomorrow." Mopsey said suddenly, "For pity's sake, why not?"

"There is a strike among the crew of the ship on which we were to sail and no one knows when it will be settled."

"What do we do?"

"Well, we make up our minds to be calm and stay, or try to get on some other ship."

"Of course, we just can't have our plans upset," said Mopsey, and she was awfully cross because she and Arabella had disagreed about the packing, as the washing, still done on rocks, had ruined

some of their clothes and she wasn't sure if the children had enough for the rest of the trip.

"Hurrah, a strike!" fairly yelled Tony. He didn't know what it was except something unusual by the expression of his grandparents' faces and he was for it. Finally it was decided that Popsey would send a lot of cables and see whether another ship could take them or perhaps some of them could fly, at least part of the way. That was Mopsey's idea, as she enjoyed flying and an aeroplane came to Martinique once a week.

The Brown family were funny when they learned that the cables were broken and that radio messages were terribly expensive, so little by little things were unpacked again and they decided to make the best of it, with one ear alert for the ringing of the phone in case news came of the settling of the strike.

Tony kept reminding Popsey that he had promised him a live animal to take home and now he was getting quite anxious about it, as Popsey kept putting it off and so far he only had the turtles for Frankie.



One day they lunched at the house of some friends. Here was the most unusual pet they had ever seen—a large black hen which sat in the corner of the dining room on a pillow—and when her mistress called "Fugime," she arose and came to her.

There were the best things to eat, chicks — some of Fugime's doubtless, but Tony and Toinette were so excited they hardly could take a mouthful and kept asking to get up and pet the hen, who at first didn't like it and then seemed to know that they were real friends. Later they played in the garden with a rooster and other hens, who often jumped on the window sill to look at their strange companion, but showed no desire to sit in the house with her. When they left, Tony kept saying, "Popsey, couldn't I take a hen home?"

Popsey didn't think so and was wondering what they would do the next day if the strike were not settled. It wasn't, and so the decision was made to take a long drive to Trois Islet, the home of Josephine, who became Napoleon's wife and Empress of France. Toinette was interested because there was a large statue of her in the main square of Port-de-France and she had seen many pictures of her in some books of her mother's. Tony didn't really want to go because he heard there was another museum to visit and unless it had animals what was the use of it at all? Besides two museums in one week was a good deal for a little boy.

What a surprise for Tony and what a disappointment for Mopsey and Popsey, when, after another very curving drive they arrived at the humble village and found the small museum had a strange collection of stuffed animals, snake-skins and birds, and very few souvenirs of Josephine. Toinette at once discovered two cases of quite lovely butterflies and she was happy comparing them to a box of some Mopsey had bought for her to take home.

The monkeys were very mangy and sad-looking and reminded

them of one tied to a tree on the road to the club, which they had named Anguish. Whenever they passed him he held one hand spread out over his little stomach as if he were in great pain or starving, and tears seemed to come to his eyes.

On the way back they stopped at the largest sugar mill on the island and were both fascinated and frightened over the enormous machines, the terrific noise they made, and over the way the cane was heaved in to be ground and oozed out in sugar syrup.

When they reached home their breath was almost taken away by seeing a complete and vivid rainbow, a white moon quite high in the sky, and a flaming sunset all at the same time.

Before going to bed, Tony and Toinette always had a contest as to how many June bugs they could catch and feed to Oscar and Oswald, as they had named two enormous toads who used to appear from behind the piano as soon as it grew dark and the insects came in droves. Once Toinette ran to Mopsey shouting, "He's vomiting terribly," and she thought Tony was ill and simply rushed, upsetting two chairs to reach him quickly and was so annoyed when she saw Oswald was regurgitating insects. The children had fed him so many that his stomach refused to hold any more. Mopsey was not at all fond of insect life and felt she had to put up with a good deal in one way or another, especially when she and Toinette were sitting at a table during their lesson hour and little lizards used to creep up and join them, being very still and contemplating them with fixed pinpoint eyes. Mopsey finally admitted that they were pretty and had the daintiest, most transparent little feet. She didn't behave very

well, however, when Popsey said he was going to take his family to a snake and mongoose fight. Word had come that the ship really would sail the next day and Popsey seemed to feel that this would be a sort of celebration.

