

covered with a coat of tar (excepting the pony). It certainly assumed a tasteful and modern appearance, and so it serves to this day.

I venture to suggest, that the time has arrived, when this venerable relic of the immortal Columbus, be donated to the Smithsonian Institute of New York who would especially appreciate such a genuine antique. In its place, a modern tank sprinkler with a really good sprayer should be acquired, and the streets properly sprinkled in dusty weather. Should such an event happen, what a boon it would be to the storekeepers, whose goods are often spoiled by layers of dust; the eyes and throats of young and old folks would be benefited and houses not be compelled to close up to keep out the dust, until they acquire the temperature of "The Black Hole of Calcutta" or more frequently called by a more pithy name, to be cur'ly expressive. This I would most respectfully submit for the consideration of the "Budget Committee".

Very truly yours

E. GRIGG.

Editor of the "St. Croix Avis".

Dear Sir:—

The Catholic School which was considered, a few years ago, the least in the educational line, are today sending out in a few weeks time, two of its ablest pupils, namely: Alvarez Simmonds, and Theresa Farrelly, qualified in the valuable systems of Stenography and typewriting. By this they are able to fill any position in that line of business, where I am sure they will make good.

These pupils owe great gratitude to the Rev. Mothers and also Rev. Father Daily, who have, since their arrival here, tried to make the school a success. It is hoped that they will continue to do the good works which they have started, thereby sending us out some more with the good qualifications as these.

Thanking you for space,

I am,

A LOVER OF EDUCATION.

VIRGIN ISLANDS IN THE DOL-
DRUMS

By KARL K. KITCHEN.

(Concluded from Saturday's Avis.)

Of course it would be idle to deny that there are many innovations in Charlotte Amalie due to the four years of American rule. For instance, there is a soda fountain, presided over by an ex-marine, where mutty sundaes and similar drinks are dispensed to the teetotalers of our naval force. And there is an insane asylum and a hospital. La king a leper colony, I visited the insane asylum as

one of the principal points of interest. Many of the inmates are blacks who have gone crazy from drinking hair tonics and neck washes since the island was legislated dry. But I didn't meet any one who was crazy enough to think that the Virgin Islands were worth \$25,000,000.

The medical officer in charge of the hospital told me Charlotte Amalie, long a plague spot, is now the healthiest place in the world. He said the infant mortality has been reduced to zero—every one of the 130 white babies born on the island since we bought it four years ago being alive and well to-day. And every native I interviewed admitted that every one was healthier, except the sincere drinkers who had overindulged in bay rum.

Many years ago, according to one of the Danish residents, St. Thomas boasted of hundreds of sugar plantations. The blacks today are too lazy to work and instead of being under cultivation, most of the island is a jungle. What little industry there was in making rum has been ruined by the advent of Prohibition, with the result that the coaling station is the only place that boasts of any activity.

I spent several months in St. Thomas the evening I went to a dance at the old Danish hotel which faces the water front. Our military establishment was out in full force; but as there were not enough white girls to go around, many of the lads had to content themselves with hugging their bottles. At 10 o'clock one of the gay marines suggested that we shoot a little crap—the wildest dissipation possible in Charlotte Amalie at that hour.

There is a motion picture theatre a stone's throw from the jail, but a few minutes in its brunette atmosphere cured me. And while I am on the subject of the movies I want to say that the type of pictures sent to the West Indies is doing the white race an amazing amount of harm. Nearly every picture reveals white men and women as crooks, murderers, seducers or blackmailers, with the result that whatever slight respect the natives have for the whites—is being destroyed.

The lurid melodrama I saw at this funny little island capital was actually given under the auspices of the local Red Cross Society. The marine who accompanied me said it made even him seasick, and he was a hardened fil-lum-goer. The title of the film was "Her Body in Bond," and the blacks ate it up.

I don't want to seem prejudiced, but I can't help feeling that if the island of St. Thomas could be pushed under the ocean for half an hour and then pulled up to dry it would be a much nicer place. A first-class volcano in good working order could do wonders for it.

Ah me! St. Thomas is pretty dull even if one is liable to get everything from

dandruff to leprosy on a jaunt ashore. In the good old days when the buccaneers lay in wait in its landlocked harbor for the Spanish galleons homeward bound with rich treasures, life here might have been both picturesque and exciting. But to-day it has nothing to offer a traveller except a little bootleg whiskey.

Fortunately it is so inaccessible that few Americans are apt to find themselves here—even by accident. There is only one boat a week from Porto Rico. And there is no excuse for going to Porto Rico. San Juan, its capital, may have had some attractions in its old Spanish days, but to-day it is about as interesting as a prairie town. Its color, its life—all its atmosphere, in fact has been destroyed by the Americanization process which has standardized everything to make it more sanitary and a duller place for its inhabitants.

Every island in the West Indies has certain drawbacks, but it is in the islands where these drawbacks are coupled with American improvements that life is least interesting. Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake and the other English freebooters who visited these islands more than three hundred years ago picked out the best ones for their country.

Even the briefest stay in our island possessions impair one's faith in the Monroe Doctrine. We have destroyed what little charm they once possessed. The buccaneers of the Spanish Main were much cleverer than we are. They wouldn't have taken the Virgin Islands as a gift.

But although they now belong to us, thank God we don't have to live on them! —The World Magazine, April 24th.

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