

THE OLDEST INHABITANT TALKS OF TUCKERS TOWN

(Continued from 1st page.)

Now in this here Tuckerstown scheme, the chance o' benefits an' emolvements fer us o'letimers depends on the men whats back of it—on the men, not on their promises. Ef we don't think they're a lot o' get-rich-quick four-flushers, we ought to let 'em alone, an' stop naggin' 'em, an' help 'em to spend their money on their new-fangled improvements out to Tuckerstown—which ain't such of a muchness to this here island o' ours nohow—without askin' 'em to let you an' me keep their books for 'em. Let 'em blow in their millions. Our chances 'll come later.

An' where'll we git a better lot o' men to take charge o' things? Hey, we got 'em here in Bermuda? New blood's a mighty good thing, ef it's good blood. The men behind this proposition look an' act like men standin' in the community they come from. Out in the world, where things keep movin' faster'n they do here, Furness Withy & Co. is a purty big consarn, an' not no little one-hoss affair like the one we was tied up to; not so long ago as to fergit about it yet.

Suppose this here steambo'at company can't turn Bermuda into a heaven-on-earth, spite o' tryin'; they sure can do as a hell of a lot o' good. An' they're just askin' permission to dew it.

All this discussin' an' pullin' an' haulin' an' fussin' an' stewin' about how many holes they'll make fer the gold balls, an' whether more liquor an' cigarettes'll be sold on Front Street with or without a Club House at Tuckerstown, is too much like countin' the teeth of a gift-horse.

So don't lets make 'em promise meself nobody could do, just in order to git over our nateral cantankerousness, an' then sit on the wall with our hands in our pockets chinkin' our money, an' watchin' 'em to see ef they can't do it. Let's pat 'em on the back an' encourage 'em an' say, "Gents, you're takin' a durn sight more o' the risks in this thing than we are; an' ef you think Bermuda's climate's wurth three millions o' your own dollars, we ain't goin' to let no little two-by-four land-holders in Tuckerstown stop the band-wagon an' hold up the whole island fer the price o' a few acres o' rocks.

"You go ahead; raise yer buildin's; lay out yer links; kill yer mosquitoes; an' bring yer ship-loads o' bloated bond-holders here, ef yew kin. We'll be mighty glad to see you do it. Ef they won't come an' the whole thing goes to pot, there'll be a lot more money in the island than there was afore, anyhow, an' we won't be no wuss off than we was durin' the reign o' the T.D.E.

"Bermuda's got more climate fer investment than capital, an' she can keep herself quaint by just keepin' her mouth shut, 'f that's all you want us to do; an' if you're so anxious to git somewheres away from all them naughty mobiles an' murderin' contraptions every place else is so full of, we kin run the chance o' keepin' them things out awhile longer, an' let you blow in yer money in peace an' quiet until the nabobs find us so fascinating they'll make good ole Tuckerstown look

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The Sleepin' Beauty can't kiss the Prince unless she wakes up.

TRIBUNUS PLEBIS.



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~~A.C.~~ 1910 - 1920