Quite a large group of people gathered around the wire netting enclosure and saw a most unpleasant struggle. The sympathy was all for the snake, even though snakes are the worst enemies of the workers in the cane fields. This one was shedding its skin and some of it got over one eye and the mongoose flew right at it and tore out its fangs. It gave a few mighty wriggles and the fight was all over. Then the mongoose escaped and everyone quite uselessly ran to capture her. Mopsey said she felt like doing what Oswald had done the night before. In fact all of the Browns thought the exhibition pretty disgusting. They quickly forgot about it in the bustle of leaving the next noon and Tony and Toinette, who had picked up quite a few French words, were using them in saying good-bye. It was not until they were aboard that Tony realized they were leaving Martinique without his own pet. He thought about it a good deal, as Popsey never broke a promise and so he knew there was still something to look forward to.

The *Saint Domingue* was a cargo ship which also carried a few passengers between the smaller islands once a month. They sailed along the entire length of the coast of Martinique and had a farewell look at Pelée with a cloud like an enormous hat sitting right on her summit.

There were so few passengers that the children spent most of

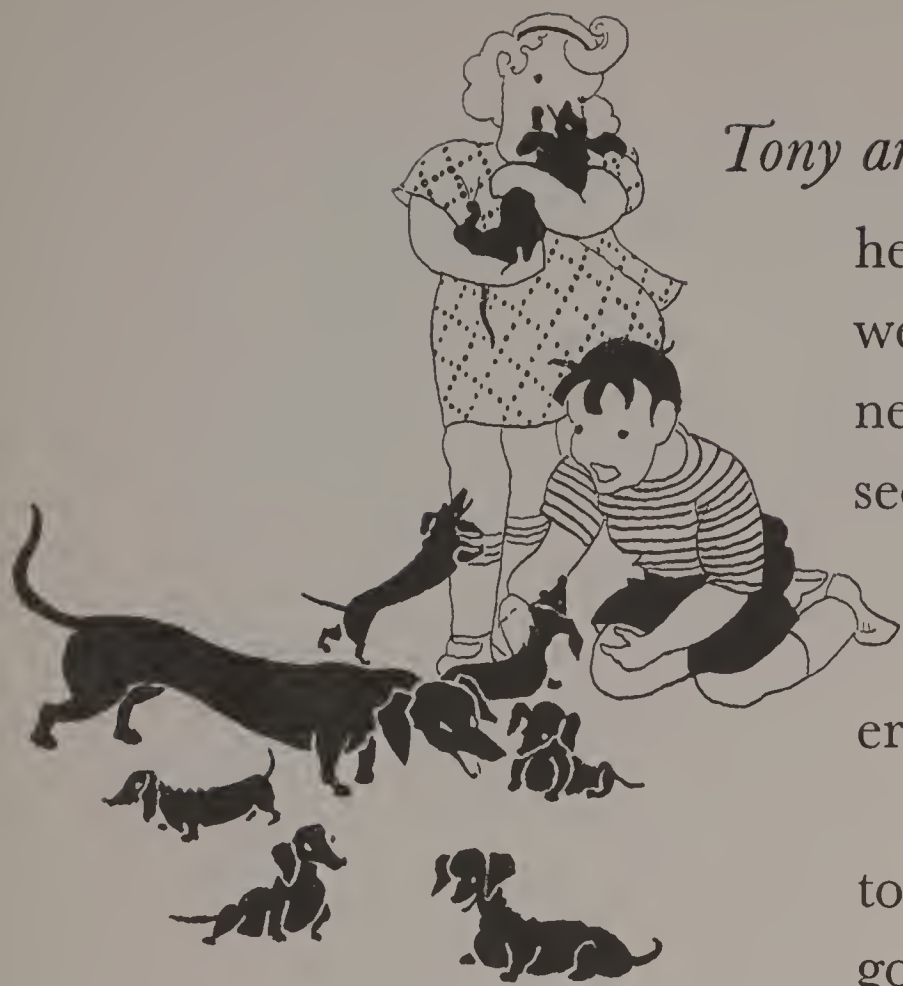
their time asking questions about and watching a beautiful black-faced nun who, for the tropics, was dressed in a very heavy and uncomfortable habit. She seemed to walk miles around the little deck reading aloud to herself from a small prayer book or sat in a corner saying her beads. They found her name was Sister Angelique and she was considered a real angel of mercy among the very poor on the island of Guadelupe.

