

!Good News!

THE FAMOUS

SEN-SEN CHEWING GUM

Throat-Ease and Breath Perfume

to be had at

CHRISTIANSTED & FREDERIK-
STED APOTHECARY HALLS.

Better Times Is Coming.

Better times IS surely coming, and I am going to prove that it is correct.

EDITORIAL.

Under official news published in yesterday's issue, announcement was made of an order providing for the detachment from the Virgin Islands of Major William M. Small, Commanding Officer U. S. M. C. in St. Croix, and we feel it our duty to express the greatest regret with which this news was received. During his residence in this Island, Major Small has shown himself to be a rigid disciplinarian, and one who could enforce discipline around him; his exclusive and keen attention to duty, his careful and judicious methods of dealing with the public wherever he was called upon to act, as well as personal kindness have won for him popular admiration and respect. In discharging the duties of his important office Major Small has always maintained the proper dignity so much admired and which reflects gratifying credit, not alone upon himself but upon the great Government he serves. As a man of imposing, soldiery personality, and courteous mien his familiar figure will be missed by those who met him only casually, and on our own and on behalf of a large circle of the respectable inhabitants of this community, we beg to convey to Major Small the sincere appreciation of those who, reposing confidence in him at the time of his arrival in St. Croix, have had only reason to justify that confidence.

Our best wishes for a happy and prosperous career follow the Major and Mrs. Small in their future life.

LOCAL.

The schnr. "Vigilant" left last night for Porto Rico with a shipment of cattle.

The mail-schooner "Creole" arrived from St. Thomas this morning with mails and passengers.

To Bacchus

(in "St. Croix Avis"—Friday July 30th.)
c/o. Editor "Avis".

So you have come back, you old heathen-god, to pay this world a visit and of all places you have selected little St. Croix for your re-incarnation.

Now, Bacchus, you will find this world a very funny affair compared to how you knew it in the long ago when you used to flourish. We are regulated all over and all along from birth to death and it will not be possible even for you to do just as you like. There are police-regulations, there are sanitary regulations. (Don't spit on the floor, Bacchus!), there are cemetery regulations, there are postal regulations, there are school regulations, there are regulations governing officials, there are even regulations for the Colonial Council and lots of other regulations. You can hardly stretch your leg without knocking against some regulation.

So don't you expect, old Bacchus, that you can do as you like, not even in St. Croix. Remember, you can't walk abroad with only your skin on as you used to do in the long, long ago. You can not wake up the town at night, as once you did, when you came home from your sprees with your Satyrs and Bacchautes. Should you plan to ride about on a Clifton Hill or Hogensburg rum-puncheon, like you used to ride on the wine-barrels away back in Greece, it would have to be an empty one and if you do it at night, you would have to carry a lantern. People can't have free fights as they used to have in Greece, and Asia Minor and Rome in your days. You remember the Greeks and Trojans, Bacchus, have their champions—Achilles and Hector—first had it out with their tongues, how they bragged and cracked up themselves, they abused each other for hours and hours and then went for each other with swords and spears. And all this in public, just outside of Troas. You can't do things that way now-a-days.

But you may fight with your pen, and you can even fight in such a way, that nobody knows it is you that is fighting. See how far we have advanced! There are newspapers. See a newspaper, you can put out your tongue at your father and he wouldn't know it is you who is doing it. It is a wonderful thing this, which we call writing anonymously or under a pseudonym. You can praise or abuse, you can flatter or slander, you can speak the truth or tell lies, make all kind of statements and insinuations, even that sweet honey (don't you like honey, Bacchus?) and nobody knows it is you who is doing it, except the man who is called the "editor" and he locks away his knowledge in his strong brain or hides it in his secret files.

But I am glad to see you are different, you are not like the others, you do not belong to the bunch that squirts per-

fume or fling stones or mud from behind the editor's broad sheltering back. You are different, you have signed your name "Bacchus", and even make your bow in doing so—"Respectfully Bacchus".

But let me tell you a thing or two. You are behind the times and as you have been away such a long time you get yourself all tangled up when you write about present day affairs. You say, for instance, that "the legally expressed will of the Colonial Council is the supreme law". Not by a long shot, Bacchus! There is a Governor, who has to sanction or who can veto what you call "the supreme law". There is the United States Senate, there is the Supreme Court, there is what is called "The Constitution of the United States", all of them suprema than the Colonial Council. But we must excuse you old-timer for not knowing this—How could you!—And then you seem to think that "Prohibition" is a thing hatched out by what you call the "Ultra Theologians", whether by Ultra Theologians in St. Croix or elsewhere you do not seem to have quite decided yet. But there you are wrong again. Of course, you can't be expected to know that Prohibition has become and is now a part of the Constitution of the United States, made so by the expressed will of a large majority of the people.

And then as to the clergy, religious societies, theologians, supernatural beings, blessed ones, how could we ever hope that you, old heathen-god that you are, will understand or appreciate them and much less love them. It is to be expected that you will pour out bitterness and gall upon them, although you do it in a most confused manner and mix up your metaphors terrifically.

One more thing, Bacchus. Remember you are a foreigner. You originated ages ago somewhere in the Near East and this in the "Far West" which it took old man Columbus a long time to reach, and before he could reach it he had to make the egg stand on end, a trick you surely never would have been able to turn. Now listen, Bacchus. Beware of those whom you probably consider your friends those who are fighting from behind the editor's back and don't show themselves. They all, Abstainer, The few Moderates and others, are down on the foreigner and of all the foreigners you are the "furreignest". Before you know it, they may be down on you and say "go you foreigner!"

This is what I advise you too "Git". Take a head long plunge down to the place you came from, by whatever name they call it, and we will put on the lid tight so that you can never come up again.

And now, that you may not feel lonely as a "name-signer" in the "Avis" I am going to sign my name too. Bye, bye, Bacchus.

P. BARTELS.