

More than the Lusitania's exceeded that of Columbus,
Rose for a breath as we came to the shallow canal at Panama,
Then diving again, soon were docked at the capital I'd come to visit.
And what a surprise awaited me upon disembarking !
There on the dock was Bob Allen amidst a bevy of courtiers,
For he was Lord of the land, ancestor of peoples unnumbered.
Far as the eye could reach around him were other Bob Allens
With curly black hair, and spectacles resting on classical features
Just as if Robert himself were standing midst numberless mirrors
And was reflected from different angles in different proportions.
Patriarchal was the government which he had established
Based on experience gained in his senior year at Acadia.
Taking my cap in my hand I approached and humbly addressed him,
Telling who I was, and why my spirit was wandering.
And tho at first he thought it a lie yet growing interested
Exclaimed he, "Why, it is very strange if you came by the isthmus
You didn't meet John Geldart's junk somewhere on the journey
For he has just left after paying us a short visit. Fifteen
Years has he been in China. You never could recognize him
With his long trailing queue and clothes of the latest Pekin style,
Even his name is changed to Choo Gum, and he cannot talk
English save for a few broken sentences he has remembered.
I tried to ask if his journey across the sea had been pleasant
But he only replied, 'velly sick' and 'no tickee, no washee.'
'Twas all the English he knew so I couldn't tell much about him."
Back to the steamer I turned when I heard this story of Allen's,
There was no time to waste if I wanted to find all my classmates.
The ship was bound round the world and I thought it best to go with her.
Only a day had passed when something went wrong with the engine,
Enforcing delay, so as we were near to an island I landed.
There came to meet me a cannibal wearing not but a pleasant
Smile and an old Acadia watchfob. "Where did you get that,"
Said I, and he replied, "Ship-wrecked lady." I looked closer at it
Finding, scratched on the back—"Helen Haley," 'o8, Acadia.
"Why." I exclaimed, "Is this shipwrecked lady still on the island"
"Ah, no sir," he answered me sadly, "Long since has she vanished.
Ten hungry years have passed since we had her here for a banquet.
She was a sweet little girl" and he smacked his lips in remembrance.