They had looked forward to going ashore at Bassatere, the main town of the island, but did not reach there until nine at night and so watched as a little launch brought some passengers aboard. It was such fun seeing them come up out of the inky blackness. Then to bed—and such a good sleep and a late one the next day, as there was nothing to do except watch the little boats come out from the harbors of St. Bartholomew and St. Martin, small islands where the largest village has only about three hundred inhabitants. Such anticipation about St. Thomas and St. Johns where they would arrive early the next morning. Popsey called them “our own islands,” meaning that they belonged to the United States.

XIV. St. Thomas and St. Johns

*A*FTER a seven o'clock breakfast the landing at Charlotte Amalie was made at a dock. This pleased Mopsey a good deal. She had admitted she was all worn out bobbing about in funny little boats; but, as this was a coaling station, they had to dodge the enormous crane which was already at work, and walk through quite a lot of cinders until they reached a car. It was such a grand day and the Browns were so excited driving up the hill to Bluebeard's Castle Hotel. The old tower was said to have been lived in by a man with many, many wives and had also been a pirate stronghold, but now was the center of a group of lovely white bungalows.

They were installed in one entirely by themselves and it had bathrooms with real tubs and also real hot water and it had a veranda all the way around. Oh—but the view! The cheerful red roofs belonged to an old Danish village and the beautiful harbor had the most startling shading of green and blue water they had seen anywhere. Schooners, motor boats, and hydroplanes were anchored. All seemed busy and important. Amid the work of getting settled once more Tony disappeared and when he finally turned up



Tony and Toinette in the Tropics

he was almost frantic with excitement and went into a secret conference with Toinette, who then dashed off with him. It seems he had discovered a litter of the darlingest dachshund puppies and had made friends first with Hedda, the mother, before she would let him touch them.

In the meantime Popsey had gone to the town and Tony could hardly wait until he got back to show him his great discovery.

When he came at luncheon time he had so many things to tell about what they had to do that Tony was afraid he couldn't get him to go and see the puppies. He managed to lure him to their enclosure, however, and Popsey was also very pleased.

As Tony and Toinette were so fond of animals it seemed strange that they were willing to go with the Grant children to see another fight and this time of all things, it was to be a cock fight. Arabella said, "Such heathenish goings on." But they went off and soon returned quite gay and said it hadn't been bad at all. The cocks didn't have little knives attached to their feet as they do in some countries, but just an extra sharp claw, and they flew at each other as in a regular barnyard fight and finished each other off.

The next day, a very nice man whose name was Mr. Stevens asked Popsey and Tony to come out on an overnight excursion on his forty-foot yacht and they, of course, accepted. They started at one o'clock the following afternoon and made straight for St. Johns,

