

took in and let on was stories.

The port of New Orleans is a very active one. There are ships and sailors from every conceivable part of the world.

Madam was acutely interested in those who looked most like us. The banana boats from the West Indies had a fair share of such sailors. These made up the bulk of Madam's clientele. She took from them their tales and quickly passed them on. There was laughter on the taking in and laughter on the giving out so that where Mrs Forbes tended to exude a dead pan stiffness, Madam had the air of twittering silliness. Her West Indian friends, Jamaican, I think, told her about Anancy, the spider. Where we here talk about Brer Rabbit, their talk was about Anancy.

Anancy had a magic pot. To this pot he would say; "Cook mek mi see". Madam told her tales in the speech and the accent of the teller. Anancy's wife couldn't understand why in this time of drought and hardship her husband was looking so well-fed. She determined to spy on him. Perhaps he was eating the little she could give him.