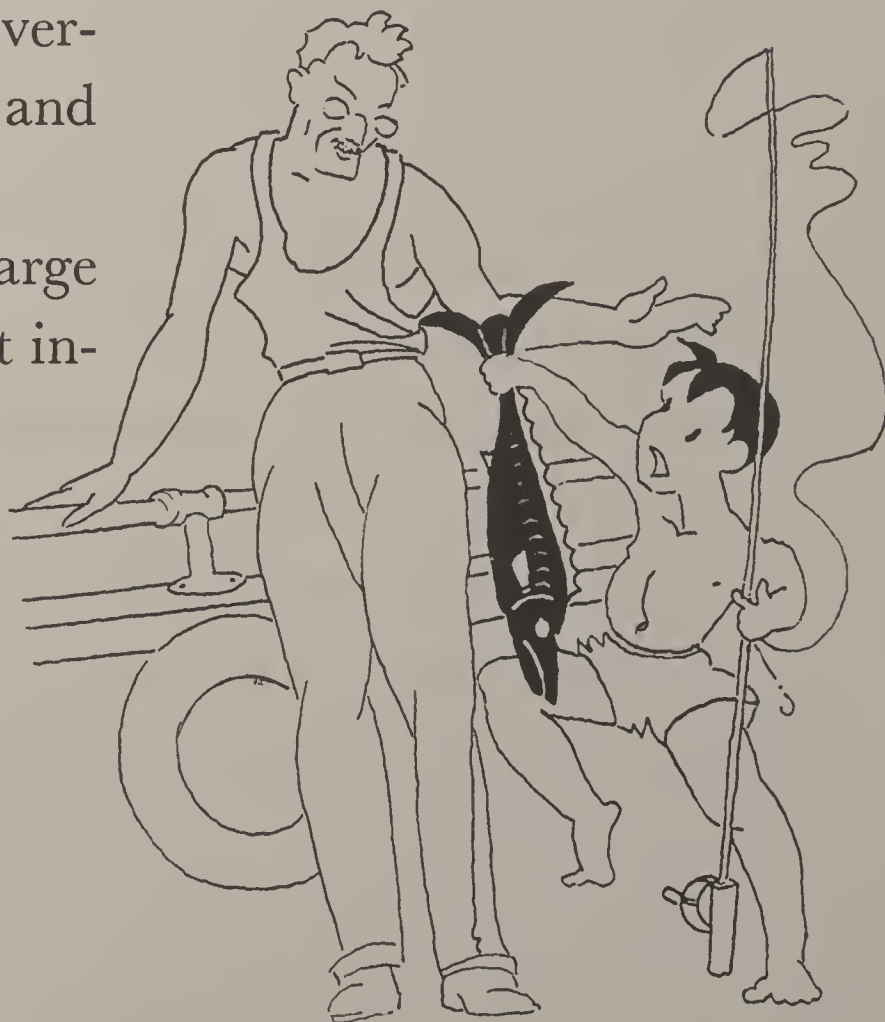
which is about eight miles from St. Thomas. Tony found a fishing rod as soon as they were under way but didn't get even a strike. After a short swim at St. Johns, Mr. Stevens took them to the islet called Dead Man's Chest, which had formerly been a pirate stronghold. It was very rough going over and Popsey came very near falling overboard.

They scrambled up the side of the tiny island to look at the nests of the booby birds. Hundreds of little birds had just come out of their eggs and looked very ugly with their long bills and entirely bare bodies.

Later, as the boat was rounding a corner of the island Tony yelled at the top of his voice and sure enough he had a big mackerel at the end of his line. He pulled and pulled and finally got the fish in, only to find that it weighed all of eight and a half pounds.

Mr. Stevens anchored at a lovely little place called Cinnamon Bay for the night and so with the waves gently lapping at the side of the boat, and the stars twinkling overhead, they turned into their bunks and slept a long, long time.

Early the next morning after a large breakfast, the three adventurers got into the dinghy and started for shore, which was only a few yards away. There they mounted three stolid native horses and started on a long ride to the other side of



St. Johns. They saw the crumbling ruins of houses which a hundred years ago had been teeming with people. Tony was particularly impressed with the termite nests, which were four times as large as a basket ball.

They rode for four hours, only stopping for a few minutes to look at some very primitive Carib drawings, which hundreds of years before had been chiseled out of the rock with crude instruments. From the top of the island they saw numerous other islands—Tortolla, Just Van Dyck and St. Croix.

Tired and happy, they got back to the boat and started for St. Thomas. The day was complete, for Tony caught a ten-pound barracuda, which unfortunately he had to let go, as barracudas aren't good to eat.

Meanwhile Mopsey and Toinette and Arabella had been very happy at St. Thomas. The turtles had lived in their tin box so long that Toinette took them to the beach with her and built a little fence of shells around them so they would not escape into the ocean. It was a superb beach with the whitest sand and the water was that strange jade green which they liked very much. Unfortunately, it was a long higglety-pigglety walk down and climb back and Mopsey had on the wrong beach shoes and slipped several times and was quite indignant that the path had not been fixed up and "sputtered" a good deal, as Popsey always called it.

They took a drive to Blackbeard's Castle, another massive stone tower and also an old time pirate stronghold, where they had a lovely view. It was said forty islands could be seen. Toinette imag-

ined she could spy Popsey and Tony bobbing about in the distance.

Once they drove to the Marine Barracks and the Lindbergh landing field, where the wonderfully heroic flier came to the islands on a goodwill tour. Next they drove to the “Cha-cha village,” where a colony of French people live and braid “Jippa-Jappa” hats and lovely baskets and purses. That reminded Mopsey that she must visit some shops and so they drove back to Charlotte Amalie and she treated Toinette to a chocolate ice cream soda, which was the first she had had since leaving home. Oh, but it was good! Then they bought a lot of perfume for Mummie and friends at home and gay colored scarves at the nicest French shops and then all sorts of straw things at the Co-operative, which is where the natives bring their own work. “A little like the Woman’s Exchange at home,” said Mopsey.

The one Danish shop was visited, too, and there they bought the most wistful monkey and kind-faced cow and two saucy dogs of Royal Copenhagen China.

When Popsey and Tony came back, they all had so much to tell each other, but everyone was tired and willing to go to bed early, which was wise as they didn’t realize what was in store for them the next day.

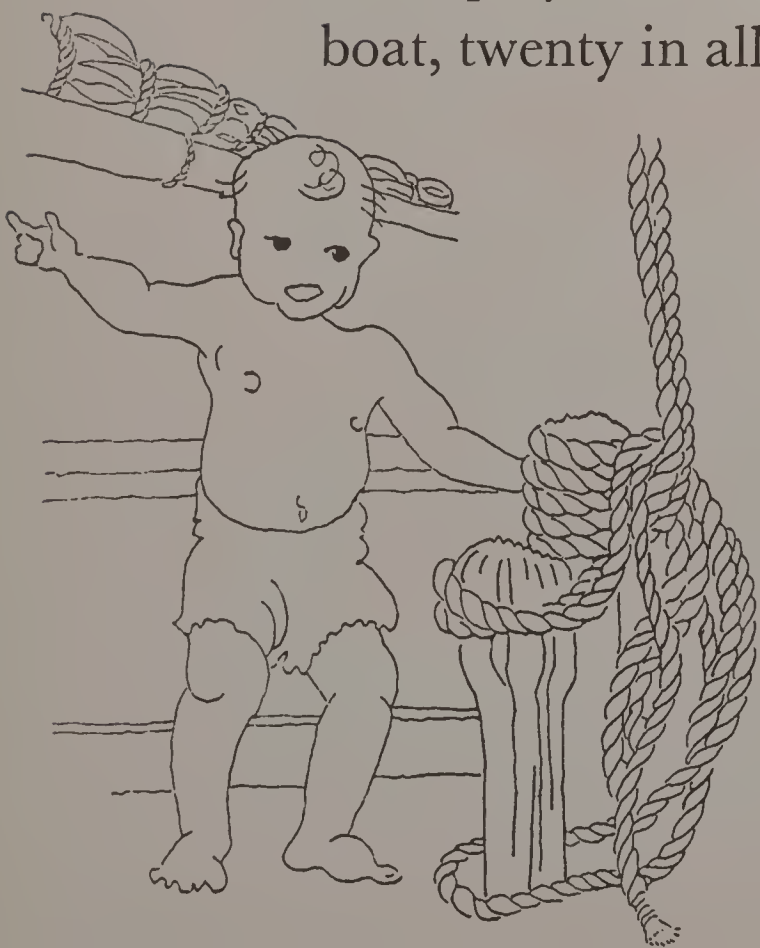
The morning stillness was disturbed by Popsey’s shouting from the veranda, “Yes, I’m sure it is—yes, it is the *Yankee*.” The Browns all came tumbling out in various stages of night clothing and there in the harbor was Captain Irving Johnson’s famous two-masted ninety-foot schooner on its way back from a seventeen months’ trip

around the world. As Popsey knew the captain, he could hardly wait to get dressed and go down to see him and meet the young men who are taught to sail his ship and become expert seamen.

Later in the morning Popsey took Tony and Toinette down to the docks to see if they could find Captain Johnson. It just happened that he had come ashore a few minutes before and was in the native store. He greeted Popsey in a friendly way and asked all three of them to come out to the Yankee and they all got into a little motor boat and put-putted out to the schooner. Popsey had a long talk with Captain Johnson and Mrs. Johnson was very nice to Tony and Toinette and showed them all over the boat and introduced them to her two-year-old son Arthur, who behaved like an old sailor. He would climb the masts, walk with his feet wide spread and keep his little arms going like a wind-mill.

Of course, Tony was all excited, hearing about the wonderful places at which the schooner had stopped—the Galapagos Islands, Pitcairn, Tahiti and the Cape of Good Hope, and decided that when he was old enough he wanted to go with a ship around the world, too.

Popsey was impressed by the number of people living on the boat, twenty in all, and by the way in which the young men, who for the most part had never had any previous sailing experience, handled the Yankee. They stayed on for “mess” at twelve o’clock, which was very good, and after many thanks to Captain and Mrs. Johnson went back to shore to tell Mopsey about their experiences.



bay, they really were a sight amid all their baggage. Mopsey was carrying Mei-Mei, and an enormous bouquet of lilies some friends had brought her. Tony held his tin box of turtles in one hand, the other was on the head of Hannibal in a kennel at his feet. Toinette had her toy box of butterflies under her arm and also was helping Arabella with the birds, which twittered in a frightened way.

Popsey was in charge and had a sort of nervous manner, as he knew something more was still to come. The boys on the *Yankee* gave them a long cheer as they went by and in a few minutes they were climbing up the side of the *Townsend*. Popsey at once disappeared and later came back with a whimsical look in his eyes and led them all up on the highest sun deck and there in five cases were the rare snakes he had been searching for in Tobago and Trinidad, sent from the Hindu's little zoo in Port-of-Spain. There was a bush-master, a fer-de-lance, a parrot snake, a small boa constrictor and a rat snake. The old Hindu had made good his promise of securing these and Popsey was having them all sent to his favorite zoo at home. If he hadn't been sure they couldn't escape through their close wire covering, Mopsey would have been worried, but she only announced grimly, "I don't like this hobby at all." Just then a friend of Popsey's came along and said, "Well, Mr. Brown, I see you're traveling with your Noah's Ark." Popsey didn't seem to think that as amusing as the rest did.

With the care of their pets and the puppy, the favorite of the whole ship, the five days passed very quickly. Saturday morning everyone awoke very, very early as breakfast was served at six-





thirty. Tony and Toinette were down among the first with their city clothes on, but they were so excited they couldn't eat anything but a paw-paw; besides, they knew it would be their last one for a long time.

Several hours before the ship actually landed in New York, the Browns were hanging over the railing watching the tall buildings coming closer and closer. It was all very thrilling and sad too, because their beautiful trip was over and they had to say good-bye to all their friends on board.

As the *Fort Townsend* came into the dock, Dr. and Mrs. Brown could be seen waving handkerchiefs. Soon the gang plank was

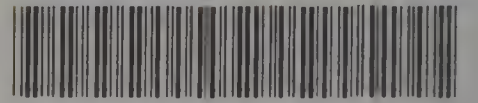
let down and the Browns came tumbling off with Arabella ending the procession and looking as if this were just a common everyday experience in her life. All threw their arms about one another and shouted for joy, so that no one could be understood.

When Tony and Toinette went to bed that night, all the grown-ups tucked them in several times; last of all, Popsey. "Well, children," he said, "it was a fine trip."

"Oh, Popsey," said Tony and Toinette together, "will you take us again some time?"

Popsey only muttered something softly about how he and Mopsey might want to see a little more of the world, but he did have a twinkle in his eye and the wrinkle at the corner of his nose and finally he said, "We'll see—we'll see."

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